

The Price of a One Night Stand

Rose sat at the hotel bar sipping her Margarita. She had one aim only this evening and that was to pull a married guy. She was dressed for the part - red blouse, black skirt and red "fuck-me" shoes. She had done this routine twice before and didn't expect to take more than an hour for this part of the routine. Her hair was not in its usual style and not its usual color, her name wasn't Rose either.

In fact, it took more than an hour and a half before a guy made a pass at her. His name was Steve and he made no attempt to hide the wedding ring on his left hand. She let him buy her a drink and she flirted with him gently. After an hour they were drinking champagne in his room and he made a move to kiss her.

"Just a minute Steve, let me go and get my overnight bag from my room before we get more intimate." Rose kissed him again.

"Sure. I'll dim the lights or something while you're away." He smiled.

Rose didn't have a room at this hotel; instead she went down to the parking lot and picked up her bag from her car.

"Do you mind tying me up?" Rose asked "I've got all the gear you need in my bag."

Steve couldn't believe his luck. "Sure, what do you want me to do?"

"Well, I've got chains, handcuffs and padlocks. Tonight, I want to have my legs chained apart at the foot of the bed and my hands handcuffed to the headboard." Rose pulled the gear from her bag and laid it on the bed.

Steve got to work right away. Using a length of chain and two padlocks, he chained one leg to the foot of the bed. He repeated this for the other leg.

Rose applied the handcuffs to her wrists and Steve locked a length of chain to the cuffs and round a pillar on the headboard. There was very little slack and she could barely move. This was a necessary part of the plan and she wasn't enjoying it too much, in fact she felt quite scared but pretended otherwise.

Steve was soon inside her and pumping away, she tried to break free but couldn't move. As Steve came, she faked an orgasm and lay there breathing heavily.

"That was fantastic Steve, can you unlock me now?"

Steve smirked. "I don't know, I like you the way you are."

Rose felt a touch of panic but calmed down. "Well OK for a few minutes, but I'm desperate for the bathroom, that champagne has gone right through me."

Steve paused for a moment and then reached for the padlock key and released the chains "How about you keep the cuffs on for a while, they really suit you."

Rose went to the bathroom and sat on the toilet. She looked down at the cuffs that encircled her wrists. They were bought from eBay for \$15. Police issue and quite secure. She would miss them.

When she returned to the bedroom, they cuddled some more and then she suggested. "How about I tie you up and see what I can do with me on top?"

Steve hesitated and Rose gave him a coy smile. "Ok" he said. "I've always wanted to try some bondage."

Still wearing the cuffs Rose locked the chains to Steve's ankles. She then sat astride Steve. Smiling, she picked up the cuff key and unlocked the cuffs from her wrists and applied them loosely to Steve wrists. She didn't want to panic him just yet. Lifting his arms above his head, she locked the cuff chain to the headboard chain with a padlock.

Rose moved up to Steve's chest and leaned forward with her breasts on his face. She closed the cuffs some more so they were snug on his wrists and using the cuff key, double locked them.

Rose thought that there was no way her plan would fail now. She dismounted and pulled a few items from a side pocket of her overnight bag. The first item was a ball gag. Rose pinched Steve's nose and as he opened his mouth, she shoved the hard ball deep into his mouth. Passing the chain behind his head, she locked the gag at the side with yet another padlock. There was a look of worry on Steve's face now as he tried to talk unsuccessfully and struggled against his bonds. Rose was expressionless as she slipped a leather hood over his head and tied the laces under his chin.

Steve fought his bonds as Rose put on a pair of latex gloves and started wiping down all the surfaces she may have touched.

She turned on the TV and turned up the volume as she carefully searched Steve's briefcase and wallet. After five minutes she had noted down his home address, the cell number for his wife – Julia and Julia's work address.

Rose got dressed and packed her things ready to leave. Finally she took

a long shackle padlock from her bag and went over to the bed.

She sat astride him and pulled off the hood. Still wearing the latex gloves she held the padlock so he could see it.

"This is a very special lock. The internal dimensions of the shackle are just right at 20mm by 45mm. The lock is pick proof and the key entry hole has been hardened to resist drilling. A previous boyfriend and I did months of research to find this model."

"Now for an engineering lesson" she continued. "There are 5 ways to open a padlock. Drill out the key way, saw through the shackle, use bolt cutters on the shackle, pick the lock or use the key." "In a few minutes, I'm going to lock this behind your balls and in the next few days you are going to realize that your options will be reduced to just two – live with the lock shackle behind your balls or have surgery to remove them." Steve struggled wildly in his bonds and screamed behind the gag. That's good she thought, he's realizing the implications of what I'm telling him. It was also satisfying that he was going to have sore wrists and ankles.

"I expect you'll go for the former, at least for a few years. Now the lock is going to bring its own problems, for example jogging isn't going to be possible and I do recommend tight underwear for support. Airport security is another problem and you will need to elect for a strip search which will involve a cavity search every time you fly. These airport guys have to assume you might be trying to hide something metallic up your ass."

"Of course, how you explain the lock to your lovely wife will be a challenge, but I'll leave that up to you. If you can persuade her to do it, then sex is possible but uncomfortable for you and a little uncomfortable for her too."

"As for me, you'll never see me again. My name isn't Rose, I'm not staying at this hotel, I don't even live in this city and I've wiped my fingerprints from everything in the room. Of course I'll be taking this padlock key with me."

Taking the open lock in one hand and squeezing the flesh behind Steve's balls with the other, Rose hooked the shackle behind the balls and pulled up gently. With renewed energy Steve tried to shake Rose off his thighs and stop what Rose was doing but to no avail. Rose just smiled as she held the lock for several minutes in one hand with Steve's balls bulging through the shackle. Steve had either tired or resigned himself to his fate and he stopped bucking. Rose then gently pushed the flesh further down the shackle so that it wouldn't get pinched when she closed the padlock. Rose rotated the body of the lock over the shackle and closed it, turned the key to lock and removed the key. This was always her favorite part.

Steve balls bulged through the closed shackle. He would soon realize that squeezing his balls out through the closed lock would never be an option. Neither would bolt cutters or a saw as you simply couldn't get close enough to the shackle because of all the surrounding flesh.

Rose dismounted Steve and collected some items from her bag. First she tied the handcuff key and a padlock key for the ankle locks to a loop of thread. She made another loop of thread, then taking two ice cubes from the champagne ice bucket, she sandwiched the two loops between the two ice cubes. She then placed a towel over the cubes and pushed down with all her might. There was the sound of muffled cracking and when she inspected the ice cubes they had fused into a single block.

Rose stood on the bed astride Steve and pinned the loop without the keys into the ceiling above Steve's chest.

Rose then unlocked the chain holding the handcuffs to the headboard and added two feet of slack to it before relocking.

"The ice will melt any time between one and three hours from now and you will be able to release yourself. By then I'll be long gone." Rose said in a matter of fact tone.

Without glancing back, Rose picked up her belongings and walked out the door. On the way to the elevator, she removed the latex gloves and put them in her hand bag.

About an hour and a half after Rose left Steve's room, the keys dropped onto his chest. Steve scrambled for the keys and with shaking hands he tried to unlock the cuffs. Steve didn't understand double locking and was convinced the keys did not work when one of the manacles swung open. Soon after he managed to remove all the restraints and the ball gag. Steve rushed into the brightly lit bathroom to see what Rose had done. He tugged at the lock but could see there was no way he could squeeze his balls through. He tried to imagine how he might saw the shackle off but that wouldn't work either, he simply wouldn't be able to get the blade near the shackle without serious risk of sawing flesh too. Damn! The lock mechanism was one of those rotating disk types rather than the pickable pin type. Damn!

Rose stopped the car by the post office. Put on the latex gloves again and wrote Julia's name and work address on an envelope. Inside was an already prepared and typed letter. She slipped the padlock key into the envelope, sealed it and posted it.

Steve arrived home the next day. Julia could see something was wrong, it looked like he hadn't slept, certainly hadn't shaved and had a wild faraway look in his eyes.

"How did the meeting go honey?" she asked.

"What oh er, yes, fine." He mumbled.

That night Steve slept on the far side of the bed and tossed all night. Julia put it down to the stress of work.

Next day at work Julia received the envelope. She opened it and a key dropped out. Opening the letter, Julia read.

Hi

I am writing to tell you that your husband had sex with me. This letter was written before the event, so I should let you know that in these circumstances I do not try very hard to entrap a husband and you can rest assured that he would have done most of the wooing.

In these cases, after sex, I tie the unfaithful man to the bed and fit a high security padlock behind his balls. The enclosed key fits this padlock. All other keys that fit this lock have been destroyed.

I can assure you that, aside from surgery to remove his balls, this padlock cannot be removed without this key.

I leave it to you to decide what to do. Whether you choose to tell him that you know about our relationship or you decide to wait for an explanation from you husband or whether you 'accidentally' discover his predicament. Whether you choose to disclose to him you have the key and finally, whether you choose to remove the lock.

Rose

Julia was stunned. She read the letter over and over. It was brief and to the point. She had absolutely no idea what to do next. Steve hadn't gone to work this morning saying he wasn't feeling well. Julia was sure that the letter was genuine, but there would be one sure way to find out.

When Julia arrived home that evening, she found Steve in the kitchen.

"Hi honey, how are you feeling?" she asked.

"Still not good."

"Have you seen a doctor?"

"No, maybe tomorrow." he replied.

Julia noticed reddened skin around Steve's wrists and what looked like a bruise. Julia was in no hurry, she decided to play the concerned wife for a little while and see if Steve would come clean.

Steve seemed distracted all evening and in front of the TV Julia cuddled up to Steve and said. "Maybe we could go upstairs to bed and I can help take your mind off what's bugging you." "Not tonight, I still don't feel good." was Steve's curt reply.

That night in bed, Julia waited for Steve to fall asleep and then slowly reached her hand to his hip. When he didn't stir, she slid her hand down to his crotch and there she felt the warm metal of the padlock and the steel shackle pressed into the soft flesh.

Julia was annoyed that Steve was still trying to hide the facts and decided she couldn't wait any longer.

"Steve, Steve, wake up." she shouted as she shook him.

Steve stirred. "What is it?" he asked.

"There's... There's something metal down by your cock. What is it?"

Steve groaned. "It's a fucking padlock behind my balls and I can't get it off."

"How did it get there?" Julia asked innocently.

"I was playing a game with a woman while on my trip and she locked it on and ran off." Steve lied.

"Did you have sex with her?"

"No".

Julia turned on the lights and inspected the lock. It had Monterey – Top Security Lock stamped on the side. The ball sack was shiny and full rather than crinkly and flaccid. Julia tugged gently at the padlock.

"Does it hurt?" she asked.

"Sometimes it's uncomfortable, but mostly I can't feel it."

"So give me the fully story then." She demanded.

"I was in a bar and got talking to a woman. We got onto the subject of

dares and she talked about putting a padlock around my balls. We went into the bathroom; she put it on and then ran off. I had my pants around my knees so couldn't chase after her."

Julia thought for a while.

"Did she know you?"

"No, she doesn't know anything about me."

Julia thought some more

"You're lying. You've got red marks on your wrists and ankles. You've been tied to a bed. I don't believe the 'no sex' part either."

With that Julia got dressed and left the house.

For several days, Julia stayed at her friend Cathy's house. She saw her lawyer about a divorce and she wondered what to do about the the key she had. Finally, a plan formed in her mind.

Julia bought a pair of handcuffs and arranged to meet Steve in some local woods. These woods had a 6' fence running through with a gate where it crossed a path. Julia arrived early and locked the gate with a padlock. Steve would be arriving from the other side of the gate. Some time later Steve arrived and stood at the other side of the gate.

"Drop your pants, I want to see the lock again." Julia demanded.

Steve hesitated and then slowly dropped his pants. Julia could see the lock was still in place.

"Rose has been in contact with me and she has given me the key."

"Oh thank God for that." Steve exclaimed with a look of relief on his face.

Julia continued. "I'm not going to let some woman I don't know put a lock around my husband's balls for the rest of his life." Julia held out the handcuffs. "Before I remove the lock, I want you cuffed with your hands behind your back and with your arms through the gate."

Steve obliged and Julia cuffed him securely to the gate. Julia then unlocked the gate and went through to Steve's side of the fence. Taking some rope out of her bag, she removed Steve's pants and tied his ankles to the gate. Taking the key, Julia unlocked the padlock and removed it from its home for the last three weeks.

"As I said, I'm not having some woman I don't know locking you up for life. However, I think I have a right as your wife to do just that."

With that, Julia hooked the shackle under Steve's balls and jerked it up sharply. She closed the lock and removed the key.

"You'll get the divorce papers in a few days and you won't see me again. In case you are thinking I might eventually give you the key, I can put your mind at rest." Julia took a pair of pliers from her bag and broke off pieces of key until just the plastic fob was left.

Steve screamed as she started snapping and then sagged down in his bonds. Julia passed through the gate, locked it and handed Steve the handcuff key. She calmly walked through the woods to her waiting car. It would take Steve ten minutes to reach the other gate and by then she would be gone.

Two days earlier, Julia had bought a padlock of the same model that

Steve wore. She had switched keys with one from her new lock before breaking the key in front of Steve. She would post the original key when the divorce was final – he had suffered enough. The new padlock would come in useful..

Two years later, Julia is sitting in a bar in an unknown city sipping a Martini. A business man comes over and sits next to her. She notices the wedding ring on his finger. She smiles. "Can I buy you a drink?" she asks.