

The Model

It seemed like the perfect job. Only a few months before I'd been one of a large team of software engineers writing accountancy software, and I was bored out of my mind. Finally, I decided I couldn't stand it any longer, so I left the firm and set up on my own as an IT consultant. The idea of having no regular income was scary, but I had a good network of contacts and I found that enough work came in to pay the bills. I guess it helped that I could turn my hand to almost any computer-related task.

Then one fateful day I got her email. She'd seen my website, she said, and wondered if I could help her. She was a model and felt that she should have a website showing her portfolio to help her get work. Sure, I said. In truth, I spent a lot of my spare time looking at photos of beautiful women on the internet, and was more than happy to get paid for doing the same. But when she sent through that first set of photos, I was absolutely stunned by how good she looked. When she asked if they were OK, it was all I could do to keep my reply professional and not just gush about how incredibly beautiful she was.

About a week later she suggested we meet up. She apologised that the only time she could spare in between photoshoots was in the evening - did I mind if we talked about the website over dinner in a restaurant? Did I hell. I loved the idea that even one other person in the restaurant might think we were on a date together. I was so nervous on the day of the meeting I could hardly think about anything else, and arrived at the restaurant 20 minutes early. My excitement grew with every passing moment. When she finally walked in, I'm sure every pair of eyes in the room turned to look at her - the women with envy and mistrust, the men with undisguised longing - but I was so transfixed I hardly noticed what anyone else was doing. I suppose a little part of me had thought that models only looked so good in photos as a result of perfect make up, ideal lighting conditions, flattering camera angles etc. But there she was in the flesh, looking even more stunning than her photos.

I was desperate to make a good impression but could hardly string a sentence together. Something in the way she smiled told me that she was used to getting that reaction from men. Throughout the meal she talked about her

ideas for the site, but I was like a rabbit caught in headlights and barely took on board anything she was saying. Finally, over coffee, she raised the question of payment, and I made the biggest mistake of my life. I've looked back at that moment time and time again, trying to piece together what could have made me do it. Was I so drunk after a couple of glasses of wine that I lost all reason and judgment? Did I really think I had a chance with this goddess? Whatever the reason, I made a clumsy pass at her. I can't remember exactly what I said, but I think it was something along the lines that the payment didn't have to be in money.

I knew instantly from her expression I had made a colossal mistake. I quickly started telling her about my usual charges for web design work, and to my immense relief she didn't make any reference to what I'd said before. At the end of the evening she shook my hand courteously, which was as much as I could hope for in the circumstances, and we went our separate ways. I drove home cursing my stupidity, and for the next couple of days whenever I checked my email, I half expected to find one from her saying that she didn't want me to create her site after all, and she had only held back from firing me in the restaurant to avoid an embarrassing scene. I was therefore all the more amazed when a couple of days later she emailed to invite me to her house so that we could "develop further an idea that had come up over dinner". Surely this couldn't mean...

When I saw the house, I was dumbfounded. A huge, isolated mansion up in the hills, this was the kind of place even supermodels couldn't afford, let alone unknown models just starting out. Seeing my bemusement, she explained that she had been married before, to an older and very successful man, and had in her own words "really taken the guy to the cleaners" during the divorce. The cold, ruthless way she said it should have been a red flag, but I wasn't thinking clearly. The inside of the house was just as palatial. She led me through to the kitchen, where there were two glasses of champagne waiting. Handing one to me, she proposed a toast to a "long and productive relationship".

When I awoke, I was lying naked on a cold stone floor. The only light came from another room just beyond some prison bars. I tried to stand but immediately felt woozy - what was wrong with my head? I staggered over to the bars and saw that they were set into a door which was firmly locked. On the far wall of the room beyond I could see a set of keys hanging on a hook. As my head cleared, I noticed that a strange metal contraption was secured

around my waist. It contained my penis in a small metal tube, too small to allow for any expansion, and a metal ring was tight around the base of my ball sac. The whole thing was connected to a thick metal belt around my waist, held in place by a hefty padlock. What the hell was it? I began to tug at it, but it wouldn't shift an inch in any direction. Suddenly I heard laughter from the next room.

"I see you've discovered your new status!"

"What.. what's going on?" I asked, still feeling a bit woozy.

"Welcome to your new home, honey. This is where you'll be living until your work for me is done."

"What? You can't do this to me."

"I think you'll find I can. And I can only say that you gave me the idea yourself, when you said that the payment for your work didn't have to be in money. Oh, I'm well aware of what you meant. But it gave me the idea that if I had you securely locked up, then you'd do everything I wanted in return for necessities like food and water, and I wouldn't have to pay you a cent. So that's what I decided to do."

I was struck dumb with horror, so she went on.

"Oh, and if you're wondering about the belt, I realised from the lascivious way you looked at me in the restaurant that if you were left alone with pictures of me, you'd probably spend half your time jerking off. I just can't have that, the idea is unspeakably disgusting to me. So that belt will stay on until you're finished as well."

"Well I'm a little tired after the exertions of dragging your unconscious body down here to your new home, so I think I'll say goodnight. In the morning you'll find you have a little natural light from a single high window, barred of course, so you can make a start on your work. After all, the sooner you get started, the sooner you'll be finished and I'll be able to set you free."

She turned on her heel and left. I hardly slept that night, partly because the stone floor was so uncomfortable, partly because I was so cold. When I mentioned this the next morning, she simply nodded and said "Yes, the room

you're in used to be a wine cellar, and although 50 degrees is the ideal temperature for storing wine, I guess it's a little chilly for human beings. Ah well, I guess that gives you a good incentive to get going on your work and earn your release."

I saw in the feeble light that there was a laptop computer on a simple wooden table, and a chair next to it. I booted up the computer. It had one folder on the desktop, which turned out to contain hundreds of photos of her and a detailed description of what she wanted the website to be like. I wondered if... no, there was no wireless internet connection. She'd obviously foreseen that I might use it to summon help from the outside world.

With nothing else to do, I got down to work. At the time I had no idea how long I was kept in that cell - I should have scratched a line on the wall to mark every passing day, like I'd seen in a thousand movies. I later found out I was there for nearly two months. There's no way the job should have taken so long, but she turned out to be the most demanding client I'd ever had. I'd be half way through creating the site according to the design we'd agreed, and she'd change her mind and insist that I start again from scratch. In normal circumstances I'd have decided it was too much trouble and walked away from the job, but I guess she knew there was no way I could do that.

The cell would become almost comfortable for a few hours between midday and late afternoon, but was horribly cold the rest of the time, and was made worse by the fact that I was constantly starving. She said it was only common sense that prisoners wouldn't eat as well as their jailers, and had decided to give me exactly the same as she ate but only half the quantity. The trouble was, like most models she ate scarcely anything, and half of that was scarcely enough to keep a small bird alive, let alone a fully grown man. I pleaded with her to give me more, but she was implacable, and said if I wasn't happy with my living conditions that I should just get on with my work and earn my release. In fact, she admitted, she got a perverse pleasure from eating less than she wanted, knowing that it gave her an excuse to cut my portions even more. The flesh was falling off me and I began to wonder how much longer I could survive these conditions.

I think I began to go slowly mad, sitting there in that cell, driven crazy by the image of my tormentor always on the screen in front of me, looking as stunning as ever. I had to admit she was right, in normal circumstances I

would have been jerking off, but that damned belt prevented me even getting hard, let alone cumming.

Finally, after a million delays, changes of mind and redesigns, the site was finished to her satisfaction. I was terrified that once again she would change her mind about the colour scheme and insist I start again, or produce a new set of photos for me to include, but to my immense relief she pronounced herself happy with it. I explained that I would need an internet connection to upload the site, but she laughed and said no way - I would pass the computer through the bars, explain the process to her and she would do it. I explained that we first had to register a domain name, and she said she wanted her own name followed by .com. I told her how to check that it was available, which it was, and register it. Finally she uploaded the site. But she was puzzled that the site didn't come up when she typed in the URL.

"That's normal with newly registered domains," I explained. "It can take a couple of days until it percolates through the internet and all the nameservers recognise it."

"Ah, I see. Well, I guess you'll be free in a couple of days then."

"What!? But I've done everything you wanted. There's nothing more I can do! Please!"

"Now, now. The job is finished only when the client is happy. As a professional, you should know that. In the meantime, you're staying right where you are."

I tried to bear those last couple of days as stoically as I could, but winter was coming on and the cell was colder than it had ever been. The last night I was shivering constantly and couldn't sleep at all. When she appeared in the morning, I could have wept for joy when I saw her taking the keys from their hook on the opposite wall.

"So it's working? The site's working now?"

"Yes, honey. In fact it started working last night, but I was a little tired so I thought I'd leave your release until this morning. Hope you don't mind."

In my weakened condition I could scarcely climb the stairs from the cellar to the main part of the house. I couldn't believe how good it felt to have a hot shower. As I'd dried off she presented me with some clothes I didn't recognise at first, but then realised I'd been wearing them that fateful night I came to the house. I pointed out that I was still wearing the chastity belt.

"Hmm, well I've been thinking about that. I'm afraid that's going to stay on, at least for the time being."

"Please! I'm begging you! I've done everything you wanted!"

"Sure, honey, I know that. But the belt is staying on for three reasons. Firstly, I still don't like the idea that you could jerk off looking at the pictures of me on my site. I just can't have that. Secondly, I don't want you going to the police and telling them what I did to you. You could still do that, of course, but if you do then the only key to that belt goes straight down the sewer. You'd be guaranteeing that you never cum or even have an erection again for the rest of your life. Somehow I don't think that's what you want."

"And thirdly, of course, I'll probably need your services again in future, when I get more pictures taken or want to make some other changes to the site. This way I know you'll make the work you do for me a priority. Think of it as me keeping you on a retainer!" she laughed.

Sure enough, over the next few weeks, a steady stream of emails came through from her, requesting minor changes and additions to the site. They were often so simple that they took me only a minute to do, but I was forbidden to contact her so I could do nothing wait for her next email, hoping she would finally say she'd decided to release me. But every time she just asked for more changes, and never a word about setting me free.

I tried everything I could think of to get the belt off, but it seemed to be made out of some kind of metal that nothing could damage in the slightest. I was beginning to think I'd go mad with frustration when she finally announced that I had been such a good web slave that I deserved "some time out of the belt". Some time out, was she kidding? Did she really think I'd let her lock the belt on again afterwards? I began to feel nervous as I approached the house again, remembering the thrill and excitement I felt when I first went there and how that evening had turned out. One thing was for sure, I definitely wouldn't eat or drink anything this time.

When she opened the door I was stuck once again by her beauty. The thought flashed across my mind that once I was free I'd go straight home, get her site up on my screen and jerk off - how could she stop me? Suddenly my insides turned to ice as I realised she was leading me towards the steps that led down to the cellar. I froze in my tracks.

"Come on," she said. "Or don't you want to get out of that belt?"

With mounting terror I descended into the cellar and saw once again the cell where I'd spent two months in darkness, suffering near starvation and unbearable cold. But something was different. I knew every stone in every wall of that cell intimately, and there was a small hook in the back wall that definitely hadn't been there before. On the hook hung a set of keys.

I looked at her, standing by the cell door, waiting for me to go through. Her face was expressionless but her intentions couldn't have been plainer.

"No... please... not again..."

"You don't have to, of course," she shrugged. "You can turn around and go straight home. I just thought you might want to get out of that belt."

My mouth was dry. "How long for?" I rasped weakly.

"What difference does it make? Whatever I tell you, you have no way of making me keep my promise. Anyway, are you saying that if the sentence was too long, you'd rather just stay locked in the belt forever?"

"To tell you the truth, I don't know how long I'll keep you there this time. Until I get bored of tormenting you, I suppose. But even if you knew for certain it would be twenty years, you have no choice. There's no other way that belt is ever coming off."

"Why?" I sobbed.

"Well, it's a funny thing. To begin with, I imprisoned you just to get you to work for nothing, and to punish you for your presumption in coming on to me like that. But then, as time went by, I realised to my surprise that I really got off on it. Isn't that funny - you wanted to give me sexual pleasure and sure enough you did, just not in the way you meant to! I loved to think that while I

was living a pampered life of luxury and comfort, I had you locked in a dungeon - helpless, naked, cold and starving in semi-darkness. I loved the way you were so desperate you would beg me over and over to release you, or give you more to eat, or a blanket to keep you warm, even though you knew it wouldn't make any difference."

"But you know what I loved best of all? Forgetting about you. All those times I didn't bring you any food, I bet you thought I was deliberately punishing you, but to be honest you just completely slipped my mind. Well you know how it is when your life is as glamorous as mine - fashion shows, photoshoots, parties and so on. Why would I spend time thinking about a guy locked in a cellar? It just isn't interesting."

"So once I realised how much I enjoyed keeping you prisoner, what to do about it? Keep you there for life? Believe me, I thought about it. But then I thought it might be even crueller to give you the occasional taste of your old life, just so you'd know what you're missing. And all the time you were free, you'd have the frustration of knowing that you'd be back here just as soon as I felt like imprisoning you again, and there was nothing in the world you could do about it."

"Well I can't stand here talking all day. Some of us have places to go and people to see, though not you of course. So in you go - the sooner you start your sentence, the sooner it'll be finished. And at least you have sexual relief to look forward to, you must be desperate to cum by now. Well obviously, or you wouldn't be letting me lock you up as the price for getting your belt off! I guess it's kind of a Catch 22 situation."

I knew I was beaten. With tears flowing down my cheeks, I walked into the cell, and hadn't even reached the keys on the far wall when I heard the door clang shut behind me and her key turn in the lock. Thank God I had some warm clothes on this time, as we were now in the depths of winter. As if reading my mind, she said:

"Take your clothes off and pass them to me through the bars."

When I hesitated, she added:

"Unless of course you've brought your own food and water, and won't be needing any from me."

This has been my life for the past five years. Half the time I'm shivering and starving in that dark cell, with no way out until she chooses to release me. And she never lets me out without ensuring that the belt is firmly clamped around my genitals and she has the only keys. Thus my freedom always comes at a price of sexual frustration, which I know will only end when once she has me locked in the cell once again.

There's no way out of the torture she has made of my life.