

## Soft Cell

She had never seen a padded cell before, let alone been inside one and when a Doctor acquaintance of hers happened to mention that the old country house he had recently purchased and was in the process of renovating, had one, she was immediately intrigued. In the early 1920's, he told her, the house had belonged to a wealthy businessman whose only daughter had been so mentally unbalanced that rather than committing her to an institution, he had had the cell built to allow her to stay at home and stop her from injuring herself.

He was planning to turn it into a games-room, but if she would like to see it before it was re-modelled, then why didn't she come around one evening to take a look? She did want to and agreed a date.

Even with the directions he gave her, she had trouble finding the place and it was only after passing the narrow, heavily-overgrown track twice, that she realised it must be the turning she needed. After negotiating the twisting lane for over two miles, she was relieved to find him waiting for her outside a large, dilapidated, once-beautiful house that was in the early stages of being rebuilt, to judge from the piles of sand and bricks laying around.

He saw her expression and shrugged, then apologised for the mess and invited her inside, assuring her that although a huge amount of cosmetic work still needed to be done to the exterior, the basic structure was perfectly sound. He had already moved in and when he showed her around, she was very impressed by the elegantly-luxurious and tasteful décor, not to mention envious of the money it must have cost to achieve such a transformation. Her small, rented apartment couldn't begin to compare and she couldn't help wishing that she could afford to live in such style.

And when she remembered that he had been divorced for several years, she began to wonder if he was ever lonely and felt the need for some female company? Of course, he was quite a lot older than her, but he was good-looking and seemed to be in shape. Perhaps a little flirting was in order and if he was interested, well, she was sure he wouldn't be disappointed with her in the bedroom department and it really was a beautiful house.

The padded cell had been dug out of the solid rock under the house; reached via an alcove in the lounge and a flight of stone steps leading down to a massive iron door, double-bolted on the outside and with a sliding viewing panel to allow a watch to be kept on its unfortunate occupant. The interior; floor, walls and even ceiling, was lined with thickly padded quilting in remarkably good condition and still bone-dry, and as she stood in the centre of the small, square room and marvelled aloud at the idea of a person being kept confined inside for months or even years, he nodded agreement, then drew her attention to a tall cabinet just outside the door.

Opening it, she gazed silently at the leather and steel-hooded harness that hung from a hook inside and as he told her that it had been used to restrain the businessman's daughter, her eyes widened and she shook her head in sympathy for the poor girl's plight. Mistaking her pity for disbelief, he frowned and assured her it was true, then smiled an apology as she explained that she didn't doubt his word, but had felt sorry for the girl who had worn it and couldn't begin to imagine how she must have felt.

He agreed that it must have been an incredible feeling, particularly as the instructions for the harness required that the patient be naked to avoid slippage of the straps, then gave a broad grin and suggested that if she really wanted to know ... and was brave enough ... why didn't she try it?

She stared at him for a long time, her curiosity piqued and fighting against the warnings of her common-sense not to even think about it. And had decided to say no, when he chuckled ruefully and told her that he wouldn't argue if she told him to go to Hell, but hoped she wouldn't blame him for trying to get a beautiful, sexy woman out of her clothes. After all, he *was* a man.

She couldn't help but smile at his honesty and as he shrugged and suggested they go back upstairs for a drink, she felt a reckless urge to surprise him. Reaching into the cabinet, she lifted the harness down from its hook and hiding her surprise at its weight, held it out to him and invited him to test whether it still worked.

When he took it from her, she began to remove her clothes and as she saw his eyes devour her breasts and belly and thighs as she stripped herself naked, she shivered to an unexpectedly-powerful wave of delicious excitement and arousal. At his request, she walked back into the padded cell and knelt on the

resilient flooring in the centre, then let her arms hang loosely at her sides and crossed her ankles as he brought the harness over to her.

The first strap encircled her waist just a little more tightly than she might have wished, but as it wasn't really too uncomfortable, she decided not to complain. Then it was the turn of her ankles and as she found that the wide, buckled cuffs were riveted together and she could no longer uncross her ankles, she began to realise just how well-designed and efficient the harness was.

With the thigh-cuffs in place and connected to her ankles, she wasn't able to straighten her legs or rise from her knees and when he fitted her wrist-cuffs and clipped them to her thighs, she discovered that even when she stretched her fingers as far as they would go, the buckles on her other bonds were still well out of reach.

She was already helpless and unable to free herself, but as she soon learned, the harness had still other surprises for her. The first was the strap that went right around her body just below her naked breasts and when its attached cuffs were clamped above her elbows and the strap was tightened, her arms were locked to her sides and completely immobilised. The second was the hood, because she had not realised that it was designed to seal almost her entire head, with the exception of a small triangular cut-out at her nostrils, inside a double layer of heavy, constricting leather.

By the time she realised that the hood contained yet more surprises it was too late, soft pads moulding themselves to her ears and eyes and a thick cylinder of hard leather forcing its way into her mouth to make her deaf, dumb and blind. She tried to protest, but the gag seemed to soak up her words and as the laces tightened to draw the leather even more firmly against her face, she was reduced to breathy squeals through her nose. These were to no avail, for a wide strap covering her lips and cheeks came next, forcing the gag even deeper into her mouth as it tightened.

Desperately hoping that the strap was the last, she whimpered in anguish as she felt a wide, stiff collar clamped around her throat and over the neck tube of her hood, forcing her to hold her chin up and removing her ability to turn her head. But even that was nothing compared to the shock of her final surprise: a longer strap clipped to the ring on the front of her waist-belt, led through between her partially-open thighs and up to a heavy ring on the rear

of her collar, then was shortened to draw the leather into and through the soft, delicate tissues of her sex-lips and the deep cleft between her rounded buttocks.

A devastating jolt of scorching arousal speared into her belly as the leather sank into her sex and she jerked madly at her bonds, only to find that her slightest movement caused the same awful effect. She froze into horrified immobility, not even daring to twitch as the full extent of her hopeless situation sank into her spinning brain. If she tried to move or escape, the strap between her legs would bury itself even more deeply into her body and add another upward twist of arousal to the heat already seething in her belly. And if that happened, she might well be unable to control herself or hold back the orgasm that would inevitably follow if she couldn't.

Under her hood, she felt a hot flush of embarrassment warm her gagged cheeks at the thought of climaxing in full view of the Doctor. That would be just too humiliating to bear and she simply would not ... not ... let it happen. One at a time, she felt slight, puzzling pressure at each of the cuffs and straps that bound her and it took almost a full minute to work out what was happening. When she did, an icy chill of alarm raced up her naked spine.

He was fitting padlocks to every one of her bonds. But why would he do that when it must be glaringly obvious that she had absolutely no chance of escape even without them? The answer came in the form of a distant whisper that filtered through the double layers of her hood and the pads over her ears and she shuddered in appalled dismay and total disbelief as the faint voice informed her what was going to happen to her then apologised for it.

He had always liked her, the voice said, even before his divorce, but had never thought that a gorgeous woman like her would give him a second look. Mentioning the padded cell had been pure coincidence and even when she expressed interest in seeing it, it had never occurred to him to use it for its original purpose as high-security accommodation. Not until three days later, when he suddenly realised the possibilities and began to work out a plan.

Of course, he had known that what he planned was illegal, but how could he resist the one golden opportunity she had given him? He would never have forced her if she had resisted his suggestion that she try on the harness, the voice assured her, but when she offered of her own free will, and he saw her

sexual heat when she stripped in front of him, he had known that she really did want to be his prisoner and his slave. And now she was.

Naturally, it would take time for her to become accustomed to the harness and hood, so until she acclimatised, he would only arouse her and give her orgasms with his hands and lips until she was ready to serve him as a full sex-slave. Unfortunately, she would have to stay locked in the cell for the foreseeable future, due to the builders working on the house, but she needn't worry about being discovered by accident because, although she perhaps hadn't noticed it, the alcove at the top of the steps had a false door which concealed the entrance perfectly. Anyone who didn't know it existed would never find it and as the cell was soundproofed, there was no danger of anyone hearing her, if she was permitted to make any noise.

She was perfectly safe and as he was the only person who knew where she was, he would be sure to look after her and supply everything she would ever need. So, all she had to do was to obey his orders and do her best to please him. He hoped she knew that he wasn't a cruel man, but he did expect her to comply with his wishes and, if she made it necessary, he would have to discipline her. He didn't believe that he would enjoy it, but he would do it if he had to, so it would be much better and more pleasant for them both if she submitted willingly. And finally, he apologised. He was truly sorry that he had had to deceive her like this, but he simply **had** to have her and he promised to do everything he could to make her slavery as enjoyable and satisfying as possible.

His voice faded to silence and as the bound woman fought to come to terms with the stunning knowledge that she was never going to be released and was to become his sexual slave, she moaned in horrified denial, trying in vain to convince herself that this was only a nightmare and couldn't possibly be real. But, as hours passed and she remained bound and helpless, she was slowly and inexorably forced to accept the truth of her situation.

Unable to escape or resist and with her naked body hopelessly vulnerable to any torment or arousal he cared to impose on her, she could not stop him carrying out his plan to turn her into his obedient sex-slave. Whether she liked it or not, she was to be forced to serve him in any way he desired and she did not believe for a moment that he would not enjoy disciplining her. Her "choices" were frighteningly simple: submit, obey and become a willing slave, or try to resist, be punished and, eventually, submit, obey and become a slave

anyway. Willing or not, the end result would be the same and she was beginning to know it.

Her former life as a free woman was over. She steeled herself to accept and endure whatever the future held in store and, her belly churned and swirled with unwanted, unstoppable heat. Her juices oozed humiliatingly over the strap bisecting her sex-lips as her arousal rose steadily higher and she rocked gently back and forth on her knees, tugging on her bonds in an effort to achieve an orgasm. At last, with a muffled scream of ecstasy, her harnessed body shuddered and vibrated; her breasts jiggling erotically as her climax exploded into her belly to mark her very first submission as a slave.

A slave who was unaware that her surrender to the intense sexual need unleashed in her body by her bondage subjugation had been witnessed and thoroughly enjoyed by the man whose eyes glittered at the viewing panel in the bolted iron door of her cell.

Sliding the panel closed, the Doctor chuckled in satisfaction and returned to his comfortable bed. His slave was clearly adapting to her new status and by morning would doubtless be ready to submit to his fingers and lips. And soon, she would be ready to serve him fully for what would be only the first of many thousands of times he would enter her body and exert his absolute power over her.