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# Weekend Captives

**By Sandor Shaw**

## Chapter One

Brian Cummings shifted back and forth in his posh black leather office chair as he clicked the keys of his computer keyboard, studied the screen, reached over and tapped the intercom button on his phone base.

“Gladys, get my wife on the line, will you?” he asked.

His secretary’s voice replied, “Certainly Mr. Cummings. One moment.”

It was Friday, business for the week was winding down, and with Monday being a holiday there would be no work until Tuesday. He had no court cases on the books for a week; only paperwork he could assign to a paralegal. Glancing out the 14th floor window of his well-appointed office, the sky was sunny and blue for the late afternoon. Life was good thought Brian, and especially good now that he was a partner in one of the cities most prestigious law firms.

Brian glanced down at a desk and studied a sterling silver framed photograph of Julie, his young, blond, twenty-five-year-old wife. Gladys interrupted his train of wandering thought.

“Mrs. Cummings on line two,” Gladys stated.

“Thanks,” Brian replied curtly and clicked from Gladys to his wife.

“Hi Honey,” he spoke softly towards the speakerphone.

“How’s work?” a sexy, feminine voice replied.

“Boring, uneventful and tedious but that’s how I make a living and keep you in that glamorous lifestyle you so cherish.”

"I know baby and thank you," his wife replied. "What time will you be home?" she asked.

"About eight Julie," Brian replied.

"Would you like me to get something ready for dinner?" Julie inquired.

"I'll catch a light dinner downtown and miss the traffic. You make yourself something to eat. And besides, I think we should go out tonight," said Brian.

"Dancing?" she replied with a tone of excitement.

"Not exactly. Maybe we'll go dining and dancing tomorrow night."

"Oh," Julie retorted in a much more subdued tone. She knew exactly what was on his mind. "What would you like me to wear then?" she asked.

"Your new black satin bra, the one I bought you that shows off your nipples really well. And matching black panties. And a garter belt with black seamed stockings. That'll go good with your new heels."

There was a moment's silence on the line. "Where will be going?" Julie asked hesitantly.

"Not too far out of town. We've been there once before and I believe you had a great time if memory serves me correctly." Brian paused for a moment. "Remember the truck stop?" he asked.

"Yes." Julie replied submissively. Her voice told Brian she remembered it very well.

"Will be going there tonight. I also want you to lay out two sets of leather cuffs and two six foot lengths of chain. You'll also need to get a pair of old slacks out of my closet and dust off that old windbreaker of mine. Also a pair of my old shoes, a baseball hat and a wool scarf. Oh, and your new leather ring gag. Have it in, okay?" There was only silence again on the line. Brian spoke with a bit more authority. "Got it?" he asked.

"It's very large and it hurts to have my mouth open that wide."

"Oh really," Brian replied in a non-caring way. "Does it really hurt that much?" There was a long pause as he listened intently.

"No," Julie answered. "I guess not."

"Good. I didn't think so," he replied in a more upbeat tone. "So we're set?"

"Yes," Julie answered somewhat subdued. "I'll be ready at eight."

"Good. Love you baby." Brian hung up the phone. He sat back and smiled broadly as his right hand began massaging his crotch. Just the thought of this evening's activities had caused an immense swelling between his legs.

As far back as he could remember he had thoroughly enjoyed watching any man take advantage of a bound woman. And shortly after meeting Julie, who had come from a less than financially stable background, he had introduced her to bondage. It was only a short step from there in taking a submissive woman, who depended entirely on her hard working husband, and putting her out there for other men to enjoy to satisfy his voyeurism. And Julie was a willing participant. Not at first, but as time went on she learned that Brian enjoyed sharing her with others and it brought him great pleasure.

In the past he had put her on display in parks tied to a tree, warehouses bound to an old workbench and once as a one-woman service unit in the men's room of a nearby truck stop. Tonight seemed the perfect time to revisit the truck stop and he had a few more surprises for Julie this trip.

Brian ran his fingers through his long, shoulder length, wavy brown hair that he tucked behind his ears for work and mused over his plan for tonight. He buzzed his receptionist again.

"Gladys," he asked, "Do we have any white cardboard that we use for presentations out there?"

"I can get some from the store room, Mr. Cummings," the invisible voice replied.

"Good. And black and red felt tip pens and maybe a two foot piece of nylon twine. I'm working on something special."

"Right away, Mr. Cummings," Gladys answered.

Brian smiled as his eyes lit up in anticipation. A knock sounded on his door. "Already Gladys?" Brian said as the door edged open. "You're a miracle worker!"

"Well thank you," a male voice replied as the door swung open to reveal Brian's senior partner Jack Holcum. Jack had about twenty years on Brian, but was still fit and trim with a head of wavy gray hair and a fiery glance.

"Oh hi Jack," Brian replied. "I thought you were Gladys for a moment."

"Not today," Jack replied looking himself over. "Anyway Gladys isn't my type. I'm thinking more brunette, mid to late twenties who wouldn't mind spending the evening with a wealthy gentleman who's just a little on the kinky side."

"Call girl again?" Brian replied.

"After four Mrs. Holcum's that's my favorite dish. No strings, no headaches; just sex. Saves money and the time filing out a prenup," Jack stated matter of factly. "How's Julie? Big night tonight?"

"Sort of," Brian replied with a smile. "A little something special!"

"Good. Keep it exciting, that'll make the marriage last. Listen, I just wanted to say have a great weekend, Brian. You've been doing a great job here and making you a partner was one of the best moves I've made." Jack turned to leave, glancing back over his shoulder. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do," he added and was out the door.

## Chapter Two

Julie Cummings, a shapely blonde nearing twenty-six years old, fastened her black satin bra and slipped on her panties as she stood in front of her full-length bedroom mirror. Stepping into her black lace garter belt, she slid it slowly up past her thighs. Though she didn't appear to have an extra pound on her, Julie was always worried about her weight and what Brian would think. She worked out daily to keep her body as perfect as possible.

She thought about her two-year marriage and how much she loved Brian as she sat down on her California King bed and carefully picked up the black seamed stockings that her husband had requested. As she gradually slid the first one up her calf, she thought about tonight's adventure.

Julie didn't mind having sex with complete strangers because her husband really got off on it. It wasn't her favorite thing to be gagged and bound to a tree in a desolate park as some horny old man jerked off on her, or to be sodomized in an abandoned warehouse by some stranger that Brian had directed there. It did however make her feel good that she could please her husband in anyway possible.

She stood up and fastened the first stocking to the clasps of the garter belt. Then she carefully sat down and brought the second to her other toes. Brian refused to have her in stockings with a run. Not that they wouldn't be in shreds later after some nameless figure had shredded them in the process of taking her. That was beside the point. Julie guided the second stocking to her thigh, stood up and fastened it also.

Looking in the mirror she saw a striking reflection. Brian would be happy. Julie glanced at the bedside clock to see the time to be 7:40. Got to finish and get everything ready she thought. Walking to her closet she opened a drawer and retrieved the new black leather ring gag Brian had bought her. Moving back to the mirror she stretched it tight against her open red lips, popping it behind her teeth. She then fastened the leather strap tightly behind her neck. It hurt a little because it was the largest one her husband could find. Big enough for just about anything to pass through. Leaning into the mirror with her lips spread wide, Julie checked her eyeliner and mascara. Brian always liked her completely ready when he arrived.

Next came the dildos. Brian liked one in her ass and another in her pussy. Entering the bathroom she opened a vanity drawer and removed both along with a bottle of lubricant. Carefully pulling down her panties, she spread the lube over the anal plug, bent over and slowly inserted it. It was large, black and uncomfortable and entered its destination with a noticeable pop.

Next came her vagina. Brian had purchased a special black dildo with rough protruding prongs that made her almost orgasm instantly the minute she inserted it. She lubed it also and slowly worked it into her pussy. Between the two rubber penises she was completely filled. To hold them both in place she removed from the drawer a leather thong with snaps that she passed between her legs and fastened at the waist. It was two sizes too small; exactly what her husband had planned when he purchased it, knowing that it would tightly hold whatever Julie was forced to have in her. A small brass padlock fit the clasp on the right side of her waist and she snapped it shut. The key for her release always remained on Brian's keychain, never in her possession, so once she was filled, it was up to him to release her.

Slowly walking back into the bedroom she reached down and picked up her new five-inch black stiletto mules. Then strolling to the dresser, two sets of black leather cuffs from a side drawer. Glancing back to the mirror for one last look at herself, she left the bedroom for downstairs.

As she reached the kitchen, Brian strolled in through the back door. He casually walked over to Julie and kissed her on the forehead. She met him at the kitchen table where she deposited the shoes and the cuffs.

“Good girl, you’re on time. Miss me honey?”

Julie nodded.

“Did you get something to eat?”

Again Julie nodded.

“How ‘bout the clothes I told you to have ready.”

Julie walked to a nearby laundry room and returned with a pair of old slacks, a large windbreaker, an old baseball cap and a wool scarf.

“Go ahead, put the pants and shoes on,” Brian said in a matter of fact, demanding way.

Julie complied. She slid on the slacks over her nylon clad legs and stepped into the loafers which were too big for her feet.

“You’ll just have to walk carefully,” Brian remarked. “Turn around and give me your wrists.”

Julie complied and Brian fastened the leather cuffs to her. He locked them together with a small Master padlock from his pocket. Then he picked up the windbreaker and wrapped it around her shoulders. Turning her around, he zipped up the front to her neck. Next he placed the baseball cap on her head, tucking her long blond hair up into it and finally wrapped the wool scarf around her face, tying it in back. The outfit was complete. All that you could see of Julie were her blue eyes. No one would have any suspicion that the armless figure was really a beautiful young woman who was bound and gagged beneath the rough exterior.

“You look perfect,” Brian commented as he picked up the second pair of leather cuffs and heels from the table. “Let’s go,” he replied.

In the garage Brian opened up the back door to his Silver Jaguar sedan. “I think the best place for you would be in the trunk but we’ll settle for the floor of the back seat so we won’t be so obvious getting you out. Here, I’ll help you in,” he said, tossing the shoes and extra cuffs into the front seat.

Lifting her carefully off the ground he placed her gently on the floor in front of the rear leather seats. “No rustling around Julie, let’s keep those stockings perfect,” he said as he pulled a dark blue blanket over her motionless figure.

Brian shut the door and climbed into the driver’s seat. A large paper sack lay beside him on the passenger side. Picking up the shoes and the cuffs, he placed them inside. He then started the Jag, clicked the garage remote control and glanced back over his shoulder to the motionless hump on the floor covered by the blanket. “This will be perfect honey and I know you’ll have fun. And I know I will, too.”

The Jaguar slowly crept out of the garage, headed for Julie’s night of degradation.