

The Latex Fetish Series

#2

Latex Bondage Commitment



EDWARD
LASTE

The Latex Fetish Series
Volume 2:
The Latex Bondage Commitment

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All characters depicted in sexual acts in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

My Dominant Roommate

Waking up in bondage was a scary experience, at least until my foggy mind replayed the circumstances that led to sleeping bound and gagged. I'd gone out on a kinky date with another latex aficionado named Tammy and redefined the word "kink" when we went to a BDSM-themed private club.

After getting an introduction to serious bondage there we bummed a ride to our hotel from a patron at the club, who turned out to be my roommate Jennifer. Pissed that I'd gone elsewhere to experiment with bondage instead of trusting her, she was the one who put me to bed in such dire straits.

This wasn't a couple pairs of fuzzy handcuffs or anything lame like that, this was the full deal. For starters, I wore a pair of latex panties with three built in vibrators, anal, vaginal, and clitoral. I named him Trippy and considered him the best purchase I'd ever made in my life, since he could give me the most amazing orgasms ever with a few simple taps on the phone app.

I also wore a tight pair of latex bicycle shorts to make sure he stayed perfectly in place, plus latex stockings, boots, corset, dress, gloves, and hood. On top of all that I had a collar, nipple clamps, rubber inflatable butterfly gag, and a super tight armbrider with a lock to keep my ankles secured to the end of the sleeve crushing my arms together. If I wasn't as flexible as I was, it would've been downright torturous instead of merely grueling.

You'd be right in thinking it was rather extreme for someone who was practically a bondage virgin, but last night I discovered I had an obsession with bondage every bit as strong as my one for latex. It wasn't the restraints that bugged me so much as what else my surprisingly domineering roommate might have in store for me.

Being a college girl who worked as an exotic dancer and a cam girl, I didn't have much of a reputation on campus, but if it got out how kinky I truly was I'd be beyond screwed. Jen promised to keep my secret, but her

silence came at a steep price; as she so succinctly put it last night, my ass belonged to her now.

I hadn't had time to process this unexpected development yet, but I was of two minds about it. Part of me wanted to suck up and sweet talk her out of punishing me for lying to her, and the other part wanted to find out what she could do. I was likely to come out a winner either way, so I guess I'd just play it by ear like always.

As I flopped onto my side... which was about the limit of what I could do, I realized I had no choice but to play it her way for now. I just wished she'd wake up already. I'd planned well for my latex adventure last night and used a sort of plumbing system to take care of when I squirted or peed, but the bags in my boots were rather full by now, and about to get fuller.

Just as I was considering making an attempt to wiggle off the bed and over to her room, she stepped into mine and sat next to me. I smelled the heavenly aroma of fresh, strong coffee and wanted about a gallon of it after all I'd been through, but the mug in her hand was for her, not me.

"So... here we are," she said, running a hand over my ass and then spanking it. "I've finally got you where I've always wanted, but now I need to decide what to do with you. First, that is. I've got so many ideas running through my head I barely slept a wink, and completely wore Greg out with horny it made me."

"I love being on top, but Greg only lets me have a turn once every couple of months," she continued, popping a tit out of my dress so she could inspect the new nipple clamps I'd bought last night. "These things are super cool. Even close up it looks like your nipples are really pierced. I bet they sting like a bitch, though, especially after wearing them for so long. I suppose I should be nice and take them off for you."

Truth be told, my nipples were throbbing in time with my heartbeat, but the sharp pain they delivered earlier had mostly faded unless they got pulled or twisted. She both pulled and twisted while trying to unscrew the two little balls holding the clamp on my bud, but that was nothing compared to what I felt when she got it off and the blood rushed in.

It's a good thing I was still gagged or my scream would've had the cops beating on our door. Even though I braced myself, the second was

worse than the first since I knew what was coming. It had to come off eventually, though, and after a few minutes I felt much better.

She began to release me from the hogtie next and I was starting to think all her talk had just been to fuck with me. That hope was quickly dashed when she left the rest of my restraints intact and put the leash on my collar to take me to the bathroom. I'd told her about using the bags in my boots so I could wear my latex outfit for a full day and emptying them for me didn't seem to bother her in the least.

She was smart about it too, standing me above the drain of the tub before disconnecting the tube at the bag, and even figuring out the upper tube to rinse me out. I emptied my bladder at that point, since the act wouldn't be obvious, and was glad I did because she put the bags back in place afterwards. It was obvious my time in latex bondage was nowhere near an end.

In fact, I had no doubt Jen was going to give me the full twenty-four hour experience I'd wanted, which meant another eight hours at a minimum, and possibly more if she was enjoying my predicament as much as it seemed. (When she wasn't touching me, she was touching herself, and smiling like a kid in a candy store.)

Once my boots were back on and my dress straightened out, she led me to the living room where I was hobbled with a short chain and made to do laps around the coffee table, while she played with the app controlling me through Trippy. She mostly left it at the setting designed to tease without giving relief but gave me enough unexpected high-powered buzzes I almost lost my balance several times.

After about a dozen laps, she let out a satisfied ah-ha, and ran to grab her own phone. My stomach sank because I knew exactly what she was doing, and a moment later I heard the same sound from when Tammy had linked Trippy to her phone. She played with me a little longer to ensure everything worked as expected, and then set it to tease mode and announced it was time for breakfast.

I was pretty hungry by this point but when she ungagged me it wasn't to eat bacon and eggs. She had me kneel between her legs and lick her to three orgasms before she was satisfied, which wouldn't have been a big deal if she would've let me have at least one of my own. As much as I loved Trippy, he could be a real cunt when controlled by someone else.

After that, I got to eat some real food, although don't ask me what it was. I chewed and swallowed whatever she put in my mouth, but my attention was elsewhere thanks to Trippy. What little brainpower I had left was taken up by answering the most embarrassing series of questions ever, about all the fantasies I had relating to latex, bondage, and my penchant for secret orgasms in public.

I don't know where she learned her interrogation skills, but she seemed to instantly know when I lied or even hedged the truth a bit, so in the end I wound up telling her everything. Even the stupid crazy ideas I knew I'd never have the balls to try! Even through my haze of lust it was obvious she was especially excited by those ones, and I suspected I'd just given her the key to Pandora's Box. Or mine, if you want to cut out the stupid allusions.

When she was satisfied I'd held nothing back I thought she might release me, or at least let me cum, but that was just wishful thinking on my part. All she did was take my hood off in order to take pictures and videos as an insurance policy. She had me walk around the room and strut my stuff, do a bump and grind dance with my tits out, struggle in a hogtie, and eat her out again.

I had a minor heart attack when I raised my head from between her legs and saw her boyfriend Greg was here filming me, but it also made me hornier than ever to have an audience. He looked absurd wearing Jen's frilly pink robe, but the boner poking out was no joke and I wondered if he'd do more than film me before the day was done.

With his help they got me out of my corset and dress for more revealing pictures, which believe it or not was something of a relief. The corset had been put on extra tight and being able to draw a full breath felt amazing after being stuck in it for so long. A bigger relief would've been to be freed from the armbinder, or to be allowed to cum, but Jen was in no hurry for either.

Instead, she let Greg tie me up in a series of bizarre positions for more pictures, although by now she must've had enough to sink me fifty times over. No... now it was just because she was having too much fun to stop. I can't honestly say I didn't have fun myself, but it was a good four hours spent as a human pretzel, and the whole time she kept me so close to the edge I swear I could taste the orgasm being held just out of reach.

That too was part of her plan; when I was at the point when all I could do was beg to be allowed to cum, she took a video of me babbling any promise I could think of. Then she had me suck Greg's dick just long enough for a few pics and to get him ready so they could fuck.

Apparently, I wasn't the only one fit to burst with an excess of lust, because holy shit did they ever go at it. Jen even borrowed my big white ball gag to stifle the screams of her two spectacular orgasms, and just before Greg blew his load, she filmed what could only be described as the money shot.

Literally, since she cranked all three of my vibrators to the max, right as Greg pulled out and pumped his spunk right on my face and in a mouth held open by a body gone ridged with an orgasm of truly epic proportions. She must've figured that making me cum my brains out while getting a facial would be the ultimate debasement, but to me it only added fuel to an already raging bonfire.

It fed my newly discovered submissive side like nothing else and helped keep me cumming for so long I damn near passed out! When the fireworks finally ended, I was put back in a hogtie and gagged so they could keep me out of trouble while they took a shower, and also for a few final snapshots.

As I lay there, I found the sweet taste of Jen's pussy was mostly overshadowed by his salty seed and the rubber of the gag, but it was still there if I sought it out. I hadn't tasted it since we first became roommates and experimented with each other, but I had a feeling it would become quite common now that she'd gone through all this trouble to make me her bitch.

It was actually funny in a way. Having just discovered my obsession with bondage I would've let her tie me up as often as she liked and thanked her afterwards, so this whole blackmail rigmarole was pure bullshit. The only uncertainty when she wanted to play a game was if I responded with a hearty 'Hell Yeah!' or a more proper 'Yes, Mistress'.

Making a Commitment

It was an hour after she took her shower before I was released, and three more past that when I felt able to handle normal things like eating or checking my phone. I found I had about a hundred missed calls and text messages, mostly from Tammy wondering if I was okay. It wasn't surprising since the last thing she knew before passing out was I was inescapably restrained in our hotel room, and I wasn't there when she woke up.

I texted her immediately to let her know I was fine but couldn't go into details since I had an equally important call to return from my boss. I knew him as the owner of the Gentlemen's club where I danced, but last night I found out he also owned the dungeon club Tammy had taken me to.

Topless dancers were a dime a dozen, but someone into the kinky stuff was a lot tougher to find, so he wanted to know if I was willing to work there instead. Hell yeah I was! Being able to freely indulge all three of my obsessions at the same time was beyond awesome and getting paid for it was like the cherry on top.

After thinking about it for a few minutes, I realized the real cherry was I might be able to write off my latex and bondage gear as a legitimate working expense. I'd have to talk to my tax guy to be sure, but I already wrote off stuff for dancing and cam shows, so I didn't see why it wouldn't be the same.

With visions of indulging myself with things like a proper corset and a custom fit catsuit, I made up my mind on a big decision I'd been hemming and hawing over for ages: breast enlargement. The boss was a top notch plastic surgeon, who offered to do the procedure for any of his employees at a significant discount.

I had decent tits already, but I planned on working in adult industries for at least a few more years, so going from knockers to jugs would be a worthwhile investment. I'd talk to him about it when we met about the new job, and unless I heard something I didn't like, I'd ask if he could fit me in

for the surgery in a few weeks when the current school term ended. I was going to commit!

Jen thought I was crazy when I told her I was getting implants, but damn near started drooling when I mentioned the new job. Last night had been her first time there as well as mine, and since she couldn't afford the exorbitant fee to become a full member, she wasn't likely to return. Except now that I was an employee, I could get her in as a guest.

We were still talking about it when Tammy expectantly showed up. Apparently, my text hadn't quite eased her worry, so she came over to ensure I really was safe and sound at home. It was good to know she took my welfare so seriously, but I wasn't quite as thrilled with the discussion she had with Jen once she understood the situation.

To put it bluntly, they discussed me like I was a fun new toy found under the tree on Christmas morning, or maybe a puppy that needed to be trained. Jen knew my fantasies and Tammy knew the inventory at the adult store where she worked, so between the two of them they came up with ways to turn fantasy into reality. I was allowed no input whatsoever.

It was embarrassing as hell, and scary as fuck, but also erotic enough to get my juices flowing. I mean, practically everyone has a kinky fantasy they wish they could act out but never do, and here they were doing everything except filling out a calendar so I could experience mine. In a twisted sort of way, it was even rather sweet how much trouble they were going through for me, although I would've used a different word if I knew about the discussions they held afterwards to work out surprises for me.

Over the next week I was kept super busy, but everything worked out better than I could've hoped for. I signed up for the new job, booked the surgery, and formed a simple company for the tax write-offs and some liability protection. Jen was also planning on filming my exploits whenever possible, so I had her make me a website for my kinky adventures as an additional revenue stream.

Jen and Tammy were both part of my company, as was that cute guy from the adult store. I needed real man meat for some of my fantasies and using him was almost like keeping it in the family. It also didn't hurt to have some extra muscle on hand in case one of my public scenarios went sideways. There was no time for any of my fantasies while all this was going on, but that didn't mean we didn't have a little fun.

For starters, Jen said I needed to get used to bondage, so every night she tied me up before bed. Spread eagle was her favorite so she could fuck with me, but I also spent nights hogtied, on the couch with my legs super wide, on the recliner tied with every rope she owned, and in her bed in a ball tie.

Jen also wanted to practice using the app, so I went out each day with Trippy in place and her in control. God it was crazy. Her goal was to get me as close to orgasm as possible without letting me actually get there, and she was pretty good at it. I can be hard to read when I have my public game face on, though, so sometimes I got lucky.

I snuck in an orgasm in a crowded movie theater, in study hall, and even during a game of beer pong. I suspect the last wasn't an accident, since Jen didn't like to lose and wasn't above cheating to tip the odds in her favor. I didn't mind because those were the only orgasms I had all week.

On Friday just before I started my new job at the dungeon club, Tammy and Jen sprung their first surprise on me: Trippy was getting an upgrade. Last Friday I successfully completed twenty-four hours in latex, but I couldn't go any longer without certain other arrangements... namely an enema system.

The good news was it was easy to replace the anal toy for one with a half inch tube running through it, and add an access flap to the other latex items I wore. With the changes they made I'd be able to handle a full weekend in latex and maybe even longer, but the ability came at a price.

The original six by one and a half inch rubber cock had been a literal pain in the ass for someone who didn't mess around with anal much, but the new one was a good two inches in diameter because of the tube! You wouldn't think a 'mere' extra half inch would make such a huge difference, but you'd be completely and utterly wrong. I literally walked like I had a stick up my ass and sitting down to give my feet a break wasn't quite as restful as it used to be.

Speaking of feet, I got an unexpected upgrade in the footwear department as well. The new pair were black with eight inch spike heels, but thankfully came with a two inch high platform so they weren't *completely* impossible to walk in. Tammy also hinted at an even bigger surprise coming my way, but the mystery boots she alluded to were a custom job that would take two weeks to make.

Unlike last time, I didn't travel to the club bound to the nines. By calling themselves my riggers and handlers they'd be able to get into the club without paying, and stay for the night after setting me up. It was a good thing too because we drove there in Tammy's 1978 rust bucket van, and I swear that piece of shit had no suspension whatsoever. At the risk of wearing out my previous pun, riding in the back of that thing was a literal pain in the ass.

Once again it felt like things were spiraling out of control, but I was flooding like the Mississippi river in April, and only partially because Trippy was running in tease mode. In less than an hour I'd be inescapably bound, and completely helpless to resist whatever my two friends had in mind for me.

Would I spend the night being teased to the edge of insanity, or made to cum until my brain melted? Would I be made to endure a back breaking hogtie, or have my ass spanked until it glowed in the dark? Hopefully it would be somewhere in the middle, but it didn't matter since it was the uncertainty that had my motor running near the redline.

Tammy made introductions to everyone when we got to the club, but I could only perform the typical 'pleased to meet ya' thing for the first few. After that I was wearing my hood and inflatable gag, so all I could do was nod or shake a hand. By the fourth person I was in my armbinder so I couldn't shake anymore, and by the sixth I couldn't even nod thanks to my next surprise.

Instead of my regular collar, Tammy pulled out a shiny black posture collar that was scarily effective at keeping my head locked forward and slightly up. Between the fully inflated gag, the super stringent collar, and the rib bending corset which naturally followed next, air became as precious as toilet paper during a pandemic.

My last restraints were a set of wide rubber thigh cuffs that just showed beneath my latex dress, connected with a single carabineer clip. To be honest it didn't actually restrict my movement much since they added a short ankle hobble, and I wasn't used to the new boots to begin with. It took me a good two minutes to walk the paltry twenty feet to the door leading from the staff area to the club floor.

Before we passed the threshold, we paused while they argued about who'd get to lead me out on the leash. There was a mirror on the door, so I

got a chance to inspect my new look for the first time and liked what I saw. I hadn't been thrilled about ruining my pure white look with the new black items, but now that I saw it as a whole, I realized the black accents really made the white stand out. Not to toot my own horn, but I looked really, really fucking hot.

It was Jen who clipped the leash to the ring on my collar, in exchange for ceding control of Trippy to Tammy. I was fine either way, and it wasn't like they were giving me a say in the matter anyway. What I didn't like was that before they came to an agreement, they'd stepped out of earshot for a few minutes, and returned with the proverbial shit eating grin on their faces.

Jen led me on a grueling slow tour of the room, stopping at each and every table to say hello, and to let them get a good look at me. That in itself wasn't too bad, but at every stop Tammy had me bend over to receive three paddle blows to the ass, and after a dozen tables my ass was on fire. It was a good thing the club wasn't full or I wouldn't be able to sit for at least a week!

Once that ordeal was over, she took me out on the dance floor, where I thought I knew what to expect. On my last visit I'd been put into a strappado and made to dance with Tammy, while Trippy was going postal on me in sound activation mode. I was right about the strappado, but not the rest.

Once I was bent over with my hands high in the air behind me, Tammy dug into her purse... which, by the way, was about the size of a seven-forty-seven cargo hold... and pulled out the jar of cream the doc had given me after I'd committed to getting my enhancement surgery. It was supposed to help reduce the trauma of getting my breasts enlarged and needed to be used as often as possible.

Sure as shit, they'd decided this was a good time. They each popped a tit out of my dress and began rubbing it in deep and hard, egged on by the hoots and hollers from the appreciative crowd. For my part, the humiliation and stimulation was easily enough to let me beat the tease program and explode in ecstasy, but Jen threatened that if I came without permission she'd string me up by my tits for the rest of the night. I didn't think she was serious but didn't want to find out I was wrong the hard way.

Once my tits had been good and mauled, they put on my nipple clamps, connected them with a short chain, and clipped the leash to the

chain to lead me to the newly arrived patrons. It was a lot more embarrassing this time with my tits hanging out and being tugged to and fro, but resistance was futile unless I wanted to rip my nipples off.

I came close to doing just that when we came to a guy I'd met last time, who'd asked Tammy to let me blow him in exchange for a free drink. Unlike last time, I thought she agreed after he whispered the offer into her ear, because she nodded, loudly announced it was blowjob time, and deflated my gag.

Sucking off customers wasn't part of my job description, but Tammy wasn't about to give me a choice. She warned that if I wasted even a single drop of his precious fluid, I'd be fair game for anyone here with a penchant for swinging a paddle, crop, flogger, or cane. Like it or not, I was about to give my first public blowjob.

Or not... they'd been fucking with me, and the blowjob she spoke of was the shooter, not the sex act! As in Kahlua and Bailey's topped with whipped cream, drunk by wrapping your lips around the shot glass with your hands held behind your back. That part obviously wasn't a problem since I was wearing the armbinder, but I almost fell on my ass trying to toss it back due to all my other restraints.

Despite my clumsiness I didn't spill a drop of the drink, and even joined in on their laughter at how well I'd been had, at least until I was gagged so we could continue our tour. Actually, there was only one more table to visit, and then it was time to put me on display for a while.

They put me in the skinny cage hanging above the dance floor and removed the hobble so I could dance at least a little. Tammy promised if I did a good job of shaking my money maker, she'd let me cum, but there was barely room in the cage to turn around, so I wasn't going to get my hopes up. Jen also left the chain and leash hanging off my nipple clamps, so bouncing my tits around was something I wanted to avoid. On a positive note, the cage was so small I wouldn't have to worry about falling on my ass if I lost my balance.

They danced with me for a couple of songs, and right off the bat I noticed Tammy's face change. She had the same toy I did, and I was dead certain she was running it in sound mode so the music would give her the orgasm being denied me. It was so unfair I wanted to scream, but I think that was the point.

She drove the point home by pressing hard against my cage each time she came... three times if you're curious... blowing me a kiss every time she came down from her peak. After the last one she told Jen she needed to sit down for a few minutes, so they raised the cage up in the air and put me on display proper.

The exhibitionist part of me liked being up there, but the damn posture collar made it so I couldn't do any crowd watching. It felt like I was in a world all my own, even though there were probably dozens of people watching the slow undulations of my dance. To help pass the time and to distract myself from the incredible urgency centered in my crotch, I made a game out of trying to identify the sounds I heard.

There were all the usual noises you'd hear in a bar... music, laughter, and glasses clinking, but it was the more erotic and intriguing sounds I was looking for. Like a series of meaty thwacks and low grunts meant someone getting their ass paddled, and a moan that rapidly increased in pitch was a lucky girl having a very obvious orgasm. Dammit, my game was doing the exact opposite of distracting me.

The only relief I could get was when I screamed my frustration to the world, but of course nobody could hear me thanks to the very effective gag and loud music. It still felt satisfying, so I did it a lot over the next hour. By the time I felt the cage descending I was more than ready for a change, hopefully to something that'd get me off my feet and get me off period.

Once I was out of the cage I was hobbled again, but this time with a solid bar over a foot long. Thanks to the thigh cuffs and crazy heels it made walking even more difficult than the short chain, so it took forever to get to my next station.

It was a giant spinning wheel, with a variety of color-coded options around the perimeter. I only had time to read a few while my armbinder was removed, but I easily got the gist. Red blocks were for corporal punishment with different implements, yellow for other options like shocks, fondling, or more restraints, and there was one lonely half sized green spot labeled orgasm. I'd be getting off my feet, but the odds of getting off the more important way were depressingly low.

My dress would only get in the way so that came off, and the nipple clamps were removed as well, but they put the corset back on afterwards. The moment I lay down I was quickly strapped to the spinning disk with

my legs spread wide, and my arms pulled above my head to act as the pointer. I was the center of attention even more than before, thanks to a ceiling mounted video camera putting me on display on monitors all over the club. At least I could see one, so I'd know what was coming.

Tammy took first spin, building up speed gradually before giving a harder pull that got me going good. The wheel seemed incredibly well balanced since I went around enough times I started to get a little dizzy, before finally stopping with my arms pointing at a red square.

"Flogger!" she called out, even as she reached for said implement from a hook on the wall.

I'd never been flogged before and broke out in a cold sweat expecting the worst, but it wasn't *quite* as bad as I'd feared. I received ten blows, five on each tit, and while they stung and turned my skin pink, I'd been imagining the multi-stranded torture instrument ripping my skin off. Sometimes I'm my own worst enemy.

Jen didn't bother building up speed slowly for her spin; she just dug in and pulled as hard as she could. My head didn't stop spinning when the wheel did, but I saw I'd landed on yellow this time, and figured I got a break. Then my eyes focused on the word zapper alongside a stylized lightning bolt, and the cold sweat of fear returned in an instant.

Electricity scared the shit out of me, so I screamed far out of proportion to the tiny zaps delivered by the shock stick she wielded. She quickly touched the metal tip to the four sides of each breast and finished with a zap directly on each nipple, and I was still screaming when I realized it was all over and I was spinning again. The analytical portion of my brain tried to tell me it hurt less than the flogger, but the chicken shit part still told the logical side to fuck off and die.

Having Trippy in place meant Tammy had to settle for striking my inner thighs when it landed on pussy whip, but when she was done, she leaned over my head and casually informed me those blows were only a placeholder until she got me home. Great.

Jen delivered all ten blows square on my nipples when she got riding crop, which sucked double ass when Tammy's next spin landed on clover clamps. All three of us broke out laughing when the next spin landed on denied orgasm, since that penalty had been in effect for hours already. I

stopped laughing before they did because I realized it might be another delayed punishment for when we got home. Even when I caught a break I couldn't, catch a fucking break.

Then against all odds I really did catch a break.

"Fuck!" Jen swore. "It's way too early in the night."

"I agree, but shit happens when you introduce random chance into a plan," Tammy replied with a sigh, even as she rooted around in her mammoth purse for her phone. I'd landed on motherfucking green!

I watched with anticipation and trepidation as Tammy made a production of sliding the controls for all three vibrators to the max, set the time for ten minutes, and then held her finger poised over the start icon. As horny and helpless as I was, ten solid minutes was going to feel like I'd been nuked by the Death Star! Then her finger descended and I exploded with more force than the planet in the movie.

My body arched so hard that only my hands and heels were left touching the wheel, but all I knew was the exquisite agony of an orgasm so powerful it actually hurt. My pleasure didn't come in waves or pulses like it often did, but more like I'd been jacked into a live wire that brought me to the highest peak and simply held me there.

It was so intense it was making my head spin... no... that was the wheel... I guess cumming my brains out was no reason to put the game on hold. Something hard and tight went around the base of each tit, but I was too hung up in the moment to bother opening my eyes and figuring it out. Whatever it was probably hurt, but during my extended orgasm it only added more spice to it.

More spinning was followed by more sharp bites on my tits and this time I did open my eyes for a look. I couldn't focus worth a shit, but it looked like they were putting clothespins on a pair of grapefruits... oh yeah... those weren't grapefruits; those were my tits, thanks to the oversized handcuffs clamped around the bottom. Fuck me.

The clothespins came off with the next spin, both Tammy and Jen working together to knock them off with riding crops. They were working fast, maybe so they could get as many spins in as possible before the program ended. With their evil orgasm denial plan in ruins, it seemed plan B was to put me into complete overload, and it was working. I was at the

point where I couldn't tell ya which way was up, and my head was definitely spinning even when the wheel wasn't.

In fact, I thought for a moment the wheel had broken when I felt myself sitting upright, but then the orgasm of a lifetime began to fade and I realized Trippy had shut off and they were done with me. Here at least. Thanks to the near toxic levels of endorphins, dopamine, oxytocin, vasopressin, and adrenaline coursing through my veins, I was completely unable to fight against the new and stringent bondage I was already halfway in.

My arms had been pulled behind me and upwards into the reverse prayer position, and it felt like they were attached to the back of the posture collar. A few straps tightened everything up until even my legendary flexibility was put to the test, and only then did they free my legs. Not that it mattered... I couldn't even stand on my own, let alone try to run away.

I think they realized they might've overdone it by a few orders of magnitude when I still needed their support to remain vertical, so they had the staff bring them a wheelchair for me. Being where we were, it came with enough built-in straps I felt like I'd been fused to the pseudo leather seat, but at this point I found it felt rather comforting... like being tightly tucked into a warm, fuzzy blanket on a cold winter's night.

They took me to the bathroom to take care of draining the system, so to speak, ungagged me so I could replace lost fluids, and even left the gag out afterwards in a surprising act of kindness. I knew better than to try and give them a piece of my mind for what they'd done so far, since I was still under their control, both with bondage and with Trippy. Tearing them a new one could wait until tomorrow.

We went on another tour of the room, spending time talking at tables, as well as bondage stations watching others play. Thanks to the ease of the retinal scanning system the club employed I had dozens of free drinks credited to my account by appreciative patrons, but I limited myself to three since I didn't want to add being shitfaced to my current predicament. When we restarted, the second half of my shift was a lot easier, although there were a few notable events it would be criminal to omit.

First off, Tammy wanted to join in on the bondage fun herself, so I spent an hour tied to her in a sixty-nine position, while Jen played with both our toys rapidly and randomly. Face to crotch was more for the look, since

we couldn't eat each other out, but you'd never know it considering how many times we both came. Tammy outdid me at least three to one, but she also had a lot of catching up to do to match my count.

Not wanting to be left out, Jen also opted to be tied up for a while. Since she didn't have the same toy Tammy and I did, she took a more direct route to getting her jollies. I was restrained in the coolest thing ever... an inflatable rubber straitjacket... and had a dildo gag strapped to my face.

Jen then took all her clothes off and got tied down in an exam chair, with me going at it between her wide spread legs. It wasn't as easy as you'd think because of the corset, posture collar, and straitjacket; it took my whole upper body moving to get anywhere, and without clitoral stimulation it took her forever to cum.

My knees were a little sore after that one, so Tammy strapped me into the restraint chair for the remainder of the night. I couldn't move in the slightest, but I could see a fair portion of the room from there and found it both entertaining and educational. I had no idea there were so many perverts in town, and even less of one at how well I fit in with them. I left the club floor, dressed and restrained the same way I arrived, giving the illusion I was a complete lifestyle slave.

I was going to love working here, and they loved having me. At the end of the night the manager gave me a nice bonus in cash, put Tammy and Jen on the payroll, and gave the three of us lifetime memberships. He said our antics had gotten the place hopping like never before, and we'd been such a hit that tickets for the big month end bash were already sold out.

Now that it was behind me, I found myself quite pleased at how the night had gone. It was a little rough until I got that lucky spin that sent me into orbit, but after that the night had gone great. I was tired, sweaty, and sure I'd collected a few bruises along the way, but I'd not only survived, I'd thrived. I was even a little disappointed it was over, but my disappointment didn't last long.

They'd had an ulterior motive for putting me back in the armbrinder for my exit, namely that they had no intention of releasing me anytime in the near future. Now that Trippy had been upgraded, Jen was going to fulfill my wish for forty-eight hours of latex bondage!

Forty-Eight Hours

My heart was hammering like a jackhammer when Jen led me out the back door to the van, but I knew if I tried to resist the pull of the leash, I'd wind up doing a face plant. Thankfully Tammy pulled the van up close so I didn't have to walk far, but it was still super freaky. They quickly closed and locked the doors after I was manhandled inside, locked my ankles to the ring at the end of the armbinder, and strapped me to the floor with a pile of bungee cords so I wouldn't roll around while travelling.

I had no idea how they were going to get me out when we got back on campus, because even as late as it was, it was Friday night. If there wasn't at least a hundred people partying I'd eat my shorts, so there was no way we'd make it to our apartment without potentially dozens of drunks seeing me in all my kinky latex glory.

The short answer is we weren't going home; we were going to Tammy's. While this was good from a privacy point of view, it meant the ride there was going to be every bit as much of an ordeal as any station in the club. Tammy lived on a farm outside of town almost an hour away, and that wasn't the only surprise they had in store for me.

Their original plan before the lucky spin messed it up, was to keep me in denial for my entire shift, and then have me travel with Trippy running in sound activation mode to make up for all my missed orgasms. They thought it'd make a great video for my new website, and since the cameras were already set up, the only change was to up the ante.

For such a shitty old van it had a great sound system, and Tammy was apparently a metal head. She cranked up the volume to a compilation of Ozzy Osborne's greatest hits for the entire drive, and I came so many times I had no idea what planet I was on by the time we finally got there.

I was so out of it I had to be carried into the house, which actually played into a kidnap fantasy of mine and got me going again. Despite cumming so many times it felt like my pussy was on fire, I would've gladly welcomed an encore of Crazy Train as a nightcap. Unfortunately, the only

nightcap I got was a sip of wine in between the protein shake and green gelatin that was my supper.

I got to spend the night ungagged, but past that I was tied up pretty good in the middle of Tammy's king size bed. Tammy first used disposable latex gloves to protect my more expensive pair, so she could turn my hands into useless lumps with black electrical tape, and then tied them by the cuffs to the headboard. Ankle cuffs took the place of my boots and were tied to the foot of the bed, keeping my body taut.

Trippy was plugged in to recharge, and to keep me occupied while they ate, showered, and chatted over a few more drinks. I was also blindfolded, but when they joined me for the night, I could tell it was Jen on my right and Tammy on my left because the three of us made out for a while. Trippy was turned off when it was time to sleep, and while they were both sawing logs within minutes, it took me ages to calm down enough to get any rest myself.

In the morning I was given an upper body sponge bath by Jen, while Tammy washed my hair. In a way I felt almost like a pampered princess rather than a rubber slave, but the second half of my morning routine wasn't quite as fun. I got my first enema, and while it didn't hurt like I half expected, they did it over and over and over to literally clean the shit out of me.

Breakfast... for me at least... was a banana smoothie and more green gelatin that they took turns feeding to me because, you guessed it, I was tied to a kitchen chair. I enjoyed being served while I could, because they talked about picking up a new set of restraints that would let me do the cooking, cleaning, and serving tomorrow. That's when it hit me, I was only a third of the way through my forty-eight hours ordeal.

I still had thirty-two hours left of being used and abused for their pleasure, and I suspected the worst was yet to come. Also, the best, because I can't say I wasn't loving the experience, and I had the wet pussy to prove it. Speaking of latex, right after breakfast I was back in my full kit, with the corset and armbinder as tight as they could get them.

The clamps that made it look like I had pierced nipples were also screwed down tighter than I would have liked, and even with the inflatable gag robbing me of speech I made my feelings on the matter quite clear. Not

that it made the slightest bit of difference to my situation, but I felt a little better after venting my spleen.

Not much better because Jen put Trippy back in tease and deny mode, set the timer for eight hours, and locked it in! If my hands were free, I would have strangled her on the spot! She had no idea of how much torture she'd so casually set me up for, and I made a vow to one day get my revenge... with interest.

Tammy dressed in a red latex catsuit today, with black boots, gloves, and under bust corset. Jen was close enough in size that she was able to borrow a latex top and skirt so she wouldn't be left out of the rubber brigade, but I don't think she got off on latex the way we did. Tammy had enough latex clothing she had turned one of her spare bedrooms into a giant closet, and the smell of all that rubber was so powerful I almost managed to beat the tease program while they changed. Almost, but unfortunately not quite.

Before leaving the house Tammy packed my lunch and dinner into the portable cargo container she used as a purse. The smoothies were predictable, but the Tupperware container of jiggly gelatin was red this time. Yay for change, I guess.

I was hogtied, blindfolded, and strapped down in the van for the drive back to town, which sucked even more ass than last night's trip thanks to the nipple clamps I was lying on, and no orgasms to distract me from the 18,457 bumps and potholes we hit. (No, I didn't actually count, but I don't think I was too far off.)

Our first stop was the apartment so Jen could get a pair of shoes that better matched her outfit, and so she could borrow one of the toys I used for my cam shows. It was a sad little thing compared to the awesome power of Trippy, but it did the job and she'd be able to get her rocks off at will now.

I don't know what else they did while we were there, but the two of them left me alone in the van for damn near an hour, and the whole time I felt like someone was gonna find me at any second. I swear at one point I even heard someone try the doors to see if one was unlocked, but nothing came out of it other than a hundred beat per minute increase in my heart rate.

Tammy had to work at the adult store, so that was out next stop. I was released from the hogtie so I could enter under my own steam, which was good, but Tammy parked on the front street, which set my heart racing again. There was no way the sidewalk was deserted on a Saturday afternoon, and God only knows how many people saw me in all my glorious kinkery!

It was impossible to tell for sure, but I think they parked me next to the sales counter by the simple expedient of tying my leash to one of the wall hooks that normally displayed merchandise. It was hardly necessary while I was blind, but it reinforced how helpless I truly was. God, how I wanted to cum.

Tammy was kept busy with a steady stream of customers, at least half of which made the same joke asking how much I was on sale for. At least I hoped they were jokes. As near as I could tell, Jen spent her time going through the restraint section with a fine-toothed comb, spending my money like it was water on the most outrageous things she could find. My accountant better be right about the write-offs or I was fucked.

Did I really need twenty different types of gags? Was a discipline hood as scary as it sounded? Did an ass hook really do the job the name implied? I didn't know, but I was now the proud owner of all that shit and a whole lot more. Numerous times she brought things over to ask Tammy what she thought, and a lot of those mystery items wound up in the purchase pile without me having a clue what they were. (My hood made it hard to hear when they spoke softly.)

That wasn't the case for all the unknown purchases, since I found out the hard way she bought a whip, cane, crop, paddle, and at least three different floggers. After a few hours of this I was almost as pissed as I was horny, but not that she was spending all my money for me. I'd already committed to buying all this stuff, but I like shopping as much as the next girl and was mad at missing out on the fun. She better not try to preempt the latex spending spree I was looking forward to once I got my new boobs, or I'd murder her quite messily.

After six hours of shopping bondage hell, Joey came in to take over from Tammy so we could get to the club on time. She'd bribed him into coming in a couple hours early by saying he could lotion up my tits for me, which was another thing I hadn't been consulted about. I couldn't really

complain because A) he was hot, and B) it wouldn't be long before he knew me much more intimately in our videos. I complained anyway because the bastard left those fucking nipple clamps in place while he mauled my melons.

It also made my next hogtied road trip real interesting, but thankfully the road to the club wasn't as rough as the one to Tammy's, and the distance wasn't as far. It actually didn't suck near as much ass as I thought it would because by this point, I was so desperate for an orgasm I even tried grinding my tits into the shag carpet covering the van floor, hoping it would give me the tiny bit extra I needed to enter the Promised Land. It didn't, so I wound up twice as fucked as before.

I had to remind myself the lock on the tease program would end soon, and Jen's stated reason for torturing me with it all day was so I'd put on a good show at the club. There was light at the end of the tunnel, and the one good thing about extended teasing was how amazing it made the orgasm feel when release finally came. After eight hours, it should be fucking spectacular.

I was still blindfolded when they helped me out of the van, but Jen had come up with a simple way of guiding me where she wanted me. Walking behind me with a leash connected to each nipple clamp, I moved forward when the lines were slack, would turn when I felt pressure pulling one way or the other, and stop when both went taut.

It was rather humiliating, but at least she didn't take me on a three hour tour of the place. We went straight to the restraint chair, which was the perfect place to start from my point of view. After standing in my killer boots all day, my feet ached more than my shoulders, jaw, and nipples combined, so getting off them was almost as good as an orgasm.

They secured my legs before removing the arm-binder and gave me a few minutes to get some life back in my arms before strapping them to the chair. My jaw got a much-needed break next, and after being fed and watered my next gag was a soft rubber bit that pinched the corners of my mouth a little but was otherwise much easier to deal with. The only thing I didn't like was it made me drool like a St. Bernard.

The blindfold came off before they secured my head to the chair, and after so long in complete darkness I was glad the club had such dim lighting. It still took me a minute before I could see properly, and when I

did, I discovered I wasn't in the regular restraint chair, but the electric one. Shit! Just when I thought I'd caught a break, they managed to turn it around on me.

"We're going to perform an experiment," Jen said, as she clipped wires to my nipple clamps. "Based on what Tammy told me of your first time here, and from what I saw last night, I think you have a bit of a pain slut inside you. To test that theory, I'm going to let you cum as often as you want in the chair, but every time your little friend comes on, so does the juice. I'll match the power level of your toy to that of the chair, and let you decide what setting to use."

She'd timed things perfectly. The program lock ended while she was talking, allowing her to start the new one as soon as she finished. It was a simple ten seconds on, ten seconds off repeating program, and sure as shit I felt a strong tingle in my nipples every time Trippy buzzed away.

The electricity didn't really hurt at this setting, but unfortunately the vibrations weren't strong enough to do the job either. The only way I'd get to cum was if I asked for more power, and we both knew it.

"Orr," I mumbled around the gag, hating myself for playing into her hands so easily, but I was just too fucking horny to care at this point.

"More it is," she gleefully nodded, adjusting the level on each.

The on and off program meant I had to ask for a higher setting than if Trippy was left running constant, so I kept asking for more until I reached the point where I felt I'd be able to cum. It was a balancing act between pleasure from Trippy and the now painful jolts to my tits, but I didn't want to go higher if I didn't have to. It wasn't the instant gratification I craved, but since I didn't know how long I'd be in the chair I thought it was a reasonable compromise.

It took maybe five minutes before Trippy took me on a brief trip to Nirvana, but my orgasm wasn't as good as I'd hoped because he shut off at exactly the wrong time. It was practically a ruined orgasm, but still better than nothing, and had taken the edge off at least a little. Unfortunately, it also meant I'd have another long, drawn out buildup to my next orgasm, and that wasn't gonna work for me.

"Orr! Orr!" I yelled, giving in just like she predicted I would.

The next zap was strong enough to make me chomp down on the gag and hold my breath for the duration, but the increase in pleasure I got from Trippy was well worth it. I think. Thinking was hard right now, but I think I was thinking okay. Bah, whatever.

My second orgasm took a couple more minutes before it rolled over me, and this time it hit near the beginning of the ten second on cycle, so I was able to enjoy it much more than the first. That was going to be the key that would get me through this. The first time I'd been so desperate to cum I'd practically forced it out of me, but if I deliberately held it at bay for a few extra cycles, I should be able to let 'er rip right at the start of one to get maximum bang for my buck.

I tried it for my next one, and found it worked even better than expected. It was such a rush I held out even longer before letting the next one overwhelm me, deliberately doing to myself what I spent most of the day cursing Jen over. Maybe I had a masochistic streak in me after all.

It was also possible my brain was being rewired to associate pain with pleasure. If I didn't know better, I'd swear the electricity had found a path straight from my nipples to my clit, and rather than inhibiting my orgasms it was increasing them. Man, I thought I'd been fucked up before with my weird but simple latex and bondage fetish, but this was taking it to a whole new level.

I got into a zone where I was having an orgasm every fifteen or twenty minutes, although I only found that out later when it was over and they were discussing the scene. Jen thought the electricity would break me within twenty minutes, and Tammy figured I was tough enough to last a full hour before crying uncle. They'd both underestimated me. I'd spent over two hours in the chair and would've kept going if a paying customer hadn't wanted to use it!

Jen seemed particularly disgruntled at how her experiment had backfired, and with good reason. Once I was out of the chair it was Jen who wound up with her wrists and elbows tied behind her back, not me! Well, well, well... it appeared Christmas had come early to the dungeon club, but unlike when I was a kid, I wasn't going to unwrap this present until the last possible second.

I found out I wasn't a true pain slut when I took off my nipple clamps to let Jen find out for herself what they felt like. After wearing them for so

long they hurt like a bitch coming off, and with Trippy quiescent the pain was just pain. Jen glowered at me as I screwed them down on her little nubs, threatening without words I'd pay for this later, but I figured what the hell; she was gonna torment me regardless, so why not have some fun while I could.

Speaking of which... I snagged her phone and opened the app for the toy she'd borrowed and set it to a low buzz. She had just enough time to utter 'Don't you fucking dare' before her words were cut off by the ball gag Tammy neatly slipped into her mouth from behind. The glower intensified, but she didn't fight while Tammy buckled the strap nice and tight.

I knew for a fact Jen enjoyed bondage, and regularly got tied up by her boyfriend for sex, so this wasn't the hardship her look implied. She was likely mad because she'd lost a bet and had her favorite new toy taken away from her, at least temporarily. She was also well aware that this place contained a lot more than a few pieces of rope and a pair of fuzzy handcuffs, so she was probably sweating over what we might do to her.

It was a relevant question. I wanted to get some of my own back while I could, but I was only too aware I was only at the halfway point of my forty-eight hours, and I'd pay for it in spades if I overdid it. My feet were feeling slightly better by this point, so I figured dancing might be fun.

There was an electric winch over the dance floor that Tammy had used to put me into a strappado our first time here. I'd 'danced' with Trippy running in sound mode for several songs and came my brains out, but I didn't want Jen to get off so easily. Instead of getting to enjoy a cum-fest, we tied her tits, added weights to the nipple clamps, and put a three foot spreader bar between her ankles.

Then from the depths of her bag Tammy took out two brand new floggers and handed one to me with a smile on her face almost as big as the one on mine. We waited until the next song began, Tammy behind and me in front. I'd never used a flogger before so my first few swings were rather tentative, but it wasn't rocket science so it didn't take long before I was whipping her tits like a pro.

We switched positions for the second song, and I thought that'd be the end of Jen's punishment scene, but Tammy hadn't used the spreader bar for nothing. For the third song we alternated blows directly between her legs

and extended the pussy whipping into a fourth song because Jen had wiggled around like crazy and made us miss the target a lot.

She seemed strangely subdued when we finished, so Tammy left her in the strappado while she put me back in my armbrinder. It had been a fun thirty minutes, but now it was back to our regularly scheduled programming. Or so I thought.

To Jen's dismay and my delight, Tammy not only kept her in the strappado, but kicked things up a notch by putting me into one behind her! Using a handful of belts around our legs we were bound ass to ass in mirror image bondage so we could continue the dance with an additional partner.

I couldn't see him, but I knew from his voice Jen's new tormenter was her boyfriend Greg, freeing Tammy to devote all her attention to me. I had the better end of the deal because the squeals and jumps from Jen let me know she wasn't getting her tits massaged with lotion like I was, and Trippy was back in the ten second on and off program so I got to cum a few times.

We split up once the dance was over, but before we did, I got to watch while Jen was strapped down in the electric chair, with all the bells and whistles I avoided thanks to Trippy and my latex suit of armor. For those who missed the previous description it meant an electrified dildo and butt plug, wires clamped to nipples, labia, and clit, and shock pads on her ass and tits.

I wished I could've watched, especially when I heard Greg say he was going to perform a little experiment, but I wasn't being paid to stand around. Tammy restrained me in a new station every hour on the dot until closing time, and I enjoyed it more than ever because she gave me five minutes to cum at the end of each scene. Best. Night. Ever.

Considering what rotten luck I've always had, I should've known it was too good to last.

Plans Gone Astray

I think Jen was exhausted by her unexpected night of bondage, because she sat quietly in the passenger seat while Tammy secured me for the drive home. To be honest, I was a little surprised she wasn't still with Greg, heading back to his place for some good hard sex. I figured she was either pissed at him for tonight, or she wanted to make sure the last sixteen hours of my ordeal was extra special.

That was fine by me. My joy in wearing latex hadn't diminished in the least and combined with tight bondage and plenty of orgasms I would've dared her to do her worst if I hadn't been gagged. On the other hand, maybe it was a good thing I was gagged. I still didn't know all of what she bought earlier, and with such an expanded arsenal, her worst could very well be more than I could handle.

While I was trying to imagine what she might put me through, Tammy did her usual efficient job in preparing me for transport. The return journey would be a *little* easier on me since Jen still had my nipple clamps, and I was gagged with a ring instead of the inflatable, but easier didn't mean easy. My restraints actually felt tighter than normal, but Trippy was already running in sound mode, so I knew I was in for an hour of mind-blowing fun.

"Shit!" Jen swore, making Tammy pause in the act of blindfolding me.

"What is it?"

"I forgot we were supposed to talk to the manager before we left. He's open to letting us use the club after hours for some of the videos we want to make, but he's worried about liability issues, damage, cleanup, and other stuff."

"You couldn't have mentioned this before I got Kelly ready to go?" she said in a scathing tone, as she finished putting the blindfold in place.

"Whatever. It'll only take a few minutes, and it's not like she's gonna run off on us, is it?"

“Fine. Let’s get it over with,” Tammy said in disgust. “I wanna get home and have some real fun.”

I was just as unhappy as Tammy about Jen’s brain fart, but at least she had the courtesy of turning on the tunes so I had something to keep me distracted while they talked business inside. Even at a relatively low volume, the rockin’ beat of Paranoid might be enough to let me cum while I waited. (I honestly wasn’t a big fan of music older than I was, but it definitely made Trippy bounce.)

I barely had time to get into the groove before I heard the doors open and close, followed by the engine starting, and then the rev of the engine as Tammy punched it. My body shifted slightly in a hard turn, then I felt what was probably max acceleration for her piece of shit van. I was thinking Tammy really, really wanted to get home fast, but then I heard something that made my blood turn to ice.

“Yee-haw! I told ya they left the keys in it!” a strange, *male* voice shouted.

“Yeah, yeah,” a second guy replied. “Congratulations on stealing a van worth less than a case of beer.”

“Use your head for something other than holding up your hat. Now that we got wheels, we can pick up some beer and party with Tina and Trina. Plus, it’s a van, so we won’t even have to waste money on a hotel room to bang ‘em!”

My heart was racing like mad, and not just because they cranked the tunes so Trippy was running in overdrive. The math was simple: bound girl, plus drunken rednecks, equals one supreme fucking disaster! To make matters worse, between their reckless driving and Trippy going ballistic, I started cumming uncontrollably and didn’t stop until the van did.

Between heart stopping fear, and the fluffy pink cloud of too many orgasms smothering my brain, I still managed to deduce we’d probably stopped somewhere for beer and started praying they didn’t put it in the back where I was. It was sheer dumb luck they hadn’t already discovered me, and I wanted my lucky streak to continue as long as possible.

Considering how my luck inevitably ran, the next sounds I heard were the side door sliding open, three repetitions of ‘holy shit’, bottles clinking near my head, and three more holy shit’s.

“Bubba! Come back here a sec!”

“What is it? If you broke the beer I’m gonna kick your ass and... what the fuck?”

“We done got us more than just a ride when we stole this van; we got ourselves a *real* ride!”

“Go ahead if you wanna fuck a manikin, but I’m gonna wait for the chicks.”

“It ain’t a manikin! Check this out!”

I felt a hand strike the side of my ass hard enough to make me bounce in the bungee cords holding me down, and the timing couldn’t have been worse. I’d been holding back an orgasm with all my might, and this final humiliation was more than I could take; I came so hard I couldn’t stifle my prolonged scream of ecstasy, proving beyond a shadow of a doubt I was a real, live woman.

“Well fuck me sideways... am I imagining things, or did that slut just have herself a climax?”

“We done got ourselves a genuine bona fide bondage whore, trussed up and craving a hot meat injection!”

“I dunno... a slut like this likely has more diseases than I can count, so I’m not so sure slippin’ her the salami is a good idea, no matter how tempting.”

“That’s not saying a lot, since you need a calculator to count to one,” the ass slapper replied with a boisterous laugh. “Besides... check this out.”

I felt a pull on my ponytail jerk my head back, followed by a pair of fingers jammed into my mouth. “We can ignore her snatch for now and use this hole all we want. Lookie... it’s even got a ring holdin’ her mouth open so she can’t chomp down on our peckers.”

“I guess that’s okay then, since she’s already got ‘er rocks off at just the thought of our dicks inside her. I’m still gonna pick the girls up, though. Maybe we can head out to a nice quiet place in the boonies and have ourselves an orgy!”

“You do that. And while you’re fantasizing about boning both of ‘em, I’m gonna take the sure thing out for a test drive!”

He must've been pulling his pants off while he spoke, because a few seconds later he was in front of me, shuffling into a position where he could get his cock into my mouth. My tight hogtie bondage kept my head the perfect height off the floor, so it was pathetically easy for him to slip it all the way inside.

I almost choked when the bulbous head hit the back of my throat and still kept going, but I'd deep throated a lot of dildos for my cam shows, so I was able to handle all of him without puking. For a second, I considered doing it anyway, since I'm sure he'd go away if I ralphed over his wiener, but then I thought of how bad this might end up if I made my captors mad at me.

The first time Tammy had tied me up, she gave me a piece of simple advice; don't piss off the person in control. I was all too aware of how difficult things could get if they decided to tie me up even tighter than I already was, and oh shit... all of today's purchases were here in the van!

As my mind went into overdrive over how much shit I was in, an even scarier revelation hit me like a ton of bricks and guaranteed my compliance until something changed in my favor. I could live with sucking a couple of cocks if I had to, but I couldn't live if they decided I wasn't worth the trouble and tossed me in the river or something.

Right now, I was blowing him without any art or skill behind it, which wasn't surprising since I couldn't wrap my lips around his shaft, and my head was only bobbing up and down because he was using my ponytail as a handle. If I used my tongue, I'd be able to get him off faster so I could get the cock out of my throat, but did I really want to go there? If I was too good, they might not *ever* let me go.

I put the decision on hold for a moment, because Trippy had taken me over the top again. It took all my concentration to maintain my composure and not choke on his cock while my body convulsed with unstoppable pleasure. Then the decision became moot, because right in the middle of my orgasm, he began shooting an almost scary amount of jizz in my throat and mouth, and even on my face. The stupid redneck probably couldn't even get laid in a whorehouse, so his balls were full to bursting.

"So how was she?" Bubba asked, turning off the music.

“Best blowjob I’ve ever had,” he replied. Ha! It was probably the *only* one he’d ever had.

“Fuck it,” he said, and I was hit with sudden deceleration that told me he’d slammed on the brakes. “I wanna give ‘er a go too, so you drive.”

I could hear them moving around but was too busy trying to catch my breath to pay much attention.

“Dammit! She’s all gross with your spunk!”

“So clean her up. There’s gotta be some rags or something in all that junk at the back.”

No! Don’t look in the packages... don’t look in the packages... don’t... fuck!

“Holy shit on a stick!” he shouted. “This doll comes with all the accessories you can think of, and a dozen more you’d never imagine even in your wildest jerk off dreams.”

They spent the next fifteen or twenty minutes going through the bags and boxes, laughing at some of the things they found, and wondering what the fuck others were for. I know for sure they found a riding crop because I felt the sting on my thighs and ass, but thankfully the blows weren’t any harder than the ones I received at the club. All my restraints and the limited space probably kept him from getting a good swing.

Those few blows were enough to get him worked up, though, so he told his friend to start driving. After wiping my face with something, I felt him sit in front of me like the other guy and it was blowjob time once more. At least Trippy had been mostly quiescent during their explorations, so my pussy had gotten a much-needed break, and both my breathing and heart rate were back to normal. For now, at least.

Once we started moving the tunes were cranked up, and this guy had an even bigger cock, which he liked to keep balls-deep in my throat. He’d also kept the riding crop and used it near constantly to keep me hopping. Between the pleasure from Trippy, the pain of the crop, and a desperate need to breathe, I found out the bungee cords tying me down gave me a lot more wiggle room than I had thought.

To my disgust, all the conflicting sensations were more than I could take, and I came twice before he finished and shot his load, leaving me more embarrassed than ever. I was so caught up in my own little world I

hadn't even realized we were parked somewhere, until a blast of cold air from the side door hit the few bits of my flesh not covered by latex.

"Holy crap, you weren't shitting us for once!" a shrill voice squealed in delight. "A real life bondage slut who'll do anything we want? We can really do anything to her?"

"You betcha!" Bubba agreed. "The harder you use her, the more she likes it, but... umm... she wants to remain anonymous, so the gag and hood have to stay on at all times. Other than that, anything goes, so what do ya say?"

"I say what the hell are we waiting for?" a new, very slurry voice asked. "Gimme a beer and let's go!"

The faint hope I'd held that the girls they were picking up would let me go, were dashed to shreds in an instant. If anything, I was in even deeper shit than before with the addition of these two trailer trash skanks added to the equation. I just couldn't catch a fucking break.

The point was driven home a moment later when one of the bitches tentatively asked if I ate pussy, and Bubba casually informed her of course I did... if I knew what was good for me. His flippant tone eased the nature of his veiled threat to the girls, but to me the warning was clear; obey or pay.

To be honest, I preferred a diet of taco over sausage any day, but this cunt was either too mean or too drunk to care about anything other than her own needs. As soon as she was in front of me, she wrapped her legs so tight around my head I almost passed out from lack of air before she eased off the tiniest bit necessary to let me inhale a few precious molecules of oxygen.

The smell of her musk was powerful in my nose, but not unpleasantly so. I considered myself lucky that these people bathed more than once a year, which wasn't a given based on what little I knew of them. I took another deep breath and stuck out my tongue, going to work as best I could with the ring lodged in my mouth.

It wasn't easy. I couldn't use any of my best moves, and the tunes came back on as soon as we started moving so I was fairly well distracted. Plus, the two not driving kept busy groping, fondling, and spanking me, so I barely knew which way was up. As a final insult, the closer I got to bringing her off, the tighter she squeezed my head between her thighs, and

the lack of air was really fucking me up. At this rate, I'd never finish the job.

I licked and licked for what felt like forever, cumming more times than I could count, before I caught my first break of the night. We'd apparently reached our destination, and once the others left me alone to unload the van, I was *finally* able to make her scream. We both pretty much collapsed at that point, and for the life of me I couldn't even muster the energy to pull my nose out of her cooch. All I wanted at this point was a shower, two bottles of mouthwash, and at least twelve hours of sleep.

Being unstrapped and released from the hogtie was almost as good, but between my rubbery legs and spiked heels on a dirt floor, I couldn't even stand on my own, so my relative freedom was an illusion. I was also still wearing the armbinder, blindfold, and gag. As far as my captors were concerned, the party was just getting started, so I wouldn't get far even if I tried to flee.

I got a bit of a break while they made themselves comfortable, drank beer, and argued over how all my new bondage paraphernalia was supposed to be used. It wasn't much of one because Trippy was still buzzing away, and with only background noise to keep him going it was almost like the dreaded tease mode.

Fear was apparently a powerful aphrodisiac, because within minutes I was hotter than ever, and actually wanted a bit of action. They knew what was between my legs during the course of taking me out of the van because Tammy had plugged me in to recharge, but I don't think they didn't know how it worked. That was a good thing, because even as horny as I was, I didn't want them overloading me with endless orgasms.

Bubba was trying to convince Trina to try some of the bondage gear herself, and he might've talked her into it because they seemed to disappear after a while, leaving me to the other two. He was trying to convince her to take a turn with me, but she seemed to be uncomfortable with the situation. If I could get a word in without the others around, she might be my ticket out of here!

I should've known better than to get my hopes up, because no sooner than I thought it, she admitted it might be fun, and asked if he could help get me back in the van. When they picked me up, I struggled more out of

frustration than any hope of getting free, and had my legs bound together for my trouble.

In fact, even as the girl got into position above my face, he kept adding straps and ropes around my legs, and to the anchor points in the van. He even used those oversized handcuffs on my tits and tied those off to the sides to make sure I had zero wiggle room! Actually, he was still working on my legs, so it must've been the girl who did it! So much for being shy.

Then a hot, wet muff dropped down on my face, and a pair of hands grabbed my tits. I made her jump when I darted my tongue out, making me think she'd never experienced oral before, but after that initial flinch she settled down to enjoy the ride. In fact, she got into it big time.

Rather than sitting there and letting me do my job, she began grinding her pussy over my face quite vigorously, which made it impossible for me to do any tactical targeting. Pretty much all I could do was stick my tongue out and hope for the best. Based on how she was flooding, it seemed to be doing the job anyway, but the closer she got to orgasm, the more my tits paid the price.

It started off with squeezing and fondling, with a bit of nipple rubbing and pinching, but it wasn't long before the tit play got rougher and she was slapping them back and forth in time with her grind. It wasn't terribly bad, but with my tits tight from the clamps it made me feel like I had punching bags instead of fun bags, and her cupped palm slaps made enough noise to get Trippy revving up a little. Her yips and moans added to the equation, as did the redneck's enthusiastic encouragement. If this kept up, I was gonna fucking cum!

An orgasm would've been welcome, but if these assholes thought I got off on being used and abused, things could get ugly fast. Naturally that's when she screamed in ecstasy, he added in a rebel yell, and Trippy made my eyes roll up in my head. I'm not sure if it was *despite* my fucked-up situation or *because* of it, but whatever the reason, it turned into one of my best orgasms of the night.

I started squirting when it rolled into a second orgasm, and it was as if she knew and wanted to match me, filling my mouth and covering my face with an absolutely huge gush of her own. Then another and another... she

was like a fucking fire hydrant, and it was hard to keep my mouth and nose clear of the flood.

I felt half drowned by the time she finally backed off, and barely got a break. He took her place and I had man meat pumping in and out of my throat. I think the show his would-be girlfriend just put on had turned him on something fierce, because he was going at it like mad, making it impossible for me to catch my breath.

It got worse when she began shouting ‘Go! Go! Go!’ to encourage him to face fuck me harder and faster, because Trippy took me over the top yet again. I was in the middle of my orgasm when he came, and the girl at least noticed.

“I had my doubts at first, but this slut really gets off on this S&M stuff. I wasn’t sure when I was riding the rollercoaster of love, but I’m damn near positive she had an orgasm or two with me, and she definitely did with you. How long can we play with her?”

“All night, babe!” he laughed. “She’s like an all you can eat buffet of kink, and we haven’t even got started yet!”

“This is so fucking cool. Can we use some of this other stuff next?”

“That’s what it’s here for,” he agreed. “She’d be disappointed if we didn’t!”

“Awesome! Go pick something out while I cool down and have a beer.”

She sat down beside me and played with my nipples while she rested, and even fed me a beer of my own. I can’t say it wasn’t welcome at this point, although I choked once when she poured in too much at once. It was still liquid gold ambrosia, and while I didn’t exactly hate the taste of cum, it was good to wash it out of my mouth.

Between the highly erotic nipple play and the free beer, I could almost forgive her for playing tetherball with my tits a few minutes ago; as perverse as it was, her attention was turning me on like a light switch. I think this whole fucked up situation was playing off my old kidnap fantasy, because instead of shitting bricks like a reasonable human, I found myself wishing the redneck would hurry up and figure out what to do next.

My wish was his command. No sooner had I thought it than I was hauled out of the van and carried off a ways to be bound in a position that

would've been impossible if I wasn't as flexible as I was.

My legs were locked wide open with a spreader bar that they put not between my ankles, but between the cuffs above my knees. It damn near felt like I was doing the splits, except my ankles were pulled towards each other to compound the pressure I felt, and this was still the easy part.

My feet were lifted up into the air which tightened the bind up even further, and the end of my armbinder was secured somehow to the floor, so by the time I stopped I was in a sort of upside down, fucked up strappado. My nipples were not only clamped, but tied off tight to my collar, and I prayed to God she didn't go ballistic on my tits this time. It would've been damn near intolerable if it wasn't for one stupid twist of fate.

"Hey, I love this tune! Crank it up man!" she said, as she wrapped her legs around my head.

She began bouncing and wiggling like she was trying to dance, but unlike last time, she was clamped down extra tight so I had to lick. Being able to target her clit made my job a lot easier, but I didn't have a lot of breathing room to spare, and Trippy was rocking harder than she was. I could only be grateful we weren't *inside* the van, where the music would be at a level I couldn't possibly take. And we still hadn't gotten to the hard part.

Just as my orgasm hit, so did they. All four of them, I think. My ass was caned, my tits flogged, and someone was using a riding crop on my legs. The pleasure and pain was almost unbearable, but since I was basically an immovable object I had no choice but to tough it out.

The assault ended as suddenly as it began, and once my mind cleared, I discovered it hadn't been nearly as bad as I thought it was. I could still feel the cane marks on my ass, and my stretched nipples were throbbing, but for the most part it was the surprise and shock that made it feel ten times worse than it was. I quickly resumed licking before someone thought to 'motivate' me with more strikes.

I had warning the floodgates were about to burst this time, simply because she shouted she was about to cum. It gave me just enough time to take a deep breath before the torrent hit, but swallowing was harder in this position, and I had to blow my nose repeatedly to keep it clear. She came two more times before clearing the way for one of the guys.

I knew it was Bubba because the cock was *slightly* smaller, and the other dude had cum not long ago, so he was likely still recovering. Although with four of them taking turns, I was sure they could keep this up all night. Or all morning would be more accurate, since it had to be getting close to dawn by now.

A few minutes into the blowjob someone started paddling my ass, but due to the awkward position he was in my tits were spared this time. After the night I'd had, I was thankful for any silver lining I could find. I came just before he did, two more times when Trina took her turn, again with the other guy, once with the dude, and three times while licking Tina because she stayed onboard so long. I'm sure I would've kept going if they hadn't discovered a major problem and turned off the music.

"I don't know what the hell we drove over, but we got *two* flat tires," Bubba announced, sounding super pissed off. "We're gonna need to hitch back to town or find someone who can give us a ride."

They spent the next ten or fifteen minutes swearing, arguing, and trying to come up with a plan. They finally decided to head to a gas station they passed on the way here and try to call someone to pick them up, but then they had to figure out what to do with me. I couldn't make out all of the discussion, but what I managed to hear didn't sound good.

One of the girls wanted to try to take me back to town so we could continue where we left off, even if it meant sharing me with others. The other girl didn't see sharing as a big deal, especially if they could get twenty bucks a shot out of my services. That gave Bubba the brilliant idea they could make some serious dough if they rented me out to a frat guy he bought weed from, and all his horny college friends.

The last guy seemed to think it would be pushing their luck, but he agreed it couldn't hurt to put me back in the van like they found me, and they could make a final decision if I was still here after it got dark again. At first the thought of being left alone, hogtied all day, and with an uncertain fate ahead of me was almost more than I could take, but then it dawned on me that this was my ticket out of here.

Jen and Tammy had to have gone to the cops shortly after discovering the van had been jacked, and they could find me by tracking my phone! It might take a while, but they had to be zeroing in on me already, and I was confident they'd find me before the redneck posse returned. Not that it

would've made a difference anyway, but I didn't fight against them in the least as they hauled my ass over to the van and began strapping me down *close* to how I'd been when they found me.

I still wore the nipple clamps, and both the hogtie and the cargo straps were applied tighter than before, but the real difference was in the finishing touches. The inflatable gag was worked through the ring and pumped up quite hard before I felt something else going over my whole head. It took me a minute to figure out what they were doing, but it could only be the discipline hood I was now wearing, and it was aptly named.

The fucking thing made me feel like my head was in a vice, and it would've smothered me for sure if it didn't have solid little tubes sticking up my nose! My first hood muffled and distorted everything I heard, but this one damn near eliminated my ability to hear at all! I knew the back of the hood was connected to one of the hogtie straps because my head was pulled back and I could feel pressure when I tried to move, but past that I was literally in the dark.

After a few parting slaps to the ass I thought they'd left me alone, but a few minutes later I felt a touch in the vicinity of my ass, followed a moment later by Trippy pulsing at a low to medium level. I deduced that someone had come back to plug me back in and turn on the stereo and wasn't sure if I should be grateful or scared.

On one hand, being able to climax would help pass the time in a most enjoyable way, but what if Jen and Tammy didn't find me? The sound level was low enough that I wouldn't be cumming very often, but over the course of the day, it would still be a metric fuck-ton of orgasms. Not having any other choice, I settled in for the long haul.

Time didn't really exist for me, but of course it passed. I estimated I was cumming around once per hour, sometimes twice, but I didn't waste energy trying to track things too closely. A time or two I even dozed off, only waking when the relentless vibrations brought me off yet again, which was a totally bizarre experience.

I wouldn't have been surprised if I came a few times without even waking up, but obviously I had no way of knowing for sure. As I'm sure you can imagine, my capacity for rational thought was drastically diminished. With rationality taking a vacation, the ludicrous took over and my fantasies ran wild.

I was sold to the frat house for a case of beer and a bag of weed, to be used as a fuck toy for the pleasure of every guy on campus. Whenever they had a party, I had all my holes stuffed with cock for hours on end, and frat boys partied almost every day. On the few occasions when I wasn't being used, they kept me on the edge with Trippy, just so I'd be wet, loose, and desperate.

They left me in the common room so anyone who wanted to grab a piece of ass before class or during a break could use me for their pleasure, and anyone who had shitty grades could improve his GPA by loaning me to a teacher. They even made a waiting list and scheduled sex with me like they were making dinner reservations.

I got so deep in my fantasy world I didn't even realized I was being released until my legs flopped down on the floor, and Trippy went quiescent for the first time in forever. Reality returned as I was carried away, and since most of my restraints remained intact, I knew I was in the hands of the redneck brigade. Tammy and Jen hadn't found me after all, so all that shit I'd been imagining was about to become all too real.

It felt like I was carried for quite a distance, over very uneven terrain, and then a sudden change of temperature and humidity brought me the rest of the way back to Earth. I was lowered into a tub of hot water, and at least two sets of hands began the arduous process of removing my latex armor, starting with my boots.

It was a good decision on their part, since my collections bags were full to bursting by this point, and things could've got messy otherwise. Not that I cared about their troubles, since I was about to inherit enough of my own once I was presentable enough to be used as a sex slave.

They didn't seem to be in a hurry, so it took maybe a half hour before they divested me of all the latex below my neck, and I woke up enough to scream when Trippy and I finally parted company and the hot water hit my overstimulated cunt. It wasn't a scream of pure pain though, since the act of removing those rubber cocks gave me one last mini orgasm.

I could feel the water level receding as they removed my nipple clamps, collar, discipline hood, and armbinder, but then a new wave of hot water hit my feet and worked its way up over the rest of my body. After two full days in latex, I didn't doubt I made the bath grody, so this was rather welcome.

My arms were left unbound for now, which made no real difference since they were as useless as tits on a boar after being bound for so long, and same with my mouth. I couldn't close it completely even after it was free of obstructions, so I wound up wearing half of the cool water they trickled into my slack jaw.

The blindfold and hood came off at this point, but I didn't dare open my eyes after being in the dark for so long. Then I didn't want to as four hands began rubbing shampoo into my scalp, and I felt like I was in heaven. One of them crawled behind me to get a better angle, and the other straddled me making the tub rather crowded, but it was the two girls so we all sorta fit.

I didn't try to open my eyes until after the suds were rinsed out of my hair and my face patted dry, and once they cleared, I blurted out the first thing to pop into my addled head.

“Hey Tammy... what's up?”

Epilogue... and Spoiler Alert

The next morning, I was still kinda mad over what my friends put me through, but I also admired the balls and planning it took to pull it off. Greg and Joey had easily fooled with their assumed accents and speech patterns, but I was embarrassed I hadn't figured out the girls were Tammy and Jen. I guess you could say I had other things on my mind at the time.

Apparently, they'd been planning it for weeks, and had filmed the entire thing for our new website. I could hardly wait for Joey to finish editing it, because the raw footage was so mind-blowingly hot, I'd rubbed one out without shame in front of everyone when we skimmed through the highlights.

Jen had given me the forty-eight hours of latex bondage I'd wanted and fulfilled my kidnap fantasy in spades. Once I'd calmed down, I even had to admit the whole frat boy gangbang fantasy had wound me up even more, although I regretted it instantly when I saw the excited gleam in her eye.

If there was a way of pulling it off, she was the one who could do it. After all, she'd just checked two extreme fantasies off my list at the same time, and possibly a third. (I'd read an amazing book where a girl had challenged herself to a hundred orgasms in a hundred hours, and I'm pretty sure I hit the mark in less than half the time.)

I spent the next two weeks sleeping in what I now considered to be light bondage, which was great because every night I had Jen on one side and Tammy on the other. Our actual playtime was limited, but I had a goal of bondage every day for a year, and this was the start. (We were coming up on finals and cramming for exams took priority.)

Tammy ensured I studied hard by locking me in a low-profile Kevlar control belt... not a chastity belt because I wore Trippy underneath it... and she had one hundred percent control. Not studying hard enough? Tease mode until I bore down like a motherfucker. Party next door? Nope: not if I wanted to cum sometime this century.

After getting used to having orgasms forced upon me on a stupidly regularly schedule, forced chastity was a worse torture than extra tight nipple clamps with a pound of weight on each, but she was adamant. For every decimal I missed on a perfect 4.0 GPA, I'd be sentenced to a week of relentless tease and deny torment. It was a major concern because all my previous kinky games had already given me a big hit, and it would be a miracle if I broke a three.

I almost started crying when my 2.8 came in, since twelve weeks without an orgasm was almost unfathomable to me, but Tammy was kind enough to give me one night of celebration before locking in my three months of sexual frustration. I mean that literally because the belt used a weird locking pin instead of a key, and it took a special machine to allow its extraction.

Combined with the software lock on Trippy's tease and deny program, it meant our little grad party was the last fun I'd have for practically forever. They invited the guys over to join in the celebration, and Greg even made me laugh by slipping into his Bubba persona, but my relief was short lived.

I'd been allowed to cum as often as I wanted that day, but nothing past that and now the weight of forced chastity was hitting me hard, especially as the day for my breast enhancement surgery grew closer. I wasn't ashamed to admit I was scared shitless of going under the knife, and a few orgasms would've really taken the edge off. It sucked ass, but all the special attention my breasts received guaranteed I'd have the shortest recovery time possible, so at least I had one thing going for me. Or so I thought.

Not wanting to think about it, I'd delayed filling out the forms until I was sitting there in the pre-surgery room, and I made the incredibly stupid decision of taking the pre-op drugs *before* finishing. I don't know what they were, but I was so loopy I couldn't even see straight, let alone think properly or speak worth a damn.

Jen had to finish the paperwork for me since I couldn't hold the pen right, and when it came time for her to fill in what new chest size I wanted, my usual luck kicked in. I said 'D' of course, and to make sure she got it right I repeated myself twice. After all, my voice was rather quiet and slurred. She dutifully wrote down everything I told her, so that's how I

wound up a few hours later staring at two giant mountains of bandages, wrapped over my brand new DDD tits.

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Questions? Comments? Concerns?

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