

The Latex Fetish Series

#3

Latex Bondage Fantasy

EDWARD
LASTE



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Volume 3:
The Latex Bondage Fantasy

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

The Twelve Week Prelude

Most people wouldn't think two or three months without sex was a big deal. Abstinence wasn't fun, but if the urge got too great you could always take care of things yourself, right? Of course, most people aren't obsessed with latex, bondage, and submission. Combine my fetishes with two domineering roommates that made sure the playground was closed until further notice, and it made for one incredibly frustrated girl.

To rewind a little bit, I discovered the incredible world of latex purely by accident one day and was instantly hooked. The feel... the smell... the way it gripped my body like a lover... it made me horny just thinking about it, so naturally I started wearing it as often as possible. That led to the discovery that the only thing more fun than wearing sexy latex secretly under my street clothes, was to kick things up a notch and see if I could get away with cumming in public places without anyone noticing.

I bought a pair of latex panties with built-in anal, vaginal, and clitoral vibrators that could be controlled from my phone and wore it as often as I could. (I named him Trippy because he was a triple vibrator that was a real trip to experience.) With the right program running, Trippy could make me cum almost instantly, and keep me rockin' for a stupidly long time.

What could be better? I'll tell you - adding bondage into the mix. Some of my most satisfying adventures happened when I used Trippy with a locked program, to ensure I couldn't chicken out if things looked to be going sideways. The loss of control was a real rush, and bondage amplified the feeling tenfold.

I never used to believe in fate or destiny or any of that kind of crap, but I do now:

My roommate Jen regularly got tied up by her boyfriend Greg for mind-blowing sex, so they knew all about bondage.

I was extremely flexible, so I was able to be tied in positions that would make a contortionist cringe, and tighter bondage only made me hornier than ever.

Tammy, the girl who worked at the adult store where I bought Trippy was also into bondage, had the same toy I bought, and was into latex every bit as much as I was. She took me to a private BDSM club for our first date and gave me a night I'd never forget.

The owner of the Gentlemen's club where I danced also owned the BDSM club, and once he found out I was into the kinky stuff, offered me a job as a bondage display model. I now got to be bound wearing latex, in a public place, while enjoying multiple orgasms and earning a paycheck. It *had* to be fate.

We all enjoyed the lifestyle so much we doubled down and formed a company to profit from my darkest desires. We made a website for the stories, photo shoots, and videos of my kinky adventures, which garnered an incredible amount of attention in short order, even though we only had one so far. (Jen had staged a kidnap fantasy for me one night... without telling me about it in advance, so I was shitting bricks the entire time thinking it was real.)

It was a huge hit, but right after that our play time was limited because Jen and I had to concentrate on final exams. Graduation was normally a good thing, but I'd foolishly agreed to a week of chastity for every point shy of a perfect 4.0, and I wound up with a 2.8 so I was pretty much fucked for three months. Not *actually* fucked, since Tammy had locked me in a Kevlar control belt until my sentence was over, but with Trippy in place beneath it, I was *beyond* fucked.

Seriously fucked. Since I'd planned on making some real bank in the porn industry while I could, I'd gone in for breast enhancement surgery right after finals. Not a huge deal on its own, but while loopy on the pre-op meds, I'd mistakenly asked for triple-D implants instead of the D-cups I'd originally wanted!

Jen was mortified at her part in helping me get volleyballs instead of cantaloupes, and Tammy was pissed I'd done something so dumb. Don't get me wrong; she loved my new fun bags, but she was a firm believer in stupidity teaching a lesson. In my case it meant twelve weeks of constant, highly immobilizing bondage so the incisions would heal well.

While good from a recovery point of view, she used Trippy to edge me on for hours at a time without any chance of relief, while I satisfied her with my tongue or the dildo gag she strapped to my face. Jen got plenty of

satisfaction from me as well, sometimes restrained on top of my face, so she got more than she bargained for.

I didn't exactly blame Jen for my surgery cluster fuck, but I can't say I didn't enjoy torturing her with an excess of orgasms when given the chance. After three or four she got so sensitive she'd beg Tammy to make me stop, but she never relented and neither did I. It was somewhat satisfying, but I could never be sure if her protestations were bullshit or not, because she never complained or fought whenever Tammy wanted to tie her down for a ride. Everyone had fun but me.

My lack of fun included peeing in a bag and getting cleaned out with enemas on the other side, although I'm told those weren't nearly as bad as they could've been thanks to my diet of protein shakes, soup, and smoothies. When my twelve weeks were over... and after I'd wanked myself silly... I was gonna eat three juicy steaks covered by at least an equal amount of crispy bacon!

Okay... that was a pipe dream because I knew very well I wouldn't be able to handle that much solid food after months of sucking down nothing but sludge. Putting on weight was doubly forbidden, because as soon as I was mobile my first trip out was to be fitted with custom catsuits and corsets.

I tried not to think of the catsuits because I wanted one so bad it made me horny enough to want to scream, and getting a real corset was almost as big of a deal. Technically speaking, getting a heavily boned, under bust corset was the more important of the two, to help save me from back problems now that I was so top heavy. God, I wanted to feel a full body catsuit though.

At T-minus seven days, I was taken to be measured and fitted for my new wardrobe. My new jugs were mostly healed by this point, but Jen made sure they didn't get bounced around excessively by practically mummifying my upper body in two rolls of saran wrap. It wasn't as good as latex but was still pretty cool.

I don't think a single inch of my body escaped the measuring process, and I mean that quite literally. It wasn't simple body measurements like a tailor would need, but included internal mapping of my oral, nasal, vaginal, and anal cavities. The less said about this process the better, but despite the

extreme humiliation incurred, I actually had my first orgasm in forever when they made a mold of my pussy.

While most custom outfits would take a week to finish, preliminary info from Tammy had allowed them to prepare one under bust corset for me to wear home. To assist with the lacing process, I was cuffed and stretched vertically until I was completely taut, which seemed like overkill to me, but she was the expert.

I thought it was pretty good at first, since it gave me tremendous back support and cradled my knockers great, but the waist size was all wrong. By the time it was laced up tight enough to get the locks on, I could barely draw a breath!

After measuring my waist, I could tell from her frown that Tammy was almost as unhappy with it as I was, but my complaints annoyed her enough that she gagged me with the inflatable butterfly before turning her ire to the seamstress, or whatever the latex crafter was called.

“I thought we were going for an eighteen inch waist?” Tammy asked. “We’re only at twenty right now.”

“When you told me she had limited experience, I added a temporary spacer to the back. A body needs to be trained for proper waist compression, so give it time to adapt. A week or two should be sufficient.”

It’s no wonder Tammy chose to gag me when she did. It already felt like my stomach was wrapped around my backbone, and she wanted it tighter? Not a snowball’s chance in hell!

Tammy put Trippy and my control belt back in place before lowering my arms, and then locked my wrists together behind my back before freeing my ankles. I knew at this point she was working off a well-orchestrated plan and began to wonder what else she had in store for me.

Those killer boots with the two inch platform and eight inch heel for starters. They weren’t easy to walk in at the best of times, and I found it even worse now that I was so top heavy. It was like I had to rediscover my center of gravity or something, and not being able to use my arms for balance made it a precarious endeavor.

The ultra-tight armbinder came next and was buckled up to the very last notch. The strain in my arms and shoulders was intense after not feeling its crushing embrace for eleven weeks, and I could actually feel it in

my thrust-out chest now as well. It was another unexpected side effect of having major boobage.

Thankfully they took it off after another set of measurements and a coffee break. I think Tammy was trying to get under my skin by leaving me bound for an extra fifteen minutes, but it was kind of a turn on for me, and I spent the time admiring my new look in the mirror. Not that I was overly vain, but damn I looked hot like this.

I went from the armbinder to a reverse prayer tie for more measurements, and a box tie for a third. I wasn't sure if I'd be getting outfits tailored to those specific positions, or a set of custom latex restraints, but was happy either way. Tammy left me in the box tie after they were done and had me sit in a chair while she finished our business in the next room.

I suspected I'd be getting a surprise or two when our order was ready and wasn't sure if I should be excited about getting something cool, or scared she was ordering things I might object to. Based on the shit-eating grin plastered on her face when she returned, it was probably both.

When she helped me stand and walk towards the back, I thought we'd be taking more measurements because I was still bound, gagged, and half naked. Nope. It was time to go home, and she was going to make me travel as I was! The only saving grace was a face mask to cover the gag, and a hooded rain cape to cover my body enough to avoid an indecent exposure charge in case we got pulled over by the cops.

Tammy was feeling playful today, and once I got over my heart attack, I started to get into it myself. Being naughty in public always got me flooding like mad, and after so long without any playtime, it was entirely possible the two large phalluses stuffed in my nether regions might let me get off even if she didn't turn the vibrators on. (Tammy's ancient piece of shit van had practically no suspension, so I'd feel every bump quite spectacularly.)

I soon found out that was just wishful thinking on my part, because Tammy ran Trippy in tease and deny mode, took the scenic route back to the farm, and I swear she deliberately hit every bump and pothole she could find. I still couldn't make it all the way, and she had no intention of letting me get there.

When we finally got home, she coolly informed me that my orgasm at the latex shop had been a major breach of our twelve week agreement. To punish me for my transgression, I'd spend the last week in twenty-four/seven bondage, with Trippy keeping me on the edge of insanity the entire time!

The last eleven weeks had been hard enough, so her announcement was a serious kick to the cunt, but a deal was a deal. I can't say I submitted gracefully, but we'd often talked about what we'd do once my twelve weeks were up, so I kept myself sane by imagining how much fun it would be. If I didn't set a new personal orgasm record, I'd eat my latex shorts!

Fantasy Friday

When I awoke on the morning of day eighty-five, it felt like Christmas times a thousand. Once I had control of Trippy, I was gonna cum my brains out, stuff myself with bacon, eggs, bacon, biscuits, bacon, coffee, and have some extra bacon on the side. Then I was gonna get down to some serious orgasms before, during, and after my shower, all as a warm-up for the number of times I was gonna cum during the fantasy scene we'd planned. Other than the bacon craving, can you tell I had only one thing on my mind.

My obsession was justified. Being constantly teased without the relief of an orgasm was difficult after an hour, insane after eight, and completely ludicrous after a day. I don't think a word exists to describe how I felt after a week, but combine "impossibly horny" with "infinitely desperate" and you might be a hundredth of the way there.

Jen was still snoring away, but Tammy was already awake, and gave me a kiss on the cheek when she saw me stir. It had to be the cheek because I still wore the double-sided dildo gag they'd put to *extremely* good use last night, and didn't bother to remove after they'd had their fun.

"Morning, sleepyhead," she whispered into my ear. "Do you know what day this is?"

"Duh!" I thought, as if I'd forget. I nodded yes and turned my head so she could remove my gag. We played tonsil hockey for a minute or two after she took it out, although it felt like I was playing shorthanded until my jaw loosened up. It was nice, but it made me even more eager to get out of my restraints and onto the orgasm express.

Tammy was of the same mind I was, and after carefully slipping out of bed to go to the bathroom, she returned and managed to crawl on top of my face without waking Jen. It was distinctly unfair she was about to have some morning fun when it was supposed to finally be my turn, but considering I was still tied up, I didn't dare complain. The first rule of being submissive is you don't piss off the person who *isn't* restrained, so I went at it as soon as her vertical lips touched my horizontal ones.

She enjoyed having secret orgasms in public as much as I did and had long mastered the ability to keep her mouth shut when she came. I could tell when it happened because of the quiver of her flesh and the sudden flood of juices, but not a peep escaped her lips for either her first or second orgasm.

The third was another story, because I'd worked her to such a frenzy she squirted like a broken water pipe, shrieked like a banshee, shook like an epileptic, and completely collapsed on top of me once she came down from the peak. Jen awoke with such a start she almost fell out of bed, and then spent a good minute cussing her out and spanking her ass. It was funny as hell and kinda hot as well, but since I was on the bottom of the pile, I had a hard time of it until they broke apart.

I half expected the hanky-panky to continue, but in the midst of freeing my legs, Tammy cocked her head up and froze. A moment later I heard the same thing she did; a vehicle on the gravel road out front. Holy shit! It could only be our much-anticipated delivery from the latex shop, so this really was gonna be like Christmas morning!

They both rushed to throw on some clothes, leaving me still half tied to the bed, but I didn't care in the least because a small fortune worth of high-end latex was down there waiting to be unloaded. This was gonna be the best day ever!

I had some additional fun imagining the look on the delivery driver's face when they opened the door, because I can guarantee they both smelled like sex. Especially Tammy, who had to be half soaked from that last spectacular orgasm. What can I say, I'm easily amused.

Jen returned to finish releasing me as soon as the delivery truck left but kept my wrist cuffs in place and locked them behind my back. I was a little disappointed because I wanted to rush out and open my presents, but this was our regular morning routine, and Jen saw no reason to deviate.

Long term wear of the control belt meant flushing out the front and giving me an enema every morning before the more normal stuff. Jen genuinely enjoyed cleaning and dressing me each day like I was an oversized doll, and I can't deny I loved the feeling of being pampered. The three of us often showered together as well and having four soapy hands on my body at once was enough to get my motor running even without Trippy.

It often led to some extracurricular fun, but not today. This morning we were all in and out in record time, and only partially dry before sitting down in the living room before a veritable mountain of garment bags and boxes. Even wrapped up, the smell of fresh latex was overpowering, and I felt my already-hard nipples grow even harder.

I dove in the moment my wrists were unlocked, tossing bags, boxes, and packing tissue paper everywhere, wanting to try on everything I saw immediately. The only reason I didn't was I wanted to open everything first and find out what Tammy's surprises were.

For clothing there were pants, skirts, dresses, shirts, and what I considered to be the *crème de la crème*: the catsuits. Each was a slightly different style, and the colors were absolutely stunning. We'd ordered black, white, red, blue, purple, red, and pink, plus one that was transparent, and one in a flesh tone. I was in hog heaven, and that was just the outfits.

For accessories there were a good variety of bras, stockings, gloves, hoods, and three new corsets. One was like a heavy rubber girdle without any boning, the second was similar to the one I'd wore out of the shop except it covered my tits, and the third I thought resembled a suit of armor. It would cover me completely from crotch to chin and was so heavily boned I could tell I wouldn't be able to bend or move my head while wearing it.

Maybe I should've counted it with the restraints... of which we had plenty, but there were all sorts of crossover items. Like the heavy hood with the built-in penis gag, gloves that prevented me from using my fingers, or the coat with fake arms so mine could be restrained behind me in public without it being too obvious.

I didn't know what I wanted to try first and before making the decision there was something else I needed to take care of. I grabbed my phone off the counter where it was charging, opened up Trippy's app, and scrolled through the list until I came to my favorite mindbender program.

I was so horny I almost picked the twenty minute version but decided the five minute one would be enough to take the edge off. Then I could put on some of my new goodies, and get to enjoy the full latex, bondage, and forced orgasm experience to its fullest. But there was a problem.

"Enter password?" I asked, spinning towards Tammy. "What the fuck's the password?"

“Password... password... hmm, I can’t recall what it is off the top of my head, but I’m sure it’ll come to me eventually.”

I stood there like a dummy, not sure I’d heard her right. My punishment was supposed to be over!

“Don’t worry,” she said, raising a placating hand before I blew my stack. “You’ll have all the fun you could possibly want today, but Jen and I decided to add a wrinkle of our own to your first Fantasy Friday.”

“You see, we both have things we’ve always dreamed of doing too, and we decided to kill two birds with one stone,” Jen continued. “Putting unknown elements into your otherwise scripted adventures will add to the excitement, and it’s not just us.”

“Greg, Joey, and people on our website have all come up with good ideas,” Tammy resumed. “We’ll also shit can the idea right here and now if you’re too much of a pussy to handle it, but you’ll thank us later if you trust us. Are you in?”

I did trust them both, and I was constitutionally incapable of refusing a challenge, but dammit; I wanted to cum so bad I could taste it. On the other hand, I’d waited so long already, so what was another hour or two. Plus, her challenge intrigued me, so there was only one response I could make.

“Yes, Mistress,” I sighed, hoping bacon was still on the menu at least.

I *did* get to enjoy some properly crispy bacon, just not the hundred pounds of it I wanted. After three months without practically any solid food, the greasy strips of tasty delight sat in my belly like a rock, and today was the day when the spacer on my corset came out, so stuffing myself was a bad idea all around.

Jen and Tammy both wolfed down their food in a matter of minutes so they could get ready for our outing, while I took my time. By the time I finished and joined them in the spare bedroom we used as a giant closet, Jen was already dressed head to toe in black leather and was helping Tammy lace up her thigh boots.

They'd unilaterally decided on what I'd be wearing today, which made me grumble a bit when I saw what was on top of the pile, but I was actually relieved I didn't have to try to pick and choose out of all my new goodies. The grumble was because the first thing up was a pair of thick panties made from a mold of my pussy, and in skin-tight latex it would show quite the camel toe.

I slipped them on, making double sure the holes for the plumbing were aligned properly with the ones in my control belt, since it was likely I'd be locked into latex for the rest of the day. Next was the flesh-toned catsuit, and I put it on with much more enthusiasm. I'd desperately wanted one since the very first day I discovered my latex obsession, and now I'd finally get to experience it.

I had it on up to the waist when they finished with Tammy's boots and came over to assist me. It was nice to have help because it was so tight. Even with plenty of lube it was a challenge getting it on with no wrinkles or creases. The drawback was they had something to add before pulling it up past my waist, namely the set of nipple clamps that mimicked a piercing.

They didn't screw them down unbearably tight, but it was still enough to make me wince and cringe at the thought of wearing them all day. The bite of the clamps was even more noticeable once they were covered and the back of the suit zipped up, but the feel of all that latex distracted me quite handily. It was everything I'd hoped for and more.

Next on the agenda was a pair of black pants that were so tight it took all three of us to get them on me properly, and sure as shit they showed my pseudo camel toe to great effect. I actually blushed when I looked in the mirror, and it takes a lot to embarrass me these days.

Now for the part I was dreading - corset time! Cuffs went on my ankles and wrists so they could stretch me out and get better leverage, and once I was restrained Tammy gagged me with the inflatable because she knew I'd bitch about the process. To give her credit, she also decided to distract me with Trippy's tease program, although it was hardly needed with how worked up I was. Latex does it to me every time.

I thought the corset had been tight before, but today I redefined the term. They tightened the laces in three stages so I could get used to such severe compression, and by the time they were done I swear the pressure

was akin to what you'd find in the heart of a neutron star. They left me like I was so I could get used to surviving on a thimble full of air per inhalation and finished getting dressed themselves.

Jen only added a lame corset that clipped on with front busks and four inch stilettos to finish her look, while Tammy went all latex of course; black bra, white shirt, black skirt, and a clear mackintosh. Maybe rain was in the weather forecast.

When Jen finished, she slightly lowered the winch keeping me taut, and removed my ankle cuffs so she could get me into my boots. It was a relief to see the wedge heel pair instead of the killer ballet boots, but they still had a six inch heel so were nothing to sneeze at. She almost forgot to hook my plumbing to the collection bags, but Tammy reminded her in time, so all was good.

I knew a hood was coming when she put my hair in a ponytail and removed the inflator bulb from the gag, but, oddly enough, she added a plug or something to the hose connection port. We hadn't had a deflation problem in the past, so maybe it was just to smooth it out? Whatever.

She put my AirPods into my ears and nose inserts into each nostril before pulling the hood over my head to complete my latex encasement. It was fucking amazing. The only bit of exposed flesh on my entire body was the tiny bit around my eyes, plus my hands which I was sure would be taken care of shortly.

Once my hood was straight and snug, she refastened my ankles to the floor, released my arms to get me into a low-cut white latex blouse, put a wide collar around my neck, and bent me over the back of a chair. A leash tied down from my collar ensured I'd stay where she put me while the rest of my bondage was arranged. This consisted of a short bar that connected the back of my collar to the corset and provided a place to lock my wrist cuffs to so I was in a reverse prayer without my hands being too high to hide.

After checking the fit, she released my hands and had me grasp a golf ball sized object in each one, covered my fists with a small rubber sack, and then did the reverse prayer for real. It got noticeably tighter with additional straps pulling my arms together, and then again when the custom pouch was buckled in place over it all. It was pretty hardcore compared to what I

expected when I woke up this morning, but I was in a 'harder the better kind' of mood, so my faint protestations were mostly for show.

Between being bent over while wearing the corset, and the tight collar my wrists were pulling on, I felt a little light-headed when I was allowed to stand up straight again, so I wasn't quite sure if I was seeing what I thought I was. After a minute I finally determined I wasn't hallucinating, and my flesh-toned hood really was airbrushed to mimic my face! Lips, eyebrows, makeup, fake ears, everything!

Jen used a bit of makeup to help hide the seam between eyes and hood but wasn't fully pleased with the result. She ran off for some sunglasses to cover my eyes, baseball cap for my head, a disposable face mask to hide my mouth, and a silk scarf to go over my collar. The coat with the fake arms, and a hollow backpack to hide my bound arms completed the look so well, I had to look real close to notice anything odd.

Well... I'm sure I looked odd to the average Joe on the street, covered in skin-tight latex with the exaggerated curves of a blow up sex doll, but at least my bondage wasn't apparent. Walking wasn't as hard as I thought it would be, although I had to go slow and put a little more sway into my hips than normal. I even managed to walk down the front steps on my own but couldn't get into the van without help.

I rode in the passenger seat for once, secured by more than factory issue seatbelts. It was completely redundant bondage because there was no way I'd ever be able to get out on my own, but it's the way we rolled. If one rope was good, ten was better, right? Tammy headed towards town as soon as I was locked down, while Jen explained the rules of today's game.

"Test, test... nod if you can hear me," Jen said, her voice loud and clear in the ear buds. "Check. Squeeze the ball in your right hand, then your left. Check and check," she acknowledged after I did as she asked.

"All systems go. If I ask you a question, squeeze right for yes and left for no. Got it?" I squeezed my right hand since I may have been surprised at this unusual addition, but I wasn't an idiot.

"Good. If at any point during the day you get into trouble, squeeze either hand three times rapidly to signal us, and we'll come running to your rescue. For the most part you'll only cum when we decide, however, this is your party, so if you want an extra orgasm on your own, all you have to do

is squeeze and hold both balls for more than five seconds to kick Trippy into high gear.”

“Wait!” she cautioned, just before I did it. “You can cum anytime you like that way but doing so will come at a price. It may be an additional challenge, a longer time in bondage, more restraints, severe humiliation, pain, or any combination that strikes our fancy at the time. You’ll also pay double the price if at any point you fail a challenge or disobey us in any way. Understand?”

I squeezed right to answer her, but couldn’t help myself and started squeezing both so I could cum. It had been too long, and for the most part the penalties she’d listed weren’t a real deterrent to me. And even if they were, I was too fucking horny to care.

After five seconds I felt the vibrations ramp up to high speed, and maybe five seconds after that I exploded in an orgasm made extra powerful from a solid week of teasing denial. It felt like a bomb went off in my crotch, a sensation reinforced by the bright lights and fireworks saturating my eyeballs, and it was fucking wonderful.

Like a feast after a fast, or cool water after a day in the desert, I gorged myself on orgasms again and again, until some tiny shred inside me said I shouldn’t be doing this with a whole day of unknown challenges to face. I enjoyed one more before releasing the balls, and then pretty much melted into the seat.

I was too dazed to understand much of what they said, but I heard laughter, something like they’d expected me to do that, more laughter, and then nothing but static. I thought my AirPods had bugged up, but a few minutes later I heard Jen’s voice as clear as ever asking if I was okay, and after replying with a yes squeeze, the static returned. My first penalty was to lose my hearing, which totally sucked ass, but was worth it for such a glorious release.

Our first destination in town was the latex shop, so the matron could inspect the fit of her work. I’m not sure if it was part of their original plan or another penalty, but either way I was dropped off five blocks short and ordered to meet them there in under thirty minutes or else. I think they were laughing as they drove off, but I couldn’t be sure since the static came back on, and so did Trippy.

It seemed to be a random program, with varying strength and duration for any combination of the three vibrators, and even before the van turned the corner at the end of the block, I was feeling the pressure build up deep inside me. Suddenly those wonderful orgasms on the drive here didn't seem like such a good idea.

I was alone, deaf, mute, dressed like a slut, and completely helpless in a part of town that wasn't exactly the greatest, with five long blocks to go before reaching the safety of the shop. In what alternate universe could this possibly be considered a good situation? I didn't know the answer, but what I did know was I had to get my ass in gear before things went from bad to worse.

On a positive note, there weren't many people out on the street, but those who were all stared at me with wide eyes and dropped jaws. Fully expecting to be accosted at any moment, I hurried as much as possible, but moving fast only made me shake my ass more, and also caused Trippy to shift and bring me closer to the inevitable.

I made it about a block and a half before the inevitable became the unstoppable, and quickly staggered over to the nearest wall so I had some support for what was about to come. I knew I'd be beyond screwed if I fell over, but I made it in the nick of time, and did my best to pretend I was just resting while the fireworks went off and made my eyes roll up in my head.

Fear and adrenaline made this one almost as powerful as my orgasms in the van, and also helped me recover faster than normal. I was able to resume my walk a few moments after it passed, albeit on a pair of rather shaky legs. Great... I probably looked like I was drunk or on drugs now.

I didn't dare resume the faster pace I'd started with, otherwise I knew I'd keep cumming my brains out, and sooner or later wind up face down on the ground. Well, I guess tits down would be more accurate, since my airbags were big enough to keep my face off the ground. It was gallows humor but thinking like that helped me concentrate on completing my objective. Three more blocks to go.

I had no choice but to give in again a few minutes later and pretended to read a poster on the wall outside some bar. I think it looked more natural than leaning, yet it gave me a safety in case I started to fall. I didn't need it, but it was a close thing because while this orgasm wasn't quite as intense, it lasted nearly twice as long as the last one.

I could've used more time to recover once my convulsions subsided, but a guy stopped to ask how much I charged so I had to move my ass. I'm positive his query would've made me shit my pants if I didn't have a large, vibrating rubber cock lodged up my ass, but he didn't press the issue once I scurried off as best as I was able, and I felt so relieved I almost came again.

I fought against it with all my might, concentrating so hard I was barely aware of where I was, and only gave in when I had to wait for the crosswalk light to change at the next corner. I was close to giving up at this point, but through bleary eyes I could see Tammy's van parked in the distance, and with the end in sight I firmed up my resolve. I could do it!

The last hundred yards were the hardest by far, thanks to a severely diminished pace, and a bad series of combinations from Trippy, but I persevered. I held my orgasm in check, ignored the stares or lewd comments from other pedestrians, and pushed forward with single-minded intensity. In fact, I'd concentrated so hard on putting one foot in front of the other I almost walked past the door!

When I realized I was there, I fell against it and gave in to a well-deserved, thunderous orgasm. Relief at making it had made this one so much longer and better than normal I had a hard time relinquishing the support of the door, but then it hit me like a bucket of cold water; how the fuck did I open it?

I tried knocking with my knee, but to no avail. Had I missed some critical instruction back in the van when I was too cum drunk to think straight? Should I give the safety signal? I got my answer before I had time to completely freak out, but the answer was almost worse than the problem.

"Stand up, turn around, and make eye contact with the guy walking by!" Jen's voice blasted into my ears.

It startled me so much I did what she asked without thinking, and I found myself staring at a rather large, biker looking dude. Then I got an even bigger surprise.

"Pardon me, but would you be so kind as to open the door for me? I have a lot of hand jobs to give later, and don't want to break a nail," I said, to my complete shock. It was Tammy's voice coming through a small

speaker, but it issued from my mouth behind the mask, so it sure as shit sounded like I said it. I was gonna fucking kill her!

He looked even more shocked than I felt, but he gave me a nod and smile, and opened the door for me.

“Shake your tits at him now or you’ll never cum again!” Jen snapped.

Once again, I acted without thinking, and jiggled my jugs as much as the corset and tight latex allowed.

“Thank you, kind sir,” I said via Tammy. “As payment for your good deed, would you care to give my lucky tits a squeeze?”

His smile grew so big I thought his lips would meet behind his head, and he gave me four good double-fisted ‘honks’ before Tammy thanked him for me, and I was able to go inside. I stopped just inside the door, shaking with reaction from my close call, and then in a final surprise orgasm brought on by the relief at finally being in a safe spot.

I almost fell without a wall to lean on, but a pair of hands grabbed me from behind and helped support me, which scared the living shit out of me because it could only mean the biker dude had followed me inside! Fear returned redoubled and turned my orgasm into a squirting multiple that left me completely unable to stand.

The guy was still holding me up by the tits when Tammy and Jen came out from the back, looking like they were laughing their asses off. Trippy shut off, and then the static in my ears was replaced with the sound of their laughter. I bet I had a microphone on me somewhere for it to be as clear as it was.

“Help her sit, Frank,” Tammy said. “She looks like she could use a short break before phase two.”

Since my legs were still on strike, he picked me up and carried me to the nearest chair. I sat dazed and confused for several minutes while they chatted and laughed, but eventually my brain caught up with the times. I hadn’t been left alone on a random street corner like I’d thought; Frank was Joey’s cousin and had been following behind me the entire time to make sure I stayed safe. He’d also filmed me.

Once I could stand again, the lady from the shop gave me a good going over to check her work, polishing off a few fingerprints here and there as she went along, and nodded in a satisfied way. She told Tammy the

rest of her order would be ready in about an hour, and we could either wait or come back later. Shit! What other surprises did she have for me?

I also found out my adventure had taken sixty-three minutes, so I had two penalties coming my way. I filed that under significant but not critical. What was truly important in the here and now was Tammy's offhand comment earlier about phase two. I hadn't given it any thought, and if I had I would've naturally assumed she was referring to my regularly scheduled adventure this afternoon. It technically was, but only in the way a candle resembles a bonfire, thanks to their additional fantasy twists.

"Okay," Tammy began. "There's no sense in all of us waiting, so you guys go ahead and I'll meet you at the restaurant."

She came over and helped me up, and with an arm around my shoulder, walked me out the door. "You know that corner you started on? We're having lunch at the restaurant there, and unless you want me to beat you there for more penalties, I suggest you get moving double-time."

She turned on Trippy and filled my ears with static, blew me a kiss, and disappeared back inside. Fuck.

Phase Two

My second walk of the day was harder because I hadn't fully recovered from my orgasms, but easier thanks to Jen and Frank walking with me. Trippy might've been running slightly slower as well because I only came twice on the return trip, and with the two of them watching me like a hawk, I wasn't as scared about winding up on the pavement.

I swore when we got close and I saw Tammy sitting at one of the outside tables, meaning my day just got that much harder, but the upside was we didn't have to wait to be seated. Not that I was going to be eating or drinking anything with the mass of rubber filling my maw, but I wasn't going anywhere until they did.

I grew nervous when Jen hung back while Frank helped me into my chair, and my suspicions were well founded. When the waiter came over to ask what we liked to drink, Frank ordered a beer, and Jen spoke for me.

"Nothing for me, unless you've got an eight inch cock and a break coming up," I heard myself say.

To make matters worse, she took manual control of Trippy and put all three vibrators to the redline, making me cum while he stared at me with bugged out eyes and his jaw on the ground. He recovered before I did and gave me an uncertain chuckle before scurrying off to get Frank's beer. I was so gonna kill her for that one.

Jen was seated when he returned, and the dweeb looked almost too scared to ask Jen what she wanted, but he stammered out the customary question anyway. She ordered a diet coke, and suggested we get wings, rings, and calamari to share. Frank asked for a medium rare porterhouse as well, and the thought of how that lovely red meat would taste would've had me drooling if I wasn't so effectively gagged. Not all torture involves whips and chains.

"Your next challenge starts now," Tammy said. "To put it simply, I want you to *not* cum while we eat. Tough it out for an hour and I'll cancel your penalties, fail and I'll double them. If you're in a gambling mood you

can try to cheat, but I wouldn't want to be in your shoes if we catch you lying."

I was up for the challenge, since it was only a slight variant to the restaurant fantasy I'd told Jen I had that day I'd spilled my guts to her. What I wasn't prepared for was how skilled they'd gotten at fucking with me over the last three months. Taking turns so they could both enjoy their meal, I was continuously brought right to the breaking point over and over, yet they knew me well enough to stop at just the right moment... or wrong moment depending on your point of view.

Every time they left me hanging, I considered squeezing my hands to make Trippy finish the job, and my will to resist was being slowly eroded away like a sandcastle when the tide comes in. I tried to distract myself by watching the people around us, but that only made things worse because it seemed everyone I saw was staring at me when they thought I wasn't looking, and I swear our waiter even took a pic of me with his phone. I would've called him a pervert, but glass houses, blah, blah, blah.

I don't know how I managed it, but sometime around a thousand years later I heard Tammy ask for the check, and I realized I'd beaten her challenge. The smart thing would've been to wait until we were back in the van so I could cum my brains out with wanton abandon but fuck that; a secret orgasm in public was better than ten in private. I clenched my fists and braced myself for a few well-deserved orgasms.

I began to shudder almost immediately, with a totally unnoticeable whimper rising from my throat as my climax took hold, and even managed to keep my eyes open so I could stare at Tammy and let her know I'd beaten her. I turned my gaze over to Jen as my first orgasm rolled into a second, although it was more for effect than anything else, since my vision was going blurry from how hard I was cumming.

I *think* I looked in Frank's direction for my third orgasm, but I have no fucking clue if I succeeded or not, because all I saw was bright lights and pretty colors. Best. Lunch. Ever.

I spent an unknown amount of time floating in the fluffy pink cloud of my afterglow, and after slowly coming back down to planet Earth, saw something that jolted me awake faster than chugging four triple espressos. Jen gnawed the last bite of meat off a chicken bone lying on her plate, Tammy dunked a lonely little ring of squid in marinara sauce and popped it

into her mouth, and Frank sliced a microscopically thin strip of meat off his otherwise clean bone. Check and mate.

I'd been set up with no chance of ever winning the challenge and been had far better than I thought possible; three orgasms meant all my penalties were doubled three times for each of the three of them! Carefully doing the math in my head, I calculated that was... umm... a lot. I was so fucked.

Tammy tipped the waiter twenty in cash when he returned with her card, but it was me he was looking at when he spoke.

"Thanks everyone, and umm... I've got a break coming up soon," he blurted out, turning beet red in the process. I *think* he was trying to make a joke, but maybe not.

"It's too late to play now, Kelly. You'll be late for your orgy, and you don't wanna disappoint the football team, do you?" Tammy said, wrapping an arm around my shoulders, then turning back to him. "Plus, you heard her; it's eight inches or nothing."

"I know, but I was gonna be sure to stop at eight," he mumbled. I *think* he was making another joke, but maybe not. Jen must've believed him, because she ran back to get his number before we drove off.

"He's a total dweeb, but a good cock is hard to find," she explained upon her return. "I've been doing some recruiting on the side, and it's been a real bitch finding someone with a porn-worthy package. If he's not full of shit, we can use him in some of our videos. Let's go, we're burning daylight."

I was kneeling in the back of the van this time, with Frank holding on to help me keep my balance. We only drove for a few minutes before Tammy pulled over and put the van in park. I had a feeling my day was about to get that much harder.

"Time for a drink, dear," she said, rummaging through her cargo container sized purse. "Someone who squirts as much as you do needs to stay hydrated."

I wasn't really thirsty yet, but it'd be nice to get the gag out of my mouth for a few minutes. I could wear one all day if I had to, but the longer I stayed gagged, the harder it was to get my jaw working again. The gag was underneath my hood, though, so why go through all that work when

she didn't have to? The answer was because she didn't have to, and only took off my mask and sunglasses.

It was a different gag from the one I'd bought months ago and had a built-in feeder port. Swallowing was a bitch because of how close it was to the back of my throat, but she dribbled the water in slow enough that I was able to cope, and she stopped after maybe six ounces or so. Oddly enough, I couldn't taste a thing since it never really hit my tongue.

"Good enough," she said, plugging the port, and clipping a leash to my collar. "Now pull her pants down so we can give her another drink."

What the fuck? I thought she was kidding, but nope. She pulled my head to the floor with the leash and held it down with her foot, while Jen and Frank worked at getting the tight latex pants off my ass. They were going to give me a fucking enema right here in the van!

As if that wasn't bad enough, Tammy propped up her phone next to my face so she could catch my expression, and it was even odds there was another camera rolling behind me. I bet this was a fantasy from one of our internet perverts... excuse me, fine website customers.

Being face down and ass up helped them get the enema in me, but it seemed to take longer than usual, probably because my innards were pancaked from the crushing embrace of the corset. Tammy put Trippy back in tease mode to help distract me from the cramps, and Jen amused herself by playing rock, paper, scissors with Frank. The winner got to paddle my ass, and they played fast. (Jen hit way harder than Frank, which surprised me since he was so big, and unfortunately, she won more often.)

"That's it," Tammy finally said. "One full quart. Plug 'er off and let's go get her fantasy started."

A quart? It felt like a fucking gallon, and were they really gonna leave it inside me? I'd heard a person could absorb liquid that way, but seriously? Yup. I was still full when they began tugging my pants back in place.

This latest twist was going to turn my fantasy challenge from a walk in the park, into a genuinely difficult ordeal. Walk in the park was a literal description, because that's what it was; a five mile walk through a park on the outskirts of town. There was no time limit, but I'd have to resist Trippy's most insidious tease program without cumming until I hit each

mile marker, and of course keep my naughtiness a secret from anyone around.

There shouldn't be too many people around on a Friday afternoon, even if it was a bright sunny day which this wasn't, and any kids should be in school. The only real challenge should've been the time and distance involved, but when we planned this outing, I'd wanted to push myself. I just hadn't counted on all the additional modifications turning the difficulty level from 'hard' to 'are you fucking kidding me?'.

There was yet another thing I hadn't counted on, and that was how much Trippy had already been used today. He'd need a full charge for such a long hike, so Tammy drove around for at least an hour, while I was continuously teased and spanked. I was exhausted before we even got to the park, and briefly considered sending the safety signal, but stubbornness prevailed.

Well, stubbornness and a desire to avoid having my already ridiculous amount of penalties multiplied by a factor of ten. No... I was gonna complete my walk in the park if it killed me!

"Okay, we're here," Tammy said as she turned off the van. "Fix her up so I can film the beginning of her most excellent adventure."

Fixing me up was mostly just straightening my outfit once we were out of the van and they had room to work, but Jen had something extra up her sleeve for me. Or more accurately, it was down her pants. After double checking to make sure nobody was around to see, she dropped them enough to get a hand down there and pulled out a facemask wet with her juices.

"Just to make sure you're thinking of me during your walk," she said, as she put it over my face and formed the little metal strip over my nose.

It immediately made me think of when I was under the covers with my head between her legs, and she'd totally missed the mark if she'd hoped to annoy me with her surprise. What was annoying was there were now fingerprints all over the sunglasses, and I'm quite OCD about having perfectly clean lenses. It was already driving me bonkers!

They piled into the van amid calls of see ya when we see ya, good luck, and have fun, leaving me bound, gagged, alone and helpless once again. As I stood there trying to decide if I could really do this or not, it

began to rain, but rain wasn't a bad thing when you're covered in as much latex as I was.

In fact, it would help keep me cool and probably keep a lot of other people off the path, reducing my risk level considerably. The last was both good and bad because it reduced the thrill somewhat, but considering all the unanticipated difficulties I faced, I needed the break. I turned and took the first step of my five mile journey.

I'd barely started when I saw a dog walking couple coming my way around the bend, but they passed me with barely a glance, probably trying to get to their car before they got completely soaked. It was almost disappointing, and I wondered if my whole day was gonna be like this.

It was five minutes before I saw another couple approach, but they had an umbrella so weren't in any hurry. As they got closer, I saw it was an older couple, and his gaze was locked onto me with laser-like focus. He stared so long and hard his wife actually elbowed him in the ribs to get him to look away, making me snort in lieu of laughter. Just before we passed each other I saw her give me a wink before her eyes dropped down to tit level, making me snort again at the double standard she set.

Being noticed kicked up the thrill a notch, but it also had the side effect of focusing my mind on what Trippy was doing to me. I was maybe a quarter mile into my hike at best, and I wanted to cum so bad I didn't think there was a snowball's chance in hell I could hold on until the mile marker.

But I absolutely *had* to hold on, or I'd straight up fuck myself. My penalties would double if I cheated and got caught, and it was a safe bet they were at least monitoring me, if not sneaking around and filming from the bushes or something. Even if by some miracle I got away with it, I couldn't allow myself to cum every quarter mile or I'd never make it to the end. With my options limited, I bit down hard on the rubber mass in my mouth, the gagged equivalent of gritting my teeth, and pushed on.

For the next quarter mile, I just put one foot in front of the other, while doing my best to not think about the conflicting sensations flooding my body. Of course, trying *not* to think about it was like not thinking of a pink elephant once someone mentions it, so I became hyper aware of everything.

My feet, calves, and thighs already ached thanks to this morning's double walk, so I'd need to get off them for a few minutes when I came to the next bench. Sitting would suck more than usual thanks to the combination of dick up my ass, tenderized ass cheeks, corset, and enema, but what's a girl to do? I had more than enough aches and pains to go around.

My nipples throbbed from the clamps, my jaw might never close properly again, and my arms and shoulders were in the half numb/half killing me stage. Balancing the scales was the arousing scent of Jen's pussy in my nose, the thrilling risk of discovery, the wonderful feel of all the latex I wore, and the persistent stimulation from Trippy's three vibrators. Love and hate, good and bad, pleasure and pain; it all combined into something truly unique.

I made it to a bench finally and sat gingerly. Getting up would be awkward, but I'd deal with that in a few minutes unless someone happened to come by. With my luck, it would be a gentleman who grabbed an arm to give me an assist and discovered my secrets. With all my holes locked down I didn't have to worry about being dragged into the bushes, but shit would definitely get weird.

I started to freak out thinking about it, so I carefully got back on my feet and double-timed it down the path. I made up some time over the next quarter mile but moving faster came at a steep price. Trippy wiggling around inside me made it hard to keep my orgasm at bay, the enema was making me cramp, and it was near impossible to get enough air into my lungs to sustain the increased activity.

I slowed down to recover a bit, and then began changing my pace between fast and slow every thirty seconds or so. It was a good compromise, and with the first mile mark steadily getting closer, some of my confidence returned. I totally ignored the fact this was only the first mile out of five, because literally all I could do was take things one step at a time.

Before reaching my goal, I ran into two joggers. The first ogled me from the second I came into view and stared so hard he managed to trip over his own feet. He passed without comment, too embarrassed to try a pickup line or even a simple greeting. The second came at me from behind

and scared the living shit out of me because I didn't know he was there until he said howdy.

He matched my pace and tried to strike up a conversation, talking about the weather, asking if I came here often, and commenting on my unusual choice of footwear for a walk in the park. I could nod or shake my head, but obviously couldn't reply or even shrug my shoulders, so I kept my eyes forward and hoped he'd get the hint I wasn't looking for company.

After a couple minutes of silence, he gave up and resumed his faster jogging pace, which was a really, really good thing because my adrenaline was pumping like mad, and my ability to keep my orgasm contained was rapidly diminishing. I no longer cared how much it would fuck me; the second I hit the mile marker I was gonna cum my fucking brains out and damn the consequences!

My target, a small gazebo next to the path, was in sight now. Nirvana was only a couple of minutes away. There was a major problem, though; I could see two people inside sheltering from the rain! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! I was gonna have to bend the rules and wait until I got to the next bench, because while I was good at hiding my orgasms when I had to, I wasn't *that* good.

I'm not normally mean or vindictive to strangers, but as I passed them by, I wished both a pleasant experience with a lightning bolt to the forehead and would've given them the finger if my hands could've made the gesture. What can I say; frustration made me grumpy.

The next couple hundred yards took forever, and when I got to the bench I was squeezing before I even dropped my ass down on it. I came about a third of a nanosecond later, and had my entire body lock up in the unique kind of orgasm that only happens after extreme edging. My pleasure consumed me so completely I couldn't move... other than the quiver I couldn't stop, and I couldn't even breathe until the first torrent subsided fractionally in the brief sliver of time before the second, bigger tsunami flattened me.

I squirted and gushed and even lost control of my bladder when the third wave consumed me, and still I held onto those balls in my fist like my life depended on it. Letting go would've been smart, but current brain capacity was running at approximately zero percent, so I might've even

squeezed harder. I only stopped because I zoned out enough to lose my grip, and when I finally came down, I came down hard.

I had no strength left in even a single muscle in my body, and it took an eternity before I could even open my eyes and take a bleary look around. When I did, it took several more moments to realize a factor of critical importance; I wasn't alone on the bench! The couple from the gazebo had followed me!

I would've pissed myself if I hadn't already done it, shit myself if it was humanly possible with the cock plugging my ass, and thrown in a heart attack or two for good measure because why not? I didn't even have the strength left to squeeze my emergency signal, so I was totally and completely fucked.

I weakly turned towards the girl on my right when she started laughing, and then a lonely synapse found a friend and fired; I knew that laugh! Then she turned towards me and it was Jen's face that came into view past the big yellow hood that shrouded it. The relief that flooded my veins triggered yet another uncontrollable orgasm, but at this point it didn't really matter. I admitted defeat and squeezed my safety signal.

Giving up wasn't easy, especially considering how early it was in my challenge, but my friends had twisted it into something completely impossible. Oddly enough, I wasn't mad at them, although that might change once I wasn't so cum drunk.

It wasn't what I'd expected, but it had been a truly unique experience I'd remember forever, and I was willing to forgive a lot when I had orgasms like that. It also left me able to try again another day, and maybe make it further next time. My adventure wasn't over yet, though, because I still had to make it back to the van, and Jen wasn't inclined to let me off easy after failing so dismally.

"Let's see," she said as she pulled out her phone to use the calculator. "You were up to one thousand, five hundred, and thirty-six penalty points going into this, doubled four times for cumming out of range of the mile marker, doubled four more times for each mile you're short, and multiplied by ten for failing the challenge.

"That comes to... three million, nine hundred and thirty-two thousand, one hundred and sixty demerits. You should be able to work that

off in only three or four lifetimes. I think we'll start now to make the walk back slightly more challenging."

The other person with us was her boyfriend Greg, who stood in front to record Jen's penalty additions to my predicament. The first was a set of inserts that went inside my nose inserts and cut the air I could get in half, the second was a wide rubber belt around my thighs to limit my stride, and the third was a second face mask, fresh from her soaking wet crotch. There was also a fourth she added once we got moving, which made the others almost inconsequential.

"I reset the program on your toys, so every ten minutes the power will increase by ten percent. I suggest you don't dawdle or things might get a little intense down there, but whatever floats your boat. I recommend putting it in high gear because now that you bailed out on the challenge, Tammy told your boss you're available to work tonight.

"We're heading straight from here to the dungeon club and considering how many penalty points you need to work off, I suspect it'll be a very busy night. In fact, we might have to leave you overnight in the vac bed so we can continue tomorrow and the next day when they're closed so we can get *really* hardcore."

That lonely pair of synapses threw up the white flag and scurried off into the darkness, leaving me like a zombie only able to put one foot in front of another to the tempo set by the pair of riding crops striking my ass. The coat absorbed a lot of the punishment, but the psychological effect was devastating, and after twenty minutes I was basically riding the forced orgasm express no matter how hard I tried to contain it. It was heaven and hell on steroids.

I don't actually recall making it to the van, but I must've because I got to enjoy getting off my feet once they hogtied me inside it. I also discovered her 1978 van had been upgraded with a teleportation device, because we got from the park to the club in the blink of an eye. That, or I fell asleep the second they laid me down inside it.

Probably the latter, since it was dark when they woke me up to go inside. Oh wait... it was dark because I was blindfolded now, but the leash pulling me along made sure I didn't stray off the path. I almost called it a walk in the park, but I'd never use that comparison again unless describing

walking a tightrope while getting butt fucked by an elephant. Okay... maybe I was still a little out of it.

As near as I could figure, I was out on the dance floor before they jerked me to a halt, and after hobbling my ankles, my blindfold was removed and I found out I was right.

“Welcome back, Kelly!” a hundred voices shouted in unison, scaring me enough I tinkled a few drops. Not that it mattered at this point.

Then it hit me that it seriously was a party celebrating my return to the club after my three month absence. They had stupid hats and annoying blower things and a cake and everything!

As surprised as I was, the crowd was even more dumbfounded when my coat, hat, mask, and backpack were removed, revealing how well bound I was. When the cheering renewed, I wasn't sure if it was due to the cleverness of my disguised bondage, or their first look at my massive new tits, but either way it filled me with joy. I wouldn't do what I do if I didn't like to be appreciated.

The emcee introduced me for those who were new, gave highlights of my recent exploits for those that did, and directed their attention to the big screen where the video of my morning walk started playing. My arms were released from the reverse prayer, and my gag was removed, so the next hour was pretty fucking sweet.

People I hardly knew fed me bites of cake, punch, or the odd shot of tequila. Friends did the same, but with a spanking or forced orgasm thrown into the mix, and a good time was had by all. Especially me. It was pretty much common knowledge amongst anyone who knew me, but tonight was the first time I admitted to myself exactly how much I enjoyed being the center of attention.

Even after my little party was over and it was back to business as usual, I remained nicely on display in what had to be the coolest piece of bondage gear ever invented. A vac bed. Four straps stretched my limbs to the corners, a tube gag went in my mouth, and then I was covered with a heavy rubber sheet. I thought it was pretty good bondage when the sheet was fastened down, but then they sucked the air out, and holy shit it got tight!

I don't think I would've been able to move my arms even if they hadn't been restrained, but the pressure was so evenly distributed I could easily stay like this all night. It turned out to be a prophetic thought.

"We've all had a busy day, with an even busier one tomorrow, so we thought it best to let you get some rest," Jen informed me via my ear buds. "Well, more accurately we decided to let you lie down, since the amount of rest you'll get is up for debate."

"We've started a big membership drive for our website now that we have a couple of videos to upload," Tammy continued. "To help things along we're going to live stream your vac bed bondage, and every time we hit a membership goal, we're going to thank them for joining by giving you an orgasm."

"Your boss gave us permission to stay here tonight, so we'll have plenty of time to get the numbers up, but that's not the best part," Jen interjected, sounding excited. "We can also film tomorrow before the club opens and you have to work, so we're planning on banging off several more videos while we have the chance."

"Our goal is to hit an even hundred latex bondage videos before the end of the month. It shouldn't be hard since it's not like you have any lines to memorize or anything, and most of the time you'll just be lying around," she snickered. "I won't go into specifics because surprising you will add some extra spice to the scenes but rest assured, your fantasy wish list is gonna have a lot of completed checkmarks by the time we're done."

I was still trying to process this new development when Trippy roared to life between my legs. I don't know if we'd hit our first goal or they just wanted to get the ball rolling in spectacular fashion, but either way we started off with a literal bang. I swear I came for like two minutes straight before the vibrations shut off and hadn't even caught my breath before they came back on for a repeat performance.

At this rate, the only sleep I was gonna get was when I passed out from orgasm overload, and this was just the start. Some of the shoots we'd planned were relatively straightforward, but most of my fantasies leaned towards the extreme, and then there was the twist factor to consider. I only had time to think I was in for one hell of a month before my next string of orgasms wiped away all thought.

Video Fantasy Express

To say I was a mess the next morning was an understatement, but other than feeling like I'd been put through the wringer, I wasn't as bad off as I'd feared. I don't *think* I passed out from an overabundance of forced orgasms, but I picked up the knack of dozing off right afterwards, so I got enough sleep to keep me going.

Jen actually looked more worn out than I did, thanks to a bonus video Tammy shot of her tied on a sybian. I wish I could've seen it because she was begging for Tammy to make it stop after five minutes, and her ride lasted at least twenty more. While that many orgasms in a row was challenging for Jen, she would've been fine if she didn't start mouthing off *before* she was untied.

Think about it; if someone was threatening you with tight bondage, a hard spanking, and grueling sexual torture the moment you released them from their restraints, would you untie that person? Well, I probably would, but I'm a weirdo. The point is Tammy didn't, so Jen joined me on the membership drive thank you scenes from that point forward.

I'm sure she'd make Tammy pay for it the next time the roles were reversed, just like I'd get my licks in on both of them eventually. In my case I'd have a longer wait, thanks to the four million penalties they'd stuck me with, but if we were gonna shoot as many videos as they said, Tammy would likely be tied up with me at some point today. I could hardly wait.

The club had showers for their private rooms, and even though they were a little small, I still got bathed while bound to keep my bondage streak intact. The showers here had more restraint points than you could shake a stick at and made it so easy for them I suspected our shower at home would soon be getting an upgrade.

My new outfit was the front zip transparent catsuit, and for the first time in ages I didn't have Trippy locked up tight under the Kevlar control belt. I still wore all three vibrators, but I was gonna get fucked later, so they needed to be removable. No corset today, just a waist cincher so my boobs could bounce freely for the camera, and they put it on over the catsuit so it

could be removed or changed without stripping me naked. The ring gag naturally went on over my hood for the same reason.

They put disposable gloves on my hands and taped them into useless lumps like yesterday, although I don't know why they bothered since as soon as they were done, they put me in my favorite armbrinder. After that came my less than favorite spike heel ballet boots, and a steel collar with a chain leash so they could film me being led to the dance floor for my first scene.

They'd just finished putting me in a strappado with a long spreader bar between my ankles when Greg, Joey, and Frank walked in. I found out it was only a quarter past eight in the fucking morning when Jen gave them shit for being late, and here I was in serious bondage, waiting to get used as their rubber fuck toy.

I had more waiting to do while everyone got changed, but Tammy turned Trippy on to warm me up, so I was well distracted. Not so much that I couldn't appreciate their costumes as they came out or fail to notice the large addition to Jen's outfit sticking out from her crotch. She made sure I noticed it by stepping in front of my head and swinging her hips back and forth, slapping my face with the gargantuan dildo.

I shivered in both fear and anticipation as she walked behind me and squeezed my butt cheeks, hoping like hell she wasn't planning on sticking that thing in the back door. I didn't exactly have a super tight ass anymore, but that thing was way bigger than anything I'd seen before, let alone used.

Its use was still to be determined. For now, she contented herself by spanking my ass, rocking me forward with each blow and adding more strain to my shoulders, but there was a method to her madness. I found out a moment later she was practicing for our first scene.

Joey stepped up first, dressed in studded black leather and with his cock already hard. I tongued the tip when he stuck it just barely past the ring, but a second later my eyes bugged out and I nearly choked. Jen slapped my ass again, driving me forward and sending his meat stick balls deep down my throat!

He didn't have to do anything but stand there, while Jen drove me forward with hard blows to my ass, occasionally holding me forward after a strike for quite some time. It kept me off balance enough that I didn't

realize it at first, but Trippy was definitely buzzing faster now, and I knew Tammy was going to try and make me cum when he did. To the casual eye it would look like I had an orgasm from the spanking and forced blow job.

Her timing was off by a little, so for the last few of minutes before he shot his load, I was struggling to keep it contained. The last thirty seconds were particularly difficult, and only the thought of having to redo the scene kept me from exploding prematurely. I let the walls down and embraced the ecstasy the instant I felt his tool swell and spurt, but Tammy either didn't realize how close I was, or she did and wanted the video to be killer.

She cranked all three vibrators up to the max, turning a huge orgasm into a squirting triple that left me dizzy and limp as a noodle when it was over. Joey even had to help me stand when the strappado rope was lowered, but not for long. They were going straight into the next scene, and it was a doozy.

The rope from above was tied around my waist to keep me up, then my head was pushed down between my ankles and the chain leash was clipped to the spreader bar to keep me folded over like a lawn chair. I was flexible enough that it didn't become hard until they pulled my hands down and tied the end off to a ring set in the floor in a reverse strappado.

Frank stepped up to bat for this one, opening the zip between my legs and taking the two vibrators out of my holes. He left the clit vibe in place and held it there by zipping the suit up slightly, ensuring I'd be able to cum on demand. It would be needed because I felt him greasing up my rosebud, and I didn't think I could cum from just anal.

Frank was well built, but after having Trippy stuck inside me for so long, he slid in surprisingly easy. He actually felt good enough I was getting worked up even before Tammy turned on the clit vibe. Once she did, I was helpless to stop from cumming. Losing control wasn't entirely my fault; Tammy had left the speed on high, and that much power applied to my swollen, sensitive clit was more than anyone could resist.

Frank didn't see it that way though. "You're not allowed to cum before me! I think you need a lesson on proper slave etiquette!"

Unzipping the front of my suit, he popped my melons out and began roughly tweaking my nipples. While he was doing that, Tammy was playing me like a flute by turning up the power of the vibe every time he

pulled or twisted, giving me a mix of pleasure and pain my overloaded mind couldn't separate. I came again, squirting straight into his face and pissing him off further.

Mind you I'm pretty sure it was scripted, (other than the big squirt which was sort of a bonus) because Jen was waiting with weighted clover clamps and a pair of riding crops. They applied both clamps simultaneously, then still working in unison they gave me ten good ones to the side of my tits. Their timing was a little off, though, so Tammy suggested they do a few more takes to get the blows perfectly synced. I called her a cunt, but only in my mind because of the first rule.

Five takes later, Frank rammed his dick back up my ass, going at it vigorously enough that the weights swung and danced like crazy, and of course Tammy continued to play with me. She didn't go full blast this time, allowing me to hold on for five minutes or better, but the orgasm was inevitable. Frank pulled out as soon as I started cumming, and this time he let Jen take care of my tits while he worked on my ass. And yes, they did five takes for this one too.

The extended interlude might've had an ulterior motive behind it, because it allowed Frank to calm down a bit and last longer before he blew his stack. I'd never wished this of a man before, but I hoped he didn't have too much stamina and self-control, because I didn't know how many more rounds of this I could take.

I needn't have worried. Tammy behaved and only teased me with the clit vibe, so I didn't cum until he did about ten minutes later. She gave me a good double at that point, accentuated by Jen pulling the clamps off my nipples as soon as I started peaking, and once again I was left feeling like a deboned fish.

No rest for the weary, though. Once I was released from the lawn chair strappado, Frank tossed me over his shoulder and carried me over to the reclining restraint chair. Tammy was already strapped down and waiting with a big black dildo sticking up from her crotch like a rubber flagpole.

It took some maneuvering to get me impaled on the floppy rod, but it was just big, not elephant sized like the strap-on Jen wore. Jen held me in place while Greg and Frank frog tied my legs, and then strapped my torso tightly on top of Tammy. I personally thought it was a mistake because

Tammy wouldn't be able to thrust much this way, but Jen was calling the shots.

Then a greased finger slid into my ass and I realized she wouldn't have to; this was gonna be a double penetration scene! I assumed it was Greg who stepped up to the plate since he was the only guy who hadn't had a turn yet, but for all I knew it could've been anyone, even that dweeb from the restaurant yesterday. Hell, with the steady, almost mechanical thrusts going in and out of my ass it could've been some kind of fucking machine, but it sure felt like a real cock.

Twenty or thirty minutes later I was leaning towards the fucking machine theory because he was still going strong, and I was once again fighting to keep my orgasm at bay. If the clit vibe hadn't been displaced for the DP scene I would've been totally fucked, and yes; I know my choice of words were ironic considering what was happening.

A few minutes later I felt three swats to my ass that must've been a signal, because Tammy's dildo suddenly began vibrating like mad, catching me off-guard and sending me instantly over the cliff I'd been teetering on for so long. My eyes rolled back in my head and I began shaking as violently as my restraints allowed, my entire body completely consumed by the power of the pleasure coursing through my veins.

Tammy must've had a toy of her own turned on, because her scream of ecstasy was deafening in my ear, and her body was quivering in counterpoint to my own. The cock in my ass increased in speed too, so he was close as well, but not so close that my orgasm was a one and done. No... for a good five minutes Tammy and I traded the screams of our release over and over until *finally* I felt the hot jet of his seed fill my bowels, and it was over.

They took a few minutes to film the aftermath before releasing me, even removing the armbinder this time so my shoulders could get a break. Wrist cuffs were attached and tied to my waist so I wasn't exactly free, but it still felt like easy mode after what I'd been through. To my amusement they *didn't* release Tammy from the chair, so they could film a bonus scene.

Jen caught her by surprise and got a gag in her mouth before informing her about the change in plans, which was to let her enjoy the Mindbender Max program in all its glory. Jen was definitely getting her revenge with interest, because that was an hour-long program that would

make Tammy cum so many times she'd be a complete zombie by the time it ran its course.

My amusement was short lived, though, because I was about to face an even more daunting challenge. I'd spent some time in the electric chair before, but with Trippy and several layers of latex protecting me from the worst the chair had to offer. This time they set me up for the full meal deal, with a fat, ribbed steel dildo in my cunt, expanding steel butt plug, plus clamps on my nipples, labia, and clit!

It took a lot to keep from complaining when she changed my ring gag to a fat rubber bit I'd be able to bite down on, but I instinctively knew things would get a lot worse if I said even a single word. Right now, all the chair restraints were loose enough I had a bit of wiggle room, although nowhere near enough that I'd ever be able to get free on my own, and I had a good view of Tammy's orgasm torture to help distract me.

I needed it, because once the chair was turned on, I found it much more intense than I'd imagined, and I had a pretty vivid imagination. First off, the butt plug expanded until it felt like I had an electrified apple up my ass, then the dildo began vibrating and shocking me, and one by one she activated the channels for all the clamps.

The jolts seemed to be completely random in timing, intensity, and duration. Sometimes it was just a tingle that was almost pleasant, other times it was a series of zaps that took my breath away, and the randomness made it worse than ever. Countering the electricity was the vibrations rattling my innards, and also the labia and clit clamps since they were touching the dildo. Within minutes I was sweating and hoping this was a short scene, but that wasn't to be.

"Business is business, but I still feel I have a moral imperative to punish you for fucking my boyfriend," she said, sounding more cheerful than angry. "We're gonna go get some food, but don't worry... we won't be gone more than an hour or so. Have fun but try to conserve your strength since we've got a lot more on the agenda for today!"

I didn't see her walk away because fear and despair triggered a massive orgasm inside me. By the time I recovered and could focus my eyes, it appeared Tammy and I were left alone to our respective torments. Her words might've just been a mind-fuck, but not knowing one way or the

other accomplished the objective quite handily. All I could do was I clench my teeth on the bit and brace myself for the worst.

Jen had told me a half truth. The videos of Tammy and I *would* be a full hour long when uploaded to our website, but only after multiple camera angles had been edited and stitched together. Actual runtime was only twenty minutes, which was logical if we were shooting more videos today, otherwise both of us would've been completely done in.

Now I was good to go after only a short break, and for the next several scenes the orgasms were kept to a reasonable number so I wouldn't burn out early, focusing more on the bondage and control aspect. They highlighted my extreme flexibility with positions like the ankles behind the head pretzel tie and a suspended hogtie that was so tight it felt like my ankles were all the way up over my elbows.

For another series I changed into the black catsuit with cutouts for my tits. My limbs were folded back and taped together so I had to walk on elbows and knees, following Tammy or Jen around like a dog on a leash, complete with a butt plug tail. I had to perform tricks too, like roll over for a tit cropping, sit on a dildo, beg for orgasm, lie down with ass up for a spanking, and their favorite... lick!

After that the guys were ready for another round and I got to experience my first triple penetration fuck. It was fantastic, but a lot more awkward and chaotic than you'd think. It would be an amazing video after some serious editing, and would provide plenty of fodder if we ever wanted to make a blooper reel.

Jen came up with a unique way of punishing me for fucking her boyfriend after that one. She put heavy elastic bands around the base of my tits, adding more and more until they turned dark red, then put on a pair of harsh nipple clamps with a round disc hanging off the ends. The vaginal and clitoral parts of Trippy went back in place, but she left the anal part out so I could wear the tail plug.

I also wore a blindfold that had two pinholes so I could see the bare minimum to complete the challenge she set me. The round discs at the end of the clamps were magnets and scattered around the dance floor were

dozens more of them. With Trippy running high enough to bring me to orgasm if I took too long, my objective was to find each and every magnet, collecting them with my nipple clamps.

It was an impossible challenge. Finding a magnet and lining it up under a boob to collect it was bad enough with limited vision and Trippy driving me to distraction, but also because the weight really added up after a while. My nips were killing me before I was even halfway done, and once I gave into Trippy for the first time, the orgasms kept on coming and I had to admit defeat.

For failing I was tied so tight I was doing the splits, and had my pussy whipped until I came, which surprisingly only took a couple of minutes. To fill in the time for the rest of that shoot, Jen sat in the exam chair and had me eat her out, which worked out great for me. As soon as she started peaking, Tammy and the guys flipped the script on her, and before she knew what was happening, she was strapped down for a bonus scene.

I got a solid forty-five minute break while they all took turns bringing her to orgasm with tongue or toy, and when she started bitching it was too much, they simply gagged her and threatened to leave her in the chair until tomorrow when we resumed shooting at the farm. It was Tammy's revenge for her mindbender scene, but it felt like mine.

It was good I had the break, because the next scene was my toughest and most elaborate bondage challenge to date. Trippy was locked into place with the Kevlar control belt, I wore a heart monitor and pulse oximeter, ear buds, and I was covered in TENS pads, before I was helped into the catsuit made of extra thick latex. It took a ton of lube and everyone working together to get me in that thing, but it felt amazing once it was in place. That was the easy part.

I was gagged with the biggest ball gag they could get to fit in my mouth, then it was taped over with a roll of electrical tape, covered by a strap, a blank panel gag, and more tape. I thought my head was gonna explode from the pressure, but they weren't done yet. They used the hard nostril tubes with the small hole to limit, but protect my breathing, and laced the new discipline hood on top of it all. Now my whole head felt like it was in a vice.

I couldn't see anymore but I knew they were putting me in the crotch to chin 'armor' corset, because it simply couldn't be anything else. Thanks

to the extra thick catsuit I wore, it felt tight even before they started tightening the laces, and went way, way beyond OMG by the time they were done.

The thick catsuit also made the armbinder feel twice as tight when they put it on, and my legs weren't spared either. It took me a while to puzzle it out, mostly because I was more worried about getting more than one oxygen molecule into my lungs at a time, but I believe it was one of Tammy's surprises.

As near as I could tell, my legs went into a single boot that was completely rigid, and kept my feet arched like I was wearing the killer ballet boots. Other than being able to bend at the waist, I was completely and utterly immobilized in bondage tighter than I ever imagined possible, and they *still* weren't done!

My arms were pulled up in a strappado and my feet tied to the floor, which oddly enough helped my my balance. Tugs from all angles must have been them attaching ropes to the plethora of D-rings on the costume, because I lost those last few nanometers of wiggle room my bondage allowed. It crossed my mind that bondage this tight would make for a shitty video, since film wouldn't look any different than a still picture, but whatever.

I felt some pressure at my nose and breathing became even more difficult, then completely impossible, scaring the living shit out of me. If there was a fuckup at this point, I was toast, but the moment passed and cool, almost cold air flooded into my lungs. It was also so infused with the smell of fresh latex, I wondered if I'd passed out and was moved to a rubber factory.

I wouldn't have figured this one out if Tammy hadn't explained it to me when she checked to make sure I was breathing okay. What she'd done was attach hoses to the nostril inserts and run them to a rebreather bag and a bucket filled with shredded latex. The cold air was from an air tank that would pump oxygen into my lungs if my vitals dropped too low. After having me squeeze right to confirm I was okay, I felt Trippy come on at low speed, and the TENS pads start to tingle. She then explained the challenge to me.

"You're in control for this one... in a manner of speaking," she chuckled. "Simply squeeze right to increase power and left to lower it.

Your goal is to cum three times before the hour is up but be careful about overdoing it; it's an automatic failure if you go too hard and pass out from lack of air. Win and you get the rest of the afternoon off, fail and we'll have to try a second time while we prepare a *really* tough bondage scene. Good luck and have fun, but not too much fun."

This was predicament bondage taken to the next level, and then some. I couldn't get pleasure from Trippy without pain from the TENS system, and the more I got of both the more air I'd need. The margin for error was so thin as to be nonexistent, but if I could find that perfect balance point, I could win and avoid finding out what could possibly be tougher than this position.

I clenched my right hand quickly to increase the power slightly and tried to gauge the result analytically instead of emotionally. The electric tingle increased to something akin to a fingernail flick on skin, which wasn't too bad, but the vibrations barely increased at all. It wasn't even at tease mode level yet so I'd need a lot more power to finish the job. I squeezed again.

Full latex coverage, tight bondage, and the wonderful smell of the latex-infused air I breathed worked in my favor, so I should be able to cum at a lower power level than ever, but Trippy wasn't there yet. I took a gamble and squeezed twice more but remained ready to back the power down in a hurry if things got too intense.

I rated the shocks at riding crop level and Trippy at near the tease setting, which I hoped was enough. My arousal was climbing fast, but so was my heart rate and breathing. I gave it one more squeeze to ensure the job got done and did my best to keep the random shocks from distracting me. I could do this.

A few minutes later I was close but squeezed my left hand several times to abort. I was dizzy and light-headed from not enough air, my heart was racing like I'd just done a hundred wind sprints, and little ghostly lights were floating around inside my eyeballs like neon gnats. If I had let the vibrations continue, I would've popped easily within the minute, but I also would've blacked out for sure. Shit!

I needed to come up with a better plan, but it was hard to think in this state. Without good vibrations happening in the amusement park, all of my other discomforts came front and center, and I had plenty of those. The

severity of my extra redundant gagging was the worst by far, my straining shoulders and arms took a close second, and that leg binder thing was easily third with how hard my knees and ankles were pressed together.

The discipline hood was no picnic either, especially with my long hair bunched up underneath it. First chance I got I was gonna hack it off and go with a short pageboy cut, or maybe even go full cue ball so the hoods would fit properly. If we staged it as a humiliation and punishment scene, I bet it would make a killer video for our site.

I'd talk to Jen about it later, but right now I had some unfinished business to take care of. It was impossible to track the passage of time, but I estimated at least half of my allotted hour had already passed by now, and I'd have zero chance of winning if I didn't start cumming soon. Hmm... was it possible that trying to find the minimum needed was what fucked me up last time? I was horny enough it wouldn't take long to cum if I went balls to the wall, and then as soon I hit the peak, I could turn it off fast before oxygen deprivation clobbered me.

I didn't know if my plan was solid or just wishful thinking, but I had to try something, so I started squeezing. I stopped at twelve when the shocks began sucking most spectacularly, and Trippy was buzzing at a point where I should be able to get off reasonably soon. A little more power would've been preferable, but the TENS system was kicking my ass so it would have to do.

To help matters along I immersed myself in a fantasy based on the biggest mind fuck I'd experienced, i.e., the fake kidnapping scene with 'Bubba' and his trailer park trash posse. I imagined I was still in their clutches as their sex slave, currently being punished for failing to please my harsh and demanding new Masters and Mistresses.

I had to learn how to cum on demand under even the most adverse conditions, because Bubba liked the way my vaginal contractions or anal puckering milked his cock. I'd failed too many times, and now had to make up for it with both guys between my legs, and the girls striking me at random for no reason other than they were bored and felt like it.

Whipping me always turned the girls on something fierce so I'd undoubtedly have to service them after the guys had their turn, but first I had to make some cocks spurt by milking them three times. I had to

succeed within half an hour or they'd take me to the homecoming pep rally where I'd be offered up as a free bang for any and all comers.

Cumming three times should've been easy, but I was severely gagged for mouthing off, tied super tight for trying to escape, and exhausted after being used as their toy all day. I was almost there, although the effort of doing all the work had me dizzy gasping for air, and my heart was beating so fast I could feel my pulse pounding in my ears. I wasn't gonna give up, though.

Clenching my right fist, I willed myself over the edge into a spectacular orgasm that had me seeing fireworks while pure, distilled rapture flooded outwards from my groin and through my veins. The pleasure was so completely consuming it robbed me of all thought, and oddly enough seemed to make my body tingle and start to go numb like I'd pushed my flesh past its limits. There was something I was supposed to do after cumming, but for the life of me I couldn't imagine what it could be.

I almost had it, but then I hit a second plateau that made my last few brain cells wave the white flag, and I surrendered the rest of the way to the ecstasy that was all I had left. Clouds partially obscured the fireworks show now, which was a shame because the lights had been so pretty, but I didn't care because I'd stepped up to a third and final plateau of pleasure. Then the show was over and all that remained was darkness.

The next thought to cross my mind was how stupid I'd been, and those were the same words Tammy used after she was sure I was okay. I was lying on top of the vac bed wearing just Trippy and the rubber cat suit, so I must've been out of it long enough for them to remove everything else and carry me here.

I'd definitely overdone it, but they'd been well prepared for such an eventuality, and mere seconds after blacking out they were pumping pure oxygen into my lungs and had me out of all my restraints in less than two minutes. Tammy was far more freaked out over the scene than I was and told the others in no uncertain terms we were done shooting for the day.

While I was perfectly fine with that and was looking forward to a nice long nap since I still had to work tonight, I couldn't leave well enough alone. "Wimp," I weakly teased her. "Is that all you got? I thought you were gonna script an epic scene that would totally blow me away, but I guess I was mistaken."

She looked flabbergasted and stricken until I gave her a wink to know I was at least partially kidding, and then smiled and shook her head in amazement.

“Fine,” she said, pulling my wrist up to the corner and attaching the cuff. “While you rest, I’ll try to come up with something better for next time.”

My store of witty repartee was as exhausted as I was, so I simply nodded and spread my limbs to make it easier for her to bind me to the bed. Sleeping in a spread eagle was rather comforting, and it wasn’t like I was gonna move around anyway. With any luck I’d be able to remain here for my entire shift tonight, so I’d be well rested for whatever came tomorrow.

The Biggest Fantasy

Over twelve hours in the vac bed was a little long even for me, but Trippy remained in my control the entire time, so I was able to break the monotony now and again. I only used him twice because I was more tired than I thought and wound up sleeping a fair amount. I was surprised the boss let me get away with it, but later found out Jen and Tammy took turns filling in the more active roles for me. I guess they felt guilty or something.

We filmed again the next day, but it felt like easy mode compared to yesterday. For the morning I wore a latex maid uniform and had to cook, clean, and serve my two Mistresses, suffering a variety pack of punishments for every mistake or shoddy job. It was kinda fun and cumulated in being tied to a chair with about fifty lengths of rope so they could inflict the ultimate punishment of shaving all the hair off my head, followed by a round of very satisfying orgasms for everyone.

Tammy had to run an errand at lunch, so I shot a couple of bondage sex scenes with the guys, and predictably a spanking scene with Jen afterwards. Then I changed into the catsuit with the tit cutouts and got to lounge about in only minimal bondage while we waited for Tammy to get back.

It was time for another surprise, and one I hadn't seen coming. I became a ponygirl! A harness of leather straps encased my body, especially around the base of my tits so they'd really bounce around when I pranced, a second enveloped my head to hold the bit in my mouth, and thigh high heelless boots turned my feet into hooves.

The biggest surprise was what Tammy had done with my hair. She'd gone and had it attached to a butt plug and made it into a tail! With reins attached to my bit I was taken outside and led around the yard so I could get a handle on walking in the weird pony boots, and once they were satisfied I wasn't going to face plant every second step, got ready to shoot.

My arms were placed in the reverse prayer pouch, clamps with brass bells were attached to my nipples, and the two remaining parts of Trippy were set to a low buzz. I had a hard time maintaining the pace they set,

especially when they made me step high in proper ponygirl form, but I mostly managed.

Tammy said there was a place in Texas that trained Ponygirls full time, and suggested to Jen they send me there for a month so I could learn to get it right. I suspected she was fucking with me, but I wouldn't put anything past her after my rather unwise taunting yesterday. I got a little more worried after she talked to Frank about fixing up the horse stall in the old barn behind the house, and turning it into proper ponygirl quarters, but I had enough troubles without borrowing any imaginary ones.

Unfortunately, the teaser shots of my debut as a ponygirl were a big hit, so from then on, I was harnessed up twice a week to pander to the masses. I spent hours walking in circles on the end of a rope, did dozens of fast laps around the path outside the house trying to beat a set time, and on a day too crappy to go outside, spent the day either walking on the treadmill, or bend over it. And this was only one of the many kinky activities we were filling my days with.

Someone was always interested in anything we did, so we began live streaming my bathing, enemas, feeding, changing, and bondage rigging. Mondays we did costume role-play like the latex French maid, nurse and patient, or cop and prisoner, and we went out on Tuesdays for some public naughtiness. Wednesday was for the guys, Thursday for just us girls, Friday and Saturday nights I still worked at the club, and the lot of us always spent the night there so we could use the equipment we didn't have at home.

Some days I suffered orgasm denial, and others it was practically dawn to dusk orgasms, depending on their moods. It was an exhausting schedule, but one hell of a lot of fun. It didn't take long to rack up our video goal, and the last one was gonna be a doozy; a massive bondage orgy with all of us, plus eight of the biggest cocks Jen could find!

It was more than a little daunting to imagine that many guys plowing into me one after another, probably two or three dudes at a time, and not just once if the scene took as long as I suspected. Eleven studs at let's say an average of twenty minutes a pop, plus Tammy and Jen joining for double that... I could easily be fucked non-stop for several hours straight!

While they didn't bother me with specific details, I pieced a lot of it together over the course of the week. I knew we'd be using the barn so

we'd have the space to accommodate that many people, since my maid day was spent cleaning it up. The guys filled it with some old furniture modified for bondage, upgraded the lighting, and decorated the walls with our full collection of restraints and toys, making it look like a serious den of perversion. I approved, even though it was kinda scary to have it all out for use with strangers coming.

I overheard Tammy telling the boss we wouldn't be in to work at the club this weekend, which confirmed the length and toughness of the scene she'd scripted. I'd seriously need time off afterwards to rest and recover, which was one thing I'd give them credit for. They were strict during a scene, but the aftercare was epic.

Thursday, I did a chain gang scene with Tammy and Jen shackled alongside me, where we had to dig a pit for the pig roast and keg party after our shoot was done. Jen had done most of her recruiting from our college, and hired the guys with the promise of sex, beer, and food instead of paying the going rate for this type of movie. I was looking forward to it big time.

Another sign of a truly epic day was they let me sleep in until noon on Friday, while everyone else had been up and about getting things ready. I might've slept even longer, but Tammy had put Trippy into tease mode so I'd be absolutely begging for it when our guests arrived. It made things awkward during my double douche, triple enema, and extra thorough shower, but Tammy was apparently in one of her moods.

My outfit for the day was a transparent catsuit I hadn't worn before, but before I slipped it on, Tammy fastened Velcro cuffs to my wrists, and tied the base of my tits to help them keep their form. I thought it odd to have the cuffs go on first, but the suit had reinforced cutouts for the D-rings to poke through, which was kinda neat. The hood was transparent as well, but it didn't have cutouts for the eyes, so everything was annoyingly blurry after they put it on.

It was still early, but before taking me to breakfast Tammy had me in the box tie pouch, posture collar, ballet boots, and double-sided dildo gag. It goes without saying that Trippy went back between my legs, and along with some heavy fondling, drove me crazy during breakfast. (I could drink my protein shake because the dildo had a feeder tube running through it, so it was basically a kinky adult straw.)

After we'd eaten, Tammy dressed in black accessories over red latex and Jen went red over black. Together they looked striking, domineering, and hot as fuck, so it was a crying shame I was dressed in the rather plain nude look. Then again, when we went outside to join those who'd gotten here early, it felt like every eye was on me.

I never appreciated how much support the hoof of a pony boot gave me until I tried walking across the lawn wearing stiletto heel ballet boots. If it wasn't for Tammy and Jen holding onto each side of me, I never would've made it to the barn. It was almost a relief when they went straight to tying me up.

It was the typical ankle behind the head pretzel tie everyone loved to see me in, but with a fun new twist that left me swinging in midair at a perfectly fuckable height. (Joey rubbed his crotch against mine to test the waters, but unfortunately didn't go any further since it would ruin the shoot.)

Even the dick on my face was at a good height due to a bench they put under my head, and Tammy *did* test it out fully, because she was like me and could cum for days. Even so, she limited herself to only one orgasm simply to 'take the edge off', which was maddeningly unfair considering how badly I wanted to do the same. I could actually taste her sweet essence thanks to the hollow shaft of the dildo, which made it even worse.

Based on the number of people who'd been in the yard, hopefully we'd be getting down to business soon, and I'd get my own sweet release. Hmm... now that I thought of it, there were only supposed to be eight new guys, and we'd passed at least that many, plus a couple of girls. Had they expanded the scene without telling me?

It had me worried for a while, but then Tammy called everyone together and I found out the others were merely extra cameramen to ensure every possible angle of our big scene was covered. In a way I was almost disappointed, but there was gonna be more than enough cock inside me today that I wouldn't be left wanting. After a few instructions to the masses, it began.

Everyone wore masks to hide their identity, but I knew Greg was the first guy to come over because he warned me under no circumstances was I to cum during the opening scene. That was easy for him to say. I was so

fucking horny by now I almost came when he pulled Trippy out of me. I had to bite down hard on the rubber cock in my mouth when he diddled my engorged clit for a moment.

I was fighting my orgasm so hard I barely heard his lines, but in essence it was about how I needed to be punished for my sins, blah, blah, blah. It was hardly original, but nobody watching the video would be doing so for the rich storyline or enthralling dialogue. Plus, I was too well bound and gagged to respond anyway, unless a garbled 'Mmph', groan, or moan counted.

Enter stud number one. More tripe about how I needed to learn my place, and he could do anything he wanted to me for being such a cock tease on campus. He started by unzipping the front of my catsuit so he could squeeze my tits and pull my nipples while asking why he'd been picked when there were so many other guys I'd flirted with.

Greg shrugged and replied his was the only number he knew, but if there were others, they were welcome to come get a piece of me as well. He then pretended to send a text, inviting everyone on his contact list to come over, and started undressing. Greg hadn't been idle, and had moved the day bed underneath me, answering the question of which guy was gonna have me first. Both of them!

I hadn't been expecting to start off with a DP scene, but that's exactly what he'd set up. Once he was in position, he used the winch controls to lower me onto his hard, greasy cock, going as deep into my ass as he could. The moment I was fully impaled the other guy stepped up to bat and plunged balls deep into my pussy with a single hard thrust, held there a moment, and then began pounding me like a veal cutlet. FYI, he had one hell of a big hammer, too.

Being so incredibly full meant I felt the ridge of his head travelling up and down my velvet passage to great effect, and the angle was perfect for rubbing against my G-spot. Within minutes I knew I wouldn't be able to control my orgasm like Greg demanded. I might even go off multiple times if this went on long enough. I held on for a while, but then thought fuck it: what was the worst he could do? Tie me up and fuck my brains out? I gave in to the inevitable and let the beast free.

I began shaking uncontrollably as the first wave arrived, and then locked up hard when it reached the peak. There was no doubt Greg would

know I came with how hard I clenched down on his cock but being punished for disobeying him was no more than an abstract thought while pure bliss thrummed through my veins. It was awesome, but I'm pretty sure it was planned for because I was barely coming down when Jen stepped into view.

"Fucking my boyfriend without my permission again?" she growled. "And cumming like a slut, even though you haven't done anything to earn the right? Who the hell do you think you are?"

Jen was much better at acting than Greg was. She sounded genuinely pissed and wanted immediate retribution. She took a pair of riding crops off the wall, stood over my head, and tapped them against her thigh while unzipping the crotch of her catsuit with the other hand.

"You owe me an orgasm, and I will punish you severely until I get one. If you're willing to help, mister tall, dark, and well hung, I'd like you to give her a good pussy whipping while I take out my frustrations on her tits."

"Always willing to oblige, ma'am," he chuckled, taking a crop and stepping back.

Jen had to splay her legs wider than usual to mount my dildo gag, so even with blurry vision I was able to see her descending pink pussy was glistening with moisture. I wondered if she was so turned on because of the scene, or if she'd primed the pump beforehand with a little mechanical assistance. I'd have to ask her later.

Either way, she took the whole thing with ease, and began a slow grind that would take ages to get her off. Once she found her stride, she began tapping each tit in turn, striking directly on my nipples, but not hard enough that the pain was unbearable. I knew from experience the effect would be cumulative, though, and unless she started riding my face like she meant it, this was gonna be a rough scene.

Taking his cue from Jen, Mr. Well Hung began tapping my clit with his crop, although in a different manner. He'd hit a dozen or so times, then step up and drive in hard for a minute, rinse and repeat. Greg did his part by slapping both hands at once down on the outside of my ass cheeks in a slow, steady pattern, although that was all he did. I realized he hadn't thrust

his cock once so far, probably so he could last through the entire extended scene.

For my part, I was completely overwhelmed. There was so much going on at once I barely knew which way was up, and pleasure and pain became inseparable. The pussy whipping was especially hard to comprehend because it was an equal measure of both and came damn near to sending me over the edge every time the leather flap landed on my sensitive bud.

Jen recognized the signs and started to tell me not to dare cum but hadn't even finished when I lost control big time and squirted so hard it must've looked like a lawn sprinkler. I was too lost in the throes of passion to comprehend what she said next, but I'm sure it was the promise of more retribution or the like. At the moment, I couldn't care less.

I was vaguely aware of a hot jet shooting into my bowels, followed immediately by a second next door, and a raw scream that signified Jen had crossed the border as well. Un-fucking-believable. Simultaneous climaxes were hard enough with just two people. Having four happen at once was a once in a lifetime event that made me want to go out and buy a lottery ticket! Tomorrow... as intense as the scene had been, it was only the first of many to come, and the next group had just 'arrived'.

More lame bullshit about the storyline gave me enough time for my head to stop spinning, but barely. The next pair of guys didn't want to risk crossing swords in a DP, so my ass was stuffed with that part of Trippy while they took turns in front. The next two guys in line primed themselves by playing with my tits. Fondling, squeezing, licking, rubbing, sucking... slapping, pinching, pulling, biting... I never knew what to expect next, and once again I was overwhelmed with more than I could process.

By switching off the guys were able to last an impressively long time, and I came at least two or three times before they finished, but the specifics were beyond me. I was in zombie land, also known as sub-space, and would've needed the assistance of a super-computer to help me count past one.

Unbelievably, things ramped up even more hardcore for the third set. These guys were more fastidious than the others and cleansed the remnants of my previous occupants with a quick enema and douche. They then took turns, but one of them used my pussy with Trippy in my ass, and the reverse

for the other. Getting rammed in the back with a high speed vibrator in my cunt was almost more than I could take, but this guy didn't have the staying power of the others, so my time with him was mercifully short.

Tammy jumped in to fill the gap, riding my face like a bronco until the other guy finished, and stayed there for the next dude as well. He was a solo operator, but four others came at me with floggers, striking fast, non-stop for the duration. They hit like pussies, but that many blows sure took its toll, and I had zero chance of catching my breath until it was over.

I was near exhaustion by this point, but there was one more scene to go, and naturally the Grand Finale had to be the most intense scene of them all. The four remaining guys went on a rotation, alternating every minute between, ass, pussy, fondling, and flogging, while the girls who I thought were just there to film took turns riding my face.

The passage of time was measured in orgasms rather than minutes, but our final scene might very well have lasted a full hour before the last cock erupted and Joey said that was a wrap. There was a round of hearty high-fives all around, and someone announced they were going to tap the keg to celebrate a job well done but I mostly ignored everyone to try and burn the memory of the day into my brain for all time. After all, we'd never do anything even remotely as insane as this again.

Nobody made a move to untie me, but I was floating so high on the fuzzy pink cloud of my afterglow I actually didn't want them to. At least not yet. Give me fifteen or twenty minutes for the endorphins to recede and then I'd be ready to join the party and enjoy a beer or twenty. My friends were already guzzling theirs with relish, because the guy who'd tapped the keg had rightfully given them theirs first.

I didn't think it odd since they were the bosses here, but then Tammy couldn't seem to finish a sentence she'd started, Jen curled up on the couch to take a nap, and Frank staggered across the floor for a full-on face plant! What the fuck?

"Okay, folks, this is it," the guy with the beer tray announced. "I gave them a big enough dose they'll be in la-la land for the rest of the weekend, so let's get them stripped and bound before everyone gets here. I want the guys spread and bound ass up over the porch rail for those that lean that way, and the girls tied to the beds inside to help keep the lines

short. Kelly's the main attraction, but with every guy at school on their way, we'll need them to keep things moving."

"Shouldn't you roofie her too?" someone else asked.

"Later, to wipe her memory so she can't turn us in to the cops. Unless I decide to sell her to this guy I know in Mexico, and then it won't matter. For now, I want her fully aware of what's going on, as payback for all the times she left me with a raging hard-on after copying my homework with unfulfilled promises. This cunt is gonna *suffer* for doing that to me, and God only knows how many others!"

Holy fucking shit! I'd been nervous about inviting so many strangers into our inner circle, but never in my wildest dreams did I ever imagine anything like this would ever happen. My thought that this was some sort of joke evaporated a few minutes later when some guy walked in, gave some cash to the leader, dropped his pants, and started fucking me hard without even a word. In one fell swoop he'd changed me from a pretend sex slave to a real one!

The first guy finished in like five minutes or so, but when he stepped aside I could tell there really was a fucking line of people waiting their turn. This wasn't an orgy; it was a damn production line! Then the next guy stepped up to the plate with a vibrator in one hand and a cane in the other and gave both to me so hard I went right back into full zombie mode.

It wasn't just guys either. The waiting list to ride my face must've been as long as my arm, because the time between one girl cumming and the next replacing her was measured in nanoseconds at the most. One of them damn near drowned me when she squirted so much I had to fight to clear my nose and swallow all that flooded down the tube, and that bitch must've been high in the pecking order because she did it not once, but three times in a row!

Things got a little chaotic when the 'boss' wanted to move the line along faster and insisted on two guys at once, because it's not as easy as it appears to switch out when someone finishes. I could hardly keep track of all the changes myself and entirely stopped trying after someone held a vibe on my clit while the guys pounded away like dual jackhammers.

I knew I'd been a major cock tease in college, but did I really piss off this many people, or were the bulk of them just here for the promise of free

beer and pussy? If I got out of this and didn't wind up being sold to work in a Tijuana glory hole, I was gonna change how I acted in public. As another pair of guys and a new girl stepped up to bat, I thought a change of profession might be in order too; something safe and low stress like testing pogo sticks in a mine field.

Thinking straight was hard right now, but even with a mind like mush I realized this set was going to be a challenge. The cock pressing into my ass was so big I thought it wasn't gonna stop until it bumped tips with the penis gag in my mouth, the one in my pussy wasn't much smaller, and the girl had impaled herself so deep her cunt lips were covering my nose.

When I heard and felt a vibrator fire up above my nose, I realized with a start she wasn't planning on doing any cock riding and could only hope someone noticed before I suffocated. My panic only lasted a few moments, because once the human elephant and horse between my legs started pounding away, she was rocked around enough that a sliver of space opened up now and then.

It was enough, but barely because there was always more. In this case, the more was three vibrators, one circling each nipple, and the last for my clit. Just before I launched into orbit again, I had the silly thought that it was too bad we weren't still filming because this was gonna be epic!

My ability to handle multiple orgasms was legendary, but I'd cum so many times my clit felt like an exposed nerve by this point. Add in the cocks stretching me to the limit, with the vibrator nipple play, and I didn't stand a chance. I started cumming and wasn't likely to stop until the guys were spent and the line moved on. Then it would all happen again, and again, and again.

I hadn't felt this helpless since that fake kidnapping scene they'd staged for me, and it wasn't like I needed anything else to get me off, but my despair added to the strength of each orgasm so they rolled over me like an avalanche. For once I could tell it was a fast series of massive orgasms rather than one long one, because I felt the brief pain of an overly sensitive clit like an end of page marker, in between chapters of unimaginable bliss.

That didn't mean I was able to count them, but it was a new experience for me, and with no other option at my disposal, I tried to enjoy it as long as I could. Like a lemons-into-lemonade kinda thing. That might not be for much longer, though, because the fireworks show going on

behind my eyeballs was starting to get cloudy. It was just too much stimulation, with not enough air to sustain so many powerful orgasms in a row.

My problems reached an apex when the girl on my face started cumming and I had to deal with her juices, but she wasn't nearly as bad as that other one so I was able to hang on. In fact, there might even be a light at the end of the tunnel! The cock in my pussy was pounding with the kind of urgency that usually indicates a guy is about to cum, and the other dude was groaning and grunting so loud I could tell he was barely holding on.

I was right. Twin geysers erupted inside me at almost the same time, and with both us girls still orbiting the moon, it was another four-way orgasm! Unbelievable! What I thought was a once in a lifetime event had happened twice in the same day, and even in my dire straits I felt a sense of satisfaction at bringing it about.

I even had time to savor the accomplishment, because once this group dismounted, nobody rushed to take their place. In fact, nothing at all happened for a minute or two and I was able to catch my breath for the first time in forever, but I lay there with my eyes closed anyway so as not to ruin the moment. That would happen on its own when the line advanced to the next 'customers'. Then my eyes went wide for a different reason.

"Cut!" Joey shouted. "Good job everyone! That's a wrap, and Frank informed me he's about to start carving up the pig, so everyone head out and grab a plate!"

I thought I was hallucinating at first, but once I was lowered onto the bench and my ankles untied, I realized I'd been had even worse than the night of the fake kidnapping. I was willing to bet everything I owned this had been another Tammy special, as payback for when I'd gotten cheeky with her!

This was confirmed when she directed the guys to put me in pet girl bindings so I wouldn't be tempted to chase her down with a cleaver or chainsaw. Not that I was capable of chasing anything faster than a dead snail after that last scene, but she wasn't about to take the chance. I actually didn't mind, since the change of position was almost as good as being released, and now that I knew I was safe I was reluctant to end such an amazing scene. I suppose I really was incorrigible!

My gag was removed only long enough to get me out of my hood, and then she put out a big bowl of water and a second of beer for me so I could replenish lost fluids, and after fifteen minutes or so I felt almost human again. I would've felt more human if it hadn't been for the cum leaking out of my orifices and running down my leg, but with my sense of humor returned, I marked it down as bonus footage for a blooper reel.

My attempts to leave the barn and join the party were more fodder for a blooper reel, so Frank expedited the process and carried me out to where everyone was gathered around the bonfire. My appearance gave rise to a standing ovation, and from the way a few guys shifted uncomfortably, I suspected I was also getting a more subtle kind of 'standing ovation'. I wasn't the only incorrigible one here!

I also noted there were only a few extra people here from those I'd noted earlier, so the whole busload thing had been more bullshit. The scene had run on long enough that all the guys had been able to do a second round, and the additions had been from the club rather than school. My boss was one of them, and I suspected he was the one taking me up the ass with his meaty baseball bat.

As the party got into full swing, I was ungagged so I could eat the roast, baked potatoes, and corn on the cob... which was another blooper reel moment since I was still bound. Try it sometime and you'll see what I mean. After that, I actually asked to be gagged again because I wanted to see if I could finish drinking my pitcher of beer through the 'dildo straw', and I did.

I had absolutely no worries about someone taking advantage of me if I got drunk because duh! In point of fact, it was Tammy and Jen who paid that price later on, when they got tipsy enough to allow themselves to get bound like I was, and I got a front row seat for the guys able to go a third time. It would've been a perfect end to the night if it wasn't for one thing.

"Hey!" Joey said, bursting into the middle of the action. "Don't wear yourselves out, dudes... we've got a major problem. Between the rookie camera operators and some seriously shitty lighting shadows, we're gonna need to reshoot the entire scene. Everyone needs to rest up and eat some oysters or Viagra or something, because we need to do it again!"

He was fucking with me. He had to be fucking with me. Okay, I was being rebound the same way I was earlier, but of course that was just to

fuck with me. Any minute now he'd laugh and say he was fucking with me, and the party would carry on. Surely slinging me back up in the barn was just to add verisimilitude to his fucking with me, right?

Part of me quailed as it went further and further without the joke being revealed, but the small part of me that had stupidly taunted Tammy shouted the same thing in the vaults of my mind.

“Is that all you've got? Bring it on, bitch!”

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Questions? Comments? Concerns?

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