

THE STORY OF T

A bdsm fantasy (C) Copyright Peter Mann

Chapter 1 - Arrival At The Institution

About 9am, after an hour's drive from Prague into the Czech countryside, we pulled into the gravel driveway leading up to the Institute. I braked to a stop. We had arrived at last! It had been quite a tiring drive after our long flight from the USA. About sixty miles along the highway, then the last twenty miles along winding country roads. Luckily we had a good map. I lit a cigarette for my wife and one for myself.

We were both tired. We hadn't slept on the plane. I noticed my wife was smiling.

'I'm wondering if you'll manage to sleep tonight, dear.' She explained, though a curl of blue cigarette smoke.

I grinned back. I knew what she was imagining.....me, in bondage. She loved bondage as much as me, maybe even more so. I stepped on the gas, and the SUV surged up the drive, scattering the leaves and gravel.

'Thanks for letting me come here for part of our vacation, darling' I said 'you know I've desperately wanted to visit this place ever since I discovered it on the Internet, and found they specialize in realistic prison bondage.....they actually have real cells here! And you know how that turns me on!....I'm really looking forward to seeing if I can escape from a real prison cell. And I know that it turns you on to have me helplessly restrained too. Now we're financially secure, and I don't have to work any more, you can leave me here for a whole week if you want! We don't need to be back in the States until next week, so I can stay here as your real prisoner. You can spend a few days sightseeing in Prague, then come back and let me out, when you're good and ready. And like we agreed, please don't tell me exactly when you'll come and let me out....not eve a hint, please.....that way my "prison stay" will be much more realistic'.

I saw her smile more broadly.

'Yes, dear. I'm looking forward this too. It really turns me on to have you restrained. I just love the thought of keeping you a helpless prisoner. I especially love it when you struggle but can't escape. And I'm not worried that you'll escape from here! I inspected their cells when I was over here on business last year. When I visited, they had five husbands locked up here, each chained in a cell, just bare concrete walls. The cells were all soundproof, so they could yell as much as they wanted. And the cell doors had little glass peepholes. It was such fun to peep in and watch the inmates without them knowing! And they can't get out until their wives give permission! So delicious! I think it's really great that this is all completely legal in this country. The Governess told me that some of the wives planned to leave their husbands here permanently! I wonder if she was joking.

So I know I'm really going to enjoy knowing you are confined here. I thought it was a very nice place on my visit. I think you'll quickly become very attached to the place.....darling!'

'You mean.... by a chain?' I laughed. She nodded. And smiled.

'I know I will. I'm looking forward to a great week living my fantasy. I love chains and locks so much' I said.

She said 'You will certainly get to play with a chain and padlock here, dear! I've seen it. It looked positively medieval, the way they keep men chained here! And I'm told the guards insist on very strict discipline....severe punishment for the slightest disobedience! So, this time, you will have to behave...or else! So delicious! And....wouldn't it be fun if I was to leave you locked up..... for a really long time?... maybe a VERY long time..... I could! You know that, don't you? Doesn't that give you a thrill?'

'Yes dear! I know that I can't get out of this place until you decide...that definitely adds to the thrill! Just like a real prison! But I'm not worried about you leaving me here. We only have a week's vacation! Maybe we'll do it longer another time. Let's see how this first visit goes first, then decide about longer visits' I replied.

She laughed again. 'But..... it is possible.... that I could cancel your return flight and leave you here for a month, isn't it?...don't you like that thought, dear? Doesn't that possibility give you a thrill?....I know it does me!'

Yes, it did indeed give me a thrill, I thought! But why was she teasing me about this so much?' I wondered to myself. 'Perhaps she's planning to leave me here for the whole week?' I thought.

She saw the uncertain look in my eyes, and burst out laughing.

'You don't know if I'm teasing or not, do you? You poor dear!' she laughed.

'I think I can tell, mostly! I laughed back.

'That's good darling....can you really tell when I'm teasing? And when I'm not? You'll soon know if I'm teasing.....you'll be locked up, and will just have to wait and wonder when... or if.... I'm going to let you out! Then I guess you will know for sure. But it will be too late for you to do anything! So delicious! Won't that be fun? The uncertainty, I mean '

'Yes dear, it will be great fun' I said, beginning to feel confused. What was she getting at?

I continued. 'Thanks very much for letting me do this. Bondage is my most intense fantasy! Come and get me out when you've had enough time in Prague. I'll enjoy the bondage experience here, I know I will, so don't worry about me here'.

'I won't worry about you here dear. I know you love bondage, and they specialize in that here. I checked the place out well... they are internationally known, stable, and respected, and don't do anything dangerous. All their customers are long-term customers. And they take very good care of them! I'll so love to think of you as a long term inmate....locked up, wanting to escape and not being able to! That's what you'll get, dear!.....now tell me.....do you still want to go ahead!?'

I answered her without hesitation. I knew this was my destiny. If she would allow it.

'Yes dear! I really do! I've always wanted to experience a real prison, as I've told you so often. I want to make this as real an experience as possible. I want be really locked up, under your complete control. It will be a really great vacation, I know it will. I can't wait!'

She smiled. 'I knew that would be your answer. But I had to ask one last time! Don't worry dear, you don't have much longer to wait. I'll sign the contract like we arranged, and then under Czech law it will be completely legal for me to have you locked up, just as long as I wish. Maybe weeks and weeks! Such a thrill! I love the thought! Maybe even more than you do.'

'And also don't worry about our investments while you're here...I know you worry about them, so I'll phone the manager of our properties and investments. You assigned me power over all of these, in the event that you were absent. So I promise I'll take care of anything that needs doing until you finish your stay here.'

We came to the end of the long gravel drive, and I braked to a stop at the large building. It was a large stone building. Looked to be pretty old, but it seemed to be in perfect repair. I noticed that the narrow windows had thick steel bars.

I walked around to her door, swung it open, and took her hand as she stepped out of the SUV. She is so beautiful, I thought. We stood outside the door, and looked around at the beautiful rolling countryside that surrounded the Institute. I could not see any other buildings nearby. We were clearly deep in an obscure part of the Czech countryside.

I said 'Come, dear, no sense in waiting. We both want to do it, so let's do it. Lets make the most of it.'

'Don't worry darling' she said 'I really want to do this too.... In a few minutes you'll be my helpless prisoner, I really want that....!' she hugged me.

I heard footsteps from inside, approaching the door.

I drew her into my arms and kissed her. She kissed me hard in return, and hugged me.

I said 'In a few minutes, I'll be your prisoner. In a real cell! And only you can decide when I'm released! I've always wanted to experience this. I can't wait! When I'm in my cell, will you come to my cell before you go back to Prague? To check I'm securely locked up, some excuse like that? I'd like that'.

'Yes dear. If you sign all the papers they need, like you say you will, then we'll play your game. And then, I'll come to your cell, as you ask. I promise I will. And you know I always keep my promises'.

Chapter 2 - I Enter The Institute

A small glass window in the door opened. I saw a pale face look out through the bars.

'Please may I see an ID....only the Lady's ID..... please' said a female voice.

I had my own ID out, but I put it away. They did not want to see mine, apparently.

My wife took out her driving license, smiled smugly at me, and passed it through the small opening.

We waited again. After a long minute, the doors swung wide open.

Three women stood inside the doorway, in a stone hallway. One was an attractive woman with shoulder length blond hair, about 40 or 45, smartly dressed in dark business clothes. She leaned lightly on a cane, as if she needed its support. Two younger women stood to each side of her. They looked like they were in their mid-twenties. They were dressed entirely in black leather. I noticed that they only looked at my wife, and seemed to ignore me.

'Welcome, and please come in, Mrs. Crowne. We've been expecting you. Please bring your man in. Everything is ready for him'.

The older woman stepped back and motioned my wife to enter.

My wife stepped inside. I followed her. Before I could react, the two younger women stepped to my side. They each took one of my arms and expertly twisted it..... hardup behind my back, forcing me down to my knees.

It was so quick that I was on my knees before I realized what was happening.

I tried to get up, and felt my arms twisted even more.....warning me not to resist.

These women were clearly experts in some kind of martial art, judo or karate probably. I did not care to find out!

I heard the heavy door slam shut and bolts slide home. My arms hurt like hell. I could not move.

'Get him ready right away, please' I heard my wife say. 'The drive took longer than I had planned. He drove too slowly. I don't have much time to get back to the airport'.

Handcuffs snapped on my wrists. I felt something being passed around each wrist, above the cuffs. I realized each lady had twisted a chain around each wrist, and was twisting it tight with one hand, whilst holding my arm with the other hand. I was expertly forced up from my knees and marched down a side corridor. We came to a small room, and I was propelled inside. Each time I resisted even slightly, the chains were twisted more tightly. It hurt like hell. I felt another chain passed around my cuffs, and with a rattle of chain, my cuffs were hoisted up behind me, forcing me over until my head was about waist height to my captors. The two women released their grips on my arms and unlooped the light chains. I was held bent over, my cuffed wrists pulled up hard behind my back by the chain. I twisted my head, and saw that the chain went up and over a pulley fastened to a heavy beam in the ceiling. The end of the chain was fastened to winch on the wall, well outside my reach.

'A little higher, I think' said one woman, and she turned the winch handle another turn, pulling my wrists even higher. I was forced up onto my toes, and my head was forced even further down. It was extremely uncomfortable and very secure! I knew I was in the hands of experts.

'Please, please! that's too high! Please, I'm not resisting' I gasped.

"No speaking without permission" said the first Lady. "Remember that in future".

'I can take care of this wimp by myself now, Susan. He's obviously not capable of giving any trouble' one woman said to the other .

'Thanks Mindy! I'll see you at lunch. Be careful with him, though. Sometimes the new ones try to kick', said Susan, and left.

The remaining lady walked slowly around me, then stopped in front of me, hands on her waist, legs spread.

'Hello down there, Mr. Crowne! You may address me as Madame Mindy. Are you comfortable, cuffed like that? I think not!

You are not going to kick, are you! Not if you know what's good for you!

'Now, if you behave, I may let your wrists down a little, in a few minutes. But if you don't behave, I'll hoist your hands even higher. Is that clear, fool?'

'Yes Ma'am' I groaned. There was absolutely nothing I could do. I was helpless.

She pulled up a wooden chair, and sat down close to me. Her breasts were about the level of my sweating face.

'Keep still' she said, "I'm just carrying out your wife's orders. She is paying for your stay here, so you don't have any say about anything. Just relax. This won't hurt'.

'Ok, I won't struggle. Just let my hands down please' I gasped.

'I told you.....no speaking unless you are spoken to' .

She walked to the winch, and tightened the chain half a turn of the winch.

"There....that's what you get for speaking without permission!"

I tottered desperately on my toes. My cuffed wrists were on fire and my arms were aching with the strain. I forced myself to stand still, and the pain in my wrists and arms eased slightly.

Mindy gripped one of my jacket sleeves, and began to rip it at the seam, then began to cut my jacket methodically off, using a pair of heavy scissors.

Over the next 20 minutes, Mindy systematically cut off my jacket, shirt, and vest, and pulled off my pants, shoes and socks. I was soon completely naked, held bent over by my wrists painfully pulled up in my cuffs. She dropped my ruined clothes into a garbage bag. The contents of my pockets were carefully put into a large envelope and sealed. She wrote my name across the sealed envelope, and the date, and tossed it onto a table.

'You've been good, Mr. Crowne, so I'm going to let your hands down a little now. If you stay well behaved, I'll let them down more, later '

The chain lowered slightly.

'Oh, there you are, darling.... I see they've got you well under control.....please come on in, let's get this paperwork signed, I have to get going' said my wife. She was seated at the side of a large desk, with the blonde lady seated behind the desk, sorting through legal papers.

I was puzzled by that remark...I thought my wife planned to stay here whilst I was here. I wanted her to visit me in my cell each day. 'Maybe she wants to go out and do a little shopping' I thought.

'Stand in the white circle, Mr. Crowne' said the blonde lady.

I saw a white circle painted on the wooden floor, about ten feet in front of the desk. I shuffled over to it, and saw a ringbolt set in the floor in the center of the circle. I jangled into the circle, and Ms Mindy stooped and padlocked my ankle chain to the ringbolt.

I stood, uncertain what to do, naked, my wrists cuffed on the small of my back, my ankles shackled to the floor. But I knew I was still in control. I had not signed anything.

The blond Lady looked at me, then started to read aloud from a document on her desk:

'Mr. Thomas Oliver Crowne, in the presence of these witnesses, do you consent to be committed to the care of this Institution, for a period to be determined by your wife, under conditions determined by your wife?'

I took a deep breath....this was it!.....

There was complete silence in the room. My wife suddenly giggled, but immediately became silent again. Everyone was waiting for my reply. They waited.

The silence lasted for a minute. Longer.

I knew in my heart...this was what I wanted. This was such a thrill. I wanted this so much, but had never been able to commit to it. I still could not commit. But, there was no reason not to verbally consent. I would be able to back out later, because I had not signed anything.

So I spoke, clearly and loudly.

'Yes, I do consent.'

I heard them all exhale.

'Contract 3406 has been affirmed in the presence of witnesses. All the papers may now be signed' Said the blonde lady.

She pushed papers across her desk towards my wife.

'Please sign these, Mrs. Crowne. All three copies please'.

My wife signed the three copies, and the blond lady and the Madame Mindy witnessed her signature on each copy as she signed it.

'Thank you, Mrs Crowne. The Contract between you and your husband is now legally valid under Czech law, and cannot now be changed or cancelled, except by your written permission. Your husband has verbally consented to you having this power, and this is now legally binding in this Country. You may rest assured that your husband will be kept safely locked up, just as you have instructed, until you decide otherwise, as specified in the Contract'.

They seemed to be ignoring me. So I decide to speak. "I think you also need me to sign those papers, before any of this can be legal. And I need some more time to think about this"

Ms Grange looked at my wife "Didn't you tell him about the laws here?"

My wife smiled. She leaned back in her chair. "No. I didn't tell him. Does that affect anything? Legally, I mean? I did assume he would know. Did I have to tell him?"

"No, Ms Crowne, as I told you over the phone, there is no obligation for you to provide any information to the assenting party" said Ms Grange. "Is this required under US law? I hope this is not a problem with our financial

agreement. I do need to cover the expenses of keeping him here” said Ms Grange.

“No, there is no problem” said my wife “It would be, for commitment in the US, but not here. And I have full financial authority in the US. So, as long as he remains here, there is no problem for either of us”.

I did not understand this. I wanted to get out of my chains, and talk about it, before going any further.

‘My dear, I can't sign anything with these cuffs on’ I said to my wife. I was embarrassed at being shackled naked in front of three beautiful women. I'd feel better if they would unlock my cuffs....they would have to do that if they wanted me to sign anything.

I heard Ms Mindy take a step towards me. Too late....I realized.... I had spoken without permission! It was so hard to remember these rules! But I would be out of here soon.

Ms Grange lifted her hand. ‘That's alright, Mindy. His discipline is very poor, now, but it can wait for a moment. He will learn soon enough! Let

‘Your signature is not required in this Country, Mr. Crowne’ continued the blond lady ‘To satisfy our laws, we just need a verbal affirmation from you, in the presence of two witnesses. And I think we have all just heard that. So you will remain shackled. You are now in fact a prisoner.’

I looked at my wife. “You said I had to sign the papers” I said.

“Um, well, I may have deceived you slightly about that, dear. I did say that you needed to sign all the necessary papers. But In this country, all they need is a verbal assent. And you have just given that, very clearly. So there are no necessary papers. Too bad for you. You don't get to change your mind. It's all legal now. You are now legally committed here, under my signature. It's too late to change your mind , dear, I'm afraid” my wife answered.

My wife stood up. ‘Thank you very much, Ms Grange. I appreciate how quickly and smoothly this has gone. It's such a relief to me to have this matter finalized, and to have him permanently locked up, at last! I was worried that he would find a way to back out at the last minute”.

"You may relax now. Its too late for him to back out now, Ms Crowne" said the blond lady "The contract is signed and witnessed. It's completely legal. He'll be safe here. We'll keep him locked up, and well disciplined. He has no rights now. None at all!".

'Very good! Now, Ms Grange, regarding payment of your fees, I have created a Trust fund to fully pay for my husband's expenses here. The Trust is capitalized for 25 years, invested in long-tem bonds, to ensure that interest will maintain the Trust's funds indefinitely, without needing any further action on my part. The Trust will automatically mail you a new check on this day each year, starting a year from today, and continuing indefinitely. And here is the first 12 months payment in advance'.

My wife placed a check on the table.

'What a tease she is' I thought 'she's trying to make me think she's going to leave me here for good'. But I didn't like her joking around like that....it made me a bit uneasy, what with me being chained like I was.

I pulled at my cuffs....they were locked tight.

My wife walked over to me, and halted about six feet in front of me. I tried to take a step towards her, but I was immediately brought up short by my shackles, which Mindy had padlocked to the ringbolt in the floor.

She smiled, but didn't move any closer. She was just out of my reach, I realized.

'Its all done, now, darling. Completely legal. Too late to change your mind!'

'In case you're wondering, this is real! I've checked the "until release is authorized by undersigned" box on the contract. And I'm the only undersigned, dear! So you are legally committed here until I say otherwise. I do hope you enjoy being here as much as I will enjoy knowing that you are here'.

'Please, dear' I said 'I didn't really like that joke about 12 months advance payment and automatic annual payments.....I know you're teasing, but it still makes me a bit nervous.....'

My wife turned away from me and spoke directly to Ms Grange:

'I'm running late. I'd like him locked up right away, please. I must be on my way back to Prague airport within an hour. My return flight to New York is at 9pm, and I'm meeting a friend in Prague for dinner before I go to the airport'

She glanced at me impatiently. 'He made me promise to inspect him in his cell before I leave. So I have to do that. I promised him that. I want to do that one last thing for him'

'I'll have him put on his chain without delay, Mrs. Crowne. I just have a few more legalities to attend to, some information Czech law requires that I provide to your husband before he's locked in his collar. It won't take more than five minutes, then I'll immediately send him down to be locked up. You are welcome to wait in my private library until he's in his cell and ready for your inspection. Ms Mindy will come to the library and will escort you to his cell. You can be on your way within thirty minutes' .

'That will be fine. I just need to keep that one last promise to him, then I can get on my way.'

I was becoming concerned. My wife was putting on a very good act, she almost had me believing she was going to leave me here! Sweat ran down my forehead and into my eyes.

'Please dear, we need to talk about this.....you are joking, of course....I know you are!.....' I called.

Without letting me finish, my wife turned on her heel and walked out of the room. The door shut behind her.

I was quite angry at that! I wrestled with the handcuffs. They were securely locked.

Then I suddenly understood what she was trying to do..... she was teasing me again! 'I mustn't let her get me worried... that's exactly what she wants....to make me think I'm going to be locked up here permanently. I should have known she'd try to make me think that! She so loves to tease me whilst I'm in bondage! I always seem to fall for her tricks, but not this time!'

Chapter 3 - Legal Arrangements Concluded

After my wife had left the room, Ms Grange remained seated behind her desk, sorting through the legal documents. I saw her walking cane was by her chair. She must need it to walk, I thought.

I stood, shackled and naked in front of her desk. I had a sudden urge to run, but I knew my ankles were shackled to the ringbolt in the floor. I realized that events were rapidly getting out of my control. In fact I thought they probably already were. Time to start getting back in control!

I twisted my wrists in my cuffs. The cuffs were securely locked, and I could not slip them.

'I wonder where the keys to these shackles are' I thought. I turned....Ms Mindy was seated in a chair at the side of the room, staring at me, flapping some kind of leather thing, I could not see exactly what it was. She was a very attractive girl, she looked really good in leather.

'Mindy probably has the keys to my cuffs and shackles' I thought. I was still chained to the ring in the floor, and she was well out of my reach, so there was no chance of me snatching the keys from her. I remembered that she was some kind of judo expert....I don't think I had much chance against her, even if I was not shackled. And I dreaded to think what she'd do to me if I put up any sort of resistance. I shuddered at the thought.

I turned my attention back to Ms Grange. She still sat behind her desk, sorting through the Contract pages. I felt like a schoolboy in front of his headmistress. A nice looking lady. Her white silk blouse was taut over her breasts, and I could see the silk tighten as she breathed.

Suddenly, she looked up at me, straight into my eyes. I looked down, then up again, trying to appear less uneasy than I felt. I knew that she had seen that I had been looking at her breasts. Her lips parted slightly, into a faint, haughty smile.

'Pay attention please, prisoner!' she said sharply.

'Now....as you heard, my name is Ms Grange. I am the owner and Governor of this Institution.'

'Firstly, let me reassure you that this is a reputable, professional Institution, and we fully meet this country's strict standards of safety. Unlike the USA, our laws permit consenting adults to enter into private enforceable Contracts such as the one you have just entered into. Institutions such as this are licensed by our Government to provide the enforcement required by such Contracts'.

'To put it plainly, this is a private prison, and you are now a prisoner here'.

'Your wife is anxious to get you locked up, Mr Crowne, but my license requires that I first inform you of certain conditions of your stay here. It will just take a few minutes. Then you will be taken to your cell. Your cell is ready for you. I expect you are eager to see it!' She smiled slightly.

She picked up a green form, and began to read to me from the form:

'I hereby inform you that you are now legally committed to this Institute under the terms of the Private Enforceable Contract number 3406, fully signed and witnessed, and legally enforceable under the applicable laws of this country'.

Ms Grange checked a box on the form.

'I'm legally required to inform you of the rules which you will be kept under. The rules here are as follows:

Inmates must be completely obedient and respectful to all Ladies.

Inmates may not speak to any Lady unless spoken to

Inmates must address all Ladies as "Ma'am"

Inmates may not masturbate'.

Ms Grange checked another box on the form.

'This Institution is licensed to apply corporal punishment with the strap and cane only.'

Ms Grange checked another box on the form.

She looked at me. 'My guards enforce routine discipline with the strap, but are instructed to report any intentional disobedience to me.....I am the only person here licensed to use the cane, so I deal with the more serious offences, the ones that need the cane'.

She turned her eyes back to the paper on her desk, and continued reading.

'This institution is licensed to use all forms of physical restraint'. She checked another box.

'Since I would automatically lose my license if an inmate should escape, or cause danger or distress to the local population, I maintain rigid security here. My security policy is very simple, and very effective. I keep all inmates permanently collared and chained, with no clothing or any loose object within reach, in solitary-confinement soundproof cells. I keep the only key to each inmate's collar, locked in my personal safe. As a final precaution, your collar padlock will be carefully inspected each day, to ensure it is secure. No inmate has ever escaped from his collar and chain, and none ever will! Each inmate stays locked on his chain until his wife authorizes his release, which has never happened yet. In your particular case, your wife has ordered that you be kept on a short chain. For humane reasons, the shortest chain length that Czech law allows for permanent confinement is 60cms, which you would call 24 inches. So that will be the length of your chain, until and unless your wife gives other instructions'.

'The law requires that we either supply clothing and bedding, or one cubic meter of straw per inmate. To keep costs low, we only supply straw'. She checked another box on the form.

'The law requires that inmates be provided with a minimum of one liter of water and one meal a day, which must include all required vitamins per code UN4504/2. To keep costs low, we supply the legal minimum only'. She checked another box on the form.

Ms Grange looked up at me, and smiled. 'Most inmates do not like the food we serve here, Mr. Crowne, but we are very strict about requiring inmates to eat everything they are given. Our food may not be as appetizing as you are used to in the USA, but it will keep you alive and healthy'.

'Now, do you have any questions, before I have you locked up?' She held her pen poised to check the last box on the document.

'I'd like to talk to my wife before going further, Ms Grange, I mean Madame... I don't...'

Ms Grange laughed.

'It's too late for that, Mr Crowne. Once again, do you have any last questions before I have you locked up?'

I decided I could wait until my wife came back to inspect me. I still didn't feel comfortable with my wife teasing me about leaving me here for a year or more. I needed to get that sorted out with her. A week here would be too much, I was beginning to realize. When my wife came to inspect me, I'd ask her to let me out in two or three days. Meanwhile, I decided it was best to play along with Ms Grange. She seemed a little crazy to me. But she had me shackled, so I would have to humor her until I could get to talk to my wife again.

I did have some questions....

"Ms Grange...excuse me...Madame.... about visitors, I mean inmates, not being allowed to masturbate.... surely you can't mean that....it's physically impossible for a man to go very long without sexual relief"

'Of course, Mr. Crowne, that's true, and you may certainly have sexual relief anytime your body requires it, but it must be a natural act of your body, not anything you bring on by playing with yourself. My guards will frequently check on you, and you will be punished if you are seen playing with yourself, or trying to rub yourself against the floor, for example'.

'Any other questions?'

I could not help looking at her breasts again.

She crossed her arms.

'About the chain you mentioned, Madame.... 24" seems very short.....that must be the chain to my ankles, not to my collar, surely. And may I be let off my chain for exercise and bathroom visits, please Madame? "

Ms Grange stared at me coldly. 'The chain is for your collar, Mr Crowne. And as I have already told you, to ensure security, I do not allow any inmate off his chain. Never. Not ever. Not for any reason. None at all!

Her eyes flashed..... 'Get the picture, boy?' I lowered my eyes.

'No more questions!....you are wasting my time, prisoner!...you will learn all these things in due course. I've done everything the law requires, and I have work to do'.

She checked the last box, and signed the form, with a flourish. She smiled at me as she carefully filed the form away with the other documents.

She nodded to Ms Mindy, and behind me, I heard Ms Mindy laugh, then stand and walk towards me.

I twisted my wrists hard in my locked cuffs. They were too tight to slip.

'That did not go too well' I thought. 'I need to get control of this situation , and fast'.

Chapter 4 - I Am Taken To My Cell

Ms Grange spoke to Ms Mindy 'Put Mr Crowne in cell number 6 and bring me the key to his collar. Then escort Mrs. Crowne down so she can inspect him before she leaves. Make sure she is completely satisfied'.

'Oh my God' I thought. 'I wish my wife would come back!' I looked at the library door. It was closed.

'Oh, and Mindy, please also tell my husband that I will be coming to see him directly after lunch'.

'Yes Ms Grange' said Mindy.

Ms Mindy stooped and unlocked the padlock fastening my shackles to the ringbolt. She stood, and I felt her gloved hands on my wrists. She pressed my cuffs tightly closed on my wrists, really tightso tight that they hurt.

'Yes, I know that hurts, Mr Crowne. It's to give you an incentive not to dawdle....I've got the keys, and I'll unlock your handcuffs just as soon as you get to your cell'.

I felt a leather strap pressed against my bottom. 'And this is Mr. Strap....he's my favorite toy! Go to the door! No speaking! Keep ahead of me. Keep your eyes down and to your front, or Mr. Strap will be angry! Don't look at me! I told you to keep your eyes down and to your front! Next time you look at me, you'll get the strap, prisoner! '.

'Fuck you, Mighty Mindy' I thought. 'But I'll play along for a while, since you seem to have the upper hand at the moment'.

I shuffled towards the door as fast as my shackles would let me, and down the corridor, my shackles clattering loudly, back towards the room where my clothes had been cut off. I kept my eyes down and forward. I could hear Ms Mindy's high heeled boots clicking close behind me. Ms Mindy certainly sounded a little crazy, she and her 'Mr Strap', but I was shackled and she had the keys and the strap. I had no option except to do what I was told. I just wanted to get the painfully tight cuffs unlocked as soon as possible.

'Stop' Madame Mindy called as we entered the room where my clothes had been taken away.

She came up behind me. I heard a buzzing noise, and felt an electric hair trimmer slicing through my hair.

I hadn't expected that!.....how could I possibly explain my new haircut when I got back to the USA?!

But I didn't protest or resist, I knew it would have been useless. I twisted my wrists, the tight cuffs really hurt. I really had to get out of the cuffs as soon as I could. In less than a minute my hair was reduced to a short stubble. She then walked around in front of me, and in 10 seconds she also reduced my pubic hair to a stubble.

'You'll be shaved in your cell once a week, prisoner' said Madame Mindy, putting the trimmer back on the table.

'No I won't, young Lady....I'll be out of here in two days. I'm not staying the whole week now' I thought to myself. But I dared not speak. I kept my eyes on the floor.

'Now go on down the corridor, please'.

I jangled off down the corridor again, as fast as I could in the ankle shackles. Madame Mindy's high heels clicked behind me on the stone floor. My cuffs were hurting more and more. I came to a locked steel door on the right. A sign stenciled on the door read 'Cells 1 - 10' and 'this door must remain locked at all times'.

'Stop'.

She unlocked the door with a large, complex brass key, and swung the door back to reveal a short stone room, with a flight of spiral stone steps in the center, leading downwards.

'Go inside, prisoner. Then wait for me to help you down the steps, please' she said.

I shuffled inside. Ms Mindy followed and re-locked the door behind us. We descended the stairs together, Ms Mindy holding onto my waist chain with one hand and the iron rail with her other hand.

The Institute was housed in a medieval fortified house, almost a small castle, restored to good condition. We were going down to what must have been the old dungeon area, I guessed. The building restoration must have cost millions, I now realized. At the bottom of the steps was a wide stone corridor with an arched stone ceiling. The corridor was lined with steel cell doors, each painted white with a black stenciled number. Each cell door was secured with three heavy bolts: top, center and lower. The center bolt of each door was locked in place by a heavy padlock on a short chain. At eye level, each door had a small glass peephole, and a small steel hatch, about 6" wide and 2" high. The hatch doors were all closed and bolted.

Madame Mindy looked into the peephole in the third cell door, and laughed. She unbolted and swung open the small hatch in the cell door... I heard the rattle of a chain from inside the cell. 'Prisoner!' Ms Mindy called through the hatch 'Madame Grange will be down this afternoon!' I heard a scream of fear from inside the cell, cut off as Ms Mindy slammed the hatch closed and re-bolted it.

'He's got another caning coming this afternoon.' Mindy said, laughing as she re-bolted the hatch. 'Ms Grange canes him on the first of every other month. He's been here almost seventeen years now...I'm told she talked him into a Contract about a year after they were married. That's how she got control of all his money. After I get married, I plan to sweet-talk my fiancé into a Contract too! We have plenty of empty cells here.'

'You are all mad, I see that now. Either that or you are really great actresses' ' I thought to myself. 'I'm getting out of here just as soon as you unlock these fucking handcuffs!'

The sixth cell door stood ajar. Ms Mindy stepped past me and pushed it open with her strap. I saw that her strap was dark, supple leather, stitched to about ½" thick, about 3" wide and 12" long, with an ornately embossed leather grip, and a wrist thong. She handled it with practiced ease.

Ms Mindy gestured to the cell with her strap. 'Mr. Strap would like you to go inside, Mr. Crowne'.

I shuffled inside, my shackles clinking on the concrete floor. My wrists were hurting badly in the tight cuffs. 'Thank God' I thought 'now she'll unlock these handcuffs'.

I was in a cell about 15 feet wide and 15 feet deep, with whitewashed walls of massive stone blocks. Light came from a barred grille in the arched stone ceiling. I saw a bright yellow line painted across the white concrete floor, about half way into the cell. The cell was completely bare except for a mound of straw at the far wall.

'Go to your straw, prisoner' I heard her order.

I jangled across the yellow line to the straw. Behind the mound of straw, I saw a steel ringbolt bolted to the end wall of the cell, a few inches from the floor. A short thick-linked chain ran from the ringbolt to a heavy steel collar lying in the straw. A high-security padlock lay in the straw beside the collar.

'Face the wall, prisoner...kneel on your straw....put your head right down..... hurry up!'

Chapter 5 - Chained Up

I had frequently fantasized about being chained up in a real cell, so much so that I had traveled all the way from the USA just to be able to experience this. But when I saw the heavy collar and chain lying on the straw, doubts suddenly overcame me. I suddenly realized I was about to be genuinely locked up, not just in fantasy, but in hard reality. I could see that it was obviously a real collar and a real chain. I could see that escape would be impossible once I was locked into that collar!

The shackles.....the cell....the straw.....the collar....the chain.....the strap.....the cane.....this was all much more real than I had expected! I loved bondage, but even two days of this might be too intense for me.

'I'm not sure about this' I said, and started to turn towards Ms Mindy.

I suddenly heard a whistling noise behind me....

WHAAPP !!

'OOWWHHhhh!'

I gasped in surprise and pain as my buttocks suddenly received the impact of Ms Mindy's strap, swung with her full strength. It was agony, an intense, searing pain.....my ass felt like it was burning.

'Silence! And I told you to kneel, prisoner! I'm going to teach you obedience!' said Ms Mindy.

I heard her move again....she was getting ready for another stroke!

No! I could not bear another stroke like that! I immediately knelt on the straw, my shackles jangling. I obediently lowered my face to the straw. I was completely in her power as long as she had that strap!

'Good boy!'

Ms Mindy stooped and lifted the heavy steel collar. The heavy chain rattled as she pulled it towards my neck. She closed the collar around my neck. It fitted

perfectly. She picked up the heavy padlock, and I felt her fit the padlock onto the collar at the back of my neck.

I was about to be collared! There was absolutely nothing I could do to prevent it!

I felt her turn the key.

'Click!'

The padlock locked.

'Oh my God, she's got me chained' . I screamed inside, but kept quiet.

Ms Mindy gave a little laugh as she stood up, letting the heavy padlock fall against my neck.

'That's a good boy....you won't escape from that collar! No more freedom for you!'

I kept my head down. This woman really had me completely in her power now. And she was not reluctant to use her strap. I must be very careful not to upset her. I knew that it was too late for me to turn back now. For better or for worse, I was now locked up.

I heard her footsteps walk out of the cell, then turn and come back to me.

'Lie down on your straw, boy. I'm going to unlock your handcuffs in a moment....I'm sure they are hurting you badly by now..... but before I do, let me tell you that I have put the key to your collar out in the corridor. It's well out of your reach. So it's no use you trying anything foolish when I take off your cuffs.... If you're think of trying anything stupid, just remember that you'll still be on your chain..... and Mr. Strap will be very angry if you try anything!'

She placed her boot firmly across my collared neck, and pressed my face down hard into the straw.

I felt my wrist and ankle shackles and waist chain being unlocked and pulled away from me. My hands tingled as the painfully tight handcuffs were

unlocked. If only she'd unlocked my cuffs BEFORE putting me in this collar, I could have made a break for it! This was a clever bitch!

I dared not move. I knew she could easily break my neck. I lay motionless on the straw, naked and collared, with her boot pressing hard on my neck. And what was the point of struggling anyway? No amount of struggling would get me out of my collar. I was secure on my chain. I'd just have to wait for my wife to come down and put an end to this. She will be down in a minute. When she comes down, she'll get me out of here. We'll go back to Prague and find a hotel.

'Good boy, I'm pleased with your behavior.....keep it up and I won't be too hard on you.....not!'

She took her boot off my neck and stepped back.

She spoke sharply:

'Get up on your hands and knees, American boy! Lift your headso your chain pulls straight up.... I want to see that chain straight! Now, press your nose against the wall!'

I got to my hands and knees facing the wall. This pulled my 24-inch chain up vertically, tight from my ringbolt to my collar. It was really heavy on my neck.

I lowered my head again, to gain a little slack in my chain, and turned my head to look around behind me. I saw Mindy had moved back to the other side of the painted yellow line. She held my shackles in her left hand, and her strap in her right.

Ms Mindy looked up. She immediately stepped forward, frowning, and before I could react, she swung her strap with all her strength. The strap whistled in its arc. The strap landed squarely across my buttocks with the full strength of her arm, in the exact same place as the first stroke.

WHHHHAAAAPPPPPP!!!!!!

'OHHHhhh.....PLLEEAAeasee!'

This time I could not hold back a shout of pain, as my sore buttocks lit up a second time. It was even more painful than the first stroke! My ass burned with pain!

'I told you to get your nose to the wall, American shit!' she shouted 'You may not look around without permission! You are not in your America now! You are in Czech prison! You are not permitted to ogle Czech Ladies! Ms Grange says it encourages masturbation! I am Principal Guard of this prison, and I do not tolerate disobedience from any of my prisoners! If you don't do EXACTLY as I say, I'll strap your ass raw! Don't think I don't mean it!'

Her outburst quite frightened me. This woman is vicious! But there is nothing I can do now! I obediently pressed my nose hard to the wall. I was her whipped dog, locked on a chain.

I felt her strap press against my burning ass. Cool leather, smooth and powerful. I trembled, dreading another stroke from her strap. I was helpless under the terrible anger of the 25 year old woman.

She was breathing slower now.

'Did my strap hurt, boy? Then don't even think about intentional disobedience!....that will get you an appointment with Ms Grange and her cane! The cane is ten times worse than the strap'

I heard her step back behind the yellow line again. I stayed motionless. I dared not move.

Get your nose to the wall! Head up....keep that chain tight! Get your ass up high! Straighten your back! Spread those legs....wider...wider.....I want to see your cock and balls hanging there between your legs!

'Now....from now on, whenever a Lady is present, you will keep that position unless otherwise ordered.... its called the "position of respect".... on your hands and knees, your nose pressed against the wall, your chain pulled up tight, back straight, ass up high, knees well apart! Your ass and balls must be on full display to any Lady that cares to look. You will remain silent. You may not look around without permission! Don't you ever dare to move from that position without permission while a Lady is present!'

'Whenever you hear the bolts of your cell being drawn, you will immediately take that position! By the time your cell door is opened, you must be in position! Or else! And you must hold that position until all Ladies have left, and your cell door and hatch are closed and locked. What you do when you are

alone in your cell is your own business. You can lie or kneel however you like, and you can shout all you want. No one will hear you here. The only rule is.... you must not masturbate. Not ever! Your wanking days are over, American! We'll be checking on you often, through the peephole, so don't think you can cheat! You must keep your hands away from your cock at all times. Your hands, or your cock, must be visible from the cell inspection hatch at all times."

'Now.... you may take your nose off the wall. Look to your right...do you see that hole?'

I looked to my right, and saw a metal-lined circular hole in the floor, about three inches in diameter, that descended into the floor as far as I could see.

"Yes, Ma'am".

'Put your nose back to the wall again, prisoner! Show your balls!' I obeyed immediately, and then held as still as I could.

I felt her pat my balls with her strap. I held as still as I could.

"Good position, boy! Your ass and balls are well displayed!"

'Now.....that hole goes straight down about 20 feet, to the sewer. That is your lavatory from now on. You will eat, sleep, piss and shit right there. You'll stay on your chain 24 hours a day and 7 days a week, unless your wife sends us different instructions. Your wife has paid in advance for 12 months, in good US dollars, so I think you will certainly be here for at least that long. And I think she will soon find other nice American boyfriends who look better than you, and she will then not be at all interested in ever letting you out'.

'Now I'm going to take your collar key back to Ms Grange' said Ms Mindy.

'When I come back, I'll bring your wife with me, so she can inspect you before she leaves. When I open the door, you must be in your proper position. And you must remember the rules...you must be obedient and respectful, you must address her as Madame, and you may not speak unless you are asked a direct question, or given permission to speak'.

I heard the cell door close, the bolts move home, and the rattle of the padlock.

I was so relieved that she had gone. I put my hands on my buttocks to try to cool the pain. I could not have stood even one more stroke of the strap. I started to shake slightly at the thought.

To try to take my mind off my burning ass, I started to spread the straw more evenly over the concrete floor. My chain rattled as I worked.

'It's going to be so deliciously humiliating to have my wife come down to inspect me, chained like this!' I thought "I'll be kneeling, chained, my nose to the wall, my ass up and my legs spread!".

A silver thrill of pure sexual pleasure ran through me at that thought. I knew that my wife would also really get a kick from seeing me chained like that! It's just what she likes most in our play.

'When my wife comes down here to inspect me, I'll ask her to let me out in a day, two days at most. I hope she won't mind if I don't stay the whole week. I hope she'll agree to let me out early! It's my wife's decision now. I'm chained, and must wait until she gives permission for my release '.

The thought of being in my wife's power so completely was overpoweringly erotic to me.

I had got my straw fairly smooth. I gently lowered myself face down on it. The heavy links of my chain clanked as they met the stone floor. And my ass still throbbed and burned.

Chapter 6 - My First Day In My Cell

I heard the bolts on the hatch in my cell door being drawn. Ms Mindy had brought my wife down to inspect me! I scrambled to take the position of respect, my chain jangling.

I pressed my nose hard to the wall and knelt motionless. My ass up. My legs spread. So humiliating!

Behind me, I heard the hatch swing open.

I heard Ms Mindy speaking outside the open hatch in the cell door. 'There he is Mrs. Crowne. Our rules require him to stay in that position whenever a Lady is present, unless we permit him to move. And he's not allowed to speak without permission. He knows he'll get the strap if he's disobedient'.

I shuddered when I heard that. My god, I could not take another stroke of her strap!

'Do you wish to enter his cell, Mrs Crowne? He's quite safe. He's on a short chain, just as you requested. And he's been moderately well behaved so far. I did have to strap him, just a little. However I think he's going to do well here, he seems a fast learner'

I heard my wife answer, and the door bolts were pulled back and the door opened. I held myself in position, with my nose pressed to the wall. I knew my balls were displayed.

I heard the sound of high heels entering my cell. I did not dare move or speak without permission...I could not risk getting the strap again!

I would have to wait until my wife asked me a question, or allowed me to move.

'Excuse me, Mrs. Crowne, but our rules require that visitors do not cross the yellow line unless the prisoner is handcuffed and shackled. It's for your safety.... prisoners sometimes try to kick. They get so desperate to get off their

chains that they sometimes act quite wild. Ms Grange always tells us to treat them like dangerous lunatics'.

'Thank you Mindy. I don't think he'll be violent. I think he still believes he'll be unlocked in a few days. But I'll stay on this side of the yellow line, just in case'.

'Well, Tommy' my wife called to me. 'That collar and chain does look heavy! I see the collar fits nice and snug.... it should do, of course, because I emailed them your shirt-collar size last week'.

'Tug on your chain, please dear. I did promise to make sure that you are secure'.

I took my nose off the wall and jerked my head to tug at the chain.

'That's excellent dear. You won't escape from that! Now put your nose back to the wall again, please!'

'What a nice heavy padlock on your collar. It's that lovely German high-security type, the one with the deadlock bolt! I asked Mrs. Grange to get it for you specially. The key is locked in Ms Grange's private safe by now! There's no escape for you, my dear'.

I see from your ass that Ms Mindy has had to use her strap on you, already. Your ass looks sore already, my poor darling! And you've only been here 30 minutes! But it's for your own good, dearest. You must be taught to be obedient!'

'Thank you very much Mindy! I can see that discipline is very strict here, just as I had hoped. And the security is excellent! I'm completely satisfied that escape is impossible. Please tell Mrs. Grange that I'm very impressed with her methods and facilities, and will recommend this Institute to some of my friends in the USA. I know several wives who will be interested in having their husbands placed here!

Please also kindly give Ms Grange my farewells. Tell her I'd have liked to have stayed longer, but I have a reservation on the overnight plane to New York'.

She turned back to me again. 'You look so cute kneeling there on your straw, Tommy! Do you realize that your asshole and balls are fully in view to us?'

You really are a chained animal, aren't you! So amusing! I'm going to just love thinking of you chained up here like that, and knowing that it was me that put you here. You know that I asked for a nice short chain, don't you? And I've left instructions that you are to be kept under strict discipline. I want you kept perfectly obedient!

'This is goodbye, Tommy!' she said " I won't be back! Good luck with your new life. Its what you told me you always wanted. I've just made sure that you have what you wanted. It's too late to change your mind now. You can't escape, and there will be no release. Get used to it!

'Try to sleep dear.....maybe you'll wake up and find its all a dream! But I think not! Sleep well! I hope you'll find the straw comfortable!'

I heard my wife's high heels turn and walked out of the cell, and the door close and lock.

I heard laughing from outside the cell though the open hatch in the cell door.

'Goodbye.... prisoner!' called my wife, laughing.

Ms Mindy laughed and said something, and my wife laughed even louder.

I desperately wanted to ask my wife to let me out immediately, but she had not given me permission to speak. If I spoke, I was absolutely sure Ms Mindy would take that as deliberate disobedience, and Ms Mindy had warned me of the consequence for that! I simply could not take the chance of getting the strap again! Or even perhaps the cane! I dared not speak!

I had no choice but to remain silent, in position, like a dog on a chain.

I heard the steel hatch shut, and the heavy bolt slide home. Then silence.

The only sound was the faint chink of the links of my chain, shifting slightly as I breathed.

The cell was soundproof when the hatches was closed!

Oh God! It's too late to say anything now, too late.... too late even for begging!

I was locked on a real chain, in a real cell. There really was no escape.

I tried to keep calm. This must be a joke. My wife had put up a very good act. But I knew she'd be back to let me out in a few days. Maybe she'd leave me here for the full vacation! Our flights back were in 10 days. I know she'd enjoy keeping me here for that long. This would teach me a lesson! Ten days here was going to be very tough to take. My wife probably did not understand how tough these people really were! Well.....there was nothing I could do about it now. I was locked up, under strict discipline!

Ten days here will be hell!

'That sadistic bitch, Ms Mindy will see to that' I thought grimly. I shuddered at the thought of her strap.

After an hour, I desperately wanted to masturbate. The chain and collar was incredibly erotic to me. And knowing I was my wife's helpless prisoner made me so excited. The fact that I had not been able to tell my wife that I wanted an early release was also erotic. I was going to be chained here, maybe for the whole ten days! It was so incredibly exciting to think that my wife would find me naked and chained here when she came back!

I had carefully kept my hands well away from my cock. I did not want to risk getting another taste of Ms Mindy's strap! I knew Ms Mindy might look in through the peephole at any time. My wife or Ms Mindy might even be watching me right now! I could not tell. It was both exciting and embarrassing to be chained here like a dog, in full view of the door, knowing anyone might be watching me. Using the lavatory would be really embarrassing too. I had not thought about the lavatory arrangements, I realized.

It was hot in my cell, and I was sweating. I realized that no one had said anything about how I was to wash.

The straw was also much less comfortable than I had imagined. I had expected it to be soft and comfortable, but instead, it was scratchy and prickly.

I could not get very comfortable on the straw, no matter how I tried. I found that the best thing seemed to be to lie as still as possible...the prickling seemed to get better if I didn't move too much.

My neck was also starting to get sore from the weight and movement of my collar. And my ass was still burning.

I spent the next few hours lying quietly on the straw, thinking about my situation. What I would really like to do now would be to escape, I decided. I like being chained very much, but even more, I like the challenge of trying to find some way to escape. But I could see no possible way of ever escaping! Even if I managed to get off my chain, I could not get out of my cell. And even if I got off my chain and out of my cell, I would still be locked inside the cellblock. And even if I could get out of the cellblock, I would be barefoot, completely nude, penniless in a strange county.

My 24" chain was too short to let me stand, or even sit upright. It would only allow me to lie on the straw, or, if I put my neck directly over my ringbolt, I could just get up on my hands and knees before the chain pulled tight. I got on my hands and knees and shuffled around until my body was parallel with the end wall. Then I could comfortably turn my head to see the cell door and the rest of the cell. The cell walls, arched ceiling and floor were smooth stone blocks and concrete, with some kind of hard white stain finish. The thick cell door was plain metal, also painted white, with a small glass peephole and a small closed hatch. Light came from a single electric light, recessed behind a barred grille in the ceiling. I could feel a small movement of cool air from a heavily barred grille in the ceiling. The air felt good, because it was warm, hot even, in the cell.

After one minute I had seen everything in the cell that there was to see.

Time would pass very slowly in this cell, I realized!

To pass the time, I decided to continue spreading my straw around my ringbolt with my hands. There was just enough straw to make a thin layer over the concrete floor around my ringbolt. I noticed my hands had become grimy. The straw must be dirty. It was probably brought in direct from some local farmyard.

I had no accurate sense of time.... I was not sure how many hours had passed since I had been locked up. The ceiling light shone steadily.... 'I wonder if they turn it off at night? They are so cost-conscious here, I bet they do'. I started to make some patterns on the floor with bits of straw.....my God.... how could anyone endure a long sentence here.... anyone would certainly go crazy from

boredom alone, if he was left locked up here for very long! But if he did go crazy, at least he could not get into any mischief, safely chained to the wall, naked, in a soundproof cell!

My knees were becoming sore from kneeling on the coarse straw, so with a rattle of chain I lay down again on the straw. The straw was rough and scratchy against my naked body. Whenever I moved, my chain rattled, and straw stuck to my sweaty body. There was nothing to pass the time, chained here like a dog. I tried to doze, but the straw was too uncomfortable, and my mind was still awl. Sleep was impossible. I felt like I had been here for weeks already. It was probably about midday, I guessed.

I wondered what my wife was doing. 'Probably having lunch with Ms Grange, and laughing at how they had scared me into thinking I'd be left here. I remembered.....my wife said she was catching the afternoon flight back to New York.....My God, I do hope she wasn't serious!' I shivered in the hot cell at the thought of being left here. I instinctively tugged at my chain. 'God! There was no escape from this collar and chain!.....Best not to think about it.....there's nothing I can do now!'

I thought about the events of the morning. Ms Grange seemed a very professional woman. Clearly an extremely dominant woman. She said she caned her inmates! She must be a sadist. But she's such a fox too. At the thought of Ms Grange with a cane, I had a sudden, raging hard-on. My cock became an iron rod! Out of habit, I started to stroke my cock, then I suddenly remembered the rule about no masturbation. I had been warned to keep my hands visible, and away from my cock. I quickly put my hands to my side. I looked at the cell door. It was possible Mindy might pass anytime and look through the peephole! I could not tell if anyone was looking in, or not. This was hell!

Nothing happened. I guess no one had been looking in, and no one had seen me touch my cock. Thank God...I did not wish to get another stroke of the strap, or even worse, get the cane! I knew my rigid cock would be very obvious if anyone looked in through the peephole. I rolled over on the straw, my chain clanking, until my back was to the door, and my cock hidden from the peephole by my body. I slowly moved one hand down to my cock, trying to make it seem like a casual movement. My hands and cock were now both hidden from the cell door. I was breaking the rule. But I could not help myself. I gently stroked my cock, then harder.

I thought of Ms Grange, in her white silk blouse and her tight skirt.....with a cane.

I almost immediately reached a tremendous orgasm.

Ohhhhhh!!! The heaven!!!! My chain scraped across the concrete floor, pulling tight on my collar as my body tensed.

My orgasm peaked. My cum spurted out on the straw and against the cell wall. I lay on the straw, satiated, as the golden glow of male sexual pleasure surged and climaxed and flowed through my cock and my balls then spread through my whole body.....

The rush of sexual pleasure slowed, and I came gradually down from my sexual male hormonal ecstasy.....down.... down....back down... to hard reality.....to the straw!.....the chain!.....

I started to sit up, but my chain jerked tight, holding me down on my knees.

Oh God! What had I got myself into! I had allowed myself to be chained up by a bunch of crazy women sadists! I now saw clearly how stupid and dangerous this was.... I could be home watching TV with a nice whisky right now! But instead I've got myself into a real predicament....chained up in a soundproof cell in a foreign country! And no one at all knows I'm here except my wife. What will happen if she has an accident and is in a coma? I'd be locked up here until she recovered! It might be months!

I quickly took handful of straw and wiped my cum off the wall. I must leave no sign for Ms Mindy to know that I'd been wanking! She'd call that intentional disobedience, for sure. I shuddered at the thought of what she would do to me. I dropped the straw down the lavatory hole.

I felt sleepy. It was hot and I was sweating. I lay down on the straw. I arranged my beautiful chain so I could see it.

I put my hands where they could be seen from the cell door.

I fell asleep.

Chapter 7 - My Second Day In My Cell

I lay half-asleep in the straw, my cock rigid.

Suddenly I heard the sound of the bolts being drawn outside my cell door. I scrambled to get into position.

My chain jangled, then became quiet as I pulled my head up to make my chain tight. I pressed my nose hard to the wall. I made my back as straight as I could and spread my knees very slightly.... I didn't want my rigid cock to be too obvious.

'At least I've got through the night without going crazy!' I thought. 'Maybe my wife will let me off this chain today! That really would be best....I think I've had enough of this place already. But I only have to endure a few days at most with these people. My wife will let me out pretty soon, I know'.

The cell door swung open and I heard footsteps enter. It was one Lady. I could not see who it was, since my nose was pressed to the wall.

The footsteps walked up to me and stood still.... I knelt in position, my nose hard to the wall, I started to tremble. Who was it?.... was it my wife?

WHAP! A sharp, searing stroke of the strap landed across my ass..

'AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!'

I could not hold back the yell of agony... I just managed to hold myself in position

The band of fire continued to burn across my buttocks.... Fuck!...that really hurts!

'That position is not correct....your asshole and balls are not clearly exhibited... get your knees further apart! ' said Ms Mindy's voice, coldly.

I obeyed immediately.

'you bitch' I thought 'I'll get you back for that!'

“Your asshole and balls must be clearly visible, prisoner!” she said “You are just a chained animal here! We want to see you well displayed! Prisoners are allowed no privacy!”

‘And I see you have an erection, animal.....have you been touching your cock? You do remember that that isn’t allowed, don’t you?’

‘No Madame, I swear I haven’t’ I begged.

‘If I ever catch you touching your cock, I’ll give you twenty with the strap...remember that!’

Twenty! I shuddered at the thought of even one more stroke. My ass was on fire after just one stroke!

‘Lie down, prisoner, keep your face to the wall. Put your hands behind your back.’ She handcuffed my hands behind my back.

She lifted the padlock on my collar, then let it fall back.

"Good boy. You'll get used to your collar, in time" she laughed.

She walked back to the cell door, then came back

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw water being poured into a depression in the floor beside my ringbolt.

'There's your water, animal! Drink it, wash in it, piss in it, shit in it.....whatever you want.....I don't give a fuck.....but you don't get any more!'

I closed my eyes.... God.....she's a fucking sadist too, and she's in complete control of me!

‘And here comes your yummy feed, animal’.

She held a can down alongside my face, so I could see the label out of the corner of my eye. It was an 8-oz can of dog food, the very same as we give our own dog at home.

I groaned quietly.....'Oh my God.....I can't eat that.....'.

She pulled open the peel-back lid and let the contents slop onto the cell floor beside my ringbolt.

'That's all you get here. Ms Grange will only buy the cheapest. Get up on your knees. Eat it up! Like a dog!'

I felt the cool strap pressed against my ass. I obediently put my face down to the food, but was immediately so repulsed by the strong, vile meaty smell that I instinctively turned my face away.....

WHHAAPPP!!

'AAHHHHHhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!'

The strap seared my buttocks again, but even worse.... exactly the same place as the first stroke! I could not stand it.....the pain was excruciating! Tears swam in my eyes, and I sobbed quietly.

I took a deep breath, held it, and put my mouth to the food, and started to suck up the repulsive food. I tried to breath out slowly, to keep the smell away.

WHHAAPPP!!

'OOOOHHHHHHHHhhhhhhhhhh!!!.....'.

'Faster, animal! I like to see my animals hungry and eating fast! Aren't you grateful for your yummy food?'

I realized there was absolutely no choice for me.....I was helplessly chained and cuffed at her feet, and I could not bear to get another stroke of the strap!.....

I forced the dog food down as fast as I could, then knelt, gagging , over the stain on the white floor where the food had rested.

WHHAAPPP!!

'AHHHHHhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!'

I howled like an animal as another white-hot band of pain seared across my ass...

'I didn't tell you to stop, animal! Lick that floor clean!'

I licked the floor until it was spotless. I kept licking. I was so scared she would not be satisfied! I could not take another stroke of the strap!

'That's enough! Back down on the straw'.

With her boot on my neck, she unlocked my handcuffs, and stepped back behind the yellow line with them.

'Position, boy!'

I scrambled up into the position or respect as fast as I could, and pressed my nose hard to the wall. I dared not breath. I knelt, naked. Chained. She held the strap.

I heard her step behind me. I knelt, and prayed. Please....not the strap!

I spread my legs further, and pushed my ass higher.

She reached down and fondled my balls. I kept rigidly in position. Then I felt her press her strap against my balls! I wanted to scream. Please don't let her strap my balls!!!

She laughed and let my balls drop.

'Good boy." she said. "I like a boy who can hold position when I feel him up!".

I heard her step back.

"All my prisoners get yummy dog food. Every day! Get used to it, American boy!

She left, the door closed, I heard the bolts being slid into place.

The cell was silent except for my sobbing. God! My ass was so sore!!! I could not bear that strap!!!.

I drank some water to get the foul taste from my mouth, slurping up the water from the depression, like a dog. I didn't want to use my hands to scoop up

water, because my hands and whole body felt filthy, from the straw and my sweat.

I became aware that I urgently needed to go to the lavatory. Where the hell was my wife.... I must get out of here! For a moment I considered the crazy thought of shouting to attract Ms Mindy's attention, then I realized of course that she was the last person who would help me. I remembered her strap.....no, I don't want her coming back with that strap!.....anyway, I was in a soundproof cell so there no way anyone could hear me..... and even if another Lady guard happened to look though the peephole and saw me shouting, she would probably just ignore me.

'I have to use this embarrassing hole-lavatoryI can't wait any longer.....'.

I got up on my hands and knees. The hole was narrow, about three inches in diameter. It was going to take some care to get my ass accurately over the hole. I shuffled round on my hands and knees until my ass was roughly over the hole. The hole was only about 24 inches from my ringbolt, so it was difficult to get my ass close enough. I found that by adopting a kind of crouch, on my haunches, facing towards the side wall of the cell, with my head up as far as my chain would allow, I could bring my ass or cock over the hole. I was embarrassingly aware that I was completely exposed in full view of any guard looking in through the peephole. So I was to have no privacy even on the lavatory here! I blushed and looked at the door...it was impossible to tell if a guard was looking in through the peephole or not.

I positioned my cock over the hole and started to piss. I heard a faint splashing from deep down the pipe. When I was done, I moved my ass over the hole, released the shit, staring at the cell door.

'God, I just hope no one's watching me.....Oh God, maybe my wife is!' I felt so degraded and humiliated.

The aroma of piss and shit from the lavatory hole mingled with the smell of the straw. I pulled my face as far away from the lavatory hole as my chain would allow, and lay down in the straw.

All the rattling and shifting around in my collar and chain had left me hot and sweaty and sexually excited. My cock was hard and throbbing, and I wanted desperately to wank.

'Oh God, please don't let my wife come back and see me like this!'

The thought of my wife finding me chained like a beast, with a rigid cock, made my cock grow even harder.

I desperately needed to masturbate! I had gotten away with it the first time. But I would have to be extremely careful...Ms Mindy said I'd get 20 from her strap if she caught me!

I cautiously put my hand to my cock, and let it rest there as if by accident. I waited five minutes. I rolled over so that my back was to the cell door. Nothing happened. I gently moved my hand up and down my swollen cock. Oh, it felt so good.... I rubbed more vigorously..... again.....climaxed.....the cum spurted onto the straw.

With a rattle of chain, I rolled over on my back on the straw, content, suddenly sleepy.... I had hardly slept last night. I was hot and sweaty.... I smelled of sweat and straw and shit, and that smell that steel chains have when locked on a sweating prisoner.

Chapter 8 - My Third Day In My Cell

I woke with a start. I think it was very early in the morning, but I wasn't sure.

'Where am I?Oh.... I remember I was dreaming.....'

I tried to sit up, but my chain jerked tight.....

'Ohhhhhh....it's real! It wasn't a dream.... I really am chained here!'

'How long did I sleep? What time is it'

The electric light burned continuously behind the barred grille in the ceiling.

'God!.....this collar is annoying! My neck is so sore. I want it off! I want to escape!'

I decided to carefully examine my collar and chain. It seemed hopeless, but maybe I could find some weak point.

I examined the thick steel links of the chain. Escape by breaking the chain was obviously impossible. I felt around my steel collar with my fingers.... it was smooth, 1/4" thick steel, about 2" high, snug around my neck. I was hard to slide a finger between the collar and my neck. When I swallowed, I felt it tight on my neck. With my fingers, I found the last link of my chain was welded around a ring on the heavy collar hinge, under my chin. I felt the drag of the chain whenever I shifted my position. The heavy padlock rested at the back of my neck, shifting left and right as I moved my head. I felt the padlock with my fingers.....I recognized the shape as one of the expensive high-security padlocks that my wife had liked to use in our bondage play at home, the sort that I had never been able to pick, even in my workshop, with all my lockpicks at hand. I could not possibly escape this collar! I explored down the chain with my fingers. The chain was 24 links of case-hardened steel. Hacksaw proof, even if I had a hacksaw. Then my fingers came to the heavy ringbolt. It was bolted directly into a massive stone block at the base of the cell wall, about 3 inches above floor level.

I closed my eyes. 'I've got to be able to get my chain off of this ringbolt' I prayed 'It's the last escape possibility! Please let there be a weak point in the chain here' Then I opened my eyes and looked down at the ringbolt.

I saw the last thick link of my chain was welded around the heavy steel ringbolt. The weld was new and still shiny. It was a high quality professional weld.

I was well and truly chained! There was absolutely no escape!! And there was no way I could get a message to my wife! She could leave me here for ever if she wanted!

The terrible predicament I was in made me feel even more excited....it was so intensely erotic to be chained and completely secure....maybe for years! I rattled the chain in mad glee! Being chained is so wonderfully erotic to me! I so love being chained!.... the more secure the better!

'I'm chained up nice and tight!.... I can't get out of this!' I shouted insanely to the empty cell.

I got back on my hands and knees, and my chain jerked tight. My cock grew rigid.....

I securely was attached to the wall my chain. Suddenly, I remembered my wife's words.... " I know you'll quickly become very attached to the place..... dear." Very funny! She so loves to tease me when she has me in bondage! And her pretending to give Ms Grange an advance payment for a 12-month stay! She's such a tease! I suddenly had the awful thought again.....what if my wife had NOT been teasing me! What if she really was going to leave me here! I tried to remember her exact words, but I could not. Panic gripped me.

The more I thought about the situation I had got myself into, the more panic I felt.

I had no clothes! They had taken my wallet and passport and credit cards and all my IDs! I had stupidly agreed to be chained up, and I now could not get off my chain! I was in solitary confinement, in a soundproof cell! I was in a foreign country and couldn't speak the language! I was in the charge of a bunch of crazy sadists who had a legal right to keep me chained up! No one from the USA knew I was here, except for my wife! My wife now had absolute

control over all our assets! If she wished, there was nothing to prevent her from leaving me here forever!

I groped around in the straw in desperation, hoping to find something to help me escape.....maybe a piece of farmyard wire that I could use to pick the padlock.....? I felt around in the straw.....I found nothing but straw, and under that the bare stone floor.

I stretched my legs out as far as my chain allowed, and swept my feet around the floor, feeling for anything that might be lying out there on the floor...maybe Mindy had accidentally dropped the key to my collar. I found nothing but straw and the smooth, hard concrete.... I was chained to the cell wall, totally nude, with nothing within reach except straw! Escape really was impossible. They had done too good a job....they had chained me well.

In rising panic, I scabbled madly through the straw again, then with a jangle of chain swept my feet around the floor again, as far out as I could reach. With my chain pulled tight, I could get my feet about half way to the cell door. The painted yellow line ran across the cell floor, about 12" beyond the range of my kicking feet. The Ladies were safe from any prisoner's attempt to kick as long as they stayed behind the yellow line, I realized. So close and yet so far!

'There is no way I can get out. I can see that now! I can shout my head off, and no one will hear me! And I told my wife that I wanted to come here.....she knows I like bondage....she probably thinks I'm enjoying myself here!.....she may really leave me here for a year! There's nothing to prevent that madwoman Ms Grange keeping me chained here for the rest of my life! She'd rake in the dollars and would just be out one can of dogfood per day! And not even good quality dogfood, the selfish bitch!

My panic increased.

'There's nothing to do in here! I must find something to pass the time, or I'll go crazy!'

I gathered up a handful of straw, and examined it. 'Let me study this straw for a while....

OH FUCK THIS! I threw the straw aside. I CAN'T SPEND MY TIME LOOKING AT FUCKING STRAW!!!! I WANT TO GET OFF THIS CHAIN!!!!!!' I shouted to the empty cell.

'Calm down'.....I told myself. 'My wife will let me out any day now. Don't let her find you in a panic. Lie down and wait quietly.... be calm'.

I lay down on the straw and started slow breathing to try to quell the panic. I could not dispel the awful thought that my wife may have been serious about leaving me here. Perhaps she wasn't teasing at all!

I felt the padlock. It really was locked.

'I must be calm.....my wife will be back soon....I must be calm until my wife comes back, then we'll have a good laugh about all this'.

After a few minutes, I wanted to scream.

'I've just got to get Ms Mindy back in here.... she has to let me out of this collar for a few minutes, or I'll go crazy! Just a few minutes.... if she will just unlock me for five minutes, I'll feel ok again!'

'MADAME MINDY!'

I shouted towards the door, so she would see my mouth moving when she looked through the peephole.

'MADAME MINDY'

Silence.

I'll keep shouting..... she must check the cells every hour or so....

'MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!!'

'Oh God....please let me off this chain.....Just 5 minutes! Ms Mindyplease come by and check my cell soon!!!!'...

'MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!!'

'MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!!'

'MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!!'

'MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!!'

'MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!!'

'MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!!'

'MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!!'

'MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!!'

'MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!!'

'MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!!'

Silence!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

'Fuck this.... I've shouted for hours! I'll get out myself!!!'

I put my head down close to the ringbolt and gathered up the slack chain
.....now.... a good pull!!!!

I jerked the chain as hard .

The heavy chain jangled against the ringbolt and my collar.

'OK... let's do it again, this time really hard!'

I jerked the chain, this time as hard as I possibly could.

Nothing.

'OH GOD!!!! I CAN'T GET OFF THIS FUCKING CHAIN'!!!!!!!!!!!!' my shouting echoed in the empty stone cell.

I rolled around in the straw at the end of my chain, my feet kicking... I could not quite reach the yellow line with my feet.

I was hot, and smelt of my sweat, and straw. My neck was sore from the collar. My knees were sore from kneeling in the straw. I was sore all over from the scratchy straw. I could not stand to look at blank white cell walls for even another minute.

'WHERE THE FUCK IS EVERYONE?!!!!!!!!!!!!'

'MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!!'

'MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!!'

'MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!!'

'MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!! MADAME MINDY!!!'

'I can't wait....I must get out RIGHT NOW!

I rolled like a maniac in the straw..... I struggled with my collar.

Let me out of this collar..... please.....please.....PLEASE!!!!!!!!!!!!'

'LET ME OUT!!!!!!!!!!!! FUCK FUCK FUCK..... LET ME OUT!!!!!!!!!!!!'

'Oh God.....I'm chained here.....I'm naked.....please.....'

In a frenzy ...I lay sobbing on my straw.....the scrambling around on my chain had left me hot and sore and sweaty, with a huge hard-on. And I was still chained!.... the thought made me jerk back into yet an attempt to escape.....

'UNLOCK THIS FUCKING COLLAR.....PLEASE!!!!!!!!!!!! PLEASE!!!!!!!!!!!!
PLEASE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!PLEASE!!!!!!!!!!!! PLEASE!!!!!!!!!!!!
PLEASE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!'

I rolled in the straw, naked, my cock rigid, collared to my ringbolt.....chained
naked in my soundproof cell.....I crawled around my ringbolt.....my chain was
exactly 24"

'fuck fuck fuck.....let me off this chain..... please.....'

I was sweaty and smelly, sore and half-crazy..... and I was still on my
chain.....

'FUCK!!!!!!'

I kicked out violently..... 'GET ME OFF THIS FUCKING CHAIN!!!!!!!!!!!!'

'Oh God, please let me out.... please, please..... just for five
minutes.....please.....please.....please!'

I rolled in the straw, my fingers pulling at the padlock behind my neck. I knelt
and took the chain in my hands, and pulled as hard as I could. No use. The
chain was too short to even let me sit up, I could only get onto my hands and
knees before the chain brought me up short. I desperately wanted to
masturbate.

Sobbing, I gathered the straw up, making a small heap to act as a pillow, then
lay down, adjusting my chain so the weight was less heavy. I turned my back
to the cell door, and started to stroke my rigid cock.....

I was sweating, totally exhausted.... suddenly sleep swept over me again.....

I woke again as the bolts were withdrawn. I scrambled in the straw and had
just made it into position as the cell door opened. Once again, my cock was
rigid. I had lost all track of time. I did not know if it was day or night.

I hear footsteps approaching. They halted behind me. I kept my nose pressed
to the wall, and braced for the strap. Oh God....please, not the strap!

WHHAAPPP!!

'Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh...'

I couldn't help myself crying out.....it was sheer agony!!!.....and what the hell was that for?...I was perfectly in position, I was sure.

I held perfectly still.....I would behave perfectly!.....

Soon my wife MUST come and get me, or I would go crazy!

Handcuffs were locked onto my wrists behind my back again. My collar, and the padlock and chain were inspected. They were of course secure. There was no way I could ever get them off. Security was absolute here. Escape was impossible. Ms Grange had told me that none of her prisoners had ever escaped. Now I could see why.

I heard my water being poured into the depression beside me.

It must be morning! I had lost all sense of time. Good! I was really thirsty!

The dogfood slopped to the floor on my left.

"Oh god....please don't make me eat that again!" I whimpered to myself....but I dared not speak.

'Eat, boy.'

Ms Mindy gave her order quietly. She knew I would obey. She stood behind me, her strap ready.

I immediately got onto my knees, and began gulping down the repulsive slop as fast as I could. I hated it, but I had to obey! I knew Ms Mindy liked me to eat fast.

I held my breath as I swallowed it, in big mouthfuls.....my hope was to gulp the repulsive slop down before I could even smell it, or even taste it.

In a few seconds I had swallowed all the vile stuff. Then I immediately set to work cleaning the cell floor with my tongue, licking as fast as I could. I knew Ms Mindy would want that.

In two minutes, I had the floor licked spotlessly clean.

I immediately put my nose back to the wall.

Had I done everything right? Oh God, I hope so! I held position, sweating, dreading the strap.

'Good boy' came Ms Mindy's calm voice from above me.

Thank God!.....she's actually pleased with me! That means I won't get the strap this time! I was so grateful!

Back down on the straw, with her foot on my neck, my cuffs were unlocked and pulled off.

'Into Position, boy' she said calmly. She did not have to speak loudly. She knew my obedience was assured.

I immediately scrambled back into the Position, my chain jangling, and then held as still as possible.

I held the Position perfectly. My nose was pressed to my cell wall. I dared not move. Naked. Sweating. Chained.

I was trained now. And she knew it.

Her footsteps receded and the cell door slammed and locked.

Chapter 9 - My 100th Day In My Cell

The bolts slid back, and with one smooth movement I was in the Position of Respect, my nose pressed firmly to the wall. I was perfectly in Position, the way Ms Mindy liked me to be.

By my count of the days, using the pitiful pieces of straw I had carefully positioned on my cell floor, I had been here 100 days.

I was still sane, I think. But I was not quite certain. I was locked on my chain. That, at least, was completely certain,

I had to face the fact that my wife was not coming back. She probably had been in some kind of accident. Or, perhaps she really had decided to leave me here. She probably thought I was enjoying myself! Or maybe she knew what a hell this was, and wanted me here anyway! She did ask for a short chain, I remembered! That Trust she said she had set up for my permanent keep here must be real! And I thought she was teasing! What a fool I was. I was going to be here for ever, on my chain, for sure.

Whatever was happening, out in the world, since I had been chained here, was beyond my control. Whatever my wife had decided for me, I had no control, or knowledge. My collar was still padlocked. I had 24" of heavy chain, and that was all I had, and would ever have. I had finally received what I had desired. Now I had to live with it. For the endless years ahead.

I heard Ms Mindy's footsteps enter.

After 100 days on my chain, I knew her routine perfectly. It was the same every fucking day!

I had not been allowed to look at the lovely Ms Mindy since my first day here. Ms Mindy strictly required my nose to the wall whenever she was in my cell. All I was allowed to see of her, now, was her lovely hands as she poured my water and emptied my food on the floor. But I well remembered how pretty she was!

As usual, she hesitated on her fifth step into my cell. That is when she came to the yellow line. I knew her footsteps. I had heard them every day for the last 100 days now.

I estimate I had lost at least 20lbs since I had been put here. But I was in great physical condition. I was lean and strong. I had discovered that the best way to pass the long tedious hours in my cell was to exercise. I did pushups, leg lifts, every exercise I could think of, for hours and hours, every day. Exercise kept me sane.

I braced for the strap. Ms Mindy had got into the habit of giving me one single stroke of the strap before feeding me. For no reason I could ever figure out. I think it was, simply, because she enjoyed it.

“Here it comes, boy. I want you to feel my strap every day” I heard her say, quietly. “It’s from me, to you”.

I heard her take a step back, then the rushing sound as she swung her thick leather strap, with all her strength.

WHHHHAAAAPPPPPP!!!

The familiar white hot band of fire seared my buttocks. I was ready for it, and by my greatest willpower, I was just able to remain silent, although I screamed inside. I was not proud of myself. Just one more stroke, and I would have been begging, I knew. The strap still hurt just as much as it ever did. But I had become much stronger, physically and emotionally, over the last 100 days. People say that if hardship doesn't kill you, it will make you stronger. I knew that was true now.

She stood back. I heard her breathing heavily. She was excited. It must be from her exertion with the strap, I thought. I knelt naked, in the position of respect. Chained, my nose to the wall, my ass up, my legs well apart. I forced myself to remain motionless as she inspected me.

I knew she was looking for a reason to strap me again. And hoping for a reason.

After a minute, she took my balls in her gloved hand. I kept completely still. She fondled them for a few minutes. She was seeing if I would get an erection. But my fear prevented this. Eventually, she dropped my balls.

“Have you been masturbating, boy?” she asked.

“No Ma’am, I swear I haven’t.....please.....I swear I haven’t, Ma’am! Please!”

“Don’t worry, boy! You are closely watched! I know you haven’t been masturbating! And you had better not! Unless you want a severe strapping!”

“I think you are well trained now! Nice and obedient.”

“Do you ever think of the USA? You can of course forget about ever getting back to the USA, American boy! You are here now! On a nice short chain, to keep you on your knees. And you have me to supervise you. And I supervise you well don’t I? With my strap! I have come to love you being here. I hope this will be your life for now on! You, me, your chain and the strap!”

“You know your American wife won’t be coming back for you, don’t you? Not after all this time. You are chained here, and she is free, with all your money! She has no doubt found herself many new pretty boys by now!”.

“Am I right?” She laughed, mockingly.

“But I am here, and I will take care of you. I will keep you under my strict discipline. No escape for you!”

She locked handcuffs onto my wrists, behind my back as usual, her boot pressing my neck hard down into the straw. I lay obediently at her feet, face down in the straw, my hands cuffed behind me, as she inspected my collar padlock. It was still locked, of course. There really was no point in them checking my collar every day. There was no way I could ever get it off. I knew that now.

She was satisfied. "Your collar is secure. No escape for you today, prisoner!" she said cheerfully, dropping the heavy padlock.

Ms Mindy hummed some little Czech tune, quietly, singing words sometimes, and gently passed her strap across my buttocks, then my shoulders. She walked around behind me, from my left to my right side.

'You're really are getting to be a pretty animal' I heard Ms Mindy's cool voice from above me.

'Very nice muscles now.... such beautiful shoulders. And nice and obedient too. So long as you're on a chain, anyway. I don't like to think what you'd do if you ever got off that chain! You'd make a nice pet for any Lady now, providing she kept you well chained.....I could almost fancy you myself'.

I heard the food slop onto the floor. I salivated at the sound. I was ravenous, as usual. I hated the taste and stench of dogfood more than I could say, but could not wait to get it. I was hungry, all the time.

I waited for permission to eat. I had been well trained.

'Eat'.

I immediately struggled onto my knees and ate. I ate quickly, the way Ms Mindy liked. I licked the floor spotlessly clean. I immediately put my nose back to the wall. I did not want to get the strap.

'Good boy' said Ms Mindy quietly. 'You are a good boy now. I have you trained well, don't I?'

I felt her strap press against my burning ass again. Cool, smooth leather. She pressed the strap up between my legs, and pushed my balls up.

'Why don't you give me reasons to use my strap any more?.....don't you love my beautiful strap any more? I really love to strap you, you beautiful animal, I really do, very very much. I'm even dreaming about you at night now. But you give me no reasons to strap you, any more! So I'm going to start watching you much more carefully. I suspect that you are masturbating secretly. Am I right? If you are, I'll catch you, one day, my darling, and then.... do you know what you'll get? I'll strap you... on your balls!'

I trembled with real fear . I could not possibly take the strap on my balls!!!!!!

And I knew she meant it! She would do it. She was a sadist! I could no longer take the risk of masturbating!

If only I could get out of this collar!

My cuffs were removed and her steps receded. The cell door slammed and locked, as it had done for a the last 100 days.

I gasped with relief that I had managed to get though another visit with just one stroke from her strap.

I lay on the straw and put my hands over my burning ass. Ms Mindy had never given me more than three strokes at a time. I knew the strap became increasingly painful as the number of strokes increased.....Mindy took pride in applying the strap in exactly the same place each stroke! I could not imagine what 20 would be like.

I would try not to masturbate from now on. I was sure she was watching me, looking for a reason to strap me. Maybe she'll get tired of watching me, if I wait.

I drank some water, then immediately started to do my pushups...my chain jangling. I desperately wanted to masturbate. But I dared not. The exercise helped take my mind off my desire.

I would try for two hundred consecutive pushups today!

Chapter 10 - Six Months Later

My cell door bolts drew back.....I was doing my 324th consecutive pushup.....yet another new personal record. I was in wonderful physical condition. Exercise was all I had to keep myself sane.

Startled, I scrambled to my position, and just made it before the door swung open.

It was about mid-day, as far as I could judge. I had always been left completely alone all day up to now.... what's happening! I held my nose to the wall, perfectly in position. I kept my legs well apart, so the ladies could see my ass and balls. I kept my back straight, and my chain taught. I was perfectly trained.

I heard two sets of footsteps enter my cell.....Mindy's footsteps I recognized.....but who was the other lady.... could it be my wife had come back to let me out at last?!!!

"Which one is in this cell? Is it the new Englishman?" I heard a Lady's voice ask.

'No, this is the American, Madame. He's come along well in the last 6 months under your training methods. Nice and lean now, very good condition as you can see. His behavior continues to improve. He's become very obedient. He keeps a good position, as you can see. Many Ladies would wish to buy him now!'

'My God.... have I really been here for 6 months?!' I thought.

The new footsteps came up to me. I felt a high heeled boot press on my ass and cuffs were fastened on my wrists. The lady reached down and inspected my padlock, then roughly turned my collar around and pulled at the chain. She carefully examined the thick links of the chain, one by one, then the ringbolt. As she dropped the heavy chain, I heard her laugh, very quietly.

She stood up.

'Everything is in order. His collar is padlocked. His chain is secure. Perfect! No escape for him!'

'Are you keeping him under strict discipline, as his wife ordered? And are you using the strap each day, as I ordered? How does he take the strap?'

I realized it was Ms Grange. I recognized her voice. It was not my wife. My heart sank. My wife would never come back...I knew it now.

'Yes, absolutely strict discipline, Madame. He's very obedient now, but I give him six with the strap, every day, to keep him docile! He takes it better now, Madame. He can usually take three or four strokes, before he starts to yell!'

"Is he masturbating? They all do that, if they can."

"No Madame. He's been closely watched. I'm sure he hasn't. And I've warned him that I'll strap him severely, if I see his hands anywhere near his cock. He hates the strap, so I'm sure he wouldn't risk it."

'Good work, Mindy. He looks in good condition, everything is secure, and he seems well trained. Give me another progress report in another 6 months'.

Her footsteps receded.....

'What!..another six monthshere?' I could not believe what I heard. I lost control of myself.

'NO !!!!!' I shouted our loud.

'I CAN'T STAND ANOTHER 6 MONTHS CHAINED HERE!!!!!!!!!!!!'

I screamed in a frenzy.....

'PLEASE..... PLEASE.....MADAME GRANGE..... PLEASE!!!!!!!!!! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE FOR ANOTHER SIX MONTHS!!!..... PLEASE, CALL MY WIFE.... TELL HER TO COME AND GET ME!!!!!!!!!!I'LL DO ANYTHING!!! ANYTHING!!!'

I fell quiet and sobbed. I had broken her rule about speaking without permission (screaming, actually).

I tried to show the Ladies that I was still respectful by staying perfectly in position.

I stayed perfectly in position, silent, my nose to the wall.....and waited.....chained.....sobbing

The Ladies footsteps halted. There was complete silence.

'I thought you told me he was "very obedient" said Ms Grange in a thoughtful voice

'I'm so sorry Madame' said Mindy 'I didn't expect that outburst....he's never done that before....he'll get twelve with the strap for that insolence!'

'Yes. That's good' said Ms Grange after a pause 'but make it twenty, and make them nice and hard, Mindy!'

'Also, that outburst was not just a slip.... that was calculated, intentional disobedience. That's a caning offence! I have a free afternoon a week from tomorrow. Please have him ready for caning then'.

'Yes Madame, he'll be ready'

Ms Grange left, whilst I stayed rigidly in position.

'Prisoner, you have disgraced me!' said Mindy, after Ms Grange had left.

'I'm going to give you 20 now!...hold in position.....or you'll get extra!'

WHHAAPPP!!

Mindy grunted with her effort, putting all her strength into the stroke.

I gasped as a wide band of fire blazed across my buttocks. Tears came to my eyes...it was exquisitely painful....I could not bear it..

WHHAAPPP!!

Ohhhh...a little moan of pain sprung from my lips before I could stop myself.

'Do you like my strap, animal? asked Ms Mindy, breathing hard

WHHAAPPP!!

'Answer me, you fucking cock!'

WHHAAPPP!!

'yes, madame....Please, Madame....its too severe!!!!'

WHHAAPPP!!..... WHHAAPPP!!..... WHHAAPPP!!

OOOHHHHHHhhhhhhhh!!!!. Please!...Please!!!!.....
OOOHHHHHHhhhhhhhh!!!!.....

'Now you're howling well, animal!' cried Mindy, laughing with joy.

WHHAAPPP!!..... WHHAAPPP!!..... WHHAAPPP!!

OOOHHHHHHhhhhhhhh!!!!..... OOOHHHHHHhhhhhhhh!!!!.....

I bellowed with pain as Mindy applied the strokes with precision, one stroke every 20 seconds, each one in exactly the same place on my buttocks.

'Keep your nose to the wall, cock animal'.

WHHAAPPP!!..... WHHAAPPP!!..... WHHAAPPP!!

'NOOoooo.....NOOoooo ...PPLLLeeeeeaaassee!!'

'Hold your position, animal' snarled Mindy, breathing heavily.

WHHAAPPP!!..... WHHAAPPP!!..... WHHAAPPP!!

OOOHHhhhhhh!!!!..... OOHhhhhhh!!!!..... OOOHHhhhhhhhh!!!!

'Keep still, or I'll give you extra! do you understand me? I mean it!!' she shouted.

'yes Madame.....'

WHHAAPPP!!..... WHHAAPPP!!..... WHHAAPPP!!

OOOHHhhhhhh!!!!..... OOHhhhhhh!!!!..... OOOHHHHHHhhhhhh!!!!.....

At last I had received the last agonizing stroke, and my yells changed to sobbing. I held my position, sobbing, my ass burning. Mindy stood behind me, breathing hard from the effort, swinging her strap, her face flushed, watching me intently, with a look of fascinated disgust on her beautiful face.

'Do you intend to be disobedient again, prisoner?' Asked Ms Mindy, breathing hard.

"No, Madame" I sobbed "I promise I'll be obedient, I promise I promise!"

'You will be caned next week, prisoner' Ms Mindy said, with relish 'and you will find that the cane is much worse than the strap'.

I heard the cell door slam and lock.

I was left alone, chained to the wall.

I tenderly put my hands on my buttocks.... the pressure helped the pain slightly.....my chain jangled as I moved. The sound made my cock stiffen. I loved the look and sound of my chain.

'Surely..... the cane could not possibly be worse than the strap.....could it????!!!!'

I wondered.

Soon, I would find out.

Chapter 11 - The Trestle

The day of my caning had arrived!

I had spent the week quietly in my cell, being as obedient as I possibly could.

I was assigned two Lady Guards all that week, both Ms Mindy and Ms Susan. Prisoners awaiting caning were especially desperate and frantic to escape, and would sometimes try to scratch or kick their guards, especially as the punishment day drew near. So Ms Grange assigned two guards for the final few weeks before a caning. Ms Susan stood back, just behind the yellow line, with her strap at the ready, whilst Ms Mindy attended to me. Ms Susan was ready to help Ms Mindy, if it became necessary. But I gave them no trouble. It would clearly have been futile. I could not escape. Any resistance would have just got me another strapping or caning. I knew that.

Ms Mindy was extremely strict with me all that week. She strapped me hard for the slightest error. And if I made no error, she still strapped me! She kept my ass red and sore, all week. I so dreaded the strap!

The day arrived.

Shortly after my feeding time, my cell door opened.

With my nose pressed to the wall, I heard Ms Mindy's steps and two other sets of footsteps enter my cell. It sounded like they were dragging a heavy wooden object, I heard the scraping of wood on concrete.

I kept my nose pressed to the wall.... perfectly in position. The last thing I wanted was another strapping. My ass was still red hot from the strapping I had got thirty minutes before.

'That ass looks very sore! And he's keeping position well. You have him well trained, Mindy' I heard a female voice say cheerfully. I did not recognize the voice.

'I try' said Mindy

'Do you need more of the strap, prisoner?' called Ms Mindy.

'Please, no, Madame...please' I moaned.

The Ladies laughed.

'Yes, very well trained' said one the unknown voice. "His ass is looks so sore already.....the cane is going to make him yell, for sure! Is he going to be gagged?"

I clenched my teeth. 'Oh God!' I thought. 'Please don't give me the strap again !!!! I had done nothing to deserve it! The sadistic bitches!!!!'

But I was at their mercy. As long as I was on my chain, obedience was my only possible defense against the strap! If only I could get off this chain!!!

'No, Ms Grange likes to hear them yell, when they feel the cane. He won't be gagged' said Ms Mindy.

'Now...lift up your ass, prisoner, Get it right up, as high as you can' Ms Mindy ordered.

I obediently got off my knees and straightened my legs, so my ass raised up as high as I could go.

I felt a wooden trestle slid under my upraised stomach.

'Let yourself down, slowly....down on to the trestle, prisoner'

I let myself slowly down, and felt a leather-padded wooden beam under my stomach.

'Relax your legs.....let me move your ankles, prisoner'

I felt my ankles lifted off the floor, and spread apart. I lay supported on the trestle. I felt straps being cinched tight around each ankle. Then straps were tightened around my lower thighs, then around my wrists, then my upper arms.

"Hold this in your mouth, boy"

I obediently opened my mouth. Ms Mindy put her strap between my lips.

“Hold that! Don’t you dare drop it! And if I see any teethmarks on it, when I take it out, you’ll be very, very sorry!”

Ms Mindy passed a wide, heavy strap around my waist. 'Breath out, boy!' She pulled the waist strap fully tight, and buckled it securely. It could not have been tighter. Then, she tightened both my thigh straps another notch. My buttocks were stretched over the bench, held securely by the waist and thigh straps. I could not move my ass at all, I realized. I could tighten my ass muscles, but not move at all.

Ms Mindy saw me tightening my buttock muscles. She laughed.

"Just relax, boy. The straps will ensure you can't move your ass when you feel the cane. Ms Grange likes her prisoners' asses tightly strapped down. She insists on straps at the waist and the thighs. She's very particular about accurate placement of strokes" she said kindly "Its for your own good really".

She took her strap from my mouth, then pushed my face into a leather mask, and fastened straps around my head. The mask had holes for my mouth and nose, but none for my eyes. Then a strap went around my neck, and my head was pulled hard down to the trestle.

I was now strapped tightly across the trestle, my ass raised high, my arms and legs spread and strapped. My head was strapped down facing the end wall of the cell. My chain dangled loosely from my collar down to my ringbolt. I could not have been more exposed, more helpless.

I heard more footsteps and the sounds of more wood on concrete....'we'll need one more chair...there are five Ladies coming' I heard one say.

At last I heard the Ladies' steps recede amongst their laughter, and the cell door closed and bolted.

Silence.

I experimentally strained at the wide leather straps. Just as Ms Mindy had promised, the waist and thigh straps prevented me from moving my ass, not even an inch. I was strapped so that I could move nothing at all, except for my

hands and feet, which hung free in the air. I waved my hands wildly, and found nothing but empty air and the hard, smooth oak of the bench I was strapped to. I strained to touch the floor with my feet.... my toes could not quite touch the floor.

I was more helpless than I could ever remember! My face was strapped into the leather facemask, and I could see nothing.

I lay quiet, breathing slowly. Although I could not move, I was very comfortable...the smooth wood and leather was much more comfortable than the coarse straw!

I thought of the Ladies who would soon come to watch me being caned. At the thought, my cock began to harden. I realized that I was strapped in a position so that any erection would be obvious to all the Ladies who sat behind me. The thought made my cock harden even more!

I was left strapped across the trestle for hours. Three or four I think. It was hard to tell. Time goes so slow when there is nothing to see, and nothing to do.

At last I heard the doorbolts being pulled and several Ladies' footsteps entered, too many to count. I could see nothing. There were many Ladies voices, talking and laughing. I lay quietly across the trestle, my ass to the door, strapped in position. I knew that my hard cock was completely obvious.

I heard some excited laughter as they came in and saw me. A few clapped their hands. A lot of chatter, some laughter, a lot of animated conversation. The sound of scraping of chair legs on concrete floor of the cell, as they adjusted their chairs for the best view.

'Good afternoon, Ladies'

I heard Mrs Grange call out. Her footsteps approached. I recognized her step. Ladies voices were raised to greet her.

I heard her come up close behind me. She walked slowly. I remembered that she had needed a walking cane to help her walk.

'Hello Mr Crowne' she said loudly. She wanted the watching Ladies to hear her.

'Have you enjoyed your time here so far? We've been very gentle with you so far, just some gentle strapping! Which you well deserved! But today, I will take you to a new level. Today, I'm going to give you a real punishment! A nice, hard caning!'

I felt her hand gather my balls... then pass to my hard cock. 'Pooh....You smell smell of sweat and straw! But that's not unexpected, after six months on a chain, I suppose!'

'And you are sexually excited I see.....you really are such an animal! It was very appropriate that your wife had you chained!'

The Ladies laughed and tittered.

I felt Ms Grange's gloved hand leave my cock, and move gently over my buttocks.

'Madame Mindy has warmed your ass up with her strap, I see. Its a bit red. But that's nothing compared to what I'm going to give you now. Believe me. You will find this is something....special'.

'Have you been caned before, Mr. Crowne? Did your wife ever cane you?'

'No Madame, never the cane, just gentle spankings. She mostly enjoyed teasing me while I was chained'.

'Excellent! I like having inmates who have never experienced a hard caning. It's such fun to give a man his first hard caning! I love to hear them howl as I cane them! Since they can't move, they can only howl! It's so delicious!'

'I will tell you my methods..... you will suffer more if you know what's coming to you!'

'In my Institute, the strap is used for poor performance, and caning is reserved for deliberate disobedience. For a first offense, the punishment is 36 strokes of the cane. One stroke every 30 seconds, no faster, no slower'.

'I use a 30" 7/16" diameter rattan cane, soaked in cold water for 48 hours and dried for 6 hours'.

'I require inmates to count each of the first six strokes, aloud, in a nice clear voice, and also say "Thank you Madame" . If the prisoner fails to do this properly, within 10 seconds, the stroke is repeated. I am completely strict about this rule, so don't forget to count! I do not require my prisoners to count after the first six strokes. I've found it's impractical. They are always screaming too much by then'.

'I do not gag my prisoners during caning, because I enjoy hearing them yell as I cane them. I get the most amusing begging and howling from some prisoners! The quiet ones often yell the best. You seem the strong silent type, but that sort of man often howls really well. I am looking forward to making you howl!'

'So during caning, the rule about speaking is suspended. You may say anything you wish whilst you are being caned. That's mainly because you simply won't be able to stay quiet. But also, I'm always interested to hear what a man says under the cane...some come out with the most rude and surprising things. It really makes me blush sometimes!'

"However, if you do say anything that annoys me, I may add additional strokes to your punishment! So be careful!"

'I place the first eighteen strokes standing at your left side. I place the strokes closely spaced. I have had a lot of practice at caning men, and I'm very accurate and precise. The strokes will cover your buttocks, starting from just below the tailbone. I don't cane the thighs unless the sentence is for a much larger number of strokes. You only have 36, so they will all be on your buttocks. .

'This will be a new experience for you. But I've done this many times. You will think that you can't take it.....but you will! That's why you are strapped down!'

'I take a 15-minute break after the first eighteen strokes, because I like to have a cigarette and a glass of wine at that point.'

'Then... I will give you the second set of eighteen. The second set of eighteen will be given from the opposite side, and will be placed across the same area as the first set. The second set always hurts much worse, since the strokes will cover the area already red and sore from the first set.'

'You will remain strapped down throughout your punishment. Your straps will only be released after you have received your full number of strokes. There is no mercy, and no appeal. You may beg all you want, but it won't make any difference. As you probably have guessed, Mr. Crowne, I am a true sadist, as are all the Ladies here, so no amount of begging will do you any good! You will get your full sentence, all 36 strokes, no matter how much you beg'.

'The other inmates will hear this. I have had all their cell doors opened, just for this, so they will be able to hear you howling. They are safely chained to their cell walls, of course. The sounds they will hear will be an excellent reminder to them, of their own precarious position here!'

'Now it's time, Mr. Crowne. It's time for your caning to start. Are you ready?'

Chapter 12 - My First Eighteen Strokes

I sensed her move up beside the trestle, and felt her cane pressed gently against my ass. Her cane moved gently up and down, massaging my ass.

I was desperate. This was it! Suddenly, I thought of a way out....

'Please Madame, please, may I not be caned this time?' I gasped frantically.

'I promise I will be completely obedient from now on.....please.....may I have a double punishment next time, and not be punished this time? Please Ma'am! Please!'

She paused.

I held my breath. Maybe I could talk my way out of this caning!

'Sorry.....the answer is "no"! Double punishments are automatic for a second offence! And triple punishments after a third offence! Get the idea? But this is your first offence, so you only get 36!'

She pressed the cane to my ass. 'It's the cane for you! It's time to pay for your errors! Right now! And nothing you say will make any difference!' I felt the cane moved away from my ass.

The audience of ladies were hushed. 'This is what you get for disobedience, here, boy' I heard one of them call out.

"Yes, indeed!" said Ms Grange.

A rushing sound, then...

CRACK!!!!

A stripe of burning fire blazed across my buttocks. It was all the pain of the strap, but concentrated into a single narrow line of white-hot flame. It was ten times as intense as the strap! It was intolerable! Unendurable! An animal moan of agony burst from my mouth. Despite my effort to not make any sound.

I strained with all my strength against the leather straps. They would not give! I waved my hands and feet wildly, trying to find a surface to push against. I found nothing but air. I lay helplessly strapped across the trestle. I gasped for breath. It was hard to breath, the straps were so tight. The single line of pain still burned across my ass.

I heard one of the watching ladies laugh, and the murmur of their voices. A bell gave a soft chime. 'Your ten seconds are up, boy, so that stroke must be repeated' said Mrs. Grange calmly.

Again the cane was pressed to my ass.

'No! Please! One! Thank You Madame! Please, please, I forgot to count! Please Madame'

'You are much too late. You poor stupid boy! You must count every stroke within 10 seconds, or get it again. I told you that! You have to be made to learn your lessons!

The cane moved away. I heard the cane whistle again, and a second line burned across my ass, $\frac{1}{4}$ " below the first, and exactly parallel to it.

I gasped with pain, then, as fast as I could, I called out 'Two, thank you Madame'.

She laughed

'No boy, that count is wrong! That was a repeat of the first stroke. That was stroke number one!

'It's just simple arithmetic, boy. But since you can't keep a proper count, you must get that stroke yet again!'

"NOooo, NOooooo, pleeeaaaase" I shouted.

Again the cane rubbed gently over my ass then withdrew, and a third line of pain seared below the first two, again spaced $\frac{1}{4}$ " further down, and again exactly parallel. This time I screamed in pain, I could not help myself.

'One, thank you Madame" I yelled frantically. 'And please, no more! Please! Please!! Please!!! I can't take any more! I really can't! Please Madame, that's enough! I can't take anymore!

'You can't take any more? Really? Because you've got another thirty five coming!'

"NOooooo!!!!!!!!!"

'Please.....please, please, please! I can't take that many! I can't! Please, no more!' I heard myself yelling.

CRACK!

"Two! Thank you, Ma'am! Please.....please.....please...."

and again....CRACK!.....

"Please! Please! Oh God! Three!!! Thank you Ma'am!.... no more!

CRACK!

'Nooooo.....Pleeeasse.....Four! Thank you Ma'am! No more! Please!!!!'

Between my sobbing and begging and cursing, I counted each stroke, and thanked her for each, as clearly as I could. After a while, I forgot to count. The pain was all I could think about. The caning continued at a steady, regular pace, despite my yelling. I was out of control after a while, just yelling and struggling with the tight straps, held perfectly in position. I heard Mrs. Grange breathing louder with the effort she was putting into her strokes. She began to laugh out loud as my shouting got louder. Between the steady pace of strokes, she spoke into my ear. "That's it, boy.....howl away!.... that's how I know its hurting!..... you have lost more to come! A nice steady pace, no matter how much you yell! And remember, it's going to hurt more and more as I go on!'

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

A wordless, animal howl of agony was now coming from my throat after each stroke, and my tears and sweat was soaked into the leather face mask. I sobbed, and my nose ran, and the tears and slime dripped down on the floor.. I

was soaked in sweat. Faintly, I heard applause and laughter from the watching ladies.

'You are starting to howl beautifully, boy.... is your bottom starting to hurt a little bit now....?'

The strokes continued, a completely steady pace, every stroke delivered hard, and accurately placed just below the previous one. CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

I had lost count of the strokes. But finally, she stopped. She stepped back and I heard her turn towards the audience of ladies.

A loud round of applause came from the audience.

My ass was on fire!

I babbled, completely out of control.. My ass was burning in a continuous, wide band of fire. I was striped at 1/4" intervals, every stroke exactly parallel to the rest. I was being caned by an expert! I had completely lost count of the strokes. Thank god it was over! I could not have stood even one more stroke!

I was beside myself with the pain. I babbled incoherently to myself. 'Please, please, please....I'll be good, madame....I will I will I will....fuck... fuck....no.....no more.....please, madame, please....I will be good,..i will....I will...please.....oh...oh...oh....please...please....oh....fuck.....fuck, fuck.....please.....please.....i won't be bad any more...i'm sorry....please.....please.....please....please..... I can't.....I can't.....please....no more.....please.....please.....please.....PLEASE.....I'll be good...I will I will, please...

Noone took any notice. They stood around me, talking and laughing amongst themselves. As my sobbing and babbling gradually subsided, I began to hear the clink of wineglasses. The sound of women's voices grew louder, and I heard the click of their high heels and the rustle of their dresses as they moved close around me.

'Look...he's dribbling, the beast! Give him extra for that!' The lady shrieked with laughter.

'He'll be made to lick up his mess afterwards, I hope, Ms. Grange?' Another woman laughed.

'Let me see what mess he's making around there.... Oh, it's disgusting.... yes, I'll make him lick it up..... provided he's still alive after the next eighteen'.

I shuddered. Had I only had eighteen?!!!! That meant I had another eighteen coming! I began to moan and babble again.

The women shrieked with laughter. I heard the clink of wine glasses, the sound of high heels....I felt dizzy.....please God, let me lose consciousness....

After about 15 minutes, I heard the group of women moved away, laughing and chatting.

'Let's continue. Quiet, if you please, Ladies, please be seated. We'll give him another eighteen, then we will retire to the dining room' said Ms Grange loudly.

So it was true! I had only had eighteen! She was going to give me another eighteen!!!! A thrill of horror ran through me. I simply could not take another eighteen! The first twelve had been unendurable, and the next would be even worse!

Oh Christ, I thought, she loves doing this! She's going to give me another eighteen! And she will!!! There's nothing I can do to stop her!

I felt Mrs. Grange's gloved hand caress my cheek. I felt her hair brush my heaving shoulders. I heard her whisper, close to my ear. 'You have beautiful weals my pretty boy. You mark very well! I'm very pleased.....we'll do this lots more times!.....you do know you're here for ever, don't you. You and the other prisoners!.....I'm going to keep you all chained in your cells, naked, on straw, ready for caning whenever I wish.....Mmmmm.....I'm so enjoying this....'.

She stepped back and spoke loudly, so all could hear.

'I'm going to give you another eighteen strokes now!

Chapter 13: The Second Eighteen Strokes

'You do not need to count any of these last eighteen strokes, boy. You may devote all your energy to your yelling! '

I was helpless. My striped buttocks were still strapped perfectly in position for caning! The seconds dragged by, and the room was very quiet.

Then I heard Ms Grange move. I clenched my teeth desperately. I had to do something!!! I could not take more strokes! I simply could NOT take any more! It was impossible for me to take any more! She could not possibly.....

Then her cane whistled through the air.

Agony blazed once more across my rump.

A frenzied howl of pain erupted from my throat. Agonizing, deep, searing pain..... absolutely unendurable torture.

I strained at my immovable straps. No man or woman could endure such pain in silence . . . eighteen more strokes like that would be impossible to take. But I was well aware that I would get every one, every last stroke, each laid on with all the force at Ms Grange's command.

The whistling cane was laid on at the same steady pace as before. My howls grew louder and my cursing more foul and obscene. The torment grew worse and worse.

Ms Strange did not seem to be tiring at all, she continued to lay on each stroke steadily and accurately, in the same measured way. Even over my howling and the laughing and cheering from the audience of sadists, I could hear her grunt with effort as she lashed the cane down with all her might. Each stroke brought a new mountain of pain, each more intense than the one before. I could not stand it. Each stroke was unendurable. But each unendurable stroke was followed by another.

I strained at the wide, tight straps with all my strength. If only I could shift a little, I could at least prevent the next weal from landing on an earlier weal that was already white hot with pain.....I strained with all my might at the straps.....I could not move, not even slightly.

My shrieks changed to begging, then sobbing, then frenzied cursing.....but my shouting didn't make any difference.....the cane continued to be steadily applied. It was literally unendurable....but I was strapped down, and had to endure it!

You bitch! STOP!!! Fuck you!.... My yelling was obscene by now. She had given me permission to say anything, but it still made her angry.'You foul mouthed shit! How you're you speak like that! It's obvious that you deserve this punishment! And you'll get it all! No matter how much you yell!'

"Merceeeee!" I heard myself shouting, wild and hoarse.

"Merceee . . . eeeee!"

At last Ms Grange stopped. She stood quietly behind me. She waited until my howling subsided down to an intermittent sobbing.

Then she spoke...

"I hope this caning has taught you a lesson, Mr Crowne. In my Institute, it's complete obedience, or the cane! It's your own choice!!"

"Here come your last two strokes, Mr Crowne' she said in a calm voice....

The audience became hushed, but I erupted in a screaming frenzy..... completely out of control.....beside myself with agony.....I could not bear any more, not even one more....

"NO MORE!!!. . . . merceee . . . merceee . . .
merceee.....pleaaaasse.....pleaaaasse.....NOooooooooo!"

Ms Grange took no notice.

CRACK!

'Noooooooo mooore.....pleaaaasse.....pleaaaasse.....pleaaaasseeeee....

"NOoooooooo merceee merceee . . . merceee....."

"CRACK!"

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.....Ohhhhhhhhhhh.....AAAHHHHhhhhhhhhhh....."

'That should encourage you to be obedient, boy,' Ms Grange said, inspecting my shuddering buttocks with satisfaction. 'If you are ever disobedient again, I will be happy to cane you again! And don't forget, it will be twice as many strokes next time!'"

My buttocks were lined with red and purple weals, forming parallel ridges across my ass, with two scarlet diagonal weals where the last two strokes had been applied. The weals were arranged precisely and symmetrically across my buttocks. . . each weal a line of pure torment.

I lay sobbing, completely broken. The pain still burned across my ass, but the agonizing peaks of unendurable pain had stopped at last. I knew I could not have possibly endured even one more stroke. I would do anything, anything, anything at all, rather than have even one more stroke.

I knew Ms Grange would keep me chained, and would not hesitate to cane me again, if I intentionally broke even the smallest rule! I had to be absolutely and totally obedient from now on! I knew Ms Grange would be waiting for any excuse to cane me!!!

I had, at last, been taught obedience.

Chapter 14: After Caning

I had been unstrapped, and the trestle had been taken out of my cell, and the last of the Ladies had left my cell, laughing and talking. My cell door was locked after the last Lady left.

My ass burned and throbbed with agony. I gently lay down on the straw, face down. I spread my legs wide, so my cock could be seen from the door, and kept my hands to my sides. I still desperately wanted to masturbate, but did not dare.

Now I had felt the cane, I knew I could never break any rule, no matter how small, ever again, ever.... ever! I would live quietly on my chain, and will be completely obedient and pleasing. I will never ever, ever do anything that might earn me the cane!

I lay on the straw, wide-awake. My buttocks were still on fire, and I could not sleep. My cock was hard, and I was longing to touch it.

My cell door bolts were drawn. I frantically scrambled to the position of respect. I pressed my nose hard to the wall. I spread my knees wide, even though I knew it made my hard cock very obvious. I tried to remain motionless, and perfectly in position, but I felt my hindquarters trembling uncontrollably.

'Please God, don't let the Lady be displeased with me!' I prayed.

I heard a Lady's shoes entering my cell. I kept my nose pressed to the wall.

'I see you are trembling' she said. 'Was the caning that bad?'

I felt her hand on my ass.

'I see that it was'

'Don't worry, I'm not going to have you caned. Although I could!'

'I'm pleased to see you haven't been masturbating. I looked through the peephole before I unlocked the door, and I saw that you were not playing with yourself. Keep up the good behavior!'

When she spoke I knew who she was.... she was Susan, the second Lady guard at the Institute, who had been with Ms Mindy when I arrived with my wife, so many months ago. I had not seen since her that time.

'You may lie down, but keep your face to the wall. Put your hands behind your back please. I'm coming across the yellow line, so keep perfectly still. If you move, I'll have you caned again'.

I shuddered when I heard that. I quickly lay down on my straw and put my hands behind my back, I lay perfectly still and looked at the wall. I heard her come towards me, and felt her boot on my neck.

'Don't be afraid, boy! I'm not going to punish you. I'm going to cuff you now. Relax.....this is just standard security procedure. You must be cuffed, for my safety.'

I felt handcuffs lock tightly on my wrists.

'There. Now you're safe to be handled'.

She took her boot off my neck and knelt down beside me.

'Relax boy. Mrs Grange and Mindy all the other Ladies have gone into Prague for dinner. I've brought you an icepack for your ass. Its completely against the rules, but I'm the only Lady here tonight, so no one will know. You really need this...you're black and blue! Just lovely marks!'

I felt an ice pack gently placed on my buttocks.

'You may speak. Tommy? Is that your American name? Tommy?'

She pressed the ice onto my buttocks.

"Does that feel better?'

'No, Madame, my ass feel like it's on fire, all of it. Is it bleeding?'

'No, the skin isn't broken, not at all. Ms Grange is an expert with the cane. She's got a government permit to use the cane, which is very hard to get. Our laws allow caning only by qualified people, and the skin must never be intentionally broken. I've seen Ms Grange give over thirty canings, and she's never broken the skin even once. But you do have the most beautiful weals. The best I've ever seen! It's a real work of art, back here. A pity you can't see it. I bet it hurts like hell. This ice is getting the swelling down fast, but you will be marked for weeks!'

She laughed.

'Excuse me laughing, Tommy dear, but I'm a sadist, you know? I'd have given a lot to have you under my own strap tonight, but watching Ms Grange put you through your paces was almost as good...she's such an expert with the cane! She's so good! I'll be able to apply for a license to use the cane next year, and Ms Grange says she'll coach me.'

'Don't expect an icepack every time you're punished. I would really prefer to leave you here in pain. But more than that, I want you to heal fast....I want your ass ready for caning again, as soon as possible. Maybe Ms Grange will let me practice on you.'

She laughed. 'Do you think I'm joking?.... I assure you... I'm not!'

'You'll have an even bigger audience for your next caning, once the word gets around among Mr Grange's friends about how well you caned today. You mark and howl so well! All the other inmates are cowering in their cells after hearing you yelling.... I'll have no trouble with them tonight. But I'm going to invent some reason to strap one of them..... that cute mommy's boy in cell 4 I think....maybe thirty strokes.....I want to see if I can make him yell like you did'.

'There, the swelling is down a bit already.'

She put her hand on my rigid cock.' You're really horny, aren't you, boy. 'It's such a pity Ms Grange keeps all the collar keys in her private safe. Otherwise I'd love to take you to my room in handcuffs, for some private training! But unfortunately I can't get the key to your collar, much as I'd like to!'

She removed the icepack from my buttocks and stood up. She paused.

'Let me check those cuffs!' She reached down and inspected my handcuffs.
"Ok...you're safe.....can't be too carefull! You prisoners can be violent, I know!"

'Roll over onto your back, prisoner, let me see that cock!'

I rolled onto on my back in the straw, my hands handcuffed underneath me. I looked up at her.

It was such a pleasure to be allowed to look at a woman again. I had not been allowed to look at a woman for months. Ms Mindy always made me keep my nose to the wall whilst she was in my cell.

She was standing a few feet from me, in a tight black leather skirt, knee high boots, leather jacket, smiling. She was a goddess! She was looking at my rigid cock, erect like a flagpole.

Slowly, she began to unbutton her black leather jacket...she let it fall open.... she had nothing under it. Her small breasts were partly visible to me. She reached down, pulled up her black leather skirt, and slowly pulled down her black lace panties. She dangled them on her finger over my face, inches away, then threw them aside.

She stepped forward so she was directly standing over my chest, legs apart, then turned around so her back was to me. She hitched up her leather skirt, and knelt, one knee each side of my chest. Without pausing, she lowered her ass and pussy onto my face. I took a deep breath, then she was on me. She pressed down firmly, and gripped my head with her thighs. I was smothered in a dark universe of female sensation and scents. She moaned, and ground herself into my face.

'Use your tongue, prisoner' I heard her voice faintly from outside my dark, soft universe. I automatically obeyed. I had been well trained, to obey!

I felt her lean forward, and felt her hands grip my rigid cock. Her strong fingers massaged my swollen balls. Her nails pressed into my cock.

She groaned with pleasure, and moved her pussy over my mouth. She moved, faster and faster, bearing down harder, tightening the grip of her thighs on my head. I couldn't breath.... her cunt scents and flavors filled my mind.....I

sucked and licked as hard as could....I was suffocating in a black universe of woman.....

We came suddenly, together, simultaneously, explosively.

I heard a voice cry out with pleasure. I was smothered by a sweet darkness, that covered me and held me prisoner.

An ecstasy of pleasure flowed through my body. First burning, like fire. Then cool, like balm. A completely irresistible pleasure.

I felt her shudder, above me, and her scent grew stronger. I lay helpless, handcuffed and chained.

She slowly relaxed her thighs from their tight grip on my face. Then she rubbed her soaking pussy over my face and mouth, smoothing herself all over me, over and over. I gasped for air, when I could, and kissed her again and again.

I knew..... I would never have such pleasure again, here on my chain.

Finally, she got to her feet, slowly, and began to ease down her skirt. Standing directly over me with her legs spread wide, so I could see directly up her skirt.

I moaned, chained.

She turned around and took a step back, so I could see her bosom...then slowly began to re button her jacket. I so wanted her.

'Does that feel better, prisoner?' she asked, at last.

'Oh, yes, Madame.....it was pure heaven' I said.

'Then that will be something for you to remember, while you're chained here for the rest of your life, won't it!'

She laughed and moved away from me, and turned in a circle so I could admire her.

'Now, roll back on your belly, prisoner! Face back to the wall! No more talking now! You're back under strict discipline again! ...keep perfectly still until I say you can move'.

I obeyed. I felt her boot press firmly down on my neck. My handcuffs were unlocked and pulled off.

She stepped back.

'Get back in position, if you please! Nose to the wall! You won't be allowed to look at a woman again for a long time'.

I obediently got back on my hands and knees and pressed my nose to the wall.

'Get your legs further apart, cock boy! Get your ass higher! Show your balls! Do I have to strap you, boy?.'

I shuddered with fear.... I spread my legs as far as I could, so she could see my balls and cock and ass fully exposed, as was required for prisoners.

'I'll be your guard until further notice, prisoner. Don't think because of this evening that I'll be any gentler with the strap than Madame Mindy! Because I won't!'

The door slammed shut, and the bolts and padlocks were secured.

I looked around....I hoped she might have forgotten to take her panties, but I saw that they had gone.

I was alone again, locked on my chain. I gathered up my chain in my hands, and kissed the beautiful, heavy links. I loved my lovely strong chain, with an intense sexual passion.

Chapter 15 - I Finally Realise There Is No Release For Me

I gingerly felt my buttocks, then looked at my fingers.....no blood.....the skin tender skin burned and throbbed, but was not broken. The ridges of the weals were less pronounced after the ice pack. But I knew that the only reason for icepack was because Ms Susan wanted my ass to heal fast..... so she could have me caned me again!

My cock became rock hard again at the thought....I both loved the caned and dreaded it.....

I gingerly lay down on the straw. My ass flamed as it met the straw. Wincing I lay flat on my back, and spread my legs, keeping my hands well away from my rigid cock. But my cock ached to be touched and held and stroked. I dared not bring my hands in....Ms Susan might be watching me at this instant, looking for a reason to have me caned.

I turned my collar so the heavy padlock was under my chin. I was chained to the wall, nude, completely secure. Escape was impossible, and Mrs Grange would never release me. The thought made my cock harden even more.

It had now been here over six months, and my wife still had not come back to release me.

‘Please God, let my wife come back before they cane me again!’ I prayed.

I shuddered with pleasure and dread at the thought of another caning.....I knew that before long I was sure to get another caning from these sadists.....they'd find some reason, no matter how obedient I was....they had enjoyed caning me too much not to do it again, just as soon as my ass had healed!!!

I had to find a way to get a message to my wife, to tell her it was urgent that she come back and release me before my ass had fully healed again.

‘How can I get a message to my wife?’ I wondered. ‘ Maybe Ms Susan would send a message for me? But how can I ask her when I’m not allowed to speak? If I speak without permission, she’ll have me caned for sure!’

I looked at the cell door. I had no idea if Ms Susan was outside or not. I had an idea...if I could attract her attention somehow, she might come in and ask me what's wrong, and then I could speak and ask her to take a message. I had to try to attract her attention somehow. It was a soundproof cell, but if I shouted, she might look in and see me shouting.

'MADAME SUSAN' I shouted.

No answer. The hatch in my cell door remained shut.

I shouted at the top of my voice, again and again.

'GOD GOD GOD!.....PLEASE PLEASE LET ME OFF THIS CHAIN.....PLEASE.....I'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF HERE.....PLEASE LET ME OFF THIS CHAIN....PLEASE ...THEY WILL CANE ME AGAIN, I KNOW, IF I CAN'T GET OFF THIS CHAIN.....'

I tugged at my collar in a frenzy at the thought of the next caning waiting for me.

'OH GOD!.....PLEASE! I CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER CANING.....PLEASE.....'

There was no answer. Susan was probably off giving some other poor prisoner a strapping.

Finally, my exhaustion overcame the torment of my burning buttocks, and I slept, drenched in sweat.

Suddenly I woke again. With a rattle of chain, I rolled over onto my back in the straw. Ouch! The straw started my buttocks burning again, and I quickly rolled back onto my belly. My cock was rigid and I longed to touch it, but dared not. I kept my hands well away from my lusting cock.

'OH GOD!!' I shouted 'PLEASE ...PLEASE....GET ME OFF THIS FUCKING CHAIN'

I grabbed the chain and rattled it madly.

'PLEASE PLEASE....PLEASE.....PLEASE.....FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK.....GET ME OFF THIS FUCKING CHAIN.....SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT.....PLEASE.....PLEASE.....!!!!!!'.

CHAIN!!! GET ME OFF THIS FUCKING CHAIN!!! GET ME OFF THIS FUCKING CHAIN!!! GET ME OFF THIS FUCKING CHAIN!!! GET ME OFF THIS FUCKING CHAIN!!! GET ME OFF THIS FUCKING CHAIN!!!!!!'

At last I collapsed weeping. I was still collared and chained. Escape was impossible. And I knew I would never be released.

Later that night, finally exhausted, I lay on the least filthy part of my straw, and slept at last, my cock rigid, unsatisfied. I dared not touch it, ever again.

Chapter 16: My Sentence Continues

The time passed slowly. I never was able to gather enough courage to ask Ms Susan to take a message to my wife...I was too afraid of getting another caning for speaking without permission. I waited chained, ravenous for the same awful food Ms Susan brought me every morning. The days passed slowly, locked up alone in my soundproof cell, helpless on my chain. Apart from occasional screaming fits at my chain, I lay quietly on the straw, or did pushups and leg lifts. My ass stopped hurting in about a month, and no marks remained after about 2 months.

I tried very hard to be completely and totally obedient....I knew that with my ass healed, I could be caned again at any time.

Ms Susan strapped me every day. Every small slip earned me the strap. Even if I made no slips, she still strapped me, 'to remind me' as she put it.. Mostly she gave me just five or six strokes, but sometimes she gave me twenty.

I came to understand that her strappings were a great help in preventing me from going insane from boredom, chained alone in my cell. Her strap kept my attention painfully focussed on the reality of my situation, and kept me very attentive to perfect behavior, preventing me from drifting off into a lunatic world of dreams and madness. After each strapping, it felt so wonderful to be allowed to lie quietly on my straw, with the pain finally stopped, and just the quiet chink of my beautiful chain when I moved.

The days slowly passed, every one the same. I mostly did my exercises. I was in wonderful physical shape.

After months, about two I think, one afternoon my cell door opened unexpectedly. In strode Ms Grange, in a black leather miniskirt, leather halter and high-laced black leather high-heeled boots. I was taken by surprise, and although I scrambled desperately to get into position, I still had not quite reached the position before the cell door had opened.

'Position, animal'.

I knew I would be punished for being slow. I knelt, in the position of respect. I was completely broken. My only wish was to be completely obedient.

I heard her approach me and stop.

'You were slow, prisoner. I will instruct Ms Susan to strap you. 20, I think' she said.

I groaned quietly. It was so unfair!

'Goodness, you smell like an animal!.... I will have you hosed down and given fresh straw'.

'Straighten your back, you smelly, chained animal! Keep your buttocks still! I need to see if they are healed yet. Good. I'm pleased to see that your buttocks are ready for another caning! And you are well overdue for another caning! What have you to say to that?'

I shuddered.....it was hopeless...I was chained at her feet, and I knew she could do whatever she wished.

I spoke respectfully, from my heart. 'Madame, thank you very much for allowing me fresh straw. And I am so grateful that you will cane me. I know I deserve to be caned, because you have told me I do, and it must therefore be true. I only wish to serve you and to satisfy your every wish. I'm completely obedient now, Madame, I truly am, on my honor'.

Ms Grange was silent for a minute. Then she replied.

'Thank you for saying that, Tommy. I can tell that you are sincere. I am very pleased by your attitude now. You arrived here as an arrogant, self-centered, disobedient American, but I see that 18 months in my prison has improved you greatly. I have always firmly believed that a heavy collar and chain, together with my strict disciplinary techniques, will improve even the worst male. I am very pleased that my methods have produced such an improvement in you. As a reward, I will delay your caning.....for the moment'.

I was so grateful! I would have kissed her feet, but I did not have permission to leave position, and my chain was not long enough anyway.

“You may remain here, on your chain, whilst I decide when your next caning should be”.

I heard her leave and my cell door close and lock. I lay on the straw. I was so happy to be left chained, safe in my cell, without having a caning scheduled.

An hour later, Mindy and Susan entered.

'Take these bags, prisoner, and put your filthy straw in them'.

I filled the plastic trash bags with handfuls of the filthy straw, and picked up all the small straw pieces until the floor was completely clean.

'Here comes the hose, prisoner'.

A hose was used to hose the cell and me down. The girls laughed as they sprayed me, trying to hit me in different places. The water was cold, but felt wonderful. The water continued until I and the cell was clean.

I was left alone in my cell, still locked on my chain of course, as the cell and I gradually dried out. It was the first time I felt clean since I had been chained up, eighteen long months ago. I wondered if the padlock on my collar would still work....maybe it was jammed with sweat and straw....it had not been unlocked since I had been put here.

I knelt naked on the bare concrete floor, warm and dry, enjoying the luxurious feeling being clean.

Clean straw was brought and heaped up over my ringbolt, and I was left alone my cell. I lay down on the fresh straw. I dimly remembered that I had found straw uncomfortable when I was first put here, ages ago. That seemed so strange now. Straw is wonderfully comfortable. I guess I had changed a lot.

I moved my collar to relieve the weight of the chain on my neck.

I felt so good! Ms Grange was so kind and so beautiful! If only I could be more fully obedient, as was my duty! Then she would not punish me. I would try much harder from now on. I would behave perfectly, and she would love me, as I loved her.

I fell asleep. Naked and chained. Curled up, comfortable on the lovely sweet fresh straw.

Chapter 17 - My Second Chance

I had a wonderful dream.... in my dream, I managed to slip my collar off. I ran to Ms Grange's room, and found her asleep in her bed. I crawled quietly into her bed and took her in my arms. She stirred and said.....

'Wake up, prisoner'...

I said 'wake up, prisoner!'

I awoke.

I was on my straw, on my back, naked, in my locked collar, on my chain. Ms Grange stood before me, smiling at my erect cock. She leaned on her walking cane.

'Why are you not in the Position of Respect, prisoner?' she asked.

I immediately took the Position: my nose to the wall, my chain taut, on my hands and knees, my back straight, my ass up, my knees apart. My rigid cock was probably obvious to her. I fully expected to be punished for not being in position when she entered. But she said nothing. I heard her walk up close to me.

"I am still considering when I should cane you, prisoner. Are you prepared for another caning?"

'Yes Madame'

'You seem very calm, prisoner, do you obey me so readily now?'

Madame, I now understand and accept that this is my proper place. Chained. Under your rules. And that I must obey you without hesitation, or question.'

'You are correct. You are my prisoner, and will remain such. But, the pain....of being caned..... why don't you beg for my mercy? Please tell me.'

"Madame, it's hard for me to admit this. I still have some pride, even after all this time, chained. But, as I see it, the caning you gave me was justified,

because I was clearly disrespectful to you. I apologize for that. And I have been committed to your care, in a proper legal manner. Since I am in your care, I must accept your discipline”.

“You speak well, boy, but that won’t get your collar off! Or any mercy, if I decide to cane you”.

'Now, lie down, face to the wall, put your hands behind your back. I’m going to cuff you, prisoner. Don’t move’.

Her boot pressed down on my neck, and I felt the familiar waist chain, cuffs and shackles being locked on my wrists and ankles. I kept my eyes fixed on the wall.

She walked out of the cell, then returned.....she dangled a key between my face and the wall.....it was the key to the padlock on my collar!

She unlocked the padlock and pulled the collar open. The padlock and collar dropped to the straw.

I could not believe it! I was out of my collar! I was free from my chain! After 18 months!

'On your feet, prisoner. Go out of your cell, and turn left'

'yes Madame' . I got to my feet in my cuffs and shackles.

'Don't you want to ask why I'm doing this?'

'I'm puzzled Madame. But I am afraid to ask'

'You have become a very good prisoner, Mr. Crowne. We have trained you quite well. You are not the arrogant man you were when you arrived here.'

'You shall know the reason shortly. Proceed to the left as I told you, and go to my office, the office where you were first committed to my care, last year'

'Yes Madame'

I entered the office, shuffling in my shackles, my wrists cuffed behind my back. She followed and padlocked my ankle chain to the ring in front of her desk. She sat down behind her desk, and put her walking cane against her chair.

I stood before her, shackled and naked, my eyes down. I was her prisoner.

'Mr. Crowne, I have something to tell you. There has been a skiing accident in Vail, Colorado, and your wife is sadly dead. She died a week ago. She did not suffer'.

I stood silent. I was devastated. I loved my wife so very much. I would have accepted any punishment to save her. I felt so bad that I had been locked up here, and was not with her when she died. But I realized she was part of an old, lost life, a life before I came here. I had ceased to think of her, except as a beautiful lost dream from my past.

Quietly, I explained how I felt to Ms Grange.

'I know I am here forever, Madame. My wife will never be able to authorize my release now. I suppose it doesn't make any difference, because I know she never would have released me, even if she had lived'.

'You are correct about the last statement, Mr. Crowne. Before she left here, she told me privately that she had decided to leave you chained here for the rest of your life. She told me that she really believed that this was the best place for you to be, where you would be most happy. She did love you.'

'However you are not correct about your other statements, Mt Crowne. You are in fact a free man now. Czech law requires that Contracts become void 7 days after the death of either party in a two-party Contract. So as of today, I have no legal authority to keep you imprisoned here any longer. I've confirmed this with my lawyers. Strangely, because the trust your wife set up is outside the Contract, the trust will continue, and will send me an annual check to cover your costs here, every year, for ever, or until the lawyers can figure out how to legally dismantle the trust. I will of course return any more checks they send. It will cause me some financial problem to have to return this money, because I have high medical bills. I will have to find some way of replacing the income, and I must try to find some way to do this without having to let staff go, or reduce the high security standards I maintain here for my prisoners'.

'This Contract is now void' Ms Grange said, tossing a folder onto her desk. 'so I must now set you free. I have brought the keys to your shackles, Mr. Crowne, I'll have you unlocked in one minute, and will have new clothes brought in for you.' She smiled. 'It will be strange to see you free again, and dressed again'. She stood, pulled a set of small silver keys from her pocket and walked towards me, sorting through the keys as she came.

'Madame, as I understand it, my bills here can and will continue to be automatically paid to you in full, as my wife would have wished if she were still alive. And if the Contract could be signed by another Lady, that would maintain its legality, as my wife would certainly have wished. I believe that my wife intended that I should be kept here permanently, and she would wish the Contract to remain in effect'.

She halted before me, the key to my shackles ready in her hand.

'All that is correct.....but who would sign the Contract....."

'Madame, I humbly request that you will sign the Contract, and take over the legal authority for my imprisonment here. I will verbally consent, and you can sign the Contract here and now. You just need to call two witnesses, and it can be legally revalidated in less than five minutes'

Ms Grange took a step back. She put the keys back in her pocket.

'I'm tempted to accept your offer, Mr. Crowne, but are you perfectly sure about this? We can certainly do what you suggest very easily, it would just take a few minutes as you say. But I must make it completely clear..... you will remain a prisoner here, exactly as before. Everything will be as before, except I will decide how you are treated, and when you should be released, if ever! Do you understand?'

'Dear Madame Grange, yes, I do understand. I have come to know and admire and trust you, and I am content to submit to your authority. I do belong in bondage, I know that, and I humbly request that you put me back in my bondage. Please do it now, right now, before I have second thoughts. Please'.

Ms Grange lifted the phone. 'Susan, would you and Mindy come to my office right away please? It will just take a minute of your time'.

'Two witnesses will be here in a moment, Tommy. Thank you for doing this, it will help me financially a great deal.'

Before I could reply, Susan and Mindy entered. They looked astonished to see me in Ms Grange's office. I think that they thought I had must have broken out of my cell, because they began to move towards me.

'No, everything is fine, I just need you to witness a verbal affirmation that Mr. Crowne is about to make, just like you do when new inmates arrive here'.

'Very well, Ms Grange'.

I looked at Susan and Mindy. It was nice to be able to look at them freely. In my cell, they had almost always kept me with my nose to the wall, and had rarely permitted me to look directly at them.... except for that one memorable time with Susan. They both had short blond hair, blue eyes, about 5'10". Ms Mindy had more generous breasts and wider hips than Susan. They both smiled at me when they saw me looking at them. They were both very pretty.

Ms Grange turned to me. She looked me straight in the eyes, then raised her voice, and spoke clearly.

'Mr. Thomas Oliver Crowne, in the presence of these witnesses, do you now consent to be committed to the care of this Institution, for a term to be determined by the undersigned, under conditions to be determined solely by the undersigned?'

I took a deep breath.... then spoke equally clearly. 'Yes, Madame, I consent.'

'Then so be it'

She pulled the Contract out of the folder.

'I will countersign. There, I've signed.... Now, Susan and Mindy, witness all three copies please'.

'There. All is completed. The Contract is legally enforceable again'.

Ms Grange replaced the Contract in the folder and put it back on her desk. She got to her feet, with what seemed to be some pain, then walked over to me,

leaning on her walking cane. She halted, just outside my reach. My cock stirred, and I was suddenly very aware that I was naked, and still shackled.

'Well, its done, darling Tommy. I have wanted for this for a long time. In case you're wondering, I've checked the "until release is authorized by undersigned" box on the contract, so you are legally committed here. I do hope you enjoy being here as much as I will enjoy having you here. I suspect you may have some second thoughts when you find yourself locked back in your collar and chain! But that's why the collar has a nice padlock, isn't it?.... so you can't act on your second thoughts!'

'Madame, may I ask one question, please.....may I know your first name?' I asked.

'Prisoner, you will continue to address me as Madame Grange! And for speaking without permission, you will be caned! You will learn obedience here!

Let me look at my diary..... my next free afternoon is in three weeks, so I will pencil in your caning for 2pm, three weeks from today. I wish it could be sooner, but I'm so busy. You await your caning on your chain as usual'.

Ms Grange turned to Susan

'please take this prisoner back to his cell, and lock him back in his collar'.

Chapter 18 - Locked Up Again

'Under the same conditions as before, Madame?' asked Susan.

'Yes. I want him locked up exactly as before. Lock him up tight, on his nice short chain! I want him re-collared immediately, Susan. And bring me the key to his collar right away. He's been off his chain for over 20 minutes now, and I don't like my prisoners off their chain for any reason. I will come and inspect him in his cell in an hour. Now, get this animal chained up!'

'We'll chain him up right away, Ms Grange' said Susan and Mindy in unison, moving either side of me, and taking my arms.

'Excellent' said Ms Grange. 'Here, take the keys to his shackles. I'll work in the library until he's ready for my inspection, then I must get on with preparations for my wine-and-cheese party tomorrow' .

She turned, and walked slowly out of the room. I stared at her beautiful bottom, until the door closed behind her. I felt so sorry for her, she seemed to have such pain in walking.

But then I realized my own situation! I stood, stunned by what she had just said.....I had expected some kinder treatment from her.....but I was to be put back on the same chain! and to have another caning!..... I recovered my wits.....

I called after her 'wait.... please come back Madame Grange.... Please don't put me back on my chain again..... I thought you would be kind to me....please, Madame Grange....?'

'Come along, prisoner' said Susan. 'Madame Grange has gone.....you'll get a chance to beg when she comes to inspect you.....but I'd be careful about speaking without permission again.....unless you want a double caning, of course....!'

I felt the edge of her strap pushed between my ass-cheeks...

'Move along, prisoner, back to your cell....you know the way...walk ahead of us....keep your eyes to the front....no more ogling at me and Madame Mindy!' Susan ordered.

'Yes Madame'

The strap was removed from my ass, and I began to jangle forward in my shackles, my wrists cuffed in the small of my back to my waist chain. In two minutes we were back outside my cell door. Ms Grange had left the key to my collar hanging on a hook outside my cell door. I saw the key it had a tag on it, with my name. The cell door stood open, but I hesitated. Lady Susan lifted my collar key from the peg.

'Don't stop.... inside!'

I shuffled inside. 'Oh God.....please don't let me be chained again.....'

'Go back to your straw, prisoner...kneel... head right down... face to the wall....or do you need the strap!'

'Oh dear God.....No.....!'

I had no choice. I knelt.

My collar was lifted with a familiar rattle of chain, and the smooth heavy collar closed snugly around my neck again.

The key turned. 'Click!'

I heard the padlock lock behind my neck, and felt it dropped against my neck.

I was chained.....again!

Madame Susan stood up, and once again I felt the full weight of the collar and chain on my neck.

I heard Lady Susan's footsteps as she went out to the corridor and hung my collar key back on the peg outside the cell door, then heard her steps coming back.

'That's it, prisoner! You're chained again. No escape for you!' don't move without permission, or I'll have you caned!

'Lie down on your straw prisoner...face to the wall.... don't move without permission, or I'll have you caned!'

Susan's boot forced my neck hard into the straw, whilst her gloved fingers unlocked my shackles and threw them noisily towards the door. She stepped back.

'Back in position, prisoner! Nose to the wall! You may lie down after I leave. But keep your cock and hands in view, well apart. I will check on you often!'

With my nose pressed to the wall, I heard the shackles gathered up, and the cell door shut and lock.

I lay in the straw on my back in my collar, my legs spread wide and my hands to my sides, well away from my rigid cock. I had to be sure no guard would look in the peephole and think I was trying to masturbate. I had to keep my cock and hands clearly in view at all times, and well apart. I thought how close I had been to getting my shackles unlocked when I was in the office alone with Ms Grange.... if I had kept quite another minute, she would have unlocked them. I would have taken her in my arms and kissed her. My cock throbbed with desire..... I gritted my teeth...Oh God! I wish I could touch my cock!

Hours later, the cell door bolts scraped open. I scrambled to take the proper position, facing the wall, my chain tight, my knees well apart. My cock was still rigid, and must have been obvious to Ms Grange as she came in. I heard her footsteps approach and then halt. I guessed she had halted at the yellow line. She stood silently for a minute or more. I guessed that she was waiting to see if I dared to speak without permission again. I kept my nose pressed hard to the wall and waited in silence.

After a few minutes, she spoke.

'That's a good boy, Tommy, I see you didn't make the mistake of speaking without permission again. A pity....I was hoping I would be able to give you a double caning!'

I shuddered in dread, thankful that Susan had warned me not to speak.

'About your own situation here.... I am very pleased to have you collared again. My decision is that you will serve a life sentence here in this Institute, without possibility of parole. That is final'

'I am also considering making some changes in your conditions of imprisonment. But to avoid giving you any false hopes, I have to tell you that I am considering being more severe with you, not less. You will of course be informed when I come to my decision about these changes. Until then, you will remain chained just as before, and under the same rules. My Ladies will enforce strict discipline with the strap. As usual, any intentional disobedience will be reported to me for corrective caning'.

'Do you have any questions, prisoner?'

My throat was dry. I was too scared to speak....I was terrified I would accidentally say or do something that would anger her.

'No Madame' I croaked.

Her footsteps receded. I heard the cell door close and lock.

'Thank God she's gone' I thought 'I was sure she was going to sentence me to a double caning'

I lay down on the straw, and groaned at the thought of the caning that was coming to me. I had no choice but to wait, chained, until the day of my caning. I rolled on my back in the straw, my chain jingling. Sweat trickled down my chest. God! I could have been free right now if I had kept my mouth shut! Why did I suggest renewing the contract!?! What a fool I was. Now she has me locked up again, and this time she says it's for life!

I tugged madly at my chain. Its no good screaming, the cells are soundproof!

It was only about 10 am I guessed. I was alone, collared on my chain. I was already ravenous and very thirsty. I had drunk all my water already. I would not be fed and watered again until tomorrow morning.

I was chained up... again! Three weeks to wait, here on my chain, staring at the blank walls, with the day of my caning inexorably approaching! And now there was no one who could ever get me out of here!

I knelt in the straw, and with trembling hands pulled at my collar padlock. I tugged my chain. I thought about Ms Grange, and her cane, and my cock grew hard.

I started to scream.

Chapter 19 - Same Again

My first day back on my chain was awful.

I rolled in the straw most of the day, screaming and rattling my chain, kicking my feet at the yellow line two feet beyond my reach. My rigid cock throbbed, but I dared not touch it. Towards evening I was tormented by thoughts of Ms Grange having her bath and getting into her bed, in a short nightdress. My cock was like iron...I lay on my back as close to the door as my chain allowed, my legs spread wide towards the door, my cock vertical.....Any guard who looked through the peephole would see me fully erect.....I had no idea if I was being watched or not, but I assumed the guards were checking on me frequently as instructed. I could not tell. But I screamed obscenities towards the cell door all day and into the evening, hoping the guards could hear me faintly though the soundproof cell door.

I don't think I slept that night. I was sore and sweaty from my rolling on the straw all day. My neck was red and sore from the rubbing of my locked steel collar. My rigid cock seemed the center of my universe. I could not possibly go much longer with masturbating.... But I dared not touch my cock. I knew I'd get yet another caning! My balls felt like they would explode!

As morning approached, I woke and again rolled around in the straw, frantically tugging at my chain. My erection came back. I was ravenously hungry.

At last, the cell door opened, and I thankfully took the position of respect. I gratefully gulped down the repulsive dog food and slurped up my water, like a dog on his chain.

'Get in position, dog!' said Susan's voice, coldly. My hands were still handcuffed behind my back, but I obediently got back into position and pressed my nose to the wall. My erection had subsided.

'I saw you ogling me in Ms Grange's office, prisoner. You will get twenty for that!'

YOU FUCKING SADIST!!!!.... LET ME OUT OF THIS COLLAR!!!!!

PLEEEEEAAASSSSEEEEE!!!!!!!!!! PLEEEEEAAASSSSEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!

!!!!FUCK.FUCK.FUCK.FUCK!!!!!!!!!!I CANT DO ANY MORE TIME!!!!!!!!!! LET ME OFF THIS CHAIN!!!!!! LET ME OFF THIS CHAIN!!!!!! LET ME OFF THIS CHAIN!!!!!! LET ME OFF THIS CHAIN!!!!!! LET ME OFF THIS CHAIN!!!!!! LET ME OFF THIS CHAIN!!!!!! LET ME OFF THIS CHAIN!!!!!!

My cock grew rigid. I rolled in the straw, screaming, straining and cursing, jerking my chain as hard as I could, for hours.

Chapter 20 - Finale

The days passed, and my caning steadily drew nearer and nearer. I could not bear the thought of another caning, but I was chained, and had no choice but to wait patiently for the day to come. Ms Susan treated me very carefully, and stayed behind the yellow line as much as possible. She knew that if I could ever escape from my chain, I would certainly be violent.

At last, the day of my caning arrived.

I was awoke early. As always, I was almost mad with hunger, hot and sweaty. I had had a very bad night. I was frantic to escape, because I knew I was to be caned today. I was sore from frenzied hours rolling naked in the straw at the end of my chain most of the night.

Ms Susan fed me. I was so hungry that I gobbled down the awful dog food and licked the floor clean with genuine eagerness. I was then given 30 of the strap by Ms Susan for 'not licking the floor fast enough'.

I was now alone in my cell, my ass scarlet and stinging from the mornings hard strapping. I knelt in the straw at the end of my chain, my hands pressed to my ass, shouting obscenities at the door. I kept my knees apart so my cock could be seen by the guards, and kept my hands well away.

My cock was rock hard from the sexual excitement of the collar and chain, and the thought of the hard caning that I knew was coming that afternoon.

In the late morning, my cell door bolts were drawn.

'Oh God' I thought 'They're here already to strap me down to the trestle!'

I took the position, and waited, sweating, cock hard, my nose to the wall, as a Lady's footsteps entered my cell.

'Hello Tommy' I heard a soft voice say 'I see from your cock that you are enjoying being here! And you are really looking very good...nice and lean.....dog food must suit you'

I dared not look around, since that would be intentional disobedience, a caning offence.

'You may look around, Tommy'.

I lowered my head to get some slack in my chain, then looked around.

It was my dear wife!.... who I had been told had been killed in an accident!

But I dared not speak..... that was a caning offense for sure!

'Nose back to the wall Tommy! It's not good for you to look at Ladies. It will only excite you unnecessarily'

I obediently put my nose back to the wall and waited in silence.

'They certainly have made you very obedient! I never thought you could be trained so well. You were always so headstrong and stubborn. What taught you to be so obedient? Was it the cane?..... or was it the long months locked on a chain?'

I obediently kept my nose pressed to the wall. 'It was Ms Grange's cane that finally made me obedient, Madame ' I replied. I wanted to say much more, but I had answered the question, and I had been trained not to speak beyond a Lady's question.

'Ah yes, Ms Grange is well known for her expertise with the cane, and her training methods are famous' said my wife.

'I am truly sorry if the false report of my death distressed you, Tommy. It was a necessary ruse.... my plan was to leave you here for 18 months, to teach you a well deserved lesson, then come back and see how you were getting on, and to decide whether to let you out or not. I needed to find out for sure if you really wanted to stay locked up here, or if you truly wanted to be released. Ms Grange and I decided that my supposed accident was the only way to find out the truth. My supposed death gave Ms Grange an excuse to offer you your freedom. I was listening in the library when Ms Grange gave you the opportunity to walk out a free man. All you had to do was to remain silent, Tommy, and you would have been set free. But you did not choose freedom. Instead, of your own free will, you immediately begged Ms Grange to put you

back on your chain. Isn't that correct, dear? You may speak freely now, Tommy...but stay in position....now, tell me what you think'

'Yes Madame, what you say is true. I did ask to be put back on my chain. But that was a big mistake, I realize that now! I didn't realize Ms Grange would treat me like this. I really do want to be let off this chain now! Please!'

'My dear, you know that isn't true. You knew exactly how Mrs Grange would treat you! You had just spent 18 months under exactly those conditions! And yet you immediately begged to be chained up again!'

'It's completely obvious that you really do love being locked up here. Its obvious that if I let you off your chain again, you would only beg to be chained up again. So I'm not going to release you'.

'And even if I did wish to release you, I could not. You allowed Ms Grange to co-sign our Contract, so now she has an equal voice to me in our Contract. It will now require both Ms Grange and I to agree that you should be set free. And Ms Grange told me at dinner last night that she has definitely decided that she wants to keep you with her, on a chain, for the rest of your life. She really loves you, Tommy'.

'Please, Madame' I begged 'they only allow me dog food, and not even enough of that! They strap me really hard for the slightest mistake! And Ms Grange is going to cane me this afternoon! Thank God you came this morning.....you're here just in time to save me from my caning!'

'No, dear, its no good asking me to save you' said my wife 'you knew exactly how you would be treated when you asked Ms Grange to put you back on your chain. So it's no good whining about your food and your punishment. And it's not my responsibility any more, dear. My conscience is clear. I gave you the choice of freedom or continued bondage, and you chose bondage, of your own free will, knowing all the facts. Now you have to live with your decision, I'm afraid'.

'But I'm hungry, Madame.....all the time' I wept.

'My dear darling.....I will get you more food, I promise, I promise....'

'But you won't release me!....why did you come, if you won't release me?' I was completely helpless on my chain..

My wife threw her head back and laughed.....

'My darling,. But haven't you guessed?.....Ms Grange has invited me here to watch your caning this afternoon! And I'm so looking forward to it!'

I still had my nose pressed to the wall. 'Please, may I turn around, Madame?' I asked.

'No, prisoner, you certainly may not! And you may not speak anymore, either! And don't think I won't have you caned if you're disobedient, because I will' my wife said sharply.

I shuddered. The last thing I wanted was a double caning!

I knelt obediently in position, my nose pressed to the wall, in silence. I desperately wanted to continue to beg her to let me of my chain, but I had no choice but to remain silent. I knew from her tone that she certainly would report me to Ms Grange if I disobeyed her.

I heard her high heels clicking on the stone floor of the cell behind me.

'Ms Grange and her other guests are waiting for me to join them for luncheon. Goodbye dear.....I'm so excited by the thought of your caning this afternoon. And I see from your cock that you are too!'

She walked towards the door, then I heard her footsteps stop.

'One last thing Dear.....when I come down to see you caned this afternoon, I want to see your cock still up nice and hard, just like it is now. If it isn't.....then I'll know that you must have wanked here in your cell.....and you can be sure I'll report that to Ms Grange when she arrives to cane you'.

'Or do you want a double caning, darling?'

'Goodbye, dear.'

Her high heels clicked out of the cell.

My cell door closed. I waited, obediently holding the position of respect, until the door bolts had been secured, and the rattle of the padlock ceased.

I collapsed on to my straw, my chain jangling onto the concrete.

My cock was rigid and aching for release....I must touch it.....I just have to.....I can't resist.....I have to.....Ohhhh.....

Epilogue: The rest of my life

Ms Grange caned me the next day. I can only remember the first 40 strokes, but I was given all 48, I'm told.

The next day, my daily feed was increased to a 12-oz can of dog food, at my wife's request.

Ms Grange now canes me regularly, on the 1st day of every other month.

Ms Mindy did marry. She put her husband in cell #24. She tells me that she straps him harder than me.

I have vivid dreams, of slipping my collar and getting free. Also dreams of ice cream.

My collar is still locked. Ms Grange says she has the key.

I'll never be released. I know that now. It's my fate.

The End..... for you, dear reader. But not the end for poor, foolish T. He's still chained.

Be careful what you dream about. It might become true.

END

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