**Spelunker**

by The\_Technician

*Macie makes exploring a cave a little more exciting.*

I attended Macie’s wedding a little over a year ago. I knew how she and Dave met because they are members of one of the clubs I belong to, but she was unwilling to reveal that story publicly. Recently, she said I could tell her story and we sat down for several hours as she gave me the true details of what brought her and David together. This is her story:

The cave was always there. Well, maybe it wasn’t always there, but I grew up next to it and for me, it was always there. Every summer tourists would drive past our farm and go to “The Greatest Natural Wonder Under the Earth.”

I think my desire to be tied up was also always there, even though as a child, it was not sexual. As a young girl, whenever the neighbor kids and I would get together to play something, I always suggested something that involved getting captured and tied up. I usually “lost.” One day when I was about ten, my little brother finally told me, “We don’t want you on our side. You like getting caught.”

Since I was the oldest child, I had to watch my three younger brothers while my parents worked around the farm. Dad bought one of the neighboring farms and some company bought the other so it was now just us in the area. My brothers and I still played capture games a lot, but with no neighbors left, it was three against one. I would hide in the barn or in the cornfields and they would try to catch me. Somehow, they always did.

After that, my mother decided that the boys were old enough to take care of themselves and it was time for me to find a job off the farm. The obvious choice was the cave. I got a job in the gift shop during the summer for the next two years, and then when I turned eighteen I became a full-time cave guide.

Taking someone on a tour through the cave is interesting the first twenty times or so, but after a few hundred times it gets really boring. I had done the tour so many times that I had the speech fully memorized. I could still sound enthusiastic and interested, but in fact, I was speaking mechanically and daydreaming all the while I was speaking. There was one point in the tour where I showed the tourists, “what the cave was like before we developed it.” At that point we would turn off the lights for a few moments and everything would be pure darkness.

In that darkness, I would imagine myself tied up and helpless there in the cave. I didn’t realize how much I was enjoying this moment of fantasy until the owner of the cave took me aside one day and told me that I was leaving the lights off too long and it was causing complaints.

One of the things which the tourists are never told is that there are several “escape routes” out of the cave in case something goes wrong. That could be anything from a tunnel collapse to an earthquake or a sudden flood. The tourists might see the steel gratings across some of the “unimproved areas” but if asked, we were told to say that they were just small, uninteresting tunnels.

Most of them were, but several were actually escape routes. We each had a key that would open any of the escape grates in case of trouble. One day while giving a tour, I faintly heard a tractor working in the field above us. It may sound crazy, but I could recognize the sound of my dad’s tractor, and it was definitely him.

As soon as I heard that tractor, an idea began to form in my mind. That night, I asked dad where he had been working that day. When he asked why, I told him that I had heard his tractor in the cave. He laughed and said, “I must have been next to the sinkhole.” There was a rather large sinkhole in one of our fields that was fenced off and had signs warning people to stay out. I had looked through the fence when playing in that field and I always thought it looked like someone had carved a trail up the side of the slanting hole. Dad continued, “The cave pays me to keep the brush clear in that sinkhole. I think it is one of the escape routes for the cave.”

My mind was overwhelmed with images and plans. Dad asked me if I was alright and I replied that I was just trying to imagine where I was under the farm during the tour. Actually, I was imagining how I could get into the cave through the sinkhole. That would allow me to fulfill at least one of my dark fantasies.

I knew that I had to plan this carefully. First I had to see what it was like to enter the cave through the sinkhole. I searched through my dad’s desk and found a key labeled “protector fence.” I knew that had to be for the padlock on the fence around the sinkhole. It was identical to my key to open the escape grates, so I put it back in dad’s desk.

I could hardly wait for my next day off. When it finally came, I walked out to the field and went into the sinkhole. The padlock was a little rusty and took a little time to open, but it eventually popped open and allowed me to open the small gate. The trail down was steep, but not especially difficult. At the bottom was a small cave-like opening that slanted down into the darkness. I had planned for this and brought two flashlights. One thing that working in the cave had taught me was to not rely on a flashlight without a backup.

It took me only a few minutes to reach the steel grating at the entrance to the cave. It looked like the door to an old-fashioned jail cell. Everything was dark on the other side, which meant that there were no tours in that section of the cave. I tried my key and the padlock on the door opened easily and surprisingly quietly. Evidently these escape doors had to be maintained regularly by the cave.

I stepped through the door and found myself standing on a small shelf. I had to be careful because my flashlight didn’t carry very far into the darkness, but then I saw familiar features and recognized exactly where I was. I was about fifty feet above the tour path on a small ledge that effectively hid the entrance and the steel doorway.

Suddenly, the lights snapped on and I heard the familiar spiel of a cave guide. I stepped back against the grating and waited silently for the tour to pass through. When I heard the familiar words about showing the cave before we developed it, I reached back above my head and held onto the grating. Everything went dark and suddenly I was shaking and very wet between my legs.

The darkness was way too short, however, and soon the lights returned. I remained in place until the tour passed from this area and the guide switched on the lights to the next area and flipped off the lights where I was.

I remained in place for a few more moments, but the intense feelings were gone. I wanted those feelings back, but realized that when the guide spoke, I had imagined myself tied to the grating. The feeling of helplessness was the source of the feelings. I wanted to be captured against this steel grate in the darkness. There was no game that would result in that, and I couldn’t just ask my brothers to do it, so I needed to figure out a way to tie myself to the grating for a long period of time.

I started roaming self-bondage sites on the internet and reading self-bondage stories. I experimented with several different release mechanisms and methods of tying. Since I wanted to use rope, not chain, I decided that the release mechanism made from PVC pipe would work best. Basically all you had to do was to attach a loop link to the endcap on one end of a short piece of PVC pipe. Then you put a long eyebolt through the endcap meant a smaller piece of PVC pipe that will meet, but not actually go over your pipe.

On the other end– the end that is going to be inside the pipe– you bolt a washer or series of washers that just fit into the large piece of pipe. Fill with water, set upright, and freeze and voila, the washers are stuck in the pipe until the ice melts. I tested my releases several times by freezing them and then hanging them in the loft of the barn with a small weight tied to them. They released every time. I had my release mechanism.

Actually tying myself to the grating would be no problem. Since there would be a minimal weight on the ropes, a protected slip knot type of capture with a slip knot holding the ropes to the gratings would suffice. It was just a matter properly setting up the ropes, putting my wrists and ankles through the loops and pulling until things tightened.

If it was too tight, I could squirm a little to loosen it, but with the protector knot holding it in place I couldn’t make it loose enough to get free. And since only one of my hands had to be free for me to actually free myself from the ropes, I had a safety in the double release mechanisms.

The only question now was whether I did this when the cave was closed or on one my days off while there were tour groups passing under me. As I thought about it, the wetness between my legs gave me the answer. It would definitely have to be on my day off.

As I waited for the day to arrive, my tours became harder and harder. Each time I took a group through the side grotto and switched off the lights, I would see myself tied and helpless above the trail. More than once one of the tourists asked me if I was alright as the lights came back on.

Then the day finally arrived. I told mom that I was going to go hiking all day. I often did go hiking in the woods on the back of the farm, so my backpack looked perfectly normal. I had all my ropes in my backpack, cut and prepared. I retrieved my frozen release mechanisms from the freezer in the barn. I also had two flashlights, my key to the escape grate, and a copy I had made of my dad’s key because it didn’t have the cave name and “DO NOT COPY” imprinted on it. When you go into a cave, take two of everything in case something goes wrong. With two of everything from release mechanisms to keys, I was all set.

I found myself trembling as I climbed down into the sinkhole. Once I reached the entrance to the cave, I paused and took off all my clothing. As I walked down the small tunnel from the sinkhole to the cave, a slight breeze I hadn’t noticed before chilled my skin and goosebumps appeared on my arms. My nipples also popped up to erect.

Moving forward in the darkness with only the dim light from my small flashlight, I approached the steel grating. The darkness beyond the door told me that there were no tour groups, for now, so I opened the door and began to tie my ropes to the upper and lower bars of the grating. I had to stop for a few moments while a tour group passed through, but as soon as they had left, I closed the door, stepped into the lower loops and put my wrists through the upper loops. Then I pulled on each rope until it was snug.

As soon as the ropes tightened, I felt that old tingle and warmth - times ten. I nearly cried out, but I knew how sound would travel in the cave and bit my lower lip to keep the moans within me. Tour after tour came through as the day wore on. Brief periods of light followed by stretches of darkness. Hundreds of people were passing just below me unaware that on the trail above their heads a naked young woman was bound to the steel grating of an escape door.

I could tell approximately what time of day it was by which tour leaders were coming through. About the middle of the afternoon, I realized that there was something wrong. When I tested the release mechanisms they became slightly loose after a few hours and would release after a few more hours. It had been almost five hours and there was no looseness at all in the ropes. I pulled against the mechanisms but felt no slippage at all. Something was wrong with the releases - both of them. So much for “two of everything.”

I started to get afraid. How would I get out of this? I would be here until someone found me. I would have to cry out for help. But if I did that, I would be found naked and tied up. Suddenly the thought of an entire tour group coming up the trail to find me filled my mind and with that thought my tingle and warmth soared. I could picture the Japanese tourists taking pictures of my bound body. A loud moan escaped my lips as an orgasm tore through me.

Then suddenly the lights were on again and I could hear one of the tourists ask, “What was that?”

The guide gave the practiced answer, “Oh, sometimes the wind blows through some of the small openings in strange ways and causes weird sounds.” No matter what the sound was, that was what we were supposed to say. I wonder what the tourist would have thought if he had known exactly what that sound was. I bit my lower lip again to keep quiet.

Shift change told me that it was now past five o’clock and the release mechanisms were still solid. I could feel water dripping down my arms from the meting ice, but somehow they were still not releasing. The dripping water also reminding me that my bladder was full and straining. Finally, I could hold it no longer and waiting for a dark period between tour groups I released a heavy stream of water onto the sandy ground.

Never before had peeing given me such an erotic thrill. Here I was, tied up and helpless, having to pee on the ground like a captured animal. Suddenly the lights came on again and it was bite my lower lip time again.

I now knew what I had to do. My only worry was that my parents would become concerned when I didn’t come home from my hike and call the police or something. Maybe they would hold off. If everything worked out, I could be home before nine, just like on a day when I was working.

My plan was simple. When the cave closed at 8:30, the owner would make a final “security sweep” of the cave before locking everything down for the night. When he came through I would call out and let him find me and release me. Somehow the thought of an old man finding me naked and tied up didn’t seem too erotic. I knew he would fire me.

Hopefully, he wouldn’t press any charges. The thought of me going to jail flashed through my mind and a mixture of fear and arousal filled my body. What would it be like if I were really captured? Is jail as bad as they show in the movies? What if I liked it? What would they do to me then?

At last I heard the words I was waiting for. The guide said, “This is the final tour of the evening, so keep close. There is no tour behind us.” Then the cave became dark for a long time - too long a time. Maybe the owner had decided not to do the nightly walk through tonight. Maybe I would be here all night. What if there were bats or rats or other creatures of the night? I don’t know if I was becoming more aroused or more afraid.

Then I heard the sound of someone walking through the cave. I kept waiting for the lights to come on, but everything remained dark. It almost sounded like the footsteps were coming up the trail to where I was, but I knew that this was just a trick of the way sound travels in a cave. Then I heard a voice from just in front of me, “Did you have an enjoyable day?”

I screamed. I couldn’t help it. I screamed very loudly. I thrashed against my ropes and screamed and screamed and screamed. Then I felt a hand on my body. Very gently the hand stroked my breasts. I stopped screaming. I was afraid. I was very confused, but I no longer felt like screaming. My nipples were becomingharder and harder as another hand joined the first to stroke and caress them.

One hand moved down my body and began to stroke my legs. I was no longer screaming, but I was now moaning very loudly. The hand moved between my legs and began to stroke my sex. I spread my legs to give him better access. His fingers played softly with my clit and wave after wave of extreme pleasure flowed through me until I writhed and cried out in the most intense orgasm I had ever felt.

Then a dim light came on in front of me. A small electric lantern was sitting on the ground. The owner’s son, David, was standing there, night vision goggles raised above his face. “You know, there are a lot more interesting places where you could be tied up here in the cave. There are even some very interesting places where people can make love in the total darkness.”

I blubbered a weak, “What?” and he continued.

“You didn’t know that we make the nightly walk-through using night-vision goggles, did you? That’s because we had some kids trying to hide in here overnight a few years ago. They hid when the lights came on and almost eluded us. Now they don’t see us coming because we use these. They are night-vision goggles with infra-red illumination.”

Dave then pointed to the ceiling, “The security cameras are also night-vision and infra-red. We could be sued for millions if we didn’t make every effort to keep people from sneaking into the cave. There is also an alarm just inside the door. That first day you sneaked in, I heard the alarm and when I checked the security monitors, I saw you standing there in the darkness. When you held your hands against the bars I could see the look of lust on your face and knew what you were thinking and what you would eventually do. I was even pretty sure when you would do it.

I asked your brother to watch out for anything strange that you were making or hiding. He told me about the release mechanisms. He didn’t quite understand what they were, but when I called him yesterday, he did agree to put two screws in each of them just below to release washers. The ice is all gone, it is the screws that are holding the washers in place.”

David then stepped very close to me and said, “You need someone to capture you on a regular basis... to bind you and display you and fuck you out of your mind. I could do that for you. I would immensely enjoy doing that for you. I will even make it legal if you want and marry you. But I will let you make the decision. The choice is yours. If you come to work tomorrow, you are mine forever. If not, well then, you have had a really interesting day that you can dream about for a long, long time."

He continued, " Oh, by the way, your brother told your parents that you were called into work and would be working late, so don’t worry about your parents asking questions when you get home.” With that, he released one wrist from the ropes, turned out his light, and walked away into the darkness.

It took me a few minutes to release myself from the rest of the ropes, put on my clothes and find my way back up through the sinkhole. When I got home, mom said it was too bad that my plans for the day had gotten ruined by being called into work. I told her, “That’s OK. I think I will really enjoy working at the cave from now on.”