

## An Unexpected Discovery

As soon as I walked into the restaurant, I was glad I had made an effort. Part of me had said that it wasn't a date; I was just meeting another woman, so there was no need to take too much trouble over my appearance. But when I saw how stunning she was, I was glad I wouldn't be sitting there feeling like a plain Jane the whole evening. Somehow she knew me as soon as I walked in and beckoned me over. She had chosen a quiet table in the corner, away from the others.

"So you're Anne," she said. "It's great to finally meet you. You're just like Tim described you."

That struck me as unlikely. What could Tim possibly have said which meant she could recognize me so easily?

"How is Tim?" I asked.

"He's very well," she said, "but very busy with work. He asked me to apologize that he hasn't been in touch."

"Oh, that's OK," I said. We'd been casual acquaintances at work, but no more, and I hadn't expected he would keep in touch when he moved to LA... what was it, two years ago? Maybe even three. In fact, I couldn't remember the last time he'd even crossed my mind. Why would he tell this friend of his that she should look me up when she was in town?

We chatted while we ate. She was good company, but she had a knack of turning every question I asked back on me. I realized after an hour or so that while she had learned a lot about me, I knew hardly anything about her or what Tim was up to these days, or even how they knew each other. What's more, I was sure her accent was pure New York. Still, that didn't prove anything. She might have grown up here and only moved to LA recently.

Towards the end of the evening, the restaurant began to empty out, and before long there was no one sitting anywhere near us. She seemed to look around to confirm this before she said to me:

"So, you must be wondering when Tim's going to come back and visit?"

"Err... yeah, sure" I replied.

"Well the thing is..." she continued, pausing for effect, "He never really left New York."

I was stunned. Why would he lie about something like that, not just to me but to everyone we worked with? She saw the question in my eyes.

"Let me explain. Three years ago, Tim inherited some money. A lot of money, in fact."

That rang a bell. I remembered that some close relative had just died at the time of the move. That was supposed to be part of the reason for it he wanted to make a fresh start in a new place he said, though he hadn't mentioned any inheritance. She continued.

"Without going into details, it was the sort of money that changes a person's life. It means you can give up the 9-5 rat race, and live a life of pampered luxury. If that's what you want to do. As it happens, Tim didn't want that."

Good for him, I thought, not wanting to coast through life as one of the idle rich. But I had no idea what was coming.

"You see, the way Tim wanted to live his life was very specific. He has certain... err... tastes. Taste which some people might find shocking."

She paused again.

"Would you say you're broad-minded?"

"Err... sure."

"Good. Because what Tim wanted, the fantasy he had always had but had never been able to live out, was to be held prisoner by a beautiful woman."

I sat there in stunned silence, so she continued.

"And now he had enough money, he was determined to live exactly as he had always wanted to. That's how we met. I used to be in the S&M game, a

dominatrix if you like. Well, I guess I still am really, except that now I only have one client. Tim came to me and asked me if I'd consider working just for him. He said he had enough money to buy a dungeon exactly to his specifications and pay me a very good salary to be in charge of it. So that's what he did. From the outside it looks like a respectable townhouse. Not too far from here in fact, though you'll forgive me if I don't tell you the exact address just yet. It looks normal on the inside too, except that in the basement there's a prison cell, 10 feet by 6, and that's where your former work colleague has been living for the past three years."

"So as I say, he apologizes that he hasn't been in touch, but then he hasn't really had the option."

I was still too stunned to say anything. She smiled.

"You must be wondering why I'm telling you all this."

"That's something of an understatement."

She laughed. "Well, the thing is, I soon realized that it was too much work for just me. After all, he has to be fed three times a day - unless he's being punished for something, of course - and it really was quite a bind always having to be there all the time. I felt like I suddenly had all this money but wasn't getting the chance to enjoy it. So before long, I brought in someone I knew from my dominatrix days, who was happy to help out. The two of us worked out a rotation so one of us would always be there. And for a while, it worked. But even with two of us, there are times when it's not convenient for either of us to be there. We've come to the conclusion that we need to bring in a third person."

"And that's where you come in."

"Me?" I said in amazement.

"Yes, you. As a special favor to Tim, we asked who he'd like to be his third jailor, and he said he wanted you. I guess he must have had a secret crush on you all those years you worked together. So what do you say?"

I didn't know what to say. "I can't do that, I... I have a job, I have a life."

"Not as good as this job, honey, I guarantee you that. Sure you have to be in the house sometimes, but there's very little actual work to do. When I say we feed him three times a day, I'm not talking about actual cooking. We've come up with this kind of gruel to give him. Doesn't taste too great but it's easy and cheap to make, and it contains everything he needs to keep him alive. We just brew up a big pot of that every few days."

"And that's what he likes?"

She laughed again. "Likes? No, he hates it. But he doesn't have any choice. Anyway, as I was saying, there's very little actual work involved, and of course you get free accommodation in the house as well. And in return for your time, he's willing to be more than generous."

She pushed a piece of paper across the table to me. I couldn't believe the amount written on it.

"He pays that much every month?"

"No, he pays three times that much - that would be your share."

My head was swimming as I struggled to take it all in. With so much money and no rent to pay, my life would be changed beyond all recognition. I could give up my job; lead a lifestyle I would never have dreamed of. It seemed too good to be true.

"And you're sure this is what he wants?"

"Absolutely. He came up with every detail of his captivity himself. He specified the exact size of the cell, the fact that his right ankle should be chained to the wall, the fact that he should have nothing but straw to sleep on and only cold water to wash in. We've done everything just as he wanted."

"And is it legal?"

"Don't worry about that. Before I locked him away, I had him sign a contract saying that he authorized me, and anyone else I recruited to help me, to do this to him. Anyway, there's no way anyone could ever find out. So what's to decide? You'll be making your own life a million times better and at the same

time helping him fulfill his ultimate sexual fantasy. What could be wrong with that?"

"I guess. It just seems kind of..."

"Oh, by the way, if you're worried that he might be having a bit too much fun, we took care of that already. He did used to jerk off a lot when he was first locked away; the idea excited him so much. Then one day I produced a secure steel chastity belt and told him he wouldn't get another meal until he'd locked it on himself and handed me the keys. He held out for a few days but gave in the end. What else could he do? So now that option has been closed to him."

She smiled an evil smile.

"We find it's quite amusing to hang the keys to his belt on a hook on the dungeon wall a few feet beyond the bars of his cell, just out of his reach. It drives him crazy!"

"So what do you say?"

"I'll do it!" I said.

"That's fantastic," she smiled. "Can you start right away?"

"Why not?" I said. My boss might not pay me for this month if I quit without notice, but what did that matter now?

"Great, my cars just outside. After I've settled up here, we can drive to your place and I'll help you pack a few essentials. You can move the rest of your things in whenever it's convenient."

As we drove through the streets of New York, I reflected on how suddenly life could change.

"I guess you're right," I said, "He must have had a crush on me when we worked together. I always wondered if he did."

"Well no wonder, you're very beautiful," she replied. "Then again, I'm not sure that's the whole story."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, in recent months, the two of us have come to suspect that Tim is regretting his decision. After all, it's one thing to fantasize about being locked in a prison cell, week after week, month after month, year after year, but something else to actually experience it, especially now he's in permanent chastity as well. Typical of male masochists. When I was working as a domme, you wouldn't believe the number of clients who told me they wanted to be whipped, but begged me to stop almost as soon as I'd started."

"You mean he's asked you to let him out?"

"Of course, but that's just part of the fantasy. The contract we all signed specifically says that we shouldn't set him free no matter how much he begs us to. It wouldn't be real imprisonment if he could just leave whenever he wanted to."

"So you're saying he doesn't really want to be set free?"

"Who knows, honey? I don't think he even knows himself. All I know is he's not going anywhere. I'm not going back to the life I used to lead, and I know my colleague feels exactly the same way. Of course, he promises that he'd carry on paying us if we set him free and even that he'd pay us twice as much, but why should we take the risk?"

"So that, as I was saying, may be why he wants you as his third jailer. Maybe he thinks you'll take pity on him, give in to his pleading. And you could do it, of course. There'll be times when you're alone with him and we couldn't stop you. But you've gotta ask yourself, do you want to go back to your old life? Riding the subway in rush hour, slaving away 9-5 for a fraction of what you make in this job? Besides, look at the contract. We shouldn't set him free, no matter how much he begs. There it is in black and white."

She let the words hang in the air, and I knew at once what my decision would be. So he thought I would be a soft touch? He was soon going to find out what a big mistake that was...

## **Moving**

Natasha drove us to my third floor walk-up apartment where I picked up enough things for two or three days. Told the landlord that I would be leaving at the end of the month.

The drive to Tim's was much shorter than I would ever have imagined. He actually lived within walking distance of my soon to be old apartment. Nearing the townhouse, Natasha pushed a button on the car's visor. The garage door opened to let in our Mercedes. It closed just as we pulled into one of several private parking spots.

Including the garage level, the townhouse had six floors. As we entered the elevator I remarked, "Nice luxury having your own private garage and elevator. Sure beats my old walk-up!"

"Anne, you would not believe all the perks that come with this position. I could tell you many of them now, but each day you will be surprised at how truly lucky the three of us are." She jokingly continued, "I guess you might say it's a win-win for the four of us."

The elevator by-passed the dungeon floor above the garage, and stopped at the living and dining area on the top. Each of the three remaining floors were huge individual apartments for Natasha, Stephanie and now me.

After a brief tour, Natasha began, "I know you're anxious to see Tim. And I can just imagine how anxious he is to see you. We thought to avoid any possible coercion on his part, that we would keep him ball gagged in your presence for the time being."

"Sounds like an excellent idea to me. As the elevator approached the dungeon floor, I felt excited. Much more than I would have believed possible.

"Anne this is Stephanie. Stephanie, Anne."

Stephanie spoke first, "I've heard a lot about you. Tim speaks so very highly of you."

Natasha interrupted, "Stephanie and I are going upstairs so that you and Tim can get caught up on old times. The conversation may be a little one sided but I'm sure you'll manage."

Noticing the gag in Tim's mouth, Anne jumped into her new role. "It seems that Tim has had a foul mouth."

Stephanie immediately took the cue and responded, "Yes. His language has been most dreadful. We do so hate to punish him. By the way, the key for unlocking the gag is on a wooden peg near the belt key."

"I won't be needing it. Thanks anyway."

With that, they left Tim and me alone. I pushed the large brown leather chair right up to the bars of the cell. I wanted a good close look. Slowly, Tim walked toward me, still excited by Stephanie's and my conversation. The ankle chain stopped him a few inches from me. Sitting down, I asked rhetorically, "It's been a quick three years for me. How about you? Have the ladies been mean enough for your taste?"

Tim was caught in a trap of his own making. The best kind! First he nodded up and down. "Good, I'll take that to be yes. Then it hasn't been wasted money has it?"

Immediately he violently shook his head back and forth from left to right. "Oh! They haven't been mean enough. Maybe, I can do something to fix that." Not knowing how to answer, he started nodding and shaking in all directions like no tomorrow.

"Well Tim, as Natasha and Stephanie recently informed me; it seems that you never know what you really want. I guess I will have to be judge on what's best for you for now." With that, I arose and headed for the elevator. "I've enjoyed our little chat. Hopefully, next time you can be a little more talkative."

When I got back to the top floor, Natasha and Stephanie were ecstatic. They had seen and heard everything on the in house monitor and camera system.

"How did I do? I hope I met with your approval?"

"Anne, you have an untapped talent to be mean. We would never have guessed," said Natasha.

"Quite sure Tim had no idea either," Stephanie added.

Immediately, we settled into 12 hours on and 24 hours off. Stephanie and Natasha took the first two shifts which left me 24 hours to clear out my



apartment and enough time to go shopping for a new wardrobe. It's amazing what you can buy with a few extra bucks!

Whereas, Natasha and Stephanie dressed in normal clothing around Tim, I had different ideas. In each of my sessions with him, I wore a different piece of provocative clothing. Knee length black stiletto boots, full length black leather trench coat, leather corset and high heels, black leather mask, and much more.

To my surprise, the item that got Tim's greatest attention was an ankle length brown rubber apron, the kind that a hair colorist might use to protect her clothing. As the awareness of its power became more apparent to me, I wore it less frequently and only randomly. What is that expression? "Intermittent reinforcement is the strongest and longest lasting."

Over the next six months, Tom's enforced silence continued during my sessions. I could well imagine how badly he wanted to sweet talk me. He never got the opportunity.

I wore the apron to our latest session. It had been more than a month since he had seen me in it. When I got off the elevator, Stephanie remarked, "You sure got his attention!"

"Is that true Tim? Cat got your tongue?" I said matter of fact. Casually but calculating, I untied the strings and took off the apron, hanging it on the last wooden peg near the keys.

Walking over to the cell I said, "I thought we'd play a modified "Let's Make A Deal." You know the show where the contestants pick what's behind door # 1, 2 or 3. We'll only use two doors to make it easier on you. Would you like to play?"

He was staring so intently at that seemingly innocuous apron that he didn't hear a word I said. "Pay attention!" I shouted. Only when I screamed, "Right now!" was he finally able to pull his eyes off the apron and look at me.

Lowering my voice, I repeated, "Are you ready to play?"

Sheepishly, he nodded up and down. I knew he wanted to look over at the apron, but didn't dare.

"O.K. Here we go!"

Door #1 -- "I'll let you talk for one hour. You can ask me anything or plead whatever case you want. And we both know that you do have a case. However, if your plea fails, the gag goes back and here's the kicker. From here on out, no more provocative clothing." Reading his mind, I added, "And most importantly that includes no more brown, rubber apron."

Door #2 -- "Wait three months and we can play "Let's make a Deal" again.

Tim could contain himself no longer and stared over at the hanging shiny apron. Silently, I stood there, watching him mentally mull over his options.

Tim's thoughts. "Originally, the idea of being held captive had had great appeal. Maybe too much appeal. Things were somewhat O.K., until Natasha and Stephanie, cruelly introduced that damn steel chastity belt. I never saw it coming. What a great touch on their part. Then slyly, I suggested Anne as a possible third jailer, praying that I would have a little more leverage with her than the other two. Then Anne somehow stumbles onto my clothing thing with her in that apron. I know she knows. And she knows that I know she knows."

"Time for a decision," I said, snapping his eyes back to mine. Use your foot to count like a horse.

His choice was a foregone conclusion, the two stomps of his right foot only made it official. With our session over, I purposely left the apron hanging on the wooden peg and headed for the elevator. "I'll see you in twelve hours." Noticing the surprised expression on his face, I added, "I've asked Stephanie and Natasha for more quality time with you."

This new schedule of 12 on and 12 off went on for the next year. I never again offered "Deal or no Deal". Tim tried to stomp his feet after ninety days, but I put a stop to that with, "keep it up and you'll find yourself in a horse's harness and me in spurs. Get my drift?"

Besides, allowing me to spend more time with Tim, the new 12/12 schedule, produced an, unforeseen, secondary effect. Natasha and Stephanie each went from working 33% of the hours to 25%. It was like a narcotic. Eventually, they

didn't want to show up at all. Sensing their increased dissatisfaction, I asked Natasha and Stephanie if I could buyout their interests.

Natasha spoke first, "What did you have in mind?"

"I'm prepared to pay both of you, half your monthly salary for life. It's just like a pension, less money but no work. That leaves me with two-thirds of the monthly money but with all the work. Finally, I need both of you to accept my offer."

In unison, they said, "Please give us a moment." They took 30 seconds to huddle and came back with, "It's a deal. He's all yours, starting right now."

The actual details proved to be easier than imagined. Tim would continue to be the keystone. As long as I kept him under lock and key, I got paid, and they stayed retired. It was a win-win for all, except you know who.

Immediately, I saw the excitement in Tim's eyes, when I told him of the new arrangement. I could actually see the gears turning in his head. I reached through the bars and stroked his hair. He turned his head sideways as if to ask, "Finally, please take off this damn gag."

"In due time, my love." Without looking back, I quickly spun around and headed to the waiting elevator, taking it to the top floor monitor. Tim was acting like a mad man. I had never seen him so angry. The tirade continued for quite some time until over the intercom to the dungeon I shouted, "Enough! I'll be right down."

Walking past the hanging apron, I approached Tim's cell. "O.K. Mister. Maybe I should recap things for you. First, it was your stupid idea to become chained up and held captive by Natasha, not mine. Secondly, you had the audacity to bring me on board, thinking you could sweet talk yourself to freedom. Well, the gag stops all sweet talk, so you had better get used to it."

"Finally, and pay close attention! Natasha and Stephanie can un-retire. The ink isn't dry yet." I now had his undivided attention. "You remember them? The chastity belt? Their cruel and indifferent attitude? You want them? You can have them!"

As I turned to leave, Tim dropped to the cement floor and began to sob. "I take it you would prefer I not call them. So be it, then."

Suddenly, I tossed the key for the ball gag to the far side of his cage. Tim sat there truly speechless. "Do not move until I'm finished! Got it?" Tim nodded. "When I'm not here you may unlock the gag."

"If and when you want to see me, relock the gag and throw the key over near the hanging apron. Simple enough? Easy to follow? Good. I wouldn't want any confusion on your part. Now go and get the key."

As he rose to retrieve it, I quickly spun around, and entered the waiting elevator.

Things remained the same as when Natasha and Stephanie were here. The cold water, straw bed, daily gruel and ankle chain as stated in the initial contract, remained in place. Likewise, the steel chastity belt also continued without interruption.

Tim came to learn that he not only shouldn't have started this whole captivity thing, but trading jailers was an even a bigger mistake. Whereas, Natasha and Stephanie were cruel and indifferent, he would soon learn my wicked talents.

As much as Tim detested the gag, he hated being alone even more. In no time, he was summoning me daily to the dungeon. Of course, my attire was always that innocuous ankle length, brown rubber apron. Well, certainly not innocuous to Tim, who was now in a constant state of arousal. If I had let him, he would have worn that self-imposed gag for days on end, without thought of food or water.

Finally, I had to put a stop to things after one particularly long marathon. Interrupting his glare like trance, I spoke, "Tim, remember in the beginning when I said that I would be the judge of what's good for you?" Suddenly, Tim snapped back to reality. "Well, me in this apron, 24/7, is not good for you. This particular apron causes your constant arousal, which has lead to the need for daily milking, followed by more arousal and the need for more milking. Quite a vicious cycle."

Up until this moment, Tim had thought that Natasha's introduction of the steel belted chastity belt was the cruelest thing to happen since his captivity, until I

restricted his "viewing time" with me. You may call me cruel but not indifferent!