

In a Tight Spot

Jenny knew that it was wrong to pry into the personal belongings of others, but she was intrigued. And now, with her flat mate Claire away on an overnight business trip, she felt the time was right for her to put her plan into action. She would simply enter Claire's bedroom, have a look through the suitcase and satisfy her curiosity. She figured that, providing she left everything as she found it, Claire would be none the wiser.

It was now ten minutes since Claire had left the flat to catch her train. It would be about twenty-seven hours or so, if Claire's estimate could be relied on, before she would be returning home.

Jenny and Claire had known each other for little more than a year. They had been introduced through Jenny's longtime friend, Rebecca, who was also a work colleague of Claire's. The three of them had decided to rent an apartment together. Two months ago, however, Rebecca had decided to jump ship and move in with her boyfriend.

Jenny got on fine with Claire, but found her to be a bit of an enigma. In fact, aside from in the mornings when they were both getting ready for work, and then again briefly each evening on their return, their paths rarely crossed. Claire would go out most evenings, and even on the nights when she remained at home, she would tend to lock herself away in her room for much of the time. But what intrigued Jenny the most was the suitcase that Claire more often than not took with her on her night-time excursions. What exactly was it that she kept in there? Jenny had asked, on several occasions, where she was going and for what purpose, but she was always met with evasion. All Claire would say was that she was going to a meeting of her "Club", as she called it. Jenny tried, tactfully, to get out of her the nature of this Club, and what it was that she had to take in the suitcase, but Claire was unforthcoming on these issues and usually changed the subject at this point. And the more evasive Claire was on this matter, the more intrigued Jenny became by the whole thing.

For a week or two now, Jenny had been planning to have a sneaky look through Claire's suitcase when the opportunity arose. However, up until this point she had always been scared of her housemate returning and catching her in the act. With Claire gone until tomorrow evening, however, the coast was clear, and it seemed

like the ideal time to satisfy her curiosity.

Jenny checked the time; just gone 6 o'clock. She waited another few minutes, just to make sure that Claire didn't return unexpectedly, before opening the door to a room she had seldom crossed the threshold of before.

Claire's room was tidy and clean, with nothing to suggest that she was up to anything strange or out of the ordinary. Jenny's eyes, however, were almost immediately drawn towards the dark brown suitcase which Claire had placed on top of the wardrobe. This was the case she always took out with her in the evenings, and this, Jenny was certain, was where the key to the mystery must lie.

The suitcase was heavier than Jenny had imagined it would be, and seemed to be packed full. Having had to stand on a stool in order to reach up and haul it down, she placed the case on Claire's bed and inspected it. The zips that held it shut, she now discovered, were padlocked together, making the case unopenable in its present state. She had, however, noticed a small key lying on Claire's bedside table, and although she didn't hold out much hope, she found to her surprise, when she tentatively inserted it, that the padlock clicked open. Quickly she unzipped the case and flung the lid back. On the top she found several silk scarves, neatly folded. Nothing strange in that, of course, but it was what she uncovered beneath that made Jenny's jaw drop, for the scarves had hidden from view a huge array of equipment that could only have one purpose; namely for tying someone up.

There were two sets of steel handcuffs, numerous coils of white rope and several reels of adhesive tape, together with straps, belts, chains and a wide variety of items that Jenny had never encountered before, and the purposes of which were unknown to her.

Jenny's mind was reeling. So this was what Claire was into; what she did when she went out in the evenings. She had never mentioned having any interest in bondage, even in passing, so to discover that the person that she shared her living space with was into all this kinky stuff, was a bit of an eye opener to say the very least.

Cautiously, as if she thought they might bite her, Jenny picked up one set of

handcuffs and held them up to take a closer look; holding one bracelet and allowing the other to swing freely below. The cuffs were connected by a short, two link chain, which appeared strong and unbreakable. From the key hole of the dangling bracelet, a small key protruded. For some reason, Jenny felt a thrill rush through her as she inspected the manacles. She tried to shake the feeling off, but it was no use, it simply wouldn't go away. Although the rational side of her brain was telling her that this was all perverted and wrong, our intuitive self, seemed to be suggesting that it would be a good idea to try the cuffs on.

For several seconds, she wrestled with these two competing forces, but finally her sub-conscious seemed to gain the upper hand over reason, and she found herself, against her better judgment, inserting her wrist into one of the steel rings and snapping it shut. As soon as the sound of the ratchet confirmed that her hand could no longer be removed from the now tight metal circle, however, Jenny panicked. She should have tested the efficiency of the key prior to sealing the bracelet, she now realized. With a huge sigh of relief, however, the bracelet fell open easily as soon as she rotated the small key forty-five degrees in a clockwise direction.

Jenny sat down on the bed and tried to calm her nerves. That had been a stupid thing to do she told herself. Yet still, something inside her had become intrigued by the notion of being handcuffed, and she knew she couldn't simply walk away from this now. Once more she clicked the cuff shut around her left arm, only this time she went one step further and did likewise with her right hand. For a few seconds she stared at her wrists, now fettered together in front of her. And, for some reason that she couldn't even begin to understand, the sight seemed to fascinate and enthrall her. Then, slowly, another idea began to creep into her head. It was all very well having her hands shackled in front of her, but surely, behind her back would be far more restrictive, not to mention more exciting. Still mulling over whether to go through with this latest plan or not, she released her right hand, before placing her hands behind her back. Firstly, she checked that, should she actually have the courage to complete this latest escapade, she would still be capable of twisting her hand around and inserting the key into the lock. Satisfied that this would be no problem, she placed her free hand into the bracelet. Even now, she baulked momentarily at the thought of what she was about to do. Was this really a sensible idea? Ultimately, though, the urge to experiment proved just too strong. A shiver born out of both fear and elation

rushed through her as she pushed the two steel arms of the bracelet together, until the clicking ratchets told her that her mission had been accomplished. She'd done it! Pulling on her wrists, she found that both were well and truly trapped within their respective bracelets and, as she'd guessed, the chain that held them together was indeed impossible to break. Should she release herself straight away, having tasted bondage for the first time and satisfied her curiosity? Or should she stay this way for a little while longer? Although her rational self-argued for the former, she would, she decided, remain the way she was for a few minutes more, simply because the odd sensations that her attempts to escape produced were causing waves of sheer delight to course through her.

Leaving the key on the bed, Jenny stood up and paced around Claire's bedroom for a minute or two, stopping by the full length mirror on the wall and surveying herself from every angle. She turned her back and gazed over her shoulder at her trapped wrists, and this caused another shiver of excitement to permeate every inch of her being. Why she was having these feelings, she had no idea. But while they lasted she was going to make the most of it. Perhaps, she pondered, if the feelings persisted, she would stay like this for an hour or two.

A sudden familiar sound from the hallway caused Jenny to freeze. For a second or two she tried to assure herself that she couldn't possibly have heard the key being inserted into the door lock of the apartment. But almost immediately, another familiar sound reached her ears; a sound that almost always followed the turning of the key, and that was the sound of the door opening. But that couldn't be! Claire should be on her train to London by now, and she was the only other person to hold a key to the flat.

"Hi Jenny, it's me. I forgot some of those files I need for tomorrow's conference. Now I'm going to miss my train and have to catch a later one."

Jenny stood rooted to the spot for several seconds, as Claire's shouted explanation sunk in. What should she do? She hoped that, in her haste, Claire would simply grab the folders she'd forgotten and leave again. But, deep down, she knew that this was unlikely; especially as Claire would soon notice that the door to her bedroom was ajar. Jenny gazed at the bed, where the key to the handcuffs lay. Hopefully Claire would go into the living room or the kitchen first, reasoning that these were the most likely places that Jenny would be. Hurriedly she dashed to the bed, turned around and felt for the key with her trapped hands.

Luckily, she grasped the key straightaway. Less fortunate, however, was the fact that, in her panic, she immediately dropped it again onto the carpet. She was just in the process of lowering herself onto her knees to retrieve it, when she heard the bedroom door creak open. Sheepishly, she gazed up to see Claire standing in the doorway, as she knew she would be. Surprisingly, however, the look on her flat mate's face was not the expected shock or amazement. In fact, Claire just stood there smiling to herself.

"Well, well, well. What have we here? Looks like someone's being prying into my personal belongings."

Jenny tried desperately to pick up the key and release herself, but in her now extremely nervous state, she fumbled and dropped it again, and before she knew it Claire was kneeling beside her, picking the key up and putting it in her jacket pocket.

"Well Jen, who'd have thought that you were into bondage too?"

At this point Jenny started to babble, rapidly and incoherently, about how this wasn't what it looked like; that she never meant this to happen; that she really was sorry that she'd been going through Claire's things; and how she really would be grateful if she could have the key back so that she could get out of the cuffs.

Claire, however, was having none of it. Standing up, she gripped Jenny by the arm and roughly pulled her to her feet, before pushing her face down onto the bed. Immediately Jenny screamed and tried to roll over to face her adversary, but with her hands trapped, this proved more difficult than she'd imagined, and by the time she'd accomplished this, Claire had grabbed hold of her feet, relieved her of her shoes, and was in the process of winding a length of soft white rope around her ankles. Jenny kicked out at this point, but Claire was clearly adept at tying and within seconds Jenny found that the rope had been coiled four or five times around her lower legs, before being strictly cinched and knotted. She watched with dismay as her flatmate grabbed another length of rope.

"No!.... Stop it!.... Please let me out of this!.... Untie me at once!....Let me go!....Please don't do this!"

Jenny's outbursts alternated between the begging and the demanding, but Claire paid no heed to her pleas or commands to cease. Swiftly she grabbed hold of Jenny's legs and tied them together, just below the knees, in similar fashion to the bond at her ankles. A third leg rope quickly followed; this one just above her knees. Helpless to reverse the situation, Jenny felt her freedom ebbing away by the second, as each bond tightened and her means of fighting back became ever more restricted.

"Please, no more!....I can't get out of this!.... What are you going to do to me?!"

Claire simply sat on the bed smiling, as Jenny struggled to get out of bonds she already knew to be inescapable.

"You know something Jen. I'm getting a bit fed up with listening to you whining and moaning. First you handcuff yourself of your own free will, then you create a fuss when I offer to finish the job for you. I really can't understand what you're getting so upset about."

She reached into the suitcase and pulled out what looked like a rolled up piece of material.

"So, I think it's about time I shut you up."

Jenny shrieked and tried to squirm away to the other side of the bed as she realized that the cloth was heading towards her mouth. Claire was too agile for her however, and within a second or two she was sitting astride Jenny's hips and pushing the gag as far as she could into her protesting mouth. Once it had been wedged behind Jenny's teeth, Claire - still pinning her captive to the bed - reached into the suitcase again and produced a roll of grey duct tape, about two inches in width, the end of which she promptly stuck down onto Jenny's right cheek. Smoothing the instantly bonding adhesive across her victim's mouth, Claire then lifted Jenny's head up and wound the tape around the back of her neck and brought it full circle back to its starting point. She didn't stop there, though, as Jenny soon found her lower face and head being encumbered by three more circuits of the tape until, once Claire had ripped the end from the reel and smoothed the whole thing down, Jenny found it impossible to spit the cloth out or open her mouth.

"There, that should keep you quiet for a while."

With this remark, Claire stood up and looked down at the now helpless woman on the bed, apparently admiring her work. Suddenly, it seemed, she had a brainwave. Pulling Jenny to her feet, Claire reached into her pocket and retrieved the key to the handcuffs. But if Jenny thought that her ordeal was about to come to an end, she was soon to be disappointed. Indeed, the evening's events were about to take an unexpected turn for the worse.

"So, you want the key do you?"

As she nodded and made sounds that she hoped would be interpreted as affirmative, Claire held the sliver of silver colored metal inches away from Jenny's face.

"Well you're in luck. I'm going to let you have it."

Claire reached around her captive's waist, and Jenny assumed that the handcuffs were about to be unlocked. So she was shocked and dismayed to discover that, instead of the metal bracelets falling from her wrists, that it was her skirt that dropped to the floor.

"There, that looks better."

At this point Jenny happened to glance at her reflection in the full length mirror. The image that stared back at her was of a young woman with long blonde hair cascading around her shoulders, a white blouse that barely reached her waist contrasting starkly with her lower half, which was now attired simply in black tights; legs bound in three places, arms held behind her back, and with the lower half of her head completely enveloped in grey tape. To her right hand side, holding her by the arm to both prevent her from falling and to stop her getting away, stood her flat mate, who was clearly reveling in the power and control she was now able to exert over her helpless victim. If Jenny had felt some curiosity, or even delight, in putting the handcuffs on in the first place, that feeling had now completely evaporated. Now all she felt was embarrassment, humiliation, and more than a little fear. Why had Claire unzipped and removed her skirt? She only had a few seconds to ponder this conundrum before the answer was forthcoming.

Still engrossed by her mirror image, Jenny watched helplessly as her tormentor grabbed the waistband of her tights and pulled the thin stretch fabric away from her body by an inch or so. Initially she assumed that Claire was about to relieve her of her legwear also, but it soon became apparent that this was not her objective. Instead, Claire slipped the key to the handcuffs into the gap between the silky smooth mesh and Jenny's skin. The metal was cold, and Jenny protested as loudly as her gag would allow as the key was gently eased down over her hips, until it came to rest against her flesh midway down her left thigh. As soon as the key was where she wanted it, Claire let go of the waistband and the tights snapped back into place, stinging Jenny slightly and causing a slight squeal to emanate from her well packed and sealed mouth.

Claire was clearly enjoying herself now, as she pushed Jenny back onto the bed, and within seconds was adding a further bond to her legs; this one at the top of her thighs, an inch or two above the spot where the key was now snugly nestling.

"There you are. You wanted the key, now all you have to do is get to it."

Jenny wriggled her legs, but found that the clinging mesh of the tights held the key exactly where Claire had positioned it.

"Let me go! You can't keep me tied up like this!!"

Surprisingly, considering the filtering effect of the cloth in her mouth and the tape sealant, Claire seemed to comprehend the gist of Jenny's words.

"Can't I? You went snooping in my things when you thought I was on my way to London. You use my handcuffs without my permission. And now you try to tell me that I can't punish you for that? I think you'll find that I can do whatever I want with you right now."

As if to prove her point, Claire grabbed yet another length of rope from the suitcase and began fashioning a rope harness that incorporated both Jenny's torso and her upper arms. At the same time, she began to let Jenny in on her secret life.

"You see Jen, ever since I can remember I've been into bondage. The sight of someone bound and gagged always fascinated me, so when I got a bit older I began experimenting with ropes and handcuffs, gags and blindfolds, and all kinds of things like that. Luckily, I soon found out that I wasn't alone and that there are a lot of other people out there who are into the same kind of thing. That's where I go several times a week, to Bondage Club, as we call it."

With the harness knotted securely just below her breasts, Jenny found herself encumbered by a web of strict ligatures that gave her very little room to maneuver. But Claire wasn't finished yet, as she immediately picked up another cord, wrapped it around Jenny's waist and proceeded to lash her already manacled wrists to her back.

"I'm what's known as a 'switch', which means that I not only like tying other people up, but I also like being tied myself."

She paused momentarily and looked Jenny in the eyes.

"Now you, on the other hand, definitely seem to me to be a submissive, or 'sub' as we call them. In other words, you just like to be tied up. The tighter the better, am I right?"

Jenny tried to protest that she was no such thing, but the words were muffled and incoherent, and anyway, she doubted somehow that they would have been heeded.

"Anyway, to cut a long story short, I'm more used to interacting with men than women, so this is quite a treat for me. As you've probably worked out by now, when I tie someone up, I make sure that they stay tied up until I decide otherwise.... Now let's see, one more piece of rope should do it."

Claire stood up and removed the suitcase from the bed, but retained the one final length of rope in her hand. Pushing Jenny down onto her back, she grabbed her bound ankles and maneuvered her into a position where her feet were in close proximity to the brass railings of the bedstead. Swiftly winding the latest cord around the cinch of Jenny's ankle bond, she tethered her prisoner to the stout metal latticework; kneeling down out of Jenny's sight for a few seconds to secure

the final knot somewhere close to the floor and well out of her captive's reach.

"Well Jen. I've got to be off now. I've missed another train, but it's been worth it just finding you in handcuffs and having the chance to render you helpless like this. I'll be back late tomorrow evening. You'll notice that I've positioned all the knots well out of reach of your stretching fingers, so you shouldn't be able to tamper with any of them. If you can get to the key and free yourself, all well and good, although I wouldn't rate your chances too highly. If you're still tied up when I get back tomorrow,....well, then you're all mine to do whatever I please with. I do hope that's the case. It'll be so much fun... at least for me."

Claire headed towards the door, but turned to face her helpless prisoner before leaving the room.

"If I were you Jenny, I'd use the time to explore and experiment with the pleasures of complete and inescapable bondage. I'm sure you'll be a complete convert to the cause by the time I get back."

And within a second or two Claire was gone, closing the bedroom door behind her. A further two or three minutes elapsed, during which time Jenny screamed and struggled for all she was worth, before Claire's shouted "bye" reached her ears, followed by the slamming of the door. And the ensuing silence left Jenny in no doubt that she was now all alone.

Jenny had to hand it to Claire; she certainly knew how to tie ropes tightly and securely. And she was right about the knots. Try as she might, Jenny's fingers simply couldn't locate anything that could be undone or loosened in any way. With her feet tethered as they were - midway along the railings that ran along the foot of the bed - it was impossible for her to get herself off the mattress and onto the floor. Therefore, any plans she might briefly have entertained of getting to the phone or the window in order to summon assistance, were instantly snuffed out. Her anchorage on the bed also meant that getting her hands on a pair of scissors or knife to cut her way free was out of the question. But the rope bonds were not her main problem. Getting out of these, even if that were a possibility, would serve no purpose unless she could release her wrists from the handcuffs.

And therein lay the crux of the problem. How could she rip the mesh of her tights

to release the key? Unable to move from the soft bedding, all Jenny's attempts to make any kind of hole in the stubborn fabric failed. She cursed her luck. Normally, when you didn't want them to, tights would catch on the smallest thing and gaping holes or ladders would appear. Now, however, when she really needed them to rip, there was nothing to snag them on. She remembered what the packaging had said when she bought them. "Ladder Resistant" were the words used. How she wished now that they would fail to live up to the manufacturers' boast.

Sitting up as best she could, Jenny stared at the key, nestling against her flesh beneath the soft black forty denier mesh. She tried to reach around with her hands, but the rope encompassing her waist securely lashed her hands in place behind her back. Rolling over onto her stomach, Jenny rubbed her left leg as harshly as she could against the sheets, but it was all to no avail. Nothing, it seemed, would cause the thin layer of skin tight material to give. She tried to grasp the waistband of the tights, to see if she could pull them down and somehow get to the key that way, but the rope around her waist was tight and encompassed the top of the tights within its encircling grasp, thus preventing this from being a viable option. And besides, the bond at her thighs would have halted the downward progress in any case. The futility of it all caused Jenny to scream in total frustration. The key was so close at hand - in fact she could feel it against her skin - but it may as well have been a million miles away as far as getting her hands on it was concerned.

Jenny struggled and writhed for some time, while the sun slowly set and twilight began to pervade every corner of the room; eventually enveloping her in darkness. Every so often, she would try to attract attention by screaming, but there was no one within earshot to respond to her muffled cries. It was hopeless; she was trapped here until Claire returned tomorrow. Or maybe even longer! What was it Claire had said? Something about having fun at her expense when she got back tomorrow evening? What this meant exactly, she had no idea, but she guessed that the chances of being released immediately upon Claire's return were extremely unlikely. And what if Claire told anyone else about this?

Jenny realised that she would be mortified if word got out about this humiliating episode, especially if Claire spread the word that Jenny had put herself into the handcuffs in the first place.

But of course, Claire wouldn't be lying would she? Because it was, after all, completely true. Jenny had indeed voluntarily placed the manacles around her own wrists and shut them so that she couldn't slip her hands free without the aid of the key. No one had forced her to undertake this procedure; no gun had been held against her head, nor threats made to coerce her into fettering her wrists against her will. And eventually, as she mused on this fact over the course of the next two hours or so, a subtle change in her mindset began to develop, which slowly but surely transformed her whole outlook on the situation.

What if Claire was right? Perhaps she should explore the possibilities inherent in her predicament. Maybe, it began to dawn on her, instead of fighting her bonds, she should be embracing them. After all, the catalyst for this whole episode had been her initial fascination with putting the handcuffs around her wrists, so there must be something in this whole bondage game that had intrigued her in the first place. And the more Jenny pondered the evening's events, the more she began to realize that, rather than being something to be fearful or ashamed of, being bound and gagged could - potentially - be something to be enjoyed and cherished.

Jenny began to struggle once more, only now her intention was not to free herself from her bonds, but to test, experiment and explore the pleasures to be derived from the fact that she was helpless and without hope of getting free. In fact, her goal now was to rekindle that initial spark that had caused her to click the cuffs shut around her wrists in the first place. She twisted her wrists, this way and that, and pulled and strained on her leg bonds once again. And to her utter surprise - and, she had to admit, great joy - after a minute or so, a shudder of pure delight shot suddenly through her. Perhaps, as Claire had suggested, she could get used to this whole bondage scene and become addicted to being tied up.

The only light in the room now was that emanating from the green digital numbers displayed on Claire's bedside clock. It had just gone 10 pm and Jenny was exhausted by her struggles, but elated by her continued captivity. What did Claire have planned when she returned? Jenny had no idea, but her imagination conjured up dozens of scenarios, all of which involved her being kept bound and gagged for an extended period of time. And this suited her just fine.

And with thoughts like this running through her head, a mood of serenity and calm overcame her, and she fell into a long, peaceful sleep.