

Silent Street

Felicity's eyes scanned the leaflet through for a second time, just in case she'd somehow misread it on the first occasion. But there was no mistake. The piece of paper that had been waiting on her doormat when she'd arrived home from work wasn't of particularly good quality, and appeared to not be exactly professionally produced in its layout or design; fairly amateurish, in fact.

But that was never going to be a major concern for Felicity, as the offer was exactly what she'd been waiting for, and seemed almost too good to be true.

Specialist Modelling Assignments

We're looking for women aged 18 -25 in your area who fancy a career in modelling

No previous experience necessary

When? Wednesday 28th November 2018 from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m.

Where?' Solitude Studios' Silent Street, Ipswich.

No appointment needed - just turn up on the day

This could be your big break! So, what are you waiting for?

Exactly what was meant by 'Specialist Modelling', Felicity had no idea. She'd always wanted to try her hand at this sort of thing, however, but to date the opportunity never seemed to have arisen. Now, having always aspired to treading the catwalk, she knew that she simply had to give it a try. If she failed to impress and got rejected, then so be it. But at least she could say that she'd given it her best shot. And at twenty-two years old, she fitted the age criteria perfectly! No time to mull it over, however, as the 28th was tomorrow!

And besides, it would give her something to take her mind off the impending court case that was coming up in just over a week's time, in which she was a vital witness. In fact, that was understating things slightly; she was the key witness

around which the whole case revolved. Without her testimony, the whole trial was likely to collapse, with the perpetrator getting away with his heinous crimes. And that, Felicity had decided, was not something that she could allow to happen.

The case concerned an assault that Felicity had just happened to be in the right - or perhaps the wrong - place to witness at the time in question. She'd been in the convenience store that evening, picking up a few items on her way home from work, when he'd suddenly appeared in the shop. With a scarf covering the lower half of his face, and brandishing a knife, he'd threatened the shopkeeper with violence if he didn't hand over the contents of the till. What he'd failed to realize, at least at first, was that there was anyone else on the premises; Felicity having been hidden behind a row of shelves at the time. It was only after the terrified shop owner had handed over his hard-earned takings, just as the robber was about to make his getaway, that he'd clocked Felicity peering at the unfolding scene from her vantage point by the tinned food section. For a moment he'd frozen in his tracks and waved the knife menacingly in her direction, albeit from several yards away, in a gesture meant to convey the message 'don't approach or try to follow'. This face to face standoff lasted only a second or two, however, before he'd turned on his heels and exited the shop at high speed.

But what made this brief period of time significant was that, although of such short duration, Felicity had instantly recognized the thief, despite his attempts at disguising his identity with the makeshift mask. For the man who fled the shop with his ill-gotten gains was none other than a guy she'd been at school with. Although she'd not laid eyes on him for several years, and despite the fact that they had never been close friends, Felicity still knew the instant that she'd seen him that this was a former classmate by the name of Mike Anderson. And naturally, being a law-abiding citizen who abhorred violence of any kind, she'd informed the police of his identity once they'd turned up on the scene that evening.

The upshot had been that this Mike had been arrested and charged with robbery. At which point it emerged that this was not his first offence, and that he was wanted for a number of similar crimes, and had been in trouble with the law on many occasions in the past for burglary, fraud, GBH, ABH and a list as long as your arm of other offences. Not a pleasant character by all accounts.

And now Felicity would be asked to step up in court and help put this unsavory individual behind bars for a few years. It was a task that she was pleased to do, but also something that she felt slightly nervous about, even though she couldn't really put her finger on the source of her anxiety. For despite assurances from the police that he couldn't harm her now that he was in custody, the look in his eyes during that brief encounter was something that she simply couldn't erase from her mind. It was a look of malice, anger and hatred that she couldn't forget. But more than that, it seemed to Felicity that behind this belligerence there was a message. For she was certain that he had recognized her too, and that his deep staring eyes had been trying to warn her that if she grassed him up and testified against him, then he would be back seeking revenge at some point in the future. And this thought sent chills through her; so much so that, on more than one occasion since the incident, she'd seriously considered withdrawing her statement and claiming that she'd made a mistake, and that she was no longer certain of the robber's identity. Each time she'd managed to convince herself that she was being stupid, and that there was nothing to fear. But even so, the feeling of unease was always there at the back of her mind, ready to erupt into her consciousness when she least expected it, and consequently causing a mini panic attack to break out whenever this occurred.

At least now, with the potential modelling assignment on the horizon, she had something of a less fraught nature to occupy her mind.

'Solitude Studios' weren't exactly advertising themselves as open for business on the day of their modelling auditions. As a matter of fact, when Felicity turned up on the dot of eleven o'clock - her precise timing giving some indication of just how keen she was to impress - it took her several minutes, and saw her walking the length of the narrow thoroughfare that was Silent Street twice, before she could even locate the building in which the shoot was taking place. And even then, it was only by chance - or so she assumed at the time - that she came across the correct address. Having walked down from the Old Cattle Market on one side of the street, then back again from the junction with St Nicholas Street on the other, she was beginning to wonder whether the studio actually existed at all. Fortuitously, as she was almost back to her starting point, she noticed an old, unsigned door with badly peeling paint partially opening to her right. From behind this, a woman's face appeared.

"Are you looking for 'Solitude'?"

Slightly taken aback, Felicity shyly admitted that she was here for the audition, and brandished the flyer that she'd received through her door at the woman, as if to confirm the reason for her presence. The sight of the leaflet acted as a passport inside, it seemed, as immediately the door opened wide enough for her to enter the premises. As she was about to cross the threshold, Felicity peered upwards for a brief second at the stark exterior. No windows were in evidence above the ground floor. Instead several bricked up rectangular areas could be seen in the ancient building; evidence of the 'Window Tax' that had been introduced in the year 1696 and not repealed for 156 years thereafter, forcing owners to block up their windows to avoid the tax, and leading to the term 'Daylight Robbery' entering the language.

The interior proved no more inviting than the prospect from without, however. With the closing of the door behind her, Felicity found herself in an ill-lit corridor with closed doors on either side. But it wasn't towards one of these rooms that she was now shepherded by her host, but straight ahead towards an equally under-illuminated flight of stairs, the summit of which was shrouded in darkness. As they began to climb, the woman - probably about the same age as herself, Felicity guessed - introduced herself and began to explain the nature of the assignment.

"My name's Della and I'll be running the auditions today. Please excuse the surroundings, as we've only just moved in and haven't got around to sprucing the place up yet. I'm afraid you'll just have to put up with the less than salubrious facilities today, but the client that has commissioned this shoot is in a hurry, so we've had to improvise before we're really ready."

By the time she'd finished this speech, the pair had reached the landing, no less dark and uninviting than the downstairs corridor. There was, however, a light visible from an open door a few yards along the passageway, towards which Della led the way. As they reached this entrance, it occurred to Felicity that she hadn't been asked to give any personal details herself; name, age, previous experience or anything of that nature. Sheepishly, she introduced herself.

"By the way, I'm Felicity."

In the glare from the three spotlights that were now evident as the source of the illumination, the woman turned and smiled at her. It was the first opportunity that Felicity had really been given to study the woman's features, and something about her suddenly sent a shiver up the wannabe model's spine. For no warmth emanated from this attempt at friendliness, and the shadows cast by the lamps gave Della's face - with its one quizzically raised eyebrow and what seemed like a knowing smirk - a sinister, almost evil look that seemed to convey the message that her visitor's name was already well known to her. And this visage very nearly caused Felicity to turn on her heels and hightail back out the way she'd come in. Somehow, however, she managed to curb this urge to flee. It was just the dim, gloomy environment spooking her, she managed to convince herself. Everything would be fine. And besides, opportunities like this didn't come along every day, and if she ran out now, she might forever regret it. And a second or two later, the woman was beckoning her to enter the makeshift studio, and Felicity found herself distracted from these momentary doubts, and duly did as instructed.

As had been evident from the outside, the room was windowless, and completely covering each wall, what looked like thick insulating panels had been fastened. The woman must have noticed Felicity gazing at these, for she was eager to explain the reason for this padding.

"Until recently, this space was being used by a local rock band as a rehearsal studio, hence the soundproofing on the walls. It helps to deaden the noise from passing traffic as well, so we've decided to leave it in place for the time being. It creates a nice quiet environment in which to work, I find."

Aside from the lamps, there seemed to be very little in the way of fixtures and fittings, apart from a camera on a tripod, a full length mirror fixed to one wall, a small table with a closed metal case sitting on top, plus a folding privacy screen away to one side which masked one corner of the room. Slung over the top of this was a black garment of some description, although the dim light in this part of the room made the exact nature of this item unidentifiable at first. This was soon to change, however.

"Right my dear, if you'd like to go behind the screen and change into the suit provided, we'll get started."

Felicity had a thousand questions running through her brain at that moment, and was slightly unnerved by the lack of formalities, such as forms to fill in etc, and the fact that very few details about what she would be modelling and how the session would be conducted had been discussed. Maybe that would all come later, she thought to herself. After all, she'd not done this sort of thing before, and therefore had no benchmark against which to judge such practices. And so she meekly accepted the woman's prompt and walked over to the paneled screen, lifting the garment from its elevated resting place as she did so. The feel of the material was to prove an even bigger surprise, however.

Although having no preconceived ideas about the nature of the attire she'd be modelling, the sensation of what could only be rubber greeted her fingertips as she removed the solitary item of clothing from its perch. In a state of amazement, she held the one-piece garment up to get a better look at it. She gasped audibly. For this was no item of everyday wear, but a cat-suit fashioned from shiny latex, which - should she put it on - would cover her from the neck down to her toes, with sleeves that would sheath her arms as far down as the wrists. Even taking into account her slim form, the whole thing looked as if she would have difficulty pouring herself into such a restrictive costume. Her sharp intake of breath, it seemed, had been picked up by Della, and in an instant, she was at the startled novice's side. For a second Felicity was speechless, but swiftly managed to recover a modicum of composure and find her voice.

"What is this exactly? Am I supposed to get into this? It looks much too small."

"Relax darling, it'll be a perfect fit for you. Just try it on and you'll see how enjoyable the feel of latex next to your skin can be. I'm sure that once you're in it, you simply won't want to take it off again."

Felicity's mind was spinning with an overload of questions, but all she could come out with at that moment was,

"But... it's hardly the sort of thing women wear to go out in, is it? Who is this sort of thing aimed at exactly?"

Once again, Della had a ready-made answer.

"You must have noticed that the flyer mentioned that this was a 'Specialist Modelling Assignment'. And what we're specializing in today is fetish-wear. You may not know much about such things, but there's a huge fetish scene out there eager to buy the latest latex, PVC, leather and spandex gear for their...what shall we call them?...strange little hobbies. Now be a good girl and put the suit on so I can assess your suitability for the shoot. Be as quick as you can, as I'm sure they'll be plenty more candidates turning up soon who will be more than willing to model this delightful item without any qualms whatsoever."

The implication that this assignment could be snatched from under her nose if she didn't comply with requests such as this, had Felicity quickly darting behind the screen. In the twilight, she quickly removed her clothes down to her underwear. She was just about to insert her left foot into the leg, however, when the voice of her host, seeming to intuitively sense that she hadn't completely disrobed, echoed around the sparse room.

"Take all your clothes off Felicity. I don't want to see any Visible Panty Line."

Against her better judgement, Felicity removed her skimpy pants and bra, then recommenced applying the skin-tight suit that she was about to be photographed in. The thought of her mother seeing her thus attired made her tremble, as she knew full well that she'd be horrified at her daughter parading in such an outfit. She blushed also at the thought of what her friends would say if they happened upon these as yet untaken pictures. There would be a lot of banter at her expense, she was sure of that, and not all of it complimentary.

The cat-suit took longer to squeeze herself into than she'd at first imagined, clinging as it did to her skin every inch of the way up her legs, body and arms. Finally, though, after much straining and stretching, she had the outfit in place. She now found that the legs were footed, like tights, and that the arms ended in a kind of stirrup which fitted between the thumb and forefinger, to stop the sleeves riding back up towards her elbows. The back was secured with a zip fastener that started at the waist and pulled upwards to the neck. She found it difficult, if not impossible, to contort her arms around to get the zipper right to its finishing point, but by this time Della had appeared around the side of the screen, and was therefore on hand to offer her assistance in achieving this aim, as well as helping Felicity in smoothing out any wrinkles and getting the correct look required for

the shoot.

"Okay, come out into the light and let me have a look at you."

Self-consciously, Felicity made her way out into the space illuminated by the spotlights, whilst her host stood behind in the shadows, looking her prospective model up and down. Having asked Felicity to turn around a couple of times, as well as to stretch her arms upwards, then bend down and touch her toes, Della seemed content that everything was in order.

"That's really very good my dear. That outfit really suits you and fits so ultra-tightly. I'm sure any prospective buyers of this product will be completely 'wowed' by the sight of you."

She strolled forward into the lighted area and held out something metallic, which at first Felicity couldn't discern.

"Now I need to get you into these."

This latest utterance was spoken completely matter-of-factly, as if it was a normal, everyday request. But a slight clinking sound accompanied the movement of the metal objects, and Felicity studied the items that she was expected to 'get into' for the first time. Instinctively, she gasped with horror and took one step backwards. For there, lying on the upturned and open palm of Della's right hand, was a set of handcuffs that glistened in the strong glare. Stammering her words, Felicity looked aghast at the woman standing no more than a yard in front of her.

"Y...y...you....w...want me to put those around my wrists? W...w...why?"

Della was quickly in with her answer; that not quite convincing smile still playing on her lips.

"Because, as I told you darling, this is a shoot for a fetish-wear magazine. And most, if not all, of the potential buyers will be into bondage as well as latex. Don't worry though, they're not real handcuffs. There's a little release lever on each bracelet which allows the wearer to get out whenever they want. Take a look."

Della demonstrated by closing one of the bracelets down on her own wrist until the shiny steel was flush to her skin. With her other hand she pulled and jiggled the now completed circle to show that it wouldn't simply come away on its own.

"Nice and secure, right?"

Immediately, she pushed down on a small lever that protruded from the ring of metal close to where the chain joined this bracelet to its counterpart, answering her own question triumphantly as she did so.

"Wrong!"

Instantly the cuff fell away from her arm.

"You see? Any time you want to get out, all you have to do is just press down and, voila, you're completely free! Try it if you like."

She handed the set of manacles to Felicity who, still with some reservations, closed one cuff down around her wrist; the sharp clicking of the ratchets echoing eerily around the room. Quickly she activated the release mechanism which, to her great relief, did exactly as she had been led to believe, and allowed her to open the bracelet and remove her hand.

"So are you happy to get on with the audition now?"

Della continued to smile, but Felicity detected a hint of impatience in her voice. Although not one hundred percent convinced of the nature of this strange assignment, she nodded and heard herself meekly answer in the affirmative.

"That's good. So first I'll need you to turn around and place your hands behind your back."

Once again, Felicity balked slightly at this suggestion.

"Behind my back? I thought you were just going to..."

Della broke in before Felicity could finish her sentence.

"Of course it has to be behind your back. You've got a lot to learn about the bondage scene, haven't you, my dear? Now come on, I haven't got all day."

With her mind still reeling from all that had gone on in recent minutes, Felicity turned and faced the wall. She expected to feel, straightaway, the cold steel encompassing her wrists. And this sensation did soon come to pass, but only after what must have been the best part of five seconds had elapsed; a time-span which, had it gone on more than a second longer, would have seen Felicity turn back around to check out the reason for the delay.

"There. How does that feel? All nice and comfortable?"

'Comfortable' wasn't exactly the adjective that Felicity would have used. 'Restrictive' maybe, or 'tight' perhaps, 'claustrophobic' even, but never 'comfortable', and certainly not something that she would wear out of choice. But the knowledge that she could get her hands loose at any time kept any sense of panic that might have arisen well under control, and she managed to resist the urge to immediately activate the release buttons. She therefore simply answered that the cuffs felt "okay". But if she had assumed that this was the last of the weird stuff that she would be asked to endure, she was soon to find herself once again shocked by Della's next remark.

"Right then, let's get you gagged and hooded, shall we?"

Leaning into the now open metal box which sat on top of the small table just behind the lights, Della pulled out two items which she swiftly brought onto the illuminated section of the floor. With wide-eyes, Felicity's attention focused on these two strange contraptions; a rubber ball with straps connected to each side, and a small pouch made, it appeared, from the same material as her outfit.

"But I don't understand...Why do I need to wear these?"

Della sighed, wearily.

"Because that's what the people who've commissioned this shoot have asked for: full bondage regalia. If you're not up for it, I'm sure some of the other hopefuls

that turn up today will be only too happy to play the part. Now what's it to be?"

For some reason, Felicity found herself nodding her head, although the thought of being humiliated in this way didn't really appeal at all. Still, at least the hood would hide her identity, should anyone she knew happen to see the resulting photographs.

With an expertise that suggested that she'd done this sort of thing before, Della quickly eased the slightly too large ball into the cavity behind Felicity's teeth, and quickly buckled the straps together at the nape of her neck.

"There you go. How does that feel?"

It was basically the same question that had been asked immediately after the application of the handcuffs. But whereas before she had been able to give a comprehensible answer, now the only sounds that issued forth from Felicity's mouth were a series of mumbled grunts, which were meant to convey the message that the ball was a bit uncomfortable and made her jaw ache. Whether Della understood or not was never clear, for without trying to interpret Felicity's attempted response, she quickly brought the second item up towards the crown of the now voiceless woman's skull, and deftly pulled it down over her head. Felicity squirmed involuntarily at the strong smell of latex, as the hood was being eased over her face and down to her neck. Della obviously knew that this sudden action had the potential to cause panic, however, and swiftly attempted to allay any fears.

"Just relax and don't struggle. I'll have the eye and nose holes positioned correctly in just a second. I know it can seem a bit claustrophobic at first, but you'll soon get used to it."

No sooner had she stopped speaking, than the blackness that had briefly freaked Felicity out gave way to the light from the spotlights, now reaching her eyes through two small peepholes in the fabric. And a second or two later, her nose, which had been briefly stifled in its attempts to take in oxygen, was once again accosted by good, clean air, as presumably her nostrils had now also been aligned with apertures designed for just this purpose. But events were now occurring at such a speed, that Felicity was given no time to contemplate the implications of

what had just befallen her. Now Della was pulling the hood snugly around her auditionee's throat, before smoothing the whole tightly molded covering down, so that, like her cat-suit, there would be no wrinkles visible. With the hood fixed to her satisfaction, Della stood back to admire her handiwork.

"There you go, almost ready for the audition now. Take a look at yourself in the mirror if you like and let me know what you think."

Felicity turned and gazed at the now completely black vision that stared back at her. The cat-suit swathed her in one smooth sheet of glistening latex up to her neck, highlighting her shapely figure and thighs. No visible gap could be discerned between the top of this garment and the lower reaches of the hood, which appeared to have been buckled in place at her throat. Her arms, of course, were held unseen behind her back. The hood itself, it could now be seen, had three zippers in evidence. But whereas the two tiny ones at the corners of each eye had been left open for her to view her own image, the longer one across her mouth had been left shut; although a slight bulge beneath still betrayed the fact that she was ball-gagged. Mercifully, the two apertures at her nostrils revealed no such means of closure. But if her eyes, nose and mouth at least had potential outlets on the world beyond, turning her head to first one side then the other, soon revealed that her ears had been afforded no such luxury, as the unbroken latex formed a drum-like skin over her aural organs. From the top of her head, however, sprung a makeshift ponytail of her long golden hair.

For a few seconds, Felicity stood transfixed by the image of herself as a latex-clad doll to be drooled over by the bondage fraternity. Or was it disgust that kept her eyes - the only small section of her being now visible - mesmerized? Whatever the cause, the spell was soon broken by a clinking sound behind her. Swiveling around on her heels, she was just in time to see Della sidling up beside her. But what made Felicity take two steps in the opposite direction, were the chains and shackles that the only other occupant of the building held in her hands.

"Right, just a few more chains around your legs and body should do the trick."

A sudden shiver of terror rushed up Felicity's spine. Okay, she'd gone along with this extremely bizarre scenario up until now; allowing herself to be locked in mock handcuffs, then succumbing to these odd facial restraints. But more bonds that would, no doubt, limit her movement to a point where she was totally helpless

and couldn't get free? This was just too much. Stepping - almost running in fact - towards the screen behind which her clothes were located, she decided that it was time to invoke the 'get-out clause' and release her wrists from the handcuffs. The plan was that, after she'd removed the smothering hood, and taken the gag from her mouth, she'd tell Della that this had all been a mistake, and that she'd decided against being a part of this perverse project, and to hell with any potential modelling career. This proposed course of action hit a major snag almost immediately, however.

Felicity had made certain, when she'd first experimented with the cuff's release lever on the 'dry run', that she knew exactly where they were located on the bracelets, so that she could activate them and release herself in no more than a second or two. For some reason, however, now that her right hand came to search for the small push-bar on the left bracelet, she was perturbed to discover that her fingers only encountered the smooth curving metal that encircled her wrist. She tried again, but the sought after freedom-giving mechanism still failed to present itself to her flailing fingers. With a sense of dread beginning to mount, her quest shifted to the other wrist. But alas, success proved just as elusive. So engrossed did she become in her pursuit of liberation, that she failed to take note of Della, who was now standing only a foot or two away; the smile, if anything, broader and more evil-looking than ever before. She'd by now discarded the chains that she'd been carrying, and instead held a single pair of handcuffs out for Felicity to view. They looked identical to the ones she'd been presented with earlier.

"Is this what you're looking for?"

Holding the cuffs up in front of her captive's eyes, she flicked the lever on the, until now, closed bracelet, allowing it to swing open.

Felicity made some sound that she hoped conveyed the message that this was indeed the aim of her quest, and that she was having difficulty attaining this goal. But instead of coming to her aid, Della merely laughed.

"They do look almost identical to the ones you're having trouble opening, don't they? The thing is though, that I substituted this pair for the ones you're wearing just prior to putting them on you. As you've probably now worked out, the

difference between the two sets is that the ones you're encumbered with now are real handcuffs, not like these toy ones that you saw earlier."

For a moment or two, Felicity couldn't quite take in the implications of what Della was telling her. After a few seconds, the penny dropped however, and the comprehension that she was trapped was confirmed by Della's next utterance.

"The cuffs that you're so desperate to get out of can only be opened with a key...which, of course, you don't have access to!"

Felicity's enquiry as to why she'd been drawn into this trap came out as complete gibberish, and Della seemed to be in no mood to respond to this line of questioning anyway, at least not until she'd finished the binding process. Pulling Felicity back into the spotlighted area, she forced her squirming victim to sit on the wooden floor, before retrieving the chains and other steel restraints that she'd ditched only moments earlier. Despite the protesting Felicity's endeavors to halt the process, within only a minute or two, her oppressor had fixed metal shackles - similar to handcuffs, with a connecting chain of no more than one inch - around her latex adorned ankles and secured them tightly, ensuring that the wearer had no way of walking. But worse was to follow. For as soon as the helplessly panicking woman's feet had been rendered useless, she found herself being rolled over onto her stomach, her legs bent up behind her, and a third set of manacles employed to conjoin the two pairs already worn at her wrists and ankles. Felicity's despairingly clawing fingers soon concluded, of course, that these fetters, like the others, were the real deal and boasted no easy get-out button or lever.

Now hog-cuffed and incapable of getting to her feet, Felicity soon found more chains being wrapped her around her torso and limbs, as Della began the process of making life even more uncomfortable for her bemused and terrified prisoner. After a frenzied minute or two of these endeavors, therefore, Felicity was to find her arms and body encumbered beneath several circuits of gently rattling metal restraints, and her legs further restricted by similar bonds that had been wrapped around her knees, thighs and several points in between, to make certain that movement of almost any description was beyond her capabilities. Needless to say, all these extra shackles were fastened with padlocks that couldn't be removed without a key. Only once the locking of these unbreakable security

devices had been completed to Della's high standards, did she see fit to deliver some kind of explanation for her actions. As she stood back to admire her work, Felicity could only look up pathetically through eyes filled with tears, as the devious tactics used to draw her to Silent Street, and the logic behind the subterfuge, were at last revealed.

"You have no idea who I am, do you? Well let me enlighten you."

Della paced the floor, the smirk on her face giving away the fact that her plan had all gone according to script. And as she got into her stride, it became obvious to the increasingly shocked and terrified captive who squirmed and whimpered in her helplessness, that her tormentor was enjoying her role as storyteller.

"As you know already, my name's Della. But what you've failed to grasp is that I'm the girlfriend of the man you're intent on sending to prison for the foreseeable future."

She waited a second or two for this piece of information to sink in.

"Yes, that's right, Mike Anderson is my boyfriend."

Another pause ensued, as Felicity upped her struggles and desperately tried to find a weak link in the binding process that had her trapped. She failed to find one, of course; a situation which Della found highly amusing.

"So we decided that, if you're taken out of circulation for a while, the whole case will collapse, and Mike can walk free. Clever, eh?"

Felicity shrieked with all her might, but this only made Della laugh long and loud.

"Scream all you like my dear, nobody can hear you in here. As I said earlier this place was soundproofed by the previous tenants. I've done tests, and even from just outside the room you can hardly hear a thing once the door's closed. You could play heavy metal music at top volume, and nobody would be any the wiser. And certainly no one in the adjacent buildings, or out in the street, would ever have any inkling that there was a 'damsel-in-distress' screaming her head off only a few yards away. Your silence is thus assured."

Della stopped her wanderings and crouched down beside her trembling victim. Gently, she held out a hand and placed it over the zipper which covered Felicity's mouth.

"Now I'm sure you're wondering why, if this room is so resistant to the outgoing passage of sound, I bothered with that gag."

This time she failed to wait for a response of any kind.

"Well the answer is simple. I've used it not as a speech inhibitor as such, but as a means of torture. You may not have realized it yet, but after several hours of that ball being wedged behind your teeth, your jaw is going to really ache...and they'll be nothing you can do to alleviate the discomfort. That's the sort of punishment girls who go shouting their mouths off to the police deserve."

She stood up again and recommenced her pacing.

"So it looks like you're going to have to stay here for the foreseeable future, doesn't it?"

It was at this point that a sudden flash of hope seared through Felicity's brain. Of Course! Why hadn't she thought of this earlier? What about the other women who received the leaflet through their letterboxes and, like her, would be turning up today for their auditions? It seemed that Della must have read her thoughts, for her next remark directly addressed this issue...but in a way that shattered Felicity's briefly raised spirits.

"Oh, and if you were thinking that maybe some of today's other contestants might just save you, then you can forget it. How many of those flyers do you think I printed and distributed?"

With a face positively glowing with pride, she once again bent down beside her powerless detainee and raised one finger in front of Felicity's eyes.

"One, that's all. One solitary leaflet designed and printed just for your benefit and no one else's, then hand delivered especially to your door. Don't you feel honored

to be given such special treatment?"

Getting up from her kneeling position, Della began to dismantle the camera from its tripod and pack it neatly away in its case, whilst Felicity could do nothing but wriggle defiantly in her jingling bonds and plead desperately to be spared the fate awaiting her. She cursed herself now for not having told a single soul where she was going today. The upshot of this failure on her part, of course, was that when she didn't reappear, nobody would have a clue where to start looking for her. Her ruminations on such matters were interrupted again, however, with more insight into her plight being given out by her extremely smug captor.

"So, I'm afraid it's going to be quite some time before you see the light of day again. Don't worry though, I will come back to feed you each day...at least until the day Mike gets released. From then on you may have to wait a day or two in solitary confinement before liberation. You see, once he's a free man again, we plan to go abroad to start a new life together. Don't worry though, when we get to a country where there's no extradition treaty with the UK, then we'll send a note to the British police, making them aware of what's become of you."

Della switched off two of the spotlights and folded them away, leaving just one solitary beam shining directly on the squirming latex form in the center of the room. The reflection cast by the shiny fabric seemed to remind Della of something she hadn't yet explained, yet felt might be of interest to the ensnared and writhing young woman.

"I expect you're wondering why I went to all this trouble with the latex outfit, aren't you? Well I had to make it look like a real fetish shoot, otherwise I doubt you'd have been taken in by it all. After all, if I'd got you to dress up in a pretty, girly frock, the handcuffs and other restraints might have seemed a little out-of-place, and you'd have smelt a rat straightaway and not taken the bait. But with the latex, and the supposedly fake handcuffs, you fell right into my little trap, didn't you? How gullible are you, darling?"

Della finished clearing all the props away and, with a look of self-satisfied contentment on her face, sat down on the floor beside Felicity for one final time.

"Mike's been locked up for several weeks, but now it's your turn to find out what

incarceration is really like."

Without warning, Della grabbed the zipper at the side of Felicity's left eye, and slowly, with what seemed like a devious sense of ceremony, dragged it shut. A second later her right eye succumbed to a similar process. On each occasion, a momentary rasping sound accompanied Felicity's descent into a world of complete blackness. If she hadn't been terrified before, then this total sensory exclusion sent her into hysteria mode, and she found her whole body bucking and rearing across the hard floor. But even above her attempted pleas for leniency, she could still hear Della's harsh laughter as she prepared to exit the room. "See you in about twenty four hours' time Felicity. I hope you find your new home comfortable and to your liking."

For a few minutes, Della could be heard removing all the equipment from the room. Then, suddenly, a door slammed shut, and the distant sound of a key turning in its lock reached Felicity's padded ears. After which, silence prevailed.

For a while Felicity screamed her head off, as the realization that she had been hoodwinked into a situation from which she was unable to extricate herself sunk into her shell-shocked brain. She supplemented these vocal outbursts by attempting to slither her way across the floor in all her rattling finery, in the general direction that she knew the door to be situated. But in her severely fettered state this proved an overwhelmingly difficult task, and after only a few minutes she found herself out of breath due to the strenuous nature of her endeavors. But worse than this, the blackness in which she was forced to advance, ensured that she very quickly lost her bearings, and wasn't even certain whether she was steering the right course anymore, or if she was heading in a completely wrong direction.

Taking a few seconds break, she attempted to catch her breath and think things through logically. There had to be a way out of this mess, she kept telling herself. The trouble was that despite this desperate wishful thinking, after only a minute or two she was forced to conclude that, unless she had missed out some very important component in her thought processes, then this optimism was entirely without foundation. And the more she racked her brains, the further away from a satisfactory solution she seemed to get, and moreover, the obstacles and barriers that stood in her way seemed to multiply rather than diminish as the seconds

ticked by.

Top of the list of these insurmountable hurdles was the dilemma of how to project her voice to such a level that it could be heard in the outside world. During the seconds in which she rested, it occurred to her that, aside from the constant in- and exhalation of her breath, no other incoming sound seemed to be reaching her. Okay, so her ears were encumbered by a sheet of muffling rubber which she was powerless to remove. But even so, Silent Street, although not one of the town's main thoroughfares, should still have been fairly busy at what must by now be around noon on a weekday; not only with the noise of traffic, but also the chatter and footsteps of passing pedestrians. Yet, even straining hard, none of this anticipated hubbub filtered through to her eardrums. And if incoming sound was being blocked from getting through to her, then it didn't take a genius to work out that any cries for help that she attempted to transmit would be equally soaked up by the efficient soundproofing system that Della had been so keen to inform her about. So if attracting attention to her predicament was out of the question, then she would have to rely on her own efforts to get out of the unenviable mess that she found herself in. But that, of course, was easier said than done.

Pulling frantically on her metal restraints only highlighted the fact that escape was beyond her means, and as despair at the futility of her situation began to set in, the realization that her captor had covered all the bases with regard to her not getting away or seeking attention became evident.

So what was to become of her? Could Della really be intending to keep her here until after the scheduled trial date, before abandoning her whilst she and Mike made their getaway to some far-flung corner of the world? With the trial still more than a week away, followed by the duo's departure from the UK to factor into the equation, it could be two weeks before she was discovered and released. And this all relied on the assumption that everything went according to her kidnappers' plans. What if, for some reason or other, Mike wasn't released from prison? It seemed that, under such circumstances, Della would be unable to let her go for fear of this whole abduction plot becoming common knowledge. And this all assumed that Della could be trusted to keep her word, of course. Even supposing that their devious scheme went like clockwork, what if, once out of the country, the pair failed - either by accident or design - to alert the authorities to

her plight?

All these ifs, buts and maybes kept running relentlessly through Felicity's frantically spinning head, causing an ever greater cloak of panic and despondency to enshroud her. But what was there to in any way lift the gloom and dampen down the rising hysteria? Could any ray of light be found that might ease her slide into terminal melancholy and a sense of eternal hopelessness? Well maybe there was one possible outlet with the potential to divert her mind away from all this misery and dejection...at least temporarily anyway.

The first inkling Felicity received that something out of the ordinary was going on, came as she recommenced her struggles after one of her enforced breaks to catch her breath. It came as a complete shock to her, both because the sensation seemed inappropriate given the nature of her current situation, but also due to the fact that, in those bewildering moments when Della had been adding chain after chain to her already hog-cuffed form, Felicity's brain had failed to register the exact nature of one of these extra bonds; her attention being more focused at the time on getting out of her existing fetters, rather than worrying about the location of still to be applied restraints. She would, however, soon come to view this discovery as a temporary but welcome diversion from the far weightier matters that confronted her.

For as Felicity began another bout of arduously propelling herself across the room, the realization came to her that something had been threaded between her legs; something that, every time she moved, dug higher and higher up into the taut latex in the region of her crotch. It took her only a second or two to realize that this was one of the myriad chains that Della had so expertly burdened her with, which seemed to have been attached to another fetter that had been wound tightly around her waist and locked in place with a small yet stout padlock.

Whilst desperate to find freedom, the fact that every time she shifted her position, the uneven links of the chain rubbed and chaffed, not in a painful or irritating way, but in a strangely pleasurable manner, caused Felicity to momentarily halt in her quest for liberation and instead pause to investigate this unlikely phenomenon. And after a minute or so of experimentation she found, to both her surprise and - it soon became evident - great delight, that by grabbing the chain that ran up her butt crack, and wrenching it back and forth, a weird and

wonderful sexually arousing sensation began to course through her. And despite the anxiety and dread of what was going to become of her in the long term, she found this event so seductive and intriguing that a strange compulsion came over her, and she simply had to test this out further and follow wherever it might lead.

And where it led was to a state of sheer, unadulterated ecstasy, as within no more than two minutes, the most glorious orgasm she had ever experienced in her life ripped through her, as she thrashed about in a desperate effort, not to get free, but to heighten, and indeed prolong this taste of heaven for as long as physically possible. Her groans, too, were no longer pitiful pleas aimed at seeking help, but instead spoke of joy and delight at this complete change in fortunes. For a few minutes, freedom seemed like an over-rated concept, as she thrust her hips and jerked her entire being to a rhythm of her own making; her search for release from her bonds being overridden, momentarily at least, by a quest for a different kind of liberation.

Finally, however, with her energies spent, Felicity's body collapsed limply back to the floor; breathing heavily through her nose to replace the vast amounts of oxygen expended during her energy sapping exertions. Resting now, Felicity felt more at peace with herself than she could have ever imagined possible a few minutes ago. Ok, so her overall situation was still that of a helpless prisoner, and her sentence remained one of seemingly never-ending duration. But now she'd discovered a way in which, if she was to be kept here for the best part of two weeks, she could entertain herself and relieve the anxiety and boredom that day after day of sensory deprived bondage would otherwise entail... at least for a few minutes at a time.

She had been hoodwinked into thinking that she was here auditioning for a bondage photo-shoot, and although at the time the whole concept had been alien to her, Felicity now received some insight into what it was that fascinated and excited people about being clothed in skin-tight latex and kept inescapably bound. Subconsciously, maybe the idea wasn't quite as alien to her as she'd at first assumed. In fact, maybe - just maybe - she could grow to love this form of escapism with a few days' of practice.

Outside, the people of Ipswich continued to go about their daily business; passing only a few feet from where Felicity lay in her soundproofed and windowless

incarceration chamber, yet oblivious to the strange drama being played out only inches away from them.

Silent Street, it seemed, was living up to its name, and had no intention of giving up its secrets any time soon.