**Caught**

by[Julie20](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1244252&page=submissions)©

I was awake early this morning and it did not take me long to get dressed, breakfasted and such then it was into the car. I had remembered to take a holdall, my red scarf and a thick elastic band. I was wearing a green t shirt and a shortish brown skirt. It was a lovely drive out to the forest; the forecast was correct and the sky was a brilliant blue.

Just before 8am I was driving down the single track road to Rufus Stone. This is a clearing in the forest marked by a waist high stone to show where the heir to the throne was murdered in the eleventh century. I pulled off the road and parked on the gravel. At this time of day I had the place to myself. Tracks lead away from the car park into the forest and my plan was to walk down one of these tracks then go off the track into the wild forest.

I secured my keys to my wrist with the rubber band and set off to walk down the track carrying the scarf inside the bag. The birds were singing and the air smelt good. I was soon well out of sight of the car park and I picked my way off the track and through the trees. After weaving between the trees I came to a spot where thick bushes had grown around the base of a huge old tree and I stopped to look around. If I was really going to do it this was the place.

I unzipped the bag and placed it on the ground with the scarf beside it. Then I slipped off my shoes and put them in the bag. Looking around I dragged my shirt over my head and dropped it in the bag. My senses were now on full alert as I stood there in my brief white bra. The bra came off and went into the bag then I unzipped my skirt and pulled it down and off. I felt very excited and gulped a little as I stripped off my knickers and consigned them to the bag. I was now totally naked in the open air. I only half zipped the bag -- I might need to open it in a hurry then very carefully I pushed it deep into the bush where it was invisible. I reached as high as I could and tied the scarf to a branch then I stood completely naked and looked around.

I felt deliciously free, a bit like Eve. There was warm leaf mould and pine needles underfoot as I walked away from the place taking occasional looks backwards to make sure I could see the red scarf. One hand went unselfconsciously to my shaven pussy just gently stroking. It was like being a little girl playing naked in my garden. I imagined girls who grow up on fabulous private estates who have acres to run around naked away from prying eyes. There was no clearing; it seemed to be thick trees for a very long way but equally there were very few brambles apart from the odd bush. I was well over 25 feet from the bag and I had to peer a little between the trees to make out just a glimpse of the red scarf. I spun myself around with my arms outstretched enjoying the open air then I sat down with my legs shamelessly apart and my hand on my pussy.

At one point my heart jumped as I heard a definite rustling in the undergrowth and I sat still and listened hard but saw nothing. A deer or a badger perhaps? I wondered what it would be like to be out here naked and handcuffed to a tree. I do own a pair of chrome handcuffs which I have used for self bondage experiments inside my flat.

I looked at my watch on my bare arm. Time was passing slowly and my self imposed task was to stay here until an hour had passed or until I had some evidence of human company. I lay on my back looking up at the trees and a patch of sky.

Suddenly there was a single bark, unmistakably a dog. Where had it come from? I sat up and caught a faint male voice. There was a rustling over in that direction. I stood up but kept bent low and ran to a place behind a tree in the opposite direction to where I thought the dog was. There was more barking, the dog was excited. Dogs have a good sense of smell; should I move away or just freeze? I was crouching behind my tree and I saw the black and white Colley with its nose to the ground. It was moving in vague circles then an old man came through the trees. He was wearing a green cap and a green quilted jacket which was unfastened. In one hand was a stick. The task was now complete and I could go to collect my clothes but to move would invite being spotted. Suddenly the dog gave a great Woof and came bounding right at me. I tried to make myself invisible but Rover had come around the tree and was right in front of me baring his teeth and growling at me. He had found his prey and was holding it at bay.

The man knew from the growling that the dog had found something and he came running over. I guess there is a range of possible reactions to finding a naked girl; the man was angry and he demanded what I thought I was doing. My mouth was dry and I was very afraid. The first thing which came into my mind was a dare and that was what I said. The man was absolutely livid and was raving about polluting the forest. He used the word "disgusting" quite loudly and told me to "be gone". I think that is what one says to cast out demons.

With my eyes fixed on the dog I began to edge myself in the direction of my bag. The dog moved forward. I think he had his eyes on my throat. I don't know what the man's eyes were on. The man asked if I had a car. I nodded. He put his hand into the dog's collar to hold him back and he waved his stick in a direction which was away from my clothes.

"The car park is that way. Go before I set the dog on you".

For a moment I stood open mouthed in the accepted position with one hand across my tits and the other between my legs (There are some places where a girl does not want to be bitten) then I just turned and fled in the direction he indicated. It seemed a long run twisting between trees but it was probably quite soon when I caught a glimpse of my red car through the trees. Now I crouched down cautiously.

I could see my car. There was also a four by four which was empty and a small saloon containing two old aged pensioners. The old folks had parked perhaps ten feet from my car. I could not wait here. If the old man and his dog came back there was no knowing what the man would do. The only thing was to make a run for it. I took my car key from my wrist and held it in front of me then I took a deep breath and dashed for my car. I wrenched open the door and started the car. My bare foot on the accelerator felt very odd as I revved away and turned onto the road heading away from the main road. Of course the old couple had seen me but it must have been less than thirty seconds between breaking cover and being out of sight.

My heart was pounding as I drove down the road and eased my foot off the accelerator so that I was doing a speed more suited to the road. I was on a public road driving completely naked in full daylight. How was I going to get home? How would I get from the car into my flat?

Eventually my mind began to function. I always keep an old coat in the boot (trunk) of the car in case of breakdowns. I waited until I was on a fairly straight stretch of road where I could see both ways and I pulled over. This would have to be done fast. I looked both ways and ran around to the back of the car, seized the coat and slammed the boot then I pulled on the coat. I was standing beside the car doing up the coat when a car came past doing less than 30mph. There was a couple in the car and I don't think they saw anything untoward.

So now I was dressed. My only thought was to get home. I did not fancy driving on fast roads in bare feet but what choice was there?

I arrived back at my flat at around 10am -- just the time on a Saturday morning when everyone is up and about. Thankfully there was a car parking space in the street right beside the front door. That would avoid my having to park at the back of the block and walk to the flats in full view of all the windows at the back of the block. I parked and made sure my coat was fully fastened. I would look very odd wearing such a long coat in brilliant sunshine especially with bare feet. Fortunately my flat keys are on the same ring as my car key. I locked the car and moved to the front door of the flats as fast as I could. I was into my flat without meeting anyone.

Once inside I just stood in the kitchen looking out of the window. Today had been a very narrow escape. It could easily have been very much worse. I did think of going back to Rufus Stone (fully dressed) to recover my bag but what if the man lives in a nearby cottage? I definitely don't want to meet him again. I will have to buy a new holdall some time and I have lost a set of perfectly good clothes but they can stay where they are hidden in the bush unless the man and his dog have found them.

I am still a bit worked up but coming gradually. I keep seeing that old man with his stick raised over his head. This is the part which never appears in stories.

**Daddy's Girl in Chains**

by[Julie20](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1244252&page=submissions)©

It happened a few weeks after my eighteenth birthday when I was still at home doing my A levels. That Saturday Mum was taking Gemma to London to play in the National Youth Orchestra and Daddy had a golf tournament so I had all day to myself to play. I had breakfast in my nightie and robe and saw them all off then began to put my plan into operation.

Stage One had begun the previous Sunday morning when I had said that I needed to study so had stayed home when the family went to church. Alone in the house I had filled a washing up bowl with water and taped into it my handcuff key and the keys to my two padlocks. The whole thing then went into the very bottom of the big freezer in the garage where I knew no-one would look.

Still in my night things I went through the connecting door to the garage and carried the heavy bowl containing its block of solid ice into the kitchen. It had been freezing for six days so was now very well hardened and would take a long time to thaw. Then I dashed up to my room and brought the plastic carrier bag from the bottom of my wardrobe. Back in the kitchen I tipped the bag out onto the floor and began to go through my equipment. The lengths of clothesline went back into the bag and I realised I had forgotten one item so I went to the airing cupboard for a spare pillowcase which I soaked under the cold tap in the kitchen sink.

Now I was ready so I stripped off my gown and nightshirt and threw them carelessly out into the hall before sitting naked on the kitchen floor with my bondage kit around me. Of course there was no-one to see my nakedness but it somehow feels right for a girl in punishment to be humiliatingly exposed. We are taught from an early age to keep ourselves covered and most women, even when alone, will wear something so being naked definitely added to the zing of this experience.

Firstly I tied the scarf gag very tightly at the back of my head so that it was forced into my mouth and uncomfortably distorting the shape of my face. Next, sitting up and leaning forward, I looped a length of chain around the pipe to the radiator and padlocked each end around an ankle. My pussy was tingling now and it would have been nice to put a hand down there to relieve the tension but part of the fun is having that ache between my legs and being able to do nothing about it. Now the wet pillowcase went over my head robbing me of sight and making me feel wet and uncomfortable as the soaking fabric stuck to my face and hair. I felt on the plastic mat beside me for the cold handcuffs and put my hands behind my back. Once the last bracelet clicked into place I would have no choice but to just wait here for the ice to thaw around the keys. Thawing ice is an inexact method of timing but I knew from experience that I would be going nowhere for at least two hours.

That itch between my legs was really annoying and if I had been on my belly I might have been grinding my pubis into the floor but there was not enough slack in the chain around my ankles to let me turn over. I found a position as comfortable as I could on my side and tried to squeeze my thighs together around that fleshy mass of nerve endings between my legs. I was breathing heavily inside my pillow case hood. The hood was not secured at the neck so plenty of oxygen could find its way inside but it was still quite awkward and unpleasant to have wet fabric clinging around my nose and mouth.

The plastic bowl containing the keys was beside me and later on I would be able to manoeuvre myself into a position where I was sitting with my back to the bowl so that my manacled hands could reach into the water and withdraw the keys. But that would not happen for a very long time. I shifted my position and could feel the bowl against my left thigh; through the plastic bowl I could feel that the ice was as hard as granite so it seemed that thawing had not even begun.

It was deliciously humiliating and shaming to have to lay here on the floor like a dog with my cheek resting on the mat and I was imagining the sight which would confront anyone standing in the hallway. The kitchen door was open and my night things would be on the hall carpet as if I had been stripped before being forced into the kitchen to suffer my punishment. I pondered what my fictitious captors would do to me when they returned; whatever it was I would be helpless to resist. I guessed that I would be able to unlock myself around 10.30am and I would have the house to myself till around 6pm at the earliest when Daddy was due back so I began to think about what punishments I could inflict upon myself once I was free of my present predicament. Of course lunch did not figure in my plans as little Julie had been sentenced to a whole day of going hungry. Girls who are so depraved as to need chaining up are not given hot meals. Perhaps if I was very good I might be allowed to lap up a bowl of cold soup on the concrete garage floor.

Then I heard the car! For a moment I tried to believe that it was just a car in the road but I knew that was silly. The car was in the drive and I know the sound of Daddy's car. But he was in Winchester. I was now in a total panic trying to pull my hands out of the handcuffs but all that achieved was hurting my wrists. I heard his key in the door and I heard him shut the front door behind him. There were a few footsteps on the hall carpet then a horrible silence while I just knew my Daddy was standing in the kitchen doorway. Daddy is very bright so he didn't waste time thinking about burglars or rapists; he saw the keys frozen in the ice beside me and he knew exactly what was happening.

Suddenly I was blinking in the light as he whipped the pillow case from my head. I felt some sort of greeting was called for but all I could manage was "Argarg." He crouched down shaking his head.

"What on earth will your mum say when she hears?"

Now you need to understand that my mum has a fit of the vapours if I just run from the bathroom to my room without my bra. It is almost impossible to imagine how she would react to the scene at which Daddy was now looking. She would totally flip; she would get me into counselling or have me put away.

I was furiously shaking my head and trying to tell Daddy all the reasons why Mum must not know about this but it is hard to make a case when all you can say is "MMMffff,,,aag argg."

Daddy had lifted the bowl into the sink and turned on the hot tap and he was still speaking.

"And then there is Gemma. What would she make of it? She's bound to find out."

In my mind I was begging him to take off my gag and I was also burning with embarrassment that my dad had an unrestricted view of my boobs and my dark fuzzbush. I couldn't pull my knees up under my chin to hide anything as my ankles were still chained to the radiator and I was very afraid that my pubic hair was glistening with moisture due to the sexual state in which I had been just a moment ago.

He crouched down again and very carefully untied my gag then eased it out of my mouth.

"Daddy PLEASE don't tell Mummy. She'd go absolutely ape. You know she would."

His face was grave.

"I don't see how I could keep it a secret. She's your mum."

"But you CAN'T tell her. It was only this once. I ...wanted to see what it felt like."

He stood up and surveyed the whole view of naked daughter.

"So it was just the once?"

"Yes Daddy honestly."

"Even though you have a full bondage kit and you have lots of clothesline which you aren't using today so I guess you used it last time."

I blushed furiously and hung my head in silence. What could I say?

He took a carton of orange juice from the fridge and poured himself a glass while still openly enjoying the view then he went to the sink where the hot water had melted the ice and freed the keys. He held the small bunch of keys in his hands.

"I think you'd better tell me all about it. Everything."

So, as he sat on a stool, I poured it all out. I told him how I had a "thing" about punishment and humiliation and how the idea of these things drove me into a frenzy. As I talked I could tell that he was thinking about how to handle the situation and he idly moved from the stool and picked up my carrier bag of ropes.

"Now let's be clear about this. If I don't tell your mum she can never ever know and you can never breathe a word to ANYONE."

I began to see the faintest glimmer of hope.

"Yes Daddy, of course Daddy."

He bent down and unlocked my ankles. I moved my legs and rubbed my feet together to restore the circulation and just enjoy the freedom. I expected him to go behind me to free my wrists but he had other ideas.

"Roll over on your front."

"Daddy?"

"Roll over on your pussy."

He had never used that word to me. He had always been very correct and proper. Numbly I obeyed and I felt him bind my ankles with a length of rope.

"What are you doing Daddy?"

"I need time to think and perhaps you do as well."

He clinched my knees together then he wound rope around my upper arms so that my arms were pinioned against my sides. Next a rope went around my cuffed wrists and around my waist so that my hands were tight against the small of my back. Of course he could not do this without touching my bare flesh and it felt very odd indeed to have my Daddy's hot hands on my skin. Finally he pulled my ankles up into the air and I felt him tie a very short rope from my ankles to my wrists so that I was belly down with my body in a curve. My head was off the ground as it was being pulled back by my arms which, in turn, were being pulled back by my feet. This was a very uncomfortable position with every muscle under tension and no possibility of even the slightest movement.

"I need you to wait there and reflect while I decide what to do. I will see you later."

"Daddy, no, wait, Daddy please it hurts, Daddy...."

And he was gone. I heard him shut the front door and I heard his car pull away. All I could see was a few inches of floor in front of my face and the bottom of a cupboard so I could not see the clock on the wall. I had not the slightest idea of what he had in mind or how long I would be here. All I knew was that my muscles were screaming at me and yet, despite the pain, my pussy was wet. I was feeling very aroused indeed and began to rock back and forth with all my weight on the centre of my body which just happened to be the very part of me which was becoming ever more moist.

Of course I have no idea how long I lay there with every muscle aching and all those nerve endings between my legs working overtime. Small groans were coming from the back of my throat and I REELY needed to do something about the rapidly building fire in my pussy. I was "gagging for it" and I desperately wanted Daddy to come back and "Give me a really good seeing to" but I somehow knew that I would never be able to say the words, "Please fuck me Daddy." I was certain that I just would not be able to pronounce that simple sentence.

I was making so much noise that I only dimly registered the sound of the car on the drive and then he let himself in and was standing over me asking if I was ready to do whatever I was told and keep our secret forever. I agreed enthusiastically; I had no wish for anyone at all to know what I had been doing. As he untied me he told me that his golfing partner had gone down with the flu and he could not play in a pairs tournament on his own so he had come home. Finally he removed the handcuffs from behind me but immediately pulled my hands in front of me and cuffed me again. While I sat naked on the floor in puzzlement he took a small wooden spoon from the pot where such things are kept and handed it to me.

"From the noise you were making I gather you have something you want to attend to."

I looked up at him unsure if he meant what I thought he did then I parted my legs and pressed the bowl of the spoon against my tender area. Both hands were gripping the handle and applying as much pressure as possible as I moved the implement up and down. Still my Daddy stood impassively while I lay back with my legs straddled and frigged myself with all the expected sound effects. I could smell that the air was thick with the reek of my sweat and all that juice being produced between my legs. It was a good thing that the windows were shut as the volume became quite high. Eventually I came to a huge climax and then tipped over the edge and down the other side to end up lying like a limp doll and gasping for air. By now Daddy had sat down on the stool to enjoy the show.

He left me to recover for a while then told me to get up and go upstairs to the bathroom.

"You need a wash and I guess you probably need to use the loo."

He gave me no help at all to pull myself unsteadily to my feet and I held out my cuffed hands towards him.

"Could you..Um?"

He firmly told me that I could keep the handcuffs on and that he expected me back in the kitchen in ten minutes. So I flannelled myself in warm soapy water and used the loo. I would have liked to wash my straggly hair but there was no time and then I returned to the kitchen where he told me to sit on a stool while he cuffed my hands behind me again. I was sitting with my legs together and he made me sit with them fully open.

"It's a bit late to pretend you are shy."

In spite of all that had happened that morning it felt terrible to be sitting there brazenly displaying my most intimate parts to my Daddy. The microwave oven pinged and Daddy took out a steaming bowl of rice pudding to which he added a generous helping of strawberry jam and, sitting on a stool beside me at the worktop, he proceeded to spoon feed me which he last did when I was aged two. He also helped me to drink a small glass of cold milk then he picked up my bondage bag and told me that we were going to my room.

Daddy had me sit at my wooden chair in front of my desk and he tied a rope around my waist binding me to the back of the chair. Next he tied my ankles and led a rope from them up to the chair back so that I was forced to sit with my knees bent and my legs being pulled backwards under my seat. As I watched in silence he found his way around my stationery supplies and laid a pad of A4 lined paper in the centre of the desk placing a fibre tip blue pen beside it. When he was satisfied he ordered me to place the palms of my hands down on the desk on either side of the paper and keep them there until he returned.

I had no idea what he was planning and did not dare to ask. I could hear him moving around in his room next to mine then he returned carrying a shiny black leather gag with the straps dangling from each side. My eyes and mouth opened wide in amazement and, without a word, he fastened the gag in place. It had a broad leather band which covered my mouth and fastened to the back of the band was a large rubber bung which filled my mouth.

For a moment I thought he must have bought the gag when he had gone out leaving me bound on the kitchen floor but I was sure he had been empty handed when he returned and I had just heard him in his bedroom so the gag must have been in there. Surely that meant that he already had the gag in his room before today. I tried to picture my mum with this very effective gag fastened over her mouth and I wondered if a tendency to submissive fantasies can be inherited. The idea of the two of them next door playing while I was in my bed in here, well it was just......"

My captor brought me out of my reverie with his stern instructions.

"I want a two thousand word essay on 'What I would like my Daddy to do to me' and you can start it with a full description of everything that went on in this house before I arrived back this morning. I will be marking it so please don't be sloppy in your writing. I might make you submit it under creative writing at school."

As he left me my mind was a whirl. What had I got myself into? And could he be serious in that final threat? To have Mrs Adamson sitting reading the piece which I now had to create did not bear thinking about. Surely that would be the ultimate humiliation.

Well, Gentle Reader, I did complete the essay and my Daddy gave it a cursory glance before folding it and placing it into his pocket. That was at around 6.30 in the evening and we knew that Mum and Gemma would be home at about 7. He released my aching limbs and left me to dress myself.

When they did come in all the talk was about their day in London but later on Daddy told them about his aborted golf tournament and how he had spent a lazy day watching snooker on television. He said he had hardly seen me as I had been upstairs writing an essay.

Mum asked me how the essay had gone.

"OK I think. I won't really know till it gets marked."

**Daddy's Inspection**

by[Julie20](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1244252&page=submissions)©

While I am at college in Portsmouth my daddy pays for my flat and he pays an allowance for me to live on. He has threatened to halve this allowance which would mean that I would have to live on baked beans, could never afford to go out with friends and would have to beg for extra money from him whenever my knickers wore out and I needed to buy new ones. So far I have prevented him from carrying out this threat by giving him whatever he wants in bed but the threat is still there. I never know when his work will bring him to Portsmouth and he will make one of his inspections of both his flat and his obedient daughter.

Last Tuesday night he phoned me to say that I should be ready for inspection the following night and that I should make my preparations in "The usual way." The only answer I could give was, "Yes Daddy."

From long experience I knew exactly what he meant by "The usual way", it meant that I would have to completely clean the flat while remaining naked apart from my handcuffs and the thick leather dog collar strapped around my neck. Of course he would not be here to witness that I obeyed this instruction but he would ask me whether I had obeyed him and he knows that I would find it impossible to lie convincingly while he was staring into my eyes. The consequences of him catching me out in a lie do not bear thinking about.

So on Wednesday night I dashed home from college as early as possible knowing that I did not have much time to do all that I had to accomplish. I had eaten lunch in the college canteen and my evening meal was a sandwich eaten while waiting for my homeward bus. I practically ran from the bus stop and as soon as I was in the flat I stripped naked and hurriedly consigned my clothes to the laundry basket. Then I took my horrible dog collar from its place on the hall table and stood nude in the hall strapping it around my slim neck. The collar is quite heavy and it makes me feel hot. Once collared I ran to the bedroom and took my shiny chrome handcuffs from my knickers drawer then I clicked them in place in front of me and was ready for what had to be done.

Now I set myself to clean the flat. I hoovered and dusted every room and cleaned the loo and basin. As I worked I kept looking at the clock and was becoming more and more desperate and nervous - "I have to get this done before Daddy arrives, he could arrive at any moment and if he is not satisfied it will be like last time."

It is not my normal practice to clean the whole flat like this, I usually do a room at a time and I was having to work quite quickly so I was feeling hot and my hair kept falling over my eyes and having to be pushed back. As the minutes ticked by I was feeling ever more pressured.

"There is loads to do and what if I miss a bit? He is bound to notice and he will.....Oh no surely he wouldn't make me do that again." But I know he will or perhaps even worse. And all the time I kept working making sure to hoover under the cushions on the sofa and to clean under the basin. I also washed the kitchen floor by getting down on my knees and going over the floor with a sponge and with a bucket of soapy water beside me so now when I pushed my hair back I got soapy water on my face.

It was after eight when I finished and slumped down on the bed still naked apart from my handcuffs and my collar. I could smell the perspiration on my body and my collar felt uncomfortably tight.

As I lay there on my bed I was torturing myself with false hope. Perhaps Daddy will be in a really good mood and will just make tender lovely love to me but I know that he enjoys punishing me and I kept remembering past punishments like when he had shut me in that cramped little cage all night or when he had thrashed me with the cane so hard that I was begging for him to stop. I shuddered as I remembered how he had made me wear nothing but a thin cotton dress and sit on the pavement outside the shopping mall begging for over an hour. Well I must have dozed off after all my cleaning because Daddy was suddenly standing over me and calling me a lazy whore. Of course I know he has his own key to the flat but I had expected to hear him come in so that I could run and then drop to my knees to welcome him. He was not at all pleased to find me asleep and he ordered me to my feet.

His hand moved like lightning and the slap across my left cheek stung like hell. I felt hot tears in my eyes as he lectured me.

"You do realise how helpless you are don't you. How I can do whatever I like to you and you can do nothing about it."

"Yes Daddy," My eyes were on the floor.

"You know that I am going to have to slap your other cheek don't you"

"Yes Daddy."

He slapped me so hard that I almost fell over and I was sure that I must have a clear hand print on my cheek. The tears were running down my face now and my nose was running. Daddy is not a violent man and hardly ever loses his temper but this controlled, calculated violence is just part of his total control over me. It emphasises his right to do whatever he wants to me.

Through my tears I saw him open my wardrobe and take out a pale beige cotton summer dress. It was thin and short and very strappy. He threw it at my feet and, using the key from his pocket, he freed my hands then told me to put on the dress. So now I knew we were going out; where would he take me?

I had to put on my flat black shoes then he led me out to his Mercedes and we drove into the city. As he drove he told me to strip off the dress and shoes. We parked in a supermarket car park which was fairly busy despite the time and he got out of the car then came round to open my door apparently oblivious to the fact that I was stark naked. He ordered me to give him my dress and shoes which I did and I heard him shut them in the boot then he slammed my door and walked away. He had not locked the car so I felt extremely vulnerable sitting there totally naked and fearing some car thief taking a fancy to the unlocked car. The car has smoked windows but the car park was well lit and sitting there behind the glass I had a clear view of people passing within a few feet of me. It was very hard to remember that they could not see me as well as I could see them. Daddy left me for about half an hour then he came back without a word and drove us the short distance to a multi storey car park. We kept going up the concrete ramps through empty floors till we reached the one just under the top one and we parked. Daddy looked towards me.

"Out you get."

What did he have in mind? I knew there was no point in arguing and I put my bare feet on the freezing concrete floor with my ears full of the noises of the city. When Daddy joined me he had taken some items from the glove box - two pairs of handcuffs and a black scarf. He put his hand firmly on my bare shoulder and walked me to a fire extinguisher which hung on the wall. He handcuffed my hands separately to the extinguisher bracket so that my hands were virtually together behind me then he stood very close in front of me and blindfolded me with the scarf. I was cold, tense and scared. I felt his hands all over my body taking a long time to massage my boobs and my nipples so that I could not help becoming aroused then his hands slipped down to my girly bits and he skilfully brought me almost to orgasm. He knows exactly what buttons to push on me so he can easily get me into any state of arousal which he wants and I have no control even over my own body. Soon my legs were bouncing up and down as my knees kept bending and I was helplessly moaning and begging for him to finish the job then suddenly there were no hands on my body.

"No Pleeese finish me off..Pleees..plees.Daddy."

I heard his retreating footsteps, I heard him start the car and drive away. No he couldn't leave me here like this, He couldn't. My mind was still awash with endorphins and was not thinking straight. The only parts of my mind which were working were the emotions. I was terrified and also extremely sexually worked up. My hearing was working at well over 100% and I could hear every tiny sound but most of them I could not interpret, at least I could not interpret them accurately. I was convinced that every sound meant some drunk or gang of youths coming to take me. That level of emotional overload is very tiring and soon I was totally exhausted as I stood there with the fire extinguisher cutting into my bum and forcing me to stand with my pussy pushed slightly outwards as if to show any passing stranger that I was begging for it.

I lost all track of time but eventually I heard a car stop on a lower floor and the door slam shut. They would have no need to come upstairs would they.

He must have walked very slowly and carefully because the next thing I knew was a stage whisper an inch in front of my face.

"Boo."

I could not speak but I heard myself issue a little gasp which would do nothing to discourage a potential rapist. There were rough hands on my body and I smelt his sweat as he licked my face below the blindfold. I was moving about and the handcuffs were cutting into my wrists. Hands went between my legs and they were far from gentle. I actually heard him unzipping and then he was taking me as his lips were locked to mine muffling any screams but I was far from silent as I went through a whole catalogue of moans and gasps.

He was huge inside me and my feet came off the floor. The handle of the fire extinguisher was cutting into the flesh of my behind and I was sure it must break the skin. He was able to keep it up for a very long time but then he withdrew and I slumped in my chains feeling his sticky cum all over my intimate area. I was gasping for breath and felt completely used up. I was shivering as my sweat soaked body lost temperature to the cold night air then I felt fingers fumbling behind me and the handcuffs came away from the wall and dangled from my wrists.

I heard my Daddy's voice quietly speaking my name and my body slumped against him as he walked me across the concrete and down the ramp to the Merc. He turned up the heater as we drove back to my flat but he kept me naked until he allowed me to dress as we were parked outside the flat then he walked me indoors and, of course, he stayed the night.

**Daddy's Secret**

by[Julie20](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1244252&page=submissions)©

You may remember I told you how some deep dark something within me had driven me to tie myself up whenever I had the chance and also how my Daddy had found me chained and handcuffed naked on the kitchen floor one day shortly after I turned 18 when he returned home unexpectedly. Well since that day I had been his secret slave and we often played his games together whenever my Mum and sister were safely out of the way.

We fell into a sort of routine of playing our games at certain times whenever the coast was clear but then one Friday he changed the pattern. I came home from school as usual and found him sitting in the lounge; he must have finished work early and put his car in the garage. He smiled at me as I entered the room.

"Hello Kitten, it seems we have time to play."

I just stood there feeling a little confused.

"Mum will be home any minute."

He brushed my objection aside.

"She's working on the other side of the city today and she'll be stuck in traffic till at least six."

I most certainly did not share his confidence and I told him so while, at the same time, being very aware that the rules of the game did not permit me to refuse his orders. He stared me in the face and spoke coldly.

"Take off your skirt Julie."

It was broad daylight and I was in our lounge. Hopefully the net curtains would keep me from prying eyes outside. Looking at the floor I put my hands behind me to unfasten my school skirt and let it fall to the floor leaving me in tights and white cotton knickers.

"You know the drill."

The drill referred to the special way that I had to strip for my Daddy. Normally when a girl undresses she keeps her pants on till the very last minute but when my Daddy was watching me I had to show him my pussy as quickly as possible and the rest of my clothing would then come off as I stood with my shaven cleft on show.

I kicked off my black shoes then he watched as I peeled off my tights and knickers and stood pulling my jumper up over my hair and then unbuttoning my white blouse. Finally my little bra joined the untidy heap around my feet and I was naked for his inspection. He told me to place a wooden dining chair facing the door and sit down. I was increasingly anxious and I began to plead.

"Daddy it's past 5. We don't know that Mum will be stuck in traffic."

Despite my pleas I did sit down and I saw him take his bag of equipment from behind the sofa where he had stowed it. He firmly told me that I knew what happened to girls who did not do as they were told. Actually I did not know specifically what would happen but I knew that he would exact a penalty for disobedience. He was very rough as he buckled the leather gag in my mouth and then he handcuffed my hands to the chairback and set about binding my ankles to the back legs of the chair so that I was sitting astride the chair with my pussy lips on blatant display towards the door. Whatever Daddy does he does it well and very soon I was held completely immobile. I watched as he took the carriage clock from the mantelpiece and placed it on a small table beside the door so that I could see time creeping onwards. My Mum could pull into the drive at any moment and there was no way that I could be freed and upstairs in the few minutes between her locking her car and walking into the hallway from where she would see her naked daughter through the lounge door. I knew that my sister was away for the weekend but that did not lessen my fear.

"And now we have to deal with your disobedience don't we."

I vigorously shook my head as he advanced towards me with a metal nipple clamp in his hand. His hand felt very cold as he massaged my nipple and then the cold metal was pushed into place and I made little whines into my gag as he tightened the screw. It really hurt and of course he had to clamp the other nip as well. All I could do was to just sit there trying to squirm in my bonds and breathe hard through my nose to absorb the pain.

Daddy seated himself in an armchair in my field of vision and settled down to smoke a cigar and read the newspaper. I was becoming really hot and tense as I saw the hands on the clock creep around. Perhaps Mum had phoned to say that she would be late. Yes that had to be it; Daddy knew that she was not due home for hours and he was just enjoying letting me sweat. But the trouble was that I just did not know. He was hidden behind his newspaper so he could not even see me but I could see out of the window onto the drive and I saw a figure hurrying up the drive then the doorbell rang.

Daddy put down his paper, grinned at me, and went into the hall shutting the door behind him. I heard the voice of my friend Fran telling Daddy that she needed to borrow a book that I had for homework. She was a few feet from my bound, naked self hidden only by a thin wooden door. In my imagination I saw Daddy throwing open the door.

"Hello Julie, Fran is here to see you."

When I came in from school I had left my bag in the hallway and Daddy was telling Fran that I had gone straight out again but that she was welcome to take the book from my bag. I heard the door close and saw Fran's back retreating down the drive. I struggled in my bonds and tried to grunt to my captor that he needed to release me now. If Mum saw me like this she would....well it was just not imaginable what she would do. He put his hand between my legs and gave me a quick squeeze then he returned to his newspaper.

Almost immediately I heard the car and saw it roll up the drive and park just outside the window. Daddy put down his paper and just sat grinning at me. My mind was totally freaking out now. The end of the world was about to come and he was doing nothing at all. Mum would scream and start a whole horrible chain of social workers and therapists. I was sweating as I fought against the handcuffs and ropes and I was shouting into my gag.

"Let me go...let me goo."

I watched Mum's blurred shape through the net curtains and I heard her key in the door then she was staring at me with the front door still open. For an age the scene was just frozen. Me sitting perfectly still, Mum frozen in the doorway, Daddy relaxed in his armchair.

Mum very slowly shut the front door and dropped her briefcase in the hall as she looked from me to Daddy. She was dressed in a dark two piece and a cream blouse. Her voice when it came was clearly in shock.

"What have you done?"

I wished that I could at least close my legs but it was impossible.

Daddy was perfectly calm and in control.

"Hello Darling. Come and join us."

Mum came into the room as if in a daze.

"You said...you promised you'd leave her alone."

Daddy was standing now.

"Get on your knees."

"You let her go right now..."

He stared her down as she began to let go at him.

"Pussy, are you disobeying me?"

She hesitated and I saw confusion on her face.

"Down Pussy."

My Mum sank to her knees with her eyes pleading for him not to do this.

I had no idea what was happening but you need to understand that my parents have been married for twenty years and it seemed that "Pussy" was a command word which Mum had been conditioned to obey. Of course, like any submissive, she could in theory have simply told my Dad to go and boil his head but we subs are programmed to forget that we have that freedom. For twenty years she had been taught that this one particular word meant instant obedience and her mind just could not make the huge shift needed to undo all that training. About an hour ago my Mum had been in full charge of a class of thirty sixteen year olds but now all her power had been taken away from her.

"Take off your skirt Pussy. Do it now."

She actually reached out her hands to him in the classic begging pose.

"No please don't make me, not here like this. Please I'll do anything..."

"You're just making it harder on yourself. Get on your back, flat on the floor."

I was transfixed as I watched my Mum lay flat on the carpet in her smart work clothes then Daddy repeated the command to remove her skirt and, still laying flat and staring miserably at the ceiling, she obeyed. It was very awkward to put her hands between her bum and the floor to reach the zip but she managed it with a sort of squirming motion and she dragged down her skirt to around her knees. To my amazement she was wearing stockings and black suspenders and the sort of red and black frilly knickers which I had only seen before in films about hookers.

My Mum had always been the arbiter of decency in our family making sure that her girls sat nicely and always changed under a towel on the beach and now she was playing the part of the whore under the command of her pimp. Daddy made her keep her back ramrod straight on the floor as she struggled out of her blouse revealing a little pink bra then the bra had to come off and I saw the tears running silently down her cheeks. I could not recall ever seeing Mum's boobs as she always set us an example of modesty but they were quite full and they wobbled as she had to curl her body to pull her skirt and stockings clear of her feet. She paused before removing her knickers to once again plead with Daddy to let her stop but it was useless and the ridiculous garment came off revealing a thick black bush and a clear pink slit. It is impossible to imagine a woman more totally defeated.

For years I had been annoyed at Mummy nagging me to keep myself covered up and now I understood. She had been afraid that if I showed too much of myself I may cause Daddy to turn his dominant nature towards me. She had been vainly hoping to protect me but the same submissive gene which he had uncovered in the mother had been born in the daughter and I could no more resist his commands than she could. Despite my plight and that of my Mum I was burning with jealousy that the delicious games which he played with me had been preceded by probably even more extreme games with Mummy.

Our owner ordered his naked whore onto her belly and she obeyed with her nose pressed into the carpet while he went again to his bag for handcuffs and leg shackles. He knelt over her and secured her wrists behind her then he shackled her ankles and told her to stand. Of course this was humiliatingly difficult but she obeyed and he pointed to the corner of the room.

"In the corner, nose against the wall."

She meekly shuffled into the corner. Her brief fight with him was over; she must have known from the start that it had been futile.

Now he turned his attention to me and began to free me from the chair but he quickly cuffed my hands behind me again and left the gag in place. He caressed my clamped nipples which caused the numbness to retreat and the pain to bite but he did not remove the horrible little clamps.

"I think we'll show Julie our playroom now Pussy. You lead the way."

Daddy and I walked side by side following Mum as she pushed open the door of his study and stood on the polished wooden floor just at the side of his desk. Daddy went behind the desk and took a small key from his pocket then he opened a wall cabinet and inserted the key into a concealed keyhole inside the cabinet. I watched with my mind barely still functioning as a panel slid sideways to reveal a doorway. Daddy nodded at his No 1 girl and she went through the doorway, turned sharp left and descended the stone steps with me following and Daddy bringing up the rear with his hand caressing my rear.

We found ourselves in a narrow passageway like something out of a Nancy Drew book, it was lit by one dim orange bulb and Daddy pushed open a doorway to our right and snapped on a light inside. I found myself looking into a small schoolroom with a huge teacher's desk and three school desks and chairs. On the wall were charts and a map of the world and one of those huge clocks with a loud tick. Behind the teacher's desk was a wall rack containing a selection of canes and paddles.

He snapped off the light and pushed both his girls into what I can only describe as a dungeon on the opposite side of the corridor. Once again he snapped a light switch and I took in chains hanging from the roof and shackles attached to the walls and floor. There was also a whipping post and a small cage. He pushed us towards a small open door. The door was wooden with a small barred window and the cell was about four feet square and completely bare. With three of us in the tiny space it was very cramped. He had taken the handcuff key from his pocket and he briefly freed my hands then arranged me so that I was facing my mother with my hands behind her back in a sort of hug. My mother was placed in a similar position with her hands cuffed behind my back.

But he was not done yet. He reached between us and unscrewed my left nipple clamp which had become embedded in my soft flesh so I screamed into my gag as he pulled it free. Mummy took a sharp intake of breathe as he applied the clip to her right nipple then he clicked a small chain between the two clamps and began to remove my gag leaving my face wet with my saliva.

"I am sure you girls will have a lot to talk about."

Then he was gone and we heard the bolt thrown across on the cell door. Our only light came through the barred window from the dungeon outside our cell. We kissed for a long time then, realising that we could not stand up all night, we very carefully lowered ourselves to the floor yelping as the nipple clamps bit. That night we shared our deepest thoughts about our plight but we both knew that the worst thing which he could do to us would be to free us. Perhaps the need had always been within us or perhaps he had gradually created the need but his two girls could not live entirely without his punishments.

At the word "two" my mum corrected me and reminded me that there were three desks in the school room and my sister was now just 18.

**Dark Secret**

by[Julie20](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1244252&page=submissions)©

Shortly after I turned 18 our family moved to quite a big house on Thorn Park which is an exclusive development where the properties are set at an angle to each other and screened by hedges and trees. Almost as soon as we moved in I began having the dreams.

In my dreams I would be led down a narrow passage where there was no light at all and yet I somehow knew where to go. At the end of the passage was a chamber; sometimes it would be the same chamber as before but usually it would be a different chamber each time. Whatever chamber it was it would contain huge devices which I only ever saw partially because the only light was a flickering red light of the sort cast by flames. The devices would always have huge thick timber beams and frames with leather straps to restrain my delicate limbs and sharp blades or spikes to torment me. Hot irons would be pressed against my skin or inserted...well you get the idea.

Despite suffering these tortures in my sleep I did sleep well. I think I must have been sleeping really deeply while I dreamt but I would always awake with my hand between my legs and I would have to masturbate really intensely to ease the primeval urge within me. These are not the sort of thing which an eighteen year old girl likes to discuss openly so I never did talk about them therefore I had no way of knowing if every girl experienced the same thing. Sometimes I would fear that I was afflicted with a lustful insanity and at other times I told myself that I was a normal healthy young woman.

And as time went on it was more than just dreams. My mind would fill with all sorts of ideas along the lines of "What would it be like to....?" This curiosity consumed me and the only way to get any peace was to experiment.

The first thing I did was to sleep all night with a pillowcase over my head as if I were hooded then I bound my ankles with a scarf and then I fell into the habit of gagging myself with another scarf although I don't think I ever wore my gag all night. It was frustrating that I could not tie my hands but, of course, I knew that sex shops sold handcuffs. Surely I was a nice girl; I was not the sort to go into one of those sleazy places. But the idea would not go away and really it was inevitable that one Saturday I sneaked into a shop and came away with my own silver pair of handcuffs. I put them on as soon as I was back in my bedroom and I could not wait for that night.

Sometimes my hands were cuffed behind me and other times they would be in front. I had tied the key to the connecting chain with a length of string. My experiments became more and more intense and often I would be gagged, hooded and with my ankles bound then I would lay on my belly, naked, with my hands through the wooden rails of my headboard and handcuffed in place. The sexual energy thus produced was intense but now my hands could not reach my pussy so I had to grind my belly into the mattress and press down on my breasts so that my tender nipples rubbed on the sheet beneath me.

I cannot remember when the man first appeared. Well he did not exactly appear; he was in my mind but I did not have to be asleep to see him. When I was awake he would arise out of my imagination. He was huge and towering above me dressed only in a brown monk's habit with the hood up. I kept trying to see his face but the hood always blocked my view until one night when I was strapped to one of his devilish contraptions in a dream I saw him full face. His face was a grinning white skull.

My abasement of myself continued. Some weekends I would be alone in the house all day so I was free to experiment and, on the odd occasion, my parents went away for the weekend so I would have the house to myself all night for two nights. These precious times often involved careful preparation. I would fill a washing up bowl with water and hang my handcuff key in the bowl on a string which was loosely taped to the sides of the bowl so that the key hung half way down into the water. The whole bowl then went into the bottom of the freezer where it froze solid. That night Julie lay down on the hard kitchen floor completely naked and with my ankles and knees bound. There was no key attached to my handcuffs now, the key was frozen into the ice block which was slowly melting beside me on the floor so once I had snapped my cuffs shut behind my back all I could do was to wait helplessly and dream of what would happen if we were burgled in the night.

Sometimes when I had the house to myself I would ensure that beforehand I bought one of those multi box packets of matches. The matches went into the refuse leaving me with six empty matchboxes. Into five boxes I inserted a small coin so that they rattled. My handcuff key went into the sixth box and, having blindfolded myself, I went all over the house throwing a matchbox into each of six rooms. Then my ankle bindings and handcuffs went on and I had to make an awkward tour of my home on my belly until I found the right box so that I could retrieve the key and free myself as I lay panting on the carpet.

By this time I had purchased a length of chain and two padlocks so I could restrain myself on my bedroom floor at night. My ankles were chained and my hands cuffed behind me with my ankles padlocked to the handcuffs so that I was hogtied for a very uncomfortable night on the floor. Girls in punishment and bondage are not permitted to sleep in a warm bed.

On other occasions I spent the night in the garden shed handcuffed to the lawn mower or in the garden one summer naked and manacled to the base of a tree.

Still I wondered where all this was coming from. Was it just being driven by my own perverted and depraved mind?

Things became clearer when the family decided that we wanted a pond and some contractors came into the garden with one of those small excavating machines. I arrived home from college to find that the digging machine had tumbled into a pit and all work on the pond had been stopped. Looking into the pit I clearly saw the stone walls of a chamber and part of an archway which led into blackness.

The investigations took time allowing for all the shoring and propping so that men could safely enter the pit but eventually it was revealed that we had discovered an underground complex which was probably the cellarage of an old house. There were long narrow passages and small rooms which extended from our boundary under the neighbouring properties but the investigators did not only find stone.

When they found the first skeleton it was not long before they found the next and then the next. In all seventeen young women lay in those chambers some with the rusty chains still around their bones. Some of the skeletons showed evidence of where a hand or a leg had been severed pre mortem and one of the skulls was never found.

Clothing rots away very quickly so pathologists never expect to find it but they do expect to find belt buckles, zips and buttons. In this case they found none of that; these women had all died naked.

In one of the passageways they found a collection of bones which confused them at first. It turned out that they had two skeletons here and, because the muscles and sinews had decomposed, the loose bones had become intermingled. One skeleton was a woman of about my age and the other was a large man who had an axe laying in his chest cavity. The female skeleton showed evidence of having been brutally hacked and forensic pathologists speculated that the man had been attacking her but she had somehow got free, grabbed the axe and then swung it at her attacker but she had been too weak to escape and had died beside the man possibly due to blood loss.

In another part of the cellar were two women behind metal grilles. They showed no evidence of injury to account for their deaths but if they had been locked up and then left they would have died from thirst. We shall never know whether they had been deliberately left to die or if their captor had imprisoned them and then died before he could do whatever he planned to do to them.

Local research showed that our estate was built within the grounds of Thorn Park, the mansion which stood here and whose cellars contained the charnel house. The last resident of Thorn Park was Thaddeus Gryphon who had simply vanished without trace. The rates on his property had not been paid and the house fell into dangerous decay. Gryphon had no known heirs and eventually his estate fell to the ownership of the council who sold it to the developer who built our house. Presumably the entrance to his basement of horrors was concealed to prevent anyone from finding his grisly secret so when he went down to the cellar one night to inflict more abuse on his victims he secured the door behind him and then met his end with the axehead in his chest. When the demolition contractors moved onto the site they had failed to find the cellar so it had lain there until we began to dig our pond and the old stone finally gave way tipping the digger into the pit.

So did the discovery of Gryphon's secret put an end to his night time activities in the bedrooms of modern maidens? Well I cannot really answer that question. You see this was just the time when I moved out of the house to come to university so I stopped regularly sleeping there.

**Julie Alone**

by[Julie20](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1244252&page=submissions)©

My weekend of humiliation actually began on Friday morning after reading your email telling me that I had to put myself in punishment. I left the laptop and went into my bedroom to get dressed and I took from my drawer a pair of bottle green hockey pants. I have not done any sport since leaving school but sometimes I like to make myself wear gym pants like a schoolgirl being punished by having to wear yukky school pants outside of school. So all day at work on my holiday job I looked like a poised grown up on the outside but I was very aware of my old fashioned, thick, hot knickers.

On the way home from work I stopped at a DIY store and bought two padlocks and a length of quite heavy chain which they cut to order. I had thought of saying that I wanted it to chain a ladder to a wall to prevent it from being stolen but I decided that a girl in punishment is not allowed any convenient cover stories. I just told them what I wanted and left them to think what they wanted. When I left the store I was feeling very embarrassed but could not wait to get home to begin my task.

I came into the flat and it began. I just dropped my bag in the hall and began to strip just inside the front door. Everything came off including those awful pants and was strewn around the hall. When I was pink and naked I picked up my rattley bag from the DIY store and went to my bedroom. By this time I really wanted to ease the tension between my legs but decided to leave it. I opened the wardrobe and took out my bondage bag.

Sitting on the bed I looped chain around each ankle and padlocked it so that I had about two feet of chain between my feet. Next I applied a scarf as a gag tying it as tightly as I could so that my face was distorted and quite uncomfortable. I almost chickened out of the next bit but I made myself cuff my hands behind me. It was going to be a very long evening and the gag would rule out any food or drink. Bad girls who have to be punished do not get given meals.

Of course now getting my hands to my poor tingly pussy was impossible so I fell to my bedroom carpet and tried grinding my front into the floor which involved a lot of grunting and groaning. Can you imagine how I looked debasing my naked self while my open bondage bag was on the bed and my hall was a mess of discarded clothing?

My mouth was sticky with dribble and my nose was full of the scent of dust. My hair was dishevelled and I was hot and panting. As usual this session ended with me rolling onto my back and just laying there floating on endorphins.

I eventually shuffled to the hall and painfully slowly picked up my clothing and conveyed it to the bedroom or the laundry basket. Of course this was very awkward with my hands still locked behind my back.

There is not much to write about the rest of Friday evening. I did become quite thirsty and I spent the time on my lounge floor either watching television or pressing my pubis into the rug.

At around 9pm I gave myself special permission to remove the gag although my hands were still manacled. The gag had come loose and a bit of struggling pulled it clear of my mouth where the material hung damply around my neck. I went to the kitchen avoiding the window and poured myself a glass of water. I had to position the glass in the sink and then turn on the tap so that it half filled the glass. This process took a long time of standing with my back to the sink.

When I drank the water (by putting the glass on the worktop and bending down to it) it felt so lovely and fresh and cool. Now I was ready for bed. I made my way to the loo to relieve myself and was just able to bend backwards sufficiently to reach my hands underneath to dry myself. I imagined you standing watching me with a look of contempt on your face.

I had been thinking about how I would spend the night and, having fixed on a plan, I sat on the bed to unlock my handcuffs. My poor wrists had deep red wheals but I could not spend any time resting. I freed my ankles then took my thick duvet and dropped it on the kitchen floor then I took a blanket from the airing cupboard. The chain which had been around my ankles was looped around one wheel of the washing machine and padlocked in place leaving the other end snaking across the hard floor. This free end of chain was padlocked to the chain of my handcuffs. The key to one of the padlocks, I did not check which one, was tied on a piece of string so that it hung down from the handle of a kitchen drawer. I put myself on top of the duvet to give myself a little meagre comfort and pulled the blanket around me then, sitting up, I used the scarf to bind my ankles and dragged a pillowcase over my head. The final act was to lie on my side and feel for the handcuffs which were lying on the floor. Once they were snapped in place poor little Julie was secured for the night. The handcuff key was in the bedroom so to free myself I would have to feel around for the dangling key to the padlock so that I could unlock the chain which secured me to the washing machine. That would involve some trial and error and I did not know whether the key would turn in the padlock between my hands or the one on the floor where the chain was looped around the wheel.

What can I tell you about Friday night? Have you ever thought what a noisy place a kitchen is? All night the freezer was cutting in and out and making little burbling sounds and a duvet does not really do good duty as a mattress. My chained hands meant that I could never fully pull the blanket over myself and finding a comfortable position was difficult. I honestly cannot tell you whether I slept; I may have dozed a bit. I fantasised about further adventures like driving to the New Forest and handcuffing myself to a tree or going to a multi storey car park in the city and stripping myself on the cold hard concrete. But you have to remember that I had not eaten since lunch so my blood sugar was very low and so was my concentration therefore driving would have been quite dangerous.

The night was very long and very uncomfortable and I asked myself why I was subjecting myself to this but I knew that if I just gave in I would feel a failure and would not know how to explain myself to you. Of course lying to you was never an option; you would be bound to catch me out in some inconsistency and I could not bear that.

My kitchen is quite small so I was in a narrow space between the freezer and the washing machine and I could not see the clock even if I were not hooded by a pillowcase. Eventually, in the bone aching silence I decided that I had probably been punished enough for this stage of my ordeal so I began the process of getting free. This took some time as I had to wriggle around, still entangled in the duvet and blanket, so that my back was to the worktops and I could feel for the dangling key. I was pretty dopy and disorientated by this time so it took a long time before I felt the key in my fingers then I had to manipulate it towards the padlock which was attached to the chain of my handcuffs. This operation involved much twisting of my hands but eventually the key was in the lock -- and it refused to turn.

So now I knew that I had been wasting my time and the key fitted the padlock attached to the other end of the chain around the wheel of the washing machine. I shuffled around on my bottom and felt the heavy padlock in my hands then I had to manoeuvre the key into place and I cannot describe the feeling of bliss as it turned and the padlock fell open. I sat there for a moment enjoying the freedom although, of course, I was still handcuffed and hooded with my ankles tied but I was free to move from my kitchen prison now that I was no longer chained to a heavy washing machine.

This flat is quite small so I can find my way around without needing to use my eyes. I made my way down the hall to the bedroom like a crab moving sideways and shifting my weight back and forth between my cuffed hands and my bound feet. By rubbing my head on the carpet I was able to drag off the pillowcase. The luminous bedside clock showed 2.55 as I stood up and then fell backwards onto the bed before a lot of shuffling around got me under the bedsheet with my head on the pillow.

All that exercise was tiring and I soon slept. I awoke, aching everywhere, at just before 6am and spent the next two hours drifting in and out of sleep and pushing my belly into the mattress like a naughty schoolgirl trying to relieve her primeval pressures with the attendant perspiration and very feminine odour and wetness.

As it was now Saturday I had to get myself to Sainsbury's but I knew you would expect the punishment to continue. With some effort I left the bed so that I was sitting on the carpet. Where was the handcuff key?

Last night I had put it on the bed but I had spent a night in the bed so the key could be anywhere. Morning light was filtering through the thin curtains as a naked girl shuffled around on the floor desperate to find the precious key. You would not believe how long that took and by now I needed the loo. I freed my hands and quickly untied the scarf from my ankles then ran to the loo.

I did not wash or clean my teeth but I went, still nude, to the kitchen where I drank some orange juice and ate a banana. By this time I had a plan for the rest of the day and I returned to the bedroom.

As you know I am not tall and I am not at all generous in the boob department so I can easily pass for about fourteen without any makeup. I tied my hair in two bunches and took a cream cotton summer dress from the wardrobe. Once the thin, short garment was in place I put on some cheap, flat, black shoes before scooping up my shopping bags and leaving the flat. The morning air was distinctly chilly to a young girl with no underwear and bare legs and the cotton dress rubbed my little nips with every movement. Of course driving a car did not quite fit with my young image but it was necessary.

At Sainsbury's I was very careful how I got out of the car. The dress was very short. Once again I was shivering as I walked across the car park and I am sure my nips were very obviously showing through the cotton. As I moved around the store I felt as if everyone was looking at me and I deliberately picked on a young male assistant and, shyly, asked him where to find the strawberry jam. He was definitely enjoying a nice eyeful as he answered my question. Several items were either on the top shelf or at the back of the freezer and I just cannot be certain if anyone actually saw my bare bum as I reached. The uncertainty is part of the naughty thrill.

As soon as I was back in the flat the dress was discarded onto the floor and, slipping out of my shoes, I ran naked to the bedroom where my handcuffs were snapped in place with my hands in front. Then I had to put away my groceries. I have net curtains in the lounge and bedroom but there are no nets in the kitchen so, if anyone happened to be looking, they may well have seen a glimpse of naked Julie as I moved around my cupboards.

As usual, after putting away shopping I slumped on the sofa to rest. Of course I was now feeling quite below par after my uncomfortable night and I knew that I was facing a whole day indoors naked and handcuffed. I imagined myself appealing to you to relent and I heard your reply, "You know that you are grounded for the rest of the day so don't ask again." It made me think of my dad; at home Mummy was usually in charge of discipline but if Daddy told me off that was really serious and just a word from him could make me run to my room and lay face down on the bed feeling a very naughty girl.

I am going to email this to you now and I am hoping that you might feel able to let me off for tomorrow. I promise I will be a really good girl.

**Julie Bound**

by[Julie20](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1244252&page=submissions)©

My weekend of humiliation actually began on Friday morning after reading your email telling me that I had to put myself in punishment. I left the laptop and went into my bedroom to get dressed and I took from my drawer a pair of bottle green hockey pants. I have not done any sport since leaving school but sometimes I like to make myself wear gym pants like a schoolgirl being punished by having to wear yukky school pants outside of school. So all day at work on my holiday job I looked like a poised grown up on the outside but I was very aware of my old fashioned, thick, hot knickers.

On the way home from work I stopped at a DIY store and bought two padlocks and a length of quite heavy chain which they cut to order. I had thought of saying that I wanted it to chain a ladder to a wall to prevent it from being stolen but I decided that a girl in punishment is not allowed any convenient cover stories. I just told them what I wanted and left them to think what they wanted. When I left the store I was feeling very embarrassed but could not wait to get home to begin my task.

I came into the flat and it began. I just dropped my bag in the hall and began to strip just inside the front door. Everything came off including those awful pants and was strewn around the hall. When I was pink and naked I picked up my rattley bag from the DIY store and went to my bedroom. By this time I really wanted to ease the tension between my legs but decided to leave it. I opened the wardrobe and took out my bondage bag.

Sitting on the bed I looped chain around each ankle and padlocked it so that I had about two feet of chain between my feet. Next I applied a scarf as a gag tying it as tightly as I could so that my face was distorted and quite uncomfortable. I almost chickened out of the next bit but I made myself cuff my hands behind me. It was going to be a very long evening and the gag would rule out any food or drink. Bad girls who have to be punished do not get given meals.

Of course now getting my hands to my poor tingly pussy was impossible so I fell to my bedroom carpet and tried grinding my front into the floor which involved a lot of grunting and groaning. Can you imagine how I looked debasing my naked self while my open bondage bag was on the bed and my hall was a mess of discarded clothing?

My mouth was sticky with dribble and my nose was full of the scent of dust. My hair was dishevelled and I was hot and panting. As usual this session ended with me rolling onto my back and just laying there floating on endorphins.

I eventually shuffled to the hall and painfully slowly picked up my clothing and conveyed it to the bedroom or the laundry basket. Of course this was very awkward with my hands still locked behind my back.

There is not much to write about the rest of Friday evening. I did become quite thirsty and I spent the time on my lounge floor either watching television or pressing my pubis into the rug.

At around 9pm I gave myself special permission to remove the gag although my hands were still manacled. The gag had come loose and a bit of struggling pulled it clear of my mouth where the material hung damply around my neck. I went to the kitchen avoiding the window and poured myself a glass of water. I had to position the glass in the sink and then turn on the tap so that it half filled the glass. This process took a long time of standing with my back to the sink.

When I drank the water (by putting the glass on the worktop and bending down to it) it felt so lovely and fresh and cool. Now I was ready for bed. I made my way to the loo to relieve myself and was just able to bend backwards sufficiently to reach my hands underneath to dry myself. I imagined you standing watching me with a look of contempt on your face.

I had been thinking about how I would spend the night and, having fixed on a plan, I sat on the bed to unlock my handcuffs. My poor wrists had deep red wheals but I could not spend any time resting. I freed my ankles then took my thick duvet and dropped it on the kitchen floor then I took a blanket from the airing cupboard. The chain which had been around my ankles was looped around one wheel of the washing machine and padlocked in place leaving the other end snaking across the hard floor. This free end of chain was padlocked to the chain of my handcuffs. The key to one of the padlocks, I did not check which one, was tied on a piece of string so that it hung down from the handle of a kitchen drawer. I put myself on top of the duvet to give myself a little meagre comfort and pulled the blanket around me then, sitting up, I used the scarf to bind my ankles and dragged a pillowcase over my head. The final act was to lie on my side and feel for the handcuffs which were lying on the floor. Once they were snapped in place poor little Julie was secured for the night. The handcuff key was in the bedroom so to free myself I would have to feel around for the dangling key to the padlock so that I could unlock the chain which secured me to the washing machine. That would involve some trial and error and I did not know whether the key would turn in the padlock between my hands or the one on the floor where the chain was looped around the wheel.

What can I tell you about Friday night? Have you ever thought what a noisy place a kitchen is? All night the freezer was cutting in and out and making little burbling sounds and a duvet does not really do good duty as a mattress. My chained hands meant that I could never fully pull the blanket over myself and finding a comfortable position was difficult. I honestly cannot tell you whether I slept; I may have dozed a bit. I fantasised about further adventures like driving to the New Forest and handcuffing myself to a tree or going to a multi storey car park in the city and stripping myself on the cold hard concrete. But you have to remember that I had not eaten since lunch so my blood sugar was very low and so was my concentration therefore driving would have been quite dangerous.

The night was very long and very uncomfortable and I asked myself why I was subjecting myself to this but I knew that if I just gave in I would feel a failure and would not know how to explain myself to you. Of course lying to you was never an option; you would be bound to catch me out in some inconsistency and I could not bear that.

My kitchen is quite small so I was in a narrow space between the freezer and the washing machine and I could not see the clock even if I were not hooded by a pillowcase. Eventually, in the bone aching silence I decided that I had probably been punished enough for this stage of my ordeal so I began the process of getting free. This took some time as I had to wriggle around, still entangled in the duvet and blanket, so that my back was to the worktops and I could feel for the dangling key. I was pretty dopy and disorientated by this time so it took a long time before I felt the key in my fingers then I had to manipulate it towards the padlock which was attached to the chain of my handcuffs. This operation involved much twisting of my hands but eventually the key was in the lock – and it refused to turn.

So now I knew that I had been wasting my time and the key fitted the padlock attached to the other end of the chain around the wheel of the washing machine. I shuffled around on my bottom and felt the heavy padlock in my hands then I had to manoeuvre the key into place and I cannot describe the feeling of bliss as it turned and the padlock fell open. I sat there for a moment enjoying the freedom although, of course, I was still handcuffed and hooded with my ankles tied but I was free to move from my kitchen prison now that I was no longer chained to a heavy washing machine.

This flat is quite small so I can find my way around without needing to use my eyes. I made my way down the hall to the bedroom like a crab moving sideways and shifting my weight back and forth between my cuffed hands and my bound feet. By rubbing my head on the carpet I was able to drag off the pillowcase. The luminous bedside clock showed 2.55 as I stood up and then fell backwards onto the bed before a lot of shuffling around got me under the bedsheet with my head on the pillow.

All that exercise was tiring and I soon slept. I awoke, aching everywhere, at just before 6am and spent the next two hours drifting in and out of sleep and pushing my belly into the mattress like a naughty schoolgirl trying to relieve her primeval pressures with the attendant perspiration and very feminine odour and wetness.

As it was now Saturday I had to get myself to Sainsbury's but I knew you would expect the punishment to continue. With some effort I left the bed so that I was sitting on the carpet. Where was the handcuff key?

Last night I had put it on the bed but I had spent a night in the bed so the key could be anywhere. Morning light was filtering through the thin curtains as a naked girl shuffled around on the floor desperate to find the precious key. You would not believe how long that took and by now I needed the loo. I freed my hands and quickly untied the scarf from my ankles then ran to the loo.

I did not wash or clean my teeth but I went, still nude, to the kitchen where I drank some orange juice and ate a banana. By this time I had a plan for the rest of the day and I returned to the bedroom.

I tied my hair in two bunches and took a cream cotton summer dress from the wardrobe. Once the thin, short garment was in place I put on some cheap, flat, black shoes before scooping up my shopping bags and leaving the flat. The morning air was distinctly chilly to a young girl with no underwear and bare legs and the cotton dress rubbed my little nips with every movement.

At Sainsbury's I was very careful how I got out of the car. The dress was very short. Once again I was shivering as I walked across the car park and I am sure my nips were very obviously showing through the cotton. As I moved around the store I felt as if everyone was looking at me and I deliberately picked on a young male assistant and, shyly, asked him where to find the strawberry jam. He was definitely enjoying a nice eyeful as he answered my question. Several items were either on the top shelf or at the back of the freezer and I just cannot be certain if anyone actually saw my bare bum as I reached. The uncertainty is part of the naughty thrill.

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As usual, after putting away shopping I slumped on the sofa to rest. Of course I was now feeling quite below par after my uncomfortable night and I knew that I was facing a whole day indoors naked and handcuffed. I imagined myself appealing to you to relent and I heard your reply, "You know that you are grounded for the rest of the day so don't ask again." It made me think of my dad; at home Mummy was usually in charge of discipline but if Daddy told me off that was really serious and just a word from him could make me run to my room and lay face down on the bed feeling a very naughty girl.

I am going to email this to you now and I am hoping that you might feel able to let me off for tomorrow. I promise I will be a really good girl.

**Julie's Christmas Tasks**

by[Julie20](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1244252&page=submissions)©

Even when I am away from Professor Doyle he keeps me on a tight leash so when I went home for Christmas he set me a list of tasks to perform during the holiday and he set them out in an email. I was not at all happy when, after Christmas, he said that I had to copy my reports of my tasks onto Lit for all to see. I did write an email to him pleading with him not to make me tell everyone what I had been doing but I never sent it to him as I know that trying to disobey him always leads to painful and humiliating punishment so here are the emails for you to see. I hope you enjoy reading how he made me humiliate myself and violate my family's trust for his amusement and for yours.

To Julie:

You must not imagine that when you go home for Christmas you are out of my reach. You will have a number of tasks which you must perform and be warned failure will lead to a penalty which you most definitely will not like. I am setting out your tasks here and make sure you read this mail very carefully as each task must be completed to the letter.

Task One

You will send me regular reports on how you are completing your tasks. These must be detailed, complete and accurate.

Task Two

Over the Christmas period your reading matter will be The Story of O which I have already given you. It is a classic of control and submission and I expect you to ensure that you learn from it.

Task Three

At no time during the holiday will you sleep with any clothing below your waist. This is to ensure that you remember that girls like you are entitled to no privacy at all so that even when you are alone in your bed you are under my control.

Task Four

At some point in the holiday you will have a masturbation session with your leg over the arm of the sofa. This session must be prolonged and wanton and you will write a report setting out not merely what happened but also every detail of the naughty thoughts which you had while completing the task.

Task Five

At some point you will conduct yourself in such a way as to cause your mother to utter her catchphrase, "Cover yourself up Julie."

Task Six

You will obtain a pair of your sister's knickers. You will ensure that you choose a pair which she has recently worn and, of course, they will not have been laundered. You will then use this garment for masturbation.

As you complete all these tasks you will remember that you are totally under my control, you are allowed no consideration, no rights and certainly no appeal. Your only two choices are to humiliate yourself to my orders or face a very painful and even more humiliating punishment.

To Doyle:

Task One

I arrived home at around 7pm and am now set up on my Dad's wireless LAN so I will not be using his PC. If the wireless had not worked I would have had to use the excuse of having college work to do and asked to use his PC. That would have made me feel even dirtier that I was using his computer to betray his trust and give a stranger the intimate happenings inside our family home. At present I am sitting in the lounge with my laptop on my lap and the family sitting around me. I have told them I have a shedload of stuff to do for college. How do you imagine I feel about having to type this mail while my sister, my Dad and my Mum are sitting so close watching The Royal Variety Performance? Sister Gemma is curled up in the chair next to me with her legs pulled up underneath her. She is wearing figure hugging black slacks and a floppy green jumper. Her socks are white with red stripes (just so you can picture the scene). What would they think if they knew that I am sitting among them giving an account of our private family Christmas to someone they have never met and what kind of girl would do that to her family? I am burning with shame as I obey your instructions.

To Doyle:

Task One. Another routine report.

This is my second report from deep inside Julie's family home. Actually I am in my old room sitting up in bed naked with my laptop which is using Daddy's wireless network.

I arrived here just after 7pm as I told you in my last mail and we all had dinner together just like the old days. I have read some of the Story of O and will, of course, read it during the holiday. I like the opening where O prepares for her ordeal and makes her way into the house. I have also read some of what happened to her inside. Of course my knickers had to come down while I was reading this and I was able to produce a lovely orgasm made all the better by having to keep the noise right down. It has been some time since I had the restriction (or is it an extra stimulus?) of knowing that Mum and Daddy were in bed just the other side of the wall.

Of course I was back to rubbing my hands over lovely girlish smooth flesh after I shaved back at home before setting out. I have rubbed the appropriate secretions on my boobs after pushing my bra up so that the cups were somewhere under my chin but above their normal position. Can you imagine what I looked like with my jeans and top on the floor beside the bed, my bra in disarray and my knickers around my wide open knees as my hair was all over the pillow and my face was scarlet and hot?

When I packed my bag to come here I put a print of your email inside and, after the above session I read it once again. The way that your long arm is able to control me at so great a distance set my pussy tingling all over again and I immediately stripped completely without leaving the bed and threw my remaining clothing to the floor before getting under the covers nude on my belly. My head dug into the pillow, my bum pushed the covers up into a sort of tent and my fingers found my pussy in the dark just like an 18 year old Girl Guide at camp in the dark tent trying not to be heard by the girls sleeping around her. I pleasured myself with an image of my old Guide leader in my mind as she tried to deal with the situation.

"This is really too bad Julie. What would we say to your mum if we had to send you home from camp?" (No that never happened but I have to tell my professor the fantasies which come into my mind at these times.)

Before I finally try to sleep I will tell you my plans.

I want to read some more of O tomorrow morning (I mean later this morning) before leaving this room. I intend for task four to happen in the small hours of one morning downstairs. Task five will probably involve running from my room to the loo in my knickers and nothing else. If I do it in the morning the house will be busy with folk getting organised for breakfast. I don't quite see how I can arrange to be caught by Mum but I will think of something. I intend to leave the theft of Gemma's underwear until soon before I go home as I don't want to be here if and when she misses them but I am hoping that she will not notice her loss.

Tonight I am naked and thinking of you. Perhaps you might think of me.

To Doyle:

Task Four

This mail is being sent as I sit up in bed Sunday morning.

I went to bed last night and did my compulsory reading of The Story of O (like a little girl who has to do some of her reading book every night), wearing only my pyjama top. This is more tingly that wearing a nightie as obviously a pyjama top is meant to be worn with the bottoms so I was being made to leave something off. I am not even allowed the freedom to wear what I like in bed.

I am normally able to wake up in the night if I intend to do so just like some people can plan what time they will awaken in the morning. And so it was that I was awake in the dark at just before 3am. I listened for any sound, took a deep breath and removed my pyjama top then I left my warm bed. Of course the house is unheated at this time. The addition which I had made to this task is that I have to make my way downstairs to the lounge completely nude. If I am discovered I will have no robe to grab for, not even a towel. I will just have to stand there and nervously say "Oh Hello."

I eased open the bedroom door and left it ajar then I felt my way downstairs. As my eyes adjusted I found that it was not pitch black and I could find my way. I went through the hallway and into the lounge. I had to open the lounge door and decided not to close it behind me. I pulled back the curtain just a little which let in some moonlight then I looked at the arm of the sofa. Well here goes. I was a little cold which is not the ideal condition for what I had to do but I sat on the seat of the sofa and slung my right leg over the arm. One hand went to my breast and the other began to rub between my legs with the pressure building steadily. Of course every sense, especially hearing, was working at full alert. My leg began to twitch as my hand rubbed that small, very sensitive little spot. My internal muscles began to clench and I moistened. Now the tip of a finger began to enter and leave the aperture, I deliberately delayed ramming it straight in which is what I wanted to do.

I was imagining myself standing before a panel of Professor Burbidge and Ray Doyle while you gave your evidence. I know that you have the power to condemn me or to release me. What will you say? One word from you and I know those thick leather straps will be bound around my arms and I will be loaded into the back of that van to be taken away to the place where bad girls go.

My fingers were inside now and my head was going back. I could not suppress little moans; would the sound carry upstairs? By now it was no longer possible to listen for the tread on the stair and then my passions released and I slumped back on the sofa exhausted and smelling the rank smell of hot Julie. My fingers were soaked so I wiped them on my nipples and then sucked them clean tasting the salt in my mouth.

The task was completed and I so hoped I had satisfied Professor Doyle but, of course, I can never tell. I still had to get back upstairs without being detected. I would not meet Mum or Dad going to the loo as they have an en suite. Closing the lounge door without making a click was nerve wracking then I crept upstairs and along the landing. I made it into my room with a mixture of relief and disappointment and climbed into bed dragging the covers over my naked body.

To Doyle:

Task Five

I had been unsure how I would complete this task. I had a vague plan of running from the loo back to my room wearing nothing at all but it would have needed precise timing to ensure that I met my mum on the landing. Actually I think the reality turned out better than the plan. After my disturbed night it was predictable that I would not be awake very early this morning and I had a deadline as the family had to be ready for church. As I made my way to the bathroom in just my robe a plan popped into my mind.

I had a lovely shower and washed my hair then I tied a large beige bath towel around my waist and a pink bath towel just above my little boobs. Wearing NOTHING at all apart from two towels I made my way downstairs where my family were at breakfast. I apologised for being a bit late and said that I thought I had better get downstairs quickly for breakfast then I would dress afterwards.

I think I detected a slight disapproval in the maternal eye but nothing was said. This was not a problem as I had only completed phase one of my plan. Phase two revolved around the fact that I had not fastened my top towel as carefully as the bottom one. The bottom towel was not likely to slip down as it was around my slim waist and supported by my pelvis. The top towel depended upon my boobs to keep it up and two fried eggs do not really offer much support.

As I sat at the table I felt the towel slip and I resisted the natural impulse to grab for it. I reached across the table for the marmalade and the towel gave up the struggle. It simply slipped away and I was seated at table with my boobs on full display. Gemma's hand went to her mouth and my mum uttered a shocked "Julie!"

My dad remained silent but could not disguise a grin. As I grabbed for my towel and retied it Gemma recovered her voice.

"I shouldn't worry. There's nothing much to see."

Mum then completed the task for me.

"Go upstairs Julie and put something on."

I have to tell you that I felt genuinely embarrassed as I left the kitchen. I think the embarrassment came mostly from being sent from the room like a naughty schoolgirl.

In the bathroom I put on my robe making sure to pull it fully closed at the top then I went back to breakfast. Later on at church my minister said that he did not see nearly enough of me these days.

To Julie:

To my vain, self satisfied little whore.

I have not deigned to answer your mails up to now as, of course, it is my choice whether I reply to you or not. The tone of your mails has a very unwelcome complacency which will not do. How dare you attempt Task Four in the middle of the night when there is not the remotest risk of discovery? Do it again and this time get it right. My patience is very short as your tender buttocks may discover very soon.

To Doyle:

Second Attempt Task Four

When I first saw that I would have to repeat this task I was horror struck but then I remembered that I had added something to the task when I attempted it last time. When I crept downstairs that night I was naked but the task as you originally wrote it did not call for that and this made it at least possible. I decided that I would wear a skirt or dress for the rest of the holiday in case I suddenly had a chance to perform my task.

Ever since reading your mail I have been on tenterhooks – would I get a chance to perform the task or would I have to confess to you my failure?

Well then an idea came to me which enabled me to push events in my favour and, I hope, give Professor Doyle some sexual tension and drama to enjoy. Nothing much is happening this evening except for Gemma who is still over at Pete's home. So I used the opportunity of a quiet time at home and I asked Daddy if I could use the seclusion of his study to write an essay on my laptop. Your task only stipulated that I use the arm of a sofa and it did not specify that the said piece of furniture be the one in the lounge. Daddy has an old two seat sofa in his study so in I went and, to give the task extra zest, I left the door ajar.

So there I was in that small room which is decorated in a masculine deep red and brown. Against one wall is Daddy's desk with his PC and along another wall is the sofa which is at right angles to the wall which has the door in it. Through the net curtains over the desk I could see the lights of the road. I had my laptop switched on and placed on the seat of the sofa beside me as I slung one leg over the arm. But I felt very vulnerable; my parents were in their slippers, would I hear if one of them approached? I wanted something to buy me an extra second of warning so I left the sofa and wheeled Daddy's black office chair in front of the door. It would not prevent the door from opening but the door pushing the chair may just give me an extra second to recover my decency. The door was still slightly ajar.

Then it was back to the sofa and my right hand went up my skirt with my fingers pulling aside my knickers so that I could reach my cleft. I could hear Moonlight Sonata coming from the lounge where Daddy was relaxing and Mum was sitting with him writing up her 2011 calendar.

Of course in cold weather it is natural for a lady to warm her hands in her muff and I did just that. I did not give myself any gentle build up but rubbed quite hard against my G spot the way that an impatient man would (assuming he knew what a G spot is). My head went back and my fingers pressed into my slit again being quite rough as they pulled against the flesh around my vagina. Those fingers were now moving in and out and squeezing my clitty hard, of course my hand was now slick with my juice and my legs were as wide apart as they would go.

My vivid, if not lurid, imagination conjured up a brutal man who was pressing his rough hands into me. I had to keep the noise to a minimum but I could not suppress the groans at the back of my throat. In my mind I was begging him to stop.

"Please. You're hurting me."

He put one huge hand around my throat just hard enough to constrict my breathing and scare me then he began to grope my boobs while his other hand was still squeezing the soft flesh around my pussy and ramming those fat fingers right into my most private area. Of course I could not keep my legs still and they were thrashing about. His hands were everywhere to make the point that he could do whatever he liked to me and I was powerless. Despite trying to resist my attacker my body betrayed me and a huge climax broke forth as I completely humiliated myself under his leering gaze.

I was left lying back on the sofa with one leg still over the arm. I was completely spent and my knickers were soaked and uncomfortable as they were scrunched up in the narrow space between my leg and my puffy, wet labia. For a time I just lay there getting my breath back and, once again aware of Moonlight Sonata which had earlier faded out of my consciousness. My attacker had fled with dark promises that we would meet again.

In time I pulled myself together and logged into webmail to write the report of my humiliation for Professor Doyle.

There is one more element to this task which I did not mention above as it would have disturbed the flow of narrative. When I was part way through writing this mail the door swung open pushing the office chair out of the way and Daddy came in carrying a cup of coffee for me. I smiled and thanked him and said I should not be much longer.

If he had been just seven minutes earlier..........

Still feeling tingly and wondering what my anonymous attacker will do the next time that he has me in his power.

To Doyle:

Task One

I don't really have anything to write about but you said you liked my morning reports so I thought I would write. I am sitting up in bed in my pink pyjama top; I did not wear the bottoms as of course that is not allowed. You can imagine what I look like with my hair all over the place as I have just woken up and my small, almost adolescent, boobs gently pushing against the cotton material. My nips are very much in evidence.

As I write I pull back the covers so that you can see my nakedness below the waist. My legs are slightly parted so you can see the pure white flesh with that little enticing slit between. I blush a little and avert my eyes to avoid your gaze. I know that you have a slight smile on your face at the knowledge that you can do whatever you like to this neat little body.

You ask if I touched myself in the night and I whisper that I did "a bit" but only when I was on my front like you said. You tell me to turn over which I do and you see my bum. My nips feel a bit tender as they are now pressing down into the mattress; my hands are beside me palms upwards. You push my pyjama top up so you can see and feel the sweep of my back and you pull my hair up so you can run your fingers up the back of my neck then your hands both run all the way down my back to my buttocks. Suddenly I feel your right hand lift away and I brace myself for what I know is coming.

The slap lands hard on the centre of my right buttock and I utter an "AAgh." The spanking continues on both cheeks and I begin to squirm but I stay face down. My poor bottom is now very sore and I know the whole household can hear the sound of your slaps and my increasingly loud responses. I am turning my lip inwards and can feel myself dribbling. I push my head into the pillow. Still the spanks rain down with you using all your strength.

And then it is over. You sit back and observe the small, quivering little heap that is Julie.

"What do you say Julie?"

"Thank you Sir."

"Very good Julie. Now I want you to spend today naked so you won't be able to go out. Take off your pyjama top and go downstairs to breakfast."

I stand unsteadily beside the bed.

"But Sir, Gemma will laugh at me."

You are not at all pleased at my objecting.

"That is the whole point Julie. You know you are not allowed to question me like that. When you go downstairs you are to ask your mum to smack your sore bottom with the hairbrush."

"Yes Sir, I'm sorry Sir."

And the naked, punished girl makes her way downstairs thinking of the back of that hairbrush on her already very sore, red bottom.

To Doyle:

Task Six

I am due to go home to my flat tomorrow so just now when I was in the bathroom I went through the laundry basket. This was such a simple matter but deeply humiliating as your task has reduced me to a little sneak thief doing something normally reserved for men in grubby raincoats. My sister seems to like thongs and the first one which I found was in shocking pink with roughed trimming. I felt sure that Gemma would miss this item so I temporarily left it on the floor while I inspected the next item. This was pale blue satin trimmed in black and very sexy; I wonder how familiar Pete is with this item. I rejected the blue thong for the same reason as the first one and selected a simple thong in deep purple then I put all the laundry back in the bin putting my selected item in the pocket of my robe.

Back in my room I stripped naked then slipped on my sister's used thong. I found this particularly disgusting but I made myself do it. As you can imagine the thong has a distinct smell of musk to it. Once attired in Gemma's intimate garment I lay belly down on the carpet with my hands under my pussy as I sometimes did when I lived at home.

My hands were pressing into myself as I began to grind into the floor with the smell of carpet filling my nostrils and the taste of dust in my mouth. My bum was going up and down and I tried to imagine what I would look like to anyone who happened to open the bedroom door at this moment. Of course my pussy muscles were clenching and unclenching and my breathing was becoming laboured but still my efforts continued and now two fingers were invading my moist slit and pressing against the soft damp flesh with all its very sensitive and active nerve endings.

When I masturbate my imagination always goes into overdrive and I imagined men in white coats loading me, half naked as I was, into the back of their van to be taken to The Enclosure. Once there I found myself in a white tiled room smelling of disinfectant under bright lights which showed up every fold of flesh. I was in a world of jangling keys and crashing cell doors where my hair would be brutally cropped landing in a heap on the floor. Rough hands groped at my flesh as they forced me along cold passages towards my fate.

Eventually the dam broke and I fell limp, still on my belly, totally spent.

It was some time before I even had the energy to get myself into bed where I lay desperately hoping that Professor Doyle would be satisfied with my humiliation of myself. I know from past experience that you will not give me the answer to that quickly; you will leave me to stew knowing that with every day that passes I become more tense and unable to think straight.

Please don't send me away to the place that bad girls go. I will be a good girl for you. I will honest.