

There He Knelt – III

There he knelt on a stool at the kitchen sink, his face and the largest part of his scalp covered in dish soap. Soap trickled from the tip of his nose. Soap dripped off several strands of his hair. Soap drooled out of the corners of his mouth. Soap still blocked his nostrils, but he had started to blow carefully to free them enough to take a fresh breath.

His chain-tied ankles and his wrists, locked behind his back by a pair of handcuffs, were of no help, but he had had enough training to do this with his mouth only. And he had been truly successful – the very first dunk into the dish soap-filled bowl had him coming up with the small key securely held in his mouth. He was filled with pride and relief to have come to this point so quickly and without any real problems.

And problems he could have encountered - she had taken care of making things a little more difficult again. That key to unlock his handcuffs was not too easy to grab with your mouth - holding your breath face-down in a bowl of thick dish soap liquid with the key lying at the bowl's deepest point. In previous times it had always taken him several tries to really get the key. And in those cases, his mouth had been "free". This morning, she had had the idea to lock a thin bit bar in his mouth - thin enough to allow him considerable movement of his jaw, but still preventing him from really closing his mouth or biting.

But with a combined effort of using his lower jaw front teeth and his tongue, the key had more or less easily found its way into his mouth. He had taken care to hide it under his tongue then to avoid dropping it into the soap again. Of course, during his dunk into the soap, his mouth had been almost completely filled with dish soap. But he didn't even taste or feel it that much due to all the residue of the bar soap that was still thick on his teeth, tongue and lips.

To be able to hobble his way into the kitchen, he first had had to get to the kitchen door key. And, like always, she had placed that key in the middle of a fresh bar of soap which rested in a dog food bowl on the bathroom floor. Kneeling in the bathroom, he had scraped and licked his way through that bar as good as he good with his bitted mouth. His teeth were of less help than they usually had been because he could not really bite through the bar today. But scraping his front teeth over it again and again had slowly brought him to the hidden key.

The harder task was then to lick the key clean of the soap caked into its grooves so that it would really work in the door lock. To get the kitchen door key freed and ready to open the door had taken him about forty-five minutes of soap in his mouth already. And his tongue, lips, gums and palate had already started to ache from the effect of the soap when he had finally gotten into the kitchen. And there was no way to rinse the soap out - she had made it a habit to close the main faucet before leaving him for a soapy day. The only way to get water

to rinse was to get the basement key from up on the kitchen closet - out of reach of his still bound hands.

Now, with the key to his handcuffs in his mouth, he was close to freedom again. Carefully, he slid the soapy key out of his mouth onto the kitchen counter. He would wait another minute for most of the dish soap to drip off him before he would continue. Satisfied with his success, he took the time to spit the as much of the soap in his mouth into the sink, aiming past the soap-filled bowl as good as he could with his protectively closed eyes.

Slowly he slid backward off the stool - not too easy with chained ankles - trying not to fall off it. He stepped sideways in many tiny steps, turned around and started to search the counter with his fingertips. There was the key, slippery with soap. Finding the lock of your handcuffs with your own bound hands behind your back is a difficult task, but he had had a lot of "training" in doing so. In less than a minute, the key slid into the lock. With a smile that looked a little twisted because of the thin bit gag, he sighed in relief and turned the key to freedom.

But he could not turn it - the lock did not open nor did it react to his turning at all. Maybe the soap was a bit too thick on it, he thought, pulled the key out again, put it back on the counter and turned around to face the counter again. Bowing down, he felt the key with his lips and started to suckle and lick it clean - thus soaping his mouth again, though only with the little soap that stuck to the key's surface. After a few minutes he was sure that he could not get the key any cleaner with his own soapy mouth. He tried again to unlock his hands, but still to no avail.

He wondered what might have gone wrong - had she mixed the keys up accidentally? Or was she giving this day a new twist? She was perfectly capable of doing so, that was for sure. But bound as he was, his eyes shut to avoid getting soap into them he was completely helpless. The only thing he could do was to wait for her return around noon.

He had sat down on the kitchen stool about half an hour ago, thinking about a way to get out of this situation, when the phone rang. Once, twice, thrice, until the answering machine set in to take the caller's message. The beep announcing the beginning of the recording period was really loud - she must have set it on maximum for me to hear, he thought. And then he heard her sweet voice with its teasing and girlish tone.

"Darling, I guess you can hear me now. At this moment, you must have found out already that the key in the bowl was not the right one to unlock your handcuffs. Unfortunately, I won't return home before tomorrow afternoon. But don't worry, you will get out of the cuffs sooner or later. Of course, that won't be as easy as usual. All the time until tomorrow needs to be used effectively, doesn't it? So, I have set up a few more soaps and other surprises for you with keys to the other rooms and soaps and keys.

The first of the other keys will help you open the basement door so that you can get the

water running again. You will find that key in the kitchen freezer, frozen into an old fashioned ice-cube tray. The only problem will be to find the one ice-cube of those twelve that holds the key. But you can lick your way through the ice cubes one after the other to find it. Guess what the cubes are made of, honey...

As soon as you will be in the basement and have the main faucet opened, go into the basement bathroom to rinse your face in the sink so that you can read the note I have left for you on the washing machine there. That will help you to find the other soap bars and keys. You will have a wonderful time following all the traces to your freedom. Each bar and it's hidden key will help you a little further: to get water to rinse and ring, to get a little food, to get into the bedroom for the night and so on.

I am really curious to see how far you will have come until my return. But for now I need to run to make it to my appointment. Bye, honey - and be a good boy, OK?"

The clicking sound told him that she had hung up the phone. The following loud beep of the answering machine left him in a vast, desperate silence in this big house with its many rooms and locked doors.

Another ring of the telephone tore the silence again. His wife's voice returned after the beep.

"Uhm, honey - one more thing: Please take care not to start looking for the keys that I placed outside before it gets really dark. I wouldn't want any of our neighbors to see you naked out in the garden. Bye, dear - and have fun!"