**Sandhills Spree**by Annabelle

**Part 1**

I stood out in the open, grass poking through the gaps between my toes. On my back, I could feel the warmth of the evening sun soaking through to my bones, the heat temporarily relieved by the occasional breeze. The warm smells from the pot bubbling close by wafted through the air.

I carefully finished slicing the raw jalapeno pepper I was holding, doing it through touch with only the briefest of glances. I'd gotten quite good at working with a knife over the last few days, and have surprised even myself with what I can do with it. Chopping vegetables, peeling them, cutting meat.... none of it is very complicated really, something that can be done with one hand tied behind your back, or in my case... both!

Setting the knife down where I know I could reach it again, I carefully scooped up the sliced jalapeno in one hand, tugging at the padded steel cuffs that hold my wrists together just a couple of inches apart, and step over to the slow bubbling pot and dump them in. It is only a few steps from one spot to another, but even this short distance reminds me of who I am now, or at least who I could be in another life.

A naked, chained Settlement Girl, just like the ones in Graham's fantastic stories.

Of course at home I just played at being a Settlement Girl, although I tried to make it as real as I could. I got the bondage right, the 16 inch hobble chain connecting my ankles, the cuffs on my wrists, the metal collar about my neck, and the two meter chain connected to a ring that was threaded on my own version of the Settlement's girl rails.

I learned how to sleep like that, eat like that, and when I was lucky even to spend days like that. But it was still all play, the keys were never really out of my control. But it was enough for me, at the time anyway.

At least I thought so.

I was even encouraged to write about my experiences, and my poor efforts even earned me some fan mail!

Which is kinda what brought me here, to the Sandhills of Nebraska, and the annual festival known as the 'Sandhills Spree', a Mid-Western version of 'Burning Man'. A place where for a week, anyone can be anyone they choose and most social conventions are relaxed, as long as no one gets hurt. At the Spree, no one cares if you want to dress up like a giant pink bunny, or make art out of toilet paper rolls, or make music out of frogs...or, in my case, spend the entire week naked and chained, making pot after pot of chili!

No one cares!

Especially about the nudity, of which there is a lot, considering this is Nebraska in the summer and this is an outdoor event.

That I wasn't the only one naked certainly helped my nerves when I first came here, and I wasn't even the only one naked and cuffed! I was told that 30,000 people attend the Spree, so I knew there had to be a few of us. But it was still... strange.

But then I was told what to expect when I was first told about this place.

Like I said earlier, I had been getting some fan mail because of the writing I had been doing for the Writings of Leviticus site, and one of the men I had been exchanging emails with was called Jason. A nice man, curious about my experiences, and with a certain knowledge of the lifestyle that intrigued me too.

And then came that *special* email.

*Dear Annabelle,*

*Now that we've exchanged some email and know each other a bit I'd like to make you an offer. Once again this year the 'Sandhills Spree' will be held in the Nebraska sandhills. You may not be familiar with it, but it is a Mid-Western version of the 'Burning Man' gathering that takes place over Labor Day in Nevada. The Burning Man attendance is 50,000 and the Spree attendance is only about half of that, but except for that the Spree, which takes place over seven days ending on the Fourth of July, is the equal or superior of the older event.*

*Two of the traditions of the Spree are that clothing is completely optional, and there is a spectacular chili-making contest. This year I plan to serve my famous chili, and I would like you to cook and serve it. We've never met in person, but I've read your stories and I've seen your picture, and you are the perfect woman to fulfil my fantasy. Please understand that your duties do not necessarily include sex. You set the limits, but you must agree to wear what you do when you're a Settlement Girl and to always be chained to a girl rail. If you agree to do this I will pay all of your expenses plus a fee of $10,000.*

*Naturally, you want to be cautious, so I will meet with you in a public place in a city of your choice. I will produce identification and references. Hope to hear from you soon.*

*Your friend,
Jason*

Wow, I thought, and my first instinct was to say no, of course. Talking about my fantasies and games was one thing, but doing them in public with someone I didn't even know except in cyberspace was something else entirely.

Yet, the idea just wouldn't leave my head, and while I didn't say yes to Jason, I never really said no. So we continued to email about it, and he opened up enough to me to let me check him out a little, to see that he was for real. And he was!

Company website, self made man... his life had been one success after another, and now that he was in semi-retirement he was able to relax and enjoy the things he missed when building up his business. And the more real he became to me, the easier it became to consider actually going to this Sandhills Spree thing and be a Settlement Girl for him.

So... I agreed to meet him. And he was just wonderful! A perfect gentleman the whole time, which was nice and not what I expected, or perhaps dreaded, might happen. Two days in Tulsa, where we talked about each other, and the offer he was making me.

And here I am!

"Excuse me," said a voice, breaking my train of thought as I stood there remembering how I got here. "Could I try some of your chili? I'm told it's pretty good."

I look up to see a young man about my age watching me, a smile on his face. And I begin to blush as I see his eyes flicker down my naked body. Instinctively I pulled at the cuffs holding my hands behind my back, but of course they didn't budge. Naked for all to see was how I was supposed to be, and that was how I was!

"Hi," I said, smiling with embarrassment. Even though we had been there a couple of days now, it still didn't take much to make me blush, and being naked and in steel bondage in front of thousands of passers-by wasn't easy.

"You look beautiful!" he said with a smile. "Some friends told me about the beautiful chili cook in this section, who had this amazing talent of being able to cook with her hands cuffed behind her. I didn't believe them, but there you are!"

"Yes," I said with a grin and shrug of a shoulder, "here I am!"

He chuckled, then nodded toward where the chili cookers sat bubbling slowly over a low heat. "So, may I?"

"Oh... yes. Sure! What kind did you want?"

"What do you have?"

When I gave first thoughts toward what chili to cook for Jason, I had planned to make a couple of very meaty chilies, my favorite being one based on a jalapeno sausage I loved to cook with. But then, after I got here, I quickly found out that a lot of the free-spirited people attending the Spree were vegetarian. So, knowing full well that you listen to your customers, I put together a meatless version that seemed to go down well. I explained this to my visitor, who chose the sausage chili.

Jason and I had talked about how the chili would be served, since he wanted to keep me locked up like this as much as possible during the Spree. He had suggested that my hands be locked in front of me while I was actually cooking and that I could serve that way too. Or, it could just be self-serve, with people filling their own bowls. But I really wanted to see just what I could do with my hands cuffed behind me and a chain hanging from my collar, so we settled on the system I was about to show off now.

Separating my cooking area from the public side was a long counter, custom built. It was a two step counter, high on the public side, but low enough on my side for me to reach everything easily with my bound hands. Even the burners the large chili pots sat on were low down, and with a ladle I could easily reach even the bottoms of these pots.

Nearby was a stack of simple wooden bowls that Jason had provided for the Spree. He had provided everything of course, but these were for giving away, and we had boxes of them around the back of the huge tent that was our home for the week... but I will tell you about that shortly.

Anyway, all this preparation meant that my handing out free chili had become a bit of theater, and sure enough, a few other passers by stopped to watch me, the naked girl, do her job.

To keep my cooking area clear the bowls were stacked a few steps away, and as I hobbled over to get one, ever conscious of the chain connecting my ankles. I knew I was now being watched closely from all sides, and I tried not to blush too much. Bowl in hand I walked back, flicking the chain that connected me to the girl rail that ran directly behind the counter over to one shoulder so I wouldn’t trip on it.

Then, with a smile at the gathering crowd, I put the bowl down on an especially low table I had set up just for this and took the ladle in my hand. Now, it did take me a little while to perfect this, and there are a few spots on my bare legs to show just where I had scalded myself learning this trick, but mostly just by feel I deftly scooped up a ladle full of chili and poured it into the bowl, hardly spilling a drop. Then it was just a matter of gathering the bowl carefully in my two, cuffed hands, and lifting it up to the high counter, the hardest part of the process, without spilling anything.

My customer clapped, a big smile on his face, and a few others joined in too. And as the requests came in for me to fill more bowls and hand them out, I felt a surge of happiness inside me, a surge that grew stronger when people started to taste my food and smile.

This was a long way from the loud, hectic restaurant kitchen where I normally worked... yet the simplicity of what I was doing and who I was... it made me happy! I got several compliments on both my chilies before the group dispersed, and then I was back to work, gathering up the empty bowls that had been left and taking them to the wash area.

"Stuff is mounting up, Jason," I said out loud as I tried to clean my work area, and I glanced over to where my new boss sat reading a book.

A broad canopy, the length of the front of the tent, extended over my work area so I wouldn't have to suffer the direct heat of the sun during the day. In one corner Jason had set up a little seating area, and often spent time there watching me work, or reading, or even taking short naps which he often denied doing. The Spree was supposed to be a safe place where even going around naked wouldn't be a problem, but Jason and I both felt better if there was someone with me at all times... just in case.

"Jason?" I called out a little louder, pulling a little on my cuffs and wondering if I could throw a bowl at him with my hands cuffed behind me, because the girl rail I was attached to didn't quite reach his little rest area, something I think he planned.

Jason looked up at me from over his book, and grinned. "Yes, Annie?" he said with all innocence... not.

"The dishes?" I said back. "I need some washing up done!" Washing the pots, pans, and other utensils I needed to cook with was not something I could easily do bound as I was, so I was happy to delegate that nasty job to those that had free hands to work with.

Jason blinked, then put his book down and stood up. Jason was a handsome man, despite being just north of sixty. His hair had turned all gray, but he still had all of it, and while just shy of six foot tall, he still towered over my five foot three. He strolled over to where I stood, my nudity in sharp contrast to the khaki slacks and polo shirt he wore despite the heat, until he stood directly in front of me and took me by the shoulders.

I could smell the soft cologne he was wearing, and feel his heat as he was so close... and bound as I was, naked as I was, I began to breath a little faster. I dare any woman to be in my position and not feel a little sexual vulnerability, especially with a man who just oozed *Boss*, as Jason did.

He kissed me on the top of my head and began massaging my shoulders, which felt very nice indeed after so long with my hands cuffed behind me.

"How are you doing, Annabelle?" he asked quietly.

I smiled. "Better, now. It's been a long day."

He chuckled. "I know, but a good one. You had a lot of admirers today!"

I couldn't help blushing again. It was easy to be admired, naked and chained and unable to get away. Yet I had to smile too.

Jason chuckled again, then turned me round and gently swatted my bare behind, something else he liked to do. We had agreed that I wasn't required to have sex with him or anyone on this trip, but that didn't stop him from touching me, his hands caressing me here and there... never invasive, but still rather frustrating since I never had the privacy to... well.... relieve a little tension?

"Well, Annie, you go ahead and finish that last batch of chili and we'll see about getting some dishes done for you, okay?" he said, heading toward the tent.

"Yes, Sir, thank you," I replied, rubbing my butt cheek and grinning. And as I got back to work, Jason yelled "JOE!"

Yes... Joe.... ahhhhhhhh... Joe.

Joe the hunk, Joe the mighty, Joe the virile... Joe, Jason's, well, right hand man? To be honest, apart from being Jason's private pilot and helper for this little event, I really didn't know much about him. Except that maybe he had the most perfect body I had ever seen on a man. Square jawed, wavy blonde hair, the body of a Greek God... and a smile that made you feel like you were being blessed while at the same time being aroused down deep by some primal, sexual urge.

That was Joe.

It was just a pity that what you saw was what you got! I mean, the man had to have a brain, he learned how to fly a plane, I know! That's how we got here, on Jason's private plane, a little two engine, propeller thing. That was the first time I had ever seen Joe, and the thought of him seeing me naked for a whole week kept me warm and happy the whole three hours of our flight out of Tulsa. But after talking to him for a couple of days I could see there was nothing there, nothing beyond the facade.

Oh, he could hold a conversation, as long as he dictated the subjects. Try to talk about anything else, and he would quickly switch things back to what he wanted to talk about. And the way he acted with me seemed to be just that, an act. I got the feeling that this very handsome man had had so many women pass through his life that it was all becoming routine for him, there was no spark left in him.

But hey... that wouldn't mean I wouldn't... well... thoughts of *that* has kept me warm since I got here!

In any event, after a few seconds out came Joe, who had been napping inside our large tent, and the two men tackled the dishes together. Which always made me smile because Jason didn't look the type to do his own dishes anymore. Yet there was a realness about him that showed me that he wasn't the sort of man to think anything was beneath him. He just took charge.

It didn't take them long to finish, and once done Joe said he was going to explore for a while, leaving Jason once again to retreat to his corner while I finished up. Once the last pot of chili was bubbling away I started cleaning up, a tough job to do with my hands cuffed behind my back, but made easier by the low counter. But I enjoyed the work, it made me feel like a Settlement Girl. Keeping busy with my chores, while trying to come to terms with my new imprisonment.

As I worked, naked for all to see, and held in my steel cuffs and chains, I couldn't help feeling my vulnerability, my utter helplessness to do anything about this. Of course, Jason would have ended this the moment I told him I couldn't go on, but that wasn't the part I wanted to remember. I was now, at least for the week, a Settlement Girl, as trapped as any of them were in my nudity and bondage. And that was that, no matter how many people saw me.

And lots did! As the afternoon grew late and the sun started to fall I served a lot of chili to a lot of people, never once being let out of my cuffs to do so. Most people applauded my efforts, some asked what the point was, and a few were very annoyed at my being held in bondage and 'exploited'.

"Think about the damage you are doing to female power!" one ardent middle-aged woman kept telling me.

Well, I guess she had a point, but she had me all riled up with her badgering, so I stood directly in front of her, spread my legs as wide as I could and said "Do you really think I don't have any power over men, like this?"

She was so taken aback she just left, muttering to herself.

When I looked over at Jason to see why he hadn't come over to help me, I caught him laughing into his book.

Men!

My kitchen closed at 9 PM, and that's when Joe turned back up to help us put everything away. I had insisted to Jason that there be enough refrigeration for all the fresh ingredients, so inside the tent two large coolers stood humming away, ready to receive all the food.

The men, of course, took care of the heavy lifting, with me tidying as best I could in my bondage, and soon enough we were done, and I wasn't a chef anymore. Now, I was just a nude girl in chains, a tired nude girl.

"Fancy a bath?" Jason asked, and I nodded, smiling at what was to come, yet embarrassed. This wasn't the first... bath... he had given me, and hopefully not the last.

"I could really use the toilet first though," I added, meaning it.

"Sure, you go in, and I'll get things ready out here."

Now going inside wasn't as simple as you might think. I couldn't just walk in there anytime I chose. Just like the women in Graham's wonderful stories, I had some limitations on where I could go and when.

I think I already told you about the girl rail behind the counter that allowed me to move from one end to the other, well, that wasn't the only one. Jason had faithfully recreated the same girl rail system that Graham described in the Settlement stories. A grooved track, inside of which was a steel ball that the two meter chain connected to my collar was locked to. I had the freedom of that two meter chain and wherever the rail could let me go. But just pop a locking bolt anyplace in the rail and I could go no further.

Without the bolts though, my girl rails ran like this: The first rail ran the length of the counter, which was also the width of the tent and the canopy over my entire work area. Directly in the middle was a T junction, and another rail headed straight for the door to our tent and inside. A few feet inside the rail split again, the main part going straight, with branches going right and left to reach all the coolers and stores. But the rail that went straight continued all the way to the back of the tent, where a branch to the left led to my sleeping area. The main rail kept going straight for a few more feet before making a sharp right behind a partition where our chemical toilet was sitting.

The whole tent was about thirty feet deep and twenty five feet wide, with the canopy and counter area outside extending another 20 feet forward. But because of the girl rails I could only reach about half that space, and that was the way it was going to be my entire stay. I had to stay locked to the girl rails.

But like I said, while the girl rails gave me access to certain parts of the tent, it was only at Jason's (or Joe's) discretion. Jason wanted me outside as much as possible during the day, so I was only allowed beyond the tent door when he unlocked and removed the block in the rail for me to use the toilet. Even then, all the side branches were locked off, so all I could do is hobble down the center of the tent, which was what I did now, dragging the tether chain behind me. It was a relief to reach the toilet, but as I sat and peed, I had to lean forward a bit to get comfortable. Peeing with your hands cuffed behind you isn't that easy!

But as I sat, one of the few times today that I had been able to, I couldn't help admiring the cuffs Jason had bought for me. Now those of you that had read about my experiments in Settlement bondage at home know that my own cuffs are all leather. Very comfortable, I can wear them for days! Jason's cuffs though, were stainless steel, with a neoprene inner liner. This made them very secure, and a lot heavier than what I was used to. The weight I got used to pretty quickly, but the feel of that steel against my back when I rested my hands, and the mere, solidness of it all... it made me feel so... owned.

In Graham's stories, the women aren't owned, they are protected by their rules and constant bondage. But I'll let you in on something... being bound like this, you do feel owned. Naked, your ankles chained to restrict your stride, your hands trapped behind you, you feel less than protected. At least by your own hand. Protection has to come from someone else, which puts you completely dependent on whoever is around you, especially the one with the keys. Completely dependant.

You could easily be overwhelmed by that single thought alone, so I tried not to think about it as I contemplated my bondage.

Finished, I made my way back outside, my chains jingling and swinging about. I almost tripped at one point, my hobble chain swinging forward to be caught on a big toe. But I was used to that, and never went so fast that I would fall over from something like that. I have tripped and fallen forward with my hands cuffed behind me, and it isn't pleasant. You can't use your arms to catch your fall.

Outside, Jason had set one of the short, wooden benches we had brought to sit on out where I could reach it, and with a smile he showed me to my seat.

*This* was one of the embarrassing parts, because I usually would sit on it normally, but for my bath he insisted that I straddle the bench instead, walking my hobble chain under it as he lifted up one end. This meant that once I was sitting down my legs were pushed wide by the bench seat, revealing... well... me!

But now I was trapped like this, and I tried not to blush as Joe settled in a nearby seat and Jason's own performance began.

It was pretty much dark now, but our own lights lit up the area under the canopy quite well. So I felt under a spot light as Jason brought over a pan of warmed water and a sponge. I kept my eyes open, another order from Jason, while he used the sponge to rinse me down, letting the water pour all over me and flow down my naked skin, while I tried not to think about the gathering crowd out beyond the counter who were also watching us.

I looked up at Jason, who simply smiled as he soaked up more water in the sponge. I knew he didn't like to talk while bathing me, he said it wasn't about talking, but about making me feel good, and I have to admit, it did. The warm water cascading down my body, flowing over my breasts and down my belly, did feel really good. The dust and dirt of the day washing away.

He had me stand for a moment, so that my butt also got rinsed, and then he pulled the pins I used to keep my hair up. This was another thing I had insisted upon, basic kitchen protocol. Long hair is worn up or put in a hat. I wasn't allowed the hat, so I wore my hair up to cook. But now with the pins out, it hung to my waist, flowing down my back in a long, dark wave.

Jason got more water and soon my hair was soaking wet, ready for my shampoo.

I got the feeling that Jason really loved washing my hair... the care in which he applied the shampoo and massaged my scalp was wonderful. He made sure that every strand was thoroughly soaped up before moving on to the rest of me.

For this, he used a scented body wash, and with a couple of sponges he began rubbing my entire body down. The first time he did this I was very nervous... nervous about where he was putting his hands, and also embarrassed that I might... well... respond a bit too much.

But now, I really didn't care as much. I was still painfully aware that we weren't alone, that my naked body was now very much on display...but his hands upon me, so gentle, so stimulating, so relaxing... contrary feelings all at once... it was fantastic! I could feel myself giving in to his attentions, especially when he worked on my shoulders and back. And I found myself closing my eyes and giving a little moan as he cupped my breasts and tenderly stroked them.

The aches and pains of constant bondage were being washed away as I sat there, as were the tensions of the day. To be replaced by a growing arousal that made me flush with embarrassment whenever I let myself think about it. Yet, as his hands descended from my belly, I couldn't help pushing forward a little. The entire situation was turning me on, my nudity, my bondage, his contact.

I was just a creature of feelings at this point, in my own world yet so wonderfully aware of every square inch of my naked body. The warm wood of the bench between my open thighs... the wet grass under my feet... the warm, soft air contrasting with my wet skin... the cuffs about my wrists and ankles... the hard, steel collar around my neck... and Jason.

Yes, it made me horny!

But that was as close as I was going to get to that sort of relief, and Jason knew it as well as I did. Because once I was completely soaped up he started to rinse me down again, washing the shampoo out of my hair and the soap from my body. He never hurried, but while the whole process left me clean, it also left me rather frustrated. And not for the first time I wished I wasn't in bondage, as I tugged uselessly at my bonds. But the clean steel cuffs and chains that Jason had put me in were more than adequate to the task. I wasn't getting free, not until Jason let me free.

"There we go," he said, helping me up, and as I stood there was a little round of applause from the group that had stopped to watch, and I blushed quite a bit.

Joe brought over a couple of towels, and I stood quietly between the two men as they dried me off, their hands snaking everywhere, both men smiling and caressing me as they worked. And I had to stifle another moan of arousal and frustration, not willing to show them just how turned on I was at that point. Maybe because it embarrassed me, or maybe because I had been so sure earlier that sex wasn't to be a part of what we were doing here!

But, always kept naked, always kept bound... how could someone like me *not* be aroused. Just standing there in the open air between these two big men made me crazy. I don't know if this is a fetish or not, but I *like* standing close to tall men, having to look up to see their eyes, their bodies close and towering over me. And now here I was naked between two of them, and I couldn't look up. The submissive side of me was so triggered by my situation that all I could do was keep my eyes down and stand there quietly.

I truly believe that had either of them ordered it, I would have given them anything at that point, and right where I was, spectators or no spectators.

What does that say about me?

But the moment passed as such moments do, and Jason got my brush and started brushing out my long hair, pulling the water out until it lay dry against my back. Then he helped me inside the tent while Joe put the bench away. And still in my bonds I followed the girl rail. Where else could I go?

"Some chess before bed, Annie?" Jason asked, and I finally was able to look him in the face again as my passions started to cool. He was smiling at me, yet his expression also told me that he knew exactly how I had been feeling outside just now, and it made me blush.

Jason chuckled and pulled me to his chest, giving me a hug that I wished I could return as I tugged at my bound wrists. "It's okay, Annabelle," he said, holding me, "I know that what you're going through must be pretty overwhelming right now. But it's okay, you're doing great, you really are."

He let me go and stepped back, his hands still on my shoulders. "You are a beautiful, wonderful woman, going through an experience you never thought you would ever get to do in real life. We're putting you through so much right now, and yes, we're having some fun with you too. But then, isn't that why we're all here, to have some fun with this? You are enjoying the experience, aren't you? We haven't gone too far, have we?"

Too far. What did that mean anymore? For a naked girl in chains, that line seemed to get fainter and fainter. But I shook my head. "No, not too far."

Jason watched me for a moment, his smile never leaving his face, although when I glanced up at him properly, it looked like he was thinking about something more serious. But the moment passed and he led me down the girl rail to where a small table had been set up with a chess set on it. "Settle down then," he said, "and I'll get you a drink."

The table was low, and I had to kneel on the canvas sheet that covered the ground inside the tent. Joe came in at that point, and we settled down into what was becoming a rather unexpected routine here at the Spree. You would have thought that two guys, having a willing, naked, chained up woman at their disposal, would have instantly tried out some bondage games once the day's work was done. But Jason knew, without having to ask, that what I really needed at the end of the day was a way to relax, not more stimulation... bath time not included. So, being an avid chess fan, he set up a game, and we talked and played while he watched amusingly as I tried to catch up with my own skills.

But I knew he also watched me for an entirely more masculine reason, which also made me blush a little if I let myself think about it. Still, it was a way for me to get to frustrate *him* for a bit, 'cos I'm sure he had never had to play against someone like me!

I doubt he ever had an opponent kneeling naked on the other side of the chess board before, one who's arms were helplessly pinned behind her back. But I could tell that he enjoyed it by the way his eyes flickered across my body between moves, settling on my bare breasts more often than my face. And I took advantage of that. When it wasn't my turn I knelt back, arching my back a little and swaying from side to side just a little bit, never completely still, pulling his attention from the game as much as I could. And when it was my turn, I would get up on my knees, and slowly lean over the board, my long hair falling about my face, my breasts hanging and almost brushing the chess pieces, as I picked up the piece I wanted to move in my mouth, and set it down.

Chess had always seemed such a boring game to me before, but the way Jason and I played it was a lot more fun. I'm not a great player, but I won our second game.

But tonight we didn't play for very long. I really was tired, and it was hard to tease Jason while trying to stifle a yawn. And perceptive as always, Jason soon called it a night. "Time to put you to bed," he said.

I nodded, glad to go actually, and carefully got to my feet.

We had established a routine here too, as we followed the girl rail to the back of the tent. Next to the toilet was a wash basin, and once we reached it Jason slipped a lock through the rail that effectively stopped me from going anywhere else. Then, for the first time since this morning, he unlocked the lock between my wrists.

Now, I love being in bondage, I love how it feels to be restricted like this, and I have grown pretty used to having my hands cuffed behind me for long periods of time. But no matter how much you love it, there is still nothing like being freed. It felt like heaven to be able to raise my arms and stretch them out... to flex my muscles in a way I couldn't do all day. To touch my body, my face! You have no idea how weird it is not to be able to touch your own face, until you can't do it. Getting my hands back felt like I had been given my whole body back, and I enjoyed the sensation of freedom while it lasted.

I wasn't really free though. My ankles were still cuffed and hobble chained, and my neck still collared and chained to the girl rail. But it was night and day when it came to my hands. And I took a moment to simply run my hands down my body, enjoying my own touch.

But Jason hadn't freed me to play with myself, and while a part of me wished I had a little privacy to deal with some... issues... I got started on dealing with my own personal hygiene, the reason for my freedom. And soon, teeth brushed, face washed, and toilet taken care of, Jason once again locked the cuffs on my wrists together behind my back before undoing the lock he put on the girl rail.

It was only a few steps to my sleeping area, or should I say, my cage!

As usual, Jason had spared no expense in recreating the Settlement experience for me. But out of everything he had done having this cage built was the most surprising. This wasn't some soft wire dog cage he had parked in one corner of the tent. This cage was big enough to hold a twin sized mattress, with about the same amount of floor space left over. It was tall enough for me to stand upright in, and it was separated from the rest of the tent by a canvas screen, giving me at least the illusion of privacy. The bars were square, and looked about an inch wide, and the door was also very solid. But the door didn't have a lock, just a catch on the outside that could be easily opened by anyone but me. With my hands cuffed behind me I had no way of reaching it. The cage had been designed to hold me, just me, and given that I was still chained to the girl rail, it was complete overkill. Yet... I loved it!

My girl rail led into the cage, dividing it in half, and my tether chain easily let me reach all sides. Once I entered it I turned to watch Jason shut the cage door behind me. The hard bang of the metal always seemed so permanent, even though I knew I would be let out in the morning. But for now, I was done for the day.

"Good night, Annie," Jason said with a smile, and away he went, leaving me alone, or as alone as we could all get in the same tent.

Alone... a part of me really didn't want to be alone... yet it was also a relief to finally not be under someone's gaze for a while.

I knelt down on the bare mattress that was my bed, chains jingling as usual, and took stock of myself. I was so much the prisoner here... naked, chained, and locked in a steel cage. This was how Graham's Settlement Girls lived, the stories that made me feel so hot, the ones I tried to copy with my own self-bondage games. And now here I was, living the dream... my wrists trapped in solid shiny two-inch-wide steel bracelets, connected by a single lock... my ankles trapped in the similar cuffs, although they were connected by enough chain to at least let me walk... and around my neck, my own steel collar, an inch wide, connected by a strong two meter chain to the girl rail embedded in the ground.

God, I was so turned on.

And that was the horrible part of it all... or should I say exciting? It is so hard to be sure!

I lay on my side and scooted over on the mattress as best I could, finding my comfy pose almost automatically now. For to sleep in such bondage takes practice, and the right body position. But, as always, my attempts to get to sleep was being drowned out by my need for a more basic physical release. Yet even though I had the flexibility to... almost... touch myself... it was never enough to actually do anything. And there was nothing in the cage for me to use, either. It was just me, my bonds, and the mattress.

Besides, I could hear the men talking quietly at the other end of the tent, and I knew that if I could hear them, then they could certainly hear me, and I would be mortified to be discovered trying to masturbate.

So, as usual, after another stimulating day, I had to curb my frustrations and try to get to sleep. And as I thought about another day of being naked and chained while I cook Jason's chili... I did.

\* \* \*

It's not easy to sleep at the Sandhills Spree. There are things going on 24/7 here. And while it does calm down a bit at night, canvas tent walls don't really block out the noises of the party next door, or the drunks walking around in the dark yelling at each other from two feet apart.

Still, when you are forced not only to spend the day in restrictive bondage, but also have to work in it, it's amazing how exhausted you can get by bedtime. So sleep can come easy, despite having to do it with my hands cuffed behind me.

I've written about sleeping in this bondage before, about how long it took me to learn how to do it, how to find just that right position you need to feel comfortable, without cutting off the circulation to anything. I got an email from another reader of my stories, who told me how difficult she found trying to sleep with her own hands cuffed behind her was, and my reply was that a lot of it depends on your basic body type. The younger you are, the thinner you are, both help. And for sure, I think that we women have a bit more advantage than men because in general we are more flexible! I am young, thin, and rather flexible, which has helped, I know. But even I had a learning curve to get through, and it wasn't easy.

But by the time I got to the Spree, sleeping with my hands bound behind me had become second nature, although on my first night, nerves, and the fact that my manacles were now metal instead of a more comfortable leather, did keep me from getting any real sleep. But now I could drop off almost immediately, my naked body automatically finding that comfortable position it needs for rest, without my really needing to think about it. And even with the noise outside, I get some nice, deep sleep.

So this was why I didn't hear the cage door open very early the next morning, and my first conscious thought was how nice it felt to have my hip stroked.

I woke up slowly, enjoying the touch without being fully aware of it, and certainly not even thinking about why I was being touched at all. It just felt nice, and I rolled over slightly on my side, exposing my front more without even realizing it. It was only when a 'what's going on' thought finally happened, and only then, that I woke up fully and opened my eyes.

It was Joe, crouched in the dark next to my bed, lit softly by the light outside bleeding through the tent walls. He had obviously opened the cage door and had come in, but what shocked me more was that he was completely nude. And... despite the dim light, oh what a body! He had his hand on my hip, and smiled when he saw me wake up, that beautiful smile of his that I am sure had opened a few girl's legs in its time... and I felt myself blush under his gaze as my eyes flickered from his face down to his... well... manhood, and back again.

But I had to find my voice, as my concern started to wake up too. "What's going on?" I whispered.

"Don't worry," he replied quietly, his hand gently brushing my hip again, "I'm not here to rape you."

"You're not?" I asked, surprising myself. His touch did feel very good, and my frustrated libido had also decided to get out of bed and put in a word or two.

"Nope!" he said with that wonderful smile of his. "What happens next is entirely your decision!"

His hand drifted upward, sliding from hip to belly... stroking, circling, ever so light, ever so... electric, and I could feel my breathing deepen, quicken.

My wrists pulled at the cuffs that held them close together behind my back, and my knees... well... they weren't as close as they used to be. His touch was turning me on, big time, and the logical part of my brain could see that while he wasn't going to make me do anything I didn't want to do, he wasn't going to make it easy to want to do anything else.

But... wasn't this one of the reasons why I came here? I wanted to experience life as one of Graham's Settlement Girls, and if you have read her stories and books, (which I really recommend you buy, by the way), sex certainly plays a part in their lives.

So... what was I waiting for?

I didn't know. Because here was this naked Greek God of a man at my bed, smiling at me... touching me... and I was helpless and naked and horny... This was no time to say no....so I didn't.

I suppose you are going to want to read a passionate sex scene now, with detailed descriptions of how he touched me, and how I touched him... what got pushed into what and how I ended up riding him on my knees, bouncing up and down with my chains all chiming like bells while I tried not to scream as I came!

You'd like that, wouldn't you?

Trust me, I tried.

I suppose writing something like that is hard because while there are so many great bits, there are so many bad ones too. Such as, how much it ended up hurting Joe having my hobble chain pressing his knees down as I straddled him. Or, how just getting into position while chained up was tough, or how my tether chain and collar almost choked me when he moved the wrong way and pulled on them. Or simply just how much hard work it was!

But God, was it worth it! And I ended up collapsed on top of him, my sweaty naked body against his, with him still inside me as we both got the giggles about what we just did.

I'm not sure what he was laughing about, but at that moment I thought that he had never fucked a girl like *this* before... something new for him at last!

But then, it was new for me too. I had never had sex in bondage before, unless you count the time my high school boyfriend pulled my top up over my head and used it to hold my arms up while he tried to french kiss me. *That* turned out to be a startling revelation for both of us! I found out that I liked being made helpless by a guy, and he discovered that his jeans didn't hide the newly erupted stain as well as he thought!

But, my time with Joe was my first real naked and chained bondage experience ever, and I let that soak into my brain as he pulled himself out from under me and, after a kiss on the shoulder, left the way he came. Not forgetting to lock the cage door behind him.

So there I lay, in the wet spot, naked and chained, wondering what was going to happen next!

I had no illusions that Joe and I were going to start any sort of... relationship. I knew he wasn't that kind of guy and, well, I wouldn't trust him if we tried. Joe was an alley cat: tough, beautiful, and probably the father of half the kittens in the neighborhood.

But thoughts and fantasies kept me entertained until I heard stirrings from the rest of the tent, and soon Jason appeared at the cage door, dressed as usual in polo shirt and khaki pants.

"Good morning, Annabelle," he said with a smile, his eyes looking me over.

"Morning," I replied as I struggled to get to my knees, hoping that he couldn't tell what I had been doing a couple of hours earlier from my appearance. But as I watched his grin grow broader I began to blush furiously as I realized he knew all about it.

Damn these thin tent walls!

"You look like you could use another bath!" Jason said with a grin, leaning against the cage door.

"What I need," I said, getting to my feet and avoiding his eyes, "is to use the toilet!"

He chuckled, but made no move to open the door, and once again I felt my helplessness as his chained and naked captive. He could, if he wanted to, keep me in this cage the rest of the week. Settlement Girls are often kept caged for days, so of course I couldn’t say anything about it if I wanted to honor my agreement. But again, when you are actually locked up naked in a steel cage, it makes you feel vulnerable whether you agreed to it or not!

But my bladder really needed attention too. "Please... Sir?" I asked, finally meeting his eyes.

"Are you enjoying your time as a Settlement Girl, Annie?" he asked gently. "Is it what you expected it to be?"

I nodded, not trusting my words at that point, the feelings inside me so mixed and alive.

"And Joe," he continued, a little more concern in his voice now, "He's not... are things okay there? Is there anything I should be concerned about?"

What a question! For a second I didn't know how to answer it. But it wasn't news to me that Jason could tell I was attracted to the man in some base, sexual way. Heck, when I first saw Joe I think my jaw actually hit my chest, and I think I spent more time on the flight here looking at him than I did at the scenery! And I think the only reason I kept looking out the window was because I kept thinking about how soon he would be seeing me in all my naked glory, with me unable to do anything about it!

But I knew what Jason was after with that question. He wanted to make sure that my time with Joe hadn't been forced on me, that I was okay and not... well... afraid. So I told Jason that I was fine, and that Joe and I were good, which made Jason smile... yet, not.

It's hard to explain, but at that point I felt that Jason might be a little jealous of Joe and my attraction to him. Jason was just past sixty, while Joe was a lot closer to my age than his. Maybe Jason felt a little left out; after all, he was the one paying for all this, and it was his idea for me to be out here, naked and chained, in the first place. Yet, it was Joe that... well... got the obvious benefit, last night at least.

Jason and I had agreed early on that no sex would be required of me by anyone. But I think that knowing what happened between me and Joe had affected him a little. Maybe his pride had been hurt, men have such delicate pride, and it always seemed to me that the stronger the man, the more delicate the pride. But we both knew before coming here that sex just might result anyway.

All this passed briefly through my mind as I reassured Jason that everything was fine. But what I didn't tell him was that, now that I was getting to know him better, and the strength and domination that I knew was inside him... well... that I probably wouldn't object to an early morning visit from Jason too. His attraction to me wasn't as physical as Joe's, of course, but Jason the Man went a lot, lot deeper... and a girl like me could be very attracted to that too!

I quickly got to see more evidence of that Man inside, as Jason, now reassured and in control, ordered "Come closer, Annabelle," the tone of his voice changing ever so slightly, yet ever so much. And I did as he asked, stepping to the cage door, my tether chain rubbing against my side.

He took me by the chin and lifted my face, his grin now faded into a genuine, warm smile. "I wish you could see yourself right now," he said softly. "You look ever so beautiful. Your chains, this cage, suit you completely. I wish I could keep you like this always!"

A part of me, a larger part of me than I am ready to admit, almost said that I wished he could too. But....

"But," he said, as if finishing my thought, "there is work to do, and some fun to be had this morning. So, let's get started."

Jason unlatched the cage door and set me free, well, as free as I was going to get this week anyway. He set the bolt in the girl rail so I couldn't leave the wash area, and unlocked my hands so I could clean myself up.

Again, it was heaven to be able to stretch my arms and move them about and scratch that itch on my shoulder. But as I washed up, brushed my teeth and brushed out my hair, I couldn't help thinking of my time with Joe, and Jason's comment.

What did I want?

I was to think about that a lot over the next few days.

My hands fastened behind me once more, Jason led me along the girl rail to the front of the tent and back outside. Even though we had been there a few days now, and I had passed through that tent opening dozens of times, it still made my heart leap a little stepping out in public naked. The shock of exposing myself like that, my hands trapped behind me, the long tether chain hanging from my collar, always embarrassed me. I kept expecting someone to point at me in shock, or worse yet in laughter. Or yell at me in anger for being such a slut.

Stepping out for the first time every day always sent a stab of fear through me, but I think that is why Jason brought me outside himself. Not to scare me, but to give me support, as if to say that it was okay because he was there, and that I didn't have any choice anyway!

So the moment would pass, and the fear would vanish, to be replaced by the usual general embarrassment of just being outside naked, a feeling that would fade to nothing as the day went on, especially when I was busy cooking.

But we weren't going to be cooking or prepping just yet, I saw. For outside waiting was Joe, and something new. Standing at one end of the counter, right over the end of the girl rail, was a metal frame. It was huge, rectangular, and looked very strong, and it was connected mid-way up to a wide base. Strong enough to hold me certainly, which made me smile in anticipation.

We were going to play some bondage games.

"Time for some fun, slave girl!" Joe said with a wink, and he pointed at a large cardboard box that so far had been kept out of my reach. It was open now though, and inside I saw coils and coils of rope.

"Yep," said Jason, "I think it is time you experienced some rope bondage. Didn't you tell me that this would be something new to you?"

That was true. Locks and chains and leather cuffs were my usual thing, and my attempts at self bondage with rope were never really satisfying. The main reason being that for it to be done well, someone else had to do the tying!

So yes, it was, and with a nervous grin I approached the frame, wondering what they had in store for me, and only slightly concerned that my first proper rope bondage experience would be done while I was naked and exposed in public.

Both men were grinning now as Jason led me the last few steps toward the frame, and I wasn't too surprised when he unlocked my wrist cuffs.

"Now what I want you to do," he ordered, "is to step up onto the bottom bar of the frame, holding on to the top bar. Can you do that?"

"Sure!" I said. My hobble chain didn't interfere at all as I did as I was told, but while I could reach the bar above me it was a stretch, and I was painfully aware of how exposed that made me.

I was ordered to spread my ankles, and I did so obediently, sliding them apart to the extent of my hobble chain. Jason then adjusted my hand placement, pulling them apart, while Joe, behind me somewhere, pulled rope from the box.

Now this was still early in the morning by Spree standards, the sun not long up. Yet even at the start of our little game there were some people about, and it wasn't long before we had quite a few onlookers. And yes, of course, this made me blush yet again as I watched their eyes take in my naked form. Yet, I was excited too, despite the embarrassment, ready to take on a new bondage challenge.

The men worked as a team. Jason did all the tying while Joe handed him ropes and helped when needed. They made a good team, hardly needing to say a word, and while they worked on me I wondered just how many other women the two of them had tied up together.

Jason started on my hands of course, coiling rope around my wrists several times and winding it around the bar I held on to. So pretty quickly I once again lost the use of my hands as a means of shielding my modesty. My ankles were next, pulled to the extent of my hobble chain before being tied securely to the hard metal bars that bracketed the one I was standing on. This left me bound helplessly in an X shape, and Joe, behind me, let his fingers glide up my inner thigh and lightly brush my pussy, sending a shiver through me that made me turn and glare at him.

He just laughed as he went to get more rope, and I smiled too, already squirming a little in my tight bonds. But the men weren't done yet.

Jason wrapped the center of one long, doubled up length of rope about my waist, before tying off the ends to the bars beside me, centering me in the big metal rectangle. I could see that Jason was having a good time, especially since it wasn't just Joe taking opportunities with my naked body. Both men would let fingers graze me, touch me, and even pinch me here and there as they worked. And at one point Jason even tickled me a little, an evil smile on his handsome face.

But what they did with all those ropes astounded me, because they quite literally wove a web around me. Ropes went around my chest, thighs, knees, elbows and places in between, and all radiating out to the frame I stood in. And each time a rope was added I could move less and less.

People kept on coming to watch too, and as the crowd grew they would comment on what was going on. Some would offer advice on how I was tied, with one rather elderly gentleman pointing out how a rope around my upper thighs might cut off my circulation. He was the only stranger Jason let retie a rope in a safer way.

And of course, there were also comments on my nudity and how I looked, all good, thank God, and while I was happy that people liked what they saw, of course I was still embarrassed about being so exposed, especially since all this bondage *and* how the men kept touching me was making me as horny as hell! I was also happy to hear a few people ask me directly if I was okay with what was going on, and how I felt. And I answered honestly, reassuring everyone that it was all consensual, and fun for me too.

When the last knot had been tied I thought the men were finished. But Jason wasn't quite done. Gathering up my hair, he carefully wound a rope into it in one big braid, which he then bound to the bar right over my head. This meant I couldn’t even move my head anymore, and since I had never been hair tied before it was a really weird sensation. But I liked it.

Jason and Joe stopped at that point and while Joe fetched some drinks Jason wandered into the crowd, chatting about how I looked with those who had stayed to watch. He would look at me and smile, taking me in, while chatting about how beautiful I looked, naked and bound in this metal frame. His words and his looks made me squirm in... frustration... but of course I barely moved a muscle, except for my fingers and toes.

Joe handed Jason a beer, and the two of them stood admiring me for a short while before Jason came over to me. He asked if everything was okay, and checked me over to make sure no blood circulation was cut off anywhere. But he had done a great job tying me. While I felt totally gripped in all those ropes, not one was so tight as to hurt or feel dangerous.

And then my world turned upside down, literally. I was aware of Jason pulling a pin on each side of the frame, and to my horror and surprise the frame started to tilt forward. I screamed as I continued to fall forward before realizing that the frame was actually spinning in its stand, and in a moment I was upside down. Yet I didn't fall, all those ropes kept me completely centered and supported. It felt so weird!

Jason laughed as he again checked to make sure that I was okay, then spun me around head over heels a few times, with me helpless to stop him. Of course I screamed each time he did it, but not because I was scared or hating it. I just... screamed!

Jason, however, had one last trick to play on me though, as he set me back upright and secured the frame. "Okay folks," he said to the crowd. "Annabelle and I now invite any artists in the crowd to take advantage of this delectable canvas. I've got some paints that are safe to use on her, and it is our hope that in a couple of hours her entire body will be alive with color. But, please, don't let anything crude or insulting be painted on her. Use this opportunity to enhance her beauty, rather than diminish it. Any takers?"

A few hands went up and some questions were asked. And I found out that I would be wearing the paint all day, but that they only had until I needed to be free to cook to paint... well... paint me, in the literal sense. Then, after pictures were taken, it would be washed off tonight.

I have to admit, the thought of being held naked and helpless while being painted by complete strangers had me... feeling so many different things at the same time, that it is hard to express. But I had never felt so turned on in my life as the first artists started... and the feel of those tiny brushes working on me would have had me wriggling like crazy if I hadn't been tied down.

Also, with my hair tied above me, I couldn't look down to see what was being done to me, so every touch was unexpected, including the times the artists themselves took the opportunity to stimulate me more than was necessary. But Jason and Joe stayed by me the whole time, so no one was allowed to go too far with me, and as time passed I became a piece of art, with two or three people working on me at the same time!

I was even flipped over a few times, revealing completely new sides of me! There was one female artist who, while I was suspended face down and horizontal, cupped my right breast with one hand while she worked on my right shoulder blade. She kept her hand there the whole time as she worked, and not only did she paint a wonderful songbird on my shoulder, she also kept rolling my right nipple between her fingers, non-stop! I couldn't do anything about it except open my mouth, but the whole experience was so novel, and her constant attention felt so lovely, I didn't say anything. I just closed my eyes and enjoyed the whole thing!

And the artists kept coming, decorating all my exposed skin in tiny increments. And some watchers talked to Jason about me while Joe made sure not too many liberties were taken with my helpless body.

At one point I thought I heard Jason's voice take on an edge I had never heard before, and when I strained to see what was going on I saw him with two large men who seemed a little out of place among the colorfully dressed and undressed Spree crowd. Both men seemed to be crowding Jason, pushing him backwards with their bodies. I thought that he was about to be hit by one of them, when suddenly Joe was by Jason's side. Joe was looking a lot more menacing than I have ever seen him before, and he and the two big men seemed to stare each other down while Jason expressed some point I couldn't hear over the chattering of the crowd. But whatever he said, they weren't happy about it, and I think it was only because Joe was there that they left.

Alone for a moment, Jason and Joe had a quiet word, before Joe returned to my side. But for the rest of the day it seemed to me that Joe kept as close an eye on Jason as he did on me.

And the artists worked on!

By the time everyone was done, I was covered in birds and other animals, including a large tiger across my belly, which happened to be the theme animal for this year's Spree. Also, someone had painted an animal face on each of my breasts, with my nipples becoming noses. And while Jason had insisted none of the art be crude, the closest thing to that was a snake wrapped around my left leg and up my thigh, its head rather close to my pussy as it stuck its tongue out!

When I was completely painted Jason called it quits. Quite a few people took photos of me as I stood suspended in my rope web before Jason and Joe began the long process of getting me untied.

Seeing all those cameras worried me sort of, it was the only thing about the Spree I really didn't like. Yet, it was also the one thing I couldn't really avoid if I was to be out naked in public. With so many people about, and with cameras in phones, there just wasn't any way to avoid having my picture taken. So I just had to hope no one I knew would ever come across one.

Still, it was good to be free of the ropes, and finally free to be able to see what had been done to me, and it was amazing, as I said. The wild part was that all these drawings were separated on my body by deep rope marks, and it made me look very weird indeed! Jason was happy though, all smiles as he started to bring my arms back to lock them again, but I had to stop him.

"What's wrong?" he asked, curious and concerned.

"Nothing," I replied. "I just want to pee first, and put my hair up for work!"

"Oh... okay." He grinned, and for the first time since we got here I hobbled into the tent with my hands free, pulling my tether chain along the girl rail.

I took my time getting ready, looking in the mirror and admiring the art painted on me. The whole experience had been quite a surprise, and I wondered what else Jason had planned for the rest of our stay. But eventually Jason came to see what was taking so long, so I had to quickly finish up and pin my hair up while he waited.

But as I worked I asked him about the two men I had seen, and when I did his expression darkened a little. "Don't worry about them. It doesn't concern you, Annabelle."

"It looked like they wanted to hurt you," I replied, setting the last clip and watching him in the mirror.

"They weren't going to hurt me, our discussion just got a little heated."

"Well, it's a good thing Joe was there!"

Jason nodded and took my arms, turning me so he could lock my hands behind me, and without another word he led me back out toward the front of the tent, and the three of us started our prep for a day of chill cooking.

But for a while at least, Jason seemed a little more somber, while Joe seemed to watch the street more than me for a change, and on and off through the day I wondered just who those men were.

We worked steadily through the lunch rush though, or at least I did... serving chili to whoever wanted any while remaining cuffed and naked. After the prep was done Jason retreated to his spot in the corner, and even Joe stayed closer than he normally did. I got the impression both were worried about something, but after a while I was too busy to notice anything as my chili, and I guess my service, made us pretty popular for a while.

When things did die down Jason surprised me by telling me that he was going to leave me alone at the Spree for the very first time! "There's an event in B Compound I want to see," he said to me, a soft smile on his face that didn't quite reach his eyes.

"Oh... okay. So you are going to leave Joe with me?"

He looked a little uncomfortable. "No, Joe is coming too. You have to stay here, you know that!"

I did have to stay here, I could never leave the girl rails, that was the agreement. Still, it would have been great to see some of the fantastic things that were happening at the Spree this year. My view was limited to the tents and street in front of me.

Jason chuckled when he saw my wistful expression. "Hey... you set this condition, not me! I'd love nothing better than to take you on a walk around the entire event, naked and cuffed and on my leash." He grinned, and I flushed at the thought of being led around in public like that. God, that would be a rush... yet I would probably die of embarrassment. "But," he continued, "we agreed you would stay chained to the girl rail, no matter what. And if I do nothing else, I honor my agreements."

"Yes, Sir," I sighed, a little jealous, and also a little nervous, considering my bound and naked state.

"Don't worry," he said. "I'm not going to leave you out here unprotected. What do men do with their women at the Settlement when they leave them alone at home?"

"Er... they lock them up in the cages?"

Jason chuckled again. "Exactly. Some cage time for you. Let's get you in there."

"What about the chili?" I asked, and I would have spread my arms out to show him, if I had been able. Instead, all I could do was flap my hands in the general direction of where the food was.

"I've got someone to sit out front while we are gone, don't worry. We'll put the raw stuff in the fridge, and it won't hurt the chili to simmer on low for a while, will it? We'll only be gone a couple of hours."

I sighed again, but nodded. I guess I was going to get some cage time, and like I said, he could keep me in there all day if he wanted to. But I did want to know what he was going to see that I would miss. "What are you going to see, sir?"

"Oh, Some old friends have put out some art of theirs in that compound. I promised to drop by."

"Well, buy me something nice, then," I said with a grin.

He laughed. "Sure thing, my painted lady."

Five minutes later I was shut in my cage, unable to see what they were doing on the other side of the canvas screen. And ten minutes after that all was silent inside our tent. I could still hear the bustle of the people around us, but for the first time since getting there I felt completely alone. I paced my cage, the chain connecting my ankles dragging along the ground, and my tether chain bumping against my naked body, and pulled at the cuffs holding my hands behind me. But of course, nothing gave, nothing changed. They were there and I couldn’t do anything about that.

Neither could I shift the cage door, or even give it a good rattle. Just to see if I could, I backed up and tried reaching though the bars to the door latch. But while the door wasn't actually locked, that latch might well have been on the moon for all the good it did me. I couldn't even get close! I was trapped in the cage, locked in chains, helplessly naked, and there wasn't one thing I could do about any of it.

This was what I wanted, what I signed up for when Jason first suggested I join him at the Sandhills Spree in that long-ago email. And now that I had it I found it very frustrating indeed. All this bondage and helplessness brought my submissive feelings to the fore, not to mention how horny it made me. Yet, Graham had designed a perfect way to keep a girl frustrated, for no matter how I tried, when I was in Jason's steel cuffs I couldn't reach anything that made any real difference. His cuffs kept my wrists too close together, and the solid steel they were made of was very different from the leather I was used to. Unlike the Annabelle in Graham's short story, I didn't need any waist chain to prevent me from bringing my hands to the front and touching myself. There just wasn't enough give in these cuffs. An end to my frustration was kept just inches away.

The best I could do was to lie on my front on my bed pad and rub my nipples against the rough fabric. But the effort wasn't worth the pleasure, and I soon stopped. So with nothing else to see or do, all I had was my bondage and my thoughts.

Jason said he was going to B Compound, while we were in C Compound. I remembered Jason pointing them out to me on the flight out. We flew low over the entire Sandhills site as we came in for a landing, and I could see that it had been laid out in a giant triangle.

In the middle was the huge exhibit area. Most of the artists, musicians, food vendors and so on were set up there. It was the hub of the Spree, and where most people spent their waking hours. But extending from the hub in three directions were the residential compounds. Sure, there were things going on there too, and a lot of the chili contestants were set up in all three compounds. But it was there mostly where people relaxed or had their private parties and shows.

Jason told me that A Compound was where families were camped out, ones that had brought children. And while nudity wasn't restricted anywhere at the Spree, it was understood that nothing more adult than nudity was shown in the A compound. So my turning up there naked and chained would really be inappropriate.

But B and C were anything goes, and working out front I had seen a lot! I remember especially one couple that came up to sample the chili on our second day here. She was dressed in a gorgeous half corset that exposed her breasts, black leather panties, black lace stockings, and black open toed stilettos. Her hair was teased out to the max and she had gold rings in her nipples. She looked fantastic!

But *she* wasn't the sub in this couple, *he* was. 'Cos all he had on was a pair of steel cuffs not unlike my own, pinning his hands behind him, and a steel collar tight around his scrotum, separating his balls from his cock. And this tiny collar was attached a leash, which she held in one hand. I don't think it was uncomfortable though, because he had a huge hard on that was hard to look away from, and right from the start I found myself blushing, being naked myself!

She asked for some chili, and watched with a smile as I served it, while her guy watched me a little more... hungrily, which made me blush even more. She tried the chili and smiled some more, which made me happy of course. But she didn't say a word to me, instead addressing herself to Jason, who was watching us from his comfy chair in the corner.

"She is quite lovely, isn't she?" said the woman, who introduced herself to him simply as, Simone.

Jason agreed, and stood to greet the newcomer.

"And quite gifted too," continued Simone. "Did you have to teach her to cook like that, or does she come by the skill naturally?"

"Oh, she comes by it quite naturally," Jason replied, his eyes dancing over Simone's well presented breasts, something else that made me smile. "She's a chef by trade, and she graciously agreed to spend time with me here at the Spree."

"Oh, so she isn't yours then?" Simone asked, looking me over once more, and this time it seemed like she was giving me a deeper assessment, which of course I could do nothing about.

"Oh no, she doesn't belong to me, at least she won't once the Spree is over." Jason glanced at me as he said that, and while at that point I was still just getting to know the man, I could tell even then that he wished it were longer.

"Pity," Simone replied, walking around the end of the counter and under our canopy, while her man helplessly followed on her cock leash. Now I had an unobstructed view of him and he of me, and while I blushed under his naked scrutiny, and that of Simone's, I also noted that his cock was so hard that it bobbed ever so slightly to what I guessed was his heartbeat. And it made me wonder just how horny this guy had to be to be so hard for so long. He was certainly good looking though, fit and well built. But no Joe!

Simone carefully walked (she would have to on those heels) right up to me, and smiled as she took in the girl rail I was hooked to. "That's ingenious," she commented as she came close. Then when she could reach me she asked "May I?" to Jason, who nodded, a bit under her spell himself, I think.

So, while I stood there not knowing what to say or do, or even if I should, Simone touched me... here... there... graceful little touches that made me shiver each time. She partially cupped my breasts, as if to test their weight and firmness. She ran her fingers along my belly, butt and thighs, and tugged on the chain connected to my collar, her eyes looking deep into mine as she did so. And all I could do was stand there, trapped in my bondage, shaking... not from fear, but because her touch and scrutiny was really turning me on.

"Yes, a real pity," she continued, lifting my left nipple ever so slightly with one of her long, shapely fingernails. "I was looking for a bitch for my pet to relieve himself in. It has been... several weeks since he has had any fun. Haven't you." she said, turning to pat him on the cock, making it bounce even more.

Her man closed his eyes at her touch and said "Yes, Mistress."

"He would enjoy the girl, that I can tell," Simone said with a wink in my direction. "And it seems, she might enjoy him, too!"

This made me blush furiously, and again I had to tear my eyes away from the large, hard cock bobbing not three feet away from me.

"No doubt she might," Jason said, finally getting into the conversation. "But she isn't a bitch, she isn't a slave, and while she is in my chains during the Spree, whatever else happens to her is her decision, not mine."

Simone took a deep breath and sighed, before reaching down and deftly running a finger up along my now aching sex. This made me gasp, and Jason took a step forward. But Simone turned from me and ran that same finger along her man's upper lip, wiping my wetness where he couldn't help but smell it.

"There, that should help keep him going for a while," Simone said sensuously. "But, dear Jason. If you change your mind, we aren't too far away. Your girl is such a gem, I may just save my pet for her for another few days at least!"

Her man actually groaned when he heard that, and Simone's light laughter was accompanied by a tug on the leash as she led him away. But he did steal a look over one shoulder and smiled at me... and on and off since then I did think about him, and if he was still hard and waiting. Pacing my cage, I thought about them again, Simone and her pet, and thought some more about how they made me feel.

It wasn't just the arousal, the sexual heat they both gave off, that I responded to. It wasn't even that while Jason was certainly a dominant personality, Simone was equally dominant, but in an entirely different way. But more that Simone was the first person to really make me feel like... well... that I wasn't... human.

It's so hard to explain. I was just an animal to her. That was obvious from the way she examined me, the way she didn't talk to me. She didn't even pretend to consider me to be human. I was a well trained and beautiful animal, but nothing more than an animal just the same. If I had belonged to Jason, and he had said it was okay, I probably would have been mounted by her pet right then and there, with no more thought given to it than you would give to having your dog bred.

She examined me carefully to see if I were a suitable bitch for her pet, her words, and found me acceptable, that was it. A part of me felt angry about being treated like that... but a much larger part wondered, would I have been okay with being fucked like that? I certainly gave in to Joe easily enough. And as the days passed here, I only felt more and more turned on by my situation.

What if Simone came by today? What if she came in right now with her pet and found me alone and naked in my cage? The way the bars were, they certainly wouldn't prevent our having sex, his cock was long enough to be sure!

Would I? Such thoughts kept me horny and fantasizing until Jason and Joe finally returned.

"Miss us?" Joe asked, the first to walk around the canvas partition that separated my cage from the rest of the tent.

"Oh yes, I just hated getting to just lie around for a couple of hours in the middle of the day," I replied with a giggle.

"I bet!" laughed Joe.

Jason appeared, and raised an eyebrow. "Hmmm. You look a state, what have you been up to in here?"

"Nothing, Sir," I replied, starting to blush a little. Could he know just by looking at me how frustrated I was, and what I had been thinking of while he was gone?

"Mhmmm. Nothing, huh? It doesn't look like nothing. It certainly doesn't smell like nothing. Can you smell her, Joe?"

Joe nodded. "Come to think of it, Jason, there is a certain scent to the air."

"Come on, guys," I said, wondering if it was true, yet realizing that it probably was. I knew I was sweaty, the tent wasn't cold in the slightest. But was I...? Oh God.

"It looks to me," said Jason, "that she's been a naughty girl while we've been gone. I don't know how she did it, but isn't that disrespectful for a Settlement Girl?"

"So you keep telling me, Jase," laughed Joe.

I sighed and shook my head, standing where I had been lying down on my bed. "Very funny guys, but I think I need to get back out to my kitchen. There's work to do!"

"I know, I know," said Jason. He moved to the cage door, but then he changed his mind. "First though, I want you to back up to the side of the cage."

"What? Jason!" I exclaimed.

"Back up, to the side of the cage," Jason repeated a little firmer.

I nodded, recognizing the tone, and as ordered I stepped backward until my bare skin was pressed against the cool steel bars of my cage.

Jason nodded and walked around until he was behind me, then he quickly unlocked one of my wrists and locked it again so I was now bound with my arms around one of the bars.

"This is so you don't go wandering around for a few minutes, Annie," he said. "I have a present for you."

I smiled, wondering what it could be, and why he had locked me down even further. Wasn't the bondage I wore enough, not to mention the cage? I wasn't going to be wandering around anywhere!

Jason left my field of view for a moment, while Joe opened the cage door. When Jason came back, he was holding something rather long in one hand.

"I had this specially made for you, right here at the Spree. I read about it in one of the Settlement books, so by our agreement, you should be able to wear it for a while. A spreader bar!"

It sure was a spreader bar. It looked to be the same length as my hobble chain, with two cuffs attached to the ends.

It made me gasp, and I felt a flush pass through my body at the thought of wearing it. To go around in my hobble chain wasn't too bad, but the spreader bar would make things a lot more difficult. But I could do nothing about it as Jason knelt on my bed and started unlocking my ankle cuffs, and in a minute he had replaced them with the held-apart cuffs of the spreader bar.

As he stood up, I looked him in the eyes, and with my legs spread felt even more vulnerable. I swallowed, and was able to turn and bring one knee over a bit, but it was a short term solution. The bar would keep my legs apart no matter what, exposing me even more.

"Let's give her a few minutes, Joe," said Jason, and the two men left, although Jason made sure the cage door was shut and latched before he did so. Why, I don't know, I was handcuffed to the bars and couldn't even reach the door.

What I had do deal with now though, was the bar between my ankles. The cuffs were solid steel, with the same neoprene padding my other ankle cuffs had. They were attached to the bar by ball and socket hinges, which allowed them movement, but by no means any slack at all. I couldn't bring my ankles together, nor could I pull them any more apart. My ankles were now set at a specific distance, and nothing I did could change that. And it left my inner thighs... it left *me*... very open.

I closed my eyes and just let myself feel my bondage. It felt so... wonderful... yet... could I work like this? Could I even go outside like this? Did I have the courage to continue on like this, even for a little while? It didn't matter, that choice wasn't mine, unless I chose to end all this completely. That too was part of our agreement. I could end it all at any time, but there would be no going back, no starting again, if I changed my mind.

No, I didn't want to end it. So I stood there, handcuffed to the bars of my cage, waiting for Jason, because there was literally nothing else I could do!

When he did come back he first released my hands, gave me a moment to stretch, and then relocked them behind me so I could leave the cage. He then walked behind me as I worked out how to make each step, my ankles fighting the spreader bar. It was awkward, and ungainly, and embarrassing, but I made it outside and Jason set the bolt so I couldn't go back in again. And I got back to work.

I certainly wasn't as graceful at serving chili than I was before the spreader bar. I had to think of every step, and even the ground under my bare feet, which I had gotten used to in my hobble chain, felt new and different to me.

And yes, I got stared at by those who noticed the change. And many commented on my new piece of bondage, mostly favorably. I got asked to walk back and forth a lot, and when facing someone, especially when ladling out a bowl of chili, there was nothing at all stopping them from getting a good view of me.

I don't think I stopped blushing till supper time.

\* \* \*

Dinner was interesting. For my meals I either ate something the men brought back from another vendor or whatever I could prepare for myself, and tonight it was a very nice chicken fried rice that a fan of my chili had gifted us.

I usually ate at the little side table I used for prep. It was at a good height for me to use by kneeling on the ground, bending low to gather my food into my mouth, since of course I couldn't use my hands to eat. But now, with the spreader bar, kneeling wasn't as comfortable. I didn't have as much choice on where to put my knees, and with my legs so spread I felt very, very open indeed as I bent over to eat.

Behind me, I saw Joe and Jason watching me, plus a couple of other people who had stopped to talk to them... and I could tell from their focus, their silence, just what sort of a show I was putting on for them. The bar spread my ankles and my knees, giving them a completely unobstructed view of me.

And I hated it.

If there was any time in the Spree that I truly hated up to that point, it was that moment. Because while it is one thing to feel sexy and vulnerable in naked bondage... this was something entirely different.

Up until now, no matter what we were doing, Jason had always treated me... no... *seen* me as a real person. But being ass up naked and spread as I ate, I could see in his eyes, and the eyes of every man staring at me, that for that moment at least, all I was to them was a... cunt. Something ready to fuck. Well presented, helpless.

I admit I lost my appetite, but that was just one of the things I felt. If I ever came close to quitting, it was at that point. But once I had struggled to my feet and got back to my job, I began to think about what had happened.

There are many ways for women to be humiliated, ways to position us that can expose us completely, and I don't just mean our bodies, I also mean our souls. Heck, being bound to the frame that morning was one such way. Yet, while that had been embarrassing, I never really found it humiliating, because I knew it was just a game, and that while I was exposed I was also protected by Jason and Joe. But kneeling like an animal in the dirt, legs spread, like some bitch in heat presenting myself... that had affected me differently.

Without really wanting to I started to cry. And after a few minutes, Jason was at my side.

"Hey, there," he said gently, turning me to face him. "Are you okay? Why are you crying?"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," I said, "I don't... mean to."

"What's up? What's the problem. Is something hurting you?" he asked, checking over all my chains.

I said nothing as he checked me over, not wanting to move as I was forced to stand with my legs spread open and my hands trapped behind me. But Jason wasn't going to let it rest there.

"Tell me," he said, a little more sternly. "I can't fix it if you don't tell me what's wrong, Annabelle."

A part of me resisted, not wanting to admit my weakness, while another part of me didn't want to risk ending it all if I voiced the way I currently felt. So I shook my head.

"Annabelle. Look at me!"

I looked up into his bright blue eyes.

"Annabelle. The last thing I want is for you to be upset or hurt by what we are doing here. There should never be a reason for you to suddenly start crying by yourself. We'll end this whole thing right now if it upsets you, but I think we both know that we would rather fix things than end it all, if we can. So, please. Tell me what is wrong, and what it would take to get you smiling again, okay?" He gave me a smile of encouragement, and bent to kiss me on the forehead.

The look of concern on his face completely wiped away the look of... well, whatever it was. Now I wasn't as sure it had *ever* been there. In fact, I felt a little silly and ashamed at thinking that I had suddenly become just a piece of meat to Jason. But there needed to be a change, because I knew now that for as long as I wore that spreader bar there would always be a feeling of dread inside me. But I couldn't bring myself to tell him that, so I just asked him to remove the spreader bar and put me back in my regular hobble chain, saying the pain in my hips from my legs being spread was becoming unbearable.

And Jason just smiled and nodded, happy that I had confided in him. "It's okay," he said, digging in a pocket for his keys. "I was going to take it off before you went to bed anyway. I doubt you would have had a good night's sleep in it. There is no problem taking it off now."

I smiled, grateful that he accepted my little white lie. "Thank you, Sir. I hope that doesn't disappoint you."

"Disappoint me? Annabelle, just by being here you don't disappoint me. Don’t ever think that you can. You are doing something very brave and exciting here. And while I admit that you look very, very beautiful in your chains and spreader bar, you are equally as lovely without it, and there is no reason for you to be in pain just to fill my own fantasies. Okay?"

"Okay," I replied, smiling a little more and feeling both glad and a little guilty.

He gave me a hug and then yelled for Joe to fetch my hobble cuffs, and a few minutes later the spreader bar was off me and I was back to my regular Settlement Bondage.

Maybe I should have told Jason the truth. But I didn't want him to think I didn't trust him, because I did. I just couldn't handle being exposed like that.

I never did go back to my food, instead burying myself in my service. My bonds, my nudity, and the colorful designs painted all over my body attracted a lot of people, and I got to talk to quite a few of them.

There was one girl, about my age, who I enjoyed talking to a lot. She said her name was Sky, or at least that was her Spree name, since a lot of people here took on new identities as a part of the event. She wore a shiny dress of silver sequins that showed off her figure nicely, her was hair teased out and colored in whites and grays, and every exposed part of her skin was colored pale blue. And on her face someone had painted tiny, flying birds! She looked like the sky, her dress the stars, her hair the clouds, and her body and face the beauty of a summer's day, and it was lovely! It made me feel rather drab and underdressed... which of course I was since I was naked.

I expressed this thought. "No!" she objected. "You look fantastic with all that body art. Are they tattoos?"

"No, just body paints."

"It's weird the way they are laid out," she said, reaching over the counter and turning me around.

I blushed a little, yet another person giving my naked body a good look. But it wasn't as embarrassing as it would have been in the spreader bar, and for some reason, it being a girl my age made it even less so. I guess I was getting used to my usual level of nudity and bondage.

"Well, I was tied up when my body was painted," I said, and I explained what had been done to me that morning, since by this time the rope marks had completely faded from my skin.

Sky listened, enthralled, and then started asking about me, and what I was doing here and about my bondage, and I was happy to talk to her. We seemed to connect on some level, and after my earlier scare some girl talk was just what I needed.

At one point I looked over to see what Jason and Joe were doing, and with a grin I saw them both chatting at the other end of the counter with a couple of nearly naked young women who were body painted a bright yellow. In fact, there was no mistaking Joe's body language as he leaned across the counter and laughed with one of the girls, and I wondered briefly what line he had chosen to use on this one, while the other girl was all smiles and talking to an obviously flattered Jason. But Sky quickly brought my attention back to her, and we continued to talk for a little while longer while I told her everything about my stay here at the Spree.

"You mean they really lock you up in a cage at night?" she asked, amazed.

"Well... it's only locked from the inside," I replied with a grin. "Anyone can open it from the outside."

"Cool!" she said, laughing. "I never thought bondage games would be any fun, but you seem to be having a good time!"

Yes, I was. And as I realized that, I began to feel a lot, lot better about where I was and what I was doing.

"But," Sky said, pulling her cell phone out of a clutch she carried with her and checking the time, "I have to go. Meeting some people."

"Oh, do you have to? I'd love to talk some more!" I said, disappointed.

"Oh, don't worry. I'll make a point of coming back when I have more time. We'll talk!" Sky said with a grin, and with a wave she was gone.

My smile never left my face the rest of the evening as I served the last of the chili and began to clean up what I could in my bondage. It was fun making a new friend.

It was also fun watching the men, for the two painted girls never left. They stayed in Jason's little alcove, where I couldn't go because of the chain connecting me to the girl rail. One was draped across Joe's lap, which I saw was good for Joe, although a part of me felt a little pang of... well... early this morning it had been *me* getting that attention from Joe. But, like I said, there was no point in getting all emotional over that man, so I tried to be happy for him.

But what really amazed me, and why it should I don't know, was how the other girl managed to keep Jason occupied, although I could see the older man was being a bit more of a gentleman about it. And again, watching her whisper in Jason's ear and then laugh, the couple sharing an amusing secret, I felt a pang of... jealousy? Wasn't I supposed to be... well... here I was all naked and chained by *his* hand, and there he was having fun with someone else!

And yet, that sort of fun was not what I signed up for, was it?

I got as close to them as I could, pulling my tether chain along the girl rail, and called out to him.

"Jason? Jason?"

The laughter stopped as all four of them looked up at me, the men smiling, the women looking as if I had rudely interrupted something. Joe, however, started to tickle the near nude bimbet on his lap, and the couple giggled together. Jason stood up though, which I could see didn't please his escort much. But, gentleman as he is, he bent low and kissed the girl on one yellow cheek and begged her forgiveness for a few minutes before coming over to me.

"All done?" he asked, taking my shoulder and turning me around.

"Yes, Sir, as much as I could do anyway," I replied, flapping my bound hands behind me.

He chuckled. "It always amazes me just how much you can get done like that. It's a pity we can't take the time sometime to keep you in this bondage for a few months, just to see how you get on!"

I laughed, but the thought of it also created a little stir inside me. Something that happened frequently when I thought things like that. "That would be fun, Jason. But what I could really use right now is a bath."

Jason nodded as he turned to face me, but his attention was taken for just a moment by the yellow, panty clad girl waiting for him in his chair.

"Unless, you have other plans tonight?" I asked, only a little upset that I wasn't the center of attention at the moment.

Jason took a deep breath and let it out. It seemed he was about to apologize when he suddenly had a thought. I could literally see his thinking change as he looked at me.

"You know," he said. "There is one aspect of Settlement life I didn't think we would get to see during the Spree."

"What's that?" I asked, wondering where he was heading, with a feeling I wouldn’t like it.

"Well, according to Graham's stories, you are living the life of a pledged Settlement Girl, right?"

I nodded.

"And as I understand the stories, while pledged women are always to be faithful to their men, the men live to a different standard."

"Yes... that's true," I said slowly, understanding dawning and really not liking it.

"Then, I think for you Annabelle, that all you get tonight is a quick wash up and straight to your cage!"

Jason gave me a grin that made me want to kick him in the shins. But barefoot and chained as it was, it would probably hurt my feet more than it hurt him! I was also honestly upset that we weren't going to spend the rest of the evening together... but because of how he put it, I really couldn't refuse!

I had agreed to be his Settlement Girl for the Spree, and while I was never fond of this aspect of Graham's stories, what he said was true!

Still, I thought as he went over to unlock the bolt that kept me from going into the tent, this was Jason we were talking about. And even if the yellow bimbo smiling at him had other plans, I doubted that Jason would let it go too far. In fact, I wouldn't put it past Jason to be doing this just to tease me!

So I tried to comfort myself with that thought as he led me inside, unlocked my hands in the wash area, and let me have a little time to deal with my toiletries and hair before relocking my hands behind me and shutting me in the cage. And again, I was left alone.

It took me a while to get to sleep, this being an earlier bed time than I was used to. I would sit, or kneel, and even pace my cage as boredom set in, although pacing was more like a few steps in one direction and a few steps back, all the while trying not to trip over my tether and hobble chains. I had nothing at all to engage my active mind, and all I could see from my cage were the blank canvas tent walls that surrounded me. And as darkness descended I could barely see that, since they didn't leave a light on at the back of the tent for me.

At one point I heard a couple enter the tent, and I recognized Joe's voice as he continued to chat up his yellow bimbette. And he must have succeeded, because shortly afterward I began to hear other familiar noises. So I sat, listening in the dark as he fucked the girl senseless, feeling lonely and unwanted and... frustrated, in my cage.

This wasn't like Graham's stories, because *this* Settlement Girl was having a hard time dealing with the men in her life right now. Feeling sorry for myself, I curled up on my bed and finally fell asleep. The next thing I knew there was a hand over my mouth.

I had a brief flash of fear, a cold chill that flowed through me as I woke and struggled against who was holding me down. But it passed quickly when I heard a feminine giggle, along with Joe's voice.

"It's okay, Annabelle," he said softly. "Just be quiet and enjoy."

"Joe?" I replied, shaking away the hand and turning to look at him, only to have someone put their hand over my eyes. "Joe, what's going on?"

Hands started touching me, rolling me onto my back, several hands, and I heard a girl giggling close to my ear.

"Just trust me, Annabelle," Joe said from somewhere close. "And keep it down, we don't want to wake up Jason."

"Trust you...?" I started to say, before someone started sucking on one of my nipples.

I was so surprised that I couldn't say anything for a moment, and as I paused, the hand over my eyes moved away, only to be replaced by a cloth blindfold. But I got a flash of who was in the cage with me; Joe, and his yellow-painted female companion. She was on the bed with me, while Joe knelt at my side, and both, it seemed, were as naked as I was! Or should I say, even more naked, as they weren't wearing any cuffs or chains!

I struggled against mine as I started to realize what was going on, but lying on my back there was little I could do to stop them.

"Joe!" I said... half pleading. "Please... what's going on?"

"Hush, Annie. Kaye and I just want to play a little... and you didn't mind it last night, right?"

I'm sure even in the darkened tent, they could have seen me blush at the reminder... but then maybe I was getting flushed for other reasons. Since it was Joe doing the talking, that only meant that the skilled little mouth driving my nipple to distraction had to be... Kaye's. I was about to protest again, but a hand slid effortlessly down between my legs, where fingers started immediately teasing my clit. A warm, naked, female body pressed against me from one side, and Joe started sucking on my other nipple as the manipulations continued further down. It took only seconds for me to groan and start panting from all the attention as I lay helplessly between the two of them.

"Good girl," said Joe happily, leaving my nipple for a moment to kiss me on the cheek, before returning to torment me some more. Blind and helpless, all I could do was feel and hear, and I felt Joe cup the breast he was dining on with one hand and begin massaging it, while Kaye, who was obviously dealing with my pussy, started sliding her fingers up and down and quickly ventured into my wet folds.

I groaned louder as she entered me, rather overwhelmed by the sudden attention I was getting. There were so many sensations to process! I had never had both my nipples sucked on at once before, and had never had another girl have sex with me before either, and both were enough to make me melt. I soon stopped struggling and simply lay there in my bondage as more and more fingers found their way into me and as both my breasts were massaged and sucked on.

I began to squirm again, not in protest but in pure pleasure, and I drew my ankles up, widening my knees to give Kaye better access. She took this as an invitation and shifted her body, throwing a leg between mine, and pressing her own pussy against the top of my thigh. And she began to rub herself on me, back and forth, keeping the rhythm with the fingers teasing my insides. I had never had sex with another woman before, but it seemed Kaye had, since she knew just how to push every button I had, and for herself too, as I started to hear her moan as well.

On the other side of me Joe changed position as well. He too threw a leg over mine, and between the two of them I was spread quite wide. All this of course was just a part of what I was feeling and aware of... for I could feel an orgasm building slowly inside me. Kaye's fingers in my pussy and on my clit were sending shocks of pleasure right through me, all the way to my nipples and back, and between them and the breast massaging I was getting... oh wow.

I was in such sensory overload that I barely noticed when the fingers were withdrawn and replaced by Joe, who had moved on top of me. He pushed himself deep into me and I almost came right then, but the evil man only stroked me a few times before pulling out again, chuckling.

Joe whispered something I couldn't catch, and then they both changed position again.

Now Kaye was straddling me on her hands and knees, her head at my pussy, her mouth... well... playing magic on my clit. I knew it was her because I could feel her soft, full breasts on my tummy...not to mention the smell of her own pussy wafting down on me. As for Joe, he was kneeling at my head, and it took me a moment to figure out that he had entered Kaye, pushing into her right over my face.

I felt drops of what had to be her juices as he pumped her, and could feel her move and hear her grunt with every stroke. But she didn't stop licking me, and as she was being fucked I felt oh so close to a cum of my own.

In fact, I was the first one to cum, and as I writhed with pleasure under Kaye she too started gasping in a half scream as Joe reached full speed. Kaye eventually collapsed full on top of me when she finally stopped cumming, her pussy landing on my face as Joe pulled out of her, and I turned my head to avoid a mouthful of both their juices.

Joe, however, seemed in great shape as Kaye and I lay together trying to recover, and he chuckled as he pulled the blindfold off me. "You guys are amazing!"

I tried to glare at him, but couldn't hold it, and instead started to laugh. "You bastard," I said, half in anger over being taken like this, and half in affection because it had all felt so great.

He laughed again, a handsome laugh to go with his handsome face. "You have no idea," he said with a grin, and got up to quickly leave the cage.

Kaye, it seemed, had been fucked almost senseless, but she was just starting to recover when Joe returned a moment later. In his hands he held something shiny, and to my surprise it turned out to be another pair of cuffs, just like my own. Since Kaye was lying face down on top of me it was no problem at all for him to cuff her hands behind her and then scoot back out of the cage, closing the door behind him.

Kaye, quickly realizing her predicament, rolled off me and started pulling at her cuffs. Of course they didn't give in the slightest, I could have told her that!

"Joe, you asshole!" she called out. "What are you doing?"

"I promise I'll let you go in the morning, Kaye," he said smiling. "But I thought you guys might enjoy some alone time."

"Asshole!" said Kaye, pulling hard at her cuffs and getting nowhere.

"Well you did say that you wondered what it was like to wear those, Kaye. Have fun!" And with that he left.

Kaye swore again, but I could see that she wasn't really angry at Joe, and I didn't blame her. It was really hard to get angry at a Greek God of a man like Joe, and I could see that she had caught the bug. So it didn't take long for her to stop struggling and sigh.

We looked at each other in the dim light, two naked girls handcuffed in a steel cage, both a mess from our recent sex... and we started giggling.

Our giggling turned to laughter until, unexpectedly, *Jason* bellowed out from the far side of the tent "SHUT UP THE PAIR OF YOU! OR YOU'LL FIND OUT WHAT IT IS REALLY LIKE TO BE SLAVE GIRLS!"

We both shut up for just a second, stared at each other, and then started giggling again, although a lot quieter. And Kaye moved to lie next to me, head to head, while I struggled to get off my now aching arms. We faced each other on our sides, and in the darkness the naked girl now sharing my bed said, "Hi... I'm Kaye," and we started giggling again.

"SHUT UP, AND GO TO SLEEP!" yelled Jason, with Joe laughing in the background, and Kaye and I did as ordered, not saying another word as we both smiled and tried to get back to sleep.

I could tell she was having problems, though. Well, it took me a long time to learn to sleep with my hands cuffed so closely together, so I wasn't surprised that Kaye couldn't manage it. At first, she lay between me and the bars of the cage, but her restless turning back and forth as she tried to find a comfortable way to lie kept us both up. In a half doze, I was aware of her at one point sliding to her feet at the foot of the bed, and carefully stepping off, only to pace back and forth. She would try the door, which of course was locked from our side, and the latch was just as far out of reach for her as it was for me. Then she would pace again, twisting her arms up and to the sides, trying to break free of her cuffs.

At least she didn't have the hobble chain to deal with, or the tether chain and collar that connected me to the girl rails. Although at one point she almost strangled me when she tripped over my tether chain.

"Sorry," she whispered, coming back to kneel next to me.

"It's okay," I said quietly, coughing once while attempting to readjust the chain and get some slack back.

"I don't know how you manage this," continued Kaye, still pulling at her cuffs. "I can't get comfortable at all, and my shoulders are hurting."

I sighed, and struggled to sit up. "You shouldn't struggle, it only makes it worse," I said. "Just try to relax. Let your arms hang down."

"God, this is hard. How long have you been doing this?" she asked me, trying to do what I said.

"I've been practicing on and off for months and months now, especially sleeping bound. And no, I didn't get it from the start either. It hurt for me too. But it was something I wanted to master, and eventually I learned how, or my body finally gave in and let itself be trained. I don't know. But really, I rarely have any difficulties now."

"Lucky you," Kaye said with a small giggle.

We smiled in the darkness for a moment, and thought about how weird it was to have company in my cage for a change. I never thought I would be sharing it with another naked, cuffed girl. I was surprised I wasn't more embarrassed about that, but given the way we were introduced, what did I have to be embarrassed about! But there was one thing I wanted to know.

"Kaye, why did Joe lock you in here with me?"

"Oh," she said. "Well, we were talking, well, before, outside, about you. And I told him I thought it might be fun to spend a night in a cage locked up by him." She looked away and shrugged. "I didn't think he would take me seriously."

"He's not keeping you away from anyone, is he? What about that other girl I saw?"

"Sandra. She spent some time with that other guy, Jason. But he sent her home. It's okay though, I told Sandra that if I was lucky I would be spending the night here. But I was *hoping* that it would be in bed with Joe!"

"Yeah," I said. "He has that affect on us, doesn't he."

"You too?" Kaye asked, a concerned look crossing her face. "Look, I didn't know. You two aren't together are you?"

"Oh no, God no," I replied, quickly. "It's just that... well, you know."

Kaye's expression slowly changed to a soft smile, and in the dim light I thought she was blushing too. "Yeah, I know. And you know what? Being locked up naked in a cage, by him, isn't all bad!"

We both giggled again, quietly.

"Look, I'll show you how to lie comfortably. Just do what I do!" I settled back on the mattress, lying on my right side and slightly on my chest, my weight off my arms, my left knee brought up to hold me there, my right arm flat against the mattress, my left bent slightly at the elbow. "Like this," I said.

Kaye looked me over, then crawled back onto the mattress so she was opposite me again. It was a bit of a squeeze, but she got turned around and was able to copy what I did. If we had our hands free, we would have been spooning. But instead I got to watch her slowly find some sleep, while thinking about how wild it was to have her so close to me, before falling asleep myself.

End of part 1

**Conclusion**

When I did wake up it was to the sound of voices, and the bright light of a new day. I opened my eyes and turned my head to see Kaye at the door of the cage, still cuffed as she had been left last night. Her nude body was still mostly colored in yellow body paint, but it was very smeared and half wiped off, as were the pictures painted on my own body, none of them really recognizable anymore. She was talking to Joe, now dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, standing on the other side of the cage door.

The contrast between the naked blonde and the tall, dressed, handsome man, captured my attention... well, that and all the steel involved. Kaye looked very much the prisoner in her cuffs, trapped behind bars, and I wondered if I looked like that to their eyes. Did I look that helpless, that much in their power? And, and this is the part that had me squirming... did I look that sexy?

And what about the men? Did they know what they did to us, placing themselves in the power position, so to speak? How much it turned us on to see them strong like that? Especially when they are dressed and we are naked! I thought back to some of the bondage pictures I had seen since I first got interested in it, of the men dressed in leather, trying to look menacing and macho. And you know, that never really did it for me.

The men that interested me most were the ones dressed normally, and the ones that really did it for me were the ones dressed in something sharp and formal almost. There was just something about a man in a well tailored suit, with a naked girl on a leash at his side, that made me really squirm. The contrast between the two, the man a picture of society's best, and me, the girl, just being nothing but a girl, pushed deep inside me in a way I still don't understand.

Seeing Joe standing there fully dressed though, with Kaye naked before him, made pictures like that come alive.

I could see Joe was enjoying it, enjoying the power as he stood there with his arms folded. No matter how much Kaye pleaded, Joe knew he could just walk away and leave us here, unable to do anything about it, and still be here when *he* decided to come back! But I figured that Kaye knew this as well as I did, that this was where his fantasy would end, because all we really had to do, here in the middle of the Spree, was scream our lungs out, and someone would hear and come let us out.

Still, I wondered what Kaye would do, how she would act, if we were out someplace where no one who cared could hear us, where there was no one to let us out except for the man that put us in here. Would she be the same person? Would Joe?

Would I?

As I thought about this, Kaye was trying to convince Joe to open the cage and let her out, and from the way she was dancing I could easily figure out her urgency. But when Joe glanced my way I could see the lust in his eyes and the way he was enjoying the situation, and the way his eyes traveled over me made me bring a leg up to hide my nudity.

I don't know why I bothered, he certainly knew my body well enough by now. But I had found that in the morning, when I first wake up, is the time when I felt my nudity the most, my modesty the strongest.

I was starting to blush under his constant gaze before he switched back to Kaye, who was still pleading. "Come on, Joe, I really need to go!" she said, still in good humor, although I could see the whole situation was wearing on her. My shoulders were aching a little, as they usually did after spending a night cuffed. But her's had to be aching a lot worse, considering that she wasn't used to it at all. "Please!" she begged.

"I don't know. I thought I might go have some breakfast first, take another nap..." said Joe smoothly,

"JOE!" yelled a now annoyed Kaye, who quickly gathered herself back in. Even to me she looked cute shaking her bound hands behind her and pulling at her cuffs. Did I look that cute too?

"Joe," she continued, "Please. I need to pee, and I need to get back. It's the parade today, and I promised some friends I would go help them put their float together."

"Oh, that's right, the parade," said Joe. "Jason and I were thinking of going to see that. Although," he said, now looking at me, "one of us won't be able to see anything from in here." He grinned at me, and I felt a stab of... well... jealousy, for just a moment. I loved the idea of never leaving the girl rails, but the longer I was here, the more I wondered what else I was missing at the Spree.

Kaye moved to get between us, and changed tactics to one that I thought had a lot better chance with someone like Joe... she turned all sex kitten on him, rubbing one thigh against the other, turning her body back and forth, thrusting out her breasts a little more and tilting her head down while looking up at him with a smile. Sometimes it was so easy to get a guy to do what you want him to do, just by how we hold ourselves, and Kaye knew just how to put herself out there. I almost giggled.

"Joey," she said softly. "Please? I promise I'll come back later, and you can cuff me up again as much as you like!"

The way Joe was looking at her right then I thought Kaye was more likely in danger of being taken back to bed, rather than being let out to use the bathroom. But we were joined by Jason, who made casual look very smart in his usual khaki slacks and polo shirt, and he assessed the situation pretty quickly.

"Joe, let the girl out and get those cuffs off her. I think we have intruded on her time long enough for now," he ordered. And with a chuckle Joe complied, giving Kaye a quick grope as he unlocked her cuffs.

I got to my feet as she scampered off, and Jason and I exchanged good mornings as he smiled and came into the cage.

"You look a mess, Annie," he said, giving me the once over. "I think a bath is in order."

"Oh, I'd love a warm bath!" I agreed, figuring that all I would get again is another sponge bath, as nice as they were. "And I really need to wash my hair!"

"Of course," Jason said with a smile. "and when you are done with that, you can come back in here and clean out your cage. It does smell a bit in here."

The knowing look he gave me confused me for a moment, until I realized that there was probably a strong smell of sex in here, which I had obviously gotten used to. Between Joe, Kaye, and myself, not a few body fluids had probably been spilled in here, and I vaguely remembered the shower of juices I got when Joe fucked Kaye right over my face.

My God, some of it was probably still in my hair, on my face... oh God... what did I look like? What must Jason think of me? I wished I had a mirror so I could see what Jason was seeing, but instead I just stood and blushed furiously, unable to even cover my face.

A moment later, a still nude Kaye ran past. But she stopped for a moment to say goodbye. "And thank you, for being so nice to me and everything."

"It was great meeting you," I replied, still embarrassed and blushing... and not just because of what I thought I looked like. "Even like... well... like this!"

Kaye giggled again and blew me a kiss. "I'll come back and see you again before the Spree ends, I promise!" she said, before heading back into the main tent area, where she yelled for Joe to give her her panties back.

Jason inclined his head toward the wash area, and as I passed him he unlocked my cuffs. "Be quick. Just pee and brush your teeth. You can come out front for your bath."

"Yes, Sir," I replied, resigning myself to another public bathing.

Still, I was happy to get washed up, and ten minutes later I dragged my tether chain along the girl rail leading to the front flaps of the tent. Once outside I was very surprised to see a large metal bath tub, like the kind you saw in movies about the Old West. It was parked next to the girl rail and half full of water already, and a quick glance at the cooking station showed me more water warming in my biggest pots.

"Cool!" I said, meaning it.

"All yours," said Jason with a flourish, coming up behind me and locking my wrists together again. I almost pulled away from him. Ten minutes was hardly enough time uncuffed to be any sort of relief. But he was the man in charge of when I was free and when I wasn't. Still, my aching shoulders would feel a lot better in that warm water.

Jason guided me out of the tent and behind the counter where the tub was waiting, steaming slightly in the cool morning air. When I reached it I stopped. How to get in? My hobble chain was too short to simply let me step over the side, and without the use of my hands I couldn't safely get in any other way by myself. Which made me giggle, because my bondage was yet again stopping me from doing something that any free person could do easily.

Here I was, defeated by a thin tin wall not even two feet high!

I needn't have worried though, because Jason wasn't going to let me just stand there. He came up from behind me and grabbed me by the waist, his strong arms wrapped around me. And he simply lifted me up and into the tub. Jason may have been more than sixty, but he handled me effortlessly. And it felt good. It felt good in a way that only a naked and bound woman can really appreciate, because, when we are helpless and vulnerable, having a strong man there to protect and take care of us means something.

Jason told me once that women are genetically programmed, all the way back from cave man days, to seek out the most powerful males, because they are the ones more likely than most to be able to protect us and our offspring. And after thinking about it, I could see he had a point. Sure, we're attracted to handsome guys, and we like clever guys, the ones that can make us laugh and be sensitive to our needs... but still, in my own mind, I guess I am that cave girl, the one who enjoys the strength of a powerful man when it is needed.

So there I was, standing naked in the warm water, the early morning sunlight lighting me up under the canopy, while a few people walked the street beyond the counter. A few stopped to watch, and again I started blushing. But as I settled down with Jason holding one of my arms, it felt like heaven.

When I sat down the warm water didn't cover my hips, but Jason wasn't done yet. He went and got one of the pots of water warming on the stove and carefully started adding it to the water in the tub. "Let me know if it is too hot," he said.

I nodded, but the water felt fine. I lay on my back, knees bent and my head just out of the water, and he kept adding more until I was covered, half floating in the tub, and then he dragged a chair over to sit with me. It felt so wonderful in the water, even with my hands cuffed behind me, the support the water gave my body helping a lot. And the heat of the water helped ease tensions away.

Jason began washing me down, adding soap to the water and to the sponge in his hand. He made sure to reach every nook and cranny of me, and even washed my hair, which I really appreciated. And while he did so, we talked.

"It won't be long now until we're done," he said quietly, using the sponge to carefully wash my shoulders. "Have you enjoyed your time here with me?"

I smiled. "Of course I have! This has been great, more than I imagined it could be!"

Jason smiled too, but I could tell his thoughts at the moment went a lot deeper than the smile. He had that introspective look I've seen on people wrestling with decisions. "Good. As long as there were no big, unpleasant surprises."

"No, nothing big anyway," I replied, closing my eyes and enjoying the warm water, and his constant touch.

"Nothing big? Something not so big?"

"Well..." and I wondered if I should mention it at all. But when I glanced at his face, it didn't look like he would let my comment slide. "Er... well, I wasn't too keen on that... spreader bar," I finally confessed.

For some reason that made him chuckle. "I kinda guessed. I didn't think that sore hips was the reason you asked me to take off that bar, was it?"

I shook my head, feeling a little guilty.

"Didn't think so. Over the past week, I've watched you experience a lot more than most women would have been able to stand. From happiness to embarrassment to... well, fear, and I've even seen your lust. Trust me Annabelle, when you spend all your time nude, it isn't just your face that shows what you are feeling." And he gently pinched a nipple for effect, making me blush. "But, when you had that spreader bar on, what I saw ran deeper than most, and it wasn't good, was it."

"No," I said quietly, "it wasn't."

"It wasn't hate, was it? It was more like, depression. I think you liked the idea of the spreader bar, and in private you could even enjoy wearing it. But out here, it was just too much, wasn't it?"

I nodded again, and wondered just how easily I could be read. I knew that not wearing clothes exposed my body, but did it really make my emotions more visible too? Beyond the obvious, that is!

Jason leaned in close to me and whispered, "You didn't have to lie to me, Annabelle. I would have taken that bar off you the moment it was uncomfortable for you. You know that, don't you?"

"I know."

"Then why... no, I wont ask. But I will say that this only works if we are honest to each other. We can't build a relationship like this on lies, or someone can get hurt."

I nodded again, feeling ashamed, feeling that I had let Jason down. But he wasn't going to have any of that, and he gave me a kiss on the forehead. "It's okay, I'm not mad at you. I just want us on the same page. Okay?" And he smiled, a more genuine smile than the previous one, and I smiled back, feeling better again.

But I was also feeling better because Jason had by now let go of the sponge, and under the warm water he simply let his hands drift over my body, rubbing me, caressing me. It felt so wonderful that I was able to let myself relax even more.

"Anyway," he said after a moment, "as I was saying, we are almost done here at the Spree. There's the parade this afternoon, and tonight they announce the winners of all the contests, including the chili one, and then the big fireworks party. And tomorrow, we pack up and go!" He watched my face for a moment, as his hand cupped one of my breasts, massaging it gently. And I sighed, pulling slightly at the cuffs that held my arms behind me, not in protest, but simply in reaction to how he was touching me.

"Are you ready to leave here?" he asked me gently.

I had to take a moment to think about that, especially since my mind was drifting toward more... basic... thoughts. "It would be nice to get home," I said eventually. "But... living like this, bound and naked all the time... I know I am going to miss it a lot when we are done."

Jason nodded. "I can see that. After we fly you home, you get to go back to work, back to your normal lifestyle. You live alone, right? So it will be back to your solitary ways, including your self-bondage games. But I doubt those would compare anymore with doing it for real. Would they?"

I giggled and shook my head. "No way! Having someone else hold the keys and decide when I am free and when I'm not is a lot better. It's a pity it all has to end!"

"It doesn't have to, you know," Jason said quietly.

It took a moment for his meaning to fully grab my attention, and when I looked up at him, I saw he was quite serious, and I wasn't sure what to say!

"What do you mean?" I eventually asked, just to give me more time to think.

"This, what you call being a Settlement Girl, but what we both know is really a lot more, doesn't have to end for either of us." Jason resumed his caresses of my naked body. "I've told you that I've been watching you, and I don't mean just this week. Those days we got together before we came here, to sort out the details of our stay at the Spree. *That* Annabelle isn't the same girl that lies here before me now.

"Sure you had clothes on, and were unbound, but I could still tell that the life you were leading back then, while satisfying professionally, left you wanting in your personal life. It wasn't until you came here, and immersed yourself in the girl you wanted to be, that I saw you bloom into something more. And now, in a couple of days, you will be back there again. Back in your old job, your old life, and it pains me, it really does, to see you sliding back after coming so far!

"Annabelle, I have the means and the time to give you the life I think you really want. My home in Arizona is a on a single level. If you want to continue with your Settlement bondage we can do that there. With no stairs, I could install girl rails all over the house. You need never be free of them if you chose.

"What I am saying is that, I'd like you to come back with me and live with me in bondage. I think that is what you really want out of life, and I can make it happen. And, I could always use a good cook too!"

Wow... I really didn't know what to say. It wasn't as if I hadn't been expecting something like this from Jason, he had hinted at it enough in the past. In fact, one of his first emails to me had been the offer of a job just like this, which we both laughed off at the time. But... wow!

Jason was still watching me closely, and when I didn't answer right away I could see the disappointment on his face. "Or maybe you don't," he said, eventually.

"No, it's not that," I said quickly, not wanting to hurt his feelings, yet not sure of what else I *did* want. "I just... you can't expect me to say yes without thinking about it, can you?"

Jason took a deep breath, and to my surprise chuckled. "No, I guess not. I've been rehearsing that speech for a couple of days now, and I guess in my head I expected you to jump up and say yes!"

That made me smile. "A little hard at the moment," I replied, tugging at my cuffs and making the tether chain clang against the side of the metal wash tub.

"I understand," Jason said with a sigh and a smile, "It's not like you don't have other options. I think Joe has developed a taste for the lifestyle too, and you both get along so well! Not to mention, you are both a lot closer in age."

"Your age has nothing to do with it!" I said simply, meaning it.

"No? I know that boy can attract the ladies, I've had to bail him out of a mess once or twice myself! I knew it wouldn't take long for him to capture your attention too, and that's fine! Someone your age needs someone your age to, well, satisfy you."

"Jason," I said, trying to ignore how his hands were caressing my inner thighs for the moment. "Joe is a handsome guy, and while you seem to think it was a foregone conclusion that we would have had sex, when it happened it was a complete surprise to me!"

"Really? And last night? You were OK with that?" Jason asked, his expression saying that he wasn't buying it.

"And last night." I replied with less certainty.

He thought about that for a moment, while never letting his hands stop their submerged caress of my skin. And it was getting harder and harder to think about much else, even though I needed to.

"Maybe I just thought that... well, never mind," he eventually said.

I took a deep breath and let it out. "You know," I said quietly, "there's nothing stopping *you* from visiting my cage at night."

He didn't answer, but I could tell he was thinking about what I just said.

His hands kept caressing my inner thighs, a light touch that was starting to drive me crazy, and it took a moment for me to realized that his fingers were now working their way upward. Instinctively, my thighs parted to make room, and in seconds he was now caressing something a lot more sensitive.

I gasped as he touched me, looking up at Jason's face, and saw on it a mix of interest and enjoyment. He put a finger to his lips as a gesture of silence, and then continued to caress my folds, slipping a finger easily inside of me, while his thumb started to rub my clit.

I moaned at his entry, and closed my eyes, tugging hard on my handcuffs again. But of course they held me fast, and that very restriction helped fuel my passions.

"No, open your eyes," Jason ordered, "Look at me."

I obeyed, I wanted to obey, and tried to keep my eyes focused on his face.

The rest of the Spree started to vanish for me. The tub, the water, the sun on my face, the open air, all faded to almost nothing. It was just me and Jason at that moment, his fingers inside me and on me, creating that wonderful friction.

And when my orgasm finally came, it wasn't a mind blowing explosion that would leave me exhausted and completely satisfied. Instead, it was one of those delicious little orgasms that ripple through me completely, bouncing around exciting every part of me, only to eventually settle in my breasts and pussy, leaving me wanting more.

And I think Jason knew this, which was when I realized that while he was a man of over sixty, that didn't mean he couldn't satisfy a woman. In fact, it made me wonder what other tricks he had learned over the years, experience that I doubted Joe was old enough to learn yet, even if he was interested.

So, as I groaned and smiled and rubbed my thighs together, purring in both satisfaction and frustration, a smug looking Jason started rinsing my hair. And I became aware once more of the world around me, including the few passers by that had witnessed what we had done.

"Thank you, Sir," I said, giggling with embarrassment. Cumming in public, another first for me!

"My pleasure, Annabelle," Jason said with a smile, and it was like he was purring himself. But then he got serious again for just one more moment. "Will you at least think about my offer?"

"I will," I replied, knowing I would!

Yes, a lot to think about now... my entire future! But I tried to put aside any serious thought as Jason helped me to stand up and then picked me up again and set me down on the grass, getting himself very wet in the process. And as Jason yelled at Joe to bring towels, we both giggled over the huge wet patch on his chest.

Jason, giggling! Something I am sure he didn't do often, and it looked good on him!

As usual, both men had their fun toweling me down, rubbing my naked, bound body a lot more than was really needed in my opinion. But, instead of just moving on to combing out my long hair, Jason had another plan.

"My, my," he said, running a hand up and down my bare leg, "you gotten stubbly over the last few days. I think a shave is in order."

I had to agree, and had planned for this even though I was in no position to shave myself. Among my toiletries I had brought along my own electric shaver, which I told Jason about.

But he shook his head. "Oh no, not for you, Annie. I think we should go a little old school, something from even before *my* time." Jason had the soft smile I had come to know as his 'yes, do I have something planned for you' smile.

"Oh, okay," was all I could manage before the men went into action, coordinating their efforts like some military unit.

My bath bench was quickly brought out and set on the ground, straddling the girl rail, and this time it was Joe who picked me up, only to set me down again on the bench, standing on the bench! This had me rather nervous. Just try it yourself, standing on something above the ground with your hands cuffed behind you! Not to mention the fact that this made me even more visible to the people walking by!

Joe wasn't done yet, though. He then grabbed some rope that he just happened to have at hand, and, after making me spread my legs as wide as I could in the hobble, he started tying my ankles to the bench.

So focused was I on what he was doing that I didn't even notice that Jason had vanished into our tent, only to reappear a few minutes later with his... well... shaving kit! Which, to my horror, didn't even include a safety razor! He had one of those old fashioned straight razors, like the kind you see in museums! I didn't know anyone even used those anymore!

"Er, Jason..." I said nervously, eyeing the razor, "You aren't serious, are you?"

Jason grinned. "My girl, nothing has improved on the straight razor for smoothness since the invention of shaving. And I want to get you very smooth indeed today!"

I laughed, but it was a nervous laugh. Yet... I had to trust him, and I did trust him. But it was a lot harder to show that trust balanced high up on a wooden bench!

Jason went to work with his shaving kit, using a short-handled brush and an ornate mug to mix up the foam. Joe stood behind me, holding an identical brush. I assumed Joe was there in case I started to fall, but I couldn't help noticing that by standing behind me he didn't block the view of me from the other side of the counter.

However, when it came time to lather me up both men got into the act, starting at my ankles and working the way up my legs with their little brushes. It was ticklish and strange, and I wriggled a little as they worked, especially when they did my inner thighs, which really didn't need shaving.

But then I got another shock. They didn't stop with my legs, and Jason started applying a generous amount of foam to my pussy!

Now, I'm not one of those girls that goes completely bare down there... I like to keep myself nicely trimmed, but that's about all. But from the way Jason was painting me with the foam he seemed determined to take it all the way.

"Jason? Really?" I said. "I'd rather not, please?"

"Annabelle, you know the rules!" he replied, looking up at me for a change. "This is one of the things we agreed on."

And he was right, but I thought he had forgotten about it, I certainly had. So I had to blush and bare it, pun intended, as he finished with the foam and got out his razor.

"I don't think I have to tell you how important it is to stay still, do I?" Jason asked me, and I nodded, scared, yet excited too.

The first touch of the blade against my leg made me jump, and as it glided upwards I kept waiting for the sharp pain of being nicked, but it never came. I thought I would close my eyes as he worked, but I remembered that it was harder to balance yourself with your eyes closed, and I wanted no excuse for falling. So instead, I fixed my sight on the tent across the way, where two guys were sitting in lawn chairs watching the action.

I might have laughed at how weird it was, my standing up on a bench watching two guys drinking beer, who in turn simply sat and watched my naked body being shaved, none of us saying a single word. But I didn't want to move my body at all, not even to look down to see what Jason was doing. Instead, I just kept track of his progress through the blade itself, as Jason worked his way up both legs, humming quietly to himself.

"Spread your knees," he said when he was done with my legs, and I did as I was ordered, squatting a little as I opened up even more to him and everyone else who had stopped to watch. I don't think I even breathed as Jason worked around my vagina, tiny little scrapes, the odd dip into the bowl of water at his side, his free hand stretching the skin here, and there. It was a series of intimate touches that both aroused and frightened, a very unique feeling!

Before I knew it though, he was done... at least there he was.

"Unlock her hands, Joe," Jason ordered, and Joe did as he was told, freeing me once more. "Put your hands on your head, Annabelle, and don't move them."

I did so, and Jason spread foam on my underarms, he wasn't leaving anything undone it seemed, and then carefully scraped it all away.

When he was done he ran his hands all over my body, checking his work, and I glanced down at myself. Wow, it had been a long time since I was that bald, and I felt even more naked now than before.

Both men then untied my feet, and Joe picked me up. But instead of putting me on the ground, he set me back down in the tub, my hobble chain clanging on the bottom. Both of them worked to rinse me down, washing away the last of the foam before taking me out and drying me off once more. Then Joe cuffed my hands behind me once more as Jason picked up my hair brush.

"You look great, Annie," Jason said, a big smile on his face, and I blushed even more. I never thought what pubic hair I kept had really hidden anything, but now that it was gone... wow.

"I bet," was the only reply I could think of.

He laughed and moved closer, a bare hand on my thigh. Slowly, he let it glide up and down my leg, sending shivers through me, before sliding it over to cover my sex. "Yes, a lot smoother now. Nothing like using a real blade," he said quietly. And his words, his actions, were making me melt as I tugged futilely at my cuffs.

Jason smiled and kissed me on the forehead and then started working on my hair. We said nothing while he brush-dried my hair and Joe cleaned up after us, but I doubt I stopped blushing the whole time.

And then it was back to work.

"Just do two pots today, Annabelle," Jason said when he was done. "The contest ends today and we won't need any after lunch. You'll be spending the afternoon caged when Joe and I go see the parade, and also tonight when the big fireworks display is going on."

"Don't I even get to see that?" I whined, surprised. I would have thought the fireworks would have been visible, even to me stuck on the girl rails.

"Most of it is happening on the other side of the Spree, and I don't see why you have to be up late just to see one or two fireworks go off. But don't worry, we'll have a babysitter watching you."

The straightforward way he said that... deciding that I was going to miss the highlight of the Spree, shocked me. Didn't he just ask me to come live with him? Didn't I just see his tender side and his affection for me?

Jason's behavior confused me, but when I tried to ask him about it he waved me off, and since I recognized his Get to Work attitude by now I decided to not press things. So instead I did as I was told, a Settlement Girl doing her chores, although I felt more like a slave girl... which wasn't a bad thing, was it?

At least there wasn't much work to do. There were already enough raw ingredients prepped for two batches of chili, so all I really had to do was put them together, and soon they were bubbling on the open burners.

The lack of real work though, left me time to think. What was I going to do after the Spree? Could I take Jason's offer seriously? What about the career I had been working so hard on?

I was still thinking about all that when I heard someone say "There she is, I told you she was naked!"

I looked up to see a young man in jeans and a T-shirt standing just a few feet away. He wasn't alone, there were four of them, all dressed much alike and all staring right at me.

Instantly I felt something was wrong. After spending so long at the Spree I realized what most of the people here had in common. It might be some sort of fetish they felt the freedom to let loose, but mostly it was a zest, a love of life and the human spirit. But there was none of that with these four boys, because boys they were. Late teens, maybe twenty at the most, they reminded me more of the young street gangs that I saw in my home city, and I knew they didn't belong here. They were probably from one of the neighboring towns, at the Spree to see what they could see... and now they found me.

All this popped through my head in an instant, I guess you develop a sixth sense about the gangs when they are around you all the time.

"You weren't kidding, were you," said another boy, a redhead with hair that was more like pure rust. "She even has those chains on!"

The boys laughed, but I didn't see any joy in that laughter. To me, it was more like predator and prey, and guess who was being hunted? I took a step back, my heart racing, acutely conscious of my nudity in front of them... and my helplessness.

"I think we need a closer look," said the first boy, the tallest, the biggest... obviously the leader of this little gang.

"What do you want?" I managed to get out. "Some chili?"

The redhead, the leader, and a third boy with dirty blonde hair, shook their heads as they walked around the end of the counter, leaving the fourth boy were he was, staring at me. This fourth boy was also big, but the expression on his face was more of curiosity than menace.

The other three though, they were practically swaggering as they rounded the end of the counter and started toward me, exchanging grins.

I looked around for some help, but Jason had left a short time ago on a quick errand, and Joe had just gone inside to put away the pots he had just washed. I was alone for a few minutes.

I opened my mouth to call out to Joe, but the boys were just a couple of steps away from me by that point, and the redhead moved fast and grabbed hold of me, a hand over my mouth, pressing down. His other arm wrapped around my belly, and I did scream, or at least tried to. I tried to pull away, but my chains worked against me as they were designed to, and I was helpless to stop them as they all started feeling me up, laughing to themselves.

"Wow, she is one soft bitch!" said the blonde.

"Oh yeah, and just ripe for fucking," the leader replied, grabbing hold of my pussy as he tried to force a finger into me.

I tried to scream again, and kick them, but my hobble kept getting in the way. But then I heard the most beautiful thing, Joe!

"I'd let go of her, if I were you," Joe said, and I was able to turn my head a little to see him standing in the tent doorway. Joe the God, his T-shirt tight across his well developed chest.

The boys however, just laughed. "Go the fuck away," said the leader. "We'll give her back when we're done."

"Whatever's left of her," added the redhead, and they all laughed.

Joe moved forward, walking at a steady pace, and repeated his warning. He looked calm, almost bored, and I think this time his words, or maybe his attitude, got through to them a little. Because as he got closer, the boys separated, except for the redhead who still held on to me, using me as a shield.

"Go fuck yourself!" said the leader, watching Joe closely.

Joe just shrugged. "You let go of her and walk away, kid," he said calmly, "and I'll buy you all an ice cream. How about that?"

"Fuck you," said the blonde, who was closest to Joe, and he took a swing at him.

Joe, to my surprise, deflected the flying fist with ease, catching the boy's arm and somehow twisting it in a way that caused the blonde to flip over onto his back, knocking the air out of him.

Immediately, the big kid who hadn't approached me scrambled over the counter, and I saw him dig out of a pocket a long tube made of leather that looked to be filled with something. Then I heard a familiar click, and I looked over at the leader who had pulled a switch blade. The boy holding on to me also reacted by pulling me tighter against him, and I could barely breath through the hand over my mouth.

"Who the fuck are you, to disrespect us like that?" asked the leader, advancing on Joe with his knife, while the big kid did the same from another angle. "You parade that bitch around naked all week, and expect to keep her for yourself?"

"Last warning, guys," Joe said, still calm, not even breathing hard. "Leave now, or you'll get hurt."

"Fuck that!" snarled the leader and he darted forward with his knife, angry and hot headed.

Again Joe deflected the attack, catching the arm with the knife and turning around. He somehow managed to get the leader to drop the knife just as the big kid got there. The big kid had his weapon out and was bringing it down on Joe's head, but Joe managed to turn at the last moment, and instead caught it on the back of his shoulder.

Joe was amazing, it was like watching one of those action movies, because he didn't stop moving. Almost at the same time, he seemed to turn around again, pulling the leader around with him to get between him and the big kid before kicking the leader in the gut. The big kid grabbed his leader and pulled him aside to get at Joe, but this occupied his hands long enough for Joe to step right up to this kid and slap him hard with both hands on both his ears. I don't know why, but this caused the big kid a lot of pain and he fell to his knees howling.

Meanwhile, the blonde had gotten up and had gotten out a knife of his own, and was advancing on Joe from behind. But Joe saw him and he did one of those round house kick things, knocking down the redhead and sending his knife flying.

Now three of the gang were lying on the ground in pain, and that left the redhead holding on to me.

Joe turned to face us, a few feet away, breathing a little harder now, but still very much in control. "Let her go, now," he said sternly.

"Fuck you," said the boy holding on to me.

"It's not like you can take her anywhere, she's chained to the track under your feet."

"Go get the key. You just stay away, or I snap her neck!" said the boy, with obvious panic in his voice. He had just seen Joe take down his three armed friends, and now I think he understood that he was in big trouble. But I couldn't see how Joe could get to him before he started to hurt me, he was already squeezing me so hard that I really was having trouble breathing.

But Joe just sighed and slipped a couple of fingers into a pocket. I didn't see what he pulled out, because he immediately threw it, hard, right at the redhead, catching him on the forehead. I actually heard it thunk as it hit the kid's skull, and the kid immediately howled and let go of me, grasping at his face as blood started to pour down it.

I collapsed to the ground, which was a good thing as Joe rushed by, capturing the redhead and slamming him to the counter, almost tipping the whole thing over with the impact. Joe turned the boy around and held him down before whispering something in his ear. I don't know what was said, but when Joe was done he let go and stepped back.

The redhead turned around, one hand trying to hold back the bleeding, and to my surprise, Joe threw him one of my cleaning rags, which the boy applied to his cut. Then, never taking his eyes off Joe, the redhead went over to his leader and had a quiet conversation with him.

The boy's leader looked as angry as hell. And he gave Joe a long, hard stare as the redhead whispered desperately in his ear. The other two boys were also recovering, but they didn't move, instead waiting to see what their leader did.

Joe came over to me and nodded slightly, before standing between me and them, his expression about as dark as I had ever seen on him. At that moment I didn't see the casual, happy womanizer that I thought was all there was to Joe. Instead I saw a much more powerful animal, one you really didn't want to fuck with.

And the boys all saw that too, I could tell. Joe, my alley cat, had just proved once again who had the longest claws, and they knew it!

"Fuck this," snarled the leader again, trying to look mean, but in his defeat looking more like the teenager he was. "You can have her. Stupid cunt. What do we want with sloppy seconds anyway!" He got to his feet, his eyes on Joe's, and waited until his friends found their feet too.

I thought they were about to go at it again, but the leader turned away, and with his friends following they left. I never saw them again.

"Thank you, Joe," I said, meaning it deeply. I didn't realize how scared I was during all that, but I was feeling it now, and started to shiver.

Joe knelt down and took me into his arms, holding me to his chest. "They're gone, and they are not coming back. That's a promise."

I nodded, somehow knowing it was true, and that's when I saw Jason. He was at the other end of the counter, talking to one of the uniformed police that patrolled the Spree. Before coming here I had been happy to know that the Spree wouldn't be completely lawless. The county sheriff had police in uniform here to take care of problems as they happened. Although, according to Jason, in deference to the money the Spree brought to the area every year these cops turned a blind eye to anything that didn't directly hurt anyone else. Hence the relaxation of anti-nudity laws, for example.

But I guess someone had called them, and I don't know how long Jason had been here or what they and the cops saw, but he was now talking to them. And while he talked to them I noticed something shiny lying in the grass. It was a quarter, with blood on it. That's what Joe had thrown, he had saved me with a quarter, and for a moment, I couldn't take my eyes off it. That's when the police officer came over to where Joe and I knelt.

"You both okay?" he asked, watching us closely. "Someone called in a fight!"

"We're fine," said Joe. "Just some boys playing macho. They were harmless."

The cop looked at Joe for a moment, then focused on me. It wasn't a look of curiosity or even of sexual interest, it was strictly concern, but I don't think he cared for the fact that I was naked and cuffed. "Miss, are you okay?"

I nodded, but didn't say anything. Jason came up and stood with us, and the cop looked at all three of us before speaking again. "I want to talk to the girl alone, please. So could you step aside, gentlemen?"

Jason and Joe glanced at each other, before Joe gave me another quick hug and stood up. Another police officer showed up, this one a woman, and a crowd started to gather on the other side of the counter. The female cop and male cop whispered to each other for a moment, and then the male cop moved over to talk to Jason and Joe.

The female cop crouched down beside me as I knelt on the grass. "Hi, I'm Jane," she said quietly, not wanting the world to hear us, I guess. "And you are?"

"Annabelle," I replied.

"Hi, Annabelle. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine... good... a little winded," I said nervously.

Jane looked me over, a professional assessment more than anything else. "You sure? I was told someone tried to assault you."

"I'm fine, it got handled." I replied, a little firmer. This female cop made me uncomfortable, even though I knew she was only doing her job. Still, it was obvious my nudity and bondage disturbed her, and I could see that she was trying to breach the subject without offending me.

"Annabelle, what I should do is get some clothes on you, and get you out of those cuffs. But I've been working the Sandhills Spree for five years now, and if I learned anything here, it is that the usual rules don't always apply. But, I'm going to ask you again if you're okay, and before you answer, I want you to know that if anyone, anyone at all," she said, glancing over at Jason and Joe, "is hurting you, then I can take you to safety right now, and no one will be able to get to you. So, are you okay?"

I took a deep breath and tried to relax. Jane was truly concerned about me, but I could just see myself saying the wrong thing and all this would end. But it also occurred to me that if things went any further there would be police records and stuff, and that would mean maybe people I knew at home might find out what I was doing out here!

"I'm fine," I managed to say, trying to smile at the same time. "It's okay. This is all safe, sane, and consensual. Jason and Joe are my friends, they haven't kidnapped me or anything. I want to be here! Everything has been really great since I got here, except for... well, now. But that's all over, and things are going to be great again!"

Jane kept her eyes on my face the whole time, and watched me for a moment longer before nodding and standing up. She helped me up to my feet, and I was surprised to see that she was shorter than I was. But she carried herself strongly, and like Joe she exuded that 'don't fuck with me' attitude. But her eyes were soft and caring, and she looked me over once more before nodding again.

"I don't see any injuries on you, and the sort of perverts I worry about can't help making bruises on their victims. So I'm going to take your word for it, that this is all just games."

"It is!" I said.

Jane nodded again. "Okay, I believe you. But if you need anything, you just have to yell, okay? There is always someone around in this neighborhood."

I smiled, a much more genuine smile, and got a smile in return. But then another thought struck me. "You're not going to write this up, are you?" I asked, worried again.

This was what made Jane laugh. "Are you kidding? Unless someone is seriously injured, I wouldn't dare put on paper any names I come across here. Frankly, it isn't worth my job to expose some of the people that attend the Spree. Don't worry, you're safe that way. But I mean it. Just call if you need me." And with that, she patted me on one bare shoulder and signaled her partner. And the three of us watched them walk away!

That was when I started to shiver.

I knew it was just the release of adrenalin or something like that, the stress of all that had happened. But I couldn't stop myself from shaking.

Jason and Joe both immediately noticed this, and Jason put an arm around my shoulders and helped me back into the tent. Without a word, he unlocked the cuffs on my wrists while Joe, surprisingly, wrapped a blanket around me, my first real covering in a week! The feel of cloth against my skin actually felt weird to me, but it was oh so comforting too, and I pulled the blanket tight around me.

"My trunk," Jason said to Joe, "the whiskey. Pour her a little, mixed with water."

"Sure thing, Boss," Joe replied, and he gave me a warm smile before leaving.

Jason dragged a chair over to the girl rail and sat me down, then brought another one over for himself, sitting close.

"It's okay, Annabelle, you're safe now. We'll get you out of these chains in a minute, and get you some clothes. There's no need to continue."

I said nothing until after I had my first sip of whiskey, feeling it burn all the way down and almost making me cough. The shakes were starting to fade, and my mind was racing.

I had almost been raped... *raped*... yet... what? I was having a hard time getting my head around what had just happened. I didn't want to think about my near rape, I needed something else to focus on, at least at the moment.

"Wow," I eventually said.

"Wow?" Jason asked, sitting close and leaning in to watch my face, while Joe sat on his bunk nearby.

"Yes... wow... Joe. I mean... did you see him? I didn't know he could fight like that... it was like it was nothing to him!"

Jason leaned back, looking slightly confused. I don't think he expected me to talk about that, of all things. But he glanced over at Joe and smiled slightly. "Yes, Joe is full of surprises, and skills. That's why I keep him around."

"I wondered," I said, smiling.

Jason still looked confused, I don't think he expected my humor. But then at the moment, it was all I wanted to focus on.

"Well, he isn't just a pretty face!" Jason ventured, watching me closely.

"A very pretty face," I added.

"Handsome, not pretty," Joe chimed in.

"Handsome, sorry," I said with a smile, and swallowed some more whiskey. It tasted nice, not as bad as I thought it would, and I finished the glass.

"Such things are important," said Joe.

I giggled.

Jason watched us both. "Yes, Joe is pretty handy when it comes to trouble."

"Like with those two guys you were arguing with the other day?" I asked.

"Yes, like with them."

"What was that all about anyway?"

Jason paused, then shrugged. "Well, if you must know... they wanted to buy you."

"What?" I said, getting the giggles again.

"They wanted to buy you, offered me good money too. But I turned them down, and they weren't too happy."

"Oh," I said. We sat quietly for a moment, but all of us knew that I had to ask. "How much were they going to pay?"

"Well, it wasn't enough," Jason replied, semi-seriously. "I told them that I wouldn't take anything under twenty dollars, but the most they would offer was fifteen, so we had to say no!"

It took me a second...."Oh SHUT UP!" I said, laughing, and the men laughed too. "You bastard," I muttered affectionately.

"That's without the chains though," continued Jason. "They're worth a few hundred a piece!"

"Bastard," I giggled. "Seriously, how much?"

Jason leaned forward, an arm across my shoulders, and said quietly, "it doesn't matter how much they offered, because to me, you are priceless."

And that's when I started to cry.

Joe went outside and Jason held me for a while as I just let my emotions go. It had been a big scare, and could have been a lot worse if it hadn't been for Joe. But... a strong part of me realized that I was safe now, and realistically had always been safe with Joe and Jason watching over me. I couldn't let it scare me any longer. And when I realized *that*, that's when I was able to gain some control back.

"Come on," Jason said, as I began to settle down. "Let's get your bondage off and find your clothes. Then you can have a rest."

I shook my head, really, I shook my head. "No... at least, not yet."

"Annabelle. I'm not going to force you to finish your contract out under these circumstances. Don't worry about that!"

"It's not that," I replied, trying to make sense of it in my head. "In fact... you may be right. But... I want it to be my decision, not yours." I looked him in the eyes, taking one of his hands in mine. "Right now, I need that control... please?"

Jason watched me for a moment, then nodded. "Okay, but I'm going to get your clothes out and let you have the keys. When you are ready, then you can unlock yourself and get dressed. Get some rest now though, and think about it." He sighed. "Annabelle, you know that I would be happy to continue, to finish out the week and maybe beyond, if you are still thinking about that. But whatever you decide is best for you, you have my support. Okay?

I smiled, glad he understood, and I let him help me back to my bed, which was of course in my cage, the chain connecting me to the girl rails still attached to my collar.

Jason tucked me in and returned a moment later with a ring of keys and my handcuffs. "I'll leave these with you, and I put your bag of clothes out on my bunk. Joe and I will finish serving out the last of the chili and begin cleaning up. Then we'll have some lunch, okay?"

I nodded, and he left me alone, leaving the cage door open.

I didn't sleep, I couldn't. My mind was wide awake and racing. But the whiskey had helped to mellow me out a bit, and I tried not to let any actual thoughts take shape in my head. Instead, I just huddled under the blanket until it got too hot inside the warm tent, and then I shoved it away. This exposed my body again, of course, and made me pause.

I know I have a great figure, slim and lithe, like my mother; we all lucked out on the genetics there. And my time naked in the sun this week had given me a wonderful tan, deep and dark, as befitted my Mediterranean ancestry.

The stainless steel bonds I still wore provided a sharp contrast to my tanned skin. Almost alien in their appearance. Now that I had my hands free I was able to explore them properly for the first time since I put them on. The wide manacles about my ankles fitted closely. How solid they felt, and how strong the chain between my ankles was. I let my fingers explore every inch of my hobble, marveling at how secure my ankles were.

Then my collar. It was my own collar, brought from home. Comfortable, and very secure. But locked to it was the tether chain. Long and solid, it had no problems at all holding me to the girl rails that Jason had made for me. Without a key, there was no escaping it.

And my handcuffs. Like the ones on my ankles, these were wide and solid and padded on the inside with a neoprene pad for comfort. Yet, they felt so strong, so controlling in their simplicity. As I well knew. They were intoxicating, and I held them in my hands for a long time, just looking at them.

I knew that any sane woman would probably want to end the games now. After all, it was my being nude and bound that had invited the attention of those boys. Yet... as embarrassing as it was, as frightening as it could be... it was also wonderful!

What I had said to Jane the cop had been true. Working for Jason as a bound Settlement Girl had been exciting and crazy and amazing. Could I quit now?

I guess my own body decided for me, as without even thinking about it I found myself closing one of the cuffs about my wrist. Then I stood up and put my hands behind my back, locking them there.

I was back where I was, naked and helplessly bound in Settlement Bondage. I wasn't going to give up.

Dragging the tether chain behind me, I followed the girl rail out of the cage and through the tent, only glancing at my luggage on Jason's bed, now out of reach, before stepping outside. Jason and Joe were both there, and while Joe raised an eyebrow, Jason just nodded and walked over to meet me.

"Are you absolutely sure about this, Annie? he asked, taking me by the shoulders.

"I'm sure. I want to finish." I handed him the keys.

He kissed me on the forehead. "Good girl. I knew you had that strength in you. Let's have some lunch then, I found us some chinese."

I grinned, and we had a lovely lunch outside, watching the crowds walking by. While they, in turn, got to watch a naked girl, cuffed and hobbled in silver chains, kneeling on the grass, being hand fed by two *handsome* men.

This idylic scene, however, only lasted until we were done eating.

"Okay, Annie," Jason said, helping me to my feet while Joe started clearing up. "Time to lock you up for a bit. Joe and I want to do some last minute looking around before the parade."

"Oh please," I said, hopefully, "Couldn't you let me stay out of the cage? I don't think there is any real need to lock me up in there, is there?"

Jason took me by the shoulders. "Is there a reason why I shouldn't lock you in you cage while we are gone?" he asked, seriously.

I opened my mouth, but didn't say anything. I could have told him that it would be nice to have the run of the tent by myself for once, limited as it was since I was connected to the girl rails. I could have told him that it got boring in the tent, and I would have loved some time to sit outside for a while and relax. I could even have told him that I could do some more packing up while they were gone. But, looking up at Jason, I realized none of those reasons seemed important enough to break the rules: When left alone, I get locked in the cage, period.

"Thought so," Jason said with a smile. "Now, go pee. I'll be along in a minute to see you secure."

With a sigh I nodded, and I made my way back along the girl rail to the back of the tent where our toilet was. On the way, I looked again where my clothes lay on Jason's bed, and for a moment actually missed wearing them, especially with my pussy shaved bare. But they were well out of my reach, not that I could put them on anyway.

It didn't take me long to finish up in our makeshift bathroom, and as I did so I wondered what I was going to do all afternoon, locked in the cage. "Can I at least have a book or something?" I asked Jason as he closed the cage door on me.

"Did you bring one?" he asked, raising his eyebrows.

"Er... no."

"That answers that, doesn't it? Besides, there is something very sexy about seeing you in this cage, with absolutely nothing in it but you, your bed, and your chains!"

Jason grinned, and I started blushing. "Besides," he continued, "considering what happened this morning, I feel better knowing you are safely locked up in there."

"But anyone can open the door," I said, "anyone but me, that is."

"Not when I do this!" Jason replied. And to my astonishment, he pulled a key from his pocket, slipped it into a keyhole somewhere under the door latch, and with a click the door was now truly locked. "Your babysitter will have the key, just in case. But now no one can get to you. You are perfectly safe, okay?" he said more seriously. And I suddenly saw that Jason was truly concerned about my safety while he was gone.

I nodded, and Jason smiled. "Good. We'll be off soon, but not before your minder gets here. So just relax and enjoy the time off!"

I nodded again, not wanting to say anything, and after a moment Jason left.

I was alone again, standing naked in the middle of my cage, chained hand and foot. And while before such a thing had always been a turn on for me, this time... had I made a mistake by choosing to continue?

I carefully sat down on my bed, contemplating my situation, my wrists tugging at my cuffs. Nope, still no give there. Now that I had had a chance to properly examine the cuffs I had been wearing for a week I knew even more how hopeless it was to try to break free. They were strong enough to hold King Kong, and I was just a girl.

Just a naked girl in a cage.

Normally, I don't mind being alone. At work I am surrounded by people all the time, and I have a decent social life too in those odd hours when I'm not either working or sleeping. But I live alone because I choose to, and when I am alone I treasure the time. For one thing, that's the only time I get to play bondage games. But now I didn't want to be alone. Being alone gave me time to think, and that was something I didn't want to do just now.

I got up and stepped over to the cage door. Being hobbled, I couldn’t kick it hard, but I could still kick it. Of course, it didn't matter in the slightest. It held fast. Even if I wore no bondage at all the cage would still be able to hold me easily. But I *was* bound. Held in layer upon layer of bondage.

I wasn't going anywhere.

I was still brooding about this when I heard someone in the tent, walking toward the cage. I couldn't see who it was of course, because of the canvas wall that kept me isolated from the rest of the tent, so I had to wait until whoever it was reached me.

I didn't recognize her at first, mainly because the last time I had seen this girl she had been almost naked and painted yellow. Now she was her normal self and dressed in a tube top and shorts. But it wasn't Kaye, it was Sandra, the girl who had been entertaining Jason.

"Hi," she said with a smile as she looked at me through the bars, "remember me?"

"It's Sandra, isn't it? Are you my minder?" I asked, feeling my nudity a little more in front of this woman.

"Yep! Jason asked me last night if I could take care of you today."

"Aren't you going to miss the parade?" I said, still a little put out about missing it myself.

Sandra just smiled. "If you need anything, just yell." And with that, she was gone. I guess I wasn't going to have any of her company this afternoon either.

But just a few minutes later there were two voices approaching my cage, and one of them I certainly recognized!

"Hi roomie!" said Kaye with a laugh, Sandra beside her. "How have you been?"

I had to grin, it was good to see her. "Just fine," I replied, lying just a little. "Looking forward to a relaxing afternoon in my cage."

"Oh really!" said Kaye with a wink. "And here I was gonna bust you out for a bit."

I laughed. "No chance of that, Jason locked the cage before he left. I'm not getting out."

Kaye just shrugged. "So what? He gave Sandra the key, remember?" She held up a key ring with two keys on it, the other key being the emergency tether key, the one for the lock that fastened my collar chain to the girl rail.

This grabbed my attention. "You're not serious, are you?" I asked, a little worried.

"We thought you might want to see the parade too!" Kaye said, reaching for the door lock.

Now, a part of me wanted to stop her. I was supposed to be here, locked in my cage. That was where Jason wanted me, and I felt I had to... honor... obey... I had to be here! Yet... this was also the last place I wanted to be right now, alone with nothing to do but think.

I did manage a "You can't. Jason would be pissed if I got out..." as Kaye opened the door and came into the cage. But somehow, I just couldn't manage a proper protest as the two girls fumbled to undo the lock holding me to the girl rail.

Kaye said, "What you want doesn't matter, slave girl. Do you think you can resist us?" In moments they had the lock free, and even though I still had the tether chain locked to my collar I was now free to go beyond the girl rails for the first time since I had arrived at the Spree.

I let myself be led out of the cage and toward the front of the tent, still hobbled and cuffed, still protesting that I shouldn't go. But Sandra tugged on my tether chain, and it was like a switch flipped inside me. Somehow, in my mixed up brain, I had been talking like a free woman, when my reality at the moment was nothing like that. I wasn't a free woman anymore, I wasn't even a proper Settlement Girl anymore. Now, I was just a naked girl in chains, and despite myself I really felt that deep down inside me. And for the first time since before my near assault... well... it made me blush, that's all.

We exited the tent together, Sandra and Kaye both, well, fully dressed in their brief outfits, while I remained nude. And I shuffled along as fast as I could between the two of them, fully conscious of my nudity, and my chains, and now my leash, as we moved beyond the girl rails.

Now, for a week I had been basically on display at our tent. Naked and chained for everyone passing to see. But now that I was... shuffling... the streets of the Sandhills Spree, my embarrassment started to mount. What helped though was that I wasn't the only one naked, or at least topless, in public. Most of the women and men we passed were dressed decently enough, but there were enough people otherwise clad that my nudity wasn't a big deal to the general population.

Not that we didn't generate stares and comments. But nothing bad was said, and a few remarks actually made me smile and blush even deeper.

But as we moved further and further away from home I began to wonder where I was being taken.

"You sure we should be doing this?" I asked at one point.

"It's fine," said Kaye. "We're going to have some fun!"

"Where are we going?"

"Some friends of mine have entered a float in the parade. When I told them about you they said you would be perfect for us. We're going to be *in* the parade!"

This made me stop in my tracks. "Are you serious?" I asked. "I can't be in a parade, not like this!"

"You'll be fine! They're gonna love you, you will look fantastic!"

"But I'm NAKED!" I cried, shaking my bound hands behind me.

"Annie, don't worry," Kaye said softly, taking me in for a hug. "We're all going to be pretty much naked on the float. We're all going to be body painted too, so you won't be *that* visible anyway. Trust me, we're going to have fun!"

Fun... I was just shocked. But then again... when would I ever get another chance to be bound and naked in a parade! And for some reason, I did trust Kaye. After all, she trusted me the night before, trusted me to help her through a difficult night of bondage.

So I nodded, ready to go on. "I don't suppose you got the keys to the rest of this, did you?" I asked as we started walking again. And the girls laughed.

"Nope, Jason has those. You are stuck until he says otherwise. But that's fine. Some body paint, and you are in costume!" said Kaye with a laugh.

I just sighed and let myself be led, wondering what was going to happen to me now. But deep inside I started grinning.

We eventually made it to our destination. I could tell because of the flatbed truck, decorated to look like a jungle, with a throne on a podium sitting in the center of it. I was taken inside a nearby tent, where I was surprised to see about a dozen other women. Well... that didn't surprise me. What did surprise me was that almost all of them were painted to look like tigers!

As I rubbernecked the room, Sandra led me over to what looked to be a painting station, where a young man sat grinning as he stared at me. "You must be Annabelle. Great!" he said. "Ready to be painted up!"

"Er... yeah, I guess so," I replied. "By you?"

"Yep. I'm Ben. I'll be doing you, while Khamed does Kaye."

I didn't even notice that there was a second station close by until I saw Kaye quickly stripping out of her clothes. She was going to be painted naked, like me, which was a good thing because one thing I did notice in here was that all the other women wore painted-over bikini bottoms, and some even still had tops on.

"Tiger slave girl," Ben said, grabbing some sponges and paint, "right?"

"What?" I asked.

Sandra, who stayed close to me, said that was right, and with a grin Ben got started.

"Great!" he said, quickly running his fingers over my bare skin. "And I'm glad to see you shaved today. It makes applying the paint a lot easier!"

I nodded, not really catching something I should have noticed, even in my embarrassment and excitement.

It was awkward working around my cuffs and collar, but Ben first laid down a base layer of tiger orange before grabbing some brushes to do the stripes. He worked quickly, dabbing the paint on all over me, and I was reminded of the painting session I went through a couple of days ago, or was it just yesterday? So much had happened to me this week it was getting hard to tell!

Still, Ben worked faster than any of those other painters, and I wondered about that until I realized that his paint job wasn't for looking at up close. I would, presumably, be up on the float, so a basic orange base and black stripes were all I needed.

I stayed quiet while he worked though, even though I wanted to know more about this tiger slave girl I was supposed to be.

It only took Ben about twenty minutes to do me head to toe and the guy working on Kaye was almost as fast, so soon we matched all the other girls in the room, with the exception of Sandra, who wasn't going to join us on the float. "I'm driving," she said when I asked.

We had to stand around for a few minutes to let the paint dry, but once it was I was amused to see that I wasn't going to be the only slave girl on the float, for Sandra went to fetch some handcuffs and a collar for Kaye. Now I wasn't the only one in the room standing naked and cuffed, and while Kaye was blonde while I was dark, our stripes made us look like twins.

"Time to get on the float!" someone called out, and Sandra, to my amusement, took both our chain leashes and led us out of the tent.

There were steps to aid us getting up on the back of the truck, which was a godsend considering my hobble chain, and I was settled in on my knees next to the throne, with Kaye on its other side. I wondered who was going occupy it until another woman, also striped, but wearing a fancy head dress and necklace of what looked like teeth, sat down.

She looked at me and grinned. "Hi, Annabelle, remember me?"

"Er..." I said, struggling. But she didn't look familiar at all.

"I'm Sky!"

It was the girl I met yesterday, the one painted up to look like the sky. "Oh, hi!" I said, feeling foolish.

Sky laughed. "Don’t worry about it. I thought this would fool you. I get to be the tiger girls' queen today!"

"What is all this tiger girls stuff?" I had to ask.

"Well, you know that the animal theme for this year is the tiger, right? We just thought we would have some fun with it. It was Kaye that thought up the slave girl thing you guys are doing, though. Isn't it great?"

I giggled and glanced over at Kaye kneeling in her own bondage. She was smiling ear to ear, and I figured that this was a girl who had caught the bondage bug pretty bad!

Good for her!

That was when Sandra came running back to the float. "WE FORGOT SOMETHING!" she yelled, as she scrambled up toward us, and in her hands I saw something familiar. Gags.

"You can't put those on us!" I said to her when she reached us.

"It's a part of your costume. You're supposed to be captured tiger girl slaves, aren't you?" Before I knew it Sandra was pushing the bright red ball gag into my mouth. Of course, because I was cuffed, I couldn't really resist, and once it was in I resigned myself to being gagged for the duration. I was not expecting to hear the tiny click of a padlock though, once the strap was tightened down.

I shook my head, and asked a very muffled, "What the hell is the lock for?"

Sandra just grinned. "Well, the rest of your bondage is real, why not the gag!" And with that she scooted on over to Kaye, who nervously accepted her gag too.

A parade organizer came by at that point and told us it was time to move. So a minute later Sandra was in the driver's seat, and our jungle float, filled with a dozen painted and half-naked tiger girls, joined the parade.

I didn't like the gag, I hate the taste of rubber, but there was nothing I could do about it. The strap was tight about my cheeks, pulling the edge of my mouth back, but at least the ball didn't completely fill my mouth. I could open my lips and breath around it... just, and when it became important I could let the drool out.

That's another thing I don't like about gags, they really make me drool, and as the float traveled along I wondered if my tiger girl paint job was up to the copious amounts of drool I was pouring onto my boobs.

Still, once we got to the parade proper, it did start to become fun! People lined up both sides of the parade route, which basically circled the main central hub of the Spree, and cheered us on as we passed.

It just felt so surreal. There I was, stark naked, kneeling, my position forcing my knees apart because of the way the float... well... didn't float... so even my painted pussy could be seen... bound in chains, my chain leash being held by another woman... and I was starting to enjoy it!

I know these people weren't cheering just for me, but I still felt great, my fears from earlier almost banished by the love and happiness flowing from the crowd. *These* were the real people of the Sandhills Spree, not those boys, and their happiness became my happiness, no matter how embarrassed I still felt.

At one point I glanced up at Sky, doing her bit as the Tiger Girl Queen. And she gave me an encouraging look that made me smile around my gag. I felt proud to be kneeling there beside her, and I had a very naughty idea. I turned to look at the crowd and arched my back more to stick out my small breasts, my knees spreading to expose me even more. The thought of how I might look to them made me giggle, and I spared a glance at Kaye on the other side of the throne.

Kaye looked like she was having a great time too, and she looked over at me at the same time. When she saw how I was presenting myself, I thought I saw her smile too, and she copied what I was doing. And it was great!

There we were, two naked tiger girl slaves with their Queen, and the float traveled on.

Then I saw Jason and Joe. They were on the other side of the float from me, so I knew I wouldn't be seen directly by them, at least close up. But would they recognize me at all? I was all painted up, and my fake stripes would do a good job in hiding my features, but I couldn’t hide my long, dark hair, or the collar about my neck.

What if they saw me? I was supposed to be in my cage back at the tent, not out here, and I started getting nervous again. But our part in the parade was almost over as we closed in on where we started, and once there Sandra kept driving, taking us back to her tent.

I was ready to get off now... (off the float, that is, guys). I wanted down and I wanted this gag out. But what I really wanted was to make it back to my cage before Jason got there. But I had to wait as most of the other tiger girls jumped off first, and it was up to Sky to get Kaye and me down off the float.

Sandra was down there waiting for us, and, still gagged, I tried to get her attention.

"It's okay Annabelle, we have time," she said. "We'll get going in a minute!"

"What about my gag?" I tried to say, my jaw now getting tired. But she didn't pay attention, someone else was talking to her. I kept bumping her with my shoulder, which I think annoyed her a little, because Sandra took my tether chain and clipped the end to Kaye's collar. Kaye, in the meantime, just stood smiling, just as naked, bound, and gagged as I was.

Sandra turned away to deal with the parade official that was talking to her, and that's when things started to really hit the fan.

I was watching Kaye, and I saw her eyes open wide and her smile falter. Around her gag I thought I heard her say "Jason!" and she took off! Of course, I was chained to her by the neck, so I had to follow her, doing my best in my hobble chain, and we ran for cover around the side of the nearest tent. But Kaye didn't stop, she kept going, and I couldn't shout to slow her down. She moved as quickly as I was able to go, dodging around several tents, and occasionally looking behind us and squealing.

I tried to look behind us too, but I had enough to do trying not to trip over my hobble chain. Just *you* try running with a chain between your legs flapping about wildly! It *also* didn't help that, because I couldn't do a full stride, my calves were taking the brunt of the running instead of my thighs, so they started hurting too.

But I bet we looked a sight, two naked girls in bondage, painted to look like tigers, running between the various tents and vendors of the Spree!

Eventually Kaye did stop though, and we took a breather behind a large, purple tent. Well, I say a breather, but it was more a wheeze, as pulling air around the gag was hard enough just standing still... another reason we stopped. I had no idea where we were, and I hoped that Kaye did. Being naked in public was one thing, but being lost and naked in public was more than I wanted to handle. I tried to ask her, but my mouth was so sore and dry and full of rubber and drool at the same time that I just couldn't form the words.

That's when I heard some different words.

"My my," said a familiar, feminine voice, "what do we have here, Bruno? A couple of strays?" And I turned around to see Simone, dressed in what looked like a sari, and her pet male, standing behind us. I was shocked yet relieved, at least Simone knew where I lived!

"It's that chili girl, Bruno. I never forget a pair of breasts," she continued, "but I don't know who this one is. We shouldn't let strays run about, though. So gather them up and let's go inside."

As Bruno, still completely nude except for his collars, the one around his neck and the other around his scrotum, came closer, Kaye cried out in protest. I could see why, he still had that huge hard on, something to make any naked woman nervous.

Bruno didn't seem to care though, and before Kaye and I could move he took hold of the chain between our necks and started dragging us behind him. Kaye started to struggle, but I caught her eye and shook my head. Kaye must have trusted me, because she stopped struggling, a questioning look in her eyes as we were both led into the purple tent.

Simone had gone in for an Arabian Nights theme, lots of lovely curtains and pillows. All those beautiful colors complemented Simone's sari completely, and even Bruno looked more at home. It was a place meant to have slaves in it.

Bruno dragged us over to one side before letting go, and then he went to kneel in a corner while Simone poured herself a drink from a table nearby. She wandered over to us, looking us over much like she did when we first met.

"I suppose we should see that this one," she said, indicating me, "goes back to her owner. However, maybe we could adopt the other stray, at least for a while!" Simone laughed softly, and caressed the underside of Kaye's left breast. Kaye looked scared, but she closed her eyes when Simone touched her, and I could swear she tried to smile. She was actually turned on!

"Lovely," Simone kept saying, "lovely. And I do approve of the gags. Locked on, very nice. But, I do hate body paint. It hides natural beauty so much! Bruno, get a bucket of warm water and a brush and clean them up!"

Kaye and I looked at each other, not sure if we wanted to stay for that. But neither of us got the chance to move, because before we knew it Bruno was beside us. He took the chain that connected us and hung it on a hook hanging from a chain over our heads. The hook was high, and it took most of the slack out of the chain, forcing Kaye and me to stand close together.

Simone stepped out of the tent for a moment, while Bruno got a bucket with some water in it. He grinned as he approached us, and we both began to squeal behind our gags. We really started to scream when the wet brush hit us, because the water was anything but warm. Bruno seemed to relish dipping the brush into the bucket and scrubbing us with it, getting us in random spots as we twisted about, trying to get away. But because we were both bound, neither of us could do anything about it, and eventually Bruno was done. Not an inch of our bodies escaped getting scrubbed, and my skin felt raw from the bristles, especially my breasts. Kaye's body looked red, and as she had less of a tan than I did it showed up more on her.

Bruno put the bucket away, and then came back to us. His hard on never faded the entire time, and now he stood so close he could almost brush us with it. And that's what he started to do, poking our bodies with his huge cock, prodding our hips, our asses, our bellies. And each time he poked one of us we squealed.

That's when Simone came back in, and she wasn't happy. "BRUNO! GET OVER HERE!"

Bruno's smile vanished and he scampered over to his owner. "HOW DARE YOU!," she screamed at him. "No treats for you until I say so! Understood?"

"Yes, Mistress," he said quietly.

She grabbed his cock in one hand, and to our amazement, started spanking it with her other, in time with her next words. "NO... TREATS... FOR... YOU... TODAY!"

Bruno groaned when she let go, and knelt down where he was.

"Silly puppy," Simone muttered, coming over to us. "So hard to house train. Well, I'm not going to reward you with any bitch pussy for a while, Bruno. So we might as well return them to their owners. Fetch the coffle chain!"

We were going home, or at least back to Jason, which was very much the same thing to me at that time. Relieved, I turned to bump shoulders with Kaye, but instead caught her turning to me, so we bumped breasts, a rather pleasant sensation. I could see she was relieved too, and we smiled at each other... and to my surprise, she rubbed her nipples against mine! Also a... nice sensation.

That was as far as we got though, because Bruno came over with a length of heavy chain. But it was Simone who did the honors, so to speak.

First, she handcuffed Bruno, his hands behind his back like us. Then she connected one end of the chain he had brought to Kaye's collar. The middle of that chain she connected to Bruno's collar, and since I was still connected to Kaye, the three of us were now... well... in coffle!

Simone had to lower the hook a bit in order to get my tether chain off it, but when she was ready she grabbed the loose end of the chain and started walking. "Come along, pets," she said happily. "Time for your walk!

What I said about the parade being surreal... forget it. One of the strongest images I took with me when I eventually left the Spree was that walk back to our tent. The three of us in line, all of us naked and cuffed. A naked male, chained to and followed by two naked females, led on a chain by someone who definitely knew what domination meant.

That walk pushed every submissive feeling I had, and turned me on so badly that I was groaning in frustration. The eyes of the people we passed, the grass below my bare feet, the jingle of the chains and the bondage itself holding my body... all worked on my senses. But what got me the most was how the complete lack of any control over all this affected me.

Even watching Kaye, in front of me, turned me on. Not because I had any physical attraction to her, I'm pretty sure I am just straight, but because I could see her naked bondage, which made me think that this is what people saw when they looked at me. So I ended up not paying any attention to where we were until we actually got back to our tent.

Waiting for us was Jason.

"I believe these are yours?" Simone said, laughing softly as we walked up.

"Yes, they are," Jason replied sternly. He looked at me, and he didn't look too happy. It made me bow my head.

"I just caught them running around, no one to watch them. I wouldn't want them to go to the pound!"

"Maybe they should, to learn a lesson!" said Jason.

Simone giggled, and unlocked us from her coffle chain. Both Kaye and I stood silently, not because of our gags but because we were both embarrassed and sorry about what had happened, and we could see that Jason was apparently not in the mood for any antics.

"I know the brunette is out of bounds," continued Simone, dumping the chain in Bruno's bound hands, "But the blonde is quite lovely. My pet, well, he may have to spend another month without because of the stunt he pulled, but I'd love the blonde's company for a while."

Bruno groaned when he heard about his punishment, but Simone just smiled and stepped forward to Kaye, who couldn't look Simone in the eye. I then watched in amazement as Simone reached down and slipped a finger between Kaye's legs, pressing up into her pussy.

Kaye closed her eyes and moaned, she wasn't protesting at all, and Simone's finger came away quite wet. "My, my, I think the blonde is in heat too!"

Jason chuckled. "Maybe, but just like with Annabelle, Kaye has to make up her own mind about this."

Simone shrugged and turned away. "Well," she said. "If she wants to be mine for the night she can follow us back." And she gathered Bruno's leash and started to move.

Jason and I both looked at Kaye, who was watching Simone, and we could almost see the wheels turning in her gagged head. It only took her a second, and she nodded.

Jason chuckled again and went over to her. He unclipped my tether chain from Kaye's collar before he pulled a set of keys from his pocket and unlocked the tiny padlock on Kaye's gag strap and pulled the gag from her mouth.

Kaye spit out a lot of built up drool and worked her jaw, obviously she was not used to gags either.

"You sure?" Jason asked her.

Kaye smiled. "Oh yes! This bondage stuff is fun! And who knows, maybe I will get to ride that beast of a man, too!"

All three of us laughed, and she hurried off to catch up with Simone and Bruno, still naked and cuffed, a condition I doubted would change for her very soon.

That left me alone with Jason. "Well, you look a sight. Drool half coating your tits and belly," Jason said softly, turning to me. "What are we going to do about you trying to escape?"

Around my gag, I tried to explain that I wasn't trying to get away, it was all Kaye's and Sandra's idea, but he waved me down. "No excuses, no excuses! You definitely deserve a good spanking!" And before I knew it, he bent over and picked me up, throwing me over his shoulder.

I squealed into the gag and tried to wriggle free. But even though Jason was over sixty years old he had no problems holding on to me, and he carried me over to one of the benches and sat down, dropping me onto his lap face down. I kept on wriggling, expecting to feel the pain of his hand on my bare butt... but instead, he simply started caressing it, rubbing it softly until I calmed down. And he was laughing.

Puzzled, I didn't resist when he moved me again, setting me on the ground where I assumed a kneeling position. He got out his keys and undid the lock of my gag, finally pulling the horrid thing out of my mouth. And only *then* did I understand what had been going on.

"You bastard," I said, spitting out drool, "you set me up!"

"I did?" Jason replied, pretending innocence.

"Of course you did!" I said, pretending to be mad. "I should have realized earlier. You shaved me smooth this morning so I could be body painted this afternoon. You gave Sandra and Kaye the keys to free me, and stayed away long enough for us to be gotten ready for the parade. *And*, you had the keys to our gags! You set me up!"

Jason chuckled. "Guilty. I wanted you to have one last adventure before we left tomorrow."

I had to smile, and we both grinned at each other like idiots. "Asshole," I said softly.

"Hey... remember who is in charge here!" Jason replied in mock offence.

"Sorry... asshole, Sir!"

Jason chuckled. "Well, did you enjoy the parade?"

"Yes, Sir, I did."

"And your tour of the camp afterward? Kaye faked seeing me, by the way, and did as she was told, leading you to Simone's tent."

"Asshole... Sir... and yes... that was... fun too." I said, rubbing my thighs together.

"And what was your favorite part?"

"Oh, that would be the next bit."

Jason looked confused. "The next bit?"

"Yes, where you carry me inside, lock me back to the girl rail, and fuck me silly!"

I think I actually shocked him, but I was so turned on by the whole afternoon that I really didn't care. And Jason, he didn't stay shocked for long, and like I said just a minute ago, he had no problems carrying me anywhere!

\* \* \*

"I think we might be missing the fireworks," I said quietly, some time later.

"Hmm?" Jason replied.

"The fireworks. Do you know what time it is?"

"No, and I don't care."

I smiled in the semi-darkness. I really didn't care either. Jason and I were in my cage, on my bed, spooning after a long evening of love making. He was tucked in tight behind me, our naked, sweaty bodies pressed together, separated only by my cuffed arms.

It would have been nicer had I had my hands free, but there was one, fun advantage of being bound like this... my hands were in the perfect position to hold Jason's cock and balls. I cradled them in both my hands, soft and warm, and massaged them very slowly, something Jason didn't seem to mind at all. Occasionally, he would start to get hard beneath my fingers and I would stop to let him grow soft again.

I figured it only right to tease him this way, since he had one arm draped over my body, his hand cupping one of my breasts as he fingered a nipple, endlessly flicking and slowly turning it. It felt wonderful!

I felt wonderful.

If I had to compare Joe and Jason, (which I would never do out loud, at least where they could hear me), I think I would call Jason the better lover.

Joe was all passion and energy, riding him was like riding a roller coaster, and his principal weapon of choice was his strength and that beautiful cock of his.

Jason had his hands and his lips, and the skills to use them. He took full advantage of my bound state, to tease me and arouse me completely, practically making me beg to cum. In fact he did let me cum, three times, before he even entered me! And for a man of sixty, his stamina was pretty good! It may not have been a roller coaster, but I was just as exhausted at the end.

But what cinched it for me as far as Jason was concerned, was this, the afterglow. That quiet time when two people simply exist together for a while, syncing heartbeats and thinking happy thoughts... oh, and quietly teasing the hell out of each other.

I felt him starting to come to hardness in my hands again, and stilled my fingers, making Jason groan.

"Jesus, girl," he said quietly, his breath on the back of my neck, "You're driving me crazy!"

I giggled. "Just having a little fun!"

"Yeah, I know. But you are seriously making me think about taping up your fingers!"

"Oh, but then I wouldn't be able to do... this!" And I resumed my movements, only this time I took his cock in one hand and began to slowly stroke it.

Jason groaned some more, shifting his body slightly to make room, his breathing coming faster. "Annie," he gasped, "remember, I'm more than twice your age!"

His body didn't feel it, especially the part slowly pressing into my butt, so I didn't stop stroking.

"God," he whispered. "Okay, Annabelle, you asked for it!" And he moved to take control.

"I don't think we missed the fireworks," I said a little while later, breathing hard, my chest on the bed, my knees tucked up under me and Jason hanging on to my hips from behind. He chuckled as he slipped out of me, and helped me back into our spooning position.

"I wonder where Joe is," I said once we had settled.

Behind me, I felt Jason stiffen up... no, not in that way. "Joe? Why did you think of him?"

"No reason," I replied, sensing from Jason's tone that I just bruised his sensitive, male ego. "I just wondered, it's been quiet without him."

"I supposed you thought he would stop by for a threesome at some point, right, Annabelle?"

An image flashed suddenly in my head. Me, on my knees, hands cuffed behind me, with Joe fucking me from behind while I suck on Jason, my chains swinging and jingling as I helplessly service both powerful men! God, what an image!

"Er, no! Of course not!" I lied.

"Good," Jason said, relaxing a little. "He isn't coming back tonight, I told him that we needed our privacy."

"Oh, he has a place to spend the night?"

That made Jason chuckle. "You could put Joe down in any part of the world, in a place he has never ever been before, and he would have no problems finding a soft bed for the night. Am I right?"

I smiled in the darkness. Yes, an alley cat can always find a place to go, and maybe even get some sleep!

"Well, I don't miss him... this is perfect without him!" I said softly, wriggling a little against Jason's warm, naked body.

We lay for a while in the heat, listening to the fireworks display that signaled the last night of the Spree, and as Jason's breathing deepened, I thought he had gone to sleep. So it surprised me when he asked, "Have you been thinking about my proposal, Annabelle?"

"Proposal?" I replied, thinking the wrong thing for just a moment, until I realized what he meant. "Oh, to come live with you?"

"Yes, that one," he said, a little sarcasm creeping into his tone.

I giggled. "Sorry, when I asked you to fuck me silly earlier, I didn't think you would take me so literally!"

He started to laugh, and I laughed too. Two naked lovers in a cage, laughing at a silly joke. But when we calmed down he asked me again. "Have you thought about it?"

I took a deep breath and let it out. "Yes."

"And?"

"I can't. Sorry." I said, feeling pain with every word. To be honest, with everything that had happened to me today, I hadn't had much time to think about anything. But maybe that was the advantage. Not having brooded about it, I gave the first answer that felt right!

"Can I ask why?" he said softly in the dark.

I tried to turn my head to look at him, but he was behind me and my hair was pinned somehow. But I wanted to see his face, and broke free of his hold in order to wriggle round till we were face to face. He had a concerned look on his face, but didn't look as crushed as I expected!

"Why can't you come live with me, Annie," he asked again, looking into my eyes. "You know this is the sort of life you want to lead, and I can make that happen for you, any way you wish. It doesn't even have to be Settlement bondage, it can be anything we like!"

"I know that, Jason," I said softly, wishing I wasn't bound so I could hold him. "But... ever since high school I've been working my ass off learning how to be a chef. The places I've been, the people I've worked with and learned from. Cooking is my passion, and while you want me to cook for you, cooking for just a few people isn't the same as cooking for hundreds. There is nothing like a restaurant at full speed, the smells, the sounds, the energy. I need that!"

"Do you? Really?"

"Yes, I do. Even though it is a tough, miserable job at times, where I rarely go a week without a cut or a burn, not to mention the long hours... I love it! It makes me come alive in ways I can't describe." I shifted forward until I could touch foreheads with him. "I can't give that up, even for the fantasy of living like this. Even for living with you."

Jason sighed... then he shrugged. "Well then, I guess it'll have to be Plan B!"

"What's Plan B?"

"Well," he said, leaning back, "one of the cabinets outside has been specially designed. It has cutouts that will allow Joe and me to fit you neatly inside. We can then get you out to the plane without anyone seeing you, and have you on the way to a secret location inside an hour!" Jason said, his face growing dark and still.

"WHAT?" I said, feeling a chill flow through my body.

"No one will miss you, and if anyone does start asking questions, I can easily buy them off. The girl rails are already in place at my hidden ranch, and you'll adapt quickly!"

I started to push back from him, feeling very, very helpless... until... until the bastard started to smile. "Gotcha!" he chortled.

"Dammit, Jason!" I cried out, kicking him with my bound feet. He laughed and reached out for me, pulling me into his arms once more while I wriggled to get free. But of course, he easily overpowered me. "That wasn't funny!"

"Wow, do you really think that little of me, that you could believe a story like that!"

"Bastard," was all I could say in reply. But as the fear left me, I *could* see the funny side, and I was soon able to relax again.

"There really is a Plan B though," he said, eventually.

"Oh, what is it? Are you going to sneak me out rolled up in a carpet?"

"No, I'm going to bankroll you in your own restaurant!"

"Funny," I said with a smile. But the longer I looked at him, the more I saw he was serious. "You've got to be kidding!"

"Why? Do you think it's a stupid idea?" he asked quietly.

"I... You hardly know me, you don't... Do you have any idea how much something like that would cost?" I replied, my brain suddenly spinning. Yes, getting my own place was the biggest goal of my life... but I never expected anything like this from Jason.

"I have a pretty good idea of the cost," he said calmly, "not that it matters, I've got money to burn, and I'm always looking for a good investment. But you're wrong, Annie, I *do* know you, better than you think, but not as well as I would like to. You've said before that you want this, and I can make it happen for you."

"But... I couldn't... I couldn't accept..."

"Why not? Don't you think you can do it?"

The truth was, no... I knew better than to think I was ready to have my own place, and I said so, firmly. "I can cook, sure! I know how to run a busy kitchen and deal with everyone in it. But I don't know enough to run the business, Jason, and that is what it is, a business! I'm not qualified!"

Jason shrugged and sat up, a hand on my hip, a smile on his face. "Then I hire people to do that for you. I find you a business slash restaurant manager, a good one, to run the place while you run the kitchen. It will be your place, you're the ultimate boss, and I'll be a silent partner. And we can do this in Scottsdale where you can come live with me."

"Oh, is that a condition?" I asked, struggling to sit up myself. Jason helped me up and the two of us now sat cross-legged naked on my bed... well, I was cross-legged, Jason couldn’t quite manage it.

"No, it isn't a condition," he said with a sigh. "If you like, we can find you your own place to live, you don't have to live with me. But, I would still like it to happen in Scottsdale. I want to stay in touch with you at least."

"My own restaurant," I said after a moment, still processing it all. "Mine... any kind I want."

"Any kind you want," he repeated.

"All I have to do is run the kitchen?"

"That's all, although all the major decisions are yours too."

"I even get to name it?"

"That too," Jason replied, watching me closely.

I sat for a moment, naked and bound in my cuffs and chains, listening to the muffled voices of the people going by outside our tent, my head full of what he was offering, wondering if Jason knew just what it meant to me. Did I really need to think about it?

"Okay," I said, swallowing nervously.

Jason must have been holding his breath, because he exhaled loudly. "Good... thank you," he said. "I can start looking for a suitable property right away, and a place for you to live."

"No... you don't have to do that. I'll come live with you. Oh, we are definitely doing the restaurant, but I'll live with you too!

I was scared, oh yes, I was scared! What the hell did I just agree to. But God, was I excited too! My own restaurant!

"Il Incatenato Uno," I whispered.

"What?" Jason asked.

"That's what I want to name my restaurant. Il Incatenato Uno"

"Sounds pretty. What does it mean?"

"Er... The Chained One."

Jason laughed, a big smile on his face that made him look twenty years younger, although some of that could have been the dim light too. He shook his head and sighed. "I hope there aren't too many Italian speakers in Scottsdale," he said with a chuckle. Then he paused and looked at me. "Annabelle," he said softly, "you are just so beautiful right now."

"And horny as hell, Sir," I replied with a grin, laying back down again on my bound arms, my knees wide apart. "So... if you want me to thank you properly... well... now's the time!"

I think that really surprised him, but he didn't stay surprised long. And soon there were more fireworks happening in my cage.

\* \* \*

I stood out in the open, grass sticking up between the gaps of my toes, the warm, morning sun sinking deep into my bare skin... and sighed.

This was about to end, and I knew I was going to miss it. It was almost time to go home, yet I wanted to enjoy every last second of my naked bondage while I could.

When I got here a week ago, I had been half scared to death at what I was about to do, spend an entire week naked and in chains with men I barely knew, and in public, no less. I had no idea what scared me most, and if I was making a huge mistake.

Yes, the money was good, although that had never been the biggest reason for my coming here. More importantly, I wanted to see if I could do it... give myself over to someone else for real!

Standing naked at the end of one of the girl rails, I turned around slowly to look at the people around me. A lot of the tents had already come down, with people packing and leaving all over the place. The Spree looked about as busy as I had ever seen it, and few spared more than a glance for the naked girl in chains watching them. But I watched them, not caring much at all that I was still nude and bound. It seemed a... natural state for me at the moment. But it was about to end.

"Annabelle, come over here so I can get those cuffs off," Jason called. "You need to get dressed so we can go!"

I sighed, looking over where he and Joe were waiting for me, our luggage sitting on the ground outside the tent. Jason had in his hand a small trophy designed by one of the founding artists of the Sandhills Spree. It was all in brass, a tiny cauldron supported by flames, set into a wooden base. It wasn't the big trophy though, I hadn't won the chili contest. But I was happy with my second place, as I had literally done it with my hands tied.

But as I stood there looking at the men that had taken cared of me over the last week, a part of me had this sudden fantasy. Everyone at the Spree would be leaving, packing up and taking away everything they had brought with them, including Jason, who's setup crew would take down our own home for the past week. Piece by piece, everything would go, until all that was left was me... and the girl rails. And I would be alone, standing in the middle of a huge, empty field, still naked and chained and trapped by the girl rails.

It was a lovely little fantasy, but it wasn't to be.

"Annie, come on!" Jason ordered.

I sighed, and shuffled along the girl rail toward him. When I reached him, he turned me around and started to undo my bondage, most of which I had been wearing for a week straight. He first took my cuffs completely off my wrists, then did the same with the manacles about my ankles. The tether chain he unlocked where it met my collar, which was the only thing he didn't take from me because it was my own.

I was now more naked than ever in just my collar, and I didn't mean just in having something on to cover me. Still, it amused me to see the pale bands around my ankles and wrists, where my bondage had given me tan lines. That would be hard to explain when I got home!

"You okay, Annie?" Jason asked, as he and Joe watched me.

I nodded, I didn't want to speak, and instead went inside the tent where my clothes waited for me. Jason had chosen a dress for me to wear, something light and bright, one of my favorites. He had also selected my underwear, and it felt rather funny slipping on my panties after so long naked. I didn't bother with my bra though, and instead just put on the dress and slipped on my sandals.

There was a mirror on a stand nearby, and I looked at myself critically. I wished I had time for a little make up, and despite Jason's care I knew I needed to give my long hair a really good grooming when I got home. But... the girl in the mirror looked like an entirely different person than the naked and chained one that had been there just a little bit ago.

But I still liked her, and she wasn't going to leave this tent without one, slight adjustment.

"Annie, come on! We have a bus to catch!" Jason called, poking his head in from the outside. He smiled when he saw me fiddling with an earring though.

"Sorry," I said. "A week without jewelry is long enough!"

He laughed. "For some, anyway. Come on, we have to go."

I smiled and grabbed my bag, and outside Joe joined us for the long walk to the central area where we could catch a shuttle bus to the air strip. I glanced behind us a couple of times as we left, wistful about the girl rails I was leaving behind. But it felt wonderful to be able to walk normally again, taking full strides without having to worry about tripping over a hobble chain.

Bondage is a lot of fun, but there is nothing like a full range of motion, either.

The shuttle took us and several other people to the nearby air strip, where we met up with Jason's private plane. It wasn't that big, it only had two engines and they were propeller ones. But the inside was very comfortable with lots of leather seats, and there was an area at the back where our luggage went. Jason and I waited inside while Joe did all his outside preflight stuff.

"Was it all you wanted, Annabelle?" Jason asked, sitting across from me.

I smiled. "It was so much more!"

He chuckled. "When we got here a week ago, I thought you might quit! You had such a scared look on your face."

"I did?"

"Oh yes. I was afraid to ask you to do anything. I didn't even think you would go through with being nude! I was so proud of you the first time you stepped out of the tent!"

I grinned and blushed. Yes, I thought I was going to have a heart attack that first time. "I did it though!"

"Yes you did, and you have done a lot of growing up over the past week."

I looked out the window, fighting several emotions. "In a way," I said eventually, "I wish it didn't have to end."

"In a way, it doesn't have to!" Jason replied.

"What do you mean?" I asked, turning to look at him.

"No one can leave the Spree naked," Jason said, "our exemption from the law only goes so far. But, now that you are aboard my plane, you can dress, or undress, as you choose!" He grabbed his bag and pulled out my wrist cuffs. "Care to make the flight home more interesting?"

I giggled and nodded, and five minutes later I was once again completely naked, except for the steel collar about my neck and the steel cuffs binding my wrists behind me. Jason leaned close to buckle me into my seat, and I was trapped, helpless once more.

Joe stepped into the cabin to find his seat up front, but as he passed me he paused and nodded in approval. "You know, Jason," he said, "I don't think this girl should ever wear clothes aboard this plane again!"

"I agree," said Jason with a nod. "Make a note, and add it to the preflight checklist."

"Annabelle naked and bound... check!" Joe said, pretending to make a note on the clipboard he was carrying.

I sat there blushing under the watchful eyes of both men. "You guys..." was all I could manage in response.

They both laughed and Jason joined Joe up front for the take off, leaving me alone in my bondage and my thoughts. And as I sat on the sticky leather seats, pulling gently on the cuffs that held me helplessly exposed, I thought about the month ahead of me.

A month is what I told Jason, a month to finish out my job, visit family, and pack my old life away for the move to Scottsdale... and my new life.

Would I find happiness? I hoped so. But I looked forward to the challenge, and fantasized about what was to come as we lifted off the ground... Jason, Joe, and their naked cargo, a girl named Annabelle. :)

The End