

Lucy Hoisted

Chapter 1

I considered myself extremely lucky; getting an established mechanic to take me on as an apprentice had been a struggle but now I had a position with what seemed like a really nice man with a lovely set-up out in the country.

I had to negotiate the job as he was basically a one-man band and wasn't looking for an apprentice. Barry has a huge farmhouse with barns and fields inherited from his father but he isn't interested in farming. He has leased the fields out to another local farmer (Willie Stedding) for his cattle and instead had converted his barns into garages for vehicle repairs.

He specializes in agricultural machines and especially tractors but also takes in cars and vans and pretty much anything mechanical for repair.

He has one barn set up as his main repair garage, another for re-sprays and body repairs and his third purely a workshop with all his bench tools and fabrication equipment, a lathe, milling machine, grind stones, drilling machine, forge and welding equipment.

He has a further fourth barn which is massive and in two halves, the front half just shelving and storage; any body parts, wheels, tires, wood, metal, ropes and chains, nuts and bolts and any other seemingly random bits and pieces that may come in handy. The rear half is completely empty and unused.

Barry had explained that he didn't always have work in and so couldn't justify an apprentice; I explained that I basically just needed an accredited sponsor to get me through the academic side whilst also giving me a hands-on education.

We discussed this and I said everything I could to sell my motivation and commitment and love of mechanics and eventually we come to an agreement that suited us both; he would pay the college and education fees, provide me accommodation and give me a very small wage; and I would help him in the garage but also look after his house and yards, keep the garages tidy, do all the cooking and other domestic chores and pretty much anything else he wanted.

I would get every Sunday off and only work Saturdays if there was a real and urgent requirement and he needed my help. I had my sponsor, I was happy; and it was quite obvious none of the other local mechanics wanted to risk having a girly apprentice.

I had all I needed packed, including my three brand-new sets of overalls, and arrived at Barry's place bright and early the following Monday.

He showed me to my new home; a little annex flat off the side of the farmhouse; and helped me get my gear moved in.

I was then shown around the main house and the garages and he took me for a walk around his land whilst we just chatted and got to know each other a bit better and set his basic expectations of me. He was giving me full trust from the word go and handed me my own set of keys for all his buildings including his farmhouse.

There was only one room I wasn't allowed into, a study come office in the farmhouse where he kept all his personal stuff like mortgage papers and banking stuff; this would remain locked and I was not getting this key.

His land was beautiful, not another house in sight, apparently his closest neighbor was over two miles away, and that was Willie Stedding; and we looked onto hills, grass, trees and that was it; beautiful.

It helped that it was mid-summer and the sun was shining. The yard and buildings were within their own walled area separate from the farm fields and on a slight hill looking down over the only approach road which led to double steel gates which were kept closed but there was a bell and intercom there that rang in both the house and the main garage.

There was however a separate double gate into the largest field which was left open but no public access. My college days didn't start until September so I had lots of time to get settled into my new role.

Chapter 2

I got changed into my new overalls and met Brian in his main garage; he was making repairs to a tractor axle and damaged wheel mount and had the tractor front lifted on a hoist and supported on wooden blocks. He gave me instructions on what the problem was and what was needed, showed me where his various tools were; and just to crack on and do what I could whilst he watched me; just to see what basic tool skills I was starting with. It was a very practical and clean garage with a specific place for every tool.

I kind of expected lots of posters of the usual things you see in garages like tire calendars and tool adverts with naked women plastered over them but all he had was one large calendar with pictures of the local countryside on them. When I looked closer I saw they were fantastic photos and each page had Barry's garage details printed on it and that the photos were taken by him.

I was impressed, he had made his own calendar and it looked ever so professional.

I launched into it with gusto receiving bits of advice or just handy hints as I went and within an hour I had it stripped down. I was absolutely soaking in sweat. I laughingly told Barry I was going to have to change, that I had vest, shirt and jeans on under my overall and I was basically having a sauna in my overalls.

He agreed we would get cleaned up and stop for lunch and I could shower and change. He said overalls were practical as they saved ruining good clothes, but as long as it wasn't silly or dangerous then I could wear what I liked.

After lunch I returned to my task; I was sticking with the overalls but now only had my underwear underneath; a lot cooler and kind of felt sexy! It took both of us to manhandle the axle onto a trolley to get it into the workshop for Barry to work on.

What he did really impressed me; heating and reshaping it and cutting and welding the wheel mounts. Really quick and no fuss, he was obviously very experienced and skilled.

We had it all back together and driving around the yard by 3pm. Barry said he was pleased with what I had done; that it was obvious I had worked with tools before and I was a lot stronger than I looked (I think he meant 'Not bad for a girly').

He was going to test drive the Tractor by taking it back to its owner, just 5 miles or so, he would take a push bike with him to get back. In the mean time I was to clean the garage and all the tools we used and put everything away.

I was still sweating and once he was out of sight I stripped down to my underwear and got busy. I imagine I looked great, I was dirty, in a pink thong and bra and wearing black leather protective boots, really sexy!

I guessed I had an hour before Barry returned and it didn't take long to tidy everything up. The electric hoist was still hanging low; its control also hung from the ceiling on a cable in the center of the garage, but the cable was long enough to handle both it and the hoist hook at the same time.

As I hit the 'up' button and the hoist raised I don't know why I did it but I walked over and grabbed the hook and let it lift me until I was forced onto my tip-toes and only then released the button; I let go of the control and let it swing back to the center of the garage and I remained dangling from the hook. Being here in the garage, dangling and displayed in my underwear, it felt, well, erotic.

I hadn't felt like this on my own before.

I saw the slings and pieces of rope on a hook on the side wall and got an idea, a stupid idea but I had to try it. I let go of the hook and went and grabbed a piece of the thin rope and stripped off my underwear. Holding the ends of the rope in both hands I coiled the rope around both my wrists until there was only six inches of slack in-between and grabbing the hoist control again I slipped the rope over the hook and raised the hoist until I was dangling on my toes again and released the control.

Naked but for my not very sexy black work boots I closed my eyes and tried to imagine myself really tied up and dangling here, maybe with my legs tied apart also; waiting and at the mercy of Barry or the next visitor to arrive.

I dreamt a little and fantasized on different scenarios all of which involved my complete helplessness and being caught like this and tormented or punished. I

opened my eyes and it was only then that it dawned on me that the massive double garage doors were wide open! What am I doing? A brand new job, an apprenticeship, Barry's trust and I could be caught any second!

I uncoiled the rope and put it back and ran and put my overalls back on and only then started breathing normally again. I stepped outside the doors. The overalls had open access pockets so that you could access your pants pockets without taking the overalls off. I put my right hand through the opening and held my pussy.

I was hot, real hot. I just stood there playing my fantasies out and fingering my pussy; I don't know how long I had been there when I saw the top of Barry's head above the hedge line heading around to the yard entrance. I immediately stopped fingering myself and tried to cool down and look normal.

Barry cycled up and said the Tractor had ran well and that was it for the day, I could lock up and in an hour or so pop into the house to start dinner and he cycled on up to the house.

I turned back into the garage to close and lock the doors from the inside and saw my pink knickers and bra on the floor under the hoist! Barry had been smiling when he was talking to me, had he seen my underwear on the floor or just been happy with the Tractor? I just had to hope on the latter.

What I didn't know was that Barry has almost covert CCTV throughout his garages.

Sixteen cameras in all, two in each of his buildings and the other six covering his yard and entrance. He had seen my underwear, he had guessed what I had been doing, and he later went to his study, examined his CCTV and confirmed what I had been doing, but said nothing.

If I had thought about him having CCTV or had suspected it and had troubled myself to look then I would have seen it, but you had to look hard to see any of the cameras.

Chapter 3

I made us both dinner and sat and ate with him and we just chatted about the job we had done and Barry instructed me on a few things like recommended torque settings, why they were important and how to achieve them.

Also on the hoist control, safe weight working limits and the various safe methods of slinging or tying items for lifting. For engines which we didn't want to turn or roll on lift he explained there were purpose made spreader bars to be attached to the hoist to enable lifting from two or more points; but he would show me next time we had an engine to lift.

I washed up all the dishes and went back to my room and showered and went to bed; but couldn't sleep for stroking my pussy and remembering how I felt dangling from that hook. I think I am going to enjoy this job.

I spent the next two days working with him in the garage, adapting a Mitsubishi Shogun; taking the rear panels off to make it a separate cab with flat-bed rear and installing a rear tail-lift and mounting a cable hoist on the back behind the cab.

Apparently this was for a local veterinary Doctor so he could travel across farmland and recover injured heavy livestock back to his surgery. I also made all the breakfasts, lunches and dinners but fortunately neither of us were fussy eaters. I didn't get the opportunity for another naked play with the hoist but I had taken to being naked under my overall which was a bit of a thrill.

After breakfast on the Thursday Barry explained that he had nothing in this morning but he was going into town to collect a Ford pick-up that was having gear problems, possibly a clutch issue. He would assess it there then buy the necessary parts and be back around lunch time.

I was to familiarize myself better with his garage and other buildings and stock; tidy up anything out of place but basically have an easy morning as I had a heavy afternoon ahead if it was the clutch as I would be the one doing all the work.

Unbeknown to me, Barry had also been having restless nights thinking about me and my naked attempt at self-bondage and was setting a trap whilst I finished my breakfast and washed up.

I had just finished the breakfast dishes and was walking out to my little annexe to change as Barry was climbing into his truck; He has a steel car-trailer attached and he gave me a wave and shouted "Enjoy yourself Lucy whilst the Boss is away; make the most of it!" I know he was just being friendly and joking; what he didn't know was that I fully intended to enjoy myself and make the most of it!

I stripped off and changed into my overalls but training shoes instead of work boots and headed straight for the garage. I already knew exactly what I was going to do; I had dreamt of nothing else all week. I went straight to the hoist equipment and selected a couple of spreader bars. These are simple but heavy steel bars with steel rings at either end, each bar 24" long.

I grabbed a couple of pieces of the thin rope and stripped off my overalls and returned to stand under the hoist and grabbed the control. I threaded the control cable through the hoist hook so it wouldn't swing away and set about tying my ankles apart to the steel rings on one of the bars.

The rings were big enough for me to actually stand on the flat bar. I then threaded the other rope through the other two rings on the other bar and tied them around my wrists.

I pulled the slack up at the center of the bar until my wrists were tight against the rings and picked the bar up and hung the rope on the hoist hook and taking the control raised the hoist until I was stretched almost on tip toe. I threaded the control between the spreader bar and the rope and let it drop. If that swung away I was bugged.

Well this was it, exactly as I had imagined. Naked, spread-eagle; helpless, vulnerable. If Barry walked in on me now what would he do? What would I do to me if I was him? I ran the various fantasies through to their own unique conclusions and was getting extremely horny; I really needed to come and come hard.

I grabbed the cable and slowly maneuvered the control up and lowered my hands enough to get the rope off the hook and the bar on the floor and enough slack back into the rope to untie myself. Leaving my feet tied apart I imagined I was still hoisted but with one hand fringed myself silly.

It only took seconds but the orgasm lasted soo long! I ended on my knees with my head on the floor, still frigging, still coming, my legs twitching with spasms I come that hard. That was fucking tremendous!

I put everything away as it should be and not bothering with my overalls just stepped outside to cool off. It was only 8.45am and so I still had plenty of time; possibly another session of the same again in an hour or so.

I dared myself to walk naked around his yard, through his house and all of the buildings. I did this and even stopped to tidy things up as I went; working naked was nice, I could get used to this.

On the side of his garage was a cage made of thick steel bars. Why had I not noticed this before? I am sure there was a tarpaulin or something there previously? The cage was about seven feet tall and six feet wide but only maybe three foot deep. It was steel bars set quite wide apart, four or five inches, on three sides and bolted onto the garage wall with a corrugated steel overhang roof bolted on. The steel barred gate was in the center of the front. The back wall of the cage is covered with a really thick steel plate.

The cage was empty. It had a cement path leading up to it and quite a recently laid cement floor. The gate was 'pushed to' but not quite shut; there was quite a serious clasp welded on with a big padlock but the padlock was hanging open on the clasp.

It was still only 10.15am and whilst I had been heading back to the hoist for more fun I figured being naked in a steel cell would be a thrill for a couple of minutes; like a starter before the main course is served.

I pulled the gate, it was stuck slightly being quite new and a tight fit but when it come it swung open easily. I had the same problem closing it; it pulled to easy enough but I had to really jerk it to get it properly closed.

The clang it gave was beautiful, just like really being locked in. Imagine it, if I really were locked in here, stark naked! At the mercy and control of the next person along, outdoors and on display like a farmyard curiosity; having to beg and promise any favor for release, it would be wonderful! I am frigging again already,

I don't even need the hoist and the rope, this simple prison is doing the job for me; I love it!

I get back up off my knees and slowly recover again from my stupendous orgasm; must be the fresh farm air or the clean living (or perhaps the new-found addiction to bondage) but I have never had orgasms like these. I love this job; every girl should be a mechanic!

I am laughing to myself with these silly thoughts when I push the gate to get out; it doesn't budge, not even the slightest hint at movement. Well it was stiff to shut. I put my back against the wall and my feet up on the gate and push with all my might, nothing. I stand and throw my shoulder into the gate, zilch. Oh shit!

I am now starting to panic. It is nearly eleven am, Barry said he would be back around lunch time but realistically he could be back any minute, I have to get out of here, no way can Barry catch me like this; what would I say?

Whilst thinking this through and trying the gate again and feeling for the clasp just to make sure nothing has simply slipped down when I banged it shut my fingers feel under the hanging padlock and I instantly recognize what they have felt, a keyhole!

I inspect the lock more closely from the inside and confirm my fears, the padlock is a second security measure, and there is a Yale type lock underneath which I have well and truly locked. Shit, oh just so Fucking Shit! Where is it? A lot of people hide the key somewhere handy, if I look I may find it.

No such luck; five minutes later I am sat weeping in the middle of the cell; resigned to being found, being humiliated, and being fired.

Chapter 4

Well over an hour later I have searched again, tried the gate again as though I have magic powers or something, tried the roof for any weakness and am again sat on the floor feeling very sorry for myself.

All of a sudden the thought of being found naked helpless and vulnerable isn't all that fantastic; nor just a fantasy when I hear Barry's van pull up in the yard and do

some maneuvering, he must be backing it up to the garage doors. 'Oh no' I am thinking, 'not yet, I haven't thought of the right excuse yet, I haven't thought of any excuse yet'.

I hear him getting out of the truck and going into the garage. Then the front doors opening up and what is probably Barry rolling the Ford into the garage. A few minutes go by and I hear the farmhouse door closing and then nothing for at least half an hour. I imagined he was making himself some lunch but in fact he already suspected I had fallen into his trap and was checking the CCTV; my show in the garage on the hoist was just a bonus. I then heard Barry calling "Lucy, Lucy, where are you?"

Very nervously and hesitantly I didn't shout but pathetically croaked "I'm in here, the cage around the corner." I heard his footsteps approach, pause, then walk right up to the gate. I could only see his feet, I had my head down and was covering myself as best I could. "Lucy, what are you doing in there? Naked?"

I didn't know what to say, I looked up at him, looked him in the eyes to try to gauge his attitude, but failed and looked down again and cried "I'm, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, I don't know."

"I'm sure you do know, and I'm sure you will tell me; now would you also like to tell me what work you have done whilst you have been locked in here playing whilst I have done all the running around leaving you to have an easy day; I rather doubt you have done much tidying up or anything?"

"I have" I explained, "I have been right round your yard and buildings, everything is tidy as it should be and I know every bit of stock you have in your store shed."

"What, you done all this naked?" he asked; "Um, err, yes" I embarrassingly replied.

"Why?"

"I would rather not say."

"Oh but you will, if you want to get out of here today; now stand up, I want to see you."

"What" I asked, "You're joking, right?"

"No I am not joking, this is my new oxy acetylene gas store I have just built as per current regulations, outdoor, lockable and with a blast wall and smooth easy access route; anything locked in it is my property; at the moment that is you and I want to see what my property looks like, now stand up, put your hands on your head and turn around; I want a real good look."

"No way you pervert, now unlock the door and let me out."

"Let yourself out; and if finding you here makes me a pervert, then what are you?"

"What do you mean let myself out? Where are the keys?"

"On your key ring with the rest of the keys, stupid."

Shit, double shit, I even had the fucking keys handed to me and I have locked myself in, he's right, I am stupid!

"My keys are in my overall pocket, in the garage."

Barry left me, I assumed to go get my keys or his own, whichever were closer but he returned with a stool and sat right in front of me. "What are you doing?" I asked.

"Watching, you obviously are not going to stand with your hands on your head and so you must be planning on some cunning or magical escape, I want to see how you do it."

I just sat and stared at him, hating him, for maybe five minutes. I had stopped crying and I couldn't quite put my finger on it but this situation was starting to be a turn on; would I give in or just continue sitting and staring?

I was very conscious of my hand covering my pussy and how wet it was getting. I didn't say anything but keeping my hands covering my body I stood up in the center of the cage and again stared at him, eye to eye; then without taking my eyes off him I slowly removed and raised my hands onto my head. He never broke eye contact with me.

I don't know why but this pleased me and seemed important. I broke the eye contact first and done a very slow turn coming back to face him. Only then did he break eye contact and slowly and deliberately looked me up and down; pausing

only slightly at my freshly groomed Brazilian pussy. I got the impression he liked what he saw. I kept my hands up on my head.

"Right, now here's the deal" Barry explained, "You have two options; I am going to let you out now, option one, you go back to your room and dress how you want, not overalls, come back to the garage and we will sit and discuss your immediate future, like do you have one here or are you leaving in the morning?

Option two, you go straight into the garage, fold and put your overalls aside and help me change that clutch; you will work the first hour naked and will at no time cover yourself, if you are not using your hands they go on your head. If by the end of the day we have the job finished and you have impressed me; I will forget this naked in the cage thing and we will carry on as before, your choice. But before I let you out you will tell me two things, and honestly; why you are locked in here naked in the first place, and why you tidied up the sheds whilst naked? If I think you are lying I am leaving you in here."

I thought it through quickly and reached an easy decision, the truth. "I am locked in here only because I thought it wouldn't lock, you know, the padlock being open, dumb, I know; naked because I was already naked; I was finding it exciting to walk round in the open air naked as though I didn't have a care in the world, this is such a beautiful place and the openness of it all does something to me I cannot explain; makes me feel really excited and want to be nude; I don't know, one with nature or something perhaps; but it makes me feel sexy and being nude adds to that. Kind of a fantasy I suppose and being locked in a cage, even only pretend, the risk of being caught was a part of it. I was stupid, I am sorry."

"Okay, thank you for your honesty, I kind of understand. Here's your keys, you can let yourself out and take a little time making your decision; I'll be in the garage."

Well as I said, I had already made my decision and I was right behind him as he entered the garage. I collected my overalls and popped straight back out.

He didn't know what to think but just thirty seconds later I was back again, still naked but for my blue training shoes and with my hands on my head. "Right, where do I start? I've put my overalls back home as I won't be needing them."

Barry laughed out loud and started talking me through the job, the tools I would need, how he established it needed a new clutch; what to look out for; basic

processes and then more complex explanation of how a clutch works whilst I started the job. The workshop clock said 12.50 and so I had until 1.50 to work naked.

At first my work was slow, I had stood with my hands on my head whilst he explained everything and then made a start but I was very self-conscious, it was a big engine and leaning over it really raised my butt in the air, and to get leverage with my hands I had to open my legs and Barry always seemed to be stood in just the best place to get the best view of me.

Then using the ratchet my tits would shake but I couldn't cover myself. Then when I had to go under the engine on a 'back-board' I had to open my legs and bend my knees to get my feet flat on the floor for leverage; I couldn't see his eyes on my pussy but I could feel them!

As I worked I got more and more oil and dirt on me and it was so hot in here with the garage doors shut I was sweating. I thanked Barry for closing the doors for my modesty in case of visitors but could he now open them? He explained he didn't really care about my modesty; he always closed the doors when exposing internal engine parts in case a draft took dirt into the working parts.

I had initially been clock-watching up to around 1.30 when I only had twenty minutes of nakedness left. I had now fully stripped the old clutch out and it was 2.40; I had gotten completely carried away with the job and actually forgotten all about the show I was putting on.

There was no way I was putting my overalls on over this grease covered body and I didn't have time to stop for a shower as he originally said I have to have the job finished by the end of the day and have impressed him, basically I took it if I wanted to keep my job this was my task and so I just cracked on regardless.

Barry continued to coach me through the job and did test the accuracy and tightness of various aspects of my work and at 6.10 the job was finished, all bar a road test. I stood back with my hands on my head whilst he closed the hood and opened the garage doors. "Can I take it out?" I asked; "Not with all that shit all over your body you can't." Barry threw me a couple of clean cloths and told me to wipe the worst off whilst he got a cover for the drivers' seat. I was acutely aware of him watching me whilst I wiped my body, that oil had got everywhere!

He handed me the keys and said to start it up but stopped me just as I was about to get in; he had me hold the roof above the door and open my legs wide whilst he took one of the cloths and wiped my back, my legs and my bum. Oh my God I could have come! No warning, no nothing, my body just went from zero to 100°! I gasped and a wonderful shiver shot right through me, I slammed my body into the door and actually whimpered; what a fantastic feeling, I didn't know this feeling existed. "There you are" he said, as though he hadn't noticed the effect he had just had on me, "good to go; get it outside and I will lock the doors and join you."

I sat in the drivers' seat, started it up and drove it out, parked in the yard and just sat and tried to work out what had just happened. Yeah I had been naked all day, hung trapeze-like from the hoist, locked in a cage, changed a clutch naked; but that was like an electric shock. Yeah he is a pretty good looking bloke given his age, possibly mid-twenties, and very fit, really strong; and he has a lovely character and certainly knows his stuff in engineering and mechanics; and he's tall and smells nice, and obviously well off with all this land and everything; but that feeling, wow!

Barry climbed in beside me and said for me to go, take it up and down a few steep hills and through all the gears and he would explain how to create simulated load tests for the clutch.

We got to the gate and I waited for him to get out and open it "Lucy, the gates please, let's not forget who the apprentice is here." I got out. Weird, sat naked beside him in the cab, no problem; naked walking to the gate whilst he watches through the cab window, I am sooo naked and please somebody spank me or something but I cannot help but put more effort in trying to walk sexy and sway my bum and on the way back without even thinking I put my hands on my head. Stupid Bitch Lucy!

I had now gotten so used to being naked having been this way all day that we were perhaps five miles into the country roads and passing the odd bit of traffic that I suddenly said out loud "Fuck" I've got no fucking clothes on!" and done an emergency stop.

Barry couldn't contain himself, he was laughing so hard he struggled to breathe. "Okay, now you've got up with the game, do you want to finish the road test and drive back? Or jump out and walk back and let me take over?"

Now also seeing the funny side of my stupidly late dawning of reality moment; I slipped it back into gear and continued. I was once again relaxed in my nakedness, until we got back to the yard and I had to get out and get the gate again; weird!

I parked outside the garage whilst Barry opened the garage again and I drove in to look for any oil leaks. Obviously it was me on my back-board legs akimbo that went under and I am pleased to say no leaks, job done.

"Okay" Said Barry, "A good job well done. You only took maybe an hour or so longer than I would have and seem to have done just as good a job; I'm impressed."

"Also, in your defense, it was your first one and you were slowed down trying to look pretty in your birthday suit. I don't know why you didn't dress after your hour was up, nor why you are still stood with your hands on your head, but hey, I'm not complaining!"

"Now you may think I am a pervert or something making you work naked to keep your job but I am here to teach you and today you have learned that all actions have effects. You take a risk and get away with it, well done; take a risk and get caught, then a punishment will follow. Just like trying to force a bolt; it may free up and save a lot of hassle, if it does then well done, good gamble. If it strips or breaks then you have made a shit load of work to rectify it, bad gamble."

"Now you have done a good job here today, you have potential to make it as a mechanic, a good one if you continue to listen and learn, and continue to enjoy it. All I will remember from today is that this was the day you changed your first clutch and done good; that you impressed me."

"All your naked kinks I will forget, it never happened; but I must warn you, I thought you were quite a good looking girl when I took you on; but in fact you are probably the most beautiful woman I have ever seen naked; you look fantastic (I was really blushing and cringing at this point, and finding it very difficult to keep my hands on my head even though I knew I didn't have to) and it has taken all my resolve not to lay my hands on you."

"I warn you now, I am a man, with basic feelings and failings, if I ever find you again naked and restrained in any way, I will take advantage of you and the

situation regardless of what you say because I will figure that having been warned this is what you really want. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand, and it won't happen again, I have had my warning, received my lesson."

"Why did you stay naked after the hour was up? And why do you still have your hands on your head?" He asked.

"Well, I didn't want to dirty the inside of my overalls, but I didn't realize until well late that I was still naked, and then I was just determined to get the job finished today and impress you; I guess I still have my hands on my head because I still want to impress you."

"Well you have, and that answer has even more, I admire guts and determination at any cost; maybe you have what it takes to see the rough jobs through, we'll see. Normally I enjoy nothing more than handling the tools and taking things apart and doing the job myself, but I must admit it has been a real pleasure watching you today, a real pleasure, and thank you. Okay, if you want to get showered and dressed, dinner in a couple of hours?"

"Okay, I will just clean and stow the tools and clean the floor and lock up and I will get right to it."

I'm pleased to say Barry had a huge smile on his face as he walked out.

Chapter 5

The next week passed without incident; we had quite a bit of work on with some interesting jobs and one where we actually machined our own parts for a custom job on a tractor part.

This gave me ideas as I just couldn't get the bondage play out of my dreams and in particular having been locked in that cage for real and being made to stay naked in the garage.

When Barry was next away and I had free time I made some simple bracket- cuffs for my ankles and wrists attached to thin chain that I could attach to my wooden

bed posts; my final wrist cuff chain being locked to the chain from the bed post with a combination lock.

I would lock myself spread-eagle to the bed in the dark and have to stay there until it was light enough to see the combination lock keys. This still wasn't quite enough but once he shows me how to operate the lathe I will try to make some butt-plugs and dildo's to liven it up a little.

On the weekend I had off I worked on the little walled garden round the side of my annex; nobody uses it or overlooks it and I am going to make a sun-bed for some sunbathing.

I just couldn't help myself and the middle of the following week, with Barry in town for the day at some sales meeting I once again found myself in my favorite hanging from the hoist position. This time I had used his 'X-Bar spreader. This was exactly what you would imagine, a big X made of substantial steel with steel rings at each end; used for lifting tractor engines from four points; or on this occasion, little Lucy, Me!

Same as with the basic spreader, I just threaded rope through each ring and tied it to each wrist and ankle but this time with a big steel washer between the knot and the ring so that the weight of the X-Bar was kept off me.

I hoisted myself up and it worked perfectly, arms and legs akimbo; it wasn't a perfect cross, it was two foot wide by three foot long and I had tied myself so that my arms and legs were three feet apart; really vulnerable.

I hung there slightly swaying and loved it, fantasizing about the door opening and Barry coming in and taking the hoist control off me before I had a chance to free myself, and his warning "if I ever find you again naked and restrained in any way, I will take advantage of you and the situation regardless". Oh how I wish, tied, naked, helpless and my lusty pussy entered and rhythmically pounded with his beautiful, big, throbbing cock again and again and again! Oh Yes! Oh No, it wasn't quite working, again I was having to hoist myself back down far too soon to finish what I had started, rubbing my pussy to orgasm.

Having the control, my release, so easily and immediately accessible was a spoiler; I needed to come up with something else, a way of timing the release.

I had a socket timer but the hoist was hard wired into the main box and I didn't want to interfere with that; I had read about and considered ice options but couldn't see how it would work here; I needed something else.

I put everything away as it should be and then went and locked myself in the cage again, this time with the key! Strange, with it being as humiliating as it was, that I only had good memories of the experience. Whilst fingering myself I almost talked myself into throwing the keys out of reach but fortunately stopped short.

I imagined what it would have been like if I had been gagged and unable to even beg for my release from the cage and then having to wear the gag whilst I had changed the clutch; Gag!, that's it, I will make myself a gag; something new for bedtime!

It didn't take me long to rustle up a gag, Barry had just about every material you could imagine in his store and it took less than an hour to knock up a good one.

As big as I could possibly fit into my mouth behind my teeth and a thin but sturdy leather strap with a ring riveted in at either end. No buckle or adjustment but with my small suitcase padlock fitted and holding the two ends together it was tight and staying in.

The next day we still weren't busy and I had already cleaned and vacuumed the entire farmhouse and my annex when I mentioned making a sunbed to Barry. He helped me make a cracking one. Aluminum tube made into a 6 foot by 26 inch frame with holes drilled every 3 inches and a canvass sheet hung tight in the frame with riveted in nylon cords, and the whole thing stood on six legs longer at the head and shorter at the base.

Just about all my free time that next weekend I spent naked sunbathing in my garden not knowing Barry had already repositioned one of his cameras to cover this area. Barry had also been keeping a watchful eye on his CCTV recordings and following my return to ever more frequent bondage pursuits; and had decided it was about time for trap number two.

Chapter 6

The following Tuesday I went in to make breakfast and found a note on the table 'Called out to a broken down combine harvester in Freetown (110 miles away); take the day off; will take you with me next time, promise, but didn't want to disturb you so early (5am), Barry'.

Yes! 5am, 220 mile round trip, at least four hours on these roads, plus the repair, and maybe lunch, won't be home much before lunch at the earliest; and that's a quick repair. First things first, I had already frozen some string in ice in an egg cup and previous tests show it to be good for an hour in the sun, so the cage it is, with gag.

I got this out of my system, worked perfectly, naked and gagged locked into the cage with the key dangling from the roof outside from the ice fixed in a groove in the roof. It took a bit longer, maybe one and a half hours, but the added wait just added to it and caused more fingering pleasure.

Then I got shot of my gag and the key and almost jogged to the lathe, I had received some instruction on this now and whilst I didn't know what sizes I should have, I just experimented and made a few butt-plugs in a variety of shapes and sizes. I had studied them on the internet and so knew the basic idea and was keen to try them but would save these for the night.

Still just 10.35am I retrieved my gag and lock and went into the garage and went for the spreaders, undecided on which type I would use today, vertical trapeze?

Hanging by my feet? Full spreader dangling from all fours? Maybe just both wrists and one ankle? I had tried them all over the past couple of weeks but when I got there my mind was made up for me. There was a new one, in the shape of an H and instead of rings it had holes for bolts drilled at the ends of each of the legs of the H, and it was about 3 foot square, perfect!

The hoist was already down quite low and so I just had to lock my gag on, thread the rope through the holes and tie my wrists and ankles with an extra knot a little further up from my limbs to keep the weight of the steel from hurting me and raise the hoist to take the slack out of the rope and prevent me from reaching my knots.

I lifted myself a few feet from the floor and relaxed, taking care to feed the control and cable inside the H so it didn't swing away. It really was perfect.

I was now hanging on more rope giving more flexibility and my legs and arms were wider apart. I spent almost an hour with my fantasies; if only I really was in real bondage now, if only Barry would walk in through that door and give me his touch again, that amazing feeling again; and I could, all I have to do is lift out the control and let it swing away.

However, this is just fantasy; and best keep it that way; Barry could almost be back now; frustratingly he may not be back for hours and I will have a wasted afternoon just waiting when I could be tied up in here; but best to be safe.

Strange, the 'up' works okay, why doesn't the 'down'? Again and again Lucy hits the down button, pressing it really hard, banging the control against the hard steel of the spreader; the 'up' keeps working; "What the Fuck is up with this thing? This cannot be Fucking happening, no really, please, no, oh Fucking shit no!" She mumbles to herself under her gag.

It is obvious something is wrong, so obvious Lucy is forced to give up and doesn't just let go of the control, she hurls it from her as best as she can; which is a mistake as it swings back and cracks her on the head, twice! Once again, Lucy is resigned to self-loathing, criticism, self-pity and tears whilst she awaits the inevitable. Only when she thinks to herself 'Careful what you wish for' does she actually manage a rueful laugh.

Fortunately Lucy doesn't have to wait too long for Barry's return, because Barry hasn't actually been anywhere. He took his truck out at 5am and parked it a good mile away across his farmland in a dip and out of site. He then jogged back and set himself up in his study and monitored the CCTV. Whilst nothing was happening he watched re-runs of Lucy's recordings; then when Lucy was playing he zoomed and focused the cameras in for the best shots.

He loved her frigging in the cage again, loves her gag, and was suitably impressed with her lathe skills and what she made. Shame she didn't try out the things she made for him on camera. Now he has seen her helpless in the garage and the control thrown away it is time for him to jog back to his truck and mount his rescue.

Time to consummate the contract! Of course at some point he will have to put the wire back on the hoist 'down' switch; in fact the height she has taken herself he will have to do that first, or make some stilts!

The garage door opened and Barry walked in, walked up to me, direct eye to eye contact from between my legs. He didn't say anything, I couldn't. Rather than walk around me he just spun me on the hoist. I started spinning and could do nothing to stop. Barry just stood in the same position, arms crossed, watching, looking, staring.

Finally he caught my foot and stopped me. He held both my feet and raised them causing me to tilt back. He put his head between my legs and had a really good look at my ass and pussy.

Then he spun my back to him, stopped me and with his head beside mine put his arms around me and fondled my tits.

His hands covering my tits and massaging my erect nipples between his fingers. Oh shit! That same feeling again, ecstasy; his hands on me are doing me, sending my body wild; I am determined to stay passive and not show the effect he has on me but I cannot; my body is writhing in the restraints helpless to escape or run or hide; he hasn't even touched my pussy and I am coming again; shit! Is it me? Am I just a horny slut? Is it him? Or is it the bondage? I don't know, all I do know is that this fantasy is real and I am coming, real hard, real good.

He lets go of me "Well Lucy, I did warn you but here you are again so I have to assume that you want my attention, that you want this, my hands on you, and more."

Barry left me and went to the control, he pressed the button but as I already knew it wouldn't work. I went up again, and then again. Then Barry went and got a screwdriver and took the back of the control off, smiled, done something inside and put the back cover back on and I felt myself lower, but just a few inches.

He came back over to me and untied my feet, I dropped them to the floor and could stand easily but Barry went back to the control and raised the hoist with my hands still tied and only stopped when I was on tip-toes.

He again massaged my tits and let his hands wander all over my body, my belly, my buttocks, my pussy. Oh My God! I cannot help it; my body simply erupts! I cannot be still; I am almost dancing, jerking, belly dancing. Oh shit, this is Barry, I am so wet with orgasm and he can feel it this is so fucking embarrassing!

"Where is the key to your gag? I am going to lower you and use your mouth, where is the key?"

What? He thinks he is going to put his dick in my mouth? My Boss? My mouth? His Dick? No fucking way!

I cannot answer with the gag in my mouth but realizing how helpless I am and that if I want to stay in this job I will just have to 'suck it and see' so to speak I look and nod towards my annex room. Barry understands and considers this but then lowers me further pulling my legs away until my bum is almost on the floor and then re-ties my ankles to the hoist lift spreader and raises me again to his waist height.

"Are you on any sort of contraception control? He asks.

What the fuck! He's going to shag me! I stare at him and I am sure my eyes must be popping out of my head in disbelief. How the fuck do I answer with this fucking gag in? I try to talk, to make myself understood but only mumbled garbage comes out, I am both nodding and shaking my head as I try to make myself understood.

"Okay, I am none the wiser; I haven't a clue what you are trying to say or whether that was a yes or a no, and I am not going to take a chance. Neither am I going to go into your home or release you yet for you to go get your gag key. But I promised you that I would take advantage of this situation should it happen again so the least I can do is try you out for size."

He entered me three times with his thumb (must be a man thing) and then he entered his penis up against me and Oh Yes! Into my wet and warm and needy pussy. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! That's good, so fucking good! I love this bondage! I am absolutely helpless with a big dick in me and loving it.

He isn't moving, isn't fucking me, he has just entered me and stopped but I can't. I have gripped my ropes and am pulling and straining and heaving and writhing and

basically although I am the one totally restrained hanging from a hoist and spreader I am the one trying to fuck him!

I am coming and coming hard again; Barry lifts me a few inches off me and releases me to drop back onto him and puts his hands around my waist Oh My God! I was in total ecstasy but Barry quickly pulled off me and out of me and turned his back to me; paused and then walked over and grabbed the control and raised me a little.

He come back and untied my ankles letting my feet fall to the floor.

Once I was settled he then released my wrists. "Okay, you were unlucky this time, this hoist has been here years and that is the first time it has failed; just a loose wire, but for you very bad timing. All the same, you were at it again regardless of you being caught by me doing this before once already. Now the time is coming up when I have to pay for your apprentice registration and I don't want to waste my time or my money on you if you are not committed to seeing it through."

"It strikes me that you have an unusual addiction to being naked and restrained; okay, I can live with that, but do you have the commitment to be a mechanic? Well you have impressed me so far enough to think you could make it, and be a good mechanic."

"I have a solution; a proposition that may please both of us; but it will mean adding to your contract. Go and take your gag off, and if you are interested and want to stay here come back as you are, hands on head again as before and listen to me. If not, just pack up and go; no negotiation, no options, do what I want or go."

As I turned to go I saw the tell-tale signs of his own excitement, the wet staining on the garage floor of his come; it was at least six foot from the hoist hook where he had been stood with his cock in me; He had only entered me and made one slow stroke; I must excite and have the same effect on him he has on me, and six foot? Is that normal? Looks to me like he really shot his load!

As I got to the door, my hands on my head, I stopped and turned back to him, he was watching me, "I'm on the pill, it helps regulate my periods, just so you know." Now why the hell did I think I needed to tell him that?

My choice was a 'no brainer' and two minutes later I was back stood naked in front of him. He was sat on a stool and had a stool opposite him for me, I sat.

"What you do you can continue to do as long as it doesn't interfere with your work. If this is important to you then you can even use my tools, materials and equipment to make things to help satisfy you; I will even help if you need me to. "

"You can have the spare room in the barn behind the store and turn it into your own dungeon or whatever the name for it is; or if you just plane want tied up or locked in the cage or anything then I will do this for you; but be warned, if you are naked and restrained and I am present then I will take advantage of you."

"Now I too have a hobby, I am a keen photographer and if you look at the calendar on the wall there you will see that I made it. I have made one every year that I have had this business; I have thousands of top class photos of the countryside around here and every animal and bird possible, and I am sick of them. It has sucked the enjoyment out of my hobby."

"I see a solution in you. I would love to make a sexy calendar with photos of you in various states of undress including naked in and around my garage and farmland, on cars and tractors and anything else that comes in. I would hang this in this garage and the workshop."

"Also, if you are going to continue with your bondage interest, then another calendar of this but not for the garage, this you and I could hang in more private places, I would put one in my private office; you can have all the photos on disc or in an album if you like. If you agree, then I will add this commitment for you to be my model to your contracted duties."

"Also, before you agree to anything, I have another commitment test for you; and trust me, this is a real test; but I will not tell you in advance what it is; you either have to sign up to all this on the condition you pass the test or let's just call it quits now and I will help you pack."

I didn't even pause for thought, I so wanted to continue to be his apprentice and make it as a mechanic; the prospect of being able to do my own bondage stuff out in the open so to speak was just the icing on the cake. Commitment test? Anything, it will be easy. "Yes, I agree to everything, no issues."

"Okay, stand up and do not remove your hands."

Barry did a weird thing. He put his hand between my nipples and spread his fingers and thumb and touched both my nipples together with his little finger and thumb; he could just manage it. He then disappeared out the door. I didn't move an inch.

Barry returned a few minutes later and with a pair of pliers attached a thin chain between my nipples, held on with what I recognized as carburetor clips. This fucking hurt but I didn't lower my hands. The clips were made by Ford, they were each a set of two small rings sat on top of each other held by a metal tag on one side. Squeeze them with pliers and they open up.

Barry did this and allowed them to close over each of my nipples. Ouch! They weren't coming off again without pliers.

From the center of the chain he had chicken wire wound and riveted in place; the wire must have been at least twenty foot long. Pulling the wire Barry said to follow him; obviously I had little choice.

He took me outside and led me around the outside of the farmhouse and through the open gate into the open field. There was a small red tractor sitting there.

This was an old tractor and the only one Barry still had; he only kept it as a memento to his Dad. He fastened the end of the wire to the back of the tractor and jumped up on to the seat. Is he joking?

"Okay, if this is the test, it's weird but you go and I'll follow."

"No, this isn't the test, but since you have been here you must have put on ten pounds; you are nowhere near as toned as you were when I found you in the cage. Don't get me wrong, you look fantastic naked, but if you are going to be my calendar girl you need to be toned."

"This old tractor wasn't built for speed, does 10mph tops on a good day; this field has a perimeter track of just a little over three miles; if you don't keep up it's going to hurt, let's see how you do." Before I could respond with my concerns he had started up and was driving off. Naturally, I followed.

Chapter 7

Three miles? I had been a very good runner at school, I was always amongst the front runners in the cross country runs and sometimes the winner. But I had never ran since school, and never naked with my tits clamped to the back of a tractor!

The first few hundred yards were easy, I still had my running shoes on and the outer path around the field was well worn and flat.

Then the breathing become a problem, and the starting of a stitch, and aches in my legs, and I was hurting. Also I was out in the country stark fucking naked and feeling extremely exposed just waiting to be seen by someone. It took over a mile before I was breathing again okay and the stitch was subsiding, I was getting into the rhythm of the running and he wasn't going too fast, I don't think anywhere near 10mph.

By the second mile I was jogging along well with quite a bit of slack in the wire but as we got around the far bend and started on the downhill section the tractor increased its speed and I was starting to struggle.

The wire was off the floor and I was having to give it all I could to keep my nipples where they belonged. Somehow I made it back to the farmhouse intact and I was praying it was only the one lap, I couldn't do another at this pace.

Barry pulled up where we had started and switched off and released the wire from the tractor and started leading me back towards the garage. "Well, did I pass the test?"

"I told you, that wasn't the test; but 34 minutes, let's see if you can beat that in the morning."

"What do you mean, in the morning?"

"Every morning for the next week I want you to do that same run, dressed as you are, before breakfast; then we can start the calendar shoot; see if you can get it down below 30 min's."

Running naked around a field every morning? I like it, miles away from safety and naked; and I must admit I have kind of enjoyed the feeling I had being forced to run behind his tractor.

In the garage Barry took his pliers and released my adapted nipple clamps; now this really did hurt, I seem to get off on most things but I don't really want this again, my poor nipples, I could get my tongue to them to ease the pain but couldn't quite get them in my mouth; I had to play with them quite a bit before the soreness went away.

He told me to kneel down.

"This is your commitment test. The most humiliating act demanding and demonstrating the highest possible commitment to any task I can imagine for a woman is to take a man's cock into her mouth, make him come, and swallow. You now know everything that you need to know to make your mind up and either commit or leave. You can either open your mouth and smile or get up and go."

I really didn't see the problem, certainly no drama, I hadn't done this before but always anticipated doing it at some point in my life and now was as good a time as any, I mean a girl has got to learn somehow doesn't she? With my knees wide apart and my hands on my head I opened wide and smiled.

My God he was big; and even though I know he had come earlier after penetrating me he still didn't last too long. Maybe I just do it for him.

I swallowed and the deal was done.

The next morning at first light I could see to release my key code padlock and my wrists and ankles and immediately put on my running shoes and took to the field. I loved it, the feeling of freedom, one with nature, all was quiet whilst the sun come up and reflected off the dew on the grass. I ran well even though I felt aches from yesterday's run and got back in under 32 minutes.

The next few days followed the same pattern; running naked in the morning, making breakfast, doing housework and working in the garage. I was also experimenting with my home-made butt-plugs; even wearing them under my skirt when I was making our dinners.

The following day I got brave, after we had finished a piston and valve change on a Chevy pick-up and it was well too early for dinner I was feeling horny with my new toned body and I asked Barry "If I was to lock myself in the cage again would you let me out in time to make dinner?"

Obviously he agreed and twenty minutes later I had all the tools cleaned and put away, had cleaned myself up and was naked and gagged and locked in.

It must have been a good two hours before Barry came to look at me. He asked where the gag key was and I pointed at my room. He asked if the door was open and would he find it if he looked? I nodded and he set off. It only then dawned on me he would see my chains fitted to the bed and my butt-plugs right beside the key to the gag!

Barry come back with a huge grin on his face and sat on the grass looking at me.

He had me stand, and turn, and pose in various positions and then handed me the gag key and told me to remove it.

He then showed me the biggest of my butt-plugs and told me to back onto the bars and touch my toes; I kindly declined and he said that was okay, I could do with missing a dinner and he would fetch me breakfast out in the morning. I bent over and opened wide. Humiliating!

He then had me kneel and put my face between the bars. I had no choice and loved the fact. Again, I swallowed.

He didn't release me, instead he sat back down on the grass again. I stayed kneeling at the bars.

"That butt-plug you have in, how does it feel?"

"Different, well now it does anyway. I have only just started experimenting with them, they don't really hurt going in; and once in any movement feels exaggerated, it does excite me but when I am on my own not as much and if I am not restrained I soon tire of it and take it back out. So it feels different when I am restrained and cannot remove it even though I want to and that adds to the excitement; but this feels different again because I didn't put it in and I can't take it out because I don't know what you would do if I did; and having you watch me knowing it is in me is amazing. I wore a smaller one last night whilst we had

dinner and that was exciting with you not knowing what I was feeling sitting there."

He continued "So really, you enjoy being caught? Enjoy being kept naked? Prefer it when you have no say and are under the control of another?"

"I am embarrassed to admit this, I didn't know it would be this way, I have never done anything at all like this before, ever; but yes, ever since you first caught me like this I have loved it; I don't know what type of person that makes me."

"I wouldn't worry about it, as long as it makes you happy and as long as you are safe; and you are safe here you know, I would never do anything to harm you and would stop anything you weren't happy with. I can see from your lack of tan-lines that you must be sun-bathing in the garden naked?"

"Err, yes, you don't mind do you?"

He seemed to consider this and then explained "No, but I was conscious that you may be and of your privacy (of course he was, he always watched her on the CCTV) but if I ever need to see or speak with you and you are sun-bathing do I shout for you, or what?"

"No" I laughed "After what we have already done together and what you have seen of me I think I am past the modesty stage, just come round, I'll put a chair out for you."

He went on "What about your room? I see you have chains on the bed and a combination lock, I guess you are locked in until first light? What if I need you on a call out?"

"Just come in and switch a light on, I will do the rest. I have my spare key hung on the back of the drainpipe just around the corner from the door as high as I can reach. In fact when you have any doubts or concerns like these and you are not sure what to do for fear of upsetting me don't worry about it, as long as I am your apprentice just think of me as your property and do what you would do with your property."

"Lucy, careful what you wish for."

"Oh I have already learned that lesson!"

He was laughing now and praised me "Okay, your running seems to be going well, you are getting your body back to your best."

"Yes, I have got it down to 28 minutes 15 seconds; the improved times are slowing but I will get it under 25 minutes, I am determined."

"No, you have done good, another couple of days, say until Sunday, then you can stop."

"Do I have to? I am enjoying it. I will put clothes on if I am embarrassing you."

"Hell no, that's my only condition, you have to do it naked!" He laughed, in fact we both did.

Chapter 8

"We talked about bondage equipment, restraints and furniture and the like, what would you like to make first?"

"I have thought about this, in fact dreamed about it and there is so much I want to try; but first can we make some proper old fashioned wooden stocks?"

"Certainly, I am very familiar with them and they will be no trouble."

"Oh really, and how are you familiar with such a thing?"

He took his time thinking this through, considering his words; "Farmer Willie Stedding, my neighbor that rents my land. He owns just about all of this area. You can go a hundred miles in any direction and still be on his land."

"His family go back as far as any records and his forefathers were the Lords of this land. Since then they have continued to buy out every other farmer they could until I am just about the only one left he doesn't own. He even owns the land our town is built on."

"In the old days his family were the law and order; and they had slaves and peasants working the land. Willie is a bit of a historian and has collected all the old stuff, Stocks, yokes, whipping posts, shackles, manacles, head cages, cages, scolds bridles, chastity belts, witches chairs, dipping cages, everything; and has

them all in a barn. He says one day he is going to restore them and make a barn into a museum."

"He still has the three original wooden stocks set on the lawn in front of his manor house where the public punishments were meted out in years gone by."

"He has even used some of this stuff on his wife and kids; He's a proper old fashioned farmer, treats his family like property, like his cattle; but he has their and everybody else's respect around here. His three sons have all come of age and he has set them up in their own farm houses, he and each son now have one quarter of the land each."

"His daughter is still at home, she will be about your age, I don't know what he is going to do with her, he didn't want a daughter he wanted a fourth son, probably why he called her Harriet, or 'Harry' as she gets."

Barry got up and left me. A few minutes later he returned with a clip-board, pencil, ruler and tape-measure. I had stood up when he had left and now had my hands on my head, just habit!

He handed me the stuff. "We still have an hour or so before we need to think about dinner. Draw up the plans for your stocks, to scale but rough. You are a mechanic not a draftsman so don't worry about how it looks; but using your own body as a template get all the hole sizes and distances and heights etc. as accurate as you can. When you are finished I will have a look, if it looks okay then in the morning we will start to build them.

If I spot a stupid mistake then you can stay naked and keep your butt-plug in through dinner but we will still build them in the morning. Deal?"

I couldn't keep the smile off my face, just let me get started. "Deal."

Two hours later I had laid the table and was placing his chicken curry in front of him. Of course I was still naked and not looking forward to sitting on a hard wooden chair with this big monster inside of me. My drawing had been perfect. Barry said I could have been a draftsman my drawing was that professional (I had done technical drawing at school) but unfortunately there was nothing holding the stocks down and all the weight was in the main neck and wrist block. Locked

in place if pushed forward I would have tipped over and broken my neck. Otherwise it was perfect!

The next morning after getting my naked dash time down to 27 minutes 52 seconds and making breakfast we got started on the stocks. I really enjoyed this time, working on something new and creative with Barry and seeing his techniques was brilliant; especially as he took the time to explain the reason behind everything and what other alternatives existed.

We had stopped for lunch and had just washed up and were walking back across the yard when a white haired older fellow walked through off the fields into the yard, just as though he lived here or were expected.

Barry put up his hand in greeting and said "Afternoon Willie, another glorious day!"

"Afternoon Barry, aye, certainly another fine one. Not a bother if we talk?"

"Never a bother finding time for my favorite neighbor (only neighbor) and best customer; let me introduce you to my apprentice, I don't believe you have met yet."

"Willie Stedding, our neighboring farmer and local historian I was telling you about, please meet Lucy Pinder apprentice mechanic."

I stepped forward and we shook hands. "We haven't met" Willie explained "But I have seen you about on the land and I figured you were doing something up here with Barry; I must say that I am most impressed the way you get out of bed bright and early every morning and go for a run; my daughter Harriet could do with some of your energy the lazy girl, staying in bed until late every day." He still had hold of my hand "and I must add that I think you look glorious running in just your birthday suit; you have such a graceful gait; makes life worth living seeing beauty such as yours moving like that without a care in the world on beautiful open land under a blue sky; nature is a wonderful thing."

I pulled my hand away in embarrassment and covered my face "I am so sorry; I didn't know anyone would see me; I didn't mean to embarrass or shock you or anything; I will get some running clothes, sorry."

"Now don't you go getting all embarrassed and apologetic and the likes, and don't you go putting clothes on on my account, I think you are wonderful and if you stop I will be most cross with you, and you wouldn't want that, going upsetting your neighbors when we have just met!"

Throughout this Barry had just been stood chuckling to himself but now he added "Don't you worry Willie, Lucy here has just yesterday promised me she was going to continue her runs for the foreseeable. If my apprentice breaks her promise she will find herself locked in the stocks naked."

We all laughed at that, but all for different reasons I think.

I went back to work and left the two of them to talk.

By close of day we had all the parts ready for assembly.

I had expected it to have been done far quicker but my plans involved it all being screwed and bolted together; Barry refused to have a single screw on show.

Instead every part had to be made with intricate joints that locked together; even the lock. Barry had taken a lock from an old storage chest and had fit it to one end of the stocks, the top and bottom beam that locked over the neck and wrists.

The top had a steel rod with a point and grooves sticking down from it which married up with and entered a steel collar and hole on the bottom section with a key plate and hole on the side of the stocks to release it.

Barry had built a 2 mil damper onto the lock so that I would be able to put myself into the stocks and lower the beam gently without any risk of locking myself in, the upper and lower beams would not quite touch. But if pushed down, or if I raised and allowed the stock upper beam to drop even just an inch then the weight and gravity of the beam would overcome the damper and lock. I would then be at the mercy of my finder.

Tomorrow, Friday, we had a job coming in; a Toyota car needing full service, brake pads and discs all round, full exhaust and two front tyres. Barry said these were all needed at the last service but the customer was to 'tight' with his money but Barry only agreed to take it back in if he could make it roadworthy this time. However Barry said we would find the time to glue and assemble the stocks and they would be ready to 'test-run' on Saturday.

Friday morning I didn't disappoint Willie and went running naked again. I know he saw me because I chatted with him, and more.

I was at the top end of the field, half way around when I saw him stood there waving to me, I tried to ignore him and run on but he was shaking something white and shouting on me and so, even though I was naked and extremely embarrassed I just could not ignore him.

It turned out to be a white envelope he was shaking. He was stood in amongst the trees and covering myself as best I could and feeling silly for doing so I went over to him. "Don't you worry about your nakedness young girl, I have a wife and daughter and deal with naked animals all the time, you will have nothing new. Here, give this to Barry for me, it saves me a walk over. Oh, hold on, I haven't put the dates in, you obviously don't have a pen on you? No, no, silly me, of course not, just wait here a mo' whilst I nip into my house and add the dates."

"Err, Willie, sorry, I don't want to be rude or anything but your house is a way down there and you are on foot; I need to finish my run and get Barry his breakfast before our job comes in."

"Oh no, not my farmhouse, that house" he said pointing up; that is where I have seen you running from."

I looked up and could just make out the base of a wooden structure a part the way up the tree.

This is 'Old Bell', the grandest and oldest tree on my land; this magnificent old oak has seen generations of my family come and go and so I built my study up it so I could sit in peace and do my research and write my diary and create my logs, my own history. You must see it, come on, I will show you my tree-house and get a pen to finish this for Barry; Barry will be pleased you waited."

I wanted to refuse, being naked and everything, but didn't feel I could.

I climbed over the wooden fence and walked around the tree with him, no longer obviously covering myself but keeping my body kind of turned away from him. I looked up and was really impressed with the look of the tree-house; almost invisible from Barry's side it stuck out the size of a small house this side with grand floor to ceiling windows; it must be amazing inside.

Large wooden pegs had been hammered into the tree all the way up to a wooden floor serving as a balcony to the tree-house. They stuck out over six inches and were spaced two foot apart up two runs, left and right, but staggered so each step was only one foot higher than the last. But they were two foot apart! Willie had me go first for safety as I hadn't done it before in case he had to catch me or at least break my fall. Well that was the end of any attempt at modesty, I am sure you can picture the view he had beneath me and all the way up!

When we got up there it was just as magnificent as it had looked from below; and the view over his lands was breath-taking. I could even see the stocks on his lawn in front of the Manor house. He had shelves full of books and diary's, a writing desk, desk chair and a couple of easy chairs in front of the window. He also had a fully stocked bar! Willie found a pen and made his additions and then we climbed down again. He thanked me for my time, said I looked lovely (sweet), that I had 'great flanks that put his favorite horse to shame' and wished me 'good day' as I ran off, still blushing!

I think I was still blushing when I got back. Barry was waiting for me and I thought 'great, naked show day' and he commented that 42 minutes, I was going backwards. Obviously he had been timing me.

I handed him the envelope and explained what had happened, climbing up the tree legs akimbo and everything. He was laughing so hard he had to sit down; he had tears coming out of his eyes. Eventually he calmed himself enough to open and read the letter from Willie. Then he was off again, laying on his back almost choking for breath he was laughing that hard. What was it? What was in the letter that was so funny? Willie doesn't strike me as a comedian.

He showed me the letter. Barry, that Lucy of yours is the most beautiful of creatures; I simply must get a better look at her. I have written you this letter so that she will have to come over to 'That nice old farmer next door' to take it from me. If it works, and I so hope it does, I will try to entice her up to my tree-house which will give me a cracking view of her. May have some work for you next week, Willie.

Added below this was It worked like a treat, she's here in my tree-house beside me now, we are both enjoying the view; You are a lucky man, she is not only a Goddess in looks but beautiful in nature too; I may have to visit more. Willie.

Well now I was laughing too, I had been had, good and proper!

Chapter 9

We got both the car and the stocks sorted by mid-afternoon. We had assembled the stocks outside (in good view of several CCTV cameras as it turned out) because having been in the garage on such a nice day it was a pleasure to get some fresh air and work outside. Also Barry wanted photos of me locked in it outdoors so tomorrow we wouldn't need to move it twice.

The next morning during my run I knew where to look now for the tree-house and I could see Willie stood at the window, I gave him a wave as I ran past and he waved back. 26 minutes 58 seconds, I was back on track.

After breakfast we inspected the stocks. I had a vest and a short skirt on but this wasn't the photo shoot and so I tried them out. As Barry had explained I could put myself into them without them locking and this worked. But just by raising my left wrist an inch or my neck even less and dropping back down the stocks locked.

There were three positions for my ankles, just a couple of inches apart, 18 inches apart or really wide apart. When the wood was slotted into place to lock my ankles in it could easily be removed by pulling out a clip on either side but there were clasps in place so that it could be locked closed to prevent anyone releasing me.

The locks were hung on the main body of the stocks but not in use.

Barry left me in the stocks whilst he went and done a couple of chores around the house, obviously with my wrists locked in place I could not release my ankles.

It felt good, my legs apart and my bottom feeling very exposed even with pants and a skirt on, and my breasts just dangling there unprotected. I liked it, but imagined that naked it would feel so much better again; I couldn't wait to try it, and all my own design and work (well, most of it but Barry did help).

What I didn't know was that Barry's 'chore' had been to ring Willie, and tell him that whilst he couldn't promise anything, that he may get an even better view of me in around two hours if he was to visit under the pretext of seeing him.

Barry came out and asked me what I thought, did I like it?

I explained that I was proud, it was brilliant, perfect; and was actually looking forward to our photo shoot.

Barry released me and explained that he only had the one key for this old lock, and so just to be on the safe side he was going to get another key cut; he had to pop into town anyway to restock the groceries for the week. That he would be back for a late lunch and in the mean time I was to think about the photo shoot, best angles and backdrop etc. and also to start thinking about what we were making next. Strangely he also asked my shoe size but didn't explain why.

I already knew what I wanted next, I had seen it on the internet and couldn't wait to be made so vulnerable. One of those 'Doggy style' spreader bars, I don't know what you call them, but your ankles get locked into a solid bar wide apart, then your hands go between your legs in a kneeling position and get locked into the center of the same bar forcing your bum up and your legs apart.

I immediately went and got my clip-board pen and paper and started drawing. Barry left for town whilst I was doing this; he saw me because I had decided that the cage was my design studio and I was in here again and naked again doing my drawing (I think it helps my creativity to be in here like this, but unfortunately this time with my key to let myself out).

Long after Barry had left for town I had finished my design drawing and was stood, still naked, thinking about the photo shoot. I had decided, considering the sun and how the barn would be casting a shadow, that we would have to move the stocks, and we should set them up in the center of the yard in front of his garage; this would get his logo signage and everything in the photo. However I needed to try the stocks to consider how far apart my legs should be.

This time though I wasn't going to get myself locked in. I got a set of feeler gauges from the garage and placed them on the stocks beside the hole that the locking bar went into; this would prevent the stocks closing and locking but were fine enough to make it almost locked.

I tried it with my legs together first, interesting, raised my bum, probably good for spanking (if I ever find out what that feels like!) or caning or something, or maybe more interesting with my butt-plug, now that's an idea, whilst Barry is away I can

try this with my butt-plug! I quickly sprint over to my room and fit my biggest butt-plug and get back and assume the position, much better.

I close my eyes and enjoy the moment; yes I am going to like this, especially locked. I try it again with my ankles in the middle setting; oh, this works even better with the butt-plug, I can 'grind' my ass and really work it around, lovely. Then I set myself up in the widest ankle position, ankles over two foot apart and butt really exposed and vulnerable.

I cannot wait to see the photos of me from behind when we do the shoot. I have my eyes closed; I should still have the best part of an hour before Barry gets back. I am really enjoying the moment. Imagine being held like this and fucked. If the person came from the rear I wouldn't even see who it was fucking me; it was impossible to see anything behind. I was picturing it as though seeing myself locked in this thing from above and was getting really turned on. I heard a 'click' and opened my eyes and looked to my right, then I felt the extra pressure on my left wrist and I looked left and there was Willie Stedding stood holding the feeler gauges and leaning on the stocks. They were locked!

"There you go girl, that was the problem, you had left these jammed in stopping them locking, it's there now though."

"What? What have you done? I had them in there to stop it locking!" I shouted, I just stopped short of swearing at him.

"No need to shout girl, I'm not deaf, I thought you were going to swear there girl or call me something, you don't want to be doing that, not the position you are in."

Oh shit, Barry told me how strict he can be. "Sorry Willie, you just kind of shocked me, and Barry is away so I didn't want to be locked in, just test them out as we have just made them."

"Sorry Lucy, just trying to help, came over to see Barry, saw you struggling to get this thing locked proper and thought you helped me yesterday with the letter so I could return the favor and help you."

"I saw the letter, Barry thought it was very funny, could have died laughing."

"Oh, I'm in your bad books now am I for tricking you like that?"

"No, sorry Willie, I must admit I laughed at the letter too when I realized I had been had by you, and what you wrote about me was very flattering and sweet, thank you."

"That's better, I knew we could be friends, I must introduce you to my daughter Harry, you could be a good influence on her."

"What? I run naked around a farm, lock myself in stocks naked again, and you think I could be a good influence?"

He continued "Certainly, I gave up long ago trying to understand you women. I rule my wife and daughter with an iron hand, I have used stocks and a stick on my wife many times, locked her in a scolds bridle to calm her vicious tongue; that women was harder to break than any of my horses; and that spoiled bitch of a daughter, I have tried the same with her. I just don't understand women, all these years I thought I was breaking her in; turns out she was winding me up on purpose because she liked being locked in stocks and spanked or the cane taken to her bare rump; even the bridle done something for her."

"At least you are honest enough to lock yourself in and still have a good healthy spirit. Women? I cannot figure; try to please them they cry, you upset them; try to punish and upset them, they are happy and pleased with you. You probably think I am like 60 or older? Well I am 47, everybody thinks I am an old man, this is what farming, a spirited wife, three big unruly sons and a bitch of a daughter does to you. I had black hair when I married!"

"You probably won't believe this, but I think I understand."

"Well you're the only woman that does girl, now where is the key to this thing so I can let you out, you must be quite embarrassed being there like that with that thing stuck up your bum?"

Oh shit, literally, he has noticed the butt-plug, I so wish I could cover my blushing face or just curl up and die. "Barry has it, we only have the one key so Barry is getting a spare cut."

"When's he back?"

"He said he would be back for a late lunch."

"Late lunch? That could be 3pm, it's not twelve yet; you are going to burn left like that; is the house open? I can get something to cover you."

He was right, I sunbathe quite a lot but always need sun-cream. "Yes the house is open, thank you." Plus I will be a lot more comfortable with a sheet or something covering me in this exposed position.

Willie gives my butt a 'friendly' pat on the way past which actually felt more like a spank, it did kind of hurt. He was right, I thought he was well over 60; I am shocked he is only 47 but now I know I realize this fits in with his easy movements. It also explains him having a daughter my age, not that he couldn't have a young daughter at 60 but it just fits better.

I hear Willie return and from behind he says "You're in luck girl, found just the thing." I wait to feel the cool sheet fall on my body but instead hear him shake the bottle and a dollop of what turns out to be factor 50 sun-cream lands on my back.

This stuff takes some rubbing in but Willie is well up to the job. Whilst he is rubbing it in he is quizzing me "So why do you want to be locked naked in these stocks anyway?"

I immediately lie "Well I have to go to college to do a part of my apprenticeship and on this course you have to complete a secondary part, an academic writing on an unrelated subject. When Barry told me about you and what you have it got my interest so I thought I would do research and a paper on medieval devices of punishment and control; and the best way to gain a proper understanding would be to make and try them as they should be used myself. Only then would I get the understanding and appreciation necessary to write the paper."

Whilst we talked he continued to apply and rub the cream in.

"Good on you girl, you are certainly going about it the right way, throwing yourself into it like this; if you get stuck or need more insight I will be able to show you a few things, genuine devices; call round anytime." At this point he was stood directly behind me, I could feel him against my bum; and he was applying the cream to his hands and rubbing it into my tits.

"Thank you, that's very good of you, Barry said you had lots of stuff, I may take you up on that." Oh my, he's doing a very thorough job on my tits.

He finished on my top half, even doing my face and what he could of my neck, and then started on my legs from the ankle up whilst we continued talking. I had never felt quite so vulnerable, he put his hands where he wanted, when he wanted, and I could do absolutely nothing; and now he was working his way up towards my holy grail.

He was rubbing cream into my upper thighs and backside when he asked "So this thing in your bum, what's that all about then? Doesn't it hurt?"

"It's hurting my pride at the moment! But no, I'm just trying it, apparently it was a form of punishment in the past and these days are used as sex toys; doesn't really hurt, but I suppose if somebody put one in you, and done something to prevent you removing it, you know, restrained you or locked it in somehow, it would be a constant reminder of their control of you."

In hindsight, this was where I realized he was playing this game far smarter than I was.

"So how does it work? Do you have to screw it out and screw it back in?"

"No you can pull it out and just push it back in."

"Okay" at which point he grabbed hold of it and pulled it out.

"Willie! I didn't mean for You to pull it out!"

"Oh, okay, sorry" at which point he pushed it back in! Tricked again!

I was speechless, I knew exactly what he had done, how he was tricking me, but I was powerless to do anything. These stocks are evil.

Willie then finished applying the sun-cream; unfortunately he got far too much on me when he decided he had best protect my 'vulnerable and sensitive' pussy from the sun and made a real meal of rubbing it in. My legs were so far apart he had very easy access and made the most of it.

It got to me, I couldn't do anything about it, I was dripping, it took all my effort not to voice my moans of pleasure and arousal; he knew exactly what he was doing and the effect it was having.

"Sorry I have put so much on down there but better safe than sorry, and at least your body appears to be enjoying it even if you aren't, you are a hot Filly aren't you?"

I couldn't reply, I was scared to open my mouth in case just noises came out; I just stood there and took it like I had a choice.

Finally finished Willie had a good walk around me and admired his work. "Well Lucy, whilst we wait for Barry and the key, what are we going to do to while away the time? I cannot exactly leave you like this?"

"Err, I don't know, well, I know what I am doing, nothing."

"This paper you are writing; what are your thoughts on the corporal punishment bits? I have some of the things from my predecessors, you know, whips, Cat of nine tails, flogger, canes, the birch, riding crops, switch, sticks, all that stuff?"

"I don't know, I haven't experienced any of that stuff, must have been horrible though, I haven't even been spanked but even just that must have hurt."

"That's the general idea, it's meant to be a punishment after all, but funny thing is, and don't tell the wife I said this, but she has always enjoyed a spanking. She would do things just to earn a spanking from me and get all feisty with me if I didn't give her one. She still does."

"Really, I couldn't imagine it."

"No need, we have time to kill, let me show you, may help your paper."

"No, no, thank you Willie, but you don't have to do this for me."

"No problem, I still feel bad locking you in that thing, least I can do."

At which he has already walked around and I feel the first 'spank' land flat on my left buttock. I am just opening my mouth in protest when 'Spank' my right receives the same.

(link opens in new window)

He keeps at it left, right, left, right, then softer but quicker the tops of my legs, my thighs and both buttocks; then the odd hard one delivered to either buttock.

For five minutes he continues regardless of what I say, scream or try to do. Finally he stops and with both hands softly rubs my buttocks 'better'. I am breathing really heavy and tingling all over, not just where he has spanked but all over, like my body is charged or something.

I feel his hand between my legs again and my pussy just erupts as my whole body shakes in a powerful orgasm.

Willie chuckles to himself and comes back around to my face "Honest girl, be totally honest now, that is what you need for any paper to be taken seriously, we both know the effect that just had, now tell me, what do you think of spanking as a punishment?"

I do not know what to say, I have never been so violated, so humiliated, and enjoyed it so much. If that had been Barry it would have been off the scale; but it was an old man, or at least an old looking man that doesn't do anything for me; am I just a slut? Should I be an apprentice whore rather than mechanic? Just what am I?

"I understand your confusion with your wife Mr Stedding, it does hurt, it really hurts when you spank hard, but I cannot deny the effect it just had on me. I imagine that if you had wanted you could have delivered all the pain with none of the pleasure but chose instead to do what you did to me."

"Well, now you know more for your paper."

At last, I hear Barry returning and his van door closing. Willie leaves me and goes to talk with him then comes back to say 'good-bye' to me. That's more than Barry says to me; still helpless he just comes up behind me, unzips, enters me and fucks me! He is massaging my tits with both hands and really ramming home. So this is our first real fuck? Foreplay with Willie then fucked by Barry? Whatever, it was fucking marvelous, it didn't last long enough, but marvelous! I love these stocks!

He still hasn't released me, he's just walked away and I hear the farmhouse door open and shut.

I'm starting to ache a little now from being in this position, mainly my ankles and legs.

What seems like an hour later he comes up behind me again and takes me again, this time slower, much less urgency, with feeling, caressing my body and breasts whilst he penetrates me; I should be appalled, I should be shouting, screaming, objecting; but instead I feel that same feeling, that same sensation at his touch, that shiver up my backbone, excitement, want, need, a total desire for his body, his attention, his sex and I am moaning "Yes, Yes, please, Yes, harder, harder, quicker, Yes, oh fucking yes!"

This time I am coming before he is finished, and when he does it is quite something and I feel him stood like a statue still in me but softening and heaving to get his breath under control. I love my helplessness, I am restrained, I am vulnerable, I am at his mercy; I am coming again.

He comes around the side and with his key unlocks the stocks but does not let me out. He lifts the open left side but keeps a hand on my neck. When it is high enough I remove my wrists and he closes and locks the stocks again. I feel something being fastened to my right wrist, my arms being taken behind my back and the same something being closed on my left wrist. He then opens the stocks and releases my neck and then my ankles.

Chapter 10

"Come on then, lunch is ready; once again I have done all the work whilst you have been lounging around."

Not knowing quite what to say, I didn't say anything, I just followed. I managed to move my arms far enough to the side to glimpse what was locked onto my wrists, it looked homemade but high quality, two thick steel cuffs, each two inches wide and welded together at angles to each other making me stick my elbows out and stopping me getting my hands anywhere near my bum.

I follow him to the farmhouse, naked and for some silly reason, happy and proud.

Once in the kitchen he takes me to the dining area and locks a collar around my neck connected to a ring in the wall by a lengthy chain and tells me to sit. He then unlocks one of my wrists but re-cuffs my hands in front of me.

On the table already prepared was quite a spread, ham sandwiches, pickles, crisps, cheese and biscuits and even fresh cream cakes and a bottle of white wine.

"Lucy, this weekend is for you, all about you. I don't know how you think this morning has went, but if you aren't happy don't blame Willie, I brought him here. You see, before you come here I was quite happy with my life, I want for nothing and love my work; but soon after your arrival I realized just what a lonely life I had been living."

"You and your strange ways, restraining yourself, being naked, running naked but also being a lovely person and bloody good apprentice has caused me to rethink what my life is about. You have caused a change in my life and I like it."

"Therefore whilst I don't fully understand you and what you want apart from your desire to be a mechanic, I am going to do what I can to help you. You explained how it is better for you when your control is removed and more exciting when you are discovered; you also made a point of telling me you were on the pill. I put all this together and this morning was the result, it was all meant to give you a greater experience, I hope it has worked. That is also why you are eating your lunch naked and cuffed with your butt-plug still in. Did I get it right? Or do I need to start apologizing?"

Wow! That's a shock! I didn't see that coming, I thought it was me that was weird and I had just been caught and got my just deserves. When I think about it this whole day has been awesome; totally restrained, totally taken advantage of and totally screwed.

I am still naked and still restrained and loving it; and I have a lovely lunch made for me and with wine and getting apologies for being given what I could only fantasize about.

"Barry, you have nothing to apologize for, and thank you for making me such a lovely lunch."

We finished lunch and Barry, unlocking my collar said for me to go relax, "Sun-bathe or something" whilst he done the dishes and tidied up. I did just that, went to the garden and sun-bathed. I couldn't even take my butt-plug out, the angle these cuffs were welded together I couldn't get my hands anywhere near the butt-plug.

The afternoon was spent finishing our wine in the garden and then Barry taking some photos of me in various positions around the farm and in his garage and barns. I spent the whole day naked and restrained and loved it.

Barry even made dinner and set the table and served me, but I kept him company in the kitchen whilst he done this; I was still naked with my hands still cuffed and fixed to a chain over a roof beam.

In-between various stages of cooking he would caress my helpless body and suck and lick my nipples. I was just so horny I literally was on heat!

After dinner and the washing up was done we had more drinks on the veranda Barry said it was time for my shower before bed. I thought this meant my bondage had come to an end but no, he locked me again in the cage and only then removed my cuffs and allowed me to remove the butt-plug. There were already bottles of shower gel and shampoo in the cage and Barry turned a hose pipe on me, bloody cold water!

Barry cuffed me again to the rear before unlocking the cage and taking me to my room where he let me dry and brush my hair. He then put me on my bed and fastened my own chains on me and switched off the light. He kissed me! Oh yes! But no, that was it, he didn't touch me, put a butt-plug in, anything. He just walked out and closed the door. But Shit! I am so fucking horny, and just a little bit drunk, I want shagged, desperately!

I awoke the next morning to glorious sunshine and ready for my daily run I looked over and stretched out to unlock my key-code lock; but couldn't, it wasn't my key-code lock that was there, it was a pad-lock! I was fucked.

I laid in anticipation until eventually Barry arrived "Okay lazy bones, you getting up today or what?"

"Err, Barry, like how?"

"No excuses, I've warned you before what would happen if I caught you like this again; if you are not out of that bed in five seconds I will not be responsible for my actions."

There must be a way out, I must have missed something, I check the rest of my chains just to hear "3 - 2 - 1 - You were warned."

He unlocks my ankles and is then on the bed between my legs, he has some rope with him and he quickly ties my right ankle, loops the rope around the bed head, round the other side and ties my left ankle drawing the rope tight and tying off the slack putting my ankles wide apart and above my wrists. He then enters me and slowly but forcefully shags me. What a fantastic alarm call! Oh yes! The position I am in gives total access and he is penetrating deep; and he does, slowly, quickly, rhythmically; wonderfully. Fucking Yes!

Finally released from bondage for the first time in almost 24 hours Barry says "Good Morning; you've had your fun, now get your running shoes on and get going; I will make breakfast so be back in 30, we have got a job on."

Barry leaves and I am thinking 'Job on? I thought this weekend was all about me? It's Sunday, I don't work Sundays'. Even on my run I am still thinking this, well, this and what a fantastic shag that was! As I pass I give the tree-house a wave but do not see any wave back, he can't be there or has given up waiting for me.

I get back and realize that I have been so distracted with my feelings; so caught up in my thoughts, that I have taken it out on my running and have nearly knocked another minute off my time, 26 minutes and 2 seconds.

Rather than straight to breakfast Barry ushers me into the cage and locks me in and turns the hose on me again; obviously this is my new en-suite!

Then straight to breakfast and Barry then tells me I have ten minutes to sort myself out and get my overalls on before we leave.

There is a knock on my door and Barry is there, he hands me some brand new Wellington boots and tells me I will need to wear them, it's going to be muddy.

Chapter 11

I am in the van with Barry and he explains we are just going to the Stedding farm, his cattle feed machine has broken down and it must be fixed today or Willie is going to struggle to get the feed out tomorrow.

We arrive at the farm and drive up past the Manor house straight into the yard; Willie and a lady I take to be his wife are there waiting for us; we get out and

Barry introduces me to Rose, Willies wife; she is ever so friendly and very young looking, not at all what I expected; and she is taller than him and very slim; I expected an older more rounded lady.

Introductions over Barry showed me the problem, a large cattle pen with metal pipe fed feeder points running all around the outer perimeter and in rows running up and down.

In a work shed backing onto it was the main feeder plant and processing unit; Barry would service this, I was to get into the cattle pen and clear and rod-out all the feeder units. Great, the pen was full of wet cow shit and I would need to lay in it to do my part!

Rose gave me a cap to cover my hair and I buttoned my overalls right up. It was going to be messy.

A couple of hours later I had finished my part, I had found nothing that could have been the problem but the rodding-out process was probably needed so I hadn't wasted my time. I had slipped a few times and was absolutely covered in shit and on top of this desperately needed the toilet for a pee.

I told Barry I had finished and he said to see Rose and get cleaned up. I knocked on the back door and Rose opened the door, looked at me and burst into laughter. I explained I needed the loo and she said there was no way I was coming into her house in this state; and on top of this only Willie was allowed in the house in work clothes anyway; his rules. She took me around the house to where she had a tap and hose and she had me stand whilst she hosed me down.

Rose took me back to the back door and said I had to take my overalls off "But Rose, these overalls, I don't have much on underneath."

"That's okay lass, I've got underwear of my own, I know what it looks like; don't be bashful, we're the only ones here, get them off."

"Err, Rose, err, I don't have anything on underneath, I'm naked if I take my overalls off."

"Rightfully so too, no way should you go into that cattle pen and get all covered and get your nice underwear ruined, sensible girl, now stop prevaricating and get them dirty things off. They don't just need hosed, they need disinfected; I'll sort

them, and your wellie's, now I promise you won't shock me, and anyway if you will let my husband rub sun cream all over your body you shouldn't be worrying too much about me seeing you clothes off and all."

Now I really did blush, but stripped. I covered myself as best I could and Rose showed me to the bathroom and told me to take a shower; I could keep the bath towel to cover my modesty when I come out and she gave me some wooden clogs to wear until my boots were sorted. She took my overalls and boots away.

A proper hot shower, I was in heaven. I took my time but as nice as this was I was still pissed off that I had been told by Barry that this weekend was all about me and here I was washing cow shit off working on a Sunday. I dried off, wrapped the towel around me and headed back into the kitchen; Rose was waiting for me. She had washed my overalls in disinfectant and they were hanging out drying. My boots too were disinfected and drying, they wouldn't take long to dry.

We got to talking and had coffee and gossiped some; Rose had some sense of humor and I quickly grew to like her.

Barry had been in for coffee and said he would be another hour at least, maybe two. In the meantime Rose said Willie had explained about finding me in the stocks and my interest in the old ways of how the slaves and peasants were controlled and said she would show me the stuff Willie had collected from those days, the stuff he was going to make into a museum in one of his barns. Rose said she loved all that old stuff too, and said she felt safe confiding in me given how Willie had found me that I must share a common interest in being restrained and that she made every and any excuse possible to get Willie to lock her into some of the stuff.

It was quite some conversation and I didn't even think about only being in a towel as we walked across to a barn.

The barn was huge and not exactly full, there were plenty of things inside but so well spread out that the barn looked half empty.

There was everything Barry had said there would be, plus a few other things too. Right in the middle were a set of stocks. Rose explained these were the original, hundreds of years old stocks actually used in real life to punish people; would I like to try them?

I explained I had already tried stocks but Rose said "Yeah, new ones, these are real ones, go on, tell me if they feel different."

"I have already been locked in stocks, I don't really want you locking me in those."

"Willie has the original pad-lock, he has it in a bucket of oil and still needs to either find or make a key, so there isn't a lock to put on it, go on, try it."

Well stupid me, I did. I stepped into the ankle recesses and Rose closed the cuffs and put the retaining pins in, then I offered my neck and wrists to the top beam and Rose closed the hinged wooden bar to trap me in and closed a clasp over the steel eye the pad-lock would lock onto. "But of course, with this clasp closed the pad-lock isn't really needed to lock you in, the pad-lock is just to stop others releasing you."

Like I said, stupid me.

"It looks a bit silly with that towel on you, plus you are missing out on the real experience, let me help you."

Rose removed my towel, and worse left me there whilst she walked back to the house to hang it up saying I was dry now and wouldn't need it. I came here on a job, how the hell am I naked in stocks again?

Rose returned and asked how I was doing? Any difference to my new ones? "Well, no, not really, do pretty much the same job, just as helpless; smell a little different but no, I am quite proud of the ones I have built with Barry."

"Okay, let's try something else." Rose released me and was walking me towards a hanging circular cage, like a bird cage when I spotted something on my left "What is that?"

"I don't know the proper name, but Willie calls it his 'prayer stocks', they are a punishment tool, I don't like those."

"What kind of punishment? Do you lock the person in and whip them or something?"

"No you just lock them in and leave them."

"Not much of a punishment, unless it is for days then?"

"Think so? Brave enough to try them for say fifteen minutes?"

"What you just lock me in? Nothing else? Easy, where's the punishment?"

"As you can see you will be locked in the prayer position, but your wrists will be on the sharp edge of the wood, as will be your shins, otherwise you have to sit with the weight of your body on the sharp edge of that beam between your legs. Locked in that for only fifteen minutes you would beg me for release, prove me wrong you can lock me naked in anything you like and leave me."

"Okay, easy, I am only light and I always like a challenge. Lock me in then start stripping, you're going in the stocks."

"Okay, If you beg to get out, your forfeit is to wear a yoke, okay?"

"Lock me in."

Rose did, and Oh My God it was torture, I didn't last fifteen minutes, maybe three and I was struggling, after five I was still determined and moving my weight between wrists, shins and pussy but before ten minutes were up I was screaming to be released, my wrists and shins felt like they were breaking and my poor pussy was being torn in half. I really did, properly and loudly physically beg Rose to release me; and they locked people in these things for hours, even days? Fuck.

Rose showed me to the yokes, they actually had a collection of them. Some just plain yokes, some for putting on girls in the old days for them to hang buckets of food from to feed the farm workers, a bucket of gruel on one side and a bucket of water on the other and a ladle carried in the mouth; and some made with really heavy and thick wood as a punishment.

Rose had me stand and put a plain wooden yoke onto me, locking my neck and my wrists wide apart either side of my shoulders. Unfortunately, she did have the lock for this and she locked it. Rose stood back and appraised me in the yoke. She was impressed, said I looked fantastic, better in the yoke than in my overalls!

"These yokes look solid and heavy but are surprisingly light to wear, I love being locked in them, that's how I have four children! Also you may have noticed they have rings on the ends and under each end. The ones on the end are so that yokes can be locked together to make pairs of prisoners more restricted and the

ones underneath can have bells locked on to draw attention to any movement. I love them!"

Rose had taken a long thin stick off a rack and was walking me around the barn, tapping my bum now and again to keep me moving and steer me as we went and as she talked more "Yes I know I am past my sell by date, I am sagging now and have all the evidence of having had children on show but Willie still flatters me and I enjoy it, the feeling of helplessness you are having now (and I was!) but Harry, my daughter, she looks great in these and so reminds me of myself at her age; she's eighteen now, how old are you Lucy?"

"I'm eighteen too, just a couple of months ago."

"Oh, Harry too, June 17; She won't admit it but she loves it too, all us women do don't we? I've caught her trying some of these things out before, and naked; she tries to make excuses but there is no excuse is there? Just pleasure."

"In fact you must meet Harry, the two of you would look fantastic locked in these things together."

Just as Rose said this and I was about to voice my disagreement the door opened and Willie walked in. Regardless of yesterday I was still extremely embarrassed but Rose had hold of the yoke and I couldn't shy away. Willie stopped in front of me and said "I told you Rose, what did I tell you? She's a looker isn't she? Bloody gorgeous!"

"Yes Willie, I was just saying, wouldn't her and Harry look great together in these yokes locked together, I don't think we have ever seen two locked together."

"Rose, you are a genius, I'll sort Barry out and get Harry here, where is she?"

"She's laying on her back sun-bathing in the garden again, listening to music; she wasn't even up for breakfast, I had to get up for lunch the lazy girl."

"Right, leave her to me."

Oh no, just what was happening now? I tried to reason with Rose but she explained I had lost my bet, I could stay in the yoke or go back in the prayer stocks. I stayed silent. Rose went on to say that I would like Harry, she was a good girl really, just lazy.

Willie returned with Harriet, she was a true red head, and I mean really red, a really deep ginger, long hair, and beautiful. She looked about the same height as me, about 5' 9" but was a lot curvier. Bigger tits and wider hips with a narrow waist. She had on a light blue bikini and flip-flops. I wasn't exactly small in the breast department, but my more athletic frame made me look leaner.

Willie introduced us, explained who I was and that as we were now neighbors and the only girls of a similar age in the area we should be friends. Harry clearly wasn't happy and had a bit of a strop on; although seeing me naked grabbed her interest; I saw a mischievous smile cross her lips and she said to her Mam "Okay, you two go away and leave me and I will get to know Lucy." I wasn't sure what she meant by this but I felt both fear and excitement rip through me.

She was still talking to her Mam and me and really staring at my body, no doubt appraising it against her own when I noticed Willie carrying another yoke over to us; Harry tried to stop him "No way, I am not putting that thing on."

"Harry, yes you are dear, you are my property and you will do as you are told, don't forget our agreement already, now stand straight whilst I lock this on."

Surprisingly Harriet did as she was told and stood like a statue to receive it. Willie placed it upon her and then locked a pad-lock onto it. He then moved her alongside me and with another pad-lock locked our yokes together.

"There now, you can really get to know each other." He said this as he was removing the top and bottom of Harry's string bikini.

"Dad!" shouted Harry, "No, don't strip me." But it was too late.

Willie and Rose stepped back to admire us, Willie wasn't pleased. "Harry, what is that down there? It looks like a red squirrel resting between your legs. Look at Lucy, her patch is well trimmed and tidy; it's not that long since you were shaved for your belt, I can't believe you have grown all that back so soon." (Shaved? For a belt?).

"Look at your body compared to Lucy here, you are getting fat girl, her legs and bum are toned, yours wobble." As he said this he was slapping her body and indeed making bits wobble; but she wasn't fat, she just wasn't toned. "We are going to do something about this, you are going to exercise and cut down on the

food; this girl gets up and runs around the farm every morning, you can start tomorrow."

As this went on both Harry and I had leaned forward slightly, I was looking at her and she me. I saw what they meant about the red squirrel but she was still beautiful.

Harry started to complain saying there was no way she was running anywhere but Willie assured her she would. Whilst this went on Willie had went and got his sheep shearing tools and had Rose hold Harry whilst he went to work. Seconds later Harry too had a Brazilian, and a trim one at that! "You can finish it off with a razor when you get back."

Willie had Rose stay with us and put our Wellington boots on whilst he went to arrange something.

He come back and explained that Barry had finished and had returned to his farm. Willie had told him that Harry was walking me home; Barry had taken all the tools and my overalls to hang out again in my garden. I guess I am doing some more cross country naked trekking!

Willie takes a small canvass bag and ties it to a hook under Harry's yoke and tells us we are walking across the fields to Barry's place.

The keys are in the bag and once there Barry will unlock us and Harry can return; the exercise will do her good. On the way we can get to know each other better. Willie will walk us half way to the fence line and open the tractor gate and from now on it will stay open as there are no cattle in these fields anymore.

Harry protests but Willie has taken the cane off Rose and uses this to motivate both our bums into movement. I can tell by Willies voice he is loving this, and Rose has a beaming smile on her face too.

So across the fields it is, wearing nothing but our yokes and wellington boots with Willie whipping our butts with his cane when we slow.

Harry is clearly not happy and is moaning and complaining that she cannot be seen naked like this, everybody around here knows her, what will they think? What will Barry think? He cannot see her like this; how can she cover herself when we get to the farm; It just isn't fair! A few more whips to our butts propel us

along and I tell Harry "Will you please just stop nagging? You nag and I get my butt whipped so just keep going and shut up, please." Willie is laughing.

Along the way Willie is telling Harriet to get used to this track, from tomorrow on she is going to be running it every morning. She is going to get some of that fat off. Harry is saying he is living in fantasy land, she is running nowhere anytime. Willie is laughing again and tells her "Oh yes you will girl, and you will do it bright and early every day naked and like it; or else it will be a long time before you ever know pleasure again." Twice more he whips our butts with his cane and we speed up.

I don't know what fat Willie is going on about though, Harriet looks great to me; men would fight over a girl like her.

We keep going and at the top of the field Willie opens the tractor gate and pegs it open "On you go girls, Barry will sort you out. Now don't you hang around down there just because you have a thing for him Harry, get back as quick as you can.

Now there is a note in the bag with the keys, I want Barry to do something for me and he must read that note before he unlocks either of you; so be sure to tell him to read the note first; now go on, get going." With this he gives our butts another couple of whacks with his cane and we scurry off.

For the first couple of minutes we just walk, as we don't know each other we don't have anything really to say to each other, but then suddenly Harry stops and I nearly trip "Harry! What's up? Why have you stopped?"

"I can't go down there like this, look at me, not only am I nude and locked in this thing but I'm fat! Barry just cannot see me like this."

"Harry, you are not fat, don't let your Dad get to you like this, you are beautiful, you have a fantastic body; and besides, what options have you got?"

"I know, I have no choice, but thanks for saying I am beautiful."

"You are, very; and where does your Dad get off calling you his property? You are his daughter, not his bloody property."

"Oh I am, I've sold myself to him."

"What!"

Harry tells me her story; "I know, it sounds stupid but it's true. You see as each of my three brothers came of age my Father gave them a quarter of the land to manage; when he passes on they will inherit the land they tend."

"Even though it is obvious my Father was disappointed to get a daughter and not a fourth son he gave me the final quarter on my eighteenth birthday. He was going to retire and do his research stuff but now he still has to tend the land that was mine as I turned it down."

"I don't want to be a farmer. But fair play to Dad, he understood. Now he is retiring at 55, in eight years' time; and the son that has done the best with his quarter will then also get my quarter. Dad has had my land valued and one year after I have left home and made a life for myself he will give me the value of the land. My brothers will inherit all his land and all his other wealth. Until I leave home I have agreed I am his property and will obey any and all instruction."

I take this in, horrified by her story, "That is just scandalous! You get a little money and are treated like dirt and your brothers get all his wealth?"

"Well, it's not that bad really, my share of the land is worth eleven million."

"Fuck off!"

"I know, eleven million, and I haven't got a clue what I will do, that is why I am scared to leave home yet."

"You could buy Barry out and be my boss!"

"I couldn't, Dad has tried buying his land off him already. When he inherited his land he sold a portion of it to Dad for eight million, they are bickering about the price of the remaining land and Dad wants it all, his house and yard and everything so Barry pulled the plug on the sale negotiations and leases it to Dad instead. He says he will never sell his house and yard; but regardless, even with eleven million I couldn't afford to buy him out."

"Shit! Barry is a millionaire!"

"Oh yes, he inherited money as well, he is a very rich man; his garage is his hobby but he just loves running it like a business like he must make a profit from it."

"Your Dad doesn't seem to have fallen out with him over it then?"

"No, just the opposite, he has a huge respect for him, they have for each other."

We weren't far away now, I asked "What your Dad mean about shaving you for your belt?"

"Oh, well, err, Dad had me wear a chastity belt. He got Barry to make it for me. I had to strip off whilst he measured me and fitted it. It should have been really embarrassing but I have dreamt about that moment ever since. Unfortunately Barry made too good a job of it though, I can't even touch myself when it is fitted. I had started seeing some boys in the village; and I was also being a bit of a problem at home, a right stropky bitch; Dad thought the belt would help sort me out and he was right, I soon started behaving a bit better with that locked on. Because I was wearing it so much he shaved me to stop any rashes or anything from my pube's sweating."

"So Barry has already seen you naked then?"

"Only my bottom half, just what he had to see for the belt; and that was quite a while ago."

"Well in about twenty seconds he is about to see the full thing, come on."

Even though I had now spent a lot of time naked with Barry, and he had far more than just touched me; I was again feeling very excited about being like this; I love being naked, being helpless and not knowing what is about to happen. I am not the person I thought I was, I obviously have some compulsion, some perversion, but I love it; no, I need it.

We walk into the yard and Barry is sitting on a stool in the sun waiting for us; I can see by his face that he likes what he is looking at. I look at Harry and she is blushing furiously and twisting her legs together trying hopelessly to somehow cover herself. She needn't have bothered because when Barry gets up he has a good slow walk around us and having a good look. He finally stops at Harry and unties the bag from her yoke. He lifts out a key, a pencil and a folded piece of paper "Oh, what have we here then?"

Harry blurts out "It's a note for you from Dad, for you to read later; can you unlock us now please Barry?"

"Oh, yes, of course, you must both be aching and at least a little embarrassed with this situation."

He put the note into his pocket and lifted the key up to Harrys' lock but I stopped him "No, wait Barry, Willie said you had to read the note before you unlocked us."

"What? But Harry said it was for me to read later."

"Lucy you stupid bitch, he was going to release us, Dad could have told him to do something terrible to me."

"I'm sorry Harry, but I won't be part of a lie, whether it's good or bad he must read the note first."

Barry retrieved the folded note from his pocket and unfolded it in front of us and held it up to our faces, it was blank. He turned it over, this side was blank also.

"You see Harry, your Dad and I have already discussed what is going to happen here, he just wanted to test your honesty; I'm sorry but you have failed. You Lucy however, well done; I am starting to be very proud of my apprentice. Now, I have my camera here and your Dad wants a photo of you like this but in the field; and if you lie, which you have, I have to take it; had you told the truth I was to unlock you and let you return home."

Harry remained quiet, she looked miserable. Barry continued "Lucy, would you mind if Willie also had you in the photo, the two of you look simply amazing together like this and I am sure he would appreciate it?"

I thought about it, I didn't really like the idea of Willie having a naked photo of me but at the same time I didn't want to miss out on the photo shoot and I wanted to please Barry. "Yes, that's okay with me."

"Well you can't have mine" Harry said; "You asked her permission but you don't have mine."

"I don't need yours Harry, you know I know about your agreement with your Dad, what you want doesn't matter, your Dad wants a photo of his property."

'Poor little rich girl' I thought.

Into the field we went and Barry even managed to get Harry smiling for some of the photos. Once we had finished Barry unlocked the pad-lock connecting the yokes and relocked the pad-lock onto the empty ring of her yoke.

He then unlocked my yoke but left the lock and yoke in place. He popped the key back into the bag and tied it again to Harry's yoke, patted her on the bum and said "Thanks Harry, that was interesting, you're looking good by the way; now on your way, your fathers waiting for you and wants to help you dress, you're wearing a belt tonight I believe."

"No, No, No, I am not wearing that belt again, not tonight, not ever."

"Sorry Harry, but I don't really think you are in a position to do much about it. Come on Lucy, follow me for your reward for your good work today and your honesty."

I followed, for some reason smiling more than I should have given my position.

I turned just before entering the yard and saw that Harry had finally set off; her naked butt lit up in the sun as she trudged across the field.

Chapter 12

We came to a stop just outside the garage door, and Barry gave me some options to consider "Thanks Lucy, you've been great again today. Working and helping me on a Sunday and doing that photo shoot with Harry; I think the photos are going to be fantastic; and you impressed me with your honesty with that note although I kind of expected that from you."

"Now for my honesty; that work didn't actually need doing today as I guess you may have guessed yourself."

"It needed its annual service but there wasn't actually anything wrong with it and could have been done anytime; but we had to find a reasonable excuse for getting you naked again and into that yoke and you didn't let us down."

"Obviously as I explained yesterday this weekend was all about you and getting you naked and restrained and your control taken away; Harry was just collateral,

an unplanned bonus that Willie introduced to the plan; I hope you have enjoyed it as much as yesterday."

"Now either I can take that yoke off you and you can do your own thing; I can just leave the yoke on you until you want it removed, or option three, I can do what I want with you; your choice?"

"You're right, but it wasn't until I was naked in the stocks with Rose that I started to suspect you had engineered this, and only on my walk back here with Harry that I was positive you were behind it all; but for some reason that made me pleased that I hadn't really just been working a Sunday to help out and that in fact you had done all this for me for my special weekend. As for now, please, do anything you want with me."

Barry smiled and opened the garage door for me, it closed behind me but Barry wasn't there. A couple of minutes later he joined me and I saw that he had my gag in his hand "Just to make sure you don't change your mind on me and ask me to stop."

I challenged him to 'do your worst' and smiling, opened wide.

Three minutes later I was gagged, out of the yoke and hanging from all fours from the hoist; my legs wide apart. He has also blindfolded me; this is a new development and a bit of a turn on.

"Okay Lucy, I have a couple of things to do, the next person through that door is going to fuck you; I hope you are pleased with what you hoped for." I heard Barry walk to the door and leave.

That I did not see coming! I thought he wanted me, that he fancied me, was maybe perhaps starting to fall for me the way I now know I have fallen for him. Oh shit! How do I get out of this one? I do not want old man Willie or any of his sons 'doing' me; I'm not a slag, just excited by and getting addicted to this bondage and helplessness; and want Barry in me not anybody else.

I am pulling on my restraints and shaking up and down and left and right but it is obvious I am fucked; I will never get myself out of this. Also I have made this gag far too restrictive, I will not be able to voice any objection; I really am fucked and now upset and crying as well.

The door opens and then nothing.

Whoever has entered must be just stood there staring at me.

I hear steps come up to my feet and stop.

I am going crazy but the ropes will not give, I am helpless.

The steps continue as whoever it is takes a slow walk around me then stop again at my feet.

Then "Ow" or it would have been without the gag in place, something, flat and wood I think, has just smacked my bottom; and again, and again! I am trying to shout, I am lifting my body up as best I can but the smacks just continue but with no timing or pattern so I never know when to expect them.

Then my feet are being tickled and I really am going mad! I have never had this before and am in agony and ecstasy and I do not know what when it all stops.

I cannot move but I am more out of breath than I am after a long hard run. I feel hands run up the backs of my legs and stroke my buttocks; then being removed just to reappear on my breasts, playing with my nipples and then down my belly onto my now wet pussy.

I am still wriggling but utterly helpless and vulnerable to stop this persons molesting of me; saliva is running down my chin.

His fingers enter me and play with me, then there is a pause and what feels like my biggest but-plug is slid slowly into my ass. He enters me and I feel his hands on my legs, around my thighs pulling me onto him as he thrusts into me again and again quite forcefully.

I don't want to but I am coming, still he thrusts; the hand is removed from my right leg and the blindfold ripped off but I close my eyes scared to see who is fucking me. His hand is back on my leg and he is still thrusting into me rhythmically but slowly accelerating. I am still coming and hate that I am getting pleasure from this and open my eyes Barry! Instantly a huge orgasm rips through me as my eyes bulge in recognition of him. I am so suddenly overwhelmed in satisfaction and joy that Barry is doing this to me, obviously only Barry could have

made me feel like this; it couldn't have been anybody else; Barry wouldn't have let anybody else (would he?).

He has accelerated to a climax and I feel him hit his high and slow to a stop and just pause, still inside of me.

We get our breaths back and he releases me from all my restraints including the gag. I hug him, and kiss him and hug him. That was like totally fucking fantastic! I am covered in sweat and just floating.

"You're not finished yet; shower, stay naked, and get my dinner on; I'll supply the wine" he said as he smacked my bum again with his hand. I jumped in surprise at the smack and headed for the door "Okay but you will have to handle the hosepipe and let me out to dry and make dinner." I shouted over my shoulder as I headed for the cage and locked myself in. Only once in the cage did I even realize the butt-plug was still in, but I left it there until Barry said otherwise.

Only after we had finished dinner and done the clearing up did I get to take my butt-plug out. It's almost impossible to believe just how quickly I have gone from shy, nervous apprentice to someone happy to dine naked sitting on a butt-plug.

We sat and watched a movie re-run whilst we finished the wine. I cuddled up to Barry while the film was on and he absently stroked my breast and toyed with my nipple. Later when he took me back to my bed he again locked my chains on me. When he got to the final chain he asked "My lock or yours?" Of course I went with his, far more exciting having to wait here like this for him to come and do whatever he wants with me.

The following morning wasn't quite a re-run of yesterday; yes he tied my ankles to the head rest and shagged me, but then he padlocked a chain around my ankles with only about a foot of slack between and told me to make breakfast "But how am I meant to run with this chain locked on?"

"You aren't" he explained, "That is to make sure you don't and will also stop you putting anything on, now get frying."

During breakfast Barry explained that there was no work today, that we were concentrating on the calendar and he wanted some good photos this morning;

that he had promised he would get Willie his yoke back today and wanted some photos of me in it around the farm first.

Barry had been glancing out of the side window whilst we were eating and he interrupted breakfast telling me to look out of the kitchen window into the yard.

A minute later a naked Harry, well naked but for what I took to be a chastity belt and running shoes, come running into the yard, straight to the stool Barry had been sat on yesterday, picked something small up, a coin or something; and darted straight back out again. She wasn't running fast but at least she was still running.

I couldn't help but laugh; I was no longer the only girl around here to be seen running naked around the farm.

As we finished breakfast I quizzed Barry "That thing that Harry was wearing, that was a chastity belt?"

"Yes, Willie had me make it for her last year."

"How did you know how to make one? Do you specialize in those things around here or something?"

"No, but funny, I could just imagine a new trade in those things; No I had to study the internet, find the best design and copy it. I done a good job of it too, you wouldn't tell the difference between mine and a shop bought one."

"Would you make me one?"

"Why would I want to do that?"

"So you could own and control me even more!"

"In that case, it would be a pleasure, but the belt will not belong to you, the belt, the key and the person locked in will all belong to me."

"You make it for me I promise I will never stop you locking it on me, will lock it on myself if you tell me, even maybe sometimes when you don't; and I also promise I will never ask you to unlock it. So if we ever fall out, or I am just plain annoying or nagging you, it will be easy for you to punish me."

"Deal."

In the yard Barry put me in the yoke and locked the padlock in place. I only had my running shoes on. Barry removed the chain from my ankles and led me into his workshop. He had a tape measure and took all my necessary measurements for the belt; bending me over with my legs apart and also putting me on my back on the workbench with my waist sticking out and legs open for some of the more interesting measurements. He explained that whilst researching them on the internet he had seen some have the option of locked in 'intruders'; he was going for this type of belt. No objection from me.

We then spent a couple of hours taking lots of photos, every backdrop, every location, every position we could imagine. "Okay Lucy, I should be able to salvage one or two from that lot. You can get yourself over to Willie now and I will have a better look at these photos and get some prints of yesterdays of you and Harry together for Willie; I will see you over there."

"Er, what would I want to go to Willies farm for naked like this? Anybody could be over there, visitors or his sons or the local vicar or anybody."

"Well, I promised to return the yoke today."

"Yes but not with me naked in it."

"Actually, yes I did, it was part of the deal. Plus that is his padlock; I sent the key back with Harry yesterday."

"You're joking, right?"

"Tell him I will be over later, bye Lucy" and he went into his farmhouse with his camera.

Chapter 13

Well, I guess he isn't joking. I look in through the kitchen window but there is no movement. I hang about for ten minutes but still no movement. He isn't joking, bastard; tricked again! Swearing to myself I turn around and slowly head off across the field.

As I get to the gate between the two fields I expect to see Willie climb out of his tree house with the key but there is no sign of him; I continue on to the farmhouse.

I am very nervous walking into the farmyard; no strange cars, good, no strange people, even better. Everything is quiet. As I approach the side door Harriet steps out, almost colliding with me and the sight of me first shocks her and then just makes her laugh. "Hi Lucy, you still wearing that thing? You must love it, bondage freak naturist or something?"

Stupidly I bit "No, actually, I was tricked into it yesterday and I have just been tricked into being here like this again today; so instead of laughing at me help me and get your wobbly ass back inside and get me the fucking key; and a bit quicker than your naked ass was moving this morning."

"Ouch" she worryingly smiles, "I was joking, but that was just plain nasty and after you said such nice things about me yesterday; well, like they say, you know who your friends are. Dad has the keys to the yokes and he and Mam won't be back for maybe an hour and I am not babysitting you, as you can see I'm busy sunbathing; you can wait in the barn." Harry was in her string bikini again.

"Harriet, I am sorry, I'm just a bit embarrassed and snappy, honestly, and you have a fantastic backside, not wobbly at all; I'm sorry I said what I said."

"Tough titties" she said and led me to the barn, she opened the side door and led me in and then paused whilst she looked around. She took me to a wooden post near the back on the left where there was a long chain bolted to the foot of the post. This chain had a shackle fastened to the end and she locked it around my left ankle "Only Dad has the key to that too; I knew it would fit you, I have been locked in it enough times to know the size."

"Harry, really, I said sorry."

"I know, I heard you, too little too late; I'll let Dad know where you are; have a nice day" and she left me, closing the barn door on the way out.

Bitch! Stuck in this bloody yoke, naked still, chained to a post; what was I meant to do for an hour? I couldn't even amuse myself exploring all his collection pieces. I slowly walked away from the post seeing how far I could get.

I could reach the birdcage thing and another wooden contraption that looked like a wrack that you could be stretched on; and another wooden contraption beside a small forge and some branding irons, that looked evil. I could see his stocks, both the normal ones and the prayer ones but couldn't reach them; and I could see his collection of yokes and a stout wooden chair with manacles on the legs and armrests but that was about it.

Oh and one other weird thing which I assume is what Barry referred to as the witches seat. This was a wooden pedestal stool; but weird. It was a single wooden shaft embedded through a steel collar into the ground. The steel collar was set in wood which extended either side into a wooden platform about six inches high. The seat was round and through the center the pedestal shaft extended up through it about three inches; like a penis.

The idea was obvious, you could sit down but to do so you would have to sit on the penis shaft. Somebody else, not me!

I looked around at what I could for perhaps ten minutes and ended up back staring at the witches stool. Well, I could do with a sit down I suppose. There's nobody here, Willie and Rose aren't back for a while yet; Harry clearly isn't interested in me. Nobody would be any the wiser, I suppose it would be an experience. I am sick of standing up, been on my feet all day. Okay, just for a couple of minutes, no more and then deny all knowledge.

I turn my back to it and offer myself up to it but it is far too high. Ah, that is what the wooden platform is for. I walk around it and step onto the platform. With my legs open and either side of the seat I enter myself onto the shaft and then start to lower myself into a sitting position; it's only three inches after all, Barry is far bigger.

As I lower myself and my bum pushes down on the seat the seat drops, like on a spring, the shaft going deeper into me, I test it deeper and deeper and hear a definite 'click', just as I think 'What?' my feet wobble and with my pressure of trying to stand up my feet and the platform shoots forward and the platform drops to the floor leaving me sitting on the seat and well and truly impaled on what feels like six inches of shaft! Oh shit!

Shock over I get my breath back and start to laugh, I thought I was a goner there, death by vaginal impaling! I stop laughing when I realize the true extent of my new predicament, I cannot reach the floor, I cannot put my feet down and stand up. I am stuck, on my pussy with this thing inside of me and there is no way off!

Harry comes in straight away, she must have been watching me somehow and just stands laughing at me. "Harry, please, help me."

"Beg."

"What?"

"Beg, say really nice things about me and grovel for my help;" and I do, I say everything I can, every compliment, total flattery, and beg as much as is possible for anyone."

"Thanks, that was great; Dad's got the key, the platform locks down when the witch is trapped; I'll let him know where you are" and she again leaves me.

Fucking bitch! She could have helped lift me off by the yoke, or got something else for me to stand on, a brick, anything, she's enjoying this, fucking cow!

Every move I make, I feel it in me, every breath even. To keep my buttocks from going numb on this hard wooden seat I have to keep moving my legs, squiggling, and every movement causing a reaction. If I wasn't in this yoke and my feet were on the ground I could enjoy this; but not being able to do this and knowing Willie and Rose and perhaps Barry if not others were going to be coming and seeing me like this was stressing me out; but with the uncontrollable feelings coming through my pussy I couldn't even concentrate on my worries.

It had been only about twenty minutes when Willie comes through the door to see me; he had Rose and Harry with him. "Hello Lucy, nice to see you again so soon; and sat on that thing? I must say you are taking your research most seriously, I will have to see your paper when you have finished it."

I just smiled at him; I was far too embarrassed to say anything. "What do you make of that thing then?" Willie asks and continues "It still interests Rose here now and again but it is Harry I find sat on it most often, always with some lame excuse, she isn't brave enough to admit she just plain enjoys it."

That is a relief, hearing that his own wife and daughter have been found trapped on this thing; and Harry frequently by the sound of it and I am sure she could work out how not to be trapped by it so she must enjoy being truly trapped and discovered just like me, so she needn't laugh. Strengthened by this knowledge I get a bit braver "I think it's brilliant, I never imagined such a thing even existed; how it traps you is very clever, a real shock as it happens. The seat could do with some padding, gives you a numb bum but otherwise quite an experience, exciting waiting to be discovered like this and being so totally impaled and helpless to do anything about it is a real buzz."

"Very good! Hear that Harry? Hear what honesty sounds like? You could learn a lot from this girl; now help me get my yoke off her."

Before Willie unlocked my yoke he and Harry took each end of the yoke and Willie said "There is another thrill this seat can give you, the seat rotates on the pole" and with this he and Harry walked around in a slow circle rotating me on the dildo end of the pedestal. Oh my fucking God! The noises I made are nobody's business! What a fucking feeling! Three times they slowly turned me. I kicked my legs, I screamed, I come! "See girl, now that is truly helpless."

Willie removed the padlock and they carried the yoke over to the side wall and hung it in its place whilst I covered my blushing sweating face still powerless to get up and off this seat.

Chapter 14

The door opened again and Barry walked in "I heard the commotion, they giving you a good time Lucy?"

Oh my God, now Barry as well, what can I do?

Willie replies before I have to make up a response "That's another 50 I owe you Barry, you were dead right, didn't think a clever girl like this would fall for such a crude device but you were right, she couldn't resist it."

Barry the bastard, he was behind it again, well it figures, set up again.

"Thanks Harry" Barry says, "Couldn't have done it without you."

"Okay Lucy, we will be back with you in a moment, you just relax and get over all the excitement, Barry and I have got to set the next event up for you."

Relax? Like this? Impaled and naked and helpless with an audience? Relax? Like how? Next event? What next event?

Rose, who was obviously fully up on everything, opened the big front double barn doors and outside there was a small four wheel trailer, a hand drawn thing. Barry steered it into the barn and then he and Willie lifted the prayer stocks into the trailer and pulled it away past the house. I asked Harry what was happening but she was just as confused as me. What was really embarrassing was that Rose and Harry stayed with me and engaged me in small talk as though I was just sat on a normal seat, and not naked impaled on six inches of wood having just had an orgasm.

Willie returned and finally unlocked and raised the platform and locked it up so that I could 'dismount'. That was a relief and my legs shook. I had to walk about to get all the feeling back where it should be. Rose took me to the bathroom and let me freshen myself up (putting it politely).

I was still very conscious that I was the only naked one there, but Willie had us all meet at the front of the house where he had set the prayer stocks up. I really wasn't interested in going back in them and would run away rather than let them force me in. Fortunately, those stocks weren't my problem.

Barry explained to me "Right, whilst you have been sat on your backside enjoying yourself I have been on my bike and measuring. The track you run is just a few yards under three and a quarter miles; what's your best time so far?"

"Er, twenty six minutes and two seconds."

"Right, so as near as damn it nine minute miles. The distance from here to the stool in my yard and back again is slightly further, four miles and a hundred and twenty yards, so this should take you around thirty six minutes at the same pace. I have a feeling you will run the longer distance even quicker today, start warming up."

Warming up? I am running home, then back here again still naked? Like why? But all the same I start stretching out my various aches and stiffness's.

"Over to you Willie."

Harriet was just stood, relaxed and smiling whilst all this went on, she could see this was all about Lucy.

"Okay Harry, get into the stocks."

"What? No! They hurt, you know they do, I cannot stay in them for like that long, that's cruel even if you do own me."

"Don't be silly girl, I wouldn't do that to you, I have these pads here for your wrists, shins and crotch, you will just be locked in and sitting there watching Lucy's naked ass disappear into the distance and then her naked body bouncing its way back again."

This cheered her up and although still begrudgingly she did allow herself to be locked in on top of the pads. Rose stepped forward and removed Harry's bikini "Your friend is going to run for you, you can at least share her naked predicament" she explained.

"Aw Mam" Harry complained "I'm your daughter, not hired help."

Willie went on "Don't be spiteful to Lucy now Harry, you may regret it given your position. My daughter here this morning managed that same run in forty seven minutes and twenty six seconds, she must have stopped along the way for breakfast (Harry looked angry again). Lucy, when you start your run we will time you, you know from yesterday how these prayer stocks quickly start to hurt, you lasted not even ten minutes before you were begging for release. Well when you have been gone twenty five minutes Harry will still be locked in these stocks but without the pads, I will remove them at that point."

Willie took the key to the stocks and placed it in a steel box, shut the lid and clasp and applied a lock.

"The key to this box is sat on the stool in Barry's yard; Harry needs you to get to the stool and recover the key back here so that she can be released before her pleading screams really hurt our ears. If you can do it in thirty six minutes like Barry expects then she will only be really at the mercy of the stocks for eleven minutes. Of course, if she has been nasty to you and you want to go slower, walk even, or stop off at the farm and get dressed to cover your modesty on your

return, then of course we all understand that and Harry has it coming if she has deserved it. You may want to consider stopping off at Barry's because when you do get back I am giving you a tour of my collection; if you are dressed I will just talk you through the collection, if you return naked you agree to spending the rest of the day here naked and as my property until Barry takes you away, understand?"

I understood exactly what he meant and what he wanted, he was using me to teach his daughter a little humility which she well deserved but also giving me the chance to get even with her. He probably thought I would stay to get dressed and this would keep his daughter in the stocks at least fifteen minutes.

"Yes, I understand" I replied.

"Okay, one minute warning, get yourself ready, Harry, anything you would like to say to Lucy?"

The gravity of the situation was not lost at all on Harry.

"Lucy, oh Lucy, I am so sorry for how I treat you before, I was told to set you up in the barn chained to that post but that does not excuse me for how I spoke to you and laughed at you, I am so sorry, please, oh please run your fastest, and come straight back; I promise you whatever you experience in the barn I will share with you, I promise you; and from now on I will be the best friend you have ever had, could ever imagine; we can be like sisters; honestly; but please do run the best you possibly can."

I was still undecided, I resolved to set off running as quickly as I could and make my decision as I went; see how I was running, how I felt, about myself, about Harriet, about being at Willie's mercy for the day. I heard 5 - 4 - 3 and readied myself - 2 - 1 - Go and set off almost sprinting up the track "Thank you Lucy, I will love you for this" was shouted by Harry as I sped out of earshot.

I had so much going through my mind as I ran, being seen naked by Rose and Willie again, and sat on that wretched seat whilst they stood around and looked; being turned slowly and forced to orgasm in front of them; and what would happen to me when I got back? Stretched, caged, or branded even! No, he wouldn't brand me, no, no way surely. How long would I be there before Barry rescued me? Was I actually enjoying all this? Really? I ran and I ran and I ran; I got

to the farm and snatched the key and without so much as a thought turned straight back as I always knew I would and if anything increased my speed.

I knew what those stocks felt like, how they hurt and yes she had been a bitch, a complete cow but I couldn't let her suffer as I dawdled, not even a bitch like her. I gritted my teeth and speeded up again lengthening my stride. I was four hundred yards away and sprinting and I could hear her sobs and screams "Hurry" she was shouting, "Hurry, please hurry!"

I ran straight to the steel box and unlocked it and thrust the key into Willie's hand; he immediately and quickly released his daughter. "Thirty two minutes forty three seconds, eight minute miles, well done Lucy, I am proud of you!" Barry said as I bent over getting my breath back and he patted me on the back.

Harry had been in the stocks proper for under eight minutes, less than me yesterday. She was stood up away from the stocks and rubbing her wrists and shins, and had to give in to the pain and rub her crotch also, giving it some real attention until she noticed us all watching her and smiling. Yes, that too had been part of my embarrassment yesterday.

Harry stopped and come over to me and put her arms around me and hugged me and thanked me over and over and hugged me some more until we both realised we were now the entertainment; two naked young good looking girls embracing each other.

I went to let go but Harry just strengthened her hug and whispered to me "I don't care, let them look, I love you for doing this for me after all I said and done to you; I will keep my promise, sister. I hugged her back again even stronger.

He must have anticipated this because we were drenched when a bucket of water hit us; I turned just in time to see Barry putting the bucket down and laughing with Willie. Rose too looked very happy and I got the impression that whilst I had done all the running and sacrifice, she was proud of her daughter.

Chapter 15

Rose announced that if the men didn't object, it would soon be dinner time (I had completely missed lunch and obviously the Stedding family tend to have an early

dinner it was only 4pm) and we were all having dinner together. She had a roast in the oven and dinner would be served at six.

She would see to the cooking whilst Willie showed Lucy the rest of his collection; we could all share some of their home made cider as we went and if we needed more time could return to the barn after dinner. Sounded good to me, Barry will probably want to go home after dinner anyway and 'rescue' me, and I needed a drink, and some clothes, but I will settle for the drink.

Rose disappeared into the kitchen and Harry and I quickly set a table outside for dinner. Willie had poured the drinks and he and Barry had pints whilst us three girls had smaller half glasses. Harry and I were encouraged to drink up quickly with a promise of more to come and we were led into the barn.

First, as I had already experienced the witches stool and Harry had promised to share my experiences Willie forced her to take a seat. As with me the platform collapsed leaving her trapped and impaled and shrieking, probably more with embarrassment as Barry (her 'crush') was stood with his pint watching.

I was put on the wrack, my hands and ankles tied and a wheel turned stretching me until my whole body was taut. My tits and mound were really prominently displayed but I loved it. It stopped short of hurting and was fantastic exhibitionism.

Barry must have concealed it earlier because now he had his camera in his hands and was taking shots of both of us. Harry covered herself as best as she could until Willie explained she was staying where she was until she stopped covering herself, and as she was going on the wrack next also she was just wasting her time.

I was then entered into the bird cage, the door locked, the cage lifted on a chain by hoist and a glass of cider handed to me through the bars; Harry was put on the wrack. In that exposed position it was obvious how wet the witches stool had made her.

After I had finished my drink and had more photos taken we were rotated again, Harry into the cage and handed cider; I was sat on a wooden bench with a slightly reclined back rest. My hands fastened in manacles above my head and my ankles locked into very thick wooden stocks, eighteen inches apart. Willie explained that

this was a 'hobbling' bench; that slaves that tried to escape would be locked into this and with a huge wooden mallet (He picked one up that had been slotted into the base) the feet hammered left and right breaking them off from their ankles; and stopping the slaves from ever running away again. Now this had me worried, I nervously said "This won't have seen much action lately then."

But Willie said, "yes, it has, quite recently. Rose loves to be locked in here and have her feet tickled until generally, she pee's herself. She loves it. Harry too sometimes when she has been mischievous."

As he explained this he touched my feet and my reaction was electric "No don't, please, don't, stop, please, stop;" but he continued "No please Willie, no, no, no, I will, I will pee myself too, I can't take it, please, stop, stop, stop, Nooo." I pee'd myself and Barry took photos whilst I did. I could hear Harry laughing in the background, the bitch, well let's see how she likes it.

Willie released me and with a bucket and cloth wiped the bench down and then regardless of her pleas locked Harry in. I couldn't look at Barry I was blushing so hard. Willie locked my ankles apart to rings set in the floor, then fastened my wrists into leather cuffs dangling from rope.

He then went to the pillar behind me and turned a handle raising my hands until I was spread-eagle and stretched taut again. With a leather gag he then gagged me. In this position I was looking straight at Harry as she was tickled and she too pee'd herself, and I too couldn't help but laugh even though I had just been through the same ordeal. Harry stared daggers at me.

Willie then turned his attention back to me and with what I now know is a flogger tormented my bum, legs, belly, breasts and between my legs from front and back. He kept at it for a good ten minutes until my entire body was glowing red; then placed a hood over Harry and loudly told Barry he would go get more drinks.

No sooner had Willie stepped out than Barry come over to me. He put his hand onto my wet pussy, and with his fingers merely opened me. Oh my God! It physically shook me, the strength of my orgasm; his touch is electric to me, I came and I came; I am pleased I was gagged so effectively to stifle the noises I made. Before he removed the gag he stepped back and took more photos.

Willie returned and removed the hood from Harry, she took one look at me and knew exactly what had just happened; the jealousy on her face was a picture, a picture captured by Barry.

I was released and handed the flogger. Harry was tied up in my place and gagged and I was told to 'flog' her as I had been. I declined but was reminded that I was currently his (Willies) property and would do as I was told; if not Willie would give Harry a 'proper' flogging and I would be sat on the witches stool and forced to watch.

I flogged her. It took me a while to get the hang of it but once I did I surprised myself, I enjoyed it! Seeing the effect it was having, the anticipation of the body, the marks I left; how I could play with different areas with different effect.

After I had gotten her to roughly the stage I had been taken to Barry said to me "I will help Willie get the prayer stocks back in; there is only one more event in here before dinner, when you finish her just let her down and untie her; be nice to her."

Be nice to her? Finish her? Did he mean what I thought he meant? No, surely not! I looked Harry in the eyes and could see the pleading within them. I merely nodded once as if to say 'you want this'?

Harry never looked away, but nodded twice.

I placed my left hand into the middle of her lower back and my right onto her belly; she shook; I slid my right hand down and placed it onto her pussy, she squirmed, writhed her hips and panted through her gag; I entered my fingers and opened her; she shook, and shook, and pored. I moved around, and slid my hands around until our bellies were together, our thighs touching, our breasts touching; and I cupped her buttocks in my hands and kept eye contact with her. She couldn't, she looked to the sky and attempted a scream as an orgasm took her.

We held that pose until she was spent, and relaxed, and breathing. Then I went to the wall and lowered the restraints and released her. Removing the gag she came and hugged me, and kissed me "Lucy, I have brought myself to orgasm many times; a few boys have too, but never, never anything like that."

She hugged and kissed me some more but we heard Willie and Barry talking loud as they returned and made to leave. No sooner were we outside when we were both hit by cold water from hosepipes. Both of us screamed and tried to run but we both ended up laughing and enjoying the sensation as we both knew we needed it.

Willie handed us both more drinks and said to relax for ten minutes then Rose wanted to dress us before we helped her serve dinner.

I was getting a little bit tipsy now and given all I had been through today had stopped worrying about my nudity but I suppose it would be nice to wear some clothes for dinner.

Harry and I sat on a wooden bench and enjoyed our drinks, the sun still had a good couple of hours in her and the warmth of her rays were lovely. I felt something had 'clicked', Harry seemed to have no 'edge', no attitude towards me anymore; I must flog her more often!

We chatted a little, mainly about running and how much I felt she would enjoy and benefit from early morning runs. Willie returned and asked us to return to the barn for the last time before dinner; Rose would dress us in there. I hadn't had any lunch and was ready to eat but as I was going to be helping serve I knew I had to get this over with first; plus I was excited about what I was going to wear, I imagined some old serving costume or something.

Willie took us to a section of the barn where there was a wooden beam running between two thick posts, well above head height. There were holes evenly spaced along the beam and ropes threaded through them with leather cuffs attached. He had me raise my arms whilst he secured my wrists in the cuffs, well apart. He then repeated this with Harry.

Willie then went over to the wall and pulled the slack out of our ropes and secured the ends. We were both on tip-toes. I was giggling and felt very sexy; it must be the cider taking effect. This set Harry off giggling too but neither of us knew why.

Willie left and Rose came in alone. She put something down on a bench and come over to me "Have you ever worn a corset before Lucy?" She asked, "Er, no, I never imagined I ever would, don't really see the point in them."

"Oh, they are fantastic, you can easily get addicted to them, they make you feel fantastic and under a classy dress make you look amazing; you will see. I have had these since I was your age, we all wore them back then but you need a young figure like yours to show these off."

Rose pulled a black corset around me and started lacing it up. It sat above my hips but was curved under each tit. It was 'boned' in the front and drawn together and tightened at the rear. Rose really put some effort into it and laced it very tight, and then tightened it some more. Breathing normal was a challenge.

Rose then also fitted an identical black corset on Harry whilst making small talk along the way "It's been nearly a year since I had you dressed in this my dear, for a party or something wasn't it?"

"Yes" Harry replied "I felt like a princess that night the dress and jewellery I had on."

Rose finished the corsets and then removed our running shoes. She went and brought a tub of water and a sponge and a towel and actually washed our feet. This felt really weird, trussed up like this and having my feet washed! "You have the same size feet as Harry I believe? Size seven?"

"Er, yes."

"Good, I have two matching pairs of shoes that size, nice sexy black stiletto's. You will look great together for Barry's photos."

But first, Rose ran black stockings up my legs, an old fashioned type, she tied black silk ribbon around the top of the stockings and doubled the top over leaving the loose strands dangling down the back of my thighs. She then lifted my feet and put some really high heeled shoes on me. She repeated all this with Harry.

Rose stood in front of us and appraised us, she loved us! Said it took her 'back to the day' and said she wished she could be our age again. I couldn't wait to see the dresses we were getting.

Rose cleared the tub away and left us.

Barry and Willie come in and Barry took several photos before Willie let us down and released us "Okay you lazy girls, go and help Rose, she can't be doing all the work dressing you and everything."

I was confused but followed Harry outside and into the kitchen to see Rose. Rose tried handing me a couple of plates with bowls of soup on top to take to the table and serve the men; "But what about our dresses? I cannot go out and serve like this."

"Of course you can dear, you have been naked all day and not even blinked in embarrassment; now you are actually wearing something and look beautiful, get on out there and come straight back for another plate; you have bread to put out."

"But this is different, I 'feel' different like this, more naked, on display, sexy, vulnerable; like I want the men to look at me, especially with these high stiletto heels."

"Trust me dear, they will not take their eyes off you, either of you; you need to learn this; you have got it, learn how to flaunt it! But never mind, you belong to Willie, ask him if you can put a dress on."

Well I knew what that answer would be. What didn't help was Harry taking two plates out and blowing me a kiss on the way past and making a chicken noise. No way was I scared to go out there when she wasn't!

The quantity and strength of the cider I had drunk was probably giving me false courage, but I went out there and strutted my stuff as though I was proud to be dressed and on display like this. I took the soup out and returned for the bread and went out again; and yes, the men couldn't take their eyes off me.

I couldn't take my eyes off Harriet, she and Barry had their eyes glued to me. One more trip to the kitchen conscious of the noise my heels made on the cement and all the eyes on my naked butt and the return journey with my tits and pussy drawing all attention and I had a silly smile on my face I just couldn't remove and finally, it was time to sit and eat. Willie was head of the table; I shared a bench seat with Barry facing Harry sitting beside Rose. The homemade soup was well worth waiting for, gorgeous; and we had red wine with the meal.

Making small talk at the table dressed like this was amazing; instead of embarrassed I was feeling liberated and excited; I could never have imagined being central in this scenario.

It was time for the main course and time for Harry and I to strut our stuff again. We done this under Rose's direction and with more drink flowing the guys were appreciating the show more and Harry and I caring less and flaunting more.

Dinner went well and again was lovely and whilst Rose and the guys enjoyed their puddings which Harry and I declined, we were too full for pudding; we made a start on washing the dishes. No matter what we did we invariably saw a flash as Barry stole yet another photo of us and sometimes we would even turn and pose.

After their puddings were finished we collected these dishes too and finished the washing up.

We sat with them and had yet more wine; I was now quite light headed and the way Harry was laughing her head off at everything I am sure she was just as high.

There was much general discussion and laughter and comments about how today had seemed to be making good friends of Harry and me and Willie said he could help further.

He disappeared into the barn and returned with two steel cuffs connected by only one link of chain and fastened my left wrist to her right. Even Harry said we were such good 'mates' now she didn't care and offered her wrist up to the cuff; I didn't feel I could back out and offered my wrist up too; and I was kind of excited by it. I hadn't considered that I would even need to go to the toilet with her and like everything.

In the bathroom together we had just giggled whilst first she had gone and then me; and had to kind of help each other with the taps, the soap and the towel. I don't know how it happened but we found ourselves holding each other and kissing; our cuffed hands holding and our free hands exploring each other. We slowly separated and giggled in shared embarrassment then went back to the party.

Rose wanted to save her corsets before they were ruined and so Willie returned us to our 'restrained from the bar' condition in the barn and Rose eventually

come in and stripped us. I was sorry to see the corsets, stockings and heels being taken away; I was enjoying wearing them and the look and feel they gave me. Rose replaced the shoes with wooden clogs and left; with us still naked and tied to the beam. She explained only Willie could release us.

We were there for at least ten minutes before Willie come in. He released us but locked us in a cage together. It could have been worse; at least he gave us a bottle of wine and two glasses!

We spent a couple of hours locked in there together, and discussed everything, boys, music, hobbies, bondage, sex, orgasms, running, spanking, money, everything. I was getting to really like her.

Willie returned, also wobbling a little like he had enjoyed a drink too many and explained it was the end of the night; time to turn in. 'Oh good' I thought, 'that means Barry is taking me home, hopefully he will chain me to my bed again and shag me'.

I was wrong, Barry had gone. Willie explained that if I wanted to welch on my contract I could be across the fields and home in under half an hour; otherwise I was staying here until Barry returned to collect me, as per the agreement from the run.

If I stayed I would have to share Harry's bed rather than dirty a clean bed for just one night and make work for Rose. Reluctantly, and disappointedly I said I would stay, still in the hope Barry would come back tonight. Plus, I was far too drunk to totter across the fields at this time of night in the dark.

Unbeknown to me Harry had misinterpreted this to mean that I wanted to sleep with her rather than go home to possible if not probable sex with Barry.

We were released from the cage and after washing up the glasses and saying goodnight to Rose Harry showed me to her bedroom and let me use the bathroom first giving me a towel and a new toothbrush.

After I was done in the bathroom I returned and jumped into her bed. A huge high bed with old, possibly antique ornate head and foot boards. It was so comfortable; I slid under the thin silky cool quilt and knew I would be asleep in seconds. I heard Harry telling her Dad something as she entered the bathroom.

I stirred as I felt my hands being lifted up "Don't worry lass, Barry told me how you like to be restrained when you sleep." He threaded a chain around two of the posts in the headboard and locked my wrists into the cuffs on either end "That should do it, sorry, don't have any for your feet; and thank you for today, you are ever such a good sport, I think you will be really good for Harry, just what she needs to move on with her thinking; and don't worry, I am sure Barry will be back tomorrow for you; and those cuffs will also stop you taking advantage of my daughter if you were that way inclined" he laughed as he left.

Even with this unexpected development I was still falling fast asleep.

Harry returned and saw what was waiting for her, and smiled. She too climbed in naked and covered herself with the quilt and immediately took advantage of Lucy's helpless condition and hugged her. She ran her hands all over her body, played with her breasts and down between her legs and whilst this did receive a response, it was only a stirring and a murmuring without actually awakening.

In time Harry kissed Lucy on the lips, whispered 'goodnight sister' and still with an arm around her, slept.

Chapter 16

Sometime during the night I awoke needing a pee, I went to get out of bed but found I couldn't move my hands, they were cuffed behind my head. I had a small panic attack, was this my bed? Had I made it home and Barry had put me to bed? No, the bed feels different, the sheets are a lot smoother; and my ankles aren't chained. That's right, I am sleeping in Harry's room; her Dad cuffed me. It was too dark to see but I could feel, sense Harry's presence in bed beside me. I really do need a pee though; I will have to wake her.

I quietly call her name a couple of times but get no response; so I reach my leg over and with my foot give her a gentle shove. This gets her, or at least stirs her because the next thing she has turned over towards me and her arm is wrapped around me. I put my leg over her and continue to shake her with it.

"Oh, awake are we? Wanting to play now are we?" She asks as her hand plays with my breasts .

"Harry, I need a pee, but your Dad has chained me to your bed; what do I do?"

Harry paused whilst she thought, then I heard her giggle to herself whilst her hand slid down to my pussy and she stroked my pubic strip. "You really are pretty helpless now aren't you? Just like how you had me in the barn; but now it's my turn to play, a chance to return the favor."

"Harry, that wasn't me, I was made to do that or your Dad would have done it much worse; and the only playing bit you were almost begging for that; plus I need to pee or I will wet your bed."

"Okay, I have a solution to save you wetting the bed, but only if we can play afterwards; otherwise you can wet the bed and I will tell everyone, including Barry."

'Well thank you very much' I thought, 'after all I done for you yesterday'; but I really couldn't see any alternative or bargaining position; "Okay, yes Harry, whatever."

Harry giggled again and jumped out of bed and put the light on. God she looks good naked, even just woken and probably still drunk. She left the bedroom and returned a couple minutes later with a bed pan and brought it around my side of the bed. She then helped me to maneuver my legs off the side of the bed so that I could just about squat above the pan but she still had to hold it off the floor whilst I peed.

Embarrassing or what? When finished Harry took the pan away and said for me not to move. She emptied the pan in the bathroom and returned with a damp cloth and wiped me and took her time doing so! She then helped me back into bed and climbed in and onto me leaving the light switched on.

I was entirely helpless to whatever she wanted to do.

She knelt astride my hips and lowered her breasts onto mine and held my face tenderly between her hands "Lucy, thank you for yesterday, for the way you ran for me; and for the tenderness with which you used that flogger on me and with your fingers pleased me. It was wonderful; absolutely fantastic; what a feeling you gave me. Then last night, in that corset and stockings with the high heels; I couldn't take my eyes off you; you really are so beautiful." She started kissing me,

my cheeks, my forehead, my lips and then sliding down my body my breasts and biting and nibbling on my nipples before coming back up and kissing me full on the lips again. I had been fighting my restraints as though I could have done anything but now instead found myself kissing her back instead and loving the fact my hands were trapped, that I was trapped and at her mercy.

Harry moved her knees inside of my legs and as she kissed my body moving down from my nipples she slid her knees apart as she moved down my body forcing my legs wider and wider until I had to raise my knees.

Gripping my ankles and holding them apart she started to munch on my pussy. I was slowly bucking my body, wanting to protest but at the same time not wanting to stop her from what she was doing to me, the pleasure she was giving me; the sensation her tongue was sending right through me.

This was new to me; sex with another girl. I closed my eyes and surrendered fully to the moment. It didn't take long at all and I was gasping with orgasm. She had released my ankles and instead had her hands under my buttocks whilst she licked and tongued and tormented my pussy. I loved it, all of it; it just feels so right.

Harry moved back up beside me continuing to massage my body with her hands and feet; then working me again with her fingers whilst she chewed on my nipples until it was obvious to her I had come again "That's two now, you owe me one, I will collect in the morning" She said before switching the light off and cuddling up to me again to sleep.

I spent a couple of minutes laying there awake thinking over what had just happened; "Thank you Harry, I've never had that from a girl before; it was nice" I whispered to her not knowing if she was asleep or not.

"No?" She whispered back "I have never done it to a girl before either; but there is something about you Lucy, you are so sexy, so athletic, I've never been attracted to women but I've dreamt about you since I first set eyes on you; then yesterday was a blast and having you naked here like this, well I just had to try it; I enjoyed it too. I could easily get used to having you chained up like this in my bed; but I know I would also like to be the one chained up."

"Good night Harry, my turn in the morning then."

Harry leant over and kissed me again, cuddled me and then we both slept.

I was awakened early by the noise of the bedroom door opening; it was Willie. "Morning girls" he almost shouted as he pulled the quilt off us. Regardless of my nakedness all day yesterday I was still embarrassed being seen by him like this and tried in vain to hide my body by twisting onto my side but he just laughed and slapped my bare buttock until I was laid back on my back again in surrender.

"Up you get Harry, exercise time; just need your running shoes and motivation; Lucy, you done well yesterday, you can have a lay in until Harry is back and the two of you can make breakfast."

Harry made various sounds of objection and tried to get the quilt back on the bed but her Dad pulled out of the bed and walloped her bum until she was out the door. He covered me again with the quilt, gave me a smile and followed Harry out.

This being an apprentice mechanic is not at all what I expected.

Chapter 17

I didn't expect to, but I somehow managed to take advantage of the peace and quiet and the comfortable bed and the glow I was still feeling from Harry's attention through the night and slept. I was awoken sometime later again by Willie pulling the quilt off me and tickling my feet; that made me move and fully awakened me.

Willie was happy, he told me Harry had gotten to Barry's yard, recovered a small copper disk with Tuesday stamped on it from the stool, and returned in 44 minutes 38 seconds, she had knocked 2 minutes 50 seconds off her previous time in just one go.

Tomorrow she would take back the Tuesday disk and collect the Wednesday disk and so on each day. He didn't think she would ever be as fast as me but had given her four weeks to get it down to 40 minutes, and eight weeks to get down to 36 minutes and he would settle for that.

He admitted it wasn't really about the time or her speed, he just wanted her self-motivated again and being fitter would help. He would lock the belt on her before bed each night until she got down first to 40, and then 36 minutes. If she didn't return with the new days disk proving she had run then the belt would remain on all day and night, her choice.

Harry unlocked my cuffs and said for me to bathroom and then get down to the kitchen to help with the breakfast; and not to mind Harry showering in the bathroom, we were both 'his girls' and we could share.

Harry seemed quite chuffed too, whilst she showered she told me about how she had managed to run without stopping this time and that I was right, running naked outside was exhilarating; she may even enjoy it if she gets fitter. I was sat on the loo pooing whilst she talked, weird!

We had a big fried breakfast sat at the table outside again with Rose and Willie. Willie had said Harry could get dressed but she declined saying she had promised me she would share my experience and it wouldn't be fare on me if I was the only one naked. I liked her for this.

Willie then showed me around the rest of his pieces, tying me to a whipping post (but not whipping me, thank God); locking me in the frame (but not branding me, phew!) which I kind of enjoyed as it totally restricted all movement and left me totally exposed, it would double as a good shagging device; and for quite a while had a scolds bridle locked onto my head which at least gave my mouth a rest.

Finally he tied me again into the same position that I was in to have my corset fitted. Willie explained that I had seen everything in his barn now, he had a few other pieces in his house (Mansion more like) but they could wait for another day. Barry was coming to collect me soon and I could wait here for him; like I had a choice; but it got me hot knowing how he was going to find me!

Willie left the barn and a few minutes later a still naked Harry comes in to say goodbye. She couldn't resist the position I was in and my vulnerability and all the while she was talking her hands were exploring.

Being suspended on my tip-toes added to my helplessness and she soon had me squirming in pleasure and sweating. We heard Barry's van enter the yard and

Barry talking with Willie and Rose and Harry kissed me and said she would be in touch, that I still owed her.

Harry was just about to leave when all three of the others come in. With me being suspended facing the other way I could hear them but not see them, but Harry had seen something and was starting to laugh; she whispered to me "you really are about to become my sister!"

I heard Barry from behind me "Hi Lucy, hope you have had a good time, I have a present for you."

They all stepped around in front of me and in Barry's hands was a bright silver chastity belt. I was speechless. Not here, not now, not like this; don't put it on me now.

Oh but he did; to the applause and cheering of all around. It was tight, but he had his measurements perfect as I would expect of him, it fitted like a glove. He tested it with his finger for any slack and seemed satisfied and then removed it again. This was so embarrassing, but it was about to get even worse.

From his pockets he removed the intruders and Oh My Dear God! They were huge! They were steel but looked like polished glass. The butt-plug was the shape of two pyramids stuck together by the bases like a prism but with all the edges rounded off but the flat shape of a large coin on one end. The dildo was over three inches and knobby. I didn't know whether to be scared or impressed.

"I cannot take the credit for these Lucy, I went into town this morning and bought them. I could have made them as you know but I wouldn't know how to make them vibrate."

Vibrate? Oh Fuck!

He fitted them to the belt plate and Rose stepped forward with some sort of lubricating cream and poured some on and wiped it over them and then Barry had me open my legs whilst he inserted them and this time locked the belt on me. I had to let out some very audible gasps throughout this, I wish I could have covered my face, I wanted the ground to open up and swallow me!

"Willie, could I borrow one of your yokes again?"

Laughing out loud Willie said this was the least he could do. He and Harry carried one over and as Barry lowered my suspension ropes the yoke was fitted on me; and then the leather cuffs removed.

Swatting my bum with a switch Barry guided me outside and back to the table.

There was another jug of cider and glasses there and Rose poured herself, Barry and me a drink and they all sat and watched me squirm and blush and make various begging and pleading noises as Barry tried out his remote control on my intruders.

Oh My God! I stood there and come and come and come. Eventually I was on my knees, with my head on the floor; even though this just made the intruders penetrate me ever more deeply.

I was released from the yoke and helped to my feet by Barry, I could look nobody in the face; Barry lifted my face by my chin and kissed me "You are quite wonderful" and gave my bum a friendly swat and handed me a drink. It went down in one to much applause and laughter from all and I was poured a refill and invited to sit; something of another experience given what I had in me.

"Well Lucy" Barry asked, "Obviously as you well know I was behind everything yesterday and today; well everything apart from Harry's part, I had no control over that; thank you Harry for joining in so well; and especially for your continued nakedness, always a pleasure to see you (more blushing and attempted covering up from Harriet); Lucy hopefully you are benefitting and learning from your experiences; but do you hate me for what you have been though? And what of Willie, Rose and Harry?"

I sipped my drink, still sweating, still blushing, still extremely embarrassed, and yet exhilarated; and thought this over and decided to again be brutally honest and brave.

"Thank you, all of you; I know this is the wrong answer, a nice girl wouldn't say this, but I have so enjoyed these last few days. I have had feelings and experiences like never before and have loved all of them. Rose you are lovely, and a great cook. Willie, thank you for looking after me with as much love and care as you would one of your animals; kept naked but watered and fed (some laughter

to this); and Harry, you are my new sister and yes I do owe you and will repay in time."

"Barry, you are the best boss any girl could dream of. That 'Witches Stool' is evil but I want to try it again sometime; the stocks are frustrating but can be marvelous; having my feet tickled until I peed myself was terrible and agonizing but so liberating; being locked in a cage is an experience but at least I had good company and a bottle of wine; being 'flogged' should have been horrible but instead was awesome; Wearing the yoke whilst naked makes me so vulnerable and exposed but I love the helplessness it gives me; and just now being made to orgasm in front of you all and helpless to do anything about it, Oh My God that was hot; and being made to 'wait on' dressed in that corset, stockings and high heels was brilliant, I love how I felt and looked; any more dinners like that I want invited back to do it again but maybe with a slave collar and gag next time, wicked! All of you, I know I am weird liking this stuff, but thank you."

First Willie, then Barry raised their glasses to me "A toast" said Willie, "To Lucy, a brave and honest girl that is not scared to throw caution to the wind in her pursuit of new experience and satisfaction."

Even Harry was smiling for me as they all drank their toast to me.

"Okay Lucy" Barry said, "I will start timing as you turn the corner of the house, let's see how long it takes with those things inside of you; I will see you in the yard."

"You are joking? Right?"

He took the control out of his pocket and fingered the buttons for my intruders and they leapt back to life, I half spilled my drink and jumped to me feet "I will switch them off when you start running, not before." Again loud laughter from all; but I started running!

Chapter 18

Even with them switched off I couldn't run much with these big things in me. I could run in patches, slowly, but I was just so wet, so hot; all the way and finally collapsing in his yard.

Barry was waiting for me and removed my belt and the intruders and hugged me and kissed me. He told me to have a shower and put some clothes on and take the rest of the day off from everything. Just sunbathe or have a rest on my bed or something; I had well earned it. We would start work proper again in the morning, we had a tractor coming in for a minor damage repair and a service.

After dinner that evening he took me to his bed for the night; no restraints or anything; he put no pressure on me to do anything and really didn't expect anything from me but I wanted him so much and the sex was simply fantastic.

The following weeks we saw quite a bit of Harry, running into the yard each morning, naked but for her belt to pick up her daily disk and sprint back off again. She was looking fit. Still shapely, but now becoming well-toned. Beautiful. I also was continuing with my runs, but doing two laps every second day now. I had managed to get the one lap time down below 24 minutes and I was happy with that and so no longer bothered with the times, I just ran and enjoyed it.

The barn renovation was coming on well too. Barry was helping all the time and we had the floor resurfaced and the walls and roof fitted with more substantial inner wooden panels. We had designed and built just about every type of bondage device I could find on the internet and now had far more than Willie in his barn.

You imagine it, we have got it, and I have tried it! Barry also purchased four gym mats and built these into the floor in the center surrounded by hooks in the floor so we have a 12 by 8 foot play area which is easily wiped clean.

I even have a super-king sized bed in there built to my own design with foot and head boards that double as stocks and fixing points along both sides and a cage underneath and most nights if I am not in Barry's bed I sleep in there. Harry has the odd sleep-over on a weekend and shares this bed with me. I have more than paid back my debt to her. Strange thing though; the first time I had told her to strip whilst I locked her into the 'roasting frame' she asked if I cared about the CCTV Barry had. "What CCTV?" I laughed.

"That CCTV" she said pointing up into a corner of the barn, and again into the other corner opposite.

Well I was horrified, how could he be so underhand, filming me like this all the time, I was not happy; and then Harry explained that Barry had the whole yard, house and all the barns and his garage covered, inside and out and I was getting very angry and so I marched out and straight into his 'personal' study to confront him.

Fortunately, Barry had been watching the two girls on the CCTV expecting quite a show and saw Lucy staring at him through the monitor; knowing the game was up he had managed to not only unplug the system but lift the control box and monitor onto a cabinet in the corner and also unplug the main camera feed cable and reattach it onto the wrong jack; and put his labelled collection of disks into the safe and lock it. He even remembered to wipe the desk where the tell-tale marks of the CCTV box had been and spread some of his papers about.

I marched right into his study and confronted him, I just could not believe this of him, perverted louse must have known what I was doing from the outset and arranged everything since accordingly. "Barry, where is it? You've been filming me haven't you? Where is the CCTV?"

"I've taken hundreds of photos of you, but you agreed, you posed for them, and the calendars are coming on great, far better than I could have dreamed."

"Not the photos, the CCTV recording."

"CCTV? Oh, you mean the old CCTV? Sorry, I cannot help you, first it started acting up, then one of the cameras went, then I realized nothing ever happened and I had stopped changing the disks anyway so I gave up with it, couple of years ago; there it is in the corner, you can have a go at fixing it if you want to use it for something."

I walked over and looked at it, my anger falling and feeling silly I had doubted his integrity. "Can I have a go with it?" He said that of course I could and helped me get it set up on his desk, you could just make out where it used to sit. Well I played with the controls and everything but there was only a grey flickering screen and so gave up.

Barry said "Sorry if this is a disappointment, if you wanted to film yourself today or something. If I put my mind to it I could probably fix it but I imagine it needs a new part or two so it wouldn't be today; But I suppose it is silly having it and not

using it, maybe I will fix it one day unless you prefer your privacy but something tells me you would like to be filmed in your 'studio' home."

I thought this over and liked the idea, making me a complete idiot for my reaction in the first place, I mean, doubting Barry for heaven's sake! "Yes, I think I would like that."

Ten minutes later Harry was on all fours, naked and locked in with a large dildo on a pole inserted and being made to use her tongue on Lucy, whilst Barry watched and recorded on his reassembled CCTV.

Chapter 19

A month later Willie got a message to me through Barry that he and I were invited up to the Steddings farm again for evening dinner this Saturday and If I really wanted to repeat the experience then Harry and I could do the waitressing dressed as we were, and if Barry provided collars and gags we could wear these too; and he promised me a new experience but if I agreed, and I attended, it would be again as his property to do as he said without question and I would have to arrive and depart naked and again remain on his premises until taken away by Barry.

Harry had already said she would do it but only if I did. I really wanted this and with Barry's blessing committed to it.

Barry had Harry's measurements for her collar and gag and said he would make special ones for us.

Saturday came and as agreed Barry took me over there at three pm. I was shown up to Harry's room where Harry was waiting for me; she too was already naked. We were to pamper ourselves (there was a good supply of wine on hand), relax, but be bathed and hair and makeup done by 5.30.

We didn't pamper ourselves, first I pampered Harry then she tied me up and pampered me! A good start.

All washed and spruced and ready Rose collected us and took us along the upper corridor and into a large wood paneled room, empty but for large mirrors on stands and two trapeze bars hanging from ceiling joists.

The trapeze bars had leather cuffs on each end and Harry and I were locked in and the bars raised to stretch us to our full height. Rose then fitted our corsets, the same black ones we had worn previously. It felt great. Harry with her new trimmer body looked fantastic.

We were talking loud and giggling with each other throughout and Rose got a bit sick of us and gave us a spanking to quieten us down. She went to a wall and pulled a cord which I imagine was connected to a bell somewhere because two minutes later Willie and Barry come in and had a look at us. We looked at them too, very fine in proper dinner suits.

"Is it time Rose?" asked Willie; "Yes" she simply replied, but with a beaming sly smile on her face. Rose placed the two gags into the men's hands and Willie locked his daughters in place whilst Barry fitted mine. They then fitted our collars.

They were bright silver and high, they were posture collars. They locked at the back but without any padlock, they just shut locked. They had a ring in the front; Barry explained that the ring was on a steel plate and when it was pulled from the front the plate, if it met any resistance to the pull, would lift up and into our necks causing pain and choking; so don't fight the chain.

Then it was time for my first real surprise, Rose placed a bowl of water on the floor in front of each of us; I then saw that both Willie and Barry had razors in their hands; they shaved our pussy's! Never, I have never had a shaven pussy, Oh My God! I couldn't even see my own the way I was suspended and with a posture collar on but I could see Harry's; my God she looked even more naked, totally bare; and that is how I must look now. Rose left to get changed for dinner.

We were dried off and our stockings and shoes fitted and our drool wiped. Barry explained that everybody was going to attend the dining room for pre-dinner drinks and we were going to be introduced to the table by Willie; and then after mixing we were to set the table.

I thought this was a bit over the top as there were so few of us and they had all seen us all ready but yeah, whatever. Barry had therefore also made us some special cuffs matching our collars that we would wear for the entrance.

My trapeze was lowered and my hands taken out of the cuffs and behind my back and entered into what felt like a thin steel metal tube which was snapped shut covering my arm from wrist to elbow. My other hand had simultaneously been entered into another tube fixed to this and also snapped shut. This held my arms high up my body in a folded arms position behind my back and really made me push my tits out. I liked it but was still very conscious of my now naked pussy which I was the only person not to have seen yet. I turned around and there was Harry identical to me.

Barry then also left us for the dining room whilst Willie collected and connected bright steel thin chains to our collars.

He gave each a little tug to demonstrate how we would be well advised not to let the chains pull on our collars and then he led us over to the large mirrors to see ourselves. Oh My God! My pussy, I love it. Now this is exposure! Once more Willie wipes our drool away and explains that when we are serving there will be towels by the serving hatch so we can look after our own drool problems; at least once our arms are released.

A gong sounds far off and Willie says "Girls, time to serve" and leads us by our chains down to the dining room. We arrive at the double wood panelled dining room doors and Willie knocks three times, slowly, and very over dramatically; and pushes the doors open and leads us in. Oh Fucking Shit No!

Chapter 20

It is not just Willie, Barry and Rose, but Michael, James and Peter, Lucy's three brothers, and their three partners, Tammy, Susan and Paula. Worse still, I knew Tammy, she had been in the same school as me; any chance she won't recognize me like this? They were all stood in a semi-circle in front of us with drinks in their hands; I could have fainted in embarrassment, naked tits and pussy and all, instant blush. I can sense a similar shock on Harry but for different reasons.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, let me please introduce our two beautiful dinner guests also doubling as our waitresses this evening; my daughter Harriet you all know, although previously not quite as well you may do now; and Lucy, a lovely girl and neighbor attached to Barry here and currently writing a paper on medieval devices of restraint, control and punishment."

"It is her dedication to her research and insatiable quest for experience that we have to thank for the standard and style of their presentation this evening. Please show your appreciation."

To which all placed their glasses on the table and applauded. The boys were giving me some real attention and I was pleased to see that the girls, rather than looking upset or appalled were instead smiling and chatting with each other and giving us appreciative glances; but no eye contact from Tammy yet.

Willie took us into the middle of the room where I then spotted two thin chains dangling from the high ceiling. He connected our chains to each of these chains and used a handle on the wall to draw these chains up leaving only a foot or so of slack. We were about six foot apart so people could mill around us whilst they had their pre-drinks and chatted.

"Girls, should you through the course of the evening following our feast, prepared by my beautiful Rose, feel the need; or indeed feel you can be as brave and as proud as these two fantastic and courageous girls here, then Rose assures me she can fit and present you with equal grandeur. I am sure your partners would be willing to conduct the shaving."

This was met with howls of laughter from the three girls and applause from the men. I think I am going to enjoy tonight!

Harry and I just had to stand there and given our circumstances, effectively pose for attention. We had no shortage of this. The three boys (I say boys, but they were all older than me) were stood in front of Harry admiring how their 'little sister' had grown up, and given her future inheritance with these looks and interest in bondage would be a hell of a catch for some lucky man. Poor Harry; I can't even imagine what she was going through.

Their three partners were stood drinking in front of me. Tammy and Susan were almost the same height as me, Paula was shorter, maybe only 5' 4" but she was with Peter and he was the shortest of the men, only my height around 5'9".

The other two brothers were very tall, over 6 foot; Michael was a giant, about 6'5" and broad with it. Embarrassingly they were looking at and discussing my shaved pussy. They also had a look at Harrys' and then come back to discussing mine. Apparently none of them had ever had shaved pussy's (I hadn't until an hour ago either) and they were wondering about it. Tammy (I liked her, very happy and smiling all the time; she was in different classes at school and I never mixed with her, but I wish I had now, she's lovely) was the youngest of the three, and she was with Michael the oldest of the brothers at 30.

That is a bigger age difference than me and Barry. Susan is 27 and with James, also 27; and Paula is only 21 and with Peter who is 22. Tammy and Susan are blondes and Paula is brunet; all are really fit and beautiful but I imagine fit good looking farmers standing to inherit millions tend to attract these girls!

It was getting really embarrassing the scrutiny and discussion they were having on my pussy and the fact I was drooling again didn't help.

Tammy noticed this and went and got a serviette and wiped my mouth and chin and dabbed my left breast where it had dropped "There you are Lucy, those gags are terrible for that aren't they?" She adds almost whispering "I just hate being made to drool." Then she speaks up and asks "Okay if I feel what your shaved patch feels like? Just to settle a debate?" The other two girls look shocked that she has been so forward as to ask this; I look her in the eyes and nod 'Yes'.

Tammy stands to my right and with her right hand strokes above my pussy, she smiles, she likes it; she says to the other two "I like it, so smooth, come, feel it for yourselves." The girls laugh awkwardly and Paula shakes her head and giggles but Susan steps to my other side and feels me with her left hand and giggles out loud "It's lovely, now that is sexy, James would love me like that, I may try it one day if I get brave."

Paula is missing out now and I can see her trying hesitantly to pluck up the courage. She makes eye contact and I try to smile and nod to her but this doesn't matter because Susan grabs her hand anyway and moves it onto me. Strangely,

Paula then spends the most time staring at my pussy and rubbing my smooth shaved skin. "Your right" she says to her two friends, "I think we should all shave, we could be like the three Musketeers or something, all for one and all that."

The other girls laugh.

Michael comes over to see what all the commotion is as the girls are laughing very loudly now and Tammy explains what they have been doing and invites him to feel me too. Michael steps back from this "Hold on Tammy, it's okay you girls having some fun but Barry may get the wrong idea if I start touching his girl." I like that, the guys have all been talking and I am seen and accepted as being Barry's partner. Tammy calls Barry over and explains the situation, that before she considers shaving she would like Michael's opinion; and Barry gives his consent "Just don't make her pregnant, okay?" He joked (I hope).

The three girls step back and Michael replaces Tammy on my right and places his right hand on my lower belly and feels down to just above my pussy lips and rubs his fingers softly in circles and says "I cannot believe this, being invited by my girl to fondle a naked babe chained up and helpless; I hope this is the start of something good."

"Yeah, as long as I can play with her too Babes; but do you like it; or do you prefer the hair to play with?"

"I like it either way, but yeah, kind of sexy; but so are you too Babes; it's what you do with it that counts anyway; but hey, don't rush me, you girls go and have dinner or a holiday or something, I'll just stay here and make my mind up." He had to stop, he was really turning me on and I didn't want to start dripping.

Fortunately the girls all saw the funny side of all this and Tammy dragged Michael off me.

The girls and Michael stepped away to refresh their drinks but Tammy returned with another serviette and wiped my drool again. "Hi Lucy" she said, "I reckon you have recognized me? I certainly remember you from school but I haven't mentioned this to anyone in case it causes you any embarrassment."

"I must say you look fantastic and I am envious of what you are doing here. If you were doing it for money I would think 'slut' or 'whore' but you are doing this

because you want to and according to Barry you show no interest in money whatsoever, just work and pleasure; I am jealous of you."

"Also the way Barry talks about you, he is clearly smitten; and you are going to be a mechanic? A good one by his account. I have a little in common with you; I wasn't joking about the drooling, I do bondage on my own and with Michael, love it. Also I am into corsets too, courtesy of Rose. I am wearing one now, a black one just like yours; and stockings, and no knickers; pretty much my standard dress these days; and I would willingly swap my fancy cocktail dress for your collar and cuffs. I think we are going to be friends, I hope so anyway."

I knew I was going to like her; and Barry, smitten? Well me too, weird but the more I am restrained the more he is giving me freedom to do what I please; and when he touches me; wow. Had that been Barry instead of Michael then I would have come, I know it.

The gong is sounded again and Willie announces dinner is about to be served. He collects our chains and leads Harry and me back out and Rose is already waiting for us. Willie removes our cuffs and gags and gives us a couple of minutes to refresh ourselves (go pee stretch and wash) and then Rose gives us our instructions; the starters are laid out ready and just need serving. Rose and Willie take their seats.

We wait the instructed time and then follow through and serve the wine. I am very conscious of my nakedness leaning between people to pour the wine, and having to engage them as to white or red. We follow this with the starters and finally taking our own seats and eating and drinking with them; although Harry and I have opted for smaller portions and no deserts as we don't want to feel bloated again like after the last meal when dressed like this. The seats are huge wide high backed wooden things, obviously antique, and are so heavy I struggle to move mine.

The conversation is good and humorous and very quickly centres on me and Harry and our attire. We serve the main courses and the conversation continues. Willie and Barry tell them all about our previous event, even about me in my chastity belt and my orgasms; and all the stuff in the barn; and our naked morning runs.

Again it is Tammy that blurts out that she would love to run naked on the farms; and even better to be forced to run naked. If we do it in the morning she may join us! This is met again with much laughter. Tammy invites Susan and Paula to join us in a run but they just blush and say nothing.

I get the impression that Tammy is well up for it, and Susan isn't totally set against any of this; but Paula is not willing to play at all.

Throughout the meal both Harry and I would keep getting up and replenishing the wine but we always made sure our own glasses were kept full; not knowing if or when we would be gagged or cuffed again. We served the desserts to all the guests but ourselves. Harry and I instead sorting out all the dishes and the kitchen. As we went we also collected the dessert dishes; leaving all the glasses until much later.

As we had been so busy we had missed Tammy, Rose and Michael disappearing and it was only when we were resetting the table with the chocolates Brandy and Whisky and other spirits and fresh glasses that the gong was sounded and Tammy was led into the dining room by Willie on a chain; dressed like me and Harry but with her more modern hold-up stockings on and her arms cuffed behind her and a collar identical to ours fitted to her.

Her pussy had been shaved! Willie introduced her "Ladies and Gentlemen, please show your appreciation for the bravest and possibly most beautiful of my future daughters-in-law, Tammy." There was a cheer and applause led by the three brothers and Barry; and Harry and I also joined in enthusiastically, Susan clapped and Paula, well she put a hand on her mouth and turned white! Michael looked proud and Barry was clapping him on his back; this wasn't lost on James and Peter that were both looking at their own partners.

Willie took Tammy to where I had been positioned and attached her chain and raised it keeping her there on display. There was immediate interest and much milling around her but when this cleared I made my way over. I felt her shaved patch and kissed her on the cheek and thanked her "Tammy, you looked beautiful in your dress, really elegant; now you look fantastic; thank you for joining us, sister."

"If you get the chance, will you show me the barn later, maybe the flogger?"

"Ha, it would be my pleasure; but I would love to get Paula rigged up and flogged first."

"No chance, but yes, I would love to see that."

"I'll give you a ring side seat, you'll love it."

Willie came and took Harry and me away, he was going to reapply our gags and the special cuffs Barry had made us; but before the gag went in I told him my thoughts and the conversation I had just had with Tammy, and if it worked, how would he like a photo of all five of 'his girls' naked in yokes in the fields? Or to see us all running naked to Barry's farm and back?

Willie made some small talk about it being a fine chance with Paula involved; before the gag was refitted I just said for him to get me and Paula alone in the barn and leave it to me, but have Peter and a shaving bowl on standby. He was laughing to himself as he gagged me.

Harry and I were once again secured in place in the dining room and to make room Tammy had been released and her cuffs removed; but she remained naked but for her stockings and corset and was clearly loving it.

Again we were getting much attention but just as I noticed James and Susan were missing the gong sounded again and James walked back in on his own. A few seconds later Willie entered leading Susan by a chain attached to another identical collar locked on her neck; she had on a bright red corset the same style as my own and white stockings with white stiletto shoes and looked absolutely gorgeous; the red and white went great with her long shiny blonde hair and of course her newly shaved pussy helped.

Her hands were cuffed in front of her in steel cuffs attached by a few links of chain. Willie released his daughters chain and attached Susan's cuff chain in its place and went to the wall and raised the chain until she was stretching as high as she could without lifting her heels. She looked fantastic, totally helpless but happy with it.

Everybody cheered and applauded. James walked up and slapped her bum and kissed her and said how proud he was of her and that she had never looked so beautiful. Paula looked aghast and sat down. Willie banged his glass on the table

three times and announced "Ladies and Gentlemen, please let it be known that I am proud that my sons are men, and their ladies are women and proud of it. I own all the land as far as the eye can see and some beyond, and pretty much everything on it; I am proud of my family's history but now I am also proud of my family today; and can see here that I have every right to anticipate being even prouder in the time yet to come. James, well done, you have a brave and beautiful partner and I welcome her as my daughter."

Susan was beaming; Tammy was beaming, Peter was looking miserable and Paula, the only one of us wearing clothes, was looking very embarrassed to be doing so.

More drinks were had, in fact poor Peter was getting a wee bit drunk; and Willie took the opportunity to introduce me better to Paula and Tammy and invited me to show them the barn which Tammy very much wanted to see and Paula was interested but even more so wanted to escape the pressure she was feeling in the dining room. Willie removed my gag and cuffs and handed mine and Tammys' chains to Paula. Willie explained to Paula what happened when the chain was pulled tight and told her to go easy with the pulling.

Chapter 21

Once out in the fresh air Paula was visibly relieved to be away from the party and even seemed to get a bit of a thrill from leading us two naked girls on leads.

We had three glasses and a bottle of wine with us and although Paula was in control of us, I directed her to the barn. We opened the side door and I switched the lights on; it appeared even more impressive lit up at night; all the various pieces of apparatus stood out more.

First I showed them the stocks and asked Paula to try them but she wouldn't; so I had Tammy lock me in them. Tammy tickled me and got a switch from the side wall and gave me a couple of soft whacks on my bum and handed the switch to Paula and invited her to try. She did, tentatively at first but she started to get into it and ended up actually striking me quite hard. She loved my helplessness to do anything about it. Maybe payback for how we naked girls had made her feel back in the dining room.

They released me and next I offered to lock them both in the bird cage but again Paula declined; so I had her lock me and Tammy in and with our full glasses we had a party in there making Paula again feel like the girl on the outside.

Paula got bored with this and released us and I then got them to lock me in the stretcher which Tammy loved as I was so helpless.

Next it was Tammy's turn again and I hung her spread-eagle and taunted her with the flogger; just a little to show how it was done and then passed the flogger to Paula and again she really got into it.

Then, after releasing Tammy, I gave Paula a dare; she had been drinking the lion's share of the wine and was already quite 'happy' before we had come to the barn; "Paula, I dare you to try the next device, I promise you, it is the tamest thing in here, no restraints, no ropes or chains, and you don't get spanked or flogged or anything; in fact you can do it yourself and we won't come anywhere near you unless you ask us to. You haven't joined in with anything yet, and I know you want to, it is admirable how you have held back and behaved respectfully but now is the time and if you don't grab it, it will pass you by. Go on, I double dare you."

"But I don't even know what it is; would I have to be naked?"

"No, you can keep your clothes on, it would help if you removed your knickers but if you prefer you can just move them aside."

"Er, I aren't wearing any, this silk dress, pants always show and Peter hates my panty line showing."

"Perfect, then this is the one for you, I dare you, are you brave enough? If not then just go back to the dining room; I am sure Tammy will try it."

"Yes, what is it, let me do it." Tammy chipped in.

"Okay, but no whips or canes or anything, and I keep my dress on."

"Splendid, I guarantee you will not be whipped or smacked in anyway and you can keep your dress on to try this, come this way."

I led them to the witches seat and said to Paula "Go on then, all you have to do is take a seat. With your dress covering you we will not even see what is happening."

Paula walked over to it, and was very hesitant; but Susan who she knew far better than me asked her if she was going to welch on a dare and that combined with the drink motivated her. She immediately saw she would have to walk around and step onto the wooden platform, which she did; and smiled at us, nervously, and lifted the front of her skirt over the seat. I had a quick flash of her black stocking top and this was very nice. This was going to be good.

Paula started lowering herself, and asked "How far?"

"Just take a seat" I said.

I heard the tell-tale click and as with me her feet pushed the wooden platform forward and down and she screamed as she was left totally impaled on the shaft. Tammy asked what had just happened and I had to explain the device to her. "Oh, my turn next then, I must try that thing."

Paula by now had realized that she was trapped. "Let me off this thing, now, let me off."

I replied "I don't really think you mean that Paula, I think you are enjoying it."

"I am not, let me off now, please?"

"Sorry Paula, I am not convinced; so do something to convince me, take your dress off and throw it to me."

"No way."

"So you are enjoying it then, I thought so; what do you think Tammy?"

"She's loving it, I can tell."

Paula couldn't think what to say next, it was obvious we were not going to help. She grabbed the bottom of her dress and dragged it up over her head and threw it at me. I took it to the wall and hung it. Tammy was laughing as Paula covered her tits with her hands.

I asked Tammy to Help me and she walked over to her with me. I took her left hand and told Tammy to take her right. Paula thought we were going to lift her off. I told Tammy to start walking and I walked the other way turning her on the shaft. The screams and begging were beautiful. Just two rotations and then I said "Okay, let's get her off this thing before she comes; Tammy laughed at this.

I told Tammy we needed one of the yokes to lift her off and Tammy helped me carry and fit it. Paula let us fit it because this would get her off her mount; and we did, but this was just the start of her problems.

We took her over to the suspension ropes and I locked her ankles apart onto the ground rings and attached the suspension ropes to her wrists. We removed the yoke and I raised the suspension until she was taut. Tammy and I had another glass of wine and even gave Paula a drink and then I gagged her with my own gag which Willie had stuck under my corset.

I then set about her with the flogger; just as I had with Harry but I was even more practiced now and soon had her whole body glowing. "Watch this Tammy" I said, "Both of you may like it."

I gently caressed Paula's back with my left hand whilst massaging her tits and nipples with my right. Paula was squirming. I dropped my hand down her belly and stroked above her pussy; then lower still and just brushing her pussy before finally entering my fingers into her and opening her up. She shook, and she came and she came. Just as I had with Harry I hugged her; I had to open my legs wide to lower my height but I hugged her with our belly's and breasts touching and my fingers still inside of her; my God how she shook; her whole body vibrated like a lifetime release. Even Tammy was speechless.

I told Tammy to go get Willie Peter and Rose, a shaving bowl and a corset and collar were needed.

I was still hugging Paula. I asked her "You are ready to be shaved now aren't you?" She nodded. "Do I have to keep the gag in or are you truly ready for this?" She looked me in the eyes and nodded. Something had happened in side of her head; she looked at me with puppy dog eyes. I removed the gag. I then moved her from her current position to the suspension bar Rose normally uses to fit her corsets; Paula let me without issue. I went and got a clean cloth and dampened it under the tap and wiped her pussy clean.

Peter and Rose entered the barn and I pointed out to Rose where Paula's dress was hanging and left them to it. Walking across the yard I passed Willie walking to the barn and he clapped me on the shoulder and said "Lucy, you are one hell of a girl; you could teach my sons a thing or two."

A short while later the gong sounded again and a naked freshly shaved Paula entered the room on a collar and chain led by Willie, with a white corset and old fashioned white stockings and her wrists cuffed to the front like Susan. Willie released Susan and put Paula in her place and then announced that he had never doubted for a moment that all of his girls were not only beautiful but were proud also, and he was a very happy father-in-law to be. Everybody cheered.

Whilst we mingled and chatted I filled Harry and Susan in on what they had missed. Susan was almost speechless; she had known Paula some years and was very friendly with her as James and Peter had neighboring farms and they spent a lot of time together. She said Paula was 'The quiet one'; she didn't even strip off to sunbathe.

A short while later Paula too was released and we all stood around chatting (and steeling glances at each other's shaved pussy's) until Willie announced we were having a parlor game, a quiz. He had Barry and his sons move five of the big dining chairs into a semi-circle in the center of the room then Willie stepped forward and on the end chair he pulled what looked like ornate dowels out of either side at the top of the backrest and then pulled up the top few inches of the wooden back which rose up on steel bars.

I had just thought the holes were decoration but could see now that these chairs doubles as stocks; with a larger hole in the middle and smaller holes for the wrists either side.

Willie called Harry over and placed her into the chair stock so she was stood bending over the seat and closed and re-secured the top of the backrest. He then turned ornate knobs on the top of the backrest tightening the wood onto the wrists and trapping them securely.

Chapter 22

At Willie's instruction Barry locked me in next to Harry, and the three brothers locked the three other girls into the next three chairs. We still had our collars on but being in a semi-circle we could see each other's faces. Each of our ankles were then secured apart to the chair legs.

We were helpless. Harry and Tammy were smiling in anticipation of what was to come; Susan looked worried and Paula's face was a picture of stress! I was wondering what kind of quiz required the woman to be in this position; certainly not Trivial Pursuit's when funny enough Willie handed a box of Trivial Pursuit question cards to Rose; and more worryingly, switches, well whippy canes with square leather patches on the ends, to each of the men and one for himself.

Willie explained the rules. Rose was the question master and would stand in front of us girls. Willie would care for Harry, and each of the men would care for their respective partners. Rose would ask each girl a question in turn; if she got it right then each of the other girls would receive one smack from their own 'carer'; however for a wrong answer the girl would receive a smack from each of the men. Each girl would have to count out each smack and when the first girl reached fifty the game stopped and the girl with the lowest number of smacks wins.

However, this game was more about the losing than the winning; because whilst the prize was not made clear, losing punishments were.

At the end of the game all bar the winner would relocate to the barn. The loser would be placed on the witch's stool for thirty minutes. Fourth would be put on the rack and stretched for thirty minutes. Third would be placed into the hobbling stocks and tickled; and second would be suspended and flogged.

Harry faced the first question 'Which classical author created the character Tarzan'? She answered, well guessed Robert Louis Stevenson and received five smacks. She cried out at the first two but controlling herself better as they were delivered managed to mask the cries with her counting out. Shame I wasn't asked that one, my Dad used to read me those stories when I was a child.

My turn was next 'At world athletic events, which nation is represented by athletes dressed entirely in black'? Easy, I answered "New Zealand" and the other girls each received a smack. All bar Harry cried out but Paula like it was a real shock; I looked at her and she looked very embarrassed but couldn't hide it. Tammy and Susan also answered correctly but Paula didn't know the capital of Russia prior to Moscow and shrieked on all five of her smacks.

The game continued and got quite exciting, quite tense. I think we were all loving it! Susan had only received seventeen smacks; Paula twenty one; me also twenty one, Harry thirty three and Tammy forty two. I think Tammy was actually trying to lose to ensure she got to experience the witches stool! Paula and Susan were trying really hard to win and me and Harry either just weren't clever enough or we had to get luckier with the questions.

Susan knew lots of stuff, History and Geography and everything but Paula was doing pretty well too. The feeling of total helplessness as our bare bottoms were switched by the men, different strengths, different places; knowing the smack would land and not being able to do anything, just cry out the number when it hit; better than any board game!

It took a while longer but what turned out to be the final round of questions confirmed Tammy as the loser. Susan and Paula had both got questions wrong whilst I had got very lucky on questions on atmospheric pressure and engine designs; both related to my mechanical interests (I think Rose was possibly favoring me with the questions) and so whilst I had received only the odd smack when others had answered correctly, both Susan and Paula had five smacks each on top. When Tammy finally got her question wrong and moved onto fifty three smacks and therefore the loser, Harry had forty three smacks, Paula twenty eight, and me and Susan both had twenty four.

We had a tie-breaker. We had to take turns naming European countries. First one not to be able to answer or to get one wrong loses. However, for each country we name each of the other girls would receive a smack! We must have named around thirty between us before Susan named Tunisia and lost. This had been quick fire and Harry, Paula and Tammy's bums must have been well rosy!

The four losers were released and their chains fixed to their collars and led away leaving just me and Barry. My prize for winning was to be left helpless in the chair stock whilst Barry took me from behind. I was well ready for it too after the fantastic night I had thoroughly enjoyed; I hadn't fully realized it because of the distraction of the game but I was so aroused I came almost as soon as he entered me and throughout the fucking. Oh my God it was good, somehow perfect.

Barry released me and fixed the chain to my collar, and hugged and kissed me. I was in heaven! He took me by the chain and led me into the barn to watch the

others. I walked over to Tammy and she loved the stool. Barry and I took her arms and turned her a few times, she was in ecstasy!

We then went across to Harry and gave her stretching wheel another turn; her body was so taught and her pussy standing proud.

Whilst Barry took Willie and Rose to top their drinks up I leant over and licked and sucked on her nipples whilst my hand slid down her body and cupped her pussy, my fingers entering and playing. Leaving her nipples I stroked her hair and kissed her full on the lips, my tongue entering whilst my fingers played on. I felt the gasp and the shudder as the orgasm ripped through her. I left her smiling.

Next on my list was Paula. She had been locked in and tickled until, as with Harry and me she had peed herself. She was still locked in and looking appalled at what had happened to her. I told Peter that if he and Michael wanted to go join Barry in the lounge I would take care of Paula; that Rose wanted all the girls on the suspension bar to remove our corsets and stuff; he said to carry on and went off with Michael.

I released Paula and cleaned her and the hobbling stocks and gave her a hug. She really hugged back too, I thought she was going to try to squash me! I took her to the bar and strapped her wrists in place. I then went and got Harry released and with her managed to lift Tammy off the stool although I got the impression she was happy to stay on the stool longer. Tammy and Harry then let me strap them also onto the suspension bar.

Throughout this I had been listening to the rhythmic flogging of Susan by James but just as I had secured Harry on the bar the flogging had stopped. I had been giving them as much space and privacy as possible but James come up to me and explained that he had finished if I wanted to also put Susan on the bar for Rose.

I took him aside and explained the effect that the flogging had on a girl and how to finish it so that it wasn't just a flogging but something much more memorable. He went back and I heard another two minutes of flogging; and then I couldn't help but peek as he caressed her body and massaged her pussy. The effect was obvious, and quite dynamically loud, poor Susan actually howled in her coming!

James came back to me smiling, he took me by the chain, drew me to him, held my head and kissed me on the forehead; said "Thank you, that was special" and left me to get Susan down and strapped to the bar.

When I lowered and released Susan she also hugged me and kissed me; her legs were like jelly, her body was glowing; and her smile was radiant. I strapped her also to the suspension bar and went and got a large brandy and joined Rose and the lads.

Stood there naked but for my corset, stockings high heels and collar, having just been fucked from behind by Barry and now surrounded by the five men and Rose; I felt magnificent! It was clear they were all having a great evening and the talk was all about a repeat event at Christmas; with 'us girls' in suitable Christmas inspired dress. I told them to make sure I was top of the guest list!

They let me finish my brandy and then Rose took me by the chain into the barn and strapped me in alongside the other girls, raised the bar and set about stripping us of our decorations; because in truth that is all the corsets and stockings were, but after work boots and unflattering overalls they are special to wear. We were left in our heels and collars only.

Chapter 23

We all sat in the lounge having our nightcap and discussing our plans for tomorrow. Tammy was joining Harry and I on an early morning run (naked) to Barry's yard and back but Paula and Susan didn't have any running shoes with them; I think Susan was up for it but Paula didn't seem so keen. Willie said that was fine, Susan and Paula could wait for us in the old community punishment stocks at the front of the house whilst we ran!

Paula said "No, I think I will have a lay in and a leisurely breakfast whilst the girls enjoy themselves; I think I have been naked long enough and may go up to my room now to put something on now."

Willie replied "No I don't think so lassie, my sons have repacked all your clothes and they are locked away; and as long as you have those collars locked around your necks then apart from shoes that is all you will wear until your partners take

you away off my premises. When you accepted those collars being placed on your necks then you accepted that you were the property of men; now and every time you come here and allow collars to be placed on you. It wouldn't be any fun for you otherwise."

Tammy laughed out loud and Susan actually spilled her drink but Paula looked shell-shocked, she sat there with her mouth wide open not knowing if Willie was joking or being serious. Without saying anything she put her drink down and left the room. A minute later she returned, still naked, and explained that the bedroom door was locked. "That's right lass" said Willie, "Peter will take you to his bed when he is ready."

Again Tammy was laughing out loud. She put her drink down and left her chair and knelt in front of Michael and placed her chain in his hands and said "Oh Master, please when you are ready will you take me to your bed?"

Michael, and most of the rest of us laughed, he replied "Yes, but not yet girl, I am having a drink. Go get your drink and come back and kneel here; if you tire then I will chain you to the bed until I am ready to retire."

Tammy as quick as she could grabbed her drink and returned to kneel at his feet. In respect to her, and as I was also quite drunk by now, I too took my drink over to Barry and knelt at his feet and handed him my chain.

A couple of minutes later Susan went and got herself a refill, but rather than taking her seat she also went and knelt at James' feet and handed him her chain.

Paula just sat there, horrified. Peter made small talk with his parents and Barry and was obviously embarrassed that Barry and his two brothers had their girls demonstrating their dedication and submission to them but Paula was not.

Eventually, probably just because of pure peer pressure, Paula took her drink and sat at Peter's feet and handed him her chain and pleaded "Please Peter, take me to bed."

Peter didn't want to be seen to be led by Paula and said "When I'm ready girl, when I'm ready" but just five minutes later he had drunk up and was saying "goodnight."

I could see that Harry was not entirely happy, probably because she had no partner to submit to and take attention from, but she made the most of the night and seemed to enjoy herself, she certainly enjoys being controlled and forced to be naked.

Whilst the nightcaps were going around she busied herself by keeping our glasses topped up and bringing us little snacks from the kitchen. Willie and Rose seemed to be in their element. Rose too now had a collar locked around her neck and was sat at Willies feet, all her own doing but she was still dressed.

Whilst it felt very late, probably because we had started so early and it had been such a full on type evening, it was only a little after eleven.

The guys decided to retire to the billiards room for a darts and snooker competition. All us girls wanted to join them but they wanted some 'Man time' and so instead Rose took us to our rooms and we were each allowed just five minutes to use our bathrooms and then we were cuffed to our beds in our rooms to await our 'Masters'. I thought it strange that I was in the same bedroom as before, but surely this is Harry's room?

Well I can't speak for the rest of the girls but for me that was one fantastic night. You see, Barry and Willie decided they were going to the tree house for one of their 'all night discussions' and immediately after I was locked to the bed Harry was led into the room. Rose explained that they had run out of cuffs and the best she could do was attach Harry's collar chain to my collar. As I was cuffed to the bed then this meant Harry was effectively locked to the bed too. We had at least six foot of chain between our collars but we were definitely stuck together.

This time I was not asleep and Harry took full advantage; as quick as Rose was out of the room Harry was sat on my face and wriggling, then she had her face in my pussy, her fingers probing and her tongue really doing a great job on me. Not my first 69 with Harry, and not a great deal I can do about it, other than to enjoy it and do my best to make Harry enjoy it; but this turned out to be just the beginning.

Normally with Harry back in my place we take turns and we always have the keys to release each other. This time it felt different, my keys were not here and I was Harry's to play with; it felt good. Something new as well, Harry wanted to repay

me for doing so well at the parlor game and turned me over and spanked me; and licked me, and snogged me, and spanked me, and finger fucked me, and sat on me, and spanked me, and tickled me, and fingered my ass whilst licking me; and eventually, just hugged and slept with me. Tremendous!

Chapter 24

The next morning Rose had released us and we had done our naked run. I had expected Tammy to struggle and that we would run at her pace; but she turned out to be really fit and we ended up running at Harry's pace. Tammy said that if Susan ever joined us she would leave us all well behind; she had been a college athlete and had ran sub five minute miles, but didn't know how she done over longer distances.

Susan and Paula had been locked in the stocks and Paula didn't look too pleased about it. We all met again in the dining room for breakfast and whilst we all helped ourselves from the kitchen Rose done all the cooking; and yes, we were all still naked but for collar and shoes.

The men were with us but as we were clearing the dishes away Susan sidled up to me and asked for a chat. We took a stroll outside which even now after all we had done seemed weird, two naked girls taking a morning stroll in the garden.

Susan explained we had a problem. Paula. She was in love. I explained that was lovely, I really liked Paula and Peter and they made a great couple.

Susan explained that wasn't the problem; that I was the problem. Paula was in love with me! When she had been suspended in the barn and I had flogged her, then caressed her and brought her to orgasm; that was the first orgasm she had ever experienced!

Before, with Peter and a couple of other boys before when she had gotten wet she had thought she had experienced orgasm, that was all it was and it was well over-rated. What I had done had blown her mind! She had never ever experienced anything at all like it, like ever! She was now convinced that she was lesbian and in love with me; and hated that she was not compatible with Peter, a man she felt she loved and planned the rest of her life with. They were trying for

babies for God's sake. This explained her awkward behaviour with Peter at the end of the night.

I didn't know what to say. I told Susan that Paula was being silly; and anyway, I wasn't lesbian although I quite liked fooling around sexually with woman; that I was in love with Barry and nothing was going to change that. Susan agreed, she had tried to explain all this to Paula but with no success. Could I talk with her? Again, I decided on the robust direct solution to the problem and told Susan to get Paula to meet me in the barn in ten minutes.

Whilst Susan was getting Paula I was briefing Tammy on the problem. At first she just laughed finding it hilarious but then she settled down and agreed to help; she said she could do with my instruction and the practice anyway.

I was in the barn waiting when Paula walked in alone. She was blushing. I met her in the center, below the suspension ropes used for the flogging. I put my arms around her and kissed her; she responded kissing me back. I broke off and asked her "So you think you love me?"

She replied "Yes, I know I do, nobody else could make me feel like you do."

"So only I can make you orgasm?"

"Only you ever have, no man has ever had that effect on me."

"Would you like another one? Now?"

"Oh yes, more than anything."

I tied her and again suspended her and tied her ankles apart and gagged her; then kissed her and said "Goodbye."

She looked startled and distraught as I walked away.

We left her there alone for five minutes and then Tammy walked in with the flogger in her hand. She walked up and fondled her tits, probed her pussy and spanked her bottom and licked her face and kissed her and then set about her with the flogger.

For a good fifteen or twenty minutes she worked her and then dropping the flogger she removed her gag and kissed her full on. Whilst she done this she caressed her body and massaged down to her pussy, then fingering her and

opening her wide up and with her other hand spanked her. The sounds she made were tremendous, not so much a howling as a weird gargling and crying sound, high pitched and somehow slightly haunting as an orgasm shook her and forced her to come. Tammy left her there as we had agreed and Susan went to her, to speak to her again.

Paula was now very confused, this had confirmed that she was a lesbian, but was she a slut? Did she love all and any woman? Susan tried to convince her otherwise; that I had given pretty much all of them orgasms in the same way, that the orgasm was from within and just a natural release from sexual activity and arousal; regardless of love or partner involved; that it was up to her and Peter to reach the same state of sexual satisfaction and that she had to stop being such a prude and let herself go with Peter and then it would happen.

That tonight; no matter how embarrassing she found it, she was to beg Peter to tie her in a very vulnerable position, gag her and blind-fold her; spank her and massage her slowly for at least fifteen minutes, much longer if possible, then screw her like he had never screwed her before; and if this worked and she reached orgasm and she enjoyed it then to get on her knees and beg him to allow her to serve him however and whenever he pleased.

This acceptance by her of this sexual relationship would change her state of mind and make the orgasm a routine event; but in return she must do everything possible to make him come in return. Susan left her to think this through. We all left her for about an hour.

I took the bull by the horns so to speak, and yes this did still feel weird going up to another man stark naked but I approached Peter and asked for a confidential chat. I explained it was no business of mine, and I apologized for any insult or embarrassment; but I explained all.

Paula didn't see Peter enter the barn, I had returned and blind-folded her. Peter was understanding of the problem, and rather than being upset he wanted to solve the problem and make Paula his. He spent the next three hours doing this; and with the benefit of the coaching I had given him he managed to bring Paula to orgasm after orgasm.

Later at lunch which Rose and Harry prepared for us all outside we were all together again and sat around the table; well all of us except for Paula, she insisted on eating kneeling at Peter's feet with her chain in his hands.

Chapter 25

After lunch Barry asked me to accompany him to the barn; Oh Yes! He took me in there and locked me in the stocks. Well I can take it from behind again, happily if this is his preferred style. But no, he doesn't take me; he just enters me a couple of times to get me interested and then slips the intruders into me; oh fuck no! I know exactly what is happening! Next the Chastity Belt is locked on and I am pleading with him "Please no Barry, please no, wait until we get home, I will do anything with you but please no not this not in front of all of them."

He walked around in front of me and unbuttoned his jeans and asked me "Would you like this to help you shut up for a moment?"

Nodding I took him in my mouth and hoping that this would stop him embarrassing me in front of the party waiting outside I gave him one fantastic blow job. He thanked me, wiped my mouth and released me from the stocks and by the chain led me outside.

He then locked my chain to a bar above the patio and sat again with the others. "I am sorry Lucy, but after we told them all about it at dinner last night they insisted on a show. After the pleasure you have taken from your girlfriends over the last two days this is the least we can do in repayment." Both intruders hit full!

I had nowhere to go, nowhere to hide; my whole body was vibrating; I was already buzzing from him entering me and me sucking his cock. Worst, my hands weren't restrained and I couldn't help myself; I was caressing myself, trying to feel my pussy even though the belt prevented this; feeling my tits, pulling my nipples, bending over and pulling my butt-cheeks apart, putting my fingers in my mouth; holding my head; and coming and coming and coming! The length of the chain wouldn't let me kneel or lay, I just had to stand and dance and wriggle and come!

By the end of my enforced performance Barry had been made to promise the same belts and intruders for all the girls, even Rose! Willie even gave permission

for Harriet to have a new belt and intruders on the condition that he held the only keys and that until a suitable suitor come along only I would operate the control.

Everybody thanked Willie for a fantastic party; the best ever; they couldn't wait for the next one, and in particular the special themed one at Christmas. In future all the girls were arriving at the farm naked and once collared would obey.

Willie and Barry were opening up both sides of their adjoining fields and each Saturday morning all the girls were meeting up in Barry's yard for a naked run right around both fields, around seven miles Willie guessed.

After this dinner event we continued to all be friends and all the girls would drop in to see me and spend time with me in my own special barn; sometimes sleeping over. Barry didn't mind, he watched and recorded on CCTV, in fact he installed multiple covert cameras throughout and microphones strategically placed so he could get close-ups of every activity. He even started cutting and pasting movies of our bondage play.

My calendars are displayed in each of the farms and I must admit are excellent; even I love looking at them. Harry is in a few of them and the other girls are jealous and want to be in next years.

The Christmas event was mind-blowing. Probably made better not only by the joint planning that went into it but because all the guys kept all us girls in our chastity belts for the whole of December, without the intruders and were only removed when our hands were cuffed and they cleaned us. No sex or even masturbation for a whole month. Also we had all let our pubic hair grow so that we could share the experience of being shaved at the party again. Wicked!

That party lasted from Christmas Eve through to New Year's Day; and I assure you, it was a Happy Christmas!

Oh, and by the way, my apprenticeship is going well.