

Model Slave



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by Valentine Adams

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A Sizzler/B&D Edition

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CHAPTER 1

So thin, you could probably call her skinny. At times she looked almost unhealthy, mostly because she was so little. And bottle blonde, but it was a good job and the pale, near white color was flattering for her. She had the look of a smoker although I'd find out later that she had never used tobacco. The thing that could not be denied though was that she had an angelic face and absolutely gorgeous legs. During one of our first encounters, she told me that she had been a leg model. Her legs were printed on pantyhose packages for three different brands manufactured in North Carolina where she had grown up. She had responded to an advertisement when she was a freshman in college for modeling specialties. She had tried out as a hand model, and while she did have attractive hands, the photographer had suggested that she pose for some leg shots. A week later she was in his studio again, this time wearing nothing but a pair of pantyhose and being photographed from the waist down.

She had discovered that it didn't matter that she was small, since everything is relative. Her size five feet made her small legs and ankles look perfectly normal. She had done several shoots for the same company before family financial problems had forced her to leave school. They were subtle and tasteful shots that literally showed nothing but leg. But it had given her a sense of freedom about taking her clothing off and being photographed. That would work to my advantage some few years later.

* * * *

When I first met Courtney during a job interview, she was nearly thirty years old. But I was shocked when I found that out. She looked no more than a teenager, or maybe twenty. I had been shocked when she had informed me that she was a mother of an adolescent daughter. She had only been eighteen when an early pregnancy test had totally changed her plans. While she wasn't the best student, she was capable of getting a college degree had it not been for the pressing need to get a job and support herself. You see, the family financial crisis that truncated her academic career happened when her family withdrew any financial support when they found out she was pregnant. And after that, her family had almost nothing to do with her. Her father died only a year or so after he heard the news. He had been the reason she had never used tobacco, since she had known from about age fifteen that he was dying of cancer because of smoking for thirty years. And after his death, her mom had tried to blame Courtney for causing him to go sooner. Needless to say, by the time I met her, she had no relationship at all with her mom.

And in general, Courtney was sort of bitter. She had agreed to have the baby and raise her alone. The bum who had gotten her pregnant didn't want to get married, so he joined the Army and took off. But his parents wanted to take total control. When the child was only eight months old, they had taken her to court and sued her for custody. Since Courtney was only working part-time in order to be with her

child as much as possible, her living conditions were tentative at best. The courts agreed with the paternal grandparents that they had better means and would provide the child a safer and happier home. Then on a visit, she had taken the girl and tried to run away. Her car had broken down and she was arrested but later released since the grandparents agreed not to press charges in exchange for sole custody without visitation rights. I guess it was understandable that Courtney had reason to be bitter. And she had a chip on her shoulder that would force most people to their knees. But it just made her bitchy most of the time.

I hired her as a receptionist. She was as smooth as silk during the interview, but after she was hired, her attitude steadily grew worse. Finally after only three months, I'd had enough. I called her into my office and fired her.

"Courtney, when I hired you, I had the impression that you were a kind, soft spoken and polite person. I was really impressed with how pleasant you were. You totally charmed me. But over the past two months, I've come to realize that you are anything else but that. You are mean spirited and petty. You treat people with disdain and often are just plain rude. I don't need someone like that at my front desk. So as much as I hate to do this, I'm afraid I have no alternative but to let you go."

She sat quietly for several minutes and then she totally fell apart. It quickly became obvious that all the hostility was just a front. She used her disagreeable attitude as a wall between herself and any other human being who might become her friend only long enough to break her heart and spirit again.

She put her face in her hands and cried. She attempted to explain herself through sobs and sniffing.

"I hate it that I'm that way. Whenever I get comfortable with people, I become a bitch. I don't wanna let anyone like me or become my friend, because then they can shit on me. I've had my heart broken so many times by people I thought were my friends. I promise, if you'll give me one more chance, I can change."

I was more than hesitant to give her any slack. She was on the verge of causing other employees and customers to say goodbye to me. I just couldn't afford to lose either. But I felt something stirring as I watched this girl cry into her hands.

"Look Courtney, I really would like to be able to help you. But I don't see how I can."

She was beginning to harden again. I could tell that she was turning on the tough act to protect herself.

"Yeah, I've heard that before. People always say they're willing to help, but they stop short of actually doing anything."

Then my sexual cravings began to interfere with my thoughts. She did look hot and there were those terrific legs. And she really liked to show them off. Then I started to develop an idea. It was really more a fantasy, since I had no intention of letting her stay in the present situation. But if I could think of another solution, then I might be willing to give it a try.

"Would you be willing to have therapy to help you deal with your problems?"

"Therapy? You mean see a shrink? You think it would help? If it would help me keep my job, I'd do it. But how am I gonna to pay for it? I don't have any insurance. I don't have any friends and no family who would help me."

He realized that this was exactly the situation he needed to make one of his dreams come true. To lend the impression of concern and maybe of joining forces with her, he scooted forward in his desk chair and leaned on his elbows on the desk.

"I have an idea. But you would have to help me do this and you cannot tell anyone about it. Not another soul can know about it. You understand?"

"No, I don't really understand, but I could do that, keep it to myself, I mean, what do I have to do?"

"The company has insurance for employee assistance. If we have an employee who is having problems like using drugs or alcohol, or they have emotional problems that are interfering with them doing their job, then we can send them to a therapist and pay for it."

"Okay, I can do that."

"But we have to document the need. You'll have to do a couple of things to make sure you qualify."

Now she leaned forward too. Her body language certainly told me that she was interested.

"Just tell me what to do."

"Well, okay, we're gonna have to figure out just how to do this and not get caught. First, I'm gonna need to leave early this afternoon. In fact, for this to work, I'm gonna have to be leaving in about fifteen minutes. Here's what I want you to

do. Wait until after I've gone and then send me an e-mail. Tell me that after our talk, you realize that you have no future here or anywhere else for that matter. And that it's time for you to take your life in your own hands. Or perhaps it's just time for you to take your life. Make it really sad and depressed sounding. Don't actually threaten suicide 'cause most people who do that are just seeking sympathy. But try to be a little obvious that you're considering doing just that. You should say that you have no friends or family. You're alone and now you're gonna be unemployed. Then after you send it to me, take your personal stuff and put it in a copy paper box that you can get at the copy room. Leave the office and drive out to Victory Park to the World War monument. Do you know where I mean?"

She didn't speak, but indicated a positive reply with a shake of her head.

"As cold as it is today, there won't be anyone around. Park in the lot at the river overlook, you know where those cliffs are? There's a path just to the left of the monument that goes out to the overlook. Get out of the car and leave the motor running and the driver's door open and walk out the trail toward the river for maybe a hundred feet. Take your purse with you. And drop it beside the trail. You can take any cash out of it and put that in your coat pocket since they don't know if you have any with you anyway. But leave your ID and driver's license to help identify you. When the cops come to investigate, they'll find your purse too and return it to you. That'll really prove that you're not faking it since, no one would leave their purse on purpose. Then walk to the far end

of the parking lot. I'll pick you up and give you a ride home. The police will find the car and they'll come to your house. When they talk with you, tell them that you don't remember where you left your car, or how you got home. Say that you must have walked or taken a taxi or something. It's like only two or three miles from the park to your apartment complex, so you could walk that distance without any problem. And tomorrow, don't come in for work. I'll call you around ten when you don't come in and after we talk, I'll call employee assistance and arrange an appointment. We'll have the weird e-mail and a police report that includes strange behavior. That should be enough. Now you can't tell anyone that I helped you do any of this or that you've even seen me after you leave the office today. Agreed?"

"That's all I have to do? That's pretty simple."

"Yeah, it is simple, as long as no one else gets involved."

"Okay, I'll go do the e-mail now and then you'll meet me at the park in about an hour?"

"Yep. I'll go home and get my camper since it won't be as easily recognized if anyone actually sees us. I'll meet you there in about sixty minutes."

* * * *

Rather than going home, I went out to the farm I own. It's only twelve miles from town. I have a motorhome that I store there in the barn. Before leaving for my rendezvous, I grabbed a few things I thought I might need to make my trip a success. It was a good plan. But my plan was even more complex and it was going to last a lot longer. And she wasn't

aware of the real outcome, at least not yet. But she would be pretty soon.

The drive to the park was actually shorter for me from the farm than it would be for her from the office. When I got there, I parked at the far end of the lot some fifty yards away from the monument. I quickly scanned the surrounding park and was pleased that the temperature in the teens had discouraged any attendance in the area, at least at this late time of day. It was beginning to grow dark since the day was overcast and threatening snow. I guessed it would be totally dark within the next half-hour.

I had been there for about twenty minutes when I saw her black Toyota Corolla sedan pull in at the other end of the parking lot. As I watched, she did exactly as I had suggested. Pulling diagonally across two parking spaces, she left the car running and opened the driver's door. I could see from the fact that the dome light remained on that she had left the door open. I watched as she walked out the trail onto the bluff overlooking the river. Several minutes later she returned, sans purse and walked toward me.

I left my seat long enough to open the side entrance door for her. She looked up at me and smiled as she climbed aboard.

"Did you talk to anyone since you and I talked last?"

"Only Pam. She was in the copy room when I got the box. She asked me how things were going and I told that they sucked, but that I was going to fix that pretty soon. Then I went back to my cubicle and did the e-mail and packed the

stuff in the box and put it in my car. Then I came straight here."

"Perfect. Now let's get you home so you can wait for the cops to come. But first, since we're so close, is it okay with you if I go to my house to leave this camper and get my car? Won't take but maybe fifteen minutes."

"Okay. I guess that won't hurt anything. Besides, it gives me walking time, right?"

"Yeah, sure."

At every thought, I got an injection of adrenalin. My heart was pounding and my face felt flushed. I was really glad that the farm was so close by. If I had to wait much longer to spring my trap, I would have had a nervous breakdown. But fortunately, I was pulling into the drive within ten minutes. She had sat on the sofa in back to avoid being seen as we left the park, but now as I slowed and turned, she had moved up front to the right passenger seat so that she could see.

"Is this where you live? It's like a farm or something, isn't it?"

"Yep. It was my grandfather's farm and I got it from my parents' estate several years ago when my mother died. I haven't really lived here all the time, but I think I will be for the next several months or maybe even years. I'll probably move down here slowly from the house in the city over the next few weeks."

"Why've you decided to do that after all this time? Didn't you say that you'd inherited it several years ago?"

I pulled the big camper into the pole barn and used the remote to close the barn door. I shut down everything and

then stood and offered my guest a hand. As soon as she was standing, I stuck my right hand in the black suede collar of the grey tweed knee-length coat she wore. It was completely unbuttoned and I was able to pull it off her shoulders and toss it onto the arm of the sofa. She grabbed at it as it flew through the air.

"Why'd you do that? It's cold outside and I don't really have time to stay do I?"

One of the things I'd gotten from the house earlier was a blue steel .357 revolver. I pulled it from my belt where it had been hidden by my jacket until I stood up. I made sure that she had a good view of it before putting it into my jacket pocket. Then I moved so that I was immediately in front of her, no more than six inches between us, invading her personal space.

"Well, I've decided to stay down here because now I have you. Before, I would have been lonely."

"Whadya mean, you have me?"

"I've decided to keep you prisoner here. I'm going to make you my sex toy."

* * * *

The look of total disbelief was nearly erotic. Particularly if one enjoys the effect of shock and fear on a pretty woman's face. And I do.

"This is a joke, right? It's not very damn funny."

"No. I'm absolutely serious."

"Well, I'm absolutely serious too. This isn't funny."

"It's not meant to be funny Courtney. This is a kidnapping. And you're the one being taken."

"I don't understand. How do you think you can get away with somethin' like this?"

The reality of the situation was beginning to dawn on her. Tears were welling in her eyes and she didn't yet even know just how bad her circumstances were.

"This afternoon when you were in my office, I decided to kidnap you. As we were talkin', I realized that it was the perfect combination of conditions."

I waited for the initial panic and disbelief. But what I got was her bitchy attitude and whiny voice showing some emotional resistance, almost as if she was trying to tell herself that in spite of what I had just said and every physical indicator to the contrary, that this was simply a practical joke.

"I don't give a shit what you realized this afternoon. Maybe the threat of a lawsuit for harassment would work about now."

She had moved slightly toward the door, inching closer with each verbal exchange. She had probably moved three feet altogether, which placed her right in front of a chair. Without any warning, I just shoved her backward and she sat down.

"You're not gonna sue anybody."

Her expression let me know with no uncertainty that she was not a happy camper. She immediately grasped the arms of the chair with both hands and pushed herself to standing again.

"The hell I'm not. The very first thing I'm gonna do when I get home is call a lawyer."

"But you're missing the point. You aren't going anywhere. You are at home. At least it's the only home you're gonna know for some pretty long time. And you aren't goin' anywhere near a phone."

She raised her left hand to my chest and pushed at me and when I remained unmoved, she attempted to walk past me. The shock on her face when I slapped her with my free hand was priceless. She stumbled backward slightly and while she was off balance, I firmly pushed her in the same direction causing her to trip over her own feet and fall onto her ass on the carpeted floor, just missing the chair where I'd try to set her before. From there she looked up at me and for the first time I saw actual fear on her face.

"You son-of-a-bitch, you can't do this. The police will come looking for me."

"Well, you'd think so wouldn't you. But I realized that you have absolutely no one who will give a damn that you're missing. You see, you lost your job today and I'll be suitably shocked that you sent me an e-mail threatening suicide. And of course the police will find your car with all your office stuff still in it. You didn't even turn off the motor before you walked to the cliffs and jumped into the river, ending your miserable life. They'll search for your body, but it'll never be found, obviously, since it's going to be here with me."

She was beginning to sense that things were out of her control and that she was facing a genuine threat. To help her over the edge, I lifted her coat off the arm of the sofa and

checked the pockets until I discovered the few dollars in cash she'd taken out of her purse on my advice. Then I held it up to her line of sight.

"They'll find your coat down river in a few days. It'll even have cash in the pocket. Obviously you weren't the victim of some crime, since they didn't even rob you. But still no body will be found."

"Why would you do this?"

"For the thrill; for the sex; for the hell of it. Because I've never done anything remotely like this in my life. Because I've always wanted to and this was just too perfect a set of circumstances to pass up."

"But why would you want to...?"

"Well, I have some pretty kinky tastes and it's difficult to find a girl who'll go along with some of the stuff I like to do. Now I've got a playmate. You."

"But why me? I've never done anything to you."

"You're convenient. And you look pretty good and ... I just did, that's all."

Her first attempt at denial was thinking that she had any voice in what was to happen to her.

"Well ... fuck you! I ... won't ... do anything!"

"What's that supposed to mean? You won't do anything. You'll do anything and everything I tell you to do. If you don't you'll be punished. And just use your imagination. Think of the worst punishment you could have. What, maybe spanking? Well, I can do it with a leather strap or even a whip ... while you're hanging from the rafters of the barn by your wrists or even upside-down by your ankles ... naked. I can tie

you to one of the posts here in the barn and leave you for three days without food or water. Let your imagination run wild ... totally wild. And know that it can be worse than even that. I promise. Now, do you really want to resist, or do you want to cooperate?"

Finally it was beginning to sink in that she was in real trouble. She started to cry and her slight body began to tremble. Her moaning started low and increased in pitch and volume until she was screaming. But she stopped abruptly when I slapped her again, this time leaving the clear outline of four fingers across the girl's cheek.

I grabbed her by the left arm and jerked her to her feet. From the cabinet drawer closest to the back of the driver's seat, I pulled several items I'd gotten out before going to meet her in the park. I first lifted the pair of handcuffs. When she saw them she began jerking away from my grip.

"Nooooooooooooooooo ... pleeeeeease don't."

Before she slipped completely out of my hand I swung her around and punched her hard in the stomach with my gun hand. All the air went out of her and she collapsed to the floor once again, but this time on her knees. While she was attempting to catch her breath again, I twisted her slim arms behind her back and succeeded in getting the cuffs on her thin wrists and ratcheting them tightly closed. Now that her hands were pinned behind her back, she would be slightly easier to deal with. She suddenly seemed to feel the hopelessness of her situation. She started to cry and made no further attempt to get away from me. I grabbed her by her

left upper arm and pulled her to standing. This would make my next task easier.

She offered no real resistance as I strapped the black leather collar around her throat. That was probably because she didn't actually see the threat of this one-inch wide band. Once it was snugly buckled, I was able to clip a lanyard to the D-ring at the back of her neck. Pulling her cuffed wrists up to the middle of her back, I secured the other end of the twelve-inch lanyard to the chrome link between her wrists, holding her hands high upon her back. The third item was a thin leather hood. She immediately recognized it as a threat and began to plead, "Please ... you don't have to do that. I'll do what you want. Please?"

She fought to try to put distance between herself and it when she assumed my intent, but quickly realized that, cuffed as she was, there was absolutely nothing she could do to prevent me from getting the black hood over her head. Centering the inflatable bladder in her mouth before pulling the zipper down from the crown of her head to the back of her neck completed the task. She twice attempted to scream while I was at this work, but by the time the hood was fully in place and closed, she had lost her sight, most of her hearing and her speech. I pumped the ball hanging from the front of the hood to inflate the mouth bladder, and after about six pumps, her mouth was filled to capacity and once again the only sound in the motor home was her moaning. And now even that moaning was reduced to only that sound which would come through the nose opening in the hood. And her

nose was the only thing on her entire head that was not completely covered by the black leather.

"Now Courtney, if you'll be kind enough to shut the hell up, I'll tell you some things that you need to know."

My wait was even less than brief. She quickly realized that she was truly helpless and at my mercy and that this was no joke. Then she stopped struggling and attempting to make noise. After several minutes of quiet, I put my mouth close to her ear and began to explain how things were going to be from now on.

"Courtney, can you hear me okay?"

A quick shake of her head gave me my answer.

"Good. Now, I'm going to keep you here for the next few months at least."

This revelation brought about an entire new set of complaints and a renewed, if futile, effort to wrench her hands from the cuffs holding them securely behind her back. But I waited until she saw the uselessness of her battle. Finally she started to return to the temporary calm and I continued.

"I'm going to use you for entertainment and company and of course for sex. And you will do whatever I ask of you or you'll suffer. It's going to be a pretty simple existence. You'll eat, sleep, and we'll play. You'll be rewarded with things like a nice bed in a pleasant room. You'll get good food like steak and lobster and fresh fruit and wine to drink. You'll be able to watch television, read books and listen to music. You'll be allowed to bathe and shampoo and shave your legs and such. You'll be given nice sexy clothes to wear. And I'll treat you

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well. If you don't cause trouble, your life will be very easy and safe. If you resist or disobey, you will be physically abused. You'll be tortured and beaten and you'll lose your priveleges. You'll sleep on a cold dirt floor. You'll get nothing but bread and water and you'll be locked in a cellar room with no light for days at a time. So you need to think about the consequences very carefully. And finally, you must keep in mind that to everyone but you and me, you're already dead. So if you cause me too much trouble, I'll just go get enough riverwater to drown you and I'll dump your body way down stream. And everyone will know that it was a suicide. But if you cooperate, you can have a fairly decent life right here. And at some point, I will let you go. Of course, we'll have to reach an understanding before that happens, but we will, I assure you. So your choice is simple. Resist and suffer or cooperate and have it made. What's it gonna be? Now you think about that while we walk over to the house. When we get there, I'll take the hood off and you can give me your answer."

CHAPTER 2

I guided her with my right hand on her left upper arm. I was slow and patient, allowing her to move at her pace so as not to cause her to fall and cause injury. Fortunately, the black and white slip-ons she was wearing had one-inch heels were fairly sensible shoes. She had less trouble walking than I would have thought, at least after she negotiated the steps down to the barn floor from the side door of the camper.

She struggled several times and attempted to scream once she realized that we were outside, but she was easy enough to handle and I thanked my good luck that there were no neighbors close enough to have heard anything even if she hadn't been well gagged. I was also surprised at how little physical strength she had. Even when she struggled violently on one occasion during our walk across the yard to the house, there was never any moment when I thought she might be able to pull away even had she been free.

By the time we did get to the back porch and I stopped to insert the key in the back door, I could feel her trembling from the cold. The walk was only about a hundred feet that was actually outside, but the temperature had dropped even further after the sun had set and now was probably only in the upper twenties. And even though she was wearing a sweater, it was thin and I was sure that there was nothing underneath it except for maybe a full slip. And her skirt stopped at least two inches above her knees, leaving a lot of

her legs exposed to the cold protected only slightly by the stockings she wore.

* * * *

The kitchen felt much warmer, even though the thermostat was set at only fifty degrees. I guided my visitor to a chair at the kitchen table and helped her to sit. Then I left her unattended while I went into the front hall to adjust the heat upward.

I returned to Courtney and stopped for a minute at the doorway to just observe her. She was sitting quietly without any struggling and without making a sound. Her only motion was a constant shivering from the cold she felt.

When she realized that I had returned, she tried to say something.

"Mmmmmmm."

"Just be patient. I'm going to take the hood off in just a minute."

I went to her, opened the air valve on the mouth bladder, allowing it to shrink as the air escaped. I pulled the hood zipper up from the base of her neck to the crown of her head. Then, slipping my hands under the expansion gusset on its back, I pulled it up and off her head. My first look at her showed absolute panic and a steady stream of tears.

"Please ... please don't make me wear that again. I thought I was going to die in there. Please, okay? I'll do anything you say, okay? Just please..."

"I'll certainly remember your request. I won't make you any promises though. It's called a discipline hood. So we may

have to use it for that. We'll see. Now you were going to think about my offer. Are you going to cooperate or suffer?"

The girl had a dazed look in her eyes and her lids were closing and opening rapidly as if she was fighting back more tears. She looked around the kitchen and hesitantly made eye contact with me.

"I ... don't..."

Then she started sobbing. She was quickly getting to the edge of hysteria. I needed to bring her attention back to her situation so we could reach an agreement. It was important for her to understand that she was now mine. I needed to convince her of the futility of trying to resist her circumstances. I raised my voice enough to frighten her.

"Courtney!"

She jumped and looked at me with fear in her eyes. But, at least for the moment she stopped the sobbing and lowered her volume substantially, though her body continued to heave and sigh with the remnants of her tirade.

"Listen to me. It's important for us to get past these initial few steps. I need to know that you understand your predicament and that you understand some basic rules."

She didn't respond other than a nod of her head to suggest that she was paying attention.

"Good. Now I gave you a choice in the barn. You can do this the easy way and have a fairly good life while you're here. Or you can resist and fight and be disobedient and your life will be a living hell. Wearing that discipline hood will be the least of your worries. Now what's it to be? Are you going to cooperate or resist?"

Between the ragged breaths as she inhaled and the sighs as she exhaled, she attempted to talk with me.

"What ... is it ... that you ... want me ... to do?"

"Well, some of this we'll have to make up as we go along. I had not planned to bring you here yet. So I'm not really prepared completely. But I will have rules for you by tomorrow. And you must follow all the rules or you'll be punished. And you must not try to escape. And you must do exactly as I say without hesitation."

"Okay. How long ... are you gonna ... keep me here?"

"Let's not start worrying about that just yet. I promise you that you will get to leave here ... alive and unharmed, as long as you do exactly as I say."

"Okay. What's gonna ... happen to all my stuff? I mean ... I don't have much stuff ... but ... my car! And I have ... clothes and some furniture ... and an apartment."

"All that will take care of itself. Don't worry about it."

"Could you ... take off the ... handcuffs? I won't ... try to get away. My shoulders ... are startin' to hurt ... is all."

"No. I'll take them off in a little while. I need to go upstairs to get your room ready. And I can't leave you alone and free."

I went into the pantry and found some old clothesline on a shelf. It had been worn soft by many years of sunshine and exposure to the elements when it had hung in the back yard. There were two pieces, each about thirty or forty feet long. I tossed one on the table and used the other to wrap Courtney's torso against the chair back. I wrapped it at her waist about ten times and then cinched the sides against the

outside frame of the chair itself. I grabbed the second length and stooped in front of my captive. I lifted her feet one at a time and removed the black and white pumps. I used the rope to tie her ankles side-by-side, making about eight wraps before cinching between her legs and pulling the bindings tight. There was at least fifteen or twenty feet left, so I pulled it up to her thighs and made about five wraps just above her knees and cinched those bindings as well. She was safe for a few minutes so I could now go and prepare a place for her to stay.

"I'm goin' upstairs to get your room ready. If you cause any trouble, or try to move or make noise or anything, I'll come back down here and you'll spend the night wearing that leather hood, you understand me?"

She aggressively nodded her head up and down without any comment. She understood and she feared the hood. That's too bad I thought to myself. I like it and she's gonna have to get used to wearing it, even if it kills her.

* * * *

The rambling old farmhouse had a full second floor with five rooms and a bath. At some point the attic had been finished into a bunkroom with a bath that had no tub but a shower stall. It was here that I planned to house my guest for the time being. As I opened the door at the top of the third flight of stairs, I could smell that characteristic odor that all attics seem to have. I think it comes from the heat they suffer in summer. But during the colder weather, the room

here was chilly enough that my breath vapor showed when I exhaled.

The room was long and narrow with a ceiling that barely made seven feet. The walls were covered in unfinished pine shelving boards. The sidewalls had the boards attached vertically while the ceiling boards were running horizontally. Time had aged the wood and turned it a slightly amber color. Each end wall had a single window that was about the same size as the windows on the other two floors. There were heavy curtains at each window that appeared to be made of canvas. And while the curtains were dusty, they seemed to be in fairly good condition. I closed the curtains at both ends, totally covering the windows.

There were four built in bunks at one end, each with a blue striped ticking mattress on a plywood bottom. The sides and ends were miter cut two by six fir that connected to the four by four corner posts. Stacked two high, the pairs of bunks were separated by a small table, with a single lamp.

At the other end of the room was the door into the small bath. One of the things I really liked about the bath, particularly for my planned use, was the medicine cabinet over the sink. It had a mirror, but it was a highly reflective metal sheet as opposed to glass. In fact, a quick check produced nothing that could be broken or disassembled and used as a weapon or tool. Of course I would more carefully examine the space after I'd made my captive secure for the night.

It was a good thing that the next day was a Friday. I would have to go to work for the day, but at least I'd have a

weekend after tomorrow to make some needed changes here in the room I had just decided to call "The Tower." But for now, as long as I kept her tied up, the room would work just fine. And keeping her tied up was a part of what little plan I'd already decided upon. Plus, I do some improvements and renovations to the room and it would become the perfect cell for my prisoner. And it was nicer that keeping her in the basement.

* * * *

I returned to my friend in the kitchen. From every indication she had not moved so much as a finger or toe. She was still shivering and when I entered the room, she immediately looked up at me.

"I'm ... really cold. Could I have my coat back?"

"It'll be gettin' warmer in here pretty quickly. I turned up the heat when we came in. You won't need your coat."

I put my jacket back on and started to the back door. There was panic in her voice again when she realized that I was going out.

"Wait! Where are you goin'? Please don't leave me here alone. Not tied up like this."

"I'm not leavin' you. I've just got to go out to the barn for some things I need. I'll be back in a few minutes."

"Could you ... I mean ... please, could you ... just talk to me ... some. I really ... don't understand. I'm afraid. Please ... tell me what you're ... you know ... what you're gonna do ... to me."

I stopped at the door and with my hand on the knob, considered just what I should do. I really didn't need her to be scared to death. I just needed to have her understand that she didn't get any choice in the matter. Finally, after a couple of minutes of considering my options, I let go of the knob and walked over to where she was sitting. I pulled out the chair at the end of the table and positioned it right in front of her and sat down.

"Okay Courtney, let's see if I can explain this whole thing to you. Back when you interviewed with me, it was what, less than four months ago? Anyway, that very first time I saw you, I thought that somewhere in there is a beautiful girl. I don't know if it was an act, but there were things about it you just couldn't fake. I mean, if you were that good, you'd be in the movies. There are things like, you have a nearly lyrical quality to your voice. It is the most feminine sound I've heard in a long time. And your eyes are soft and almost frightened, as if you're on the verge of tears most of the time. But just below the surface was the darkness that threatened to suck you in. I saw someone who had lost so many times, that she no longer believed that winning was an option. But I felt this incredible sense of hope or wonder at the sight of you. It was as if ... this may sound strange to you, but as if we had some ... I don't know what to call it ... maybe a cosmic connection? And it was ... I guess it was compassion that caused me to hire you. And then as I got to know you, and I did, you know, then I came to understand, not just that you're bitter, but why you are. I watched your attitude deteriorate until you seemed to hate everybody. And I asked you questions about

all sorts of things. When we would have those seemingly casual conversations, I had an agenda. I found out about your unplanned pregnancy and the way your boyfriend's parents treated you and then your own parents virtually disowning you. I realized that you had no family, no friends, no one. And talking with you showed me that you are an extremely social person. I think your greatest need is other people in your life. Every once and awhile, there was a girl in you that wanted to show herself. She's thoughtful and kind, even sweet. And she was desperate for someone who'd just love her. But the regular you would scare the hell out of anyone who got anywhere close to that girl. You're caustic and rude and petty and just plain mean at times."

I watched her carefully for any feedback I might witness as I told her these things. And as I sat there talking, she nodded a couple of times as if to agree with what I was saying at the moment and then without any hystionics and without a sound I saw her eyes pool with tears and thy overflowed and trickled down her cheeks.

"I made the decision about a month ago that I was going to take you away from all that. I wanted to touch you with my hands and with my heart. I wanted to make you understand that the girl in there is real and I wanted to help her escape. For the past four or five weeks, I've spent every minute I could spare trying to figure out just what I could do to have you. Finally about a week ago, I decided to just take you, to kidnap you. And I started to make my plans. But then your negative behavior escalated to such a point that I had no

choice but to fire you. And in the midst of firing you, my plan suddenly became clear. And here you are."

She looked down into her lap, tears streaming steadily down both cheeks. We sat there until the silence in the room was becoming painfully loud and then her voice was soft but firm.

"So now you have me. What are you gonna do with me?"

"I'm going to take care of you. I'm going to feed you and bathe you and dress you ... and undress you. I'm going to read to you and watch movies with you and I'm gonna make love to you."

She was no longer flinching at the sound of my words. It was as if what I had said made some sort of sense. And she was staying calm. Her voice had become much more matter of fact.

"What about the rules and punishment and all that other stuff you told me while ago?"

"All of that is true too. But that doesn't negate anything I just told you now."

I stood to leave. I still needed to go to the barn to collect some things.

"Look, work with here. I mean, it's not like you have any choice. You're a prisoner and I'm gonna make sure that you can't leave until I decide to let you go. It really can be pretty easy for you. But you're gonna have to do the very last thing in the world you probably want to do right now. You're gonna have to trust me and do what I say. Because if you don't, then it won't be nearly as much fun for either of us. Now, I'm goin' to the barn to get some things I need. I'll be back in less

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than ten minutes. You don't have to worry about me being gone. I've wanted you for months and now that I have you, I certainly don't want to leave you any more than I absolutely must."

CHAPTER 3

I woke up the next morning with a sense of excitement I hadn't felt in years. In fact, even though I had a certain level of dread about having to go to the office, I knew that when I came home, I'd have the weekend. And since Monday was a holiday, it was a long three-day variety and I planned to take full advantage of it. After my makeshift preparations last night, I realized that I needed to make a thing or two if I expected to have any feeling of comfort at leaving Courtney alone during the workday. So while I certainly expected to have some fun with my new friend this weekend, I was also thinking about ways to make her captivity not only more secure for me, but more comfortable for her.

In order to make her secure for the night, I'd gotten an old choker chain dog collar from the barn and a length of chain and two padlocks. I'd put the collar on Courtney over some pretty loud objections. Then with one of the padlocks I'd secured the chain to the collar. Using a stepladder, I'd climbed up to the rafters well above anything she could reach even if she climbed on the highest piece of furniture in the room. I'd looped the chain over the rafter and locked it there with the other padlock. She could go into the bathroom and anywhere in that end of the room, and she could lie on the bed without difficulty, but the chain ran out about two feet past the bed which left her a good six feet from the top of the stairs. And if she attempted to go too far or pulled against her limits, the collar chain would begin to choke her. I felt

confident that she'd behave while I was gone. Then I'd cuffed her hands and left her for the night.

I fixed us both some breakfast and took it up so we could eat together. She was sitting on the floor with her back against the bed, looking as if she'd been in that position all night. Tears had washed any make-up she might have wearing the previous day. I guessed from her blotchy complexion and perfectly matching red and swollen eyes that she had probably cried for several hours. It was obvious that she was pissed about her predicament. And I knew that it was going to get worse when she realized the time I was to be away.

"Why are you doing this to me? I can't live like this."

"You won't have to for very long. I told you that I wasn't ready to being you here, but I had to do it when I could. I'll make things better for you. I've already got some plans that will make you more comfortable. Unfortunately, I have to go to the office today and there's no option but for me to leave you alone. So I must make sure that you're ... safe for the day and that you can't cause any problems."

She almost immediately panicked when she heard the words "I have to go to the office today." She rose quickly to her feet and began to plead with me.

"Don't go away! Please ... you've got to stay here. Can't you just call in sick or something?"

"Calm down Courtney. You're gonna be fine. I really don't have any option but to go to the office. You see, today is the most important day in this whole process. If I don't go in today and you're missing ... well you can see that it would

raise some suspicions. I can't have that. Things must be as planned."

"But ... suppose something happens. Suppose the house catches on fire? Suppose I get hurt? You can't leave me here alone."

I took her by the hands and led her to the side of the bed, there forcing her to sit down. I continued to hold her hands as I talked to her.

"Courtney, you've gotta calm down. I'm gonna tell you what's gonna happen today. You're gonna stay here and you're gonna be chained just like you are right now. If you don't cooperate, I'll cuff your hands behind your back, cuff your ankles together and put that discipline hood back on you and it'll be that way for the entire day. Do you hear me?"

Fresh tears welled in her eyes and true fear overruled her facial feature. She didn't say a word, but responded by shaking her head quickly up and down to acknowledge her understanding and agreement. She wasn't going to like it, but she was going to do it. We were making progress. I did decide that it made sense to further handicap her so while she sat on the bedside, wrapped in her thoughts and fears, I shackled her ankles together with another pair of handcuffs. The inch of chain between the cuffs would allow her to shuffle to the bathroom but not much else. It would definitely discourage any attempt at climbing. She finally looked down at her feet. Then even more new tears leaked from her eyes and she shook her head as if to show that she had no hope.

I cleared away the breakfast dishes and locked the door at the bottom of the attic stairs as added security. For the

twenty minutes or so that I was there before I left for the office, I heard no sound of activity from above.

* * * *

I had only been at the office for ten minutes, just long enough to get to the employee kitchen for a cup of coffee and return to my office when there was a knock at the door. I'd booted up my office PC and was just signing on to my e-mail account when the interruption came. After a couple of gentle knocks, the door was pushed open and our mailroom girl hesitantly stuck her head through the narrow opening.

"Excuse me Mister Christmas?"

She pushed the door further open and as it swung back against the wall, I saw that she was not alone, but was escorting a middle-aged gentleman in a grey Herringbone blazer and charcoal pants. I needed no introduction to know that he was a police officer.

"Yes, Pam. What can I do for you?"

"Excuse me sir, but this is Mister Hobart. He's a detective with the police department. He needs to talk with you."

I stood and took several steps around my desk and extended my right hand to the policeman.

"Detective Hobart, I'm Xander Christmas. What can I do for you?"

Pam nodded her head and backed out my door, pulling it closed for privacy as she departed. I motioned the detective to one of the wingchairs across from my desk and as he took his seat, I sat in the matching chair and crossed my right leg over my left knee.

"I'm really sorry to bother you Mister Christmas, but I'm investigating the disappearance of Miss Courtney Cole. I believe she works for you?"

"She did work for me. I'm afraid yesterday was her last day. You say disappearance?"

"Yes. A patrol car found her car sitting in a parking lot at Victory Park yesterday evening."

"I don't remember her address, does she live near there?"

"Not really."

"What time was it found?"

"It was reported by a passer-by about six-twenty and the officer was on the scene about seven or eight minutes later."

"Well, did you try her home to see if there's some reason she left the car there? Maybe she was meeting someone and just left her car there to get it later."

"I don't think so Mister Christmas. The officer did check her home address. There was no one there."

"I guess I'm missing the point. Why do you say she's disappeared? Don't you have to wait some arbitrary period like twenty-four hours or something before a person can be considered missing?"

"Actually, under normal circumstances, we wait forty-eight. But these aren't normal circumstances. You see, the car was left running and the driver's door was standing open. The officer walked out into the park around the car and the only indication he found was her purse. Her keys were in the ignition of course and the keyring had her house key on it as well. Her purse had her wallet with a charge card and pictures."

"What do they call it in the movies ... foul play. Was there any sign of foul play?"

"No. Nothing to indicate any sort of a struggle. But it is very strange to just leave the car running and the door open like that."

"That is strange. Did anyone see her get out of the car?"

"No. We're not sure what time she might have left the car. Your receptionist said that she left here about five. We've canvassed the neighborhood around the park. But no one saw anything, not even her driving into the parking lot."

"Could it be that her car was carjacked and whoever took it left it there?"

"Almost anything is possible at this point. We're just makin' the rounds to collect as much information as we can."

"I don't know what I can tell you. Except that I saw her between three and four yesterday afternoon. I left early and she was here when I left."

"You said that it was her last day? Did she tell you where she was going to work?"

"Well ... I suppose it's okay to tell you this, normally I wouldn't since it's a personnel matter. But you see, I fired Miss Cole yesterday. She was a probationary employee. She'd only been here three or four months and she just wasn't workin' out. She had a huge chip on her shoulder. And her attitude has steadily gotten worse in the past few weeks. I'd gotten at least a dozen complaints from fellow workers and then yesterday morning, a client complained about her. So I called her in about three and told her that I was letting her go and I asked her to clear out her personal things."

This very obviously stirred the policeman's interest and he leaned forward in his chair.

"How did she take that?"

"Well, I don't know. She wasn't emotional or anything. She didn't say much. Mostly nodded her head as if she had sensed that it was coming. I suggested that she consider seeing a therapist."

"Did she have emotional problems?"

"I'm certainly not a professional in that area. But she seemed ... I guess angry or even resentful. Not about bein' fired, but in general. She had been that way for at least the past four to six weeks. Maybe she was having boyfriend problems or something like that in her private life. Plus I don't know what might have happened in her life prior to her coming here, but she wasn't what she seemed in the interviews. I thought she was a really nice person. She's very attractive and she smiled and was very animated. Then after we hired her, she just grew more sullen to the point that she was downright rude at times. I just couldn't have it in the office."

"Did she have any friends here who might know where she would go?"

"Part of the reason she was fired is that she pissed off about everybody around here."

"Enough that someone might have done somethin' to her?"

"I don't think there's anyone working here who would do something to her for being rude. It wasn't as if she threatened people or cheated with their husbands or any of those things. She wasn't here long enough to build up that

kind of animosity. I think most everyone around here was just glad to see her leave. I don't think any of them would want harm to come to her and I surely don't think any of them would have any desire to hurt her."

"Well Mister Christmas, I appreciate your time. If you hear from her, would you give us a call?"

He handed me a white business card printed in dark blue with a gold star embossed on the corner. It had office, fax and cell numbers. I put the card in my shirt pocket and shook his hand.

"Sure. And if you find ... that she just went to some bar with a friend and got blasted and she's okay except for a hangover, would you give me a call too? I'd really hate to think that anything bad has happened to her."

The detective nodded and let himself of my office. Knowing that I had an e-mail from her, I hurriedly pulled up my account and highlighted the interoffice entry from CourtneyC. It was just as I had instructed her and it was the next best thing to a suicide note. I lifted the handset from the phone cradle and buzzed the front desk. Pam answered immediately.

"Yes Sir?"

"Pam is the policeman gone yet?"

"He's just leavin'."

"Well catch him and tell him to come back to my office. I have something he'll wanna see."

* * * *

Within three minutes, Detective Hobart was in my office once again. I'd printed the e-mail so he could have a copy and handed it to him as he entered.

"Detective Hobart, this was in my e-mail. It was sent to me yesterday afternoon at four-forty.

He began to scan the hard copy I gave him as I sat back down at my desk to read the screen version.

"Mr. Christmas, after our talk a little while ago, I've come to realize that I have no future here or anywhere else for that matter. I have no friends, no family and now no job. I'm alone and unemployed, a total loser. I think that it's time for me to take my life into my own hands. Maybe it's just time for me to take my life. No body else seems to have even the slightest interest in it anyway. I'm tired of being on the outside all the time. It's as if I'll never be a part of something again. And I hate it. And right now I hate myself for being the way I am. I just don't know what else to do about it. I'm sorry I didn't do a better job for you. I really liked you and thought that maybe this time would be different. But I guess not. Thanks for trying though. Courtney"

"I had just pulled up my e-mail when you came before, so I hadn't seen that. I knew you'd want to know about it immediately. I don't like the sound of it. But, I've always heard though that people who threaten suicide don't usually do it."

He held the white sheet of paper out toward me as if offering it to me.

"Do you think she meant to threaten suicide?"

"Well, like I said before, I'm no mental health professional, but she says in there 'maybe it's just time for me to take my life' sure sounds like a suicide threat to me."

"Yeah. It does to me too. And when you combine this with the knowledge that she lost her job yesterday and then her car is just left with the door open and running and her purse on the ground ... I guess it's about time to get some divers in the river. If she jumped in there, it would surprise me to ever find her. That water moves at better than ten miles an hour. And in the winter, it's just so cold that the divers can't stay in the water very long to look."

"Will you still let me know if you find her ... wherever you find her, I guess."

"Sure. And thanks."

He held up the printed copy of the e-mail again.

"It's okay if I take this? It might serve as a suicide note for the coroner. I'm beginning to think this may just be that. Thanks again Mister Christmas."

I walked out with the policeman and stood in the glass box that served as our lobby and watched as he walked out to his nondescript dark gray sedan. I realized that Pam, the copy girl who was now filling in as the receptionist, was standing at her desk watching me watch the detective. When I looked at her, she shrugged.

"That's about Courtney isn't it?"

My sigh was totally unplanned, but probably in response to the release of the tension that talking to a policeman can create.

"Yeah."

"He asked me about her too."

"And did you have anything you could tell him?"

"Actually I did. Courtney came into the copy room yesterday afternoon while I was there. I could tell she was not a happy camper. I just asked her how things were goin', you know. And she said in this angry voice that everything sucked, but she was gonna fix that pretty soon. She got a box and then left."

"You tell the detective?"

"Yes sir. He talked with me before he talked with you the first time. Do you think she might have jumped in the river? He said that her car was at the World War II memorial. You know how high that place is above the river there? I bet it's more than fifty feet down. He thinks she jumped in there."

"He tell you that?"

She nodded slightly to let me know that he did in fact tell her that.

"What do you think, Pam?"

"I wouldn't be surprised if they find her body downstream somewhere. 'Course they probably won't find it until spring or maybe even summer. I feel sorry for her. It made me sad that she was so ... I don't know ... troubled? She could be so nice and then suddenly she'd be so angry you couldn't talk to her. And she was so pretty when she was smiling and in a good mood."

"Yeah pretty. That she was. But my Grandma used to say, 'pretty is as pretty does,' and Courtney sure wasn't pretty in her actions was she?"

She didn't vocalize her agreement, but a knowing nod served just as well. I turned and walked back to my office, struggling all the way to be calm rather than shouting out with the excitement I felt at having such a short circuited plan actually appear to be working well at this point.

* * * *

I decided to have lunch at my desk and get a few things ordered over the Internet. Because of my position in the company, I have certain privileges. And one of those is that I have a private telephone line that does not go through the company server. I also carry my own personal laptop with me at all times and it was with that laptop and through that private telephone that I connected to my ISP and went to one of the multitude of adult shopping sites I'd researched over the past few years. I'd had an interest in things related to bondage and had found suppliers of all sorts of useful and very sexy toys. It was to one of those that I went immediately. Once on the site, I selected to review the online catalog in four categories. First was gags and head harnesses. From the possible selections, I made three purchases. Then I went on to the section of blindfolds where I bought four different styles. I chose two battery-powered vibrators, one rather slim and tapered and the other shaped exactly like a substantial penis with heavy rubber head and shaft. Then, last but not least, I purchased a selection of leather restraints for arms, legs, torso and throat. I paid using an online service that already had my credit card info and had the toys shipped in privacy packages by express courier service for delivery to

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my office. I was assured delivery by next Friday at ten in the morning.

CHAPTER 4

I decided to leave the office early. It was Friday and the beginning of a long weekend, so at lunch time I told Pam that I would be going out to see a client and would not be back until Tuesday morning. I wanted to do a little shopping tonight and I needed to get home to my charge.

The only clothing Courtney had was what she had been wearing last night when she left the office. And pretty quickly, that was going to be in serious need of cleaning. And she needed to be able to take a bath or shower and would certainly need clothing for afterward. I also realized that I must be careful about being seen buying women's clothing, especially in sizes that would fit a girl who had just disappeared the day before.

I drove to the neighboring city about fifty miles to the south and went into the mall there. It amazes me that at one in the afternoon on a Friday, there can be as many people at the mall as was there. But for the entire two hours I was shopping, I never saw anyone with a familiar face. I also found that if I told them I was buying a birthday present for my wife, the girls in the clothing stores and departments were very helpful and from every indication totally oblivious to the many possible questions about a man buying women's clothing. I bought a number of things that were sort of multipurpose. Two short skirts; one kakhi, the other stone washed denim, several cotton tops that were little more than teeshirts, a pair of grey felt clogs. In the men's section of a

department store, I was able to buy several pairs of silk boxer shorts in small size and colorful prints. In the lingerie department of the same store I found a dozen pairs of pantyhose, three pairs each in four different colors. By three, I was in the car and headed back to the farm.

When I stopped at a huge supermarket and did some basic grocery shopping. I got food and some cleaning supplies, two roles of duct tape and two 100-foot packages of cotton sash rope. I also got shampoo, conditioner, a toothbrush, deodorant, body lotion, a ladies razor, eye shadows, eyeliner, blush and lip color. I'd still need to get other things, but I was set for a few days.

Even with all the errands, I was back home before five when I would have normally been leaving the office. I parked at the back door and hauled bags into the kitchen, needing three trips to finish. Each time I went into the house, I would stop and listen carefully to see if there was any noise that might be heard from the third floor. And each time, I was pleased that there was nothing to indicate that I had a prisoner in the "tower."

* * * *

Quickly I got my groceries put away in the kitchen. I had left out a frozen four serving lasagna, an Italian bagette loaf and a bag of field greens salad. I set the thermostat on the oven and while it was pre-heating, I went into the pantry, which also doubled as a laundry room. I took a few minutes to pull the cellophane wrapping off the two bundles of rope I'd purchased. I pulled them apart and stuffed both in the

washer, setting the dial to half-load. Using hot water, laundry detergent and bleach, I turned the machine on and closed the lid. I hoped that this would take some of the polished finish off the rope and make it softer.

Once back in the kitchen, I checked the oven and saw that it was almost completely pre-heated and figuring it was close enough, I stuck the aluminum lazagna pan in on the center rack. I checked the clock and calculated that I had about fourty-five minutes to get my other chores done.

I took the bags from my mall trip upstairs. I had used the master bedroom last night and I had pretty much decided that I would use it again tonight, but I planned to have company this time. I'd left Courtney alone last night to allow her a little time to adjust, but tonight I intended to start her training. I took her because I wanted her as company, so it made little, if any sense to leave her in the attic.

I dropped my packages on the bed and one by one, dumped them out. I divided the contents and put the clothing articles in drawers in the dresser. Courtney would need something to wear tonight, so I left out on the bed a pair of navy blue and silver print silk boxer shorts. I added a pair of sheer suntan pantyhose and a dark blue teeshirt along with the felt clogs.

I went into the master bath taking with me the razor, toothbrushes, and other toiletry items I'd bought, and turned on the shower and got the water very warm and then headed up to the "tower" to get my playmate.

* * * *

I don't know what I had expected. Actually I don't believe that I had thought about it at all. But what I found pleased me somewhat. Courtney was lying on the bed. It looked as if she had been doing that all day. She didn't look as though she had cried for quite awhile, and all things considered, she didn't look much worse for the wear. Her hair and makeup were naturally a mess, and her skirt and top were wrinkled pretty badly, but otherwise, she might have been watching TV all day. She looked up at me the instant I was visible in the room.

"I want to talk ... I mean please can we talk?"

"Okay."

I pulled away one of the chairs from the table and set it by the bed, within easy reach of her. After I took my seat, I turned to her.

"Talk."

I think she had been rehearsing her little speech all day. So she got off to a good start.

"It occurred to me that you aren't plannin' on killin' me. If you were gonna do that, I'd already be dead. Plus it doesn't make any sense that you would have even brought me here to do that. I know why you brought me here. I'm not stupid. And I want to live through this. So I've decided to make you a deal. I'll be your ... I guess sex slave ... for a short period of time. And after that time is up, I'll leave here and never say a word to anyone about you or any of this. I'll cooperate with you and we can have sex some and everything. Then after ... say a couple of weeks, we go our separate ways."

I could see that she had put a lot of thought into this offer and she felt that she was making a major sacrifice. She obviously hadn't really reached an understanding of her situation though. But I didn't want to discourage her cooperation. Still, we needed to negotiate a bit more.

"I like the idea. But the time is all wrong. I'll agree to the concept of your deal, but the length of your stay has to be twelve months."

She suddenly flipped her legs off the side of the bed and sat up to face me, raising her cuffed hands in a gesture of pleading, though her voice was more of a demand than a request.

"Twelve Months! You can't keep me here that long. I have a life."

"Calm down Courtney. We're negotiating here. And as long as you're trying to come to an agreement, you won't be punished for negotiating. But this type of behavior can still get you tied to a pole in the barn for two or three days."

She immediately dropped her hands into her lap and looked down. I could tell that she was forcing herself to remain rational.

"Okay, okay. I'm sorry. But please be reasonable. Twelve months is way too long. How about one month?"

"No. It has to be longer than that."

She allowed her body to sag in disappointment.

"How long then?"

"Nine months."

Tears were forming at the corners of her eyes. When she looked up at me, I finally understood what that expression

"puppy dogs eyes" really meant. Her voice was trembling with fear or rage or both as she spoke.

"If ... if I agree ... to ... three months ... how about that?"

"Look Courtney, it'll take longer than three months for you to learn the routine and rules around here. Besides, think about what you just said. 'I have a life,' you said. Now be perfectly honest with me. What kinda life do you really have? Where will you go? What will you do? You have no job. And even after three months, you won't have an apartment to return too. You know the truth. You've had sixteen jobs in less than a decade. You've got no friends. You've got no family that wants you. You don't really have anything anyone wants. That is except me. I wantchu. I wanna get to know you. And I'll take care of you. You don't have to worry about a job or a place to live. All you have to do is whatever I tell you to do."

She sat staring at me for several minutes. I couldn't tell if she was planning her escape or thinking about what I'd just said to her. Of course, in the long run, it didn't make any difference. She was staying here for as long as I wanted her too. But finally she seemed to reach some agreement with her own conscience.

"Can it be ... six months? That's all I can stand at one time."

This was a huge sacrifice for her. I knew that it was the limit, absolutely all she could tolerate right then. If I agreed to this, I could either find some excuse later to extend her time or I could convince her to accept a longer time at some

future date. But for right now, if she would really agree to six months, I could live with it.

"Okay. Six months. But we must have an understanding about what's expected of you. And you must obey every rule and follow every direction. Break any rule or agreement and you'll suffer the full penalty, understood?"

She nodded her head to indicate agreement.

"What do I have to do?"

"That part is simple. You have to do anything I tell you to do. And you must not attempt to escape."

"What sort of stuff will you make me do?"

"I think it won't be too hard for you. Maybe the sex at first. I don't want you to feel like you're being raped. That is not my desire or intention. But you must willingly agree to sex. That must be part of our deal. And it will include oral, anal and vaginal sex."

"And if I don't agree to sex?"

"Then we don't have a deal, do we?"

Again she was lost in her own thoughts. I was sure this was the most difficult part of what she had to convince herself to do. It wasn't just the sex she was giving up. She knew that it was about who was in control.

"Courtney, you need to understand that as long as you make a decision to give your permission and cooperate one hundred percent, then you are the one controlling you having sex with someone. You get to make the decision right now. It's your choice."

"What would happen if I made the choice to not have sex with you? Then what?"

"Then I'd have to find other ways for you to entertain me. We'll probably do some of those anyway. In fact, we'll start tonight. But some of them could be harder on you than sex. And of course, that would mean that we didn't have an agreement about the length of your stay here either. Sex is included in that contract. But that's up to you."

She looked down at her hands.

"If I'm not going to escape ... can you take the handcuffs off my wrists and ankles and this damn collar off my throat?"

"Sure, sort of."

I knelt by the bed and unlocked the cuffs on her ankles and then standing, I opened the lock on the collar, dropping the chain on the floor and unslipping the choker collar. I grasped her by the hands and pulled her to standing. I unlocked the cuff on her left wrist and quickly turned her in a half circle so that her back was to me. I pulled her hands together and again cuffed her wrists behind her back.

"Ohhh! Why did you do that?"

"Because I wanted too. Now, let's go down stairs. I've got the shower running for you. You're starting to smell bad!"

* * * *

Once in the master bedroom, I removed the handcuffs and for the first time since her arrival the day before, she was completely free.

"Courtney, before we go any further, I want an articulated answer from you. Do we have an agreement about your stay here?"

She nodded an affirmative reply.

"No, I want you to say it out loud so we can both hear it in your own words."

"Yes, we have an agreement."

"And that agreement is for how long?"

"Six months."

"And what are you agreeing to?"

"I'm agreeing to stay here for six months and to do whatever you tell me to do, including sex."

"Good. You'll be pleased with that decision. Now, I want you to take your clothes off."

"Right here?"

"Yep. Remember, you agreed to do whatever I told you to do. And believe me, I'm going to test that this weekend. So strip."

She needed a couple of minutes to think about the ultimatum she'd just been given. And although it had been subtle, she got the message and while moving very slowly, she did do as I had said.

Once she had removed all her clothing, she stood in front of me, but turned so that she was only showing me her right side. Her arms were covering her breasts and she would not look in my direction, as if by some magic that if she couldn't see me looking at her then I wasn't actually doing it. But I planned to fix that pretty quickly.

"Take your arms down and turn and face me so I can see you."

Survival overruled modesty allowing her to drop her arms to her sides and to slowly turn to face me. I was impressed. Her flat stomach was firm as were her small breasts. And

even though it was obvious that she lightened her hair chemically, I could now see for sure that she was a natural blonde, although dirty blond. I moved closer to her and placed my hands on either side of her face, lifting her chin so that she was looking me in the face.

"You're really quite beautiful for your age Courtney. You should be proud of the way you look."

"Th ... thank you."

I pulled her face up to mine and kissed her gently on the mouth. Her jaw was rigid and her mouth stiff with fear. I had my work cut out for me.

"Go into the bathroom and get cleaned up. Shave, shower, shampoo and brush your teeth. Then come back out here. I have makeup for you and clothing. Take your time, but don't waste time. Dinner will be ready in about twenty-five minutes."

CHAPTER 5

She took almost the entire twenty-five minutes, but when she came out of the bathroom, she looked like a different person. Her shoulder-length hair was still slightly wet and hung in ringlets. Her face was scrubbed to a bright pink. As she approached the bed where I'd left her clothes, she allowed the big bath towel to drop to the carpet without any indication that she was bothered by being nude in front of me again.

As I watched her, she picked up the three articles of clothing and examined them briefly.

"This is it?"

"Yes. You don't need anything more."

"I guess not. Do I have to wear the pantyhose?"

"Yes. You have incredible legs and I like to watch them. And they look much better in stockings."

She made no additional comment other than a shrug of her shoulders as she sat on the side of the bed and began putting on the stockings. When she had stood and smoothed the nylon up over her thighs and hips, she turned and grabbed the boxer shorts and stepped into them and pulled them up. Then quickly she slipped the teeshirt over her head and let it drop. She noticed the grey felt clogs on the floor and glanced up at me.

"Are these for me too?"

"Yes. The floors downstairs are sorta chilly."

She slipped her feet into the shoes and turned to face me.

"Now what?"

I pointed at the mirrored dresser near the bathroom door.

"There's eye shadows, liner, mascara, blush and lip color there. Please use them, but be subtle."

I watched as she applied a charcoal shade of eyeshadow followed by black eyeliner and navy blue mascara. A little blush on her cheeks added real color to her face. Then she finished with a fuschia lip color. I was amazed at the transition a little makeup made in her face. For the first time since I'd picked her up at the park, there was almost a smile on her face as she turned and saw the expression on mine.

"I take it, I did it correctly?"

"Yes. You look really nice."

"Then we're back to ... what now?"

"Now we go downstairs and have dinner. But first, you must turn around and put your hands behind your back."

"Ahhh! Please don't! Why do I need to be handcuffed? I already agreed I wouldn't try to escape."

"Part of what you'll be doing for me is bondage. I like the way you looked either handcuffed or tied, so we'll be doing a lot of that. In fact we'll do it every day, all the time."

She frowned in frustration, but turned her back to me and put her hands back and stood passively as I put the cuffs back on her wrists. I grasped her by an elbow and led her downstairs.

In the kitchen, I pulled out a chair at the table and helped her to sit. I had left rope on the table last night when I'd freed her from this same chair. I grabbed a longer piece and stooped in front of her and tied her ankles together and

cinched the bindings. Then with a second piece of the sash cord, I tied her bound ankles to the bottom stretcher, but taking care not to pull her legs back too far. At least now she could sit in comfort even though she was tethered to the chair and her legs were not of much use to her.

Remembering that I'd put the rope in the washer earlier and realizing that it was no longer running, I stepped into the pantry and moved the bundle of cotton sash from the washer to the dryer. I set it on hot/tumble and set the timer for sixty minutes and hit the start button before returning to the kitchen.

She sat while I worked on finishing dinner. I first opened a bottle of red wine, and poured two servings into the bulbous glasses I'd earlier set on the table, then I removed the bread and lasagna from the oven and rested them on trivets. I tossed the salad and served two bowls, setting one at her place and one at the head of the table just to her left. I served bread and lasagna to each of us and finished by lighting the two candles in the center of the table.

"Are you gonna let me feed myself, or will you feed me? I can't reach with my hands cuffed behind my back."

"Yes, I'm fully aware of that. Of course, you could eat without your hands, but the hot cheese would make the task very difficult and I don't want you to get burned."

I released her hands and sat down at the table myself. I started eating and watched as Courtney hesitantly picked at the salad.

"I would have thought you'd be pretty hungry by now. It's perfectly safe, I assure you. It really isn't my intent to harm you in any way."

At that she started eating and for several minutes she followed one bite by another. Her salad was quickly gone and then she started on the lazagna, hesitating only to take a gulp of wine between every third or fourth bite.

"You should probably slow down though. You don't want to make yourself sick."

At that she did slow down to a more normal pace.

"So tell me about yourself Courtney."

"What do you wanna know?"

"As much as you're willing to share. I want to get to know you."

She didn't respond right away, but suddenly, after several moments of thought, she almost smiled and offered a philosophy of sorts.

"Well, you know that whole thing about people bein' either the glass is half full types or the glass is half empty types?"

"Yeah?"

"Well I'm one of those who says who the fuck cares whether it's half full or half empty, the wine probably sucks anyway!"

"So you're tellin' me you're basically the unhappy type?"

"My life has been one pile of shit after another. I'm not even thirty and I've had sixteen jobs. I've been fired so many times, I'm in the record books. Had a baby with a sorry bastard who wouldn't help me with her, then lost her to her grandparents and got myself arrested for kidnapping my own

baby. I don't own anything except my car, which will probably be confiscated by the police and sold at auction. I've been kidnapped and I'm bein' held prisoner by mister wanna be nice guy. My life sucks! Anything else you'd like to know?"

After she finished, she had a slightly sheepish look on her face. Maybe she thought she'd been a little too sarcastic too. I could return the favor though.

"Yeah, I guess I can see your point. So is that why you became such a bitch at the office? When I interviewed you, you seemed so polite and nearly sweet. And even when you first started work, everybody liked you."

That stopped her for a minute. And she appeared to be in thought. Maybe loading both barrels for another verbal zinger. But her tune was totally changed, for whatever reason. I was surprised at the earnestness in her voice this time.

"I ... I've learned not to trust people. They act like they're your friend and then they turn on you."

"So your answer is to turn on them first?"

"No. I just ... it's easier not to get to be friends with anybody. It's like that song ... that says ... somethin' like ... when you don't have anything you can't lose anything."

"Those people at the office didn't take anything away from you though."

"People just like 'em did..."

"All people aren't the same you know."

"So I've heard. I've never experienced it though."

"Every person is different. I've never met two people who are exactly the same. You have to give folks a chance."

"Everybody I have ever trusted has used that trust to fuck me over. My friends, my parents, and God help us let's not forget about all those Christian assholes who give you a line of bullshit and then talk about you behind your back and fuck you the first chance they get. I've never met anyone who didn't have an agenda that put themselves first."

"You told me once in a conversation about leaving college and the father of the baby abandoning you and his parents really screwing you over."

"And let's not forget that my own parents deserted me. My Dad kicked me out when I came home pregnant. And then when he died of lung cancer from smokin' cigarettes for his entire life, my loving mother blamed me for his death."

"I guess I can see that those kinds of things would make it hard to trust anyone."

"Fine one you are to say anything. I trusted you and you kidnapped me!"

"But my motives are honorable."

"Says you."

"Given the time, you'll say the same thing. I do have to admit that until then though it might get to be pretty hard to believe."

"What do you want from me? Besides a little pussy."

"I want far more than that from you. In fact a little pussy isn't even on my list of concerns. I'm far more interested in making you feel better about yourself than I am in gettin' laid. It may come as a shock to you, but I actually have women hittin' on me all the time. I date whenever I want."

Afterall, I'm not an ugly guy. I'm pretty smart and cultured and I treat women well."

"I can tell by the rope around my legs holding me to the chair."

"Could be a lot worse than that. Consider that you're a kidnapping victim, don't you think things could be a lot worse?"

With a deep sigh, she acknowledged her agreement.

"Yeah. But I also don't know how bad it's gonna get."

"Why would I treat you this way if I were gonna torture you? Wouldn't it make better sense if that's what I planned to do with you, to get right to the fun?"

"But you have no idea how it feels to be in this position."

"That's true. But you can tell me if you want. I'm interested in your feelings."

"All I can think about right now is that pretty soon dinner is gonna be over and then you're gonna take me upstairs and fuck me. And I'm scared."

"If, and I do mean if, I were gonna take you upstairs and, as you put it, fuck you, how bad is that. You've been fucked before haven't you? It's probably not even an activity that you'd consider unpleasant under different circumstances."

"Your point?"

"It's not like you're worried that I'm going to hang you by a rope around your neck until you're almost dead and then revive you. Or that I'm gonna fill up the bathtub and hold you head under until your lungs are filling with water and then pull you out and revive you. I don't want to do those things to

you. We're talking about making love, not rape. I promise I will not rape you. Okay?"

"Well then you'll just have to excuse me. I'm just a stupid little country girl from the South. But what earthly reason could you have for taking me prisoner and forcing me to stay here for six months other than sex?"

It was my turn to take my time and get my thoughts together. I sat there and thought about the real reasons I took her and after going over that stuff in my head, I figured it was worth trying to explain, although I had no idea that she would believe any part of it.

"Courtney, I'm not so sure that you can understand or even believe what I'll tell you, but I'm gonna give it a try. I'm nearing forty years old and I've never had a serious relationship in my life where I actually cared one whit about the woman. I've dated so many different women that I can't even remember all their names. I've just never felt any ... connection, for lack of a better word, with any of them.

"Then about four months ago, I'm minding my own business and conducting interviews for a new receptionist and along comes this charming, and attractive little blonde with a soft southern accent and a sweet smile. I floated through the interview without even hearing half her responses. But that didn't matter because I'd decided to hire her the moment we met. There was this connection I'd never felt with anyone else in my life. It was almost as if an electrical current had passed through us as we shook hands. I've never believed in all that cosmic bullshit, but this was a staggering attack on my lack of belief.

"I watched her everyday and engaged her in conversation every chance I could find. And I listened to her musical voice. I remember every conversation. At some point, about the second month she was working for me, I realized that I absolutely must have this creature. I don't know that I was in love but I sure as hell was in lust. But I knew that nothing could ever happen because she worked for me. That didn't keep me from fanaticizing about her though. And then it occurred to me that I should just take her away from all that and make her mine. It was a great dream. But it was one I knew would never happen.

"Then she started screwing up. First once in a week and then every other day I was getting complaints from co-workers and finally a client complained and I had to do something. Her problem was pretty obvious. She was afraid because she thought no one cared about her. I knew that I could help her feel better about herself. But the thing I feared most was that I'd never see her again. And while she was sitting there in my office when I'd called her in to fire her, I started seeing how I could actually have her. And so far, it's worked okay.

"So you see, I've never really had any plan past the impulse to have you and I'm probably as uncertain about our future as you are. But I promise you, we will work it out. And in the long run, I'm hoping..."

Her eyes had grown wider as my monolog rambled on.

"Do you have a plan for tonight?"

"Not so much a plan as a desire. I want to take you upstairs to my bedroom and I want to make love to you, with

or without the sex. But I do want to do the touching. I'd like to tie you to the bed and tease you until you cum. I want to show you how desired you are."

Courtney thought about that for a minute or two and without changing her expression noticeably nodded her head.

"Okay."

"Grab the bottle of wine."

I released her legs from the chair but left her ankles bound and cinched. Lifting her in my arms, I left the dinner mess as it was and carried her out into the hall and up the stairs.

Once in the master bedroom, I gently deposited her on the bed. She put the bottle on the bedside table and looked up at me with a look of uncertainty on her face.

"Should I take off my clothes?"

"No. I'll do it later ... if ... we get to that."

I did reach down and pull the clogs from her feet and drop them by the bed.

"Roll over onto your stomach."

She hesitated briefly but then rolled over. She shifted around a bit to get settled and then turned to look over her shoulder at me.

"What are you gonna do?"

"I'll be right back. I need to get something."

I went out into the hall and opened the linen closet. My mother had loved those extremely soft cotton blankets like the one's used in hospitals and had kept at least a dozen of them in the closet. I looked up on the top shelf and sure enough there were several of them there. And just as I'd hoped, they were worn thin from years of use and machine

washing. When folded diagonally from opposite corners into a triangle and then rolled up from the pointed side, they made a sort of rope that was no more than an inch or so in diameter and about eight feet long. I took all there were on the shelf and returned to the bedroom. Courtney was lying face down and her face was resting on a pillow. I felt a shiver of anticipation run through my genitals as I looked at the pretty woman lying there. She turned her head and then rolled slightly onto her left side, raising herself up onto her left elbow. She watched me as I folded into triangles and rolled into ropes the seven thin blankets, draping each one over the top rail of the footboard of the old maple bed. Finally her curiosity got the better of her.

"What's all that for?"

I smiled at her.

"For you."

"And what are you going to do with it?"

"I'm going to tie you up with it."

"Do I have to be tied up?"

"Yes. But it's at least incredibly soft. I just need one more thing."

When my parents had inherited the farm, they had used it as a weekend and summer getaway. And after they retired, they had used it even more. I figured that I might be able to find something I could use either in the closet or in the dresser. My first try was the small drawer at the top of the dresser and I found the mother lode right there. The drawer was the full width of the piece, maybe forty-eight inches wide and about twelve or so inches deep by four inches high. It

was filled to capacity with stockings, socks, and scarves that had been my mother's. I found a navy blue silk scarf that very nearly matched the boxer shorts Courtney had on. I quickly roll folded it into a strip about two inches wide and probably forty inches long. Then I took it back to the bed where my guest was still resting on her elbow watching the activity.

"You didn't already have enough?"

"This is for something else."

I walked around the bed so that she was facing away from me and I gently pulled her arm out to the side causing her to lie down flat on the bed.

"Lift your face off the pillow."

When she raised her head up slightly, it wasn't quit enough.

"A little higher please."

"You're not gonna put that in my mouth are you?"

"No. I want you to be able to talk. How else are you gonna be able to beg me to make love to you."

Then I covered her eyes with the silk and pulling it tight, I tied a double knot at the back of her head. I reached for one of the rolled blankets at the foot of the bed and then climbed onto the bed, straddling her hips with my knees. Gently I pulled her hands together behind her and used the soft cotton cloth to bind them in an X, making a couple of turns each way before using the ends to cinch between her arms.

"Ouch! That's pretty tight."

"You'll be okay."

Model Slave
by Valentine Adams

Then I scooted off the bed and standing next to my prone guest, I untied the rope holding her ankles and replaced it with another of the cotton blankets. With a third blanket, I looped the bindings at her feet and pulled her legs up, bending her knees and drawing her heels against her buttocks, tying off the other end of the blanket to the ties at her wrists.

"God! You don't have to be mean. I'm cooperating you know."

CHAPTER 6

I stood back and just took in the stunning picture of this nearly perfect physical specimen, wearing nothing but stockings, silk boxers and a tee shirt and tugging at a pretty snug hogtie. I was rock hard in a second. I lay down on the bed beside her, taking her head in my hands and turning her face toward me. To make her a little more comfortable, I pushed her slightly and flipped her over onto her right side so that all of her front was against me. Once again taking her face in my hands I gently kissed her on the mouth. This time, she was more receptive to the kiss. Her lips softened on contact and she open her mouth slightly taking my tongue.

I kissed her for several minutes, exploring her mouth with my tongue, nibbling at her bottom lip. I moved along the left side of her jaw, leaving a trail of kisses as I moved down onto her neck. She pulled her neck to one side as my attentions surprised her, tilting her head in an attempt to protect herself from the tickling my activities were inadvertently causing. I stopped to pull up the dark blue tee-shirt to her armpits, leaving her breasts bare for my attentions.

I continued kissing and nibbling down her rib cage until I was rewarded with a squeal as she jerked against her bonds. I moved to her left breast, kissing it gently and then taking the rosy pink nipple into my mouth, pressing hard on it with my lips as I flicked my tongue over it's tip. Each pass with my tongue brought out a slight jump and as the nipple became more firm and sensitive, she began to moan slightly. At first it

was so slight that I thought it was simply harder breathing, but the volume increased until it was obvious that she was being aroused by my efforts.

I moved to the right breast, pressing her torso further over so I could reach it. In seconds it was hard and my attentions were adding further to her sounds. After several minutes, I replaced my mouth with hands on each breast, massaging the orbs and pinching at the sensitive nipples randomly to keep her attention. I shifted my body so that my knees straddled her head and again placed kisses down her ticklish sides right down to the elastic top of the boxers she wore.

I pulled one hand away from breast duty long enough to pull the boxers down uncovering her ass completely and continued kissing and nibbling right onto her left hip where my biting became more insistent. My reward for these bites were squeals and an occasional yelp, when the bite was hard enough and sharp.

When I shifted my right hand down onto her lower torso, I began to firmly rub the area covered by the panty of her stockings, moving right to the edge of her neatly trimmed bush. By this point she was moaning constantly and started pushing her hips forward against my hand. And even though she was tied tightly, she was shifting her hips in sort of a rotary motion and stretching toward my hand.

I abruptly stopped what I was doing and flopped her back over onto her stomach. I first put my face between her elbows, kissing her back and then raising my head, moved down both arms nibbling on her exposed limbs. Just above the bindings on her wrists, I ran out of space and could no

longer reach her arms so I shifted my attentions to her small feet.

Without any warning, I bit down on the arch of her left foot and she screamed but the sound was muffled since her face was pressed into the bedcovers. I nibbled and bit at her tender sole and all the while she wiggled and jerked at her foot in an attempt to get it away from me. But bound as she was, there was no hope for her other than to enjoy the attentions. I continued onto her right foot, biting the heel and arch, taking a toe into my mouth and biting down rather hard causing her to scream and try to jerk it away. My hands found her buttocks and I massaged them with firm strokes using my fingertips and the heels of my hands, taking care to stroke her hips around and under until my hands were under her as we lay there. My fingers continued to explore around her pubic mound and the closer I got to her sex the more noise she made.

Her whimpers became mixed with heavy sighs and then outright moans. As I lay with my knees on either side of her head, on top of her torso, her legs bent at a sharp angle just at my head, I could feel her body temperature rise. My arms were wrapped around her hips with my fingertips attacking the soft flesh just above her pussy, I could feel that I was bringing her very near to orgasm. She was gyrating her hips in an attempt to cause friction that would help get her off. As she neared climax, I stopped and moved off her and the bed.

"Oh God, don't stop now! Please. Please finish me!"

"Oh, I'm not done with you yet. I just thought you might need a break."

She groaned in frustration, exactly as I had hoped. I couldn't help the little smile. Besides, she couldn't see me anyway. But in the midst of all that activity, it had occurred to me at one point that she sounded as if she were vibrating and that sound had recalled an old memory for me. When I was a kid, I would go to the barbershop with my Dad and we'd both get haircuts. The old man who cut our hair had been doing my Dad's since he was a teenager. One of the things he would always do to me when he was done with my trim was a scalp massage. He had this little motor with two vibrating springs, which slid over the palm of his hand and when he turned on the switch, it made the same noise Courtney had been making. And that little three minutes of massage felt so good in a weird sort of way. It was just between a tingle and a tickle on the scalp. But my Dad had loved the sensation so much that he had bought the thing at the auction when the barber's estate had sold everything after his death. And I had seen it in the linen closet when I'd earlier gone looking for the soft blankets.

Fortunately there was also an extension cord on the same shelf. I took both items back into the bedroom and plugged them in. I slipped the device over my hand and turned on the switch. I flipped my captive over onto her left side and placed my now electrified and vibrating hand on her breast. Her first reaction was a pretty violent jerk and a screech. But as soon as she realized that it wasn't going to harm her, she changed her tune dramatically.

"Oh my! What is that?"

"My secret weapon. I'm going to torture you with it until you confess everything."

She was pulling at her bonds, not to escape but to position herself closer to my little massager. I let my hand slide gently over her stomach and around her pelvic area and onto her buttocks, rubbing in circles, leaving gooseflesh in my wake. She had gone back to moaning at a constant pitch.

Then I moved my hand back to her stomach and without warning, I attacked her mound, slipping my fingers between her bound legs, rubbing her nylon covered pussy. The effect was like lightening. She suddenly bucked hard against my hand and tossed her head from side to side.

"Oh, oh, oh, oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

She went rigid with the first of many orgasms I intended to wring from her tonight. But, for the moment, it was time for a change of position for my little prisoner.

* * * *

I completely untied her with the exception of the blindfold. And when she reached up to pull it down, I slapped her hard away.

"No that stays right where it is. I like it when you're totally surprised. I suspect I'll keep you blindfolded most of the time."

She made no comment but lay there in the center of the bed awaiting whatever madness I might dream up for her. Taking her by both hands, I sat her up briefly and pulled the cotton tee-shirt over her head and tossed it onto the chair near us. I then tied her wrists together, palm to palm with

cinching between her hands. Then I pulled her arms toward the headboard where I tied them off to the center of the top rail.

I scooted down and grabbed the boxer shorts and giving them a yank, pulled them down her nylon clad legs and sent them flying to join the teeshirt. It was necessary for me to get off the bed to finish her bondage. Using one of the soft rolled blankets on each ankle, I pulled her legs apart and toward the corners of the footboard, tying them securely there, leaving her feet spread at least five feet apart. She was stretched taut but not to the extreme that would cause any real discomfort.

After quickly pulling off my clothes, I climbed onto the bed, straddling her torso, placing a knee on either side of her waist. I leaned forward, onto my outstretched forearms, my hands reaching above her head, almost to her stretched out elbows. My face was centered directly over hers and only six or so inches above. I gently lowered myself until our lips touched. She was a little surprised, but by comparison to our previous kisses, this response was flame hot. She opened her mouth and traded tongues with me, doing as much exploration as her confinement would allow. I mashed my own lips against hers until she whimpered slightly from the pressure.

My body slid down against her torso, feeling the heat rise from her like an oven. Our flesh touched and she immediately tried to raise herself against me, but with her arms tied straight above her head and stretched to the headboard, she had no leverage with which to lift her own slight weight. I

grasped her arms with my outstretched hands and slid forward until I was lying on top of her. By moving my hips back toward my knees and then straightening out my legs and moving up her body, I could rub against her, creating friction and sweat. When I would bend my knees and move down her torso, I was able to kiss her on the mouth. The kisses were rough and fast, timed to allow me a nip at her lip, forcing little yelps of passion from her with each pass.

She mimicked my timing and with each downward move, she would raise her hips as much as she could so that they were against me more firmly. Then to keep her guessing, I would gently bite her on the neck or her jawline rather than the kiss she had expected. I slowed my rhythm and made my downward move much deeper so that I might be able to bite her breasts. Each nip brought out a squeal and in minutes she was jerking at her bonds and trying to increase body contact as she grew closer to climax again. To help her out, I eased myself down her slight frame and moved my right knee between her legs, pressing my thigh against her already heated sex. Forcing toward the head of the bed and raising my knee up her bush and pushing it back down several times as she ground her hips against me in a deliberate dance that reached a peak as she stretched her limbs to their maximum as the spasm took control of her.

This orgasm was less vocal but held onto her for a longer string of tremors, finally settling as she pulled mightily against the bonds that held her prisoner. After several minutes she lay perfectly still and a smile came to her face.

"That's the first time I've ever had someone give me two in a row. Usually after the guy gets off, he's done and gone."

"Oh, I'm not even close to done and gone. I have a target of ... let's start with twenty."

"You're gonna get me off twenty times! I don't think that's possible."

"We'll just have to have an experiment then, won't we?"

At that, I slipped off the bed and pulled the top drawer of the dresser open and from it removed a pair of manicure scissors. Returning to the bed, I sat beside Courtney's legs and snipped the crotch of her pantyhose, leaving her bottom exposed from her labia to her anus.

"I really wish I had a couple of dildoes. I guess I'll order some from an online store."

"Why? What would you do with them?"

"Use your imagination Courtney."

"Did you cut open the crotch of the pantyhose?"

"Yep. You can feel that?"

"The air changed or something. I feel more exposed I guess."

I leaned over her left leg and settled my left shoulder between her thighs, my face only inches from her sex. I gently placed my right hand on her stomach and with my palm swept upward on her torso, grasping her left breast, filling my hand with the soft flesh, kneading it like fresh dough, before sliding my hand over the nipple as I moved the hand to offer the same attention to the right breast. As I continued to massage her small but firm tits, I addressed the

true target of my current attack by moving my face closer to her pussy, flicking her clit with my tongue.

The first touch of my tongue brought a gasp from my captive, similar to earlier sounds of pleasure she'd shared with me. As I worked my face into the apex of her thin legs and more rabidly attacked her pussy, she settled into a steady moaning and struggled to press her sex against my chin. I tongue fucked her for only three or four minutes before she was again in the throes of another intense orgasm. And for the first time with me, she actually yelled with release and shook her head violently back and forth, her pale hair flying across her face.

And then she was once again as still as death. Her only sound was heavy breathing through her nose, her mouth otherwise occupied as she bit down on her bottom lip to regain some measure of control over her emotions.

But I intended to give her no rest yet. My hand, which had been lying on her stomach as she reached her most recent release, seemed to move as a detached entity of its own, sliding down over the nylon panty of her stockings until its palm was covering her mound. My thumb then slipped down into the valley between her lower lips and began to massage her now engorged clitoris.

I could tell by her jerking reactions to this intrusion that her pussy was indeed very sensitive. That was exactly the conditions I had wanted. I rose up onto my knees and straddled her right leg with mine and while I continued to intrude in her sex manually with my thumb, I put my lips on her torso and began a kissing migration that finally reached

Model Slave
by Valentine Adams

her breasts. For several minutes I nibbled at her mammary glands until she was once again moaning in time to the music I was playing with her body.

As she shuddered with another small orgasm, I shifted my right leg over her torso so that I was lying on top of her, my hips centered over her own and I eased my erection into her. My face was beside hers and my mouth at her left ear.

"Is this okay with you?"

Her voice was little more than a breath, but there was no doubt what she said.

"Yes!"

CHAPTER 7

I had no more idea of the time than what the winning number in tonight's lottery might be. Nor could I begin to guess how long we'd slept. I could tell by the light squeezing between the wooden slats of the window blinds that the sun was up. And I was pretty sure it was only Saturday morning. But none of that really mattered. I was the most content I could remember being as an adult.

My captive had turned out to be a genuine minx where sex was concerned. Twice last night I'd thought we'd both had enough and she had said she wanted to do it again. I had stopped counting after I got her to my goal for the night of twenty orgasms. But she had not stopped having them. At one point I'd had to tie her to the chair and change the bed because the sheets had become sticky and wet from her discharges. After that, we slowed down a bit and finally we had fallen asleep.

I had waited for her breathing to become soft and slow with the regularity of sleep before I turned off the bedside lamp and allowed my eyes to close. I don't think more than sixty seconds had passed in the darkness before I was sound asleep myself.

Now I was on my back and she was lying beside me, but further down in the bed so that her head only reached to my chest. My left arm was draped down her bare back and the right side of her face rested against my chest just below my left shoulder. Her naked breasts were pressed against my left

side as she was half turned toward me. With the splash of sunlight on her tossed head, her hair was only slightly darker than the color of foam on draft beer.

In the morning light, she appeared really small and delicate. Her thin arms were in plain view down her back, still bound at the wrists by soft blanket material. After we'd exhausted ourselves last night, and we'd both made trips to the bathroom, I'd tied her hands behind her back and tied her ankles side by side for the night. And the silk scarf was covering her eyes just as it had since dinner. On the one occasion that I'd stirred during my sleep, she had been nuzzled against me like a frightened child. I remembered putting my arm around her and apparently had not moved since that time.

Now that I was fully awake and my senses had escaped the bog of fatigue and were working correctly, I could feel her slight body as it touched mine in several places. Her knees and thighs were against my left leg and I could feel her stocking toes resting on top of my foot.

I couldn't resist gently rolling her over onto her back and waking her with a kiss. In her sleep she responded hungrily pushing her mouth against mine and exchanging tongues, but just as suddenly she pulled back from me and turned her head away.

"Would you please untie me now that you've finished raping me for the night!"

"What?"

"Or maybe you want to do it some more? Don't worry about my feeling like a whore! All men are the same. They

just want some pussy and they don't give a damn what the cost. And we have to live with the shame of repeated rape."

"What the hell are you talkin' about?"

"You know exactly what I'm talkin' about. You raped me repeatedly last night. And after you had promised me you wouldn't."

"The first time last night, I asked you if it was okay and you said yes."

"What did you expect? You had me all tied up and I didn't know if you would kill me and fuck my corpse. So out of fear, I gave in to your demands for sex. I felt it was the only way to stay alive."

"Is this some kind of sick twisted game you're playin'?"

"The *kidnapper rapist* is asking *me* if I'm playin' some sort of sick and twisted game. After all you did to me last night? How can you?"

"I wasn't unkind to you last night. You enjoyed it just as much as I did. You even asked me not to stop."

"How could you think I enjoyed bein' tied up all night and repeatedly raped. YOU RAPED ME! And after you promised not to."

Now she broke down crying and screaming at me, her body racked with sobs. I was totally lost. I had absolutely no idea what to do. I knew that I had taken advantage of her to some extent, but I had honestly thought that she was willing.

"What about the fact that you agreed that you would do whatever I wanted for six months and then you'd be free to leave?"

Through her broken sobs and gasps for breath she continued her verbal rampage.

"I trusted you not to rape me and you did it anyway. You raped me three times last night."

I realized at that moment, that in truth I had raped her. And it didn't matter whether she had agreed or not. She was a captive, a prisoner with no rights of her own. She had to fear whatever I might do to her. And yet, I knew without a doubt that she had not been frightened last night. She had enjoyed it as much as I had. And that being the case, I came to another conclusion. It didn't matter much either way. I had kidnapped her. And I'd kept her tied up all the time she'd been here with me. But what was most shocking to me is that even thinking in those terms, I had totally and completely enjoyed myself last night. It was one of my best nights ever. And I planned to repeat it ... and often, as long as I had her here with me. And I'd see to it that she came around.

It also hadn't escaped my mind that this might just be some mind game she was playing with me. So to test that theory, I decided to play a mind game of my own.

"Okay. Your point is taken. I guess that no matter how much I wanted to avoid becoming a rapist, I've crossed the line. You know what they say, once you've done the crime, it becomes easier from then on. I guess I've lost the only motivation I had to be gentle with you."

I grabbed her by the arm and jerked her to standing beside the bed and pulled the blindfold off. I quickly spun her around and untied her hands.

"I'm assuming you can do your feet."

I waited as she stooped to untie the blanket material around her ankles and once they were free, she stepped out of the pile at her feet and looked up at me. I could see the uncertainty in her eyes. Maybe she was thinking that she might have awakened the beast in me. And I was certainly going to keep that notion going for a while.

"Now what?"

Even her voice was much meeker now than only a couple of minutes ago. I did my best glare at her and pointed to the bathroom.

"Get in there and take care of your needs. It'll be a while before you have another chance. And be quick about it. I have work to do today and I've got to get you set for the next eight or ten hours."

* * * *

For a brief time last night, I'd thought I might not be needing to do this today, but now that my little captive was playing games, I supposed that I might as well complete the plan I'd made during the workday yesterday at the office. I wanted to make a set of wooden stocks for her in the barn. So to occupy my time while she was hanging around in the attic, I decided to do it anyway.

I smiled as I recalled her expression after she came from the bathroom. I'd given her a drink of water and then led her to the upstairs bunkroom. I had tied her hands together, palms facing and cinched the bindings. Then I'd tossed a rope over an exposed rafter and pulled her arms straight above her head. When she'd complained about it being tight, I'd

gotten a book and made her step up onto it and then pulled the slack out of the rope again. She was intrigued by the book but said nothing.

I tied her legs together at ankles, mid-calf, below and above her knees, and at mid-thigh, each cinched snugly. When she was totally helpless, I put my shoulder against her buttocks and pushed her up slightly and kicked the book that had been under her feet. I knew that the added inch and a half was not going to do any permanent harm, but it would get pretty uncomfortable before I let her down. She could stand on her tiptoes and not have any strain on her arms at all. But I also knew that she could only stand on tiptoes for a finite length of time and sooner or later, she'd have to let herself stand flatfooted on the floor.

She had groaned at the loss of her little step and begged me to be kind.

"Oh God! Please don't leave me like this. My arms are being pulled out of the sockets. Please!"

I just smiled at her but made no verbal response. I had brought the silk scarf blindfold with me and now covered her eyes and tied it tightly at the back of her neck.

"Please Xander! I was lying before. You didn't really rape me. I did enjoy the way you treated me. You were kind to me. And I enjoyed the sex more than any other time I can remember. I just wanted to make you feel guilty. Please! Oh God, please!"

When I'd brought supplies up last night, I'd left a couple of rolls of duct tape in the top drawer of the chest of drawers. I pulled open the drawer and grabbed a roll. Now I only needed

some packing. Then I remembered her taking a shower last night and I left her long enough to go downstairs to the master bath. Her dirty clothes were still on the floor there. I found her panties and returned to my playmate.

I grabbed the roll of duct tape I'd left on the chest. Since she couldn't see me, I was easily able to jam the panties into her mouth and before she fully realized what was going on, I wrapped her mouth and jaw with about six turns of the gray sticky fabric.

"Now Courtney, I'm going to do some chores. I should be done in ... oh, maybe eight hours. I'll come back and get you then. Until I return, maybe you should spend your time figuring out just how to get back on my good side. Otherwise, you might be standin' there just exactly like you are until I go back to work on Tuesday mornin'."

"Mmmmmmmmmmm."

And now my mind, leaving those memories behind, came back to the task at hand. I'd found several pieces of two by ten clear fir in the workshop in the barn. It would work perfectly for what I had in mind.

* * * *

I'd left Courtney in her predicament in the attic at about 10:15. It was now just after noon and I was craving some lunch. Before I'd awakened my prisoner this morning, I'd considered serving her breakfast in bed, but with the craziness I'd not even bothered with any breakfast for either of us.

Last night's activities and exercise were really starting to take a toll on my reserves and hunger was the first indicator. I was sure that Courtney was probably feeling the same pangs, although she might be distracted by other more pressing concerns. I chuckled at the thought. It served her right that she was being punished for trying her little mind game on me. She sure did buckle immediately, admitting that she was lying and that she had enjoyed last night's fun. I considered my options.

"Maybe she's learned her lesson for now. I'd like to take her to bed again this afternoon."

The barn didn't respond to me, so I decided to drop the project for the moment and go have some lunch and whatever else might come my way.

* * * *

She was still trying to keep the burden off her arms and shoulders by standing on her tiptoes, shifting her weight from one foot to the other. From the stairs, my view was just above floor level where I'd stopped to watch her without her knowing. I could see that she was shifting her weight almost continually and neither leg was able to maintain her tiptoe stance more than seconds. Her legs shook from the muscle strain and it was obvious that she was only minutes away from being forced to stand flatfooted on the floor.

I decided to wait and watch. And sure enough, within less than ten minutes she made the concession and eased her feet down to flat on the floor. She moaned loudly but I could see from her body language that the strain on her shoulders,

while real and no doubt uncomfortable, was not intolerable nor unmanageable.

As quietly as possible, I climbed the remaining few steps and came up into the bunkroom. As soon as I was on eye level with her, her tear stained cheeks let me see that she had been crying. When she finally heard my steps, she began to beg, and although her mouth was stuffed and taped, and there was no way to understand her exact words, I was fully aware of the gist of her pleas. I went to her and putting my right arm around her waist, I lifted her slightly and pulled the book back under her feet with my left foot.

"Now just be patient. I'll pull the tape off your mouth so you and I can have a talk."

She nodded her head vigorously to show me that she agreed. I'd picked up the manicure scissors from the bedside table on my way up and now used them to snip the ducttape just in front of her left ear. As gently as possible, I peeled away the grey mess and then pulled the soggy panties from her mouth. She immediately liked her lips and set off on a pleading monolog.

"Zander please forgive me. I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have done that to you. I know you didn't do anything to me that was unkind. You really were considerate of me and very gentle. I don't know why I do things like what I did to you this morning. It's the same thing I've done to every man who ever wanted to take me out more than once. It's been so long since a man has treated me with such kindness as you did last night. And I really want more of it. I need it. Please let

me make it up to you. I'll do anything you want. Just please don't be mad at me. Please?"

Finally I had to put my hand over her mouth to get her to stop talking for a minute.

"Ssshhh! Just stop for a minute. I'm going to let you down from there and we can figure this thing out."

She again vigorously nodded her head in emphatic agreement. I untied the knot that held her hands above her head and with their release, they fell like lead weights, almost striking me as they dropped between us. Without a moment's hesitation, Courtney dropped to her knees in front of me and her bound hands went to my fly, pulling at the zipper. I took her hands in mine and stopped her.

"Just wait. There'll be time for that later. Here, stand up so I can get a better grip on you."

I pulled her to standing again and slipped her hands over my head so that her arms were around my neck and then I scooped her up in my arms. The narrow attic stairs were a little difficult to negotiate, but once in the second floor hallway, going became easy.

I took her into the master bedroom and laid her on the bed. Using the rope that had held her arms suspended to the rafter, I pulled her bound hands to the headboard and tied them there.

"Now, just relax and take a few minutes to rest. I'm going to fix us some lunch and I'll be back for you in about half an hour. Then you can tell me what you're gonna do for me."

She didn't reply other than a simple affirmative nod of her head.

* * * *

She was asleep when I returned to the master bedroom, but my footsteps on the hardwood floor woke her. Even though her eyes were still covered, she followed the sound of my footsteps as I moved to the side of the bed and placed the tray containing out lunch on the bedside table. I sat on the side of the bed and reached over her prone form to release her hands from the headboard. Then I pulled her to a sitting position.

"There, now scoot up a little so that your back is against the headboard. Then I'll feed you lunch."

After she got settled she actually smiled, though it was tentative at best.

"Xander, I really am sorry for the way I acted. Please don't be mad at me."

"Will you quit worrying about it. I'm not mad at you. Just don't act like that again and we'll be fine, okay?"

"I'll try not too. It's like I just lose control sometimes. Even when I was sayin' all that this morning, I could hear myself and I knew then that I was lyin' and I just couldn't stop myself. But I swear, if you'll let me, I'll make it up to you."

"Well, I'm sure you've never been kidnapped before and you didn't know how to act."

This did bring out a smile.

"No I've never been kidnapped before. But if I ever am kidnapped again, I sure do hope it's you who does it."

"You're not finished with this kidnapping yet and you're already plannin' your next one?"

"I know. This is the most bazaar situation I've ever heard of, but ... I don't know. I just don't feel threatened. I somehow know you won't hurt me. Is that a crazy thing to tell someone who kidnapped you?"

"Totally. But you're right. I've never wanted to hurt you. I've had a ... feeling about you for four months and ... I'm not sure how to describe it. But I want the time for us to become close ... if that's possible. And in the mean time, I'm curious as to how you plan to make it up to me."

"I ... I want to make love to you. Like you did to me last night. I want you to just lie back and let me do all the work. You tell me how you like sex and I'll do it. It doesn't matter what it is. I want you in me..."

"I did want to take a nap after lunch. And it was very pleasant having you share my bed last night. But first, let's eat."

She held up her hands to show me that they were still tied.

"You don't need your hands. I'm gonna feed you."

* * * *

She was ravenous and even though she is built like a bird I teased her about having the appetite of a vulture. I asked her three times if she had eaten enough only to have her ask for "just one more bite." But finally all the food I'd prepared for us was gone and I moved the tray to the top of the dresser to have it out of the way. I went into the bathroom and turned on the shower to allow the water to heat up. In a house this old that could take several minutes. She was still sitting against the headboard when I came back into the bedroom.

"Is it okay if I take the blindfold off for now?"

"Sure. I think you should take a shower too."

She pulled down the silk scarf and looked at me with soft blue eyes that seemed to be slightly out of focus.

"A shower ... I'd like that. Will you come in with me?"

I turned to look at her. She seemed sincere about the invitation.

"If it would be okay with you, I'd like that."

"Can you help me with my legs?"

She started to pull at the knot at her mid-thighs and I sat on the side of the bed and began working on her ankles.

"Why did you tie them in so many places?"

"Redundancy adds to the sense of captivity, of helplessness. That and it looks good."

She thought about that for a minute before stopping abruptly and looking in my face carefully.

"I once had a boyfriend who always wanted to tie me up. I let him do it a couple of times. He had a thing for pantyhose too. He really liked me to wear black hose and he'd use white rope to tie me up. We never had sex that way though. You like to tie me up too don't you?"

"Yeah, I do. And I like sex while you're tied up. I do like the idea of the black stockings and white rope. We'll try that later."

When her legs were free, she stood by the bed holding out her hands to me. I loosened the ropes there and after her hands were free, she rubbed her wrists several times and showed me the indentations the rope had made on her skin.

"I think I like the blanket stuff you used last night better than rope."

Without hesitation, she peeled the stockings down and lifting one foot at a time, striped them off and stood there totally naked waiting for my next command.

"Take my clothes off too."

She moved closer to me and unbuckled the leather belt at my waist. Once she had pulled it free of the jeans, she pulled the tail of my shirt out and unbuttoned it, starting at the bottom and working upward until it fell open. She grasped the collar on one side with her left hand and walked around me slowly pulling the shirt off as she passed. Back in front of me, she slid her small hands under my teeshirt and forced it up, rising up onto her tiptoes to reach high enough to pull it over my head. I could feel the warmth of her fingers as she pulled the waistband of my jeans away from my now bare stomach so that she could unbutton them. In a flash she'd stripped the zipper down and again the warm hands slid down my legs as she actually put her hands inside my jeans to push them down. At her indication, I lifted one foot at a time so that she could pull off the moccasins one at a time along with the white wool socks I wore.

Finally she went down onto her knees and using her teeth, she grasped the elastic waistband of my light blue boxers and tugged them downward until they fell to the floor. I stepped out of the cotton shorts as I took her by the hand and tugged her toward the bathroom.

CHAPTER 8

The shower was hot and in minutes it filled the small bathroom with steam. I'd decided that I wanted her to completely shave her bush and when I asked her, she chuckled.

"You know, I was right about one thing I've always said. Men are all the same ... at least about some things. Why is it that you all want a woman who's naked down there?"

"I didn't know we all did."

"Well, there are at least a dozen men I've personally known who like it. I've even shaved it off before. But it wasn't because a guy wanted it. It was because he asked me about it though. He gave me the idea. I'd never considered it before he asked. And after I stopped seein' him, I did it out of curiosity."

"And what did you think?"

"It was okay with me. It does itch when it grows back though. But I told you I'd do anything you asked me, so, okay, I'll shave it. Or maybe you could do it?"

I lifted her left knee until her foot reached the soap dish. Placing it there left her sex wide open for me. Using my left hand as a receptacle, I sprayed lather from an aerosol can into my palm and then covered the pale pubic hair thoroughly. Using a razor with a new blade, I very carefully shaved her pubic mound. After a second pass, she was as smooth and soft as the day she was born.

After I rinsed her she bent at the waist and spread herself open using both hands and examined the job I'd done. After a quick review of my efforts, she stood back up and nodded to me.

"You did a good job and no nicks at all. Thank you for that. So what do you think?"

"I like it. Not just for looks, but I love to eat pussy and this is so much nicer than dealing with the hair."

"You're welcome to try that out in a little while if you want."

I had her turn her back to me and I pushed her head slightly so that it was under the spray of the shower. After her hair was soaked, I poured shampoo into my hands and massaged it into her scalp, raising soft white foam all over her head. Again I made her lean forward slightly and rinsed her hair clean in the water. She stood in front of me and turned slowly as I lathered every part of her with soap, then turned under the stream of hot water washing away all the foam.

"Now, it's time to switch places so I can do you."

We shifted spots and I got under the jet of hot spray. She started with my hair and afterward she covered my body with her small soft hands, being very intrusive in all the right places. I ended up facing her and the slope of the old tub made us closer to the same height. While I stood under the showerhead to rinse, she moved against me, our bodies pressed together, front to front and very tentatively almost shyly, she kissed me gently on the lips.

With her small hands pressed against my chest, she slowly worked her way down my torso, covering my neck and then my chest with kisses. As she reached the point at which her arms were fully straightened, her hands still high on my chest, she gracefully folded her legs and slid her hands down and around my body until her knees reached the surface of the tub. Her hands came to rest on my ass as she began kissing the high up insides of my thighs.

Suddenly without any other warning, I felt her warm wet mouth slide onto my nearly erect penis, taking the head just inside her lips, her tongue rasping over it. I almost stumbled backward as she took my manhood deep into her throat, her dripping golden locks splashing against my lower belly.

I'd had head from several women over the years and I always recalled that my Dad had said that there was no such thing as a bad blowjob. But I was certain, based on her actions so far that I was on the leading edge of having the absolute best I'd ever experienced. I wanted to relish the moment though and I knew that standing was going to become an increasingly difficult proposition to maintain. She looked up at me, those crystal blue eyes filled with doubt and concern as I gently pushed her away from me. Her expression was one of hurt and confusion.

"I don't want you to stop, but I can't do this here. I'll fall down. Let's go to the bed and then please finish what you were doing."

That statement brought a sly smile to her lips and she nodded her agreement. Our attempt at towel-drying each other was not even half-hearted and we ran to the bed, bouncing

on it like a couple of kids playing. I rolled over onto my back and took her in my arms, kissing her firmly on the mouth. She pulled away and pushed me back on the pillows and went right back to the job she'd started in the bath.

Her mouth was the most incredible machine I'd ever had the pleasure to encounter. She was firm but gentle and knew exactly what to do and how long to do it. Holding my balls in one hand, she caressed the shaft of my cock with the other, her mouth pulling at the shaft as she slid her mouth down toward the base until it met her hand. She was taking at least eight inches into her small mouth and I felt the back of her throat with every deep plunge.

It was as if she read my mind or felt some physical sign that I was about to cum. She squeezed my balls just as I blew a load deep into her throat. The orgasm was so powerful that I saw spots on the back of my closed eyelids. I was at that spot where I wanted the feeling to go on indefinitely, but knew just as well that I'd die from too much of it. As I began to come back to earth, I opened my eyes and looked up into her smiling face. While I wasn't paying any attention, she had moved up and was on all fours hovering above me, her face directly above my own.

"You like?"

"No. I think you're gonna have to do that again. I hardly felt anything. It's obvious that you need a lot of practice if you ever want to be good at givin' head. But I'm just the person to help you with that!"

She knew I was lying.

"I've always thought that was what I did best. Maybe I should just give up sex altogether."

"I can't tolerate quitters."

"You could show me how to do it."

"I don't suck dicks."

"That's good, 'cause I don't have one."

"Okay, I'll concede this one time. You really did do that well."

"Really?"

"Really. The best I've ever had in fact. But to be fair to all those other women, I need to make you do that again. But this time we have to handicap you some."

"Handicap me? What's that mean?"

"I'll show you. But first, you need to get up and go over to the dresser."

She slid off me onto her knees beside me. Before moving any farther, she bent down so that her hair was hanging against my chest and stomach. She kissed me just above my navel and then quickly licked up the center of my torso, raising her head as she got to my chin where she planted a strong kiss on my lips, her tongue going deeply into my mouth. When she pulled back to focus on me afterward, she once again smiled.

"That's what you taste like. Good isn't it?"

Then she scooted off the side to end standing by the bed. She took the several steps to the dresser while looking back over her left shoulder, watching me intently, as if she either thought I would disappear or perhaps considering her chances for running out of the room in an escape attempt. But neither

happened and she pulled open the top drawer. She reached in and lifted a pair of black pantyhose and turned to face me.

"Should I put on these black hose?"

"What makes you think that's what I was sending you to get?"

She shrugged and suddenly turned quite coy in her expression.

"I figured that handicapping business probably had to do with me bein' tied up, right?"

"Okay, if you insist. Put them on."

She nodded to acknowledge my comment, slid her right hand into the panty top of the stockings. She frowned slightly and turned back to the dresser, picking up the manicure scissors. Then holding the panty bottom up toward herself, she snipped the crotch for several inches before putting the scissors back on the chest.

I'd never really watched any other woman put on stockings while standing, but that is just what Courtney did most of the time. She rolled one leg of the garment up and while standing on one foot, slipped the other into the nylon, pulling it gently over her foot, ankle and up her leg to just above her knee. In less than a minute she'd performed the same trick with the other leg and then simply pulled the sheer black nylon up over her hips.

Even though the stockings were very sheer, there was a sharp contrast between her now smokey colored legs and pale upper body. Without waiting for any other instruction, she turned back to the dresser and found eye shadow,

mascara, blush and lip color, all of which she applied using the mirror where she stood.

After finishing the make-up she turned to the chair just on the other side of the bedside table. As I'd freed her this morning, I'd tossed the soft thin blankets she'd been bound with onto the chair. She not scooped all the soft cotton fabric up in her arms and turned to drop them on the foot of the bed.

"If I gotta be tied up, would you please use this stuff again? It's so soft, it almost feels good."

I patted the bed next to where I'd laid to watch her preparations. She immediately sat there and looked at me with anticipation written all over her face. It wasn't really as if she was afraid. It was something else I'd not seen before.

"Tell me what you're feeling right now."

"Wha ... I guess, I'm sorta excited or expectant. But I'm a little scared too."

"Why are you scared?"

"Because you're gonna tie me up and I'll lose control."

"I'm not gonna hurt you."

"I think ... I know that. But if I can't do as good a job as last time, will you be sorry you've got me? Will you want to get rid of me?"

"You are mine for another five plus months. There's nothin' you can do that'll change that. I'm not lettin' you go. I'm not gettin' rid of you. 'Nough said."

She nodded but still there was a shyness there that hadn't been apparent before. I'd have to take care not to scare her. But I didn't want her to think anything was different either.

"Lie down ... on your stomach and put you hands behind your back."

She did exactly what I asked without argument or hesitation, putting her face down into the pillow and slowly and deliberately crossing her wrists in the small of her back. I used one of the rolled cotton blankets to tie her wrists snugly, cinching them between her arms. With a second rolled blanket, I crossed and tied her ankles tightly. Since the blankets were all white, I was rewarded with the stark contrast of the white bondage against her black stockings. It was very sexy for someone who was into bondage, like me. With a third blanket, I cinched her ankle bonds and pulled her feet up to her bound wrists, tying off the soft fabric at her hands. It wasn't a really strict hogtie, but it surely would have a limiting effect on her mobility. Finally, I leaned over my now willing captive and grabbed the silk scarf that had covered her eyes for most of the night. When she'd pulled it off this morning, it had ended up on the bedside table. There was no protest as I covered her eyes and tied the silk tightly at the nape of her neck. I stretched out beside my near-helpless guest and rested my head on my intertwined fingers.

"Okay, I'm ready to see if you really know anything about giving head. And if you do a really good job this time, I'll return the favor."

"So this is the handicapping you were talking about?"

"Yep. You're not gonna wimp out on me are you?"

"No way! I'll still blow your socks off ... except that I'm the only one wearing socks ... well sorta."

She was able to very quickly turn herself ninety degrees to her left and now lay perpendicular to me on the bed. And part of the advantage of her turn was that it also put her about halfway between the head and the foot of the mattress, putting her in line for my eagerly awaiting cock.

Just watching her wiggle and shift in her bonds and the sheer black pantyhose and the white bindings at her wrists and ankles were such erotic stimuli that I was hard in a minute. Her ankles being crossed actually worked to her advantage since her knees were spread apart. She was able to use her knees and one shoulder for a combination of propulsion and guidance and within three minutes of my lying on the bed, her head was between my legs and her tongue was working its magic.

I gave her a minute to get adjusted and to finally take my swollen cock in her mouth and then I rose up enough to grasp her legs. I wrapped a hand around each nylon-covered ankle, just above the bindings and lifted her slight body up, turning her so that her torso was lying on my stomach and chest, her head between my legs and my own face between her thighs.

I bent my knees and raised my ass up slightly to give her better leverage while I slipped my arms behind her bent knees and pulled her closer to my face. She was attentive to what she was doing until my tongue attacked her pussy, flicking between her cunt lips. Each pass of my tongue over her now swollen clit caused an interruption in her own mouth activities until her attention was broken every few seconds.

I quickly realized that I couldn't tolerate many strokes of her wet mouth up and down the shaft of my crank before I

blew my load down her throat for a second time. We were both moaning and starting and stopping as we both neared orgasm, our attention spans being counted in seconds. As I reached the crashing explosion of my own release, I pulled her legs toward my face burying my tongue as deeply into her pussy as was humanly possible. At that same instant she climaxed, jerking at her bonds, her teeth dragging up the shaft of my pecker causing me a mind-blowing second orgasm. All I could do was hold on for the ride.

It must have been several minutes later as I lay there on the bed spent. Courtney was lying on top of me, her breasts pressed against my stomach, her pelvic bones pressing into my chest just below my shoulders. I could still feel her tongue, rasping across the head of my penis as sweat trickled down from my torso rolling down my side in two little trails and dripping onto the sheet. I could feel her slight body, rising and falling rapidly as her quick breaths came and went. She suddenly convulsed with a shiver and shook her head rapidly after pulling it from my sex organ. She raised her head up enough to turn it to her left and to rest it against my left leg.

"I wanna do that again."

"Me too, but not right now."

"So did I pass the test?"

"I returned the favor didn't I?"

"It was still the best you ever had wasn't it? Even tied up, I blew your brains out. Now tell the truth."

"Yes. It was the best I've ever had. But obviously, you weren't tied up enough to really handicap you. So we'll have to do another test later."

"Bring your best and worst. I'll do it again and again. You'll never find better than me, no matter what you try to do to handicap me."

"Let's take a nap."

"I don't think I can sleep tied up like this."

Without comment, I released the tie that held her feet against her hands, allowing her to straighten out her legs. But I left her wrists and ankles bound and the silk scarf over her eyes. I turned her completely around so she was lying beside me, my arm around her. I pulled up the top sheet and in minutes her steady breathing told me she'd slipped off to sleep. I closed my eyes and held her close to me. I could feel her little breasts against me, her small body warming my side.

Everything was so different than it had been at the beginning. In only two months she had become such a part of my life. She didn't even seem to remember that she was a prisoner. She never complained and lately she was more aggressive about starting sex. Things had come to the point I'd dreamed was possible but never really thought could be. I dozed off without a thought in my mind or a worry in my world.

CHAPTER 9

I'd managed to make it through another week on a prayer and a promise. I had never really liked my job all that much and with a now willing playmate waiting for me at home, my mind was absolutely somewhere else.

I've heard it said that men think about sex twenty-five hundred times a day. And considering that you sleep away about eight hours, leaving only sixteen hours or nine hundred sixty minutes or fifty seven thousand six hundred seconds, for thinking, twenty-five hundred times works out to be about every twenty-three seconds. Now you might say "No Way," but let me assure you there is a way. For the entire week, Courtney was the only thought I had. She drifted in and out of my mind while I was working at my desk, sitting in meetings, even in the men's room, hell, particularly in the men's room.

Nearly every thought I had was of some scene from a prior weekend that had her tied in some sexually suggestive position, or I'd recall her warm mouth going down on me as we tried to watch a movie. And she added to the problem with little requests. She asked me to go by the video store and rent some, in her own words "really steamy hot and sexy movie." So between thoughts of her nearly naked but perfectly proportioned body, movie titles intended to make one horny were cycling through my mind.

And of course she was waiting for me every night when I got back home. I'd go up to the bedroom and see her slim

legs covered in some gossamer nylon, her perfectly turned ankles usually wrapped in white sash rope to prevent her escape. Although after more than eight weeks, I was beginning to think that escape wasn't a concern.

Sex was a necessity before I could even consider dinner on most nights. And as the weeks passed, she seemed to be more eager about that herself as well.

Then, add to all that the shipment that had arrived first thing this morning. On Monday, I'd ordered some clothing for Courtney. She'd been wearing the same few things I'd bought her two months ago and she and I were both tired of them. My package had been delivered a half-hour after I'd gotten to the office. Pam, our mailroom girl who had now become our regular receptionist had called me from the front desk to say the driver needed me to sign for a package. I'd accepted the box and signed for it. For nearly an hour after its arrival, I'd tried to engage myself in some productive activity but my mind wandered back to the contents of the corrugated shipping carton on my work table. Finally, after I was satisfied that enough time had passed to break the association of my need for privacy with the receipt of the shipment, I called Pam and asked her to hold my calls for a few minutes so that I could finish a critical piece of correspondence without interruption.

I'd promptly closed and locked my office door and using my pocketknife, slit the sealing tape, opening the shipping box. The last thing I wanted was to have someone walk in on me while I was examining some slinky dress or bodystocking. Add to that the sizes were conspicuously appropriate to a

former employee who has been missing for two months. All of the items were there as ordered and I was pleasantly surprised with the quality of what I'd bought. I'd lingered while inspecting the lingerie. There were two corsets, several silk and lace garterbelts, stockings with seams, full body stockings in four different colors and six silk and satin comesoles. There were two pairs of shoes and four silk shifts with spaghetti straps. For the rest of the day, it would be impossible to get the image of Courtney wearing different combinations of sexy costumes for my pleasure. Five o'clock seemed days away.

So when five o'clock on Friday finally came around again, I was exhausted, but looking forward to being home with my little prize. And I honestly believed that she would be happy to see me, just as she had been each evening and for more than just the fact that she needed to pee after having been captive all day.

At the end of the several weeks her captivity, I had still not come to a satisfactory method of keeping her secure for the day without creating a hardship for her. I'd tried a number of things, but had finally settled pretty much on the original being the best. Until I was totally comfortable with her willingness to really work to the terms of her agreement with me, I couldn't feel safe allowing her free roam of the house. It was essential then that she be tethered in some way and I'd not found anything better than handcuffs on her wrists and ankles and a lead chain connected to the overhead joists in the bunkroom. I'd tried attaching the lead chain to a collar on her neck and lately I'd just locked it to the chain

between her ankle cuffs. But she was never happy about being left there that way and she would get vocal about it when I did get home.

"Can't you just trust me?"

"Courtney, do you understand, truly understand the concept of being kidnapped? You cannot be free to roam about. Trust is just not an ingredient in the whole process."

"Well, there's gotta be some way to do this without me being chained up like a bad dog."

I didn't take the bait so she was left without any resolution for her issue. As I'd already said I was staying horny and my mind was more on sex than what she did during my absences. And she looked so good. After I'd released her, she'd showered and gotten dressed. She chose a short jean skirt with a spaghetti strapped tank top. The jean skirt was stonewashed and an extremely faded blue, nearly white and the top was navy blue and left about three inches of her midriff showing. She looked so hot. Then I finally realized that she was watching me expectantly for some sort of answer.

"There is a way ... but you wouldn't like it, and that's for sure."

"Does it involve chains?"

"No. But you have to be secured."

"So tie my hands."

"It would take more than that, but that would be a start."

"And what else would there be? Look, it doesn't matter to me, just do it. I'll agree to anything so long as I don't have to be chained up."

I knew what her response to my next suggestion would be, but it didn't much matter. I really wanted her to learn to wear the nylon hood. For some reason it was sexy as hell to me. I also knew something she didn't. I had probably solved the delimma of her captivity with the leather restraints I'd just received earlier today. But I knew that I'd need some leaverage to get her to cooperate with the hood and I wanted to try that first.

"Okay. Do you remember the discipline hood I put on you the first night you were here?"

She blanched and shook her head.

"No! No way do I want to wear that thing again."

"But you've already agreed."

"But that's before I knew what you had planned."

"Even before that you agreed to do whatever I asked."

"So sue me for breach of contract."

"I don't need to sue you. I'll punish you instead."

"I'm not a six year old, you know!"

"Then don't act like one. You can control anything you put your mind too. You just need to relax and you'll be fine."

"I could do something else that you want me to do, I just don't want to wear that thing."

"Unfortunately, that is one of the things I want you to wear. It's simply an issue of trust."

"But I get claustrophobic in that thing."

"You were afraid that first night. You'd just been kidnapped. I'll make you a deal, I'll put it on you tonight and we'll have some casual hot sex while you're wearing it. That'll make all the difference in the world."

"I don't know about that."

"You know, you don't really have any choice. You're a prisoner here. I can just make you do it. I put it on you once before without your permission or help. But if you do it without a struggle ... I'll get you a surprise later."

"What sort of surprise?"

"I don't know. You think of something you want."

"I want to go outside."

I considered that for a minute. I could certainly take her outside. Some fresh air would be nice and taking her for a walk would be pleasant. I'd have to experiment with how much freedom she could have. There were no neighbors anywhere close enough to have line of sight for the house. The only two ways someone would see her is from above, like flying an airplane or helicopter, or it they just happened down the driveway at exactly the right time. Minimal risk in that. And the first time I'd just take her out at night.

"Okay, you've got a deal."

She was still reluctant about the hood, but she really wanted to go outside. It had been eight weeks she'd been stuck in the house. Finally she nodded her agreement.

"Okay. But please don't make it for very long, okay?"

"You'll be fine. Don't worry, it won't seem long at all. I'll distract you."

* * * *

After dinner Courtney and I cleaned up and loaded the dishwasher. After turning it on, I suggested that we go upstairs.

"Let's go up to the bedroom and I'll turn you on. And I won't even put any soap in."

"Are you gonna make me wear that awful hood?"

"Yep."

"Please Xander! It scares the shit out of me."

"Don't worry. I'll be with you every minute. You'll be fine."

I took her right elbow in my hand and guided her to the stairs and up to the master bedroom.

"I'll fix you up just like I'd have to in order to leave you here alone. And of course, the outside doors would be locked to protect you from someone coming in and kidnapping you."

"Very funny."

"I'll tell you what. I'll fix you up and then I'll kidnap you and take you outside. How would that be?"

"You mean take me outside wearing that damn hood?"

"Sure. At least you'll be out in the fresh air. Whatdaya say?"

"You're gonna do it anyway ... aren't you?"

"Yep."

"Well ... okay I guess."

"That's my girl."

* * * *

Once in the bedroom, I used sash rope to tie her wrists behind her back, one crossed over the other. Then using the cinching rope, I circled her small waist twice, tying a knot at her stomach. Now her hands were not only tied together, but they were secured against her back at waist height and would stay there until I released them. Using another length of the

cotton sash, I tied her thighs just above her knees, cinching the bindings snugly.

"Okay, I want you to take a deep breath and close your eyes."

"Did you really mean it?"

"Mean what?"

"You said that I'm your girl. Just a few minutes ago. Did you really mean it?"

The question caught me off guard. And it was only right that it should. This entire process so far had been radically up and down. One minute she feels and acts like a guest. The next, she was complaining about being captive. And suddenly out of the blue, she wants to know her status as if we're in a relationship. Everything was moving along quickly and I needed to think a minute.

"Well, you are a girl. And you're mine. Would you like to be?"

Apparently she was no more sure than I about what our relationship should be at this point. After seeing the uncertainty in her eyes as she considered her position, I let her off the hook.

"Look Courtney, I took you because I wanted you. And I'd like you to be my girl. But I also know that this whole situation is totally weird. And that's the case for me as well as you. I'm not really a kidnapper, you know. If I were, I'd be better at it than this. And I know that you're not supposed to cooperate in your own kidnapping so you have to resist, naturally. But my long-term goal has always been that we get to know each other so we can have a relationship. I'd really

like it if you were my girl. So whenever you're ready to be that, then the answer to your question will become yes."

The answer must have worked some sort of magic. She smiled and nodded her head. Then without any other conversation or hesitation, she closed her eyes and held her head up as I had instructed. But I could tell, even with no protest, that she not only knew what was coming next, but that she was petrified of it. I couldn't resist a smile of satisfaction as she calmly stood there with eyes closed and held her head erect as I slipped the nylon hood over her head, pulling it down so that the inflatable bladder aligned with her mouth. I pulled her chin down briefly to insert the gag. I confirmed that the opening for the nose was in the proper place so that she could breathe easily. The heavy black nylon molded snugly to her head and revealed the shape of her cheeks and nose as it settled onto her face. I turned the valve in the pump bulb and squeezed it several times, checking her after each addition of air into the mouth-filling, inflatable penis. When I'd gotten her cheeks firm with the fullness of her mouth, I closed the valve to prevent any leakage while my prisoner adjusted to the loss of sight and speech. The last item was the integral collar, which I closed around her slender neck and closed in place with the small padlock.

"Okay, let's go for a walk."

"Mmmmmhmmmm."

She turned her head left and right, rotating her slim neck as if to get the hood adjusted to a more comfortable position. It was then that I realized that she was in her stocking feet. I

found her grey felt clogs just under the side of the bed and put them in front her, aligned so that she could easily slip her feet into them.

"Your shoes are right in front of your feet."

She very slowly shuffled her feet forward the few inches until she made contact with the slippers. As she attempted to raise her right foot to slip it into the shoe, her lack of sight and the freedom of using her arms to balance caused her to become unstable. As she lost her balance and started to fall over, I grabbed her by wrapping my arms around her torso. It was the first time I'd realized how good she smelled.

After correcting her stance and holding her as she put on the other shoe, I couldn't resist pressing her small body against mine, holding her firmly and kissing her neck and out onto her shoulders. As I eased the pressure of my arms, she turned so that she was spooned against me, her bound hands finding my crotch and rubbing against me already stiff cock. It was only when she grasped my zipper with the fingers of one hand that I abruptly moved her away from me.

"If we're gonna go outside, we'd better not get started at that yet."

"mhhhhhh!"

This was a moan of disappointment. That was no doubt.

"I know. I want you too. But we can wait until we get back from our little walk."

* * * *

With her legs being bound together just above her knees, she was forced to take very small steps. And the uncertainty

of blindness and limited hearing inflicted by the hood, restricted us to a slow methodical gait. It was fairly cool outside and after only several minutes of our slow stroll, I flashed the light I was carrying onto her front. It had occurred to me that with only that little tanktop, she was going to be experiencing the cold in some subtle ways that I would find interesting. And sure enough, her nipples were erect and pointed against the dark blue cotton of the top. I stopped her and slipped the flashlight into my back pocket after turning it off.

Once again, I took her in my arms, this time from the back so that her bound hands were again at my belly. I wrapped around her torso and slipped my warm hands under the little shirt, where they came to rest on her firm little breasts.

"MMMmmm!"

That moan was of pleasure and surprise, but she pushed herself back against me and, again, her hands sought out my cock, squeezing and rubbing through the jeans I'd changed into after work. I continued to massage her chest, pinching her hard little nipples, each time being rewarded with a muffled squeal of delight from her.

My hands continued to move as if they had minds of their own. Gently rubbing and more aggressively pinching and groping until my right slid down her belly and into the top of her skirt. Within seconds, my index and middle fingers had found her love slot and while they slipped in and out of her wet and warm sex, I pressed my thumb knuckle against her clit, rubbing firmly up and down.

Courtney quickly matched the rhythm of her hips with the movement of my hand and as she came closer to orgasm, her moans became louder and steadier. Suddenly her body sagged limply as she reached climax and had I not had a good grip on her she would have slid to the ground. Instead, she collapsed against my chest, her head falling against me as she shivered with release.

"Should I offer you a cigarette?"

"MMMmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm."

She nodded her head slightly while not lifting it away from my chest. Her breathing was heavy both because of the sexual activity and her limited oxygen intake through the hood.

"Would you like to go inside and be really destroyed?"

This time her nodding was more vigorous and animated. It was pretty obvious that she was equally as horny as I. So we turned back toward the house. Our first trip outside had been a huge success.

* * * *

I'd released her arms and legs and removed her skirt, top and pantyhose. The only thing she was left wearing was the opaque nylon hood. I was pleased that she had managed to deal with more than two hours of it and so far hadn't complained unduly. Of course, with the gag fully inflated, her complaints weren't endowed with any sense of urgency. In fact, her complaints probably sounded pretty much like any other comment she might offer about the night's festivities.

I was fairly sure when she was being complementary of my sexual prowess. And when I did something that made her feel good, it was pretty easy to understand that communicate. All other gag talk was categorized simply as "other" and I didn't pay much attention. Had she been in any kind of trouble, I think that would have come across a little more urgently and there was none of that to be sure.

Using the soft hospital blankets, I'd tied her spread-eagled to the big cannonball posts. Naked, or nearly so, as she was, gave me an unlimited playground and I took full advantage of it. I started at the soles of her little feet and traveled north, relatively, caressing, kissing, nibbling and stroking every inch of her slight being.

Courtney has the most incredible body. It is absolutely perfect in proportion and totally free of any blemish. She has soft smooth skin that's a pleasure to touch and I took full pleasure touching it.

Once she was securely tied to the big bed, and I'd paid careful attention to her limbs and torso, I returned to her breasts. Though they were each only a small handful, they were firm and pretty. I could never understand why women with small breasts felt the need to have some sort of implants done. And I shared my feelings with my captive, speaking softly in her ear.

"I'm so pleased with your breasts. They're perfect. Don't ever think they're too small. And don't ever get anything done to them. They're one of your best features."

I took the left one in my mouth, sucking gently on the rosy pink nipple, then gripping it between my teeth and pulling at

it, not to cause pain but to excite her sensitivity. And it worked immediately. All the time I'd been kissing and licking her body, she'd moaned softly but remained fairly calm physically. But as I began to nibble at her nipples more insistently, pulling the soft flesh with my teeth and brushing my tongue across the distended end of it, she started to respond physically. She tried to pull her arms and legs free of their bonds and her moans became louder and more sudden in response to my bites.

With my hands free, I was able to stroke her sides all the while my mouth was paying homage to her boobs. Moving from one breast to the other left one nipple wet in the cool air and immediately it was erect and firm. She finally jerked against the cloth ties holding her prisoner as I slipped a hand between her legs and began to stroke her sex. In minutes her hips were into a rhythm keeping time with my fingers just as she had done earlier. And I recalled that it had only taken two or three minutes of that for her to get off, so I stopped before that could happen again.

Now I slid my body down her torso until my face was at her mound. My tongue slid across her now super sensitive clitoris and she screamed through the nylon and rubber gag and convulsed her hips. Wiggling as much as her bondage would allow, she pushed her hips at my face and in minutes shuddered with an intense orgasm.

I didn't even slow down my attack on her pussy. Even as she was spasming, I continued to lick at her lower lips. Her clit was rigid. Even in the throes of orgasm, she started to

once again gyrate her hips, trying to match her movements with my activities.

She screamed through the hood again, but this time it was because I stopped my assault on her sex. Her yelp this time was out of frustration. But it ended in seconds when I changed my position to allow me to ease my swollen cock into her pussy, jamming it hard into her belly, repeatedly until we both shuddered in release within seconds of each other.

I collapsed on top of her and lay there panting for several minutes. Then stretching out to first one corner and then another, I released her from the spread-eagle that had held her for more than an hour.

Just before turning off the bedside lamp, I removed the discipline hood from her and slipped under the covers. I took her in my arms and she snuggled her damp head against my shoulder and neck and in minutes her only movement was the gentle rise and fall of her chest. I held her as she slept for nearly an hour according to the clock on the dresser. And at some point I dozed off, content and warm.

CHAPTER 10

I woke on Saturday morning as the sun slithered across the bedcovers and reached my face. I was immediately aware of the smell of fresh coffee and wondered how that could be the case. Then, with a sudden rise of panic, I realized that Courtney was no longer lying on my shoulder. Initially the only reasonable possibility I could come up with was that she had escaped. It would only be a matter of time before the police showed up to arrest me for kidnapping and who knows how many other charges they could come up with.

But then the smell of coffee was joined by the aroma of bacon cooking. I knew without too much thought that people were fed in jails after they were arrested. But I could not contrive a situation where the police, while coming to arrest someone, would stop in the kitchen to make coffee and cook up some bacon. Something else had to be happening.

I forced myself to get out of bed and slipped on a pair of shorts I'd left hanging on the doorknob to the closet. Then sans shoes and shirt, I padded down stairs and into the kitchen.

I don't know if surprise is the proper word to describe the emotions I experienced when I saw Courtney standing at the range. For starters, she was wearing the light blue oxford cloth shirt I'd worn to work yesterday. And from every indication that was all she had on. Her feet were bare and although her hair had been brushed, it was still showing signs

of the dampness from last night. She had on no makeup other than lip color.

She smiled brightly at me when she finally noticed me standing in the doorway from the hall and I could tell that she had definitely brushed her teeth and washed her face. The sight of her thin naked legs had already stirred my passions and by the time I took the three or four steps to where she stood and put my arms around her and pulled her against me, I'd reached full erection.

"I thought you had left me, escaped."

"We have a deal, remember? Besides the doors are all locked. I checked. And I couldn't find a phone. I checked for one of those too."

Nearly two years ago, I'd installed double-keyed deadbolt locks on all the doors that offered any outside access. I'd not done it to keep anyone from getting out of the house, but rather to make it more difficult for someone to break in, since until two months ago I'd lived in the city and only came to the farm on fairly rare occasions. And since I always locked up after coming in, she would either have had to be in possession of a key or she could have gone out a window. But I was pleased that she was still here.

"There's no phone, other than my cell. But, I was asleep. You could have easily gotten my keys. Or you could have gone out a window."

"I didn't think of the window. Maybe next time."

"There won't be a next time. I'll be more careful from now on. I can't lose something so valuable."

That stopped her dead in her tracks and she turned to me with a look of genuine confusion on her pretty face.

"What is it that makes you think I'm so valuable? No one would pay a dime for me."

She turned back to the stove as I tried to find some quick retort.

"Pantyhose are making a comeback and your legs will be needed for modeling."

She glanced over her shoulder and down her back and at the same instant turned her right leg slightly so she could see the full length of it.

"I used to have pretty good legs, when I was younger."

"You have great legs now. And you couldn't be much older now than when you were modeling pantyhose. How long's it been since you did?"

She actually blushed. I watched the color rise first on her cheeks and then her entire face went red.

"About four years since the last time."

I moved over to the kitchen table as she took out a mug and poured me coffee. I pulled out the chair at the end of the table and sat, watching her movements as she brought the cup to me.

"Tell me about it."

She blanched and suddenly seemed nervous.

"About what?"

"The modeling. Like how'd you get the job and what did you do when you were working?"

She turned back to the skillet and tended the bacon as she talked to me.

"I needed some sort of job and I saw an ad stapled to a utility pole on campus. It said that anyone interested in making up to twenty-five dollars an hour and who could do specialty modeling should call this phone number. I'm too small to be a real model, but I thought I could do hand modeling. So I gave them a call."

She held up her right hand. Like the rest of her, the skin on her hand was smooth and almost silky. There was no redness or scraped knuckles, no scratches or bumps like almost all hands have and her nails were perfect. Although her hands are very small, they are very attractive.

"I've always thought my hands were my best feature."

"I like them. They're totally sexy when they're tied together with soft cloth or rope and they're grasping my cock."

She turned and gave me a look of incredulity, shaking her head but with a grudging smile on her lips.

"Don't you think of anything else?"

"Not when you're around. It's hard enough to keep my hands off you for any length of time. I certainly can't be expected to keep my mind off you."

"Well, my hands weren't good enough to model. I was about to give up and leave the agency office when one lady called me back and asked me if I'd be interested in being a leg model. I've always thought my legs were too thin. But she told me that I could have an assignment right away if I'd pose wearing only pantyhose. I figured it was probably doin' some sort of porn or somethin' like that. When I said as much, she laughed. She said it would be tasteful and one of the best

photographers in North Carolina would be doing the shoot. I went. They liked me. I made pretty good money for a while. Then ... well, you know."

"Will you model pantyhose for me? Just like you did then, so I can see what it was like."

She had finished the bacon and then scrambled some eggs and now set two plates on the table as she joined me.

"If you really want me too, I guess ... okay."

* * * *

After our breakfast she had cleared the table and put dishes in the dishwasher before coaxing me out of the room with the promise that she was going to be a pantyhose model again, at least for a few minutes. She instructed me to go into the parlor and take a seat on the sofa there while she went upstairs to change.

My wait was fairly short. Within no more than ten minutes I heard her on the stairs coming down. I was totally wowed as she entered the room. She had done the full range of makeup, eye shadow, blush, lip color and each had been applied as a sort of stage makeup, heavier than a woman would normally wear. But her face, even with its China doll appearance, didn't hold my attention for long.

Below her chin, Courtney was covered only by a pair of sheer white pantyhose that were perfectly smooth and aligned so that the top of the panty was just at her bellybutton. The stockings were so sheer and delicate that, against her pale skin, they almost disappeared completely. She carried herself with shoulders back and very straight

posture, her head held up with a look of almost royalty. Her arms were crossed over the front of her torso in overlapping "V's" covering her breasts with her forearms and her hands resting just in front of her shoulders. She moved gracefully. The image was totally erotic and once again my mind was in gear, imagining how she would look with the addition of ropes or leather or steel cuffs.

She stopped facing me and then turned about 90 degrees to her left so that her side was exposed to me. The line of her slim hips, covered in the gossamer white nylon was gently curved and sexy. Her small frame was so appealing that I thought I might have to throw her down on the Persian carpet and have my way with her right then and there. But suddenly I had a better idea.

"A few weeks ago, I bought something for you that would really look good with that outfit."

"Not some sort of hood I hope?"

"No. But you're right to think of that. It would look great too. I'll go get your surprise, but first, do something else for me."

"What?"

"Go back up to the bedroom and get another pair of those same pantyhose, cut the crotch open with the scissors and put them on your upper body and arms so that it's like you're completely covered with a bodystocking."

Without responding, she turned and left the room. I headed out to the car to retrieve the shipping carton I'd gotten at the office yesterday.

* * * *

I was back in the house at the kitchen table when Courtney came back down the stairs. When she didn't find me in the parlor, she came to the kitchen and watched as I did an inventory. From the shipping carton I took each piece, laying things on the table by category. I'd been a little hesitant to bring these goodies in before now. I didn't want to scare Courtney, making her think I was a crazed pervert, even though I probably am, at least the pervert part. So for more than six weeks this box had stayed hidden in the trunk of my car.

First was a leather gag, which had a broad strap with a red ball attached in the center. There was an added leather mask that covered the ball after insertion in the mouth. The final black leather strap covered the mouth and lower face completely from the chin to just under the nose and buckled closed just behind the ear. The second gag was a collection of leather straps designed to go over the head and around the jaw, holding the entire face within its confines. It buckled at eight different places around the head and throat and offered a choice of two different mouthpieces. One was a large stainless steel ring that was forced behind the teeth and forced the mouth to remain opened at a pretty large angle, more than enough to allow penetration of the gagged mouth by an erect penis. There was also an optional mouthpiece that had a hard rubber bit that resembled a short but very stubby penis. It would easily fill most any woman's mouth I'd ever seen. The third gag was another sort of head harnesses with

straps covering the entire head in every direction and the gag itself was a stainless steel bit, much like that used on a horse.

Then I found the four blindfolds I'd bought. There were two battery-powered vibrators, batteries included. I quickly installed the batteries and tested each dildo for a few seconds. They both worked just fine. The last plastic bag in the shipping box held the selection of leather restraints. There were black soft leather cuffs for wrists, for ankles, for the torso and the throat.

Courtney hadn't offered comment. Finally with my inspection done, I turned to her. I hadn't even looked at her carefully since she had come down the second time. She was angelic. Her face looked the most innocent I'd ever witnessed it being. She'd softened her makeup and now her body was totally covered with the sheer white nylon from the tips of her fingers to the tips of her toes. For some reason she had a coy expression on her face that I found nearly irresistible. And standing in stocking feet made me aware of just how small she is.

Her eyes were glued to the tabletop, as if what she saw there so intrigued her that she couldn't take it all in.

"What do you think?"

"I think that stuff must've cost a fortune."

"Not really. It is real leather so it wasn't cheap either."

"So this the surprise you got for me?"

"Yep. You like?"

"Why would I like it? It's intended to make me a prisoner, right?"

"Yes, but in a very upscale sense. Think of it as safety packaging to protect you rather than restrain you. And the leather will be easier on your delicate skin. We should try some of it right away."

As I said this, I was selecting items and putting them into the plastic bag to make carrying them upstairs easier. First to go in were the ankle and wrist cuffs then a head harness with ring gag and finally a padded leather blindfold. Since this particular cat was out of the bag, I figured I might as well enjoy the toys.

"I figured you had that in mind. And there'll be sex too. That's why I'm dressed this way, right?"

"Would you like to pick out what you try this time?"

She fingered the leather body harness.

"Does this go over my whole body?"

I picked it up, holding it out for her to better examine it.

"No, just your torso. You want to try it?"

She shrugged and turned toward the hallway, taking my free hand in hers.

"In the bedroom, I guess. Will you take me outside again later?"

"Sure."

She watched as I added the body harness to the plastic bag and then grabbed the bag by its top.

"Even in that new stuff if I gotta, would be okay."

Her hand was small in mine and I realized that I hadn't held it much.

"It's broad daylight."

"Nobody's gonna see me anyway. If they could, I don't think you'd take me outside. How would you explain havin' a missin' woman all trussed up?"

She was right of course. But I wasn't worried about company or neighbors seeing anything. Privacy was one of the best features of the farm.

She pulled me along by the hand as we climbed the stairs and went into the master bedroom. I had this sense of uncertainty about her behavior. It wasn't just her being so cooperative. She had been steadily getting better about that. She hadn't outright refused to do anything I'd asked in over a month. She just seemed way too compliant. She could have left this morning and hadn't. Instead she'd fixed breakfast. And she had done her little modeling show without complaint and now she was actually leading the way to play games that she must know was going to severely restrict her freedom, even if only temporarily. All this was being done by a woman who had been kidnapped only eight or nine weeks ago. The same woman who had resisted and fought back and pleaded with me to release her. I wanted to believe that her reactions were real, but something in me just kept yelling in the distance of my mind that I should be careful. Until you understand someone's motives, you can't really understand or anticipate their actions. And if you can't anticipate their actions, then you can't completely trust them.

Once in the bedroom, she turned to face me and and pushed her body against mine, putting her arms around my neck. Her stocking covered hands pulling my face down to her own, she kissed me firmly on the mouth, trading tongues with

me and rubbing her nylon clad body against my naked chest. When she pulled away from the kiss, she stood on tiptoes to be able to whisper in my ear.

"I'm really sorry. I did try to escape this mornin'. And I tried to find the phone so I could call for help. I was scared to break a window. I knew you'd hear and I was afraid of what you'd do. I knew you'd catch me before I could get away. I'm really sorry. Please don't be mad at me. After the night we had last night, I don't want to go back to the way it was that first night I was here. Please be good to me and I promise I won't try to escape again. And I promise that I'll do whatever you want me to do."

Now I started to understand what was going on. But I needed more information.

"Was last night an act? Were you just plannin' to catch me off guard?"

"No! I didn't plan anything. I enjoyed last night. And then ... this mornin', I suddenly found myself lyin' by you in bed and you were asleep and I was completely free for the first time since you brought me here. I guess I panicked thinkin' this was the only chance I'd ever have to get out of here alive."

I thought about the sincerity in her voice. I didn't doubt that she was telling me the truth. Maybe we'd both been lulled into limbo.

"Do you really think you won't get out of here alive? Are you really that fearful for your life? Do you really think I could hurt you?"

She let go of me completely and bent over at her waist, putting her hands on her knees like a runner who was trying to catch her breath.

"I don't know what to think. You kidnapped me. You keep me a prisoner."

She straightened back up and looked me squarely in the eye, her face a mask of confusion. There was a pleading look in her eyes, as if she wanted to see answers in mine.

"And yet ... you treat me better than any other man in my life ever has. I want to believe that you'll let me go when the time comes, or at least let me choose. If I could somehow know that for sure ... I think I'd be okay with it."

She turned away abruptly, swinging her head from side to side as if she was so frustrated she might explode.

"Then I got scared this mornin' about leavin' ... I'm confused about the way I feel. I don't know what to think."

"Why did you tell me all this? I probably would have never known without your tellin' me."

Again she turned to me and addressed me sincerely.

"I thought that if I were honest about it, then you wouldn't hate me. All my life I've done the wrong things. I've pissed off so many people and made all the bad decisions and been stupid. You've been kind to me."

She suddenly threw her arms up into the air in an exaggerated show of emotion.

"I know that sounds like the rantings of a crazy woman. I mean you kidnapped me and all..."

She was pacing the small space between where I stood and the hall door and at the far end of her cycle away from

me she turned and stopped, raising her eyes once more to meet mine.

"But in spite of that, you treat me like ... like you care about me. I don't want that to stop."

"I do care about you."

She took the several steps toward me so that now she was within reach of my arms. I reached out to her and pulled her slight frame against me, her face resting on my chest just below my shoulder. I felt her arms go around my waist in a gentle hug.

"I ... think you do. I think I want you to."

I bent my head forward and down so that my face pushed into her hair.

"Do you think I should punish you for tryin' to escape?"

She pulled back slightly, looked down at her feet, her head hanging almost as if in shame. Then I saw the almost imperceptible nod up and down and her soft voice just above a whisper.

"Yes."

CHAPTER 11

It was probably the worst I'd treated her since her arrival. I decided to take her out to the barn to administer her punishment. But before leaving the bedroom, I put the leather body harness on her. The collection of inch-wide black leather straps started with a larger one that encircle her neck and buckled at the left side. Central straps were connected at both the front and back of the collar and they went down the torso, with the rear strap being some fifteen or so inches longer than the front, went through her crotch and met with and buckled to the front strap just below her navel. Perpendicular straps were attached to the front at strategic points. These each went around the torso and buckled just at the rear center strap. One went around her under the arms but just above the breasts. A second was located just below the breasts. A third was at the waist. From the sides of the waist strap were two extensions hanging down with inch-wide straps that wrapped around the very tops of the thighs. Once all the buckles had been closed, she was covered but in no way particularly restricted. Dressed as she was, the addition of the harness made her a very visually stimulating package.

All the while I was arranging the leather straps, she had stood passively allowing me to do my worst. Although she had watched with interest, she had not made any comment. I had surely expected some complaint when I'd pulled the leather straps tight before buckling them. In particular, I'd expected at least a groan with the application of the crotch

strap, which I knew had to cause some irritation before all this was done. But not a sound came from her until I was finished.

"That's pretty sexy isn't it?"

She took me off guard with that comment. Then I looked past my work and realized that we were standing at such an angle to the mirror on the closet door that she had a perfect reflection of herself and her eyes were directed there now.

I moved backward from her slightly so I might have a better overall look.

"Yes it is. The black leather straps on the white nylon is really a stark contrast. I find it very appealing.

"And it's not too uncomfortable either. Though the strap between my legs might get old in a hurry. What else are you gonna do to me?"

"Oh ... plenty."

I turned her so that she was facing away from me. When we came up to the bedroom, I'd brought a number of toys with me and from that bag, which I'd dropped on the bed, I selected the soft black leather blindfold. Courtney flinched slightly as the foam-padded leather covered her eyes. I pulled the leather strap around her head and buckled it snugly at the nape of her neck.

"It's dark in here!"

"That's part of the plan."

I finished my initial preparations by putting the two-inch leather cuffs on her wrists and pulling her hands together and joining the cuffs with a small padlock behind her back. The last item I grabbed was a red ballgag with a black leather

strap. Then I grasped Courtney by the left elbow and tugged her along as I left the bedroom.

"Where are we goin'?"

"To the barn. That's where you're gonna be punished."

She was quiet as she stumbled along beside me. I was careful to help her down the stairs, but I just shoved her along while walking on level floor. And I intentionally moved at a fast pace, which I thought would be hard on her and a little frightening too. I was able to elicit a small squeal as we suddenly turned into the kitchen. She nearly stumbled as I jerked her around the corner from the hallway by her left arm.

"You don't have to go so fast, you know. I'm comin' along willin'ly."

"Yeah, I know, but this is part of the whole punishment thing. Keep the prisoner confused and scared, you know."

Once in the kitchen, I saw the box of toys I'd brought in last night and decided to pick up an accessory or two. I pulled out the two dildoes. One was a replica of a penis about eight inches long and with a bulbous head, which measured maybe six or seven inches in diameter, something about halfway between the size of a golf ball and a baseball. The second was a thinner, more tapered model about six inches long with a base plate to prevent it being inserted too deeply and lost in some cavity. There were also battery packs for both and I grabbed those as well, slipping them into the pockets of my shorts.

She stood patiently without comment as I considered what else I might need. It occurred to me that some sort of

lubricant would be helpful, but there was no petroleum jelly in the house. But I realized that I had seen a small can of shortening in the pantry several nights ago. I left my charge long enough to retrieve the lard and after returning to her, we were off again as quickly as I could pull her along. When we stopped briefly so I could unlock the back door, she raised her concerns again.

"Hey, don't I get any shoes? How cold's it gonna be?"

"It's not cold at all. The heat's been off for over a month. Remember, it's spring."

"Okay, but isn't there gravel between here and the barn?"

"Some."

"Well it'll hurt my feet!"

We were, by then, off the porch and down the back steps. Without even breaking stride, I scooped her up in my arms and rolled her over before tossing her onto my right shoulder. She "ooopphed" as my shoulder pushed the air out of her.

"There, is that better?"

Her voice was small and she sounded as if her feelings had been hurt.

"Yes ... thank you."

* * * *

I set her down on her feet on the hay strewn barn floor in one of the back stalls. There was an overhead beam with a sturdy pulley attached. The pulley already had a length of rough hemp rope through its wheel with one end of the rope hanging about face high in the center of the stall. The other end was tied off in a halfhitch on a cleat bolted to an upright

support at the front of the stall. Enough surplus rope was at the cleat end to reach to the ground. There it formed a coil with at least six loops a good foot in diameter lying in the hay.

I positioned my sightless captive immediately under the pulley and released the cleat end, pulling about another three feet of rope through the pulley. I looped the course rope between the leather cuffs on her wrists and tied it off there. Pulling on the cleat end, I took slack out of the rope until I'd pulled her hands up behind her back, causing her to bend at a ninety-degree angle at the waist. I continued to pull her hands upward until her wrists were six or more inches above her the line of her back. When I tied off the cleat end of the pulley rope, she was left stranded with her hands being higher in the air than any other part of her anatomy.

"My God! You're not gonna leave me this way are you?"

"Punishment is supposed to be difficult. But to answer your question, no, I'm not gonna leave you like this. I'm not even near done with you yet."

"Please don't be so mean to me."

I rubbed my hand up her nylon covered back and then slapped her hard on the ass. She jumped and yelped in surprise.

"You're certainly gonna get a spankin'."

"Oooooohhhhhh!"

I stood behind her and reached around her stomach to release the buckle on the crotch strap of the body harness she wore. Once the leather strap was out of the way, I used

my pocketknife to slit the crotch in the white pantyhose she had on.

I'd sat the can of lard on top of the stall divider and now reached for it, pulling off the plastic top. Using the index and middle fingers of my right hand, I scoop out a fairly generous amount of the white grease before putting the can back on the divider.

I pushed her legs apart slightly by inserting my knee between them and when the space between her thighs increased adequately, I slipped my hand between them, smearing the white gunk well into the crack of her ass and into her pussy as well. She tried to pull away and nearly stumbled in the process. Only the fact that her hands were tethered to the overhead beam kept her standing.

"Ouch! What the hell is that?"

"Lubricant. You'll need it in just a minute."

Now there was panic in her voice as she started to plead with me.

"What are you gonna do! Please don't put anything in me back there."

"Shush. You're gonna be okay. I'm not gonna hurt you ... too much."

Retrieving the slender vibrator from my right pocket, I gently slid it into the groove between her ass cheeks to cover it with the shortening I'd just wiped there then I pressed the tip against her anal opening. She immediately clenched her buttocks in an effort to prevent its insertion.

"Noooooooooooo please ... please don't. I've never done anything back there before. It'll split me open. Please!"

"Courtney, you have to relax. It's not gonna split you open. This is a small dildo. If you relax, it'll go in you really easy. But if you continue to flex you ass like that it is gonna hurt a lot more. So just relax."

"Nooooo! Please I don't want it in me."

"Look sweetheart, it's goin' in you ass one way or the other. It's up to you if you want to make it easier on yourself. Just try to relax your buttocks. I'll go really slowly. Just a little at a time. But you have to relax."

I guess she finally realized that she had no options in this situation. I could see by the movement of muscles and the fleshy parts of her ass that she was trying to relax. I continued to gently rub my left hand over the nylon-covered globes of her twin ass cheeks, and speaking in a soothing voice.

"You're doing fine. Keep on tryin' to relax. Think of bein' someplace else. You're okay. I'm just gonna put the tip against your asshole. There'll be a little pressure. I'll wait for you to adjust to it before we go on."

She flinched and then tightened her ass again for just a few seconds when I pressed the tip of the dildo against her anus, but she quickly tried to regain control and relax those muscles. When the tip was just into her, I just applied enough pressure to jam it up her ass in one move, burying it six inches deep in her virgin rectum.

She groaned with surprise from the invasion and let out a slight whimper after the full effect was known to her. Still she didn't actually say anything about the ass attack. But I wasn't done yet.

The larger of the dildoes met with nearly as much resistance going into her pussy. One of the things that had pleased me so much about Courtney is that she was relatively small and fucking her was a tight slow process initially. There are, of course, advantages to this for the man, but it can be a painful activity for the woman. So I made an effort to go slowly with the big rubber dick, sliding it in partially and withdrawing until only the head remained in her. With each subsequent cycle in and out, she became more physically receptive and accommodating to the fake shlong.

While I was fucking her gently with the dildo in my right hand, I slipped two fingers of my left hand into her sex valley and began to massage her clit. Only seconds passed before she was moaning in a different pattern and she started rocking her hips in time to my finger movements.

Suddenly she shuddered with a subtle release, bending her knees and stretching her bound arms further toward the pulley to absorb her body's reaction to cuming. With her discharge, the flow of juices in her pussy created a sucking sound as the rubber dick slipped in and out of her.

Just as she reached a second climax, I jammed the big dildo to the hilt in her cunt. She grunted and then screamed a short burst of unintelligible noise. Before she had any opportunity to attempt pushing either of the toys from her lower body, I reached between her legs with the back central leather strap and buckled it on her lower belly. Now the strap would prevent any efforts by Courtney to force out the intruders in her ass or pussy.

Now I loosened the cleat end of the pulley rope and created some slack, but not enough that she could really do anything other than let her arms rest against her back. Then I pushed her down onto her knees in the hay, which pulled her arms right back out into the same position they had been only moments ago released from.

Pulling my belt from its loops I squatted behind her in the hay and lifted her left ankle over her right and wrapped my leather belt around them three times before threading the tip through the buckle and latching it tightly.

Standing, I pulled the pulley rope back up as taut as possible, pulling her arms toward the roof, dragging a solid moan from her as her arms rotated upward in her shoulder joints.

"Please Xander. I can't do this. It's too tight."

I stepped behind her and put the red rubber ballgag against her lips, forcing them open.

"Wha ... mmmfmfmmfm?"

The rather large ball popped behind her teeth and I pulled the leather strap tight behind her head. I had only one thing left that I planned to do for now.

I walked across to the tool room and conducted a small search for something that would be appropriate for the job I needed done. Of all things, I found lying on the workbench a wooden cutting board that I'd brought out here last summer to repair. It was about an eight by twelve-inch rectangular with a six inch long handle. Made of maple, it was only about half an inch thick. A crack had developed in it and I'd glued it last August and left it to season.

"I guess the glue is good and set by now."

I chuckled as I hefted it by the handle and swatted the air with it, much as I might have done with a tennis racquet.

"Yep, this will do the job."

I returned to my task. As I approached her, it was apparent that Courtney knew I had returned. She attempted to shift her position to more face the direction she thought I'd come from. And she raised her head toward me, attempting to talk through her gag.

"Mmmmmffffmphh."

"It's okay sweetheart. This will all be over in a few minutes. We just have to give you a good spankin'."

She shook her head piteously from side to side and moaned her displeasure.

"If punishment wasn't bad, you'd not have any incentive to be good."

I positioned myself at her left side and slipped down onto my knees to put me on a comparable level with my prisoner. When I put my hand on her back, she leaned forward until her head touched the hay on the floor. I raised the wooden cutting board come paddle and swung it firmly against her buttocks.

The whack resounded off the walls of the barn along with the squeal of pain as the paddle made solid contact with her ass. By looping my hand between her cuffed wrists, I was able to hold her fairly still as I landed nine more firm blows to her ass cheeks. Each solid contact brought out the same response as the first. She squealed and moaned as the color

of her ass turned so bright red that it showed through the sheer white nylon of her stockings.

By the time I'd finished her spanking, she was sobbing. Mucus was bubbling from her nose and her face was wet with the tears that streamed from under the blindfold. Drool dripped from both sides of her mouth and around the red ball to meet at her chin to form a steady stream from there to the floor.

In order for her to breathe easier, I unbuckled the ballgag and removed it from her mouth. She sniffed long and hard but was silent about the actual spanking. I know it had caused her some pain, but I hadn't been cruel. The blows were measured and not nearly as hard as they could have been. I was sure her ass was stinging and would probably be sensitive for a day or two, but I was also sure that no permanent harm had been done to anything other than her pride.

I left her for a few moments and went to the camper. Inside, I found a washcloth, which I rinsed with cool water in the camper's kitchen sink. When I returned to my captive, I first released her ankles from my belt, slipping it back through the belt loops in my jeans. Then I loosened the pulley rope and allowed her arms to drop against her back. Afterward I got down on my knees facing her and used the cool cloth to wash her face, wiping her cheeks, mouth, chin and finally her nose. Now that her hands were free from the overhead pulley, she was able to stand erect. I helped her to straighten up, knowing that she was probably stiff from having been bent over for half an hour or so.

I then held her face in my hands and kissed her gently on first the cheeks and then on her lips. After the first two kisses, she offered a protracted and loud sniff just to make me feel guilty. When I kissed her mouth, she responded, tentatively offering her tongue and pressing herself against me. Her voice was a whisper.

"You were so mean to me."

"I hope we never have to do that again. Punish you, I mean."

Raising her head, she shuffled a bit closer to me. Since she was still blindfolded, she was tentative in her approach. But once she made lip contact, she was much more insistent, pressing her tongue into my mouth, mashing her lips against mine, little sounds of passion escaping her nose in the process. When she pulled away, her voice was slightly stronger than before, though it remained soft.

"I deserved it though, didn't I?"

"Still, I hope it won't happen again. Although ... I can see that spankin' you could be fun with just my hand. But now I have a surprise for you."

With that I turned on the vibrator in her pussy, just to the lowest of the three settings. Almost immediately, Courtney pushed her breasts against me, moaning in surprise. I clicked the switch up to medium.

"Oh!"

Her hips were moving in a steady beat, back and forth.

"Oh me ... oh oh oh meeeeeeeeeeee."

The orgasm took her breath away. But I wasn't done with my evil plans just yet. I moved the switch up to high and

after no more than a full minute, I switched on the one in her ass.

"Oooooooooohh my God!"

She bucked against the bonds holding her and finally, losing her footing, fell over against my chest, shaking and gasping for breath. Now I was satisfied that she'd had enough for the moment. But I was certainly going to take her to my bed since I'd not had any.

CHAPTER 12

After the punishment in the barn, Courtney and I had fallen right into a routine. Over the following two or three months, she had made every effort to make me a happy camper. I wondered at times if this was happening as a result of some sense of fear she might have about her attempt to escape and the punishment she might receive for it. Or could it be something deeper, more personal that had caused an unanticipated cooperativeness in my captured pantyhose model.

Whatever the motive, life had become pleasant for me and I felt certain for Courtney as well. Her bondage during the day was now minimal, often being no more than handcuffed wrists and shackled ankles and a ballgag. She had the roam of the house and the positive trade-off for me was that she not only kept the place clean, she would frequently have dinner prepared or at least started when I got home at five thirty each day. As a reward, Courtney spent much more time out of doors. Almost every evening after getting the dinner dishes in the dishwasher, we would go for a walk. Since it was usually dusk or later before we got out, we had to wait for Saturdays and Sundays to get in at least an hour in the sun.

It had been nearly six months since I'd taken her at Victory Park. On that cold January day, I never remotely considered that we would be where we seemed to have arrived by the end of May. We were even discussing the idea

of putting a pool in behind the house and how the patio and privacy fencing could be laid out.

On the weekends, we spent every minute together. We both worked on chores like laundry and of course we spent hours every Saturday and Sunday playing games. It was during one of those play periods that we had a conversation about her situation and how she now felt about it.

Courtney was lying on a quilt in the grass behind the house. She was for all practical purposes naked. I called it sunbathing but she disagreed. Her only clothing was a pair of shiney charcoal ultra-sheer thigh-high stockings with seams up the backs. Her hands were tied behind her back at wrists and her elbows were only inches apart. The wrist and elbow bindings continued around her torso at her waist and just below her breasts. Her ankles were bound one crossed over the other with the rope wrapped both horizontally and vertically, effectively prohibiting her from pulling her knees together. She was lying on her left side facing me and her feet were drawn up behind her and attached to her bound arms at the elbow tie, forcing her into a pretty stringent hogtie. As had become my fairly routine practice, her eyes were covered with a padded leather blindfold, but for the moment her mouth was free. This was itself an exception to my normal preferences, but I wanted her to be able to make comments.

We were talking about her feelings, a topic I encouraged so that we could really get to know each other better. It was certainly apparent that Courtney had really come out of her socially self-destructive shell over the past few months and I

felt strongly that our talks were a major reason for this positive change.

"It's hard to believe that you're the same person I kidnapped six months ago."

"Why do you say that?"

"Besides the obvious you mean?"

"No. Don't exclude the obvious. What makes you say that?"

"Okay. Right now, you're bound and blindfolded and you're lying there calmly talking with me. The last few days you worked at the office, you couldn't have calmly talked with anyone even sitting in a comfortable chair. Over the past few months you've stopped complaining and whining about everything. You aren't bitter. That sweetness I thought I detected in you during your interview has become the real you. I think you've somehow shed a lot of baggage."

She didn't respond right away, but apparently considered my observations first.

"When I first came here, my major concern in life was not letting anyone take advantage of me. I had a huge chip on my shoulder because of being hurt so many times. I *was not* going to let any asshole ever fuck me over again. I was consumed with fear, of rejection, of being taken advantage of, of not being loved, of being alone. You name it, I had a fear associated with it."

She stopped but I didn't interfere. I was sure she had more to say, that she was probably just getting her thoughts organized. It truly is amazing the little qualities of another human being one can pick up by simply paying attention. I

had come to understand that Courtney needed time to think and when I didn't rush right in to respond, she would often have more to say. I think she felt trumped when I replied or added my two cents worth too quickly. This time my patience was rewarded which further confirmed what I believed to be the case with her.

"I envied almost any other woman I saw and I hated all the men. My time here ... with you ... the experiences over the past few months have somehow given me a different ... perspective. I know that this probably qualifies me for a scholarship to some funny farm, but one of the huge lessons I've learned at your hands is that I'm desired. Isn't that crazy? On the surface anyone seeing us would think that I'm abused. I even would have agreed with them a few months ago. But then I think about where I was when ... you stole my life, what I thought was a life ... or maybe you replaced it with a different kind of life, then I realize how much I've grown. And for whatever reason, the fears have sorta faded away. When you actually fear for your life. When you know that you're gonna be fucked ... and I mean literally ... and there's not a damn thing you can do about it. You know that the man in your life is for absolutely sure gonna take advantage of you and probably hurt you in the process. Then the size of your world and the relative concerns you have about it just can't be much of a factor."

I was blown away! This young woman was analyzing her own situation as if she was a spectator rather than a participant. Instead of the seething anger that would have been justified about having lost everything that most people

hold dear, she showed only calm resolve and an objective review of what she would have seen from the sidelines had she really been a spectator. There was no emotion or agenda in her comments. What she said was matter of fact and almost completely positive. But more had to be lurking below the surface.

"But you must have fears that have taken their place, don't you?"

Her answer was quick enough to let me know that she'd already considered the question.

"I can honestly say that for some time now, the only real concern I've had is that for whatever reason, I won't please you. Could it be that *Stockholm Syndrome*? Have I become so dependent on my captor that I want him? I don't really know. But it doesn't really matter to me either. I'm absolutely certain that for the first time in my life, I'm sure about my life on a day-to-day basis. I have certain freedoms and certain responsibilities. And most importantly, I'm not alone. I have purpose. Most single women can't say that. Oh, they con themselves into believing that they are in important careers. But most of us are just biding our time until the next phase starts, whatever that means. Life out in the real world is total confusion."

"How do you feel about losing your freedom though? There was a time when you hated me for taking it away from you."

She rested her head on the quilt-covered ground. She'd been holding it up as she talked with me and I thought she was probably going to have to mull over that last issue before

coming to a suitable answer. But I was wrong, at least about taking much time to think out her reply.

"I feel sorta like it's been traded for a different kinda freedom. I don't have to earn money. I worry about almost nothing. I might be tied up ... what the hell am I saying, I'm certainly tied up ... and am almost all the time. But I can also see that I'm free from lots of things that other people are captive too. Nuts right?"

I didn't know if her ideas were nuts or not. She seemed to be totally sane at the moment, considering where she was and her present condition. One of the truly valuable things I'd learned from her in our knowledge exchange is that when you have the time, even if it's forced time, to think, remarkable ideas can come. I'd also learned that Courtney is one smart lady. But at the moment, I was horny.

"Nuts ... that gives me an idea. My nuts would enjoy some attention. I'll trade you oral sex. You blow me and I'll eat your pussy."

"In case you haven't noticed, I'm hogtied over here."

"So what? You can still do it. One of the best blowjobs I've ever had in my life was when you were hogtied."

"I'm my own worst enemy. Okay. I'll..."

She started to giggle as she rocked her body around in an effort to get closer to me.

"I almost said I'll ... see what I can do. Seeing is not on the agenda today is it?"

"Nope. Probably not."

She attempted to roll herself onto her stomach, but with the wide separation of her knees, and the snugness of her bondage, she wasn't able to accomplish this feat.

"I'm gonna need a little help getting onto my stomach here."

"And I suppose you expect me to just drop whatever I'm doin' to rush to your aid?"

"Well ... no, not necessarily. But it sure would speed up the delivery of that blowjob you ordered."

"In that case..."

I grasped her left thigh and pulled until I flipped her over, leaving her face down on the down comforter. Again she giggled like a child but she continued to shift herself in small adjustments, emitting groans at each small jerk or bounce, making sounds like the air was being forced out of her lungs by each attempt at movement. I knew better. It was all for show, for my benefit. Her tedious efforts did get results though.

Finally her face was against my thigh. She shifted her head until she had figured out exactly where my hips lay and her tongue announced her arrival as it lapped against my balls. I decided to help her out at least a little by rolling over onto my side so that the front of my naked body was toward her. When I joined her earlier on the quilt, I'd intentionally laid down with my head facing in the same direction as her feet and my feet facing toward her head. Now, we were almost perfectly aligned to trade favors.

"There, that should help a little too."

After my turn, I scooted my torso against her, my stomach against her boobs. I slipped my left hand under her left hip and draped my right over her body, grabbing her ass cheeks in my hands, pulling her hips toward my face.

She had managed to get her head onto my left leg and I slipped the right thigh over and behind her neck, giving her shoulders a pull toward me, moving her darting tongue much closer to its target. As a reward for my assistance, I was treated to a warm wet mouth covering the head of my cock. It only lasted for seconds and she had withdrawn and found work addressing my testicles.

One of the most pleasing things about Courtney was that once I ever shared anything with her, she seemed to never forget. I'd only said once that my balls loved attention during oral sex and she had never failed to pay them great notice whenever we indulged in my favorite sexual pastime. And she was always responsive to the fact that they were sensitive, particularly when engaged in some horny activity.

She sucked them through her lips and into the warmth of her mouth, rasping her tongue across them as she held them temporarily there before popping them back out, wet and exposed to cool quickly in the air. She engaged in this little ball game for several minutes and kept me from focusing my attention on her love slit. When she shifted again to force her head further between my legs, I seized the lull in her activity to attack.

My tongue slid down between her lower lips. Although she had been removing her pubic hair for only a few months, the latest chemical removers had done such a perfect job that

she was not only completely smooth, the skin there was silky soft.

She gave a great sigh when my tongue found its mark, passing over her swollen clit. Her hips ground against my chin as much as her bonds would allow. I felt the soft sleek nylon covering her thigh, brush past my ear leaving static electricity in my hair that lifted and clung momentarily to her leg. In seconds my face was in her pussy, my tongue attacking it like a wild animal in a feeding frenzy.

She bucked her hips in the spasms of release. But it was only the first of several I expected. Her temporary loss of focus was overcome and she took my cock into her mouth and down her throat, a performance that would have had her gagging just short months ago. With her virtually upside down in my crotch, her warm breath as it escaped her nose showered my balls. She was amazing in her efforts and movement considering her condition. Up and down my shaft she went until the orgasm burst from me, my gism splattering into her throat. I could only hear the roar of my own blood in my ears and as my sense of feeling began to return, I was aware that, like a kitten, she was lapping at my manhood with her delicate tongue.

I had a decided advantage over her as far as the tools available to me. With both hands and my mouth, I renewed my efforts to raise the score in my favor. After sliding my right thumb through her sloppy wet cunt, I pressed it against her sphincter, applying steady pressure until it popped into her back channel. Then slipping the middle finger of the same hand into her pussy, I rubbed the finger and the thumb

together, separated only by the thin membranes. I shoved both fingers as far into the girl as they would reach, keeping the pressure between them constant and firm, all the while licking her lower lips and clitoris.

This time, she screamed when she came, shaking almost violently, trying desperately to bring her thighs together as if that would stop the onslaught. But I was just getting started. Her head was captured between my thighs and since she was bound hand and foot and in none too comfortable a position either, she was unable to do anything but lie there and take whatever I was dishing out. Increasing the speed of movement between my middle finger and the thumb I had in her ass brought on another set of spasms within a minute or two. I pulled my fingers from her bottom and my face from her sex, switching my direction so that I was facing her and our heads were together.

Courtney was gasping for breath. As I took her in my arms, my left leg went between hers and against her hot cunt. I pressed my leg hard against her lips there and moved my thigh back and forth allowing her to ride it like a kid playing pony. In short order she got off again, but this time with less power than before.

We lay there not moving for several minutes before she finally spoke to me in a soft voice.

"I really hate my legs bein' tied this way. I can't get them together and squeeze them tight when I cum."

"That's good to know. Another way to frustrate you when I need to."

"Xander, would you do me a favor, please."

"I'll certainly try too. What is it?"

"Untie my legs and make love to me right here in the sun."

"Just your legs? Not your arms, or the blindfold?"

"I don't care about them right now. Just let me move my legs and make love to me ... like you mean it."

* * * *

We took our time. I released her ankles and over the next half-hour, we made love in every sense of the expression. I entered her gently, with long driving strokes I rode her nearly naked body until we both came again. I rolled her over in front of me so that we were lying spooned together, my arms around her holding her tight to me.

Suddenly her hands, which were still bound behind her, found my manhood and with one, she grasped my flacid penis while the other cupped my balls. My only defense was to cover her breasts with my own hands. We lay there massaging each other's most sensitive body parts and felt the heat of the sun on our bodies, but neither of us realized that we had dozed off until Courtney woke.

I'm sure that the erection I had upon waking was the result of her actions shortly before I stirred. When she realized that I was awake again it caused her to giggle with a certain evil maliciousness. But I had the last laugh as I slipped my cock into her from the rear and at the same time rolling onto my back with her lying on top but facing away from me. Then I pushed her to sitting so she could ride me like a bronco. I could see her smooth naked ass rocking back and forth, bringing us both to crashing climaxes.

After the last shiver of excitement had passed, she collapsed back onto me and we lay there for several minutes in happy exhaustion. But we had things to do. With all the strength I could muster, I sat up, pushing her upper body with mine until we were both seated on the ground.

"Let's go inside and take a shower. I have a surprise for you."

She only nodded in reply and as we both stood I hesitated for a moment, my arms around her, pulling the back of her petite body to rest against my front. The heat of the sun felt good on my shoulders and she felt good leaning backward touch me.

CHAPTER 13

I was a little apprehensive about what would happen before this day was over. Today was the sixth month anniversary of Courtney's arrival here. And she had made me an offer that first day to stay for a short period of time without any attempt to escape and to do whatever I asked. We had negotiated that short period to be six months with the promise that I would let her go at the end of that time.

Our relationship had been rocky for only a very short time, and had very quickly grown extremely personal, relaxed and pleasant. We slept in the same bed most nights since she had agreed to stay and I was confident that she had enjoyed our relationship as much as I had. But there was one worry ... besides the obvious, that she might go to the police and have me arrested for kidnapping and a hundred more crimes. And that one worry was of greater significance to me than being arrested. I had never told her about my true feelings for her or that I had grown to depend on her company. She had made my life pleasant and complete over the past few months.

And while I never consciously thought of her in any other context than as a prisoner, that was mostly because we had never talked about any other sort of relationship. She was mine, simply put and I enjoyed owning her. So I asked myself as I lay there watching her sleep, would I actually let her leave or would I simply say no and deal with the fallout afterward? And what excuse would I employ as reason

enough to break the deal we'd struck? She had attempted to escape. It wasn't a real attempt, at least there wasn't much vigor put into it. Plus she had confessed it to me immediately and taken the punishment I'd meted out without a whimper. Still, a reasonable argument could be made. I needed to further think the situation and the possible consequences.

I retrieved the ostrich feather from the bedside table and started tickling her nose with it. She stirred slightly as I very quietly and gently lifted the covers and pulled them away from her. She was wearing almost nothing as was usually the case when she slept with me. Last night she had been wearing white pantyhose and a maroon tee-shirt, but the tee-shirt had been tossed at some point during the night when I wanted her sexually. She was lying almost perfectly flat on her back, her left arm bent on the pillow beside her head, her right draped over her belly.

I dragged the feather along the inside bend of her right arm, slowing as it brushed her right breast. The fingers of her right hand rose and fell as if to shoo away a fly, though her hand stayed put. I again attacked her face, brushing the left cheek and crisscrossing her left eyelid as if I was painting it. Her left hand swatted at her cheek and the contact was just sufficient to cause her eyes to flutter open.

One of the things I like most about her is the lost expression her sky blue eyes have when they first open in the mornings. There is a softness about them that epitomizes defenselessness and feminine surrender. It is the most erotic expression I ever get to see on her face. That brief glimpse into her soul always made me want to hold her, protect her,

own her, love her and fuck her. It was a powerful tool that she was totally clueless about. And I surely wasn't going to tell her.

She smiled when she realized that I'd been tickling her with the feather. She lay there without moving other than changing the expressions on her face. From that original wonder upon waking, to the sweet smile, then to a near scowl of concern. Then she sat up so that her back was against the headboard.

"It's today isn't it?"

"That can pretty much be said about any day."

"You know what I mean. The six months is up."

I didn't want to hear my own voice admitting that it was indeed the end, so I only nodded slowly.

"What are we gonna do? Are you really gonna just let me go?"

"That's what we agreed on isn't it?"

"Yeah."

She sat there in obvious thought for several minutes, not making eye contact, her face a mask of uncertainty that wasn't letting anything out of the bag. Finally though she had reached some conclusion.

"When I first came here and we made that agreement, I thought about it everyday. A dozen times a day. And as the time passed and we ... I guess, got to know each other better, I have thought about it less and less. Then over the past couple of weeks, when I realized that the time was gettin' short, I've had it on my mind again almost constantly."

"And what've you been thinkin' about when it was on your mind?"

"At first I wondered if you'd really let me go. I imagined all these different situations. There is a scenario where you tell me that we have to wait until dinnertime because that's when you first brought me here. And then at dinner you drug my food and I wake up either chained up in the barn or tied up in the attic with that scary hood over my head. But there's another one where you put me in the camper and take me back to the park where you got me to start with."

"Well, let's start with the waiting until dinner time. I like that and it's true, that is when you came here. But then ... I will take you where ever you want to go."

Her eyes seemed to look around the room for some answers. Then she gently shook her head from side to side.

"That's part of my problem. In that scenario where you take me back to the park, once I get out of the camper, I realize that I have nothin'. I don't know where to go. This has become the only home I know. I don't know where my car is. I'm pretty sure I don't have an apartment anymore. I didn't have any furniture to speak of anyway. My clothes are probably all given to the needy or somethin'. I have no job. I have no money. I'm more frightened about bein' free than I was about bein' a prisoner. Crazy isn't it?"

I scooted myself up to join her sitting at the headboard. I put my right arm around her naked shoulders and pulled her over so that she rested against me.

"No. It was all a part of my plan."

"What plan is that? The one thing you fussed at me about when you first brought me here was that you didn't have a plan. You never knew from one day to the next what you would do with me."

"Has it been horrible?"

"Not very often. Actually it's never been horrible. You did scare the hell out of me when you first told me that I was kidnapped. I was so afraid of that gun. I just knew I was going to die. And the first couple of days were scary. But since then ... I've been okay. At some point I knew that you wouldn't hurt me ... at least not too bad. Although at first I was scared to death about the sex. I kept thinking that I wouldn't be good enough for you to want to keep me. You'd find out I'm lousy at everything I do, even sex and you'd just dump me in the river. But you were gentle with me and you even praised me when I did something that you liked. No man had ever praised anything I'd done before."

"But you were incredible. I remember the first night we actually spent together in my bedroom. I've never had better sex with a stranger! And over the months we've really learned about each other. I think I can make you cum almost by talking to you about sex. And I have wet dreams about havin' sex with you and that's after havin' sex with you and we're sleepin' side by side."

"But I was such a bitch when I worked for you. I still have fears that you'll find out what a fraud I am."

"Courtney ... before you go, I wanna tell you somethin'. This may be the craziest part of all this. But I want you to know. I need for you to know ... I love you. I've probably

known it for most of the time you've been here. But I was afraid that you'd be frightened by my saying it. You know, you'd think I was some sort of crazy person. But I'm not crazy. I think it was love at first sight. I think that first day I saw you for the interview, you stole my heart and I haven't been the same since. I've never wanted anyone or anything like I've wanted you. And I still want you. I'm scared to death that you're gonna leave me and I'll never see you again. I'm more afraid of that than I am that you'll go to the police and have me arrested."

I had not been making eye contact with her, fearing that I'd not be able to say what I wanted her to hear. When I finally looked over at her, there were tears streaming down both her cheeks even though there was a huge smile on her face.

We sat there looking at each other for what could have been a couple of minutes or maybe an hour, I'm not totally sure. At some point, she tentatively moved toward me and I returned the gesture and after a couple more of these shifts, she was against my chest, her head on my shoulder, her arms around my neck. Then her voice was very soft against my shoulder. I could feel her lips moving against my skin. And at a volume almost too low to be heard, she took me totally by surprise.

"If I agree to stay for six more months, you have to buy me some more clothes. Maybe even take me shopping. I miss shopping. I want a sundress. Or two. And I'd like to have some more stockings and garters or thigh highs so I don't have to wear pantyhose all the time. And I want to spend

more time outside. Even captives in prison are allowed time outside each day. And I'd rather you use something soft when you tie me up. At least don't use the rope very often. I don't like the rope. It leaves deep marks on my arms and legs. If you'll buy some soft fabric like teeshirting, I'll make some ropes. I know there's a sewing machine in the other bedroom and I can use it. And I'd like to cook out on the grill sometimes."

I was speechless. She could not have shocked me any more by telling me that she was an alien. Suddenly I was consumed with a sense of well being that bordered on hysterical happiness. I knew without thinking about it that my face was one huge grin. I held her to me as if that would prevent her from ever leaving as I made my offer.

"I'll agree to all your terms. I'll take you shopping for more clothes and we'll buy you sundresses and stockings and garters and anything else you want. And there are some things I want to buy for you too. And you can go outside as much as you want when I'm home. And I'll only use rope once in a while and whatever else you said, but the length of time is just too short. It has to be ... two years."

Just as in our first negotiation, I knew she would counter offer and so I'd asked for two years hoping for her to counter for one year. Once again she totally out maneuvered me.

"Did you really mean it when you said you love me?"

"Wha ... yes, of course I meant it. Why?"

"I don't think any one has ever really loved me before."

Tears started trickling down her cheeks again and at the same time she started to laugh.

"I almost said that no one has ever really loved me before ... with no strings attached! But then it struck me as funny that you almost always have strings attached to me, but they have nothing to do with your loving me do they?"

"No. I'd love you without them too."

"But I'll keep on wearing them because ... I love you too."

"Why? I kidnapped you and I keep you tied up most of the time and I use you for sex."

"You've been kinder to me than any man I've ever dated. You treat me better than my parents ever did. And you've shown me that I'm important to somebody. Lots of women go through life without ever having half that."

"So are you gonna leave after dinner tonight or are you gonna accept my offer?"

"And six months isn't long enough? I mean, look at all we've done in this past six months."

"Nope."

"Okay. Two years then."

POST SCRIPT

When my partners and I started the firm eighteen years ago, one of the agreements we'd reached was that we were in it for the long haul. None of us wanted to create something with our hard work only to sell out to the first conglomerate that came along with a few million bucks. Ah the arrogance of youth and inexperience. But our plan was simply to build a business that we could leave to our children. But only after it had paid to raise them in the comfort to which we intended making them familiar.

And suddenly after nearly two decades, someone was interested in what we had built. And we guys were interested in what they had to say. All three of us were single. Each of us had either been married and divorced or, learning from others' failures, had dodged the matrimonial bullet altogether. Between us there was only one child. One partner had a daughter from his brief encounter with a wife and when the mother and daughter had left, the little girl had only been thirteen months old. Her mother had filled her with so many half-truths and downright lies that she hated her father. His total contribution to her upbringing was the monthly support check.

When the offer was made by the parent company of a major competitor, we partners put our heads together and decided that living a comfortable retirement was more the kind of reward we all wanted. So the company was sold.

Without much warning, I was put in a position of having nothing that demanded my attention professionally. I had only two homes that connected me to the community. And with my newly renewed contract with my captured pantyhose model and playmate, I realized that not only would my interests be best served by creating a new life somewhere different, my life could be much simpler and more open.

Within thirty days of the consummation of the sale of the business, I'd found a ranch just southwest of Corpus Christi, Texas. I made a down payment and moved all the belongings I wanted to keep to the new digs. I returned only long enough to list my former real estate holdings with a realtor.

When my home in the city and my granddad's farm sold, I paid off the mortgage on the ranch and bought a forty-four foot motorsailer for the Gulf of Mexico. Courtney and I had once talked about adding a pool, and the ranch came with one. But I found out that playing pirate on a ship with a pretty woman captive can be a great way to keep the mind young. And if that doesn't suit your fancy, then how about a simple game of cowboys. We have the horses and plenty of rope. So if you're ever in Texas, look us up.

THE END

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