

# Tales of Female Domination

## Under Her Lock and Key

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*.....she pushed the heavy barred door closed behind her..... "now you're my prisoner"  
she giggled....*

When Kate and Brad had seen the house, the cellar had been the selling point. When looking around the house they had opened a heavy door and gone down a flight of stairs into a typical looking basement, apart from the fact that just behind the stairs there was a heavy barred door and a few steps behind this door what could only be described as a jail

cell. The cell was about 10 foot square, solid stonewalls on three sides and bars at the front, and the ceiling was an old heavy brick arch.

Kate had walked in first. She pushed open the heavy barred door and walked down three steps into the sunken cell. She walked over to the far side and looked up to a small barred window in the far wall.

“Wow!” she cried, “a real cell, imagine the possibilities!”

Brad followed her into the cell, at once feeling a sense of helplessness as he looked up to the solid brick roof.

The estate agent stayed outside the cell, “The previous owners had this security installed to protect a valuable wine collection,” she explained.

Once the agent had walked back up to the main house, Kate ran back up the three stairs until she was outside of the cell and pushed the heavy door closed behind her with a surprisingly loud clang.

“You’re my prisoner now!” she giggled.

Brad walked over to the bars and due to the height difference between the inside and outside of the cell found his head level with his partner’s waist. “Nice legs, sexy” he smiled as he reached his hand through the bars and up the back of Kate’s thighs, underneath her skirt.

Two months later and the house was theirs. After having drunk a glass of champagne in the empty main bedroom, Kate ran downstairs to the basement, followed a little more slowly by Brad. When he arrived at the cell he found her standing outside with the door open and a large padlock in her hand.

“Let’s give it a try!” she giggled as she took his hand and led him inside and down the stairs. Giselle-like, she jumped back up the three stairs, outside of the cell and closed the door behind her. It took her a moment to slide the padlock in place, behind the heavy metal cover designed to stop the lock being cut off, but it delayed the inevitable by only a few moments. The padlock clicked shut and Kate withdrew the key.

She stood close up against the bars just above where Brad was standing. Her flowery skirt barely reaching half way to her knees.

“How does that feel?” she purred as she reached through the bars for his hands that she then placed on her butt.

She was a sexy woman, but right now from this angle and from behind the heavy steel bars she looked even better. She turned around, pulled her skirt up and pushed her black silk knicker clad butt into Brad’s face. She let her skirt fall back down enclosing his head inside. She waited a few moments more until he was really turned on before walked away, leaving his face push hard up against the bars.

“I’ve some unpacking to do” she smiled as she walked away from the cell. She stopped at the second barred door at the bottom of the stairs that led back up to the ground floor, swung it shut and locked it with another padlock. There were now two locked barred doors between him and her butt. He watched in disbelief as her cute butt disappeared up to the ground floor.

“Kate, babe, come back” he called hopefully as he started to pull pathetically at the locked cell door. He heard the heavy wooden door at the top of stair shut with a jingle of keys that almost certainly meant that Kate had further sealed his fate by locking that door too. A couple of seconds later, the lights went out leaving him in near darkness.

Kate had released him an hour or so later, but that had been the first of a number of times the basement had played a part in their games and lovemaking.

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It was May, and Kate had arranged a girl's holiday with friends from university. Kate raised it one evening. "Why don't you spend the week that I'm away in the cell?"

Brad laughed, and then returned to the paper.

"No I mean it, it'll be a challenge and you'll really be able to say that you've done time!" she purred.

Brad quickly thought for some good reasons why he couldn't do this.

"What about showering and the toilet?" Brad asked,

"There is water and drainage in there already" she replied.

"What about food, or what about if I get sick?" he continued. "No problem, I'll ask Emma to call by each day" Kate replied.

He thought about this. Emma was stunning, with a fantastic figure, the idea of spending some time in her custody might be fun.

"And I've already asked her and she's on for it" Kate continued persuasively.

Brad thought some more. Some time with Emma and anyway it wouldn't take long for both of them to get bored and for Emma to let him out. It started to look interesting.

Saturday

It was Saturday morning and things were ready. The cell was prepared with water, a few clothes and necessary toiletries, Emma had arrived and most importantly she looked fantastic in short white cotton shorts and top. Brad willingly walked into the cell and watched as Kate closed and locked the barred door.

Kate unzipped a small pocket on the back of her jeans and dropped the key inside, not that there was much room in her figure hugging jeans that appeared to love her pert butt as much as he did. Kate zipped up the pocket and tapped herself on the butt, "That key will be very safe inside there" she smiled.

Brad looked concerned, "But Emma will have a spare for safety?" he checked.

"No honey" Kate purred, "I have the only key to the cell. Emma will have the key to the second barred door, the door leading down into the cellar and the house front door, just in case you are thinking of escaping".

The girls laughed. Brad didn't, how could he talk Emma into letting him out if she didn't have the key. A week in the cell really would mean a week in the cell! Shit!

A taxi tooted and Kate kissed Brad before running back up the stairs. Emma stood the other side of the bars holding a bunch of keys.

"This should be interesting" Emma said as she looked around the cell and also at the selection of cuffs and other toys lined up just outside.

"I thought you would have a key to this door" Brad said looking toward the heavy barred door that stood between him and any hope of freedom.

Emma smiled, "Yes I know. But I don't. Kate was insistent that that key stayed with her. Maybe she doesn't trust us."

Emma looked stunning and those tight white shorts were to die for. Her accent was a touch upper class, but he didn't mind, in fact in a way it was sexy. But sexy or not, there wasn't much Brad could do from behind the heavy bars.

Brad's thoughts were still with the white shorts as Emma blew him a kiss and walked back outside the second barred door. She closed it behind her and stood there for a

moment as she worked out how the padlock worked and used it to secure the second door closed.

“You don’t need to bother with that” Brad said dejectedly, “I’ve no hope in getting out of this cell”.

“I know” Emma smiled, “but I quite like the idea that I’ve got you under lock and key as well”. And she obviously liked it a lot because she then climbed the stairs back to the ground floor and deadlocked the door at the top of the stairs as well.

The jingle of keys finally ended and all was quiet in the basement. And it stayed that way until Saturday evening, when Emma rushed back down to the basement, unlocked the outer barred door and came over to the cell. She was on her way out with friends and was wearing the sexiest little black dress that Brad had ever seen.

He looked up at her from where he was sitting on the cell floor and from where he also could see that her skimpy black panties were also very sexy.

“You look great” Brad said honestly.

“Thanks” she smiled, “big night out on the town”

“Can I join you?” he asked ironically.

“Sure, let’s go!” she teased, as she threw a small loaf of bread and block on cheese down into the cell.

“Sorry, had no time to cook” she smiled as she grabbed her keys and ran back out in her high heels, making sure to lock the doors as she went.

This whole experience was getting painful for Brad. He sat on the stone floor eating dry bread and thinking of the countless guys who were no doubt trying to chat Emma up. He couldn’t blame them, he would be doing the same if he hadn’t let Kate lock him up. Shit!

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Sunday. Brad had to wait until almost noon the next day for his jailer to return. The white shorts were back, and this time they had brought him coffee and croissant. They talked, and Brad was relieved to hear that she hadn’t met anyone interesting the night before. She was pleased to see her captive without his shirt on. “Nice abs” she smiled as she admired his toned body.

When he looked up from his coffee Emma was holding up a pair of handcuffs she’d chosen from the array of toys.

“Maybe you could demonstrate how these work for me?” she smiled”.

“Do I have a choice?” he asked.

“Not unless you want to go on a strict diet for the rest of the week” she giggled.

Brad reached his hands through the bars, cleverly putting them both through the same gap in the bars.

“No, hands either side of this bar” she corrected, wise to his trick.

It took her a while to work out how the cuffs worked but she learnt quickly and soon she had tightly locked and double locked them around his wrists. She then squeezed the keys into the front pocket of her shorts.

His wrists were locked to the bottom of the bars, which meant that he had to kneel. Together with the height difference between the inside and outside of the cell, the result was that her long tanned legs towered above him.

“Until this evening then” she smiled down at him.

“What! You need to unlock these cuffs first” he said rather alarmed.

“Why?” she asked innocently.

“Because, because” was all he could manage.

“As I thought,” she giggled, “have a nice day.”

The cell had water, books and a bed. Now that she had cuffed him to the bars he couldn't reach any of these 'luxuries'. He looked at the hinged cuffs that she'd locked on his wrists. He looked around for something that he might be able to use to pick the locks, but there was nothing. He poured the remains of his coffee over his wrists and tried to slip them out. It worked in the movies; but it soon became evident that Emma had locked the cuffs tighter than the regular movie baddie. An hour later and with very sore wrists Brad finally got the message.

Brad was awoken from his daydream by a rattle of keys in his ear. He opened his eyes and saw two shapely legs crouching down right in front of him.

“Silly me, I left these in my pocket when I left this morning” she giggled as she jingled the handcuff keys in front of his face.

“That's fine, it didn't inconvenience me” he replied.

“Oh good” she giggled.

She sat down crossed legged on the floor in front of him, her short summer dress lying easily over her legs. From where he was he could see right up her skirt less than a meter away from him the other side of the bars. He was trying hard not to look up her skirt. She knew, and she was going to enjoy this.

“Let's play cards” Emma smiled as she started to shuffle a pack. She dealt the cards on the floor just in front of her crossed legs.

“Is it too much to asked you to let me out of these cuffs first?” he asked.

“Yes” she smiled as she took the keys and dropped them between her breasts.

Emma won the first hand and picked up the winning cards and rested them inside her skirt up against her thigh.

Emma saw him watching her. “You looked up her skirt, too bad, you lose” she giggled.

“Arrh” Brad exclaimed, part laugh, part cry.

Emma started laughing too.

“This is impossible” he complained.

“I'm sorry” she laughed, “I know how you feel about me and I just couldn't resist teasing you.”

“Please, please, please take these cuffs off” he begged.

She retrieved the key and slowly took off the double locks and opened the cuffs. He rubbed his red sore wrists.

Emma then produced a bottle of wine and two glasses, filled then both and passed one through the bars to Brad.

“This must be better than the average prison” she smiled.

“You're certainly better looking than the average prison guard” he replied.

Two hours and a bottle of wine later Emma picked up the handcuffs again and asked, “Have you ever spent a night handcuffed to these bars?”

“No why?” he replied.

“It could be fun” she smiled.

He could see where this was going, “Why would it be fun to spend the night kneeling on this hard floor with my hands chained up when I could be asleep in a bed?”

“Because it would be me that locked you up and it will be me looking after the keys” she purred as she ran the key up and down the inside of her thigh.

“I don’t see it” he insisted.

“But you haven’t tried it yet”

“But I won’t sleep a wink”

“I’ll lock your ankles together as well if you prefer” she giggled.

“Not really”

“Just handcuffs it is then” she concluded.

“Hey, I haven’t agreed to that”

“Its not really your decision”

“Its my wrists”

Emma reached through the bars and took hold of one of his hands, “Just let me handcuff you for five minutes”.

“I’m not falling for that” he insisted, although knowing that the way she looked right now she probably could make him do pretty much anything she wanted.

She crouched down and pulled Brad’s head up to the bars and kissed him on the lips. While she kissed him she reached down and secured the cuffs around one wrist and then the other. With his wrists secured, she turned her attention back to his lips.

“Wow!” she said as they finally parted. Staying right by the bars, she stood up, pushed her long blonde hair out of her eyes and started to play with the keys. He looked up, looking right up her skirt. His eyes moved up her legs and fixed on her black panties. So beautiful, but yet so out of reach; she was the ultimate tease and she knew it.

“Five minutes are almost up” he reminded her, jangling with shackled wrists.

“Five minutes?”

“You promised”

“Did I, silly me, I don’t remember”

Emma crouch down to inspect the cuffs, “They are quite tight” she smiled.

“Please don’t leave them on all night” he begged.

She looked into his eyes and smiled as she saw real concern. “Please do it for me” she whispered as she kissed him again”.

His emotions were now all over the place and he didn’t know what to think.

“It been a lovely evening” she finally said as she stood up, picked up the empty wine bottle and glasses and walked out, locking the doors as she left. After she locked the final door she flicked a switch plunging the basement into darkness.

The night passed slowly for Brad. His knees, his back, his wrists hurt. He kept changing positions trying to ease the pain. By the morning he felt terrible. His body hurt, he was tired, dehydrated and couldn’t stop himself fantasizing about his captress.

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Monday. A small amount of light was coming in through the tiny barred window was the only way he could tell it was morning. It had certainly been the longest night of his life. He finally heard footsteps on the floor above him. The lights came back on, keys jangled in locks and finally she walked in wearing blue jeans that totally hugged her figured.

“Good morning, did you sleep well” she smiled as she deliberately turned around to show off her jeans.

“No” he replied, “Did you?”

“Yes” she smiled.

“Please take these cuffs off” he begged.

“I’m sure you don’t mean that” she smiled as turned her back to him and patted the back pocket of her jeans, “I think the keys are very happy in here, don’t you”.

He had to agree that if he was a key, the back pocket of Emma’s jeans would be a nice place to be.

“And I’m not sure I can get them out, these jeans are a bit to tight.

“This is so frustrating” he admitted.

“I know,” she giggled.

With the cuffs still locked on, she crouched down and started to feed him the coffee and croissants that she had brought with her. After breakfast and another ten minutes of begging later, she finally unlocked the cuffs and released Brad back into the relative freedom of his cell. They chatted some more and then she left, of course locking all the doors as she went.

Emma returned early that evening with food and more wine. They talked some more and made out as best they could through the bars. Brad ran his hands over her toned body, up her legs and under her short skirt.

“Umm” she purred, “if I had the key to your cell, I might even be tempted to let you out. Buy, hey I don’t and anyway there’re a few more things I still like to try while you’re locked up. And at least I can be sure that you’re not going to say no” she giggled.

Emma turned her attention back to the rack of toys. “Kate insisted that I use some of these to make for a proper incarceration experience and to keep things interesting for you” she smiled.

She then turned back, paused a little embarrassed, “There is one thing that I’ve always wanted to try and right now you are the perfect guinea pig.”

“OK?” Brad said hesitantly.

“I’ve always wanted to gag someone with my knickers” she smiled.

“I won’t be much good at kissing with your panties in my mouth”

“That’s OK, they’ll be plenty of time for kissing afterwards.

The thought of putting her knickers in Brad’s mouth had been turning Emma on all day. She’d been wriggling around, feeling her knickers underneath her jeans and thinking of how those same knickers would be stuffed into his mouth.

Emma took a chain from the array of toys and padlocked it around Brad’s waist. She then padlocked the handcuffs to the back of the chain and then proceeded to lock and double lock the cuffs around Brad’s wrists. His wrists were now securely locked behind his back.

“Good, that’ll keep your hands nicely out of the way” she smiled as she reached under her skirt and started to pull her knickers down her long tanned legs. “

Open wide” she purred as she stuffed the back silk into Brad’s mouth. She made sure his mouth was closed before wrapping duct tape around and round his head until the bottom half of his head was completely mummified.

He tried to tell her that she’d done enough tapping, but “mmmmm” was all that he could say.

She was enjoying this, “You do know where those knickers have been all day, don’t you?” she asked. “Wrapped around my butt, and inside my tight jeans. And there wasn’t

much ventilation in there” she giggled. She pulled a white pair of knickers from her handbag and started to put them on, “Just preparing tomorrow’s gag” she joked.

“Well given that I can’t talk to you or kiss you then I guess I may as well leave” she smiled.

“Mmmmm!” he tried again, this time with more desperation. Surely she wasn’t going to leave him like this all night. But she had already reached the outer barred door and was busy padlocking it shut, and a few moments later she was gone.

Brad pulled at the cuffs, although he knew from experience that once Emma had locked you in cuffs that there was very little you could do until she decided to let you go. He rubbed his face against the wall in an attempt to remove the duct tape, but that didn’t work either. He was determined that he wouldn’t be spending the night with her panties in his mouth, although it soon became clear that he would.

He lay down on the bed and before he knew it he was asleep.

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Tuesday. Brad was woken by the sound of Emma running her keys along the bars of the cell. He struggled to his feet, which was easier said than done with hands cuffed behind his back.

“Good morning” she smiled.

She was wearing her white cotton shorts and top and looked fantastic. He looked and felt terrible. His mouth was parched, her knickers having soaked up every last drop of moisture. His jaw ached. His arms and shoulders ached from the cuffs and his wrists were cut from his failed attempts to get free.

“You look good” she giggled.

“Mmmm” he mumbled back.

“I’ve brought you some breakfast” she smiled as she put a bag on the floor in front of him.

“Mmmmm” he said again.

“Oh silly me, I left my panties in your mouth” Emma giggled as she beckoned him over towards the bars of the cell. She ripped the tape from his mouth with one quick pull and he quickly spat her underwear out onto the floor.

“Ouch, that was really uncomfortable” Brad complained.

“Shame” Emma smiled back, “you look so good with my panties in your mouth.”

Brad rattled his hands that were still manacled behind his back, “Any chance of you letting me out of these?” he asked politely.

Emma smiled, “Why don’t you see if you can get out of them on your own.”

“I can’t” he replied exasperatedly, “I’ve been trying to do that all night!”

Emma giggled. Brad was usually very cool and Emma loved to see him flustered.

“OK” she finally relented, “come over here.”

A quick turn of her key and he was free of the cuffs. They sat down and ate breakfast together, either side of the bars.

“I really did like seeing you gagged with my underwear” the blonde repeated, “it was fun knowing that they were stopping you saying a single word. I think we’ll do that every night from now.”

“No way” Brad replied, “please!”

“Kiss my feet” Kate suddenly ordered.



Brad obeyed immediately.

“That was nice,” she purred after a few minutes.

“Thanks, so no more gagging then,” Brad asked.

Emma giggled, “Wrong. Kissing my feet was sweet but it won’t get you out of your nightly sojourn with my panties.”

Brad spent Tuesday in relative freedom. He read books, slept and generally recovered from the night before. However that evening Emma returned with other plans.

She walked over to the cell carrying a large heavy box inside which was a steel mask that was designed to totally enclose someone’s head. There were small holes by the mouth and nose to keep its victim alive. It opened on hinges at the back and locked at the front with two padlocks, one around the neck and one roughly by the victim’s nose.

Her skirts seemed to Brad to get shorter by the day. This one was pink, flared and barely covered her butt. From where Brad was slumped on the floor on the cell, he could see everything. She crouched down next to him, deliberately leaving her legs slightly apart.

“Have you ever been locked inside one of these?” Emma asked as she unlocked the padlocks and opened the mask.

Brad looked concerned, “No” he replied. How could such a sweet woman have such an evil mind.

“Well tonight’s your lucky night” Emma giggled as she passed the mask through the bars and padlocked the top of it to one of the horizontal cell bars. The mask hung in the air a few feet from the cell floor.

“Guess where your head goes” Emma purred.

Brad sat down with his back against the bars and slowly positioned his head inside the open mask. Emma reached through the bars to close the mask and then locked it with the two padlocks.

Inside Brad couldn’t see, smell, or barely hear anything, it was eerie. A few minutes later Emma unlocked the padlocks and let him out.

“How does it feel?” she asked.

“That’s scary” Brad replied, “It’s as if the world has stopped and you don’t exist. You really feel helpless.”

Emma giggled, “Wow, that is quite something coming from a guy whose been locked up in a cell for half a week.”

Brad continued, “It really felt as though my life depended on those keys to let me out.”

Emma was smiling, “I know and I’ll have those keys.”

The two friends ate dinner together and talked until almost midnight. Brad knew he would be talking no more when Emma stood up, reached under her dress and started to pull down her black silk knickers.

“I guess that’s all for tonight” he replied.

“You guessed right” she purred.

Emma slowly pushed her knickers into his mouth and taped them in place. Brad duly sat down with his head inside the mask. Emma closed it, locked it and pocketed the keys. And that was all Brad saw until morning. Emma walked back home without her underwear thinking all the time about Brad and what she would do with him next.

Wednesday

Brad had no idea what time it was when he heard foot steps and keys jangling. The sensory deprivation had left him totally disorientated. Emma sat down with her legs through the bars, one either side of Brad's neck. She tapped on the steel mask.

"Can you hear me in there?"

The warm soft feel of Kate thighs felt lovely around his neck after a night surrounded by cold hard steel. He ran his hands up and down her legs. She enjoyed the feel of his hands and sat there tightening her grip around his neck.

"Shame you haven't got the keys for these padlocks" she purred as she played with them in her hands.

The padlock keys were in the back pocket of Emma's white shorts and she could feel them underneath her as she sat on the hard floor. She then saw a small piece of wire that Brad had unsuccessfully used to try and escape from some cuffs earlier in the week. She reached for the wire and put it into Brad's hand.

"I'm going to leave you in that mask until lunchtime" she announced, "but to give you a chance I'll give you ten minutes to try and pick the locks with this wire."

Brad was desperate to get out of the mask, which was starting to play with his mind, and quickly inserted the wire into the padlock to try to force the lock. The wire was sharp and as he couldn't see he kept cutting himself.

Emma sat there with the mask between her legs smiling as she saw how desperate he was to pick the locks.

"How're you doing?" Emma asked.

Another five minutes and the padlocks were still firmly locked. Emma pulled the keys out of her pocket and ran them up and down her legs.

"You're running out of time" she warned.

Emma had had her fun, she picked up the instructions that had come with the padlocks and read out the selling material about how the security features. On hearing this, Brad dropped the wire on the floor, "You bitch" he wanted to say had he not had a mouth full of her underwear.

Emma giggle, "It was so cute seeing you try to get out" she purred as she tucked the keys safely back inside her pocket.

It wasn't until Emma returned at lunchtime that she finally unlocked the padlocks and let Brad out of the mask. Brad seemed totally disorientated and it took a few minutes until he spoke.

"You bitch" he finally said.

"Come here" she ordered.

She reached through the bars and pulled him closer to kiss him. Despite the ordeal she'd put him through he kissed her back.

Wednesday evening she returned with some food. She was wearing a tight black cocktail dress and was beautifully made up.

"You look amazing" he said.

"Thanks, posh cocktail party with the firm of lawyers that has offered me a job" she replied.

"I can't believe you're going to be a lawyer" he replied.

"Why not?"

"Maybe a jailer would be more appropriate" he suggested.

"I can do more than lock people up you know" she replied.

"I'm sure you can, but you do it so well"

Emma laughed, "Yes, you are certainly getting to see my cruel, sadistic side this week."

Emma then produced from her handbag the one thing that Brad had been dreading, a chastity tube.

"I'm sure you know what this is" she smiled.

"Yes, I know" he replied.

As instructed he pulled down his trousers and let the blonde fit the device around his balls and dick. It was a tight fit. He watched as she produced a padlock, slipped it in place and padlocked him in.

"Does it feel nice?" she asked.

"Tight" he replied.

"It's suppose to, silly," she giggled as she slowly and deliberately dropped the small key between her breasts.

"This bra is pretty tight" she explained, "Hopefully it'll hold the key in place. Otherwise your cock will stay behind bars at least until Kate returns."

Brad looked at Emma, she looked so good with the tight dress hugging her perfect figure.

"I'll be back later to check on you and of course to pop these in your mouth" Emma purred as she ran her hands around her butt.

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Thursday. Brad woke up with hands chained behind his back, gagged with Emma's panties and still wearing the chastity tube. He struggled to his feet and walked over to the bars. There was no sign of his captor and so he sat down on the floor and waited, there wasn't much else he could do.

She didn't arrive until almost midday. She unlocked the outer barred door and strolled in wearing her jeans and top.

"What a party" she exclaimed.

"Mmmmm" he replied.

Emma continued to describe the party and the people she'd met, almost forgetting that Brad was still gagged.

Finally she remembered and pulled off the tape and also unlocked his wrists. The two had breakfast together and Emma explained that she was going away for a couple of days. She would be back on Saturday and would pick Kate up at the airport on the way back.

"That'll be 48 hours all on your own, I hope you won't miss me too much" she smiled.

Brad was actually relieved. While he loved spending time with her, some of the restraints she was using on him hurt.

Emma left enough food by the bars for the next two days.

"Can you unlock the chastity tube before you go?" he asked.

"Why, are you going to be having sex before Saturday?" she asked.

"No"

"Well then I may as well leave it on" she replied.

"But what if I want to .." he left the sentence unfinished.

"Want to what?" she smiled.

He could see that she was enjoying this. She patted her pocket to try and find the key, finally locating it in her back pocket. She handed him the key.

“Of course, if you want me to keep you in chastity for the next two days you can always put the key back in my pocket,” and she turned around so that her denim clad butt was resting against the bars.

She looked so sexy that his head spun. He ran his hands up and down her jeans before pushing the key right inside her back pocket. She immediately turned around, knelt down and kissed him.

Saturday morning as usual Brad heard keys rattling and Emma’s footsteps on the stairs leading down to the cellar. However this time he also heard female voice and laughing. As the outer barred door was unlocked he saw both Emma and Kate.

“Hi honey, how are you” Brad said.

Kate ran over and kissed him through the bars, “It great to see you again” she smiled.

“How was your holiday?” he asked.

“Fantastic, how was your week?”

“An experience” he replied.

“You look great” Brad said as he looked at his girlfriend’s tanned body.

“Thanks” she smiled, “you look pretty good yourself, considering.”

Kate tapped the back pocket of her jeans, “I’ve brought you a present” she giggled as she unzipped her pocket and pulled out the key. “A whole week under my lock and key” Kate purred as she slipped the key into the keyhole and unlocked the cell door.

She swung the door open and ran into the cell to hug her boyfriend again.

“You may need this” Emma smiled as she handed Kate the key to the chastity tube through the bars. Kate took it and quickly unlocked her boyfriend.

Emma watched on, “Maybe I should give you some privacy” she giggled.

“Thanks” Kate said as she continued to kiss Brad.

Emma paused as she was walking out, “Would you like me to make sure you’re not interrupted?” she asked as she started to pull the cell door closed.

“Yeah, why not?” Kate replied as she lay down on top of Brad on the small metal bed. They were both fully engrossed as Emma locked them in the cell and walked back up to the house. She sat in their kitchen drinking a cup of tea and playing with the key in her hands. She was feeling jealous of Kate and Brad’s ‘kinky’ lifestyle.

A good half an hour later Kate and Brad were lying on the bed together.

“I can’t believe that we’ve let someone else lock us both in here” Kate said.

“She’s probably robbing us as we speak” Brad joked, now quite accustomed to being under Emma’s lock and key.

Emma finally returned and unlocked the cell. Kate was the first to walk out at which point Emma quickly swung the door closed and locked it before Brad had a chance to react. By the time he had, the door was locked and the key was in the pocket of Emma’s very short denim shorts.

“Hey, I’ve done my time” Brad complained, “Kate, tell her to let me out!”

Kate looked around and smiled, “Umm, it seems to me that Emma’s done a good job of keeping you out of trouble so far, so maybe another day won’t hurt.”

“What!” Brad replied.

Kate walked over to the bars and kissed Brad, “OK Em, I’ve got to go to town today, so he’s yours for another day if you want, tonight though, he’s mine.”

Kate kissed Brad again and left the cellar.

“You bitch!” Brad said to Emma.

“Hey, Kate’s entrusted you to my care today, so I thought we could have a little more fun.”

Brad was starting to fear his increasingly sadistic captor.

As instructed, and almost out of habit, Brad did as he was told and let Emma padlock a high security chain around his wrists and then around his waist so that his hands were held tightly in the small of his back. She then took another high security chain and padlocked it around one ankle, and then the other ankle with only a couple of inches of play between them.

Brad watched helplessly as the padlock keys slipped into the back pocket of her shorts. However now Emma also had the key to the cell. She walked over to the cell down, unlocked it, walked inside and locked it behind her.

Emma was athletic, slim and shorter than he was, but his restraints meant that he was helpless against her. She walked over to him and he shuffled backwards away from her. She sat down on the bed and watched as he shuffled over to the door and tried to reach the key, which was still in the lock, with his chained hands. Emma watched as he finally managed to turn the key by using his mouth. She followed him as he shuffled up the steps and towards the steps leading up from the cellar.

“Where are you going?” Emma asked

“I’m finally getting free” Brad replied.

“How are you going to get out of those chains?” she asked. “You’ll certainly attract attention walking down the street like that. And anyway, I don’t think your local locksmith will be able to do much against those padlocks.”

He stopped and thought.

Emma tapped the back pocket of her shorts, “I have the keys right here” she purred, “maybe you ought to stay with me?”

He knew he had no choice and slowly and reluctantly hobbled back into the cell.

Emma looked at him; bare top showing a well toned upper body and jeans. She had fancied him all week and the fact that he was locked in the cell was as much a frustration for her as it had been for him. Now was her chance, probably her only chance.

She followed him inside the cell, threw her arms around his neck and started to kiss him. Initially he tried to resist, but he was a guy and she was stunning and soon his natural instincts took over. She pulled down his jeans and pushed him backwards on the bed. With Brad still securely chained, they made love time after time.

Brad looked over to where Emma’s shorts were lying on the other side of the cell. He could see the padlock keys sticking out but with hands still chained and with Emma’s naked body lying on top of him there was no way he could reach them.

“I’ve been wanting to do that all week,” Emma purred.

“Do you often make love to men in chains?” he asked.

“No, but I may start” she giggled.

“Have I now earned my freedom?”

“That was really good” Emma smiled, “but I want to do one last thing to you.”

“Will I be able to get out from it?”

“No” she smiled.

Emma then laid Brad on the floor of the cell and sat astride him. She first brought his feet up to his back and padlocked the chain around his feet to the chain around his waist so that he was hog chained.

She then took all of the pairs of handcuffs and leg irons that were outside the cell and locked them tightly around his already chained hands and feet. She then took the chastity tube and padlocked it tightly in place.

“How does that feel?” she asked while still sitting on his chest. In this position she couldn’t resist sliding a little further forward so that she was sitting on his face. She used his nose to bring her to orgasm for one final time before stuffing her panties into his mouth and tapping them in place. He knew the taste well.

She slid her shorts back on before standing above him, one foot either side of his head.

“What a lot of keys” she smiled as she jangled a large key ring. “I’m going to lock you in the steel mask and then leave you locked up in the cell for the rest of the day. I’ll drop the keys around to Kate this evening and then she can do with you whatever she chooses. And all the fun this week can be our little secret.

And so Emma padlocked him inside the mask and left him locked in the cell. The keys made a bit of a bulge in her back pocket as she walked down the road, but nobody would guess what they belonged to. That evening she gave the keys to Kate and that was the end of that.

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Kate never knew what Brad and Emma had got up to that week and certainly didn’t know that they’d made out together. Brad, however, knew all too clearly what had happened and couldn’t stop thinking about it and dropping comments into conversations with Kate.

“That week really had an effect on you,” Kate remarked.

Brad thought for a moment, “A week is a long time, to be locked up, particularly under the care of someone as sadistic as Emma.”

Kate thought about asking what Emma had done to him that week, but thought better of it. She had entrusted her boyfriend into Emma’s care and so she couldn’t really object to anything that the blonde had done to him. However that said, whatever it was she’d done to him had made a lasting impression.

Kate smiled to herself, there was one very easy way to find out what Emma was like, and that was to take part herself.

“Why don’t we ask Emma to play jailer again, but this time with both of us in the cell?” Kate asked one evening.

“That’s probably not a good idea.”

“Why not?”

“I don’t know what she might do, given another chance.”

“Then let’s find out together,” Kate smiled.

Saturday Morning

With all parties in agreement, the next weekend they entrusted themselves into Emma’s care. Emma was dressed ready for work in a white blouse, mid-thigh length black skirt, stockings and high heels; she looked stunning. She stood and watched as Brad and Kate walked down the few steps into the cell. She swung the door closed behind them and secured it with the padlock.

Kate was more apprehensive that she’d thought she would be. She had always thought of Emma as a friend, an equal. The two women were both attractive and

intelligent, and had at times been mistaken for sisters, but now with the bars separating them Emma took on a whole new sense of power and indeed beauty.

Brad had experienced this feeling before, and the sense of helplessness was familiar. Because the cell was set three feet down, Emma appeared to tower over the inmates, only adding to her presence.

They had agreed that Emma could do anything to them as long as it caused no permanent damage and the more interesting the better.

“Are you guys sure that you’re OK with this, you know the power I have over you?” Emma checked one last time. Kate and Brad both nodded.

“Good, because I’m going to give the key to the cell door to a girlfriend who will be overseas for the weekend, that way there will be no cheating.”

Emma left them and returned twenty minutes later, “OK as we speak the cell key is tucked inside a cute little brunette’s pocket and will very soon be 30,000 feet somewhere above France. There’s no way you’re getting out until she returns, so we may as well have a little fun.”

Emma instructed Kate to turn around and then used hinged handcuffs to lock her hands together behind her back. Kate stood there in her tight denim shorts, hands cuffed behind her, feeling slightly nervous about what lay in store. Brad walked over to her and kissed his girlfriend, “They suit you,” he smiled.

Brad had little time to enjoy the situation though, as a few moments later he became Emma’s second victim with his hands also cuffed behind his back. Kate then instructed them both to kneel facing the bars and then used bicycle ‘D’ locks to lock each of their necks to the cell bars. Emma giving Brad her usual cute little smile as she turned and removed the key.

Given the high difference inside and outside of the cell, Brad and Kate’s heads were only just above floor level outside of the cell. Kate looked across nervously to Brad, they’d only been in the cell for twenty minutes and already they were immobile and very vulnerable.

Emma walked slowly back and forth, her high heels almost touching their faces as she went. Kate admired Emma’s shoes for a moment, until her eyes moved up the blonde’s legs that towered above her. Brad didn’t notice the shoes, his eyes focused solely on Emma’s legs and cute little knicker-clad butt above.

Emma stopped walking, “Now you both have your necks locked to the bars by maximum security bike locks, the sort that even the fire service would have difficulty freeing you from. So, who would like to earn a chance to be unlocked?”

There was no reply; Kate and Brad were still acclimatizing to their newfound captivity.

Emma proceeded to sit down crossed-legged in front of where Brad was chained. She wriggled forward until her feet were touching the bars and only an inch from Brad’s face.

“Kiss my feet!” she purred.

Kate watched on as Brad worked his lips around Emma’s feet. It was strange seeing her boyfriend subservient to another woman, but she reminded herself that Emma’s inclusion had been her idea and so she had to live with the consequences.

Emma then uncrossed her legs and slid them through the bars so that Brad’s head was between her knees. Kate instinctively reacted, but the ‘D’ lock held her firmly in place. Emma looked around, “Your turn next,” she smiled.

Kate watched as Emma instructed Brad to kiss first her knees and then her inner thighs working further and further up her legs and deeper and deeper into her crotch. Kate didn't like this at all and again struggled against her restraints.

As instructed, Brad's lips were now massaging the front of Emma's underwear and his head was hidden from view inside the blonde's skirt.

"That's all for now," Emma smiled as she leaned back and ran her hands through her long hair.

Brad tried to withdraw his head, but Emma's thighs still gripped him tightly. He pulled as best he could with his hands still cuffed behind his back but with no success. Emma looked down and giggled as Brad struggled. After a few more minutes of amusement, Emma reached behind her for a bunch of keys and proceeded to unlock the bike lock around Brad's neck and the cuffs from his wrists. The final thing to be released was her thighs' vice like grip around his neck.

Emma then turned her attentions to Kate.

"Now you've seen what it takes earn some freedom," she smiled at Kate, "Time for you to kiss my feet!"

Kate thought for a moment and then made the fatale mistake of shaking her head.

"Last chance," Emma warned.

Kate looked at Emma's feet, she wanted to kiss them and submit, but it felt odd. She'd submitted to Brad often enough, often with her locked in the cell, but with a woman it was different. Kate was still thinking about what to do when Emma's high heels stepped away from her.

"Too late, Katey" she said as she picked up the keys and walked away from the cell.

"I want to!" Kate called.

"Want to what?" Emma replied.

"Kiss your feet!"

"Oh good," the blonde smiled, "I'll be back at lunchtime".

Kate started to struggle against her restraints with little effect as Emma climbed the stairs and left the cellar. Brad walked over to her and put his arms around his manacled girlfriend, "Don't say no to Emma," he advised.

Kate spent the morning chained up and immobile with her feelings towards Emma swinging from anger to infatuation. Brad lay on the small cell bed reading a book feeling sorry for partner, but that was a lesson she had to learn.

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Noon on Saturday. Emma's high heels clicked back down the stair and over to the cell. Kate watched her every move, desperate not to do anything to annoy her. She watched as Emma picked up the female chastity belt from the array of toys and passed it through the bars to Brad.

"Can you lock this on your girl?" she asked Brad.

"Shit," he thought, he'd hoped that Emma would keep chastity to a minimum but knew better than to complain.

He knelt down and unbuttoned Kate's denim shorts and black silk panties and eased them down to her knees. He wrapped the steel belt tightly around her waist and locked it with the padlock. He then passed the rest of it down between Kate's legs and was about to lock it back on to the belt at the back.



“A little tighter,” Emma ordered.

Brad obeyed and the steel covering Kate’s vagina pushed further and tighter into place.

“Better,” Emma smiled as she handed him the second padlock.

Brad pulled Kate’s shorts back up completely hiding the steel device. Emma crouched down and unlocked Kate’s neck and hands and watched as Kate sore legs struggled to stand up.

“These are the keys to the chastity belt,” Emma teased, waving them in front of Kate.

Emma then pulled up her already short skirt and slowly tucked the keys inside the crotch of her black knickers. She then pulled her skirt back down and smoothed it with her hands.

It felt weird having a woman lock her into chastity, particularly when the key was in another woman’s crotch. She didn’t know whether to attack her or bow before her, but fortunately for Kate she did neither.

The afternoon passed slowly. Brad was alone with his sexy girlfriend, but there was little they could do. They had spent the first hour trying to pick the padlocks or somehow slide the belt off but soon realized that that would never happen.

Kate struggled to control her frustration. Other times in chastity she would amuse herself by begging Brad for the key, which usually didn’t take long. Or if worst came to worst she could find pliers or a hacksaw. Or even go to a locksmith. Now she could do nothing. She couldn’t get herself out of the belt even if her life depended on it. And to make matters worst Emma didn’t return that day.

Emma breezed in at 9.30am on Sunday morning wearing denim shorts and t-shirt.

“Morning lovers,” she smiled as she placed coffee and muffins on the floor by the bars.

Kate was still pissed off.

“Here you go,” Emma smiled as she threw over two keys.

“You’re a bitch.”

“Just playing the part, honey.”

“A little too well,” Kate complained as she pulled down her shorts and unlocked herself from the belt.

The three of them sat in silence eating breakfast. Emma had become increasingly jealous of Kate and her relationship with Brad. Kate was starting to suspect that Emma was after her guy and was desperate to stop Emma using her control over them both to win him over. Brad was just hungry.

Kate and Brad both washed using the small shower in the cell. Emma then called them over to the bars and asked Kate to remove her shorts and underwear.

“Super glue,” Emma announced as she held out a small tube. While the last thing she wanted to do was to keep Brad and Kate together, she was relying on the concept that too much of a good thing leaves you wanting less.

Emma reached through the bars and put superglue on Brad’s face; strategically positioned on his forehead, chin and both cheeks. She then told Brad to lie face up on the floor. She then instructed Kate to sit on his face facing down his body. Kate obeyed immediately, desperate not to suffer more punishment than necessary at Emma’s hand.

Emma looked up after putting the glue back in her bag to see Kate sitting squarely on top of Brad’s face.

“Make sure he can breathe,” Emma called.

Kate looked down and realized that her naked butt was covering both Brad's nose and mouth. She tried to stand up but the glue was already holding them fast. She tried to slip her fingers between her butt and Brad's face to ease the two apart but it was too late. Brad was now in need of air and also started to try to pull them apart. Kate lay over on to her side to take excess pressure of Brad's mouth.

Emma looked on with concern. She had bought some glue dissolver, but that was still in her flat, and there wasn't anything else she could do without the key to the cell door. This was certainly not how she'd planned it.

After a few more seconds Brad found that by pulling on Kate's butt in a certain way he could just get a little air into the corner of his mouth. He held Kate's butt like this for a few moments while he caught his breath.

"It's OK I can breath," Brad finally said in barely audible muffled voice.

Both girls were equally relieved.

"Why did you sit right over his nose and mouth?" Emma asked Kate accusingly.

"You told me to," the embarrassed brunette replied.

"You could have suffocated him with your butt."

"It was your idea."

"Yeah but poor guy, his nose is right up your butt," Emma continued with her criticism

Kate lay there embarrassed and angry, she had done as instructed and now she was being accused of almost killing her boyfriend.

"I'm OK" Brad tried to say. He tried to say something else; Kate couldn't hear it but knew he was saying something because his lips tickled her butt.

"I'll leave you two to play," Emma finally said, pleased that she'd had the opportunity to accuse her rival of almost killing him.

Brad lay there amazed at Emma's ingenuity. Take one cute butt, a few drops of glue and Emma had created an amazing new brand of bondage. He couldn't see anything, couldn't smell anything (other than the obvious with his nose between her butt cheeks), he could barely talk and would have great difficulty moving. Bondage and sensory deprivation in one.

"I'm sorry," Kate said.

"Not your fault," he replied.

"Anything I can do for you?"

"Not break wind," Brad joked.

Kate gave only a half smile, she knew that she'd already done that.

Working together Kate managed to stand up and walk with Brad still attached to her backside over to the cell bed where they both lay down in relative comfort. Conversation was difficult and so Kate read her book.

It was noon and two hours since Emma had glued them together.

"Do you want some lunch?" Kate asked without thinking.

"And how exactly?" Brad mumbled back.

Kate ate and carried on reading. It was now 2pm, four hours since they were joined. They managed to maneuver themselves to the cell's toilet and both were able to wee without too much drama. They then moved to the small shower at the back of the cell and both stripped off. Kate stood there with hot water rolling down her back, from the waist up she looked like any other woman taking a shower. But further down and behind her, a muscular guy was attached to her butt.

On a few occasions, the water running down her back filled Brad's small airway and he spluttered for breath. Each time Kate moved away from the water to give him back some air. They had thought the water might ease the glue's bond but whatever brand Emma had chosen was definitely waterproof.

It was 4pm before Emma returned. She smiled as she saw Brad's face still buried in his girlfriend's butt, that glue really was good stuff.

"Six hours, you're doing well," she said as she pulled a small bottle of glue dissolver from her handbag. She passed it through the bars and Kate started to rub it in to where her butt and Brad's face joined. It wasn't a quick process and it took over an hour before they were separated.

Brad blinked as the light hit his eyes. He got to his feet and Kate immediately hugged him. Emma looked on jealously; far from Brad being pissed off with Kate for gluing her butt quite so squarely to face, it seemed that the two of them were closer for having survived the ordeal.

Emma brought out some food and left saying she had a party to go to, although in reality she just went home.

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Monday. Emma returned to the cell with breakfast. As usual she looked fantastic wearing a mid-thigh length blue summery dress. Her usual sexy smile had been replaced with a more determined look. After they had eaten, Emma instructed Kate to cuff Brad's feet together and padlock the cuff chain to one of the hooks that were fixed to the far wall of the cell.

Following instructions, Kate then handcuffed Brad and then using a chain and padlocks secured the handcuffs to the bars at the front of the cell, so that Brad was lying on his back with his arms and legs stretched out as far as they would comfortably go.

"Double lock the cuffs and then give me the key," Emma instructed.

Kate slowly engaged the double locks, "Are you sure I can't keep this key?" Kate asked playfully as she tucked it into the back pocket of her denim shorts.

"I don't think so honey," Emma replied with a harder edge to her smile.

Kate reluctantly gave the key back to the blonde who threaded it back on to her large bunch of keys.

"I'm going to collect the cell key, I'll be back at midday," Emma said as she blew them (mainly Brad) a kiss.

Kate draped herself over her chained up boyfriend and started to kiss him.

"Well I like you like this," she smiled, "I can do anything I want to you."

"Well I'm not stopping you," he smiled back.

They made out as best they could on the hard stone floor.

Kate looked at the cuffs, "Mmmm it feels strange not being able to unlock you," she purred as she ran her thighs across his chest.

"Are you sure you don't have a handcuff key tucked somewhere in your pocket, you usually do?"

"Not this time, all the keys are with our blonde mistress."

As promised Emma returned at midday. Again following Emma's instructions, Kate cuffed her own feet and chained them to the back of the cell and then handcuffed her

hands to the bars at the front of the cell so that she was also lying on her back, stretched out across the cell.

“Good,” Emma purred as she took out a large complicated key and unlocked the padlock on the cell door. She walked down the steps into the cell and over to her two manacles prisoners.

She walked in her high-heeled shoes around her two captives, holding a pair of steel mitts.

“Who wants to wear these?” she asked.

Kate looked away, desperate not to catch Emma’s eye. She liked most restraints but not the mitts as without use of her hands she felt incredibly helpless. But unfortunately for her Emma knew this.

Emma knelt down above Kate’s head so that Kate could look right up her dress. Kate looked away. Emma placed the first mitt by Kate’s left hand and closed it in place and then did the same for her right hand.

“I’ve left the keys to these two padlocks at my dance studio,” Emma purred as she looped the padlocks into place, “I assume they’ll get handed in as lost property, but maybe not.”

“Please no,” Kate begged.

“Umm, what would you do to stop me clicking those padlocks closed?”

“Anything,” Kate quickly replied.

Emma sat astride Kate’s chest and started to pull up her dress so that Kate could see her white knickers. The blonde started to edge forward until Kate’s head was between her thighs.

“Kiss me there,” Emma purred pointing to her inner thigh.

Emma’s thighs looked huge from where she was lying. Smooth, tanned, soft, perfumed, but still intimidating. She gave her leg a quick peck.

“Good,” Emma smiled as she edged further forward so that her she was now sitting on the bottom of Kate’s face.

“Kiss me here,” Emma purred pointing to her white underwear.

Kate screwed her face up and tried to look away.

“Bad luck,” Emma giggled as she reached forward and snapped shut the padlocked in the steel mitts.

“You bitch!” Kate cried.

Emma looked pissed off, she wanted Kate to completely submit to her, that way she’d have a much better chance of taking Brad. But Kate continued to resist.

“If you don’t want to look at my panties then you’re not going to look at anything!” she said as she walked back outside and returned with the solid steel head cage.

“Please no!” Kate begged again.

Emma positioned the head cage around Kate’s head. It had been specially designed with thick padding all around to block out all sound and light. There was only one small pipe at the front that went into the mouth to allow the prisoner to breath.

Kate knew that once inside the head cage she would have lost all control.

“One million different combinations,” Emma announced holding up a heavy combination padlock, “I hope I don’t have a blonde moment and forget the code,” she smiled.

Emma knelt with her knees either side of Kate’s head with Kate’s dress engulfing her head and the cage. Poor Kate, the last thing she saw before it all went dark was Emma’s

crotch. She heard the padlock being slid into place and snapped closed. From then on she only had her imagination to keep her company.

“Em she hates that, you’ve got to let her out,” Brad said.

“When will you leave her, Brad?” the blonde asked as she sat astride his manacled body and kissed him.

“I can’t,” he replied.

“Can’t or won’t?”

“Both.”

Emma was already unbuttoning Brad’s jeans and starting to make out. The restraints meant that Brad couldn’t resist, although at that moment he wasn’t sure whether he’d resist even if he could.

After they had made love they chatted for a while with Emma using Kate’s head cage as a seat. With the agreed deadline of Monday evening fast approaching, Emma reluctantly unlocked Brad’s cuffs.

“Given what you’ve put us through this weekend, I think we’ll keep you in the cell next time,” Brad said as he started to unlock Kate’s cuffs.

Emma just smiled.

“What’s the combination for Kate’s head cage?” he asked.

“Oh, I’ve forgotten,” the blonde replied.

Brad grabbed Emma, pulled her to the floor and sat astride her.

“Tell me,” he ordered.

“Oooo, I like this,” she giggled as she slid forward so that her head was between his thighs, “would you like me to kiss you?” she offered.

Brad and Emma stuck a deal, in return for the combination Brad agreed to lock Emma in the cell the following weekend. Done. It would be interesting.

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## Blue Jeans

*.....they sat chatting on the sofa like friends everywhere, only her dirty jeans were padlocked around his head.....*

Brad was delighted; she had invited him for dinner. Kat was a fantastic looking woman, about 25 years old, who had recently moved to the country from Stockholm. Like many Swedish women, she was tall, slim and had long blond hair. She dressed casually, typically wearing a pair of blue jeans that just seemed to hug her waist and really showed off her great figure.

Although eight people had been invited to dinner, there had been a certain spark between Brad and Kat and he hoped that the evening would give him the chance to get to know her better.

He arrived fashionable late, although not late enough, as he was still the first person to arrive. Kat rented a small basement flat in the centre of the city, which had its own private courtyard below street level. She opened the door and greeted him with a kiss on both cheeks. She was wearing a pair of khaki cords and a white shirt and looked fantastic.

Kat led him in the kitchen and offered him a drink. The conversation was going well and Brad knew that this was his chance.

Twenty minutes later and still no sign of the others, Brad went to use the bathroom. As he was washing his hands, he saw her laundry basket in the corner of the room. On top of the pile of clothes waiting to be washed was Kat's pair of blue jeans that had been filling Brad's daydreams for the last few weeks.

He nervously walked over to the laundry basket and picked up the jeans. He held them up to his face and felt the material against his skin. Then, after checking that the bathroom door was locked, he slowly zipped and buttoned the jeans and pulled them over his head so that his head was exactly where Kat's pert arse had been all those times before. After a minute of enjoying the feeling, he took them off and started to look around the room for a belt.

Although he could find nothing in the way of a belt, he saw a combination padlock lying next to Kat's gym kit. This would do. The lock had four dials each with ten numbers on – that was 10,000 combinations, but fortunately, the lock was open. He picked up the lock in one hand and pulled the jeans back over his head with the other. He then slipped the padlock through two of the belt hoops so that the jeans were locked tightly around his neck. He then very carefully turned the top dial to the right by one number to lock the padlock in place.

Brad felt turned on by the jeans. Kat had a slim waist and the jeans were a close fit around his head. Everything was pitch black and all he could do was to enjoy the warm felling and the smell of that beautiful Swedish woman. After losing himself for a few minutes he remembered where he was and went to unlock the padlock.

He turned the top dial of the combination lock, but nothing happened. He then turned it two notches the other way. Still nothing. He panicked as he started to turn the top dial notch by notch, but then realized that he had accidentally moved the bottom dial at the same time. He tried to put that back in position. Things were getting worse; he started to turn all four wheels, but the lock remained firmly closed.

He tried to unbutton the jeans, but that didn't help him either, as he had locked the padlock through a hoop either side of the zipper. He was trapped; there was no way he could get the jeans off his head. He couldn't even see what he was doing, everything inside was pitch-black. He pulled as hard as he could at the material, but everything was too well sown. He was trapped.

By unzipping the unbuttoning the jeans he could just see through a gap in the jeans large enough to see the combination lock in the mirror. But that didn't help, he hadn't noted what the combination was before he snapped it shut. He heard a voice from outside. "Hey Brad, are you OK in there?" Kat was wondering what was wrong.

"Fine", he replied.

As she was walking away, he called out "Kat, do you know what the combination for your padlock is by any chance?"

The voice was very muffled. Kat was puzzled, but intrigued "Yes, why do you ask?"

"No reason" he lied.

"OK, if it's no reason then no need for me to tell you," Kat teased. Brad could tell that this tact was not going to work.

Kat bent down and looked through the keyhole and soon guessed what had happened.

"I'd only tell you the number if it was important" she continued, "like if you had used the lock to accidentally lock my jeans over your head".

Brad was shocked, how did she know. Anyway, it was too late. He felt for the door and turned the key. "I'm really sorry he started, please just get me out of here and I'll leave".

"Why?" Kat replied, "you got your head in there, you get it out".

Kat then took his hand and led him to the sofa in the lounge and the two sat down.

"It's a shame that you'll have to spend the whole of the dinner party with your head locked in my dirty jeans. It can't be very nice in there."

"Look I apologised, didn't I?" Brad continued, please let me out.

"Not a chance" Kat smiled and by the way I'm going to hide all knives and scissors, so you'll not be getting out of there for a long time".

The two friends sat on the sofa talking. All was normal except that one had the other one's jeans padlocked over his head. And just to make sure that all was secure, Kat took a small padlock and lock the zipped closed.

The doorbell rang. "OK, the others are here".

"Hey they can't see me like this" Brad panicked.

"Too bad, I'm not letting you out" Kat smiled. "But you can hide in my bedroom if you want". Kat led Brad to her bedroom and closed the door before welcoming the other guests. After pouring them drinks, she excused herself with a story about having to buy some more wine.

She left the flat and walked around the corner to the shops. After checking that no one she knew was watching, she walked into the sex shop. She went up to the woman behind the counter. "I need some handcuffs please" she asked in her Swedish accent "the most secure you have". The woman went into the backroom and returned with a selection. Kat chose the most expensive; the woman assured her they were escape proof.

Kat returned to the flat and refilled her friends' glasses with the wine that she had also bought. She then excused herself once more and went into her bedroom. Brad was on his feet, looking through her drawers for something to cut himself free.

"On the bed she whispered, lie down on your front with your hands behind your back. Unless you want me to invite the others in" she smiled as he quickly obeyed.

She emptied her shopping on to the bed. Brad heard the clanging of metal and knew what was coming. Kat struggled to understand how the handcuffs worked and even tried locking one cuff around her own wrist to make sure she had it right.

"These are the most secure cuffs there are" Kat smiled as she slowly but tightly locked the manacles around Brad's wrists. "And each pair has its own key, not just a standard one, so that means I'm the only person in the world who can unlock you.

She tucked the keys in back pocket of her trousers and smiled. "And just to stop you walking around" she smiled as she passed the legs of the jeans around the posts of the wrought iron bed and tied them together. Brad tried pulling away, but his head was now tied to the bed and with his hands locked behind him he couldn't untie himself.

"It getting hot inside here" Brad complained.

"Of course" she smiled. "My arse has been squeezed into those jeans almost constantly for about a week now. And there's nothing you can do but just breathe it in". She then ran her fingers teasingly around Brad's wrists, blew him a kiss and returned to the party.

The evening was a success, everyone enjoyed the food and wine. Kat almost forgot about Brad lying next door. Occasionally, when she sat down at the table, she would feel the handcuff keys dig into the arse, but otherwise her captive was forgotten.

After midnight the friends left. Kat collapsed on to the sofa and smiled as she once again felt the keys. She walked back into the bedroom and started to undress and change into silk pajamas. She turned to Brad “You’ve now had your head locked inside my jeans for almost five hours, I guess I’d better let you out”. She unlocked the padlock and eased the denim over his head. His face was red and hot.

“Oh thank you,” he gasped.

“You probably won’t mean that” Kat smiled as she picked up the black silk knickers that she’d worn that evening. She kissed him on the lips. He struggled against the handcuff, but she just sat astride his back, holding him in place.

She then pulled the knickers over his head so that his face was resting where her bum had been. She then took the lace from one of her boots and tied the bottom together so that the silk was tied firmly in place. She then took her khaki trousers, still warm from her skin, and pulled them over his head and locked them in place with the padlock. Again she tied the legs to the bed to stop him moving in the night.

The silk felt nice against his face, but her scent was stronger.

“I’m sure you wanted to stay the evening, didn’t you” she smiled as she lay down next to him and drifted off to sleep.

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“OK here’s the deal” she smiled. “Just to get a kick, you put your head inside my jeans and locked them in place with my combination padlock. Unfortunately you didn’t know the combination to open the lock and so had to ask me to release you. And of course before I did that, I took plenty of photos of you in your new attire”.

Brad nodded but then added “I notice that you didn’t mention that you left me in their for over ten hours before you released me”.

“Yes that was fun” Kat smiled as she pushed her long blonde hair away from her face.

Kat who was still wearing the jeans in question continued. “So the deal. If you come away with me this weekend and do whatever I say, then I won’t tell everyone I know about our little secret. Disobey me and you really will have some explaining to do.” Knowing he had no choice, Brad nodded.

“OK, as the destination is a surprise, I think I should blindfold you for the journey” she smiled. Brad knew at once what she was getting at.

Kat first picked up her handcuffs and tightly locked Brad’s wrists together in front of him. She then took a chain and wrapped it around his waist. She finally threaded a padlock through both ends of the waist chain and through the chain connecting the handcuffs and snapped it closed. She smiled as he tried pulling his wrists, unable to move them from his waist. She slid the keys into the back pocket of her jeans as she walked away.

Two minutes later, Kat emerged from the bathroom still wearing her white t-shirt, but having changed into beige cotton trousers. In one hand she carried her jeans and in the other her white cotton knickers. “Kneel down” she smiled, “I’ve got to prepare you for the journey”.



She slowly placed her knickers, still warm from her arse, over his head with the part that had been over her arse carefully positioned over his mouth and nose. She then took a needle and thread and started to sew the seams together, tightening the fabric around him. “You’re lucky, these are 80% cotton and only 20% Lycra so they should be quite breathable”. She giggled. “Although not so lucky that they have been 100% around my arse for the last eight hours”.

Once complete she tied off the thread. Brad tried to loosen the grip that her knickers had on his face by using his mouth but to no avail. He watched her blurred shape through the material as she picked up her jeans, buttoned them up and passed them over his head. Kat’s slim figure meant that they fitted snugly. Again she positioned the back over her friend’s face. She took another padlock and slipped it through two of the belt hoops so that the jeans closed tightly around his neck. For good measure, she slipped the other loose belt hoops into the padlock before locking it shut. Finally she took the legs of the jeans and wrapped them loosely around Brad’s head and tied them off. “How does that feel? She asked as she pocketed the last key.

“Now would you like to sit in the front of the car with me, or be locked in the boot?” she asked. He was just about to answer when Kat added “I wonder what your friends would think if they were to see you en route though?” He knew he had no choice.

She slammed the boot enclosing him inside. He lay there handcuffed and chained and blindfolded with Kat’s underwear. Her knickers were starting to stick to his face as it became hotter inside her jeans. He could do nothing but wait for his captress.

After three hours of lying in her boot, thinking about how helpless he was, Kat pressed the boot release button and climbed out of the car. She helped him out of the trunk and led him inside the house. Once inside, she led him to a bedroom with a four-poster bed and recuffed him so that his hands were behind him, locked around one of the posts.

She took out her keys and slipped one into the padlock that held her jeans over his head. She unlocked the padlock and removed the jeans from over his head. She smiled at the hot, gasping guy inside. She looked at her knickers stitched around Brad’s head. “No key will get those off” she whispered, “no buttons or zippers either, its almost as though they’ve been designed for your head”. Brad stood there, chained to the post looking at this beautiful woman as best he could through her own knickers.

After a few minutes of teasing, she finally used some scissors to cut free her knickers from over Brad’s head, unlocked his wrists and let him shower. At 8pm that night they went out to eat.

They walked into restaurant and took the table that Kat had reserved at the back of the room. For the first time in hours he was free of any restraints and was starting to think that the weekend might hold some promise after all. His optimism was short lived.

After sitting down, Kat pulled a pair of cuffs from her handbag. “Didn’t think that I’d leave you totally free did you?” she asked as she locked and double locked one cuff around Brad’s left wrist. “Especially when there is such a handily placed metal rail drilled to this wall” she giggled as she locked the other cuff to the wall.

Looking around the restaurant, Brad could see two other couples already watching them. “And just to make it even more fun” Kat continued as she beckoned to a waitress “maybe we should enlist some help”.

The waitress, a brunette in her early twenties, wearing a black skirt and white blouse, came to the table. “Could you do me a favor?” Kat asked as she held out a small bunch of

keys to the woman. "Could you look after these while we are eating?" The waitress looked confused and asked the obvious question.

"Are these the keys to those cuffs?"

"Yes" Kat smiled succinctly. "It's just that he's bet me that he can get himself free and so I don't want to keep the key on me."

"OK" the waitress smiled as she stuffed the keys into the waistband of her skirt. "Now can I get you guys some drinks?"

The two friends talked over their meal, although Brad kept one eye on the waitress as she walked from table to table with the all-important keys tucked in her skirt. After the meal Kat stood up, kissed him and went to use the bathroom. Brad wasted no time as he called the waitress over.

"Hi, I need to use the bathroom can you just unlock these cuffs".

The brunette smiled as if she had looked forward to this moment, "Sorry honey, you're staying chained to the wall," she purred as she walked off swaying her hips a little more than usual.

Kat returned and ordered coffee. "Now, there's something I always enjoy with my coffee" she purred as she looked down towards her crotch. "And as this table has a very long tablecloth, you should be able to do this without anyone seeing you".

Fearing that Kat might just walk out and leave him chained to the handrail if he didn't comply, he waited until no-one was looking and then ducked down under the table. With his wrist still attached to the wall, he edged forward on his knees until his head was between her thighs. Kat slid forward on to the front of her chair, hitched up her miniskirt and guided his head further between her legs with her hand.

She then reached into her black silk knickers and pulled out a chain. "Just now in the toilets, I padlocked a chain around my waist, down between my legs and back on to the waist chain. And this chain here is padlocked to the first chain right in my crotch" she whispered, making sure that no one else was listening. She pulled him even further into her crotch and then wrapped the chain around Brad's neck. Using a padlock, she then locked the chain back on to itself. She listened to the small click and smiled.

Brad also heard the padlock snap shut and quickly realised that there was no way out. His face was pushed up against her knickers and he was closely surrounded on both sides by her tanned thighs. She pulled her skirt back down as best she could to cover his head and to further add to his sense of confinement.

He started to look for ways of escape.

"That's a futile exercise" she smiled. "You're chained in there until I decide to let you out and that might be a while. Besides the waitress has the only key to these padlocks". She squeezed her thighs together to emphasize her power.

"You don't even have the keys" he whispered somewhat shocked. "What happens if the waitress leaves without returning the keys?"

Kat smiled. "Well we'd just have to show one of the other waitresses how you are chained between my thighs and ask her to call the fire service. Maybe after an hour or so they would be able to cut the chains and release you from in there. Of course, the whole restaurant would be watching. Would probably make the papers. 'Man found chained between lovers thighs.'"

The couple at the table next to them looked over. All they could see was one woman sitting at the table. Brad was hidden beneath the tablecloth. Kat smiled back at them. She was sure that they had no idea about the fate of her partner.

The waitress bought the coffee. "Has he gone?" she enquired somewhat confused.

"No" Kat replied as she pointed beneath the table. "He can't go anywhere, you have the only key to the cuffs". The waitress felt the keys under her skirt before smiling and leaving the table. Kat watched her as she left. With Brad now chained between her legs, she was also now at the waitress's mercy, chained up unable to go anywhere without her consent.

Kat pulled her knickers to one side and squeezed her legs together as a sign to tell Brad that he'd better get started. Given his position, Brad had no choice. Kat sipped her coffee and enjoyed his attentions.

Half an hour later the waitress brought the bill. "Thanks the meal was great" Kat smiled as she signed the receipt.

"Do you want the keys back?" the waitress asked.

"Yeah I guess you can unchain him now" Kat continued interested to see how the waitress would react.

"Pity" she sighed as she took the key from her skirt and unlocked only the cuff that was attached to the rail before handing the keys back to Kat. Kat took the other keys and reached down between her legs to unlock the padlock around Brad's neck. Brad finally freed himself from her thighs and sat back on his chair.

After a night spent with his wrists locked behind his back and Kat's knickers and skirt that she had worn to the restaurant fastened securely over his head, Brad joined Kat on a bike ride to the beach.

"I just have to win this beach volleyball competition," she explained as they arrived at the bike racks at the back of the beach.

"But I get nervous if my friends watch" she said unconvincingly. "Maybe you could stay here with the bikes".

"No, you can't be serious" Brad replied as he realised what she had in mind.

"Yes, or else" Kat threatened as she unlocked her U-shaped shackle lock. Brad sat down next to her bike and awaited his fate.

"A bit closer!" Kat instructed as she passed the rigid bike lock around Brad's neck, her bike frame and the steel bike stand. "Perfect" she purred as she turned the key locking the shackle in place. She stood in front of him, deliberately close so that her arse brushed his face as she used a key ring to attach the bike lock key to the crotch of her bikini bottoms. The key hung directly between her legs, knocking against her thighs as she moved. She crouched down and kissed him on the lips before running off towards the beach for the game.

Once she had left, two women who had obviously seen the events came over towards the bike rack.

"You really are in trouble" the first smiled.

The second, an attractive tanned blonde in her early twenties slipped off her denim shorts to reveal an almost non-existent bikini. "This is too good to miss" she smiled, "a good-looking guy chained helplessly at waist height."

The blonde climbed on to the rack until she was sitting on the rail with one leg either side of Brad's head and with Brad's face towards her crotch. She slid forward until Brad's nose was buried in her bikini. She then pulled her bikini to one side and smiled at the guy between her thighs, "Better get started".

For the next four hours Kat played volleyball, relaxed on the beach and swam. Every time she moved she felt the key against her skin and smiled. She didn't know what was

happening to Brad, but didn't really care. She knew he would still be there when she returned.

When she finally returned to her bike she saw Brad with his eyes closed looking towards the sky. He had had a tough day. Once the two blondes had had their fun, they had called up some friends. Although he had lost count, at least 6 women had wrapped their thighs around his head waiting for him to perform. Kat was oblivious to all this as she unlocked him and the two of them cycled home.

As they entered the house, a woman was sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee and looking somewhat the worse for wear.

"Hi Anna" Kat smiled "how was the party?"

"Great" her friend replied, only just come in.

Anna was a stunning brunette, in her mid-twenties, whose great figure was extenuated by her tight leather trousers and red top.

"I've been dancing for almost 24 hours" she said as she stood up, stretched and made her way to bed.

Kat watched her friend leave and smiled to Brad. "This should be fun".

Twenty minutes later, Kat entered her bedroom with the laundry basket from the bathroom. She pulled out a pair of leather trousers and fished around for the knickers.

"Oh come on I've already spent most of this weekend locked in your knickers" Brad complained "now I've got to be locked in hers!"

Kat ignored him knowing that as he only had one day to go, he would comply.

Kat handcuffed Brad's hands behind his back and then locked them to a chain around his waist for good measure. She then picked up Anna's used knickers, holding them with only her fingertips for effect. She then placed them over Brad's head and tied them in place with one of the laces from her boots.

The black silk felt soft against his face, but they smelt as though Anna had been dancing in them for every one of those twenty-four hours. Kat buttoned up Anna's black leather trousers.

"I don't really know how long its possible to survive with leather trousers wrapped around your face, certainly when Anna's arse has been in there before" Kat mused as she passed them over Brad's head and padlocked them in place in the usual way.

Brad lay on his front on the bed with his head inside the leather trousers where Anna's arse had been only minutes before. Kat, wearing her denim shorts and top, sat astride his waist reading a magazine. As she sat there, she felt her knickers ride up her arse. She enjoyed the discomfort, knowing that it would only add to Brad's experience later that night.

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## Jess

*.....the ice melted, but the keys didn't fall. Now Jess would have to join the fun .....*

It had been a few weeks since Tom had taken the spare room in Jessica's flat. Jessica had taken on the lease for the whole flat and had been desperate for someone to take the

second room. She was particularly pleased with Tom, he was tall, good looking and seemed like a fun kind of guy.

Tom had also been pleased to move out from the flat he shared with his ex-girlfriend. Jessica's flat was small, but in a good part of town. Jessica herself seemed nice enough. Not what he'd call stunning, although she wasn't unattractive, with shoulder length brown hair, pleasant face and pretty nice figure. Anyway, given the way his last few relationships had gone it was probably good that here he wouldn't be driven to diving into another fling.

Jessica and Tom got on well and would often sit up at night drinking red wine. On one occasion they were talking about sexual experiences and Tom mentioned some interesting bondage games initiated by his ex-girlfriend.

"Did you like doing that?" Jessica asked.

Tom smiled, "It was fun, one of us would tie themselves up and wait for the other to come home. I still occasionally do a little self-bondage if you know what I mean."

"Really!" Jessica sat forward on the sofa, "What sort of things?"

Tom wasn't sure whether to get into this with his flat mate, but the red wine made him carry on.

"Sometimes I cuff myself to the bed and use an ice block to melt and drop the keys on to the bed."

"How long does that take?"

"Half an hour, maybe longer."

"Wow, and you can't get out for that long. What if the keys don't drop?"

"Then I'd be stuck," he replied.

"So if I don't see you at breakfast one morning, I guess I know where you'll be," Jessica giggled.

Just talking about self-bondage with Jess had turned him on. That night Tom fixed the keys to the ceiling using an ice block and then proceeded to cuff his hands to the metal frame of his bed. Once he was helplessly chained to the bed he listened to Jessica's footsteps walking around the flat. Would she come in? That might be fun, but where might that lead? If she walked in at that moment and took the keys there really was nothing he could do about it.

He heard Jess's footsteps stop right outside his door. What was she doing? Was she going to knock, if so should he say come in? He imagined her cute little butt squeezed into her old blue jeans. What would she do if she came?

Jess was having the same thoughts. If she found him chained to the bed, what would she do? She had dreamt of making love to him many times, or maybe she would tease him with the keys. Maybe she would sit on his face, she'd always wanted to do that to a guy. But how would she know if and when he was tied up?

Tom finally heard Jess's footsteps disappear back downstairs, his heart rate dropped by at least 50 beats a minute. And a few minutes later the keys dropped.

"Did you sleep well?" Jessica asked the next morning at breakfast.

"Good thanks, and you?"

"Oh fine. I see you made it to breakfast then."

"Yes, why wouldn't I?"

"No reason," she smiled.

A few days later Tom prepared another ice block in the freezer. Jessica had been in the house all day and he wondered whether she would have seen it in the freezer. When

he opened the freezer he noticed that something was different with the ice block and on closer inspection he saw that someone had tampered with it so that the keys wouldn't drop even when the ice had melted. No prizes for guessing whose done that, he smiled to himself.

Another glass of red wine and he decided to go ahead anyway. He took the ice block and used it to fix the keys to the ceiling. He then took a chain and padlocked his feet together and padlocked the spare end of the chain to his handcuffs. He then cuffed his hands together behind his back so that he was in a tight chain hogtie.

As he closed the final cuff a sudden wave of excitement came over him. He waited half an hour until the ice had almost melted and as expected the keys didn't fall. That turned him on, he now knew for sure that he'd have to involve Jessica in the game.

"Jess," he called

He waited a couple of minutes and there was no reply. Where is she, he thought. She must know I'm stuck. He called a few more times and finally his door opened and Jess walked in.

She had just come home from work and was still wearing a below knee length skirt and blouse, cheap clothes and not that flattering. He lay there looking at her ankles and calf muscles, not bad he thought.

"Are you OK?" she asked with a slight smile on her face.

"Can you help me, I think I messed up with the release."

"Oh so this is what you do?" she smiled as she walked over and stood next to where he was lying.

"Can you get the keys down?"

Jess picked up his desk chair and carried so it was underneath the keys and then deliberately put it down so that his head was underneath the chair and one of the chair supports was pinning his head to the floor. She stepped up on to the chair and retrieved the keys. Jess then climbed down and sat on the chair so that his neck was still pinned down.

After watching him struggle hopelessly for a few minutes, Jess removed the chair and knelt down by Tom's head.

"Umm, maybe you should let me look after these next time," she purred dangling the keys above him.

"The ice usually works," he replied trying to crane his neck up to that he was looking at her face and not up her skirt.

"Didn't work this time," she giggled.

"I know, are you going to give me those keys?"

"Can you really not get out?"

"There's only one way out of these cuffs and that is with the key!"

"Mmm, I know."

Jessica finally reached over to the cuffs. After a few minutes of jangling keys, mainly for effect, Jessica unlocked his wrists.

Jess saw this as a great opportunity to date a guy that otherwise probably wouldn't be interested in her. The following day Jess arrived home with a DVD as she often did on a Friday and also a small brown box.

"You know I want to watch this movie," she smiled, "and you know you always talk through movies. Well, I've bought you a little present to wear tonight."

With that Jess pulled out a ball gag that had a chain and locked at the back of the head with a padlock.

“Hey, you seem to be getting into this bondage thing,” he smiled as he inspected the gag and then put it back down on the sofa.

“Please,” she persisted, “Just for tonight.”

“What’s the movie?”

“It doesn’t matter, just put it on,” she giggled with frustration.

“And who’s going to hold the key?”

“Me of course!”

“How did I guess,” he smiled.

As Jess suspected, Tom was intrigued. He sat down on the sofa with his back to Jess and let her position the ball in his mouth, tighten the chain and then padlock it in place.

“What’s it like?” she asked.

He mumbled something incoherent.

“Seems to be working,” she smiled as she stuffed the key into the back pocket of her jeans and sat down to watch the movie.

As expected it was a chick flick and Tom was bored. He cleared the dishes and then started to dial a friend’s number on his phone. Jessica watched with amusement as he suddenly remembered the gag. He held his hand out to Jess just as his friend answered. Jess smiled and shook her head and Tom had to hang up. He took some paper and wrote down ‘please can I have the keys’. Jess took the paper from him and wrote ‘no’.

Tom sat down and watched Jess as she sat on the sofa.

“What’s with you?” she asked.

Tom just pointed at his mouth.

“Oh yeah,” she smiled.

Tom wrote on the paper, “Key. Please?”

Jess smiled and shook her head.

Tom smiled back. He could have easily have pulled her to her feet and retrieved the key from her pocket, but he didn’t want to, he was starting to enjoy the gag and the fact that she had locked it on him. He left her to enjoy the chick flick and lay down on his bed still gagged, and stayed that way until morning.

Jessica knew she was on to a good thing, if she played this right she could have anything she wanted from this guy.

“What shall we play tonight?” she asked as she unlocked his gag the next morning.

“Wine drinking?” Tom replied.

“No, I mean tying up things.”

“What do you suggest?”

“Why don’t you do some self bondage in a cage. That’d be totally secure and more exciting than cuffs,” she said excitedly.

“That’s a bit serious.”

“And I’ll look after the keys.”

“You’re too kind,” he smiled.

They choose the cage together and Tom drove out to pick it up. Jess seemed even more excited than usual as they assembled the cage in the lounge.

“Yes, this is seriously secure,” he said.

“Are you scared?”

“A little, can I trust you Jess?”

“To do what?”

“To let me out again!” he replied.

Jess giggled, “Only one way to find out.”

“That feels me with lots of confidence,” he replied.

Tom threaded a bicycle D-lock around one of the bars on the base of the cage and then climbed in so that he was lying on his back. He locked a foot cuff to one ankle, wrapped the connecting chain around the bars of the chain a few times and then locked the other end on to his other ankle.

He then lay down on his back so that his neck was inside the D-lock and then locked his neck in place. He then took two pairs of handcuffs and locked his wrists to bars on each side of the cage. Jess sat on the edge of the cage in her usual old jeans watching intently.

“OK, you can take the keys,” he said.

Jessica reached in took them from him.

“Now I get to lock the cage!” she giggled as she lowered the heavy barred lid and locked it with a large padlock.

“I’ve got the keys,” she almost sung and she dangled them above the cage.

“I can see that,” Tom smiled as he explored his restraints and realized how little he could move.

“Go on, try and escape,” she purred.

He struggled a little for effect but there was really nothing he could do, “There really is no way out of here Jess.” He concluded.

“What would happen if I never unlocked you?”

“I guess if no one found me, I’d die eventually from dehydration.”

“And what if I lost the keys?”

“Jessie don’t say that!”

Jessica giggled, “But what would happen?”

“I guess we’d need the fire service and a team of lock smiths, several hours and a bit of luck.”

Then quite unexpectedly, she then took off her jeans and t-shirt to reveal sexy lingerie; the tightest and sexiest black lacey panties and bra that Tom had ever seen. She sat down on the cage crossed her legs.

“Wow” Tom said, the transformation making him lost for words.

“What’d you think?”

“Wow!”

“Glad you like it,” Jessica purred.

“Who needs this stuff, let me out and let’s do something much more interesting,” he panted.

“Ummm... no,” she smiled.

Tom started to struggle against his cuffs.

“Won’t work,” she giggled as dangled the keys above him again.

“Please Jess, anything you want.”

“I want you to stay exactly where you are,” she purred as she lay down on top of the cage, her breasts rubbing against the bars.

“Don’t do this to me,” he begged, with the cuffs already starting to cut into his wrists.

She lay on the cage looking down at him through the bars,

“Do you like my body?”



“What do you think,” he replied breathlessly.

“A pity you’re all chained up then.”

“Yes, but you have the keys, you can unlock me.”

“Yes I can,” she purred.

“Well do it!”

“Not yet,” she whispered.

She sat up so that she was sitting stride the cage and started to rub herself against the bars. Tom couldn’t believe the transformation, this previously jeans and t-shirt clad girl next door had turned into an agent provocateur with the body of a super model. And he locked in a cage, shit!

She moved across until she was sitting on the cage directly above his head, the bars making indentations in her butt and thighs. His face was only inches away and he tried as hard as he could to lift his head a little so that he could bury his face into her cute little butt. But the bike lock almost choked him and he started to cough.

“Why don’t you come to my room and make love to me?” she purred as seductively.

“Yes.”

“Come on then,” she whispered as she picked up the keys.

“Jess, please!”

Jessica was almost unable to keep the smile off her face.

“Oh well, your choice” she giggled as she pulled on her jeans and t-shirt and once again looked like any other 20 something woman.

“The plan was to leave you in there for an hour wasn’t it?” she asked.

“Yes, but plans can be changed.”

“Yes,” she smiled, “I’m now going to leave you locked up until the morning.”

“What?”

“You don’t have much choice in the matter,” she giggled as she stuffed the keys into the back pocket of her jeans, “Until the morning then.”

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Tom passed a slow and sleepless night, partly because of his less than comfortable position, but also because he couldn’t get Jessica out of his mind. With his hands chained up he wasn’t even able to relieve some of his frustration.

Jessica also didn’t sleep much, she was far too excited about the situation. Several times she thought about letting him out and making love to him and she was in no doubt that that was what he wanted to do. But she didn’t want it to be a one night stand brought on by the situation, much better to ensure he was infatuated by her from the start.

Early the next morning Jessica walked into the lounge wearing only a flowery nighty that barely covered her butt.

“Good morning,” she purred, brushing her disheveled hair out of her eyes with her hand.

“Good morning.”

“Did you sleep well?” she asked

“No, and you?”

“Mmm, yes,” she lied.

She sat down on the cage just above his head so that he could clearly see that she was wearing no underwear. His pulse increased and his breathing quickened.

“Are you after these?” she purred as she held the keys in her hand.

“Please Jess, please.”

Jessica giggled.

“I’ll do anything Jess, anything.”

“I’m sure you will.”

She could tell by the mix of desperation and arousal on his face that it was time to give him a little freedom and so dropped the bunch of keys through the bars and into the cage. She watched with amusement as Tom worked the keys as fast as he could to unlock his hands, his feet and his neck.

“I don’t think the key to the cage is here,” Tom said as he checked the ring again.

“That’s a pity.”

“Jess!” he cried as he reached through the bars and started to run his hands up her legs and under her short nighty.

“You’ve got an amazing body.”

“Thank you,” she smiled as she sat on the cage allowing him to explore her semi-naked body.

He tried to reach up to her breasts but the cage bars were too closely spaced to reach up that high and so he returned to her tanned, toned thighs.

“I’m going to take a shower,” Jess smiled as she stood up.

“No,” Tom replied as he tried in vain to reach her.

“You’ve been in that cage over 8 hours.”

Tom reached his hand through the bars and started to pull at the heavy padlock, “Please unlock this.”

“And spoil my fun?”

“Jess, we could have so much more fun.”

“Everything comes to he who waits.”

“I’ve already waited 8 hours!”

“I know,” she whispered as she turned around and walked away.

Tom soon gave up trying to break the high security padlock with his bare hands and lay back and listened to the shower running in the bathroom. Now he had seen her body and even been able to touch, the images running around his mind were even more vivid.

These images overruled any rationale thought that he was still able to make. The deal had been for this woman to help with some self-bondage for a maximum of one hour and here he was over 8 hours later and she was still holding him prisoner against his will. After all, he’d asked her to release him and she’d refused. That was false imprisonment, although at that moment complaining about a crime that she’d committed against him was the furthest thing from his mind.

Jessica smiled to herself as she toweled dry and dressed in her old blue jeans and t-shirt. It was probably the last outfit that he wanted to see her in, but that was the point. She had the key to the cage on a small novelty key ring; she stuffed the key ring into the back pocket of her jeans, letting the key itself hang loose from the pocket.

“Where’s the padlock key?” Tom asked as Jess walked back into the lounge.

“Right here in my pocket,” she replied as she walked over to open the curtains with her back to him so that he could see the key hanging from her pocket.

She then picked up the dirty wine glasses on the table and walked back to the kitchen, walking deliberately close to the cage as she went. Tom reached as far as he could through the cage but couldn’t quite reach the key in her pocket.

Only once the lounge was cleared did Jessica sit down on the cage with the key in her hand.

“What do you say?” she smiled.

“Please Jess!”

She looked mischievously at him for a few moments before using the key to unlock the padlock. He immediately tried to push open the lid but couldn't with her sitting on it. After a few more moments of pleading Jess stood up, finally giving him his freedom.

“Some night!” Tom said as he climbed stiffly to his feet.

Jess stepped in and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek before stepping back.

“Is that all I get?”

“For now, but maybe if you do as I say there may be more on offer tomorrow.”

\*\*\*

When Tom returned home that evening he found Jessica in the kitchen cooking dinner. She was wearing a tightly fitting blue mid-thigh length dress.

“I thought I'd make it up to you by cooking dinner,” she smiled as she turned around and kissed him again on the cheek.

“You're feeling guilty then?”

“Not at all, you enjoyed last night as much as I did”.

“It was a little more uncomfortable for me.”

Jess giggled.

They finished dinner and then Jess walked over and sat down on Tom's lap.

“What shall we do tonight?” she purred seductively.

“I have some ideas.”

“So do I.”

“I'm sure you do,” he smiled.

Jess took him by the hand and led him into the lounge where the heavy 'trunk' shaped cage was still in the middle of the room.

“Would you like to go in again? If you're really good I'll even lock you in,” she purred

“It's very tempting Jess, but why don't we go to your room and try a different game?”

“Oh please!” Jess smiled with her big pleading eyes.

“No Jess, you're good at the 'locking' but still need a little more practice at the 'unlocking'.”

Jessica thought for a moment. “OK, goodnight then.”

It was a good tactic, he certainly didn't want the evening to stop there.

“Just for a few minutes and don't lock me in,” he offered.

Jessica smiled and quickly opened the cage lid and Tom reluctantly climbed in. Jessica banged the lid down and quickly sat down on top. Tom reached his hands through the bars and slid them under her dress.

“Hey,” she replied.

She stood up, folded her dress tightly around her thighs and sat back down on the bars so that her dress was tightly pinned around her. Like that Tom could no longer slide his hands inside. She then picked up the heavy padlock and slipped it through the hasp.

“We agreed no padlock.”

“Did we?” she smiled.

Jessica placed her thumb and forefinger around the padlock. “What if I squeeze just a little?”

“No Jess, don’t.”

“A little harder?”

He was just about to grab the lock from her hands when she started to slide her dress up her thighs; his attention was easily diverted.

“Listen carefully,” she purred.

“Please Jess, no.”

“Click.”

Tom felt a shiver of excitement as he knew that he was now completely helpless, there was no way that he’d ever be able to free himself. He didn’t even have any idea where Jess had put the key. He doubted that Jess herself knew!

Jess stood up and wiggled her hips from side to side as she unzipped her dress and let it fall down to the floor. She stood there dressed only in a black thong and bra. He involuntarily sat up and knocked his head on the cage bars. Jessica smiled.

She then turned around and lay down on her front on top of the cage, carefully placing her breasts between the bars. She put her lips through the bars to kiss him. They kissed for a few minutes before Jessica stopped by lifting her head up.

Tom reached his hands through the bars and caressed her butt. Jess smiled and they started to kiss again. After a few minutes more, Jessica sat up with her butt resting on the bars just above his face.

“You’ll have to kiss my butt now,” she giggled. Tom obliged.

“Maybe we should move to my room now?” Jess offered.

“I thought you’d never ask.”

“That’s if I can find the key,” she giggled.

Tom lay there listening to Jessica walking from room to room. Surely she hadn’t chosen this time to lose the key?

“Found it,” she purred as she returned.

This time there was no teasing, she quickly unlocked the cage and led him by the hand to her room.

\*\*\*

That night Jessica and Tom did what most couples do once the threshold of sleeping together has been crossed and by morning they had both not slept a wink. In Jessica’s mind they were now a couple. Tom was not quite at the same place, but she was fun and the bondage angle exciting.

As they lay in bed together the next morning, Jessica raised something that, given her fetish for locking him up, Tom had expected her to ask sooner or later.

“How do you feel about letting me lock you in chastity,” she whispered as she ran her hands over his item in question.

Tom’s ex-girlfriend had asked the same question, although they had never consummated the idea.

“Maybe, but on my terms” he replied hesitantly. After all, this was the girl whose idea of an hour in a cage meant all night and whose ability to look after keys was casual at best.

The following weekend Jess and Tom returned home after playing tennis. Tom had once played semi-serious tennis, whereas Jess had the right physique but had hardly ever played. Even after allowing for the distraction Tom had suffered as a result of Jess's short pink shorts, which hugged her cute butt, the game had been very one-sided.

As they walked back to Jessica's flat they saw a package left on the doorstep. Jess immediately knew what it was and ran to get it. By the time Tom had unlocked the door Jessica already had it unwrapped.

"Try it on," Jessica giggled excitedly.

Tom looked at her, wishing the day hadn't arrived quite so quickly.

"Come on," she continued as she pushed him backwards on to the sofa and started to pull down his tracksuit trousers.

Tom finally lay back and let Jess fit the metal chastity tube in place, partly because he had kind of promised her and partly because she was so excited.

"You must watch as I lock the padlock," she purred.

"Must I?" he said as he opened one eye.

"These are your last moments of freedom after all."

"You're making it sound very dramatic Jess."

"It is, this will be the first time you won't control your dick."

Tom watched as she knelt down between his legs and threaded the padlock in place and snapped it closed.

"I've got the keys, I've got the keys," she sung as she danced around the room.

"Is it supposed to be this tight Jess?"

"Tight is good," she giggled.

Tom explored the device which was now securely attached to him. It was heavier than ones he'd seen before and it appeared that Jess had chosen one of the more secure products on the market.

"Let me just adjust it a little," he replied holding out his hand.

"I don't think so," she giggled as she tucked the keys into the back pocket of her pink shorts and sat down on a chair so that the keys were pinned beneath her butt.

"Jess, just for a minute, I promise I'll still wear it."

"OK, but you'll have to do it without the key."

"Jess, we both know I can't do that!"

"Yes, but I want to see you try."

Tom smiled, "I might no longer be a man by the end of that."

Tom walked over to where his flatmate was sitting, wrapped one arm around her body and easily pulled her to her feet, his strength no match for her slim 5' 7" body. While holding her with one arm, he reached his other hand into her back pocket and retrieved the keys.

Ignoring her vocal complaints, Tom unlocked the padlock and threw the keys back to Jess, who quickly stuffed them back into her pocket and secured them in place with the small button sewn into the back of her shorts.

Tom adjusted the chastity tube and then handed the padlock back to Jess.

"Do you want to do the honours?" he offered.

Jess was still feeling a little cheated, but didn't let that stop her from taking the padlock and swiftly locking it in place.

"So now you have me all locked up, you should be pleased."

"It was easy enough for you to get free just now," she complained.

“The key’s in your pocket, you’re in control.”

Jess said nothing.

“When you’re at work they’ll be nothing I can do.”

This wasn’t quite how Jessica had imagined it would be. It was now Saturday morning and she had hoped to render him helpless long before Monday morning. Jess then started to smile.

“You know there are holes for two padlocks.”

“Yes?,” Tom replied as he brought over two glasses of water.

Jessica’s smile widened, Tom was starting to worry.

Jessica ran to her room and returned with a second padlock, but this time a combination lock.

“Five numbers, 100,000 possible combinations,” she smiled.

“No Jess,” he said as he struggled to think of a good reason why she shouldn’t use a combination padlock.

“Allow me to do the honours again,” she purred and within seconds the second padlock was in place.

“Each time you select a number you need to press here to see if it will unlock,” Jess explained helpfully. “Let’s see. Even assuming one combination a second, that could take you, umm, almost 30 hours to try all possible numbers.”

Tom looked into Jessica’s eyes and saw the sparkle return, she knew that she really did have him under her control.

She pushed Tom backwards so that he was lying on his back on the sofa, and then sat astride his chest, with her tanned legs pinning his arms to his sides.

“I bet the combination is your birthday,” Tom smiled as his eyes became fixated on her cute little shorts and her toned thighs.

“I bet it isn’t!” she giggled. “And anyway, you don’t know my birthday!”

“You’d better tell me then, if you want a present.”

“It won’t help you break my code.”

“Its probably 1-2-3-4-5.”

“Mmm, maybe not.”

Tom looked at her questioningly.

“OK, try it,” she giggled.

Jessica slid back down his body to allow him to reach the combination lock. Taking much longer than one second he set 1-2-3-4-5 and pulled.

“Oh dear, only 99,999 combinations left to try,” she giggled as slid back up so that she was sitting astride his head.

“Well as there’s no way you’re getting to your dick, maybe you need to find another way to please me.”

The next hour proved to be more of a workout for Tom than the earlier tennis match. Once Jess was finally ready they both stripped off (all but the chastity tube) and showered together. Tom soon discovered that not even soap could help him slip out of the steel and so quickly amused himself by washing Jess’s naked body, a task that soon made his balls ache as he strained against the steel.

Jess placed all of her clothes in the laundry basket and then towed dry. As she walked back to her room Tom lifted the lid of her laundry basket and rummaged through dirty underwear to find her pink shorts. He checked the pockets and as expected found the keys.

“Nice to see you’re looking after the keys.”

“My dirty washing basket is as safe a place as any,” she smiled as took the keys from him and put them in her underwear drawer.

“What would happen if you lost them?”

“You’d be my permanent chastity slave,” Jess smiled as if it was something to aim for.

Tom stood there with a towel wrapped around him and watched as she put on black silk knickers followed by a mid-thigh length black flared dress that lifted up as she gave him a twirl.

“We’ve time before we go to the pub” he suggested.

“For what?” she answered back straight faced.

“You know what.”

“I do?”

“To make love?”

Jessica smiled, wrapped her arms around Tom and kissed him. “We’ve plenty of time.”

“You need to unlock me first, this thing is starting to hurt.”

“You know where the key is.”

“Yes, but what’s the number?”

“Guess.”

“I can’t!”

Jessica looked at him with her big brown teasing eyes.

“You’re strong, maybe you should pick me up and shake the number out of me,” she giggled.

“You asked for it,” he smiled as he picked her up and placed her on the bed and sat astride the smiling brunette.

“Tell me,” he ordered.

“No,” she giggled.

“Jess, this is hurting.”

“Yes it will.”

Tom lent forward and pinned her hands to the bed above her head. She wriggled in a hopeless attempt to get free, but her struggles only served to increase her arousal. She looked at the well defined muscles in his arms and wriggled some more.

“The number Jess.”

“How’s it feeling down there?”

“Jess.”

“Is it a little tight?”

“Last chance Jess,”

“Why, what will you do to me?” she replied, almost shaking with excitement.

She was right, there was no way to get the combination out of her and anyway the pain in his balls and dick was getting stronger. He jumped up and ran back to the bathroom and took a second shower, this time with cold water.

By the time he had finished showering Jessica was fully dressed, made up, with her hair up and wearing ankle high black leather boots. She looked fantastic.

“Hurry up, we’ll be late,” she smiled as she walked past him to the front door.

They arrived at the pub and joined two of Jess’s girlfriends at a table at the back. Jess was very keen to show of her new boyfriend and was even more desperate to tell them

how she had him locked up, although now wasn't the time to tell them about that. However that didn't stop her from flaunting her power as best she could by leaving her key ring, which now contained the keys to the chastity tube, on the table in front of her, for all to see.

Tom was also enjoying the evening, Jess's girlfriends were good fun, increasingly so as they got drunk. The chastity tube felt tight and solid, but he was starting to get used to it and it no longer felt uncomfortable. It was, however, a constant reminder of the power Jess was holding over him.

Every now and again Jess would run her hand up and down Tom's leg, or take his hand and place it inside her skirt. Both actions were guaranteed to cause a reaction, which invariably led to pain, which Jess pretended not to see.

At midnight Tom and Jess walked home.

"You looked very sexy tonight," Tom said.

"Is that the truth or just your attempt to get me to unlock you?"

"Both I guess."

When they arrived home Jess sat down on the sofa. Tom however knelt down on the floor in front of her and looked up at her brown eyes.

"Jess, please I beg you!"

Jess edged forward on the sofa with one leg either side of his head.

"OK, show me how much you want me to unlock you," she purred as she slid further forward and let her skirt enclose his head.

Jess was in heaven and didn't rush the next stage. Finally she stood up.

"OK enough begging," she purred as she pulled him to his feet and started to unbuckle his trousers. She then unlocked the first padlock with the key and unlocked the second padlock with the combination, being careful not to show Tom the number.

As soon as she had removed the chastity tube, Tom picked her up and carried her to her bedroom; and closed the door.

\*\*\*

Weeks passed and Jess's enthusiasm for the relationship remained strong, although Tom wasn't sure whether this was driven by her love for him, or by her new found love for bondage and for inventing ever more ways to lock him up. Not that he really cared what her driver was, she was good in bed and the bondage was usually a fun distraction from everyday life.

In Jessica's mind, Tom was easily the best looking guy she'd dated, as well as being easy going and funny. But the thing she loved the most was that he let her lock him up. Maybe it was because she'd been dumped a couple of times before or maybe because of some deeper reason, but she loved the feeling of having control over her guy. When Tom was in the cage, or in chastity, he needed her and there was certainly no way that he'd be foolish enough to end things with her while he was under her lock and key.

One Saturday morning, Jess was sitting at the breakfast bar wearing only a short negligee as Tom walked in still half asleep.

"What about steel bondage mitts?" she purred as pushed her disheveled hair back out of her eyes.

"What?" Tom replied as he made a beeline to the coffee machine.

"Steel bondage mitts," his flatmate repeated.



“Are you asking me, or telling me?” he smiled back as he poured his coffee.

“Telling of course,” she giggled.

Tom looked at the open internet page which showed a particularly heavy pair of the item in question. Jessica took a tape measure and measured his wrist that was holding the coffee mug. The model who was wearing them on the site seemed happy enough, but then she probably wasn't at the mercy of some sadistic giggling brunette.

Jessica reached over for the coffee pot which made her negligee slide half way up her butt. She did have a cute butt. He thought back to the other evening when she'd sat on his face.

“You want to try?” she asked.

“OK,” he replied, still lost in his thoughts.

When Tom returned from football that afternoon, Jessica was sitting on the couch wearing a white t-shirt and her tight pink shorts. She was sitting upright with her knees together with a cardboard box on her lap.

“Afternoon flatmate,” he joked as he walked passed the lounge and went to take a shower. He smiled to himself as he saw the look of indignation on her face, although he then went on to wonder whether annoying her was such a good idea given what he knew she'd be doing to him later on.

“Are you finally ready?” she asked as he came out of shower with a towel around his waist.

“All yours,” he smiled as she took him by the hand and led him back to the lounge and her new purchase. She sat back down on the sofa and made him kneel in front of her.

“Hand please,” she ordered.

“Will this hurt?”

“That depends.”

“Do these things lock?” he asked nervously.

“What do you think?”

“And who will hold the keys?”

“Who do you think?” she giggled as she took his hand.

She placed his hand in her lap and picked up the first steel mitt. Tom instinctively tried to pull his hand away, but Jessica simply opened her legs a little, pushed his hand down between her thighs and squeezed her legs back together.

“Stay,” she ordered.

She then released his hand and positioned it in one half of the open mitt. It was a tight fit both around his wrist and in terms of the space available for his hand. Jessica closed it, so that it enclosed his hand and sealed tightly around his wrist. She then picked up a heavy duty padlock and slipped it in place.

“Are you ready?” she asked.

“For what?” he smiled.

“To lose the use of your hand until, or should that be ‘if’, I release you.”

“You're not doing a very good job of selling this.”

Tom watched as she squeezed the lock between her fingers. ‘Click’. Jess gave an excited little giggle. And only a few seconds Jessica had the second mitt also locked in place.

“Don't like my sales pitch then,” she giggled, “why don't you try to get out of them then?”

“It appears that I’ve been sold,” he smiled as he inspected the heavy steel around his wrists..

Jessica stood up and rattled the keys in front of him, “How does it feel?”

“A little restrictive,” he said as he looked at the two steel balls where his hands had once been.

“I’ll give you a chance to get the keys,” she offered

“You’re all heart!”

Jessica giggled as she threw the keys to him and watched them bounce off one of the mitts before falling to the floor. Tom got to his knees and started trying to pick them up with his mouth, but Jessica was quicker and stood on the keys with her bare foot.

“That’s not fair Jess!” Tom complained as he looked up at her.

“I gave you a chance, you should have caught them.”

“Maybe you’re forgetting that you just locked me in these mitts?”

“Oh yeah, silly me!”

Jessica moved her foot so that she was only standing on one of the two keys on the key ring, with the other key sticking out from the side of her foot. Tom, who was naturally optimistic, tried to pick up the protruding key with his mouth without any success.

With that not working, Tom tried a more direct approach by using his shoulder to gently push the brunette backwards on to the sofa.

“Hey, that’s cheating,” Jessica complained as she saw that Tom now had the keys between his teeth. She watched as he tried to maneuver them in his mouth so that one would point the right way. As he did so he dropped them and Jessica quickly picked scooped them up.

“Right they’re going in my pocket, you cheat.”

“Somehow the odds were always against me in that game, Jess.”

Jessica smiled, “I know, you haven’t a chance, but I love watching you try.”

Jessica turned so that her butt was facing towards where Tom was kneeling and he could easily see the shape of the keys tucked inside the back pocket of her shorts.

“OK, one more chance,” she offered.

Tom, still not having learnt his lesson, put his face up against Jessie’s butt and stuck his tongue inside her back pocket. Jessica giggled.

“That tickles.”

“These shorts are too tight,” he complained as he readjusted his angle and tried again.

“Mmm, don’t they just hug my cute little butt,” she joked.

A few minutes later Tom gave up and head butted her butt so that once against she ended up on the sofa.

“That’s naughty, you’ll pay for that.”

“I don’t think it can get much worse,” Tom smiled.

“I can think of many ways to increase your captivity,” Jessica purred.

“Actually I don’t doubt it,” Tom smiled as he moved over to the sofa and buried his face into the back of the her pink shorts.

Jessica stood up and went to fetch a chain which she padlocked around his waist and then attached a pair of handcuffs to the back of the chain. She then proceeded to handcuff Tom’s already ‘mitted’ hands behind his back.

“That’s your punishment.”

“I really am f\*\*\*ed now,” Tom concluded.

“I know, but go on, please try and get out of them, just for me.”

Tom struggled for a few seconds for effect as he watched the excitement in her eyes grow.

“You’re a real sadist, do you know that?”

“Maybe, but what are you going to do about it?” she giggled.

The amusement over, Jessica led him by the arm out of the lounge and into the bathroom.

“Every room is now a potential cell,” she giggled as she left him in the bathroom and closed the door behind her. Tom soon saw what she meant as he realized that there was no way that he could operate the round door handle. He even tried with his mouth which was equally unsuccessful.

“Wherever I leave you, I know you’ll stay,” Jess giggled as she led him to her bedroom and closed the door behind them.

“Now I have you trapped in my bedroom, what shall I do with you?” she purred as she slowly removed her t-shirt and unbuttoned and slipped her shorts down her long tanned legs.

Jessica watched with satisfaction as Tom instinctively struggled against his restraints.

“Put your hands all over my body,” she teased as she watched his struggles become more desperate.

“I love the way you seem to think that you break those high security padlocks with nothing but brut force,” she purred as she ran her hands over his shoulders and biceps.

Tom leant down and ran his lips around the top of Jessica’s black lacy bra. She immediately stepped away and started to look for something in her cupboard. As he suspected, she returned with her ball gag.

“Jess, you can’t stand there in your bra and panties without giving me any chance of enjoying your body.”

“Why don’t you leave then?”

“I can’t, you closed the door!” he complained.

“I haven’t locked it,” she giggled.

“You might as well have,” he replied as he pulled his hands hopelessly.

Jessica smiled, “Well in that case it looks as though I can stand here in my panties and give you chance to enjoy,” she giggled as she put the ball gag into his mouth.

There was no point in resisting. He knew from the moment that Jessica had padlocked the mitt on him that he had no choice but to obey her every whim. He listened as she buckled the gag in place and locked it with a padlock. He then watched as she nonchalantly tossed the padlock key across the room.

Tom watched as the only key to release him from the gag landed somewhere behind Jessica’s chest of drawers. More worrying, though, was the fact that he was the only one who had watched it land.

Jess then laid Tom down on her bed and laid next to him head to toe, and started to run her fingers gently up and down the inside of his thighs. Tom lay there helplessly, his face only inches from the front of Jessica’s silk panties.

Jessica moved forward so that his ball gag was resting against the front of her panties and started to rub herself against it. Tom watched as the tiny hairs on the inside of her thighs stood on end, stimulated by both the ball gag and the general power that their owner had over him. Jessica was starting to moan as she became more and more aroused, while at the same time being careful that her touch didn’t give Tom the same pleasure.

Tom panted as he tried to sit up.

“No you don’t,” she purred as she wrapped her thighs around his head and tightened them like a vice.

With his hands chained behind him Jessica’s thighs were more than a match for his neck muscle, although that didn’t stop him from trying to pull free.

Jessica gave his neck a quick tight squeeze. “Think of my thighs as your last hope of freedom, because if your head was to come out from between them before I give you permission, you’ll be wearing those mitts for the rest of the weekend.”

Tom immediately relaxed and started to enjoy the feel of Jessica’s soft legs around his neck. “Better,” she smiled as she finally started to stimulate him.

When Jessica was finished she opened her bedroom door and led Tom to the bathroom, where they showered together, with the mitts and gag still firmly lock in place.

“Those mitts really do scare you don’t they” Jessica smiled.

He stood there silently, watching the water drip down her face.

“Mmm, I love the way you hang on my every word.”

Jessica pushed him down to his knees, where the water poured down over his head.

“As you can’t use your hands, you’ll have to wash me using your face as the sponge,” she purred as she turned up the heat and closed her eyes.

Jessica giggled as she led him back to her room.

“OK, one more thing that you need to do before I unlock you.”

Tom watched her smiling brown eyes, wondering what she had in mind. Wearing only white cotton panties Jessica picked up the black knickers that she’d worn earlier and stretched them over Tom’s head so that they hung around his neck. Following her instructions, he then sat down on the floor at the end of her bed. Jessica then stretched her used underwear that was hanging around his neck and hooked it over one of the wrought iron bars at the base of her bed.

Still wearing only knickers, Jessica explained the game. “OK your neck is now secured to my bed by a pair of my dirty panties. Now I’m sure you could pull yourself free, but that would rip my panties, I would get cross and you would stay in the mitts for a further ‘indefinite’ period.”

Tom tried to mumble a response but it was all but lost behind the gag.

Jessica then walked passed him and turned around so that her butt brushed across his face. She then swung her hips a little so that her butt gently knocked against his face. She then turned to face him and started to rub the front of her panties with her fingers, only inches from her face.

He tried to lean forward to touch her, but the elastic in her underwear tightened around the front of his neck. She turned around again and he watched as she moved her hips from side to side which made the white cotton ride slightly up her butt. Standing there in white cotton briefs she looked the picture of innocence, which couldn’t have been further from the truth.

“Careful, you wouldn’t want to tear my panties,” Jessica smiled as she picked up a black scarf and gently wrapped it around his face as a blindfold.

He sat there, hands chained, gagged and blindfolded listening intently for any sounds. She was close by, he could smell her scent, but he didn’t know where. Suddenly she gently bit one of his ears. The surprise made him move and almost tear the panties around his neck. “Careful,” she purred.

She then bit down gently on the back of his neck, he jumped, moved his head and heard one or two of the stitches in the panties give way. "I hope you like those mitt," she whispered into his ear.

Jessica then stood in front of him, lifted one leg and wrapped it around his head to pull him in closer to her. She felt his nose bury into the front of her knickers and used it to once again stimulate herself.

Once finally satisfied, Jessica dressed and picked up her keys and purse.

"OK, I'm going to buy us some wine," she said totally matter-of-factly. "If you're still tethered to my bed by my panties when I return, maybe you can join me."

Tom sat there in the darkness listening to doors close and lock. The mitts were driving him crazy; he knew that Jess's panties would definitely be holding him prisoner until she returned. Until she unlocked the mitts, he would obey.

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### The Box

*... she sat down on the lid and the box slammed shut, sealing him inside in his dark, cramped cell...*

Kate had been the latest addition to the house-share. She was in her mid-twenties, reasonably attractive, with a good figure. She always dressed casually in blue jeans and casual tops. Brad and the other housemate, Andrea, had chosen her for the house only a month earlier. In that time Brad and Kate had got on passably, but had had disagreements on a number of subjects.

Kate had in her room a large very solid wooden box, which Brad had had to help carry up the stairs when she arrived. The box was made out of oak, with brass fittings and had a number of small holes drilled into the sides.

One Saturday morning, Brad came into Kate's room to pass on a telephone message. The message was somewhat cryptic in form; a woman called Anna had called and promised to 'get Kate back' for the trick she'd played with the box. Kate could tell from the tone in which Brad had delivered the message that he wanted to know the story.

"What's that about", he asked innocently?

"Oh, I stopped her from going on a date with some unsuitable guy", she replied casually.

"How", he asked. "I locked her in this box", she replied as she pointed to the large wooden box.

"Right", laughed Brad, not believing the story, "anyway I'm sure Anna wouldn't fit in there"

"Oh she did ... and so would you", Kate offered.

"Yeah right", Brad dismissed, as he turned to leave.

"Again proved wrong", Kate snapped, determined to win the somewhat pointless argument.

"OK, I'll prove it, if you want", Brad replied, again rising to challenge his housemate. Kate smiled, opened the box lid and indicated for him to climb inside. "Take your shoes off first", she insisted

Brad did as he was instructed and climbed into the box. He could now understand why it had been so heavy; it was made of thick oak and had steel supports on the inside. "Lie down on your back" Kate hissed as she pulled his legs to ensure he complied. The box was just long enough for Brad to lie down with his legs brought into his chest above him. As he lay there he realised that the box probably was large enough to take him, and that he might now be in trouble.

"Let's just see if the lid will close", Kate hissed as she forcefully pushed the lid closed. With just an inch of daylight remaining between the box and the lid she sat down on the wooden top and the lid banged shut with an ominous thud. It was suddenly very dark and very enclosed inside the box.

"OK, OK, you've proved your point" he cried, "now let me out of here". All he heard in reply was a laugh.

Brad started to push up from inside the box, however, given his awkward position, he was unable to exert much pressure. He certainly could not provide enough force to counter the weight of the jeans-clad arse that held the lid firmly close. He struggled for several minutes before conceding that with Kate sitting on the lid, there was no chance of escape. He would have to try and talk his way out.

"Kate", he called timidly, "Kate"

"Yes?" came the reply.

"OK, you were right, I could fit in here and I'm sure you did trap your friend in here", you're certainly sadistic enough he thought. Kate just laughed.

After a few moments he ventured, "Are you going to let me out?"

"Sometime ..." she replied. Brad just lay there wondering how long she might keep him imprisoned in the box.

"Please he replied", desperately trying not to annoy her, knowing what a temper she had. "Say one more word", she threatened, "and I'll turn this key and leave you locked up all day ... maybe all weekend". Brad was terrified and didn't say another word

Kate sat there on the box and started to read her book. Andrea, one of the other housemates, came in briefly to pass on another message. Brad didn't dare say anything, as he believed that Kate certainly could be cruel enough to keep him there all day. Even if Andrea did try and help him, what could she do once Kate had locked the trunk and pocketed the key. Anyway, what was to say that Andrea would help him anyway? She'd probably take Kate's side and also sit on the box.

After about half an hour, Kate finally stood up and threw open the box. She then turned away to look into a mirror as Brad struggled to sit up. Brad looked across to her perfect arse that had incarcerated him for the last half an hour. Kate could see him watching her in the mirror.

"So how did it feel to be held captive by a woman?" she asked.

"OK", he replied, as he wondered why he wasn't as angry as he should have been.

The two housemates talked for a while and for once didn't argue. After a while, Brad asked hesitantly,

"Would you lock me in the box again sometime?"

Kate smiled and replied "Of course, what about this evening?"

Later that evening, Brad came back to Kate's room. Kate was wearing a tight, pale-coloured mini-skirt and top and was ready to go clubbing. "You sure you want to go through with this?" she asked.

"Sure" he replied, excited by the prospect.

"OK hold out your hands" she demanded

"Why?"

"Because I thought we've have a little more fun this time ... we'll start with these handcuffs" she replied. Although he wasn't quite sure about the new development, he held his hands out as requested. He watched as Kate fastened the rigid handcuffs around his wrists. Unlike the handcuffs he'd seen before which were operated with a standard key, these locked with a cylinder lock, to which there was obviously only one key.

"These aren't standard cuffs", Kate explained, "There's no point in even trying to escape from these." "OK, now your ankles", she continued, "as she fitted and double locked the feet cuffs.

"I'll leave the key for the box in the key hole", Kate explained, "in an emergency, you can try and attract Andrea's attention, and she can release you. Although the keys for the cuffs I'll take with me, just to make sure you don't have too much fun this evening". With that she put the cuff keys into her purse.

"OK, climb in" she ordered as Brad was still inspecting the cuffs around his wrists. After helping him in, Kate closed the lid and sat down. "Right, this is it", she said as she turned the silver key in the front of the box one turn to the right. She then stood up, finished getting ready and then left for the evening.

Brad tried to get comfortable in the box, knowing that he'd be there for at least the next six hours. He heard Andrea moving around in the hallway outside and wondered whether he was going to have to ask her to release him before the night was up. Five minutes later, however, he heard the front door close and Andrea leave the house. Now, even if he wanted to escape, there was now nobody to turn the key and let him out.

The hours passed slowly as he fell in and out of sleep. At about mid-night, the door opened and someone came in. However, the footsteps went pass Kate's room and entered Andrea's bedroom. He'd now experienced being lock up by his housemate, he thought, and he was starting to ache, locked up in the small space. As Andrea came back down the hallway he called out.

Andrea heard the muffled cries and came in. "Why are you in the box?" she asked.

"Kate ...", was about all she could hear in reply.

She laughed, "Why has she locked you in there?"

"It's a long story the voice replied, can you just unlock the box .. Please?"

"Now maybe this is a good time to discuss housework", she said as she sat down on the box. Within five minutes, Brad had agreed to do most of the jobs around the house.

"Well that's sorted then ", she smiled, "Oh, and by the way, whatever Kate's reason was for locking you in there, I'm sure it was a good one ... so I'd better keep you locked up".

"No please" Brad pleaded, "this is agony in here, please just turn the key"

"Sorry Honey", she replied, girl power and all that you know. With that she stood up and left the room, leaving Brad still under lock and key.

Brad lay there unable to believe how cruel his supposed friend had been. He pictured her lying comfortably in her bed, just meters away from him, wearing innocent white

underwear, knowing full well that he was locked uncomfortably in the box. All she had to do was to turn the key and he would be free, but she had deliberately left him to suffer further torment in the box and who knew what when Kate returned.

Brad lay in the box for another two hours until the front door opened again; this time it was Kate with her friend Becky. The two women made coffee in the kitchen and then came up to Kate's room. Kate sat on down on her bed, while Becky sat on the box in which Brad was imprisoned. Becky was stunningly attractive and Brad had been trying to get a date with her for a long time. He certainly didn't want to be found locked up in her friend's room, that would just require too much explanation.

He lay in his prison quietly, just wishing he was on the outside of the box, talking to this woman. He kept thinking about how her perfect arse was just inches from his face. So near yet so far.

Brad could hear Becky aimlessly playing with the key in the lock to the box. He could hear her turning it; locking and unlocking the trunk. At last, he thought, the box is unlocked, but now there's a third woman sitting on top! Becky sat there talking, totally oblivious to the guy she was imprisoning beneath her. She just continued to turn the key, which was just beside her thighs.

After half an hour Kate showed Becky to the spare room and lent her a sleeping bag for the night. As soon as the two women had left Kate's room, Brad tried to open the box, but by chance, Becky had left the key in the locked position. He pushed and kicked at the box in frustration, but there was no way it would budge. He now had to wait for his sadistic housemate to return, to see if she would show him any mercy.

Kate came back into the room and locked the door behind her. "So Becky decided to keep you locked up did she?" she smiled as she sat back down on the lid.

"It's just not my night", Brad replied.

"You've been in there over six hours now, you must be in some pain" she giggled.

"Yes, please let me out", he begged. Kate just sat there running her fingers up and down her thighs, very turned on by the power she had over her housemate.

"Please", he repeated.

Kate finally felt some pity and unlocked the box, stood up and lifted the lid. Brad climbed out slowly fighting against his painful joints and the cuffs he was still wearing on his hands and feet.

"Did you have a good evening?" he asked ironically.

"Very nice" she smiled, "and you?"

Brad looked down on the cuffs still restraining him. "Can you unlock these?" he asked.

Kate giggled, "not really". Brad waited for the explanation. "I've put those keys in the bottom of my sleeping bag" she explained, "which I've lent to Becky" she smiled, waiting for the reaction.

Brad couldn't believe it. His opportunity to chat up Becky while she was at his house was somewhat scuppered. The only keys to unlock the restraints binding his hands and feet were in her sleeping bag, probably resting right now between her thighs, he thought.

"What if she knocks on my door tomorrow morning and finds me like this?" he demanded.

"You could ask if she has the keys", Kate suggested jokingly. Brad just sat on the floor pulling hopelessly at the steel restraints that Kate had locked so permanently on him.



"Anyway, I'm going to shower and go to bed", Kate smiled. After a pause she continued, "You really ought to keep out of Becky's way in the morning. You know I will turn the key to lock the box before I go to sleep ... just in case you need a place to hide". Kate left the room walking deliberately close to Brad, so that her thighs almost brushed against his face.

Brad was starting to enjoy the power she had over him. He climbed back into the box, lowered the lid and waited. When Kate came back into her room she turned the key in the lock, removed the key and slipped it inside her knickers, where it clinked against the handcuff keys.

She had all the keys, she had all the power.

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Kate woke the next morning and felt the keys against her skin. "Mmmm" she purred to herself as she remembered the events of the night before. She climbed out of bed and walked past the box that was still firmly locked. Still just wearing her knickers she sat down on the lid.

"Good morning" she said, tapping the front of the box with her heel.

"Hello" came the reply. She stood up and wrapped her robe around her.

"Please" the voice continued, "this is really uncomfortable in here".

Kate just smiled, left the room and went downstairs to make some coffee.

Andrea and Becky were already sitting at the kitchen table. "Morning" Kate smiled as she brushed back her long dark hair with her hands and started to think about breakfast. Andrea smiled at her housemate, "I was just telling Becky about someone I found in your room last night" she said clearly waiting for an answer.

Kate smiled, "Yeah and he's still there". Andrea was clearly shocked,

"What still in the box?" Kate just leant against the working surface and started to sip her coffee.

"Is he alright?" she asked again somewhat concerned. Kate pulled the key out of her knickers and held it up,

"Yeah, but you can check if you want".

Becky reached out and took the key, "And this is the only key to release him?" she enquired.

Kate smiled, "Aha, he's all yours". Becky slipped the key into her jeans pocket and smiled to herself.

Ten minutes later Becky walked into Kate's room and sat down on the box. "Please Kate!" came the voice from inside.

"Good morning" Becky purred.

"Becky?" the voice replied.

"Yes" she replied,

"How are you?" "Please can you get the key from Kate?" he begged, "This is agony in here".

Becky felt the key through the denim resting against her thigh. "No, I have the key now" she said.

"Oh good, can you let me out" he asked. "Well that all depends" she replied.

Becky picked up the end of the security chain, the type that was usually used on a front door, but which was attached to the front of the box. She attached it to its other

bracket on the lid of the box. "OK" she said, "I'll unlock the box". While still sitting on the lid, she took the key from her pocket and turned it in the lock.

Inside Brad heard the welcome sound of the lock mechanism turning. He pushed up but the lid remained in place. "I'm sorry" Becky smiled as she stood up. Brad pushed up but to his dismay, the lid only opened 3 inches before it was held on the chain.

Becky crouched down to see her captive. "Good morning" she smiled. Brad, with the few inches of freedom that she'd given him, sat up a little and looked out to her tanned face with its long dark hair. "Hi" he replied grateful that he could now adjust his position.

"Do you always spend the night under Kate's lock and key?" Becky asked.

He smiled, "Hardly, just a game which went a little far" he replied.

"Good" she smiled, "in that case maybe one night when you're not locked up we could go out for a drink?"

He smiled back, "I'm hardly in a position to decline".

"Any chance of being let out?" Brad asked.

Becky's dark eyes just watched him as she shook her head. Brad reached his fingers through the gap to try and release the chain but soon realized that the box had to be completely closed before the chain could be unhooked. "Please" he begged as she looked on with increasing amusement.

"Why should I?" Becky asked, "Like this there's no chance of you misbehaving".

She pulled the key out of her pocket. "No" he pleaded. Becky smiled and stood up, her long denim covered legs towering above him. She turned and sat down on the lid. It banged shut with a loud thud and he was once again confined in the dark. He heard the fear-provoking noise of Becky turning the key in the lock before standing up and leaving the room. With the key again tucked safely in her pocket, she returned to the others downstairs.

"Well I have a date for tonight" Becky said as she sat down at the kitchen table with Kate and Andrea. "And I didn't even have to let him out". After half an hour, Kate went upstairs to shower and change.

"No point begging to me now" Kate said to Brad as she dressed, "Becky has the key, she is your captress now".

By 10 o'clock, Kate had gone out for lunch and Becky came back up to Kate bedroom where Brad was still incarcerated.

"Should I unlock you?" Becky asked rhetorically. Brad who had now almost given up hope of the women ever releasing him didn't answer. After a few minutes more delay, Becky finally took out the key and unlocked the box and this time there was no chain or arse keeping it closed.

Becky opened the lid and started to help Brad out of the box.

"Hey what are the cuffs for?" she asked as she saw he was shackled both hand and foot.

"Just Kate taking no chances" he smiled back as he held his hands out for Becky to unlock.

"Where are the keys for these?" Becky asked.

"Come on" he smiled back.

"No really" Becky continued,

"Kate didn't give me the keys for those".

Brad, still wearing only his boxers, and Becky searched the room for the keys.

"Little bitch" Brad concluded as he finally sat down on the bed. Becky smiled, "Oh well, there goes my idea of lunch if we can't get you out of those".

The two friends went back downstairs. Brad had to shuffle along and had to go down the stairs on his backside one step at a time. By the time he reached the kitchen, Becky was talking to Andrea. Andrea who was wearing a very short summery skirt and top stopped and looked at him as he came in.

"I didn't realize you were manacled as well" she smiled as she looked at his semi-naked body.

"Yes and thanks for your help last night" Brad replied.

Andrea laughed, "I was seriously tempted to take the key with me and leave you totally stuck, so think yourself lucky". Brad didn't feel particularly lucky at this point.

Brad prepared some lunch for Becky and himself as best he could. After lunch Becky and Andrea went out for a drink leaving him struggling with the washing up when Kate returned. She looked stunning in her tiny denim skirt and top, with her long dark hair tied up. "A manacled man doing the dishes" she smiled, "perfect".

She then took out her keys and unlocked one of his wrists, but as she did so, she twisted the other handcuff so that it cut into his skin. Desperate to stop the pain he couldn't resist as she bought his hands behind his back and cuffed them back together. As she did this she pushed him and he fell forward on to the floor. Sitting astride his back she pulled his feet up and slipped a padlock through both the handcuffs and foot cuffs. She had obviously done this before and it had all happened too quickly for Brad to prevent.

"Hog-chained" Kate smiled as she pulled up a stool and sat down above him. "One of the most secure and inescapable means of bondage. You are now totally helpless and unless you can pick high security locks with your bare fingers you have no hope of getting yourself free". Kate then took the keys and hung them on a hook in the hallway. "This time I'll leave the keys here" Kate smiled, "that'll give you a better chance than when they were tucked in my knickers". With that she kissed him and left the house.

Andrea was the first person to return home. She saw Brad chained up on the floor and the keys on the hook.

"Well, well, well, you seem to go from one misfortune to the next" she smiled. "It really doesn't do to annoy Kate".

"Yes but at least now we have all the keys" he replied as he motioned for her to unlock him.

She knelt down by his head and rolled him on to his side. "I really could get you to do anything right now" she smiled as she weighed up her options. He knew she was right, the holder of those keys had immense power over him. "But maybe another time" she concluded as she finally unlocked him from the restraints.

Later that afternoon, Andrea came into Brad's room, "I've just been speaking to Becky on the phone. She suggests that as she's having dinner with you this evening as I'm having a drink with her now, that I make sure you don't forget about your date by locking you up and giving her the keys to release you later. You know how girls hate to be stood up" she joked.

Knowing that this was more of a request than a suggestion by Becky, he followed Andrea into Kate's room.

"Strip to your boxers" she smiled as she picked up the handcuffs. "I've always wanted to do this to a guy" she smiled as she ratcheted the handcuffs closed around his wrists

shortly followed by the foot cuffs around his ankles. She helped him into the box before locking the two sets of cuffs together with a padlock.

She stood deliberately close to the box so that he could see her toned legs and right up her short skirt to her white underwear. "Have fun tonight" she smiled as she lowered the lid and sat down on top. She turned the key in the lock and attached the security chain for good measure. She wondered what it must be like inside the locked box as she put the keys into her skirt pocket and went out for her drink.

At the pub, Andrea took the keys from her pocket and slid them across the table to Becky. They reached as far as Marika who picked them up, "whose are these?" she asked innocently.

"Oh they're mine" Becky said, but I don't have any pockets in this skirt could you look after them for me until we leave.

"Sure" Marika said as she stood up in order to squeeze them into the front pocket of her jeans.

Later that night Marika returned the keys to Becky and she went back to the house. She let herself in and went upstairs to Kate's room. She sat down on the box and smiled, "Would you like to go out with me this evening?"

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## The Cage

*.....I just want to be locked up, she told the woman....*

Kate was a slim attractive woman in her mid-twenties. She was a corporate lawyer and worked for a well-respected company. She had had a number of short-term affairs but was currently single.

She had arrived late at the flat. She had walked around for a good half an hour before she'd found the right place, a ground floor and basement flat situated behind a row of shop. She rang the doorbell. Natalie, the woman whose advert she'd seen in the local paper opened the door.

"Sorry I'm late," Kate started, "this is not the easiest place to find". Kate stood there in her smart, well-fitting trouser suit and looked at the other woman. Natalie, who was wearing jeans and top, checked her watch.

Natalie was not a typical prostitute. She was about 21 years old, slim and good-looking. She spoke with a soft European accent. Her well-fitting blue jeans were done up with a thick leather belt, the colour of which matched her long dark hair.

"You're a bit late" she replied, "and anyway I don't usually take female clients".

"But can I just tell you what I am after?" Kate continued as Natalie opened the door wider and beckoned her in.

They sat down in the small sitting down. "You said in the advert that you offer bondage and that you have a steel cage for locking people up" Kate babbled nervously, "and I just want to know what it feels like to be imprisoned like that, you know, totally helpless".

"Yes, I do offer that" Natalie replied, "but it's now 6pm and I'm going out shortly".

Kate, having come this far was not going to give up,

“OK, what about locking me up for the evening, I’m willing to pay whatever”

“I don’t usually do lesbians,” Natalie continued.

“I’m straight”, Kate quickly replied, “I just don’t have a guy right now and anyway I’ve never tried this before and I think I would trust a woman more than a guy”.

Natalie looked across at the attractive woman who was offering her money simply to be locked up. “OK, standard fee and I’ll keep you locked up until I get home later this evening”.

“What about until tomorrow morning” Kate continued.

Natalie smiled at her “OK, I’ll leave you to rot until the morning”. Kate smiled as she followed Natalie out of the room and down a narrow flight of steps to the basement.

The basement was small, with no windows and little furniture, apart from a heavy looking steel cage in the middle of the room. The cage was no more than 4-foot square by 3-foot high, constructed out of steel and could only be entered through a small panel on the top. The cage was securely bolted to the concrete floor.

“Take your clothes off and place them over there” she ordered.

“Can’t I leave them on” Kate replied, “I just want to experience being imprisoned”

“You do it my way or not at all” Natalie snapped back.

Kate felt uncomfortable about undressing in front of this woman, but slowly removed her suit and blouse and folded them in a neat pile in the corner of the room.

She stood in the middle of the room wearing only her black silk knickers and bra.

Natalie opened the cage and beckoned Kate forward. The lawyer slowly climbed in one leg at a time, sat down on the small mat that lay on top of the bottom bars and tried to make herself comfortable.

With barely a word, Natalie lowered the cage door. She slipped the padlock through the hasp and clicked it closed. She then pocketed the key and stood up to leave.

“Right, enjoy your night behind bars” she said as she left the room and closed and locked the basement door behind her.

In the dim light that shone through a crack above the door, Kate started to explore the cage. It was made of solid steel, with thick bars placed at narrow centres.

She felt very vulnerable; here she was, a successful businesswoman locked inside a cage in the basement of a prostitute’s flat wearing only her underwear. She sat there with her knees together pulling at her small knickers, trying to make them cover more of her arse.

However, it was also perfect; there was no way she could ever hope to escape from her prison. The feeling of helplessness excited her.

While Kate was enjoying her imprisonment, Natalie was sitting in a local bar with her girlfriends. Her keys, including the one to the cage were in her jacket pocket, which she had left in the boot of her friend’s car. At the end of the evening, Natalie returned home much the worse for wear with drink and without her jacket or her keys.

She had stumbled to her front door before she realised she didn’t have her keys. She sat on the doorstep giggling for a few minutes before having to wake her neighbour, for her spare set of keys. Her neighbour, of course, only had spares for the front door. Natalie stumbled in to her house and sat down on a kitchen stool drinking coffee in an attempt to sober up. She soon went upstairs to bed.

The next morning, still wearing only her knickers from the night before and an old t-shirt, Natalie came downstairs, still suffering from the effects of the previous night’s

drinking. It was only as she was drinking more coffee, that she remembered the woman she had locked in her basement the night before. With coffee cup still in hand, she climbed down the stairs to the basement, unlocked the basement door, the key to which she had fortunately left in the lock, flicked the light switch and looked towards the cage.

Kate was still lying behind the locked steel bars, curled up with her knees by her face. Natalie was clearly still drunk as she walked towards the cage. She smiled at her captive as she perched her pert arse on top of the cage and looked down between her thighs at her captive. She started to hiccup.

Kate looked up at the figure sitting inches from her face, "it really is an amazing feeling to be locked in here," she said. After a pause Kate continued "but anyway what time is it, I have to work today".

Natalie smiled, almost spilling her coffee on Kate as she did so, "you've plenty of time, and anyway I'm not letting you go until you've paid the bill", she giggled.

"OK, my purse is over there by my clothes" she replied. Natalie suddenly gasped and then started to laugh, "you may be a little late for work, I think I left my keys, with Anna last night"

"What!!" was all Kate could reply, "you must have a spare?"

"No that is the only one" she replied, as she looked down at the figure beneath her.

Natalie pulled gently on the padlock as if to check it was locked, although she knew that she had done a professional job of incarcerating her the night before. Natalie jumped up, picked up her mobile phone and sat back on top of the cage, the bars forming indentations in her knicker-clad arse. She dialed.

"No reply, I think Anna must be out of town today" Natalie concluded, "and my keys are in my jacket, which is in the boot of her car". She paused, "sorry honey, you're stuck in there until late tonight at the earliest". Kate pulled at the bars that surrounded her, but they did not even rattle, it was terrifyingly secure.

As Kate started to realise the permanency of the situation, her attention started to be drawn towards the slim, tanned figure, sitting above her.

"No way of breaking the lock I suppose" she enquired in a tone that suggested she already knew the answer.

Natalie smiled, "it would take really heavy cutting gear and a long time to get through that, and anyway there's no way I'm inviting the authorities down here. Sorry, you're locked up a good while yet".

After Natalie had brought Kate a really bad cup of coffee, she was not the domestic type, she asked if there was anything else she wanted.

"Well, given that I am effectively your prisoner for another day, you may as well treat me to the whole works" Kate replied.

"You want me to lock you up even more?" she exclaimed somewhat surprised.

"Why not, you've been pretty good at incarceration so far," Kate observed.

Natalie jumped off the cage and went over to a box in the corner of the room, from which she picked a number of steel restraints. She placed them in a pile in front of the cage and smiled at Kate,

"Are you sure you want me to do this, I already feel bad about losing my keys and keeping you locked up for another day".

Kate didn't reply.

Natalie walked around to the side of the cage and reached in and took hold of one of her wrists. She slowly closed one side of a rigid cuff around her wrist. She then double-

locked the cuff. She then took the cuffs, passed them around one of the bars of the cage, and locked it around her other wrist.

“These are maximum security cuffs, with tumbler locks ... I had better not lose the keys this time” Natalie joked.

With that she tucked the key into her knickers, “it should be safe there” she smiled. She then repeated the exercise by cuffing Kate’s feet, again around one of the cage bars. Kate started to wriggle around to see if she could get out of the cuffs, her pert arse sliding on the mat as she did so. However she soon found that Natalie had locked then so tightly there was no movement at all.

“No bondage is complete without a gag”, Natalie smiled as she reached into the cage to lock the red ball gag in her captive’s mouth. Kate heard the click as the padlock snapped shut. Natalie held up the key, “without this key, you’ll not be saying another word” she smiled as she again tucked it into her knickers. She stood over the cage, looked down and smiled.

“Now you truly are under lock and key”, she said as she surveyed the semi-naked woman before her. Natalie, still wearing only knickers and a t-shirt, then climbed the stairs to take a shower.

An hour later Natalie returned wearing tight denim shorts and a t-shirt. She sat down on top of the cage and crossed her tanned legs. “Well I can’t really do any business today with you here. Do you want to do anything?” Natalie asked, “maybe play cards?” When no answer was forthcoming, she remembered that she had Kate securely gagged. She stood up, retrieved a key from her shorts pocket and proceeded to unlock the gag.

Ten minutes later, Natalie had located a pack of playing cards. She sat down cross-legged on the floor in front of the cage. She started to shuffle and deal.

“I’m not going to be able to play much of a game with my hands cuffed behind me” Kate noted.

Natalie smiled, “sorry I’d better unlock those”. She stood up, reached into the pocket of her tight shorts and pulled out another key. After she had unlocked one wrist, she insisted that she re-cuff Kate’s hands in front of her. Kate had no choice but to comply.

The two women started to play cards, Kate struggling with the rigid cuffs and the bars. After an hour, with Natalie having won most of the hands, they stopped playing and started talking to pass the time. Natalie was sitting on top of the cage, her shorts resting on the bars just above Kate head.

They continued to talk until late afternoon when Natalie decided to go around to her friends. “I want you properly chained and gagged before I leave” she smiled as she re-cuffed Kate’s hands behind her back and around one of the bars of the cage. She also relocked the gag in place. This time she also took a ‘D’-lock, the type usually used for securing bicycles. However Natalie used it to secure Kate’s neck to one of the bars of the cage. She pocketed all of the keys and smiled.

“I don’t think I’ve ever put anyone in quite such secure bondage before” Natalie smiled, “you can’t move your hands or feet or even your head; you can’t speak; and you’ll certainly never escape – not in a hundred years”. I could leave you to rot here and no one would ever know. She blew a kiss to her prisoner and left the room.

Natalie returned ten minutes later dressed for the evening. She was wearing tight, white cotton trouser and top. “All the keys are in here” Natalie smiled as she tapped her arse. Kate could make out the line of Natalie’s knickers beneath her trousers; the line arching around her pert backside and disappearing as it curved between her legs. She

could also just make out, underneath her knickers, a small bump showing where Natalie had hidden the keys to the restraints.

Natalie turned and left the room, locking the door as she left.

She didn't return until much later that evening. Kate had been unable to do anything but wait silently for her captor's return. By the time Natalie arrived, her arms and legs were stiff and painful from the restraints. Natalie came in, sat down on top of the cage and looked down at the heavily shackled woman beneath her.

"Good news, I've just been to see Anna and have managed to get my jacket back. The bad news is I quite like having you incarcerated here, and I'm tempted to keep you chained up for a bit longer".

Kate tried to show Natalie that she was in pain from the bonds.

Natalie smiled, "I know just how painful it can be wearing those restraints for a long period, but that doesn't mean that I'm going to release you".

However, after a few minutes she took pity on the poor woman. She undid her trousers and slid them down over her hips. Kate now found herself staring at the prostitute's arse and long tanned legs. Leaving the keys still attached to her knickers by the key ring, Natalie crouched down beside Kate and pulled the keys until they just reached the keyhole of the handcuffs and proceeded to unlock the restraints. She repeated this for the remaining bonds, although she kept the cage firmly padlocked.

She then detached the last key from her knickers and held up the padlock key. "You know that you've now been locked in that cage for over 24 hours" Natalie stated.

Kate was well aware of her situation. Natalie sat down on top of the cage door and inserted the key into padlock. She turned the key and removed the lock.

"At last", Kate exclaimed. "Not yet" Natalie replied, "you'll not be going anywhere with me sitting on the exit".

Kate looked up at the knicker-covered arse and long tanned legs above her.

"Do you really want to be released right now?" Natalie asked, she was starting to enjoy having this beautiful woman under lock and key. There was no reply. She knew exactly what that meant, as she slowly relocked the padlock, imprisoning Kate once more.

"Maybe just one more thing" Natalie smiled as she took the key and inserted half of it into a gap in the concrete floor. Aroused by the sight of Kate's semi-naked body in the cage, she stood on the half that was protruding until after some effort, the key became very twisted and misshapen and finally snapped in two.

Kate could only watch in disbelief at what this beautiful woman had just done.

Natalie stood there in front of her in her underwear, hands on hips, smiling at the woman she could not now release from her steel cage.

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Natalie stood looking at the cage and the beautiful women inside it. She had just destroyed the only key to unlock the cage and now couldn't release this woman even if she wanted to.

Kate couldn't believe what her captor had done. As far as she knew, there was now no way she could ever escape from her cell. However, the feeling also excited her. She watched the women standing in front of her wearing tight cotton trousers and realised she was enjoying the feeling.



Natalie walked over to cage and walked around it so that her thighs rubbed along the bars. Kate kept turning so that she could see her as she moved. Natalie then sat down on top of the cage, the bars forming indentations in her pert arse. Kate couldn't avert her eyes.

"Do you fancy a drink?", Natalie asked.

Natalie returned five minutes later with a bottle of vodka. It was a warm evening. She put the bottle on the ground and started to remove her trousers and top. She then picked up the bottle and went over and sat down on top of the cage. She took a swig from the bottle and, taken aback by the strength, spilled some of the drink. It fell down on to her thighs and dripped down on to the women below. They both sat there in silence, listening to the distant traffic and the far off thunder.

"I can't believe I've done this to you" Natalie whispered, still sipping from the bottle. She passed the bottle down, between her legs to the women below. The two women spent the evening talking. Natalie was sitting on the floor, just feet away from Kate, but with a very thick and very permanent barrier between them.

Later that evening, when both were much the worse for drink, Natalie left the basement to crash out upstairs. Kate, still wearing only her black silk underwear, wriggled around trying to get comfortable on the small mat inside the cage.

The next morning, Kate opened her eyes to see Natalie smiling down at her. She was wearing very short denim shorts, which barely covered her knickers and a white t-shirt.

"So how does it feel to be entering your third day behind bars? Your third day totally at my mercy?" she smiled as she looked down at Kate's big brown eyes. Natalie was wearing her blue jeans and white t-shirt, with her long dark hair still wet from the shower. Kate was feeling intoxicated by the power this women had over her and was losing track of how long she'd been inside the cage, or what else it was that she should have been doing in the outside world.

Natalie tugged at the padlock. "You realise that I really don't have a key for this thing?" she checked. Kate looked up at the bars enjoying the feeling of helplessness, but at the same time wondering how long this women was going to leave her locked up. Natalie could read her expression.

"As much as I like having you locked up" she said, "I'm going to have to release you at some point." She studied the padlock for a few moments. "Maybe a hacksaw will be the only chance of getting you out, I'll see what the hardware store has to offer, but before I leave ...".

Natalie picked up some of the restraints and walked towards her captive, while Kate watched every move she made. She reached into the cage and slowly locked a pair of rigid handcuffs around Kate's wrists and around one of the bars at the back of the cage. Kate didn't even struggle in her bonds; she knew from experience that there was no way she would escape. She then dropped the handcuff key between Kate's thighs. "Thought I'd give you some chance of escape", she smiled as Kate started to wriggle in an attempt to reach the key".

Natalie then took a gag and buckled it tightly in Kate's mouth.

"Maybe I should just add a padlock", she smiled, as she clicked it shut behind her head. "And this key you don't get" she purred as she slowly and deliberately tucked it into the front pocket of her shorts. "Not a word from you", she smiled as she tapped the front of her thigh.

Two hours later, Natalie returned with a bag from the local hardware store, which she dropped on the floor in front of the cage. She saw that Kate's wrists were still firmly handcuffed together, but that they were also slightly bruised from where she had been struggling. "This is the only way out, Honey" she smiled as she picked up a small metal hacksaw and started to saw the padlock. After a few minutes she paused, already exhausted from the task. She saw the sad look in her captive's eyes and took pity and unlocked the gag.

"Can I try?" Kate offered.

"Sure, be my guest" Natalie replied as she sat back on the floor rubbing her hands after the exertion. "You'll have to uncuff me first" Kate continued. Natalie reached into the cage to retrieve the key, which by now Kate was sitting on, and unlocked her prisoner's wrists.

Kate picked up the hacksaw, knelt next to the padlock and started to saw. After ten minutes, she paused for breath as sweat started to roll down her back and on to her knickers.

"This will take forever" she complained. "We've hardly started to cut through". Natalie smiled, picked up the saw and took her turn. By ten o'clock that night, the girls were only half way through the thick steel padlock.

"This is hopeless" Kate cried as she hit against the bars with her hand. "How could you do this to me?"

"Relax Sweetie" Natalie replied, "Isn't this what you wanted after all?"

Kate looked at the beautiful girl sitting on the floor in front of her and knew she was right, she was loving every moment. "I'll leave you to it, then" Natalie smiled as she watched Kate fighting with the small hacksaw once more. She then blew her a kiss and left the cellar.

That night, Kate continued cutting the lock until just before 3am, she finished and the padlock fell to the floor. She undid the hasp, opened the cage door and slowly climbed out. It felt strange to finally have escaped from her prison. She wasn't sure what day it was, although she knew people would be wondering where she was.

She slowly walked towards the door of the basement, unsteady on her feet after so long behind bars. She opened the door and climbed the stairs to the ground floor. All was quiet. She tried the front door to the apartment, it opened, she could leave now if she wanted. She closed the door and went into kitchen and sat down on one of the chairs.

She realised she was still wearing the same knickers and bra that she had been wearing when she arrived. She stood up and went into the bathroom to shower. After showering, Kate crept into Natalie's room and saw her sleeping uncovered on the bed. Kate looked through her drawers for some underwear. She took two pairs of knickers and left to return to the basement.

She walked back towards the cage and sat down on top of the door. She imagined what it would be like to have someone trapped in there beneath her. She then climbed inside the cage once more and closed the door above her. She imaged that she was still sitting on the exit above, her pert arse shutting her inside.

Still inside the cage, she took the second pair of knickers that she had taken from Natalie and threaded them through the hasp so that they effected acted like a padlock. She then knotted them to symbolically lock herself inside. Once the feeling of helplessness returned, she lay down and fell asleep.

When she awoke the next morning, Natalie was standing in front of her wearing a pair of tight, denim shorts and top. As Kate awoke, she went over and sat down on top of the exit.

"You had your chance to escape" she said, "but you're still here?"

"Maybe you should make sure that I don't get the chance again", Kate replied.

With that, Natalie took out her mobile phone and called a friend.

"Anna", she said, "can you come round to my place this evening. Use your key to come in". She then threw the phone across to the far side of the basement. She then untied the knickers that were holding the cage closed and stood up to open the cage. Kate watched motionless as Natalie slowly climbed into the cage and closed the door above her. Natalie then took a padlock, reached through the bars and re-padlocked the cage door.

She wrapped a chain around her waist and padlocked it closed. She then repeated the exercise with a chain around Kate's waist. She then lay down so that their heads were at opposite ends of the cage.

"Just put your head here, Honey", Natalie said as she placed Kate's head between her thighs. Kate complied as if in a trance. Natalie then reached through the bars to pick up a 'D' shaped bicycle lock. By squeezing Kate's neck tightly between her thighs, she managed to get the lock to go around both of her thighs just below Kate's neck. Once Natalie had turned the key, they were both locked very tightly and very permanently together.

Just to make sure that the bicycle lock could not be slid down her thighs, she took the spare end of the chain that was locked around her waist and locked it to the bicycle lock. The bicycle lock could now not slide off, Natalie's legs could not be opened and Kate's head could certainly not be released from between Natalie's thighs.

Natalie then took two pairs of handcuffs and locked each of Kate's wrists in turn to her ankles. Kate didn't resist, she now felt totally helpless with her head locked so firmly between Natalie's thighs.

"Now for the tricky part", Natalie said, as she placed her own head between Kate's smooth, tanned thighs. She took a second 'D' lock and proceeded to repeat the exercise, this time locking her own head between Kate's thighs. She then finished off by locking Kate's waist chain to the bicycle lock and locking her own wrists to Kate's ankles.

They were now both locked inside the cage, chained very securely in the '69' position.

"This is it", Natalie smiled, "Shall I throw the keys outside of the cage?"

Kate was now trembling with excitement, "Are you sure Anna will come round later?"

"Well if she doesn't we'll probably end our days here with our heads between each other's thighs", Natalie smiled, as she threw the bunch of keys far away to the other end of her basement.

The two wriggled around for a few minutes, but their bonds, each other's thighs, stayed tight. Kate looked through Natalie's legs and the bars of the cage to the outside world. It would be a while before she made it there.

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Three hours later, the woman heard the front door to the flat open and close. Five minutes later they heard feet descending the stairs to the cellar and the cellar door being unlocked and opened. A tall, shapely brunette stood in the doorway casually dressed in a pair of short cotton shorts, t-shirt and beach sandals. She walked towards the cage and smiled.

“Well, well, well. What do we have here?” she smiled as she saw the two women, wearing only their underwear, locked in small cage, chained together in the ‘69’ position.

“Hi Anna. I’m certainly glad you’ve come home” Natalie smiled from between Kate’s thighs. She rattled the handcuffs locking her wrists to Kate’s ankles.

“We got a bit carried away”.

“So I see,” Anna replied still taking in the situation.

Kate’s position was equally if not more constricted. Her head was chained between Natalie’s thighs and her face was pushed up against Natalie’s arse. Her nose was resting right between Natalie’s bum cheeks resulting in her air supply through her nose being cut off every time Natalie tensed her arse. Natalie’s more shapely thighs totally engulfed her neck leaving very little room for movement.

Anna saw the keys lying on the floor on the far side of the room and giggled to herself. “Oh dear, you two really are stuck!” She pulled at the padlock locking the cage door closed as she looked down at the two women. She then crossed to where the small bunch of keys had landed, picked them up and put them in the front pocket of her shorts. She then returned to the cage to admire their handiwork.

Kate looked up at this new woman as best she could. Anna’s tanned legs towered above her to her very skimpy blue cotton shorts above. From a normal perspective the shorts left little to the imagination, but from where Kate lay she could see up her shorts to Anna’s pert arse nestled in its white knickers. The all important keys were in her shorts, without which she would never get free from between this prostitute’s legs.

“Just unlock us, will you” Natalie urged in her soft French accent.

“In time” Anna replied as she started to walk slowly around the cage.

“Arrh” Natalie called out as she pulled vainly at Kate’s thighs.

“Who’s the friend anyway Nat?” Anna asked.

“Just a client” Natalie replied. “We’d had a couple of drinks that’s all.”

Anna stopped walking and sat down on top of the cage. Kate watched as the bars made indents into Anna’s pert arse.

“OK” Anna finally announced as she stood up and searched for the keys to unlock the four pairs of handcuffs that connected Natalie and Kate’s wrists to the other’s ankles. Anna then turned her attention to the U-shaped bike locks that held the two women in such an effective ‘69’ position.

“I’ve never seen a bike lock used like that before” Anna smiled as she reached through the bars and released each head from its respective thighs.

“Right I’ll see you girls later” Anna smiled as she went to leave the room.

“Hey, don’t forget to unlock the cage” Natalie cried.

“I haven’t forgotten about that” Anna purred.

“Oh come on” Natalie started to plead. “Don’t leave us in here”.

Anna started to walk around the cage again, a safe distance from any reaching arms. She smiled as two pairs of eyes followed her every move.

“Later” Anna finally replied as she re-pocketed the keys and climbed the stairs out of the cellar.

Natalie and Kate sat in the cage watching in disbelief as the blue shorts and their precious cargo of keys left the cellar.

“We’re freer than we were” Kate offered to her cellmate.

“Yeah but still pretty helplessly caged up” Natalie replied as she punched the bars with her open hand.

Half an hour later Anna returned having changed into her blue jeans and black top.

“You two still here?” she joked as she came over and sat down on top of the cage.

“Just let us out!” Natalie demanded as she sat on the floor of the cage beneath her housemate.

“OK, I’ll let you out” Anna smiled as she took the bunch of keys out of her pocket and searched around for the right key to unlock the padlock.

She slipped the key into the padlock and the shackle popped open. Natalie pushed at the cage door, which was on the top of the cage, to try and get out. However, Anna was sat partly on top of the door and one of her thighs kept the door firmly closed.

“Move your arse” Natalie said as she pushed again at the bars at the top of the cage. Anna slid across slightly so that the door could be lifted up. Anna pushed it open and climbed out.

As soon as she was out, Anna closed the door and moved one leg across so that her left thigh was holding the door closed again.

“Hey, what about me!” Kate shouted from inside the cage.

“I only said I’d let Nat out, not you” Anna replied as she looked down at the woman beneath her. Anna smiled as she saw the look of desperation on the young woman’s face.

“Oh don’t be so cruel” Natalie smiled as she watched the discussion.

Knowing that this might be her only chance, Kate pushed hard at the door and managed to lift it half an inch and was able to slide two fingers in underneath.

“You’d better take your fingers out” Anna warned, “before I put all my weight on to the door.” Kate didn’t move, but continued to push upwards. Anna then slid across so that her arse was sat fully on the doorway. Her weight made the door slam shut, catching Kate’s fingers in it as it went. Kate cried out and started to nurse her bruised fingers. Kate looked up to see Anna jean covered arse sitting squarely on top of the opening and Anna relocking the cage with the padlock.

“You are so cruel” Natalie remarked as she watched Anna snap the padlock closed. “Do you know that Kate has now been in the cage for almost two days now. We’re really going to have to let her go soon?” Anna seemed not to be interested as she slid the bunch of keys back into her pocket.

Kate looked up at Anna’s arse sitting on top of the locked cage. “It’s OK” she chipped in, “I’ve made some calls, I’m OK until tomorrow.”

“She really does like incarceration, doesn’t she” Anna smiled as she stood up and picked up one of the U-shaped bicycle locks. She pulled the keys out of her pocket and removed the pertinent key. Anna then reached inside the cage and grabbed Kate by her hair and pulled her back until her head rested against one of the bars of the cage. She reached in and put the lock around Kate’s neck and the bar. She then closed the lock, inserted the key and turned it a quarter turn.

“A little present” Anna smiled as she threw the key to Natalie.

“Thanks” she smiled as she slipped the key into the top of her knickers.

“OK, I’ll leave you two to talk” Natalie continued. “Since my head been between Kate’s thighs for the last three hours I think I’d better take a shower and change.

“What about my head being between your legs?” Kate said.

“Yes not a nice prospect” Anna joked.

“Too bad, you’re the wrong side of the bars” Natalie smiled.

“I’ll guard our prisoner” Anna smiled as she looked down at the helpless woman beneath her”.

“We have some friends coming over for a party tonight” Anna explained, “and we thought you might as well stay and provide some entertainment”.

“Do I have any choice?” Kate asked.

“We’re going to have a party down here in the cellar, and well, a beautiful caged woman in the middle of the room would be cool” Anna continued.

Two hours later, the music and lights had been set up and Anna had been allowed out of the cage to shower and change. Natalie led her back down to the cellar wearing nothing but skimpy black knickers and bra and of course hand and feet cuffs. The chains jangled as she walked down the stairs and over to the cage.

“Sorry about the chains” Natalie purred, “but I just know you wouldn’t have wanted a chance to escape.”

Natalie opened the cage, “Inside!” she instructed. Kate climbed in and tried to make herself comfortable on the small mat that lay over the bottom bars. Natalie closed the cage door and secured it with the padlock. She stood back to admire. Natalie was wearing black hot pants that barely covered her arse and a tight red top. She also wore a pair of black leather boots.

“Can you unlock these cuffs?” Kate asked hopefully.

“Sorry babe, they are part of your outfit for this evening” Natalie purred.

Anna then returned to the cellar wearing a short miniskirt and tight top.

“She all ready?” Anna asked.

“All locked up and ready to thrill” Natalie replied. “Which keys to do you want?”

“I’ll take the key to the cage” Anna replied. Natalie handed the key to her housemate. Natalie then proceeded to attach the handcuff keys to the back of her hot pants so that they hung down against the back of her thighs and swung around as she walked. Natalie then fitted a gag in Kate’s mouth and locked it in place with a small padlock.

An hour later, the cellar was filled with about 50 people, all young, all beautiful. Kate sat in the cage in the middle of it all and watched. This was the alternative, trendy scene she had only heard about. She had had a sheltered upbringing and had never been to a party like this, certainly not as the main attraction. The music was loud and echoed around the stone walls. There was a smell of perfume and alcohol mixed with the smoke from the dry ice machine. At times the dry ice was so thick that Kate could not see beyond her barred cell.

People started to show interest in the caged woman, with some people, both guys and girls, looking a little too often. People also started to use the cage as a seat and soon there were half a dozen people sitting above Kate. She winced when on one occasion, a woman dropped a lighted cigarette end on to her. Kate knew that she had dropped it deliberately, but she was in no position to complain.

Two women came over, took their shoes off, climbed up on top of the cage and started to dance. Kate looked up to watch them balancing carefully on the thick steel bars. Both women were wearing skirts and from where Kate was locked up, she could see more of their knickers than she could their faces. To her they were not Jackie and Sara,

they were skimpy black silk and red thong. The number of women dancing on the cage grew, as Kate just lay there and watched from her unique viewpoint.

By 4am, most of the guests had left and the music was more chilled.

“Maybe now’s the time to have some more fun with our captive” Anna smiled as she turned the music down lower. “Who wants to challenge her to a 69-wrestle?”

One woman came forward encouraged by her friends. She was slim with long blonde hair. “Take off your skirt” Anna ordered as she hitched up her own skirt, removed the key from her knickers and unlocked the cage. The woman, called Chantelle, slipped off her skirt, kicked off her shoes and climbed in. Anna wasted no time in relocking the cage.

With the help of a few of the woman around the cage, Anna padlocked a chain around Kate’s waist. The chain was then passed down between her legs and back on to itself at the back. A second chain was then padlocked around Kate’s neck. The new arrival inside the cage was then chained in the same way.

“You’d better unlock Kate’s wrists and ankles” Anna whispered to Natalie, “it’s going to be hard enough as it is.” Natalie detached the very obvious keys and released Kate from her shackles. She also unlocked her gag.

“Now lie down head to toe” Anna ordered the two captives. Using two more padlocks, she then locked Kate’s neck chain to the chain locked between Chantelle’s legs, and vice versa. The women were effectively locked in the 69-position, although there was some play in the chains that allowed them to try and move their heads out of the way of the other’s grip.

“Just to make it a little more fun to watch” Anna continued, “we’re going to cover you in oil!” The others joined in helping to rub oil on the contestants, especially on their thighs.

“The rules are simple” Anna explained. “The person lying on top of their opponent at the end of two minutes is the winner and is released from the cage. The loser has to fight again”.

The game started and both women fought to get to the top. Kate took the early advantage and got on top. She held on to the bars of the cage to try and keep her position.

“You bitch” Chantelle giggled as she fought to get out from underneath Kate. She then managed to catch Kate’s head right between her thighs and gripped tightly, crossing her legs over each other as many times as possible. Despite the oil, Kate could not escape. Kate tried to get a scissor hold around Chantelle’s neck, but each time she was able to slide her head back out to relative freedom.

The advantage turned as Kate struggled to take breathes and was eventually overturned. Her opponent gripped on to Kate’s neck and the cage bars for the rest of the two minutes. As the time was up, Kate lay on her back panting.

“Bad luck babe” Natalie purred as Kate looked up at the French woman sitting on the bars above her. Anna unpadlocked Chantelle from Kate’s thighs and unlocked the cage. Chantelle climbed out to the cheers of her friends.

“Who’s next?” Anna asked.

The next contender was Jackie, a very fit gym goer. Once the chains were on, Jackie quickly got the scissor lock in place and from there there was no escape. Her muscular thighs gripped so strongly that Kate stopped struggling. Jackie’s oil covered skin was rock hard, her thighs and arse forming an inescapable ring around Kate’s neck. She even had the audacity to break wind before releasing her pray.

“What about you next?” Natalie smiled at Anna. The others approved and so Anna stripped to her underwear and climbed inside. “Give me your keys” Natalie smiled at her housemate. Natalie closed the cage door and padlocked it before applying the chains for the game.

“Hey this is too tight!” Anna complained as Natalie locked each neck chain to its respective crotch chain. “You’ve got to give us a chance to escape the scissor grip”.

“Must I?” Natalie purred as she threaded all the keys on to one ring.

The contest started and as before Kate lost, Anna’s athletic body too strong for the lawyer. Natalie sat on the cage watching.

“OK, let me out!” Anna demanded.

“Non” Natalie replied. The others laughed. It dawned on Anna that this was Natalie’s revenge from earlier.

“Oh please Natalie” Anna pleaded. “At least unlock us from this 69”.

“Non” Natalie repeated. “I’m sure you’ll have fun in there tonight. Anna relaxed her head which landed on Kate’s arse; she knew there was no way out. Kate lay on her back engulfed by Anna’s legs. She watched as a drop of sweat ran down Anna’s tanned arse and on to her face. She had been in this position before and also knew that it was pointless to struggle, she would be in this woman’s crotch until morning.

By 5.30am the party was over. Natalie checked the cage padlock and smiled at the two women inside.

“Bon nuit” she smiled as she turned off the light, locked the cellar door and went upstairs to sleep.

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## [The Lock Up](#)

.... *“you’re staying here for the weekend because you love me”, Kate reminded him....*

“I don’t know why I agreed to this” Brad asked himself out loud as they parked the car and walked up to the front of the building.

“Because you want to show me how much you love me and trust me and so I can be sure that you don’t misbehave while I’m at Claire’s hen weekend” Kate reminded him.

Kate rang the bell discretely labeled ‘Lock Up Inc.’ and waited for a reply.

Brad watched his girlfriend as she tried to peer in through the frosted glass. They had only met two months earlier and he had at once been blown away by her bubbly personality. She was also cute with long blonde hair and a curvy and attractive figure and looked great casually dressed in her blue jeans and black jumper.

The door was opened by a young woman dressed in a smart trouser suit with her long dark hair tied in a bunch at the back.

“Hi I’m Annie” she smiled, “you must be Kate?” Brad followed them inside, resigned to the fact that he wasn’t going to be introduced.

“Just the weekend?” Annie confirmed as she checked the booking on the computer before leading them through a door and down some stairs. She unlocked the door at the



bottom of the stairs and entered a small room with a row of small metal doors along one side. She walked up to the last door and pulled it open.

“Here are our cells” Annie smiled. “They are constructed out of one inch thick steel and surrounded on all sides apart from the front with thick concrete”. Annie opened the door wider so that they could look inside.

She continued the briefing. “The cell is 6 foot by 6 foot by 6 foot tall with a small bed at one side and a small toilet and a tap at the back. There is a TV that can be projected on to the wall if you chose. There is also ventilation through these holes here. Each hole is a maximum of 1 inch in diameter to ensure no chance of escape.”

“Perfect” Kate smiled, “he won’t be able to get up to much mischief in there”.

“First things first” Annie smiled, clearly enjoying this part of her job, “Do you want to lock him up using any restraints, handcuff or foot cuffs for example”.

“Umm, I wonder” Kate smiled as she looked at Brad who was wondering how much worst this could get.

“Yes, both” she concluded.

Annie took a pair of each out of a nearby cupboard. “Do you want him to undress first?” she asked. “It’s a good way to make sure he hasn’t got any concealed keys or a phone”.

Kate smiled at Brad, “Yes, strip to your boxers”.

He slowly complied.

“Nice” Annie smiled, “I can see why you want him locked up for safe keeping”.

“OK” she continued, “do you want to lock the cuffs on him or shall I?”

“You can” Kate replied as she watched Annie quickly and professionally chain Brad’s wrists and ankles.

“Now these cuffs are all uniquely keyed” Annie smiled. “So these are the only ones that will open those cuffs. Do you want to keep them or shall I?” she asked.

“I think I will” Kate replied as she pocketed the keys. She then examined the cuffs locked around Brad’s wrists, “No way out of those” she informed Brad.

Annie continued. “Now before he goes inside, let me explain how this cell locks. Firstly, there is the client’s key that you keep and 10-digit code that you set. Without both the key and the code there is absolutely no way this cell can be opened before the ‘failsafe’ day is reached. For this cell that is one month from locking. In other words, if you lock the cell and never return, your friend here will be inside for 30 days minimum”.

“I think that would be a bit excessive” Kate smiled.

“Yes, but remember” Annie warned, “If you lose the key or forget the code, then we physically can’t free him until then”.

“Secondly” Annie continued, “You can chose to additionally padlock the door top and bottom.”

“Yes I’ve bought a couple of padlocks for that” Kate smiled.

“Obviously the cell can’t be open with those locks in place and we won’t even attempt to cut those off until after the 30 days” Annie explained. “Some women like to pass these keys on to a girlfriend just to increase the number of people necessary to free him.

“Finally” Annie said, “There is the master key which I will hold. Without this key the cell will never open. The way it works is that I will keep this key on me at all time, and I mean at all times, and so if you want to open the cell when I’m off shift, then you need to call me on this number. There are of course no duplicate keys”.

“So if you’re ready, we can lock him up” Annie smiled.

Kate looked serious for a moment, “OK, inside” she said as she gently pushed Brad through the small doorway. Brad ducked to get through the doorway and sat down on the bed.

“See you in two days time” Kate smiled as she pushed the heavy door closed. Brad heard a loud thud echo around his metal cell. He knew his freedom was now gone until they decided otherwise.

Outside the women continued with the proceeding. Kate turned her key a full turn and removed it from the keyhole. It soon joined the cuff keys in the front pocket of her jeans. Annie turned her key and likewise pocketed it in her suit trouser pocket.

“Now the combination” Annie smiled.

“Right, something easy to remember” Kate smiled as she tapped her secret code into the keypad.

As she finished the number, a red light appeared above the door.

“That it” Annie smiled, “Another one locked up”.

Kate finished by locking the door with her padlocks and added those keys to her growing collection.

“I should be on duty on Sunday evening when you release him, so just bring your keys with you then” Annie smiled. “Unless you decide to keep him under lock and key for a little longer”.

On the way out Annie gave Kate the videophone for speaking directly with Brad in the cell and for calling in requests for the cell, such as turn out the lights, turn the TV on or off, set a certain temperature or request or deny food or drink.

Annie smiled, “With this phone you will be able to control the little freedom that he has left. There will always be one of us here, myself, Imogen or Emma”.

Kate smiled to herself, “Before I leave, could I request that the lights be turned out, he has no TV, no food or drink and say a nice cold 10 degrees until tomorrow morning”

“Done” Annie replied, “Have a good evening”.

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Kate arrived at the hotel and joined the Claire and the others in the hotel bar.

“Nice dress. Does Brad trust you to behave yourself this weekend?” Claire asked as Kate walked up to the bar in a short revealing red dress.

“Probably not, but at least I can trust him to be good” Kate smiled.

“He didn’t agree to that place you were talking about did he?” Claire exclaimed.

“Aha” Kate giggled, “he is as we speak sitting in a tiny maximum security cell”.

The conversation soon got the attention of the rest of the group.

“To get out, he needs four keys and a 10 number code” Kate explained to the growing group.

“The woman who runs the place has one key, I have the two padlock keys in my purse and the fourth key is, well safe” Kate smiled as she took the two padlock keys out to show them.

“In fact, maybe you girls should look after these two just to add to make his escape even more impossible”.

There was much interest and Kate gave one to Claire, the hen, and one to Rebecca, who unbeknownst to Kate was seeing Brad behind her back.

“Now you must look after them, without these, Brad can’t be released for 30 days”

“Really” Claire smiled as she hid her key.

Later that night, Kate went outside to make a call.

“Hi” she said as she tried to make out Brad’s dark figure on the videophone.

“Hi” he replied as he sat up from the bed.

“How you enjoying your time as my prisoner” she purred.

“It’s dark, cold, no TV and no food” he complained.

“I know, my orders,” she whispered.

“What do you think of my dress?” She held the videophone at arms length.

“Nice” he replied as he looked at her figure wrapped tightly in the silk dress.

“Oh please let me out of here” he begged.

“No way” she giggled.

“You do still have the keys don’t you,” he asked.

“I have one just here” she purred as reached down between her legs and angled the phone so that it looked up at her knickers.

“Please” he asked again.

She shook her head, “Its staying nestled right where it is. And anyway the other keys are with Claire and Rebecca and I’m sure there is no way they’d give me those keys back until you’ve served your time. Four keys the property of four different women, none of whom are willing to release you, all of the keys required for your freedom. Looks to me like you’d better get use to captivity” Kate purred.

The Discovery

“I can’t believe it, Brad is seeing someone behind my back” Kate exclaimed as she came off the phone, “Rachel saw him with someone last week”.

“The bastard” Claire joined in.

“Well he’s chosen a bad time to be found out, he’s staying in that cell for the whole month and longer if I can arrange it” Kate hissed.

Rebecca heard the conversation and was concerned. It was her that he was seeing and he had been on the verge of telling Kate it was over. Shit. She would have to get him out, there was no way he could stand a month in solitary confinement. Rebecca was a keen martial artist, she should be able to deal with a few women. She confided in Louise who knew about her and Brad.

“Shit. I need to get him out of there” she whispered.

“Well you have one of the keys, that’s a start” Louise replied.

“Yes and Claire has one, Kate has one and the woman at the ‘Lock Up’ place has the last. Shit how do I get all those.

“I’m sharing a room with Claire” Louise offered, “lets search the room for her key”.

The women searched the Claire’s room but found no key.

“She must have it on her” Rebecca said as she threw the last of Claire’s clothes back into her suitcase.

As she finished speaking, Claire came into the room. Rebecca closed the door behind her and locked it.

“What you doing” Claire asked innocently.

“Just give us the key Kate gave you” Rebecca snapped.

“No way, that bastard is staying behind bars” she replied.

Rebecca grabbed her and pulled her down on to the bed. She sat astride her chest and pinned her hands down. As Rebecca sat down on top of her, her skirt rode up. Claire looked at Rebecca's legs, they were bloody fit and too bloody strong.

"Search her pockets" Rebecca ordered Louise.

"Got it" Louise smiled as she produced the second key.

"Right now in my bag is a pair of handcuffs" Rebecca smiled, "they were intended for you later on, but we will just have to shackle you up a little early".

Rebecca led Claire into the bathroom where Louise locked her wrists behind her back to the radiator.

"Since you enjoy keeping someone in captivity, I'm sure you'll love being chained up here" Rebecca smiled as she pocketed the handcuff key. The women turned up the TV to drown out any cries for help and left her to enjoy the rest of her hen weekend chained to the radiator.

"The other two might be a bit harder to obtain" Rebecca mused as she put the second key on to her ring.

They knocked on Kate's door and found her sitting on her bed crying.

"Do you want us to take care of him?" Rebecca kindly offered as she sat down next to her.

"No, I can do that myself" she replied. "Without my key and combination number he won't be going anywhere for the next four weeks at least".

"Combination?" Rebecca repeated somewhat concerned.

"Yes 10-digits, 10 billion possibilities. Just watch him try to break that".

Rebecca decided to act. She pushed Kate on to her back and sat astride her.

"Well I may as well tell you that I'm the one seeing Brad and I really don't want him locked up for a month. So make it easy for yourself and hand over the key and the combination" Rebecca smiled.

"You bitch" Kate said as she tried to fight off her assailant.

But with Louise's help, Kate was soon subdued and lying on the floor with her hands and feet bound by shoelaces.

"First the key" Rebecca smiled as she stood above her friend.

"Piss off," she hissed back.

Rebecca kicked her back and Kate cried out in pain. Kate still said nothing.

"I'll sit on your fucking face" Rebecca threatened.

Kate looked concerned as Rebecca undid her belt and pulled down her jeans. Louise tapped her mouth closed with some packing tape and Rebecca crouched down over her victim. She then sat down with all of her weight on Kate's face and clamped her thighs tightly around Kate's head.

"It's all gone very quiet" Rebecca noted as they waited for the inevitable sign.

Finally Kate knocked on the floor as a sign of surrender. Breathing heavily, she pointed to her jeans. Louise checked her pockets but found nothing.

"Better try the knickers," Rebecca said as she maintained her threatening position just above Kate's head.

Louise pulled down Kate's jeans and turned Kate over on to her back.

"Key number three, inside her knickers" Louise smiled. She reached inside Kate's underwear and detached the key from the ring that held it in place.

"Smelly, but it'll work" Louise said as she handed it to Rebecca.

After a further half an hour during which time Kate became further acquainted with Rebecca's arse, the friends had what they hoped would be the correct combination. They then called Annie on the phone that Kate had been given.

"Hi, I'm Kate" Louise lied, "I need to open the cage tonight".

"Already" Annie replied, "I thought he was there until Sunday.

"Change of plan" Rebecca replied.

"OK, I'm at a night club right now I'll be there in an hour".

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They left Kate hog-tied on the floor of her room and made for their rendezvous.

"We're here for Kate" Rebecca smiled as she walked into the front office.

"Sorry it has to be Kate in person. I'm not opening the cell without her express consent" Annie replied.

Rebecca grabbed Annie by the wrist and twisted her hand behind her back. Rebecca's martial arts skills made it easy for her to overpower Annie and they were soon into the cellar and outside of Brad's cell.

Louise unlocked the two padlocks and dropped them to the floor. She then typed in the combination and to their relief it was right.

"Your arse is one hell of a instrument of torture" Louise joked as she turned Kate's key in its hole.

"Right and the last key" Rebecca asked Annie who was still wearing a miniskirt and Lycra top from the nightclub. Knowing she was beaten, she removed the final key from a concealed pocket in her skirt.

"And you call this security" Rebecca smiled as she turned the last key and opened the door.

"Hands up" came a voice from the other end of the cellar.

They turned and saw Imogen, Annie's partner in the company standing with a pistol pointed at them. Brad came out of the cell to watch the proceedings.

"You two strip to your knickers" Imogen smiled.

Rebecca and Louise slowly complied.

"Inside" she continued.

Rebecca and Louise were now inside the tiny cell with Brad.

"Before we seal them in" Annie chipped in, "I just want to add to their fun".

Annie took eight pairs of handcuffs and foot cuffs and started to chain the three of them together in a tight and intricate pattern. She then took some lengths of chains and padlocks and continued the web. She finished off by chaining Brad's neck between Rebecca's thighs.

"If I were you I'd be concerned. I'm going to return these keys to Kate and let her decide how long she wants you to stay incarcerated" Annie said as she blew them a kiss and slammed the cell closed again. All the keys were turned, the padlocks locked and a new combination chosen.

"Now to return these keys to Kate" Annie smiled, "I'm sure she'll treasure them more than ever".

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## Sexpo

*..... "can you show me how the cage works", the woman asked..... "with someone inside".....*

Kate and Emma arrived for the final day of the exhibition. The stand was set up as it had been for the last few days, with its big glossy pictures and its collection of shiny silver restraints and cages. As per the previous days, Emma took off her jeans and t-shirt so that she was wearing only her bright red bikini and high heels. She was tall, slim and tanned and had long blonde hair that fell down over her shoulders. Kate managed the business side of the stall. She had dark hair and was more soberly dressed in smart jeans and a top.

When she was ready, Emma turned around and put her hands together behind her back. Kate chose a pair of their high security handcuffs and quickly and professionally locked Emma wrists together. The brunette then took a pair of foot cuffs and locked Emma's ankles together. She then took the laminated promotional material and attached it around Emma's neck with a small chain. The promotional material hung against Emma's chest awaiting interest from the first customer.

Business was slow and Emma was sitting on the thick white rug, leaning against the steel bench that had been positioned for customers to sit and discuss the products. Emma became aware of a woman sitting down on the bench behind her. She tried to move but found that the promotional material chained to her neck had obviously been lying on the bench and that the woman was now sitting on it, pinning her in place.

"Sorry, can you stand up?" Emma asked. "Why?" the woman asked, aren't you supposed to be kept restrained?" Emma knelt on the rug with her hands chained behind her looking at the woman. She was in her late twenties and smartly dressed in a tan coloured skirt suit. She was attractive, with long dark hair and clearly confident.

Emma looked around but Kate had left the stand for a few minutes. The woman looked down at Emma. "It says here that those cuffs you are wearing are maximum security and all have their own unique key. Getting out of them without the key is virtually impossible". Emma continued the sales pitch, "Yes, they are the best on the market" she explained. "Why do you let someone lock you up in them then?" the woman asked, "especially when the key holder seems to have left you here on your own". "Kate will be back shortly," Emma explained.

Finally Kate returned. "Hi can I help you?" she asked the woman. "Yes, can I see how the cage works?" the woman asked as she stood up finally releasing Emma's neck. Kate walked over to the cage and opened it for her to see. "Can I see it doing what it should be doing – confining someone?" she asked as she looked across to Emma.

After hearing how secure the cage was, Emma had been reluctant to try it, however she now had no choice. Kate helped her inside and started to explain. "This cage is 4 foot by 3 foot by 3 foot high and made from two layers of steel bars at very narrow centers. The bars are made from hardened steel and almost impossible to cut. The layers are an inch apart and run perpendicular to each other, giving it a sort of mesh effect.

This cage also has two lids, one hinged at the front and one hinged at the back. The lid hinged at the front closes first like this” she demonstrated. “Then the second lid, hinged at the back closes on top of it like this”.

“The idea of this is that it creates a leveraged effect so that if you sit down on top of the lid, the person trapped inside would need to push up ten times your weight in order to open the cage” Kate explained as the woman duly sat down on the cage. “Now this may not be necessary with you sitting on top of Emma, but it would be useful if a petite woman wanted to imprison a guy by doing no more than sitting on him”.

The woman looked down at Emma through the now four layers of bars and smiled. “So as I weigh a 120 pounds, she is effectively trapped under 1,200 pounds?” “That’s right” Kate replied, “meaning that whoever you had trapped beneath you there’s no possible way they could get out”.

“OK so how does it lock?” the woman continued. Kate pulled a small device from her pocket and flipped it open to reveal two small buttons. “This works just like the remote locking on your car, one button to lock, one to unlock” Kate explained. “There are four locks fitted to each lid and as you can imagine the locks are buried within the various layers of bars and are therefore impossible to get to”.

The woman took the remote from Kate. “So all you do is this?” she checked as she pressed the ‘lock’ button. From inside Emma heard a number of small clicks echo around the cage and then silence. She felt nervous knowing how secure this thing was and knowing that she was now locked inside. She looked at the woman tan skirt sitting above her, hoping that she would press the ‘unlock’ button quickly.

The woman stood up and looked back at the cage. “Can it take two people?” she asked. Kate assured her that it could. “Can you show me?” the woman smiled as she pressed the ‘unlock’ button and lifted the two lids. Desperate for the sale, Kate climbed inside and watched as the woman lowered the lids and sat down. The woman smiled as the temptation to lock them in became too big and she pressed ‘lock’. Kate suddenly became very worried as she looked up the woman who now had them both locked up.

“OK, I’ll take one and a set of restraints” the woman finally said as unlocked the cage and took her credit card from her purse. Once she had paid she looked over to Kate and smiled, “Oh and can I ask that you lock your assistant inside for the next hour or so while I look around the rest of the show, it’ll let me see how inescapable it really is?”

Happy with the large sale, Kate agreed. She helped Emma back into the cage and lowered the lids. She picked up the remote, pressed ‘lock’ and then slipped it back inside the front pocket of her jeans. “I’ll keep her there until whenever you want” Kate smiled as she tapped the front of her jeans with her hand.

It was over two hours later when the woman returned, this time carrying two large bags of things that she’d purchased. “Sorry I should have introduced myself” the woman said to Kate. “I’m Chantelle and I am the editor of one of the leading magazine in this industry,” she explained. “I wonder if you’re interested in getting free publicity by letting me use your products and your model in a photo shoot?” Emma looked at Kate through the bars hoping she’d say no. She said yes.

“I want to call this the ultimate bondage experience” Chantelle explained as the last of the people left the exhibition. She emptied her bags on the floor and Emma watched as a mass of metal restraints clattered to the floor. Kate fished the remote from the front pocket of her jeans, flipped it open and pressed the button to unlock the maximum-security cage.

Emma climbed out and stood reluctantly in front of Chantelle in her brief red bikini and high heels. "Please not a chastity belt" Emma pleaded as her would be captor held up the most secure she'd been able to buy at the exhibition. Chantelle just smiled as she proceeded to fit it tightly around the blonde's waist and crotch. Once tightly in place, with the bar at the back pushing her bikini into her butt, Chantelle locked it in place.

Chantelle wasted no time in picking up a thick chain and padlocked it tightly around the blonde's waist. The chain had single cuffs attached to each side and it didn't take Chantelle long to close each tightly around Emma's wrists. "Inside" Chantelle ordered as she picked up further restraints.

Emma lay down on her back on the bottom of the cage. Chantelle kicked off her shoes, stepped inside and sat astride her, lifting her short skirt a little further so as to position her legs either side of her victim. She took a very thick metal collar, hinged at the back, passed it beneath one of the thick bars in the top of the two layers of bars that made up the bottom of the cage. She brought the two ends of the collar together tightly enclosing both the bar and Emma's neck. She smiled to herself as she threaded a high security padlock through both end of the collar and snapped it shut.

"You're going to be so helpless" Chantelle smiled as she again reached behind Emma's head, this time to fit the ball gag. The strap holding the gag in place comprised a thick chain, which Chantelle locked in place with another padlock. She then leant over Emma and whispered into her ear, "Now you can't talk, I'll tell you a secret, I'm going to padlock your neck to Kate's thighs and the keys to those restraints I won't give back to you" she giggled.

Chantelle climbed out and went to work on the rest of her victim's body. She took a pair of handcuffs and wrapped them around one of the bars in the base of the cage before locking both cuffs on to Emma's left wrist. She took the unique key and deadlocked both cuffs before using a second pair of cuffs to chain her right wrist to the bars.

Chantelle then turned her attention to Emma legs, which were drawn up towards her waist in order to fit into the cage. Chantelle took a two pairs of the most secure cuffs that she'd been able to find and wrapped them around the bars of the cage to take up any slack and then to Emma's ankles. She then finished off with a pair of thumb cuffs that she used them secure Emma's big toes together.

"Take off your jeans and top" Chantelle said to Kate. Desperate for the publicity, she complied. "Nice" Chantelle smiled as she knelt down as padlocked a thick leather strap around her waist and another around the top of each of Kate's thighs. The waist strap and thigh straps were connected by further straps preventing Kate from sliding the thigh straps down her legs.

Chantelle then reached inside the cage and padlocked a similar strap around Emma's neck. "Now climb inside and sit astride her neck" Chantelle ordered Kate again followed the instructions and sat down on the blonde's neck with her thighs either side of her head. Chantelle handed her two small padlocks, "Now lock her neck to your thighs" she purred as Kate reached down and slipped the padlocks through the metal rings. Emma knew that once Kate had padlocked her neck to her thighs that her neck would remain locked between the brunette's thighs probably for the rest of the night, but the gag prevented her from warning her friend. Chantelle smiled as Kate snapped the padlocks in place with Emma's nose now resting up against the brunette's panties.



Chantelle was reviewing her work, “The chains may be more secure, but there’s nothing like having some cute butt pinning you down to make you feel trapped. And your thighs will look huge from where she is lying” she smiled to Kate.

Kate leant forward towards Emma as Chantelle closed both of the lids to the cage. “Now this is Nikki” Chantelle said as a stunningly attractive woman walked over wearing only a pair of black panties and bra. Nikki sat down on the cage and crossed her long bronzed legs. “Try and lift the lid,” Chantelle said to Kate. Kate tried but soon gave up. “I love that leverage effect” Chantelle smiled, “it’s just like having ten Nikkis sat on you!”

“Its all academic now anyway” she giggled as she flipped open the remote and locked the cage. “And just to make extra extra sure I’ll padlock you in too” she smiled as she slipped high security padlocks through the hasps on either side of the box. Chantelle collected up all the keys and put them in her handbag before starting the photo shoot.

An hour later and Chantelle had finished and started to pack up her camera, “Can you do the honors with our friends” she smiled as she handed the keys and the remote to Nikki. Chantelle crouched down and looked at Emma and Kate through the bars, “You look great together in there” she smiled as she blew them a kiss and left.

At that point Nikki’s phone rang and still in just her black knickers and bra she ran over to her clothes and started looking through her jeans pockets for her phone. The blonde sat down and starting talking as Emma and Kate looked on. “Are you going to be long?” Kate finally called out. Emma just turned away from them and continued her call.

When she finished Nikki pulled on her jeans and t-shirt before walking back over to the cage. “Do you two really want to spend the night in there?” she snapped as she started to unlock the cage and the many restraints that Chantelle had so lovingly secure them with. The blonde finally unlocked the gag allowing Emma to speak, “You don’t have the keys for this thigh to neck harness do you?” she said. Nikki looked again through her keys and shook her head. “She’s taken those with her!” Emma exclaimed.

“Too bad for you guys” Nikki smiled as she watched Emma and Kate struggle to climb out of the cage with Emma’s head between Kate’s thighs. “At least they’re only made of leather” Nikki giggled watching them trying hopelessly to get out of the restraint, “you should be able to chew your way through that by morning.”

“Aren’t you going to help us?” Kate asked.

“No” Nikki smiled, “I quite like the idea of you locked up like that.”

Nikki left leaving Emma and Kate lying on the floor chasing their breaths. It was a hot evening and Kate’s thighs wrapped around her neck was making them both perspire. She turned her head and put the strap that gripped Kate’s left thigh in her mouth and started to bite the thick leather. This was going to be a long night.

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Emma lay on the floor, her head still padlocked between Kate’s legs, trying desperately to bite through the leather strap that were locked around Kate’s tanned thigh.

“That tickles” Kate said with a half smile as she looked down at Emma’s long blonde hair.

Emma looked up and saw the smile, “Why couldn’t that bitch have locked you in my crotch instead!”

“Not much we can do now,” Kate said trying not to smile.

After ten minutes it became obvious that Emma's teeth were no match for the leather and the women started to think of another plan. Kate climbed to her feet, with Emma on all fours beneath her.

"It's like walking a dog," Kate purred.

"With its head between your thigh!" Emma exclaimed, totally humiliated by her position.

"I'd better wear your skirt, to be slightly less obvious." Kate reasoned as she picked up the blonde's short red flared skirt and slipped it on over her head and shoulders.

The two women waited until all was clear and then started to walk slowly towards a back exit. The hard floor hurt Emma's hands and knees, but having her head inside Kate's skirt with the brunette's thighs brushing past the sides of her head was worse.

From a distance they noticed someone sitting on the bonnet of Kate's car and as they approached they saw it was Chantelle.

"You two look so sexy together," Chantelle smiled.

"Look we did your photo shoot, fair is fair," Kate complained.

As the two of them talked, Emma lifted Kate's skirt but could still only see Chantelle's curvy hips, her toned legs, her tight skirt, thin stocking and tan high heeled shoes.

"OK, I'm sorry," Chantelle finally conceded, "but unfortunately I left the keys for that sweet little thigh to neck harness at home.

"What!" Emma exclaimed, her voice muffled by Kate's skirt.

"I'll drive you back to my place and release you," Chantelle smiled as she pressed her remote and the lights on the only other car in the car park flashed.

"It will have to be the boot I'm afraid," Chantelle smiled as she unlocked the boot and helped the conjoined women scramble in. It was a sports car and there was barely enough room inside for them both. Chantelle gently, but firmly closed the boot with the click of the lock echoing around the inside of the steel cell.

After checking that no-one was looking, Chantelle climbed up and sat on the lid of the boot and started to hitch up her skirt. She ran the tip of her car key up the inside of her thigh and around the front of her knickers. Around and around she went as she listened to her captives' conversation. "Where has she gone?" "Why aren't we moving?" "What are you doing ..... I'm just trying to get my nose out of your f\*\*\*ing panties!"

When they finally arrived at Chantelle's house, she parked in the garage and locked the door behind her before she unlocked the boot. Chantelle helped them out and led them through a door and into the basement.

"Wow," Kate exclaimed as she looked around the large windowless room with an amazing array of steel bondage equipment.

"All part of my job," their hostess replied as she flicked through a large bunch of keys.

"Aha, the only key to free you from your human stocks," she smiled at Emma who was once again on all fours.

"Thank you," the blonde replied as she held Kate's skirt up with one hand.

"Or would you be interested in one more day's photo shoot?"

Kate and Emma both laughed on cue.

"\$10,000 each," Chantelle said quietly.

The women stopped laughing and stared at her.

"Are you interested?"

“\$10,000?” Kate questioned.

“Aha, I will transfer it to your account tomorrow night.”

The women considered it for only a few moments more before accepting.

“Great,” Chantelle smiled, “you realize that you will now be my slaves for the next 24 hours. Make whatever calls you have to and then give all your clothes, handbag and anything else to me.”

Within half an hour both Emma and Kate were standing in Chantelle’s basement completely naked.

“OK you take a shower,” she ordered and Emma duly complied.

“And you over here,” she ordered to Kate.

As instructed, Kate knelt with her head to the ground next to a heavy steel ring that was fixed to the floor. Chantelle took a high security ‘D’ shaped bike lock and threaded it through the ring and around Kate’s head before locking it closed.

Emma came out of the shower, dried and as instructed put on black silk panties and bra. Chantelle then handed her the key, “OK you can unlock Kate and she can lock you up in her place.”

Emma lifted Kate’s long dark hair to find the keyhole and then took the key and unlocked the heavy steel restraint. She then knelt down in Kate’s place and waited patiently as her naked friend returned the favour by locking her securely in place.

“You can keep hold of the key as you shower,” Chantelle smiled as she watched the action.

Kate finished showering and dressed in pale pink silk lingerie.

Chantelle looked at Kate and smiled. “You’ve got very nice legs, I don’t know why Emma complained so much about being locked between them.”

Kate half smiled as Emma tried to look up to watch their conversation, fighting against the steel that held her to the ground.

Chantelle walked over and opened a big, heavy looking safe standing at one side of the room. It was a regular safe, other than the fact that there were a number of small holes drilled through the two inch thick steel at the top. She folded up a thick wool blanket, crouched down carefully in her tight suit and placed it inside. She then added a soft white pillow.

“OK Katie, you can decide who gets to sleep in here.” Chantelle purred.

“You?” Kate replied.

“Nice try,” her hostess replied.

Kate thought for a moment. “That looks scary, Em you’ll be better at that than me.”

“No way Kate! ..... I mean, please Kate no.”

Chantelle smiled at how quickly the friendship and loyalty had dissolved. “OK, unlock Emma from the floor and lock her inside the safe.”

Chantelle sat down on a nearby cage and watched as Kate unlocked Emma from the floor and led her by the hand over to the cage. Without saying a word, Emma slowly climbed in and curled up inside with her feet on the pillow.

Kate crouched down by the door and looked in at Emma’s dark, resigned eyes. Emma looked out at Kate’s toned thighs and cute, skimpy pink panties, wishing that she was again locked between her soft legs rather than in the steel box. The legs disappeared from view as Kate swung the door shut and turned the handle.

“I feel terrible,” Kate said to Chantelle as she started to lift the handle again to unlock the safe.

“No,” Chantelle warned, “leave it there and turn the key.

Kate slowly turned the key and then tried again to lift the handle, “It’s locked.”

Chantelle smiled, “Now take out the key and give it to me.”

Chantelle lifted her skirt to reveal a suspender belt and black underwear. She tucked the key to the safe into the top of her suspenders and then pulled her skirt back down hiding the key from view.

“And what about you?” Chantelle purred as she looked around the room.

“The bed?” Kate half smiled back.

“Good idea, on your back I think.”

Kate’s hopes of just a regular bed soon dropped as Chantelle pulled out a pile of straps and started to use them to secure Kate to the bed. Within minutes Kate was held rigidly to the bed with straps around her feet, her thighs, her waist, up between her legs, her hands, her chest and her neck.

Chantelle then sat on the bed with her thigh almost touching Kate’s face and started to stroke Kate’s hand with her hand.

“And now I have to padlock each strap in place,” she joked as if it were a problem.

“You don’t have to?” Kate offered.

Chantelle giggled, “Sorry honey, but that’s my favourite part, so the locks go on.”

Twelve padlocks later Chantelle was finished. She ran her hands gently up and down Kate’s body.

“Oh the things I could do to you now,” she purred, “but unfortunately they will all have to wait for the morning. She then bent over and kissed Kate quickly on the lips before leaving the basement, locking her guests inside.

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Chantelle returned to her basement the next morning. She had showered and her long dark hair was still wet. She was dressed much more casually than the night before, in a short pink flowery mid thigh length dress and barefoot.

She smiled as she saw Kate still asleep, still strapped and padlocked to the small bed. She could see from the slight red marks on Kate’s wrists that she had made some attempt to escape, although had clearly given up quickly.

Chantelle stood astride the narrow bed so that the crotch of her white panties was only an inch above Kate’s face. With Kate’s face hidden from view inside her dress, she lowered herself slightly until she felt Kate’s nose touch her panties. Going by feel alone, Chantelle moved backwards slightly until Kate’s mouth was pushing gently against the silk material, deep between her thighs.

Chantelle smiled as Kate, still fast asleep, moved her lips against the silk and started to kiss her. Chantelle tried not to make any noise as Kate’s lips started to arouse her. Within a few minutes, Chantelle could take no more and had to move back so that she was straddling Kate’s neck. She then brought her legs up on to the bed, either side of Kate’s head so that she had her imprisoned in a tight pin.

Kate started to wake as Chantelle squeezed her thighs a little tighter. She watched carefully as the helpless woman beneath her opened her eyes and started to realize where she was and what was happening. She tried to move her arms and legs, but they were strapped down. She tried to move her head, but felt Chantelle’s soft thighs held her tightly.

“Good morning,” Chantelle purred.

“Good morning,” Kate replied, still trying to catch up with events.

“Did you sleep well?”

“Yes,” Kate replied as she realized that she had not woken since Chantelle had locked her to the bed the night before.

“Why are you sitting on me?” Kate asked innocently.

“Because I can.”

Kate closed her eyes trying to work out why she was feeling so turned on.

“I can do anything I like to you.”

Kate just gazed up into her captors big dark eyes.

“I can even make you disappear,” Chantelle giggled as she slowly brought her thighs closer together until they touched, leaving Kate hidden from view below.

“Maybe I’ll allow just a crack of light into your world,” Chantelle purred as she opened her legs a tiny bit, giving Kate just a fraction of light and air.

Through the tiny gap Kate could see Chantelle holding up a small bunch of keys.

“These are the only keys to the padlocks, do you want them.”

As Kate tried to reply, Chantelle quickly closed her thighs back together so that Kate’s words were lost under the brunette’s thighs.

Nearly half an hour passed before Chantelle finally climbed off the bed and started to unlock the padlocks and then unbuckle the straps.

“Take a shower honey,” she called as she left the basement, again locking the door behind her.

Kate quickly ran over to the safe and tried to look in through the small drill holes.

“Em, are you OK?”

“Yeah I’m OK,” Emma replied from inside the safe.

Kate tried to pull the handle to open the safe but it was locked, “Em, the safe’s still locked.”

“I know, you locked me in remember!”

“I didn’t have much choice, remember the money.”

“Do you have the key?” the imprisoned blonde asked hopefully.

“No Chantelle took that with her,” Kate replied as she sat down on top of the safe.

“Hey, it’s all gone dark!”

“Sorry, I’m sitting on top of you,” Kate giggled as she slid back slightly so that one of the small holes was showing between her legs.

“Hey, one hole, you’re generous!”

Kate smiled and closed her legs, plunging Emma back into total darkness.

A few minutes later Chantelle returned to the basement, put her finger to her lips and then handed Kate the key to the safe. “I’ll be back in an hour,” she whispered as she left the basement.

“What was that?” Emma asked from inside the locked steel box.

Kate smiled, tucked the key into the front of her knickers. “Oh nothing,” she lied as she sat back down on top of the safe.

“Arrrh, I want to get out of here!” Emma exclaimed with frustration as she pushed pointlessly against the inside of the safe.

“I wish I could help,” Kate purred as she rubbed the key nestled inside her underwear.

“Is there anything you can do to get me out?”

“Em you’re in a safe, without the key you’ll stay in there forever!”

With Emma still locked up, Kate showered and changed into a white t-shirt and short denim shorts. Kate was still drying her hair when Chantelle returned.

“You can let her out now,” she whispered to Kate.

Kate looked a little disappointed as she pulled the key out of the back pocket of her shorts and inserted it in the lock. It turned smoothly, a whole turn to the left, and Kate lifted the handle and pulled back the heavy door.

Emma crawled out, stood up and stretched. “Thank you!”

Chantelle looked over to Kate, “What do you think she’ll do if I tell her?”

“Tell me what?” Emma asked.

“No don’t,” Kate begged.

“I gave Kate that key over an hour ago,” Chantelle said to Emma as she stood back and waited for the fun to start.

“What! Why didn’t you let me out?” Emma exclaimed as she walked towards Kate.

“Hey Em, I was just....”

Chantelle looked at Emma and then across to the safe.

“Good idea,” Emma smiled as she caught Kate and grabbed her by the hair.

Whereas Kate was slim and glamorous, Emma was athletic and easily stronger than her friend. Kate was helpless as Emma held her hair in one hand and one wrist with the other hand and led her over to the safe.

“No way Em,” Kate begged as the blonde forced her on to the ground in front of the safe.

“Inside sweetie,” Emma smiled as she lifted her friend a little and edged her ever closer to the safe.

Within a few minutes Kate was inside the safe with only her fingertips on the door frame stopping it from closing completely. Kate tried to push the door open again but Emma was using one thigh to push it closed as she pulled Kate’s fingertips from the frame.

Kate finally realized the fight was over and pulled her hands inside. The force from Emma’s thigh then slammed the door closed and held it there. Emma pushed down the handle and turned the key.

“Ha! Get out of that one Katie,” she smiled as she took the key from the keyhole and triumphantly tucked it into her bra and walked over to the shower.

Part 5

After Emma had showered she reluctantly unlocked the safe and freed her friend. Both Kate and Emma then dressed in matching tight red panties and bra and Chantelle added some makeup.

“I hope you like each other?” Chantelle smiled as she led them into the middle of the room and positioned them so that they were facing each other, with their noses almost touching.

Chantelle first took a maximum security bicycle ‘D’ lock and put it around both Emma and Kate’s necks and locked it in place. The lock held the women’s heads so close together that their lips touched.

She then made sure that the women’s hips were pushed closely together and then she took a length of high security chain and wrapped it around their waists. Both women had slim waists and it took only a short length of chain to encircle them both.

Chantelle padlocked the chain to itself behind Kate's back locking their waists together. She then ran the spare end of the chain down between Kate's legs, through Emma's legs and padlocked it back on the waist chain behind Emma's back. The chain was tight and the front of both women's panties were pushed tightly together. As they tried to pull away they rubbed against each other and both started to get turned on.

Chantelle then instructed Kate to put her arms around Emma and then handcuffed her hands together. She then took a padlock and locked the cuffs to the chain running between Emma's butt cheeks.

"Hey get your hands off my butt," Emma joked.

"She hasn't got much choice, they're locked to your butt," Chantelle purred as she continued her work.

A few minutes later Emma's hands were cuffed together and locked to Kate's butt.

Chantelle then told the women to line their ankles up in straight row. She took another 'D' shaped bicycle lock, this time a longer, narrower one and threaded it around all four ankles and locked it closed.

"How does it feel?" Chantelle asked as she picked up all the keys and stuffed them into her shorts.

Both Kate and Emma were starting to breath deeper than usual as they tried hard not to rub too much against each other.

"This is quite sexy," Emma smiled as she looked directly into Kate's dark eyes.

"I'm glad you think so, as I'll going to leave you there for a while," Chantelle smiled as she picked up her camera and started to shoot.

Ten minutes and many hundreds of shots later, Chantelle put down the camera and laid a mattress down next to them.

"Take a lie down while I develop some of these shots," Chantelle smiled.

"Aren't you going to unlock us?" Kate asked.

"No, not until I know I have the right shots."

"Well can't you leave the keys with us just in case we need them?" Kate asked.

"No way," Chantelle exclaimed as she tapped the back pock of her white shorts, "the keys stay in here."

Chantelle left and Emma and Kate carefully lowered themselves down on to the mattress. Emma had always thought of Kate as sexy which was why she hadn't minded Kate locking her up at Sexpo, in fact if she was truthful with herself, she actually enjoyed it.

Now she found herself chained to Kate, their lips almost touching, their clits rubbing, her hands locked to Kate's butt. She ran her fingertips around the outline of Kate's red underwear.

"What are you doing?" Kate asked.

"Just trying to get out of these cuffs."

"There is no way out," Kate complained.

"I know," Emma breathed back increasingly turned on by the situation.

Kate turned her head and their lips touched. Kate kept her lips there for just a moment longer than necessary which told Emma all she needed to know. She kissed Kate and within a second Kate was kissing her back. A second after that she felt Kate's hands on her butt.

Emma rolled on to her back with Kate on top of her and started to swing her hips from side to side. They couldn't touch each other, but lying on top of each other was enough.

"Wow!" Kate shouted again and again as she rubbed herself against her friend as best as she could with her hands pinned beneath Emma's butt.

Emma smiled as she enjoyed seeing a completely new side to her usually reserved friend.

When Chantelle returned an hour later they were lying on their sides panting heavily.

"My, you've been having some fun," Chantelle smiled.

Kate and Emma didn't answer.

"I take it you don't want these keys?" Chantelle smiled as she held the small bunch above them.

The friends didn't answer. They were so securely locked together that they felt very vulnerable and anyway they could probably have at least as much fun together without the restraints. But then from where they were lying Chantelle did look pretty sexy, her long tanned legs leading up to impossibly cute, tight white cotton shorts, and dark eyes and dark hair cascading all around her face.

"Well hurry up and decide," Chantelle smiled as she crouched down so that both of their heads were between her open thighs. She squeezed her thighs together a little, which pushed Kate and Emma's heads together and made their lips touch.

The touch of their lips distracted the chained women and both Kate and Emma started to look into each eyes.

"Get a room!" Chantelle joked as she stood up and tucked the keys into the back pocket of her shorts. "You two can stay locked together until lunchtime."

Immediately their emotions overtook them and they started to make out again as best they could. They had no idea how much time had passed, they didn't care.

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Chantelle sat upstairs in her studio with her feet up on her desk, flicking through the photos. They were some of the best she had ever taken, the looks on Emma and Kate's faces were fantastic, a mix of amazement and sheer lust.

She could feel the keys in the back pocket of her shorts and smiled as she thought of the two women chained together in her locked basement. Without the keys she was sitting on they would never be able to get free from each other, their lips would remain no more than an inch apart and their panties would stay crushed together.

She enjoyed the power she had over them, she always did when she had a subject under lock and key, but this time she also felt a little jealous. Although she usually went with guys, right then she would have happily have let herself be chained up to either one of captives.

An hour later, and happy that she had all the shots she needed, she returned to the basement, unlocked the door and walked over to the manacles women.

"The photos are fantastic," Chantelle purred as she pulled the keys out of her pocket, "I think you've earned a few minutes of freedom."

Chantelle took the keys and quickly did what a lifetime of struggling by Kate and Emma would never had achieved. Chantelle then gave them some shorts and t-shirt to wear and led them upstairs to her kitchen to eat.



Half an hour later all three were back in the basement.

“The photos of you two chained together were so good, I think this afternoon we will try a variation of the same,” Chantelle smiled as she sorted through a number of chains and padlocks.

Kate looked bashfully at Emma, feeling this way about a woman was new to her. Emma smiled back more confidently, although she had seen many guy she had also had many daydreams about women, including Kate.

This time Emma and Kate dressed in white cotton panties and short white flowery halter neck dresses that were tight around their chests and hips and then flared from the waist down to their mid thigh. Both had their hair up in a ponytail.

“You look so innocent,” Chantelle joked.

Chantelle then took a chain and locked it tightly around Emma’s waist with the padlock in the small of her back. She then took the free end of the chain through Emma’s legs and locked it on back on to the front of the waist chain, creating a tight crotch chain. She repeated the exercise on Kate.

Chantelle then instructed the women to lie on the mattress, facing each other head to toe.

“OK Emma open your legs, and Kate you put your head inside.”

Kate watched with excitement as Emma opened her strong thighs. She touch her smooth tanned skin gently with the hand as if to check it out, before slowly and breathlessly put her head inside.

Chantelle then padlocked a chain around Kate’s neck, but before closing the padlock she hooked the lock through Emma’s crotch chain. The click of the lock closing sent shivers of excitement down Kate’s spine.

“Your head is now locked in Emma’s crotch,” Chantelle smiled, “how does it feel?”

“Nice,” Kate answered honestly.

Emma just smiled as she felt Kate’s face rub against her.

Kate tried to pull away and to her delight found that she there was hardly any play in the chains. As she explored what little freedom she had left she found she could move her head forward all the way through Emma’s legs so that she was face to face with Emma’s butt. But if Emma opened her legs a little she could also pull her head back so that her face was between Emma’s thighs and she was face to face with Emma’s crotch. Emma smiled as Kate explore this second position.

Chantelle then repeat the exercise this time locking Emma’s head between Kate’s thighs. Emma had often watched Kate in her short denim shorts, most recently when Kate had had her handcuffed at Sexpo. Now she could look all she wanted without any fear of being seen. She had a big smile on her face when Chantelle locked the final padlock shut.

“Now you are chained up in the ‘69’ position,” Chantelle explained as she admired her work.

Neither Emma or Kate answered as both women had their heads pulled back between the other’s thighs with their lips exploring their new environment.

Chantelle quickly took some pictures to capture the moment, although neither woman even noticed. But Chantelle was getting increasingly jealous.

“Maybe I should tighten things up,” Chantelle said.

She took another ‘D’ shaped bicycle lock, this time one whose size could be adjusted, and threaded it around Emma’s thigh’s. The lock enclosed Emma’s thighs just above her knees.

Chantelle then pulled Kate's head fully through Emma's thighs so that she was facing Emma's butt. She then instructed Emma's to squeeze her legs together as tight as she could, squeezing Kate's neck between them. Chantelle then tightened the bicycle lock as far as it would go and locked it in place.

"Now try and get out of that girls," Chantelle purred.

Things were now very different. Emma's thighs were locked tightly together which in turn meant that the Kate's head was held rigidly in place. Emma tried to slide the lock down her legs but it was way too tight to pass over her knees.

"Hey, I preferred it before," Emma complained.

"I know you did," Chantelle replied.

Chantelle then took a pair of handcuffs and locked Kate's hands together behind her back and then padlocked the cuffs to her waist chain to make sure they stayed there. She then repeated the bicycle lock and handcuffs for Emma.

By the time she had finished Chantelle had regained the women's undivided attention. Both Kate and Emma's heads were held rigidly between the other's thighs and could do no more than kiss each other's butts. Their hands were locked behind them so could do no more than touch their own butts.

"Is this last bit really necessary?" Kate complained.

"Why what's wrong?" Chantelle teased.

"It's a bit restrictive."

"You mean you can't touch each other?" Chantelle offered.

Kate felt embarrassed and didn't answer.

Emma looked up at Chantelle, she was starting to guess why Chantelle had added the final restraints.

Chantelle took more pictures and once again was fascinated by the looks on the women's faces; desperately turned on, but totally unable to anything about it. She watched as they started to kiss each other's butts in a desperate attempt to express their overwhelming feelings.

"Please undo the bike locks," Kate begged as she fought desperately to pull her head out of Emma's thighs.

"You'd love that wouldn't you," Chantelle smiled as she crouched down next to them.

"Please Chantelle," Emma joined in.

"Later, but not yet," a jealous Chantelle replied.

"Have fun," she said as left the basement to review the next set of photos.

The women spent the next hour staring at each other's butts, unable to do anything else. Time dragged and it seemed like hours had passed before Chantelle returned to the basement.

"Hi girls," she smiled as she held the keys just above their heads. Four eyes watched intently as the keys swung from side to side.

"I thought you'd enjoy some time alone," she giggled as she finally took her keys and started to unlock them.

Chantelle looked a little embarrassed as she asked a question she had never asked before.

"Will you two lock me up?"

Emma and Kate smiled.

"Are you a little jealous?" Emma smiled.

“I just think I should understand a little more about what it’s like.”

“Sure,” Emma replied as she looked around at the range of bondage equipment on show.

Emma pointed to some metal stocks designed by hold someone’s neck and wrists, that were bolted to the concrete floor. As directed, Chantelle took off all of her clothes and lay on her back on the floor with her head and her hands in position in the open stocks. Emma smiled as she gently closed the stocks and sat down on top with her legs out straight.

“How does that feel?”

Chantelle looked at Emma’s thighs only inches above her and tried to push up on the stocks.

“Don’t think that will work honey,” the blonde smiled.

Kate then sat down on the stocks next to Emma.

“It’s now twice as impossible to escape with me sitting on you,” the brunette giggled.

The two friends then started to kiss while watching Chantelle’s reaction out of the corner of their eyes. They smiled as the imprisoned women tried in vain to catch her breath. Before standing up, Emma padlocked the stocks to make sure Chantelle had no chance of escape.

Chantelle smiled as Kate picked up a pair of high security foot cuffs and proceeded to lock her ankles together. However the smile soon disappeared as Kate picked up a metal chastity belt.

“Have you ever worn one of these before?” Kate asked as she crouched down right above Chantelle’s head.

“No never.”

“Then it’s about time you tried.”

Although Chantelle didn’t say anything, it was clear that she didn’t want to wear the chastity belt and she subconsciously fought against the stocks as Kate locked it around her waist. Chantelle still wasn’t smiling as Kate pulled it up between her legs and locked it in place.

“That’s quite tight,” Chantelle whispered.

“Yes,” Kate smiled as she slowly and deliberately dropped the keys to the belt down the front of dress and into her bra.

“Could you loosen it a little?”

“No,” Kate smiled in a matter of fact way.

Emma then found a pair of steel bondage mitts which she quickly locked around Chantelle’s wrists. Next Kate produced a steel mask and a minute later it was enclosing Chantelle’s head and Kate was padlocking it closed.

Kate and Emma walked around their prisoner.

“Do you think we’ve been a bit cruel?” Kate whispered.

“Yes,” Emma purred, “but now I’m going to make it up to her.”

Kate fished the keys to the chastity belt out of her bra and handed them to Emma. Emma then unlocked it and sat astride Chantelle’s legs. She bent forward and ran her tongue over Chantelle’s clit. The chained woman shuddered as if she’d been hit by lightning and then let out a groan which was muffled by the steel mask.

Chantelle’s head was spinning and she felt as though she was floating as her body made involuntary movements but was held rigidly by the stocks and by Emma sitting on

her legs. The next ten minutes were total excitement as Emma's tongue continued to drive her wild.

By the time Emma had finished Chantelle was still moaning and trying to catch her breath. The women waited another ten minutes before unlocking their prisoner. Chantelle was still overcome and almost unable to get to her feet.

"Inside," Emma ordered as she held open the door to the safe.

Without thinking, Chantelle complied and crawled inside her own safe. She looked out and saw Emma crouching by the door in her white dress, her long blonde hair hanging in a disheveled way around her face, her big brown eyes, her legs open showing her strong thighs and innocently looking white panties.

Chantelle kept watching but didn't even try to resist as Emma swung the door closed and pulled down on the handle locking her helplessly inside. The blonde turned the key in the lock, withdrew it and threw it absentmindedly across the room.

Emma and Kate sat next to each other on the safe and resumed their embrace.

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## [The Lawyer](#)

*....she secured the padlock around his balls, pocketed the keys and picked up her files....*

Brad was on the plane en route to New York, sitting next to him was his lawyer. Emma was typical of a newly appointed big firm law partner, very professional and committed. She was also very good looking he thought, as he discreetly looked at the woman sitting in the seat next to him. Even though this was a long haul flight, she was wearing a dark skirt suit, with a surprisingly tight skirt, and was sitting upright in her seat typing away at her laptop; Brad had put his away and turned on the movie hours ago.

She was quite tall and obviously very fit, before her law career she had played netball and represented her country, a fact that was proudly displayed on her resume. At around 30 years old, she was young to be a partner. She had long blonde hair that was always neatly held back in a pig tail, and big brown eyes. While he found her very attractive, on this trip his mind was on different matters.

Within a week he had to visit the company, review all of their operations and if all was in order, negotiate the purchase. This deal was important to his company and he would let nothing derail the process.

A tour of one of the factories was planned for the day after their arrival. The security guard let them in, but at it was Sunday, the rest of the place was empty.

"I wonder whether security is an issue here?" Brad said as they passed the main gates.

"I doubt it if they use these padlocks" Emma replied as she ran her hands over the large high security padlock that was hanging from the unlocked gate.

"It wouldn't take much to get through that" Brad replied.

"From experience I understand that it's not that easy" Emma smiled to herself.

The two walked on as Emma thought about the incident that had helped her make partner at such an early age. She had been dating the firm's managing partner when she'd found out that he had been unfaithful to her. Following a suggestion from one of her friends, she had waited for him to fall asleep and had then locked a large padlock around the base of his balls and penis. He hadn't been able to get it off which had made life very difficult for him as he was already married. To Emma, a very ambitious and not very scrupulous young lawyer, this had been the opportunity she had been after.

The managing partner had been terrified of his predicament becoming public and didn't want to seek help. Anyway he hadn't been sure whether there was any way to get the padlock off without permanent damage to himself.

He had worn the padlock for over two months during which time his marriage almost fell apart and Emma had been promoted to partner. A happy coincident she liked to think. Emma had finally unlocked him, but only after getting photos and a signed statement, just in case her career ever required a little help.

She watched Brad walked in front of her. He was a good looking guy and more importantly a very important client. She smiled as thoughts came into her mind.

That night Brad and Emma were in the hotel bar when Brad received an email. "Shit, they've moved the meeting to run through the sale document to tomorrow," he announced after having checked his blackberry for the hundredth time.

"But we haven't reviewed the document yet" Emma said stating the obvious.

"Well its 10pm, we have ten hours."

They returned to Brad's hotel room and turned on their laptops and started work. By 3am Brad was feeling the effects of the long flights and the late night and was lying on his bed only vaguely focusing on the document in his hands. A few minutes later he wasn't focusing at all.

Emma looked up from her laptop and realized that he was asleep, the mild sedatives she'd put in his last bottle of water had worked. Lying asleep in front of her was a very important and powerful client, this was too good an opportunity to pass by.

Emma crept over to the bed and gently unbuttoned his trousers and pulled them down. She cupped her hand around the base of his balls and penis to check the diameter. Happy that the size was about right, she undid the high security padlock and threaded it in place and squeezed it shut being careful not to trap any skin in the lock. She checked it for size and also waited awhile to make sure that it wasn't going to cut off circulation and cause any serious damage. Once satisfied with the fit, she pocketed the keys, picked up her files and returned to her own room.

The next morning had not been a good one for Brad. Not only had he woken up at 7am, with only an hour to get to the meeting, but he also discovered the padlocked around his balls. A hot shower, then a cold shower, then lots of soap had not got him any closer to getting the bloody thing off.

He read the note that Emma had left on the bed again, "*Thought it might be fun, I'll take good care of the keys. Love E.*" It wasn't fun and she wouldn't be his lawyer for much longer.

By the time Brad reached the offices, Emma was already in the meeting room with the other side's lawyers.

"Good morning" Brad said as he entered the room.

Brad sat down next to Emma, "Give them to me now" he whispered.

Emma just smiled as she continued to read her notes.

This had gone far enough, “Before we start I need to consult with my counsel” Brad announced as he stood up and beckoned Emma to follow him. They walked into the adjoining meeting room and Brad closed the door behind them.

“Now!” he said firmly.

“You after these?” Emma smiled as she pulled a small bunch of keys out of her jacket pocket.

Brad held out his hand. Emma shook her head. Brad took a few steps closer to her, aware that the others were in the room next door. Emma had to think quickly, if he got the keys back now she’d probably be sacked on the spot.

Emma took the keys in her hand and slid them down the inside of her skirt and dropped them inside her knickers. She pulled her hand back out to show him that it was empty.

“Try and get out of there, without being locked up for sexual assault” she smiled

“This is not a game I want to play Emma, get those keys out of your f\*\*\*\*\* panties!”

“I’ll make it worth your while tonight” she purred provocatively.

Her response was enough to distract him for a moment, but he still didn’t want to play Emma’s kinky game. He looked at her skirt that fitted tightly around her waist and then was tailored around her hips and thighs such that there was very little room for anything inside other than her body. Even if he was to risk getting the keys out with force, should he do it from the top or the bottom of her skirt? Shit, either would take longer than it would take the others to hear Emma’s cries and come in. And anyway, although Emma was slim she was very fit, he may not even manage it at all!

As he was still thinking through his options, Emma walked past him and back into the meeting room, kissing him on the cheek as she went. Brad followed her, his eyes still fixed on her tight knee length skirt. She sat down in her seat and he watched as her butt came to rest. How the hell was he going to get the keys out of there?

The meeting continued and Brad did his best to concentrate. They broke to use the toilets, which only reminded him of his predicament.

They broke again for lunch. While the other side was at the far end of the room, Emma sat down on the table right in front of Brad, crossing her legs as close to his face as she could without raising suspicions.

“How does it feel?” she purred as she uncrossed and opened her legs slightly.

He was distracted by her legs and didn’t reply.

“This could be fun,” she whispered.

His mind was all over the place. “Just today” he finally replied knowing that this was already out of his control. The keys might only be a few inches away from him, but there was absolutely no way he was going to get them. Going to the police was not an option, it would result in complete embarrassment, Emma would probably deny everything and he would still be locked in that bloody thing.

“Oh goody, I can keep the keys,” she appeared to be pleased with the outcome.

“Please don’t lose them.”

“They should be safe in here” she giggled pointing between her legs at the same time as re-crossing them as if to seal them in more securely.

The meeting continued successfully and at 6pm Brad and Emma left the building and hailed a taxi. They climbed into the back of the cab, with Brad still watching Emma’s butt. Emma smiled as she saw how important her butt had become to her client.

They arrived back at the hotel and were waiting for the lift; a lift arrived and they both walked in. However just as the doors were closing, Emma jumped out, Brad tried to follow her but the doors closed in front of him and the lift started to move. Brad returned to the ground floor as quickly as he could but she had already gone.

He walked to reception and naively asked for Emma's room number.

"I can't give out that information, but I can connect you on the phone" the receptionist offered. A short argument with the receptionist followed which Brad immediately regretted.

"Sorry, the phone will be fine" he finally said, knowing that getting to Emma would not be easy.

"Hello" Emma answered.

"It's Brad"

"Thought it might be" she purred.

"I want to discuss the deal, I suggest I come to your room" he said as confidently as he could.

"OK" Emma replied much to his surprise, "I'm in room 1505."

He wasted no time in getting to her door.

"Hi" she said as she opened the door wearing the skimpy white robe supplied by the hotel.

He followed her into her room, and quickly untied the cord from around her robe. He was taken aback by her beautiful body covered only by black silk knickers and bra but soon composed himself and ran his hands around butt to locate the keys.

"That's a little forward" she smiled.

"Where are they?" he demanded.

"In the safe" Emma giggled.

Brad opened the wardrobe and knelt down in front of the small hotel safe. As he turned around to ask Emma what code she had used, his face knocked against her thighs only inches away from him. Her skin was incredibly smooth and smelt fantastic. Again he lost his train of thought.

She stepped forward and hooked one leg over his shoulder. His mind was spinning and in his state of arousal the padlock was starting to make his balls ache. Emma released her legs from around his neck and led him by the hand over to her bed.

He lay down on her bed and she sat on top of him, straddling his body. She positioned his hands above his head, either side of the bars of the metal headrest. She then pulled the cord from around her waist and used it to tightly tie his wrists together. She then lent down to kiss him.

She took the cord from another robe and tied his feet to the base of the bed.

"It really aches down there," Brad complained.

"I'm sure it does, you're very hard," Emma giggled as she leant down and gently rubbed her breasts against his face.

"That's not helping."

Emma just smiled as she walked over to the safe and retrieved the keys. She pulled down his trousers and slid one of the keys into the padlock that was now tightly gripping his balls. She turned the key gently to release him.

"Thank you" he said with much relief.

"You're welcome," she giggled as she removed her remaining clothes and lay down on top of him.

They made love several times with Emma very much in control. An hour later and Emma was lying curled up next to him. Brad was looking up at his wrists trying to work out how to undo his hands. He'd been tied to beds before, but girly knots were never very effective and were usually easy enough to slip out off. However this time the knots looked somewhat more professional.

"Maybe you could untie me now?" he finally asked.

Emma looked up at his tied hands and smiled, "I don't think so," she purred as lay her head back down on his chest.

She finally stood up and walked in the bathroom to shower. Her naked, pert backside looked fantastic and Brad struggled again to get free so that he could join her in the shower.

Twenty minutes later and Emma returned dressed in a short black dress.

"You look great" Brad said honestly.

"Thanks" she smiled she sat down on the bed next to him with the padlock in her hand.

"No way!" he cried.

"Just for this evening, just for me" she asked gently.

"No!" he repeated.

She turned around and quickly relocked the padlock around the base of his balls and penis. She then pulled his trousers up to hide the lock.

"Emma please!" he cried.

"Don't you like it?" she asked innocently as picked up the phone and dialed reception.

"I wonder if you could help me?" Emma asked into the phone, "I've being playing a little self bondage game and got stuck."

She then stood up dangling the keys provocatively above him, "I'll see you in the restaurant" she purred as she kissed him on the lips and ran out of the room.

Brad fought against the cords again, he had no wish to be found like this by the hotel staff, but it was hopeless.

There was a knock on the door; "Come in" was all Brad could answer.

To his horror it was the young brunette from reception, the one he'd had the argument with earlier. She looked at Brad tied securely to the bed.

"Oh my, you have been having some fun" she observed.

"Yes, my friend's idea of a joke I'm afraid" he replied.

She sat down on the bed next to him.

"She's tied you up good and proper" she observed.

"Yes, I realize that, could you untie me" he snapped back.

She pulled her phone out of her pocket. "No please don't take a photo" he begged.

"Just a little memento" she smiled.

She moved closer to him, so that her skirt was almost touching his face. He may be looking, she thought, but he's an arrogant sod.

"If you say anything about this, I'm post my photos on the internet," she warned.

"Anything about what?"

"This" she smiled, as she stood up, took off her knickers, and climbed back on to the bed so that she was straddling his face. She lowered herself down until she was resting on his mouth.



Brad's head was now inside her skirt, it was dark and airless. He knew what he had to do and he also knew the consequences of not doing it. He worked his mouth and tongue for what seemed like ages with the pain in his balls reminding him that it was also turning him on. Once she had come for the third or possibly fourth time, she closed her legs and sat down even more heavily on his face.

This was a rest for his aching tongue, but it did mean that he could no longer breathe. He waited as long as he could before struggling to move his head to the side to get some air.

She giggled and climbed off, "Sorry, I guess it'd be a little airless down there."

"Please untie me," Brad asked again.

"Sure" she purred as she stood up and pulled her knickers back on and smoothed down her skirt and checked her hair in the mirror. She then finally untied his wrists before kissing him on the mouth and leaving the room.

With his hands freed he quickly untied his feet. He knew that Emma would now be sitting in the busy restaurant and his chances of getting those keys without being arrested were zero. So he returned to his room, showered and an hour later took the lift down to the restaurant.

Emma was sitting on a bar stool flirting with the barman. She stood up and walked over to Brad as he arrived. Her figure hugging dress was stunning, a fact not lost on the barman and two other guys sitting at the bar.

They sat down at a table and ordered some drinks. Emma then took some papers from her handbag and lay them on the table in front of Brad.

"These are the mandates for your company to appoint me and my colleagues as your legal advisor for corporate, employment law, litigation, well most things in fact," Emma explained.

"But I don't need all of these services" Brad replied pushing them back.

"But you do need something else" she purred.

"You can't blackmail me!" he exclaimed.

They sat in silence for a few more minutes until the waiter reappeared, "Can you call me a taxi to the airport" Emma asked.

"We're not flying until the morning" Brad interjected.

"I think I'll take an earlier flight" she smiled.

"But how am I going to get through airport security with this thing locked on my cock?" he hissed.

"Not my problem" Emma smiled as she stood up.

"OK, OK" Brad quickly replied as he reached for the papers and started signing.

"I knew you'd see it my way," Emma smiled as the champagne arrived.

Emma walked over to reception to arrange for the papers to be mailed back to her office. Brad watched her hips sway as she walked; at least I can get my balls free he thought to himself. Emma looked over at Brad and smiled, this little game has only just started she thought to herself.

Emma returned to the table as Brad poured the champagne.

"Here's to a beautiful working relationship," Emma smiled as she clinked her glass against his.

"Here's to my freedom," Brad replied warily.

"Oh cheer up this is the start of a big adventure for us," the blonde giggled.

“An unethical, blackmailing kind of adventure?”

“Let’s just agree it’s an adventure.”

“It’s just as well you’re a good lawyer.... and a f\*\*\*ing attractive women,” Brad replied as he finished his glass in one gulp.

Emma tossed her hair to one side, how easy guys were to manipulate.

She took his hand under the table and pulled it across to her and up inside her skirt. She leaned slightly to one side and pushed his fingertips under her butt where he could feel the outline of the padlock key through the thin material of her knickers. As he started to try and pull it out she sat back down hard on to his hand.

“Not yet,” she purred.

“Please Emma, you just putting my hand between your legs is making my balls ache.”

“Let’s meet in your room in one hour,” Emma whispered as she stood up, leaving his hand resting on her empty chair.

An hour later Brad had showered and was pacing the room awaiting his visitor. Twenty minutes more and Brad picked up his phone and dialed.

“Where are you?”

“Oh sorry, I have an urgent appointed back home,” Emma replied trying not to smile.

“What ? Where are you now?”

“About to board the plane.”

“Emma what about my f\*\*\*\*\* balls!”

“Silly me, I’ve still got the key,” the blonde smiled as she held it gently in her hand.

Emma hung up her phone leaving Brad into shouting to an unconnected line. He unbuckled his trousers as if to check the padlock was still there. He knew that she’d set him up but what could he do.

If he tried to fly back home, the padlock would stand out a mile at airport security. He could probably explain it away but how embarrassing would that be. Photos of him and the bloody lock would be all over the net, a regular urban myth. He’d have the same embarrassment if he went to a locksmith to try and get it removed and anyway he doubted that they would be able to do much without risking serious consequences.

Brad was seriously tired and pissed off when an hour later he queued at the car rental kiosk. He chose the fastest car on offer, a large coffee and several cans of coke and wheel spun out of the car park. He calculated that the journey would take over fifteen hours, meaning that he wouldn’t get back to town before the next afternoon.

The drive was long, boring and accompanied by a slight ache in his balls. At 8am the next morning, with still 5 hours to drive, he dialed Emma’s mobile. It ran to voicemail and Brad listened to the message for a few seconds before realizing that listening to her slightly husky voice was only making him ache more.

He tried her office number and was immediately answered by Emma’s PA.

“I need to speak to Emma.”

“I’m sorry but Miss Jordan is in a meeting,” the chirpy PA replied.

“Well tell ‘Miss Jordan’ I want to see her as soon as I reach town this afternoon.”

“I’m sorry but she is booked all day.”

Brad hung up, Emma had locked a padlock around his balls and here was he trying to get an appointment via her PA! He hit the gas and skidded back out on the road.

“Good afternoon sir,” the young receptionist smiled as Brad walked into Emma building that afternoon.

“Emma Jordan, its urgent,” Brad replied as calmly as he could.

“Level 20,” she smiled back.

When he reached the floor he walked past the chirpy PA and straight into Emma’s office.

“It’s alright,” Emma smiled to her PA.

“Alright?” Brad questioned.

“You look tired,” Emma said as she closed her office door.

“It was a long drive.”

Emma stood up from behind her desk. She was immaculate as always in a tight black sleeveless, mid-thigh length dress. Her blonde hair was in a ponytail, her soft skin and big brown eyes shone as always.

“I’ve still got it,” she smiled as she tapped the back of her dress.

Exhausted, Brad made a split second decision. He stepped forward and with one arm grabbed Emma around the waist. She was athletic but slim and he easily held her in place. With his other arm he reached up between her legs and quickly felt the key still tucked inside her underwear. He tried to pull it out but couldn’t and only then realized that she was wearing thin tights.

Shit! There was no way to get at the key without taking off her dress. He started to look for a zip but by then his time was up. Emma had called out to her PA and as Brad looked around he saw her approaching Emma’s office. In the time it took Brad to look around, Emma lifted one leg and used her knee to hit him on the side of the head. His head started spinning and he blacked out.

Emma quickly explained to her PA that her visitor had fainted as a result of his long drive, but that he was fine and that she could leave. As soon as the PA had closed the office door, Emma grabbed a pair of handcuffs from her drawer. Brad was starting to come round but Emma knelt down on his chest to make sure he couldn’t get up and quickly used the rigid cuffs to chain his hands together.

Brad was still dizzy as Emma helped him to his feet and sat him down on one of her visitor chairs. Emma perched on her desk in front of him and watched as he slowly realized that he was handcuffed and then started trying to escape the cuffs.

“Forget it, you’re not getting out of those cuffs after what you’ve just tried,” Emma snapped.

“What! You had no right to lock my balls up!”

“I know, but I did anyway,” Emma replied with a slight smile on her face.

“Well you invaded my personal space so I invaded yours,” Brad tried to reason.

“Yes, but I wasn’t caught by the CCTV camera in my office,” Emma smiled.

“Shit!”

Emma looked down at him, “Do you realize what jail sentence that assault carries?”

Brad looked worried, “Jail?”

“Yes, maybe you’d better get yourself a good lawyer,” she replied.

“But you are . . . .”

“Well as your lawyer I suggest you do exact as I say,” she warned.

Emma picked up Brad’s jacket and placed it in his lap so that it covered the handcuffs and called her PA into her office.

“Hi Beth, Brad has just appointed us to be the sole legal advisor to his company.” Emma explained.

“Thank you and nice to meet you,” Beth beamed with a slight bow.

“So can you run through the usual client information checks with him while I go to my next meeting.”

Brad watched as Emma left, leaving him and Beth in her office. Beth was in her early twenties and still had that youthfully enthusiasm. Like everyone at the firm she was immaculate in a knee length grey skirt and matching jacket. She had shoulder length dark hair and wore designer glasses, although probably only for effect.

She positioned a chair at one side of Emma’s desk, sat down and neatly folded her legs. Brad sat up straight and leant against one of the arm rests to try and hide the fact that he was handcuffed. Beth, didn’t seem to notice that anything was wrong. She was either to focused on her paperwork, or possibly given that she was Emma’s PA, was just used to working with manacled clients.

Beth asked the questions and Brad answered as quickly as he could, hoping like mad that she was not going to ask him to sign at the end.

After a few questions Brad noticed that Emma’s office pass and a small bunch of keys were lying on the desk. He smiled as he recognized a small handcuff key on the bunch. Providing that he could finish with Beth before Emma returned, he had a way out.

“Well that’s all for now, thank you Brad,” Beth beamed as she stood up.

“My pleasure, thanks for your help,” Brad smiled.

As Beth picked up her paperwork she also noticed Emma’s office pass and picked it up bringing the keys with it.

“Umm, you can leave that here,” Brad said quickly.

“It’s Emma’s pass, everyone has to carry one in the building,” Beth smiled as she made to leave.

“I can give it to her,” he offered.

“Thanks, but I’m happy to take it,” the young woman smiled back.

Brad desperately tried to think up a plausible reason for Beth to leave the keys but nothing came to mind. The young PA smiled and left the office, unwittingly taking with her the only keys to Brad’s cuffs.

With one eye on the door, Brad searched through Emma’s drawers for another key to his cuffs.

“Looking for these?” Emma giggled as she walked back into her office waiving her keys in front of her.

“No,” replied defiantly.

“OK I’ll keep them,” Emma smiled as she hung the pass around her neck so that the keys rested against her chest.

At that moment the intercom rang and Beth announced that Emma’s next visitor was waiting.

“Send her in,” Emma replied.

“What about me?” Brad asked in a panic.

“You’d better hide under my desk,” Emma winked.

As the visitor walked in, Brad quickly ducked into the small foot well under Emma’s desk. He was surrounded by thick wood on three sides and was well hidden from view. Emma sat down on her chair and slid closer towards her desk, using her hand to guide Brad’s head between her thighs as she went.

Brad listened to the conversation and soon realized that the visitor was the manager of one of his company's divisions, a very capable workaholic woman in her mid-thirties. As the woman spoke, Emma was discretely hitching up her dress and pulling Brad further towards her. Within ten minutes his face was pushed hard against the front of her knickers.

"I probably need to confirm this point with Brad," the woman said.

"Oh I'm sure he'll go along with my recommendation," Emma smiled as she clamped her thighs a little tighter together.

After an hour, Emma slid her chair back, pulled down her dress and stood up all in one smooth motion. She showed her visitor out and returned to where Brad was still cowering under her desk.

"My place?" Emma asked as she helped Brad to his feet and strategically placed his jacket across his arms to once again hide the cuffs. She threw her keys into her handbag which she put over her shoulder and then they walked together past the receptionist and into the lift. Brad watched the bag carefully.

"Don't even think about trying to get out of those cuffs," Emma purred, reading his mind.

Emma drove them to her flat which was on the tenth floor of a new apartment building.

"Make yourself at home, there's no telling how long I'm going to keep you here," she purred.

Brad assessed the situation. No witnesses, sound proof walls, this was his chance. He grabbed Emma bag and started to trawl through the usual junk to find her keys. He was still looking when he felt a terrific pain in his wrists and looked up to see Emma holding the middle of the rigid cuffs and turning them towards him.

He cried out and dropped to his knees. "Please Emma, stop!"

Emma didn't answer but instead stamped down hard with her heel on to his calf muscle. He screamed out as she stamped again and again on his legs.

The next thing he felt was his eyes burning and realized that she had sprayed him with pepper spray. She let go of his cuffs and let him fall to the floor. Once there, she used her heel to stamp repeated on his arms. Finally she lined the toe of her shoe up carefully and aimed a kick into the side of his head.

Within less than a minute he was lying on the floor crying out in agony. He didn't resist at all as she pulled his cuffs and led him away to her bedroom. She laid him on the bed, pulled his cuffed hands up above his head and used a second pair of cuffs to lock the cuffs to the frame of wrought iron bed. She then took a pair of foot cuffs and chained his feet to the base on the bed.

She sat down next to her head and used cotton wool and water to gently wipe his eyes. Blood was dripping from his wrists, his arms and legs were severely bruised and the side of his face was swelling up.

"When I say you're staying in my handcuffs, you really are staying in my handcuffs," Emma whispered in a calm and very stern voice.

Brad looked up at her as his sight started to return. She moved closer so that his face rested against her thigh. He stayed like that as she tenderly dressed his cuts and treated his bruises.

"I'm afraid you'll have to sleep in your cuffs tonight," she explained as she held a glass of water to his lips. But the sedatives worked quickly and he was soon asleep.

Emma undressed and lay down next to him, planning her next move and how she would take his millions.

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### The Bum Box

*..... "the only way to release you is for the sensor to scan the unique shape of my bum. My butt is the only key"....*

"Well what do you think?" Kate asked as she led Nicole and Dania into the cellar. The women looked at the heavy metal box that was no larger than 1.5 foot cubed. "Well how do you restrain someone in that?" Nicole asked disappointedly. "Oh easily" Kate smiled.

The box was made up of two halves with a join around the middle allowing the top half to lift up. It had a round hole in the middle of one side that was half in each part of the box. It also had a glass like surface on top.

"It's made of two inch thick hardened steel" Kate explained. "It's bolted to the floor although it's so heavy it can't be moved anyway. Why don't you try it first" she smiled to Nicole as she took a key out of her pocket. She turned the key in the keyhole and the box opened on its hinges. "Just put your head in here" she purred to Nicole as she tapped the box with her heel.

Still wearing her summer top and skirt from the beach, Nicole knelt down and slowly put her head inside the box, with her neck resting in the bottom half of the hole. Kate, also dressed from the beach in a light thigh-length skirt and top, sat down on to the box and smiled as it gently closed under her weight. As it closed completely there was a small click. Kate then reached down and removed the key and dropped it into her cleavage.

The hole in the side of the box had closed securely around Nicole's neck so that her head was now trapped inside the box. Inside the box was padded and comfortable but quite tight with only a couple of inches space around Nicole's head. It was also dark, with only a small amount of light coming through a heavily barred grill "That's how you restrain someone" Kate smiled, "I hope you find it secure enough".

"Although maybe I should also tell you about the extra security feature" she continued as she pulled her skirt out from underneath her and stretched her legs out in front. "The top of this box is fitted with a highly sensitive pressure meter which right now is sensing my bum sitting on top of it. If I press this button here, the sensor will scan and remember the exact shape and weight of my bum."

Kate pushed the button and watched as the green light started flashing and then after about ten seconds turned to red. "That's it, the box is now double-locked" she smiled as she retrieved the key and tried in vain to turn it in the lock. "Now this is the nice bit, the only way to release the double lock is for the sensor to sense my arse again and until it does that, the box will stay locked and your head, my darling Nicole, will stay imprisoned inside."

Nicole heard Kate's explanation through the small grill that allowed air into the box and started to try and pull her head out. Kate sat down on one of the stools and smiled as

she watched Nicole's efforts. "I'm about the same size as you" Dania said to Kate, "give me the key and I'll try to open it". Dania sat down on the box and like Kate, pulled her skirt out from underneath her. She pressed the red button and waited. After a few seconds the red light flashed. "Looks at though my arse is pretty unique". Kate smiled.

Guessing that Kate was a little lighter than her, Dania took some of her weight on her arms and again pressed the button. When that failed, she pushed down a little harder with her thighs to try and replicate Kate's strong legs. Dania finally turned to Kate and said "Turn around and show me your butt". Kate laughed, "When a prisoner is trying to escape from prison she doesn't get to see the shape of the key". Dania smiled, "I know, but without a quick peek Nic's chances of escape don't look good!"

Kate did as she was told and lifted her skirt. Dania came over knelt down and ran her hands around Kate's hips. "Are you sure you are close enough" Kate asked as she reached behind her and pushed Dania's face into her black silk knickers. "The shape is now imprinted on your face" Kate smiled as Dania returned to the box and continued to position her bum so as to match Kate's.

"I give up," Dania finally conceded. "See I have a unique bum" Kate smiled as she walked over and sat down on top of Nicole's head. She pressed the button and within a few seconds the light turned green. "That's amazing" Dania replied as she inserted the key in the lock and finally opened the heavy steel box.

Nicole climbed to her feet and looked across to Kate, "It is definitely your turn" she purred. "No way" Kate replied, "this is just too scary and secure". With that, Nicole took Kate by the hand and forcefully pulled her over to the box. She held Kate's head in place and smiled, "OK Dannie, show me how this works". Dania slowly sat down on top, closing the box with Kate's head inside. When it finally closed the lock clicked and Kate fate was sealed. "I think I'll hold the key," Nicole purred.

Dania then pressed the green button and waited while the force she was exerting on the box was analyzed. The light then turned red, "Try and break that code, Katie" Dania smiled as realising the time, she ran upstairs to change.

When Dania returned, Nicole was sitting on the box, but had given up trying to break the combination set by Dania's arse. "I have to go out now" Dania smiled, "and I'm just wondering whether I should let you out before I go" she teased Kate. "Please" Kate replied from inside the box, "please!"

Now wearing her jeans Dania sat down on the box and pressed the button, however the light stayed red. "Don't know how to tell you this Katie, but not even my butt can get you out this time!" "Are you wearing the same clothes?" Kate asked. "Good point, those jeans are quite tight, they probably change the shape of your butt" Nicole observed.

Dania slipped out of her jeans and again sat down on top of Kate's head and again the light stayed red. Dania was starting to get worried, although Nicole was starting to smile. "Haven't you changed your panties?" Nicole asked, "those white ones you were wearing before had a word embroidered across the back. While Dania continued to try to unlock the box, Nicole ran upstairs and found Dania's knickers.

"Katie, these may be your only hope of freedom" Nicole smiled as she held up Dania's used panties. Dania took off her new knickers and put the old pair back on. "I think they were riding up my butt a bit," Dania said as she adjusted them on her backside. Dania sat down above Kate's head again and pressed the button. "Your lucky day" she purred to Kate as she watched the light turn green.

Dania jumped up and changed back into her jeans. "Have fun girls" she smiled as she blew Nicole a kiss. Once Dania had left, Nicole went over to the box, pulled down her knickers and pulled up her skirt and sat down so that her bare bum was resting on the box. "I'm totally naked on top of you" the blonde smiled as she pressed the button and the green light turned back to red.

Nicole pulled up her panties and knelt down by where Kate's head disappeared into the steel box. "At least you know what my arse looks like, so you should be able to describe it to any rescuer" she smiled. Nicole then ran her fingers down Kate's body to her skirt. She lifted her skirt to reveal Kate's black knickers. "And to think that when I was incarcerated just now that your little butt was the only thing in the world that could free me" she purred, "and now my naked bum is the only thing that can give you back your freedom".

Nicole bent over and kissed Kate's knickers. She then turned Kate over so that she was on her side. She lifted Kate's top leg and put her own head between Kate's thighs. She then pulled Kate's leg down on top of her enclosing her inside. Kate soon complied with Nicole's wishes and tensed her legs tightly around Nicole's neck.

Nicole finally grew tired of playing and stood up. "I suppose you'd like me to sit my naked butt back down on your head?" Nicole smiled as she did just that. The box remembered Nicole's butt and duly opened. Nicole turned the key in the lock and opened the box.

"About time!" Kate exclaimed as she climbed to her feet. "What was the rush?" Nicole purred back. "My dinner appointment!" Kate replied. "OK, but before you go can you just sit down for a moment?" Nicole asked. Kate turned around and saw Nicole's head already positioned in the box.

"Look I'll be out until the early hours," Kate explained. "Please Katie!" Nicole begged. Without replying, Kate lifted her skirt and sat down closing the box beneath her. It clicked shut and she removed the key from its hole. She wriggled her arse until she was sitting nicely on the lid and then pressed the button and watched the light change to red.

"One day I might decide to keep you as a permanent sex slave" Kate purred as she ran her bare feet along Nicole's toned body". Kate stood up and smoothed her skirt back down. "Maybe I should also make you wait for your fun until I return" Kate smiled as she picked up two sets of handcuffs and taking each of Nicole's hands in turn locked them to metal rings welded on to the box. Nicole's hands were now secured up by her head and far away from her knickers.

Kate took the handcuff keys and tucked them inside Nicole's panties. "So near and yet so far" she joked as kissed Nicole on the bum. "And don't even try to escape from the box" Kate smiled as she tapped herself on the arse, "there really is only one key to release you!"

It was 2 o'clock in the morning when Kate returned. She walked in and found Nicole exactly where she had left her with her head still securely locked in the box. Nicole was fast asleep despite her restraints.

Kate pulled the key from her handbag and turned it in the lock on the side of the box, but the box remained firmly locked with Nicole's head inside. Kate sat down on top of the box, pulling her skirt out from under her so that only her knickers were resting on the sensor. She pressed the button and the sensor analyzed her butt to check that it was the same one that had locked the box. The pressure that Kate's but exerted on the sensor was the correct weight and shape and the electronic lock was released.



Kate lifted the lid of the box to reveal Nicole head inside. The blonde was fast asleep, “Wake up sleepy” Kate called.

Nicole stirred slowly, “What time is it?” she asked.

“Two in the morning” Kate replied as she unlocked the cuffs she had secured around Nicole’s wrists. “Come on, I won’t hold this heavy lid open for you all night, Nic, get out now or be locked in until the morning.”

Seeing Nicole close her eyes, Kate lowered the lid back down. She reached under her skirt and pulled off her knickers before sitting back down on the lid. She felt her naked butt against the hard lid and wriggled around a little until she was ready to be scanned. She pressed the button and imagined what the sensor would be making of her butt and how it would be translating it into a digital code that only her butt could replicate. The light turned red, “That it for you” Kate smiled, “my butt is now off duty!” Kate went to bed leaving the key still in the lock, without her butt the key was useless.

Kate woke just before midday and finally released her friend. Nicole showered and walked back into the room in short gym shorts and t-shirt. “I want to try something out on you” the blonde smiled. “I want to see if my daily cycling and step workout really does improve my butt and this box is a great way to find out. And just to add interest to the experiment, I want your head locked inside at the time.”

Kate was reluctant but having herself incarcerated Nicole in the device for the last twelve hours was not in a position to refuse. She lay on the floor and put her head inside the box before Nicole lowered the lid into place. The box was a tight fit around the brunette’s neck and Nicole smiled as she watched Kate try to pull her head out of the closed device.

“I’m now sitting on the lid and the sensor is analyzing my unexercised butt in my gym shorts” Nicole explained to her co-researcher as she watched the light turn red and the box lock. “Now we’ll find out whether my workout changes the shape of my butt, or should I say the only key to your freedom!”

Nicole started with the exercise bike and then moved to the step machine. With the music blaring she worked for an hour on all her exercises designed to improve her butt. By the time she stopped she was exhausted. She stood in front of the mirror and admired her own arse, “Looks good” she smiled, “let’s see what the box thinks!”

The blonde sat back down on the lid exactly as she had down an hour before. She pressed the button to her delight the light stayed red. “Yeah” she exclaimed, “proof that my workout works”. She tried a few more times to unlocked the box but with no success.

Kate was getting concerned, “How are you going to let me out!” she said from behind the small grill that was her only connection with the outside world. “You’ve locked me up in this maximum security box and now changed the shape of the only key!” Kate exclaimed. Nicole knelt down and looked in through the small grill, “Sorry Katie, I really didn’t think it’d work,” she said as she ran her fingers down Kate’s back.

“I’d better take a bath and try and relax my tight little butt muscles,” Nicole purred as her fingers made their way down to Kate’s legs. “And anyway, while your enforced incarceration for who knows how long is a pity, on the bright side my butt looks fantastic” the blonde giggled.

As Kate lay trapped with her head locked in the heavy metal box, Nicole lay in the bath massaging her legs and butt with her hands. An hour later Nicole returned and lay down with her panty-clad butt against the grill. “What do think?” Nicole purred, “Does that look like the right key to your restraint?”

Kate looked at the blonde's butt, "What do we tell people we were doing this morning, waiting for your butt muscles to relax so that you can release me?" Kate smiled.

"The truth is always good" Nicole giggled as she stood up and sat down on the box. "Cool" Nicole smiled as the light turned green.

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The following day Kate and Nicole sat in the café having brunch. "I've got the perfect plan to get you back" Kate smiled as she finished her coffee. "I've chosen an interior designer at random from the phone book and invited her round to give us her ideas". Nicole looked confused but knew that all would become clear.

The girls were back in the house when the interior designer arrived. She was attractive, in her mid-thirties, slim and medium height with long dark hair and wearing black trousers and top. She introduced herself as Rebecca. Kate led her into her bedroom and started talking about how she wanted the room to look. As she was measuring up, Kate led Nicole back to the lounge where she had positioned the box under the large picture windows that looked out to the sea.

"Inside" Kate ordered as Nicole knelt down gingerly and positioned her head in the box. Kate closed the lid and turned the key in the lock. "Now I'll pocket the key to keep you here for now, but when Rebecca returns let's see if we can't get her to offer her cute little cute as the code for your incarceration. Oh and by the way, I've turned off the 24 hours failsafe feature, so if anything goes wrong then..."

Kate positioned a coffee table over Nicole's body and threw a drop sheet over it. She also positioned drop sheets over the other furniture to make the room look as though it was ready to be painted. She then placed a table next to the box and placed a low stool by the table on the other side from the box. "Perfect" she smiled, "The box that your head is in looks just like a seat for Rebecca."

Kate returned with Rebecca to show her some ideas she'd seen in some magazines that she had left on the table. "Take a seat" Kate smiled as she beckoned to the box. Not realising that it contained someone's head, Rebecca sat down on the lid. As she looked at the magazines, Kate pressed the remote trigger. The sensor started to analyze Rebecca's butt, its shape, its size and the force that it exerted on the lid. Once all the information had been collected, the lid locked. Rebecca heard a small click beneath her but Kate easily diverted her attention back to the pictures.

Half an hour later Rebecca left to collect some more samples. Kate walked over to the box and lay down by the grill. "Oh my, Rebecca's butt, the only key to your freedom is now driving back into town" Kate giggled.

"I don't believe you locked the box with her on top" Nicole replied nervously.

"Oh yes I did" Kate smiled, "but to prove it let's see if I can release you". Kate sat on the box and tried to release the lock. "It's certainly not my butt that'll open this" she purred as she lay down by the grill again.

"What was her butt like" Nicole asked.

"Nice" Kate smiled, "Small and toned"

"Do we know anyone else similar?" Nicole asked hopefully.

Kate shook her head, "As far as the sensor in the box is concerned, Rebecca's butt is unique in the world, but don't worry she'll be back this afternoon".

Two hours later Rebecca returned but she was now wearing a short skirt and top. “You’ve changed” Kate said somewhat taken aback.

“Yes, I’m going out later” Rebecca replied somewhat surprised by the question. Kate knew that the box wouldn’t always recognize the same arse if it was wearing different clothes. This skirt was much less restrictive and her butt would now make a different pattern on the sensor.

Again the girls went to the table and again Rebecca sat down on the box. As she sat down her short skirt rode up so that her knicker-clad butt was resting on the sensor. Kate activated the sensor but nothing happened. She kept trying but without the trousers, Rebecca’s butt was resting in a slightly different way on the lid and without the exact same match the box couldn’t be unlocked.

She couldn’t let Nicole suffer inside the metal box all night and had to come clean to Rebecca. “I can’t believe you used me in your sex games without me knowing” she exclaimed as she stood up and pulled back the table to reveal Nicole’s body. “And this poor girl’s been locked in here all day because I sat on her earlier” she continued.

“I have some trousers that might fit you” Kate said, “Perhaps you could try them on?” Rebecca thought about this for a minute. “I’ll only help you release her if you agree for me to lock you in the box afterwards”. Kate shook her head. “OK” Rebecca smiled, “I’m leaving”.

Kate caught up with her by the door and agreed to her demand. Rebecca tried on a few pairs of Kate’s trousers until she found a pair that fitted. She sat down on the lid and immediately unlocked the box. Kate inserted the key and Nicole was finally free.

“Now you!” Rebecca directed. Kate hesitantly put her neck through the narrow opening in the side of the box and waited for the lid to close her in. Rebecca removed Kate’s trousers and sat down on the lid in just her knickers. “Now get out of that honey,” she purred as the light turned red. “I’ll be back sometime maybe” she smiled as she left the two friends speechless.

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### [Cut Down to Size](#)

*.....he took one last look at her big brown eyes before she dropped him into the front of her panties.....she slid her jeans up over her hips, plunging him into total darkness.....*

Kate and Emma were kneeling on the floor looking at the glass jar on the coffee table in front of them, both with a look of amazement on their faces. In the jar was Kate’s boyfriend, now standing at only one inch tall.

Of course they hadn’t believed the woman who claimed to be able to shrink people and Kate had certainly been joking when she’d asked for her boyfriend to be shrunk down to size for the weekend. But the woman hadn’t been joking and now here they were.

“Are we supposed to put grass and water in the jar?” Kate asked as she swept her long dark hair out of her eyes with her hands.

“He’s not a bug” Emma smiled without taken her eyes off the tiny guy.

“Maybe some crumbs for him to eat?”

“You could fill the jar with beer, he’d like that.”

The friends giggled.

“Do you think we can play with him?” Kate asked.

Emma giggled, “I’m sure we can play many things with a guy that size.”

“The woman said that he’d be as tough as usual, so no chance of hurting him.”

“We’ll have to put that to the test.” Emma smiled.

Kate gingerly unscrewed the lid of the jar, reached in and picked her ex- 6 foot 2 inch boyfriend up with her thumb and forefinger.

“He looks good enough to eat.” Emma smiled as lowered her head to where Kate was holding him, opened her mouth and pretended to eat him.

“Stop it, you’ll scare him.” Kate said as she took him and gently slipped him into the front pocket of her jeans.

“No more scary that in your crotch.” Emma giggled as she saw where Brad had come to rest at the bottom of Kate’s pocket.

“He’s never minded that before.” The brunette purred.

Brad didn’t remember much at all about the incident, it was as if he’d woken up and the world had grown. He felt normal, but everything was huge; it had to be a dream although it seemed amazingly real.

Being in Kate’s pocket felt so life like. The scent was unmistakably Kate’s. The pocket lining felt soft and warm and kept throwing him off his feet as Kate walked. How could his mind be imagining such things so vividly?

Her pocket was just how he imagined a crevasse in a glazier would be, very narrow and very tall and impossible to climb out of. He looked up and saw a very thin line of light at the pocket opening. The denim was too thick to see anything outside, however the pocket lining was thinner and he could just make out Kate’s thighs and crotch. She was wearing the new black lace underwear that he’d bought her.

He tried to climb up, but his pathetic attempts just landed him on his back at the bottom of the pocket. There was no way one, this was one very secure cell.

“I can’t believe you’re keeping him in your pocket.” Emma said again.

“It feels nice.” Kate replied.

“Maybe for you.”

“Can you hear him complaining?”

“He’s too small to hear anything he says.”

“As I said, no complaints.”

“Well I think it’s cruel.” Emma continued.

Even though she was enjoying it, Kate reached into her pocket and gently pulled Brad out and placed him back into his jar. They ate some lunch and then Kate had to leave for work.

“You promise you’ll look after him?” Kate asked Emma for the second time.

“I won’t lose him or eat him, I promise.”

Kate had never seen Emma so keen for her to leave.

Brad couldn’t hear much through the glass jar but saw Kate put on her black jacket. She was still going to work – surely he wasn’t going to be left in the jar with Emma, that crazy blonde. Emma was attractive and her figure and cute butt often filled his daydreams, but she had a sadistic streak. She’d once locked Kate in a trunk, not letting

her out until way after the joke was over. She certainly wouldn't be his first pick to baby sit him in this state.

Emma saw Kate out of the front door and then ran back to the lounge and the glass jar.

"Just you and me Brad," she smiled ominously as she unscrewed the jar and lifted him out.

She lay down on her back on the sofa and dropped Brad on to the front of her t-shirt. He slowly started to walk around which made Emma laugh, which in turn made her stomach muscles tighten, which in turn made him fall over.

"Careful," she giggled as she helped him to his feet.

The mischievous look in Emma's beautiful big brown eyes worried him. He started to think of a plan of how to get away from her, hide somewhere and only reappear when Kate returned. It sounded easy, but every time he tried to move away she picked him up and put him back in the middle of her stomach.

But things were about to get a lot worse. The blonde picked him up in her hand, squeezing him tightly and with her other hand unbuttoned the front of her jeans.

"What do you think?" Emma giggled as she held him with just her thumb and forefinger over the opening into her jeans.

"Do you think you can escape from there?"

He tried to wrap his arms around her finger. "What's wrong, it'll be lovely and warm inside," she giggled.

Brad took one last look at her big brown eyes before she dropped him in. He landed on the front of her white panties which was like landing on a large inflatable, before sliding off and down into the bottom of her jeans, coming to rest by her butt. He looked up and saw her re-buttoning her jeans plunging his world into near darkness.

In front of him he saw her thighs leading off into the distance; he had to make a move. He crawled forward down the inside of the right leg of her jeans, the denim material making a wall on his left and her tanned thigh rising up like a cliff on his right. Her legs were stretched out on the sofa and so the route was reasonable flat.

She let him get almost as far as her knee before quickly drawing her feet up towards her butt, lifting her knee up and making Brad slide back down her trouser leg. As he tumbled and slid down he saw that she'd lifted her butt slightly off the sofa. He knew he was in trouble.

He continued to slide back down toward her crotch and his momentum carried him onwards until he was under Emma's butt. As soon as he came to rest he jumped to his feet and tried to run out from beneath her butt but of course she gave him no time. She immediately rested back down on the sofa, pinning Brad beneath her white cotton panties.

Brad's legs were lying between her butt cheeks, but his body was pinned under her left cheek. He tried to pull himself up to stop the whole of his body sliding into her crack. But that's exactly where she wanted him and after a little wriggling, that's where he came to rest.

He was helplessly pinned down. Encased on three sides by Emma's white cotton knickers and on the fourth side by her jeans. The pressure was by no means unbearable, but it was constant and unyielding. It was pitch black; he was facing up into her butt and silent. Her scent was all pervading. This place put maximum security jails to shame.

"Hi Katey, how you doing?" Emma spoke into her phone in her usual playful voice.

“Fine, how’s Brad.”

“Quite safe.”

“Thanks for looking after him.”

“He won’t be getting into any trouble.”

“Great, it good for you guys to get to know each other better.”

“Oh he’s learning some new things about me,” Emma giggled.

“What?”

“Nothing.”

Emma lay there enjoying the experience more than even she’d imagined. Twenty minutes had passed before she unbuttoned her jeans and retrieved her flatmate’s boyfriend. She put Brad back into the jar and screwed the lid on tightly while she went off to get changed.

Emma smiled as she walked back into the lounge now wearing a tight black mini-skirt and top. She unscrewed the jar and lifted Brad out while squeezing him tightly in her hand. She sat down on the floor with her knees drawn up in front of her. She then gently placed him down on the inside of her skirt and watched as he slid down between her legs and crashed into her butt.

Her skirt rose up around him on all sides, it was like being at the bottom of a well.

“You’re a good climber, let’s see if you can climb out of this one,” Emma purred as she looked down at him, her long hair falling down around her.

Brad tried, but both the skirt and her smooth skin were impossible to gain any grip. Within minutes he lay down in defeat and looked up at Emma’s smiling face; her big brown eyes and perfectly white smile. How could he be so helpless.

He kicked the inside of her thigh in frustration.

“Temper temper,” Emma laughed, “I might have to crush you for that.”

Brad climbed to his feet with concern as Emma slowly started to close her thighs together with him in between. In a futile attempt to stop her closing her legs he held his arms out to each side.

“Is that going to work?” she giggled as she continued to close her thighs.

“Oh dear,” she laughed as his arms quickly gave way and her thighs started to touch each other with Brad in the middle. She kept going until her thighs were squeezed together with all of her strength.

Brad felt as though he was set in concrete, he was held completely rigid.

“Can you escape from that?” Emma asked, not that her prisoner could hear a word she said.

“At least try a little harder.”

The game kept Emma amused for a while and it was only boredom, not sympathy that finally led her to release her grip.

“I’m going to meet your girlfriend for lunch,” she announced as her thighs parted and Brad collapsed with exhaustion on to her underwear.

Some rest bite Brad thought, but his relief was short-lived.

“And guess what, you’re coming too,” Emma purred as she picked him up out of her skirt and stood up.

Brad looked around, Emma had no pockets in her skirt and wasn’t carrying a handbag; surely she wasn’t going to take him outside held in her hand? Was she going to put him in her cleavage between her breasts or, no surely not.

“I’m sorry if this is get a little personal, but it’s probably the safest and most discrete place to put you,” Emma giggled.

Emma unzipped her tight skirt and eased it down over her hips to reveal her tight black silk knickers hugging her pert butt. “These panties are nice and tight around my hips and around my butt and thighs” Emma explained, “there should be no way that you’ll be slipping out of these.”

She reached her hand down the front of the underwear and positioned Brad inside her knickers, right in her crotch.

He lay there lying on the soft black material looking downward directly between her legs, the silk pinning him up against her crotch. Her knickers held him tightly in place, but not uncomfortably so. The silk was partially see through and he could make out Emma’s long tanned legs and the floor below. He could hear, there was some fresh air, it could have been a lot worst.

But that said, it was still completely inescapable. He reach over and tried to slip for hand between the edge of the panties and her thigh but the elasticated material felt as though it was made out of steel, he couldn’t even get one finger through. There was no doubt about it, anywhere that Emma went, he would be going too.

Emma’s phone rang and she ran across the room to answer it wearing just her knickers and top. Brad was shaken around as she ran but there was no way he was going to fall out. She perched on the edge of the table and started talking. Brad could see her reflection in the mirror, he’s never seen her before in just underwear and she had a fantastic body, not that he could enjoy it from his panty cell.

Emma hung up and pulled her skirt back on, it fitted her perfectly. He was now hidden from sight, her little secret. Emma then pulled on some knee length black leather boots and zipped them up.

Emma took the bus to the city and then walked to the café to meet Kate. Brad watched the pavement pass as Emma walked quickly to her destination, her black boot clip clapping on the pavement as she walked. Brad could see other people’s shoes as they passed close by. He knew from personal experience that most of the guys passing by would be taking at least a discrete look at the attractive blonde. He also knew that none of them would guess her little secret, tucked well out of sight in her panties.

The friends met at the café and sat down either side of a small table. Emma sat down with her legs slightly apart allowing to Brad to see out between her thighs and over to where Kate was sitting at the other side of the table. He could see Kate’s jeans; he’d never realized how many times Kate crossed and re-crossed her legs. He could also hear their conversation.

“Are you sure he’s OK on his own?” Kate asked, Brad was touched by her obvious concern.

“I promise you he’s very safe,” Emma replied.

“I’m so sorry I asked for this to happen to him.”

“Oh, I’m sure he’s enjoying the experience.”

“I’m really going to have to make it up to him.”

Brad was starting to get interest. But just at that point Emma chose to cross her legs, a simple enough act and one that women do millions of times of day. However when Emma did it, it had a real impact on Brad.

Emma’s left thigh moved across and pinned him, very tightly, to her right thigh. He was almost completely immobilized. It became pitch black and totally silent. Whatever it

was that Kate was going to do to make it up to him he would have to wait to find out. 'Uncross your legs you stupid bitch' Brad thought to himself as he waited in his cocoon.

Emma smiled to herself, crossing her legs was quite deliberate.

"Why are you smiling?" Kate asked.

"Oh nothing."

"You're in a funny mood today."

"No, I'm fine."

The truth was that Brad's struggling body was starting to stimulate her. Whilst she loved the feeling, Kate was already starting to get suspicious. She reluctantly uncrossed her legs to reduce the pressure of his body on her clit.

Brad tried desperately to call out from his cell and attract Kate's attention. He pushed and kicked at the soft silk that incarcerated him and screamed out but there was no way he could be heard above the café noise. Although maybe Emma heard something as she re-crossed her legs, tightly encasing him once more between her thighs.

The friends finished their meal, walked to the door and kissed on the cheeks.

"Look after Brad until I get home," Kate asked.

"Oh I will," Emma giggled to herself.

Emma walked back to bus stop. A bus soon arrived which was almost empty and she slid into a seat. She sat there for a moment looking down at her skirt and then smiled. "I'm sorry," she whispered, "but I doubt I'm going to get the chance to do this to a guy again." And with that she stood up, used her fingers to move Brad between her bum crack and then sat down again right on top of him. She wriggled around and felt him underneath her, it felt nice, for her anyway.

She opened the bus window and the air blew her long blonde hair back across her shoulders. It was a hot day and she could smell the vegetation and the salty air blowing in from the beach. The bus stopped at some traffic lights; it didn't matter, she was in no hurry.

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Brad's bus ride home something that no one should have to experience and one that would remain with him for the rest of his life. Emma had sat there for over half an hour, feeling him underneath her and as the temperature rose, the moisture had made his body slide a little as the bus moved from side to side.

When they arrived back at Emma's flat she took him out of her underwear and washed him thoroughly in the basin. She dried him and put him back into the glass jar. Even Emma felt a little guilty as she watched him sitting dejectedly against the glass. How much of this would be remember when he returned to normal size she didn't know. Would he try to get revenge? Obviously he couldn't complain to anyone, who would believe him.

Brad was grateful that Emma left him incarcerated in the jar for the rest of the afternoon without inflicting any more pain. Kate returned from work, ran to the jar and gently lifted out her boyfriend.

"I'll look after you from now," she purred as she hugged him to her chest.

Emma looked on jealously.

That evening the girls arranged to join some friends at the pub. Kate carried Brad up to her room to get dressed.



“I need to shower,” she smiled as she looked for somewhere safe to leave him.

“I know!” she giggled as she gently lowered him into one of her favorites black leather ankle length boots.

“You’ll be safe in there.”

Brad heard Kate turn on the shower and then he walked down towards the toe of the boot to explore his latest prison. The smell of leather was overpowering and so he walked back up to the heel for some relatively fresh air. The boots rose vertically above him, there was absolutely no way to climb out.

As Kate showered she thought about how she could take Brad to the pub. She wanted to wear her new black dress, but that had no pockets. She thought about keeping him in her boots, but she wasn’t sure whether she’d have a living boyfriend by the end of the night.

She dried herself with the towel and started to get dressed. She pulled on some black panties and bra; these were Brad’s favourite although his mind would probably be on other things tonight. She pulled on some thin tights (panty hose), which gave her an idea. She would tuck him inside her tights; maybe on her inner thigh - he’d be safe in there. Her black dress was short, Brad helped her chose it, but if she placed him high enough up her thigh then he’d be completely hidden from sight.

She slipped on her little black cocktail dress, it looked fantastic, and best of all if any guys flirted with her tonight, Brad would be in no place to object. With her mind still on her dress she slid her foot into her left boot.

Brad saw it coming, a pantyhose covered foot coming down on top of him. It pushed him over and he ended up pinned underneath the middle of her foot.

Kate didn’t realized what she’d done until her foot was inside the boot, with Brad already pinned beneath her. She guessed he was probably OK where he was, but he’d certainly be in real trouble if she started to walk with him there. ‘This could be fun’, she smiled to herself as she continued to zip up her boots. I wonder what’s going through his mind right now?

The answer was panic. How could she not feel him in her boot? The boot fitted her foot snugly and the zip sealed her foot tightly in place, there was nothing he could do. Kate placed her foot gently on the floor and started to brush her long dark hair. ‘No rush’ she thought to herself, ‘let’s let him suffer for a little longer’.

That ten minutes felt like a lifetime to Brad. And his relief was immense as she unzipped the boot and slowly and gently pulled out her foot.

“Sorry,” she smiled in an unconvincing voice.

Kate then pulled up her dress, picked him up and slid him down inside her tights until he was resting against her inner left thigh, just below her crotch. She jumped up and down just to check that he wouldn’t slip down. She then pulled her dress down and smoothed it out with her hands.

Kate and Emma left the house and caught a taxi to town.

“Where is he?” Emma asked.

Kate pulled up her dress to show her friend.

“It’s a little personal down there, isn’t it?”

“He’s my boyfriend, that’s where he should be,” Kate smiled as she pulled her skirt back down.

Brad couldn’t believe Emma’s cheek, she had already inflicted upon him things ten times more personal than this. In fact Brad was quite enjoying the experience. It was

warm, smelt of his girlfriend's perfume and was comfortable – Kate's soft thigh behind him and her soft pantyhose in front of him. He could see through the pantyhose and watched as her other thigh passed back and forth in front of him almost touching him each time it passed.

The girls arrived at the pub and sat down with a group of friends. Kate crossed her legs but was careful not to crush him between her thighs, instead he lay in a small warm space surrounded on all sides by thighs, underwear and her black dress. This time he was being held by a woman who loved him and one who wasn't a born sadist.

The girls had a great night, they left the pub at 11pm and went on to a club and finally arrived home just before 3am. Kate was drunk and had almost forgotten about her little charge. She had a quick look under her dress to make sure that he was OK and lay down on the sofa next to Emma.

"I think we both need some water," Emma smiled as she walked to the kitchen. However Emma dropped a sleeping tablet into Kate's glass before returning to the lounge.

Within ten minutes, Kate was fast asleep lying on her back on the sofa. Emma took the empty glass from her hand before returning to the sleeping brunette. Emma pulled up Kate's dress and smiled as she saw Brad still exactly where Kate had positioned him.

"I think your girl's asleep," she giggled as she slowly eased her hand down the front of Kate's tights. She pulled him out, releasing him from his captivity. But somehow he guessed that this wasn't going to be an act of kindness.

He started to think about all the ways he might become further acquainted with Emma's body. However, to his surprise Emma tucked him back inside Kate's tights, but this time she also put him inside Kate's panties. Emma positioned him carefully against Kate's clit, before removing her empty hand and allowing the elasticated underwear to snap shut enclosing Brad inside. Emma giggled as Kate started to smile in her sleep.

"Good night, honey," she smiled as she pulled Kate's dress back down.

It was after 9am when Kate finally awoke. She smiled to herself as she stretched out on the sofa. She then giggled as she remembered the night before and where she had tucked her boyfriend. She rolled on to her side and pulled up her skirt. When she realized that he wasn't there she sat up and started to run her hands up and down her legs and butt. She then unzipped and removed her dress and was shocked when she realized where he was.

She quickly put her hands in her panties and pulled Brad out from where he had been trapped against her somewhat stimulated clit.

"I'm so sorry," she said as she used her dress to wipe him clean.

Just then Emma walked in showered, awake and wearing her short yellow gym shorts and t-shirt.

"What happened last night?" Kate asked.

"We had fun."

"Yes, but do you remember me passing out on the sofa?"

"Yes, you were tired."

"Yes, but did I do anything before I fell asleep?"

"Like what?"

"To Brad."

"Not that I know of," Emma lied, "Why?"

Kate was almost too embarrassed to tell her friend.

“He spent the night tucked into the front of my panties.”

“No way.”

“I must have been some pissed horny tart last night, what must he think of me?”

“You’ll find out when he returns to normal tonight,” Emma reminded her.

Kate was embarrassed. “Can you look after him this morning, I’m not sure I trust myself.”

“If you want,” Emma smiled, “If you like I can lock him in my safe.”

“OK” Kate replied as she handed her boyfriend to the blonde.

They walked into Emma room where she had a small but secure looking safe that had been drilled into the concrete floor. Emma typed in a 10-digit combination and then used a key from her key ring to open the safe’s door. She then took out her small jewelry box, opened it and dropped Brad inside.

“Are you sure?” Emma asked as she put the jewelry box back inside the safe.

“Yes, lock him up,” Kate replied, “I need time to think about how I’m going to explain this to him”.

Emma closed the safe and turned the handle to lock it.

“He’s locked up tight now,” Emma smiled as she picked up her keys and sat down on her desk, her short yellow shorts resting on top of a pile of papers.

Kate remained kneeling on the floor, looking at the safe.

“I’m sorry,” she said to no one in particular.

Emma said nothing.

“Maybe I should let him out and explain.”

“Its not your choice, he’s locked inside my safe.”

“Yes, but he’s my boyfriend.”

“You asked me to lock him up.”

“But, I’ve changed my mind.”

“Too late,” the blonde giggled, “there’s no way I’m letting him out.”

Kate pressed a few numbers on the number pad and pulled the handle. Emma gave her a small sympathetic smile and rattled her keys.

“OK, it’s probably for the best,” Kate said as she stood up and walked away.

Emma walked over and sat down on top of the safe. She ran her keys up and down her bare thighs as she thought about her plans for the rest of the day.

Emma picked up her keys and her bag and left for the gym. As she walked out of her room she turned and blew a kiss to Brad who was still locked inside her safe. She locked her door and ran down the stairs, her little yellow gym shorts bouncing as she went.

Inside the jewelry box (which was inside the safe) it was pitch black. Brad started to feel around to see if he could open the box. However the small metal catch that Emma had pushed into place, almost without thinking, was enough to stop his escape plans in their tracks. Brad knew that from the moment Emma had closed the safe door and turned her key in the lock that he had no hope of ever escaping. However if he could just get out of her jewelry box it would be some sort of small victory, he could even try to slip out unseen when she finally unlocked the safe.

Two hours later Emma returned from the gym and took a shower. She then toweled dry and put on old track pants and fleece. It was 2pm on Sunday and the weather was cold. The heating in the flat was hopeless and so Emma grabbed some magazines and jumped into her bed. She looked over to the safe and smiled. She had spent the whole

gym session daydreaming about how she controlled him and she still couldn't get the situation out of her mind.

"Are you having fun in your solitary confinement?" she giggled as she pulled the duvet up around her. She tried to read, but her attention kept returning to the safe. Kate was out, nobody would know if she were to have a little more fun.

Emma typed in her code and then took her keys and unlocked the cage. She smiled as she realized that he hadn't even been able to escape from her jewelry box. With one quick flick of her thumb she undid the catch and opened up the small flowery box that had acted as his prison.

She found him inside, among her necklaces, shivering and shaking in the corner of box. When she picked him up she found that he was almost stone cold.

"Oh I'm sorry, was it cold in there?" she sounded almost concerned.

"I know somewhere nice and warm," she purred as she took him in her hand and climbed back into bed.

Emma pulled the duvet up and reached her hand down and dropped him inside her track pants, where he landed on top of her thighs. The material snapped shut above him, but for once he was happy to be there. He lay down flat, touching as much of her soft warm skin as he could.

Although a few moments later Emma opened her legs a little and he fell down between her thighs on to the inside of her track pants. He lay in her crotch looking up between her thighs and watched as she squeezed them together again, leaving him buried deep inside her crotch.

Brad lay there for a few minutes enjoying the warmth. He could just move and managed to squeeze himself out from under her thighs and started to clamber down along the inside of her trouser leg. He could hear Emma giggling as his movements tickled her. He kept going down the track pants to potential freedom.

"Hey, that's far enough Houdini!" Emma smiled as she brought her knees up in front of her with the aim of sending him tumbling back into the captivity of her crotch. But Brad had got further than she'd realized and was past the apex of her knee and so instead he fell down her calf muscle and out of the end of her track pants.

Brad quickly pushed his way through the remainder of the duvet, reached the edge of the bed and jumped. But before he hit the floor Emma reached her hand out and caught him in mid air.

"Good, but not good enough," she purred as she dropped him into an empty glass by the side of her bed and thought for a moment.

"Any attempted prison break means transfer to a maximum security jail," she purred as she looked down into the glass, her long brown hair falling around her face. Emma then took off her track pants to reveal a pair of tight black panties. She opened her underwear drawer and pulled out another pair of black knickers which she put on top of the first pair.

"Maybe not totally escape proof yet," she smiled as she pulled out a pair of blue silk knickers and two pairs of white cotton knickers and proceeded to put them all on. She then finished the unusual ensemble with one more pair of tight black panties.

"It's well known that escaping from six pairs of panties is harder than escaping from Alcatraz," Emma giggled as she put her track pants back on.

Emma tipped the glass upside down, emptying him into her hand and then climbed back into bed. She pulled the covers up around her and once again reached down into her

underwear. It took some effort to squeeze the hand that was holding Brad into the crotch of her knickers. She finally pulled it out empty handed as the six pairs of panties closed in again around her butt.

Inside Brad felt as though he was buried in concrete; he couldn't move an inch. It was pitch black, hot and airless.

Emma read and dozed a little all afternoon until she was woken by a call from Kate; they talked for a while and agreed to meet at the pub. Emma climbed out of bed and took off her track pants and started to run her hands around her six pairs of underwear in an attempt to locate her inmate. "I know you're in here somewhere," she purred as her hands started to rub the front of her knickers.

She reached her hand inside, partly to make sure that he was still alive, and partly to position him further up her butt where he quickly disappeared between her cheeks. "I love you in there," she whispered as she gently tensed and released her butt muscles.

Emma finally pulled on her favourite jeans, which were tighter than usual with the extra layers beneath them. After some effort she managed to pull the denim up over her hips and buttoned them in place. The blonde turned and looked at her butt in the mirror, "Perfect, no-one will see a thing."

"Yeah," Emma then cried as she fetched her bike lock that comprised a chain wrapped with a plastic cover. She quickly threaded the chain through her jeans belt loops and padlocked it in place at the front.

"Locked in my own jeans," she giggled a little nervously as she unbuttoned her jeans and tried in vain to slide them back down over her hips. Without unlocking the padlock, Emma and her jeans were one.

"I don't think I'll take this key with me," she purred as she dropped the padlock key into her now almost empty panty drawer and again ran her hands around her own butt. She admired herself in the mirror one last time before putting on her coat.

As she walked up the road she pulled at the padlock and chain around her waist and felt turned on. The only key to unlock it was becoming further and further away. "I couldn't let you out of my panties now even if I wanted to," she whispered to no-one in particular.

A guy walked past her and then turned around to check her out. "You have no idea," she giggled to herself as she made her way to the pub and to Kate.

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Deep inside Emma's jeans, Brad felt her left and then right butt muscles tense as she walked. He knew that she was going to the pub and he knew that once she arrived she would sit down. He also knew that Emma sitting down would make life even worst for him unless he could slide himself either up towards her waist or down towards her crotch.

However, the six pairs of underwear were compressing her tight little butt even more tightly than usual. His body had slid between her butt cheeks and the panties were now compressing her cheeks together; one squeezing him from the front and one from behind. Also the heat caused by being inside her jeans and six pairs of underwear was starting to make her skin slightly tacky, which was making his body stick to her naked butt.

Brad reached out and pushed upwards against the inside of her panties, but the silk was so smooth that he could get no grip at all. He pushed against her skin and could get some grip, but it was nowhere near even to counteract the friction between her butt and

his body. Try as he might, he couldn't move out of the danger zone, all he could do was hope that there were seats available at the pub.

Emma and Kate met outside, gave each other a little kiss and walked together into the bar. They ordered drinks and sat down at a small table towards the back. Emma crossed her legs, swept her long blonde hair out of her eyes and smiled.

"Is he alright?" Kate asked.

"I don't know he's still locked in my safe," her blonde friend lied.

"Oh he's still in there is he?"

"Unless he's managed to escape, which I think is unlikely," the blonde replied as she picked up her bunch of keys and jangled them for effect.

"I want to check he's alright" Kate said.

"He's fine Katie. May not be very happy given he spent the night in your panties and is now locked inside my safe."

Emma knew that that would make Kate feel ashamed and embarrassed, and she watched as Kate finished her remaining drink in one mouthful.

Emma put her arm around her friend. "Remember what the woman said about the spell's safety feature. If Brad is somewhere that would mean that returning to full size would hurt him, then he will stay small for another day. So if you're worried about what he'll say when he returns to normal size tonight, I can always leave him in the safe tonight and you can deal with it tomorrow."

Kate thought for a minute. "No, I want him back now."

"Katie, he's not your possession."

"Well, he's not your either."

"Yes, but we agreed that it would be best if we left him in my safe."

Kate was starting to get frustrated and folded one leg beneath her to get a little more height.

"How can spending the day locked inside your safe be the best for him!"

"We know what you did to him before."

"Stop saying that, I know he would prefer to be in my care rather than locked in some other girl's safe."

Emma sat on the black leather bench and felt Brad body squashed underneath her. She could also feel his pathetic attempts to escape from captivity inside her knickers. She thought back to how three weeks earlier, at the same pub, Brad had made fun of her in front of a group of friends. She remembered the anger she had felt against him that night, which made her revenge seem all the more sweet.

Emma ran her hand along the padlock and chain around her waist. Locked up at her own hand. Did this mean that she was into self bondage? She doubted it, her restraint was nothing compared to his. She had a guy locked in her panties. Not even she could let him out!

"Em, Em, are you listening to me?" Kate said trying to get her friend's attention.

Emma knew that there was no reason not to return Brad to his rightful owner. Emma slowly and reluctantly finished her drink and the women started to walk back to their flat. Emma knew that she had a small logistical problem, given that Brad was in her jeans and not in her safe as billed.

This problem was made worse when Kate unlocked the door to their flat, ran up the stairs, into Emma room and sat down on top of Emma's chest of drawers. Kate sat there in her jeans, impatiently swinging her feet against the drawers.

The key to the chain around Emma's waist was inside the top drawer and without that key Emma couldn't undo her jeans and release Brad. This was going to be tricky, but given how much Kate loved Brad, it wasn't impossible.

Emma smiled, "Kate, I think you should dress in something a little more sexy before Brad sees you. You know how he loves your new mini skirt."

Kate was reluctant, but in her current state of paranoia she agreed.

Emma closed her bedroom door behind her, retrieved the key and unlocked her jeans. She eased her jeans down over her hips and pulled Brad out from inside her many pairs of knickers.

"Two hours of solitary confinement in my panties, how did it feel?" Emma purred as she held him up to her face. She brushed her long blonde hair forward with her hands so that it completely surrounded him.

"You look good enough to eat," she said with slight menace in her voice as she brought him closer to her mouth and opened her perfect white teeth a little. She saw the fear on his face and giggled.

She then slowly put his head into her mouth and gently closed her teeth so that they were resting against his neck. "One tiny bite is all it would take," she purred as she put the whole of his body inside her mouth and closed first her teeth and then her lips. Emma kept him inside her mouth as she typed in her code and unlocked her safe.

Brad panicked and reached over to her teeth and tried in vain to pull them apart. He remembered reading about how much force a human jaw could exert and knew that he wasn't going to succeed. Not that he had much time to try as she then pushed him over and pinned him down with her tongue.

"You're lucky I've had lunch," she giggled as she opened her mouth, picked him out and placed him inside her safe.

Brad looked at Emma's cute smiling face with its big brown eyes only inches away from him in the doorway to the safe. He'd always thought she was attractive, but she'd always had a mean streak. She looked so innocent, almost vulnerable, in front of him. Yet only minutes earlier this innocent face had imprisoned him inside her panties. Any now, this innocent face was going to imprison him inside her safe.

"Time to lock you up," she smiled as she closed the safe door and turned the handle.

Just then Kate walked in looking amazing in her short skirt and boots.

"He'll love that," Emma smiled.

She picked up the keys and reopened the safe, picked Brad up between her fingers and handed him to Kate.

Kate cradled him in her hands and carried him gently back to her room. She closed the door behind them, lay down on her bed and placed Brad gently on the bed next to her.

"Only six hours until midnight and until you return to your normal size," the brunette purred. "I have to work later, but for the next hour we can do whatever you'd like."

Because Brad couldn't make himself heard Kate had to guess, but she was his girlfriend as so she had some ideas. She picked him up and rubbed him softly against her breasts and then squeezed her breasts together a little so that he was engulfed between them. She could see that he was enjoying that.

Kate then lay on her side, lifted one leg and placed Brad on the inside of her lower leg, high up on her thigh.

"I could squash you right there," she giggled as she lowered her top thigh and very gently rubbed her bare skin across his body.

Kate couldn't resist lowering her thigh a little more so that he was completely engulfed between her legs.

"Try and escape from there honey," she purred as she slowly rubbed herself. After all, Brad couldn't see, she could do whatever she wanted.

Kate played with him for the next hour. Her thighs were so enormous and powerful to him, but she used them so tenderly that she was starting to turn both of them on, although they couldn't do much more to consummate their feelings until midnight.

An hour later when it was time to go to work, Kate pulled out her metal cash box and laid it on her lap. The metal was cold and so she pulled her skirt down further so that it wasn't resting on her skin. She then lined the inside with her silk scarf and then gently laid Brad inside.

"You'll be safe in here," she purred as she blew him a kiss, "I'll just close the lid to make sure nothing happens to you.

Kate lowered the lid of the small metal box and as she did she noticed that the key was still in the keyhole. 'And just to make sure that you don't get into any mischief I might just lock you in,' she smiled to herself as she gently turned the small silver key. Kate took the key out of the keyhole and laid it on top of the box. 'My man under lock and key,' she smiled to herself as she placed the box on her bedside table, stood up and straightened her skirt and her white blouse. She then brushed her hair and left for her evening job serving at the bar.

As soon as Kate had left the flat, Emma walked to Kate's room and started to search for Brad. She soon saw Kate's cash box with the key on top. Emma picked up the key and unlocked the box.

Emma smiled as she saw Brad inside, "What a cruel girlfriend you have, leaving you locked in a steel box. I'll have to do something about that."

The fear in Brad's eyes was obvious. Should he run? Would he be able to get out of the box and evade the sadistic blonde? He was still thinking when a few seconds later Emma preempted his plans by closing and relocking the box, plunging him once again into darkness. Being locked in by his loving girlfriend had made him feel safe and had even turned him on, being locked up by Emma terrified him.

Emma placed the box on the bed and sat down on top of it and bounced gently up and down, wondering what she should do. There were only five hours left before he returned to size...but not necessarily.

Emma stood up and returned the box to Kate's bedside table. She then went to fetch one of her own keys that looked almost identical to the cash box key. She tried the new key in the lock and sure enough it slid into the lock but wouldn't turn.

'Perfect,' Emma smiled. She left her key on top of the cash box and then pocketed the real cash box key. "Now let's see what happens at midnight," she purred.

Emma lay in her bed waiting for her flatmate to return and sure enough at 15 minutes to midnight she heard the door open and boots clip straight to Kate bedroom. Emma lay still, listening, waiting for the inevitable cry for help.

Kate lay the small metal box on her lap and stroked it gently. "I'm sorry to leave you locked up for so long, but I'm going to unlock you now and in ten minutes you'll be back to size. I can't wait!" Kate picked up the key and inserted it into the keyhole. She gently tried to turn it, but it wouldn't turn. She tried again with more force, still nothing. She began to panic.



Emma smiled as she heard the knock on her door. She climbed out of bed wearing a black nightie that barely covered her butt. Her long blonde hair was disheveled and covering half her face.

“Kate, what’s wrong.”

“Its Brad! Its five minutes to midnight and I can’t unlock his box.”

“But if he’s in a confined space he’ll stay small for another 24 hours,” Emma said as she suppressed a smile.

“I can’t open the box.”

“Have you lost the key?”

“No, it just isn’t working.”

Emma felt the real key which she had tucked into her underwear, ‘its working fine’, she smiled to herself, ‘it’s just that it’s in my panties’.

Kate was starting to panic, “Can you try?” she begged.

Emma tried as best she could, even though she knew that there was no way it was going to open. Just then the women saw a small flash of light come from inside the box.

“Oh no, that means its midnight, and Brad’s stuck at that size for another day!” Kate cried as she grabbed the box and hugged it into her chest, which sent Brad clattering backwards inside the box. Kate sat on her bed with her knees drawn up towards her holding the box. She looked so disappointed.

Emma removed the key from her underwear and concealed it in her hand. “Let me try again,” she offered as she substituted the real key and immediately unlocked the box. Kate grabbed her boyfriend and hugged him against her low cut top.

Emma sat down on Kate’s chair with her hands crossed in her lap practicing her innocent look while she gave them a moment to hug.

After a few moments Emma smiled, “Katie, would you like me to look after him while you’re at work tomorrow?”

Kate looked at her friend, “Thanks Em, that would be great.”

A look of terror came over Brad’s face, which Kate missed as she was still holding him tightly against her breasts.

Emma left the room a little disappointed that she’d have to wait until morning to take custody of Brad. Kate closed the door and looked for somewhere to keep Brad while she slept; she wasn’t going to use the cash box again.

“Mmm, I know you love these boots.”

She unzipped one of her ankle length black leather boots and slipped it off her foot. She re-zipped it, placed it by the side of her bed and gently dropped Brad inside. She giggled as she reached up under her skirt and pulled down her black silk knickers which she slowly pushed into her boot so that Brad was forced down in the toe. Emma then unzipped her short black skirt, rolled it up and forced it tightly into the boot.

“That should keep you cosy... and secure,” she smiled as she changed into her nighty. She lay down and soon feel asleep.

Inside the boot, it was pitch black, but warm and smelt strongly of both leather and his girlfriend. Brad thought about the girl sleeping just above him. She always looked sexy when she slept, particularly when her short nighty rode up her backside. He liked the fact that she had him completely trapped. He was safe until morning. He too lay down and within minutes was asleep.

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In the excitement of the previous night, Kate had forgotten to set her alarm. By the time she woke up she should already have been at work. She quickly showered and dressed and was about to run out of the door when she remembered Brad still trapped in her boot.

With her skirt still plugging the entrance to the boot, she picked it up and left it outside Emma's room. "Em, you OK to look after Brad?" she called as she ran to the front door and out of the house.

Still half asleep and with hair pointing in all directions, Emma opened her bedroom door and looked down at the single boot. She pulled Kate's skirt out and then reached her hand inside. She pulled out Kate's knickers which she quickly dropped to the floor and reached her hand inside again. This time when she pulled her hand out she was holding Brad between her thumb and forefinger.

Without saying a word, Emma dropped Brad into the front of her panties and climbed back into bed. She lay on her side and used her fingers to position him right in her crotch and then squeezed her legs together and within minutes had fallen asleep.

Brad lay there in the warm darkness underneath the weight of one of her thighs. He knew the smell all too well and also knew what this girl could do. He started to squeeze his body forward in a hopeless attempt to pull free. Then Emma moved slightly in her sleep which took some of the weight off him. He continued to ease himself forward and out from between her thighs and finally fell down into the back of knickers.

He was free from the grip of her thighs, but was still inside her panties. 'Out of the cell, but still in the cell house'. He worked his way around the edge of her white cotton underwear to find any gap where he could slide out between the material and her body, but the cotton and elastic hugged her relentlessly all the way around.

With the duvet only partially covering her body, Brad could see through her thin white cotton underwear to freedom. If he could just get through the material he could return to Kate's room, hide and wait for his girlfriend to return. He tried to bite through the cotton strands, but at his size the cotton was far too strong. He felt like a prisoner with a chance to escape ruined by one last locked door.

There really was no way through and the frustration was starting to get to him. And a few minutes later any hope was lost as Emma rolled over on to her back, pinning his body directly beneath her butt.

It was over an hour later that Emma woke up. She pulled on her pink dressing gown and white slippers and still with disheveled hair walked to the kitchen to make some coffee.

She left Brad where he was, confident that he wouldn't be able to escape. Brad was starting to adapt to his new environment and even managed to position himself in the front of her underwear (and therefore avoided being crushed) as she sat down at the table to drink her coffee.

Brad stood there resting breathlessly against one of her thighs congratulating himself on his new found skill when she lifted herself up a little, used her fingers to push Brad into the center of her butt and lowered herself down again. She wriggled a little until Brad's body disappeared between her butt cheeks before turning on her iPad.

For Brad it was just like being rolled up in a thick soft rug, he could barely move a muscle inside his warm dark cell. He started to get angry and tried to thrash around. Emma could only just feel his efforts, but it did bring a slightly smile to her face.

“There’s no way out of there, honey,” she purred as she lifted her feet off the foot to make sure that he was taking all of her weight.

After breakfast Emma returned to her room and locked Brad in her safe while she showered. She took her time washing and drying her hair and also studied her naked butt in the bathroom mirror as she wondered what it would be like to be sat on by her. She returned to her room wearing only white t-shirt and pink knickers and unlocked her safe.

“I thought that you could spend the day helping me with my artwork,” Emma smiled as she held Brad in one hand and started to pull drawings out of her portfolio with the other.

Emma then picked up an old cushion and a tube of glue and sat down on her bed. With a big smile on her face she squeezed half of the glue out on to the cushion and placed Brad, laying face up, into the glue.

“This glue sets very quickly,” the blonde warned as she pinned him down with her fingers. He started to struggle but soon realized that the only effect of his efforts was to make her giggle. She held him down for five more minutes while the glue hardened and he became stuck tightly to the cushion.

“Now try and get out of that sticky situation,” she giggled.

Emma placed the cushion on her chair.

“What a perfect place to sit,” she purred as she picked up a half finished drawing and laid it down on her desk. She then sat down on the cushion to start work.

Brad lay there unable to move. His legs were pinned beneath Emma butt, but his head and torso were spared and lay between her slightly open thighs. Her naked skin still smelt of soap. He watched as her thighs started to close a little, coming closer and closer to him. She then closed them completely shutting him inside.

Half an hour later the thighs parted, the pink knickers released his legs, and Emma walked to the kitchen to make more coffee. But when the pink knickers returned they sat down directly on top of him. It all went dark and quiet as Emma continued her work seemingly oblivious to his fate.

Emma spent the next couple of hours drawing and painting, the radio was on, the sun was shining and the wind was blowing through the open windows. She was humming and singing along to the music and almost dancing as she moved from her desk to the sofa, to her easel and back to her desk.

She sat down on the sofa and started sketching on a pad. ‘Something’s missing’ she smiled to herself as she walked back to her desk and picked up Brad’s cushion. She threw the cushion on to the sofa and sat down on top. ‘Mmm, much better,’ she purred as she sat down and settled in to draw.

It was almost 1pm when Emma finally stood up and gave Brad his long-awaited breath of fresh air and daylight.

“That glue has really set hard on you,” Emma smiled as she held a tube of glue dissolver above him.

“This is the only stuff that will get you out of that.”

“Maybe next time I could glue you to my butt, that would be fun. Oh so many possibilities!”

“OK, I suppose its time to release you from the glue,” Emma smiled as she squeezed glue dissolver all around Brad’s body and started to massage it in with her fingers. Brad could feel the glue that had become rigid start to soften and soon release its grip. Emma washed and dried him and put him down in on her carpet.

This was Brad's chance. He waited until Emma turned her back and then made a run for a gap that he had spotted between the skirting board and the wall. He was a fast runner, but at his size the three meter dash was likely running a 200 meter race.

He was almost there when Emma's foot landed in front of him; he couldn't stop and crashed into it. And before he could get up, Emma had picked him up and was holding him tightly in her hand.

Emma's big brown eyes looked down at him as she shook her head.

"Oh dear. Big mistake, huge," she smiled as she dropped him helplessly into an empty glass on her bedside table. Brad sat on the bottom of the glass dejectedly, knowing that she would not give him another chance.

Emma then took a pair of white silk knickers from her dirty washing basket, folded them over on themselves and started to stitch them together around the edge. Once she had almost finished, she picked Brad up and dropped him inside the silk material and started to sew him in.

"Any second now and you'll be completely sealed inside my panties, your very own silk prison." She finished the last few stitches, "Perfect, you're all sewn up," she giggled as she put the underwear on to the floor.

"Now that might slow you down just a little," she smiled as she sat on the floor with one leg stretched out either side of him.

Brad stood up and explored his latest predicament. The silk was light and he found that he could lift it and move along almost like a hamster in a wheel. But progress was slow and hard work. After he had moved himself only two inches he collapsed on hands and knees to catch his breath.

Emma was giggling. "Oh dear, that looks like hard work, but that's your punishment for trying to run away." She returned to her artwork and started to sing along to the radio. Brad was on his knees, looking at her through the white silk. His old self would have thought her very cute, especially sitting there in only t-shirt and panties. But now he looked at her with fear as he planned his next escape attempt.

There was no way for him to cut through the silk and no way to break through her stitching. While he could move slowly inside her knickers, the material made him far too bulky to squeeze into the small gap as he'd planned. The material was also too bulky for him to hide. He had to admire Emma for her simple, yet effective restraint.

Emma let him struggle forward in her underwear until he had almost reached the wall before picking him up and putting him back exactly where he had started. She saw how exhausted and frustrated he was after the pointless effort and giggled.

"I just need to secure you while I go to the gym," she purred as she pushed him to one side of his silk cell and wrapped the spare material tightly around him, so that he was cocooned inside.

She then picked up her yellow shorts, unzipped the small back pocket and stuffed Brad and her silk panties inside. She zipped up the pocket and pushed the zip back on itself to lock it.

Emma then tightly rolled up the yellow shorts, with the panties inside, and stuffed the shorts into the back pocket of one of her pairs of jeans. The jeans pocket also had a zip, which she zipped up, enclosing the shorts inside.

Next she rolled up her jeans with both the shorts and panties inside.

She then fetched Kate's metal cash box and put her rolled up jeans inside. She closed the lid and knelt on top of it to get it to close. Once closed she turned the key, to lock the box. Emma then placed the cash box into her safe and locked it inside.

Brad was now inside Emma's panties, inside her shorts, inside her jeans, locked inside Kate's cash box and locked inside Emma's safe. His silk prison was crushing him from all directions. He spent the first few minutes trying to lift his hand from his side up to his face. He then fought to bend his legs. It was pitch dark and silent and Emma's scent pervaded everything. Escape was obviously impossible.

What made it worse was that it would be so easy for Emma to just leave him there forever. The magic woman had said that he would have no need to eat or drink while shrunk down. Emma could leave the safe locked for a week, for a year, for ten years. She was 25 now, she could leave his body locked up inside the safe until she was 35 and he wouldn't die.

What would that be like? He'd finally be released by a beautiful, worldly thirty something. She'd have traveled, played, explored and lived life. What would he have done? What would he answer if asked what he'd been doing?

Emma sat down on top of the safe and looked down at the steel beneath her. She had been getting increasingly turned on as she'd increased his confinement and now with no one to watch, she finished the job.

"Try and get out of that one, honey," she purred.

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By the time Emma returned from the gym, Kate was already home from work. Following a lengthy discussion, Emma reluctantly agreed to return Brad to his rightful owner.

Kate hugged Brad against her chest. "Right, I'm not letting go of you until you return to size."

"He tried to run away from me today," Emma observed.

"What!" Kate scolded him, "You'd better not try anything like that with me."

Brad couldn't believe her, he tried to escape because Emma was a sadistic bitch. Now it looked as though he was to blame.

"I know," Emma smiled, "Why don't you glue him to you, maybe to your butt, or your inner thigh. That way he won't run away and will be all yours until he returns to size at midnight."

Kate thought about Emma's suggestion. She placed Brad firstly against her butt and then against her thigh.

"It's only 8 hours to midnight, but that could be fun."

"I have some glue that should just about hold him in place," Emma smiled.

Kate removed her black skirt and sat on the edge of her bed wearing her white work blouse and black underwear. Emma was sitting next to her with a tube of glue in her hand.

"What is that stuff?" Kate asked.

"The labels come off, but it's just art glue, I think."

Kate used her fingertips to strip Brad down to his underwear and held him while Emma smeared glue all over his back and legs.

"Now where to put you," Kate smiled as she stood up.

“Maybe your inner thigh?”

“Yes and nice and high up,” Kate purred.

Kate then she pushed his back against her inner thigh so that his head was only millimeters from her crotch and held him firmly in place while the glue dried. Emma smiled to herself as she knew that Kate and Brad was now already past the point of no return.

“How long does it take to dry?” Kate asked innocently.

“Maybe five minute,” Emma lied.

Kate waited another minute and then tested the bond.

“Wow, that seems very solid, I can’t move him at all.”

“What does it feel to have your man helpless between your legs?” Emma asked jealously.

Kate walked around her room with her legs deliberately close together so that her other thigh brushed across Brad’s front. “Mmm, I like it,” the brunette smiled.

Kate showered with Brad still stuck to her thigh and was pleased to see that the water didn’t dissolve the glue. She dressed in a tight black knee-length skirt and top and walked to the kitchen and sat down.

“Is he still there?” Emma asked.

“Aha.”

“Can I see him?”

“OK,” Kate smiled as she opened her legs as far as her skirt would let her.

Emma knelt down on the floor and looked inside her friend’s skirt.

“He’s a long way inside,” she smiled, “can I touch him?”

“OK,” Kate giggled.

Emma reached her hand up inside her friends skirt, squeezed Brad between her fingers and pulled but the glue held fast. She smiled to herself. The glue that she’d given Kate was the specialist superglue that was virtually impossible to remove from skin. If Brad was to return to size while secured with that glue, it would rip all the skin and probably also the flesh off his back and therefore the safety mechanism would again delay. Emma knew for a fact that Brad would stay secured to Kate’s inner thigh for days.

Emma withdrew her hand and Kate crossed her legs.

“Time for sleep,” she giggled.

“You’re cruel,” Emma replied somewhat jealous of her friend.

It was shortly after midnight that Kate knocked on Emma bedroom door.

“He didn’t return to size, I think its because he’s too tightly glued to my leg.”

Emma tried hard to suppress a smile.

“What was that glue? How do I get it off?”

Emma sat next to Kate on her bed.

“I’m really sorry Katie, I’ve just realized that I gave you superglue by mistake.”

“What, how do I get that off?”

“You can’t, you just have to wait for the skin to peal.”

“How long will that take?”

“A couple of days maybe.”

Emma put her arm around her friend, relieved that her friend had no suspicion that she had deliberately used superglue.

“Poor Brad, another two days at that size.”

“And another two days in your crotch,” Emma helpfully added.

Kate crossed her legs, Emma noticed and smiled.

“Look on the bright side, at least you know he won’t be cheating on you.”

Kate sniffed and managed a half smile.

The next day Kate woke and went to the bathroom. She wrapped a towel around her thigh to stop Brad seeing her on the toilet. She then showered and returned to her room.

“Which would you prefer, skirt or pants?” she asked, not that she could hear Brad’s reply. After some thought she went with a mid thigh length black skirt that was not too tight. She also pulled on a pair of sheer tights just incase Brad became unstuck early.

She left the house and climbed into her car. She pulled up her skirt and looked down at Brad.

“Well you finally get to see where I work,” she whispered as she blew him a kiss and pulled her skirt back down.

Inside Kate’s skirt became Brad’s whole world. When she was standing, he was upright; when she sat down, he was horizontal. When she stood or walked, air circulated inside her skirt. When she sat, she kept her legs together and the temperature increased. When she was busy or stressed she tended to cross her legs and Brad became enclosed in silence and darkness.

The scent also changed. In the morning he could smell her soap and her perfume. During the day her personal scent increased, particularly when it was hot. When she wore jeans, the smell of denim was strong, one night when she wore leather that was all she could smell.

Kate had stuck him to her thigh on Monday afternoon. On Wednesday night she sat on her bed trying again to free him. She pulled and picked and rubbed and tried some solvents but nothing could separate them.

“F\*\*\*! I’ve got to get you off my leg!” she cried as she picked up a pillow and threw it across the room.

“I’m sorry, honey, you don’t deserve this.” Kate then curled up in a ball under her duvet and fell asleep.

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