

INESCAPABLE BONDAGE

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There's bondage and then there's bondage. For so long, we'd played with that light stuff, mostly because that's what he wanted. Tight bondage didn't excite him; really, he acted almost scared of it.

That surprised me. I thought he wasn't scared of anything.

For some reason, he'd brought it up once or twice recently, sort of dropped it into our conversation as if out of nowhere. Firm bondage. Tight ropes. Inelastic straps. Rigid bands. If I hadn't been paying attention over the weeks, I might have missed it.

But it was clear by now. He wanted a different sort of experience, one that didn't call for stretchy bungee cords. He was asking me for something new. Something that was very exciting to me, something I had been reluctant to offer him, even though it was making me wet just thinking about it.

Inescapable bondage.

Oh god, the sound of those two words just filled me with a sort of heightened tension that I couldn't shake, not for days. Every time I sat down, I felt it between my thighs and when I went out walking around the park, I felt it boil between my toes and upsurge on an ungodly ascent toward my lingerie. I remember the day well. I had on my teal underthings.

"Do you think you could..." his voice trailed off and sounded sort of tense but nonetheless strong, "find what you need?"

Heck, I knew what was going on, but I played along. He wanted it so badly, he was willing to go out and buy the necessities himself. Although I had no idea **why** he craved being tied so tightly that he was physically at my complete mercy, I was willing to give him his fantasy, especially when it collided with my own.

"I suppose I could," I replied and stared at his beautiful eyes, "but first, I want to know if you're really ready for it. Convince me." He didn't like being challenged, but this was a very special situation. There was a lot at stake.

First he looked at his feet, then toward my shoulders. When he didn't want to face me, when he couldn't look me in the eye, he always stared at my shoulder. As his eyes darted from one to the other, I leaned back in my chair, as if to force his eyes to follow my shifting shoulders. Then he spoke quietly.

"I know what I've always said, that I didn't want...that I couldn't take "real" bondage. I know. But there's something...something I want."

He knew I'd ask. So I did.

"What is that?" I played his game quietly with a voice steeled against a sudden surprise.

Damn, he was shifting in place. His whole body tensed against his heart's request and seemed to struggle against his throat that was trying to form a coherent sentence. Whatever was going on must be very painful for him.

I'm not just his Domme; rather, I'm his friend first and all that kinky stuff is definitely below that level on my spreadsheet. When he's not OK, neither am I. It works the other way around, too, sometimes, but he's a lot better at "always being OK" than I am.

"Tell me," I insisted. "Explain it to me so I understand. If you want me to trust you, then you have to give me this." Staring at his eyes was one of my favorite pastimes, especially when they did their color-shift thing.

His hands were balled into fists that screamed in silent agony and his neck was bent from the sheer force of his desire. I wanted to lift that off his shoulders and massage his back so he would relax, but he needed to get this out. Whatever it was, he was fully in its throes.

"OK," he started, "I want you to tie me up." I thought he would choke on the words.

Surprised, I glanced at him. "I've done that lots of times," I replied. "You want something different." It wasn't a question.

The force of the agony inside him was tearing his soul to shreds and I could not and would not allow that to happen. He was one of the most important things in my life and no one, no memory, no fear, no heartache was going to tear at him without going through me first.

And that was exactly what he was asking me to do: stand between him and his suffering and lift it from his soul.

"I want you to *really* tie me up," he insisted and his arms started flailing like they always do when he's excited. I had to suppress a giggle because I knew he was so profoundly serious. "I don't mean lightly. I don't mean with bungees. And I don't want clips this time."

Oh my god, he wanted padlocks! But he had to say the words himself. Dripping. I was dripping with a mixture of desire and fear.

"Tell me *exactly* what you want," I insisted and opened my mental spreadsheet to create a new shopping list.

"I want you to TIE ME UP!" he screamed through gritted teeth. Tight! Hard! So I can't get out! I want you to put me in *real* bondage! I want you to lock it shut and keep the key out of my reach! I want to do this! I want YOU to do this!"

I swear he had to gulp air to replace what he expelled in his tirade of demands. Ordinarily, I'd have made him beg, but this time seemed so different that I felt that rare combination of want and need just spill out of his essence in such a rush that I was concerned that this might not be a very good idea.

After all, we knew what we liked and we played so well together. Adding a new - and potentially frightening aspect to our scene -- didn't seem like such a wise idea. But I was so damned excited!

He brought his tense fists to my shoulders and laid them there positioning himself for a warm hug. I obliged, holding him to my breasts and rubbing his strong neck, trying desperately to massage the demons out of his mind, out of his body. Only the rhythmic sound of his breathing filled my ears.

"Please," he finished.

That was it. I was done at the sound of that single plaintive cry. The teal lingerie was heading for the wash and as I wrapped my arms around his head and drew his neck to my lips, I kissed his mouth.

"For you, love, I will."

I had played with locked bondage before, just never with him, so I decided that a trip to the hardware store was in order. Figuring that 8 small padlocks would do it, I had them single-keyed and made several duplicates. I even made the key-guy test every one of them. I think he knew what they were for, but I didn't really care.

I needed rope. He wanted something inescapable, not decorative, but I was concerned that rough hemp against his soft skin would do unwholesome damage. Fingering every length of rope in the huge warehouse's bins, I settled on three thicknesses of natural and poly fibers that felt smooth against my arm. There were clips and rings, hooks and some thin gold chain in my basket and I wheeled my purchases toward the checkout. Mentally, I crossed item after item off my spreadsheet.

At home, I laid every item on the bed, unwrapped the prepackaged rope and stretched out the custom-cut variety. As a finishing touch, I attached the padlock keys to the handle of my tawse and marveled at the cacophony of toys that decorated the bedspread.

When I know what his fantasies are, I give them to him. That's our relationship and our joy.

The bed is rather large and the four tall posts are solid. The only permanent fixtures I allow in my own bedroom are fairly well concealed under the frame and only the cleaning lady knows about them. She asked once, and I told her exactly what they were for. She never inquired a second time, which is one of the reasons I keep her on.

For a few minutes, I contemplated making him secure his own bondage - that was always a turn on for me when we played with bungees. His engineering talents always shined when he had to come up with clever ways of tying himself up in the most incomprehensible places and hotel rooms, and watching him struggle to ready things for my pleasure always helped set the scene for our special times.

But not tonight. This time, I would take care of everything, making sure that he could struggle and strain against the ropes but not injure himself or burn that sweet skin of his. Adding a few thin leather straps to the heavier rope, I arranged four serious corners to the scheme, and one smaller, almost dainty closure for his stiff organ. He's always stiff when we play and it always amazes me how long he can stay hard.

He emerged from the shower and knelt at my feet. Bringing his head to the floor, he touched his lips to my toes and kissed them so gently that I was almost desperate for something to hold onto to keep my physical *and* emotional balance. Kneeling up, he raised his eyes toward mine - no shoulder stare this time - and held me in his gaze.

"Please," he pleaded with a heartfelt but stifled sob, "please."

I couldn't help it. I reached out for his head and pulled it to my breasts. Stroking his golden brown hair, I pressed him into myself and reassured him that he would be safe in my arms - and in my bonds. Kissing his hair, I took his hand and walked him toward the bed.

Unsure of which way I wanted him, we both hesitated.

"Do you want to watch?" I asked.

Words wouldn't come so he nodded vigorously instead. Taking a deep breath, I uttered the command that ended one part of our lives and opened the other.

"I'm ready. Are you?" It was *not* a question. It was *never* a question.

Taking hold of his now-oozing organ, I led him to the bed and positioned him on his back. Attaching the sheepskin-lined cuffs was almost routine, but this time, there were no clips from the stretchy bungees making that welcome "clank" against the o-rings. Instead, there was the unfamiliar sound of a hasp closing on a padlock.

Almost unconsciously, I searched for the keys. They were where I left them, dangling from the tawse's wooden handle.

One more wrist cuff was locked into place and two ankle restraints soon followed. The spreader bar I prefer is really not a work of art, but it's terribly effective. I didn't want his hips stretched too wide, but I wanted him immobile. Two more locks fastened him into place.

Reaching down, I fingered the single strand of rope near his right wrist and brought the devilish bond toward him. His eyes followed diligently and his mouth seemed to try to form words of assurance. I'm still not certain just who he was trying to reassure. I just allowed him to do what he had to do.

The long rope wrapped around one bedpost, through the o-ring and into the headboard, then through his other wrist's restraint before finally securing itself in a series of knots to the permanent hook in the floor under the bed. I could feel him try to test the strength of my rope, but he seemed unsure if that were the proper thing to do.

We were in new territory and he didn't know the rules.

Smiling, I offered him the opportunity to test the rope. "Just one more," I cautioned him, as I brought a second length of inflexible thick rope through both o-rings, behind the headboard and under the bed. Tying it off, I knew I had his arms in place. He wasn't going anywhere from *that* end.

As he flexed, shifted and tested the knots, I turned my back so he could figure things out for himself. I think he was satisfied because when I turned to look at him again, he had a little smile on his face.

I turned my attention to his legs and I felt his smile freeze in place. Something was eating at his soul and I didn't know - yet - what it was.

He closed his eyes, took a deep breath and I watched his entire body tense in unison. Scared. He was scared.

Of what? Of me?

No. There was no way *I* frightened him. He trusts me and I know that like I know the depth of my feeling for him. Like I know that the sun will rise in the morning. No, I *know* our mutual trust.

Then what? What constituted the fear that was driving him to shiver in the warm moonlight and pull at the very secure ropes that held his arms so sternly away from his body?

When I touched his ankle, his leg quivered and I held his calf gently in my hand. I could feel the mattress sway slightly from the force of his hips thrashing against it as I pulled the thick rope from the floor hook and inserted the loose end into the d-ring that extended from the locked cuff. Pulling harder than I ever had before, I drew the rope through, looped it around, tied it off and tucked the extra end into the leather.

That was when I looked into his eyes. They were full of apprehension and bordered on panic.

One more leg to tie, I thought, and then a voice in my head screamed, "Wait!" Staring at his beautiful eyes, I demanded that he ask me to complete the job.

"Tell me!" I commanded.

His entire body quivered and his face contorted, not in pain, but in a memory - a very old one. It wasn't my memory and it wasn't my nightmare. But what was his had become mine, once he declared himself to me. I had a responsibility to see him through this, but I didn't yet know what "this" was.

I had to know. He had to tell me.

Raspy words flew from his lips.

"Please!" he screamed, "Yes! I need... oh god..."

As if someone had sneaked in and flipped the switches on a thousand lights, it dawned on me. I knew his fear - I joined his nightmare.

"How many years has it been?" I asked in a voice that expected an answer.

Giving him something to focus on helped him form the words. "Twenty six," he spoke simply and my guess was confirmed. Now I knew what kind of torture he had seen in the jungles over there, back then. Inescapable bondage.

My heart was mixed with a sort of joy that he trusted me enough to share this with me yet it was mingled with a horror of physical anguish and pain that I knew I could not even imagine. If he cried, I didn't know if I could go through with it.

I studied his rock-hard shaft and noticed the clear drip that settled on its tip. Reassured that he was both excited and fearful, I took him where he had struggled for two-and-a-half decades to escape.

I tied down his leg and locked the last bond into place. His body almost convulsed on the soft satin sheets and he shut his eyes, as if he were embarrassed to be experiencing this level of dread. Someone had once hurt him - really hurt him - and he needed to revisit that place with me.

His power oozed in my hands and his trust exuded from my skin. Picking up his favorite flogger, I went to work. The sounds he made were a symphony and we reached the crescendo together. It wasn't the first time, but it was a moment between us that cannot be described in words.

Every moment of our play brought him a rush of memories - some good, others horrifying - and they were his alone. From time to time, I entered his headspace and visited his agony.

His cries of anguish dotted our play.

"Run!" RUN!" he screamed so I stopped for a moment and held his head. Petting his brown hair, I waited until this particular nightmare subsided. "NO!" he unleashed a torrent of pent-up emotion and when I hesitated, he retorted with, "YES!" We moved in and out of our space for two hours.

"Oh god, oh god," he muttered through clenched teeth with his legs flailing mercilessly at the taut rope and devilish spreader bar. I thought I had tied him tighter than that, I mused. His power astounded me.

Each flick of the tawse and each visit of my leather strap took him back to a place he swore he never wanted to re-visit. Yet this time, it was as if he were there with me at his side, protecting him and comforting him from his torturers. I cursed the war that had taken him there and excoriated the politicians who had sent him, as if he were a piece of meat, into that butcher shop.

I felt his ears listen for the drone of the search-and-rescue planes and felt his sorrow when no overhead engines punctuated his agony. Yet each time I paused to comfort him, his hips screamed out for more. It was the only time I felt **that** unsure of our play, yet I trusted both him and my instincts and continued.

Every toy saw action. His eyes told me his story.

We were nearing a mutual exhaustion and I sat on the bed, next to his head and held his neck. There's something very special about his neck, but that's another story.

It was then I saw the tear that formed in the corner of his eye and I felt un-done. How could I continue to bring him this pain? I wasn't strong enough to go there with him and I refused to allow him to venture to that place by himself. The responsibility of it all just overwhelmed me and something inside my head screamed for release.

That's when I felt him shudder and watched his roped organ begin its dance of delight. And I knew.

Tears fell from both of our eyes and warmth of a new nature flowed between us. Spoonful by spoonful, I returned his power and replaced his trust. The war was over - the one inside him and the one he left back there in that tall grass two-and-a-half decades ago.

His eyes talked to me, because his voice was incapable.

"Hold me," those eyes pleaded.

With a full heart and very wet lingerie, I did.

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