

“Do it!” said Sam.

“It’s a long time,” I said.

“Get on with it before I change my mind!” he answered.

“No looking back” I warned.

Sam was hugging me tightly, naked apart from a pair of well-worn leather shorts. He was slightly breathless. Even through my leather jacket I could feel his heart pounding. He was sentencing himself to being locked into a leather hood for twenty-four hours, and he knew what he was letting himself in for. He knew I’d be relentless, he knew there’d be no turning back.

“Do it!” he breathed, and kissed me deeply. I pulled back and looked into that beautiful face of his. How could I bear not seeing those angular, rugged features for a whole day? I lived to see his toothpaste-ad smile and those sparkling brown eyes. How could I lock them away from the light behind thick leather?

Easily!

I spent half my time dreaming up new ways of restraining and imprisoning this hunk of masculinity. He expected a challenge. Arrogant and defiant, he would battle to escape, and I would do my best to make sure he didn’t.

We got down to work. He took a tin of wax ear plugs and started warming and softening two between his fingers. While he was pushing them into his ears I got a bandage.

“Can you hear me?” I asked.

“You’re very muffled and distant,” he said. “What’s the bandage for?” he asked.

“Your eyes,” I answered.

“You don’t need that, the hood has no eye-openings.” he said.

“We’ll do it my way, Sam. Sit down.”

I taped cotton pads gently over those clear eyes and wound the white bandage three times around his head, fixing it with tape. Twice round with an adhesive bandage assured it wouldn’t slip.

“Comfortable?” I asked, and asked again as he didn’t hear me properly the first time. He nodded and his unseeing face turned up to look into mine. The white bandage contrasted starkly with his brown skin and black hair. We kissed deeply for the last time for twenty-four hours.

I picked the hood up off the bed and started to work it over Sam’s head, adjusting it over the chin and tucking his hair in. This hood was thick, very thick, lined with smooth leather and in parts padded between the layers. A flap of leather closed across the opening at the back before leather laces pulled the hood tight. This stopped any hair catching. A heavy-duty nylon zip

closed the hood over the laces, a strip of Velcro closed a leather flap over the zip. We'd had the hood made to enclose the neck, too, and the leather reached down to where the neck joined the body. I wound the leather around Sam's neck and strapped it shut.

"OK. Sam" I asked.

He didn't hear me but started to adjust things slightly, making sure he was getting enough air. He gave me the thumbs up signal.

I took a steel padlock and worked it through the metal eyelets designed for it. I snapped it shut and thus sealed Sam's head irrevocably in black leather. Unless I unlocked that padlock, no-one, let alone Sam, could get at the zip or laces to free that guy's head. I tapped Sam twice on the shoulder and he stood up, gripping his head in his hands, feeling around the mask, fingering the closings at the back and tugging on the padlock. I lay back on the bed watching my man standing almost naked, except for his head locked in leather, his prick bursting in shiny leather shorts.

His muscular chest was heaving, taking in the oxygen his sexually aroused body was screaming for. I felt as though my prick was going to prize apart the teeth of the zip in my leather jeans.

Suddenly Sam's left hand dropped to massage his aching prick through his leather shorts.

"Don't do that, Sam" I said.

Sam didn't hear he tell him that. He could only hear his heart thumping, his blood hissing through his ears and the creaking of the leather his head was locked in.

"Don't do that, Sam, that's my job," I said again and sprang up to grab him. Not seeing me coming, I took him unawares and was able to easily push him off-balance onto the bed, where I immediately fell on him. It was a struggle, - Sam always fought against being restrained, - but I soon managed to get his wrists locked into the leather cuffs we always left dangling from the iron bed-frame. As he couldn't see my intentions, it didn't take me long to get his ankles secured either, although I took a pretty hard kick on the shoulder getting there. Sam loved to be tied and I loved to tie him, and the struggle, the battle, turned us on unbearably. Sometimes the fight to get Sam restrained went on until we were near exhaustion and sometimes when Sam felt particularly like resisting, I nearly ended up in trouble myself. But this time, by submitting to be locked in the hood, Sam had defeated himself. So now, my man was lying there stretched out on his back, his hands secured high above his head. Getting off the bed, I looked down at his athletic, muscular body stretched taut, his tight leather shorts defining his rigid prick bursting to be free. Muffled grunts issued from somewhere deep behind leather as Sam twisted and writhed, pulling against his bonds.

Quickly, almost feverishly, I pulled off my leathers until I was completely naked. Out of the closet I pulled my rain-suit. This rain-suit was made of thick black, shiny PVC, double thickness so the glossy side of the tough fabric was both inside and out. I struggled into the one-piece suit, working the icy-cold vinyl up over my shoulders. I did the zip up, crossed the flaps across the zip, wound the high collar around my neck. This suit was designed to keep me dry in a monsoon. Unfortunately monsoons weren't that common in our area, but the suit has proved its worth, keeping Sam very dry through a very wet European night as he somehow found himself roped between two trees laced up in a hammock! My hot skin tingled at the feel

of the cold, smooth surface enclosing my whole body.

I crossed to Sam, noticing my jet-black shiny form as I passed the mirror. I opened Sam's leather shorts and revealed a prick big enough and hard enough to rape the Green Giant! I bent down and kissed the hard rod and ran my unshaven chin along its length. I could smell the leather of Sam's shorts lingering on his prick. Sam twisted helplessly against a torrent of sensation.

I lowered my cold PVC-covered body onto his sweating, straining naked form. Sam's gasp was felt, more than heard. He tensed, rigid against his bonds, turning his leather-imprisoned head quickly from side to side as I moved my body on his, making sure every part of his body felt my smooth, cold oilskins stroke over it. I lifted up long enough to snap a wooden clothes peg onto each of Sam's hardened nipples. He grunted beneath his breath and twisted even more, tense in every muscle. I fell back down onto him, deliberately putting pressure onto those clothes-pegs. He fought so much I thought he'd wreck the iron-framed bed. I managed to work my arms under him and hugged him very tightly against me to make sure those tit-clamps were doing their work. I kissed smooth leather at the place where his mouth had once been. Waves of almost painful ecstasy started to course through my prick, inaccessible behind thick PVC. Suddenly Sam went rigid and arched off the bed like someone in the death-throes of tetanus.

And we came! We came at the same moment, Sam shooting great globs of white cum betoken his brown belly and my impervious oilskin suit. In the muffled blackness of his hood everything came down to sensation. Sam was aware of every square inch of his body, of the cold, smooth feel of the man on top of him. He felt the leather cuffs holding him down on the bed, his body screamed at the sexual pain radiating from his pinched nipples. I shot into my suit in teeth-clenching spasms that I thought and hoped would never stop. I felt the hot liquid spurt between my skin and the black PVC until finally I slumped down lifelessly onto my gasping prisoner, locked in the leather mask.

I took Sam's clamps off and thus we lay for a good half an hour, Sam stretched out under me, breathing deeply and regularly. I bet now that it was all over he was having regrets about ever going into the mask. He still had about twenty three hours in front of him. He knew I'd never give him a reprieve. At last I mustered enough energy to roll off Sam and clean him up. He didn't move much but the whole surface of his skin twitched as I wiped him dry with tissues.

I tucked his prick away and zipped his shorts closed. I left him cuffed to the bed as I showered his and my cum off the outside and inside of my waterproof suit. Leaving the shiny garment dripping in the bathroom, I padded naked back to Sam and unlocked his hands and feet. With stiff arms he reached out and found me, pulled himself up to me and cuddled me gently, his leather-covered head leaning against mine. Eventually I pulled away from him, got up, sorted out which pair was whose and threw him his leather jeans. As I pulled on mine, I watched him feeling and turning his, at first not sure whether he had got jeans or a jacket. Then he stood up and started to step into them. I turned him around, - he was facing the wall, - and watched as he worked his shiny jeans up over his leather shorts. He fumbled with his studded belt.

Already dressed in my full leathers, I pulled this powerful man to me, my hands travelling down his firm, muscular back to reach his hard, leather-covered buttocks. He hugged me tightly, enjoying my leather jacket against his naked chest. I kissed the hard leather stretched over his mouth and caressed the leather over his unseeing eyes. At that moment I longed to see his beautiful face and look into those deep, dark eyes. I longed to kiss him deeply, but I

remained resolute, twenty-four hours we'd agreed, twenty-four hours it would be.

I helped him pull tight, black leather gloves on and laced special leather thongs shut at the wrists. He couldn't get them off any more, his fingers couldn't feel finely enough to untie the tight knots, and he was unable to use his teeth. I helped him pull his boots on under his leather jeans and locked a steel band around each ankle. No getting the boots off, and locked in them he'd never get his jeans off either. I gave him his jacket, almost glossy with grease and long wear. He pulled it on and zipped it up. I clicked a padlock through the zip and the D-ring hidden just inside the jacket. He couldn't get the jacket off either now. My man was completely in well-worn, shiny black leather, every inch of his body covered, and thus he would have to stay until I decided otherwise.

My prick hardened again as I drew him to me and we embraced, our leathers creaking against each other, my Sam unable to see me, locked away in his highly-polished hood. I felt like falling back on the bed with Sam and having sex with him again, but I had other plans. We were going out.

I tried to get his crash helmet on over the mask, but it was too small. I got one of mine, - my head is bigger than Sam's. It was a struggle but I got it on and fastened, a uniformly black helmet with a darkened visor that hid Sam's face. Sam reached up to the helmet. He couldn't hear anything now, just muffled creaking from the leather. I hoped he could breathe! I led him out of the bedroom towards the flat door. He just put his arm over my shoulder and let me lead him.

Trust.

Down the stairs he came with me, walking reasonably comfortably, knowing I'd look after him. I loved this guy. Out onto the street. A young kid in denims crossed the road at the sight of two guys completely in black coming towards him, one carrying a crash helmet, the other looking like something out of a science-fiction film. He probably had wet dreams for a week! We turned into the courtyard and I bumped Sam into the concrete gatepost. He grunted. His leather jacket took another scratch. We crossed over to the bike. I lifted his arm off my shoulders to put on my crash helmet. Sam tentatively reached out with his hand and made contact with the gas tank, followed it up to touch the hand grip. He had known he must be at the bike, and this confirmed it. The change in the air he was inhaling had told him he was, outside, although his thick leathers hadn't let him notice much temperature difference.

I started the bike, got on and Sam reached out and found my shoulder. He swung his leg over the bike and judged the action pretty well because he was now sitting behind me feeling for the foot rests with his boots. He lent forward a bit too far and his crash helmet struck mine with a loud crack, but soon he had sorted himself out and was holding me tightly around the waist.

We drove off. We just drove around. The weather was good, other bikes were on the road, too. At one point two rode with us for a while, never realising the guy behind me never even knew they existed. Sam held tight. His gloved hands put pressure on my swollen prick. I pushed them away, I was having trouble concentrating on driving. I thought it was time to take a break and pulled in at the next motorway stop.

A tap on Sam's knee gave him the message and he got off but nearly lost his balance, so I took his elbow, led him to the grass bank and got him to sit down. He lent back, banging his

crash?helmeted head a bit too hard. He looked great, the sun shining off the waxy leather stretched over his thighs. I could have thrown myself on the guy and had sex twenty times over for the rest of the day, but my screaming desire still left me with enough sense to realise it was not the right place to do it! I gave Sam a reassuring pat on the shoulder and walked across the lot to the gas station to get a coke.

Just as I started back, someone called me, and I turned to see a young guy zipped up in a well-worn leather racing suit clomping towards me.

“Can you give me a hand a moment,” he asked.

“Sure,” I replied, and followed him towards his bike.

“I just need to adjust my brake cable,” he said, “the light stays on all the time.”

I bent down and grunted as my leather jeans twisted my swollen prick. He noticed.

“That wouldn’t happen in a one-piece suit like this,” he said casually, getting down on his padded knees, “but once my zip stuck right up at the neck and I couldn’t get out. I was dying to take a piss and my prick was imprisoned behind thick leather!” he added equally as casually.

“Must have been hell!” I said, thinking it must have been heaven.

The guy didn’t pursue the subject and I wondered whether he was still unable to get out and dying for a piss. I thought of Sam, very much unable to get out of his leathers. I glanced over to where Sam was lying, fingering the fastening of his crash helmet, the sun glinting off his leathers. I was squeezing the brake grip in, the guy was adjusting the cable screws. The guy looked good and I wondered what he would look like locked in chains and manacles. Suddenly I saw that Sam was beginning to panic. He was trying to get his helmet off, trying to get his gloves off, pulling at the locked zip of his leather jacket. His movements were frantic. Got to go!” I said, at the same time running off, my boots banging across the asphalt.

I got to Sam and grabbed him by the wrists.

“It’s OK Sam, it’s OK. I’m here!” but Sam couldn’t hear that.

He jerked away, still snatching towards his helmet. I grabbed his wrists again and managed to twist them behind him, wishing I had handcuffs with me. He started to calm down a bit.

“It’s OK. Sam, I’m back.” I said again, knowing he couldn’t hear a word. I turned him round and held him to me. He gripped me tightly. Eventually I pulled away from him and led him back to the bike, put my helmet on, got on, and got Sam to get on, too. As we drove off I glanced over at the blond guy in the leather suit with the stuck zip. He was nice. I hoped he wouldn’t have to piss down into his boots!

I rode fast. It was time to get Sam home. I felt sorry I had left him alone. He trusted me and I had left him deaf, dumb and blind not knowing where he was or where I was. Sorry Sam!

I rode faster. I was so involved with my thoughts that the first I knew of the motorcycle cop was when he overtook me and motioned for me to pull over. Shit! My heart started pounding.

I almost open up the throttle and tried to take off. Luckily I didn't. I stopped and took off my crash helmet. Sam still held me tight, unaware of what was going on. The cop got off his bike, took his helmet off. He was young, hard-featured and looked great in his black leather jacket. The jacket looked as though it had seen action, worn and shiny, its zippers glinting in the sunlight. He walked towards us, one hand clutching his gloves. Heavy boots crunched on the gravel at the side of the road.

"Hi!" I said, casually.

He demanded my license. I gave it to him. He walked over to the intercom on his bike. He had a great arse. He looked good in his uniform, with the dying sun shining off his jacket. He came back.

"Bit fast, weren't you?" he asked.

"Don't know what speed I was doing," I admitted.

"You were way up above the limit," he said.

"Sorry," I said, "need to get home."

"You won't get home at all at that rate," he said. "Open your visor," he said to Sam.

"He can't hear you," I said.

The cop made a gesture, the action of opening the visor. "He can't see you," I muttered.

"What?"

"He can't hear or see you," I said louder, my heart pumping. The young cop thought about that one.

"Then you open it!" he said.

I twisted round to get to Sam's visor. I pretended it was jammed. The cop didn't fall for that one.

"Open it!" he said.

I did. He looked in at Sam's leather covered face, no eyes, no mouth, just thick, shiny leather where his features should have been.

Silence.

"Let me see his I.D.," the cop said at last.

"You can't if it's in the inside pocket of his leather jacket," I said.

"Why not?" asked the cop.

"His leather jacket is locked on him and I've left the keys at home."

He felt in the top of Sam's jacket and his fingers touched the padlock. He traced a finger over the flying eagle Sam had sewn on his jacket just above the breast pocket.

I already had visions of Sam and I handcuffed, down in a police cell.

The cop was letting this all sink in. He looked down and saw the shiny steel manacle locked around Sam's boot, exposed because Sam was sitting on the bike and his leather jeans had ridden up higher. I waited, not knowing what to expect. The setting sun lit a halo through his hair and shone orange off his leather covered shoulders. What the cop said next took me completely by surprise. I hardly understood.

"Always wear plenty of leather on a bike, that's what I say," he said as he gave me back my licence. "You guys had better get home quickly." He pulled on helmet and gloves and was gone.

Back in the flat I wanted to tell Sam everything, but Sam couldn't hear me, he couldn't see me. He stood there looking magnificent in full leather, his head tightly laced and locked into the stiff, polished hood, but I would have liked to see those flashing eyes, his beautiful smile. He'd had that hood on for six hours, a quarter of his sentence.

I turned him and headed him towards the bathroom, my arm over his shoulders, my leathered body against his. I left him in there to piss and sort out whatever else he had to do, his jeans weren't locked, but he couldn't get them off over his boots, which were.

When he opened the door I led him to our special heavy chair, designed like an electric chair without the electricity, and sat him down. I did the straps up, around his legs, around his arms, around his chest. I massaged his crotch a little to make his hard-on even more unbearable. Sam just let me strap him, unusual for him, he usually fought. Reaching down into his jacket collar I got at the padlock on his hood. I unlocked it, folded back the flaps, untied the laces. At last I could pull the hood off him.

Sam's hair was ruffled, he had creases like scars running across his cheeks where seams in the hood had left their impression. He still looked wonderful, my Sam, his angular jaw, his brown skin, but those eyes of his remained blind behind the bandages I'd wrapped around his head. I took his ear plugs out, a job not easy or pleasant to do. I threw them away, it was practically impossible to deafen anyone anyway.

"Oh fucking shit," exclaimed Sam, "at last! Take off my blindfold, will you!"

"No chance, Sam, you've got precisely seventeen hours, thirty eight minutes to go. You're not seeing daylight until then. It's just your feeding time:"

He strained against his straps, his leather creaked, his shiny thighs tensed.

"I've had enough, you bastard," he hissed through clenched teeth. "That's sad, because you've got a long way to go," I told him.

"You bastard!" he shouted, wrenching from side to side.

"Calm down, Sam," I'll get you something to eat. All this protesting belonged to the game.

Sam knew he'd never be let out before the agreed time. The struggle, the defiance was all the more of a turn-on.

As I cooked chicken, I told him the story of the guy in the leather suit and especially of our encounter with the police. Sam listened with great interest, breathing deeply, his gloved hands clenching the arms of the chair he was strapped to.

I fed him, he found that humiliating. He had such a thirst. He gulped down two glasses of water, some trickled down his leather jacket as I tipped faster than he could drink.

"It's time to go back in again, Sam!" I said and gave him a kiss on the lips. As I started fitting the leather hood back over Sam's hood, he wrenched and tugged at his straps. He cursed and swore at me and I really got the impression the guy had had enough. Good! Now the fun would really start. It took me a time getting the lacing done up, the zip, the padlock, Sam kept twisting his head from side to side, but soon his head was imprisoned again and his curses were unintelligible noises.

While he was still firmly secured to the chair I slipped a handcuff belt around his waist and locked it. The worn brown belt contrasted with his black leather. I released the strap at Sam's left wrist and guided it into the cuff on that side of the belt. The action was easy with the rest of Sam still strapped to the chair. Getting Sam's right wrist locked up wasn't too difficult either. He couldn't offer much resistance in that state, although by his grunts and jerks, he was sure trying! I locked manacles around his ankles before releasing him from the chair. He stood up and I guided him, hobbling into the bedroom. I left him on the bed, pulling and wrenching his hands in the cuffs.

While I was clearing away the dishes, the doorbell rang. I paused and listened, but decided to ignore it. It rang again, even more insistently. I looked out of the window, but couldn't see down to the door. I could just see part of a parked police motorcycle, though.

"Fucking shit!", I thought, and pushed the button to open the door below. Clomping on the stairs got louder and the cop who'd stopped us earlier came up the stairs, followed by another, also zipped up in a leather jacket. He wore dark glasses despite the dimness in the staircase. He looked dangerous, which made him all the more interesting.

"Hi!" I said, realising that was my pathetic way of starting the conversation last time.

"Hi!" he replied. "Thought I'd look in on you guys and bring a colleague to meet you. too. He was very interested in the little story I told him."

Two leather-jacketed policemen were now standing in my apartment. "Your friend around?" asked the one.

"In the bedroom," I replied and took in the newcomer, who obviously worked out. He had a great arse.

They both moved automatically towards the bedroom as if I had invited them. I would have done anyway!

"How did you know where to find us?" I asked, knowing it was a stupid question.

“Your licence,” said the one.

They looked at my Sam rolling in his full leather, tugging at the cuffs holding his wrists to his waist.

“He doesn’t seem too happy with his predicament,” said the new guy .

“He’s not,” I replied, “but” and I explained our twenty-four hour, not-to-be-shortened agreement.

They seemed impressed, at least that’s what the long bulges in their uniform pants told me.

“He sure seems angry,” said the first one, “I’d make sure he’s restrained properly, if I were you.”

“You guys gonna help me get a strait-jacket on him? It’s easy?”

“We’re used to dealing with cases like him. You got a strait-jacket?”

“Not just one!” I said, opening a cupboard.

I pulled out a heavy bundle of leather, which I let fall open, revealing numerous straps and glinting buckles. The long, closed sleeves fell heavily onto the floor. The jacket was thick black leather, reinforced with brown leather, giving the whole garment a menacing and intimidating look.

“Shit, this is great,” said one of the policemen, examining the jacket. “I’ve never seen anything like this. It’d make Houdini pale.”

“No one could ever get out of that,” I said, “doubled leather, reinforced at every point of stress, the high collar locks, the sleeves are strapped through retainers. Give up hope, all that enter!”

“Let’s get it on him,” said the second cop.

I bent over Sam to unlock his handcuff belt, and that’s when it all happened. The cops grabbed me from behind. Suddenly I was jerked backwards, a leather-covered arm vice-like around my throat. I shouted out, the grip tightened, his leg forced its way between mine. Our leather creaked and chafed together. Almost simultaneously, he’d got my left arm twisted up behind my back, he obviously knew how to overpower someone. I reached up with my free hand to try and get his choking arm off my throat, but his colleague was active, too. He was in front of me, grabbing my free wrist.

As the other nearly broke my arm and neck, he started to shove my right arm down the sleeve of the strait-jacket. As he held that arm in place, the cop behind me brought my twisted arm round to the front and, despite my struggle, found it disappearing into the depths of the strait-jacket’s other sleeve.

They had me face down on the floor, kneeling on me, the jacket closing over my leathers, tighter and tighter with every strap they were buckling shut. I nearly came in my leather jeans as they pulled the wide crotch strap between my legs and strapped it tight.

“Stand up, leather-boy!” one said as they both hoisted me to my feet, pulling on the straps of the jacket.

“What the fuck’s going on,” I protested, my voice almost a croak after the headlock he’d had on me. The high collar jerked shut as two more straps were fastened.

“No, please!” I said ineffectually, but they expertly crossed my arms; their experience and training as cops proving its worth.

“Please, no!” I gasped as my arms were strapped around me.

“No!” I shouted as they wrenched the sleeves even tighter together. I heard the prong of the buckle snap into place. A jerk as they pulled a loose end through a retaining loop.

“No-one could ever get out of that, leather-guy. Your own words.

Give up hope all that enter. You’ve entered, leather?boy, and shit are you staying!” sneered the first cop.

Sam was still tugging on the bed. He could hear all this, but whether he exactly knew all that was going on, I don’t know. And I was strait?jacketed, imprisoned like a madman in layers of tough black and brown leather. I pulled in my sleeves. Nothing moved, they just creaked. I wrenched my body from left to right. nothing happened except the crotch strap tightened on my bursting prick. The second cop put his leather-jacketed arm around my shoulder in an all-friends-together way.

“You’re sure in a mess!” he said confidentially, at the same time pushing me off balance over his knee so I started to fall. He grabbed me to stop me crashing down and lowered me, expertly but non?too gently, to the floor.

They both left me lying there and went into the kitchen. I jerked and writhed, although I knew it was all hopeless. They returned with Sam’s keys, set to, unlocking his cuffs, his manacles, and then started on his hood. Why had I left the key on the table after I had fed him? If it were in a pocket of my leather jacket, buried in turn under this strait-jacket, they wouldn’t have been able to free him. But they were already working the hood off my friend. Sam’s hands groped towards the blindfold, but he couldn’t find the start of the adhesive bandage with his gloved fingers. The cops did though. Soon my guy was blinking and squinting trying to get used to the light, trying to make out what was going on, trying to see who was there. He looked a mess, but somehow Sam always looked great.

“Hi James! What’re you doing here, Chris?” He knew the cops!

“I recognised the eagle on your jacket when I stopped you guys on the road. I thought we’d come and rescue you.”

“Thanks,” said Sam, but really you’ve broken our rules. I was to do twenty-four hours in that hood.”

“Let him do the rest of the time for you!” said one of the cops, nodding down towards me.

Sam seemed to notice me for the first time, on the floor in the strait-jacket.

“Shit, they really got the better of you, Mike! How’s it feel to be on the receiving end for a change?” he asked, gloating.

“Get this off of me, you bastard,” I said breathlessly. “You’re in big trouble, Sam’

“You’re the one in big trouble,” said one of the cops, nudging me hard with the toe of his boot. “Let’s see how you like your head locked in leather!” He picked up the mask. The other cop bent down to grab me. I struggled.

“Leave him to me,” said Sam.

“Let’s lock his head up, lock his strait-jacket and lock a couple of pairs of manacles on his ankles, said the cop bending down, gripping me under the shoulders. “We get to take the keys with us, Sam, and you get a leather guy you can’t release even if you get soft-hearted. We’ll come back tomorrow.”

I threw my head back, intending to get the cop bending over me on the bridge of the nose. He was quicker.

“Or maybe we won’t come back!” he added.

“Leave him to me, guys” said Sam again.

“You sure?” one asked.

“Sure,” said Sam, “I’ve got plans of my own!” he smirked.

The cop let me fall back heavily. He stood up and they prepared to leave.

“You’re in for a rough time, leather-guy,” said one of the cops as they turned to leave. To me, laying on the floor, they seemed to be about eight foot tall: Muscly thighs, round arses and bulging pricks exaggerated by the unusual perspective. Sam disappeared with them for a few minutes to see them out. I rolled on the floor knowing I would achieve nothing. I could never ever get out alone. What a predicament! Sam came back alone, smiling.

They had gone.

“Let me out, Sam,” I said as demandingly as possible lying on my back on the floor.

“No chance, Mike,” he answered. “It’s my turn to have some fun!” he said with an evil gleam in his eyes. “but first I’m going to settle this thirst and have a shower” and off he stomped.

I tugged in my restraint. The leather creaked. I tried to work myself up into a sitting position. Even that was a physical feat. Eventually, after a struggle, I had pushed myself upright and leaning against the bed. Straining against the high collar, I looked down at my arms, crossed and imprisoned in their closed leather sleeves. I had never been in this jacket before, never been on the receiving end, I didn’t like it, but yet my heart was pounding heavily and my prick was as hard as a bolt of steel down there in my leather jeans. I needed to come, the crotch strap applied constant pressure to my prick, teasing me, keeping my body tingling, but

at the same time never letting me quite get to a climax. I wrenched in the jacket. No give. I didn't expect there to be. I had designed it, ruling out every chance of escape, but there was something about the jacket that made me want to fight and struggle. Being in a strait-jacket was different to being locked in rigid manacles; you could struggle and writhe, it didn't cut into you, you felt there was a chance, although you knew there wasn't. I battled and twisted, fighting the leather wrapping me helplessly, until I slumped back on the floor, sweating profusely.

Sam came in again, at the same time cutting the leather lacing on his gloves with a pair of scissors.

“Where are the keys to the locks on my jacket and boots?”

“In my leather jacket which I just happen to have on under this strait-jacket!” I said with vicious pleasure. “You're going to have to let me out!”

“I somehow think I'm going to have a better time locked in motorbike gear than you are in that strait-jacket,” he smiled, and left the room again.

I was getting worried, the situation was getting serious. I struggled again and a bead of sweat started its slow route down my forehead towards my right eye. It tickled, I strained round to wipe my face on the bed. Every movement in that imprisoning jacket was an Olympic effort.

Sam came back in. He'd washed his hair. He looked magnificent in his full leather, towering over me. His jacket collar was standing up, caught by the towelling. I could see the padlock which still locked his jacket on him. Drips of water glistened on his leather. From my viewpoint on the floor he seemed to have an unnaturally huge bulge in his leather jeans.

“Come on Mike,” he said tenderly, and helped me lift myself up onto the bed. The tone in his voice made me think he was going to release me, but no, he pushed me back down onto the bed and started to climb on me.

My instinct was to grab this leather guy and hug him, but I was in the strait-jacket. There was also the conflict of being angry at him and still being turned on by him. His leather rubbed and chafed against mine. I gasped as his weight pressed down on my folded arms. He came down to kiss me. I twisted my head away to show my answer but I couldn't resist him and the strapped collar restricted me, too.

Boy, did we kiss! I thought I was going to suffocate. His tongue practically reached my throat. I thought I was going to die. I would have died in ecstasy: Sam was massaging his leathery thighs on mine, one arm was under me, his other leather-jacketed arm was behind my neck, pulling me even tighter to his lips. I couldn't get any air. I strained in the strait-jacket, the straps bit into my back. Sam's knee moved up between my legs and pushed under my crutch. The sensations! My head was starting to swim, gut-twisting spasms were beginning to course through my prick. I arched my back and lifted Sam up with me. Then I came. My prick pumped and shot its white liquid into my leather jeans. I managed to wrench my mouth away from Sam's and took in a gasp of air as my bound body convulsed under this leather-covered man. My confined energy seemed to find its outlet through my prick. It was the orgasm of the year, probably the orgasm of the century!

I flopped back exhausted, sweat trickling over my face. Sam licked the sweat away, smiled at

me, lay with his head next to mine. I could smell his shampooed hair, feel him prickly chin. As I lay there helpless, he still massaged his crotch against mine, still travelled all over My bound body with his hands, feeling the thick, smooth leather of my strait-jacket, the cold metal of the buckles, the rigid leather of the straps. He was breathing fast.

“Didn’t you cum, Sam?” I asked him at last.

“Get up, Mike,” he said urgently, lifting himself off me. He pulled me up by grabbing my strapped arms. I grunted with the exertion.

“Kneel on the floor, Mike,” he said, helping me get down.

I knelt there in my strait-jacket, the crotch strap biting through my leather jeans. I was wet in the crotch, I had just reached my climax, but I could still feel my overworked prick starting to swell. Sam was standing in front of me. He suddenly grabbed the straps holding my collar shut and pulled my face into his crotch. His leather jeans smelled warm and greasy. He nearly always wore these jeans, they were his second skin. He rode in them, slept in them and fucked in them. I rubbed my face against the shiny bulge. I tried to get at the zip with my teeth. I couldn’t. His prick wanted out, Sam would have to help me. He did. He pushed me away slightly and pulled down the zip, reached in and pulled his enormous prick out. I massaged it with my stubbly chin. Sam was breathing even heavier, his head thrown back. One hand gripped and pulled my hair, the other gripped vice-like on my shoulder, painful even through the layers of leather. I used my tongue, I sucked. His breathing speeded up, he went up on to tip-toes, his fingers clenched me tighter.

“The tables are turned, Mike!” he almost screamed as he came in big spurts. I used my tongue and mouth to follow his rhythm. He bent slightly in the knees as his white cum shot onto my face, his leather jeans and a drop splattered onto my strapped arms. Then it was over. He sagged to his knees and rolled over onto the floor, taking me down with him. I fell heavily, unable to use my arms. Thus we lay, probably for an hour, me on my back, still in my madman’s jacket, Sam half-asleep next to me, his arm lying over my chest.

“You OK. Mike,” he asked at last.

“Sure,” I said, “Sure! You’ve got me buckled in a strait-jacket and you ask me if I’m OK?”

“Did you wonder if I was OK that time you left me in that jacket nearly all weekend?” he asked me.

“It suited you!” was all I could say.

“It suits you better!” he said, rolling over and smiling at me.

“How about making it permanent?” said Sam. I’d feed you, wash you, somehow get you to the toilet and I’d unstrap the bottom of the jacket and fuck you four times a day! You’d get used to it in time. I could keep that hood on you then you’d know what I went through in the dark, my head encased in leather while you were fixing brake-lights for some guy in a leather suit you liked the look of!”

I pulled in my restraint. Slack had worked into the sleeves a bit and I could lift my arms slightly away from the body. No hope of escape, of course, but a bit of movement.

“I’m going to pay you back for all the times you had me imprisoned, Mike. I’ve suddenly decided I like being the boss!” He was enjoying this intensely. “Yes, I’ll lock you in the hood and then I’ll strap you at the ankles, at the knees and then chain you down to the bed. You’re in for a rough time, Mike, but just think of the pleasure it’ll give me.”

“Leave off, Sam.” I said. My prick was hard, but I was getting scared. The situation was getting dangerous. I wrenched in my jacket.

“Oh, do that again,” said Sam. “That looked real good. As I’m not the one wearing it, I really like this strait-jacket. You’re definitely staying in it. Get up, Mike, sleeves look a bit loose. Can’t have that.”

He got up and tugged me to my feet. I protested and struggled but he was behind me, gripping the heavy strap that fastened the sleeves together. He wrenched on the strap. My arms tightened unbearably around me.

“Shit, Sam! What the fuck are you doing?!” I cried. He stepped round to the front of me.

“A strait-jacket’s got to be tight!” he said, enjoying every moment. He embraced me. “Tight!” he said, and gave me a hug that nearly broke my ribs and expelled the air out of my lungs. He immediately kissed me hard and long on my lips, one hand hooked in the straps of the jacket, the other behind my head, pushing my face against his. I couldn’t breathe. He left me gasping.

He was behind me again, gripping the sleeve-strap. He put his knee in the small of my back and wrenched with all his strength. The leather sleeves pulled my arms even tighter around me.

“Sam!” I tried to say. It came out as a croak

Then suddenly my arms fell away from my body. They tingled and throbbed as blood coursed through them. They hung at my sides, straps dangling from the end of the closed sleeves. Sam’s chin rested over my shoulder from behind. He hugged me in his leather jacketed arms as tightly as the strait-jacket had hugged me. He gently bit my ear lobe.

“Some other time, Mike,” he said. “Let’s get cleaned up.”