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Tied  
Together

and other short stories

# Tied Together

*This may not be one of my best stories but it has most of the elements that I utilise. (It is also the title of the book.) The participants are willing and experienced but once bound must accept what ever is done to them. There is sex and frustration. There are enough twists to keep the reader guessing and a hanging ending which may or may not be happy depending on your perspective. I have no idea whether two people tied together that way could successfully copulate.*

It should not have been surprising that Joanne was turned on. Bondage always did that to her. It was a weakness she had been aware of since childhood, but this was no ordinary sex session. She was naked, that was normal, she was tightly bound, that was expected and she was gagged, but with tape. Robert did not like gags at the best of times, and would never have used tape to keep her quiet. He liked to hear her gasps and squeals of pleasure. No, a tape gag was definitely not normal. More important, Rob had not been the one tying her, in fact he was behind her now, as helpless as her roped together by a cruel single tie running from the front of her, between her legs and joined to him. Every time he moved she felt the pressure near her clitoris but with her legs held tight together there was little chance of relief. She could not see him, but she was sure that he was gagged like her and that he was trying to free himself with little success. Getting free was not something Joanne specialised in.

The continual stimulation and her own internal excitement

made her almost as helpless as the ropes themselves. Nevertheless, she pulled at her bonds, they were very secure, whoever had done this new what they were doing. Her hands were tight to her back and her legs firmly together. Which raised the question, who were they? How did they get in? How many of them were there? The first she had known was waking to find the tape being pulled over her mouth. She had not struggled hard at first thinking it was Rob being frisky. It was only when she heard a brief exclamation from him before he was subdued that she realised that something was wrong. By that time it was too late, she was already firmly tied and escape was impossible. The joining tie confused her. Why be so erotic? Why not just rope them together around the middle or hand to hand? And what was his rope tied to?

Joanne allowed herself a brief moment of reflection. A supposed break in, being bound and gagged in the nude, a crupper, it all smacked of sex, but Rob did not like being bound. She had tried it once and he had almost freaked. He had come all right, but very fast and with little enjoyment. So if he was behind her then this must be for real, but was it him behind her? A moment's doubt crossed her mind. She strained her hands to touch the body behind. No luck. The body was beyond her reach. She craned her neck and caught a glimpse of blonde hair. She had been tricked! Rob was not bound to her at all! But then again, who was?

“I think we've been found out.”

The voice was Rob's, but who was he talking to?

“I told you we should have used a blindfold.”

That voice sounded familiar. Joanne wracked her memory.

“How long do you think before they either escape or reach orgasm?”

“Well escape seems unlikely. My Cheryl has never escaped from my rope work and without a knot the crupper is probably not enough to get her off. What about Joanne?”

“Not a chance of escape. I am less sure about her ability to orgasm. I would like to remove the gags though. I'm not keen on leaving them with no way of calling for help if needed.”

“You are probably right. Cheryl does not mind a gag but if we

are going to leave them for a while they might want to get better acquainted.”

Joanne did not know a Cheryl. But Rob’s friend Kevin: he was married to a Cheryl.

The gag was ripped off unceremoniously. Joanne looked up into the face of her husband and resisted the temptation to swear at him.

“Have fun darling.”

Joanne smiled sweetly back. Cheryl had also stopped struggling. When the bedroom door shut the silence was deafening.

“I don’t think we have been formally introduced. I’m Joanne, you must be Cheryl.”

“Hello. I’ve heard about you from Kevin, but that’s as far as it goes. I did not know about this either, honest.”

“Then how did you get here?”

“Kevin set upon me this morning before I was awake. He gagged and blindfolded me then carried me here. He can just pick me up and throw me over his shoulder. I was wrapped in a blanket, and then dumped next to you. I heard them setting upon you, and the mock attack on,” she paused briefly. “Robert isn’t it? The rest you know.”

“How long have you been into bondage?”

“Since we got married. Kevin introduced me and I was hooked. We do it quite often. This is a first though.”

“So what do we do now? Can you reach my hands to untie me?”

“Maybe, but this might be fun for a while.”

“You really are hooked. Ok, let’s get some tension on this crupper.”

They tried, but with nothing to push against they were frustrated.

“It’s no good,” Joanne moaned. “The rope is too long to get any purchase against you.”

“So what now?”

“Can one of us roll over?”

“I’ll try.”

Joanne gasped as the crupper went taught, but only for a brief moment.

“There’s too much pressure on my thigh, it will stop the circulation, besides the crupper has pulled off my clit. It’s just pulling against the inside of my vagina, ow.”

Cheryl rolled back. “One last try. If we roll rhythmically away and together we might just get somewhere.”

It took a couple of minutes to get in sync but soon they were rolling out and back in perfect rhythm.

“That’s nice,” assured Joanne, struggling to keep the motion going.

“Yes, but I don’t think were going to make orgasm. It keeps slipping away from my clit.”

Cheryl tried to keep the frustration out of her voice. They rocked for several minutes before eventually giving up.

“Looks like we are beaten.”

“I don’t suppose you are expected anywhere today?” Joanne queried hopefully.

“No. And you?”

A resigned sigh said it all. “This could be a long day. My arms are getting achy already.”

“Mine too.”

“Let’s try the escape option.”

They moved closer together but their bottoms touched before their hands. No amount of manoeuvring could get even a finger to a knot.

“Hi girls. Any luck?”

The resultant barrage of abuse was enough to send the two men into fits of laughter.

“Don’t worry, you will get your satisfaction.” Kevin assured them. “Eventually,” he added as an afterthought.

“After we’ve had ours,” Robert interjected.

There was a chorus of groans from the bed. There followed a flurry of activity. First, the offending crupper was removed then the women were each in turn manhandled onto a chair sat facing each other. They were tied identically with their hands kept behind but

a rope was added pulling their arms back and forcing their chests out. This was then rewarded with another rope running winding over and under each breast. Their legs were then spread lewdly by attaching each to a leg of the chair. An additional rope ran from the top of each leg under the chair and back forcing their legs wider still.

“I think they have talked enough,” said Kevin. “A simple cloth should be safe enough, don’t you think?”

Robert reluctantly agreed. He went and fetched the baby alarm and switched it to full sensitivity. “We will hear if there is anything desperately wrong.” He informed them. Meanwhile, Kevin fashioned two cloth gags with a knot in the middle to discourage diction but allow muffled grunts and groans.

When they had left again Joanne was able to view her partner in bondage. She was petite, that was obvious, but her breasts were well formed and her figure looked good. Her blonde hair fell over her shoulders and she stared back over her gag with baby blue eyes. She was very flushed, and straining against the tight ropes encircling her. There was no chance of escape. Joanne could see almost right into Cheryl’s pussy her legs were so spread. This was obviously a prelude to some serious stimulation. The suspense was killing.

They had to wait some time too. There was nothing either of them could do and their attempts at further communication were foiled by the gags. The feel of material in her mouth was strange for Joanne. She mouthed tried to salivate but the material not only opened her mouth it absorbed her fluids. She tried vainly to expel the knot but it was held too tightly. She noted that Cheryl was sitting placidly. Joanne always fought her bondage, even when it was hopeless.

When the door finally opened again the two women were both hot and expectant. Joanne felt that any touch would send her through the roof, but it was not to be. The two men set upon Cheryl with a will. They teased and tormented her with touches, licks, kisses and squeezes, but kept well clear of her very moist pussy. This was stimulation with no relief. Joanne felt herself growing even more aroused watching then suddenly realised that she would be

next. When they turned on her she screamed into the gag with little effect. She could not move an inch to avoid the onslaught to her senses. Her temperature rose to fever pitch but there was to be no release yet. All Joanne could do was close her eyes and try to numb her mind to the sensations vying for her attention.

The men left as suddenly as they had come. Looking over to Cheryl, Joanne knew that she was as worked up and frustrated as herself. She glanced at a clock on the wall. It was barely 9:30 in the morning. The torment could last for hours yet. The time passed slowly. Her body returned to some sort of normality within the restrictions of the ever present ropes. She tried to communicate something to Cheryl but the noises she managed were unintelligible. There were small globules of sweat on her body. A glance across confirmed that her sister in bondage had fared little better. She tested her bonds yet again to find no change. She might have to learn the patience that Cheryl clearly had. She let out a frustrated grunt.

Eventually the door opened again.

“We thought you might like some oil to cool you off,” Kevin smirked.

This time they were worked on together, but by the wrong spouse. Joanne did not know Kevin well but he now got to explore her intimately. Her body was rubbed with oil from head to foot within the limits of her bondage. Special attention was paid to each tit. When he ran his hands up the inside of her spread thighs Joanne flushed like never before. So much for cooling down, this attention just turned her up one more notch.

“There will be a break for elevenses,” Robert informed them. He did not elaborate on the type of break, and for whom. Alone again Joanne started to admire the glistening body opposite her. She hoped that she looked that good.

When eleven arrived the men came in carrying two trays. They had put on white shirts and black bow ties. They looked very smart. First, they released the girl’s legs allowing them to close together. This relief was tempered by the tying of ankles, knees and thighs tight to each other. A tether ran back to the legs of the

chair ensuring that there was no more movement. The gags were removed and they were then fed cream scones and tea from bone china plates and cups. Robert fed Joanne and Kevin fed Cheryl. Joanne realised that they had missed breakfast, and that she was very hungry.

“Break over,” Robert announced.

From somewhere Kevin produced two blindfolds. Once her vision was gone Joanne tensed waiting for a touch or some other stimulation. To her surprise she felt the ropes fall away from her upper body. She was made to stand and her hands were also released to be tied against her sides as if standing to attention. She then felt Cheryl behind her and they were roped together again. This time there was no freedom of movement. Ropes went round at the ankle, knee, thigh, waist, and chest. The two women were not evenly matched in height so the tie was quite complex. The result was both secure and unbalancing. With nothing solid to lean against there was a feeling that they would fall sideways. The removal of the blindfolds helped but not much.

“If we hear a thump we will come running,” Kevin assured them.

Once on their own again the conversation was strained.

“I’m sorry,” said Joanne, “I find it difficult keeping still.”

“I suppose that’s why he ties you up.”

“Well it does make me stop,” Joanne conceded. “I’ve never been tied like this before though.”

“Neither have I. I wonder which of them came up with this idea and why they are not watching the results of their handiwork? I suppose they have to be doing something while we are stuck up here. I wonder what? I dread to think what they will come up with next.”

“I’m sure we will find out soon enough, in the mean time I will endeavour not to fall over.”

“Thanks. I’ll do the same. At least they have not left any distractions.”

“Watch what you say they may still have the baby minder on.”

Too late! The door opened.

“Sorry. Did we leave you standing cold?” Kevin sounded very mischievous. “We will have to rectify that.”

“If you want us to stay standing you will have to give us some support,” Joanne informed him.

“We thought that a slight turn round would be best,” Kevin responded.

It was actually a 180 degree turn round. They finished still standing, but in a forced embrace, hands tied behind the back of the other. Cheryl being shorter had her head resting on Joanne’s chest, her hair brushing over each tit, and her hands actually on Joanne’s bottom. Once again they were held together by several circles of rope but between them was placed a vibrating egg, held tight in the gap above Cheryl’s breasts but below Joanne’s. The resulting vibrations sent a permanent buzz through both of them without actually stimulating anything. The closeness was intimate but there was no way to caress or rub any erogenous area. Being face to face the problem of balance did not recur so the blindfolds were replaced. Joanne was not sure whether she heard the two of them leave or not.

They took comfort from each other embraced as they were. The vibration was enough to distract them from meaningful discussion but not enough to provide any real enjoyment.

“Time to get ready for lunch,” Robert announced suddenly. “Do either of you need the bathroom?”

Cheryl declined but Joanne was grateful for the relief.

“Ok. We will prepare Cheryl while you sort yourself out. Don’t shut the door; you know we will be listening.”

It was good to be free even for a short while. She really did need to go. It had been over twelve hours since her last visit. She emerged to find Cheryl sporting a Japanese style harness of ropes forming a honeycomb over her torso. There was the mandatory crupper and her breasts were being squeezed slightly but her hands and legs were free of rope. At least for the time being. Joanne stood meekly while the boys fixed her up in a similar manner. There was no point in struggling. The two of them could easily overpower her and she might miss lunch for any insurrection. The lunch was

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