

CAPTIVE JOURNEY

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is suspended from a horizontal bar. She is wearing a red, lace-trimmed bra and a tan, form-fitting bodysuit. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a soft, out-of-focus gradient of colors, including pink, purple, and blue.

VALENTINE ADAMS

Renaissance E Books

www.renebooks.com

Copyright ©

NOTICE: This eBook is licensed to the original purchaser only. Duplication or distribution to any person via email, floppy disk, network, print out, or any other means is a violation of International copyright law and subjects the violator to severe fines and/or imprisonment. This notice overrides the Adobe Reader permissions which are erroneous. This eBook cannot be legally lent or given to others.

This eBook is displayed using 100% recycled electrons.



Distributed by Fictionwise.com

Captive Journey: A Woman's Odyssey into Bondage
by Valentine Adams

CAPTIVE JOURNEY

A Woman's Odyssey into Submission

By

VALENTINE ADAMS

ISBN 1-58873-978-3

All rights reserved

Copyright © 2006 Valentine Adams

This book may not be reproduced in whole or in part without
written permission.

A Sizzler/B&D Edition

www.sizzlereditions.com

A Renaissance E Books publication

Captive Journey: A Woman's Odyssey into Bondage
by Valentine Adams

DISCLAIMER:

This is a work of fiction. It is intended for the entertainment of adults only. All characters are fictitious and any resemblance they might have to real people is purely coincidental and unintentional.

CHAPTER 1

You know how sometimes you ask yourself, just how did I get into this. Well, I know exactly how and when I got into this. I was working an open house for the company on Sunday when it happened. It all started that Sunday. I was at Johns Pointe Villas, unit 206. It was the model home and I'd pulled office duty for the day, which meant that I had to be there and have the model open from one to five. It was so slow. With these oceanfront and oceanview properties, we get scads of traffic in the summer when the families are all on vacation. They would all like to have a vacation home, but most of them are just wannabes. A week in someone else's condo is all they can afford. Then the fall is even worse. The only traffic we get then are golfers. They're just looking for ... well who knows what they're looking for. Winter is the only really good season. The few customers who come looking then are usually truly interested and they typically have the money. Now the problem is that you may spend the entire day, especially a Sunday, and never see a soul.

On this particular Sunday, I had been there almost three hours and not a single person had come in. Then suddenly when I thought I was going to fall asleep, this really handsome man in his forties, maybe late forties, comes through the door. He's about six feet tall, slim but not thin if you know what I mean; maybe one eighty or ninety; nice sandy hair that showed only the slightest touch of gray at the

sideburns. He had a beautiful mustache and a warm and easy smile.

"Hello. I hope it's okay that I just burst in like this. I'm very interested in buying property on the ocean."

"It's just fine! It's so quiet here on these winter days, I was about to consider a nap. Please look around and don't hesitate to ask if you need or want anything."

He nodded and smiled graciously. I waited in the great room while he walked through. When he returned he took a seat across from my chair on the sofa.

"My name is Victor Dulaney. Like the frozen food, no relation. Like yourself, I'm in the real estate business."

I wasn't very happy to hear that. It meant splitting any commissions.

"I'm Heather Journey. What agency are you with?"

"I don't work for a real estate firm if that's what you mean. I buy commercial properties. Like this complex."

Now he had my undivided attention.

"How long've you been selling real estate Heather?"

"Almost a year."

"And do you like it?"

"I think I could grow to like it."

"How many sales have you made?"

"You mean since I started in the business?"

He only nodded.

"Well, I have some things pending. Waiting for mortgage approvals, that sorta thing."

In truth, I didn't have a thing pending. I'd been in the business for ten months and I hadn't made a dime. And I was

just about broke. I had a good friend in the business who was substitute teaching and working as an escort on weekends. She had offered to introduce me to her boss at the escort service. But I didn't want to do that yet. It just seemed to me that it was the next thing to prostitution. And if I stooped that far, I didn't want someone making the lion's share of the money from my work.

He only nodded again.

"What would you do to sell ... say ten of these units?"

That question hung in the air. It wasn't so much what he asked as it was the way he asked it. I mean, I was sure he meant what kind of a deal could I do for multiple sales, but ... I just wasn't totally sure there wasn't something else lurking just below the surface. But I had to assume the best at the moment.

My firm owned the development and they were paying a flat three percent of the sales price. That would be nearly \$2700 per unit at \$89,500. Ten units would make me enough to stay in the business for another year. I knew that if I could just last to get some business going that I could do this thing. So it then occurred to me that maybe what he had meant was that he wanted to get some sort of kickback. Maybe half. No that would be too much. I figured a neutral answer was the best approach. Make him tip his hand first before I offered the candy store.

"I'm open to negotiation. So how much do you have in mind. I can tell you that the commission is not all that good. If I split it with you, it wouldn't be worth the effort for either one of us."

He was casual. Smooth was the word. He relaxed back against the sofa and crossed his legs, putting his right ankle on his left knee.

"I don't want any of the money. I'm just curious how far you would go to sell, what, nearly a million dollars worth of real estate."

I knew it! There was something under the surface. There was some vibe that I had gotten with that first question. Now I had to decide if I was going to be offended. But it just wasn't worth the trouble. Besides, this guy was way too hot.

"So what do you have in mind?"

He uncrossed his leg and sat up on the edge of the cushion, his pale blue eyes looking right through me.

"Consider this. You think just what you would be willing to do or give up, assuming that it would not be anything illegal, or anything that would cause you or anyone else any permanent harm. Those are the parameters. Within them, anything is fair game. And in exchange you would sell ten of these condos."

I thought about that pretty hard. I first thought, "you must be crazy to even think about something that's this strange." But he had said nothing illegal and nothing which would cause me or anyone else any harm. How could it be that way?

"My grandmother always told me that if something seemed too good to be true, then it is."

"Sounds like your Grandmother was a smart lady. But why would it be too good to be true?"

"Well selling ten condos would be pretty good."

"I'm going to buy at least ten condos somewhere. Why shouldn't I buy them from you?"

"Why would you?"

"Like I said, I'm going to buy them anyway. Why not from you? They're fairly priced aren't they? The construction's to code?"

"Well yes. Of course. They are probably going to go up in the spring."

"Well, there you have it."

"But why me?"

"You're pretty ... and you need the sale."

Well one out of two wasn't bad. I sure as hell did need the sale.

"So why does this other thing have to be?"

"I'm a dealer. I have to get something in exchange."

"So ... what do you want?"

"Tell me what you're willing to give, as I said, without it being illegal or causing anyone any permanent harm."

It occurred to me that I had to be clear outside my mind to be thinking the things that were traveling through my stream of thought. But I was bored and wanted to take the risk, for curiosity if nothing else. I could always back out later. I mean, he wasn't the devil asking me to sell him my soul, was he? I'd even wondered about that at times. Would I sell my soul to the devil for the right price? But then I didn't believe in the devil or hell or even sin for that matter. So the point was moot.

"Okay. I would do *anything* as long as it isn't illegal and it doesn't hurt anyone. Now what do you want?"

That put the ball back in his court. And there was absolutely no hesitation. He stood up suddenly and extended his hand to me and we shook.

"Miz Journey, the first thing we need to do is get to know each other. I think we have the basis to do a lot of business together. Your license is good for the state is it not?"

"Well ... yes."

"Good. I'm stayin' at the Hilton Towers. Call me there and let's schedule either a dinner meeting tonight or a lunch meeting tomorrow or both."

"Well ... okay ... I guess."

And just as suddenly he was heading out the door. I wasn't sure if I had scared him away or if he had just gotten the answer he was looking for, but there I was alone in that unit again. But I couldn't help but let the smile rise to my face. Now I just wondered if he would really be there if I called or if this entire thing had only been some joke because he was bored. I'd find out pretty soon.

* * * *

I finished the open house and went home. When I got there, I changed into a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt and headed to the kitchen. I hadn't eaten all day and I was hungry. The sad news was that there was nothing in the fridge. And the cupboard was bare. Then I thought, why not, I could call him and maybe have dinner on him. I needed to be careful with any money I had left. It was near its end. Another month of rent and utilities and gasoline and I'd be officially broke. And the Visa card only had about sixteen

hundred dollars left until it was at the limit. After checking the directory, I picked up the phone and dialed the Hilton.

"Hilton Towers. This is Peter speaking, how may I help you?"

"Peter, could you connect me with Victor Dulaney please."

"Yes. One moment please."

Well, at least there was someone registered there by that name. Things were looking up. After two rings his cool soft voice was on.

"Heather?"

"Yes, it is."

"I had hoped you'd call. It's such a bore to dine alone in a strange place. I do that far too much."

Somehow, I didn't really believe that he was ever alone unless he chose to be. He was way too handsome and totally smooth.

"I thought we might have dinner if you haven't already eaten."

"That would be terrific. Why don't you pick me up at the hotel. Pick any place you like. I don't know anything about the area."

"Okay. I'll be there in about thirty minutes. I have to change."

"Oh, I think you looked just fine the way you were."

"Well, I spilled wine on the pants I had on."

I don't know why I lied. It just came out on it's own. I did know that I was going to wear a skirt. I have absolutely great legs. I figured they would distract him a little and then I could find out about him without his paying so much attention to

Captive Journey: A Woman's Odyssey into Bondage
by Valentine Adams

what I would say. Men have a way of watching legs, boobs, or butts, and not paying attention to the conversation.

I took a very quick shower but kept my hair dry. I'd washed it in the morning anyway. I checked my legs for hair stubble. They weren't perfect, but it would be dark. Plus I'd wear dark stockings. I got dressed in a black skirt that hit me about four inches above the knees. That really gives the illusion that I'm all legs since I'm five foot eight and have long legs anyway. Black pantyhose, black pumps with inch and a half heels and a white band collar cotton shirt with long sleeves and French cuffs.

* * * *

I picked-up Victor in front on his hotel thirty-five minutes after I had hung up the phone.

"Hello again."

"Hello Heather. I'm glad you spilled that wine. You have nice legs."

"Thank you. What kind of food do you like?"

"I'm open to almost anything as long as it isn't fried."

"Do you like Cajun food?"

"Love it!"

We went to a place call The Bijou. It was just past the rush hour for dinner, at least in the winter. Most of the folks who live here year-round are retired and they go to bed early. There were maybe ten couples in the place when we were seated. After we ordered, we got down to business, at least he did.

"So tell me Heather, if we up the ante, to say fifteen condos, what would you be willing to offer in trade?"

I had thought about this all during my shower and the drive to get him at the hotel. I had decided to call his bluff or play his game to the hilt.

"So are you the devil in search of my soul?"

"No. I'm not a bad person at all. But it's interesting that you would think that I'm after your soul. I'd be far more interested in your body."

"You mean sex?"

And there was that incredibly confident smile. No doubt about it, he was at the top of the scale.

"Pleasure is what life's all about. If that happens to be sex or a good meal or sailing a nice boat to the islands, doesn't matter to me."

"Well, this is a good meal, and I don't have a sail boat. I guess that gets us down to the sex again."

I couldn't believe that I had been this dense. He just wanted a roll in the hay. Hell, he looked good enough that I would've considered doing that without selling him any property. But if I could sell fifteen condos, I'd fuck his brains out!

"Life isn't that simple. There's more to it than that."

What the hell, it was time I made my play. This was going to be easier than I had thought. Just make the offer and wait for the sale.

"Well, I can tell you, I'm not easy. And I'm certainly not a tramp or anything close to that. But I can also tell you that

I'm not stupid or an innocent and I'll fuck your brains out to sell you fifteen condos."

Maybe that's not what I'm looking for. But it's a start."

I was totally confused by now. If he wasn't interested in sex, or a kickback which he had pretty much eliminated this afternoon, then I didn't think there was much else I had to offer.

"It's more than a start. It's along the lines of my top offer."

"It may be ... that your offer is too high. Maybe it's something less than that which will be of interest."

"Well, I don't do oral sex unless I know the guy really well, if that's what you've got in mind. I mean like a relationship or somethin', you know. I've only done that with one guy and he and I dated for nearly two years."

"Well Heather, I think we've made great progress in just the couple of hours we've known each other. We're talking pretty openly about intimate sex acts. I find that encouraging. I'm confident we can make this thing work."

"I'll make it work if I only know what 'it' is."

"Okay. I'll pitch my proposition. I will buy fifteen condos at \$89,500 each. That's one million three hundred forty two thousand five hundred dollars at what ... two and a half or three percent? That's about forty thousand dollars for you. I'll buy according to your terms, five percent down, that's sixty seven thousand one hundred twenty five dollars down, no closing and the balance paid out at six and a half percent for fifteen years on a land contract.

"Now in exchange for that, I want seven days of your time. There will be good food involved, sailing involved, bondage involved, and most certainly sex could be involved. But you will never, ever be forced. It will be with your consent and approval or it won't happen. The sex part I mean. The rest will be part of a contractual agreement between you and me. Call it ... an indentureship for a week, or white slavery if you prefer."

Well, I heard what he said but I still wasn't sure what any of it meant. And I sure as hell didn't know if I liked words like white slavery. And there were some other things I wanted clarification on. But we were still negotiating at this point.

"And when would this week happen?"

"Write up the contracts and set the closing 'to be determined'. After everything is done but the closing, we'll take our week and I'll close when we get back."

"And how am I supposed to just take off with you for a week? Won't someone get curious?"

"Like whom?"

"My boss for one. He might not like me takin' off with one of my clients. And what about your boss or your wife?"

"After you bring in a million and a half dollar contract, you could relieve yourself in your boss's lap and he wouldn't mind. But if you need to tell him something, just say that you are goin' with me to show me some property for potential development. As far as my boss is concerned, I'll handle that. And I don't have a wife."

"So where would we go?"

"I have a home at St. Lucia. We would go there. I keep my motor-sailer there. I give you my word, you will enjoy yourself. I'll make you a wager. The only way you'll ever get to do it again is if you ask. And if you ask, I'll take you there again. My wager is that you'll ask to go."

I was getting a freaky feeling that I was gonna do this.

"You said something about bondage or somethin'. What's that all about?"

"You asked me earlier about taking your soul. Well, it isn't your soul I want to take. It's your freedom, but only for a week. I am into bondage. When I saw you this afternoon, I realized that I really wanted to have you that way. Hence this deal."

"So what does that mean exactly?"

"It means that for a week you'll be my prisoner."

"And what exactly does that mean? I mean are you sayin' I have to wear like handcuffs or somethin'?"

"Well, it will be a little more elaborate than just wearing handcuffs."

"How much more elaborate?"

"I will keep you prisoner using many different forms of bondage. I will certainly use handcuffs and shackles. But I will also use rope to tie you. The rope that I use is braided cotton teeshirting material. It's very soft. I may also use leather straps and hospital restraints, as well as blindfolds and gags. But as I said earlier, there will never be anything to cause any permanent harm. And you will not be forced to have any type of sex. That will be strictly at your own agreement. At the end

of a week, I'll bring you home safe and sound and close the purchase of the condos. You're no worse for the wear."

"What are shackles?"

"Well, they're like handcuffs, but with a slightly longer chain between the cuffs. They go on your ankles. But I don't use them much. I prefer to use the cotton cloth rope."

"And what do you do with that?"

"I'll tie you up with it."

"So like, tell me about tying me up. What would that be?"

"Well, it could be as simple as tying your wrists and ankles, or it could be more than that. Maybe tying you to a bed with your hands tied to the headboard and your feet tied to the footboard."

"And how much of that week am I gonna be tied up or whatever?"

"All of it. At least most of it. There may be some times when I don't have you tied. Or maybe there won't be."

"Well, doesn't it hurt? Isn't it uncomfortable?"

"Sometimes it can be uncomfortable. But I try not to make it too bad. At least not for long periods of time. Haven't you ever been tied up?"

"No, I can't say that I have."

"Haven't you ever watched a movie when a girl gets grabbed by the bad guys and she gets tied up?"

"Well, sure I have."

"Haven't you ever wondered what it would be like to be her?"

"I guess I must be the most clueless person in the world. I've just never thought about it one way or the other. But

suppose I can't do it? I mean, suppose it's like I get claustrophobic or somethin'?"

"I'll tell you what. Come back to my hotel with me and I'll tie you up and you can see exactly what it's like first hand. Then you can decide if you want to do the deal or not."

I thought about this for a minute. At least if I went back to the hotel, there would be other people around. That should be safe enough. And he had said the magic words, forty thousand dollars for me! I really needed to have that money unless I wanted to get a regular job working for some asshole from nine to five and makin' bupkis.

"Well ... it wouldn't take very long would it? I mean, I can't stay very long or anything. I need to get home and do some stuff for in the morning. It's after eight already."

"It won't take long. And you've got to take me back there anyway. Just come up for a half an hour."

"Well, okay I guess. Do you have ... like the stuff you need with you?"

"I'll find something we can use."

"Okay. But should I go home and change into something else."

"No. You can take off the skirt. The shirt and stockings will be perfect."

I could not believe myself. You would think a twenty-five year old would not do something so crazy. I mean, here I was driving this man who was, for all practical purposes, a stranger, back to his hotel where I fully intended to go up to his room with him and not only allow him to tie me up, but to take off my skirt before doing it. I guess it was no different

Captive Journey: A Woman's Odyssey into Bondage
by Valentine Adams

than driving too fast or skiing down a mountain totally out of control.

CHAPTER 2

I parked in the main lot at the Hilton and we went through the lobby. He was in room 412. Once inside, he crossed the room and pulled the draperies closed.

"Would you like to visit the convenience?"

"Oh, no. I'm okay."

"Well, why don't you take off your skirt."

I only shrugged and thought to myself that this must be how a prostitute feels. I was here to do something with a stranger and I might as well get on with it. I put my bag on the end of the desk to my right and pulled down the zipper and opened the waistband button and let the skirt drop to the floor. Catching it on the toe of my right foot, I lifted it up until I could grab it with my hand. I folded it and draped it over my bag. I realized at that point that my slip was a full one and that I would have to take off my shirt to remove the slip. And I was fairly certain that I should do that.

"Maybe I will visit the ladies room."

He only nodded as I turned to my left and went into the bright white ceramic room. I quickly removed the shirt and then the slip before putting the shirt back on. I looked at myself in the mirror and decided that I might as well look sexy. So I took the shirt off again and this time removed my bra. When I put the shirt back on, I left the two top buttons open and the cuff links out of the cuffs. I folded the cuffs up about four turns so that the sleeve stopped just at the tops of my forearms. Then I went back out into the room.

He was standing on the far side of the king-sized bed. He had removed his jacket and his sleeves were rolled up too. Ready to go to work on me. I noticed that there were several white things coiled on the bed. They looked like hair braids. They were about half an inch or slightly more in diameter and were apparently white cloth braided into sort of ropes.

"Come over here Heather."

I did as instructed and when I got to where he was standing, he took my left hand and sort of pulled me in front of him and turned me slightly so that I was facing away from him toward the windows. I felt him sit down on the bed and then he pulled my hands behind me and held them together with one of his hands. My first reaction was that flash of adrenaline that courses through your body at the possibility of disaster. But I calmed myself with the thought that there were a lot of people here in the hotel. It certainly seemed reasonable that if he were going to rape and kill me, it would have made far more sense to go to some secluded spot rather than one of the most popular and busiest hotels in town.

Then, for the first time, I felt the softness of the cloth being wrapped around my crossed wrists. It didn't initially feel tight at all. After about four wraps, I felt his hand reach between my forearms a couple of times as he apparently passed the rope across the bindings he had already put around my wrists. Then suddenly I felt a strong tug and the pressure on my wrists was increased substantially, pulling my wrists snugly together. Then I felt him tug a couple of knots into the ropes. Then I realized that he had stood behind me

and then he grasped me by the shoulders and moved me backwards until the backs of my legs bumped the bed.

"Here, have a seat. Now, would you like to have a few minutes to adjust to having your hands tied before we progress, or would you rather we just go ahead and finish now?"

I felt a sudden panic as he said those words.

"What do you mean by finish?"

"I mean finish tying you."

"What else are you going to do to me?"

"Well, I thought that a good hog-tie would be as good an example of what you could expect as anything."

"And what would that be?"

"It's much easier to show you than to try and explain it."

That might have been an explanation, but it wasn't a very good one. Once he showed me, I'd be caught. But I reminded myself that I'd made a commitment here and nodded my head to acknowledge my agreement.

"I think I'll tie your knees and ankles. Then I'll put you on your stomach and tie your ankles to your hands. I think I'll also blindfold you. If you are going to get claustrophobic, the blindfold will be the worst part. So do you want to have a few minutes to adjust or should we just go ahead and finish you up?"

"I guess we might as well go ahead and get it over with."

"Okay."

He stooped in front of me and, one foot at a time, he pulled off my pumps. Then he used another piece of his cloth rope to tie my ankles side-by-side. I was a little concerned

with the fact that I'd not chosen to shave my legs before our date. With the dark stockings, I'd figured there was little chance he'd notice. Now he was literally holding my leg in his hand. It was too late to worry about that now. Next he tied my legs just above my knees. In both cases, I watched as he wrapped about four turns of the rope around my legs and then cinched the bindings between my legs. When the knots were tied, my legs were very snugly held together.

Then he flipped me over onto my stomach on the big bed and after a couple of seconds, there was a tug that pulled my bound feet up behind my back to my bound hands. And after a couple of pulls to secure knots, he released me and my heels were firmly against my buttocks and I was not able to straighten them out at all. Finally, he covered my eyes with a soft white cloth, which he tied at the back of my head.

"Okay, there you are Heather. That's called a hog-tie. What do you think?"

I rocked back and forth a little and tugged at my hands and legs but quickly discovered that there was no room for slack. I was totally helpless.

"I certainly can't get free. And I'm not going anywhere like this."

"Are you in pain?"

"No. I'm okay. I do think this could become pretty uncomfortable, pretty quickly, but for the moment, it's not too bad."

"So you said you had a half hour. Let's leave you tied about twenty minutes and see what you think."

"Okay, I guess."

"Do you live alone Heather?"

"What? Oh yes, I do."

"Ever considered marriage?"

"When I was thirteen, I wanted to marry John Travolta.
But not since then."

"Do you date a lot?"

"Not much. I've been really trying to make this real estate thing work. It takes all my time."

"So you need a vacation. Going to St. Lucia will be good for you."

"Yeah, I could use some time off. But now I'm beginning to wonder if going to St. Lucia for a week as a white slave is gonna be much of a vacation though."

"Oh sure it will be. I'm telling you it will be fun."

"Well, okay. Maybe it will be. But tell me something. I'm lying here tied up tight. What's in that for you?"

"Oh, the visual effect of your body lying there, totally helpless, is very stimulating. I'm particularly pleased by the contrast of the bindings to the dark stockings and your nicely tanned wrists and arms. The white shirt is a nice touch too. And I do have to confess, with most women, this inevitably leads to some of the most gratifying sex imaginable. But always and only if the lady freely desires it."

"Do you do this often?"

"The bondage, you mean?"

"Well, partly. But I also mean doing it with a total stranger? I would guess most of the time it's with your girlfriend or someone you at least have known for a while."

"Well, let me answer this way. I have probably done this a dozen times at least, with absolute strangers whom I've only just met in business or socially. Though business is better. I only started asking in the past few years. It just never occurred to me to do it before then. I think it has to do with maturity and confidence to some extent. As far as the bondage in general, I have been doing it for twenty-five years or more. But I don't do it with any one particular person on a regular basis. I don't have a girlfriend. I do have a few lady friends. Only a couple of them have ever been in the position you're in now. I don't really have a long term regular. I do have an old friend I can call anytime I feel the desire and she'll come right over. She carries her own rope with her wherever she travels. She's the one who first gave me the idea about braiding my own rope from cloth. She uses different kinds of fabrics and in different colors depending on what she decides to wear and how she is feeling."

"Have you ever had a slave for a week before?"

"Yes. I had one about this time last year. She begged me to let her stay longer. It ended up being nearly a month."

"Who was she?"

"An interior architect."

"How does someone like that take off that much time?"

"I guess she either had it coming or she didn't care. Sometimes their bosses will insist."

"You mean a woman's boss would insist that she be your sex slave for a week just to get the business?"

"Absolutely."

"Tell me about someone who did that."

"A banker. She was a vice president. She was in her late twenties; a real corporate climber; slick, sharp and a real fox."

"Did you meet her through your business or her boss?"

"I met her and she introduced me to her boss."

"How do you go about asking somebody's boss to let them be your slave?"

"I didn't ask him. When I met him, we were in her office and he assured me that I could have "any service I required" was the way he put it. I told her that I would put that to the test and I told her what I wanted."

"And she went along with it?"

"Yes. I borrowed over a million dollars from her. And I opened accounts with her, which will make her look really good. Very similar situation to yours."

"Do you ever see these people again?"

"Yes. The interior architect came down at New Years to spend a few days with me."

"Did you tie her up while she was there?"

"Yep. She asked me too."

"Well ... what about sex?"

"Depends on what you mean by sex."

"I mean any kind of sex, vaginal, oral, manual. Any kind."

"I love sex if that's what you're asking."

"No, I mean do you have sex with these women?"

"If they agree to it."

"And do they agree to it?"

"So far they have."

"While they're tied up?"

"Frequently."

"Do they ask to do it that way?"

"Sometimes."

"Why would they do that?"

"Curiosity the first time. After that because they liked it the first time."

"Seriously?"

"Absolutely. What time do you need to be home?"

"Well, I probably should try to get there by ten. What time is it?"

"It's only twenty of nine. You want to try a little longer?"

"Well, yeah I guess, okay."

"How do you feel?"

"I'm still okay. It really isn't too bad. At least I don't really have to fear it."

"So are you interested in doing the deal?"

That crass expression about relieving oneself or removing oneself from the pot popped into my head and I laughed. And even though the laugh was brief and very soft, he heard it and asked.

"What's funny?"

"Oh, it was just one things that pop into your head, you know. And considering my present situation, it seemed funny."

"Yeah, those happen don't they? So, the deal?"

"Sure. I guess so."

"How soon can you have the paperwork done?"

"I could do that tomorrow. I'll need you to come by my office and sign the credit application and the contracts. And I'll need an earnest money deposit."

"I'll bring the check for the down payment. The credit report should be back in a couple of days. I'll stay here until Friday afternoon. If we can have everything done by then, let's go to St. Lucia on Saturday afternoon."

It surprised me a little. Of course, it shouldn't have. Not with the way he had done everything so far in short order. But I just hadn't thought about the reality of it until that minute. But what did it really matter anyway when I went. I had agreed to do it now and I didn't plan to back out at this point.

"Saturday afternoon would work for me. How do we get there?"

"We fly. I will take care of all that. All you need to do is pack enough clothes for a week. I'll bring you back home on Sunday if that's suitable."

"Sure. I guess that would be fine."

And that was how it all started. I did go home by ten that night, but with only four minutes to spare. He'd used every minute I'd allowed him. And he'd kept me tied up until after nine-thirty. That was like over an hour. But it wasn't bad. It wasn't even uncomfortable. At least not in comparison to what was to come. But that and more is continued in the next chapter.

CHAPTER 3

And here is the next chapter. I went into work the next morning and told my boss that I had sold fifteen units at the Johns Pointe condos and I thought he was going to have an orgasm right there in the office. And when I told him that I had gotten the full asking price for all of them, he said that I was due a bonus. He went back into his office and before I had all the contracts finished, he was back at my desk. He told me that my commission was going to be \$40,275 and that in addition to that, he would give me a check for \$2,500 when the contracts were signed and a week off for a trip to celebrate.

It didn't occur to me then that it was all just too coincidental. And one thing my old Granny always said is that there are no coincidences. I just told him that was fine and that I would leave after work on Friday and be gone next week. My boss has never been what you could call employee oriented. His only motivation ever was to sell real estate. If that meant that his employees got something in the bargain, then he could tolerate that. So in this case, he just said sure. And just like that, everything was fixed just so.

Another thing that should have given me a clue as to Victor Dulaney's clout was that the credit report had come back within three hours. I'd never seen one come back in less than two days before. It said that October Development Group, which was the company Dulaney worked for, had a five A credit rating and that anything they wanted was fine.

They had a credit line at the Chase-Manhattan for up to twenty five million dollars. I nearly fainted. Victor came into the office on Monday afternoon and brought a cashier's check for the down payment and signed the contracts. Everything was approved and ready to close with the exception of the stuff the lawyers had to do. As he sat there in my little cubicle, signing papers, Victor smiled at me.

"So Heather, what would you say to leaving a little early?"

"You mean to go to St. Lucia?"

"Yes."

"How much earlier?"

He glanced at the Rolex on his left wrist.

"Well, it's three-thirty. How about six?"

I don't know any reason why I should have been surprised, but I was. Suddenly this crazy week off was trying to become two weeks.

"I can't do that."

"Why not?"

"Well ... for several reasons."

"And they are?"

"Well ... I have to work for one. And I haven't even decided what to take, let alone gotten packed. Plus, we'd agreed to go on Saturday and it's only Monday."

"I tell you what. You go talk to your boss and tell him that I want to take you to the islands for a little get-away and that I want to leave tonight. I bet he'll understand and tell you to take all the time you need. And while you're doing that and finishing up the paperwork, I'll go to your place and pack for

you. Then I can come back here and pick you up at six and we're off. Now how could you turn down a deal like that!"

I couldn't believe that I'd even consider this idiotic proposal, but I was beginning to want to get away from the office. Also, I didn't think my boss would like the idea very much.

"I'll make you a deal. If my boss says it's okay with him, I'll do it."

I actually felt pretty safe. Arron Stewart was known far and wide for being impatient with anyone in real estate who didn't want to work seven days a week and fifty-two weeks a year. I was so sure what he was going to say, that I almost didn't hear what he actually said, which was, "Sure. That'd be a real good idea."

I was still in shock when I got back to my desk. After I dropped down in my desk chair, I looked at Victor and shook my head in dismay. Then I shrugged and grabbed my purse off the shelf above the desktop. I dug into the soft leather bag which matched the periwinkle blue pumps I was wearing and pulled out my key ring. I gave Victor directions and showed him which key was to the front door.

"You okay? You seem to be in shock or something."

"Oh, no. I mean yes. I'm okay, I mean. But ... I've just never seen this side of my boss. There was no way he was going to say yes. But that's just what he did."

"So everything is good."

"I guess. Except, I don't have any idea what to tell you to pack."

"Don't worry about it for an instant. I'll take care of everything."

I was beginning to suspect that he had already taken care of everything.

* * * *

I finished all my work and was waiting when he returned about five-thirty. As soon as I saw him enter the front reception area, I stood and slipped the periwinkle blue unstructured silk suit jacket on over my white silk blouse and started walking toward the front door. Victor met me with a smile.

"Will your car be safe parked outside for a week and a half?"

I hadn't even thought about the car. In truth, I didn't care if it were stolen. I didn't like it and wanted a new one anyway.

"Oh sure. It'll be fine."

Then I smiled at Terri, our receptionist.

"I am going to be on vacation for the next ... let's see, it'll be like twelve or thirteen days. Please look after my calls for me while I'm gone."

She was a very attractive girl herself, and she was making no secret of the fact that she was curious about Victor. But I decided to just ignore her questioning looks and nods and raised eyebrows cast in his direction.

"Where you goin'?"

"St. Lucia."

Victor beat me to the response. And he smiled at her warmly. It was information I would not have shared with her, but it was too late to worry about it.

"Oh gosh! What I wouldn't give to go there myself."

Victor was pretty straightforward in his reply. But of course Terri had no way of knowing what his true message was at that point.

"Well, you just keep that offer in mind and I just may take you up on it!"

* * * *

We were at the airport before six and Victor drove the car through a gate and up to a hangar where there were several small planes. Sitting on the concrete just ahead of us was a sleek white corporate jet. There were two doors open on the side, one for people and the other for what was probably a luggage compartment. There were two men in what looked like pilot's uniforms that were gray pants and white shirts with shoulder devices with little silver stripes on a dark gray background. Both men had four stripes.

One of them immediately came toward the car as Victor came to a stop. He raised the tips of his right fingers to the visor of the cap he was wearing as Victor slid out of the car, handing the keys to the pilot.

"Hey Sam. We gonna have good weather?"

"I think everything will be nice and smooth Mister Dulaney."

"The bags in the trunk go in the cargo hold. The small one behind the driver's seat goes in the cabin with me."

"Yes sir."

Again, the tip of his fingers brushed against the hat visor as Victor moved around the car and opened my door.

"Your chariot awaits, m'lady."

If the outside of this jet was impressive, I don't know how to describe the interior. The seating was all butter soft kid glove leather in a muted sand gray. The carpet was thick and plush in a matching color. The cabin walls were pastel rose which was washed in soft indirect lighting. The word that immediately jumped to my mind was wealth. This sort of airplane had to go for millions. And then a crew of two to fly one man, and his guest, anywhere he wanted to go was approaching decadence. Victor seemed totally at home though with all this luxury. Within minutes, all preparations were completed and the two pilots were on board and the jet began to move.

I slipped off my suit jacket so I would be more comfortable. I then selected a seat on the right side of the cabin on what resembled a sofa. There was enough room for two adults to lounge in comfort without interfering with each other. As we started to taxi down to the far end of the airport, Victor moved over from his seat to take the empty space next to me. He had a small leather bag, not much larger than an attache case, which he sat on the floor at his feet. I watched as he zipped it open. Inside there was a laptop computer and some other business looking items.

Then my attention was pulled away by the surge of takeoff. I turned slightly to look over my shoulder as the ground sped by and suddenly the sleek aircraft lifted off the

runway with a bump. At the same instant, my peripheral vision picked-up the motion of something shiny and metallic moving toward me and in a flash the steel cuff was ratcheted around my left wrist.

"Hey! What's this?"

Without any comment, he pulled me toward him and pulled my left arm by the cuff as he grasped my right in his hand and in seconds, my wrists were handcuffed behind my back. I sat back to see a smile spread across his handsome face.

"Boy, you didn't waste much time."

"When you asked me how much of your time you would spend in bondage, I told you all of it, or at least most of it."

He had such a reassuring smile. It was as if he was a kid getting away with something. He wasn't done. He reached down to my feet and scooped my ankles up with his left hand and slid me around so that I was sitting with my back against the arm of the sofa toward the front of the plane and he stretched my legs over his lap. He then pulled off my shoes and began massaging my feet, first the left and then the right. He kneaded the soles and arches using his thumbs and fingers, finally sliding down to individually massage each stockinged toe. It was incredibly relaxing. He continued rubbing small circles with his fingers along my feet to the heels and then up to the hollows beneath my anklebones. It felt so good that I closed my eyes and let myself go.

He continued to massage my Achilles tendons and heels and I was paying no attention until I felt the cold steel close around my left ankle. I quickly opened my eyes and was able

to watch as he encased my right ankle in the matching shiny steel circle. As I looked down at my feet, I could see the fuscina nail polish on my toes, now diluted to a pale pink because of my white, nearly opaque pantyhose. The chrome steel finish of the cuffs against the pale white of my stockings did present an erotic picture. I realized when I moved my right foot and the left one moved in unison that there wasn't a longer chain between the shackles than the handcuffs on my wrists.

"Those aren't shackles on my ankles are they?"

"No. They're just another pair of handcuffs. Shackles are only used when the prisoner needs to walk while wearing them. You don't need to walk."

So I was to spend the three and a half hours flying to St. Lucia in that decadent luxury with my hands cuffed behind my back and my ankles cuffed together. His massaging crept up my legs, stopping at my knees briefly as he looked to me with a questioning glance before I nodded yes and he reached up and unbuttoned the waist band of my skirt and slid down the zipper. I raised my hips up enough for him to pull it and my half-slip down and off my feet before he tossed them on the floor and returned his attention to my legs. Now he addressed the fronts of my thighs with his warm hands. Abruptly, when his hands reached the tops of my legs he scooted me down onto the sofa and flipped me over onto my stomach and started working the backs of my thighs and moving gently onto my buttocks. When he first put his hands on my ass, I flinched, but after a few seconds, I relaxed and closed my

eyes again and hoped he would keep going for the rest of the trip.

I should have known better. And he was pretty sneaky about it. After spending nearly fifteen minutes on my ass, he stopped and lifted my right foot up toward the ceiling, which of course forced my left along for the ride. I was shocked when he gently bit the soft side of my foot as he was holding my heel in his right hand and my toes in his left.

"Ouch! If you're hungry, they probably have room service on this flight."

I couldn't help giggling as he continued nibbling on my foot. Then he pressed my feet forward toward my buttocks and when my heels were against my ass, I felt him slide something between my feet. I looked over my left shoulder in time to see him slip a padlock over the chain link between my ankle cuffs. Then before I fully realized what he was doing, he had also caught up the link between my wrists in the same padlock and shoved it closed, holding my chained ankles against my buttocks.

"Victor! Why did you do that?"

"I just remembered how sexy you looked hog-tied last night."

Now this is a sad commentary, but true. I'm twenty-five years old. I'm five feet eight inches tall and have an excellent figure, thirty-four, twenty-four, thirty-four. I have really nice blonde hair and I think pretty green eyes, and I know that I have great legs, but in my entire life, no one had ever said that I was sexy until this man who was talking about me

wearing nothing but a pair of black pantyhose and a white cotton shirt, tied hand and foot and blindfolded.

"I can't move like this!"

"You can move enough."

"But, what about the pilots?"

"What about them?"

"They'll see me like this."

"They're too busy to worry about us. Besides, they work for me. They won't notice, trust me."

"I did trust you, and look what it got me so far!"

"Would you like me to blindfold you so you couldn't see them if they look at you?"

"No!"

"Well, maybe later. We still have over two hours until we get there. Plenty can happen between now and then."

This last was delivered with a sinister chuckle.

"You're really enjoying this, aren't you?"

"Bet your lovely ass I am. And it's only just beginning. We can have almost two weeks of this."

"Almost two weeks?"

"Yes. Your boss gave you the week off next week, remember? And then you asked him if you could leave early and he said sure. And today is only Monday. You have until next Sunday if you want to stay that long. My hope is that you'll want to stay."

"How did you know that my boss said sure? I mean that exact word."

"He told me he would."

"He told you he would?"

"Yes. You remember our little talk about bosses letting their pretty young women like yourself go off with the client for a couple of weeks and I told you that some bosses would insist?"

"Yeah, but..."

"The only butt we're talking about is that perfect butt of yours. Your boss would have insisted if you hadn't said that you'd go with me early if he said it was okay."

"So you're saying that my boss knows exactly what I'm going to be doing these two weeks?"

"Not exactly. He just knows that you're with a good client who finds you attractive and wants to spend some quality time with you."

Wait. Had there been a compliment hidden in there somewhere? Had he said something about attractive?

"You really find me attractive?"

"Of course. Actually you're gorgeous. I have lusted for you from the very first time I laid eyes on you."

"Wow, two whole days!"

"Oh no. I first saw you nearly four months ago. I was in your office."

"When? And why didn't I see you?"

"It was in October. And you did see me. I even spoke to you and you smiled and said 'hi'."

I surely didn't remember seeing him. And the truly strange thing is that Victor is exactly the sort of man that most women, me included, would notice anywhere. I could only think that I must have been having a bad day. So when did he meet with Arron? Was all this just a set up?

"So you're telling me that you conspired with my boss to do all this?"

"No, not all of it. I talked with your boss in October, but about some commercial property. I saw you and was interested in what I saw. So I did a little research. I asked the receptionist for your name and mailing address as I was leaving. Then I wrote you as October Development Group and you sent me a package of information."

Now I remembered doing that, but even today doing all that paperwork, I hadn't even thought about it. You just get used to responding to requests for info that never lead anywhere. And it's always the junior sales person who gets to waste their time doing that stuff. I guess I must have just blanked it out.

"I found out from the information you sent me that the second phase of Johns Pointe was going to be ready to go on sale right after the first of the year. I called and talked with your receptionist and told her that I was interested in a condo and that I had talked with you in October and wanted to know when you were going to be onsite so I could come see them. Of course, she said that you would be glad to meet me there at any time that suited me. I told her that I was not in a hurry and whenever you were scheduled to be there would be fine. She said you were scheduled to have office duty there on Sunday. So I planned my trip for that."

"You planned a trip there just because I was gonna to be workin'?"

"Yes."

Wasn't this guy who had me handcuffed and half clothed in his private plane telling me that he was a stalker?

"Where's your office?"

"You're sitting ... well lying in it right now. I do have one at the house in St, Lucia too, but most of my business is done right here."

I thought about all that I had just discovered and something else occurred to me. And while things were about as clear as mud, I figured that maybe with a few good questions, I could learn a little more.

"Who owns the October Development Group?"

"Me."

"So you're your own boss?"

"Yes."

"I guess it was pretty easy for you to take care of having the time off this week then."

"Yep."

I didn't know how he might react to the next question, but I just couldn't keep myself from asking.

"How much are you worth Victor?"

There was almost no hesitation. He seemed almost distant as he replied, as if he was talking about someone else.

"I don't know. It changes every day. Markets go up and markets go down. I remember once when I heard a wealthy man answer that same question the same way and I said that I would always know exactly how much money I had. I just didn't understand the entire wealth process then."

"So can you give me a range?"

"More than a billion. In fact, more than ten billion. Enough that it can change by a million dollars in a day and no one pays any real attention to it."

"How much do you earn each year?"

"That varies too. Last year was pretty good to me. I made about four hundred million after taxes."

I had never even considered that someone, anyone, could make that much money. And here I was on his jet flying off to the islands with him. What was a little scary was that this guy could do anything he wanted and pay someone to clean it up. Like that million dollars that could come or go in a day and no one would notice, was I in the same boat? What if I disappeared? Would anyone notice? I didn't know if I wanted to broach that subject just yet. I think I didn't want to know the answer just yet.

"Do you just invest it all? I mean the four hundred million you earn."

"No. I spend great chunks of it. My home on the island cost just over seven million and it has a staff of eleven. The payroll and operating costs run about a million, three hundred, million four hundred thousand dollars a year. We spend another million a year for booze, fine wines, and foods flown in from all over the world. I have a chef who earns over a hundred thousand a year. He's the best. In our various offices around the world, I employ over two thousand people whose average annual income is over a hundred eighty thousand dollars each. I give away nearly a hundred million each year to charity. And I love to give gifts."

"Like what?"

"Watches, jewelry, clothes. I love to take women shopping. I plan to take you shopping. I'll have to. Your bags in the luggage compartment are empty."

"What!"

"I didn't get anything at your place but the two bags and your birth control pills. I looked in your closets and drawers and realized that you are far more classy than your clothing budget can do justice. We'll take care of that though."

I was totally blown away by all this new information. I didn't know whether to be pissed or pleased. At least I was going to be taken care of. Except that I was beginning to get a little horny. Being so tightly restrained was having some strange effect on me. But the notion that I might be the prisoner of a rapist, stalker, murderer kind of put a damper on things. Of course, he'd been pretty open about taking me on a trip with the folks in my office. With all his money, he could have just hired someone to steal me if that was what he had planned.

"So be honest with me Victor, what do you want with me?"

"I want to spend a couple of weeks with you and give us both some pleasure. When I saw you last fall, I couldn't get the image of you bound hand and foot out of my mind. You are much prettier than you realize which is one of the things about you that appealed to me. I hope we'll become friends and that you'll feel free to come and visit with me in the future. I'll certainly see that you are employed in a good position and well paid. You've won a sorta lottery. I think you'll be pleased. I certainly hope so."

"So you're telling me that when next Sunday comes, I'll be free to go back home? You're not a stalker or a serial killer?"

"Sorry to disappoint you. I'm nothing so exciting. I'm just a man who loves women. I love spoiling women. And since I can afford to do it, I've always felt that it would be wasteful not to take advantage or any opportunity to do just that.

"And what about sex, Victor?"

"As I said the last time you asked that question, that's entirely up to you. I'd love to perform sex on that lovely body of yours. I'd love to make love to you, gently and passionately. I'd love to just *fuck* you. But I will not do it without your consent and mutual agreement."

Okay, I'd cycled through some sort of fear scare. Maybe it was perfectly normal, like going through any kind of steps relative to a certain process, although there was nothing normal about this situation. Still, I was regaining the trust that I had started this entire adventure with. I honestly didn't think Victor would hurt me.

Another more pressing problem was rearing its head. Maybe it was not being able to get my hands to where I wanted them. Or it could have been just that I felt pressed together, but there was definitely something making me crave sex. It was becoming the overshadowing thought in my mind. I couldn't help beginning to squirm and press myself against the soft leather of the sofa.

"I'm beginning to get..."

"Aroused?"

"Yes."

"I can and will satisfy you any time you say."

"How?"

"However you want. I can do it with my hands, my mouth. Those are probably the quickest and least ... likely to be detected by the guys in the cockpit."

"I thought you said that they wouldn't notice anything."

"They won't pay any attention, but they aren't blind. I was just thinking of your comfort."

I couldn't believe the brazenness of my thoughts. My horny body was doing it's best to convince my brain that anything was okay if only I could have satisfaction. I tried to resist it, at least half-heartedly. But it was no use. The bondage actually gave me the freedom to do what I wanted. Since I was unable to do anything about it. Does that make sense?

"Do it with your hands please."

He immediately grasped the elastic waist of my pantyhose and pulled them down to my knees. My panties followed in seconds. Then he rolled me over onto my right side so that the back of the sofa was behind me. He got on his knees in front of me and slipped his right arm between my legs and began to caress my ass while his left hand began the same treatment at the apex of my thighs. He started slipping two fingers of his left hand between my legs, pressing firmly against my pussy. Each time his finger passed over my clit, I jerked against his hand. Within three minutes my body was wracked with an orgasm. I bucked against the strict confinement that held my arms and legs and to my surprise, I have to admit that it added dramatically to the sensations I felt. Finally after an unusually long series of spasms, I sagged

in release. I had to laugh, both from the pleasure of cuming and from the totally casual way Victor pulled up my panties and stockings afterward, as if it was something he did every time he flew on his plane. Who knows, maybe he did!

Now I had a decided delimma. Was I nothing more that a prostitute? Had I whored myself for a sale? Or were we just a couple of professionals enjoying ourselves after a successful business deal? Prostitutes are professionals too. I needed to quit thinking so much. For the next couple of weeks, I just needed to experience, feel, enjoy. I'd decide all that philosophical bullshit later. Or not. I might just decide that none of that crap mattered. I'm a grown woman. If this was between two consenting adults, then it was okay. Actually it was better than okay. It had felt incredibly good. And right at that moment, so did I.

The rest of the flight was pretty uneventful. I fell asleep for more than an hour and was awakened by Victor's hand gently stroking my left thigh.

"It's time to get up and get dressed. You don't want the pilots to see you like this."

His chuckle let me know he was making fun of me. I realized suddenly that my legs were stretched out straight and that my ankles were free. Victor helped me to sit up and then he picked up my skirt and slip from the floor. He stooped in front of me and held the slip while I lifted one foot at a time so he could slip it on me. Then I stood as he pulled it up until the elastic was positioned correctly around my waist. Then he sat me down again and we repeated the same process with my skirt. He was careful to smooth the tail of my

blouse into the top of the skirt before zipping and buttoning the waistband in place. Again, he sat me down and this time hooked my seatbelt.

"We'll be landing in five or six minutes. Then we'll get your shoes and jacket on."

"What about my hands?"

They were still cuffed behind my back. He didn't even appear to have heard me. The noise of the jet engines had increased considerably, so I decided I'd wait until we landed.

Within five minutes, we had taxied up to a hangar and come to a stop. The engines started to shut down and Victor squatted in front of me and lifted one ankle at a time and slipped on my pumps. Then he grasped my left arm and helped me to stand. He draped my jacket over my shoulders just as one of the pilots entered the front of the cabin and brushed past to open the door. I spoke to Victor in a hushed voice so our conversation would remain private.

"Victor, my hands are still cuffed."

"That's good."

He took my upper left arm and steered me toward the door at the rear of the cabin and out to the stairs and down to the tarmac where a silver Cadillac stretch limousine was waiting. There was an Asian woman, probably Japanese I thought, in a black skirt, black stockings, black shoes, black hat and a white blouse waiting next to an open rear door. Victor helped me into the rear seat and climbed in himself and the door was closed. The woman got into the driver's seat and we were moving in seconds.

CHAPTER 4

There was far more traffic than I had expected and the main thoroughfare was like an Interstate highway. As we drove along, the number of buildings started to increase. There were numerous hotels with flashes of ocean showing between them. It was nearly dark and the horizon ahead of us was lighted as far as I could see.

"This isn't St. Lucia is it?"

"No."

"Where are we?"

"Palm Beach. We'll stay here overnight. Right now, we're going to a store where I like to shop. They're expecting us. Then to the hotel suite I keep here for business. In the morning, we'll fly on to the island. I hope you don't mind the stopover."

"No, that's fine. I do hope you will take off these handcuffs before we go shopping?"

"And suppose I don't?"

"I think I would be more comfortable if you would."

"There is something truly erotic about having a little secret like this. Try it this time and see what you think."

"But Victor! I can't go into a clothing store like this. How am I going to change clothes without my hands? And surely they will see that I'm handcuffed."

"Not if you keep your jacket over your shoulders as it is now. You'll be fine. I promise."

Captive Journey: A Woman's Odyssey into Bondage
by Valentine Adams

And just that simply, he had dismissed my request and I knew that he was not going to remove them no matter how much I complained. I knew that my face would glow bright red every time someone looked at me. My paranoia would immediately jump to the conclusion that they would be aware of my circumstances and that I must be some sort of pervert. But then I also understood that none of these people would know me or ever see me again. So I just had to suck it up.

* * * *

The shop was a very high-end specialty store that catered to wealthy and very well dressed young women. We were met at the door, which was then locked behind us since they were closed to the general public at this time of day.

The hostess was an attractive woman in her late twenties or early thirties who escorted us into a private showing room. Victor seated me in a huge forest green velvet wingback chair, which gave me some protection from having my bound hands observed. We were quickly joined by three other much younger women. All three were about my size. Over the next hour, these girls changed clothes every three minutes and created a regular fashion show for Victor and me. At his direction, I picked several things and he picked several things himself. Everything was bought by the outfit. For the first twenty minutes, they demonstrated lingerie, hosiery and sleepwear. Then outfits were combinations of dresses, skirts with jackets, shorts with jackets, blouses, shoes, hats, accessories were bought as matched sets.

The hostess who had led us in hovered between Victor and me, taking orders and answering questions. If she knew that I was wearing handcuffs, she neither said anything nor did anything to suggest it.

Finally Victor told her that we had seen enough. He asked her to put it on his account and to have it all delivered to his hotel suite tonight. He asked that one outfit be boxed so that we could take it with us now. It was a simple black silk shift with spaghetti straps that crossed over the back, which was bare down to the waist and a bottom hem ending about five inches below the knees. There was a pair of black silk pumps with four-inch heels and a pair of extremely sheer suntan pantyhose with black seams up the backs of the legs.

As he gave directions to the hostess, Victor reached for my arm and helped me to standing. As the three of us were standing there finalizing the business, I felt sudden panic as my jacket slid from my shoulders and fell to the floor behind me. I felt myself go bright red from my scalp to my toes at the embarrassment of being caught with my hands cuffed behind my back. The hostess was closest to me and she quickly stooped to pick-up my jacket and tossed it around my shoulders as if nothing was out of the ordinary. She made no comment or observation at all but completed the transactions with Victor and nodded pleasantly to me as she lead us too the front door.

I was much relieved to be in the cool dark cave afforded by the privacy glass of the rear seat of the limousine. At least I was away from prying eyes. After a few minutes, I was

mostly recovered and glad I would never have to see that woman again.

"I can't believe that the woman in that store put my jacket around my shoulders and didn't notice the handcuffs."

"People who cater to the very wealthy never see anything unless it's pointed out to them. Besides, she has been in a similar position as you were tonight."

"You mean she's one of your old girlfriends?"

"She is a dear friend of mine, yes."

"And did you tie her up?"

"I don't tie and tell. I will say that she went to that very store with me once and she told me her ideas for managing it. So I bought it and put her there as a partner. She does very well."

"How did they know we were coming? I mean those models who tried on clothes for us were all my size."

"I called her from your place. Gave her your sizes and told her when we'd be there."

"And how often do you bring young women there?"

"Fairly often. I get a discount."

He smiled just as the big car came to a gentle stop. Within seconds, the door on the right opened and he assisted me from the rear seat and we went into the hotel. It occurred to me that I hadn't even thought about my cuffed hands since my jacket had fallen off earlier. We didn't stop at the front desk but strolled straight across to the elevator bank. There were six elevators in the little hallway, three on either side. At the far end of the hall there was a lone elevator with a slightly smaller door. Victor walked directly to it where he pulled a

key chain from his pocket. He selected a brass key and unlocked the elevator as if it were a private door. We stepped inside and when the door swished closed, Victor pushed one of the only two buttons and the car began to move upward at such an incredible speed that I felt as if my knees might buckle. After fifteen or twenty seconds, the elevator slowed and gently stopped and the door opened automatically. When we stepped out, we were in a hallway that had parquet flooring covered by a thick Chinese red Persian carpet. As I stepped onto the plush rug, I could see that the intricate design was actually a stylized dragon. For the first time since I'd agreed to this trip, it suddenly occurred to me that I might be entering the dragon's cave. If it was as he had said, that those who serve truly wealthy people only saw something when it was pointed out to them, then I was probably invisible to them.

The two pieces of furniture in the hallway were both black lacquered pieces with a decided Oriental influence. The recurring theme was that of the dragon, here presented in gilt on the black surface. There were doors on either side of the hallway. Victor opened the one on the right and stepped back to allow me to step in ahead of him.

"This will be your room."

It was a very spacious bedroom with a king sized brass bed, and more of the Chinese furniture in black lacquer. The floor was covered with very deep pile white carpet and at the far end, directly opposite the doorway, the entire wall was glass with a view of the city skyline which had to be three or four hundred feet below. Driven by curiosity, I walked around

the bed and through the door there into a dressing room with closet space and full-length mirrors. Further through, I moved into a modern bath with a black marble roman tub, a separate ceramic tile shower nearly large enough to be in the locker room of a professional football team. There was a six-foot-long vanity with two black sinks and a black toilet and bidet. The tile in the room was bright white and there seemed to be mirrors everywhere.

Victor had waited in the bedroom while I looked around. When I came out of the dressing room, he was standing near the bed. I noticed that he had put the box from the store on the dresser.

"This is nice."

"I'm glad you like it. There are big white hooded robes in the closet. Why don't you take a shower and we'll get some dinner. Take your time."

Then he pulled out his key ring and unlocked my handcuffs and tossed them on the bed and pulled the door closed as he went out.

* * * *

The shower was fantastic. There were six showerheads at two different levels and each had a massage device. The bath was supplied with everything a woman could possibly need. The obvious basics like bath oil, soap, shampoo and conditioner, creme hair remover, baby oil and at least three kinds of lotion. There was even nail polish and polish remover, manicure scissors and boards.

I removed all the hair on my legs, taking the time to be certain that they were smooth and left with that shine that only a perfect job produces. Then for some reason I can't really explain, I decided to do something that might catch Victor off guard. It did occur to me that I didn't even know if he'd see the results of my efforts, since I had no way of knowing if he and I would actually make love. I also wondered if it was possible to surprise him. Was I trying to be exceptional, somehow a standout among all the girls who had been in the position I was currently experiencing? That sounds almost like jealousy. But honestly, that thought never entered my mind. Okay, maybe I did want to stand out in his mind at some time in the future, when he was treating some other girl to this same trip. Whatever the underlying subconscious motive, I made my commitment. At least it would eventually grow back.

Using the scissors first, I trimmed all the pubic hair on either side of my bush and then applied the hair remover there too. After my shower and shampoo, I emerged with no hair anywhere but a thatch about two inches wide at my sex and the hair on my head. In the vanity I found curling iron, blow dryer, and styling brush. There was every sort of make-up like eye shadows, blushes, lip color and four different perfumes all in sample sizes. I used a soft green shadow at the edge of my lids and then dark green and dark gray above that, blending them slightly. I used mascara and liner, both of which were a green so dark as to be nearly black. A little terra cotta blush brought up my tan. The lip color was a brighter version of the terra cotta and finally, I put on

Diamonds as a fragrance around my neck, on the inside of my thighs, backs of my knees, hollows of my ankles and the arches of both feet as well as both wrists. After I dried my hair with the blow dryer and brushed it out straight, I decided to pull it back and put it in a barrette. It hung almost to my shoulder blades and it still had the white highlights it gets in summer.

I finally selected a burnt sienna nail polish and repainted all my nails before I padded into the bedroom. I dropped the white robe and looked at myself in the full-length mirror. I looked so innocent with the trimmed sex; almost like a little girl in a woman's body. I opened the box from the clothing store. I took out the dress and hung it over the chair back. I dropped the very high heels on the floor and realized that there was only the pantyhose left in the box. There was no bra, slip or panties. I hated to think of it, but I guessed I would have to wear the stuff I had worn all day. I supposed that it hadn't occurred to us to get the other stuff at the store.

Before my shower I had taken off the periwinkle blue suit and put it on a hangar in the closet and I had used a hotel laundry bag for my bra, panties, slip and pantyhose. When I went back into the dressing room, the bag and my suit were gone! I slipped on the robe and walked to the hall door and stuck my head out and called.

"Victor?"

Almost immediately, he pulled open the door across the hall, which was obviously to his bedroom. He was freshly showered and dressed in black tux pants, black band-collar

shirt and black patent leather slip-ons. He smiled at me instantly.

"You called?"

"Yes. We forgot to bring underwear when we got the outfit for tonight."

"I don't understand."

"When we left the store and brought that little black dress for me to wear tonight, we didn't get any underwear."

"There were pantyhose in that box. I selected them myself."

"Yes, they're there, but there are no panties or bra or slip."
He smiled easily again.

"Oh, well that's fine. We didn't buy any panties or bras. And the silk dress ... well, you could think of that as a slip itself. You don't really need anything else with it."

"Why didn't we buy any panties?"

"All they're good for is to use as a mouth stuffing for a gag."

I thought about that observation for nearly a full minute. Then I finally accepted the fact that he didn't like his girls to wear panties or bras. I guessed I could live with that for a couple of weeks. So I offered the only clever comment I could think of quickly. I shrugged my shoulders and smiled.

I went back into my room and got dressed. I started with the stockings and as I put them on, I couldn't believe how silky they were. I've always liked to wear pantyhose. Even when I was little, I mean like five of six, I used to love to get my mom's pantyhose and put them on. Of course they were way too big for me, but they felt so soft and smooth on my

legs and as I grew older, I liked the way they made my legs look. I finally got my own pantyhose when I was about eight or nine. None of my friends wore them as soon as I did. And in high school and college, I would wear them with jeans or even shorts if I were going out, like on a date or something. And I had discovered pretty early on that guys liked them, both the way they looked and the way they felt. But these pantyhose were the sexiest I'd ever felt on my legs. And the seams were hot. I stood in the dressing room and looked over my shoulder at the backs of my legs in the mirror and felt horniness rising again.

I didn't realize just how horny I was until I slipped that silk shift over my head and let it fall cool against my mostly naked body. The skirt fell about four inches below my knees and while it wasn't really tight, it wasn't full and flowing by any stretch of the imagination. The shoes were something else entirely. They were black silk and had extremely pointed toes and very high heels, at least four inches. I sat on the side of the bed to slip my feet into them. Once they were on, I couldn't set my foot flat on the floor while sitting there because of the height of the heels.

When I had sat on the bed, causing the mattress to sag slightly toward me, the handcuffs, which Victor had earlier tossed there, slid down the slope and came to rest against my right hip. I picked them up and wondered what I should do with them. Then I had an idea that I thought he would like. I closed one cuff on my left wrist and put my arms behind myself and closed the other cuff around my right wrist, locking my hands behind my back.

Then I stood, not without some difficulty, and tried out the new heels. My first few steps were tentative and even shaky. But after I had adjusted to not having my hands and arms for balance, I did okay. I had to turn around to grasp the doorknob and with only a little difficulty, I got it open. I strolled to the end of the hallway where it opened into the living room of the suite. It was absolutely grand. The forty by twenty-five-foot expanse of space was protected from the outside elements by a wall of glass that had to be at least thirty-five feet of floor to ceiling glass. I could only guess that the view beyond this penthouse aquarium must be the ocean. On the dark horizon, I could see the lights of ships or a distant shore with the lights of the skyline. The room was softly lighted and beautifully furnished in silk striped sofas and chairs. To my right was an oval dining table with six chairs made of a dark highly polished wood. This dining area was divided from a small but efficient kitchen by a wet bar. I noticed that a door in the wall of glass was open and the diaphanous curtains were billowing in the gentle fragrant breeze. I walked across the room and through the door onto a balcony. Victor was standing there with his back to the railing. He had obviously been watching me as I came into the room and he had a good view since the light in the penthouse acted like a rear screen projector.

"You're absolutely beautiful Heather. And there is a vulnerable quality about the way you carry yourself which makes you nearly irresistible."

"Thank you. That kind of flattery will get you anything you want."

"I can honestly say that at this moment, all I want is you."

"You're gonna make me blush."

"That'll only add to your beauty."

I had stopped just to his right, only about a foot away from the railing. When the cool air caused a little shiver to run up my body, he reached out and put his arms around me and pulled me against him. He was warm and he smelled good enough to eat. It was a spicy smell that was very masculine. And the strength of his arms as he held me was gentle but firm. He slid his hands down my arms until his right reached the handcuffs. He hooked his fingers through the couple of links holding the cuffs together and pulled them straight up my back until I had to bend my elbows out toward my sides to allow my hands a place to go.

"I'm also very pleased that you did this. I think you may innately understand, far more than you even realize what an erotic stimulant this can be. Let's go inside. I have dinner reservations at one of the best restaurants in the country and certainly the best in Palm Beach if not the state of Florida. But first, I have a small gift for you."

He led me in by a hand on my right elbow and escorted me to a seat on one of the Queen Anne sofas. From the table to my left, he picked-up a square white gift box. He lifted off the top and folded back the red tissue paper inside to reveal something made of thin black leather. He lifted it in his right hand and held it up for me to examine. It appeared to be two pieces of soft leather, each about three inches wide and eighteen inches long with two smaller leather straps and small black metal buckles which were connected by a leather

braid about an inch in diameter and no more than six inches long.

"What is it?"

"Here, I'll show you."

He squatted in front of me and pushed the hem of my black silk shift up to expose about eight inches of my thighs. He wrapped one of the three-inch wide straps around my left leg just above my knee and slipped the smaller straps through the small metal buckles pulling them snugly into place and latching them. He then wrapped the other strap around my right thigh and made those two connecting straps secure. The black leather was extremely soft. When Victor finished, I examined this new curiosity. My knees were connected so that I was unable to get them more than six inches apart. He helped me to stand and as I looked down, the soft silk of my hem dropped below my knees completely covering the leather device.

"Walk around the room and see how it feels."

As I moved tentatively, I found that I could walk without difficulty but only using very short steps. The hobble on my knees kept my feet from parting more than a foot or so and with the heels, I was really handicapped to smaller steps. Victor watched with genuine lust in his eyes.

"You are so gorgeous. I would love to take you in my bedroom right now and totally ravish you. I can't ever remember wanting a woman so much."

I shrugged. It was beginning to be my only body language. There was so much that was new and different. I had no real reference for comparison. That left me with little if any

comment. Plus, I had this feeling that I might reveal too much about myself if I ever let out my true feelings. This was all so new and different from anything I'd ever done in my life to that time. I was finding out things about me that I'd never suspected. I wasn't sure I was ready to share those insights with someone I'd known so short a time. But his words certainly hit a chord with me. I wanted sex, unbridled, sweaty sex.

"Well, I'm figuratively and literally yours to do with as you please. Ravish away!"

"No. It has to be with your free will and consent."

I didn't want to think about this one very long. Forget good sense. Sometimes you just have to do it.

"You have my total free will and consent. Do with me what ever you wish."

He puzzled over this for a couple of minutes before shaking his head. And believe me, I was certain from his expression that he was of the same mind as I. But he decided to wait.

"Not yet. Besides, we have dinner reservations in fourteen minutes. And though waiting until later has nothing to do with eating food, I recall that Ben Franklin said that the best pickle is hunger."

* * * *

We had a meal fit for royalty. And I totally lost track of the fact that my thighs were fettered. I was able to walk in delicate little steps and since I was teetering on those very high heels, my guess was that most people just thought I

walked in those little shuffle steps because of them and the narrow dress I wore. It was almost ten when we finally left the restaurant and slid into the limo for the ride back to the hotel. Victor smiled at me and produced the handcuffs he had taken off my wrists just before we left for dinner.

"Here. Put these back on."

I thought it would just be for the ride back to the hotel. I closed one of the steel cuffs on my right wrist. Before closing the other on my left, I glanced over at Victor.

"In front or behind?"

"Almost never in front. That allows too much freedom."

I shifted my arms and closed the left cuff locking my hands behind my back again. Then he produced another surprise. It was a leather strap about an inch wide and twelve inches long. There were two leather discs attached to it near its center and about two inches apart. On one side of the discs the leather was covered with fine sculpted foam about half an inch thick.

"Another toy?"

He nodded affirmatively.

"What is it?"

He informed me that it was a blindfold just as he placed the foam covered leather discs over my eyes and fastened the strap around my head, buckling it tightly. I could not see anything.

"Victor? Am I going to wear this very long?"

"At least the rest of the night, why?"

"Well, it's just that ... my knees ... and these heels ... and now, I can't see to walk."

Captive Journey: A Woman's Odyssey into Bondage
by Valentine Adams

"Don't worry. I'll help you to our suite. After that, I don't think you're going to be able to walk anyway."

"What about people seeing me when we get to the hotel?"

"It's okay. I own the hotel. And don't forget that most people don't really see anything unless it is pointed out to them. They won't see you."

"Victor? Why won't I be able to walk when we get to the suite?"

"Well, after we get to the suite, I'm going to help you out of that dress. Then I'm going to tie your ankles."

"Oh."

CHAPTER 5

In spite of our southern latitude, it was cool when we got back to Victor's penthouse. At least we had gotten through the lobby without anyone seeing us, or at least that was my assumption since I wouldn't have been able to tell anyway. I for sure hadn't seen anyone who might have been there watching. I was already learning that having my eyes covered prevented a certain amount of embarrassment. For some reason, I felt a sense of freedom when my hands were cuffed and I was blindfolded. Talking about something sounding totally ridiculous! I'm a proud, college educated and independent woman. I can't imagine ever believing that I would surrender myself to a man and allow the things Victor had done to me. And yet, I was curious as to just what would happen next.

I was totally at Victor's mercy. I trusted him to guide me through the maze of darkness. I could tell some things about my surroundings from sounds and smells and the temperature on my body. The silk I wore was incredibly sexy against my bare skin, but it offered very little in the way of isolation against the elements. And by nearly eleven in the evening, the temperatures had dropped into the upper fifties. It was, after all, the dead of winter. I sensed more than felt that my nipples would be like bullets and the cool silk brushing across them was a solid turn-on. Why had I never recognized that erotic clothes are not just erotic for those

watching someone else wear them? They are equally erotic for the person wearing them.

After the elevator ride to the top of the building, Victor's warm hand on my right elbow led me through the apartment. I could hear my heels clicking on the parquet in the entrance and suddenly dampening as we crossed the carpets. Once in the living room, I was gently placed on a sofa. It, too, dressed in silk. The coolness of the cushion against the backs of my nearly naked legs caused me a slight chill, raising goose bumps on my arms. And Victor, ever aware, had noticed.

"You're chilled. I'll make a fire."

If I was going to get this kind of attention the entire trip, then I could understand why women wanted to come back for another visit. And it had been that way all evening. I never needed to ask for anything. Victor had such a sense of anticipation about himself that he was far past the perfect host. He was a mind reader. At least he sure had my number.

I heard the fire logs poof into a flame, as the gas was ignited. We were obviously fairly near the fireplace, because I could feel the warmth almost immediately. I was having strange sensations just sitting on the sofa. Wearing this incredibly silky nylon of the pantyhose on the bottom half of my body as I was and it being covered by the silk of the shift I had on and then to be sitting on soft silk upholstery was just so erotic. The friction or maybe it was the lack of it that was nearly electrical against my legs and buttocks. I had difficulty not moving and each movement, no matter how slight, sent this sexy current through me. I had never felt anything like it.

And being blinded by the leather covering my eyes only served to enhance the experience.

Suddenly I felt Victor's presence in front of me. He had apparently knelt and suddenly there was the sweet fragrance of fresh strawberries and then I felt and tasted the sweetness of the fruit against my slightly opened mouth. Again, an experience I'd never had. Not just being fed by a beautiful man, but add while I was blindfolded and had my hands cuffed behind my back. That was first enough, but the strawberry itself was a new treat as well. I'd never experienced anything so aromatic and sweet. I realized that I had made some noises of total satisfaction as I'd tasted the berry. And once again, he knew exactly what I was thinking.

"They're marinated in Amaretto. After they're fully ripened on the plant, then gently hand picked and marinated for about an hour. Just to allow the taste to be absorbed but without letting the alcohol break down the fruit at all."

"God, they're out of this world. I'm a strawberry freak anyway."

"That's good to know. I once did this with another lady and she had an allergic reaction. Broke out in a rash. Sure did spoil the weekend."

He fed me several more of the succulent snacks then suddenly I felt him rise and he was gone. I didn't quite know how to feel. I was in this heavenly place mentally. The fire was warm. I was luxuriating in silkiness. I was sure he had gone to get some other surprise for me. I had reached a point with the alcohol soaked fruit, following several glasses of wine with dinner, which had itself followed a martini, that I didn't

really care what he came up with. I was feeling the most sexy I could ever remember. In fact, I'm sure I had never felt anything like as sexy before in my life. It had more to do with feeling desired by this handsome man. After this treatment, how would I ever find a man who could compete?

And then he was back, but this time behind the sofa. He whispered in my ear.

"I'm going to remove the blindfold so your hair can be brushed. Please just keep your eyes closed to continue the experience."

I was shocked to feel the brush in my hair. I couldn't believe that he was actually brushing my hair! And after at least a hundred passes, my hair was split and the hands started what felt like braiding. Then he totally shocked me. I felt his hand on my knee. I couldn't keep my eyes shut. And when they opened, there he was kneeling right in front of me again! But my hair was still being attended too. We were not alone! There was at least one other person in the room. The one doing my hair!

My hastily whispered statement of surprise sounded more like a hiss.

"Victor! We're not alone."

Then came the chuckle, his handsome face breaking into a grin.

"I don't do hair. This is Cho Lei. You met her at the airport. She works for me. She usually travels just ahead of me to make preparations. She'll actually travel to the island with us tomorrow. I thought it would be nice for you two to have a better introduction."

I glanced over my shoulder and remembered the small Oriental woman from the airport. She had driven the car. From my memory, I saw her as about five one or two and maybe ninety pounds. Her hair was so black it had a blue cast. She looked at me with dark eyes that were oddly round with all her other features being decidedly Polynesian. And the silent beauty of her face with its skin as fine as bone china gave her the ethereal quality of a living statue. And she was a stunning work of art.

"Cho Lei has been with me for about ten years. She doesn't speak. But she does drive, and she's a great cook, messenger and erstwhile assistant. She does whatever I ask. Like the berries you enjoyed so much. And obviously, she does hair. She's braiding it. You'll notice that her hair is also braided. I have a weakness for braided hair. Plus it's easier to take care of when you're ... indisposed."

"Cho Lei, this is Heather. She's a friend of mine and will be spending the next couple of weeks with me. I'd like you to take care of her while she's our guest. Whatever she needs."

There was no verbal response, but she nodded in that deferential way Orientals do. As Victor went on explaining, he gently lifted one foot at a time and removed by pumps, placing my feet on a Queen Anne ottoman he had placed before the couch. He sat on the other side of the ottoman and began massaging my ankles and feet as he had on the flight earlier this evening. I closed my eyes and relaxed, enjoying the attention. Then he went on as if telling a bedtime story.

"Cho Lei was sold as a small child. The man who bought her was mean, sadistically so. I met her while in Hong Kong

Captive Journey: A Woman's Odyssey into Bondage
by Valentine Adams

when she was only thirteen. I'd earlier seen her with the evil bastard who owned her. He was a principal in a hotel I wanted in Bali. He and his partners wanted a premium price for the place and I was hesitant until I saw this beautiful girl. And I could see, in her eyes, that although she was frightened for her very life, she so despised the man who kept her that it was only a matter of time before she killed him. And then she would have been dead in a minute after that. What a waste that would have been, like destroying fine art. So when we sat down at the bargaining table the next morning, I told the men that I would pay their price if I could have the girl too.

"They all laughed, enjoying the joke that they thought I didn't understand. And that joke was that she was too much trouble, never doing what she was told and fighting all the time against the man who owned her. In short they readily accepted my offer. She's been with me ever since. I provided her an education. And even though she doesn't speak, she reads, writes and understands six languages. She also has black belts in several martial arts and she plays a number of native Chinese stringed instruments beautifully. Since she travels with me, or more often, just ahead of me, she has lots of would be down time. And she doesn't get caught up in conversations on the phone or with someone who might flirt with her. Instead, she reads. Sometimes a dozen books a month. Even I couldn't afford to pay her the salary she is worth. Fortunately she is more than satisfied with less than she's worth."

My hair felt strange when she finished. For one thing, it had not been braided in years, actually, not since high school.

So that was different. But it was much shorter than I would have thought. In fact, it barely touched my neck and only a couple of inches down my back. And apparently she had braided something into it, because I could feel the cold touch of it against bare skin if I tipped my head slightly.

"Time to take away your sight again. Mystery is more exciting. And I think you're less inhibited when you can't see."

Cho Lei had all the while been covering my eyes with the leather blindfold as Victor told me this and once again I was in darkness. But he was right, not only was I less inhibited, I actually felt sort of cozy.

"So are we alone now?"

"We are always alone when we're in one of my homes. My staff are totally loyal and they never see anything unless I point it out to them and they're asked to remember it."

"Why doesn't Cho Lei speak?"

"I don't know. The man who gave her to me said that she had never talked. I had her examined by a specialist here in the States. He said that her throat is complete, but that the vocal cords are ... withered was the term he used. It's as if she has chosen not to talk and after so many years of non-use, she has lost the ability to do so. She makes some sounds like humming, but that's all I've ever heard."

"Is she happy living and working with you?"

"Yes, I believe she is. She was very dark and bitter and difficult when she first came with me. But over the years, when she finally began to realize that I wouldn't abuse her, she began to change. She smiles frequently and there's a sparkle in her eyes that wasn't there before. And at first, she

would have nightmares and wake up moaning in the night. That hasn't happened for seven or eight years now. She still doesn't trust Oriental men though."

He suddenly turned me sideways so that he could stretch me out on the sofa. And, in the next moment, he flipped me over onto my stomach. I squealed with surprise at the suddenness of the movement, but joined his chuckle with one of my own as he lifted my skirt and began to unbuckle the hobbling device that was just above my knees. When he slipped it off, I felt suddenly cold where the leather had been and couldn't avoid a slight shiver.

"Cold? I'll warm you up in a minute or three."

Next, I felt his hands at my wrists fumbling with the handcuffs and then they were open and my hands were free. But it was immediately apparent that he had no intention of letting them remain that way. He quickly arranged my forearms so that one was lying flat on the other with fingertips of my left hand at my right elbow and right fingertips at the left elbow. Then, I felt the soft cloth rope he had used the night before in his hotel room. He first looped rope around my right wrist and my left forearm just at the elbow and knotted it after two turns. Then he continued to wrap the rope around my forearms until he had made enough turns to reach the other wrist and elbow. There he tied a couple of good knots. Then using another piece of the cloth rope, he wrapped my left upper arm, just above the elbow three or four times. And after knotting the rope, he pulled it taut to the right upper arm where he made about three or four loops, pulling the upper arms toward each other so that

there was no way I could slip my forearms from their ties. My arms were totally immobile, but not uncomfortable. There was one thing for sure though. I was going to be bound until someone released me. Next Victor addressed my ankles, tying them together with several wraps and cinching the bindings to pull my anklebones together. This was followed by ties just above and below my knees, effectively welding my legs together. Finally, he looped my ankles with another length of cloth and, bending my legs at the knees, he pulled my feet up into the middle of my back, tying off the other end of the cloth to the braid in my hair. My surprise was total, as was my helplessness. My head was pulled back if I tried to move my feet and when I pulled my head forward, my legs were forced to bend further toward my back. It was an evil design. I was truly a captive with no options other than do whatever he wanted. Not that I really minded the idea of that at all. Once again, totally outside of my understanding, I was getting turned on. If I stayed in this tight bow for very long, I would require sex. I sure did hope he understood that.

"Now, are you comfortable?"

I shifted slightly to show him that movement was virtually impossible.

"You're kidding, right?"

"No. I don't kid about the comfort of my guests. So tell me, are you okay?"

I thought to myself that he didn't kid about tying somebody up either! So the question remained there. Was I comfortable? Or was I at least okay?

"Well, okay is slightly different from comfortable. I guess I'm okay enough. Why? What are your plans now?"

"I thought I'd go change into something more comfortable."

"And then?"

"I guess I'll come back and shower you with attention."

"I do like the sound of that. And will it include some ... physical attention?"

"I expect it to be almost exclusively physical."

"Any chance you might ... you know?"

"I don't know. Why don't you tell me."

I knew if before I even said anything. He was going to make me say exactly what it was that I wanted. I was already coming to understand his methods. He wanted me comfortable. And in the particular arrangement we had, my willingness to be open would remove all that pain of embarrassment that so often inhibits us from being who we really want to be. He had a simple process to avoid that. Just force the company to embarrass themselves until they got used to it! But I'd already figured out by that time that there was no need to be self-conscious. Victor sure as hell wasn't. If he wanted a girl to go away for a week with him and to tie them us dozens of ways, he didn't have any problem telling then exactly that. Teach by example. Well I was coming to know that Victor was a master teacher.

"You know. Sex."

"Oral? Anal? Vaginal? Manual? What's your preference?"

There it was again. Rub my face in it. But I had a surprise for him this time. I'd made up my mind to be blatant and even blunt if that was what seemed to be needed.

"Hmmm ... does it have to be only one?"

"No. You think about your preferences while I'm gone and when I get back, I'll take your order. How about that?"

"Sorta like a restaurant. I hope the service here is good."

* * * *

As strange as this must sound, trussed up as I was, I had slipped off to sleep before he returned. I had lost touch with my surroundings and apparently it had been long enough and deeply enough that I had absolutely no idea how long Victor had been gone. And my reverie had been sound enough that it wasn't until I felt his hands on my shoulder that I realized that he was with me again. And somehow, he had released the tie connecting my hair braid to my bent legs.

"Victor? You managed to sneak up on me."

"Shhh. It's good that you're so relaxed."

I couldn't keep myself from a small giggle when I realized that his hands had been untying the small straps of my silk shift. Then he joined me with a chuckle as he grasped the hem and pulled it right off my body. It became funny to me and I now understood the significance of the silk garment and the silk of the sofa where I was lying. The two fabrics together were like well-oiled machined surfaces.

"You give new meaning to smooth and slick!"

Then without warning, he tipped my body sideways and I rolled off the sofa onto the floor.

"Victor!"

I was glad there was no one else staying on this floor of the hotel, or else my screaming his name would have stirred the neighbors. And to add to my shock, instead of landing on either a hard surface or a Persian carpet, I'd flopped onto what must have been a down-filled body pillow. It had to have been at least six feet long, three feet wide and really thick. Even though I'd only fallen about twelve or fifteen inches at most, I'm sure that landing on the floor or even the carpet without the use of any of my limbs would have been bone jarring. But instead, I was captured in a cloud of softness that swallowed me. And he was laughing at my surprise.

"You really must learn to trust me."

"I did trust you and look what it got me so far. I'm tied hand and foot and naked and you just dumped me on the floor!"

But I had to laugh too. I'm sure I made a funny picture. At least the one in my imagination was.

"It was the easiest way to get you onto your back. And I was too eager to wait."

I felt the warmth of his hands caressing my breasts while his breath brushed my face as he spoke softly to me. And then the first time, his mouth was on mine, gentle ... then much firmer as the passion of his kiss pulled all the strength from me. Without any direction from me, my left leg straightened as far as I could reach and my right pulled against the bindings that held my ankles together and my sex

Captive Journey: A Woman's Odyssey into Bondage
by Valentine Adams

tingled with anticipation. When he pulled his mouth away, I gasped for breath.

"Please, make love to me Victor."

"My sweet lady, I have been making love to you all evening. And yet it's only beginning."

CHAPTER 6

I was lying on what felt like a cloud. The warmth against my skin told me that I was near the fire and Victor was giving me his undivided attention. I couldn't see, but I was becoming comfortable with that. I could smell his manly scent and his lips on mine were more than pleasant.

I felt his face slide down my left side, placing small kisses down my naked torso. If I had been lucid enough to think, I would probably have been tickled, but his attentions were so gentle and slow and the effect of putting my mind some place else was complete. I could feel the gentle bites at my hip and then he shifted his hand from my left breast to my left knee releasing the bindings there. Suddenly my legs were nearly free. Slipping his hand behind my left knee, he lifted my leg slightly so that he had enough room to slide his head between my thighs.

I gasped as I felt his tongue on my pussy. It took several seconds before I realized that the strange feeling was owing to the thin layer of nylon covering my sex. Then I felt the tension in the silky covering relax and I could feel his breath on naked skin. He had apparently cut the stockings. He nibbled and nipped, teasing my already swollen clitoris. And then, without the usual build-up or warning, the first orgasm hit me like a train wreck. It was the most intense feeling of pleasure I could remember experiencing. The tremors and aftershocks continued until I was jerked back to reality by the fact that I was holding my breath and my body had run out of

oxygen. As I suddenly gasped for a breath, there was no indication that my suitor was even aware of my breathing patterns, or the lack of them.

Still, Victor kept up with his activities. He managed to bring me to at least three more orgasms in no more than ten minutes. Finally he seemed to relax some, moving more slowly and easing back up my body, paying homage to my breasts with his mouth while his warm hands gently rubbed my sides in slow powerful strokes.

He was so gentle that I was totally surprised when he entered me. It was only after then that I realized that at some point while he was giving me the absolute best oral sex I'd ever had the pleasure to experience, that he had released my ankles. He was the largest man I could ever remember making love to me. I was filled completely. He was obviously aware of this and moved slowly and carefully. When I did cum again, the power of the spasm amazed me. And the fact that my hands were bound behind my back didn't take away from the activity at all. In fact, now that I look back upon it and admit the truth to myself, the confinement was at many times grossly stimulating. And that first night was the first time for sex while bound for me and remains one of the best fuckings I've ever had the pleasure of sharing with anyone.

Leaving my hands bound and my eyes covered with the leather blindfold, Victor lifted me off the floor in his arms and held me against his chest as he carried me across the penthouse. After perhaps twenty-five or thirty steps, he gently deposited me on a bed. I assumed it was the bed in

the room he'd led me to when we had first arrived this afternoon.

I could tell that the covers had been turned down. The bed smelled of gardenia and the sheets were soft and silky. I lay on my back as he had placed me for a minute. I could hear him in the room and after a short time, he joined me on the bed. When he pulled me to his body, I rolled onto my left side and the front of my torso came to rest against the side of his now naked body. He pulled the covers over us and snuggled against me, pulling my head onto his shoulder. His voice was a whisper.

"Have sweet dreams."

In minutes, we were both sleeping.

* * * *

I don't recall how long it had been since I'd last actually slept with a man. Oh sure, I'd had sex but I'd never let them stay all night. After my needs were satisfied, I'd always kick them out. But falling asleep as we did that night felt so normal and correct.

I had no way of knowing what time of night or even morning it might have been, but at some point, I was roused from my sleep by a slight flutter of feeling between my legs. At first I thought it was a dream. After the evening of sexual activity like nothing I'd had in years, if ever, I wasn't particularly surprised to be having dreams with sexually stimulating activity. I fought actually waking up for fear that the feelings would stop. But as I became more alert, the certainty of my circumstances grew more obvious to me.

I was once again on my back and the covers had been pulled away so that I was naked down to my waist. Victor's soft hands were caressing my breasts, gently but with obvious strength, and his lips were brushing softly against my sex. I could feel his warm breath as his mouth moved between my legs. Without much thought, I spread my legs like a wanton hussy. And even though my fairly conservative upbringing was screaming in the far reaches of my conscience, I was more aware of the physical reward my slight shifting movement caused. Suddenly his tongue was on my lower lips as it began flicking against that very sensitive area. I nearly jumped as the raspy surface of it drew across my clit. I was on automatic pilot, my body responding to the stimuli without consulting my ability to think at all. My back arched to get my pussy closer to the source of the exquisite pleasure of his attentions. I could hear someone moaning and finally realized that I was in fact awake, no longer dreaming and that these sensations were real.

I felt the bedding shift and he eased himself over onto my body, his weight settling gently as his fully erect cock slipped into my surprisingly wet pussy. The man was so good at fucking that I wanted to resist letting go so that he would be forced to continue his assault for a longer time, but the swell of emotion and desire that my mind and body felt carried me over the edge. I became a runaway sex locomotive heading into some blissful gorge. When I came, all else stopped. I was sure that I wasn't breathing, my heart wasn't beating and I certainly had no brain activity. Then in the distance I heard laughter. When my body finally started to function again, he

was lying beside me. His hand on my side had rolled me toward him and he was kissing me on the neck. As his mouth moved closer to my ear, I heard him ask.

"What's so funny?"

"What?"

"You were laughing. I just wondered what was so funny."

"That was me? I heard laughter, but I didn't know where it was comin' from."

"I take it then that you didn't mind my waking you up that way?"

"If you'd like, I'll go back to sleep so you can do it again."

He gave me a sharp slap on the ass and chuckled. It was a totally erotic sound, gentle but completely masculine.

"There'll be other mornings. But now, we have a plane to catch, so if we want breakfast and a shower and those other pleasantries, we must get a move on."

* * * *

When Victor released my hands and allowed me to take off the blindfold, I was shocked to see that it was nearly eight in the morning. He left to return to his room and I quickly took a shower, brushed my teeth and then stood at the expanse of mirrors in the bathroom to work on make-up and my hair. I've always been blessed with really good hair and today that worked well for me.

I was surprised when I opened the closet door in the dressing room. Not only were my periwinkle suit and the undies I'd worn yesterday there in a plastic dry cleaner's bag, the closet was nearly full of clothing we'd bought the night

before. I flipped through the selection and decided on a pair of tropical wool dress shorts and the matching blazer. The natural linen color almost perfectly matched my hair. From the shoeboxes on the closet floor, I chose a pair of black slippers with one inch stacked leather heels.

In the dresser, I found sheer black pantyhose and in the next drawer down a black silk shell top with round neck and short sleeves. In minutes I was dressed and ready for whatever the day might bring. I didn't have to wait long.

As I stood there wondering what would become of all the clothes in the closet and dresser, there came a soft knock at the door. I expected Victor but standing in the doorway after I opened it was a young woman in a uniform of gray pants and a black waist length jacket. She smiled brightly and nodded politely to me.

"Good morning. I'm Jenna from housekeeping. Mister Dulaney has requested that I pack your things while you're at breakfast."

Well that answered that question I'd been hashing over for the past three or four minutes. Did wealthy people have someone to solve any dilemma with which they might be faced? And did the answers always come so quickly? A girl could get used to this lifestyle, but she shouldn't. I was also amazed that the people who did all these things for wealthy people never seemed to act as if they understood what was going on behind the scenes. Maybe it was just as Victor had said yesterday on the plane. They only see what we tell them to see.

"Sure ... Jenna, right? That would be great."

I stepped aside and let her into the bedroom and when I looked out into the hallway Victor was coming out of his room. He smiled and I swear I felt a tingle in my crotch! Was I ever going to be normal again? But then, had I ever been normal to start with? I mean, look where I was with a man I'd only known for a few days. I'd have to think about that at another time.

"Good morning again. You look lovely. Are you ready for some food?"

In truth, I was starved. Sex and pot have pretty much the same effect on me. I get horny and I get a bad case of the munchies. So why resist.

"Yes. I could eat a horse if it was lady-like!"

"Well, we'll have to see if they have lady-like horses on the menu."

* * * *

Victor took my hand and led the way to the dining table in the great room of the suite. It was covered with a white linen tablecloth and set with fine china, crystal and sterling flatware. He pulled out a chair for me and adjusted it as I sat. Then, suddenly, there was another woman there, filling water glasses and taking orders. Victor took the chair to my immediate left which put him at the head of the table. From where we were seated, the view was incredible. Through the lightly tinted windows that made up the entire wall across the table from me, I could see down the beach to what was the heart of the city. Between our location and the high-rise buildings on the horizon were several hotels and the beach

strand of bright white sand. Then the girl with the pitcher was at my side.

"Good morning ma'am. Would you care for orange juice or coffee or tea?"

"Yes. Orange juice and coffee thank you."

"And what would you like for breakfast?"

I glanced over at Victor as the girl was filling his coffee cup. He was already drinking juice, but I didn't remember hearing her ask him what he wanted. Of course! Stupid me. This was his apartment. He was a regular and she knew what he would have. But then he looked up at me and smiled.

"The breakfast chef downstairs has a true talent for omelets. And he'll put almost anything in them that you can think of."

"What are you gonna have?"

He didn't hesitate. It was obvious he'd already made that decision. He looked up at the waitperson.

"I'll have a rolled omelet with mushroom caps and Swiss cheese. Have him cover it with sliced tomatoes and a little ranch dressing, toasted English muffins."

"Wow, that sounds good. I'll have the same."

The girl nodded and left us.

"So what are our plans today?"

When he turned to me, it was as if I was seeing him for the very first time. In the morning light, his eyes sparkled and his rugged good looks reminded me of the Cary Grant movies I saw on the classic movie channel. He smiled so easily and then his casual baritone voice brought it all together.

Captive Journey: A Woman's Odyssey into Bondage
by Valentine Adams

"After breakfast, we'll fly down to the island. We should be there before lunch. I'm really looking forward to taking you for a walk on the beach."

"Is that the only thing you're lookin' forward too?"

He looked over the rim of his coffee cup and I could see the mischief in his eyes. He responded with out moving the cup away from his mouth.

"If you can stand the pun, I'm looking forward to the *Journey*, every moment of it."

CHAPTER 7

Victor and I left the breakfast table and without a backward glance strolled out of the penthouse as if we were just going to get a newspaper. Fortunately, I'd taken the matching blazer with me to the dining table and was able to slip it on as we descended in the elevator. I found it almost odd that I wasn't fettered in some fashion and this only after a mere few hours of this new possessive life style.

There was no checkout process as we exited onto the porte-cochere, I saw Victor's personal assistant Cho Lei at the curb beside the silver limousine we'd used yesterday. The trunk lid was up and Cho Lei was overseeing as a bellman was putting in luggage, which had beaten us downstairs. The petite Asian woman was dressed in a slightly different uniform than I'd seen previously. Today the severe all black attire had been replaced with an unstructured silk skirt and matching jacket. The plum color was an eye-catching offset against her alabaster skin. And to even further emphasize its deep royal color, she wore under the suit a natural white silk shirt, and off white stockings. Her only concession to practicality being her simple flat leather soled shoes. But even those were in the same rich color as the suit. She looked far more like a young executive from an eastern electronics firm than a personal servant.

But even dressed as she was there was little doubt that she understood her position. Without hesitation, she opened and held the rear passenger door as Victor escorted me into

the big sedan, following as Cho Lei closed the door behind us. In seconds, she climbed into the driver's seat and we whisked away to the airport.

Once again, just as we had yesterday we drove onto the tarmac and right up to the side of the airplane. And although the airliner was bright white and trimmed exactly as yesterday's jet had been, the plane today was much larger. It was the size of a medium-sized commercial airliner.

"This isn't the same airplane we were on yesterday is it?"

"That's very observant of you. No it's not. This is a Boeing seven-thirty-seven. Probably one of the finest executive aircraft ever created. It was built originally for the air travel industry to work feeder markets. That's why it's not so huge."

"Looks pretty huge to me!"

"Well, it is bigger than the little jet we were on yesterday. But it's only about a hundred and fifty feet long and it has about a hundred and forty-foot wingspan. That's not really all that big in the commercial air industry. We added it to our fleet a few months ago and have waited until just yesterday to get it back from Boeing. They rejuvenated it for us and converted the interior for private use.

As Victor was giving me this little lesson on corporate airplanes, gesturing with his right hand as he talked, his left had guided me toward our destination. Without much thought from me, we had climbed the stairs to the entrance on the left side of the fuselage. When we stepped through the door, I was totally shocked. I'd really expected something similar to kind of airliners I'd flown on commercially, but the interior was like nothing I'd ever seen before. There was a seating

area at the front of the cabin made up of overstuffed leather armchairs and a matching love seat. Against the forward wall was a flat screen television that was at least four feet across. There was also a desk against the left side of the cabin with plug-ins for telephone and computer. At the rear left of this parlor sort of space was a dining table that would seat six comfortably.

As we walked aft on the plush sand colored carpet, I realized that behind the partition at the back of this cabin there was a galley. This little space consisted of two alley-like spaces, one on either side of the center aisle. While they were only about five feet front to back bulkhead, they were efficiently laid out and well equipped.

In the partition that defined the back wall of the galley was a single door. Victor reached past me on my right and grasped the knob, turning it and pushing the door open. The opening revealed another cabin that rivaled the forward in square footage, style and luxury. But this cabin was furnished as a bedroom, with king-sized sleeping accommodations or whatever other type of accommodation that big bed might be used for. Speaking more to his assistant than to me, Victor seemed as surprised as I.

"This is exactly what I had in mind. Now we can travel in comfort and still have some privacy."

I'd been gaping at the opulence of the airplane and paying attention to what Victor was saying and hadn't even realized Cho Lei had apparently been right behind us as we'd taken the tour. When I looked in her direction, she had turned back to close the door. Then Victor was talking directly to me.

"I thought it would be a nice way to pass the time of the flight if Cho Lei gave us a massage. You like? She is very accomplished and incredibly strong."

The idea did appeal to me. I hadn't had a real massage but once in my apparently over-sheltered life. And I remembered it fondly, particularly those times I would find myself alone in bed at night.

"Yes. I like."

Then I saw his smile and my line of sight was pulled down to the black leather blindfold he held in his left hand.

"This will enhance the experience."

"Mine or yours?"

Without comment, I simply turned my back to him and waited patiently as he covered my eyes and buckled the leather strap at the back of my head. Then hands, soft strong hands, were on me, removing my jacket. Then, very slowly pieces of my clothing were removed one at a time until I was completely naked. The hand then took mine and I realized for the first time that it was far too small to be Victor's. Cho Lei led me a few steps and helped me to sit down on the side of what I initially thought was the bed. But as I was assisted to lie down on my stomach, I could feel that the surface was soft supple leather that warmed quickly from my body contact. It became obvious to me that this must be some sort of massage table, but I had not seen anything like this in the cabin as we had surveyed its decor.

Without preamble the hands were on me again, taking each of my arms and stretching them over my head into oblivion somewhere above my head and shoulders and as I

thought in the midst of there placement "where no woman has gone before." Well, it was a newly redecorated airplane! Then I felt what could only be soft leather encircle my wrists and again my arms were tugged upward and secured. When the small hands released mine, the strain holding my wrists remained constant.

In seconds my ankles were grasped and my legs were pulled as far as possible toward the foot of the massage table before they too were wrapped in butter soft leather straps, securing them as well. I was stretched, though not uncomfortably so. There would be no opportunity for me to protect any part of my being should the little lady decide to attack me.

Again without any warning, the small hands started with my right foot. Warm oil was drizzled onto my calf, ankle and the sole of my foot and then Cho Lei's hands and fingers began their magic tour. The first few touches were tender, almost hesitant and child-like, but increased in intensity almost immediately. As she kneaded the sensitive flesh of my feet and lower legs, there were several times when I'd have pulled away had I not been held firmly by the leather cuffs at my ankles.

Had I considered it at the time, I would have probably been surprised, but at no time did I feel threatened or uncomfortable with her hands roving over my lower limbs. Even as her small hands reached my buttocks my only sensation was one of release. I remember thinking about whether or not it was possible to be hypnotized by someone's hands. I felt tension melting away as if it were ice on a sun

soaked tropical isle. As her fingers were probing and manipulating the fleshy mounds of my ass, they moved just over the tops of my hips into that area where my tickle reflex was going to become involved. I involuntarily shifted my hips to one side. Since I had only an inch or so of movement available to me, my attempt at avoidance was hopelessly inadequate. Then she slipped her hands under my hips and her fingertips were in my bush.

I'd become so relaxed that I was losing my sense of attention. It wasn't so much that my mind was not focused, but rather that it was only focused on the overpowering and pleasant sensations I was experiencing. Without my sight or the movement of my limbs, I had forgotten that my speaking was unimpaired. My own squeal of surprise brought me back to the present when her fingers entered my pussy.

It seemed though that I lacked the desire to object. What she was doing felt so good that my sensations had superceded my sense. I'd never seriously thought about the whole woman on woman action. Some of the girls in my dorm in college had done the LUG thing, you know, lesbian until graduation. It wasn't that I was a snob about it or anything. I believed in experimentation. I still do. My problem had been that none of the girls in my dorm appealed to me physically. They just weren't pretty enough or something.

Was I just rationalizing this then by thinking that Cho Lei was beautiful so this was okay with me? Or maybe it was just that I'd done some things in the past couple of days, actually many things, sexual things, that all my resistance was turned off for the duration of this trip. I couldn't decide and as a

result, I just went along with whatever was happening to me. If it caused no pain, or at least not too much and there was an erotic payoff at the end, then I was okay with it.

The fingers in my sex were as busy as a pack of lab mice. How could one hand cause so much action? My sex drive responded as quickly as the little fingers were moving, wringing from me what must have been my first orgasm of the day. At that point, I only hoped it wouldn't be the last.

Cho Lei was highly accomplished at whatever this sort of massage therapy might be called. I heard a soft feminine laugh and it took me a pause to figure out that it was mine. And the thought that had amused me was the name I'd come up with for this treatment. My mind wanted to call it *massault therapy*, a cross between massage and assault. Call it whatever, the last thought that might enter my mind at that time was suggesting that she stop. I'd passed the crest of that hill some time earlier and we were cascading toward whatever barrier I might encounter at the bottom. Of perhaps there would be no barrier, just the end of a ramp that sent the traveler hurtling into space. Every few seconds, I heard noises that ran the gamut from moans to groans, sighs to gasps. Even though I was dislocated from them, it occurred to me at some point that I was the source of most of the sounds. And they all had in common a message of pleasure.

My body temperature was rising and the heat from the leather surface was coating me with perspiration. In the midst of my sense of being a runaway locomotive, I felt as though the table was being lowered. Probably nothing more than the

kind of feelings one gets when lying down drunk. And yet, I was nearly sure that some change had happened.

It was not until I felt the small stockinged feet walking up the center of my back that I became certain that I had been lowered. She felt incredibly light and her sure-footed steps were forcing tense muscles to give up their grasp. With each delicate footstep, my body actually sagged with release.

I was a little slow to realize that something was totally confusing about my situation. Even though she was walking up and down my back, her fingers were still in my bush, at least one handful of them. The other gently grasped my breast and manipulated the flesh there. Lying with my face turned to my right, I first felt warm breath on my neck, apparently as the source of it moved closer to me. When the warmth was once again close, I raised my head and was kissed on the lips for my efforts.

Rather than a quick peck as he passed, we settled into some serious saliva swapping. I almost choked when the next tremors hit me. This orgasm was longer and breathtaking, being stretched and bound as I was.

As I was coming back to earth, I heard voices as if from another dimension. As the voice became clearer, it told us that we were ready for takeoff and should take a seat and fasten seatbelts. The whisper in my ear changed my instructions.

"I think you're already strapped in enough. We'll be right back."

Lips grazed across my cheek right in front of the ear and he chuckled. That little sound just drives me crazy. It's

somewhere between mischievous little bad boy and sensually threatening.

I felt the hurtling sensation I always experience when I'm on an airplane and it heads down the runway. And the lift usually causes my stomach to sag, but since I was lying down, the feelings were very different. Most of them were made more intense because of the blindfold. And the forward movement and my position made me feel like a missile about to take off on my own. I rather liked it.

There was that bump when the wheels are stored in the belly of the plane and suddenly everything becomes smoother and nearly quiet. Then the lips were at my ear again. The husky voice so soft that I had to listen very carefully to hear.

"Do you like what's happened to you so far?"

My immediate response was only to attempt to nod my head but it occurred to me that he was probably not paying attention to that so I spoke. The sound of my own voice in my ears was foreign to me. I'd been so deeply in a sort of twilight of pleasure that trying to talk was like walking in chest deep mud. What came out was intelligible, but only just.

"Mmmmm ... essss."

"And how about something ... different?"

My mind wasn't totally clear but still cognizant of the fact that pretty much everything we had already done was pretty different than what most people would consider normal. I was certainly alert enough to feel his strong hand slide down the center of my back and to be able to distinguish between his and Cho Lei's. Could be that I was just curious to find out

what he thought was different. It didn't really matter though. I was along for the ride wherever it took me.

"Okay."

Before the word was even completely out of my mouth, her small hands were on my legs removing the straps at my ankles. As this was being done, his strong hands slipped under my torso and I was flipped over onto my back. Since my hands stayed strapped to the top of the table, I was forced to cross my arms just above my wrists, pulling me slightly upward. When she refastened my ankles it was after she'd spread my feet apart about twenty-four inches.

I must have been a pretty sight splayed out there in all my naked splendor. Being blindfolded was a huge positive at the moment. At least I didn't have to watch them watching me. The coolness of the air-conditioning against slightly moist skin spiked my nipples and that attracted attention from Victor. I almost peed myself when I felt the soft wet lips on my breast. But when the other was covered with a soft hand, it was too small to be his.

So were the lips his or hers? The answer came almost instantly after my thought. When my mouth was covered, I was left with no doubt about who was where. Victor's lips were on mine, devouring my mouth with his, as if he was hungry and I was his only source of sustenance.

Being double-teamed as I was made it extremely difficult to concentrate. It seemed as if half a dozen people were treating me to every attention I'd ever imagined. I could feel hands on my torso and breasts. My mouth was covered with his and my bottom lip was being nibbled upon all the while his

tongue would slip into my mouth, like a cat lapping milk. I finally figured out that Victor was standing above my head and his face was inverted over mine. It was the only way he could attack my bottom lip and still get his tongue in my mouth between nibbles.

I suddenly screamed into Victor's mouth as a different tongue found the wet valley between my legs. As the oral assault went on, I knew it could only be Cho Lei. And from her subtle and willful movements, it quickly became obvious to me that she knew exactly what to do to yank an orgasm from me in short order. And in seconds my body was wracked with spasms of earthquake proportions.

* * * *

It became harder to satisfy my need for oxygen and my hearing went away. In its place there was a steady hum which finally brought me to awareness. When I took measure of my situation, I found that I was lying on the huge bed on silk sheets and under soft covers completely free from restraint. When I opened my eyes, Victor was lying next to me, watching carefully. He smiled when he saw my eyes open.

"Hi, sleeping beauty. You enjoy your nap?"

"Is that what I did? Fall asleep?"

Then another thought occurred to me.

"Did I dream all of that?"

"All of what?"

"The massage ... and all of that."

Captive Journey: A Woman's Odyssey into Bondage
by Valentine Adams

"You dreamed you had a massage or that you gave me one?"

He smiled and I almost peed myself. Victor is such a handsome man.

"No ... well ... I don't know."

He patted me on the left thigh through the covers, "You'd better get dressed. We'll be landing in less than half an hour."

CHAPTER 8

We landed at what I was to find out was George Charles Airport in Castries. That's on the northwestern coast of the island. Once again, a car was waiting after the airplane taxied to a stop at a private hangar. The luggage was handled by the flight crew while we were met and interviewed by the customs folks. The islands were certainly a relaxed place. And my first indication was that the inspectors were dressed in white shorts, short-sleeved white shirts with a blue logo on the left breast and white deck shoes. And if deference was any indicator of Victor's importance, then the governor was probably at his house arranging flowers for his arrival. I thought of the security required at airports back home. Of course that was only for show. A friend had once told me that airport security was sort of like putting alarm decals in the windows of your house but not having any alarm system actually installed. All for show. Well, that show was not playing on St. Lucia.

The drive to the house was only ten minutes or so and along the way I was amazed by the near jungle quality of the landscape. I wondered, with our arrangement, just how much time I'd actually spend getting to know this place of beauty. I sure hoped at least some of it would be included on the tour.

The house itself was on the crest of a hill with a beautiful view of Choc Bay, just a mile and a half or so north east of the airport, as the parrot flies. I call it a house, but it could have been a not so small hotel. The front veranda was the

entire width of the house and at least twelve feet deep. There were rocking chairs with cushions and bamboo shades to block the sun at the appropriate times of day. The architectural style was more like southern low country than anything else immediately recognizable. All the surfaces were pale colors, even the porch floor. There was an openness and relaxed quality even to the appearance of the place.

When we entered, the temperature dropped noticeably. From the feel and look of the areas I could see from the entrance, we could have been standing in a house anywhere in the western world. The interior was all soft pastels and hardwood of a golden brown tone. The floors were covered with Persian carpets and chandeliers cast soft light and shadows that added to the artificial coolness of the air.

Victor escorted me, guiding with a hand on my upper arm, to an elegant room, large enough to have two paddle fans. The furnishings were casual but intended to spoil the occupant. The bed cover was very obviously silk and India madras coloring in blues, golds and reds. This same color scheme was consistent throughout the room.

"What do you think?"

"This will certainly do nicely, thank you."

He waved off to my far right, pointing out an alcove there.

"The bath is through there. Why don't you freshen up and come and find me. And Heather ... take your time. The one thing that is absolutely against the law here is rushing."

He smiled and kissed me on the cheek before backing out of the room, closing the door as he went.

* * * *

I had lost all sense of time. To begin, I wasn't even sure what time it was when we left the hotel this morning. The last thing I remembered was Victor telling me it was after eight. And the flight could have been an hour or six. In the state I'd found myself, time had evaporated. And even since we'd arrived here at Victor's house, I'd had no sense of the passage of time. I could have sworn that I had fallen asleep while standing in the shower. I'd taken his advice to freshen up and the shower was so inviting. And once again, I was left to assume that time had passed, but if anyone was keeping track, they weren't including me in the loop. I dressed in the same clothing I'd worn from the hotel this morning. I couldn't help but laugh when I realized that I'd spent so little time actually in them that they couldn't be rumped.

I found Victor in the solarium, reclining and intently watching the horizon. He looked up when I entered and motioned for me to join him. On his immediate left was another overstuffed chaise lounge and as I took up residence there, Victor filled a second glass with some juice concoction and offered it to me.

"It's an island specialty. Made from bananas, mangos, oranges and vanilla spiced rum."

I tipped up my glass and filled my mouth with the most divine fruit punch I'd ever experienced.

"Good?"

"No. There has to be a word that so far exceeds good ... or excellent ... or even incredible. That's what this stuff is. I could take a bath in it!"

"Would you like to?"

"Well no. Not literally. I just meant..."

He was smiling and then he patted my hand.

"I was only teasing. But the thought of it is quite erotic, don't you agree?"

The only thought I had at that moment was that Victor was totally erotic. He has this simple little almost smile that just makes me crazy. It is so disarming that he could ask me to do anything and I would. What was I thinking, he had already asked me to come here with him and be his bondage date for a week and I'd accepted. Of course I'd do anything he asked of me.

"Do we have a plan or are we just going to take it as it happens this week?"

"Would you like a plan?"

"I don't suppose it really matters one way or the other."

"Good. I like surprises. Plans interfere with surprises."

I turned back to the view through the wall of glass. The sun was very low in the sky and had reached that point where it's a huge orange ball.

"So is there a surprise here?"

He turned his head slightly and smiled at me.

"Well, if you listen carefully, when the sun touches the horizon as it sinks into the sea, you'll hear the hiss."

We sat there for a few minutes in silence. Then Victor rolled onto his side so that he was looking directly at me.

"I do have to admit though, that I can't get the thought out of my head ... the image of you in a bathtub full of fruit

juice and rum. I may have to give you a bubble bath at least. You up to that?"

"Our deal is that I'm yours to do with as you wish."

"Then you just relax and I'll be back to get you in a few minutes."

And he was gone.

* * * *

My eyes were covered again, but this time Victor had not chosen to use the leather blindfold. My head was wrapped with four-inch wide flesh colored tape he'd called dermaplast. It was stretchy and very snug, but not at all uncomfortable, though I'm not sure I would have paid much attention to it regardless. After robbing me of my sight, he had taken his time removing my clothing, whispering softly to me all the time. Randomly he'd nip at my ears or jawline with his lips, surprising me but causing no real discomfort at all.

I could smell his fragrance as he moved quietly around me until I was totally naked. He slid in strong hands down my arms, lacing his fingers through my own as he pulled my hands behind my back. I was pretty sure how this would end. And I was proven correct as I felt the thong circle my crossed wrists. After what felt like about three wraps, he cinched and tied the bindings and my arms were captive.

Gently, he guided me forward. The ceramic tiles were surprisingly warm under my bare feet, and as we walked along, I felt the moisture in the air increase dramatically.

"Here we are. You'll have to step up now. Just three steps."

He kept his hands on me all the while, guiding me but more importantly giving me a sense of security. After ascending the three steps, he stopped me again. He shifted his position, passing by me on the right so that he was now standing in front of me with his hands just above my hips. He tugged at me slightly.

"Now down four."

As I stepped down, my foot entered very warm water, but only about ankle deep before I contacted the first step. By the fourth, which was the bottom of the tub, I was waist deep in water that had to be a hundred plus degrees. Almost immediately I could feel leg and hip muscles relaxing.

Victor steered me to a seat and helped me to get settled. Once seated, the water was nearly neck deep. I felt Victor's body next to me and then his hands caressed my neck and shoulders. His mouth was on mine and it nearly took my breath away. I hadn't been expecting a kiss and certainly not one so insistent and hard.

Then the magic of the accelerated water jets was injecting the hot tub with thousands of air bubbles. I felt the hot water churn against every part of me, causing me to be much more relaxed, finally my head seemed to move on its own, easing backward. I was surprised when it came into contact with an overstuffed leather bolster that caught me perfectly across my neck. Had I considered actually thinking at all, I would have believed that raising my temperature any further would have been impossible, until I felt Victor's strong hand on my thigh. The hand slid gently upward to nearly my left ass cheek before another hand firmly grasped my right. I was

shifted slightly to my right so that I had no option but to lift both feet onto the ceramic bench upon which we were seated.

His hands joined as they slid across my lower torso but then split up so that he was able to attack my breasts with one while the other slid into the junction of my legs. Every touch was like fire on bare skin. I was beginning to drift away from any awareness other than the sensations his hands were creating on my flesh. Without warning, fingers entered me, two in my pussy and one in my ass. I heard a scream of excitement at a distance, a short burst of music.

The thin membranes that separate the two cavities offered little insulation from each other as he rubbed what was probably his thumb and forefinger together. The excruciating pleasure this caused was breathtaking. Another scream brought me closer to reality but I couldn't hold my attention on anything outside my own body.

When the spasm hit, I saw explosions of light before my covered eyes. The sounds of the water were gone and I was gasping for air. I'm still not sure it was an orgasm. Perhaps I was struck by lightening. And the screams came again.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh my Goooooooooooooooooooooooooooood!"

* * * *

When I next became fully aware of my surroundings, I was in Victor's arms. As he carried me gently, my face rested against his right shoulder and then it was his voice that I could hear in the distance. I tried to carefully listen to what he was saying.

"...just for a short nap before dinner. Check with Henri about when dinner is going to be ready and perhaps we will have it on the west terrace. And Cho Lei, after you've done that, join us in Miss Journey's suite."

I felt the rush of cool air as he pushed open a door. Then I was deposited on a bed covered in what could only have been silk. I couldn't resist stretching out my legs to enjoy the smooth soft texture. Although it was cool against my bare skin, it quickly warmed as only silk does.

"Ah. You're back with us then?"

I only nodded to indicate my answer. I felt somehow that if I didn't speak the moment would continue. And I was correct. I felt the bedding sag only slightly as he joined me, resting his warm hand on my naked belly.

"You're like a cat. I swear you were purring in the hot tub and again now as I touch you."

And in confirmation of what he had said, I heard myself actually making soft noises that sounded very much like purring. I couldn't help but smile.

"Make love to me please."

His voice dropped conspiratorially, the deep tone almost reminded me of dark wood for some reason.

"That would be my pleasure."

As his body moved toward mine, I discovered that he was also naked. And his erection pressed hard against my left hip. As his hands explored my breasts, his lips touched me gently on my throat, tracing first my jawline and then covering my face with kisses. Finally when he found my mouth with his, the heat I felt was tropical.

He entered me with a firm confident stroke, burying his organ to the hilt. I felt so full, I feared I would only be able to lie there and let him do whatever he chose. But finally, after about his third stroke, my hips began to move as if they were directed by some other mind. In the heat of the moment, bodies were slapping and there were moans and laughter as an organism blasted through every cell of my body. Had my hands not been bound behind me, I would have been clawing his back trying to get him even closer than inside me.

For several minutes afterward, we lay there, me on the bottom, him on top, his penis still in me to its limit. There was no sound other than our breathing mixing together to form a two-part harmony. Then I heard my voice.

"Were you laughing?"

He slowly withdrew from me and rolled onto the bed, stretching out on my right side.

"Yes. I was. And you purred. Cho Lei will help you get cleaned up and she will dress you for dinner. Just relax and let her do her job. She will take care of your every need for the moment. And I'll take care of your every other need a little later."

He kissed me on the mouth and moved away.

CHAPTER 9

Cho Lei's small hands were surprisingly strong but soft. After Victor had left us, she had pulled me to my feet and taken me into the bath. Without bothering to release either my eyes or my hands, she guided me into the shower. The water was almost too hot, but as I adjusted to it, any remaining tension from the fucking I'd just gotten washed away down the drain.

At some point it occurred to me just how strange it was to be in the shower with another woman. I knew that she must also be free of any clothing. And that fact became obvious as she shampooed my hair. Her small stature forced her to press her lithe body against mine in order to reach parts of me. Then her hands became very personal as she soaped and lathered my most intimate spots. Each time there was flesh on flesh, something akin to electricity sparked at the contact. I knew that the touching was far more intimate than was necessary, and the fact that my hands remained tied behind my back only added to my perception that this was as much for her pleasure as it was for my cleanliness.

My imagination quickly jumped to that dream I'd had on the flight down here. I was pretty sure that I wasn't dreaming about the shower, and the intimate behavior was just the same as occurred then. There was also something very familiar about the size and softness of her hands. I'd experienced this sort of contact before and it wasn't a dream. That much I was growing to a certainty. Then I recalled

Victor's voice and the playfulness in it as he had awakened me from my nap on the flight. I know that my face turned bright red when I realized that he'd been teasing me.

She spent an extended time making sure that my breasts were perfectly clean and it was during this process that her lips first pulled against my left nipple. I was pushed against the warm wet tiles, my back finding the corner. Even if my eyes hadn't been covered, I would have closed them and allowed myself the pleasure of this taboo attention to wash over me. And her attentions didn't stop there. After spending several minutes nibbling at my breasts, she raised her head slightly, nipping at my left earlobe. It wasn't really painful, but it was surprising considering the disassociated state of my mind. I was unable to avoid the yelp that popped from my own mouth. But the noise barely passed my lips before they were covered in a passionate kiss. When her tongue found its way into my mouth, the tingle of illicit pleasure coursed through my body, settling between my legs. Now there was no doubt about our first encounter. But I was trying to think in a situation where thinking was impossible or at the very least unimportant.

The erotic nature of her subtle attack so distracted me that it was only after she released my mouth that I noticed she had one hand between my legs while the heel of the other was pummeling my left breast. I was so turned on as her middle finger brushed firmly over my clitoris that I nearly lost my breath.

Just as suddenly as it had started, it was over and Cho Lei was back to completing my bath. At that point, I found myself

trying to decide if it had really happened or if I'd only fantasized it. Did that just happen? Was I dreaming again? If this hadn't occurred, then yesterday on the flight probably hadn't happened. Was I disappointed, frustrated, relieved, or perhaps all the above? It didn't seem to matter to her. Or maybe she wasn't even aware of all these things I thought were happening. She carried on in her workman like style.

As the next part of the bathing process, I experienced another first. I had never even thought about letting another woman shave my legs. But Cho Lei had done exactly that for me. And she did the full bikini shave, which included my legs and up onto the hips so that a French cut leg would not expose any residual stubble. This would have certainly given her the opportunity of proximity to again touch my most private areas, yet nothing happened. Was I losing my marbles?

Toweled dry with a huge soft bath sheet, I was guided to the bedroom. I was aware of the movement from room to room by the changes in flooring. Cool tile turned first to warm hardwood and then too plush soft carpeting. Once there, I was seated on a vanity stool and Cho Lei finally removed the blindfold. I watched myself in the mirror as she vigorously cleaned my face with cloth pads until my skin was bright pink and warm.

All signs of make-up were gone before she started the painting anew. She applied a foundation that was so silky and transparent, that once it was on, it disappeared completely. Afterward, there was a very light base eye shadow of charcoal followed by a grading into navy blue on the lids themselves.

The mascara was dark navy. A subtle application of muted plum blush was followed by a deep plum lip color. Only about six or seven minutes had passed when she applied the finishing powder. Had I not seen the transformation myself, I wouldn't have believed the quick but subtle change. I saw beautiful light eyes in the mirror looking back at me from under the dark lids.

I was left alone for several minutes while Cho Lei rummaged in the closet and then the dresser drawers. She returned with handfuls of gauzy fabric. Stooping in front of me she began to pull sheer black stockings onto my feet. When both legs of the garment were on up to my knees, she pulled me to standing and worked the silky material up my thighs and over my hips settling the top band low on my hips. She bent down and quickly smoothed the stockings up my legs using both her small hands. Anyone who hasn't experienced having himself or herself dressed by someone else has no idea how decadent are the feelings. I would have to say it was the most spoiled I've felt as an adult.

Within seconds, my hands were free for the first time in a couple of hours, but I would find out in only moments that it was to be short lived. A clinging black silk top was pulled over my head and down onto my torso. It was as sheer as the pantyhose on my legs, and even though it had a slightly more opaque band around my breasts, my rigid nipples were clearly visible. The shoulder straps were as fine as florists' wire and its bottom hem stopped four inches above the stocking tops, leaving my midriff exposed.

The skirt was sheer silk in navy with black swirls. It was held in place by a broad elastic band at the top and the bottom skimmed the floor. As she knelt in front of me and finished off my outfit with a pair of black silk slippers, her delicate hands went around my left leg and with a touch as soft as a spider's step, she slid upward past my knee and onto my thigh. The soft warmth of her skin against the silky fabric of the stockings made me want to close my eyes and just enjoy. But her insistent eyes had locked gazes with mine and she refused to let go. She watched my face intently, staring into my eyes, almost mesmerizing me. When her left hand brushed over the silky nylon at my pussy, I jumped with the shock of her touch. For the first time, I saw a smile curl at her small mouth. Maybe I wasn't so crazy after all.

When eye contact finally broke, I closed mine to savor the moment. I'd never been interested in women, but there was something in Cho Lei that brought out a craving from deep inside me. Almost before I realized it, she was binding my wrists behind my back once more. This time they were crossed and held together with a silk scarf. I noted immediately that even though I was securely bound whenever Victor did it, Cho Lei's handiwork was much tighter. There'd be no freedom without help.

* * * *

Before we left the bedroom, Cho Lei had covered my eyes with a soft leather blindfold, so once again I could not see or use my hands as we walked through the house. My other senses were on edge. I felt myself almost sniffing the air and

listening for even the slightest sound that would give me some warning of what I was being led into. The combination of sounds and smells was almost an assault on my mind. There was a fresh breeze that carried the scent of salt water, but obviously at a distance. More close to me was the sweet fragrance of some jungle flower and the aroma of cooking. I could distinguish a spicy odor joined with hot seafood.

Then I felt the presence of someone else near me. I was left with only the assumption that it was Victor. A masculine hand touched my right shoulder and guided me a few steps further along. And even though that hand was present, Cho Lei's small fingers were still wrapped around my left upper arm, steering me just as she had since the bedroom.

I was stopped and from the downward pressure of her hand, Cho Lei directed me to kneel. I had little choice, so gave in without resistance. My knees came to rest on a firm but soft cushion on the floor. I stayed erect in my posture since that was the impression I had been left with even though her hand was not removed. Then her hands were on my legs, lifting one foot over the other so that my ankles were crossed. I felt the softness of silk as she wrapped my ankles three turns and cinched the bindings, locking my feet together.

I could feel her hands as she continued to work at the bindings, slipping another silk scarf through the one around my legs then looping it through my wrist bonds, pulling out all the slack, causing me to be forced to sit back onto my feet. Then a knot was tied, leaving me unable to rise up even an inch from my seated position.

I was struggling with myself, not because I was sitting there bound hand and foot with my eyes covered, not knowing what room I was in or who might be there with me, or watching me, but because I was being turned on by this treatment. Had I become some wanton sex addict? Or maybe I was a closet bondage freak who had managed to get this far in life without realizing it? And how long might I be kept this way and would it become very uncomfortable? All I had were questions and raging hormones.

My mental journey was abruptly interrupted as a soft firm hand stroked the side of my face. It was surely Victor's hand. I could smell his fragrance as the fingertips brushed down my jawbone and then traced my lips, so very gently. It was this paradox that kept me enthralled with this whole game we were playing. Bound and blindfolded and unable to move or to protect myself, if there were reason to do that, none of these things bother me at all. My attention was consumed with the tenderness of his touch. When he spoke, his voice was just as soft as his fingertips and hushed, forcing me to listen carefully or miss what he was to say.

"My dear Heather. You are so beautiful. And restraint so enhances your beauty that you're all my eyes can see. May I feed you?"

I had been so focused on listening and experiencing the feelings and emotions of my captivity that my mind had difficulty responding to such a simple question. But finally it came out and was only just audible.

"Yes ... do whatever you want."

* * * *

There is no way for me to know just how long dinner lasted. I was fed luscious sweet buttered crabmeat, and tender sea scallops. Fresh fruit was plentiful and champagne held to my lips between almost every morsel. Each bite was served by hand and Victor cleaned his fingertips by putting them into my mouth, each time allowing them to linger. By dinner's end, my sex was dripping onto the cushion between my legs.

Had I not become such a bondage slut, I might have cared. But that was all behind me. I'd become so captive to the entire experience that it was all that occupied my thoughts. I only wanted him to make love to me and if he chose to keep me bound all night, then my only request was that I be allowed to stay with him for the night. I wrestled with myself about making just that offer to him. What would he think of me? What would I think of myself? My own voice surprised me as it rose in the distance.

"Victor ... if it would please you, keep me tied all night, just take me to bed with you and let me stay. Make love to me. Or if you prefer, just ... fuck me."

His first response scared me a little. He laughed. I didn't know if I should be hurt or embarrassed. But he quickly came to my rescue.

"Heather my sweet. Your wish is not just my command, it will be my pleasure."

CHAPTER 10

Within minutes of my offer to him, Victor had hefted me over his shoulder and carried me from the dining room to the bedroom. As I heard the door close, I knew this was the place where he slept since his smell permeated the air. It was a rich masculine smell of spice and musk. I was placed gently on a bed and felt his fingers go to work immediately releasing me from my bondage. When my arms and legs were free, he loosened the blindfold and slipped it over my head.

Those incredible eyes looked straight into my soul and I knew that I could have no secrets from this man among men. As he touched me, I understood that his true power over me was his slow and gentle manner. Even though I had been his captive for most of the time we had spent together, there was no doubt that everything I did and was to do would be of my own free will or it would not happen. But I felt so under his spell that I also knew that I would do anything I thought he wanted me to do.

This powerful man whom I'd known for only a few days was so in control of everything in his life that it was only natural for him to need this sort of relationship with me or any other woman for that matter. His purpose was his own pleasure. But my pleasure was necessary to him in order for his pleasure to be complete.

So soft and warm was the touch, his hand sliding over my ribcage just under my right breast, lifting the black silk of my gauzy top. As he raised his hands up past my head, the top

was gone. With a playful shove against my shoulders with both hands, he pushed me back onto the bed. In seconds the skirt joined the top on the floor, leaving me clothed, if it could be called that, by nothing but the sheer charcoal pantyhose.

Victor's face came down to my chest and his tongue and upper teeth caught my left nipple and it was pulled into his wet mouth. This simple attack nearly took my breath away. There was never any suggestion of haste as he enjoyed a deliberate journey over my torso, kissing and nibbling at my breasts and down the sides of my body. As he kissed every inch of my bare skin, his hands became familiar with me as well. The strong fingers of his right hand enfolded my left breast as he gently kneaded my flesh.

I was so absorbed with the sensations that went through my body that my attention was not on what his left hand was about. Then without warning two of his fingers slid into my sex. The left palm covered my bush as he penetrated me repeatedly. After about six strokes, I was forced to cover his hand with my own to force his fingers deeper into my pussy. I gasped for breath and I pressed with all my waning strength as the orgasm swept over me.

There was that husky chuckle that literally gave me chills. He so enjoyed making me feel. I was beginning to think that he didn't care what I felt as long as the feelings were powerful. I was amazed by the fact that he seemed to once again put my release above his own. I'd never been with a man like this.

He'd moved away from me, but only briefly. I felt his hands at my hips and then the stockings were peeled from

me. When he stretched out beside me, I felt, for the first time, his naked flesh against mine. His hands were around my upper body, rolling me toward his and in a single graceful turn, he was in me. I was more full than I'd ever been before, not painfully, but completely filled. I'm not a tramp, even though I've had my share of guys. But this was one large and rigid cock. As he drove into me, slowly and gently at first, he gradually rolled us both over so that he was lying on his back and I was on top of him.

When the explosion hit some ten minutes later, we came together, one fluid combined movement, a connection of male and female flesh, moans of passion and finally a soft and lingering kiss on my mouth. I don't know if I'd been made love to or I'd simply been fucked, but I didn't care. I was totally satisfied and I felt safe and happy. I fell asleep within minutes, still wrapped in his arms.

* * * *

At some point in the night, Victor tied my hands and feet, but only as a token of possessiveness. He crossed my wrists and tied and cinched them but for the first time they were in front. My ankles were looped with a silk scarf side by side. They were bound snugly together but not so tight as to be uncomfortable.

I was amazed at how pleasant it was to stretch with waking. I reached my bound hands as far above my head as nature would allow while pointing my toes in the opposite direction. And even though I couldn't move my limbs separately from each other, I felt no real restrictions.

For the first time in months, I actually felt satisfied. I had no worries. There was no office expecting me. I had no appointments with which to deal. There were no sales quotas chasing me. I couldn't help but laugh out loud. Here I was thousands of miles from the place I called home. My arms and legs were bound as I lay in the bed of a man I hardly knew. And I felt more freedom and pleasure than I'd experienced in months, maybe even years. It occurred to me that I could certainly get used to this.

Even the bondage was beginning to grow on me in a totally twisted way. As I thought of the incredible sex we'd had the night before, even during that incredible sex, I realized that I'd wondered what it would have been like to have been tied to the bed and blindfolded. I was almost certain that it would have increased every sensation I'd experienced. Was I curious enough to consider asking him to do it again but to tie me up first? No, I hadn't gotten quite that far yet, but I'd not be surprised if I did get there. It was just that I was embarrassed by it, not being bound, but for enjoying it.

The door swept open and Victor came in with a smile on his face. He seemed to have had just as pleasant an evening as I.

"Good morning dear Heather. I hope you slept well?"

I only nodded my yes to him and smiled.

"You are one of the most beautiful women this early in the day that I've ever seen. So does this vacation lifestyle agree with you? Is that why you look so good?"

"I was just lying here considering that exact question. I wasn't fully aware of just how badly I needed to get away. In fact, there are any number of things of which I was not fully aware."

His gaze had been exploring me but quickly settled on my face. Those pale blue eyes burned into me and felt as if I was being separated from myself, sort of an out of body experience. My brain went onto automatic pilot.

"And those are?"

I wasn't really conscious of actually thinking about a response. I heard a voice speaking and realized only after several words that the voice was mine.

"That there could be so much freedom in being bound. I wondered after that incredible sex last night just what it would have been like to have been tied to the bed and blindfolded during that."

"Would you like to experiment?"

"Yes."

"Now or later?"

I couldn't help but laugh. I knew that my face was bright red from the revelation of my innermost private thoughts. My sexual appetite had betrayed me. And I knew that while there was no incorrect answer, there was only one correct reply to the last question he'd posed.

"Both please."

* * * *

When I awoke from the brief nap, I knew immediately that I was alone. It was the stillness in the room that gave it

away. One of the things I now understood was that the loss of sight made me more aware of my surroundings. Something so simple as hearing another's breaths became second nature when one is blindfolded for extended periods. That rhythm of breathing was so subtle that it was relegated to background noise when sight was available. And if my eyes were free, I'd never have heard the stark silence in the room.

My arms were still stretched to the corners of the headboard and held there by leather thongs at my wrists. My legs were similarly fettered to the footboard corner posts. My limbs were pulled tight enough that movement was absolutely minimal. I could smell the leather of the soft blindfold that covered my eyes.

Victor had apparently left me this most recent time, after I'd drifted off to sleep then only when he had taken me to near exhaustion. After my blatant disclosure earlier in the day, we had enjoyed breakfast in bed after which he had taken me to the shower. I've come to know as a great pleasure having someone else bathe me and I've come to believe that no one could possibly do it better than Victor.

The shower had been hot and soothing. Afterward, I'd dried my hair and at his request applied make-up. I find it amusing that Victor genuinely likes for me to wear eye make-up even though my eyes are covered much of the time with soft leather or cloth. Still, I want to please him for some reason I don't yet understand and the make-up is a little thing.

As I was finishing my post bath activities, he came into the dressing room and scooped me up in his arms. I slipped my

arms around his neck and it seemed only natural that I gently kiss his cheek. He didn't look at me, rather continued to watch where he was walking, but there was a sudden smile on his lips after my kiss.

He sat me on the side of the king-sized bed and stooped in front of me. From the pocket of the black silk robe he wore, he pulled a handful of black silky material that turned out to be thigh-high stockings. I was treated to a most sexy few moments of attention as he slowly, but with obviously practice expertise, pulled the sheer material onto my legs and high onto my thighs where the elastic bands at the tops gripped snugly to my legs.

His hands were resting briefly on my thighs, but began to slide, open palms onto my hips and then up the sides of my torso finally reaching my breasts. With one tit grasped firmly in each hand he pushed me over onto my back on the bed. His mouth was open slightly as his lips came to mine.

Expecting an ordinary kiss, if anything could be called ordinary about his kisses, I raised my face slightly to meet his lips. But he hesitated just long enough to make me understand that he wanted nothing from me. It was his desire to do it all himself. I rested my head back against the silk comforter and closed my eyes.

I could feel his warm breath against my face, just millimeters away from my mouth, then as he moved toward my eyes, his open lips brushed against the skin of my cheek them across my brows and down my nose to once again approach my open mouth. Still he did not actually bring his

lips against mine, but rather only brushed slightly as he continued his journey.

These "breath kisses" continued down onto my chest with each breast being treated to the warm air and the microscopic contact of his lips against my skin. He coursed down the center of my belly and suddenly released that sexy soft chuckle that gives me chills.

"You have this very light peach fuzz on your tummy. I wonder if I took a bite if you would take like a peach. I'll try that later."

Then the warm breath reached my bush. I'd hoped he wouldn't stop before now. I gasped for breath as his tongue suddenly brushed over my clit. All this time he'd avoided actual contact, but the tongue was driven against my sex and my body involuntarily bucked in response to it. I wanted him inside me so badly I almost screamed. Then he stopped. There was no explanation. He simply pulled away and moved.

When he rose from the bed, I had no choice but to return to reality and open my eyes. He never stopped looking directly at my face as he moved across the room to the dresser there. From the top of the chest, he retrieved the leather blindfold and several others pieces of leather as well before returning to me.

Never a word was spoken as he lifted my head enough to cover my eyes and fasten the leather strap around my head. Then he scooted me into the center of the bed after rolling me over onto my stomach. In less than three minutes I was stretched spread-eagle but face down. My only thought was that he was planning something I'd never done before. But

wasn't that the theme of this entire trip? Did I need to make a quick decision and voice my unwillingness? Was I really unwilling?

Fortunately my inability to reach a conclusion allowed enough time for me to realize that I didn't need to worry. When he finished binding me, I was stretched as far as my limbs would reach. In this position and blind to boot, I was totally at his mercy and the mere thought of that circumstance was making me wet.

The pop of the cork sounded like a cannon since I was listening so intently in order to have some warning before any assault started. My body responded as it would have to any loud and unexpected noise. I jumped, jerking hard at my bonds.

"You're not getting nervous are you?"

His rich baritone voice was right against my ear and the warm breath followed the sound of that devilish chuckle.

"Don't worry, I promised you that I wasn't going to do anything to you unless you agree to it ahead of time."

Then the cold liquid touched my lower back, right above the rise of my buttocks in that shallow dip.

"I thought it would be interesting to see if I could use you as a glass. Do you know that only one in twenty women can do this? You're becoming a more rare find all the time."

Then his lips and tongue were against the hollow sipping the champagne that had puddled there. The next trickle of chilled liquid started much higher, and I could feel the bubbly flowing down the little valley that was on both sides of my backbone. I stayed very still so the wine would not be sloshed

over the sides of my torso by movement. I could feel the flow warming as it again puddled just above my hips. And once more Victor lapped up the liquid as if it were the nectar of the Gods.

This time, however, he addressed his lips and tongue to the area in general, kissing and licking until he reached the overly sensitive sides of my waist. Once more, I was pulling at my bonds, trying to avoid these ticklish attentions. My efforts seemed to please him as little bursts of soft laughter came from him.

Then his hands were on me, rubbing up the sides of my nearly immobile body. I felt the bed shift slightly as he moved between my legs so that he was centered behind me. When he leaned forward to allow his hands to reach under me to grasp my breasts, I left his manhood brush against my buttocks.

As he rubbed my tits with strong strokes, pinching the nipples unexpectedly, my attention was totally absorbed and without warning, he slid his rigid cock into my pussy. From his position above my thighs, he was lying across the cheeks of my ass. His hands moved to my shoulders and when he lunged forward with his hips, he would simultaneously pull against my upper body, pounding away until we both boiled over.

Only after I relaxed slightly did I realize the strain I'd put on the leather straps holding me in place. My wrists were hot from my efforts to pull my hands free, even though I must admit, I didn't want to be free at all.

Without giving me much of a rest, he released the thongs from the bedposts, but left me securely tied to my arms and legs. I was flipped over onto my back and quickly retied to the corners of the bed. This time, I was just as secure and with just as little slack, but now my front was open to his attacks.

And an attack it was. His mouth and teeth covered every inch of my prone body, from the insides of my nylon covered knees to my outstretched elbows. He paid particular attention to belly and breasts, nibbling and sucking until I was on the verge of climaxing or peeing on the bed.

When he finally entered me, I was nearly delirious and lasted only seconds until the first orgasm hit. Even with his weight on top of me, I was able to lift my back off the bedding as I pushed against his hard dick, wanting more. But he wouldn't be hurried, continuing his slow steady strokes in a routine that could have been set to music. In and out and pause before another round of in and out and pause. Only eight or ten of these cycles were done before another eruption took place in my pussy, this spasm more draining as the effects of fatigue were beginning to show.

By the time Victor finally reached his crescendo, I had lost count of my own orgasms. But I didn't lose count until after at least five. My awareness began to fade and all the sounds I heard were far away as he came.

I do remember the most tender kiss on my mouth and a chuckle in response to a sigh that I must assume was my own. Then he tucked me under a soft coverlet and he was gone. Now I've been waiting for someone to free me. I must

Captive Journey: A Woman's Odyssey into Bondage
by Valentine Adams

go to the bathroom soon or there will surely be an accident.

CHAPTER 11

We had just finished lunch by the pool. This had been one of the truly glorious days. With the temperature in the low-eighties and the humidity fairly low as well, we'd spent all morning outside on the patio and in the pool. After my last swim, Victor had lifted me from the pool by my arms and led me to a seat at the glass topped table where there was lobster salad served on a bed of dark green leaves and accompanied by Bloody Marys that were just this side of lethal. And I don't mean from the Vodka, but from the hot pepper sauce. My lips were numb after just a few sips, but not so numb that I couldn't feel Victor's against my own when he leaned across the table to kiss me.

"So tell me Victor, what are our plans for the rest of the day?"

"Is there anything special you would care to do?"

We hadn't seen much of the island, although that wasn't really why we were here. And as much trouble as I was having understanding my newfound bravery about telling him exactly what I wanted, my willingness to do that was not impaired by that ignorance. And that in itself was part of the mystery for me. I learned many lessons in this short time. And the most important was that life was to be enjoyed, even if pleasure came from what might be considered taboo.

"I wouldn't mind staying in and ... playing ... games?"

"Like Bridge? Or maybe Old Maid?"

He was making fun of me and that impish smile of his ran a chill down my spine. Another thing I'd probably never understand was how that man could make me hot just by looking at me.

"No. You know what kind of playing I mean."

"Are you telling me that you are beginning to enjoy being bound? You like being mistreated?"

"I don't know. If anyone had suggested even a month ago ... but Victor, you've not mistreated me, not even for an instant."

"Ah, but there are those who would tell you that isn't true."

"If there's one thing I've become sure about is that it's only what I tell myself that counts."

"And what do you tell yourself about ... playing as you put it?"

"I can't really explain it. But there's some feeling of security when I'm ... you know, bound. Strangely, the tighter the better too."

"There's absolutely nothing strange about it. Consider this. Are you familiar with the expression swaddling?"

"I remember the word from Sunday school when I was a kid. Swaddling clothes are what a baby is wrapped in."

"Right. Swaddling is wrapping a baby in strips of cloth, usually something like small blankets. It gives the baby a sense of physical security. And the entire baby is wrapped from its neck down to and including its feet. And while you don't want to restrict blood flow, the tighter the better up to a point. It's like being in the womb for the baby. That snug cozy

feeling makes them feel safe and protected. Being bound is the same sort of thing."

Now it was my turn to tease a little.

"Practicing psychology without a license are we?"

"No. Everyone who lives for thirty or forty years becomes a psychologist. If you pay attention and use common sense, you'll be able to discern a lot of things about people and the way they react to stimuli."

I more thought it out loud than I really meant to say it. At least I think that was the case. But when it had already come out, I felt not only relieved, but also a sense of thrill at knowing it would probably happen.

"I want to be swaddled! I can't believe that I just said that!"

I couldn't help but believe that I was losing my mind. Or maybe there was some sort of new date drug that made a woman want to do anything sexual that she thought a guy would like. What was I saying, most women didn't need a drug to be doing that. Besides, this wasn't something for him so much as it was something that was actually for me. It didn't hurt at all that he would enjoy it as well.

Victor smiled as he stood, never breaking eye contact with me. It really drove me nuts when he did that. His steel blues just sliced right through me to my heart and soul. He gently took my hand and I followed him into the house and down the hall to his room.

* * * *

Without speaking to me, he peeled off my bikini and took me into the shower. Once again, I was being washed by someone else and loving the attention. I just closed my eyes and pretended to be blindfolded, allowing Victor to do whatever he wished. In spite of the warm water, I got goose bumps when his hands slid across my belly. I was pulled against his chest, spooning our bodies as he gently grasped my breasts, my left in his right hand and my right in his left hand, his arms crossing in front of me. As he kneaded my flesh with fingertips, his breath was on my neck. The first kiss was at the hinge of my jaw followed by more up my face just in front of my right ear. I wanted it to continue for a longer time, but he released me and pushed me under the spray to rinse.

A thorough rubbing with a big fluffy towel followed the bath and when I was totally dry, he took a brush and dryer to my hair. It only took minutes for him to be satisfied with the results. While they were still closed, as I relished the experience, he covered my eyes with more of what I assumed was the flesh colored broad dermaplast tape he'd used before. He wrapped my head about four times and cut off the end before pressing it down firmly to my skin. This time, he also used the tape to cover my mouth. Another four wraps later and I was silenced as well as sightless.

He gently took my hand, interlacing his fingers with mine as if we were middle school sweethearts, leading me from the hot bath into the much cooler bedroom. I couldn't avoid the slight shiver that ran through me as I passed under one of

the paddle fans overhead. It came as no surprise that Victor noticed it.

"I guess we should find you a little something to wear."

He helped me get myself seated on the side of the bed and left me alone. I could hear him rummaging in the closet and then drawers in the chest were opened and closed. After his search, he returned to me.

"This will be perfect. It's really too bad that you won't be able to see how lovely this outfit is. But I will certainly enjoy watching you struggle in it."

It started at my toes and in seconds I knew that his outfit was nothing more than the way he'd chosen to dress me for other sessions of bondage. I could tell that the stockings were very sheer and as he pulled them up my legs, he pulled me to standing. I expected him to reach my waist and stop but he surprised me as the soft nylon continued up my torso. He stopped briefly to align my arms one at a time as he fed the stocking material over my hands and up my arms until the round neck opening settled over my shoulders.

The body stocking covered almost every inch of me, starting at my toes completely over my torso and up my arms from my wrists where it was held in place by little thumb loops pulled over my hands. It did feel awfully sexy against my naked body and I was beginning to tingle in my crotch from nothing more than the experience of having him put this sheer sheath on me.

"Let your imagination go, dear Heather. Just so you can see in your mind's eye, the body stocking is very sheer and virginal white. I'm going to use white rope to tie you and

even the dermaplast tape is white so it will all blend together."

He first pulled my hands together behind my back and bound them at the wrists with my palms facing outward. I made every effort to be sensitive to every feeling so that I knew that he wrapped the soft cotton rope around my arms four times before cinching tightly between my hands. The two ends of these ropes were then pulled up over my shoulders and crossed between my breasts before going around me and being wrapped at my elbows. This accomplished two things as once. My hands were pulled high up my back, forcing my elbows out at my sides and when the ropes were tied to each of them, my arms were pulled firmly against my back.

I was turned and pushed back against the side of the bed until I lost my balance and sat down rather abruptly. I sensed that Victor stooped in front of me and this was confirmed when more of the rope was wrapped around my ankles. After six or seven turns, these bindings were also tightly cinched. The process was repeated at the middle of my calves, just below my knees and then again slightly above my knees, each tie being six or seven smooth wraps that were cinched tightly between my now useless legs. The final leg tie was at the arches of my feet, apparently using smaller diameter cotton rope. My legs were welded together, leaving not a millimeter of slack. If either leg moved a fraction, then they both moved as if they were one.

Victor pulled me to standing and held me for a few seconds until I gained some sense of balance. Then he wrapped rope about six or seven turns about my waist just above my hips,

taking care to pull it tight without being cruel. The knot was tied at my stomach. Next he added a similar wrap over my upper arms and around my torso just below my breasts and was once more careful to make it very snug but without causing actual pain. Now not only were my legs totally useless, but my arms and hands had joined that total and absolute lack of capacity.

Moving any part of me was an impossibility after I'd allowed him to do this most thorough tying. But what was most shocking was finding out that he wasn't done with his dirty work. I felt the strap pass around my neck. It was soft leather, feeling much like the blindfold I'd worn so many times. And I could smell the fresh leather fragrance. He pulled it snug, but well short of causing me to fear any threat of choking even though it was high on my throat. I stood patiently as he passed a loop of rope through what was apparently a steel ring on the front of the wide collar. He lifted me and placed me completely on the bed with my feet planted flatly in front of me and my knees elevated. The rope from the collar I wore was threaded through the bindings at my knees and the slack was pulled out before a secure knot was tied. When he released my legs, my thighs were pressed against my breasts.

Still the project wasn't done. He rolled me onto my side so that my back was toward him. He looped rope through my bound arms and fed the other end through the bindings on my ankles. When he pulled the slack from this tie, my feet were pulled high up toward my back until my heels were against my buttocks. When the knot was tied, I could no

longer move my legs at all. At least before then I could move the pair together. I no longer had that freedom. In fact I no longer had any freedom.

Then Victor's smooth and calming voice was at my ear as he spoke softly to me. It was somehow very reassuring both in tone and what he had to say.

"You must relax. Allow yourself to smell every smell, to hear every sound and feel every part of your body. Test the bondage, but don't let your struggles reach a panic. Now listen very carefully. Do you know the third movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, those four famous notes? Da, da, da, dum?"

I nodded my head slightly in positive response.

"Good. Those will be your key to release. If you get into trouble, or panic or claustrophobia sets in, or if you just get tired, then make those four notes through your nose and I will release you immediately. Understand?"

Again my slight affirmative nod was about all the movement I was capable of.

"Okay. Now, just this once, I want you to make those notes, so that both you and I know you can do it. And this time, I'm going to ignore them since it's just a test. But after this time, use them for release, okay?"

"Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmmm."

"Good. Okay, take your time. Experience the captivity. I will not leave you although it may sound as if I have. That's just part of the experience. Let yourself enjoy the completeness of it. Because, after you use the key to release,

you will have to pay me the fee for that key. Of course if you get free on your own, you won't have the debt, will you?"

And that's it! No explanation? No hint as to what the cost was for the damn key? Of course, I was awfully glad that he'd thought to give it to me at all. Until he'd explained it to me, I hadn't even thought about it. And I'm sure had it occurred to me in my present state, panic would certainly have followed. And after no more than ten minutes in this predicament, I knew that freeing myself was no more a possibility than somehow solving the time travel mystery while I lay there.

Victor had said to use my senses. Okay, I thought it was a good idea. Besides, my senses of hearing, smell, and feel were the only things that weren't tied up. I could still smell Victor's fragrance. And he had said that he would not leave me alone, but there was no sound. I couldn't even hear him breathing. I could hear the paddle fans turning and even the movement of the air. But even the ocean in the distance wasn't loud enough to invade this inner sanctum. There were no detectable sounds in the entire house, at least none that came to me. I could smell the bed clothing, the silk duvet had absorbed Victor's odor. And the smell of laundry was present. The room itself smelled slightly spicy with some underlying floral. Overall, it smelled like a man.

The only remaining sense was feeling. There were some very obvious ones that immediately made themselves known. I could feel ropes at my wrists, over my shoulders, around my upper arms and passing under my breasts. My stomach was wrapped in several turns, pulling my waist as small as a girdle might do. My legs were tied in so many places that it

bordered on the ridiculous. Ropes secured me at ankles, mid calves, below and above the knees and even the arches of my feet. With my legs pulled both against my chest and my ass, there was no movement possible with them. And with my arms pulled high on my back and roped against my torso, they were equally immobile. I could move my fingers slightly as well as wiggling my toes. But my eyelids wouldn't flutter nor could I change the position of my lips. Even moving my head was difficult and minimal at best since the four-inch wide tape covering my eyes and mouth also covered my hair. And the collar on my throat was at least three inches high, taking away any freedom of movement for my chin, even if it hadn't been taped to my face. In short, I had no freedom of movement.

Then I remembered what Victor had told me that he wanted. He said that he desired my freedom. Well, I certainly didn't have it at the moment, so I guess his goal had been met.

I tried to relax and start at the soles of my feet and attempt to feel everything I could discern. I felt the slight restriction on my toes that the nylon stockings pulled tightly against them caused. If I tried to shift my feet back and forth against one another, the fraction of a millimeter they would move allowed me to feel the smoothness of the nylon between them. I was not able to shift my ankles at all, since my heels were pressed against my bottom. And the same was the case with my knees and thighs as they could only be pulled against my chest another miniscule distance. But doing that only added to the difficulty of catching a full breath.

I would later find out that this condition I was in is called a ball tie. And I can certainly understand why it got that name. I was lying with the left side of my face resting on the silk bed cover. It was difficult even lifting my head up enough to clear the silk. Doing that for only moments caused fatigue to set in instantly.

With my bound hands, I could feel the nylon of the body stocking covering my back. My hands were held just below my shoulder blades and because my elbows were pulled against my torso, this added to my being forced to exist on shallow breaths.

My fingertips could touch rope that was looped around my wrists, but everything I could feel was smooth. There was no sign of a knot outside of the fact that the ties stayed secure and snug, no matter how much I pulled and struggled.

Just to test my limits, I decided to roll over onto my right side. I first tried to use centrifugal force to roll myself onto my knees. When about six attempts to do that had failed, it occurred to me that perhaps rolling over onto my back and then the other side would meet with less resistance. My arms being held behind my back was much less an obstacle than my doubled over legs in front were.

This time it only took four attempts to meet with success. Now from my position on my right side, I found that almost nothing had changed. I could better feel the breeze from the fan. I could assume from that a couple of things. First, I knew that the closest fan to the bed was on the right side. So I now knew that I was lying on the bed in more or less the correct direction, with my head pointed toward the headboard. What

good this knowledge did was totally beyond me. But, for some reason, it thrilled me to have been able to discern something about my circumstances even though I couldn't move any of my limbs, couldn't talk or see.

I lay very still for a while trying to determine just where Victor might be. I knew that he must be in the room. He had said he wouldn't leave me alone. It would be another major victory to be able to locate him. Had I ever thought in terms of something so simple being a major victory before that day, I'm sure I would have questioned my sanity. But for some reason the experience of being so securely bound gave me a sense of accomplishment over any tiny breakthrough I was able to manage. I realized that this one experience was going to change me. I would never perceive things in the same manner as I had all those years before that day.

And lying there truly helpless and alone with my thoughts, I understood that life is made up of seconds, not years. Every instant is something to be considered. There are so many things in life that we tell ourselves that we have no time for. That day, I had time and little else. It gave me a different point of view.

I also began to understand that there was a coziness that being in bondage gave me that was not possible in any other situation. Being bound was a lot like being hugged, as long as it was done for pleasure and not pain. So I made a decision that day. I did enjoy what Victor had taught me. And I was willing to play any of his games as long as I felt that he respected me. And at that moment, as bizarre as it may seem, I had no doubt that he did.

Captive Journey: A Woman's Odyssey into Bondage
by Valentine Adams

Oh, I should say that I managed to deal with my very strenuous captivity for nearly two hours that day. I finally did begin to feel claustrophobic and hummed my release code. Victor freed me within minutes. He had been there all along. And what did it cost me? That's for later in the story ... maybe.

CHAPTER 12

I awoke on Saturday morning, knowing that my time on St. Lucia was running out. There's no way I would have believed that twelve days could go by so quickly. I've always heard that "time flies when you're havin' fun." I guess that this trip had surely proven that to me. I knew that this place would definitely get five stars. But what category would it be in, lodging, meals, service or entertainment? Didn't matter, I'd give it five in all of them.

It was one of those mornings that I really needed to get up and visit the toilet. But with Victor being who he was, getting up and going to the toilet was pretty much out of the question. The bed in my room was one of those that had a visible headboard, but the foot was low and covered by the spread. And it was a good thing since it had made my evening activities more comfortable than they might have been otherwise.

Last night, I'd finally paid Victor for those four notes he'd "sold" me that allowed release from that strenuous ball tie a couple of days earlier. He had stripped me down to lingerie, this time that amounted to a red lace garter belt and a pair of honest-to-God silk stockings, the kind that has the seams up the back and rise to mid thigh and are held there by little hooks on elastic suspenders.

I was laid face down on the bed but arranged in the opposite direction than I'd sleep. He tied my hands behind my back and then looped rope just above my elbows, pulling

them together until they touched. Next my ankles were crossed one over the other and tied with the end of the cinch rope being tied to the headboard.

Then another rope was passed through the bindings at my wrists and it was also pulled to the headboard. When it was pulled tight, my body was forced to rise off the covers, bending my back as my arms were pulled further back. When Victor tied the last knot, my breasts were no longer touching the bed covers and I was facing directly across the room. If I relaxed my neck muscles, my head would hang, but still not get within several inches of the bed surface.

The inevitable blindfold was added, taking away my ability to see what was coming ahead of time. Victor must have stooped at the foot of the bed because when he kissed me on the mouth, his face was directly in front of mine. And after the kiss, his voice was soft but masculine.

"Are you okay?"

For whatever reason, when I was in a position like this, well not exactly like this since this was the first time I'd been in this position, but when I'd been in positions similar in purpose to this, I find that I don't speak out loud. That's particularly the case when Victor is very close to me as he was then. My voice tends to be only a whisper as was the case this time.

"Yes."

"Can you guess what this is for?"

"No."

"You still owe me for the key to your release the other day."

"And what is the price for that key?"

"I want your mouth."

I'd done everything else he'd asked of me this past dozen days. But I'd always had this standard that oral sex was okay if I was in a relationship. Now I was being asked to change that. Of course, he had no way of knowing that. I'd never told him. And my mouth was the only opening he hadn't used so far. Was it really all that important?

"In this position, there's not much I could do to stop you."

"But my sweet, I won't do it without your permission. Just tell me yes or no."

And I knew that he really meant that. All I had to do was say no. I'd once dated a guy for nearly a year. It was my longest relationship to date. It was only after we'd been sleeping together for over six months that I agreed to oral sex with him. Of course, he'd asked me from the very beginning. I wondered what it was with men and blowjobs. I mean, I enjoyed doing it when the guy really appreciated it. And I had the impression that I was pretty good at it. But what about that specific moment. Was Victor going to get his blowjob for setting me free or not?

"I don't know how I'll be able to do it tied up like this. I can't move much."

"If you're any good, you won't need to move much."

"Well ... I guess we're just gonna have to see, aren't we? Well, you'll have to see since I can't at the moment."

Once again, his lips were on mine, tenderly at first and probing but quickly increasing in intensity. I felt his strong hands slide down my exposed back, his fingers swirling the

flesh with steady even strokes. As his tongue slipped deep into my mouth he gripped my sides just above my hips and pulled me toward the foot of the bed, actually pressing my mouth against his.

As the strain increased on the bonds holding my feet and hands, I felt my torso rise even further, bending more severely at the waist. Victor moved his kisses up my face as he rose to standing. Knowing what was coming, I opened my mouth, and then remembering at the last second just how well endowed Victor was, I opened it as wide as possible just as his rigid cock made contact with my lips.

To say anything that would suggest that he was gentle would be misleading. But there was no sense of urgency in his method. He was slow and his strokes were patient and absent of any of the abusive actions that my position could have certainly accommodated. He was slow and steady and when his release was close, I could easily feel the throbbing in the massive head of his penis. When he climaxed, his cock was so deep in my throat that it took all of my concentration to avoid the powerful urge to gag.

When I could think for a moment about something else, I felt a hand on my ass cheek, massaging deeply and there was something round and smooth in my pussy. It was vibrating with such an intensity that I was at the verge of orgasm myself.

Lying as I was, bent backward at the waist, my breathing was already compromised to some extent. When the deluge of his orgasm hit the back of my throat, I thought I would surely drown or asphyxiate before it ended. Then like a dose

of adrenaline, my own discharge was yanked from me. I would have screamed had my mouth not been stuff full of male sex. I would also have collapsed onto the bed, had I not been held in place by the ropes Victor had tied me with.

* * * *

My first thought when I'd recovered enough to have a thought was that someone else had been there. It would have been impossible for Victor to have been standing in front of me with his dick in my mouth and at the same time had his hands rubbing my ass and fucking me with a battery powered dildo. I hadn't heard anyone. Of course, I'd been concentrating on Victor's voice once he had gotten close to me.

I tried to remember the size of the hands on my buttocks, but it was useless. I'd been so caught up in my other activities that my memory was totally on idle. Nothing was recorded in my data banks.

I could feel Victor's body next to mine on the bed. His breath was against my left shoulder. I groaned slightly as I tried to shift my head toward where he lay.

"Could you loosen the ropes please."

Almost immediately he moved and within seconds the ropes connecting my arms to the headboard were released. As soon as the tension was released, I collapsed onto my face. I hadn't realized just how stressful the position had been until I was released from it. Victor apparently knew about it though, probably from a previous experience.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes. I'll be fine in a few minutes. It's just that it was a powerful experience."

"You weren't hurt were you?"

"No. I'm not that fragile."

"No, I can see that. You are, however very good."

"Thanks. Victor..."

"Yes?"

"Who was here with us?"

"Cho Lei."

"Oh."

"Did that bother you?"

"No ... I don't think so. Is she into women?"

"I'm only just beginning to really know her. With her past, trust was a huge issue. It's only been in the past year or so that she has begun to open up to me. I think that she is into ... women, probably, yes. I'm pretty sure of that. She is also really rather kinky."

I couldn't help but laugh at that comment. What was it Gran used to say? "That's the pot calling the kettle black." And it was obvious to Victor exactly why I'd laughed.

"I know, I'm rather kinky myself. But I'm beginning to believe that you, Miss Journey, are every bit as kinky as I."

I thought about that for a few minutes. Then something occurred to me. Of course, it was going to confirm the suspicion he'd just advanced.

"Victor, when you invited me down here, there was something about sailing a boat. What happened to that?"

"Nothing. We can certainly do that if you want."

"I want."

"And what do you want?"

What did I want?

"What would it be like to be captured by a pirate?"

"You do know that pirates rape, pillage and plunder, don't you?"

"And they clap prisoners into irons and make them walk the plank too."

"I guess I can arrange that for you. But first, might we sleep a bit?"

"Okay."

He kissed me on the mouth. It was a slow lingering kiss that made me horny. But I'd have to wait.

"Good night sweet lady."

* * * *

When the door finally opened and Victor came in, I was just about desperate. Another five minutes at the most and it would have too late to worry.

"I don't know how you manage to look so bright and beautiful first thing in the morning."

"I'm sure! My hair is a mess and my make-up is gone."

"But your hair is gorgeous when it's all tousled like that. Need to visit the convenience?"

"Oh yes!"

In just seconds, I was free and I immediately jumped off the bed and literally ran into the bathroom. I figured that while I was in there, I might as well take a shower, shave and do something with my appearance. When I came back into

the bedroom, Victor was lying on the bed propped up with all four pillows, his head cradled in his hands.

I went to the dresser and started applying eye make-up. I could see Victor's reflection in the mirror and his eyes were following my every move.

"You're a pleasure to watch. You have such graceful arms and wrists. I've heard it said that women are works of art and in your case I can easily see that."

"Thank you. I've never thought I was very attractive. But you do make me believe I am, at least to you."

I finished my chores for all the good they did. When coming out of the bath earlier, I had noticed that there were clothes on the bed next to Victor. I picked up the little black skirt. It had about a two-inch ruffle around the bottom, which added only slightly to the overall length of the smooth fitted upper portion that could not have been more than ten inches including the waistband. There was a white knit tank top and a pair of suntan pantyhose along with black old-fashioned sneakers.

"So, is this my outfit for the day?"

"Yes, some sailing togs. Or some pirates' captive togs, which ever you prefer."

I dropped the towel that I'd wrapped around myself after the shower. In all my nakedness, I made a show of again looking through the clothing.

"There aren't any panties."

"And what are panties good for?"

I remember what he'd said that first night in Florida and smiled at him.

"Stuffing mouths as a gag. You're really bad, you know that!"

He nodded and looked at me as if to question when I was going to get along with the dressing process.

I sat on the bedside and put on the stockings then the top. When I stood, I saw that the tank top came down only just low enough to cover my breasts, leaving a fairly broad expanse of naked belly, even after I'd put on the skirt. At least the shoes wouldn't slip on the boat that is if we really went sailing.

"Okay. Ready to go."

* * * *

We did go sailing. Victor has this beautiful motorsailer called *WindFlower*. He told me that it's a forty-eight-foot ketch but rigged to be sailed by one person, though he prefers to have two doing the work. We sailed for over an hour. That took us some twelve to fifteen miles away from port. We found a small island with a tiny naturally protected harbor where we dropped anchor.

We swam in the aqua-blue water, giggling and playing like a couple of teenagers. And after we'd scared every fish within ten miles away, had a shower together and gotten redressed, we had a picnic lunch in the cockpit, luxuriating in the tropical winter sun.

"Let's go below. I have something I want to show you."

Once in the salon, Victor turned abruptly to face me and took me in his arms, kissing me passionately on the mouth. The suddenness of the kiss and its intensity instantly made

me horny. As he continued to kiss me and grope my ass, he moved backward, moving us both forward until we passed through a small corridor past a door on either side to one at the end of the passageway.

Victor hesitated long enough to remove his right hand from my backsides and turn the knob on the door, opening it into a most elegant cabin that was about half bed, or as they say at sea, a birth. Quickly, he turned one hundred eighty degrees and flopped me onto the birth on my back, with him landing gently on top of me.

Within seconds, his hands had slipped under the thin top I wore and it was shucked over my head and tossed aside. He devoured my breasts with his mouth and tongue. I was becoming so aroused that I was beginning to tune out noises and where we were, only intent on the experience of his having me.

At some point, my skirt joined the top and even though it was winter and fairly cool for the Caribbean, I was perspiring. My body temperature was elevated at least several degrees from the passion. In the midst of his tongue travel over my torso, I was flipped onto my stomach and my hands were pulled behind and bound with soft rope. Again, as he had done the night before, he pulled my elbows together as well, tying them snugly together.

My ankles were quickly bound and cinched and pulled up to meet my hands. I knew just what he was doing to me, since I'd pretty much figured out that this hog-tie position was his favorite. When he let go of my legs, my heels were snug against my ass cheeks.

What was perhaps most unusual about this time was that he allowed me sight so that I could see him and anticipate his actions. But it was to little or no avail, since as his tongue slid up my thigh to my sex mound, I closed my eyes.

I felt the cool flow of air and heard the snip of the scissors as he cut the crotch of the pantyhose I wore. Within seconds his warm breath replaced the air there and then his tongue scraped over the most sensitive erotic zone a woman has. Knowing that there was no one to hear me, I let go with my emotions and screamed as the first orgasm raced through me. I'd known that I was horny, but I hadn't realized just how badly I needed to get off. That spasm came in thirty seconds.

Victor's face moved up my body, licking and nibbling me as he went. I was lying on my left side leaving my front totally exposed. He lingered at my belly button, his tongue exploring it before moving up my right side ribcage, each nip bringing out a new screech from me.

I couldn't continue to be mostly mute though when he reached my right breast with his teeth and tongue. By pulling up and holding my right nipple with his teeth, he was able to make it much more sensitive by rubbing his tongue roughly over the nipple until it felt like he was using course sandpaper.

After about ten minutes, the same treatment was also done to the left breast, leaving me moaning and jerking at my bonds. Suddenly I was lifted off the bed and when I did open my eyes, it was Victor's face directly in front of my own. Then I came to rest on top of him, chest to chest, belly to belly and sex to sex. In a single thrust, he entered me with his swollen

Captive Journey: A Woman's Odyssey into Bondage
by Valentine Adams

cock and pounded away for several dozen powerful strokes before we both exploded with perfectly matched orgasms.

* * * *

We napped briefly before going up onto deck. Actually, Victor went up onto deck, carrying me. After that splendid sex and a little sleep, Victor had added the blindfold. Then he'd taken me up to the cockpit so I could be with him as we sailed back to his dock. Of course, he didn't bother to untie me from the hog-tie. I was also naked except for what was left of the stockings. I'll probably never know if anyone else saw us. But I've grown to expect that sort of surprise from Victor.

CHAPTER 13

I awoke with the sunlight warm on my nearly naked body. I could only feel it, being unable to see any trace of it since I was still wearing the leather blindfold that had quickly become a part of my regular sleeping attire. At least I was not stretched as tightly as some mornings since my arrival nearly two weeks ago. Oh, I wasn't free either. My wrists were bound with soft cloth rope and then pulled above my head and attached to the headboard of the king-sized bed I'd used almost every night I had spent in the house. And I was also tied at my ankles and knees with the same stuff, but my legs weren't attached to anything but each other.

I lay here thinking that it was *possible* that today wasn't *really* my last one here with Victor. But I knew the truth. I had to go home today. We had even talked about it briefly during dinner last night. Had anyone told me twelve days ago that I would have willingly gone through all that I've done since then, I would have questioned their sanity. But add to that, having gone through all of it and been left wanting more, I would have said they were totally nuts. But Victor had sort of said as much. Well, he said that I would either like it or not. Now the jury was in; I liked it ... very much.

But what I find most alarming is that as strange and nearly unacceptable as this next statement is going to sound, I think I'm falling in love with Victor. Well, that isn't exactly true either. I'm not alarmed at all that I have these feelings for him. I suppose it's that, I'm not alarmed at the feelings, and

that is what alarms me! I don't understand any woman who wouldn't find herself falling in love with this nearly perfect man. He is charming to a fault. He's Hollywood-leading-man handsome. His sexy voice gives me chills. He treats me like a princess, although in truth more like a captive princess. He is attentive to every detail. He has spoiled me for any other man that I can imagine. Unfortunately, from what I know of Victor, he has many lady friends, none of whom seem to have ever been involved in a long-term romantic relationship with him. I don't know if it's that he dodges commitment or if the ladies aren't of the sort that settle down. And I wonder if I, or any woman for that matter, could live this life for the long term.

Today is Sunday and we arrived here late morning last Tuesday. Twelve days here. I'd done the math. That's a total of 288 hours. And add the 17 hours we spent together on the trip down and our stopover in Palm Beach and the total was over three hundred. And in that entire time, I had spent maybe 24 hours tops that I was not a prisoner in some way or another. I had spent maybe a hundred hours in bed for the purpose of sleeping and every minute of that I was either tied or handcuffed and always blindfolded. Victor said it was my sleep mask. And I had only been truly dressed for about 20 hours or so and that was when we would go out to eat or see the island. But, the only time I had been totally naked was when I was in the shower or changing clothes. Victor had said and I had come to agree that being partially clothed was far more erotic than nudity. And do you know what? I enjoyed almost every second of it. The few brief periods that I found

less than perfect were times like right now. I'd wake up in the morning and like most normal folks, I'd need a potty break. But I always had to wait for Victor to come "fetch me" as he said. And a couple of times, that was right at the last minute. Today isn't one of them though. I'm in no rush at all and it seems that the longer I linger here, the more time I have left in this outrageous and yet heavenly situation. But I hear him coming to my door now. The end of this is all too close.

There are no creaking doors in this entire house. I know this because Victor has been able to sneak up on me any number of times. Of course, I couldn't see him coming frequently! And the door to my room was no exception. I listened very carefully and I may have detected a slight swishing as the air was displaced by its swinging inward. But whatever the case, he was suddenly at my side and then the bed settled on my left as he sat down.

"Good mornin' sleepyhead. I trust you slept well?"

One of the things I was able to do today that on some occasions in the past couple of weeks was not an option to me was stretch. I reached toward the headboard with my arms and pointed my toes and stretched my legs in the opposite direction and let out a sigh of contentment.

"It was nearly a perfect night."

"Only nearly?"

"Yes only nearly. When I woke up you weren't here any longer. When did you leave?"

"Only about half an hour ago. I went to take a shower and to fix you a surprise breakfast."

"You fixed breakfast?"

Victor had the most exceptional staff at his house and they didn't allow anyone to do anything for themselves, particularly Victor."

"Yes I did. I gave the kitchen staff the morning off. Besides, it wasn't difficult at all. Now are you hungry or do you want to go to the little girls' room first?"

"I'm fine for the moment. But I can't eat this way."

I raised my bound hands to serve as an example of my inability to feed myself. I heard Victor's baritone chuckle and suddenly his hand was on the right side of my torso. And like always, it was soft and warm and at the same time powerful. He stroked me gently with his left hand as his right tugged at the bindings on my wrists. I felt my hands become free of the headboard but they remained tied together.

Victor grasped my hands and pulled me to sitting. Once my torso was upright, I realized just how close to me he was sitting. And then his arms were around me and he kissed me gently on the mouth. Then his cheek brushed against mine and his voice was soft in my ear.

"I'm certainly going to miss you Heather Journey."

"I'm going to miss you, too, Victor. I was just thinking that today just couldn't be the last one, even though we talked about it last night at dinner."

"You can come back anytime you want. That was my offer at the beginning of this and it's still good now."

"I don't want to come back. I want to stay. I don't want to leave."

I was scared to death that his reaction to this statement would be to run out of the room and send me home by

common carrier. But he didn't even respond. I guess that could have been his way of ignoring what I had just said. Since it was too late to worry about it any more, I decided to push on.

"Victor, why have you never settled down with one of those many ladies you've had visit you here?"

"I had always hoped that I would develop a strong attachment, perhaps even fall in love with one of them. Besides, they've all taken my offers too literally."

"I don't understand."

"Almost any of them could have stayed here longer term had they simply asked."

"But ... I just asked."

"I know. Why do you want to stay?"

Now it was put up or shut up time for sure. My heart was racing. I didn't know if I could say this out loud and risk being rejected and maybe even ridiculed. If I had just kept my mouth shut, I'd probably be able to keep my friendship with Victor and come and visit him occasionally. But if I took the risk and failed, I'd lose that for sure. I don't know where the courage came from, but I actually heard myself saying it before I thought I was saying it.

"Because I'm in love with you."

All this time we had sat there on the bed, him with his arms around me, holding me closely against himself. As I heard those words, I realized that his arms pulled me so tight against his chest that I thought I'd not be able to breathe. And then I wondered if my loss of breath was because of his hug or his words.

Captive Journey: A Woman's Odyssey into Bondage
by Valentine Adams

"Then you can stay for as long as you want, both because you asked and because I'm in love with you too."

THE END

EBOOKS FROM SIZZLER EDITIONS

Ace of Slaves: A Tale of Erotic Captivity-Adrian Hunter

Bedtime Tales-Michelle Houston. Stories of wicked pleasures and dangerous dreams.

Bisexual—Michelle Houston

Boarding School Slave—J. W. McKenna

Bonded—Madison West

Business Unusual-mariana. Sizzling tales of workplace encounters.

Chain Reaction-Adrien Hunter. The award winning B&D author's newest collection.

Come True-Adriene Hunter.

Controlled!—J. W. McKenna

Controlling Chrissy—Reese Gabriel

Daddy's Girl-Victoria Manley. Older dom, younger sub. "Hot stuff!" the Erotica Readers and Writer's Association.

Dana's Release—Laura Hammond

Darkness Bound: Beyond Bondage and Discipline-Raven Kaldera

Dark Masquerade—Audrey Godwin

Dark Seduction—Danielle Engle

Domina Tricks: How a French Mistress Enslaves Men-Gala Fur

Education of a Dominatrix-K. L. Mulvany. Her goal: the complete enslavement of a man.

Foreign Affairs-Eric George. Sizzling obscenity trial leads to sizzling sex.

Foxy: A Smoking Hot Tale of Biker Babes—D. Musgrave

Frog: A Tale of Torture and Sexual Degradation-Claire Thompson

Hard Time: A Tale of Sapphic B&D in a Women's Prison-J.T. Langdon

Jenny: A Novel of Sexual Enslavement-C. A. Tessler

Julie's Submission-Claire Thompson. Newest tale of erotic B&D from bestselling author of *Slave Girl*.

Just as I Am—Christina Rhys

Kidnapped—Claire Thompson

Lady Davenport's Slave, Vol. I. The Collaring of Amber-J. T. Langdon. The modern classic of lesbian B&D.

Lady Davenport's Slave, Vol. II: The Claiming of Amber—J. T. Langdon. To claim her, the mistress first had to punish and tame her.

Mask of Passion—Rod Harden

Mansion of Slaves: A tale of training in submission-Lady Blade

Master and Baby—J.J. MacGuire

Memories from the Mind of Sherezade: Erotic Fictions-Mary A. DeCarlo

Midnight Mistress—Audrey Goodwin

Mistress Margot: A Tale of Sapphic Slavery-Susanna Valent

Mrs. Smith's Academy Vol. 1: Amanda's Punishment

Mrs. Smith's Academy Vol. 2: Amanda's Revenge

Naughty Whispers—Michele Houston

Night Sweats-Victoria Manley. Why was the prostitute being stalked by a killer?

Office Slave—J. W. McKenna

Officer Judy and the Pastor's Wife—Rex Gordon

Out of Control-J. W. McKenna. Tales of dominance and submission.

Out of Control 2-J. W. McKenna. More tales of dominance and submission.

Power Play and Other Loverotica-Andrew Hobson.

Property Rites: A Deed of Enslavement—Han Li Thorn

Pussy in Boots: The Autobiography of a Very Kinky Lady-Helen Hentley

Sex in Silicon Valley-Kiana Tower. Non-fiction revelations: What computer geeks do and how they do it!

Shadow of the Master—Jay Lawrence

She Devils—J. T. Langdon

Sisters of Omega Pi—J. T. Langdon

Shades of Seduction—Tina Hess

Slave Girl-Claire Thompson

Slave Girls of Lesbos-Corbie Petulengro. Sapphic b&d in ancient Greece.

So Spank Me! Tales of Blistered Bottoms-Lawrence and DeBarquet

Sold into Slavery—J. W. McKenna

Spike Trap-Han Li Thorn. A novel of female submission.

Strictly Bi-: Best Bisexual Erotica-Jamie Joy Gatto

Suddenly Sexy: 20 Ultra-Hot, Ultra-Short Stories-Jamie Joy Gatto

Sweet Tastes of Seduction-Victoria Manley. A new collection of mind-bending erotica!

The Abduction of Anna—Rod Harden

The Boy Toy-Victoria Manley. Every young man's dream: to be seduced by an experienced older woman.

The Ensnaring of Susan—Jay Lawrence

The Hostage—Lady Blade

The Hunting of Bambi—Rod Harden

The Perfect Wife: A Tale of Male Dominance—M. J. Rennie

The Queen's Slave Woman Book I: The Punishing of Jendri—

Susanna Valent. Another modern masterpiece of Sapphic B&D.

The Queen's Slave Woman Book II: The Training of Jendri—

Susanna Valent.

The Slave Girls Trilogy 1-3—Rod Harden and Alison McKenna

The Taking of Keeley—Reese Gabriel

The Training of a Concubine-Jim Miler. She was trained to serve.

The Sintown Chronicles Vol. I., II, III—David O. Dyer, Sr. Three complete adult novels in each volume! All about the dot on the map residents called "Sintown USA!"

The Watcher & Other Tales of Passion Unleashed—Rod Harden

The Woman's Around-the-House-Guide to Masturbation—Tina Hess

Tracy in Chains: A Tale of Sexual Punishment and
Humiliation-Claire Thompson.

Trail of Seduction: A Novel of Frontier Passion-D. Musgrave

Trans-Sexual: Tales Along the Gender Devide-Jean Marie
Stine

**THE BEST OF CLASSIC EROTICA IN SIZZLER E-BOOK
EDITONS**

(From the Victorian Age to the Roaring Twenties)

The Altar of Venus

Autobiography of a Flea

Boudoir

Crumbling Facade

A Crumbling Facade

Darling

Depraved Angels

Ecstasy On Fire

Eveline

Fanny Hill

Innocence

Kama Houri

Lady F.

Love Pagoda

Mastering Mary Sue

Maudie

Memoirs of Madeline

Memoirs of a Young Rakehell

Misfortunes of Mary

Miss High Heels

My Life and Loves

Captive Journey: A Woman's Odyssey into Bondage
by Valentine Adams

Nadia

Night in a Moorish Harem

Nunnery Tales

Pauline

The Pearl Vol. I

The Pearl Vol. II

Perfumed Garden

Pleasures and Follies

Presented in Leather

Prodigal Virgin

Professional Charmer

Sacred Passions

School for Sin

Slave Women of the Czar

Suburban Souls, Volume I

Suburban Souls, Volume II

Suburban Souls, Volume III

The Love Pagoda

The Sweetest Fruit

Venus in India

Venus in India 2

Venus in Furs

Vice Park Place

Wanda

Way of a Man with a Maid

Whipped Into Shape

White Thighs

Young Adam

Youthful Days

Captive Journey: A Woman's Odyssey into Bondage
by Valentine Adams

SizzlerEditions.com

If you are connected to the Internet, take a moment to rate this eBook by going back to your bookshelf at www.fictionwise.com.