

Susan's Return

Chapter 1 – Lost and Found

It had happened nearly a year ago, but Ross remembered it like it was yesterday. Ross had just completed his junior year at State when Susan decided to end their five years together. In hindsight, it all seemed rather petty. They had been out to a fraternity party. He had probably had a few too many, and she started tickling him. Instinctively, he grabbed her wrists and flipped her underneath him. With an extra 50 pounds and 10 inches to his advantage, it was almost too easy. Even though she begged him to stop, he thought she was just playing, and it wasn't until he used his necktie to tie her wrists behind her back that he knew he had gone too far.

Susan cried. He apologized. But the damage was done. Within a week Susan told him that it wouldn't work out, and she hadn't talked to him since. He called her periodically for months, but his messages went unanswered. He had seen her around campus, but every time he would go over to talk to her, her new girl friends would intervene and ask him to leave before he even got close to her. He wasn't certain, but he thought Susan might have joined a sorority. Her friends stuck together like glue.

That's why the Thursday evening phone call was such a surprise. It was Susan. She was a little apprehensive, but she started the conversation with "Ross, I miss you." He reciprocated. She explained that she had often hoped to ask him out for coffee, but every time she tried, she lost her nerve. She was embarrassed at how abruptly she had broken off their relationship.

"I'd be honored to have coffee with you any time you'd like," Ross offered. Susan explained that she was in the middle of finals, and couldn't spare the time, but that there was a party she was required to attend for her sorority.

"Would you mind accompanying me?" She asked. "I know it's a bit much all at once, but there will be coffee there, and I'd love to talk."

"I'd love to," Ross blurted out even before she had finished her sentence. It was funny how studying for his Advanced Physiology final suddenly seemed insignificant.

Susan offered an escape, asking "Are you sure? It's in Northbrook. I know how you hate to wear a tie," but there was no way this opportunity was going to slip away from Ross, and he agreed to dress appropriately.

Northbrook was an affluent community north of campus. "There's no money like old money," Ross thought. Susan must have fallen in with some pretty wealthy sorority sisters to attend parties in Northbrook. He agreed to pick up Susan at 6:00 pm Friday evening and return her home by midnight. When he hung up the phone, he hung his head in disbelief – almost as though he was thanking God for divine intervention.

Chapter 2 – The Bait

Ross didn't sleep much Thursday night. What little rest he managed to get was intermittent. The anticipation of Friday night's date kept him up most of the night, and the one time he did settle into a deep sleep, his roommate Scott stumbled into his room by mistake after a serious mid-week party. Despite his lack of sleep, Ross woke up Friday feeling more alive than ever. The schedule was tight, but it would be worth it. His plan was to gas up the car, wash his clothes for his date with Susan, and study for Monday's Advanced Physiology final until he had to get ready for their date.

Ross quickly showered and dressed. On his way out of the house, he glanced into his roommate's bedroom. Scott, still dressed in his shorts and Hawaiian shirt, was laying face-down in his bed.

"He must have had fun last night," thought Ross as he headed out to his car.

Ross opened the garage door to a wall of heat. It was 11:00 am, and the temperature was pushing 90 degrees and quickly climbing. Ross was smart to wear cut-offs and a T-shirt. He threw his laundry in the back of his 1984 Volkswagen Diesel, and he was off to the gas station.

The closest gas station to campus that sold diesel fuel was in a nearly abandoned industrial section on the far east side. Not surprisingly, he was the only customer that morning. As he watched the meter tick away his money, a bright yellow Chevy truck pulled into the station parking lot. He couldn't help but notice the beautiful blond as she stepped down from the cab. Her entrance was particularly noticeable because of the anticipation caused by the fully tinted windows.

In addition to her striking appearance and theatrical entrance, she parked on the far side of the convenience store and walked the entire length of the empty parking lot to get inside. At this desolate station, he would have parked as close as possible to the door if he looked like

her. Before going inside to pay, he made it a point to move his car and park it beside her truck in hopes of getting a closer look.

As luck would have it, he hadn't needed to move his car to get a better view. He ended up directly behind her in line. He couldn't quite place it, but she looked strangely familiar. For a moment, he wondered if she was some kind of celebrity. She paid for her coffee and turned back to the self-service counter to add some cream. Ross paid for his gas and an iced cappuccino, and they ended up meeting at the front door. Ross, being the gentleman, opened the door for her, and they silently walked to their cars together. Of course, he wasn't so gentlemanly that he didn't sneak a peek at her ample, glistening bosom stretching the seams of her silk blouse as she passed in front of him.

At his car, Ross inserted his ignition key and looked through his passenger window at the woman and her truck. "Another day, and I'd have asked her out," he thought. He turned his attention forward, and a flash of light caught his eye from the right. As the woman had opened her door, a reflection from a pair of handcuffs attached to her rear view mirror reflected the sun in his direction. Ross' Dad used to have a pair in his truck to show support for his fellow police officers. Ross even had a pair for a while in high school. Hoping to get a clue as to where he knew her from, Ross rolled down his passenger side window and said "I couldn't help noticing your mirror decoration. Are you in law enforcement?"

"Not directly, they're my Dad's old cuffs. He used to work for the city, but now he runs a private security company. The lock on lower cuff is broken, so I just keep them around to remind me of him and to start conversations like this."

"Look, I know this sounds like a line, but I could swear I've seen you somewhere before. I'm kind of on the clock, but if you don't mind taking a few minutes, maybe we could talk while we finish our drinks, and I could figure out where I know you from."

"Why not. Come on over. We can sit in my truck since it's air conditioned."

As he walked over to her passenger side door, he felt a bit put off that she had just automatically presumed that his car wasn't air conditioned. He would have protested, but of course, it wasn't.

He climbed up into the passenger seat, and the polar breeze from the dashboard hit his face, instantly drying the sweat that had started to form on his brow. Of course, a part of him wished they were sitting in his car. It would be hot, but the heat would keep her glistening.

"My name's Jennie, by the way," she started. "Do you really think we've met before, or was that just a ploy to meet me... or maybe it was a ploy to see my handcuffs?"

"Yes, I really think we've met before. Besides, I don't need a ploy to see handcuffs. My Dad's a cop. That's why I noticed them hanging from your mirror," Ross replied. "Actually, I used to have a pair hanging from my mirror, but they attracted way too much attention."

Jennie nodded in agreement. "That's one reason for the tinted windows."

"I'll bet you get hit on all the time because of these... and of course, your other assets," Ross said glancing downward.

"Yeah, but all of the guys who hit on me because of the cuffs want me to wear them," Jennie said smiling back. "Of course, they're always disappointed when I tell them the lock on the lower cuff is broken."

"Well, I must admit, you would look great in them, but you'd look great in just about anything," Ross said.

"Gee, now that you put it that way, I'd be tempted to model them if they worked," Jennie said blushing.

"What's wrong with them? Are they permanently locked?" Ross asked.

"No, actually they are permanently unlocked. Watch." Jennie said, and she swung the hinged lower arm through the locking mechanism until it swung through and hung loose, again. The ratcheting sound was just like in the movies.

"That doesn't prove anything. They're supposed to work like that. The locking mechanism is designed to prevent the arm from loosening, not tightening. Loosening would be in the other direction."

"Well, trust me. They're broken," Jennie replied shortly, and with that, she took his left hand in hers and held his wrist up to the dangling cuff.

Looking up from the handcuffs, their eyes met.

"Oh, I trust you," Ross said slowly. "I can't say why, but I trust you."

Before he could say or do anything else, Jennie had swung the free arm of the cuff around his wrist, and the telltale ratchet sound announced that the cuffs were indeed in perfect working order.

Chapter 3 – The Trap

"It's amazing how many boys get into this truck expecting to see me in those cuffs, only to end up wearing them themselves," Jennie said smiling. "In fact, on a couple of occasions, I've had my dates in some very difficult predicaments."

"It's not really that amazing," Ross responded. "It's quite likely that it's your eyes that draw them in more than the cuffs."

Even though she had tricked him, he tried to shrug it off. They talked about his class schedule. They talked about her job as a legal assistant. He was certain that he'd seen her somewhere before, but she insisted that she didn't attend State. They briefly compared their life histories when Ross decided that it was fruitless. It must have been *déjà vu* or something.

Looking at his watch dangling under her mirror, he reluctantly announced that he had to go study. He fleetingly thought of Susan, but still asked Jennie if she'd be interested in going out some time.

"That would be nice. I'd like to get to know you better," she said. "How about tonight?"

"Tonight doesn't work for me... studying and all... how about Saturday?" Ross offered.

"Saturday it is."

After an awkward pause, Jennie apparently remembered that Ross couldn't leave, and she laughed.

"Oh, I'm sorry. The key is hidden under the passenger seat," she said apologetically. Ross set his cappuccino bottle between his legs, and reached down with his free hand. After a few seconds of fumbling and looking, he said "Are you sure it's down here? I can't see it."

"Of course I'm sure it's down there," she said as she slid over to help in the search. "Allow me," she said, rubbing up next to him.

As he continued to look, Jennie offered that it had probably slid under the floor mat, and leaned over him bringing her left hand around to lift up the mat. He didn't know whether he did it was because she smelled so nice, or whether it was his straining reach coupled with the pressure of Jennie's body leaning on the bottle between his legs, but he decided to help her look for the key. As he glanced toward Jennie noticing her ample sweating cleavage, he found his previously free right wrist had been handcuffed to the lower frame of the truck's passenger seat.

Jennie sat up and smiled a devilish smile. "Remember how I told you that I've had some of my dates in rather interesting predicaments..."

Ross feeling more than a bit foolish smiled nervously and said "You got me again, but this time it wasn't your eyes."

"My eyes only make the introduction. Other attributes close the deal," Jennie said almost to suggest that Ross' situation was a foregone conclusion.

"Other attributes, huh? Like your hands locking a hidden cuff around my only free wrist, maybe?"

Without responding, Jennie tapped her foot on the brake, held down the clutch and shifted into reverse.

"Wait a second, I've got to study! My final is on Monday!" Ross said with a touch of panic in his voice.

"You'll have plenty of time to study this afternoon," Jennie said reassuringly. "Would you like me to get your books?"

"No. I want you to let me go."

"Oh, I'm going to let you go... in fact you're going right now... back to my place."

Ross didn't know whether he was the luckiest guy he knew or whether he was in real trouble. He began to silently assess the situation, and he realized that if he was in trouble, he was in it deep.

Here he was in a truck with heavily tinted glass. No one could readily see that he was handcuffed to the mirror. At the gas station, the clerk saw him leave with a beautiful woman, so he surely wouldn't think there was any trouble brewing. In fact, the guy was probably envious. His roommate was passed out, and his car was parked inconspicuously at the far end of a virtually abandoned filling station.

It wouldn't be until that Saturday evening that anybody would even think to report that he was missing. Everyone would probably figure that he was at the library studying for Monday's final. To top it all off, Susan would likely think that he intentionally stood her up. She would probably be so angry and embarrassed that she wouldn't tell anybody, let alone the authorities.

Somehow he had to convince her to let him go by this evening. He had to keep his date with Susan.

"Really, I'd be happy to swing past your dorm room to get your books," Jennie said interrupting his thoughts.

"Look, I'm flattered. Honest. But you really have to let me go," Ross said trying to sound reasonable.

"No, I really don't," Jennie replied confidently.

Ross fruitlessly attempted to pull the mirror off.

"Ram tough – inside and out. Now, do you want your books, or not?"

Ross resigned that his only chance of escape was if he could be spotted or heard by someone. So, he gave her directions to the house he rented with Scott. He figured that if they were close enough to the house when she got out of the truck, he could yell to Scott or one of his neighbors.

When they were a couple of blocks away from Ross' house, Jennie pulled up along the curb and parked.

"It's just up ahead one block to Forrest. Take a right and it's the sixth house on the left." Ross offered.

"I know. You already told me where your place is, but I have to be prepared. I'm stopping here to make certain that you won't cause me any trouble," Jennie responded.

"Yeah, like I pose any kind of a threat... one hand cuffed to your ceiling and the other to your floor," Ross said sarcastically.

"Actually, you do. This is your neighborhood, not mine. As soon as I leave the car, you could start kicking the floorboard hard enough for someone walking by to hear," she explained.

"Let me guess, you're going to leave me here, in a hot truck while you walk the two blocks to my house and back. In this heat, I could sweat to death before you return," Ross said.

She looked outside and thought for a moment. After a long pause, she resigned "You're right. I've carried the joke on too long. I'm sorry. I don't know what I was thinking."

"Look, no hard feelings," Ross said in relief. "Just drop me at my house, and I'll have my roommate, Scott, drive me back for my car later."

Jennie slid over and took his face gently in her hands. Looking deep into his eyes, she said "I know I don't deserve it, but I hope we're still on for Saturday night."

"After all I've been through, you can be sure that we're still on for Saturday. I didn't go through all of this for nothing," Ross said, tilting his head toward with his hands.

Jennie leaned over and gave him the sweetest kiss with her full pert lips. Without realizing how incredibly ironic his comment would prove to be, he said "With any luck, you can lure me into these cuffs again when we can both enjoy them."

Chapter 4 – About Those Books...

With the air conditioning blowing her hair lightly toward his face, Jennie leaned over Ross's lap and used both hands to get the key to the cuffs. He could feel her rummaging around down there, and then he felt her soft hands push his socks down and caress his ankles.

"You have great muscle tone," she admired as she angled her head back to catch Ross's eye.

"Muscle tone is actually what I should be studying right now," he joked as he motioned his head to get Jennie back to work.

Although his view was blocked by Jennie's body leaning across his lap, it felt as though she was using more than just her hands to caress his ankles. By the time he realized that she had encircled his ankles with broad leather cuffs, it was too late. The cuffs she used were permanently riveted together, and she clipped each ankle cuff tightly to the frame of the seat, preventing any movement of his feet. Even though they were only clipped with the kind of simple spring-loaded mechanism used on a dog leash, he was helpless to disconnect them. His fingers could stretch to within an inch of the clips, but no closer. Ross was infuriated.

"This shit has to stop! I've got a final to study for!" He exploded.

"Oh, right... the books..." Jennie said nodding her head feigning a memory lapse.

"Screw the books! Let me go, now."

Jennie quickly grabbed his chin with her left hand and twisted his head hard until their eyes met. After a brief stare-down, she quietly growled "Now look here. If you haven't figured this out yet, I'll let you go when I'm damned good and ready. You're in no position to demand anything. The nicer you are, the nicer I'll be, but no matter what I'll have my way."

With that, she turned to the rear of the cab to retrieve a small black leather satchel. Reaching inside, she said "Now we can do this the easy way or the hard way. What'll it be?" Ross thought for a moment and figured he still had a chance. The sooner she opened the door to get his books, the sooner he could yell for help.

"Look, you're right. I'm obviously in no position to demand anything, but I'd really appreciate it if you'd do me two favors. First, go get my books, and second leave the engine running so I can have the air conditioning on."

Jennie smiled. "It's a deal, but you have to do me two favors in return."

Ross laughed. "I'm not really in a position to do much of anything, but if I can do them, I will."

Jennie removed a leather blindfold from the black bag and said "First, let me put this on you, and second give me the most focused kiss of your life before I leave to get your books."

Ross knew he didn't have a chance of avoiding the blindfold, and he certainly wouldn't have minded kissing her. He also figured that he'd have his chance to scream once she opened the driver-side door to leave the truck. Even with the blindfold on, he would be able to tell when

she left the truck by the alarm indicating that the driver door was ajar. So, he resigned himself to having to close his eyes and passionately kiss this beautiful woman, whom he had met only thirty short minutes ago, just before screaming as loudly as he could for help.

When Jennie slipped the blindfold over Ross' eyes, he was surprised at how completely effective it was. The leather formed a kind of seal with the perspiration soaked skin around his eyes. Without the use of his hands, there was no removing it. Softly, he could feel what he thought was Jennie's finger tracing the outline of his lips. She slowly ran her finger around his lips until they were nearly dry. The anticipation was maddening. He was about to moisten his lips with his tongue when she touched it gently with her finger and softly whispered "No, let me."

Her finger returned to his lips. This time her finger was moistened. Again, he held his lips slightly apart as she traced their outline. He started wondering why he had ever refused to play these types of games with Susan when she had asked. His focus returned to Jennie when she moaned "kiss me."

As he brought his lips together, he felt Jennie brace his head firmly with both hands. Her fingers tightly squeezed his puckered lips together, and when he tried to protest, she only squeezed harder. When she finally released her grip, Ross' lips were tightly sealed by the quick drying epoxy that he had unknowingly let Jennie so liberally apply. Even as Ross flailed violently against his now complete submission, Jennie laughed almost uncontrollably as she wound half a roll of duct tape around the lower half of his face. Not only did the tape further seal his lips, but it also effectively muffled any screams he had planned to release. Still laughing, Jennie said "Now about those books..."

With that, the truck was on the move again – still headed for Ross and Scott's house.

Chapter 5 – The Next Victim

Scott was understandably surprised to see the beautiful blonde Jennie standing over him when he awoke. Even though his vision was still blurry from the previous evening's activities, her feminine attributes caught his eyes and sent a tingle down below. Scott barely noticed the look of pity that graced her face. From his vantage point on the floor, Scott could almost see Jennie's unrestrained breasts under her tight silk blouse. When he instinctively tried to get a better perspective, though, he was surprised again. He was unable to use his arms, which were pinned together in parallel fashion across the middle of his back. Each wrist had been bound

to the opposing forearm just below the elbow. While he couldn't be certain, the empty cardboard spool suggested tape, probably duct tape based on its strength.

With his lower legs similarly bound parallel to each other, each ankle being bound just below the opposing knee, Scott found himself feeling extremely exposed and completely powerless to change the situation. The best he could manage was a pathetic wiggle, moving his shoulders and legs from side to side in unison.

Whether out of disbelief or panic, Scott reflexively tensed his muscles and ardently tried to free himself. Like a fish, he flopped back and forth on the floor, pulling at his mummified limbs. Even though he only struggled for a few seconds, Scott had ample time to think and wonder. "What happened last night? How did I get home? Who is this woman? Is she the reason I can't move, or is it just a lucky coincidence that she is here when I need help? And where the hell is Ross when you need him?"

After unsuccessfully testing Jennie's handiwork, he gave up and decided that his best chance at escape was to set aside any masculine pride and ask the attractive blonde for help. After all, he figured she had two free hands and he had none, but when a muffled little gurgle replaced his plea for help, Scott was once again surprised.

Bound and gagged, Scott was laid out helpless on his bedroom floor. Wearing only his loose fitting underwear, his private parts strained to catch the light of the morning. "That Bastard" he thought. "So he's finally getting me back for the initiation." It wouldn't have been a bad idea, really. For what Scott put Ross through, he probably deserved to be tied up and teased by a beautiful blonde who would most likely remain just out of reach.

Then he saw it, and if his jaw hadn't been restrained it would have dropped off its hinges. Across the room, the full-length mirror on the inside of the bathroom door revealed the frightening truth about Scott's predicament. The reflection sent shivers throughout his body. The mirror told more of a story than Scott's eyes could have otherwise seen from the floor.

As he had suspected, Scott's lower legs and arms had been completely wrapped in heavy-duty duct tape. What he was only now realizing was that the entire lower half of his face was wound with the same tape. There would be absolutely no way for him to effectively call for help or communicate, and he now realized that the fuzzy feeling in his mouth wasn't just the result of binge drinking the night before. His mouth contained an oversized sponge that would swallow the majority of sound before it could ever reach his lips. In addition to keeping the sponge in place, the duct tape around his face absorbed still more sound, effectively rendering him silent.

In addition to confirming what he already knew, the reflection disclosed additional information that Scott wasn't yet ready to accept. Around his neck he wore a broad black leather collar. The collar appeared to be a single thick strip with slots at one end and a small metal plate at the other. After firmly encircling his neck, a D-ring welded to the plate had been passed through one of the slots, fastening the collar in place. The padlock dangling from the D-ring made sure the collar couldn't be removed without his captor's consent.

The prospect of being the helpless property of some abductress, however beautiful, was enough to strike sheer terror into Scott's heart. His long forgotten claustrophobia was rearing its ugly head, and Scott was panic-stricken at the prospect of being helplessly trapped. His worst fears, though, were far exceeded when he saw the device in Jennie's hand.

She had politely tried to hide it behind her back. She didn't want to unnecessarily frighten her prey, but Scott's wide eyes fixed on the bathroom mirror made her realize that her attempt to conceal it had backfired. Stepping toward him, she knelt beside Scott. She lifted his head using an O-ring attached to the front of his collar, and brought the device into plain sight a few inches from Scott's face. It was a small plastic device, about the size of an electric razor. Instead of having a shaving screen, however, it had two small metal contacts protruding from the front.

"You think you know what this is, don't you?" Jennie asked sweetly.

Trembling, Scott nodded his head. It was a stun gun designed to deliver a jolt of electricity so powerful that it could instantly incapacitate a man for up to five minutes.

"I was hoping I wouldn't have to use it..." Jennie explained as Scott silently tried to assure her that she was right.

"... but now that you've woken up, I don't know what I should do," she continued.

"They said if I had any doubts at all that I should use it. They insisted that it didn't really hurt and that no permanent damage would be done."

Scott was so shaken that tears welled up in his trembling eyes.

"It's pretty clear to me that you're in no position to resist, though..." Jennie justified. "... and you're so cute there in your boxers that I'd hate to do anything uncomfortable."

A sigh of relief escaped through Scott's nose as Jennie let his head drop gently to the floor.

"Of course, you'd be easier to transport if you didn't squirm around." Jennie concluded.

Scott's eyes grew wide with realization just before Jennie softly pressed the device against his chest.

Once Jennie had Scott safely tied down in the bed of her pickup, she found Ross' books and brought her reluctant cargo with her to her Northbrook Estate.

Chapter 6 – The Waiting Room

It had been five hours since Ross had first set foot in Jennie's truck, but he had no way of knowing that. The last thing he remembered was Jennie saying "We're here. Now, how am I going to get you inside?" Of course, having been blindfolded, he never saw Jennie place the chloroform filled cloth over his nose. Coming to, he didn't know if he had been out for minutes or hours, but he could tell he was no longer in the truck.

Looking around, Ross found himself seated in a spectacular wood paneled game room. The vaulted ceiling of sculpted plaster was easily 30 feet high, and stained glass skylights gave the room a rich colorful glow. The room's centerpiece was a regulation size billiard table. Cues, racks and other accessories were found along the perimeter in fine oak cases. At the near end of the room were various classic arcade games, a ping pong table and an air hockey table, all in mint condition. Paddles, balls, and air hockey accessories were contained in a fine oak case along the wall opposite the pool cues. The contents of an adjacent case were concealed by a pair of elaborately carved doors which opened from the center.

The far end was the more interesting portion of the room. In front of a large bay window, there was a theatrical stage of some sort. Beautiful velvet curtains obscured most of Ross' view, but being slightly opened, Ross could see a little of the onstage area. Although he couldn't completely see them due to the direct sunlight shining through the window, Ross could make out the silhouettes of some kind of odd shaped furniture. Judging by his present predicament, he imagined that they were instruments of restraint, like cages or racks, but he couldn't honestly say for certain.

Turning his head left and right to get a better sense of his surroundings, Ross' view was obscured by the sides of the large leather chair in which he was seated. He was only now realizing that it was a rather comfortable chair, at that. Thick leather straps that matched the

burgundy upholstery encircled his neck, chest and abdomen. The restraints kept him seated firmly, but comfortably. Looking downward, as much as his situation would allow, Ross surmised that his knees and ankles were similarly restrained.

His arms were surprisingly free, but for the leather cuffs around his wrists. Ross was startled to find that he could actually move his arms and had a wide range of motion. Each wrist cuff, while not attached directly to the chair, was connected to a steel cable that passed into the respective arm of the chair through a hole that was aligned with the wrist in its natural resting position. The steel cables appeared to be attached to a spring-loaded coil within the chair, providing a slight pull toward the chair's arms. Even with the tension, Ross could move his arms about freely.

On a table adjacent to the chair, Ross found his books. Jennie was apparently a girl of her word, this time. Just as she had said, she had driven him to her house, and provided him with his books. Next to the books was a remote control with red and green buttons. After a brief examination, Ross realized that this was no ordinary remote control. The buttons didn't match up with the typical entertainment center. All of the green buttons had cryptic symbols on them. The four red buttons, labeled "Call", "Talk", "Open" and "Close", seemed like the buttons for him. Starting left to right, Ross pressed the "Call" button and heard a distant buzzer. A moment later, Jennie's voice whispered through speakers embedded in Ross' headrest.

"I'm at the far end of the house, but I'll be there in a moment," Jennie reassured.

With nothing to do but wait, Ross' curiosity prodded him to press the next button. Since his lips were still fused together, the "Talk" button seemed a bit futile. Nonetheless, he held it down for a second to see what might happen. Jennie's voice again graced his ears.

"I'd love to talk with you, but I think you're at a bit of a disadvantage."

Ross heard the beginnings of Jennie's giggle as she let go of her "Talk" button.

Even though no one was there, Ross shrugged. "On to the next button," he thought.

"Open" apparently referred to the curtains concealing the stage. Once he pressed the button, an electric motor caused the curtains to be opened, revealing two pieces of furniture on the stage. The piece on the right appeared to be an upholstered sawhorse. It was made of dark oak and black leather. The steel rings on various places made it pretty clear that it was meant to restrain someone. The second piece was in the center of the stage. It was tall, and it hung

from the ceiling by a thick metal chain. It looked like an oversized, elongated birdcage, but he really couldn't make it out because of a velvet drape that covered it. He knew that he might reluctantly experience either or both pieces later, but at that moment he was just thankful to be in the comfortable leather chair.

Just then, he felt fingers running through his hair from behind the chair. He reflectively reached back to grab the hand, but his wrist restraints reminded him that he had little or no control. His arm came to an abrupt stop when the steel cable reached its limit. Jennie laughed, and stepped around to the front of the chair.

She was apparently naked but for a luxurious towel that she had wrapped around herself. One hand held the towel while the other held a tall glass of lemonade over ice. She set the glass on the table next to his books and said. "I trust I retrieved the correct set of books?"

Ross shook his head and motioned to the glass.

"Oh, that," Jennie started. "I thought the commotion of the last few hours might have made you thirsty."

Ross responded with what sounded like a hum.

"Yes, I know. It will be hard to drink in your condition, but I can fix that."

Another hum seeped from below the duct tape still covering Ross' face.

"Look. Here's the deal. I'm supposed to keep you gagged until all of the guests arrive, but I just feel so sorry for you." Jennie paused.

"The way you're taped up right now is pretty light weight, but also very effective. To get the same effectiveness from a conventional gag, it might not be as comfortable," she explained.

"I suppose I could remove the tape and unglue your lips so that you can drink the lemonade, but when you're finished, I'll have to gag you with a more cumbersome device. Is that what you want?" She asked.

Ross thought about it, and shook his head. He figured it couldn't be any worse than having his lips glued together.

Jennie turned and walked toward the oak case with the elaborately carved doors. Upon opening the doors, Ross could see the contents, and they sent shivers down his spine. Leather and wooden paddles, crops, gags of all sorts, various restraints, probes and locks filled the cabinet. Jennie reached for a box and a bottle on the topmost shelf and brought them to the table next to the chair. With an item in each hand, Jennie relied on a tucked portion of the towel to cover her, but it failed. Just as she arrived back in front of Ross, the towel slithered to the ground, and Ross' eyes grew wide over the duct tape.

Startled, Jennie quickly set the items on the table and pulled up the towel.

"Damn! You weren't supposed to see that. Just pretend that never happened," she said exasperated.

But Ross couldn't pretend. To his surprise the towel didn't reveal Jennie's nude form, but an enticing black corset and push-up bra. Suddenly, Ross' comfortable leather chair wasn't quite as comfortable, and he squirmed in his seat to distract himself from the sudden tingle that he could do nothing about.

Rather than comment further, Jennie went straight to the work of extricating Ross' jaw. She removed a pair of safety scissors from the box and carefully cut the duct tape away. It took her some time to work it free from his hair, but she was careful and gentle, and Ross hardly felt a thing. Next, she withdrew several cotton-tipped swabs from the box and dipped them into the bottle labeled "Nail Polish Remover."

"Now, this may not be pleasant," Jennie explained. "The adhesive that I used on your lips is an epoxy that can be dissolved using ordinary nail polish remover. Be careful not to get any in your mouth," she advised.

As Jennie applied the nail polish remover, the smell was overwhelming, but his lips slowly parted. Eventually, Jennie had completely removed the epoxy.

Ross' first words were "The nail polish remover is all over my lips."

"Here, let me," Jennie offered as she used the upper portion of her towel to gingerly wipe the residue from his lips.

"Thank you," Ross said at last, and he took a long sip of the lemonade.

After setting the glass back on the table, he swiftly grabbed Jennie by her wrist and squeezed tightly.

"What exactly is going on, here?" He asked forcefully. "I insist you tell me why I'm here."

Jennie barely resisted.

"Remember when we were in my truck this morning?" Jennie asked calmly and rhetorically. She slowly continued. "I said it then, and I'll say it now. You're in no position to demand anything. The nicer you are, the nicer I'll be, but no matter what I'll have my way."

Ross thought about it for a second. This was as free as he was probably going to get, so he decided to exert what limited control he had.

"Look. I'm not letting you go until I get some answers," he said grabbing her other hand wrist and squeezing both wrists even tighter.

"Well, now that's not very nice," she whined softly. "And since you're not being very nice, I won't either," she said with tears welling up under her deep blue eyes.

With that, her expression turned from distress to defiance. She glared straight into Ross' eyes and swiftly jerked her wrists, but instead of breaking free, her towel once again fell to the floor.

She stopped, and looked down at the towel. Ross couldn't help but admire her beauty.

"That does it," she said impassively. Then she commanded in an authoritative tone "Punishment!"

A voice recognition unit embedded within the chair converted her command into a strong electric shock administered through each of the restraints. The pain caused Ross to release his grip on Jennie, but she didn't back away. She didn't need to.

"I'm sorry," Ross offered in a raspy voice, still recovering from the shock.

"Sorry doesn't cut it," Jennie responded. "What's with you? I give you your books... a comfortable chair... freedom of movement to study... I even let you drink from my lemonade, and in return I get this dramatic display of testosterone?"

"Really, I'm sorry..." Ross offered.

"Nope. Not good enough," Jennie said flatly. "Look, I don't need to, but I'll tell you why you're here." Jennie paused. "It's because of exactly that type of controlling behavior."

After another pause, she shook her head and said "I think we're through, for now."

"So, we don't get to talk?" Ross pleaded. "You're just going to put a gag on me and leave?"

"No, we aren't going to talk," Jennie replied. "I have nothing to say. As far as the gag..."

Jennie again resumed the authoritarian tone recognized by the chair, and she commanded "Silence the slave!"

Resuming her normal tone, Jennie explained "The chair renders a gag unnecessary."

"How?" Ross questioned, but the chair answered for Jennie.

A sensor in the neck restraint was designed to pick up the sound waves generated by the captive's voice, and energized an electrode at the base of Ross' neck. After shaking off the pain, Ross realized that any sound he made would be followed by a painful shock. Jennie was right. He would stay silent.

A knowing smile crossed Jennie's face as she stared at Ross.

"There were a couple of ways that we could have had some fun here this afternoon. Although this way is only fun for me, it will have to do."

With that, she reached down to pick up her towel, hung it over her arm and started toward a door near the side of the stage. Stopping mid-step, she turned around and looked at Ross.

"Let's have just a little more fun, shall we?" She teased.

Ross swallowed, but stayed silent.

"Right. No need to answer. Pick up the remote and press the green button in the third row, center."

Ross braced himself, but did as he was told. The button activated an electric winch connected to the velvet drape covering the apparatus in the center of the stage.

As she watched for an expression on Ross' face, she said "Even though I could restrain your wrists, I'll leave them as they were so that you can study if the mood strikes."

As she finished her sentence, she smiled as Ross' expression turned to disbelief.

The velvet drape had been removed. The drape had, in fact, covered a cage, but it wasn't empty. In the cage was Ross' roommate Scott.

"No need to wonder what your roommate is up to this afternoon. He's hanging around with you," Jennie mused.

Ross let out a soft "No!" But it was not so soft as to avoid activating the electrode.

Jennie turned to leave and said to herself: "That'll teach you to mess with Jennie."

Chapter 7 – The Preparation

Despite the freedom of movement he enjoyed, there was no way Ross could study. Too many thoughts filled his head. He now knew that he wasn't going to be able to break free from Jennie's sadistic game in time to meet Susan for their date. Ross kept reassuring himself that Susan would understand and that the important thing was to get to the authorities. Somehow, Ross didn't fear for his life, but he certainly felt that his life, as he knew it, would be changed permanently unless he could get out of there.

Then, there was Scott. He wouldn't be in the position he was if not for Ross' insistence that Jennie get his books. Ross had nothing but time to watch his friend squirm in discomfort.

The cage that Ross initially thought stretched to the ground was, in fact, only two feet tall. It was just big enough to contain Scott's head. The base of the cage tightly fit around Scott's neck and was fastened with a lock. On the top of the cage, a ring connected the cage to a chain that stretched downward from the ceiling, suspending the cage, and Scott, so that Scott needed to remain on his toes to breathe comfortably.

Since being moved from the truck, Scott's restraints had been changed. Instead of duct tape, Scott now struggled against black leather. His arms were gathered together in back by a single

leather glove. At four different points, wrists, forearms, elbows and biceps, Scott's arms were bound together by leather straps that encircled the outside of the glove. His feet were bound together by similar straps, with the strap holding his ankles being anchored to a ring in the stage floor. Scott just stood there twisting like some bizarre lawn ornament in a summer breeze.

Even though Ross could see Scott, Scott was oblivious to his surroundings. Each eye was covered by a large leather pad; his ears were stuffed with foam ear plugs; and his mouth was filled with a big red ball gag. Even with his hands free to move, Ross couldn't communicate with his sensory deprived friend.

After about thirty minutes of contemplation, Ross decided he needed to keep trying to escape. The only thing he had to work with was the remote control. He examined the nine green buttons with the strange symbols on them. He knew the center button in the bottom row controlled a winch that removed the drape covering Scott. Ross assumed that the other eight green buttons also controlled stage props. Ross decided to stick with the third row of buttons, and pressed the first button in the row. As he held the button down, he heard another winch motor run, but couldn't quite figure out what it controlled.

Then, he noticed that Scott's toes were no longer touching the floor! The winch had lifted Scott by the top of the cage, and stopped when the lock attaching his feet prevented further movement. Instinctively, Ross pressed the last button in the row, and Scott was returned to a normal standing position. Ross was relieved to hear the deep rapid breathing of his friend. Another few seconds and Scott could have suffocated.

Ross decided it was too dangerous to try the remaining buttons, but before abandoning the remote, he pressed the last button in the third row long enough to provide enough slack in the chain that Scott could lay down on the stage. Ross rationalized that he had now made up for the initial mistake of choking his friend.

Deciding there was nothing more he could do to escape, Ross turned to his books. He had reviewed an entire chapter of his Advanced Physiology text and completed the test at the end of the chapter before Jennie's voice again softly vibrated through the headrest.

"Hey Ross. Are you studying your books or your situation?" Jennie asked rhetorically. Ross knew better than to answer.

"I'll be sending a couple of attendants to help prepare you for the evening," Jennie continued after Ross' silence. "Now, you be as nice to them as you would be to me," she said with a

condescending tone. "I've told them that they can get as rough as they need to if you fail to cooperate."

After about five minutes, two beautiful young women in black evening dresses entered the room from the right side of the stage. As they approached, it was clear that these were no ordinary evening dresses. The mid-section of each was made of high quality garment leather, and the lower dress portions were a kind of black silk. Although decidedly unconventional, the dresses made each of the women more hauntingly attractive than they already were. They moved confidently to either side of Ross. The red-head on the left carried a small leather bag, and brunette on the right bent down to flick two switches at the base of the chair.

"I'm Mistress Amy," the brunette began "and this is Mistress Rosie. I have deactivated the punishment mechanism so you can talk if you so choose. I have also activated a lock for the cables attached to your wrists."

Ross had been sitting in a relaxed position with his arms resting naturally on the armrests of the chair. Only now did he realize that he lost his freedom of movement when he heard the Brunette nonchalantly flick the chair's control switch. He tried to move his arms, but it was no use. Ross opened his mouth to speak, but then thought twice about it. He had only caused himself more trouble the last few times he tried to talk his way out of this. This time, he decided, he would take a different approach and play the cooperative captive. Besides, there were two of them. Female or not, they had a distinct advantage over him. Neither of them was strapped to a chair.

The women wasted no time in setting about their work. Mistress Amy, the brunette, unfastened the leather collar from around Ross' neck and unlocked the cuff restraining his right wrist. While Ross' neck and wrist were being freed, Mistress Rosie, the redhead, reached behind Ross' chair and produced a finely crafted oak restraint – basically stocks. There was a large hole in the center for his neck, and two smaller holes on either side for his wrists.

Unlike ordinary stocks, these actually looked like they might be comfortable. Each hole was lined with padded leather and had an individual adjustment mechanism enabling it to be tailored to the wearer. Further, the piece was designed to enable each hole to be individually locked. Ross discovered this as they locked his right wrist in place. The women then locked the oak structure around his neck. Finally, they removed his left wrist and similarly restrained it in the device. Once the stocks were completely applied, the women adjusted each hole so that it was snug, but not uncomfortable.

Mistress Rosie then reached into the black leather bag and produced a pair of locking leather ankle cuffs attached by a two-foot length of heavy chain. Each woman applied an ankle cuff to one of Ross' ankles while he was still confined to the chair. Finally, they completely removed the chair restraints enabling Ross to walk on his own. They began to lead him toward the stage. He felt like some sort of monster – his arms and neck stiffly swaying from side to side as he took small stumbling steps. He remarked sarcastically "Hey, look! It's Frankenstein!"

The women couldn't help but giggle.

"You're taking this pretty well considering your situation," Mistress Amy observed. "Don't you have any questions for us?"

"Well, honestly, I'm filled with questions, but the last few times I've asked, they've been answered in some rather nasty ways." Ross paused. "I guess I just thought I'd be better off keeping my big mouth shut this time. There are two of you, and that could mean twice the trouble for me."

No one spoke again until they reached the far end of the room. The women helped Ross negotiate the seven steps up to the stage and led him to the back of the modified sawhorse. With his ankle chain taut, his ankles lined up perfectly with two eye bolts installed on the sides of the rear legs of the saw horse. Mistress Rosie pulled two locks out of the bag and attached his ankle cuffs to the eye bolts.

Each woman then held on to one side of the stocks and pulled them forward causing Ross to straddle the sawhorse. Once the lower edge of the stocks made contact with the front of the sawhorse, Mistress Amy adjusted the length of the sawhorse using a knob under the center of the upper support. Once properly adjusted, a latch on the front of the saw horse became perfectly aligned with a mating piece on the bottom of the stocks, and with a "click" Ross became a part of the furniture as the stocks were attached to the sawhorse.

The two women turned and walked away from Ross.

"That's it?" Ross questioned. "You're just going to leave me here?"

The women stopped and looked at each other.

"You know, we almost forgot to gag him," Mistress Amy said trying to sound ironic.

"Thank goodness he isn't the strong silent type," Mistress Rosie replied playfully, as she removed an over-sized ball gag from the black leather bag. "If he hadn't opened his mouth, we could have gotten in big trouble."

They turned around and crouched down in front of him. As they both looked directly at him, only inches away, Mistress Rosie whispered "This will prevent that mouth of yours from getting you in any more trouble."

"Please. Wait!" Ross blurted out. Suddenly, with both women so intimately near him, he realized that he recognized them – and Jennie, as well. These were Susan's new friends!

"I know you," he continued.

"Really?" Mistress Rosie said incredulously. "How?"

"I used to date Susan. You're her new friends, aren't you?"

"Now why would we be interested in some girl named Susan's ex-boyfriend?" Mistress Amy offered, not answering Ross' question.

"Look. I know you're her friends. I've tried to talk to her several times this semester, and one of you have always stopped me."

"So what's your point?" Mistress Rosie asked impatiently.

"I've got a date with her tonight. I've loved her since the first day I met her, and if I don't show up for that date, I'll probably lose her forever."

The two women turned to each other and smiled beautifully evil smiles.

"I'm begging you! For God's sake let me go!" Ross wailed as he struggled violently against his bonds. The attachments to the sawhorse rattled vigorously, but the women moved in to finish their task without emotion. Even though Ross was flailing his head, Mistress Amy held it still enough for Mistress Rosie to attach the ball gag – and rather tightly.

As sweat and tears began to roll down Ross' face, the two women ignored his grunting and began to leave. They slowly walked toward the center of the room and stopped in the center talk. Mistress Rosie unconsciously tidied up the restraints on the leather chair. Jennie entered

from the far end of the room dressed as the others in a black leather and silk evening dress. Presumably, she was now "Mistress" Jennie, and the sound of her spiked stiletto heels echoed through the room as she walked.

She met the other women in the center of the room and began to talk with them. Clearly, part of the discussion was centered on Mistress Jennie's orders for the other two women. Toward the end of the discussion, though, Mistress Jennie stopped and turned to look at Ross. She then said something short to the two others, and they turned to leave. Mistress Jennie, however, picked up the remote and continued toward the stage.

Mistress Jennie took her time coming up to the stage. On her way, she used the remote control to reposition Scott in an extreme standing position. By the time she pulled up a chair and sat down in front of Ross, the other two women had already wheeled in about 10 chairs and begun arranging them in front of the stage as though there would soon be a small audience.

Mistress Jennie straddled the back of the chair, slid close to Ross and sighed.

"I suppose you think that we've captured you to prevent you from making your date with Susan," she said.

Ross tried his best to simply look away.

"Well, that couldn't be further from the truth," Mistress Jennie explained. "We've captured you to make certain that you do keep your date with Susan. In fact, you are our gift to her."

Ross looked up at her with a tilted head.

"That's right. The sorority party that Susan invited you to is actually taking place in this hall... on this stage. Mistresses Amy, Rosie and I are among her sorority sisters. Interested in hearing the rest of the story?" Mistress Jennie asked as though she were a spider inviting a fly to tea.

Ross tried to speak, but settled for nodding.

"Last year after Susan broke up with you, she decided to join our sorority. In fact, she and I took the pledge on the same day. Oh, it's not one of the sororities officially sanctioned by the college, but it has a long and distinguished history. Our sisterhood celebrates the superiority of women over men. As a display of our superiority, we use our collective feminine attributes to select, entice and enslave the men we desire."

Ross couldn't believe his ears. There was no way that Susan would voluntarily go along with this.

Mistress Jennie continued. "Susan and I are celebrating our first anniversary with the sorority, Beta Delta Sigma Mu, and this party is in our honor. The party officially marks our advancement into the second level of the sorority, enabling each of us to select the man we wish to dominate." Mistress Jennie paused to let the news sink in.

"Normally, a party such as this is intended to give the advancing sister a forum in which to announce her selection prior to capturing the lucky slave, but being Susan's roommate, I overheard her invite you to the party."

Mistress Jennie rose from her chair and began pacing in front of her audience.

"Now, I found this most peculiar. The honorees are supposed to come alone. Only the women in the higher ranks are allowed to bring dates, if you want to call them that. Naturally, I assumed that she was going to lure you here tonight to make the capture quick and easy. Of course, I like more of a challenge. Sadly, you didn't really present one." She sat back down, looked deep into Ross' eyes and smiled.

"You were born to be a woman's play thing. All it took was my silk blouse, a little light perfume and a smile before you practically begged me to place your wrist in my cuffs."

Mistress Jennie rose and began moving off stage with the chair.

"Of course, I hadn't intended to take your friend. It was just his lucky day, I guess. He's kind of cute. I think I'll keep him."

Mistress Jennie stood at the side of the stage and used the remote to close the curtains.

"Now, you and your friend be good little stage props and wait until just the right moment to make your entrance tonight. We want Susan to be genuinely surprised in front of all of her sisters, don't we? Did I mention that the leader of the regional chapter would be here tonight? Maybe she can give Susan a few pointers on how to properly punish you for that date we have tomorrow night."

Ross renewed his futile attempts to escape as the curtains closed completely.

Chapter 8 – The Presentation

Mistresses Rosie, Amy and Jennie finished decorating the hall just ten minutes before the guests were scheduled to arrive. Although she easily could have assigned the task to the house staff, Mistress Jennie wanted the hall to have that "special something" that only comes from doing it yourself.

The women stood silently admiring the hall. It looked quite festive. Banners reading "Congratulations Susan and Jennie!" lined the walls, and twisted black and white crepe paper streamers bounced from one chandelier to another. The folding chairs were evenly spaced in front of the stage, which was deceptively quiet. A solitary podium stood center stage in front of the closed stage curtains with three ornate oak chairs placed immediately to the left.

Three sets of beautiful French doors graced the East end of the hall, farthest from the stage. The doors were lead crystal and provided a panoramic view of the front gardens. Mistress Jennie nudged the others and pointed to a black limousine pulling into the circular drive.

"That must be Mistress Christen, the head of the regional chapter. Time to get your dates, ladies. Johnson, the doorman, can arrange to have them brought up from the holding pen," Mistress Jennie said motioning to the telephone.

As Mistress Amy phoned the doorman, Mistress Jennie went out to greet Mistress Christen personally.

"Mistress Christen, we're so honored that you could make it," Mistress Jennie said with open arms.

"I wouldn't miss this for the world," Mistress Christen replied as she got out of the limousine and hugged Mistress Jennie.

"What, you didn't bring an escort?" Mistress Jennie said with an exaggerated frown.

"Unfortunately, I can't stay the night, so I gave him the night off. Right now, he's strapped to my four-poster – probably watching HBO," Mistress Christen explained.

Mistress Jennie escorted Mistress Christen into the hall. The wait staff was quick to bring two flutes of champagne on a sterling silver tray. As Mistresses Jennie and Christen exchanged compliments, the slaves of Mistresses Amy and Rosie were brought up from the basement

holding pen by two house boys, and their leashes were tied to two eye bolts in a dark corner of the hall.

By a quarter past the hour, eight slaves were leashed to eye bolts in various corners of the hall, and all of the Mistresses were present except for Susan. Each Mistress in attendance had taken great pleasure in dressing up her slave for the occasion, and no two slaves were dressed alike. Mistress Amy had dressed her slave like a pony boy. He had a tall feathered headdress, a bit gag, blinders and a severe leather harness that included a leather pouch for his genitals and straps that passed through D-rings attached to a single leather glove encasing his arms behind him. He looked nervous and confused. Of course, the blinders made certain he stayed that way, forcing him to completely turn in any direction that he wanted to see.

Mistress Rosie's slave was bound in chains, blindfolded and ball gagged. His wrists were held together in front of him by connected shackles, and a chain was wrapped tightly around his torso keeping his wrists in place. Similarly, his ankles were bound by shackles that were connected by an 18 inch chain, forcing him to take tiny steps when he was lead by his Mistress. A larger shackle was loosely fitted to his neck, and a chain fastening his neck shackle to an eye bolt in the wall prevented him from wandering too far.

Another guest brought a slave dressed as a woman bound in rope. Yet another guest dressed her slave as a mental patient complete with straight jacket and institutional restraints. Still another guest wrapped her slave in plastic wrap that was wound so tightly about his body that he needed to be brought into the hall on a mover's dolly. Even though the slaves were all uniquely dressed, the guests intentionally ignored them. Instead, the Mistresses focused on each other and exchanged compliments for the creativity and originality of the elaborate costumes. The mistresses themselves were all dressed in the same enticingly evil uniforms.

Finally, at 8:30, Susan arrived. She was dressed in a leather corset and black satin dress like the other Mistresses. She wore 5-inch black stiletto heels, elbow length opera gloves and fishnet stockings. She also wore a sullen expression that suggested an inner hatred and possibly an unforgettable loss.

One by one, the Mistresses took turns congratulating Mistress Susan on her first year's accomplishments, just as they had congratulated Mistress Jennie prior to Mistress Susan's arrival. Mistress Susan took the comments seriously and indicated how devoted she was to the sorority, almost as though she had recently reaffirmed her efforts to excel in the sorority.

After about a half hour of mingling and drinking, a servant walked to the center of the hall and rang a small bell to signify the beginning of the evening's presentations. Slowly, all of the

guests moved to the folding chairs in front of the stage. Mistresses Christen, Jennie and Susan sat in the oak chairs on stage next to the podium.

While the guests were taking their seats, several members of the wait staff began to lead the slaves from the hall. Once all of the slaves were removed from the hall, all of the doors to the hall were sealed, and the lights were dimmed except for the stage lighting.

Mistress Jennie rose and approached the podium. After testing the microphone, she began the program.

"I'd like to thank everyone for attending this year's annual Beta-Delta-Sigma-Mu Advancement Ball. In accordance with the sorority by-laws, the junior sisters, namely Mistress Susan and I, coordinated the event. Mistress Susan provided the decorations and beverages, and I provided the location. I'd like to take this opportunity to warmly welcome everyone to my house. If you need anything at all, please do not hesitate to ask any of the servants for assistance."

"With that, I'd like to introduce a most distinguished member of our sorority. She has been with us for five years, and she is the head of the regional chapter. Even though she has had five full-time slaves during her tenure, she has been gracious enough to grant us her undivided attention this evening, leaving her slave at home, longing for her return, no doubt. Without further delay, I give you Mistress Christen."

The audience, though small, provided an enthusiastic round of applause for Mistress Christen as she rose from her seat and approached the podium.

"Thank you Mistress Jennie," she began.

"Every year, the sisterhood celebrates the advancement of the junior members of our sorority. This advancement signifies the sorority's full acceptance of the members and signifies each sister's vow to dominate all men. As a symbol of your place in the sorority, I am pleased to present each of you, Jennie and Susan, with a solid gold medallion of supremacy."

Mistress Christen then picked up two small boxes from within the podium and removed the medallions. She walked over to the seated honorees and placed a medallion around the neck of each. She then stepped aside and began clapping. A look of pride came over Mistresses Jennie and Susan, and Susan smiled her first genuine smile of the evening. Mistress Susan then stood and took the podium as the applause trailed off.

"This is such an honor," she began and looked down thoughtfully down at the podium.

Looking up, she continued. "As many who came before me, I vow on this night to dominate all men. Tonight's ceremony gives me a strength and resolve that I've never felt before in my life. I feel invincible. But it hasn't always been that way," Mistress Susan said, pausing.

"I have occasionally questioned my superiority. As recently as yesterday evening, I had one such lapse in judgment. As many of you know, I was in a traditional relationship for years before discovering the sisterhood. Although the end of that relationship served to awaken the dominant within me, I still have strong feelings for the male who was my partner."

"Last night, in a moment of doubt, I asked my former lover to meet me before this evening's event. I thought that by seeing him once more, I could better decide whether I was truly dominant and worthy of the honor bestowed on my tonight. If I saw him and wanted to be his equal, I decided that I would skip tonight's affair and rejoin the world of the ordinary. If I saw him and still felt dominant, however, I planned to bring him here as my first conquest," Mistress Susan paused.

"Fortunately, the male was too weak to honor his commitment, thereby revealing the truth to me. Men are no better than pets who don't come when you call them, and such pets must be trained to have respect."

The audience howled.

"He may not be my conquest tonight, but due to his lack of respect, I will have him yet. As in a conventional relationship, I will have him until death do us part, but that will be the only conventional aspect of our relationship."

The audience cheered again.

"Thank you all for enlightening and accepting me," Susan said sincerely. Then she raised her medallion in the air with her right hand and shouted the sorority slogan with the audience echoing each word.

"Hunt! Capture! Dominate!"

With that, Mistress Susan turned to Mistress Jennie, smiled a broad smile and returned to her seat as Mistress Jennie took to the podium.

"First, I'd like to express my gratitude to the sorority for tonight's honor, and I too would like to relate a personal story."

"As many of you may know, Mistress Susan and I are roommates on campus. Last night, as I was fading off to sleep, I overheard Mistress Susan's invitation to the dog that she just spoke of."

Susan's eyebrows raised in surprise, and she leaned forward in her seat in anticipation of the rest of the story.

"I sensed her momentary self-doubt, but knew the strength that she harbored within. Although it was extremely presumptuous of me, I decided to give her a gift that might help her acknowledge her feminine superiority. I had no idea that she was considering passing up tonight's honor, but I'm thrilled that I had a small role to play in helping her decide to attend."

With that, Mistress Jennie removed the remote control from the podium and used it to open the curtains. As the shadow of the curtains slowly revealed the uncomfortable predicaments of Ross and Scott, Susan's jaw dropped, and a ripple of "ooh's" and "ahh's" rolled through the audience.

"I apologize for taking some of the challenge out of it for you, Mistress Susan, but in honor of your advancement tonight, I am pleased to present you with this heartfelt gift. Even though I truly believe that this gift is beneath you, I hope that you enjoy it."

With that Mistress Jennie stepped away from the podium, and the audience began applauding with unbridled enthusiasm. The applause seemed to last forever.

Susan sat stunned

Once the applause began to subside, Mistress Jennie leaned back toward the podium microphone and announced that drinks would be available throughout the evening, and that all of the guests were welcome to spend the night.

"Anyone who wishes to stay the night may inform any member of the house staff, and your escorts will be taken to your room," Mistress Jennie announced. "I'm certain that the accommodations will be acceptable, as every room is fully equipped."

Ross watched helplessly as the lights were raised, and the guests began to mingle amongst themselves. Mistress Susan motioned for Mistress Jennie to meet her at the corner of the

stage. They were too far away for Ross to hear the conversation. Near the end of the discussion, Mistress Susan caught Ross' eyes as she shrugged nonchalantly, as though to say "What the hell", and Mistresses Jennie and Susan began to mingle with the guests at the far end of the room. Every now and then, Mistress Susan would look up to the stage display with a smile and a twinkle in her eye.

As the guests engaged in their post ceremony conversations, several guests, including Mistresses Rosie and Amy, made their way to the edge of the stage to admire the display.

"We helped set him up," Mistress Rosie said with pride.

"Were you involved in the capture?" asked one of the guests.

"No, we just got to set up the display," said Mistress Amy.

"Nice job, anyway," admired the guest.

"Thanks. We positioned the one on the saw horse, but other one is nicely displayed, as well. Too bad we can't see his face," Mistress Rosie said.

Ross was humiliated. He and Scott were on display, and they were being treated as though they were property... and stolen property, at that.

As the group of mistresses stood on the floor in front of the stage admiring Ross and Scott's predicament, Ross heard a rustling behind him. He turned his head as far as he could, straining to see Scott and what was happening, but the stock's prevented him from getting a clear view. Suddenly, Ross's world went dark as a hood was placed over his head and secured at his neck.

Ross could feel his bonds being unfastened from the sawhorse, but it was impossible to attempt an escape. His neck and wrists were still securely held by the stocks. His ankles were still hobbled by the two foot chain, and he could see only darkness. Ross felt a leash being attached to the front of the stocks, and a tug toward the back of the stage.

As he was being lead from the stage, Ross relied on his hearing to assess the situation. From the whirl of the electric winch and the jingle of buckles coming from Scott's direction, Ross assumed they were being taken to another part of the house. He was right, but as they reached the bottom of the back steps, Ross realized that Scott's footsteps were fading away. They were each being lead to a different place, and Ross wondered if he's ever see Scott again.

Chapter 9 – Scott's Predicament

After walking what seemed like a mile, Scott felt the insistent tug on his collar abate. Still blinded by the pads over his eyes, he assumed that he and his keeper had reached their destination and stopped walking. With a quick upward tug on his collar, Scott found himself attached to a chain or leash suspended from above. He was again helplessly uncomfortable, but the sudden jerk loosened the foam inserts in his ears enough to allow him to make out the conversation around him.

"That will do, James," said a female voice.

Scott recognized the woman's voice from his house this afternoon.

"You may tend to the needs of our other guests, now. I'll show Mistress Christen around her room," the woman concluded.

"Yes, Mistress Jennie," a male voice replied impassively.

As the servant's footsteps faded away and ended with the closing of a distant door, Scott assumed that he was alone with the two women: Jennie and Christen.

"I can't get over the facilities," Mistress Christen gushed.

"Well, there's actually a lot more than meets the eye," Mistress Jennie boasted.

"Once a man is selected to be confined in this house, escape is virtually impossible," she continued. "All of the locks are identically keyed, and only the Mistresses and the Master butler, Fernando, have working keys. That means that even if one of the lower echelon servants wanted to help a slave escape, he couldn't."

"I see," said Mistress Christen. "But couldn't a slave escape if he happened upon a key that was misplaced or left carelessly unattended by Fernando or one of the Mistresses?" Mistress Christen challenged.

"Well, considering that slaves are typically attached to some type of hitching post, and considering that their vision is often impaired, and considering that their fingers are generally unable to reach the locks... Well, let's just say that all of the planets would have to align for a slave to be able to free himself. Besides, there are two other far more significant factors that

would deter a slave from escaping..." Mistress Jennie said as she opened the armoire at the foot of the kind-sized canopy bed to which Scott was attached.

"And those factors would be?" Mistress Christen asked in an obliging tone.

"The first factor is devotion. Once a slave is properly trained, here is nothing he would do to displease his Mistress," Mistress Jennie said knowingly.

"It's only been an hour since you advanced from your junior status, and you speak like a pro," Mistress Christen chuckled.

"Membership in the sorority is only a formality to a lifetime of slave training," Mistress Jennie said flatly. "The second factor is distress," Jennie said as she removed a tiny restraint with a small plastic box attached to it.

"We call this a 'Persuader'. Let me demonstrate."

Scott felt Mistress Jennie remove the pouch that held his penis and genitals. She wound the small leather band around the sack above his testicles at the base of his penis and fastened the strap with a tiny buckle. The small black plastic box hung down behind his genitals so that two embedded electrodes made contact with his skin.

Even though Scott was more aroused than he had ever been, he could only imagine the discomfort that such a little box could inflict. He twisted to avoid the restraint, and once applied, he twisted harder to get it off.

Mistress Jennie laughed and said "See, even without knowing what it is, this one knows it is not meant for pleasure."

As Scott continued to thrash helplessly, Mistress Jennie removed a small remote control with a single red button from the armoire.

"Although it should be used sparingly, it is most effective."

She pressed her thumb against the red button for a fraction of a second, and Scott instantly hung lifeless from the cross member of the canopy at the foot of the bed.

Mistress Jennie released the clip connecting Scott's collar to the chain, and he slumped to the floor twitching slightly.

"Really, you shouldn't use it when a slave is restrained by the neck. He could choke after taking a hit, or worse, his neck could snap," Mistress Jennie explained.

"For any slave who may be a particular escape risk," she continued, "we can add a tiny padlock to the Persuader for which only I hold the key."

"Well, you have thought of everything," Christen admitted. "Is there anything else I need to know before I get ready for bed?"

"Only that there are extra towels in the bathroom cabinets, extra toys in the armoire, and that Champaign breakfast is at 8:00 in the Master Dining Room," Mistress Jennie said smiling, and she turned to leave.

At the door, Jennie offered "If you need anything, just dial '0' for Fernando's desk or dial '6' to page me directly. My pager displays the room number, and I'll stop by to answer any questions."

"Thank you so much," Christen said smiling. "You've been so gracious. I'll only bother you if it's important."

The door closed, and Scott began to regain his strength.

Mistress Christen had been a female dominant for at least six years, and although she thought she had seen it all before tonight, the Persuader was definitely a surprise. She couldn't believe how quickly and effectively it rendered a subject utterly helpless.

With a fair amount of over confidence, Mistress Christen bent down to check on Scott. She removed the earplugs and blindfold, and caressed his hair as she asked "Are you alright?"

Scott managed a feeble nod, but was gaining his strength back surprisingly quickly.

"How long have you been here?" Mistress Christen asked, but before Scott could mmmppf an answer, Christen laughingly said "Here, I should probably remove the gag so you can answer."

Mistress Christen removed Scott's gag and collar, and for the first time in almost twelve hours, Scott had all of his senses.

"Thank you," Scott said as he stretched his jaw. "I have no idea how long I've been like this, but it's long enough that I've lost all feeling in my arms."

"Look, that kind of drivel won't get you anywhere, but it's fortunate for you that I like my subjects clean and comfortable when I force them to service me." Mistress Christen said flatly. "I'm going to release you to let you shower. That will give your muscles a chance to regroup, but don't get any ideas. You've already seen what the Persuader will do. I'll have the remote on my belt, so just be thankful you ended up with me instead of Mistress Jennie."

"Yes, Ma'am," Scott replied with his eyes cast downward.

"Now, turn around so that I can relieve the stress on your arms," Mistress Christen said impatiently.

Scott turned around and one by one, Mistress Christen removed the four straps binding Scott's arms and set them in a pile on the bed. To Scott's surprise, the removal of the straps, while comforting, did little to increase his mobility. It wasn't until the leather glove was unzipped that Scott's situation truly improved.

As Scott stretched his arms to improve the circulation, Mistress Christen knelt before him to remove the straps from his legs and ankles. Instinctively realizing that this would be the only time he would have the dominant position, Scott grabbed one of the straps from the pile and quickly wrapped it around Christen's neck. Without thinking, he fastened the strap tightly around the bedpost.

Christen reacted by clutching the strap until she realized that she had the Persuader, but as she fumbled to find the remote on her belt, Scott grabbed it. He held it just out of reach and taunted "I'll bet you were looking for this."

Christen flailed her legs hoping to connect as she screamed and clutched for the buckle around her neck. Scott, still hobbled, made quick work of bringing Christen's arm up behind her until she winced. Her screaming turned into a slight cry, and she began to beg.

"Please don't hurt me. I didn't do anything to you except release you," Christen begged.

"That's true. You didn't do anything... yet." Scott countered. "Bring your other arm behind you, and I'll release the pressure."

Christen complied and soon found her forearms bound parallel across the middle of her back.

"Look, I'm not out to hurt anyone. If you cooperate, I'll refrain from using this." Scott said holding up the ball gag.

"I'll cooperate," Christen said quickly. "Although I doubt that my mouth could accommodate a two inch rubber ball."

"Want to find out?" Scott shot back, feeling in limited control for the first time that day.

"No. I said I'd cooperate," Christen said. "Besides, I'm not your real problem. The Persuader and the security around here are your real problems. You really don't stand a chance, but I'll remember how merciful you were when they return you to me."

"You know, you're right. I'm solving the first of my problems right now." Scott declared as he removed the Persuader before freeing his legs. After completely freeing his legs, Scott applied each of the straps in a corresponding location on Christen. Before long, Scott had a completely restrained mistress.

With Christen thoroughly trussed up, Scott began to check out the room. He started with the armoire. Although it looked innocent enough from the outside, once it was opened, the room felt like a darker, more sinister chamber. It was filled with straps of all sizes. Along the inside of one of the doors hung an array of gags. Under the gags, hung a variety of plugs arranged according to their size. Although Scott had never seen this type of equipment before, he could easily imagine their uses.

"Holy crap! Look at this stuff. Do you actually use all of this?" Scott asked almost rhetorically.

"I can't turn far enough to see what you're talking about, but the answer is most likely 'yes,'" Christen replied.

"Lucky for you I'm in a hurry to get out of here," Scott said smiling. "I kind of like you, and I'd love to take the time to let you model some of this stuff."

Christen smiled. "I kind of like you, too. Sorry you have to be leaving so soon. Bye," she said jokingly.

Scott carefully selected a blindfold, gag and posture collar before returning to Christen.

"Look," He said apologetically. "I don't know why, but I really do kind of like you. Maybe it's the whole confident female thing. Maybe it's that you're drop-dead gorgeous. Maybe it's because I have you helplessly tied to the foot of a bed against your will, but I have to get out of here, and I can't take you with me."

Christen glanced down at the unpleasant fashion accessories that Scott had picked out.

"I understand. I know what you think you have to do, but I honestly won't scream or try to alert security. You don't have to put that stuff on me," she said pleadingly.

"Actually, I do," Scott replied. "For my plan to work, I need you completely isolated."

With that, Scott gently covered each of Christen's eyes with a disc from the blindfold he selected and fastened the buckle gently but firmly behind her head. Next, he slid the pump gag into her mouth and locked it from behind. It was clear that Christen wasn't used to being the one restrained as she shifted in her bonds and grunted into her gag. Scott pumped the attached rubber ball until the grunting was little more than a whisper.

When he was finished, Scott stroked Christen's hair and whispered in her ear.

"You really are a lovely, dangerous creature. I'll bet you have guys just begging you to tie them up."

Christen slowly nodded.

"Well, I can certainly see the appeal. If I had come here voluntarily, I might have let you get me in a compromising position or two, but I didn't volunteer for this."

Scott walked over to the dresser and picked up the Persuader.

"Now, I'm going to call your pretty blonde friend, and tie her to the other bedpost." Scott said, disclosing his plan like a villain in a bad action film. "You two are going to look like bookends when I'm through."

Scott removed the batteries from the Persuader and fastened it back around his shaft. Then he dialed "6" to get Mistress Jennie's pager. He knew that within minutes Jennie would be knocking on their door eager to help her friend.

Chapter 10 – Scott's Trap

It took only two minutes for Mistress Jennie to return to Mistress Christen's room after being paged, but to Scott it seemed like hours. After knocking on the door several times, each series of knocks growing successively more impatient, Mistress Jennie used her key and let herself in. Knowing that trouble was afoot, she entered the room cautiously, and then she saw Mistress Christen in the shadows of the now dimly lit bedroom. She instinctively determined that she would call for backup as soon as she released her guest, and she ran to the foot of the bed to release Mistress Christen.

Mistress Jennie had barely finished removing the blindfold when Scott lunged forward from under the bed snaring her ankles with a strap. Scott specifically selected the strap from the armoire because it had a one-way mechanism that locked in place automatically when tightened, without requiring him to fumble with normal roller buckles. With the sudden loss of her feet to keep her stable, Mistress Jennie instinctively grabbed the post of the bed to keep from falling, allowing Scott enough time to roll out from beneath the bed to confront Mistress Jennie.

Reflexively, Mistress Jennie reached for the red-buttoned remote attached to the left side of her belt. With her left hand on the bedpost, she crossed her free right hand in front to reach the device, when Scott forcefully grabbed her wrist and twisted her arm upward and back, painfully stressing her elbow and shoulder.

Glaring into her eyes, Scott calmly said "We can do this the hard way, or we can do this the easy way."

With tears welling up in her eyes, Jennie gritted her teeth and said "I choose the hard way... for you!" And before she had finished the sentence, in one fluid motion, she released her stabilizing grip on the bedpost, grabbed the remote, aimed and fired.

Scott couldn't tell if the look of pained surprise on Mistress Jennie's face was due to the remote's failure to activate the Persuader or because she was helplessly tumbling to the ground from the force he had applied to her twisted arm, but regardless of the reason, Scott pressed his advantage. He quickly pinned her face down on the ground.

"Well, I've chosen the easy way for both of us." Scott quipped as Mistress Jennie whimpered from her pain and defeat.

Scott reached behind him on the bed and pulled down the armbinder that had rendered him helpless just a few minutes before.

"Please place both hands behind you and interlock your fingers," Scott instructed.

As Mistress Jennie began to push herself upward, Scott unceremoniously pushed her face into the floor.

"Just do it. I don't want to have to hurt you," he offered.

With that, Mistress Jennie became captive Jennie. Scott slid the armbinder up her forearms and over her elbows. He adjusted and fastened the wrist and elbow straps before helping her to her feet.

"It may sound cliché, but you'll never get away with this," Jennie said, regaining her composure.

"You may be right," Scott admitted. "But I have to try, don't I?"

Scott let Jennie lean on the side of the bed as he fastened two straps that ran from the back of the armbinder, crossed behind her neck, and attached to the front of the armbinder. Turning her to face the bed, he checked, tightened and locked the wrist and elbow straps causing Jennie to nearly overflow the top of her leather bustierre.

Just as Jennie was beginning another round of banter, Scott slipped a ballgag in her mouth and fastened it tightly at the nape of her neck. She bucked and twisted like a wild mustang, but to no avail. Scott scooped her up in his arms and carried her to the other bedpost at the foot of the bed.

Scott fastened Jennie to the pole using two wide straps under her arms and at her waist, and he further restrained her legs with straps above and below the knees. Scott then took Jennie's face in his hands and rested his forehead on hers.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to turn out your lights, now," he said softly.

This frightened Jennie. She wondered whether that was a euphemism for ultimate darkness. Scott then gently kissed her forehead and pulled a tight leather hood over her face. Jennie thought she had reason to breathe easier until she felt two leather straps wrap around her

neck to further secure her to the bedpost. They slowly tightened until they firmly held her head to the post.

"Tight enough for you?" Scott asked.

Jennie replied with an uncertain nod.

"Not for me," Scott said as he tightened each belt one more notch.

A muffled wimper escaped Jennie's hood. Scott tested the tension to ensure that Jennie, while rather uncomfortable, was not in any real danger. He listened to her breathing pattern to verify her ability to get the air she needed, empathatically remembering his breathless moments earlier in the evening.

Unexpectedly, out of the corner of his eye, the chandalier's reflection off of a shiny set of nipple clamps captured Scott's attention. Although, he knew better than to waste his time with curiosity, he couldn't help wandering over to the armoire to have a look. As he inspected the toy, a worried look from his former keeper told him they were a must. With a devilish smile, he lowered the upper portion of Christen's bodice to reveal her ample, smooth and white breasts. Her nipples were pert and ready to be bitten by the alligator clips that would suspend a heavy connecting chain. Christen struggled futilely to avoid the clips, but offered no real impediment to Scott who simply cupped each breast in one hand and attached the clip with the other. A muffled yelp told Scott he had hit his mark. Then, he gently replaced the blindfold over Christen's tearing eyes.

"I'm sorry you had to see that," Scott offered as he kissed her forehead.

Realizing that he couldn't let Jennie off the hook so easily, he unclipped her cellular telephone from her belt. Set the ringer to "vibrate", and slipped the unit into the front of her panties. While it wouldn't be a constant reminder of her plight, it would certainly be a noticeable one.

With his two trophies so nicely displayed, he began to calmly improvise the next step of his escape. He knew that he had a comfortable window of time, but eventually, someone would notice that Mistress Jennie was missing. He also knew that a naked unrestrained male would stick out like a sore thumb around this place. Armed with this knowledge, and little else, he did the only logical thing.

Scott decided to put his restraints back on.

First, he removed Jennie's keys and hid them in the pouch of the thong that he used to cover himself. Then, he locked his ankles in wide leather cuffs separated by a two-foot chain. He picked out a small, relatively comfortable, ballgag that he buckled in place. Finally, he put a 4-inch posture collar around his neck and wide leather cuffs around each wrist, without locking either the collar or cuffs.

Feeling nearly prepared for his adventure, he hobbled over to a desk near the door. He found a "Do Not Disturb" sign, a set of note cards and a pen. He discretely slipped the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the outer doorknob, and in his most feminine handwriting, he wrote "Deliver me to Mistress Susan's Room – Mistress Jennie." on one of the note cards. He then clipped the note card to the front ring of his collar with a four foot leather leash.

Taking a deep breath, he completed his ensemble with one final lock that he connected to wrist cuffs. Placing his wrists behind his head, he further connected the shackle of the lock to the back of the collar, but he was careful not to close it. To the untrained eye, Scott figured himself to look like the perfect roving slave. He figured any questions would be answered by the "instructions" of the head Mistress, and with the ability to remove his "bonds" at his destination, Scott felt surprisingly confident as he left Christen's guest room to look for Susan and Ross.

Chapter 11 – Scott's Journey Back to Captivity

Leaving Christen's room, Scott had no idea which way to go. He randomly headed down the hall to the right. As he shuffled nervously along, he began to hear voices in the distance – male voices. Figuring that they were the most likely to help him in any event, he continued turning down various hallways toward the voices. Finally, he turned down a hall to see two men at the far end. These were the men whose voices he had heard. The first was Doug, a butler, dressed in a plain, but expensive tuxedo. The other was a room service deliveryman named Charles dressed in a spotless white uniform.

As he approached, he determined that they were discussing the upcoming college football game, but they suddenly stopped when they saw Scott. Each giving the other a puzzling glance, they split up slightly and approached Scott like zookeepers approaching an uncaged animal.

"Shouldn't you be with someone?" the butler asked skeptically.

"Wait Doug, there's a note," cautioned the deliveryman.

Charles grabbed the leash, and the butler read the note.

"It says we are to deliver him to Mistress Susan's room," Doug announced. "It's from Mistress Jennie, so I'll take him there right now. Who knows how long he's been wandering these halls."

"I can take him," countered the deliveryman. "I'm headed there anyway to drop off an order of Chanpaign. Maybe I'll get a better tip."

"I didn't know you were on a run," the butler said with disgust. "You should know better than to jawbone with me when you have a delivery! You're going to get us both in trouble. Maybe even THAT kind of trouble," he said motioning his head toward Scott. "Take your cart and get a move on. I'll catch up with you later."

Charles began to push his cart down the hall, leading Scott away by the leash. As if sensing that something was amiss, the butler glanced over his shoulder and noticed the open lock at the base of Scott's neck.

Without a word, the butler trotted up behind Scott and pressed the shackle of the lock into its case with an ominous "Click."

The sound caused the deliveryman to turn around and Scott to reflexively test his cuffs, with disappointing results.

"Man, I thought we could have gotten in trouble before," Doug said sounding relieved. "This is clearly one of Mistress Jennie's little tests we've all heard about."

"What do you mean?" asked the deliveryman.

"Mistress Jennie is known for setting her staff up to fail, so that she can punish them," the butler explained. "This whole thing was probably about the unlocked padlock on this guy's collar, and he was probably in on it!" He said, smacking Scott on the back of the head for good measure.

Scott lowered his head in despair, which was interpreted as an admission of guilt by the two servants.

"Now, get going," said the butler. "And don't mention this to anybody unless they ask."

"Right," agreed Charles as he headed off to Susan's room.

When he reached the end of the hall, the butler shouted back: "But if anybody does ask, make sure to tell them that I helped."

Charles gestured a "thumbs up", and turned the corner toward Susan's room with Scott shuffling along behind him.

Scott found it difficult to keep up with the deliveryman as they hurried to Mistress Susan's room. Along the way, the deliveryman kept muttering to himself with an occasional comment directed toward Scott.

"I don't understand you guys," he said. "I know that some of the guys here literally get roped into this shit, but guys like you, who do this voluntarily, amaze me."

Scott tugged at the back of his collar, and tried to speak through the gag, but without success.

"You know," Charles continued, as though talking primarily to himself, "I've often thought about helping some of the unsuspecting guys, but I can't tell them apart from the likes of you." The deliveryman sighed and reflected "Of course, I'd have to know that I wouldn't end up getting punished before I'd even consider getting involved."

After traveling through a seemingly endless array of identical halls, they arrived at Mistress Susan's room. The deliveryman quietly knocked on the door and announced "Room service." After a moment, the door opened, and Mistress Susan ushered them inside.

Charles went straight to his work preparing the tray of Champaign.

"Why the tag-along?" Mistress Susan asked the deliveryman, giving Scott a knowing smile to let him know she recognized him.

"I brought him here at the request of Mistress Jennie. It was a little extra work, but I'm glad to do it," he offered, hoping for a better tip.

Upon finishing the room service setup, he paused at the door and said "Is there anything else I can help you with?"

"No, thanks," Mistress Susan replied as she hooked Scott's leash to a ring in the wall near the door.

After an uncomfortably long pause waiting for a tip that didn't come, the deliveryman said "Very well. Good night," and left the room, closing the door behind him.

Mistress Susan slowly paced the room between Ross and Scott. "I wonder what Mistress Jennie has in mind..." she wondered aloud.

While Scott was secured to the wall near the door, Ross was seated on the bed. His wrists were strapped to a locked belt, and his ankles were locked to a two-foot spreader bar, but he was otherwise unrestrained. Even though he could have answered, Ross decided to treat the question as rhetorical.

"I absolutely hate surprises," Mistress Susan announced as she picked up the telephone and dialed "6" for Mistress Jennie's cell phone. On the other end of the line, Jennie had her own surprise. The telephone vibrated and vibrated, but went unanswered. As bleak as his situation had become, Scott couldn't help but smile deviously around his gag.

Mistress Susan tried Mistress Jennie several more times before deciding to take matters into her own hands. She blindfolded Ross and helped him lie down on the bed. Then, she said "You relax and keep each other company while I go find Mistress Jennie."

As she was closing the door, she leaned into the room, and said "And, yes, Ross, I know I didn't secure you to the bed. Don't get any bright ideas. I'll be activating the door alarm which can only be turned off from the outside of the room using a master key." After a pause, she added "Opening the door, without first disengaging the alarm, will activate your Pursuader... and we wouldn't want that, now would we?"

The door closed, leaving Ross and Scott alone in Mistress Susan's room.

Chapter 12 – Susan's Turn

Scott waited a few moments before he set to work. He wanted to be certain that Mistress Susan wouldn't return unexpectedly. Meanwhile, Ross laid hopelessly on the bed wondering how he found himself in this position.

After about a minute, Scott reached up with his fingers and unbuckled the ballgag that, until now, had prevented him from talking. In no time, the ball and strap fell to the ground, and Scott began to speak.

"Ross! Get over here! I have a plan to get us out, but there's not much time!" Scott began.

Ross instantly sat up in the bed. "How? You're tethered to the wall, and I'm blindfolded. The odds aren't exactly in our favor."

"Just slide your ass off the bed and follow my voice as I explain," Scott responded.

Ross laboriously slid himself off of the bed. With the ankle spreader firmly attached, Ross looked like a blind, wingless duck as he slowly waddled toward Scott.

"I managed to get my hands on a key to the locks," explained Scott. "All of the locks are identically keyed, so the key I have will fit all of these locks, if we can just get to it."

"How the hell did you manage that?" Ross asked in disbelief.

"My keeper released me to clean me up, and I overpowered her. I took the key, strapped her to the bed and did the same to Jennie, the head Mistress. Then, I came to find you," Scott replied.

"Hold on a minute, Superman. If you overpowered two of these Amazons and have a master key, how come you're wearing a leash and you're attached to a wall?"

"I had to put all this stuff back on so that I wouldn't be too noticeable." Scott explained. "I forged a note from the head Mistress directing anyone who found me to deliver me here, and one of the guys that found me checked all my locks to make sure I wouldn't escape. My wrist cuffs had been unlocked until I met up with them."

"Okay, I'm here," said Ross as he bumped into Scott.

"If you can get your face near my hands, I can take off the blindfold, and we can get to work," Scott said.

After a bit of bumping and fumbling, Scott removed Ross' blindfold.

"Now, get the key, and let's get out of here!" Scott said. "It's hidden in the front of my underwear."

"You've got to be joking!" Ross laughed.

"Look, I know..." started Scott. "This stays strictly between the two of us. I don't like it any better than you do. I certainly didn't plan it this way, but your hands are in just about the right spot..."

"Okay, okay. Let's get this over with so we can get out," Ross reasoned aloud.

With that, Ross pulled the elastic side of the pouch covering Scott's privates, and the key fell to the ground.

"Damn!" Ross cursed. "It would actually have been easier if it had stayed in there. Now, I have to get down on the ground to get it."

Ross awkwardly fell to his knees, with his ankles forcibly spread wide. Then he flipped over with his feet in the air, like some bizarre break dancer, and laid down on his back so that his hand fell near the key. With a little effort, he managed to grab the key, but found that he couldn't reach any of the locks. His ankles were spread too wide, his wrists were held fast to the sides of the leather belt, and the lock for the belt was in the front center.

Ross wrestled his way back to his feet. Then, he slid a chair next to Scott's position along the wall. With considerable effort, Ross slithered onto the chair and slowly stood up using the wall for support. At that height, Ross' hands were just about aligned with Scott's wrists. Stretching precariously upward, Ross was able to insert the key into the lock connecting Scott's collar and cuffs. With a twist of his fingers, Scott was free. As Scott began to completely free himself and Ross, the two finalized their escape plan.

"Okay, you were out there..." Ross said motioning his head toward the door. "Where is the door that leads outside?"

"I don't have a clue," Scott replied. "I can get us back to the room I was in, but I have no idea how to get outside."

"If we get caught like this, we're so totally screwed! I say we head back to the room you were in and get more information from the two that you tied up. Do you think they're still there?" asked Ross.

"Oh yeah, they're still there." Scott answered confidently. "I bound them up pretty good. Besides, if they had escaped, we sure as hell wouldn't be free. The head Mistress would have her staff swarming us by now."

"What about the door alarm?" Ross asked as he realized that they hadn't quite thought of everything.

"That's easy," Scott replied. "They only lock the Persuaders on to prisoners with a history of behavior problems. We have no track record, so ours are just buckled on. I suggest you do what I did. Remove the batteries, but keep it on. It gives them a false sense of security, and gives us a slight advantage."

"I wouldn't exactly say that we have any advantage," Ross corrected. "Do you think that the alarm also alerts security?"

"We'll have to take that chance," reasoned Scott. "I figure that, like any alarm system, they have their share of false alarms. If we turn it off right after we get out, it probably won't attract any real attention, kind of like a car alarm."

With that, they quickly made their way back to Christen's room, hoping they wouldn't run into anyone along the way. The trek went surprisingly well. They had to change directions only twice to avoid oncoming voices, and although there was one guy who actually caught a glimpse of them through a partially open door, they weren't too concerned. He was attached to a huge "X" and had some kind of dental apparatus spreading his jaws.

When they arrived at Christen's room, they were surprised to find the door ajar, and the lights on. They cautiously stepped just inside the foyer of the guest suite and silently locked the door. Further inside, they could hear Susan's excited high-pitched voice. They stayed behind a partial wall that concealed the foyer from the rest of the suite until they could decide their next move.

"I'll get you out as soon as I can find the key," they heard Susan say.

"There's always an extra set in the back of the armoire," Jennie responded.

"Shouldn't we at least take off the nipple clips?" Susan asked in a muffled voice as she dug through the armoire for the spare set of keys.

"You know, she's the reason we're here instead of enjoying the evening," Jennie replied flatly. "Another couple of minutes won't kill her."

Christen moaned.

"Here they are!" Susan announced, jingling the extra set of keys.

"Good. Now get me out of this so that I can call security." Ordered Jennie.

Russ and Scott exchange knowing glances. They each knew their window of opportunity was quickly closing. Both men came charging from the foyer to see Susan inserting the key in Jennie's armbinder. With the two men approaching, Susan became a deer in the headlights. Ross tackled her onto the bed, while Scott grabbed the keys from her hands and reinserted a ballgag into Jennie's open mouth.

Like a flashback to the fraternity party that changed Ross' life, he grabbed Susan's wrists and flipped her underneath him. Again, she was no match for him, but this time he wasn't going to use his necktie to bind her wrists. This time, he attached her wrists behind her back with a pair of three-inch locking leather wrist cuffs that Scott tossed to him from the armoire. Within minutes, Susan was completely subdued. She looked like an advertisement for a leather factory.

Susan's ankles were encased by matching leather cuffs and locked to either side of her bound wrists, creating a nice hogtie. Her elbows, also sporting a pair of 3 inch locking leather cuffs, nearly touched, and her knees were held together by a wide locking strap. As she struggled against the tight hogtie, her hair fell nicely across the four-inch posture collar that Ross picked out, and her moans were well muffled by the two inch leather plug harness gag that was locked around her head. Although Scott offered him a wide leather blindfold, Ross decided that Susan's eyes were just too lovely to cover up. So instead, Ross inserted expanding earplugs into her ears to shut out the world in a different way.

For the first time that day, things looked like they were going Ross' way. To celebrate, Scott ordered Champaign from room service. He told the attendant over the telephone that Mistress Jennie specifically requested the services of Charles.

Chapter 13 –The Escape

The service in Jennie's house surpassed most five-star hotels. It seemed like Scott had just hung up the telephone when there was a knock at the door. Charles' courteous and respectful "Room service" was unmistakable. Scott opened the door and stepped back to allow Charles to enter with his serving cart.

Charles looked up from the handle of the cart and immediately knew something was not right. This was the first time he had ever seen an unbound man in the house who was not a member of the house staff.

Charles cautiously reached for the remote clipped to his belt, but Scott stopped him.

"Charles, wait!" he said. "You can press that button any time you want, but just hear me out."

"This better be good," Charles replied, keeping his hand on the remote.

"I'm sure you find it suspicious and strange that I'm free when only a half hour ago I was a captive in Mistress Susan's room," Scott started.

"I said it had better be good. You haven't told me anything I don't already know," cautioned Charles.

"Okay. I'll cut to the chase. Your boss kidnapped me from my house this morning and brought me here. I had never seen her before in my life. I want to escape, and I need your help," Scott blurted out. "I figured you were my best bet based on what you told me earlier in the hall."

"First of all, I'm certain that this is just one of Mistress Jennie's tests, and second, I never said anything in the hall earlier, understand?" Charles said with a nod and a glance down toward the remote.

"Look, I can prove it to you," said Scott, ignoring the empty threat.

"I doubt it. How?" Charles said incredulously.

"Have you ever seen Mistress Jennie bound and gagged?" asked Scott confidently.

"Yeah, right," laughed Charles.

"Have you ever seen any Mistress in the house bound and gagged?" Scott pressed.

"Enough with the fairy tales. Move into the other room so that I can prepare you for Mistress Jennie." Charles said, clearly tired of being played the fool.

"Have it your way," said Scott smiling.

As the two entered the suite from the foyer, Charles almost lost his balance at the sight of Ross and his trio of captives. The three women were putting on a great show. Each struggling and mmmppffing like a pulp fiction damsel. To increase the dramatic effect, Scott walked over to Jennie and removed the hood. Once her eyes adjusted to the light, Jennie's eyes shot daggers at Charles as she mmpffed orders at him until her face began to turn red and tears welled up in her eyes. Charles knew that this was no act.

After allowing the picture to sink in, Scott laid out his plan.

"Ross and I can't get out of here without help," Scott explained. "You said earlier that you'd help a guy who wasn't in here voluntarily. Well, Ross and I fit that requirement to a tee."

"Okay, I may have said that, but I also said that I'd have to be certain I wouldn't be punished," Charles said finishing Scott's thought.

"Exactly!" Scott said. "With Jennie and her two friends gone, you wouldn't have to worry about them punishing you."

"Of course, you would probably want to quit your job," added Ross. "But that's probably not such a bad thing anyway."

Charles appeared to consider it.

"What are you going to do with them?" he asked pointing to the women. "If you leave them here, they'll just come after you. Jennie has resources and connections that you wouldn't believe."

"Well, we can take them with us. It isn't any worse than what they did to us," Scott answered.

"Actually, we haven't thought that far ahead," Ross conceded. "I think I would like to teach them a lesson or two, but ultimately we'll take good care of them."

"If you're really that concerned, you're welcome to come with us and watch over them," Scott offered.

"I would, but I've never done anything like this before," said Charles uncertainly.

Ross laughed. "Dude! What do you mean? You work HERE!"

"Look, when I signed up for this job, it was to push a cart, but this is real kidnapping," he replied in a serious tone.

They all looked at one another in silence. Charles finally relented.

"Okay. I'm in."

Ross and Scott immediately began formulating the plan. They decided that Charles would go to the supply room and bring back two large laundry carts. He would also retrieve matching white uniforms for Ross and Scott, allowing them to travel about the house less conspicuously.

Knowing the intimate details of the house, Charles provided the escape route. The safest way out of the house was through the parking structure in back. Nearly the entire route between Christen's suite and the garage could be traveled in the hidden service halls, used only by the house staff. The parking structure was where everyone parked their car, including Mistress Jennie. Ross and Scott could take Jennie and Susan in Jennie's truck, and Charles would take Christen in his SUV and follow them to Ross and Scott's house.

While Charles was gone getting the laundry carts to help hide and transport the women, Ross and Scott thoroughly searched the suite for anything else that might assist their escape. The one problem that they hadn't solved was how to truly silence the women during the trip between the suite and the garage. Even the most effectively gagged captive, could make enough noise to be heard a few feet away. Besides, any movement within the laundry carts would be certain to attract attention.

Searching the suite, they found mostly restraints and "torture" toys, but under the sink in the bathroom they found the proverbial cork to plug the hole in their plan: chloroform. It wasn't actually "chloroform", but rather some type of designer derivative. It came in a little kit along with a mask for administering the drug, a dosage regulator, and complete instructions for safely, yet effectively, rendering someone unconscious. By the time Charles returned, Ross and Scott had administered enough to keep the ladies sleeping for at least an hour.

They worked in near silence to pack up the women for the trip to the garage. All three women's gags were removed to avoid impairing their breathing. Susan and Jennie were placed gently into the canvas bags of the laundry carts. A single layer of linens were laid on top of

them except for the area above their faces. A single sheet was used to conceal their heads while minimizing any unnecessary breathing obstruction.

Christen was folded into a hogtie and placed on the lower shelf of the champagne cart. A sheet naturally covered the entire cart, concealing its lovely and previously dangerous contents.

Ross and Scott wasted no time changing into service personnel, and the three began to make their way to the garage. They figured that the first ten yards would be the most troublesome, but they managed it without incident. The parade of white left the suite and went ten yards down the hall. Charles, using a key provided only to house personnel, opened an unmarked door that concealed a vast network of interior halls reserved for the house staff. Once inside the service hall, they breathed a collective sigh of relief. From there, it was more or less a straight shot to the garage.

The halls were long and white, not unlike the interior of a hospital. Charles led them to within sight of the garage doors, when Doug, the butler, stepped out from one of the intersecting halls. He began to cross their path in front, to continue down the intersecting hall, when he recognized Charles and he backed up to talk with him.

"Hey, Charles, did everything work out with the delivery to Mistress Susan?" Doug asked.

Scott, bringing up the rear, kept his head down to avoid being recognized.

"Yeah, no problem. Only, no tip, as usual," Charles answered, trying to be nonchalant.

"My shift is up in ten minutes. Could I catch a ride with you tonight?" Doug inquired. "I'm only a couple of minutes out of your way."

Thinking quickly, Charles replied "I can't. I pulled a second shift teaching the new guys the ropes. You know that chef's assistant, Missy, that you're so hot for? I think her shift ends in ten, as well. You should bum a ride off of her. She lives on the same side of town, and it would give you a reason to finally talk to her, if you can catch her before she leaves."

"Excellent idea! I'm out of here," said Doug excitedly as he began to turn away.

Just as Doug took his first step toward the kitchen, Jennie let out a throaty groan as her chloroform began to falter.

"What the hell was THAT?" Doug asked as he immediately turned 180 degrees to face Charles.

Ross and Scott almost fainted, but Charles didn't miss a beat.

"It's Mistress Jennie's version of a 'to-go' order. That's why they I ended up with the extra shift. I'm supposed to show these two newbies how to load Mistress Jennie's truck." Charles said gesturing back to Ross and Scott.

Doug glanced at the laundry bags, then at the clock, then back to Charles. To Ross and Scott, time seemed to be moving in slow motion, until Doug spoke.

"Bummer. I've got to run. You'll have to tell me about this one tomorrow," he said as he turned and began to trot toward the kitchen.

"Well, maybe not tomorrow, but definitely the next time I see you," Charles said after him.

Glancing behind him, Charles picked up the pace and burst through the door into the garage. Charles grabbed two sets of keys and a pair of walkie-talkies from the unmanned valet desk, and tossed one of each to Ross. They synchronized the radios to a secure channel while en route to Charles' SUV.

Ross and Scott then split off from Charles and took their laundry bags to Mistress Jennie's truck. All three women were safely loaded and secured when the two vehicles pulled onto the tree-lined Northbrook street. As they drove, Ross, Scott and Charles felt pretty good about the redistribution of power that was taking place – moving the power from the affluent Northbrook to the decidedly lower class neighborhoods around the University campus.

Chapter 14 –The Semester Ends

Monday morning was bright and sunny. Ross drove his 1984 Volkswagen Diesel back from his 8:00 Advanced Physiology final exam feeling confident that he had aced it. He may not have gotten every answer correct, but he was certain that he would get the highest grade in the class. As he turned the corner onto his street, he saw a police car in his driveway.

Rather than turn and run, which would look awfully suspicious, he decided to engage the police like some clever murderer on an old "Columbo" episode. He was actually surprised that it took them this long to figure out that he might be a person worth talking to. He was, after all, Susan's heartbroken ex-boyfriend.

As Ross came through the door from the garage, he went straight into the living room where he found Scott and two patrolmen.

"Is something wrong?" Ross asked.

"It's Susan," Scott replied.

"We'll handle this, if you don't mind," said the first patrolman. "Are you Ross Johnson?"

"Yes," Ross said nodding. "What's wrong with Susan?"

"Where were you last Friday night?" said the patrolman, continuing his line of questioning.

"I was here studying for my finals. Scott was with me all night," Ross explained.

"Anyone else know that you were studying on Friday?" the patrolman pressed.

"Yeah, actually, Susan knew I was studying. I turned her down for a date," Ross said. "I actually really wanted to go, but Professor Fox gives notoriously hard exams. Now, what's happened to Susan?"

"She and two of her friends have been missing since Friday evening," the second patrolman answered.

"I knew it was a bad move for her to go to the party alone," Ross said looking down and shaking his head.

Ross and Scott talked with the policemen for about fifteen minutes until the patrolmen finally ran out of questions. As they saw the policemen out and closed the front door, Ross wondered what the girls were doing just then.

They were each strapped spread eagle to their respective cots in the basement. The cool, moist basement air wafted across their nakedness. Each girl was gagged and blindfolded, and wearing headphones that provided their favorite music. None of the women made a sound because they didn't realize that help was just a few feet above them.

"I can't believe that they haven't found Jennie's truck yet," Scott offered in disbelief. "You swapped it for your VW Friday night after we unloaded the girls."

"Maybe they have found it, but didn't want to divulge that information for fear that it would compromise the investigation," Ross reasoned.

"No matter," Scott said. "We're out of here before the day is out."

"Yeah," Ross agreed. "And it won't even attract suspicion since we gave our landlord notice months ago. After all, almost everyone leaves campus for the summer."

Charles clambered up from the basement.

"They're still in happy seclusion listening to their music," Charles reported. "Are you certain that we aren't going to have any problems at your folks' lake house?" he asked Ross, rephrasing a question that he had already asked several times.

"I'm certain. They are going off to Europe for a month, and they insisted that I stay there," Ross replied. "They expect me to relax after my grueling semester, and to do some maintenance work on the place."

Scott chimed in: "Well, I'm sure that the three of us can get more done than they imagined... and at night, we have our entertainment."

With that, the three men began packing boxes. Ross had reserved the truck for noon, and they could be packed and on the road by three. The only question was how to pack the women, but there were so many good alternatives that they weren't worried.

Chapter 15 –Summer Vacation Begins (added: 10/24/2009)

Ross and Scott were finishing packing up the house while Charles went to pick up the rental truck. After packing the last box of belongings from his bedroom, Ross decided to take a break and visit Susan in the basement. As he descended the staircase, the three women came into view. They looked beautiful. They were all identically restrained - spread eagle, with each wrist and ankle firmly attached to a corner of a twin-size metal cot. The cuffs restraining them were high quality leather cuffs specifically designed for comfortable long term wear. Each woman also wore a tight leather corset and posture collar. Leather goggles covered their eyes, soft sponge gags filled their mouths, and ear buds playing their favorite music filled their ears.

Ross had spared no expense in obtaining the restraints that the women were wearing. The three men had spent Saturday and Sunday obtaining all of the supplies they would need to

make their adventure successful. Scott had gone to the local hardware store to buy materials for building crates to transport the women, and Ross went off in search of the bondage gear. While Scott was wandering around "Home Depot," Ross was wandering around "Leather or Knot," an exclusive S&M boutique on the edge of the city near the warehouse district.

Ross couldn't believe his eyes as the attractive sales woman showed him all of the gear that was available to enslave people. He also couldn't believe it when he saw a sign outlining the store's policy of modeling the gear for customers before they buy. Unfortunately, the store policy only applied when there were at least two sales people tending the store, and the attractive sales woman was the only sales person on duty the day he was shopping. He made it a point to tell Scott and Charles about the shop in case they ever needed to go back for more gear.

As Ross approached the women in the basement, he looked down at Susan and smiled. It wasn't an evil smile or a vengeful smile, it was a loving smile. Regardless of what happened at the party on Friday night, and regardless of what her sorority sisters may have told her, Ross loved Susan, and he wanted her to know it. Even though he couldn't really see a happy ending to the current situation, in his heart he had always wanted, more than anything, to spend the rest of their lives together. Of course, he had never imagined that it would include one of them essentially owning the other, but if that was how it had to be, he wanted to be the owner instead of the slave.

Ross knelt down next to Susan and removed her ear buds.

"Susan, it's Ross. Are you okay?" he whispered.

Susan shrugged, moaned and nodded her head.

"Whff Arff Yuh oo in iff?" She asked into her gag. She desperately wanted to know why he was doing this to her.

Ross leaned over and kissed her on her forehead. He cupped her pale 36c breasts and softly said "I know it may be hard to believe, but I love you. I have loved you for years. I don't know what's going to happen from here on out, but you need to know that you have my heart."

Ross hugged her and kissed her breast gently.

"Ah loff oo too," Susan replied.

"I know you probably want me to let you go, but I can't. At least not yet," Ross reasoned. "After what almost happened between us Friday night..." he started. "Well, let's just say that we clearly have some issues to work out," he said with a quiet laugh.

Susan nodded and muttered something unintelligible.

"Look, we're going to take you three to my parents' summer cottage on the lake. If I don't get arrested, maybe we can work something out for the longer term."

Susan turned her head away and tugged her wrists and ankles uselessly.

"I hope that I can earn your trust over the next few weeks. For now, relax," Ross said as he kissed her again and replaced her ear buds.

Ross went upstairs to find that Charles had returned with the truck and that Scott had finished packing the rest of their belongings. Since two single guys in college don't really own very much, they made quick work of loading all of the boxes into the truck. Loading the women would take a bit longer.

Scott's trip to Home Depot and a Sunday afternoon's work in the basement wood shop yielded three crates for transporting the women. Each crate had a frame constructed from 2x4s and a plywood floor. The back wall of each crate was installed in vertical slots formed in the rear edges of the ceiling and side walls. The rear wall could be completely removed by sliding it up and out of the slots.

Similarly, the ceiling of the crate was installed in a groove cut into the tops of the remaining three walls. The ceiling could also be removed from the crate to facilitate easy loading and unloading. This design enabled the men to load the crate merely by removing the top and rear walls, placing their captive on the crate floor, and sliding the top and rear walls of the crate back into place. When the crate was completely assembled, a hole in the bottom of the rear wall mated with a metal ring in the floor to enable the rear door to be locked closed.

Each crate had seven O-rings installed into the frame as attachment points – four positioned in the corners near the floor for wrists and ankles, one on either side near the middle for the torso, and one in front at about $\frac{3}{4}$ height for the collar. Four casters were attached to the bottom of each crate, and two handles made of 1" thick rope were added, one along the outside of each side wall, to make each crate easily transportable.

As a precaution, the men decided that they would load one woman at a time to ensure a 3 to 1 ratio in the event of a struggle. Christen was selected as the first woman to be loaded. They detached her right wrist from the cot and reattached it to a corresponding D-Ring of her corset. They repeated the process with her left wrist, making certain that only one wrist was free at any time. Once both wrists were secured to her corset, they attached a hobble chain to the Christen's ankle cuffs, and they detached the ankle cuffs from the cot.

Now ambulatory, Scott and Ross accompanied Christen up the basement stairs and into the bathroom where they allowed her to empty her bladder. From there, it was back to the kitchen where an open crate awaited her. Blinded as she was, her protests were minimal and easily overcome by the three men in charge. They guided her until she was facing the rear of the assigned crate, and they forced her to her knees on the floor of the crate. Charles used a short chain to attach her collar to the O-ring on the front wall. Ross slid the top of the crate into place while Scott detached her right hand from her corset and attached it to an O-ring near the front right corner of the crate. Her left wrist and both ankles were similarly fastened to corresponding attachment points, and they closed the rear door. Charles punctuated the end of the task by removing the chain at her collar, a safety precaution to avoid choking during travel, and clamping a lock on the shackle at the base of the rear door.

The men repeated the process with Susan and Jennie. Then, each crate was concealed with a sheet, and the men rolled the three crates from the kitchen into the back of the truck using a ramp, and all three crates were securely fastened to the interior walls of the truck. The men made sure to leave the window between the cargo area and the truck cab open to ensure proper ventilation and to keep an eye on the precious payload in case of an emergency.

The diesel engine roared as Charles started the truck, and all three women moaned and struggled. He slipped the truck into gear and slowly began the 4 hour trek to the lake. Scott and Ross fell into line behind the truck to form a caravan that traveled the entire distance, stopping only once for fuel and snacks. The trip was uneventful except for one minor run-in at the gas station. As Ross was coming out of the gas station's convenience store, a big burly guy in a blue suit bumped into Ross as he passed. The typical apology ensued, but Ross noticed that the guy followed them for 20 miles before turning off. Ross's paranoia suggested that it was an undercover cop, but Charles and Scott talked some sense into him pointing out that the guy stopped following them long before they finished their trip.

It was late afternoon when they arrived at the cottage. Surprised by its size, Charles said "That's no cottage. That's a house."

The house included four bedrooms, two full baths, a great room, and a fully equipped kitchen. A pole barn stood a short distance back from the dwelling and held two Jet Skis, a pontoon boat, fishing gear, and all the tools they would need to finish the basement – Ross' summer assignment. His parents had also requested that he ventilate and wall off a 20 x 20 crawlspace adjacent to the basement under the front porch. On the way to the cottage, Ross and Scott discussed digging out the crawlspace to equal the depth of the basement and installing a hidden panel to access the space. It would not only satisfy his parents, but also provide an ideal play area for the women. It was a big job, but there were three of them, and they were young.

The small compound was located on the north end of five wooded acres. A private drive provided the only access to a county road running along the southern most portion of the land. A state park bordered the property to the west, and an undeveloped 20 acre parcel bordered the property to the east. The northern edge of the property was all shoreline.

After quickly surveying the area to ensure security, the men unloaded the crates, allowed the women to use the facilities, and secured them in their bedrooms while they unloaded the truck.

Over the first few days, a natural division of labor developed among the men. After that, the days began to follow a fairly predictable schedule. Everyone was up by 8:00 am for breakfast in the kitchen. Charles, having spent a year at a culinary school before dropping out for financial reasons, naturally handled the shopping and cooking responsibilities. Breakfasts were his specialty, and everyone ate like royalty. He even adjusted the menu to accommodate Jennie's vegetarian diet and Susan's food allergies.

From 8:30 am until 9:30 am, the six of them moved to the great room to exercise. Ross' parents believed in staying fit, and they furnished the rear of the great room with a treadmill, a cross-trainer and a stepping machine. Weights and other various accessories were stored in a nearby closet. Everyone had their preferred routine, but the women's routine was prone to vary based on their behavior the day before. For example, on the third day, Jennie was forced to run on the treadmill with her nipples gripped by clover clamps. A small chain connected the clover clamps to the front control panel of the treadmill. Falling behind the programmed setting was painful, and the single sleeve she was forced to wear made keeping up all the more difficult. Jennie's unruliness and disobedience often resulted in difficult workout sessions. It gave a new meaning to the phrase "no pain, no gain."

From 9:30 am until 10:30 am, the men allowed the women private time in the bathroom for personal grooming. This was the only time during the day that a woman was completely

unrestrained. As a precaution, the men insisted that the women enter and exit the bathroom completely naked, making escape embarrassing if not impossible. With two bathrooms, the men originally decided to allow each woman 30 minutes each to take care of herself. The idea was that with two bathrooms, two women could clean up simultaneously during the first 30 minutes, and the third woman could have a bathroom for the last 30 minutes.

Unfortunately, that situation proved to be unworkable by the second day. At exactly 9:45, Jennie ran out of the first bathroom and made a break for the back door. Simultaneously, Christen ran out of the second bathroom and darted toward the front door. Susan, waiting by the first bathroom lightly bound with duct tape, hopped to the middle of the house as a diversion and an impediment to the men.

The men easily duct taped Susan to the chair. With a bit more trouble, the three of them managed to tackle and restrain Christen, but Jennie had made it half way down the private drive to the county road before she was taken down by Scott with a taser. The women spent the rest of the day tied to their beds dirty, naked and scraped up.

The men didn't make that mistake again. From that point forward, the women cleaned up one at a time in a single bathroom. Each woman was allowed to spend 20 minutes in the bathroom, and the next woman didn't get to enter until the previous one finished.

Even though their initial escape attempt was thwarted, Jennie continued to make the most of her unrestrained time. For example, on the fifth morning, Scott laid out the straight jacket that Jennie was to wear that day. During her personal time, she used scissors and a sewing kit from the medicine cabinet to cut the stitching along the inside seam of one of the arms and re-stitch the seam, leaving a knot near the end of the sleeve that could be untied by the wearer when the time was right. As the outside appearance of the straight jacket remained unchanged, the men never suspected a thing. Another day, she secretly placed a metal nail file in her stocking before she left the bathroom. Later, when she was hogtied on her bed as a punishment for being disobedient, she removed the file and hid it under her mattress for a later use.

From 10:30am until 12:30 pm, everyone was responsible for certain chores. The women cleaned the house, washed and dried the breakfast dishes, and did the laundry. During the chores, the women were restrained as much as possible while still permitting them to perform their tasks.

As a joke, the men insisted that for those two hours, the women had to wear kinky French Maid outfits that Ross had bought at the "Leather or Knot" boutique. Christen's was mostly

spandex, but it was missing the fabric that would have formed the crotch. Jennie's costume was missing the fabric that would have covered her breasts. Instead, a frilly white lace completely framed them so that they looked like two flowers. The lower portion of Susan's costume was a thong, more like a string actually, that left her ass completely exposed. The only thing covering her lower assets was a transparent lace miniskirt.

During the period for chores, Charles typically prepared lunch and a portion of dinner while overseeing the women. Ross and Scott tended to work in the basement digging out and converting the crawlspace into a play space. Charles often found it hard to concentrate on his work. He knew that he ended up with the better end of the bargain. Of course, Russ and Scott were able to leer at the women when they all sat down for lunch at 12:30.

Although the schedule changed slightly from day to day, generally the men put the women down at 1:30 pm for an afternoon nap. That gave the men a chance to review how things were progressing and fine tune the routine as necessary. After their nap, the women were allowed personal time until dinner at 6:00 pm. During this personal time, the women could listen to the radio or their MP3 players, watch television or DVDs, read books or even play board games. The men often took this time to relax, as well, which kept the man to woman ratio high.

Dinner generally lasted an hour. Some evenings they would all clean up the dishes afterwards. Other evenings they would leave them for the women to clean the next morning. After dinner, the men generally allowed the women more personal time. On the second day, Ross took Susan into her bedroom for some private time. For the first time in a long time, Susan was able to really talk to him, and he just listened. They talked again on the fourth day, and Ross made it a point to physically show her how he felt.

While the women's confinement in the house was nonconsensual, all three men agreed that any intimate acts between them and the women had to be completely consensual. They all agreed that keeping the women under control was one thing, even using degrading and humiliating tactics, but violating them was unacceptable. All three men were unwavering in that belief, and the women seemed to appreciate it.

From 10:00 pm until 10:30 pm every night, the men prepared the women to sleep until the morning. Sometimes they would use sleep sacks that Ross had purchased. Other times, they would use medical restraints. Whatever they used, they tried to keep things varied so as not to give the women a routine that they could exploit for an escape attempt. The men also took great care to restrain the women in a way that prevented any dangerous mishap.

After the women were in bed, the men often played poker or worked on the basement and crawlspace.

By the end of the first week, Susan's attitude seemed to change. One evening before bed, she whispered to Ross "I know why you are doing this."

"I'm glad one of us does," he countered, shaking his head. "This whole thing is crazy. It can only end badly for me... and us."

"No, I know that you're it because you love me, and I gave you no choice," she said with a tear welling up in her eyes. "If you hadn't escaped from Jennie's estate, you would be my toy, and I wouldn't have ever realized how much I meant to you."

Ross leaned over and pressed his forehead to Susan's.

"Well, I could have escaped without kidnapping you, you know," he responded, telegraphing his disappointment in himself.

"True, but like I said, I wouldn't have realized that you really love me if you were here and I was back at Jennie's place," she said, having the last word for the evening.

Like Susan, Christen also seemed to change her attitude over time. By the end of the week, she was actually smiling at times. She also caught herself flirting with Charles as he was making lunch and she was doing the dishes. The others noticed the changes, in Susan and Christen, too.

The only woman who didn't change a bit was Jennie. She was consistently difficult and sullen. The men tried not to escalate the punishments, but they had no choice. She needed to respect their authority, but so far she didn't.