



The wooden stairs creaked. Each step, one after the other, groaned. Her three inch heels hardly made a sound as she stepped cautiously down. She held the rail, ensuring her steady pace did not falter.

Descending always made her nervous. There could be no more than twenty steps, but it felt like a hundred. The crimson brick walls, without rendering, made the narrow staircase ominous, almost suffocating with the blood red shade. There was nothing else to do but calm her thumping heart and keep going down, carefully placed footfalls accompanied by the painful creaking.

At the bottom, she paused in front of the door. Unvarnished, slightly cracked in places and solid. Very little sound escaped through the thick oak panels. More deep breaths, and then she reached out to touch the brass knob. Ice cold. That is what it felt like after the warm wooden rail. Clutching it, she twisted, turned and heard the mechanism sliding back. The latch lifting.

The clunk echoed up the stairwell, back up towards the daylight. She nudged the door forward a little with the tip of her shoe. A heavy door, which required weight behind her hand to move it. The draft excluder on the bottom edge dragged along the granite flagstones, bumping over them until the door was sufficiently ajar for her to enter.

He was crouched down, screwdriver in hand and eyes firmly fixed on his task. From his mouth, a low curse of annoyance as the screw refused to budge. He gave the wooden leg a smack with the palm of his hand. She jumped. His smacks always made her jump.

She waited. It was something she was accustomed to doing down there. Waiting, being still, unmoving, mute and virtually unseen. Her arm ached. Holding it out, keeping it steady, made her wish he would hurry up with his little DIY job. Mending the bench – the wobbly leg.

Instead, to keep her occupied, she familiarised herself with the room. Not hard. She knew it well. The red bricks had followed her down. Left bare, they darkened under the solitary shadeless light bulb,

which swung barely perceivably from the ceiling. White polystyrene tiles insulated the ceiling, reflecting the low wattage light source about.

He had been polishing, she noted. The cross, fixed to the wall, shimmered in the dim light. Ebony black wood, smooth and intimidating. She imagined her naked flesh pressed against it, her arms outstretched above her head, legs spread wide, eyes blindfolded. She squished her thighs closer together; it did not help. She had started a train of thought and it was hard to banish it.

She shifted her eyes left, to the hooks on the wall. She counted the implements hanging there.... One, two, three.... Twelve, thirteen. He liked variety. She liked some, but not all. It was never her choice, so she had to take what he gave her without complaint.

There were many more things hidden away. Things laid out neatly in drawers – all his contraptions, restraints and tools. Things to tease, torment and delight her. She swallowed hard. Her pussy clenched and her ankles shook slightly, balanced on her high heels.

Eyes shifting right, to the other side of the room, to where two solitary posts stood two metres apart. Plain, thick posts with iron rings attached at varying heights. He preferred the simple approach when it came to entertainment. The gilt framed mirror behind served its purpose – watching her wriggle and squirm, gyrating her hips, angling her bottom away from him sometimes, until he reprimanded her with a soft voice.

“Don’t do that, pet,” he would say.

Sometimes he would hover so close, close enough for his warm breath to mist over her tender flesh. Then he would trail kisses, one at a time, down her quivering body, lingering for a while in her secret places and driving her mad with frustration. She could almost feel the curl of his moist tongue as she stood waiting.

Her arm trembled, the handle was growing hot and sweaty, she was starting to lose her grip. He had to relieve her soon, or else she would drop it. It didn’t bear thinking about: making a noise in his personal sanctum, a mess to be tidied up. Even the hessian matting he had put down to dampen down the fuss she sometimes made (“good job we don’t have neighbours, pet”), would not mask the sound of a breakage. She tightened her knuckles around the handle and gritted her teeth.

Finally, he stood up, strong fingers still holding the screwdriver in his fist. A hairless hand, one she adored - most of the time.

He smiled at her. Her lips curved upwards, unsure why he was smiling. Was it because she looked so uncomfortable, both physically and emotionally? He could tell. She knew he could see right through her and to what lay beneath. Her flush of skin, pink and spreading about her face and neck. One arm tucked neatly behind her back, the other bent at her elbow, cramping and struggling to keep still. A little suffering pleased him.

He put down the screwdriver on the bench. She didn’t fear it. There were plenty of other things in the room that made her heart pound and her adrenaline boil over into a frenzy of trepidation.

“I should take that off you, shouldn’t I, pet,” he said. “You look like you’re about to drop it.”

“I’ve been very careful,” she said quietly.

“Did you spill any?”

“No, not a drop,” she said with a smile.

“Good,” he said reaching out with his hand. “We don’t want any spillages. Accidents happen when things get spilt. We don’t want anyone getting hurt down here, do we?” His low voice made her knees wobble. The liquid splashed slightly at the edges, so close and still he hadn’t relieved her of her burden.

“Turn it around, so I can take the handle,” he instructed.

Her fingers clawed around the slippery rim, allowing her to let go of the handle and she rested the object on the palm of her hand. It felt scolding hot. She offered it to him, handle presented, arms outstretched, head lowered and eyes dropped.

“Sir, your coffee.”

He took a leisurely sip of his coffee, making a satisfactory purring noise, which pleased her greatly. Placing the mug on the bureau in the corner of the room, he returned to his screwdriver and the wobbly leg.

She did not move from her spot in the middle of the room. It wasn’t a room though, it was his sanctuary and playground – his dungeon. He had not dismissed her and if she drew attention to herself, he would not be happy.

“There fixed,” he said, giving the bench a thump. The screwdriver he placed on the bureau, next to his drink and he imbibed another small mouthful of the hot liquid.

She liked the bench: it was tailored for her perfectly. The classic sawhorse design, altered and refined, then carefully maintained. A rich oak colour and very sturdy – except when a screw worked its way loose.

“I think we should test it, pet. Don’t you agree?”

She pursed her lips, as if she was making a decision, but it really wasn’t her choice. The decision had been made the moment he made the suggestion.

“Yes, sir.”

He came across to her, took her hand and led her to the bench. She had received the invitation to dance, she politely and silently accepted his request. If she had shown the slightest reticence or disapproval, he would have furrowed his eyebrows, making lines across his smooth forehead, or worse, the full lip dropping frown. She hated the expression.

The bench was the perfect height. The wooden cross piece, supported by the inverted ‘V’ shape legs, was padded in soft black, indulgent leather.

She leaned against it, resting, knowing her mound fitted right on the rounded edge.

His hand touched her back and pushed gently. She folded slowly over the bench. As she lowered her head over the other side, a number of things happened at the same time.

The flimsy little dress she was wearing, which barely covered her behind, lifted, rising over her lower cheeks and slipped down to the waist, becoming trapped against the leather beneath her hips. Each naked rounded globe, formed an apex, perched high on the bench. Then her hair flopped down, bouncing and cascading about her other cheeks. Her hands reached out and slid down the smooth oak legs. Not a single splinter: the wood had been filed, varnished and polished repeatedly.

“Legs a little further apart, pet.”

She shuffled her high heels sideways. Her cleft parted and her bare slit was exposed to him.

In through the nose, out through the mouth. She repeated the mantra of breathing.

He walked back to the bureau. Another quaff of coffee and then she could see, out of the corner of her eye, that he was perusing the collection hanging from the hooks on the wall. The thirteen

implements, the ones she had counted ten minutes earlier: Two paddles – leather and wood – a tawse with its two prongs, a long leather strap, three canes – English style, acrylic and a thick rattan – two floggers – the heavy and the light – a single tailed whip and last, the bath brush with its long wooden handle.

Please, please, not the cane, she chanted to herself, but not out loud. The freedom to choose was forbidden: she had made her choice some time ago.

“This, I think,” he said, picking up the leather paddle.

Relief flooded through her and she calmed her trembling knees. He strolled over, stood behind and ran his hand over each lobe. His hands, able to be so kind and intimate, could also grip tight, almost strangle, and sometimes they would smack a cheek, any cheek, even the ones by her nose. She loved those little reminders.

The paddling began: a slow crescendo of sound, an acceleration of speed accompanied by an increase in force. Tiny cries blurted out of her mouth, small guttural noises of beautiful discomfort. The heat, the rawness of spanked flesh consumed all of her, obliterating everything else.

She stamped her feet. It was just a small stampede, she thought.

He paused. “That was too much, pet. You know it is,” he said softly from on high, somewhere far away. “Perhaps I should help you.”

He hung the paddle back up. They weren’t finished, they had only just begun.

The cuffs, four of them, black leather with buckles and hooks were fetched. As he fitted them to her wrists and ankles, she could feel his warm excited breath against her inner thighs.

She emitted a minute groan.

The catches were attached to eye hooks on each wooden leg of the bench. The hooks were in a perfect location. Her legs splayed wider and her arms stretched down. Neither too taut nor relaxed. He had measured the dimensions to a millimetre distance.

From his pocket, he drew out the black blindfold and wrapped it about her eyes. Now, she was locked in a place of darkness. She sighed; concentrating on her throbbing bottom.

Please, please, let it be the cane: she was ready now.

With heightened hearing, she knew he was back by the bureau, examining his options. She imagined he took one down, weighted it in his hands and changed his mind, picking another implement with which to torment her.

His footsteps returned, he was next to her once again.

She inhaled deeply, building the anticipation, dismissing the unnecessary trepidation.

What did he have in his hands?

“I’m going to return the mug to the kitchen, don’t want it to stain, do we, pet?”

She held her breath dumbfounded and slightly deflated.

“Don’t worry, pet, I’ll be right back.”

A hand gave a buttock a squeeze, enough to make her wince, then a sharp pat of his palm on her tender lobe.

“Don’t go anywhere,” he said.

Then she heard it. The slightest, almost perceivable chuckle.

Perhaps waiting wasn’t so bad after all.

A cold draft crossed the expanse of the dungeon striking her bare flesh and in response, her exposed rump bristled with goose bumps. He was back. The door clicked shut behind him, the bolt slid across with a thud. Her fists clenched tight, her toes curled up too.

"I'm back," he announced softly.

He resumed as if his absence had not happened. She expected something, what she did not know, she had lost the train of thoughts she had been feeling before he left, in its place she had filled the emptiness of the room with anticipation.

Behind her blindfold, darkness held sway and it made her hearing super sensitive. The edge of her dress, tucked under her waist, pinned against the bench, was tugged loose. It flopped, then slid down her back, halting suddenly. Then she heard the snip. Then another. A quick succession of snips eating away at the fabric of her dress. He was cutting the dress with scissors.

It was a slow progression. She could feel his fingertips, nudging her, keeping a grip on the dress. Then the final snip at the base of her neck. Throughout his surgical divestment, she held her breath, not daring to move an inch, not that she could, the restraints about her ankles and wrists kept her still.

He cleaved the dress into two halves and it slipped softly away from her back, falling down her arms and collecting about her hands. Her fingertips clutched at the silky fabric, accepting it as a comforter.

Now her back, along with her legs and bottom, lay bare to him. A brief pause as he moved about her bent form. Something tickled along her spine. Not fingertips, too sharp and defined for nails. Tiny pricks ran down her backbone. She imagined a trail of miniscule indentations being left in her skin. His chosen toy: a pinwheel.

He criss-crossed the wheel over her back. No longer tickling, it sliced like hundreds of tiny daggers running over her flesh. She gasped, unable to wriggle or squirm, she knew he enjoyed watching her immobilisation and inability to respond. Her only relief was knowing he wasn't using a knife to inflict his little torment.

He shifted the wheel down, lowering it over her rump, covering the red marks of her paddling with fresh pinpricks. Parting her cheeks, he flicked it down her crack, over her tender bud. She shrieked, quietly. Down her legs he went, adding to the mix his hot breath on the backs of her legs. The wheel pressed against the soft inner flesh of her thighs. It was becoming too much, too intense. Yet, she ached for more, to have him push her that bit further over the precipice and into the abyss.

It wasn't the play she had been expecting. No cane or crop, merely a wheel of pins, methodically and delicately applied for his pleasure.

"Good pet," he said and the wheel left her body. She breathed out, a long exhale and she could not help noticing how placid her body felt, no longer were her hands clenched about the fabric.

A few seconds later she sensed the flash of light through her blindfold, simultaneously there was a click. A familiar combination.

He undid the cuffs holding her in place over the bench. With his hands about her waist, he practically lifted her up. The blindfold slipped off her head, she blinked, blinded by the solitary light bulb of the dungeon, she shut her eyes.

He held her against his chest, her racing heart in a duet with his more sedate beat. Arms encased her body, the last dregs of her dress slipped down her arms and on to the floor.

Opening her eyes, she peered at the wall. She always ignored it when she entered the dungeon, keeping her eyes diverted. Only, afterwards, when she had reached that special place could she glance

at the wall. There were dozens of photographs nailed to the red bricks. All pictures of her, showing different poses, different states of captivity.

His hand stroked down her hair, one sweep of his palm followed by another. She remained captured by him and had no desire to escape.