

For whome the little bells tolls

Part One

1.

Now Terrance is a smart kind of guy. Not that everyone knows it, despite his frequent attempts at making an impression.

So smart is he that he has worked out a means to take whole days off from his office in order to indulge his one true passion.

He is so smart he has his gorgeous wife Elaine's head in a spin. He never tells her he loves her, and makes love to her once a month, maybe, if she has been suitably good.

He is so smart that no one would suspect what his one true passion is. Not even the ever trusting Elaine.

Because no one is as smart as Terrance.

We join him on the day when his life gets turned upside down.

It is his special 'indulgence day'. He allows himself one 'indulgence day' every week. So he sits in the car just off the tee junction of the suburban houses. Watches, waits. Elaine drives off to work, late and in a panic as usual. He tuts and shakes his head. Why can't she be as smart as he? It is all down to preparation.

When her car burns around the corner to the main road, he counts to fifteen and then returns home.

No one would guess. He is too smart. He hauls down the hefty suitcase from the loft. 'Don't go in there Elaine,' he often reminds her, "spiders the size of small dogs!"

Now Elaine is scared of spiders despite being quite tall, 5'8" and loves wearing heels whereas Terrance is only 5'5". In fact despite her looks not many men dated her at college. She put it down to her height but Terrance knew that there was nothing more intimidating to most men than a beautiful girl - not that he ever told her of course. Her insecurity intensified her need for him.

He opens the case and takes out the neatly ironed and laundered frillies. He is excited just feeling their silky sheen. He holds up a tiny pair of diaphanous panties to the light and it catches his breath.

The curtains are drawn across all windows from which he might be seen - but some curtains are left open. If all were closed it would look suspicious and Terrance is too smart for that. His car is parked in a lane a hundred yards away from his front door. No one would suspect he is home.

He smiles at his own canniness.

Terrance lays out a few more items: stockings, heels, tights, bras. All the paraphernalia he so lovingly stores.

Finally the corset. That is a little heavier than the other items. It needs to be. It will hold in his waist and flush out his hips and breasts. Even so it is black, shrouded in feminine lace with elegant suspenders decorating its lower edges. His pride and joy.

He sighs as he palms it flat.

Finally he reaches into the case and plucks the series of chains, handcuffs, and sundry bondage gear. This includes his favourite neck attire which jingles invitingly as he places it on the bed.

But Terrance is a clever man. No keys can be seen.

That is because they are all hidden away, safely, in the inside pockets of the corset. They will never be lost. After each session, every single key is carefully dropped into the various compartments within the garment, all ready to await the next indulgence.

Now is the time to take them from their hiding place to meticulously lay them across the dressing table surface. Each one carefully positioned so that even with his hands cuffed securely behind his back he can grab the keys and begin his escape.

The handcuff key is the most essential element, a small but heavy device. Far weightier than the others. Thus clever Terrance can pull it from the ledge and weigh it in his hands, knowing it to be the correct one for the cuffs. An important factor when it gets dark or he is blind folded.

So to begin at the beginning: fastidious, subtle makeup. The eyes, the lips, a little around the cheeks. Nothing too tarty. 'Terri' is not a tart, unless excited. And the one thing that excites Terri is being helplessly secured in one of her beloved outfits.

Now the short cropped dark wig. It used to be blond but Terri decided that dark auburn was a better match for her colouring. Terrance agrees. He had purchased a long blond wig. But once he put it on to become Terri it was apparent that it was just not right for her.

Fortunately he has never needed to shave, apart from his legs and chest. His body is as smooth as a babies bum.

Elaine puts up with it. "I would prefer you to be a little more hairy," she pleads when watching him shave.

"No Elaine." Clever Terrance has his reasons lined up like pool balls. "My swimming benefits from a smooth hairless body." Terrance is a regular attendee of his towns swimming group. Not the most competitive of people by nature but swimming does keep his figure in trim.

Yes Terrance has designed his entire life to square up to his favourite

indulgence.

The steel alloy chastity belt is designed for 'male girls'. It has a metallic sleeve that holds his penis between his legs. This is fixed to a smoothly shaped plate that points from the belt part down through the legs, spreads Y shaped around his buttocks into two chains. These chains reach up to the rear of the belt on each side of his waist. The lock clicks home.

Terrance has to close his eyes and get control. What a wonderful feeling. His male bits taken away from him by a prison of relentless alloyed steel, an industrial strength lock and the key that sits third from the left on the dressing table.

With a sigh he caresses the corset up his legs, squeezing them over the thighs and hips so that it rolls up the body. He feeds his arms through the straps feeling the garment pull tight around him.

Now the breast forms are pushed into position at the front of the corset.

The zip hangs awkwardly at the small of his back. But Terrance is a smart man. A string hangs down that is just sufficient in length for him to reach behind and wrestle the fastener up his back, wallowing in the constriction that follows every inch travelled by the zip. When it reaches the nape of his neck he takes one of the small locks and threads it through the hole in the zip clasp.

That hangs open for the moment. This has to be done in order; precision is required for the full effect to be savoured. He will lock home the clasp later.

He sits on the bed and glances at the full length mirrors on the wardrobe doors. For the first time that day he sees the exhilarating image of Terri reflected wide eyed and cute in the mirror. He pouts to enhance the effect. If Terrance is cool and thoughtful, Terri is hot and wilful.

Black stockings for this occasion. Hold-ups with a flamboyant, lacey decoration around their tops. Despite being hold-ups the effect would not

be complete without snapping the suspenders onto each stocking in turn. Now when he stands everything pulls taut. From his toes to his shoulders. A blissful feeling of imprisonment, yet he has hardly started.

Then disaster.

Terrance knows that even the best plan can fall unstuck at any time through any unforeseen circumstance.

The door has clanged. Elaine must have returned early.

My God.

But Terrance fights off the panic, forces down the burning libido and coolly pulls the lock out of the zip fastener of the corset. He rolls the corset down, pulling the stockings off with the same movement.

Naked apart from the chastity belt.

He tidies up the keys. Wraps a towel around himself. All his prized clothing stuffed unceremoniously into the suitcase, which in turn is kicked under the bed in a cacophony of scraping case, bells, and chains.

If Elaine is stopping off work, (maybe she is ill?), then he will dash into the shower room and lock the door while he removes the make up. If she is passing through, (forgotten something perhaps?), then he will bide his time. He can remain in the toilet and if challenged engineer plan number one: car in the garage for service, he in the loo as he is poorly. Terrance has thought of everything.

No sound. He holds his breath.

Beat.

Nothing. He ventures to the staircase balustrade and warily peers over it.

Silence. The silence of an empty house.

In wig, make up and towel he descends the staircase, stopping half way down. Just enough to fly back up to safety should his wife appear.

"Elaine?" tentative. "Elaine," more firmly. "Elaine!"

Nothing. He then sees how even the wisest of planners can come to grief. On the carpet of the hallway is a large package forced through the letterbox. Of course! It was simply the postman delivering a hefty package.

A cautious check downstairs reveals his appraisal to be, (yet again), correct.

He laughs at himself. Just goes to show how even the best strategists can be unsettled by nothing at all.

And of course there was never any real danger. His precautions and preparations are exact.

Now he is in a rush. He is wearing the corset and stockings within a minute of entering the bedroom. The strappy heels next. Bringing their straps shut with the tinniest of locks, but also secure. For the psychology of what he requires demands that the locks are made of only the most toughened, most durable of metals. It must be inescapable. The shoes can not be removed without the key.

With the heels in place, next comes the maid's dress. The delicious high necked outfit with the flaring A line skirt. The zip of it is tugged up by its own short length of string.

The lock from the corset zip then passes through the tightened zip of the dress. Again it is left undone. There is more to be added before that most useful of locks is clicked home.

First the apron. A feminine concoction of shimmering white lace with frills that flowers into a peak over his shoulders before joining the back as a large decorative bow.

Now the maid's cap. Neatly pinned to the apex of the wig.

Nearly complete.

The rush of blood is thundering through his head. His engorged penis fills

its plastic unrelenting, compartment between his legs.

He steps in to the black panties he had held up to the light all that time ago.

Now the ankle restraints. Eighteen inches of tiny tinkling chain link them as they are locked into place.

This is the dreamy part. If it was not for the chastity belt he would come as soon as he picks it up. A black leather collar decorated with velvet, ending in two rings. He pulls it around his neck hearing the bell clanking lusciously. The bell is set on a small steel bar no more than a few millimetres, but enough to keep it away from his neck and ensure it rings continuously whenever he moves.

He holds the collar's two rings together at the nape of his neck. Now at last he can feed the lock that has already passed through the two zips, one on the corset and one on the maid's dress through the twin rings and

Click.

Such a small sound, but one that gives so much pleasure.

Terri falls to her knees before the full length mirrors of the wardrobe deliberately rubbing her stocking thighs together.

If he could, he would cum there and then.

His mind is blown away into another land. A land of exciting submission.

Breathing hard, he takes the penis gag from the case and with shaking hands drags it around his cheeks. A small lock clicks. He is well practised with these locks behind his head.

Gagged.

He sucks and nibbles on the intruder in his mouth. Tasting its plastic finish.

Finally trembling hands pull the bracelet of the handcuffs over his right

wrist. His hands go behind his back pulling blindly at the cuffs until the other wrist is caught shut.

No escape now. He must, must cum. But he will hold off that giddy pleasure for as long as he can.

"Ooooooh."

Terrance's painstaking planning means that Terri can release her pent up ecstasy in her imprisoned humiliation.

She falls to her knees and then flat, face down on the floor. Rubbing the carpet ineffectually with her hips. No way can she get erect, no way can she cum. She rolls around the floor lost in a sea of rapture.

Lost, lost, lost.

Until ...

She

Must

Just must!

Cum

"Ooooooh."

As she heaves herself up to her knees she catches sight the image in the mirror. A helpless sexy maid. Bound for her mistresses' enjoyment.

She rubs her thighs hard together and another wave crashes through her consciousness.

She must release herself. Quickly. As she will explode.

Onto the bed, sitting opposite the wardrobe watching her every move.

Then on to her heeled feet. A few precarious steps towards the dressing table to get the keys. The handcuff key first of course, found to the far left for easy reaching.

Only

It

Isn't...

There.

What!

Not only is there no handcuff key. There aren't any keys.

Just the dressing table top. Carefully polished and empty save his make up in its box.

When you see the unbelievable your brain simply does not respond. It locks up. It says hang on a moment. Close eyes. Now look again. Then it will be all right.

But when the fluttering mascara-ed eyes open the same horror awaits them.

Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.

He checks down to the carpet but only spies a few extra pairs of knickers, a bunny outfit and the blond wig.

What? Must think.

He pulls at his handcuffs. Maybe he can squeeze the wrists through.

No way.

Locked tight.

He sits on the bed the bell tinkling.

Must think.

Waves of ecstasy. If only he could cum then he could think clearly.

Maybe Elaine had come home. That was it. She had seen him dressed and was playing a silly trick on him.

No. Didn't make sense. She would be too shocked at the sight. He knew her too well.

Think.

He had laid them out so precisely. He could remember that. Each key in its own place. The place reserved for each one. The handcuffs always to the far left. The corset to the far right.

Then the door. That's right he had thought that his wife had returned. Cleared everything away. Cleared it away as he had trained himself. Everything quickly in to its place. Just like his well rehearsed plan.

Everything into its place.

Everything. Including the keys.

Terri squeals. "Oh, my God!" except through the gag it sounds like: 'Ohhhmfgggg'.

Now she knows where the keys are. They are tucked safely in their pockets, inside the corset which is locked firmly about his body. The corset zip locked to the maid's dress and the bell collar.

Now Terrance is a clever man, Terri knows this. If she could call back Terrance he could get her out of this. There is always a way forward.

Always.

If only she could cum and release the steam and tension. That way she could think more clearly.

Think.

Yes. Terri puts her hands under her flared skirt and forces a finger up under its waist band. The damned apron is too tight to allow anything but the tips of her fingers through. She wriggles them and finally the fingers, up to the first joint, pass up to the corset. But the corset is unyielding. There is no gap for the fingers. Besides the pockets for the keys are above waist height. She would never reach them.

Ah.

She collapses onto her back, the bell at her neck clinking. That damned bell! It keeps distracting her.

As do the silky stockings around her thighs that demand to be rubbed sensuously together.

Get a grip girl!

She sits up straight with a determined 'humph' chewing on the plug in her mouth.

There must be a way.

Of course Terrance keeps the spare set of keys in his office. Didn't want them together as that would not be sensible. Better to keep them apart in case a key gets damaged.

"Silly Terrance!" or "Shhhhhmmmmng!". Terri squeals kicking her conjoined heels in frustration.

"What do I do now!"

Her mind goes blank. Panic. Suddenly she is on the floor. Rolling powerlessly around the carpet, tugging at the handcuffs and the ankle restraints.

The only result was that the bell rang until she thought she was going be deafened.

She sat up straight, her skirt flaring around her hips, her thin knickers flat on the bristling carpet. She cried. Her hips wobbling. Her hands tight at the

small of her back.

Then she felt it. A warm trickling between her legs, flooding her knickers. Eh? She sat bolt upright. Precum. Not a torrent, more a gush. Then another gush.

Yeugh. She was cumming into her knickers; only it was not giving her any pleasure. It was as if her imprisoned privates were not hers. She felt nothing other than the uncomfortable oozing stickiness. Worse, it was utterly humiliating as she could not control it. She made to stand up and another gust spurted out, completely soaking her knickers right the way around to her buttocks.

Not an ounce of pleasure. She rose to her heeled feet weeping. This was too much.

2.

The letterbox tinkled again. Terrance sat back on the bed holding his breath.

The front door closed!

It wasn't the letterbox!

A voice.

'Shush!'

A woman's voice. Heart thumping, terror. The cleaner came yesterday! Had she returned for some reason? Oh God!

He listened intently as the blood pounded in his ear.

For a moment nothing. Had he imagined it? Then a male voice: "There's no one here!"

Another voice, this time feminine: shush! Then whispering.

This cannot be happening.

The male voice, deep, slow, confident. "If he were here his car would be in

the drive. You said so yourself."

"Will you be quiet!"

Elaine!

Elaine had returned. With a man. In the middle of the day!

Terrance twisted his ear to the door with terrifying results: the bell clanged. Shit!

"What was that?" His wife asked.

"What?"

His wife called out: "Terrance? Terrance? Are you home."

He dares not to move. The dammed bell. He was nanoseconds from crying. Totally helpless. Footsteps creeping up the stairs. Careful, methodical.

"Terrance? Is that you?"

Terrance inches his way delicately towards the wardrobe. The bell jingled lightly. No sudden movements.

The wardrobe door was open at the bed end near the wall. If he could get there without moving too quickly mabe he could hide.

"Terrance? Mrs Watkins?"

He heard the man ask: "who's she?"

"The cleaner. Now will you be quiet! There is definitely someone up there."

Inches at a time. The footsteps are already on the landing.

"You're hearing things!"

"Will you be quiet!"

A flurry of activity. Elaine giggling. "Stop it! Ooooh no!"

Laughter from him.

His chance. He minces his way to the open door. The bell jingles, but no

clanging. Even so Elaine's giggling would have drowned out any noise he could have made. A step up into the wardrobe. It creaks, he steadies himself and inches his heels around all of Elaine's shoes.

A little stumble.

The bell clangs!

He bites the penis gag hard.

"See. Did you hear that?"

The door thumps open. The man's voice: impatient, testy, "look. Nothing. No one."

Slowly, so slowly it hurts, Terrence sits down and scoots back on his bottom until he is deep in the darkness of the wardrobe. He feels his back go flat up against the wooden wall. He curls his heels under his skirt. A little jingle.

"I am sure I heard something," she says before adding, doubtfully, "like a bell."

"The phantom monk," the man lets out a silly actor's ghost laugh.

"Don't be silly Adam."

Adam? Who is Adam? And when will Elaine get him out of our bedroom!

It falls silent. A little clothes rustle. He hears Elaine murmuring, humming as if in pleasure. As if ...

It cannot be!

Adam, hoarse: "I want you. I want you now."

Slobbering kissing. The bitch! Terrance bites into his gag. The slut! She is cheating on him. This is impossible. Where would she find a man as intelligent as Terrance?

He hears the bed springs.

He wriggles his hips in fruitless rage. His only result is another spurt into his sopping panties. The bell tingles a metallic warning forcing him to keep wholly still.

This humiliation is too much!

They fucked for a good hour while he sat in his wet knickers not daring to budge an inch.

"How was that babe?"

He listened as his wife kissed her lover lethargically. "Fantastic."

"No one like me, huh?"

Terrance has learned to sit frozen upright at the back of the wardrobe like a school child in a lesson taught by a severe teacher. The bell had tingled but thankfully not really clanged.

Worse, much worse, if he wriggles too much he spurts more liquid into his knickers.

Despair was kept at bay by the simple thought that with the two noisy lovers finished and hopefully gone he would have time to think through a means of escape.

By concentrating on the idea of cutting through the cuffs or reaching the keys he was able to shut out the dreadful debasing sounds his wife was making. He had never heard her be so noisy. Normally she was as quiet as a mouse during love making.

He outlined plans. Somehow he could get to his tools in the garage. Now Terrance was a clever fellow. Smart, sharp. But he would have to devise a means of getting to the garage without being seen. That presented a few logistical problems. Not least the garage was cut away from the house by a drive that ran into their backyard. Secondly the garage faced the main street. He would have to wait until night fall, then move as fast as his ankle restraints would allow. He shivered at the terrible thought of being seen by

his neighbours. The bell tingled a cautionary note.

Once in the garage he would not be able to reach up to the high light switch else he would be left fumbling around in the dark for the hacksaw blade.

When he had the hacksaw blade he would have to cut through the chain securing the cuffs. Problem: he had purchased the latest police cuffs. They were guaranteed to be the hardest of steel alloys available. Those had seemed the most exciting at the time. Now they seemed, well, somewhat foolish. How stupid the manufacturers were to make something so difficult to cut.

As he thought through that method of escape, being smart, he realised that it presented too many difficulties. It had limited chance of success. Besides the keys to the garage door were on the catch high over the washing machine. He could never reach them.

Plan two: get scissors and cut through the garments fastened about him and reach the keys. Problem: the keys were in the pockets about the waist. The corset was made of thick material, interlaced with bone. Difficult to cut, especially as it is moulded to his body with little space to force through the blade of the scissors. Worse, of course, the corset is locked in place by two locks. One at the small of his back and the other at the rear of his neck holding the dress and bell collar in place. He would have to spend a long time cutting even the tinniest of holes. Even then he might be too far from any key which were snugly located in tiny pockets.

Horror of horrors. Having reached the key it might be a useless one. It was crucial to get the handcuff keys.

Why had the producers of this bondage apparel not realised the dangers of their equipment. Terrance was certain that had he designing both the handcuffs and the corset he would have produced an easy means of escape.

A disturbing memory that makes him wince:

Terrance on the phone to the supplier two years previously

Supplier, (a sophisticated woman) 'you do realise that there is no safety catch on these handcuffs'.

Terrance, 'my dear I have examined them fully in your catalogue and am quite aware of the nature of the restraints. I am no fool.'

Supplier, "I am sure you are not, but you understand that once locked you must be able to get to the key or else ... '

Terrance, (patronising) 'don't you see? That is why I am buying them from you.' (he tried not to tut at her foolish short-sightedness). 'Please just send them to the safe address and ... '

Perhaps that was one time when he should have listened to others. He closed his eyes and shook his head.

The bell clanged.

He sat in immobile silence, holding his breath.

"Did you hear that?" Elaine anxious.

"Yeh, maybe it was from outside."

"It sounded like it was in here."

"A bell in the house?"

"Look Adam I don't like this. Please leave. I'll get the place tied up."

"Why so worried babe. You said yourself he was a little wimp and ... "

"Will you just go!"

"All right babe."

The sound of a kiss. Someone getting out of bed. Footsteps. Dressing.

"You ok for tomorrow evening?" he asks.

"Yes, yes. Tomorrow. Please go!"

Terrance overcomes the sensation to nod in pleasure else it disturbs the bell. For he knew that tomorrow night was when Elaine always attended her fitness classes. She never got back from them until pretty late so there was no way the so called stud would be able to see her then!

Moments later he heard the thump of the man bouncing downstairs. "Tomorrow night babe," he called back. The front door slammed shut.

Terrance continued to listen as the car squeals away into the distance. Some lout his wife was shagging! No way could she care for someone so stupid when she had him as her husband.

He heard her go pad over to the ensuite. The shower starts.

Terrance edges his way down the wardrobe floor towards the open door and peered out. The bed was a complete mess. The quilt piled high like a mountain. Clothes strewn all over the floor.

Then disaster.

He topples out. On his knees, hands behind his back he lost his balance and was unable to recover before he collapsed on to the carpet next to the bed. The bell clanging like a fire engine.

He could barely summon the courage to open his eyes. When he did he saw her bare wet feet, red toenails, dripping wet on to the carpet. He follows her legs up to the towel wrapped tightly about her curvaceous body.

Elaine was a picture of total shock. Mouth hanging, eyes staring.

He twisted about to sit upright desperately trying to speak through the gag.

"Humph, mumph, eruh."

"What!" Elaine stepped back. "Is this a stupid prank from Adam?"

Terrence shook his head ringing the bell.

"Who are you?"

"Mmmmmmmmmummmmp"

"Oh, take that stupid gag from your mouth!"

Terrance kicked his heeled feet in frustration. "Mmmmmph." He twisted around, the bell now freely tingling and clanging, showing her his manacled wrists.

"Oh my God we must call the police!"

"Nnnnnnagh. Naaagh!"

He shook his head wildly.

"But hasn't a burglar done this to you?"

How could she be so dim? Terrance was beside himself with anger, stamping his heels into the carpet.

"Not a burglar?"

He nodded his head, feeling relieved.

"So did Terrance do this to you?"

Ha! That was it. Yes! Brilliant. Now he was thinking ahead. He quickly nodded his head. "Eeeegh"

Elaine puckered her lips and stamped her foot. "The bastard. No wonder he never wants sex with me. You tramp!"

She kicks the helpless figure before her. "Do you know the meaning of marriage! Of fidelity?"

Was she sick in the head? What had she been up to only minutes before?

Terrance curls up, the bell clanging.

She looks down at the crumpled quilt and squeezes her nose in painful realisation.

"Well all right. Yeh. But look at you. Perverted tramp! Where is he?"

Ha now that was a hard one. Where was Terrance? He shrugged his shoulders.

"So he did this and left you to it?"

He nodded eagerly. This was going well. The bell tinkled, the wet kickers were uncomfortable but the end was in sight.

Suddenly the anger lifted from her leaving her accepting and thoughtful. He watched as Elaine pursed her lips. "I suppose I envy you. I wish he'd played games like that with me. Then I would never ..." she looked longingly at the curtains. "He's such an idiot!"

Terrance giggled behind the gag. He an idiot? Look at her. She had caught him indulging in his favourite fantasy and had got hold of the wrong end of the stick - thankfully.

"Mmm. Mmmm." He jerked his chin up to her indicating his gag. The bell chiming with every movement.

She sighed, threw her arm towards nothing in particular. "Oh well. All right then. Turn around."

He scooted around on his wet knickers so that his back was to her and then bowed his head.

"Yikes! It is locked. He has locked it on you. And those are handcuffs. Hells teeth, he has more imagination than I have given him credit for."

She helped the girl face back around to her: "So where does he keep the keys?"

Ha. Problem.

"Don't tell me he has taken them with him!"

He eagerly nodded. This is wonderful, Elaine answers every problem he encounters.

"Hmm. Hmmm."

"Well we are going to get you free before he returns. I'll show him."

Great! Terrance twisted around onto his nylon knees, then he was able to rise and sit on the bed. He looked eagerly at Elaine waiting to be released.

She pulled out her mobile phone from her handbag.

Oh God. She's not going to ring the police! Or the fire service! Oh my god.

But it was worse.

"Adam?" Elaine rolled her eyes. "Hi it's me. No I don't want another shag. No thank you two orgasms are enough thank you." She took in the maid sitting on her bed and rolled her eyes, 'men!' she mouthed. "I have a problem. Will you listen? Are you a man or an erection on legs? Right!"

Terrance is in shock. He had never heard his wife being so forceful.

Oh no! Not her lover! Terrance leaps to his heels shaking his head. The bell rings shrilly.

She drops a hand onto his shoulders forcing him to sit. "Don't worry. Adam's all right. Shags everything in sight but he is a practical sort of guy. You know. A good D.I.Y.er, he'll sort you out."

He watches wide eyed as she puts the mobile back to her ear.

Desperately he shakes his head. "hmmmmmm!"

She raised her palm to him, the phone rammed against her blond hair.

"Stop making all that noise with that stupid bell! I can't hear myself think! Hello? Adam? You still there. Good. Oh just a sec!"

She steps backwards from the ringing until she is outside the bedroom, then she closes the door.

Terrance is beside himself. No, no anything but this. He could not be seen by anyone else. Why was Elaine so stupid? He stumbled on his heels to the door trying to get his hand around to the handle. But it was useless, she

was holding the door handle on the other side. He leaned against the door listening with dismay to her muffled voice.

"No Adam I don't want it yet again and I am not a slut." He heard her harrumph. "Please just listen. You're like a dog on a hot day. I have a problem here that I need help with and I need help fast before Terrance gets back. Oh Adam, will you listen. I don't want that. Yes, yes, you have satisfied me like no other man. Now will you come around? Now! Thank you!"

She opens the door with such force that Terrance is thrown to the floor.

"Oh, sorry. It's just that, well, men, you know!"

He sat on his damp knickers shaking his head so violently the bell still rings in his ears when he stops.

"Look don't worry. He's my lover. He's hardly going to go around shooting his mouth off about this. He'd give himself away to his wife." She put her hands on her hips and rolled her eyes in thought. "Well maybe he would. But we don't have any other choice. Now is there something I can do to make you more comfortable?"

Yes! At last the silly woman had asked him a pertinent question. He nods towards their bathroom and wriggles his hips on the carpet.

"You want the bell removed? I can't Terrance has locked it on you. Sorry."

"Hummph, humph!" Again the nodding in the direction of the bathroom.

Her face opens up. "Oh! Oh yes. Sorry. Of course."

She helps him to his feet, before leading him to the bathroom. Here she lowers the seat with her finger tips.

He hops to the loo and reverses himself. Then he wriggles his hips and humphed as loud as he could.

"What?" she looks down at the flared skirt. "Oh. I see."

About time!

She delicately reaches beneath the dress and pulls his knickers down to his ankles. As he settles down on the toilet she flares out the skirt.

"I'll give you a moment."

He could see from the way in which she shook her hands as she went out that she found the affair very distasteful. But at least he could now pee. The belt allowed urination but only in the sitting position as the penis points down between the legs.

He sighs through the gag as the stream goes on and on.

Minutes later he is sat on the bed with Elaine busying herself behind his neck.

"Sorry but nothing will move. He has really put this stuff on dead tight. But don't worry Adam will sort you out."

A banging on the door.

"Here is our hero," giggles Elaine. "now don't mind him. He's a but of a dinosaur when it comes to women." She bites her bottom lip to suppress a laugh. "I can't wait to see his reaction when he sees you like this!"

Terrance closes his eyes. Sometimes you can waken yourself up from a nightmare if you really try hard.

He tries hard, really hard.

He does not wake up.

He can feel the bedspread beneath his stockinged thighs. His feet achingly arched in their locked on heels. The soreness around his waist form the corset. No, this was real.

And nothing was more real than the gob smacked figure that stood towering before him. Adam was about six three, well built, pronounced cheekbones and jaw, salt and pepper hair.

"Wowweee! Is it my birthday babe?" he grabs Elaine around the waist but she squeezes herself free. "Now this is what I call a package. A maid in heavy bondage. It is all my Christmas's and all my birthdays rolled into one!"

He snatches Elaine in his strong arms, crushing her against him while giving her a suffocating kiss.

Terrance is outraged but as he straitens his back in anger so he spurts into his knickers again. He stamps the floor in powerless ire.

Elaine brakes free but Terrance can see the submissive, soapy look in her eyes. She is hot. Her voice croaky. "I think you need to concentrate on the matter in hand and free this poor young girl."

They keep their eyes fixed on each other until she closes hers and steps forward for another kiss.

This is too much. Terrance leaps to his feet. "humph, humph." The bell clanging like a fire engine.

"Whoa babe. Get that bell!" Adam laughs. "Who did this?"

"My husband!"

"What? I thought you said he didn't have a clue about sex! Hey babe stop ringing that bell a sec will yer. And calm down. If your face gets any redder it will explode."

"Just get her out of her chains will you please Adam. Before he gets back. He could be back at any time."

"Ok, ok." He grins like a wolf. "Just seems a shame. Some presents are best left wrapped."

"Get on with it. If you are quick we may have time for something else!"

"Whoa! And am I in the mood having seen this!"

This! This! He was no more than an object to him. The bastard. Just wait

until the gag is removed! Someone was going to get his ears singed.

Adam spun the bound maid around so quickly that Terrance tottered on his heels before falling back into this so called stud's arms. A hand came around and squeezed his breast enhancers.

"Get a handful of that. You are one hot babe!"

"Adam! I am still in the room."

"Sorry Elaine. Its just that, you know, what is a man to do with this?"

"Free her?"

Terrance felt the beast flatten his groin up against his backside. Vainly he tries to wriggle free but stops statue like when he becomes aware of what his movements are inducing. Terrance feels shock. An erection! He has given a man an erection. He wriggles his arse deeper into his captor's groin testing the effect. What power!

Suddenly he is pushed forward and a terrific slap to his backside follows.

"Don't get too hot now babe. Plenty of time later!"

"Adam!"

"Threesome darling, that's all I'm saying."

"Perhaps I am not up for a threesome."

"You'll love it. You'll see. Now then let's take a look at the gag. So we don't have any keys?"

"No, I think Terrance has taken them with him. Left her in this appalling state."

Adam laughed. "Whoa get a load of this lock on the collar!"

Elaine advanced. "What?"

"Scandinavian Grade 5. That's all!"

"So?"

"Only means they are the toughest locks in the world. They are made of an alloy that guarantees they cannot be drilled or sawn through. It is an alloy of steel and ... "

"Forget the lecture I just want this tramp out of my bed room!"

Tramp! He fidgets tinkling the maddening bell. If she did not say such stupid things then he would not be ringing the bell. Why had he married someone so daft!

"Come on Adam. I thought you were mister 'know all'. How do we get her out of that before Terrance gets home?"

"Two possibilities."

Relief floods through Terrance. A cool spring from head to toe. Two possibilities the man said.

"And they are?"

"One. We get the keys from your husband."

"Brilliant. I can see why all the girls go for you! And number two?"

"We pick the lock."

"Good. Go on then."

"Me?"

"Well you don't think that I can pick a lock do you?"

"Just calm down. You two are hotter than a piece of stake on a barbecue. Cool your buns."

"Just tell me Adam. Can you pick locks?"

Terrance chews on his gag.

"Yes."

Phew! Terrance feels light headed. Soon be over.

"Well go on then."

"Ha well. Two problems."

"Adam!"

"Patience babe. Enjoy the show. You'd pay good money for a video with this in it."

There was the word 'this' again. An object, an animal, a pet. 'This'.

"I wouldn't!" Elaine replies.

"Speaking of which where do you keep your camera?"

"Adam! Two problems. Concentrate. What are they?"

"How can I concentrate when I have this vision before me? Ha yes, problem number one is that I need lock picks."

"Where do you get them?"

"Any locksmith. But you need a story to tell."

"And problem number two?"

He waves his hand. "We'll talk about that when you get back."

"Me? Why don't you go!"

Adam softens, gently taking Terrance's wife's hand. "Babe, have I got to do the thinking for both of us. What are the neighbours going to say if they keep seeing me go in and out of here when hubbie isn't home? Eh? Every time I go through that door I risk being seen. Right?"

Elaine doubtful. "I suppose so."

"So you get the lock picks. Now ask for a 'master set'. You don't want the small set. The cuffs and ankle restraints have different locks to the gag. We'll need a good selection."

"Master set." Elaine repeated. "Ok so what do I say?"

Adam laughs. "Tell him you're blond! You've locked your boss out of his

office and a friend can open the door!"

"Not all blonds are stupid Adam!" She replies huffily.

He looks from his blond flustered lover to the bound agitated maid. "Oh. Maybe you are right. She ain't blond and look at the mess she has gotten herself in to! Hair colour does not define a bimbo." He gleefully raises Terrance's chin, "does it babe?"

"Humph, humph!" The bell clangs as Terrance desperately wants to point out that he is cleverer than all around him. Everyone knew that! He looks to his wife for a fight back. He once called her a bimbo before they got married and she hit the roof.

Instead she lowers her eyes, smiles coyly and blushes like a school girl.

"What can I do with you?" She asks as she approaches him for a kiss.

"I'll tell you when we get her free!" He slaps her arse hard. "Now you get going and take your time. Don't get stopped by the police for speeding or park in a restricted area. You don't want to have to explain anything to the police. They'll see through any lies. So take your time."

Elaine's eyes narrow. She looks from Adam to the bound maid.

"You haven't got all day to think this through babe. Either you get the picks or we say hello hubbie!"

Finally: "I suppose you are right."

"As always babe!"

Adam leads her through the bedroom door where Terrance can hear them kissing. At last he hears her heels descending the stairs and then the front door slam shut.

Adam returns to the room, a man in a hurry, and shoots over to the curtains. He peers out as an engine starts and a car slowly pulls away.

"There she goes!" Adam turns around on the helpless maid, rubbing his erection with the heel of his hand. "Seems to me that we got an hour or so

to kill. Now then, any ideas?"

The bell rings like a clock as Terrance stumbles backwards. He soon falls painfully onto his backside. "Hmmpmph."

Why had his wife been so stupid as to leave him with this depraved sex mad monster?

Part Two

1.

"This is a dream come true." Adam sniggers, "did you spot the word cum?"

Terrance shakes his head so hard the bell clangs against the collar.

"No? I have just shagged mister wimp dick's wife so you probably think that I have exhausted the golden supply." By wriggling and pushing with his heels Terrance is able to scoot backwards away from his tormentor. Sadly the short maid's skirt gets caught beneath his bottom and the bed. He topples over into the pillows.

Terrance hates the idea of men seeing him like this. His fantasies are purely heterosexual. Dominant women with canes and a firm hand. Not sex mad empty headed males like this.

Adam towers over him. "But my supply is everlasting. Like a God given font. A treasure to the ladies."

"Hummphhh!" Ding dong.

"And do I like French maids. And do I like bondage games. And do I like helpless bound cuties like you. Whoa!"

Terrance chews on the gag. The words he is attempting to say are: "you are a stupid pervert! I am a man!" What emerges is

"Yoooommmmmnnnnghmmpmph!"

"Hey babe, I love the fight. I love a chase! We have got a game here!"

The maid sees the brute lean forward and grab his ankles just above the

restraints. A good tug and she is dragged back to the edge of the bed before being hauled onto her heels in swish of petticoats.

"Grumph. Mmmph!" The man has no sensitivity! What does his wife see in him?

He wriggles backwards but is caught. Held. Adam has grabbed hold of his hips. Terrance has never felt so frightened. Oddly he recognizes a tingle of excitement tickle his spine. But there is little time to analyse the situation and his reaction to it. He is bound, helpless and a swishing petticoated lump in the firm grip of a sex mad male.

Adam stares into the sexily frightened brown eyes. Huge iris's framed in mascara.

"What a babe. Here are the rules to my game."

He drags her forwards so quickly that she stumbles in her heels and restraints, her skirt flapping at her thighs, the bell tinkling gaily. He then shifts her sharply around so that she is standing with her back to him.

The maid finds her cuffed hands resting in her captor's groin and immediately feels a familiar hard ridge that makes her jump. He has excited this fiend!

"Hold still and listen. First we are going to see how fast you can run around in your little outfit. Wait!"

Terrance had felt the arms about him relax, so he tried to head for the door. He was easily caught and held. A child in the arms of an adult.

"So on your marks, get set"

The arms fell away and Terrance steps forward as far as the ankle chains allow.

"Go!"

Adam is floating in seventh heaven. He enjoys the spectacle of the maid tinkling, swishing, and shuffling towards the en suite bathroom.

It is so funny. The ringing bell. The wriggling bottom. The skirt flipping back and fore around the stocking tops. The auburn hair beneath the maid's cap flitting around the shoulders - stockinged thighs hissing against one another as the needle point heels clack on the hardwood. What a sight. You would pay good money to see it.

The maid rustles into the bathroom and suddenly Adam realises what she is up to.

"Hey up! Naughty girl!"

He has caught the door before the maid can finally shut it. "You thought you could lock yourself in here!" Adam laughs as she stares up at him, her wide open eyes blasting fury in his direction. "You'll have to be faster than that to get around me!"

Seeing his chance Terrance ducks under the arm holding the door and wriggles sprightly towards the bedroom door, a wriggling, mincing flurry of swishes and tinkles.

"Look at her go! Whoa!"

As he reaches it he feels his subjugator calmly walk up behind him. It had taken the maid a good eight seconds to cover the distance to the door. Adam is on him in two seconds.

The man's strong arms circles around the maid. He leans down, whispering into her ear: "I bet I can make you run faster than that. Do you want a bet?"

"Mmmmmph." Tinkle, tinkle.

"No? Don't blame you. Because I am going to do this!"

Two pinches, each at the zenith of Terrance's buttocks. The maid squeals and hops into the doorway. Two more nips, slightly below the first two

have him squeaking through his gagging and galloping down the landing, besides the stairs towards the main bathroom. He is tottering along beside the balustrade overlooking the staircase. "Humph!" Tinkle, swish, click-click, swish, tinkle.

Terrance's only thought is to reach the main bathroom and somehow shut out this dreadful sadist. More pinches, lower now. Just below his knickers. More spluttering 'humphs' around the gag.

All he can hear is the bell, the swishing uniform and the laughter. A nightmare.

The pinches reach the back of his thighs. They really sting here. He bites hard into the gag, squealing like a nine year old.

The bathroom entrance. Inside.

Pinches all the way down to his stocking tops, each triggering a new series of squirms, rustling, with that peeling bell... that horrible, horrible bell.

As they enter the main bathroom Adam forces the door wide open and sets his foot against it. No way can the airhead maid close it now.

The maid stands breathing hard, her breasts rising and falling.

Adam just wants her. There and then. But he knows that this is a once in lifetime opportunity. He could fuck women any time but play with them like this? Never? How many would agree to such humiliations? This babe is a babe in a million. A one off.

"Now that was fun wasn't it?"

The maid angrily shakes her head, the bell striking the collar with a dull metallic clunking.

"No? Then lets try the second round. See how fast you can get back to the bedroom."

Another shake, this time the brown eyes expressing defiance.

"Ha. You are not going to amuse me by wriggling your way back to the bedroom?"

An angry shake of the head.

Terrance has made his point. He is not an object of fun to be ridiculed by this idiot. He is not a toy.

"Ok." Adam replies, shrugging his indifference.

Closing her eyes with relief the maid sighs around the gag. It had been awful racing in front of those little nips to the most sensitive parts of her legs. Degrading and painful.

The pinches had left behind tiny little bruises which stung as if wasps has attacked him.

He waits to see what the assailant would do next. Now that he realises there is no further mileage in this game no doubt he would help her back to the bedroom. Then her tummy turned. Adam was staring at her with that awful superior sneer. He is a man who knew something, something he was about to share with her. Oh no. Terrance did not like this one bit!

He sucks on his gag as the man guides him around in a wide circle back to the bathroom door. All the mirrors in the place reflect the same image of a little maid, hands bound behind her back, little flared skirt flipping about every wriggle, gagged mouth and bright auburn hair.

She finds her self facing down the landing, looking back to the open bedroom door. No way is she going to do this run for him. Had she not been sufficiently debased already?

"Right babe. Ready for your little run?"

The expected head shake and tinkling bell.

"No. Aw, just for daddy?"

Another sweep of hair as the maid's rebellion gains confidence.

Terrence hears a sigh from behind him followed by: "Oh well. If you don't want to play."

At last the oaf had got the message!

"But I bet you do really!"

The maid feels the hands beneath his skirt tickling the crowns of his buttocks. The sensation is very pleasant, sensual in fact. No one has ever tickled his buttocks before.

The mouth close to his ear: "Ready, steady ...go!"

Two nasty deep tweaks.

"SQUEAK! Mmmmmph! SQUEAK!"

But the maid stands her ground. Her heels stuck into the carpet, her back leaning rebelliously against her assailant's chest. She was not for moving.

A few more nips around the base of the buttocks.

The wriggling, yelping maid shakes her head in fury. She wriggles her hips as far to the left and then as far to the right as she can. Anything to escape this excruciating punishment.

"Mmmmph. Squeal!." Tinkle, tinkle.

The tweaks reach the rear of her thighs.

What a brute!

There was nothing for it. The maid sets off in a tinkling, wriggling, swishing, bouncing display that has Adam doubled up in laughter. If his mates from the football team could see this now!

It is so erotic. So hot. Like nothing he has experienced.

The enchanting girlie vision squirms to the bedroom door and in a flurry of lace vanishes.

Yikes! Adam remembers the en suite bathroom. "

"Shit!"

He makes it to the bedroom entrance just as the tinkling maid twirls behind the en suite bathroom door.

Terrance is giddy with delight. He is outwitting the twerp. He puts his back against the door and closes it. His cuffed hands reach for the bolt. It is high up the door and he must bend forward to enable his arms to angle up and reach it.

Crash! Swoosh!

The door thumps open catapulting the helpless maid into the sink.

A strong hand grabs her bare arm and twirls her around.

"Hey you almost made it that time. Lets go again! This is great fun!"

Oh no!

The maid's eyes reveal resignation. She wriggles back into the door way and awaits her masters voice.

"Ready babe?"

Oh get on with it! Terrance stares over her shoulder at him, sucking on her gag.

"Here we go. One, two three. Go!"

The familiar pinches to his bottom. The squeaks, heels clicking, swishing, short stride jog. The torment of a hundred little nips and frustrated, hurtful squeals.

Terrance is the race pony trying to keep ahead of the whip but always finding that no matter how fast she runs the whip is right behind her.

Adam enjoys a good ten minutes of his game.

2.

The second game is just as amusing.

The worn out maid is held above the bed and dropped. Sometimes face down, sometimes bottom down. The pleasure for Adam is the different ways in which the skirt flaps around her legs revealing her stocking tops and garter belt. Added to this is the sheer helplessness of the package before him. He can do what ever he pleases in the knowledge that a slut like this must love very degradation.

"Whoaa! Stockings and suspenders! It should be a law that women wear them."

For Terrance it is simply a matter of accepting his fate. If he is face down then he raises his head so that the gag doesn't strike the mattress first. Bottom first there is nothing he can do about anything. The point is that there is nothing he can do anyway. Just accept the silly prank, and reward the oaf with unintended grunts, squeals and muuumphs. The fear of the initial drop has given way to a numbing mortification. How he would like to clutch the hem of the dress and protect his decency, or stop the symphony of sounds played by pettis, skirtings, stockings and bell. But there is nothing he can do.

Just acceptance.

Acceptance.

Finally the bully collapses gasping for breath on the bed next to him with such force that the maid finds herself bouncing up and down trampoline style. Her skirt flapping humiliatingly above his stocking tops. As Adam laughs and catches his breath Terrance stares up at the ceiling wondering when the ordeal will be over for him.

If his wife can get the lock picks he should be out of the restraints in minutes. The idea that the locks are designed to be as safe as humanly possible has been hidden at the back of his mind.

"Whoa babe listen we have to meet up after this. Got that?"

The maid nods, the bell dings, the eyes cowed.

Adam props himself up on an elbow and runs a finger around the soft curvature of the breast forms. "I think you are perfect. I could play with you for hours. To be honest I am thinking of throwing Elaine over. I've shagged her every which way possible. Time to move on."

Had Adam not been watching his own fingers run down the inside of the helpless maids thighs he would have noticed the maid's eyes widen in anger.

"Yeh, I mean she is good fuck don't get me wrong. She was bound to be impressed with me mind. You know on account of being well blessed in the dick department. Cannot get enough. Apparently her husband is one of those little boys, you know cursed with a little dickie. Can you get that!" he laughs deeply.

A flurry of movement. Stockinged legs pistoning, with a sweet rasp.

"Hey hang on there babe. Why the fight back!"

Adam chortles as the maid tries valiantly to knee him and then head butt him.

"Whoa! This maid does not know when she is beaten!"

By lying on his back and tucking his knees together Terrance is able to catapult a huge kick at Adam.

"Whoa! Almost got me there babe. You need a lesson. That's what you want isn't it!"

"Humph. Humph!"

Adam manoeuvres his hard prick to one side of his jeans for comfort's sake. It dribbles a little precum. He then grabs the erotic slut by her hips and flings her over onto her stomach. The bound maid pulls at the handcuffs feeling them cut into her wrists. Bound as she is, she just cannot get the leverage to resist anything this pervert demands of her. She feels the strong hands grip on her hips. With a jerk she is brought up to her

knees and twisted so that her head is forced deep into the pillow, frilly arse framed by a petticoated cloud pointing at the ceiling.

"Humph, humph."

"Who has been a naughty maid? Eh?"

Terri feels her little skirt flipped up onto the small of her back. She tries desperately to wriggle out of her humiliating position but an arm of steel wraps itself around her waist. She can feel and hear him clambering around the bed, crushing the mattress as he moves. He is big and strong, she is helpless and weak.

"Hurmph!"

"What sexy little knickers! I am a big fan of sluts who wear this sort of stuff just to turn men on. You must be one hell of a whore in the sack eh?"

"Humph. Humph."

"No? She denies it. Typical. Sluts say no when they mean yes and yes when they mean no."

The first slap is a surprise. A light tap. It stops the maid short. The second and third are similar. Terrance gasps, then freezes in horror. In his darkest fantasies when he is 100 percent Terri, he fantasises about being spanked by a man. Was he enjoying this? Was this a fantasy? Was it a dream come true? Yet the humiliation and sheer terror forms a barrier between him and any sensual pleasure. Now the slaps get harder. He grunts, biting into the plastic penis gag. The bell tinkles gently with each wallop.

"Hummph."

"You like that don't you babe? Eh? This is what a slut like you wants!"

Now the slaps are biting harsh. Each blow thrusting Terri's head deeper in to the pillow.

"Humph, humph."

"Is that an orgasm babe?" Adam laughs full throttle. The laugh of a madman. No joke has been funnier. No man has had a better time than this.

Slap, slap, slap.

"Squeal, squeal, squeal."

"Whoa babe, squirm babe"

Slap, slap, slap.

"Squeal, squeal, squeal."

Finally they stop. Terrance blows a sigh around the gag and sucks in air. Phew.

"I've got to have you." His tormentor's voice hoarse, dry.

Terri feels her self twisted onto her back, looking helplessly up at the man who controls her, her bell tinkling. She sucks on her gag feeling her penis swell in its metal constraints. She can see the solid cylindrical erection through his trousers. Yet she can no longer struggle. A peaceful wave of submission has swept through her body. She wriggles her sore bottom, feeling close to orgasm. But she knows she could never cum, not until she is released. She groans into her gag, her eyes closing dreamily.

The hand takes a firm hold of her knickers, hoisting them down her legs in a series of jerking movements.

"Come on, come on. I have to fuck you. Whoa! What is that? What the fuck?"

All has become still and quiet. She opens her sedate drowsy eyes to gaze at the bewildered Adam. His mouth so wide open that the tip of his tongue touches his bottom lip. "Babe? Is that a chastity belt?"

Terri knows that from the exterior you can only make out the metal triangular shield. The penis shaped tube is safely hidden behind it. It is known as a she-male belt because of the rounded flatness it gives to the

groin.

She feels his hand between her legs.

"Ho fuck! That wimp dicked husband of hers has gone too far!"

His hand cradles her face, it is not gentlest of touches. She looks up at his squinting eyes. "Now babe, you be honest with daddy now. Is the key to this belt in this room?"

For some crazy reason her first impulse is to nod yes. Try to tell him where it is so that he can rescue her. Then let him have his pleasure. But she manages to control herself for long enough to offer a tinkling 'no', the bell flopping back and fore with her languid movements.

"Fuck! That wimp dicked prat has got it?"

She nods yes. An honest yes!

Slap! Her cheek stings. Tears form.

"Oh sorry babe. Sorry precious." He hugs her. "Sorry, daddy is sorry. I just got angry, you know? Frustrated?"

Terri nods and dings her understanding. She knows all there is to know about frustration.

The roaming hand snakes between her legs. "I bet my little slut feels the same. Whoa! It is like an ocean down here!"

Terri feels her hips jerk as he massages her groin. She spurts freely into her knickers but without an ounce of pleasure or satisfaction.

"Poor babe is desperate for my pole. Yeh? You'd love that wouldn't you? Me rammed hard inside you!"

Terri lets her face fall against the rough cheek of the man who holds her.

"Mmmmmphh", she whimpers softly. "Well your pussy hole is protected, your mouth is covered. That only leaves ..."

In a single manic movement Terri is flung onto her stomach. Once again

her hips are drawn upwards, her skirts fluttering raucously and her head pushed deep into the pillow.

Damp fingers rub at her arse. She knows she should resist but that knowledge is languorously, floating away. It's like watching an unwanted paper bag blowing away down an empty street. Good riddance to resistance.

"I've never done this before. Am I looking forward to ..."

Terri pushes her knees apart. Terrance's fears and hostilities has given way to Terri's needs. She must have him. She arches her back to make the bottom more inviting.

"SLAM!" The front door. Suddenly Terrance returns to inhabit Terri's body. In an instance all feelings of submission are driven away. He twists his head to peer past Adam.

Footsteps hammer up the stairs.

Elaine in the doorway with a grin that freezes grotesquely on her lips.

3.

Adam's zip grates noisily as he pulls it up. Terrance rolls over to rest on his bare back side on the quilt. His knickers hang from one outstretched heel, his bell tinkling madly.

"And what the fuck is going on here?"

Terrance nibbles the gag looking to Adam to furnish a satisfactory explanation.

For his part Terrance looks as guilty as a child with a chocolate biscuit in his hands.

There is a thunderous silence that bellows through the house. Then Adam takes Elaine in his arms.

"Babe. That slut! You wouldn't believe it. She took her knickers off and ..."

The wife shakes her lover away from her. "And just how is she supposed to have removed her knickers? You fool!"

Adam glares at the bound maid. After a beat he slaps her exposed thigh. "Tramp! Just how did you do that!" Then back to Elaine with the sweetest of grins. "Only a slut could pull off a trick like that eh? I bet she can fire ping pong balls at the ceiling."

She places her finger on her lover's chest, making a big play of pushing him away. "Sure. Honestly! I can't trust you for one second can I?"

"Babe it was all her fault she ..."

"Here's your lock picks." She holds out an array of tiny metal poles of varying thickness, all held together by a hinged mechanism. Adam stares at them.

"Ah. Yes."

"And?"

"Ding, ding, ding..." Terrance scrambles to his knees. Legs tight together and edges closer to the end of the bed where his wife fumes with her knowing eyes at Adam. Freedom is only moments away.

"Adam?"

"Remember I said there are two problems."

"Yes!"

"Well the second is that I can't pick locks. Well I can pick easy ones, yes. But these are going to have five tumblers. Maybe more."

"So you sent me out simply to get into that tramps knickers!"

"No babe. It was an idea I ..."

"Jesus you are even cheating on me!"

"I didn't fuck her!"

"Humph, humph!" Terrance rings his bell to gain their attention.

Elaine shakes her head: "So what are we going to do with this tramp?"

"I know a man who can ..."

She flings her arms into the air. "Then get him!"

"Babe ..."

"Now!"

A stamp of a foot.

Adam flees the bedroom.

On his knees, sitting back on his ankles Terrance finally lets the tears spill out over his eyes. "Hmmpmph." He is never going to escape. Never. He is trapped because of their stupidity!

Feet thumping down the stairs taking the steps two at a time.

"Oh don't you start crying!" She shakes her head. "I should be the one who is crying."

The front door slams shut.

She takes a handkerchief from the top drawer and settles down on the bed next to the sorry figure of the sobbing, tinkling, maid.

"Here blow into this. It will make you feel better."

She allows him to blow his nose as if he were a child.

"You must feel totally humiliated." She dabs at the girl's mascara, noting that it must be water proof as the tears barely affect it. This is a girl who pays a lot of attention to her make up. The maid nods, the bell tinkles.

"Never mind." She consoles, hugging the shaking blubbering maid. "It will be all right. I promise.

As Elaine embraces her, she feels something she has not felt since the six form at school. She takes in the bound and powerless girl in her maids

uniform and bondage, and feels sheer unadulterated lust. She kisses her nose, still wet from sobbing.

The maid stops crying, eyes wide: what is happening here? She kisses her again. Gently around the cheek. Terri sweeps back through Terrance's being. She gnaws at his gag, sucking obscenely.

"Mmmmmm." The eyes close. Falling into erotic ecstasy.

His body rolls backwards, the weight of his wife toppling on top of him sucking at his face with animal passion.

Terri senses the woman's searching fingers around her buttocks. A squeeze. A pinch. She gushes and with out her knickers to catch her output it runs over his wife's fingers.

Giggling from a pink cheeked Elaine. "Wow you really are a hot little slut aren't you? I bet you'd love me to bring you off."

Terri nods hard, the bell ringing with her pleading.

His wife runs her arm beneath his head so that she can watch her lesbian lover's eyes as she searches around her groin.

"What?"

She flips up the skirt to see the triangular shaped metal cover.

"What the hell? A chastity belt?"

The maid's eyes full of regret. "I bet you wish you hadn't agreed to that now!"

The bell tinkles as the maid nods. More giggles from his wife. "Oh that must be awful! I know what it's like in the office when you feel really wet and hot. You know when a totally assertive man walks in. All you want to do is get to the loo to have a play with yourself."

She peers closer at the smooth triangle of rivetted steel. "Gosh you couldn't even get a finger tip up there could you!"

The bell tinkles sadly.

"No. I'd be like a bitch in heat with that on. Sometimes you just must have something inside you don't you."

The bell tinkles.

Elaine rubs her fingernail down the inside of the girl's thigh, stopping at the stocking tops. She leans closer, gently laying a series of kisses on the hot flesh between the lace and the steel.

Through the gag the moan still sounds like a moan. His wife crawls up the bed, eyes half closed, sweat shimmering on her forehead. "I have always wanted to play with a really sexy girl. You know, be in charge." She giggled. "And this is my chance isn't it."

The bell tinkles.

His wife chews hungrily around his face as his dick spasms with yet more pre cum. She reaches beneath her own knee length skirt and wrestles off her white panties. Mindless and in heat she clammers her pussy over Terri's gag, her thighs clamping around his face.

"Rub it you whore, rub it!"

Terri does her best. A true lesbian encounter. Truly being treated as a subservient girl. Truly in heaven.

But Heaven and Hell coexist - closer together than we may think.

Elaine threads her fingers through the maid's auburn hair, grasps a handful and pulls, intent on inflicting hurt.

Two screams. First the squealing maid and then her mistress.

Elaine holds the auburn wig up before her. Her bottom lip quivering, desperate to make sense of what has happened. Terri gives way to Terrance. The world stops spinning. He chews on his gag.

Elaine stares at the maid, seeing her for the first time.

"Wait" She closes her eyes and shakes her head. But when she opens them she still sees Terrance staring back up at her. Her husband in drag, a tiny bell dinging beneath his chin.

The third scream. A leap from the bed. Hands guarding an open mouth.

"Oh my God!"

Terrance holds still. His stomach spins. The nightmare has reached its zenith.

"Oh fuck, fuck, fuck. Terrance?"

The maid nods, the eyes sorrowful.

"But Who ... how did ... I mean ..." Elaine settles on the edge of the bed clutching the wig. "But who did this to you? Burglars?"

The bell clangs.

"No. A lover? A dominatrix?"

The bell clangs.

"Oh. Then who?"

Silly woman Terrance thinks. How can he answer!

"Hang on. Did you do this to yourself?"

The bell tinkles. At last!

"You silly sod. Why didn't you say?" The maid's eyes wide with anger.

Elaine giggles. "Oh I see why. Ok. So where are the keys?"

Now Terrance is furious. How can he tell her? How can she be so silly? He curls up on his knees: "Hummmmph. Hummmmph," gnawing furiously on his gag, as he lets her know what he thinks of her brainless remarks.

His wife's surprise gives way to a rattle of giggles. "Ooh now don't get crabby little girl. I may have to leave you like this!" He studies his wife's eyes. Is she being serious? Discretion is the better part of valour so he sits

back on the bed having another desperate tug on his cuffs.

His wife nods thoughtfully. "I am glad we got that straight. Come here slut." She grabs his ear and drags him from the bed like a naughty child. It really stings. "You don't mind me calling you slut do you? After all, that is what you have called me in the past when I wanted to dress up for you. Remember? Eh Slut?" An edge to her voice.

The bell tinkles.

"I thought you might." She rummages through her drawer in the dresser. "Now here is a pad. Turn around and write with this pen. I'll hold the pages down and you take care. Just say where the keys are."

He does as he is told. Twisting on his heels. He feels the pen forced into his fingers and scrawls 'inside the corset' as legibly as he can, considering he cannot even see the paper.

She scrutinizes his efforts. "In the something. Uhm ... in the closet?"

The bell clangs.

"Love the bell by the way dear husband. Not sure I want to lose that. So the closet then. In the what? In the cupboard?" The bell clangs. She giggles. "Its like those silly games we play at Christmas isn't it. Only this is far more fun. So what else." The bell is a symphony of sound as he bends down at the waist his thumbs jerking at his waist.

"Eh? Oh in the corset!"

At last. Terrance feels relief. If only she were a little brighter!

She flips up the skirt part of the dress, sinking to her haunches to peer up. "Don't see how you're going to get your fingers up there. Did you do this on purpose?"

She stands smartly. Threatening. She takes hold of his shoulders and gives him a bell tinkling, skirt swishing shake. "Did you? Did you want to fuck up my relationship with Adam? Was that what this is about?"

A feverish shake of the head. "But why? Why dress up like this? Are you gay?"

A resounding clanging. As if!

"But I don't get it. You handcuff yourself and leave the keys where you can't get to them."

Oh why couldn't she see? He stamps his heeled foot in frustration. The chain about his ankles chings.

"Ha! I know. You cocked up. As usual. As you always do. You always make mistakes don't you. Everyone wonders what I saw in you. You were hardly the sharpest tool in the woodshed." She casts an eye downwards. "Nor the longest tool. You just seemed so helpless and silly. Constantly being above yourself. But you were sort of cute and helpless. In need of mothering."

How could she think such thoughts? She knows he would have had a university degree like she had he only worked a bit harder at school. Truth is, the academic world all seemed so boring. He spent most of his college days in his room dressing up in his frillies and playing with himself.

"But why didn't you tell me!"

Her eyes fiery, Terrance feeling vulnerable, he shifts back to the bed but his menacing wife closes on him.

"All those years together. All that time and you didn't tell me. That is worse than betrayal! And don't think that I and other men balances up your treachery! I only needed them because you refused to have sex with me. All the time you were satisfying yourself. How bloody typical. How bloody selfish!"

She groans like an animal, despairing of what to think. "All that time I have wasted on you trying to get you to talk to me about your fantasies. And me telling you mine! How you must have laughed at me!"

The maid chews on his gag thinking how it is his wife's own fault for being

so stupid and gullible. He knows that she will forgive him. She always has. Just a matter of time. Let her burn herself out.

Elaine mops a tear from an eye and Terrance knows that he has to endure a little self centred performance from his wife. Still she will get over it.

"I mean - didn't you ever love me?"

The maid shrugs her shoulders. In his mind he knows that if he nods yes then she will have control over him. Best to leave her stew in her own juices until he can win her back. Once the gag is removed and he is dressed as a man he will seduce her and make her forget about that jerk she has tagging along.

"One day I will make you pay for this!"

Oh hum, he thinks to himself, when will she give up? He settles on the bed and scoots in his practised fashion on his bum back to the headboard. He makes himself comfortable up against the bedhead ready for the tirade. Usually when she is mad at him he just disappears to his own computer room until she has finished. Now he has to suffer her indulgence.

"I mean that. You egotistical bastard. I am stronger than you think. You will pay for what you have done to me."

Sure I will! The maid crosses her ankles and shifts her arms. They are aching from being held in the same position for so long. He wishes she would have some sympathy for his plight. After all it is all her fault. Had he not mistakenly thought she had returned earlier he would not have accidentally placed the keys in the corset's secret pockets. Once the gag is removed he would calmly explain to her the error of her ways. But he would forgive her eventually.

The doorbell.

"Oh God! Adam!"

The maid's collar bell rings as he shakes his head back and fore in fear.

"I know!" Elaine positions the wig on her husband's head, carefully tugging it into place." A giggle. "You do look the part. Very convincing." She pokes his ankles through the leg holes of his knickers and rustles them snugly into position around his hips. Another burst of precum.

4.

Moments later Adam is standing in the room with the ever present thick bulge in his pants. He has brought his friend: Gary is in his thirties, friendly, smiling. The body of a rugby player. The face of a joker: "Hey what a sight! I'll take two!" Every one laughs, Terrance nibbles his mouth plug.

Terrance notices a vague look of disdain in Gary's eyes. Laughing on the outside but inwardly disgusted at the sight of the bound maid.

Fortunately Terrance does not feel quiet so exposed with his knickers in place. But he is haunted by a nagging fear. Suppose she tells them that he is not really a woman. That he is really her husband. The dreadful notion is sidelined as Gary checks through the locks.

"I'll give it a go but these were designed to be lock pick proof."

"Just the handcuffs," Elaine suggests before adding with a twinkle, "I think the gag can stay there for a while longer."

They all laugh and Terrance wriggles in mortification. The bell ringing multiplying his chagrin.

"Ha well, that is the problem you see. These cuffs could take hours to get off."

"Hours!" Elaine throws her hands up. "What are we supposed to do until then?"

An arm snakes around her, a mouth nibbles at her ear. "I have an idea babe!"

She giggles, pushing him away. But Terrance notices that the push is more

playful than revulsion. He watches in horror as he sees his wife's cheeks redden with desire, her eyes close. Her mouth slips into a wistful smile.

"Humph! Humph!" The bell and swishing dress make a racket as the maid bounces up and down on the bed.

"Whoa! Look at her go!" Adam laughs heartily. "Never mind babe. When Gary gets you free you can have some as well!"

Adam gets a playful punch in his arm for his trouble. Elaine rounds on him. "So you think that you are God's gift to women eh?"

"Uh uh!" Cocky grin.

"Everlasting!"

"Uh uh!"

"Right lets see if I can wear you out. Stop you from boasting!" She grabs his hand and tugs him towards the door.

Adam's mouth drops, he stares at his mate Gary. "I think my boat has just come in! Can you believe it! I am going to be fucked silly!"

Terrance is mortified. He is totally still. A nightmare. He catches Elaine's eyes as she hovers in the doorway. He sees his wife smile ruefully.

"Well if I am not appreciated in one place by one person perhaps I will be appreciated elsewhere by someone else!"

Meanwhile Gary tugs painfully on his handcuffed hands. It as if he has upset this locksmith.

"A saw might cut through them but you would need to a professional hacksaw and around thirty minutes. Maybe longer."

Gary stands shaking his head. Terrance wide eyed. Surely he can do something?

"I know," Elaine grins. "Lets take her down to the fire station. They have all sorts of cutting equipment. The firemen could do with a laugh. They'll

have a great time with her."

Terrance scoots back on the bed until his back is against the wall. He has become the centre point for their amusement. He can do nothing but add to his humiliation with every movement, every facial expression of rage. Every tinkle of the bell.

"Whoa!" Shouts Adam. "Let's get the local tv companies around. They'll pay real bucks for this show!"

Terrance chewing madly on his gag. No, no!

Gary shrugs. "Big deal. She must be in to humiliation so she'll get a bang out of it."

Suddenly Terrance is feeling feint. His head swims. Everyone will know who he is and what he does.

Elaine returns to the bed shaking Adam's hand free. She wraps a gentle arm around his shoulders.

"Don't worry little, tiny maid. If that happened, then everyone will find out about my husband's involvement. And we don't want that - do we?"

The bell clangs eagerly.

Her lover rests a hand on her hips. "Speaking of mister tiny dick - where is he? Maybe we just wait for him to return. Leave him to sort it out. He's got the keys hasn't he?"

"Ha," Elaine thinks through the explanation as she makes it: "Hubby phoned while you were out." She pauses. "Seems he is stuck somewhere, no, he had to visit a relative. Won't be back until tomorrow." She eyes the maids figure and sexily clad legs. "Or was it that he won't be back until the end of the week?"

Adam is gob smacked. "And he forgot about her!"

"That's hubby for you. Thick as two short planks." She eyes her irate husband.

"Isn't that right? Isn't Terrance particularly stupid?" They lock eyes and then at last the bell tinkles with the nodding head.

"In fact," Elaine thinks aloud, "would you not say a total idiot?"

The bell tinkles and Elaine is satisfied. She turns to the two men. "Right then. I was told that you could sort this out. So Gary sort her out. If it takes a couple of hours then go for it."

"Well I have got an electric lock pick at home. That'll open anything. Never fails."

"Then go and get it," declares Adam as he wraps himself about Elaine.

"And take your time. No hurry."

Terrance curls himself onto his knees: "Humph, humph, humph!"

"No," Elaine declares squeezing herself out of Adam's arms. "No."

Terrance relaxes.

"It is better if we wrap her up in a carpet and carry her out to Gary's car. You take her back to your place where you have all the tools. None of this shooting off to get something else and wasting my time." She stares at the shocked maid with pursed lips. "Adam and I will stay here in case hubby phones."

Despite his frantic efforts they easily roll the bound figure into one of the old carpets from the cellar. There is the muffled sound of a bell but nobody can hear Terrance's gagged whimpering.

They load the carpet into the rear of the estate car, closing the door while checking up and down the deserted street. Elaine is enjoying herself.

She and her lover wave the car and its cargo off before racing impatiently back to the bedroom.

They strip as they dash up the stairs before throwing their hungry bodies at each other.

Within seconds they are enveloped in each others arms, mouths sucking and eating. Rolling to and fro on the bed where only seconds before the bound maid had entertained them.

"Whoa babe, you are something. And that maid has got me so hot."

Suddenly Elaine freezes. Adam raises himself on one arm stroking her hair. "You ok babe? When I said she made me hot she is nothing like you of course darling I ..."

"Shut up idiot." Sudden, horrible thought! "Suppose that this friend of yours, Gary the lock smith, takes advantage of, er, the maid?"

Adam smiles, gently kissing her nose. "Don't worry babe she is perfectly safe. Unlike you!"

They both laugh as he hauls her back to a supine position on the bed and leans his weight over her.

She stops flirting again, raising a finger to his sucking lips. "But how can you be so sure?"

"Because you sexy animal, you fiery temptress ..."

"Just say it."

"Gary is as gay as they come!"

"Gay! He doesn't look it!"

"They are not all fairies. So she is safe. If she were a man then you should worry."

They kiss for a moment before Elaine once again puts her finger back on his perturbed lips. Her face darkens. "He is gay!"

"Yeh. So she's safe. So stop worrying. Let yourself go with the sex machine!"

Adam is concerned for a moment, watching his current lover nibble her lip, stroke her hair and eye the ceiling. Why the problem? Then there is a giggle. The giggle gives way to uncontrollable laughter.

"Adam?"

"Yeh babe?"

"I love your friends!"

They both laugh and Elaine reaches the light switch near the bed.

Darkness.

Part three

1.

Now Terrance is a smart man. Clever. The sort of man who can plan and plot and control. So as he lay shrouded by the rough carpet, bound as a chastity belted maid with the keys hidden away within his corset, he prepared his plan.

As soon as his wrists and gag were released he would offer a simple remark, in his best girlish voice of course: 'if you molest me I shall inform the authorities and have you arrested.' For sure that would prevent any wandering hands.

By maintaining the deception that he was a girl dressed and bound by Terrance, his alter ego, he could maintain his dignity and escape. It should not be too difficult to deceive this oaf Gary. He felt better. Freedom and escape were just around the corner. This gave him the confidence to face the ordeal of being carried into a strange man's home dressed as a maid.

Wrapped tightly in the carpet he could not make any movement nor, with the penis gag locked around his mouth make any sound. Even the tormenting bell had stopped tinkling.

He listened to the silence. They had been driving for about thirty minutes, which could put them anywhere in the city. The rear door of the estate

swooshed open. He felt a chill of night air before being dragged onto the road. He 'oofed' into his gag. Couldn't the idiot be more careful!

He was stood upright in the tightly rolled carpet and felt himself hauled over the broad strong shoulders of Gary, winded by the sudden actions.

A total feeling of helplessness overwhelmed his senses. His breathing became short. Bound as a maid, locked in a chastity belt, then rolled up within a carpet and now carried anywhere this job desired. He had no influence in anything that was happening. He felt a wet squirt into his damp knickers and knew that if the circumstances were otherwise he might be able to enjoy himself. If the chastity belt were removed he would orgasm like a volcano.

2.

Terrance sat perched on the edge of the chair muttering into the gag, desperately trying to hurry Gary along. Could nothing enliven the fool?

Gary meandered around the dining room table of the masculinely furnished home. Stark furniture with a coffee table cluttered by well-thumbed magazines and stained cups. Thankfully, heavy drapes were drawn against the outside world. He was putting together what appeared to be an electric screwdriver with a long thin bit.

The maid lost it. She stamped both heels into the carpet as hard as she could and shook her shoulders.

"Will you keep that bell still, it's getting on my nerves. I am trying to concentrate here." Gary was holding up the electric lock pick to the angle poise lamp. It was little more than a red metallic cylinder with a narrow length of metal pole protruding from its end. Terrance had been anaesthetised to the sound of the bell. Now with Gary's reminder it was all he could hear. How could he have been so stupid! He stamped his foot making it tinkle yet again.

Gary eyed him harshly. "Girl I am not joking. Keep still!"

Terrance obediently sat bolt upright, knees together. Although Terrance never liked being reprimanded Terri got a buzz from it. She studied Gary's face to see if her obedience was appreciated. It wasn't. Her saviour was staring intently at the whirring cylinder giving it a few tries by squeezing the trigger.

"I think I know how it works." It whined with a slight grinding sound.

Terri felt herself quiver, but managed to keep the bell immobile as she watched Gary approached with what looked for all the world like a weapon rather than the device to free her. There was something menacing about him. Terri felt that with her looks, demeanour and appearance she would soften the edges of any man but Gary seemed immune to her charms. Indeed quite the opposite was true. He regarded her with disdain. Every time he took in her long legs, heels, short maids dress he sniffed with contempt. Once he even muttered something about 'sluts like you'.

"We'll start with the gag."

He stepped behind her and roughly forced her head down. A slow whine. A chink.

"Hey it works."

The gag fell onto her boobs, before bouncing into her lap where it glistened. At long last Terri stretched her tired, aching mouth.

"I bet that feels better."

"Of course it does!" Terrance snapped.

Gary rounded the chair to face Terrance. Terri flew from his mind leaving him to nibble his lip. Shit! He had used his masculine voice. All the planning in the carpet had been thrown from his mind by the idiot's stupid remark.

The large man leaned back against the table giving the electric lock pick quick spurts.

"What did you say?"

Terrance felt the now familiar bubble of panic. He called up his best girly voice: "Sorry. Didn't mean to be so abrupt." But it came out as gruff and hesitant.

"You're not a girl are you?" Gary approached and pulled down the bell collar. "An Adam's apple. So this Elaine's husband likes to dress men up as French maids? Ha!"

Terrence was once again rescued by another person's foolishness. Of Course! The perfect excuse. He would not have to admit to being her husband. He could still keep his dark hobby a secret. Moreover there would no danger of being molested by this thick twerp.

Terrance thought through his words as he spoke them: "Well it was a silly game really. I made him do it. Just to see what it was like." Before quickly adding, "he's not gay or anything."

Gary grinned, showing even teeth. A sparkle glittered in his eyes. "Of course not. But you must be.â

Terrance squirmed on his chair. "I would not jump to conclusions if I were you. You might be hearing from my lawyer!"

Gary's laugh was free and easy. Suddenly he was relaxed. He had been uptight ever since he had seen the bound maid back in Terrance's bedroom, but now the shoulders fell, the grin was easy, the eyes bright. "Your lawyer. I see. That really scares me."

The maid shifted on the edge of the chair curling her stockinged legs to one side. "Well you should be. Calling someone gay when they are not could mean me sueing you for everything you have." Terrance ended the threat with a curt nod that left the bell tingling for a moment.

"Well in that case I had better mind my manners," Gary beamed.

Terrance knew he was being patronised but did not know why. "Exactly."

"I mean there you would be in the court room explaining how you were bound as a little maid, with a little bell," he reached beneath her chin and tinkled it, "and how I wrongly mistook you for being gay."

"Exactly," Terrance repeated hesitantly.

"Of course I would insist on the court seeing you as I see you now. In your nice outfit, with your hands and legs bound. Just so they could appreciate my error."

Gary studied the male maid's pretty face. He watched as the eyes darted about with concern. She was cute if a bit of an airhead. He started the motor of the lock pick to startle her into looking at him. "So best not call you gay again. Right?"

The maid nodded eagerly. "Quite." Phew, Terrance thought, the man is such an idiot that he thought I might sue him and risk being seen in court dressed like this. Time to be nice so that he forgets about the suing threat: "You see it all went horribly wrong and here I am. So if you wouldn't mind just undoing the handcuffs." He added a friendly laugh. "So long as we both understand you are not gay?"

"Me!" Terrance gave out his best thundering, thigh slapping, male laugh. "No. Of course not."

"Sure." Gary did not look convinced. An impish grin forced his mouth wide apart.

"I'm not!"

"Sure."

The bound maid leaps to her heels in a swish of satins and a clanging of her bell. "I insist you release me right now before I call the police."

The tall man nodded, his face play acting fear. "The police eh?" He reached across for the phone. "Now let me see what's their number again?" He banged out a digit on the pad. "Ah yes nine, now what comes next pretty

maid?"

The maid nibbles her bottom lip.

"It's funny but it's gone clean out of my head. What number do we use to dial the police? Nine, something, something. Forgotten? Or perhaps we shouldn't call the police." He waves the phone airily about the room, pondering the best way forward. "What do you think?"

The maid swallowed and pulled on her cuffs. "I was only saying. That's all." She attempts her best winning smile but it falls away taking with it her confidence. This man bettered her at every turn.

Gary nodded, replaced the phone and stalked around his trapped maid. "It is a pretty outfit," he murmured.

Terrance found himself replying, "thank you."

"Is that how a maid replies?"

The maid twisted around so hard the bell clanged loudly. "Eh?"

"Shouldn't a well trained maid use the term 'sir'? I am only asking. I don't know. I don't come across many maids in my job as locksmith.

Terrance swallowed. "Oh please stop teasin!" Gary tapped his forefinger against her pink lipsticked lips. "Shhh."

The maid fell silent, one leg curling in front of the other in a tinkling of chains. "Let me hear you use the word sir. That's all I want to hear." He glared fiercely down at her helping her appreciate her position. He saw the Adam's apple bobble beneath the bell collar, the lips goldfish as they searched for a reply. Finally a whispered, dry throated *isiri* was heard.

"I think a bit louder don't you? I mean surely a maid would want her master to know that she had said 'sir'. Don't you think? I mean," he continued to prowl around the frightened little maid, his finger tickling her neck. "There would be consequences would there not?"

Terrance cleared his throat. "I suppose so, sir."

"Just a little louder little maid."

"I said I suppose so, sir." Terrance licked his pink lips, tasting the metallic tang of fear. Was there a buzz of excitement somewhere? He tried moving his ankles apart wondering how far he could run before he was caught. The chain drew taut after little more than a foot.

"That's the first smart thing you've said or done today," his tormentor laughed. "I mean you are quite a bimbo aren't you? Eh?"

"No sir." Terrance stared up at this huge man with daggers in his eyes and a pout on his pink lips. He tugged hard on the cuffs.

"No?"

"I just don't think so," the maid angrily added.

"You let yourself get tricked into dressing up like this?"

"I wasn't tricked!"

"You weren't tricked?"

"No!" Terri felt a hand beneath her skirt. A nasty pinch followed. "Ouch!"

"No sir I think you mean, don't you?"

"Yes sir. Sorry sir. I mean no sir." Terri felt like giggling at the silliness of her remark but Terrance was holding the line for them both.

"Yes sir, indeed. So let's see. You weren't tricked?"

The maid's blue eyes flared up at him. "No sir I wasn't tricked! I am not a fool." Terrance felt like sticking his tongue out at the dim-witted brute and resisted the temptation to add 'like some people'.

"So if you weren't tricked then you agreed to all this."

"Well?" Terrance nibbled his lips. "Ouch!" Another severe pinch.

"I hope you weren't lying to me girl!" the voice low and intimidating.

"No sir!" He jumped in fear. "No sir I wasn't lying."

"So if you weren't tricked you entered into this voluntarily."

The maid shrugged. "I suppose so."

"So you like it?"

"No? no sir."

"Let us see. And if you are lying then I will be very cross with you. Maids should not lie should they?"

"No sir!" The maid felt a hand between her legs. She tried to escape the exploration but a strong arm, still carrying the threatening looking electronic lock pick circled her shoulders, holding her firmly. The first hand roamed up to his knickers.

Gary laughed. "Your knickers are as wet as a whore in a football changing room. You love it you slut. Hey what's this?"

Terrance felt the chastity belt being tapped.

"Now this I have got to see!"

Moments later Terrance suffered the ignominy of standing bound helplessly while this brute held up the front of his skirt and pulled down his knickers.

"Ha yes. The D.F. chastity belt. I have seen it on the internet. Expensive huh?"

"Yes sir."

"It's the ëshe-maleí version isn't it?"

A quieter "Yes sir."

Gary looked impressed: "The one that flattens the bulge. And where is the key, little maid?"

Terrance did not like the notion of telling this thug. Surely he would be

safer if the bully did not know. He swallowed. "I don't know. Elaine's husband has got them. I think."

Gary rose to his full six foot four and took the maids chin with his fingers to raise her head. "Now maid I'll know if you are telling fibs."

Terrance felt his cheeks light up hot red. He knew the game was up. "They are in my corset. I locked them in." "What?" The eyebrows knitted fiercely while the finger and thumb jabbed beneath the skirt in the direction of the knickers.

"Please sir I put them inside my corset for safekeeping and forgot where they were when I locked the corset around me and..."

For Gary this is the most hilarious line he has ever heard. His ribs ache with laughter. "You must be the most stupidest bimbo ever!"

Terrance stamped his heel. "It could have happened to anyone!"

Now Gary had to sit on the arm of a chair as his laughing became uncontrollable: "Oh sure! You shouldn't be allowed out on your own!"

"Really. Well I'll have you know that as far as I'm a concerned I am far more sharper than anyone else I know. Especially an ignorant buffoon like yourself!"

Gary wiped a tear from his eye and smiled patronizingly. "More sharp you mean."

"Eh?"

"You can say more sharp or you can say sharper but you cannot say more sharper."

Terrance was not someone who enjoyed being corrected. "Really. I bet you are having an inaccuracy."

"Having an inaccuracy!" Gary was tickled.

"Well you know what I mean. I am just flustered. I don't know that I am

saying. Just let me out and do it now!"

"So it was not Terrance who locked you up but yourself." The maid swallowed. "No it was Terrance, well, no, I er?"

"Self bondage?"

Her eyes grew wide. "You know the term?"

"We have already established that my vocabulary is greater than yours."

"I don't think so sir!" Now she was angry. "I know lots of words. Lots more than anyone else."

"Sure."

Terrance hated this sarcastic use of the word 'sure'.

"I do!"

"So you bound yourself and Terrance was not around?"

"No. That's right. Because he is not gay neither."

"Either? And remember that little word 'sir'."

"Yes sir."

"Its ok I understand."

The defeated blue eyes stared submissively at Gary who saw the first glimmerings of hope in the maid's open face.

"Ok you may not be clever but you make a wonderful maid.

Terrance felt his cheeks warm up. "Well thank you for that sir."

"Stand straight." The remark was delivered in such a crisp manner that the maid straightened her back, pushing out her boobs. "Turn around." The maid twisted around on her heels feeling a gentle pat to her bottom.

"Good girl."

"Thank you sir."

Terrance felt his wrists being held. There was a short whirr and the cuffs fell apart. Achingly he drew his hands to his front for the first time since that fateful morning. "Ooh." He rubbed his wrists. His arms were stiff as if made from wood.

Gary rubbed them too. "Ok maid?"

"My muscles feel sore."

A warning tap on the buttocks.

"Er, feel sore sir."

"That's better. Shake them about a little."

He did so listening to the bell chime.

Gary laughed. "Perhaps we could remove this horrible device," Terrance demanded holding the bell. "I think it's going to drive me insane."

"Eventually. Sit down and I will release your ankles."

"I would prefer it if you would remove the collar, if it is all the same to you, sir."

Gary surveyed the head strong little madam looking up at him with such defiance.

"Babe you can have your ankle restraints removed now or you can keep them on. Up to you."

Terrance matched the large man's stare for a good fifteen seconds before looking demurely away. She sat down feeling her skirt flap around her stockinged thighs. "Ok. Ankles first and then collar please sir."

The large man remained motionless pointing the electric pick aimlessly at the ceiling.

"Ankles maybe. Collar maybe."

"I thought you said that?" "I can change my mind. The way I see it is that you do what I tell you, because you are a maid, and I do what I want

because I am master in this house. That's not too complicated for you is it?"

Terrance swallowed and caught his breath. A little spurt soaked his panties. No one had ever spoken to him like that. Terri swam into his mind. Oh, a strong principled man at last. I would love to obey him and be his maid. Terrance fought her away. It was time to remind this oaf of his position. "I think in view of the situation we find ourselves in?" Gary threw the electric lock pick device onto the table. It bounced with an echoing knock that shook the maid into silence.

"The first instruction your little head is going to have to understand is you stop talking in that dopey so-clever way of yours!"

The maid sat bolt upright. "Yes sir. Sorry sir."

"The second thing is that you only ever reply."

The maid's eyebrows met, her eyes narrowed.

"By that I mean you don't volunteer any useless information. You only speak when you are spoken to."

Another spurt. Terrance's breathing had become shallow. He was fighting for breath. Terri knew that these were the most exhilarating words a maid could hear. "Yes sir."

"I'm glad we understand each other." An angry shadow had fallen across Gary's face but he nodded, grinned and it lifted. "Ok. All I ask is that you have enough brain cells to do as you are told."

Terri goldfished, barely able to speak. "Oh yes sir."

"Right. If you don't want your ankle chains undone you can keep them on and ..."

"Please sir I?" Terri threw a hand over her mouth before she could do further damage.

"Sorry sir. I don't mean to speak."

Briefly Gary had thrust back his chin to glare at her. As soon as he saw the hand going over the little mouth and heard the apology he relented. "Right the ankle chain stays on."

"Yes sir. Of course sir."

Gary nodded at an open door leading to the kitchen: "Go to the fridge?"

Terri leapt to her feet and minced in her chain and ringing bell to the kitchen.

"Wait!"

Terri froze. "Sorry sir."

"I haven't told you what I am sending you for yet!"

Terri grinned, "Sorry sir."

"That's ok. You aren't very bright really, are you?"

Terri giggled. "No sir," before Terrance returned with a "well I can be sir."

Gary felt his entire being relax. The giggling fetishistic maid was an absolute delight. In the last minute or so an iceberg had melted leaving them both in a dream world. He felt his erection thicken. "So get me a beer. And a glass. You can serve it in here."

"Yes sir."

Gary heard the commotion of slamming fridge and cupboard doors. He dropped the electric lock pick on the table. This was the most erotic situation he had ever been in.

Finally she appeared. Can in one hand, glass in the other.

Gary adopted a hard expression that froze the grinning maid dead in her bell tinkling tracks. He waited until the 'pleased with herself' smile had dissolved from her face before stating: "Don't you think a maid should serve her master on a tray?"

He heard the girly giggling and watched her stockinged knees knock together as if she was trying to prevent her wetting herself. "Oh yes sir. Ooops. Sorry sir!"

"Yeh sure. I have dreamt of meeting a boy who would do this!"

"What?" Terrance picked up the tray, "meeting a boy who would do this?"

He walked back into the dinning room and slammed the can of beer on to the table.

"Here. Now. I am not a boy! I am a man."

Gary sat back in his chair and admired the maid from her heels to her maid's hat.

"Really?"

"Yes. And stop confusing me. Anyway. I am not a boy out of your fantasy. And clearly you are the one who is gay not me."

"That's right."

"What?" Terrance had been so pleased with his put down that the reply shook him. He took a fearful step backwards.

"Yes I am gay. And yes I have always fantasised about a little cutie who is submissive and obedient. To find one who looks so stunning is a wet dream."

"Oh. Well, I er, I er, I think you should remove the rest of the locks and take me home."

"Do you now?"

"Yes," she whispered softening. "Yes sir if you like." Terrance held her

hands behind her back and twisted to and fro. Did she really look like a 'little cutie' in his eyes? How sweet.

"I told you to serve me a drink!"

Terrance nibbled his lip. His mouth still ached from the penis gag. He was dressed as this gay man's fantasy. He would have to be careful. "And I think you have completely the wrong idea. Now free my ankles and let me go."

The maid watched as Gary pondered the request with fingers tapping on the arm of the chair. Finally: "Ok."

"What?" The pink lips fell agape.

"I said ok."

"Oh." Was that a tinge of disappointment he felt. What was wrong with him? Surely the brute was attracted to him. Gary took the lock pick and whirred away at the ankle cuff locks. Seconds later they clanked to the floor. The maid raised a high-heeled foot testing the freedom. Gary was holding the hallway door open, inviting him to follow.

At last the fool had got the message. Was there a tinge of regret tickling her stomach? Well, so long as he got the message.

The locksmith opened the front door feeling the chill autumnal wind on his face. The traffic was a drone in the suburbs. He turned to see the maid with a superior 'I've won' grin etched onto her face.

The bell tinkled gently as the heels stepped onto the stone steps leading down to the car.

"Good night."

The door slammed shut.

Gary inside in the warm.

Terrance outside in the cold.

What? Terrance gawped at the closed door. He saw the dinning room door close through the frosted glass. Eh? Wasn't Gary going to drive him home? He glanced furtively about the street. For the moment trees and bushes hid him, but once he was on the drive he would be in full view of anyone who passed.

He felt the chilly air on the tops of his stockings and smoothed out his skirt. The bell dinged.

A sharp knock on the door. Terrance knew he was being teased.

The dinning room door opened and the burly figure of Gary opened the front door. "Yeh?"

A giggle.

"I said yeh?"

"Well, er, I mean, aren't you going to give me a lift home?"

"No." "Oh."

"Anything else?"

"Uhm. No."

Slam.

3.

Really! Now Terrance was upset. Angry. He knew the brute would drive him home. No one could leave someone in this predicament. He was just making an issue of it.

Well he was not going to knock the door again. He would wait for Gary to return and apologise for his nasty, vindictive behaviour.

After a few moments of hopping from burning foot to burning foot, (why had he worn the four inch heels!) he sat on the stone step to sulk, which, in that teeny skirt meant sitting on his pantied cheeks. The icy cement soon penetrated deeply into his buns making him feel as if he were sitting inside

a fridge.

He leapt up, angrier than ever. Perhaps he should knock again just to let the brute have a few unpleasant truths spat at him. But that would be defeat.

"Humph!"

Idea! No wonder Terrance knew he was bright. There must be another way in to the house. He clip clopped slowly down the path towards the garage. In the dim, orange street light glow of night it appeared everything appeared threatening, frightening. The trees, bushes, shadowy walls.

He told himself not to be so silly and catching the hem of his skirt to try and shield the tops of his legs from the cold air, he ventured deliberately towards the garage. Would there be a path to the rear of the house?

He was now in full view of the street. The bell tinkled quietly but it might as well have been a church bell for the way it sounded to him. No one about. No voices. Just traffic in the distance.

Oh no! At the side of the house, attached between it and the garage was a large wooden door.

With trembling fingers he tried the handle. It opened. It was not locked. Phew.

A victory. He would show that brute!!

He stepped inside a walkway darkened by high walls and crept to the rear yard.

Sheer shiny stockings may be hot within a fantasy but they are no defence against gusty winds, never had his legs felt so cold. He shivered as he walked to what he could see was a little grass area with a concrete square and a basketball hoop attached to the wall. Terrance never could understand the infantile, so called, joys of sport. He looked down upon men who appeared to do nothing but play sport or watch it. Clearly this

brute was just such a typical man.

Another victory! He could not believe it. There in the middle of the garden was a little table and a covered swing chair. Infinitely more comfortable than a front door step!

Seconds later the maid giggled to herself as she swayed the chair gently back and fore listening to the little metallic squeak as it rocked her ever skywards.

The stars above were cold and brittle. Foreboding filled her.

What she would give to have someone rescue her right now, right this instant and take her home.

Suddenly her dreams of rescue were shattered: "Oy! You!"

She gasped, her legs slamming together with a rasp. She covered her mouth with her hands.

Gary was standing in the kitchen doorway. "You are trespassing. Shall I call the police?"

The maid shook her head, the bell tinkling freely. "Please sir. Please no."

"Go home!"

Terrance leaped to his heels glancing anxiously at the houses with their windows lit like eyes. They seemed to spy on him. "Don't shout. People will hear you and .."

"Go on. Get home before I call the police."

The door thumped shut.

Did he mean it? He raced to the back door and tapped.

Gary opened it with a worn out expression. Dull, bored eyes peered down at him. "Yeh?"

"Please. Please sir. I am sorry."

"Sorry about what?"

"Oh I don't know! What ever it is that I have done that has upset you."

"Which is?"

She stamped her foot. "Really! How am I supposed to know? One minute you are driving me home and the next?"

"Never said anything about driving you home did I?"

"Er no but?"

"You really are a bimbo aren't you?"

"Uhm yes."

Gary smiled and Terrance held his breath. Had Gary relented? A shake of his head answered the question: "You don't mean it. When you say it and you mean it then we might be able to reach an agreement of some sorts."

"You'll drive me home?"

"Afterwards."

"After what?"

Gary stroked her pink cheek. "Hey babe you must be perishing out there."

"After what please sir?"

"After you er," Now Gary flushed and looked away, "apologise to me in a suitable manner. You know, the way a maid," he cleared his throat, "might if her master was really upset with her."

Oh that was easy. "Please sir," Terrance began in a childish sing song voice, "I am so, so terribly sorry for any?"

The finger caught him under his chin forcing him to look up. Gary was not pleased with her sarcasm. "You know what I want from your pretty mouth." He pushed his thumb between her pink lips.

Terrance shook his head.

The locksmith ran his thumb erotically around her lips, making her want to lick it. His free hand patted the maid's groin. "You've made me hot. So, so hot." He closed his eyes. "I need relief from your mouth."

The maid bit the probing thumb, "I told you I am not gay!"

"And I told you not to lie to me."

The door slammed shut.

Through the kitchen window the maid watched as Gary put his glass next to the sink and chucked the empty can into the bin.

This was outrageous.

Gary looked across through the window where he could see his own reflection alongside the image of the frightened maid. He grinned and flicked a switch next to his head.

The garden lights flooded the yard in a wash of white.

Terrance screamed ran down the side of the house back to the anonymity of the darker front.

These damned heels. He would never wear them again - but he grinned in full knowledge that once this was all over he would put them on again - and again - and again.

Right! He would show the buffoon. He walked slowly down to the road his heels gun shots echoing in the quiet deserted street.

4.

Deserted. The buzz of an angry motorbike in the distance. Cold air nipping his cheeks... all four cheeks. Right, he thought. Although I have not a got a clue where I am, and I am dressed like a male bondage fantasy of a maid I am certain that using my wit and guile I can get home. Terrance chewed his lip. He glanced up and down the street at the many junctions. The parked cars.

His heart a pounding machine. He could be discovered at any moment. All because of that stupid oaf Gary!

How he longed to remove the heels and free his feet from the aching contortions.

How he longed to strip away the corset and allow his waist to swell comfortably out to its natural size.

How he longed to rid him self of this tortuous chastity belt.

The bell tinkled. "Oh bloody hell!" A stamp of the foot.

The bell put his plan into gear and he wriggled away down the road with renewed ambition. Why did the heels have to make so much noise? Even the swishing skirts and stockings were intensified by the night's silence. The bell tinkled.

He made a plan to race to each gateway and then slow down. He could then hide in someone's garden if a car appeared or anyone emerged from a driveway.

Voices.

He stops, his heels scraping on the pavement.

Held breath. Lip nibbled.

Men. Raucous.

Fear. How far back to Gary's? A couple of minutes at most? He gazes down the road at the mirrored hedgerows and neat walls. It could be any house. A tear stings his eye. If only he had done as Gary had asked. Would it have been too much humiliation if Gary had then taken him home? After all, Gary had freed him and they did have a laugh when he served him with that beer.

The amusing serving rites from kitchen to sitting room were a lifetime away.

'It is all Gary's fault' his brain cried out but in his heart there were doubts. Who had put the keys in to the corset and forgot about them. Who had stupidly devised a foolproof plan that was anything but foolproof? Foolproof? The word resonates.

Foolproof. Was he so great a fool as to undo his own 'foolproof' plan?

Misery. If only he had not been so silly at the house. Both eyes grew hot with tears.

If he fled back to Gary would he listen to his pleas, his honest pleas of silliness? Perhaps if he were to beg on stockinged knees. He was quite sure he looked pretty and cute enough. Gary had said so, hadn't he?

Doubts.

Suppose Gary had tired of playing with him?

"Oh!"

The maid plonked herself onto a short wall, her back against a prickly hedge. The bell tinkled to mock her. She was not clever at all. Terrance needed his wife's income to survive. She had excelled at college and he had flunked. She was successful at business and he treaded water in a dull office living only for the day when he played maid and bondage games.

He had even driven his loving wonderful Elaine into the hands of a complete idiot. He slumped his chin onto his hands and realised there was only one complete idiot in all of this nightmare: the one who had created it!

Voices. Laughing. Fooling around. Male. Loud. Worse: drunk.

She leaps to her heels. Where from? Nothing in the streets. They are deserted.

Looks up and down. Edges in her heels towards the nearest gateway.

A small gate. The voices closer now. Echoing from the walls of houses. She must duck into this garden and hide until they pass. Surely that is one plan

that will work. Terrance has lost all confidence in himself to make decisions. Is it a good idea or not? But he cannot think of anything else. The shouts are close now, yet there is still no sign of anyone. The gate squeaks open. Every noise in the world points to his present predicament. She backs into the garden, eyes fixed on the road and pavements. Each junction is a potential hazard, full of angry drunken young men.

"Hey will ya look at this!"

Terrance freezes, half crouched, still staring out into the street. But now he isn't able to see anything. His brain has been blanked by dread. The voices are behind him. A television on. Adverts can be heard.

"Wow!"

"Hey turn around babe!"

Terrance does so. Slowly, teeth together. Arms close to her sides.

There are five of them. All around the age of twenty. Two tall men in white tee-shirts and jeans. A fat man, one with curly red hair and a pinched nervous face. Then their leader. Any group of males has one leader. Cocky standing with his beer can in his hand. He wears a blue shirt, hanging out over his trousers.

"Well, where have you escaped from?"

Terrance tries a smile. Then a giggle. The last thing she wants is for these men to grasp that she was a male in drag. God only knows what they would do. Must say something. They are all staring at her.

"Hello boys." Yipes. Had he really said that? He giggles again.

"You come around to watch the match with us darling?" one of the white tee shirt men has spoken. They all laugh.

Another silly giggle. "No. I couldn't know you were watching a match."

The man laughs at her stupidity.

White tee shirt pulls back his broad muscular shoulders: "I was joking!"

Another laugh at her expense.

She feels her knee fall defensively before the other one. She tugs at the hem of her woefully short skirt. Five sets of eyes taking in every inch of her.

"Want a beer?" The fat one holds up an unopened can.

Would saying no upset them and worsen her plight? She nibbles her pink lipsticked lips shrugging helplessly.

White tee shirt man thumps the fat man on the chest. "Stupid! The lady doesn't drink beer do you?"

"Oh no," she coos. "I don't drink beer." A further vacuous beer.

"Get her some wine."

The fat one and ginger curls sweep eagerly into the house.

"Oh please don't bother on my account. My, my. I just must get going."

"Where?" The leader steps between her and the gate. "Where are you going? I mean it is pretty late."

She swallows. Everything she does and says lands her further in the mire. If only she could avoid speaking but the leader powers over her, his dark eyes interrogating her soul. Must say something: "A fancy dress party. Yes. That's where I was going. Silly taxi driver must have dropped me off at the wrong house."

"This is a fancy dress party!" Announces white tee shirt man. Everyone laughs in agreement.

"Oh I don't think so. Now if you'll excuse me."

The fat youth bubbles down the grass with a bottle, wine spurting from its open neck. He pushes a glass into her hands and she grips it as if it were an escape rope.

"Really boys I must be going."

The wine is poured.

"Oh well. If I must." A silly giggle and shrug. She notes how they admire her legs and wishes she could hide them. She might as well be stark naked. She downs it in one, nervously offering back the glass.

"Fill her up again Rodney!" The leader demands. "The lady has a thirst."

"Oh no, you don't have to." The glass is brimmed to the top with wine. This time she just sips it.

Terrance knows that he has not eaten for an age. He can feel the alcohol spurting through his body towards his head. He must escape.

The leader tickles the bell. "I like the accessories."

The maid giggles. "Oh well. I am not sure that I do."

"Hey lads the second half is about to kick off." Ginger curls shouting from the doorway nodding into the house.

Terrance sighs with relief as they back away up the lawn.

"Come on babe. Come on watch the match with us. There's plenty more wine."

"Oh no. Thank you very much. I must be off now."

The leader grips his elbow between thumb and forefinger. Not tightly but firmly, with authority. She is guided up the path around the lawn to the open front door.

"Oh it is very kind of you but I really don't like football."

Up the steps to the entrance she can feel the warmth from the house. Now the bright domestic lamps lighten their drunken leers. Their cocksure smirks. Their roaming eyes.

"That's ok babe. Have another glass of wine with us and then we'll get you to your party."

"Well if it's all the same to you?"

The maid is guided, tripping over the entrance, onto the lush carpet.

The door closes behind her.

A lock clunks home with a biting finality.

Part Four

1.

"Hey someone's drunk my fucking beer!" The fat lad stares morosely into his can.

Blue shirt's arm jabs at him: "Shut the fuck up. They are kicking off"

The lads settle down on the sofas and chairs filling the cluttered room with their masculine presence.

Terrance remains awkwardly in the door frame, hands behind back, gently swaying. The bell around his neck tinkles. His stockinged thighs rub crisply together, smooth nylon over smooth nylon. The heels anchored to his aching feet by tiny padlocks are, by now, no more than instruments of torture. They have long lost their buzz of erotic tingling. The maid's outfit is no longer the pristine sharply ironed uniform he plucked from his beloved case so long ago. It is tatty. Worst of all are his knickers. His favourite tiny diaphanous black panties with their delicate lacy detail are now damp. Soaked by his chastity belted penis's intermittent squirts whenever he gets excited. And despite the restraints, the humiliation, the fear, it still does squirt. There is no pleasure with the cumming, no relief. Only damp discomfort.

If he is to escape from here he needs a change of clothes. Something less ostentatious than a maid's outfit.

On the tv the ref is checking his watch, hand raised skywards. Terrance

knows he has to speak now before kick off. "Uhm, excuse me," followed by an apologetic giggle.

'Blue shirt' waves a beer can in her direction the golden liquid slopping on to the carpet. "Keep it shut darling. There's football on."

One of the men in the tight white tee shirt smiles at her, "don't worry about him. His team is losing and he is well pissed off. Come and sit on my lap gorgeous and I'll introduce you to everyone."

"That's very sweet of you but I ...aaargh!"

Her wrist is grabbed, a fierce pull and she plops onto the lap of blue shirt.

"I found the slut. If she's sitting on anyone's lap it will be mine. So fuck off. Right darling my name's Brian. The gay work out boys in the tee shirts are Andrew and Des."

They all laugh save Andrew and Des. Andrew chucks a can in Brian's direction. "Just 'cos we keep ourselves fit doesn't mean we're fucking queer you idle waster."

Brian catches the can and hurls it venomously back at the men making them leap aside.

"They always deny it, don't they darling." He kisses Terrance on the cheek and winks. "But we know a gay from a straight don't we? Hey? Fucking queers! That fat bastard over there is Rodney. Never known a woman have you Rodders, ha ha ha. The ginger tosser is called ginger tosser!" Another unpleasant laugh.

The gaunt ginger haired man gives the room the thumbs up. "Its Harry darling and I've got the biggest cock in the world."

The men hoot their derision. Brian pulls Terrance tightly up against him. "The ginger tosser can say that 'cos no women has ever seen it. Ha ha ha."

Terrance attempts to sit up but Brian is far too strong. With one arm he holds her securely to his chest. Her heels are a good couple of feet from the

carpet. She feels totally helpless, and with that heady helplessness so she spurts yet again into her chastity belt.

"Keep still darling I'm watching the match."

Terrance places his hand on to the thigh of Brian in an attempt to push himself away.

"Hey boys, she's trying to grab my cock!"

Terrance squeals. "No! Really! I wouldn't do that!"

"Don't worry darling just keep that pretty mouth of yours shut for now so I can hear the game!" He pulls her bottom lip down with his index finger.

"Maybe we can get you to open those pretty pink lips later? Eh?"

Des snorts: "You're two goals down old son, you won't want to watch any more! It's like a bereavement."

"Just keep it shut. There's going to be hell to pay around here if my lot loses."

Terrance settles nervously back into the hot strong body, her stomach turning somersaults, her mouth dry. She closes her eyes. Must get a grip. Trapped with these horrible men who hate queers. What will they think of their maid if they uncover her secret! That must never happen.

"Oh!"

Terrance's back straightens, the bell is a flurry of tinkling.

"Sorry babe, was that your thigh?" Brian thinks this is the funniest thing he has ever heard.

"Oh! Stop it please!"

Fingers are tickling her leg just above her stocking tops.

A crowd roar from the tv.

The room somersaults. She has been turfed from his lap and finds herself on all fours Between the lads and the tv.

"Get your fat arse down darling I can't see the replay," Brian roars.

She crawls quickly to the side of his chair.

Brian strokes her hair

Des offers: "Why do you want to see the third goal against you! Glutton for punishment."

"I tell you there's gonna be trouble around here." Brian grabs the maid's dress at the small of her back and drags her to her heels. "Entertain us babe. Show us how you do curtseys."

Terrance swallows. It is time to make a stand. He hears his silly girly voice croak as he speaks: "No thank you."

Brian flicks his foot out so that it catches the hem of her skirt flipping it upwards. "Come on babe I bet you can do it really well."

The maid brushes down her skirt as she retreats backwards. "I'm not falling for that. You only said that to trick me!" She feels pleased with herself. After a day long catalogue of silly mistakes and errors she has actually seen a scam coming.

Andrew rubs his tee shirt over the sculpted stomach muscles. "Nah. She couldn't curtsey to save her life. She's too stupid."

"Really!" Terrance performs three perfect curtseys in succession. "There," she announces with pride. "Who can't curtsey?"

The men collapse laughing. Brian announces: "She could brighten up a funeral. Nice one bimbo!"

Bimbo! Hadn't she performed the curtsey? "Watch again Brian," she declares as she takes the hem of her skirt in between her fingers and thumbs and neatly perform a further two curtseys.

Brian throws some beer at her making her scream and leap back against the hifi.

"It's funny once, darling, but not twice. Put some music on and wriggle your twat for us." He stares at his empty glass. "Better still, give this a refill darling."

"Get you a beer! What do you think I am!"

"A maid!" came back the rousing chorus amongst hand slapping high fives and laughter.

Terrance feels his cheeks glowing hot. How could he let a rabble like this get the better of him! "It's just that I don't see why it should be me."

"You watching the football?" Des asks, eyebrows raised.

"Of course not!" Terrance hates football.

"Then get your arse out to the kitchen and get us a swift one or you'll be getting a swift one."

Terrance swallows. Threats always frighten him. His knees wobble.

Andrew smiles warmly at the maid. "Take no notice love. I know the tray would be too heavy for you. I bet you are totally incompetent trying to do anything in heels like that. Five pints would be dead heavy."

Terrance stamps his heel. "Right. I am going to show you! You want five pints on a tray. You watch me!"

She marches out slamming the door not comprehending the boisterous laughter behind her - maybe something funny had happened on the tv.

The kitchen is a total mess. Take away food cartons, empty tin cans. A fusty stench of decay. They must have been partying all day. Boys! She shakes her head. His wife Elaine is so neat and tidy, a quality he shares with her.

She opens the fridge and finds it stuffed full of beer tins but little else.

"Boys!" she exclaims again and shakes her head. What are they like!

She clears a space on the kitchen table and finds five clean pint glasses. It takes eight tins to fill all glasses. With a shock she discovers that Andrew is right: the tray is damned heavy with all that beer on it. But she is desperate not to be beaten by those drunken idiots. With a heave her tiny arms manages to raise the shaking, clinking, tray. The beer slops about pooling around the base of the glasses.

Carefully she walks from the kitchen, her heels hurting her feet. What bliss it will be to remove these dainty items of suffering. Carefully she reaches the closed door. Oh no. How to open it? She can't hold the tray with one hand, it is hard enough carrying it with two. The tricky manoeuvre of trying to push the handle down as the glasses slide perilously close to the edge of the tray.

"Oh!" She gives a frustrated wriggle before kicking the door. "Boys? Oh boys?" She trills.

Brian opens the door, his face lighting up. In fact Terri feels pleased with herself. Here she is bringing the boys what they wanted. It is nice to please them even if they are insufferable louts. She parades into the room in triumph.

"Ta-ra"

An attempted curtsy almost leads to disaster with the glasses lurching suddenly in one direction as if they are on the deck of the Titanic.

Fortunately Brian catches the tray with a steadying hand as she lowers it to the coffee table.

"What a darling."

"Said I could do it," she giggles, her cheeks glowing red with immodest pride.

Brian grabs his pint and collapses into his chair. "Hey, Andrew tell her that she couldn't suck off all of five of us. See if she falls for that!"

They all laugh.

Terrance tries a smile as he works out what they are laughing at. Shit! They had tricked him again! "You bastards!"

The men fall about laughing as the bimbo maid catches on to the easy deception.

Fleeing from the room in tears she stamps hard up the stairs in her heels. Only when she reaches the landing does she appreciate where she is. Shit! She should have run out of the front door. Why run up stairs like that. It had seemed so automatic.

She turns to go down. "Yipes!"

Andrew is blocking the stairwell, wearing a drunken leer to go with his tight white tee shirt and jeans. "Don't mind them darling they are only having a bit of fun."

"It was you who tricked me!" Terrance backs away until he finds himself in a fussily decorated girl's bedroom.

The walls are decked out with glossy posters of pop stars.

"It's Tracey's room. My sister." He smiles. "The whole family's away on holiday. That's why I've got my mates around."

"Oh. I see," she swallows still backing up. Andrew is so big, so powerful. She feels frail and helpless in his menacing presence.

His eyes roam freely over her body. "Those legs, those tits, that mouth, that fucking outfit! Wow!" Terrance giggles nervously. "Perhaps we should go downstairs." "Sure."

Terrance is backed hard against the wall. He turns to look through the window down into the street. If he screamed for help would anyone hear? There is no one down there save one solitary car driving slowly by.

She gulps and looks up at her tormentor.

2.

The car is the estate in which she had been kidnapped that very afternoon.

Gary leans out of the window desperately staring in to the shapeless shadows of modern suburbia. Where is she? How could he have let such an angel go? What if a car has run her down? She is not the brightest bulb on the Christmas tree. She could easily get herself into some kind of trouble.

He thumps the steering wheel in anger. Where is the bimbo! And was she all right? It was all his fault. Totally.

Fate deals the hands blindly. If only at that very moment he looked up at the tee-shirted man closing the curtains of the bedroom above him. He might just have caught a glance of a terrified maid looking down.

3.

Andrew carefully checks there is no gap between the curtains before marching across to the bedroom door and closing it. "You know what love? You and me have a couple of things in common."

"More than you can imagine," Terrance swallows preferring to keep his back hard against the wall near the window.

"For one thing we don't like football. Right?"

"Right. Yes."

"For another," he is standing over her now, tall strong. Muscular arms like smooth stone balloons.

Terrance feels feeble. His breaths grew short. His mind swirls. He spurts into his chastity belt. His knickers feel repulsively damp between his legs.

She can smell something. Masculine. But not unpleasant. Is it testosterone? A long time ago Elaine had dragged Terrance onto a squash court. Two pounding brutes washed with sweat were coming off. It is that smell. Exciting. If only she had some perfume to sprinkle on her neck. An odour to compliment his male smells with something flowery.

"For another. I think we could make a great pair."

"Oh I don't think so," his voice trembling, hoarse.

"Oh yea. I bet you can feel it too."

The hand grabs the back of her head leaving Terrance to desperately try and keep the wig from falling off. He must move his head which ever way the hand demands of it else his secret will be revealed. Andrew's mouth closes on her own.

"No please, pleessh humph, humph"

The hand hard in her hair. The other arm a firm buttress around her waist. She has no option other than to be kissed. Her hands resting lightly on his sturdy shoulders.

He comes up for air with a cocky grin. "What do you think of that babe?"

Somehow he presses his body even closer to her. Entirely enveloping her.

Another long kiss. A metallic tongue flicking into her mouth. Invading. Occupying. Controlling.

She feels her body grow limp as if the bones have been replaced with rags. A puppet in his arms.

Her hands reach searchingly around his neck. Her body betrays her terribly by pushing itself against her tormentor.

Noises of pleasure. She puts her palms to his cheeks holding him for her own gratification. Kissing. Snogging. Sucking. Receiving. Lost. Her legs rise to rub his thigh.

He manoeuvres her, manhandles her, but her body complies with his every push and prod. It needs little coaxing.

They collapse onto the bed. Briefly she opens her eyes to dizzily stare up at the smug, grinning man. "Oh Andrew."

"I don't even know your name."

Somehow she finds enough breath to wheeze "Terri."

"You are so hot Terri," he says before nibbling at the maid's ears with sharp painful teeth.

The maid's back arches, her arms falling around the muscular shoulders of her seducer. She desperately wants to feel his weight on top of her. Crushing her. Dominating her.

She eagerly sucks at his face.

The tinkling bell is welcome music to their lovemaking.

She feels his hand move down her body, and her back desperately bows, throwing her crotch at him.

From a million miles away she hears a zip. Then a swirl of belt being undone. She moans but the musical bell now sounds a little like an alarm bell.

"Oh my god!" She sits up on the bed just as Andrew has pushed his hand under her skirt to grab her knickers.

She thrusts two balls of fists into her mouth as she stares down at something she has never seen before: another man's erection.

"Oh my God," she repeats, her eyes held by the magnetic sight. It is fascinating. So hard, so thick. Somehow it is hers. She wants it. She needs it inside her. Terrance must get a grip on all this.

"Don't worry babe I won't hurt you," he whispers with the same grin he used when deceiving her downstairs.

"No!"

"Yes, just lie down."

"No You don't understand."

Terrance's dick is foaming so much that he can barely concentrate but he knows that he needs to sober up and sober up fast. Sadly strings that he no longer controls are pulling his body and mind. He needs to take charge of his slutty other self. But Terri is whispering in his mind: 'why fight it? You want it. He wants it. Give in to him. Just this once. Just do it one time.'

A deep authoritative voice from a million miles away. "Just lie back."

Terri does so. Yielding, eyes half closing. Somehow the world seems right when she lies on her back staring sleepily up at him.

The hand grips her panties and she screams. "No. No. Its, er, it's, er, it's my time of the month. Sorry!"

Andrew gazes down passed her boobs at her gorgeous stockinged legs and sighs, his shoulders relaxing.

She puts her tiny hand to his face. "Sorry. Sorry," before adding so truthfully, "I just don't know what came over me."

His eyes flick back to her. They are hard now. No humour. Determined. Brutish.

Terri curls up her legs in fear. She feels both her wrists grabbed and tugged above her head where one hand pins them to the pillow.

With his other hand free he sits astride the helpless maid, his dick pointing menacingly at her face. He then shuffles slowly up her body, his weight squeezing the air from her tummy. His dick dribbles a thin trail, until he reaches her boobs. Only then does he settle back.

Never has the maid felt so submissive. All her darkest fantasies flood her mind.

Terrance swims in a tiny boat on an ocean he can never control. Another wriggle and the glistening prick is over her mouth.

Her lips fall apart, her shoulders jerk upwards so that her tongue can flick out. Food for the starving.

Andrew arches his own back as if in sympathy with his captive before leaning forwards and dipping his beast into her delicate pink mouth. He immediately flies into seventh heaven.

4.

Andrew uses his sister's wardrobe mirror to check his appearance. He could see a faint damp spot on his jeans but knows that will fade soon enough. "You stay here," he spits over his shoulder. "My brother will want the same." When he fails to hear a reply he turns on the curled up maid, her head tucked beneath her arm. "Did you hear me?"

The head jerks up. Wide apprehensive eyes, trembling wet pink lips. "Yes. Yes. Sorry."

He jabs a finger at her. "He'll be up after the football in ten minutes. Got it!"

"Yes. Yes."

Andrew marches out and she listens as his feet bump two at the time down the stairs.

She sits up. What has she done? He gazes at himself in the mirror. He was looking at someone he had never seen before: the maid as a used cocksucker. Did she look different. Was he different?

He pushes his fingers between his legs, rubbing agonizingly at the unrelenting chastity belt. It is as sturdy as ever so he rolls over in frustrated tears. He has to come. He just has to. But he also has to escape.

The thought of those horrible men forming a queue up the stairs makes her feel sick. But had she not enjoyed it? Had it not been a thrill?

Terrance shouts 'no' out loud, but the pink lipped, sleepy eyed maid in the mirror wears a feint, knowing, smile.

Not much time. First things first. If he is to escape into the streets he has to get out of these clothes. They are far too conspicuous.

He sits on the edge of the bed prising his fingers into the locked straps of the heels. No way would they even budge.

The dress! If he could cut around the lock at the top of the neck then he could get it off and try some of Andrew's sister's, clothes.

Terrance desperately rummages through Tracey's drawers. Plenty of sluttish underwear but nothing that would cut cloth. He is particularly taken with a black pair of panties in see through lace. Despite their delicate nature they are firm tight. He must get himself a pair like that.

Then the wardrobe. An array of short skirts and tiny dresses. Terrance holds his breath, how he has dreamt of having such a wardrobe for himself. There was even his favourite item: a short leather skirt. It was black, slightly flared with a wide sexy buckle. He had to stroke it.

He hears a door down stairs and is stung into continuing his search.

Wonder of wonders! Tracey has a sewing kit complete with long nosed scissors. Downstairs he hears a loo flush and then the doors open and closing again.

Not much time.

He cuts down around the lock, using the mirror as a guide. The reversed movements are difficult and he feels like crying at the thought of slicing through his favourite maid's dress. But needs must. He could always get another.

The scissors tear through the cloth but cannot make an indent on the metal zip. He cuts from the other direction, but still the blades are useless against the hardened zip. "Oh no." Tears brim at his eyes. In desperation

he grabs the dress just below where he has cut it and tugs hard. The zip clasp pings off the dress. It is left hanging from the locked bell collar. Now with sharp fierce tugging he can pull the dress down over his hips, down his stockings and around his heels. At last he steps out of it, catching his reflection in the mirror.

Strappy high heels, black stockings with - amazingly - only one ladder, on the inside of the right thigh; suspender belt, those gorgeous black panties, the corset, pushing in the waist and enhancing his boobs and finally the collar and bell that had haunted him so much.

He holds the scissors close to the corset but then shakes his head. No way would he be able to cut through material that thick. So little time.

He pulls out the black leather skirt and holds it up to his waist. It is a size 12. His size!

He pulls it up and has the second biggest spurt of the day into his panties. (The first being when Andrew's back stiffened and he spent his himself).

The skirt is stunning. Tight, firm, but still so feminine. He zips up the rear and twirls back and forth in front of the mirror. What would Gary think of this?

Gary. Gary! The name saddens him. How silly he had been. Gary had been so helpful. So sweet. She stamps her heeled foot. "I am just a big stupid, silly, airhead bimbo!"

She hears the boys roar downstairs. The match has finished. Oh my God. It is all too late. Any moment now she will be pushed back onto the bed. She will experience with tingling moment when her entire body submits.

She hunts for a top. There are too many low cut blouses. She would need something to hide this ridiculous bell. Something with a high collar.

Finally she uncovers a thin, white silky jumper with a roll neck top. She squeezes it over her head, tugging it down over her boobs. It just touches the top of the skirt belt. Excellent.

She checks herself in the mirror. The letters across the front of the jumper are obvious, even when read backwards: large baby blue characters: "TEASE?"

What sort of a slut would wear such an item? She twitches one way then the other seeing how her boobs stick out so firmly through the material. It is dead sexy. Another spurt.

But that word! TEASE!

Standing out on her boobs like a road sign.

She finds herself giggling. Wouldn't it be fun to wear it to a club or on a date. What would Gary think? I bet he'd shake his head and tut. She giggles at the thought.

The thought of Gary discovering her wet knickers makes her shiver. She opens the drawer and snatches the black lace netting panties she had admired earlier. Tracey won't miss them. She changes the wet pair for the welcome relief of a tight, dry, new pair sighing as they nestle comfortably around her groin and hips.

She rolls up the old wet knickers in the maid's dress and thrusts it under the bed. Voices downstairs.

She dashes to the stairs just as the room door opens. She hears Brian: "You bunch of wankers. I'll get her to give me a blow job she'll never forget."

Then Des: "let the two virgins go first!" Lots of laughter.

She dashes across the landing into the bathroom, listening as the footsteps bump up the stairs. By remaining in the doorway she can see Andrew dragging Brian up to the top of the stairs before disappearing into Tracey's bedroom.

Now or never. She flees down the stairs. She is aware of Des in the loo and the other two lads in the kitchen. She opens the front door and takes off into the icy night.

She hears Brian shout: "Get the bitch. I want her now!"

Unable to run in her heels she bounces down the street in tiny staccato foot movements. The bell still tinkling defiantly even though it is caught beneath her polo neck jumper. Worse, a movement she has never experienced before: her boobs jiggle under the tight gauze of the white jumper. The word 'TEASE?' catching the street lights as if flashing on and off. She turns into the next gate. If she stays on the pavement they will instantly see her.

Oh where did Gary live? She would never be able to remember. Was it this direction?

She settles behind a hedge, crouching in her little tight skirt. Her boobs swelling up the words 'Tease' before her. Must think, must think. Long blades of damp grass tickle her bottom as the skirt tightens and pulls high on her thighs.

Voices. Angry. "Where is that little bitch? If this is anything to do with you Andrew I'll thump you!"

Andrew's voice, plaintive, "na, honest. She is just a lying little tramp."

She catches her breath, pushing her fist in to her mouth to prevent herself crying out in fear.

Brian again: "You two go the other way. Check the lanes. She can't get far dressed as a maid with that fucking bell around her neck!"

Terrance instinctively takes hold of the bell through the thin material of the silky white jumper. It tinkles. In the dead of night it might as well be a church bell.

"Did you hear that?" They are close. The other side of the hedge.

Terrance holds his breath. That silly, silly little bell! Her eyes moisten.

The city falls silent. No wind. No trees. Even the cars have stopped. Eerie, Scary silence.

The hand grips her ear so painfully it wrings tears from her eyes as she is jerked to her heels.

"You fucking slut. Running before I could cream that little mouth of yours!"

Brian's teeth are tightly gritted, Andrew stands behind him nodding and grinning.

"Please. Please let me go. Please. Ouch"

She is dragged back into the street crying and begging. "Please let me go. I'll do what ever you want. Just don't hurt me."

"You'll do what ever I want anyway slut!" She cries so piteously that she doesn't hear the car tyres screech to a halt.

"Hey lads have you seen .."

"Fuck off."

She recognises the voice. It can't be! She twists her head as much as she can before gasping: "Gary. Gary. It's me. Terri. Please help. Please. I'll do anything, I'll even ..."

Gary bounds around the car. She has forgotten just how big he is. He towers above her assailants. Brian immediately releases her ear and in a nano second she dives behind her saviour.

"You keep the slut," spits Brian as he and Andrew stride away, "there's plenty more tramps where she came from."

"I don't think so," Gary mutters as he turns and grabs her shoulders.

As the louts disappear up their drive Terri creeps out and grins up him.

Gary shakes his head and then looks down at her, his eyes narrowing: "You stupid bitch running off like that! Anything could have happened! Do you know how worried I was?" And then the dam well finally explodes. Tears flood down her cheeks, "I know. I am so sorry. You were so nice to me and

I am such a.."

She couldn't say anymore as two powerful arms crush her up against his body.

His mouth finds her ear and he whispers, "I'll never let you make a fool of yourself again."

5.

As she stands in Gary's kitchen sipping a hot toddy looking out at the darkened window she can see her ghostly reflection. The white jumper, with the twin peaks, and the top of the leather skirt belt. She spurts for the umpteenth time into her knickers.

She hears Gary close the front door, having put the car away.

"I've made you a drink with lemon, rum and hot water and sugar. I hope you like it."

"What the hell does that say on your jumper?"

"Oh it was the only thing I could find to replace the maid's dress."

"I liked the maid dress."

She turns on her heels with a big grin, to face him. "So did I."

Gary eyes her up and down. "Mind you, you look pretty hot in that outfit too."

Terri giggles, twisting back and fore with her boobs stuck out as far as she can push them. "Anyway it only says 'Tease' on my jumper. Don't you approve?" she adds coyly.

"Bimbo! What do you think it says on the back!"

She squeals, "oh my God. The back! I haven't ..."

She twists around to read her reflection in the window. All she can make out are undecipherable baby blue letters. Her arse is slapped. "It says 'for boys'. Your jumper reads 'tease for boys'."

Terrance flushes red and giggles.

"It seems to me that the only boy getting teased is you," Gary laughs. "That is until I remove the chastity belt."

She looks up at him with the biggest eyes in the world. "Will you? Please?"

"I've freed you from your shackles and handcuffs, rescued you from those yobs. I think you owe me big time."

"I know". She licks her pink lips.

At first he could not understand the sly grin and mischievous eyes. Why did she approach him so wantonly pulling back her shoulders to enhance the way her breasts bulge through that enticing thin material? Why is she sliding to her knees? Those huge eyes looking up at him. A little snake of a tongue over those succulent pink lips. She is undoing his trouser zip. Oh my God, he thinks, it can't be: a dream is about to come true.

6.

The warm orange sun finds the lovers in bed together. She still wears the corset and the bell still tinkles, (he had steadfastly refused to remove that last lock). She tries to straighten up but is prevented by his large snoring frame and the fact her wrists are still bound to the bed head. Actually he had tied her a little loosely and she had accidentally freed herself in the night; but it was an easy matter to push the hands back through and pull gently. He would learn how to tie her properly she thought. After all they had plenty of time ahead of them.

But what about his lovely wife Elaine? He loved her too. She pursed her lips. This is a dilemma.

In a perfect world he would want them both but the world is rarely perfect.

Surely he could think of a plan? After all, wasn't he clever? The smartest man he knew?

"Uhm no!" he blurts out loud with a giggle. The best idea he could have was to leave the thinking to others.

"Oy Gary," she prods the lumbering giant, rocking him back and fore until he wakes. "Gary. I need you to sort out my life."

"Hey?" his eyes flicker at the orange light through the window. "Go to sleep before I spank you again."

She giggles, kissing his hairy chest. "Yes but after you spank me again you have to rescue me from one last situation."

"And what's that?" he groans with his eyes still closed.

Terrance sits up in the bed, wide awake: "Well it's like this ..."

7.

The waitress places Elaine and Gary's drinks on a tray and leads them to their table.

The music is a soft romantic baritone.

Gary holds her chair while she settles down, she offers him no more than a perfunctory nod. "Now don't get me wrong," Gary is speaking, quickly. He can barely contain his excitement. "It could work out for both of us."

"For you maybe!"

"No for you as ..." Gary waits for the waitress to serve the soup and move back to the kitchen. "Look, see it from your point of view ..."

"I can see it from yours!"

He opens his hands and smiles. "Sure, sure. Yes I have Terri for three days. She always takes Monday off work ..."

"Which was news to me!"

"I am sure. He had it all worked out. If he wasn't such a bimbo ..."

"Yes," she says impatiently.

"Well anyway. Now we all know his secret. What I propose is that I have Terri for the weekend and Monday. I pick her .. I mean him, up on the Friday evening and drop Terrance back on Tuesday morning."

"After you have indulged your sick perverted fantasies with my husband!"

Gary sees that the waitress has returned to clean some glasses. He uses his flapping fingers to get Elaine to keep her voice down. "We share him. And then you can have time with that lover of yours."

"He's just a smug ignoramus!"

"Maybe you can find someone better."

Elaine's lips purse, she sips her soup from her spoon. "I don't like it."

Gary's shoulders drop. This was what he feared. "May I ask why?"

"You take Terrance away, have fun and games with Terri and then bring me back Terrance for three and a half days."

"Well just Saturday and Sunday would be ok," his face falls. He had hoped not to have to make any concessions. "If that's all you'll agree to."

"I haven't agreed to anything yet!"

The situation is slipping away from him. His dream floats away like a cloud over the sea. The meal together had seemed such a good idea. Help her concentrate her mind after the shocks she had experienced. He had promised Terri he would plan this so carefully. He couldn't give up yet.

"Look - it seems to me that we both get what we want form this unique situation."

"Seems to me that you get more than I!"

"How so? I only have him for," he sighs, "two days. You get him for the rest of the week."

Elaine's nostrils flare, her eyes widen. She leans across the table to make sure only he hears. Gary prepares himself for the worst. It was nice while the plan lasted.

"No! Silly. You get Terri for two days or three days whatever but I get Terrance for four days. Why don't I get Terri for a few days too?" He crunches the napkin. His eyes and mouth wide open. "Oh."

"You men always think of yourselves. There's washing, dusting, ironing ..."

"Well ..."

"Not to mention the shopping, the cooking ..."

Barely able to contain himself Gary leans even closer across the table:

"How about a rota. Three days for me and four days for you."

"Just Terri."

"Of course just Terri. Terrance can disappear."

"And what about the chastity belt key?"

"I'll have a copy made. You have one and I'll have one."

Elaine strokes her hair. "What about him, I mean her. Will she agree to this?"

Gary beams. He clicks his fingers and the waitress wriggles over.

"Listen tramp. This is how it's going to be. You stay three days with me and then four days with your mistress. You got that?"

"Well..." Terri grips her short waitress skirt. Really she would like to have heard what they were planning. Gary had refused to share any of the plan with him.

The slap across Terri's thigh even makes Elaine jump.

"Yes sir. Thank you sir."

"Right. Get the main course sorted. Suddenly I am ravenous!" he ploughs into his soup.

Elaine drops her spoon into the empty dish. "Had I known that he, er she, could cook like this I would have swapped roles with him years ago. This is delicious!"

"I can't wait for the cannelloni. It smells fantastic."

In the kitchen Terri lowers the gas under the vegetables and smiles. She leans back against the sink resting one of her high heeled feet by lifting it off the ground. He wonders if he would ever get used to wearing them. But the discomfort was part of the fun. He shakes his head just to listen to the bell tinkling.

He wasn't sure about the baby blue waitress outfit, much preferring his black maid's uniform but if that was what Gary wanted at meal- times then fine. He wonders whether Elaine would want a special uniform at specific times.

His cheeks redden with pleasure at the thought of the years of service ahead of him. She was a bit of a bimbo, Gary had helped her understand that, but could anyone in the whole wide world be happier than she was right now?

A voice boomed: "Clear these dishes you lazy slut." Terri raises her eyebrows. The words she has heard before, having made Gary his breakfast that morning, but not with this voice.

"Yes mistress," she called out clip clopping to the dinning room. Gary had saved the day, yet again.

End.