



The Latex Fetish Series

#1

Latex Bondage Obsession

EDWARD
LASTE

The Latex Fetish Series
Volume 1:
The Latex Bondage Obsession

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

My Unusual Obsession

There is something special about latex, but it's hard to put into words. The smell is intoxicating, the feel is electric, the compression is comforting, and even the taste is arousing. You either love it and understand what I mean, or do not and might never will. Some people call it a fetish; I call it a way of life.

It was pure chance that introduced me to the wonders of latex. Like plenty of girls before me, I got a job at a so-called gentlemen's club to work my way through college and had been running late one night. I was in too much of a hurry to slip into my G-string and caught it on my foot, tearing the flimsy thing in half, with only minutes before I was due to appear on stage!

The slime ball manager was as much a natural jerk as water is naturally wet and told me, in no uncertain terms, I was either going to be dancing in two minutes or looking to find a new job. He might've just been angling for a blowjob or something, but I couldn't take the chance and risk losing my job. I was desperate, so despite the ick factor, I rummaged through the lost and found box and found a pair of latex panties that changed my life forever.

I thought they were too small at first but tried them on anyway. The thin white rubber stretched a lot more than I imagined it would and being so tight, it felt almost like a second skin. Being in such a hurry, I didn't notice the tingle immediately and was aghast at the way I could see every fold of my labia through them, like a camel toe on steroids.

I almost took the silly things off and resigned myself to spending some time on my knees in the back office, but Barney repulsed me, so I figured I had nothing to lose by starting my shift. I'm a fairly attractive girl with C-cup breasts, standing at five foot four and weighing in at an even hundred pounds, so I was used to a fair amount of hooting and cat calls every time I went on stage. Tonight was different.

My appearance was met with a disappointing silence at first, but once I got working close up, the cheering and indecent proposals reached a fever

pitch. I received a record amount of tips that night, but I almost didn't care because of what else happened: I discovered the tingle.

My normal routine involves all the typical bumping, grinding, and caressing you'd expect from an exotic dancer, but when I reached between my legs for a normally mindless brush of the hand, something different happened. I came within a hair of having an actual orgasm, right then and there!

That was probably why I got so much more in tips that night than usual. A lot of our customers are pure dullards, but even the thickest man can read a girl's O-face, especially combined with nipples hard enough to take an eye out. Even though I didn't actually crest the peak on the floor, my body language was unmistakable, and it made me the big hit of the night.

I wore them home, partially so I could get away before Barney could make any unreasonable demands, but mostly because I wanted to explore the tingle in the privacy of my bedroom. (Due to an almost empty bus, I did a little bit of early, subtle experimentation, but refrained from fully pulling the trigger.)

Thankfully, my roommate, Jennifer, wasn't there when I got home. Feeling hornier than ever before, I finished rubbing one out right inside the dorm room door and collapsed to the ground like I'd just sprinted the whole way through a marathon. It was the best orgasm I'd ever had, but I still didn't understand why.

I went on the internet to see if I could find anything about my reaction to latex and wound up surfing until the birds were chirping outside the window. I also came like six times from rubbing myself while watching fetish videos and knew right then and there I was hooked. I had an obsession with latex that absolutely required further study.

Ironically enough, a scholarship I didn't think I had a hope of landing came through the very next day, so my expenses dropped to practically nothing. Losing my job at the club wouldn't have been a disaster after all, but I was glad I still had it so I could afford to buy some kinky items to help with my 'research'. (I also worked from home as a cam girl, so my regular spending money was covered from that.)

I ordered a pair of panties immediately, of course, and a bra as well. If I felt the same erotic tingle on my large, sensitive nipples as I did on my kitty, wearing a bra might become welcome instead of a pain. The thought was so enticing I couldn't wait for my shipment to arrive, so right after class I went for a walk.

I knew of a store about eight blocks away that sold fetish clothing and other adult items but I hadn't gone in before. Not because I was afraid of being seen in a place like that, but because online was easier and I was lazy. (I've been called a lot of things, but never shy.)

I knew I'd come to the right place the moment I walked through the door and saw the sales lady dressed head to toe in a shiny red latex catsuit, accessorized with a black corset and boots with truly daunting heels. I couldn't decide if she looked elegant or slutty or both, but I knew I wanted to look like that myself.

I gave her a vague nod in passing but spotted the latex section off to the left, so I didn't need to talk to her. Once I got close, I discovered the smell was just as arousing as the feel, and I almost felt dizzy, like I'd snorted some kind of drug. I browsed the aisles in a daze, feeling too overwhelmed to actually decide on anything.

They had panties galore, ranging from tiny little bikinis to knee length bicycle shorts, and everything in between. The 'in between' description was especially apt because a few of them had dildos built in! Thinking about what wearing *that* would feel like must've shut down my mind for a bit, because the next thing I knew, the sales lady was looking over my shoulder.

"Those are nice, but if you're into that sort of thing I'd recommend the vibrating ones," she said, making me jump. "For the ultimate thrill, the deluxe model comes with two six inch realistic cocks, and a butterfly that has to be felt to be believed! But be warned; it's not for the faint of heart."

I recognized her spiel as the upsell tactic of some who works on commission, especially once I heard the outrageous price, but I couldn't help myself. I splurged and bought the deluxe model, plus the 'normal' bra and panties I'd originally come for. She threw in a free bottle of lube to make getting into them easier, and then made an offer that made even me blush.

“You’re not driving, are you?”

“Nope, I walked.”

“In that case, would you like to wear them home? It’s slow today, so if you like I can lock the doors for a bit and help you get things situated, so to speak. It can be a little tricky the first time.”

I took her up on her offer to use the bathroom to put them on but declined the help. I was so turned on by this point I figured it was even odds I might cum just putting them on, and I the only thing I knew about her was her name, Tammy. I wouldn’t mind getting to know her better, but this wasn’t the time.

It was a little tricky to keep both inserts aligned while pulling up the tight latex at the same time, but it wasn’t rocket science, and once they were halfway in it became easier. I’d put a dildo up my ass a few times during a cam show, but this was the first time I’d ever had both holes filled at the same time, and I felt stuffed beyond belief.

I didn’t cum putting it on, but I almost wished I had so I could get it out of the way. Every move I made... bending, turning, or stepping caused things to shift and drive me absolutely wild! Even without turning on the vibrators, I was going to be hard pressed to keep an orgasm at bay during the walk home.

My arousal rose even higher when I put the bra on. The compression felt like a pair of gentle hands squeezing my breasts, and the tingle on my nipples was even better than I imagined. I knew it was no longer a case of *if* I had an orgasm on the way home, but of how many!

Before getting dressed I put the other pair of panties on as well, just so I wouldn’t have a package to carry. I obviously couldn’t feel them directly, but the extra layer of rubber made the butterfly press against my clit a little harder. I was so screwed it was actually funny, but due to my roommate being a light sleeper I’d learned how to keep fairly quiet when cumming. It was a skill I’d be putting to the ultimate test in a few minutes.

Before stepping out I splashed cold water on my face to try and get rid of the flush, but I obviously wasn’t very successful, because Tammy had a knowing smirk on her face. She bid me good day and said she hoped to see me again real soon, and I don’t think it was *just* to make another sale.

I might even take her up on her implied offer after I got to know her a little better. I was fairly open-minded about my sexual partners, and not only was she drop dead gorgeous, but she seemed to enjoy latex as much as I did. In addition to a potential hookup, I'd be able to talk latex with her, and maybe figure out why it made me feel like I did.

That was a question for another day. The more important and immediate one was how the hell I was going to walk a mile without making a spectacle of myself on a public street!

Unanswered Questions

I don't know if my interest in latex would've faded after a while or not, but that walk home sealed the deal for me. I came pretty hard after only two blocks, and then really, really fucking hard walking up the stairs to my floor! I gushed so much from that one it would've looked like I peed my pants if the latex didn't hide my secret.

With orgasms that strong, I was almost scared to try turning the vibrators on, but of course I did as soon as I had a chance. That wasn't until later that night because Jen was home and wanted to talk... or more like brag... about how incredible her night with Greg was. I normally enjoyed hearing about their escapades because up until today, Jen was the kinky one.

Greg liked tying her up for sex, and Jen enjoyed all the extra special attention she received whenever he did. Today's brag was about how he tied her spread eagle to the bed and ate her out for a solid hour straight before jumping her bones twice. It sounded amazing, but that was a bit of a problem for me, considering what I had going on.

I couldn't sit still with the cock up my ass, and every time I squirmed it shifted things around. When things shifted it got me worked up, which made me squirm more, and get turned on more, and so on until I was afraid I might cum right in front of her! Not that she hadn't seen me at the peak numerous before, both during my live shows and when we did the traditional college experimentation together. I just wasn't ready to tell her about my latex fascination until I could actually explain it.

Then the neighbors came over wanting to party, and a few more heard the noise and joined us, then someone called a friend who brought a few more friends with them. Normally I would've jumped right in and had a ball with everyone, but there was no way in hell I could join in on the dancing without blowing my stack most spectacularly.

I was so horny I could barely string two words together without sounding like a complete idiot. I thought joining in for a few rounds of Jell-O shots might help take the edge off, but it only made things worse as my

inhibitions lowered. I even went so far as to install the app for my new toys, thinking I could hide in the bathroom for a few minutes to get it over with, but chickened out at the last second.

Thanks to my job I already had a bit of a rep as a slutty little cock tease, and if I shudder to think what they'd be saying about me tomorrow if I got caught. Mind you, it'd be a real thrill if I could actually get away with it, and a whole slew of naughty fantasies permeated my mind.

I imagined joining the girls bouncing to the techno beat booming out of the stereo, my breathy moans timed to be covered by the bass line. I exploded in ecstasy right in front of everybody, but for all they knew, I was just enjoying the song.

Next, I pictured myself dancing at the club with a hundred guys staring at me, and my new toys buzzing away with no way to turn them off until my shift ended and I got to my phone. I was trapped on stage having orgasm after unstoppable orgasm, while the crowd showered me with tips for putting on such a good act.

That last was likely to get me gang raped if I got caught, but if I could keep my reactions under control, I might be able to get away with it in even more unusual ways. In lecture hall to cut through the boredom... in the library as a reward for studying hard... as a fat free 'dessert' in a crowded restaurant... the possibilities were almost endless!

I seriously needed to stop thinking about it, otherwise I was going to live out a public orgasm fantasy for real. I needed to calm down, so I made my way to my bedroom, staggering through the crowd. I'm sure many thought it was due simply to the alcohol but it was really because of post-orgasm jelly legs.

I simply flopped face down on my bed when I got there, lying still to try and get a grip, and enjoyed the relative peace and quiet while it lasted. All sixty seconds of it.

"Hey!" Jen shouted, opening my door. "You can't crash yet! The party's just getting good!"

"It looks like she hit the refreshments too hard," Someone else opined.

"She was acting weird before bailing, so I bet it's stress. She always seems to be either working or studying."

“Maybe she needs to get laid. Despite how she makes a living, she gets less than my aunt the cloistered nun.”

“You should loan her Greg then. If he’s half the man you keep bragging about, he could take all three of us on and run a marathon afterwards.”

“You should keep those kinds of ideas to yourself! Bah! Let’s just let her sleep,” Jen finished, closing my door.

I felt like I’d gotten a reprieve, so I took a deep relaxing breath that wasn’t exactly calming. It made me painfully aware of the latex bra trapped between my sensitive nipples and the mattress below me, making me feel the tingle stronger than ever. Fuck it.

Pausing only to kick my shoes off, I slid under the covers with my phone in hand, and opened the app. There were too many options to take in at a glance, but I found the one for simple control and with shaking fingers I slid the slider up a notch and couldn’t suppress a gasp at what I felt.

All three vibrators came on at a low speed that felt absolutely amazing, even the one in my butt. The one tickling my magic bean was especially delightful, making the other two toys pretty much unnecessary, but there are definite benefits to overkill in a situation like this. I turned the power up to full and braced myself for complete orgasm obliteration. I wasn’t disappointed.

Being so horny, and with jackhammer level vibes hitting me in all the good spots, it took me about three whole seconds to explode, and that’s not an exaggeration. The pleasure I felt was so overwhelming it took my breath away, which was a damn good thing now that I think about it.

I can be obnoxiously loud and sexy during a cam show, no matter how I really feel, or extra quiet late at night when I don’t want to disturb Jen, but this one was different. The pleasure was all consuming, and with three high powered vibrators doing what they were designed to do, unstoppable.

Unbelievably, I could feel a second orgasm building even as the first was still going strong. I retained just enough presence of mind to pull my pillow over my head so I could scream without alerting the whole house to what was going on. I came so long and so hard I almost passed out from not being able to breathe with the pillow over my face, but it was worth it.

I had a brief ‘oh shit’ moment when my scrabbling hand almost knocked my phone off the bed in my haste to grab it, but thankfully it got caught in the sheets and I was able to turn the toys off before I died from orgasmic overload. Deluxe model indeed!

My new best friend had cost more than the rest of my personal bedroom assistants combined, but it had just made them obsolete. Impulse buys had rarely worked out for me in the past, but this one was money well spent. I’d just have to learn what that alien word ‘moderation’ meant and avoid the full power setting like the plague.

In fact, it would be smart to keep Trippy, as I dubbed my deluxe model panties, buried at the back of my sock drawer for a while. At least until I learned what it was latex was doing to me, and how to control myself better. Starting tomorrow I was going to get some answers.

In the morning I regretfully cleaned Trippy, wrapped him in an old sweater, and put it on the top shelf of my closet. (Jen occasionally borrowed things without asking, so my sock drawer wasn’t entirely safe, but it wouldn’t be sweater weather for a while yet.) Now I could concentrate on how the latex made me feel without overwhelming distractions.

I put on my new bra and panties when I got dressed for class, thinking there was no better way to learn than under fire. The tingle kept me fairly well distracted all morning. So much so I even considered going back to my room for a nooner with Trippy, but I kept a lid on my urges for the time being. I almost said I was a good girl but enjoying my naughty latex tingle, I was far from it.

I was supposed to spend the afternoon studying, but I already knew the material pretty well, so I did more online research on my obsession. It took a fair amount of willpower to leave Trippy in the closet, and at one point I even opened the app to learn about the options I’d skipped in my haste last night.

Out of the oodles of programs, modes, and options, I discovered one very important icon that would help prevent instant orgasmic overload. I could disengage the lock that kept all three vibrators running at the same

speed and control them individually. Almost as important, I found I could control it from my smart watch and eliminate the risk of dropping my phone while going spastic during climax.

I also felt like a bonehead when I read up on the charging instructions, because I didn't bring a cable home with me. I must've left it in the bathroom at the store. Glancing at the time, I swore, since I didn't have enough time to go get it and still make it to work without being late. I really needed it, though, so I called the store and hoped Tammy had put it to the side for me. Luck was with me for once.

Not only did she keep the charging cord for me, but also the bottle of lube I'd left behind, and she was working late doing inventory tonight. She gave me her number so I could call to be let in, but only on the condition I gave her completely candid review on Trippy. I think she was joking, but I readily agreed, thinking I might be able to get a few answers from someone experienced with latex.

I didn't dance wearing latex tonight but brought the bra and panties to put on afterwards. Without the tingle to keep my motor running, and with the chance to talk latex with Tammy, my shift seemed to drag on forever. It was a genuine relief when it finally ended, and I took a cab straight to the store to save time. Tammy greeted me with a big hug like we were old friends, and after locking the door behind me, led me into the back room.

"You've got good timing," she said. "I've been at this for hours and could do with a break."

"Perfect. I'd love a chance to talk latex with you, if you don't mind answering some rather outlandish questions."

"Ah ha! You *are* a latex newbie. I thought so at first, but then I changed my mind when you bought what you did and wore it out of here. You sure don't believe in baby steps!"

"In retrospect, wearing Trippy home wasn't the smartest thing I could've done," I admitted.

"Trippy?" she laughed. "I love it! I named mine Armageddon because the world could end, and I'd never notice. So, tell me... did you turn it on for your walk?"

"No, but I didn't actually need to," I sheepishly admitted. "The way it rubbed me, combined with the feel of the latex was more than enough to

do the job. Twice.”

I must’ve been out of my mind to admit such a thing to a virtual stranger, and definitely needed to be committed for going on to describe the rest of my night. It helped that she was such a good listener and reacted in ways that put me on my ease. Professional neutrality at first, then a sympathetic chuckle when I described the party, followed by amazed envy at the end.

“One thing’s for sure,” she said when I finished. “You may be a beginner when it comes to latex, but you’ve got the bug big time. I’ll admit I’m a teensy bit jealous because when it got me, it didn’t bite nearly as hard as it did with you. Wearing latex is a major turn-on, but I could never have an orgasm without some extra assistance.”

As we talked more, I learned she experienced the same tingle I did, but at a much lower level. She also explained that I’d probably build up a sort of resistance to it after a while and made a few suggestions on how to make the most out of the high voltage tingle while it lasted.

“The best way to enjoy latex is obviously with complete coverage,” she explained, leading the way to the latex section. “A full catsuit with a hood is what I love best, but it’s an expensive option, and not always practical. Especially if you plan on keeping your love of latex a secret.

“A leotard with thigh high stockings and a pair of bicycle shorts is much more cost effective and will give you the extra layering compression you like. That combo is also safer if you’re anything like me and are out in public.”

“Safer?”

“Well... it’s a little embarrassing, but when I *really* get going, I’m almost like a broken water main. Brief sized panties aren’t big enough to contain that much fluid, so a tight pair of latex bicycle shorts saves the day for me. I’d highly recommend it if you’re a squirter.”

“How much are they?” I asked, instead of answering the unspoken question.

They were reasonably priced, so I bought the shorts as well as the stockings, plus I wanted one other item that would be sure to come in handy; I didn’t want to have to cover my face with a pillow again, so I

asked her about gags. She recommended a somewhat large but pliant ball gag I could bite down on, but an unusual one caught my fancy instead.

It was an inflatable butterfly gag that she agreed would be much more effective at stifling any sounds I might make but advised it might be too extreme for a beginner. I reminded her that baby steps weren't really my thing and wanted the best possible option until I was sure I could keep my mouth shut on my own.

I decided to hold off on buying the leotard for another day so I wouldn't have to dip into my savings but could hardly wait to try out the things I had bought. I didn't want to seem overly anxious, though, so I offered to help her finish inventory to make up for lost time. It was well worth it.

She gave me a wide overview of the various items I counted for her, describing in detail how most of them felt from firsthand experience. I put together a mental shopping list it would probably take me months to complete, but I never doubted I'd do it. The more I learned the more my latex obsession grew, and her exploits gave me several new ideas I wanted to try.

I also learned prosaic stuff like the best way to clean and care for latex, and when her inventory was done, she gave me a lift home as thanks. I was a hair away from inviting her up for a drink but changed my mind at the last second. I wanted to get to know Tammy better eventually, but right now I had a date with Trippy and my new latex items.

Look Before You Leap

The stars were in alignment for me tonight. Jen wasn't home, and considering how late it was, it meant she was sleeping over at Greg's place again. That left me free to experiment without the risk of her bursting in on me at the worst possible moment. Less than sixty seconds later I was wearing nothing more than my latex bra and had the rest of my gear piled on the bed.

I decided to go all out and use every bit of latex I had. I'd seen a video where some guy had cut a watermelon in half by applying numerous rubber bands until it burst, and the theory should translate to stacking up the latex on top of Trippy. With an extra two pairs of panties and the bicycle shorts, that butterfly wasn't gonna move a nanometer off my kitty!

The app said he had approximately two hours' worth of battery life left in him, which should be plenty, and probably more than I could take based on my previous experience. Trippy was too damn good at his job, but I should be able to handle a couple of hours as long as I kept the power at a reasonable setting. In fact, as soon as everything was situated properly, I turned it on at the lowest setting to ensure I was ready for fireworks at a moment's notice.

Both pair of panties went on top and added the compression like I expected, but they were nothing compared to the shorts. They were so tight I could barely wiggle into them, even using copious amounts of the special latex lube Tammy had given me. The effort was worth it, though.

The super tight latex felt so good on my thighs, it almost matched the feeling of the butterfly mashed tight against my twat. Almost... the extra pressure seemed to amplify the vibrations tickling my clit, and if I didn't hurry up, Trippy was gonna take me over the top before I could finish getting dressed!

I couldn't hurry with the stockings, though, or they went on crooked and wrinkled. They were actually quite the pain in the ass until I figured out the trick of it, but just like the shorts, the end result was amazing.

Despite the growing urgency between my legs, I took a few minutes to admire myself in the mirror and caress my completely covered legs.

My legs looked more toned than they really were, and I vowed to spend some time on Jen's treadmill, so they'd look like that for real. Considering what had happened to me on my walk home, running on it might be quite the interesting experience with Trippy keeping me company!

The thought made me dizzy with arousal, but I only had the gag left before I could let loose. I gave it a quick wash before stuffing my mouth with the flaccid rubber bladder, and had the strap buckled tight by the time I was back in bed.

After only a few squeezes of the inflator bulb I realized why Tammy had said it wasn't a gag for neophytes. The expanding bladder simultaneously forced my mouth open, my tongue down, and my cheeks out against the wide panel covering my face. The taste and smell was incredibly erotic though, so I gave it a few more pumps to ensure my absolute silence and opened up the app again.

Unlike last time, I upped the power gradually... maybe a couple of percent per minute. I wanted to see how high I could go before losing my shit, and only managed about thirty percent before giving in to the inevitable. You might think lower level vibes would make for a weaker orgasm, but you'd be wrong.

It must've been the slow buildup that did it, because I came every bit as hard as I did during my trial run, except the orgasm 'stacking' wasn't quite as apparent. I still felt the next one building while still bucking and screaming at the height of passion from the first, but there was a definite valley before the rollercoaster brought me to the top again.

During my second orgasm I really put the gag to the test and screamed so loud the neighbors would've called the cops if my voice hadn't been stifled so effectively. I think bouncing and thrashing on the bed made more noise!

I could've easily kept going a few more times but didn't want to burn out so early. As I descended from the peak, I cut the power in half, then in half again when I hit as close to the valley floor as I was gonna get. I felt just as horny as if I hadn't just had two mind-blowing orgasms, but now

that I'd taken the edge off, I could take the time to learn what else the app could do.

I partially deflated the gag to give my jaw a rest and unlocked the vibes so I could try them individually. The one in my ass felt weird when it was buzzing on high, but not unpleasantly so. It might take a while with the two main one running on idle, but I was pretty sure I'd eventually cum.

I dropped its power to half and slowly turned up the speed of vaginal one. No duh, but it felt like a vibrator in my kitty, and I spent a few minutes caressing my boobs and enjoying the sensations. It was a slower ascent than when the butterfly was stimulating me, but the end result was the same, and the orgasm was every bit as lovely.

I didn't need to experiment with the last vibe, since I already knew turning it up would make me cum non-stop until the batteries died, or I did. I put the toys back to low speed and started going through the numerous other options. There was a motion activated mode that would be insane on the treadmill, or a sound mode that would destroy me at a nightclub. Oh my God... what if I used both modes while *dancing* at a nightclub?

There was also an option to lock a mode or program for either a set or random time, so I couldn't stop it even if I wanted to! The thought turned me on so much I knew I had to try it, so I scrolled through the list of pre-programmed patterns until I found one that sounded fun.

It was called the mindbender and would run for twenty minutes. I had to click through a warning screen when I activated the program lock, and also saw an option for delayed start which had some interesting possibilities, but I didn't want to delay for even a second right now. I hit start and pumped up the gag to its previous level, and then added two more for good measure.

The program was relatively simple on the surface. It started with the backdoor vibe coming on low, five seconds later the vaginal one came on, and after another five the butterfly began doing its job. Each vibe ran for fifteen seconds before shutting off, and after a five second pause the pattern started again at a slightly higher level. It was simple but effective.

I realized it was far too effective when I started cumming on only the fourth repetition, and knew I'd been a fucking bonehead. You'd think I might've tried the pattern before locking it in, but no; I'd let myself get

carried away in the excitement of the moment and didn't have many options.

I could *try* to peel off all my latex layers while Trippy was bending my mind, but it had been so hard getting it on I didn't think I could do it without tearing something. I wasn't about to risk ruining my special new wardrobe, so that left suffering the consequences as the only viable alternative.

At least it wouldn't be all bad. I mean, the orgasm I just had was pretty fucking spectacular, and the next promised to be even better, but after that things would get progressively harder. I'd already cum enough times that my pussy was damn sensitive, and it wouldn't be long before the intense stimulation would become unwelcome and even painful.

"Tough shit, Kelly," I shouted unintelligibly. "Stupidity comes with a price, so suck it up and quit whining!"

Accepting my fate seemed to flip a switch in my brain, and I began cumming again immediately. I surrendered to the orgasm completely and felt my whole body tingle and fill with pleasure on a scale I never dreamed possible. Being powerless to stop the vibrating assault made me wonder if this was why Jen let Greg tie her up for sex, and if so, maybe she was on to something.

I knew Jen kept some restraints in her toy box, and if I survived the mindbender, I might have to borrow a few of them to experiment with. How much better might this be if I was even more powerless to stop the endless orgasms? A new fantasy popped unbidden in my mind.

I awoke feeling intensely aroused, but when I tried to move my hand to my crotch it was halted after only a few inches. With a start I realized I was tied spread eagle to my bed, gagged, and with Trippy purring away.

"A sexy little thing like you should be more careful around strangers," Tammy purred, leaning over and licking her lips hungrily. "You never know when one might tie you up for hours or even days of fun!"

I struggled against the ropes, but they were far too strong to break. I pleaded with Tammy to let me go, but the gag made speech impossible, and my futile mumbled only made her laugh. She was still laughing when she started the mindbender program, and laughed even harder when I came so hard I squirted.

She began fondling my latex covered tits, and every time she saw I was about to cum she pinched my nipples, the erotic pain driving my orgasms to even greater heights. Before long I was cumming almost non-stop, pleasure and pain comingled like Damascus steel and just as inseparable.

“I wonder how many orgasms you can take before your mind shuts down. When you pass out, will you keep cumming, even when unconscious? It might be fun to run the mindbender on auto repeat for a day or two to find out.”

Trippy was running so fast it was impossible to tell when one orgasm ended and the next began. I couldn't seem to get enough air through just my nose, and felt close to passing out already, and vaguely wondered if I really would keep cumming while out of it. Then with one last burst of power and a truly mind-bending orgasm, the program ended and I opened my eyes.

“Holy fuck,” I mumbled, feeling so spent I couldn't do anything but lie there for several minutes. I was so pleasantly exhausted almost fell asleep, but finally mustered up the strength to first deflate and remove the gag, then stagger to the bathroom to get out of my latex. I really had squirted, and multiple times too, so it was bound to be messy.

It took ages to get undressed, and I felt so icky I turned on the shower so I could clean myself at the same time I cleaned everything else. By the time I was done I felt like I could sleep for a week, but unfortunately, I had to be up in four hours for class. It was yet another price I had to pay for my stupidity, but at least I'd learned my lesson. The phrase 'look before you leap' had never felt more real.

I was going to be a lot more careful with my next latex adventure, although there was something to be said for spontaneity and surprise. Would I have dared to try the mindbender if I'd known what it would do to me? Would I have ever considered the eroticism of being powerless if I hadn't been an idiot by piling on all my latex?

It was a fine line between stupidity and expanding my horizons, but I'd figure it out.

Kinky and Kinkier

I wore no latex at all the next day. I was just too exhausted to risk it, knowing it would lead to me doing something stupid. I needed at least a day before I was strong enough to become an idiot again. It was hard because the bra and panties I'd ordered online arrived, and who gets new clothes without immediately trying them on?

I was lucky I didn't have to dance at the club tonight, but my days off were when I did my cam shows from home, and if I didn't stick to my schedule my fans would go elsewhere. There were like a million other girls doing it and maintaining a following was important if I wanted to keep it as a viable source of income.

Even though I was completely bagged, I had a great show simply because all I had to do was cast my mind back to last night's fantasy and I could practically cum on demand. I must've slept for like fourteen hours straight afterwards, and finally felt alive enough to get my kink on again.

I hit the reset button and put Trippy back on the top shelf so I could make sure my love of latex was real and not simply due to an amazing sex toy. It was real, and I had such a wonderful day enjoying the tingle I went back to the store to make a few more purchases. I bought three latex bikinis to wear at the club, a transparent leotard, and a knee length skirt.

I also spent a few minutes browsing through the bondage section, but it was some dude running the store today, and I just didn't feel comfortable. Mind you, it might've been even more awkward if Tammy had been working, considering how she'd made a surprise guest appearance in my last sexual fantasy. I'd have to cross that bridge soon, but I was content to fly solo during my learning phase.

I spent the rest of the week wearing latex almost constantly and learned how to deal with the tingle, so it didn't distract me so much. It didn't weaken, and I remained horny twenty-four/seven, but I guess you could say I learned how to multi-task. The only drawback I found was that since latex didn't breathe, things remained rather moist down there, so I was constantly cleaning and drying myself to avoid any complications.

My arousal helped my dancing and cam shows, which meant more tips for my latex fund, which was growing nicely. I'd be able to afford some of the more expensive items the next time I went to the store, including a few restraints so I could graduate from kinky to kinkier.

Before I took that step, though, I needed to learn how to use Trippy properly. On my next day off I put him on first thing in the morning, determined to wear it all day long to get used to it like I had with my normal latex panties. Keeping my cool wasn't easy, but at least I was able to move around without popping my cork. At least until I went to bed.

I'd been thinking about it all day, and decided to try the mindbender again, but without locking the program so I could stop it once I came. My goal was to see how long I could last before it pushed me over the edge, and then to see if I could beat it next time. It was a fun game even when I lost, because awesome orgasms were awesome. Duh!

It's worth mentioning I combined a second challenge into the first. I played three rounds of mindbender without wearing the gag, while Jen was home studying. Being able to scream freely during orgasm was highly satisfying but keeping silent at the high of passion felt so incredibly erotic I decided I needed to up the ante.

I made a copy of the mindbender program and modified it to end after only five minutes. (My high score was five minutes and thirty-two seconds.) If things went well, I should be able to let loose and have an orgasm right at the end, or fight against it and abort.

I tested it while watching TV with Jen the next day, thinking if anything went horribly wrong, I'd get teased every day for the next thousand years or so, but at least it was only Jen. I had enough dirt on the things she got up to with Greg to keep her from blabbing my secret to anyone else.

Mindbender-lite was a success, although I hadn't counted on how much of a turn-on having a secret orgasm was going to be. I came much earlier than expected and might've even had a second if I hadn't pretended to get a text so I could shut it off early. Jen gave me a few strange looks afterwards, but if she suspected anything she didn't let on. Level one complete!

Level two was easier in a way, but much riskier. It was a two mile walk around campus, with mindbender-lite set to activate after a random delay. I'd never know when it was about to strike, or who'd be around when it did! It was the uncertainty that made it so hot, and I didn't stop there. I added the leotard to up my arousal, plus the bicycle shorts for more compression and in case I came so hard I squirted.

The butterfly was pretty thin and streamlined, but you'd be able to tell I had something going on down there if I wore skinny jeans or yoga pants, so I dressed in a loose jogging suit to cover my secret. Maybe someday I'd flaunt my sexy latex rather than hiding it, but I wasn't at that level yet.

It was a cool enough day that I didn't look out of place wearing sweats, but I still felt like every eye was on me from the moment I stepped out the door. I came close to chickening out right then and there, but knew I'd hate myself if I did, so I broke into a jog to get away from temptation.

I knew jogging with Trippy was a huge fucking mistake, but I didn't slow down until I rounded the first corner and was committed to the course I'd set. Even if I turned around, I'd still reach climax before I could make it home, so why not finish level two as planned and be able to count my adventure as a success?

Despite thinking that everyone I passed had developed X-ray vision overnight, nobody had a clue what was really going on. My flushed face and heavy breathing would be easily thought of as the natural result of normal, healthy exercise, but I still freaked out a little every time I passed someone. And this was all before the program even activated!

My paranoia increased ten-fold the moment Trippy started buzzing away, but with my arousal level climbing ten times ten, I stopped caring what anyone else thought and simply braced myself for impact. I made it a mere ten yards before I had to stop and lean against a light pole to 'catch my breath' in the public eye, while in reality I was overwhelmed by an orgasm fueled by the potential humiliation of discovery.

A bare whimper escaped my lips, yet it happened right as another jogger passed by, causing him to chuckle and caution me to take it easy. I jerkily nodded acknowledgment but couldn't actually reply since the ecstasy ravaging my body and brain was too overwhelming. I felt dirty... I felt humiliated... I felt like a complete slut... I felt *alive*!

I came a second time before the program ended, and not once did I even consider turning it off early. I'd actually done it! Mission accomplished, level complete, achievement fucking unlocked! Now all I had to do was make it back home with weak legs and a crotch full of lady cum.

I should've been content to call it a day, but apparently orgasms drop my IQ into single digits. I restarted the program, locked it in, and ran like hell. I'd finished the level, but now I was looking to score some bonus points.

Emboldened by my success, I used Trippy to enact some of my original fantasies. I came twice during a boring lecture, at the end of a tough test, and four times while 'studying' in the library. The last was an exceptionally amazing experience, but also the most awkward thanks to a last second appearance by a sometimes fuck-buddy.

I don't know if he really needed to borrow my lecture notes, or if he was aiming for a hookup, but either way I had to sit there and look normal for a good half hour with my crotch swimming in lady cum. With as big of a squirt as I'd just had, I couldn't even risk going to the public bathroom for a quick cleanup either; it was too big of a job for TP and wet wipes.

I counted it as a small price to pay for such a huge thrill, but it was going to be an ongoing problem as my games got progressively kinkier. I needed a solution to that problem, as well as an even bigger one of how to pee if I layered up big time. I needed to talk to Tammy.

She'd already admitted to being a major league squirter herself, so there had to be an answer. Considering her normal wardrobe consisted of catsuit, corset, and thigh boots, going to the bathroom would probably be an hour-long process whenever she used her toy under all that. I hadn't seen her since having my bondage fantasy two weeks ago, but it was time.

I had enough tip money saved up to go on a respectable latex spending spree, plus I still wanted to up my game with some restraints. I'd subtly pumped a few answers out of Jen by expressing an interest in her escapades with Greg, and once she got going about her favorite topic it was

hard to shut her up. She even offered to tie me up so I could see what it felt like, but I left it at a vague ‘maybe someday’ for now.

I arranged to meet Tammy an hour before she had to open the store, giving us time for a private and candid discussion. I brought Trippy with me, but for once I listened to my brain instead of my libido and carried him in my school bag. If there was a solution, I wanted to make sure it worked, but I also didn’t want to arrive less than fresh.

Once again, she greeted me with a crushing hug, and this time she planted a big kiss on my lips as well. It took me by surprise, but it broke the ice rather nicely, and let me get straight to brass tacks.

“As someone who wears latex all day, how do you deal with issues of a biological nature?” I asked as soon as the door was locked behind us.

“My catsuit has a crotch zipper, but knowing what you’ll be wearing, that wouldn’t exactly help you. The only way to take care of it when you’re sealed up nice and tight is with an appliance. There are a few options available, but none of them are what you could call elegant or dainty.

“The simplest is a catheter with a tube running down your leg that can either be plugged until you need to use it or run into a collection bag. Some people get off on it, but personally I find it a literal pain, and it doesn’t help with certain other fluids. Since that’s a major issue with me, I prefer to use a French drain appliance whenever Armageddon rocks my world.”

Rather than try to explain, she took me into the back room and showed me hers. It wasn’t complicated, consisting of a U-shaped piece dotted with small holes that was glued around the perimeter of the butterfly, with a larger hole in a sort of cup just below the dildo. Two tubes ran out the bottom for drainage, and a third went upwards as a way to flush things out with water from a squeeze bottle.

“The drainage tubes are flat and wide so they’re not very noticeable as long as you keep them covered. Just like with the catheter, you can either plug the ends or use a bag. It won’t help with number two... for that you need an enema kit... but unless you plan on playing for days on end it shouldn’t be an issue.”

“Wow,” was all I could think to say. It most definitely wasn’t an elegant solution, but it seemed like it’d work, and I was willing to try almost anything. “Okay, what all do I need?”

She hooked me up with three tube options: short, medium, and long. The short set just barely cleared my crotch. It could be connected to medium for use with the bicycle shorts or extended again all the way down my leg. Because I was shorter than most girls, they had to be cut to fit, and there was only one way to ensure everything was perfect.

Her eyebrows almost hit her hairline when I pulled Trippy out of my bag, but she regained her composure almost instantly and helped me glue the appliance in place. She politely excused herself to go make coffee while I put it on, but to be honest, my inhibitions were so low right now I wouldn't have cared if she sat and watched. Or helped.

Even with Trippy covering all my important bits, it still felt highly erotic to have her work between my legs with her face mere inches from the Promised Land. I bought a new pair of white bicycle shorts to ensure we got those hoses right, and matching pants for the last pair. She left the top tube long so it could go a little sideways, allowing me to use it while wearing a leotard, which I thought was brilliant.

I immediately bought one of those too and changed into it right in front of her without shame. At this point I was almost hoping she'd make a move, but she either had better control than I did, or she was a business before pleasure type of person. It was almost time to open the doors, but she had just enough time left to help me connect the collection bags and roll the pants over top to hide them.

I could see how they'd be useful but wasn't entirely convinced they wouldn't show. If they filled up it would look like I had swollen ankles from hell, but maybe knee-high boots would do the job. I still had plenty of money to spend, so maybe I could find something I liked.

While Tammy dealt with her first customer of the day, I discovered just how big the fetish footwear market was. The most noticeable were ballet boots with unfathomable eight or nine inch spike heels, pony boots with no heels at all, and a positively brutal looking pair made out of solid steel!

I limited my search to boots that could be worn without special acrobat lessons or training wheels, but the ones I decided on were still leaning towards the extreme. Made of leather covered with shiny white latex, they were knee high and just loose enough on the calf to allow for the bags filling up, yet snug around the ankle for support. The heel was a

daunting six inches tall, but it was a wedge rather than a pencil, so I was sure I could manage.

What clinched the deal for me was not how well the boots fit, or how cool the all-white theme looked on me, but the subtle additional features they came with. Hidden in a small pouch above each heel was a D-ring, and the decorative strap at the top could be used to lock the boots on. They were bondage boots!

They were expensive as hell, but I had to have them. I stood and took my first few tentative steps to test them out and found that even with the wedge heel I had to limit my stride quite significantly. I wore four inch heels at the club all the time, but those extra two inches of height were practically a form of bondage on its own!

Now that I had bondage on the brain, I wandered over to the restraint section to see what else might catch my fancy. There was a nice white ball gag, but it looked too big to fit in my mouth, so I put it back, thinking I should've gone for a black theme so I'd have more options. I'd do that next time.

I was looking at a nice set of four white cuffs and a collar when Tammy and her customer came near, and quickly skedaddled when I heard them arguing. He sounded like an arrogant prick, and the frustration in Tammy's voice was unmistakable, although she was doing her best to stay polite.

The latex section was more fun to browse anyway. White opera gloves were a definite yes, and there were plenty of white hoods to choose from, but what really caught me was a waist trainer corset. Unlike the 'real' ones that needed to be laced up from the back, this one used hooks and eyes at the front so I'd be able to put it on by myself. (Plus, it was a fraction of the price, and I'd almost blown my wad already.)

There was a cloth tape measure and a handy dandy sizing chart on the wall, but it wasn't too accurate. The size it said I needed was so small I had to put everything I had into it to get the hooks in the eyes, and once I got 'em all I couldn't breathe or bend over worth a shit. This was using the first of four rows of holes too!

The look and feel were amazing, though, so I decided to wear it for a few minutes to see if I could adapt. I was admiring myself in the full-length

mirror when Tammy stomped over, looking like she was at wits end.

“I need a huge favor, and I’ll give you my employee discount on *everything* if you’re willing to help me out. How flexible are you?” she whispered.

“Extremely,” I replied. “I can cross my ankles behind my head kind of flexible. What do you need me to do?”

“I need you to try something on so I can prove I’m right to this guy who’s a real asshole, but also one of our best customers. It’ll only be for a few minutes, and I’ll be forever in your debt.”

I snuck a glance at the guy and saw him inspecting a white rubber sleeve with some straps on the big end. I was a complete bondage newbie, but I knew what it was and where it was supposed to go. I’d wanted to experiment with bondage, but I wasn’t sure I was ready for something as extreme as an armbinder.

On the other hand, I’d probably never get another chance to try one since it wasn’t something I could use at home by myself. It was also white latex, so I couldn’t resist.

“Yeah, I’ll give it a go,” I said, swinging my arms to loosen them up.

She led me back and immediately had me turn around and sit on a stool with my arms behind me, perhaps thinking I might change my mind if I had time to think about it. She might’ve even been right, but I mostly stopped thinking when I put on Trippy, and everything since then had lowered my cognitive abilities even further. As soon as I got home, Trippy was gonna be working a double shift!

I felt my forearms come together and my shoulders rolling back as she slid and wiggled it upwards, but it wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be. For about five seconds that is, then I learned what wearing an armbinder was *really* like.

“Use the straps from the bottom upwards to start the process, and once things are snug you go back and start zipping it up,” Tammy explained. “I like to use a rope I can stand on through the end ring, to help hold it down while pulling upwards. Once the zipper clears a strap I stop and buckle it a notch or two tighter, making it easier to get the zipper to the next one.”

Every time I thought it couldn't possibly get any tighter it did, until I felt my elbows actually touch, and the topmost strap pulled my upper arms even closer together. The straps that went over my shoulders to keep it from sliding off were completely unnecessary, but she used them anyway to show the full picture.

"I guess I was wrong," the man grudgingly admitted. "Mine is the same size as yours, perhaps a touch smaller even, so they should be quite suitable. I'll take one in every color you've got, along with matching discipline hoods, gags, and neck corsets. I'll be back in a few days to pick it all up, and this one can keep the one she's wearing since it matches the rest of her ensemble so nicely."

"Great! If you'll just step this way, I'll ring everything up and let you get on your way."

It startled me when I heard them walk away leaving me trapped in the armbinder, but it was such a turn-on I didn't mind too much. I'd never experienced anything like it before, and it was a good thing I couldn't get to my phone right now, otherwise I'd have Trippy bending my mind a time or two.

I carefully stood and walked back to the mirror, amazed at how it seemed I had no arms at all, and that was the least part of the erotic vision I saw. Even with the latex compression, my breasts looked bigger than normal with the way my chest was thrust out, especially combined with the corset slimming down my waist. Vanity aside, I never looked so fucking hot! I was trying to admire the side profile when Tammy returned and wrapped her arms around me in a tight bear hug from behind.

"That was the biggest sale I've had in ages, and I have you to thank for it! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!" she enthused.

"No problem," I replied, wincing a little at the extra pressure on my arms. "I've been meaning to experiment with bondage for a while now, and you know me; why dip a toe in the pool when I can leap headfirst into the deep end. Plus, I got a freebie out of the deal, even if I won't get much use out of it."

"Shit, it's too tight isn't it," she said, sounding contrite. "I'm sorry; I should've freed you the second I proved my point."

“No! I mean yes it’s fucking tight, but I’d actually like to wear it a little longer while I have the chance.”

I’d definitely surprised her, but I wasn’t sure if it was because I wanted to remain in tight bondage in a public place, or my admission that I was single. Either way, she recovered fast.

“The customer is always right, and speaking of which, before I interrupted you were still shopping. What can I help you with, ma’am?” She asked with a quirky smile on her face.

“The only thing I hadn’t picked out yet was a hood. Nothing fancy, just something simple to complete the look of my white theme.”

“Simple doesn’t seem to suit your style. Are you sure you wouldn’t rather try the super deluxe inflatable punishment hood with deep throat feeder gag, nostril inserts, adjustable flow breath play breather mask, and bubble bottle?”

My eyes went wide as saucers at her insane suggestion, but it was a regular latex mask she grabbed off the shelf.

“I’d recommend this brand because it has reinforced strips around all the edges and will last for years with normal use. If you want to complete the full white look you can also add a blindfold and panel gag. Want to give it a go?”

I *definitely* wanted to give it a go, but I wanted something else even more right now. Indecision held me paralyzed for several moments, but since Tammy already knew all my kinky latex secrets, she’d probably oblige without thinking I was a complete weirdo.

“Y-yes, but I’d like a favor first if you don’t think it’s too weird.”

“We specialize in weird, but if you’re about to ask what I think you are, my only thoughts involve envy and fun mischief.”

“My phone’s in my bag, the app is on page three, and the program is mindbender-lite.”

She nodded knowingly and pulled it out, held it in front of my face to unlock it, and then pulled out her phone as well. She put them together and fiddled around until one of them beeped, and then she put my phone away.

“I linked our apps together so I could use my phone instead of yours, since neither of us will be able to unlock yours again once you’re hooded

and gagged!”

I hadn't considered that aspect, and was glad Tammy had her head on straight. If I hadn't been so excited about the prospect of getting to cum in almost full latex, while bound and gagged in an adult toy store, I might have realized exactly how much control Tammy had over me, but my arousal level was off the charts.

It took her a few minutes to put my hair in a tight ponytail high on my head, but then the hood went on and the wonderful smell of fresh latex almost overwhelmed me. She checked that everything was aligned right, then slowly drew the zipper closed, making it feel like a second skin.

“How's that feel?” she asked.

“Fucking fantastic,” I replied in a husky voice I barely recognized as my own.

“Good to hear. Some girls get claustrophobic when a hood is going on, and others feel like they're being choked by how tight it is around the neck. Since you don't seem to suffer from either problem, I'll just go get that gag I mentioned.”

She was back in a flash, but it wasn't a gag she held in her hands.

“It just occurred to me that you're wearing hundreds of dollars' worth of merchandise you haven't paid for, and I can't risk you running off with it,” she said, sounding mischievous.

Before I realized what she was doing, she locked my boots together with a short tether that would definitely keep me from running anywhere. It wasn't at all necessary, since I couldn't go out on a public street dressed like this anyway and might not be able to even open the door on my own! The real purpose of hobbling me was to add to the whole bondage experience.

“Any last words?” she asked when she returned again.

I replied by opening wide to accept the fat, stubby penis of the gag in my mouth. She buckled it tight enough that my lips were squished by the heavy rubber panel, but I could see in the mirror that going tight made the panel blend into the hood rather nicely. It actually wasn't as bad as the inflatable gag I had at home, but I could tell it was just as effective in robbing me of speech.

“Now what was that program you wanted me to run?” she mused, scrolling through the list of presets on her phone. “Mindbender max, wasn’t it?”

“Mmmpph!” I uselessly replied. If there was a longer, stronger version of the mindbender she’d probably have to call the paramedics by the time it finished with me.

“Hmm... I can’t seem to find max on my list, so I’ll just have to use the lite version.”

I breathed a sigh of relief that she was just fucking with me, but it turned into a gasp when I felt Trippy come to life. This was going to be the most spectacular five minutes ever, and I’d be surprised if I didn’t put my new appliance to the test.

I was so horny I barely made it through the first cycle without blowing my stack and had no chance at all the moment I was hit by the clit vibe on the second. My eyes rolled up in my head, but I still saw fireworks as my orgasm took hold and engulfed me as completely as my new latex outfit. Completely suffused with unbelievable and unstoppable pleasure, I forgot where I was for a moment, and that my feet were restrained.

I almost did a face plant when I tried to take a step to keep my balance on suddenly uncooperative legs, but Tammy managed to catch me before I fell, and held me tight while I rode the wave. She let go once my orgasm faded enough to let me regain control of my recalcitrant limbs, but only long enough to spring another surprise on me. With a skill that denoted plenty of experience, she sent me into darkness with a blindfold, and suddenly all my senses seemed amplified.

I could feel her tits press against mine when she hugged me again, and clearly heard the squeak of latex on latex caused by my heaving chest. I could hear my rasping breath and feel the pounding of my racing heart, but most of all I felt the vibrations between my legs like the speed was several times stronger than I knew it really was. Holy fuck, I was about to cum again!

From that point on it became one long string of unbelievable ecstasy, with only brief interludes between them. I came so hard I most assuredly put my new appliance to good use and had to wonder if Tammy had

activated the real mindbender instead of the lite version. It turns out she hadn't, but you could've fooled me.

As I began to recover, I realized I was sitting in a chair, but had no recollection of how I got there. After about a minute or so I felt her hands at the back of my head removing first the blindfold, and then the gag. I started catching my breath fairly quickly once I could breathe through my mouth again, although I didn't quite feel up to forming those whatchamacallit mouth sounds. Oh yeah... words... that's it.

"I've gotten fairly jaded over the years from working here, but that had to be the most erotic thing I've ever seen. I can't wait to try that program out for myself!"

"It was... the whole experience... not just the program. The latex... the bondage... and you," I said in between breaths.

"I'm glad I helped," she giggled, and bent to remove the chain hobbling my feet. "We'll have to do it again soon, or maybe someday you can return the favor."

My brain wasn't up to full speed, but there was no way I could miss a clear line like that. Even before she finished releasing me from the armbinder, we had a date set up for the time our days off aligned. It was just dinner, but who knew where it might lead.

Tammy was just full of surprises today. After I'd recovered, fixed my face and hair, paid for my stuff, and had the things I couldn't cover with my street clothes tucked into my bag, she sprung yet another one on me.

"I'd hurry home if I was you. I was looking at that fun little program of yours, and somehow, completely and utterly by accident, I might've mistakenly set it to come on twice in locked mode after a random delay. Have a nice day!"

Kinky, Kinkier, Kinkiest

The only thing more frustrating than not being able to get something you really want, is to have it and not be able to use it. Between work, school, and Jen I barely had two seconds to myself all week. Getting into my full kit was close to an hour-long process, and I wasn't going to go through all that trouble unless I could stay in it for a worthwhile amount of time.

Yes, I could've easily taken Trippy out for a quick walk in the park, but I wanted my next adventure to be the kinkiest ever, so it was all or nothing. Almost nothing; I still wore latex to enjoy the tingle, and even incorporated it into a very well-received cam show, but I mostly behaved. Some people say patience is a virtue, but in reality it just plain sucks.

There was no way I was going to meet Tammy without wearing all the latex I could, but since we were heading out when her shift at the store ended, I planned going there early and changing in the back room. Latex packs nicely, so I stuffed everything I'd need into my bag, including all my bondage gear in case things went well.

Even if it didn't, I'd rent a hotel room and try a bit of self-bondage. I had a rare forty-eight hours without school or work, and there was no way in hell I was gonna waste it! I'd been so obsessed with bondage after my experience in the store, I'd come super close to spilling the beans to Jen and letting her tie me up. I still might because all this pussyfooting around was getting old, but that decision could wait.

Since I didn't, I had to avoid her on my big day, because she wanted to drag me to some new club she'd discovered and getting her to take no for an answer had proven difficult. Today my only concern was date night, a minimum of level eleven on my kink scale, and a whole lot of achievements to unlock.

Knowing what was coming, and with a bag of latex at my feet, it was hard to sit through the afternoon lecture. The moment it was over I made it out of the hall in record time and ran to the store as fast as I could. It was

too bad Trippy was stuffed into my bag instead of somewhere more appropriate, otherwise I would've gotten the night off with a literal bang.

I took a minute to catch my breath before going in, and when I did, I saw Tammy was dealing with the same rich prick from the other day, so I hung back until they finished. (For some reason I felt more embarrassed being here in my school clothes, compared to the way more erotic latex outfit he'd seen me in previously.)

Tammy looked fucking fantastic today, wearing what seemed to be a black version of what I was about to change into, plus a tight latex dress. If she had a white version in stock, I was definitely getting it. As it turned out, she anticipated me.

She jerked her head towards the back room when she spotted me, and since it was hanging on the front of her locker it was impossible to miss. Fuck yeah! I couldn't wait to try it on, but I had a lot of other stuff to put on first.

Since I was aiming for between twenty-four and forty-eight straight hours in latex, I used one of Tammy's pro-tips, and plugged in the charging cable before putting him on. One piece of tape ensured it would stay in place, and a second on my back would keep the tightly coiled cable out of the way until I had to use it... and I can guarantee I was gonna need it!

The tube system was a pain in the ass to get right by myself, but I couldn't go without it for such an extended adventure, so kept at it until I got it right. I figured out my own pro-tip and taped it to my legs before putting on the bicycle shorts, pants, and boots, which made it infinitely easier.

I skipped the leotard since it would mess up the low cut neckline of the dress, and left the gloves off for now as well. The corset was an absolute must, though, and really was the crowning jewel of my ensemble. Not only did it slim my waist down amazingly, it pulled the dress tight over my tits, highlighting my nipples and cleavage. It was borderline obscene, but my IQ was dropping like sand through an hourglass with how horny I'd become so I couldn't care less.

I toyed with the idea of taking the edge off with Trippy and opened the app but saw a message that would give me even more pleasure than an orgasm: 'Armageddon' was online and accepting commands. It meant that

when Tammy linked app control the other day it became a two-way street, and I could get some most appropriate payback for my 'interesting' walk home.

It would be a terrible thing to do to her while she was working, though, especially while dealing with such a difficult customer. She might not be able to hide her reactions like I did during most of my public adventures, or even worse, she might not be wearing the rig for squirt protection.

Yeah... it was a bad, hugely humiliating dirty trick, and just a plain ol' lousy thing to do to her when she least expected it. So naturally I locked in the program to start after a two minute delay, giving me time to find a good spot to watch the fireworks. After all, she started the game, and revenge is a dish best served with public orgasms.

I was close enough that I heard her voice go up an octave when it kicked in, and saw her eyes bug out for a second. She cleared her throat and continued with her sales spiel like nothing was happening, but the program had only just started, and every cycle was going to be progressively harder to ignore.

Within a minute I could see she was squirming a little, and after another her voice had become a little huskier. She knew exactly what was about to happen and threw me an imploring look at around the three minute mark, but I couldn't stop it even if I wanted to, so all I could do was smile and shrug.

This wasn't her first rodeo, though, and she was good. Just before she reached critical mass, she distracted the guy by having him compare two of the corsets they were looking at and leaned against the shelf for support. If I hadn't been watching for it, I might have missed the moment, but I knew the signs of a secret orgasm all too well. The next time she looked my way I licked my finger, drew a one in the air to mark my score, and returned to the back room.

Having that kind of control over someone was intoxicating, and I wanted to do it again almost as much as I wanted Tammy to do it to me. Knowing she was certain to return the favor at the worst possible moment was the only reason I didn't immediately put Trippy to work. I was pretty sure I'd just started a Hatfield and McCoy type of feud, but with kinky fun

instead of killing and cruelty. The first words out of her mouth when she burst into the room confirmed it.

“Payback can be a bitch, and payback is my middle name,” she growled, although she couldn’t quite keep the grin off her face when she said it.

“Bitch is *my* middle name, and you’re lucky I just did it once after what *you* did to *me* last time,” I retorted, also grinning.

“Good. Now that we’ve got that straightened out, did you have somewhere in particular you wanted to go tonight?”

“Not really. I’m open to just about anything.”

“How about we grab a bite to eat at the pub across the street and figure it out while we eat.”

“Let’s do it,” I replied, grabbing my bag.

“Hold on a sec!” she interrupted, making a timeout gesture. “It’s only a pub, but I’m not going out in latex unless I’m polished and squeaky clean. It’s faster, easier, and more fun if we do each other, if you’re game.”

It sounded like a lame excuse to put our hands all over each other, but I agreed in a heartbeat. Dancing and cam shows got me through school, and my public adventures allowed me to relieve my stress, but the lack of physical contact with *anyone* was a serious bummer.

She took lead and rubbed cream all over me, perhaps spending a little more time than strictly necessary on my boobs, but I sure as hell wasn’t about to complain. I followed her lead and returned the favor, discovering something I’d totally missed.

“I love your nipple rings,” I said, giving them some extra attention. “I’ve wanted to get mine done for ages.”

“They’re fake,” she admitted, wincing. “I’m scared to death of needles, so I went the nipple clamp route. Wanna see?”

Without waiting for an answer, she popped her left tit out of her dress and showed me. Her luscious breast and big juicy nipple distracted me for a second or two, but then I took a closer look at the amazing little golden device squashing her bud. It was a simple loop that ran under the nipple, with set screws on the ends that tightened down to hold it in place. It looked painful.

“Jesus... those must hurt ten times worse than getting them pierced for real.”

“The needle thing is a phobia, and I like wearing nipple clamps when I get the chance to let my freak flag fly. Plus, every time they get tweaked it’s like an electric shock that runs straight to my clitty.”

“Wow. I might have to try them sometime, but I’m already horny enough to fuck a goat and don’t need any extra help,” I replied, while she put her tit away.

After the cream came a vigorous buffing with a soft cloth that damn near sent me over the edge, and I wasn’t entirely sure Tammy didn’t pop when I went ballistic on her tits. This was shaping up to be a most interesting date, and we hadn’t even left the store yet!

It got a whole hell of a lot more interesting when we did, simply due to all the attention the two of us drew in our tight, shiny latex. I danced in a club that could hold around two hundred people, and viewers for my cam shows regularly numbered in the thousands, but somehow two dozen people in a small pub made me feel like a big league exhibitionist. Technically I was, but that’s not the point.

“Booth, table, or bar?” she asked.

My natural inclination would’ve been to take a seat at the bar, but I really needed a minute to get my shit together so I picked booth. We split chicken wings, salad, and a bottle of wine rather than get individual meals, which was perfect because it let us chat while we nibbled.

I probably embarrassed myself asking so many newbie questions about latex and bondage, but I got candid answers that made it completely worthwhile. Tammy was like a walking, talking, Wikipedia of perversion. She seemed to share all of my kinky inclinations, especially getting naughty in public, which started the ball rolling for our pub game challenges.

The games were simple, with the goal being to make the other person cum and pay a forfeit. We threw darts to see who could get the higher score, with the loser having to take a drink and get a ten second buzz through the app. It was heavily weighted against the loser of the last round, since it only made sense to wait for the next throw before hitting the button.

Tammy was running a winning streak by hitting a lot of doubles, which also doubled the time, and they stacked so two doubles in a round

was forty seconds of trouble. Personally, I was going for the triples, thinking it'd be game over if I could start hitting them.

It was a lot of fun, but the drinking we used as a cover for the real game made me nervous. As a typical college student, I wasn't normally worried about having a drink or twelve, but my bladder was telling me it wouldn't be long before I had to test the plumbing under my suit, and I wasn't fully confident about literally peeing in my pants. At least we were drinking wine instead of beer, so the inevitable approached slower.

Then the decision was taken out of my hands when Tammy hit not one, not two, but *three* triples! I instantly admitted defeat and hurried back to our table, knowing I'd need to sit down or I'd fall down. Unlike my favorite program which started slow and cycled through the toys, this was gonna be four and a half minutes of all three grinding away without mercy. I was so fucked.

Tammy looked almost as nervous as I felt when she set the time and put her phone down between us, knowing full well how impossible keeping my composure was going to be if she hit go. She even gave me an inquisitive look, as if asking for permission to utterly destroy me in public, but I'd lost fair and square, so I wasn't about to renege. I braced myself, tapped the button, and grabbed the edge of the table in a death grip.

I'd been riding the edge for so long it took almost no time at all before my orgasm hit, but I rode it out with barely a whimper and quivering lip. I'll pat myself on the back and say I did an admirable job of hiding my ecstasy, especially considering how big my release was after keeping it in check for so long. That was just the first one though.

My second climax happened scarily fast after the first, and I had to clench my teeth hard to keep from crying out. I couldn't get enough air through my nose to sustain my energy expenditure though, so as soon as I passed the crest, I opened my maw and sucked in deep, fast breaths. Shit! I was gonna hyperventilate like this, but I couldn't help myself.

With my eyes losing focus and my head spinning, the shit hit the fan when I started cumming for the third time. I squirted like a fiend, lost control of my bladder, and fell forward feeling like I was gonna pass out. I was vaguely aware of Tammy's face next to mine, whispering something into my ear that I couldn't quite make out through the all-consuming ecstasy ravaging my body.

I lost track of time and of how many times I came, and for a while I lost track of my name and where we were, but I guess four and a half minutes eventually passed. I sat up and tried to get my breathing under control... not an easy feat after what Trippy had just done to me. I wondered when the cops would arrive. I didn't think it possible we could've gotten away with it, but apparently, we did.

I'd mostly gone rigid while cumming, rather than flopping around like a fish out of water, and with Tammy's face next to mine I guess it must've looked like we were whispering to each other. I wasn't about to press my luck, though, and suggested we exit stage left in case I was wrong.

Tammy went to the bar to take care of the bill, but I needed to hit the washroom before we left to find out if my plumbing had done its job. My zigzag path to the lady's room was hopefully attributed to being wine drunk rather than cum drunk, but I made it inside without incident and took a moment to lean on the counter and think.

Shit! With the corset and dress, I wasn't able to access the flushing tube, and I could definitely use a rinse down there. I thought all I'd be able to do was take my boots off to drain the bags, but Tammy came to my rescue. Removing the corset was easy with two people, even in a tight stall. She simply rolled my dress up past my waist to get to the upper tube and commented how it could be run up to my cleavage in the future.

The cold water felt heavenly as it ran past my overheated pussy, but after I was put back in order, I found I had to return the favor. Apparently. Tammy had been so turned on when I was cumming that she'd lost control even without Armageddon running! A unique bond formed between us that was pretty fucked up and weird, but unmistakably erotic. I wanted more and got my next taste before we even left the bathroom.

"Since you expressed such an interest in my nipple clamps earlier, I think I'll make them your first forfeit," she said, popping a tit out of her dress.

She winced when it came off, and I winced more when it was screwed down over my sensitive bud, but in a weird sort of way I kinda liked it. I was just glad nobody came in while we made the exchange. They really did seem to send a jolt of electricity straight to my clit... not that I needed any more stimulation.

But a bet was a bet, and as far as I was concerned the games had only just begun. I wasn't about to stop until I got some serious payback. I got my chance sooner than expected when our next stop was... shit! Back to the booth where a deck of cards and fresh bottle of wine waited!

"Umm... shouldn't we run before the cops show up?" I quietly hissed.

"Relax. Nobody knows what happened."

"Everyone is staring at us!"

"That's because we're two hot babes who're dressed to kill, in a bar full of guys who want to get into our pants," she replied, heading back and refilling our glasses.

I followed not because the alternative was to cut and run, but because she might be right. I don't know how it was possible to cum so hard without all the guys here figuring it out, but it appeared to be business as usual. I took my seat and a big gulp of wine to steady my nerves.

"Before we continue our mischief, I suppose I should ask what your intentions for the night are," she said, shuffling the deck. "Did you wanna go out to party somewhere, pick up a couple of guys and have some fun, or go somewhere private where we can get to know each other better? Maybe with a little of the bondage you seem so curious about?"

"I'm kinda open to anything," I cautiously replied. "What's your preference?"

"Well... I hope I'm not being too forward, but ever since you said you were ankles behind the head flexible, I've had fantasies about doing it to you. I've always wanted to tie someone up like a pretzel, but very few people can handle that kind of bondage. To be blunt, I think it's super-hot."

"To be equally blunt, that's sounds fucking amazing. I'd like to try tying you up too though, if you don't mind."

"Mind? I'm getting wet just thinking about it!"

"Okay, how about this: we play another game, and the loser gets tied up first... and last."

"Sounds like a fantasy come true. So how about a game of war?" she asked, dealing out the cards. "Low card gets a low power five second buzz,

and in case of a tie when we deal three more cards to break it, a full minute at high speed. Triple duration in case of a multi-round war.”

“I like it. Plus, I wanna watch when you lose your shit here like I did, and you *will* lose because I’ve always been lucky at cards.”

Her only reply was a quirky grin while she set up the new program, and then she played the first card from her pile. It was a four and I matched her smile when I beat it by drawing an eight, but it wasn’t long before it was hard to tell who was winning. We threw down cards about every two seconds, so with five second buzzes there was enough overlap to keep both toys running constantly, and the time in the queue was building fast.

I knew she came when her hand paused before flipping her next card and began to shake, but she handled it like a pro. I marked down a point but couldn’t get cocky because we had our first war and I lost. Twenty-two seconds later when Trippy switched to high speed I *really* lost, and while exquisite bliss short-circuited my mind, all I could think was thank God for plumbing.

War was a game that could theoretically go on forever, and we traded orgasms back and forth like we were passing pretzels. Low power vibrations sound tame until you consider it was coming from three toys perfectly stimulating all your sensitive spots at once, so that’s where the majority of them came from.

The real killer was the minute at high speed, and I thought I had her when I won three wars in ten plays, but then lady luck betrayed me. I lost a rare triple war, and with two normal ones already waiting in the four minutes queue of regular stimulation, I knew nine minutes at full blast would finish me. I had no choice but to throw in the towel.

“Fuck! Uncle!” I gasped, pausing the program and hanging my head for multiple reasons. “You win.”

I was pissed I’d lost the game but was somewhat consoled by the fact I’d had multiple public orgasms in sexy latex, and my punishment was to be tied up tighter than I’d ever imagined possible for even more. In a twisted way, I’d won by being the loser.

Unfortunately, Tammy lived way out in the boonies and didn’t want to drive after all the wine she’d drunk, and I was certain Jen would burst in if we went back to my place, so we split a room at a hotel within walking

distance. She also fucked with me in the lobby while we were checking in, forcing an orgasm out of me right at the front desk, and I swore retribution once it was my turn on top.

Once we made it to the hotel room, we both needed to empty our bladders again, but afterwards she left my corset off. (She *really* wanted to put me in that pretzel tie, and the corset limited my bending ability too much.)

She was delighted to find I'd brought all my gear with me, and I was equally happy she'd brought some of her own, although I only managed to see a few pieces. This was the exact opposite of every other hookup I'd ever done, where clothes come off when you hit the hotel room.

Rather than having me take my clothes off, she filled my mouth with the inflatable gag, slipped the hood over my head, helped me on with my gloves, and added the cuffs, collar, and blindfold. I was a little miffed about the blindfold because I really wanted to see the process, but she'd taken the bull by the horns and given me no choice.

Still, I knew what she wanted, and when she lay me back on the bed, I pulled my legs up and back until I had my ankles cored behind my head. She swore in amazement at how easily I'd done it but didn't let it faze her. I felt a rope wrap around my ankles to bind them together, then a second was threaded through all the rings on my wrist and ankle cuffs to trap my hands above my head.

It had taken her mere minutes to put me in tight, inescapable bondage, and only now that I was completely fucked did I start to wonder if this was such a good idea. I mmph'ed a complaint when I felt her wrap another rope... no, that was more like a belt around my upper arm and thigh. She stopped only long enough to inflate up my gag with a few more pumps, and then did the other side.

I had nothing to compare my bondage to, but it seemed rather extreme for my first time. I couldn't even roll onto my side it was so tight, so getting free on my own was out of the question. The only thing in my mind was how long she was going to leave me like this and what else would she do to me.

I got the answer to the latter question when I felt Trippy come on at a low power, followed a moment later by her hands squeezing my tits and

rubbing my ass. Her touch felt fucking amazing, and even the twist of the nipple clamps added to my arousal more than I dreamed possible.

I thought I was going to blow my stack within seconds, but Trippy was set just a touch too low to finish the job, and I was too helpless to even give him a wiggle for the last little bit I needed. I felt like screaming in frustration and realized with how well I was gagged I could scream bloody murder and not disturb anyone, so I did.

Tammy was actually louder than I was, moaning and swearing under her breath about how bad she wanted to cum. She had the damn controls, so if she wanted to cum so bad then why not do it already... and share the wealth while she was at it! She must've locked in a teasing program for both of us, and I could only pray it'd be followed up by the biggest bang since the universe formed.

The teasing seemed to go on forever, but it wasn't static. She occasionally spanked my ass or pinched my nose closed to assert her dominance over me, but not once did I wish she'd stop. I was in a place I'd never been before and might never get to again. It would've been perfect if only I could cum!

I'd barely finished the thought when I felt Trippy change gears into what felt like my favorite program. It was too early to tell if it was the mindbender-lite, regular, or even the max version I'd never had the nerve to try, but I was definitely gonna get my wish.

After such a long buildup I was glad I was bound and gagged, because oh boy did I let loose! I came and screamed and came again while fighting my restraints with everything I had. I didn't get anywhere of course but being so utterly unable to move only made me cum harder.

In my folded over position, I couldn't get enough air in my lungs to sustain such a powerful multi-orgasmic chain. It got worse when I felt Tammy collapse on top of me, bucking and thrashing and humping like I would've done if I hadn't been turned into a human pretzel, but thankfully she rolled off to the side after her killer orgasm.

It was hard to keep track of time while cumming so often and so hard, but I became positive she wasn't running the lite version of the mindbender. I didn't know if I could handle the long one, but it wasn't like

I had a choice; she could keep making me cum until I turned into a pile of quivering mush.

It was an apt thought, because once the program finally ended, I felt totally incapable of highly complex actions like movement or remembering my name. Even after she untied me I couldn't do more than lay there and pant. What a fucking ride!

And, apparently, she had more in store for me. While I lay there in a daze, she'd gone and tied my wrists and ankles to the four corners of the bed and was now tightening them up one by one. Part of me thought it wasn't fair since it should've been my turn to tie her up, a second part knew resistance was futile, and a third part just didn't give a shit. Those bondage orgasms had been the best ever, and I had no desire to be set free just yet.

Once the spread eagle was nice and tight, she crawled beside me to remove my blindfold and deflate the gag. She couldn't remove the rubber mass from my mouth with the hood in place, but I could form a few garbled words now at least. Mostly swear words, but they were interspersed with too many giddy giggles for her to take me seriously.

It didn't help that she had the big white ball gag stuffed in her mouth with the straps ludicrously dangling. She'd obviously crammed it into her maw when the orgasms hit the fan and forgot to take it out, which I found hilarious for some reason. The mindbender had fucked Tammy up every bit as much as it had me!

She even wore it when she left the room with the ice bucket, although she must've figured it out somewhere between our room and the ice machine because she came back with a closed mouth and red face. I wondered if she ran into someone out there, and the thought made me laugh again.

"I know you're new to bondage but let me give you a bit of advice; it's not smart for the person tied up to laugh at the person who *isn't*," she chuckled. "I mean really... if I get offended, I might do something like plug your charging cable in to make sure it doesn't die, set all three vibrators to run at max power, and leave you tied up for maid service to find twelve to fourteen hours from now."

Even the idea that she might do such a thing scared the hell out of me, but it also turned me on so much I came within a hair of having another

orgasm! It fed all three of my new obsessions at once: latex, public naughtiness, and bondage.

“On the other hand, maybe I shouldn’t give you any ideas. I *did* promise to let you tie me up later, and as much as I like pushing kinky to the next level, that would be a tad extreme for a first date. Maybe I should do something tame like strip out of all this latex and sit on your face for a few hours to see how well you use that lovely mouth of yours.”

I couldn’t tell if she was joking or not, especially when she removed my hood and gag. If she thought to shock me, she was well off the mark; when Jen and I had played around together we’d once lay in a sixty-nine for over an hour straight, and my tongue was like a fucking dynamo! It was almost unfortunate she’d been pulling my leg.

She poured a glass of ice water and shared it between us and used more in the squirt bottle for a rinse that was painfully cold but felt amazing afterwards. In fact, it refreshed me so much I was ready to have my mind bent again!

Tammy was of the same mind and lay on top of me, rubbing her luscious tits over mine, sticking her tongue deep in my mouth, and humping my crotch like she had a dick to work with. Latex on latex was so fucking hot I didn’t even mind the pain from the nipple clamps, and the next time I went on a shopping spree I was buying a pair of my own.

The tonsil hockey ended fifteen minutes later when she gagged me with the ball gag and used the inflatable on herself. It was advanced warning that she was ready for round two, and not a minute too soon as far as I was concerned.

“Have you tried the avalanche yet?” she asked, grabbing her phone. “It’s one of my favorites for when I really wanna let loose. Try and fight it for as long as you can, and whoever lasts longer wins another forfeit.”

She tossed her phone aside and resumed grinding on top of me, but now with Trippy joining the fun it felt ten times hotter. Her avalanche program started off super slow, but the power increased every ten seconds, and promised to live up to its name. Tammy looked like she was ready to explode so I thought I was winning for a few minutes, but then there was a huge jump in power levels from all three toys at once, and the avalanche broke free.

Caught completely off-guard I starting cumming well before Tammy, but just like before, could I really consider myself a loser while experiencing such incredible ecstasy? The tight bondage amplified the pleasure tenfold, and I wished there was a way to include it in my regular public games.

The avalanche didn't last as long as the mindbender, but by the time it ended I came so many times I was every bit as flattened as last time. As much as I was enjoying myself, I needed a break before I broke.

Tammy was in the same boat and lay so limp on top of me I thought for a minute she might've fallen sleep, but then she slowly stirred and began picking at the knots on my wrist cuffs. All my struggling in the throes of orgasmic bliss must've tightened them up because she had a hard time undoing them, but eventually she got both hands free, leaving me to get the last two on my own.

If I was any less flexible, I probably wouldn't have been able to even reach the knots holding my legs spread so wide, and my lack of dexterity due to the latex gloves and a billion orgasms didn't help. She found my predicament too amusing to help when I asked for an assist, but that was fine... the rope would soon be on the other foot!

Or not... while I finished freeing myself, she grilled me on how I felt about what she'd done to me, and her eyes lit up when I mentioned how I wished I could combine all three obsessions. She said it was not only possible but could be done tonight at a private club she knew of.

The smart thing to do would've been to tie Tammy up and get my revenge, while finding out all the details of her brilliant idea in between the two or three rounds of sexual torment I had planned for her. This wasn't my night for intelligent, well thought out decisions though. Instead of asking even the simplest question about what it might entail, I only asked one on thing.

"So, what are we waiting for?"

Maximum Kink

We didn't leave right away, so I had plenty of time for neurons to fire and synapses to make critical connections. But I was obsessed with the idea of combining latex and bondage in a public place and stuffed those sensible ideas down the garbage disposal of my mind.

We refreshed ourselves in the bathroom and with room service munchies and lounged around languidly while Tammy waited for a return phone call. Apparently, the club she spoke of wasn't just private, the management did a background check before letting anyone new into the establishment!

It took a full three hours before she got permission to bring me in on a trial basis, but the delay was likely a good thing. I got a chance to recharge my internal batteries as well as the ones powering Trippy, so by the time we got the word I was raring to go. I still had no idea where we were going or what might happen, but those were minor details at this point.

We actually went back to the store first, since I wanted to arrive in bondage in order to make a good impression. As much as I enjoyed doing the exhibitionist thing, my latex bondage would be too much for the vanilla plebes we'd have to pass in the hotel lobby, and I didn't want to get arrested.

To 'get me in the mood' as she laughingly put it, Tammy enacted her forfeit right as we left the room by starting a program called endless tease, which is pretty much self-explanatory. I damn near wanted to cum before we even got out of the elevator, but Trippy wasn't about to fulfill his ultimate mission until Tammy decided otherwise. Even doing a wiggle walk didn't get me off!

Tammy had taken her nipple clamps back after setting me free, and I found I missed their erotic pinch, so I bought my own set. She gave me her employee discount on them, but only under the condition she could 'do me up' right there in the middle of the store. I didn't tell her I would've allowed it regardless, just for the thrill.

She started with the hood this time, so the gag could be removed after a while. I had to arrive in bondage to prove I was legit, but I didn't have to stay completely bound all night long, and I'd probably want a drink or three before the night was over. The collar was next, but the cuffs went back in my bag since I'd opted for the more extreme option.

I stretched my shoulders and arms before putting my hands together behind me and felt the armbinder immediately slide over top of them. The store was empty, so she called for Joey to help squeeze my arms together, allowing her to get it extra tight, and that wasn't the only thing he helped with.

With him squeezing my sides, Tammy was able to get my corset a notch or two tighter, and I had no idea how we'd ever get it undone, but that was a problem for later. He also volunteered to help put on my new nipple clamps, but Tammy wanted to do the honors herself. He stayed to watch, but I put my knockers on display for a living, so I wasn't *too* embarrassed when she popped them out of my dress. Besides... he was kinda cute.

I thought it odd when she gagged me without rearranging my assets and wondered if she was going to leave them swinging in the wind. No... it was only because she wanted to silence me before matching the clamps to the armbinder and corset... extra tight. I'm not sure if she understood me or not when I called her a devious cunt, but I got two more pumps to my gag for my attempted sass.

She had an easy solution on how to fix the black inflatable gag ruining my all white look. She simply removed the inflator bulb and covered the panel with a latex medical mask that went fully around my head rather than hooked over my ears. I went to the mirror to check out the new me, and liked what I saw, but the exposed flesh at shoulder and chest detracted from the image.

I really needed to bite the bullet and buy a full latex catsuit, but I'd been holding off since I'd been considering getting breast enhancement surgery. The owner of the gentlemen's club was a plastic surgeon who offered a significant discount to any of his dancers who wanted the procedure, but it was still expensive as hell.

Bigger hooters would be a worthwhile investment, though, since I planned on doing what I did for several more years and having a D-cup chest would pay for itself within one. I made a mental note to talk to him

about it the next time I saw him and find out what the exact cost and recovery time would be.

While we waited for our ride, Tammy gave me another head-to-toe polish and came within a hair of pushing me over the edge into a much-needed orgasm, but the damn driver arrived a damn minute too damn soon. Dammit! If I didn't cum soon, I was gonna spontaneously combust!

Considering how I was dressed, getting into the car proved a major challenge, and getting out wasn't any easier. Tammy basically manhandled me in and out, and snuck in yet another surprise in the process of helping me out of the car, a leash and an ankle chain! The hobble was so short she had to lift me up to get over the curb, but at least there weren't any stairs to navigate.

The club was inside a dumpy old warehouse in an industrial park at the edge of town, and I was less than impressed until the bouncer let us past the door. The reception area was so pristine it was almost sterile, and the admittance procedure was so high tech it felt like I was in a spy movie or something.

They used an actual retinal scanner to link me to my driver's license and credit card, although they only had Tammy's word I was who they said I was. They took a video recording of me agreeing I was here of my own free will and made me nod through a brief but comprehensive disclaimer. When our 'processing' was complete they assigned us a locker for our meager possessions and allowed us into the club proper.

On the surface it was a clone of any other nightclub in the city, but the people filling it made it clear I wasn't in Kansas anymore. On my right was a naked, cuffed, and gagged girl chained to the wall by her collar, and on my left was one bent over a padded sawhorse getting her ass paddled.

A tall, skinny cage hanging from the ceiling was filled by a latex-clad beauty doing a slow bump and grind dance, and we passed what might've been her twin kneeling underneath a table, bobbing her head over the crotch of her Master. The place smelled of latex, leather, and sex; I was enthralled, and followed the gentle pull of my leash on autopilot.

We passed all manner of serious bondage devices like an X-shaped cross, heavy duty restraint chair, stocks, spanking bench, and some things I couldn't quite identify but looked scary as hell. The place catered to just

about every kinky perversion imaginable, and even had private rooms for those not inclined to let their freak flag fly in public.

She led me on a slow tour of the large room... very slow, thanks to the damn hobble... before settling on a spot near the end of the bar. The tall stool was beyond my ability in my present circumstances, so I regretfully edged it aside and stood next to her, not knowing what else to do. This place was beyond cool, but more than a little daunting.

It got cooler when Tammy 'paid' for her drink by holding a handheld retinal scanner to her eye, but even more daunting when she casually asked me to think about which stations I'd like to try tonight. She nodded towards a menu located above the rows of liquor bottle behind the bar that listed not drink specials, but BDSM options!

They charged a nominal fee for the use of their equipment but considering the expense of outfitting a dungeon as extensive as this, it seemed reasonable. Price wasn't an issue, only trying to decide how high to let my own freak flag fly! My armbinder eliminated most of the stations by default, although I made note of a few things that might be cool later once I was out of it.

I still hadn't decided by the time she'd finished her drink, so she decided for me. She wanted to dance, and since I thought some energetic movements might be enough to give me the orgasm I was beyond desperate for by now, I immediately nodded yes.

It wasn't as simple as I thought. She led me to a very precise spot on the dance floor, because in this place, even something as commonplace as dancing involved an element of kink, and before I knew what was happening, she darted behind me and pulled my hands up in the air. They stayed there even after she stepped back in front of me, and then with a smile she pressed a button on a remote I hadn't noticed she held, and they went up even further!

Tammy was going to make me dance in a strappado!

I bent forward as my hands went higher and higher, until my face was planted perfectly between her thrust out tits. The smell of sweat, latex, and a hint of perfume, combined with such an embarrassing position was like an aphrodisiac. I felt so light-headed with desire I thought I might pass out.

“I bet by now you’re most likely wanting to have an orgasm, am I right?” she whispered into my ear.

I nodded energetically, bouncing my face on her boobs.

“You’ve been such a good sport I think I’ll let you have a little fun. I think three songs worth might do the job nicely. Try not to lose your footing or the strappado will suck big time.”

She didn’t know it, but having an orgasm on the dance floor was one of the fantasies that set me off big time. I’d never had the guts to go through with it, but now it seemed like I had no choice but to experience it for real! Being bent over like I was I caught a glimpse of her phone as she changed the program to sound activation, and as soon as the next song started, she hit the button.

I’d only experimented briefly with sound mode before, so I wasn’t prepared for how hard a song with a heavy bass beat would hit me. My toys went ballistic, and after a few moments I did too. After being kept at maximum arousal for so long I knew I’d pop fast and hard, but I never knew an orgasm could hit as hard as this one did.

The bondage, latex, and dance floor fantasy combined, seemed to multiply the ecstasy I felt in every fiber of my being, pulsing out from my groin to the rhythm of the music. It was like fireworks going off inside me, making my orgasms in the hotel room seem like feeble little sparks, and this was just the beginning of the first song with two more to go after this!

Tammy was so close I wound up damn near smothering myself in her tits when my legs started to give out, and probably would’ve if she hadn’t been moving to the beat herself. I imagined she was having just as much fun as I was, although in my current state I couldn’t tell for sure.

Hell, I was having a hard enough time simply breathing and standing to worry about what she was up to. For a minute or so I even forgot where I was, thinking I was being taken from behind by the most glorious cock on the planet, but it was just Trippy hammering me from the booming bass.

After a few such orgasms, the buildup to the next started to hurt, but being powerless to do anything about it I kept cumming like there was no tomorrow. Maybe I was a bit of a masochist, because the mix of pleasure and pain seemed to add yet another multiplier to the strength of my orgasms.

After an unknown amount of time, I guess three songs were done, because I slowly became aware of a few things again. First off, I wasn't cumming anymore and Trippy was back to his teasing idle. Second, Tammy had been right that the strappado sucked ass when it was the only thing keeping me from being face down on the floor. Well, that and my face resting in her cleavage.

It took a few minutes before I could stand on my own again, and once I had my feet under me, she released me from the strappado and the hobble, and guided me over to a wonderfully soft leather sofa. It was good to get off my feet after my orgasmic bondage dance, and even with my arms still crushed together behind me I felt like I could sleep like a baby right on the spot.

When a waitress came by Tammy ordered water, wine, and asked for the inflator bulb from our locker. All it took was another retinal scan and everything was on its way. The service at this place was spectacular, and within two minutes I was trying to work my jaw so I could replenish my fluids. (Between sweating and squirting I was definitely a few pints short of the full mark.)

Alternating between water and wine, Tammy would only let me have small sips at a time, which was probably to keep me from guzzling it all at once and getting a cramp. She seemed to get off on having such control over me, and to my surprise I found it a turn on as well. I felt a familiar stirring happen between my legs, although I'm sure part of that was due to Trippy idling away. Despite having just cum more times than I could count, I was ready for more!

We didn't have much of a chance to talk while we rested, since a steady stream of people came over to proposition us. Two wanted to dance with me like I'd danced with Tammy, a real mean, butch looking lady asked Tammy if she could put me on a spanking bench in a private room, and three guys in a row asked if we'd like to go somewhere quieter. One straight up asked Tammy if I could suck his cock while they talked!

Even though I wasn't gagged anymore, none of them spoke to me directly. I guess they figured Tammy was my Mistress or something, which I guess in a way she was at the moment. She politely declined all the offers and requests, although she tempered her answers with 'not at the moment', 'maybe later', or 'perhaps another night'.

I think she was leaving the door open for me in case I wanted to experiment further, but right at the moment I was glad she passed. Just because I was willing to jump blindly into the deep end, it didn't mean I was willing to do so wrapped in chains. In this place, that could quite literally happen too!

"So, are we having fun yet?" she asked once we had some space.

"This place is insane," I remarked, not knowing how else to describe it. "It's more like a bondage theme park instead of a nightclub."

"You're not wrong. It's a place where people can indulge their deepest, darkest fantasies in a safe and secure environment. Almost any perversion you can think of is possible, as long as you have the inclination and the money. I only know about it because they buy a lot from the shop, and this is the first time I've been here as a guest rather than an employee or supplier."

"You work here?"

"Once a month. They host special events and require ornaments, for lack of a better term. A few people in bondage add to the mood, like the girl in the cage over the dance floor."

"It sounds like the gentlemen's club where I work. We girls flaunt our stuff so they can sell their overpriced drinks to horny guys."

"You're closer than you know. I know where you work, and the same guy owns both places."

"Seriously? Holy shit!"

"No shit. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if he approached you about working here when he finds out from the admission log you're into this kind of stuff."

"That could be... interesting."

"To be honest, it's boring as hell unless you *make* it interesting. My first time working here I spent four hours tied to the St. Andrews cross and was bored out of my mind. The second time I had my special friend with me, running on a completely random setting so I never knew when I'd cum. That was a spectacular night."

"Umm... speaking of which, you left Trippy running in tease mode," I reminded her. "Can you either turn it off, or make him earn his keep?"

“Maybe,” she teased. “Have you decided on something you want to try, or do you want me to pick again?”

I hadn’t had much time to think about it, and it was tough to decide what to try first. I wanted to explore my new obsession with bondage in as many ways as possible so I could find out what I did and didn’t like, but where to begin?

“What’s something restrictive that’ll be easy on my arms? They’re kinda aching after the dance from hell.”

“Shit, I should’ve thought of that,” she swore, pushing me forward so she could get to the straps. “Personally, I would’ve been begging for mercy after five minutes in that thing.”

“It’s not that bad, but I really would like to change things up a bit. Besides... it gets in the way of most of the rides at this kinky amusement park, and I want to try them all.”

“Gotcha. How about I give you the fifty-cent tour then? It should prove interesting.”

The word ‘interesting’ had a whole new meaning after her admission of what she did while she worked as a bondage display, and I eagerly agreed. It also seemed right to let Tammy keep making the decisions, with the uncertainty adding extra spice to the whole adventure. I was gagged again, the armbinder and bulb was sent back to the locker, and then taken to the first stop on my fifty-cent tour: the St. Andrews cross.

It was basically a standing spread eagle position, but all the extra straps she used made it so I could barely move a muscle. She had to roll my dress up to my hips in order to get my legs spread lewdly wide, and she compounded my embarrassment by popping my tits out so she could lick my nipples while Trippy slowly worked his magic on me.

And I do mean slowly. With every strap she’d used she’d edged the power upwards an almost imperceptible amount, but of course the effect was cumulative, and at the end he was running high enough to get me there eventually. I didn’t mind this kind of tease because the payoff was in sight, and it was much better than a full speed forced cum-fest. It crossed my mind she was showing restraint while showing me restraints, and I almost broke out laughing at the thought.

“Time for another game,” she said in an amused voice. “You are to cum when I do, not before, and not after. If you cum early I punish you, and if late then you won’t get a chance until the next position, when the game begins again. If you match me exactly, then we switch roles. Got it?”

I nodded yes, although I was rolling my eyes while agreeing. She’d been priming my pump for quite some time by now, not to mention playing with my tits and putting me in some wonderful bondage, and she wasn’t even breathing heavy yet. The chance of me winning was so low as to be nonexistent, but like before, this was a game where losing was as good as winning.

I tried my hardest... my competitive spirit would allow nothing but my best, but climax was inevitable once I reached a certain point, and willpower can only hold it at bay for so long. It was a fucking good one too, and I would’ve been flopping around like a fish out of water if I could do more than move my hands and head. Being so utterly unable to move definitely amplified the effect, and once I could think again, I mentally added the feeling to the ‘like’ column.

It took Tammy another five minutes before she came, and as promised, she spent the time punishing me. She used a riding crop on my tits, but in a way that only stung a little and barely left a mark. A girl wearing sexy black leather and a cat mask stopped to watch the show with her hooded male slave, adding to my humiliation. I would’ve cum a second time from it all if Trippy hadn’t been reset to tease mode, and even then, it was a close thing.

It left me with even less of a chance to win at our next stop, the pillory, and I came so early I had to endure ten or fifteen minutes of spanking with weights hanging from my nipple clamps. This time it was Butch who watched up close, offering advice and taking over the spanking for the last minute so Tammy could stare into my eyes when she came.

She hit harder than Tammy, but wasn’t quite as mean as I’d feared, and bought us each a drink for being allowed to join in. Mine was credited to my account, since Tammy wasn’t about to remove my gag until my fifty-cent tour was finished. At the rate we were going, calling it a fifty-orgasm tour might’ve been more appropriate, and the pattern continued.

Maude (Butch) followed us to the spanking bench, where cat lady joined us. I should’ve been offended Tammy was trading my ass for drinks,

with each of them getting a cheek to paddle this time, but it was hot in a weird way. I still made a token effort to resist Trippy's relentless vibrations but gave in much easier as my will crumbled.

I was chained to the wall, put on the rack, suspended from my wrists and then upside down by my ankles, tied between the whipping posts, and bound in a tight hogtie with a steadily growing crowd around us. Someone called it running the gauntlet, and by the time I got to 'rest' in the restraint chair, I was completely used to being the center of attention. When I thought about it, I realized it wasn't really that different from dancing on stage or working in front of the webcam, just with a different payoff.

While Tammy sent for the bulb to remove my gag, cat lady's slave and Mr. Blowjob put a table in front of my chair so we could all sit together and have a drink. Maude bought a bottle of champagne for us all, and other than being held down by a dozen heavy duty restraint belts, it felt like a night out with friends I'd known for ages.

Introductions were made by everyone except cat lady, who was otherwise occupied. (She'd ordered her slave under the table, so I imagined she was in her own little world of bliss right now.) I only had time for a few words and one drink before the gag was back in my mouth and my head fastened to the headrest, because Tammy was making this the next stop on our tour.

My eyes went wide when she took a pair of wires from the back of the chair and clipped one to each of my nipple clamps, and I started freaking out. This wasn't just a restraint chair I was strapped in; it was a fucking electric chair! I relaxed a little when I felt a gentle tingle rather than the searing jolt of electricity I'd anticipated, but only a little because I was sure it could and would be turned up a *lot* higher before it was over.

As it turned out, being encased in latex saved me from the worst of the chair's torments. I heard them talk about attachments for anal and vaginal probes, plus pads for the ass or other sensitive areas, and more clamps for the clit and labia! If used to the fullest by a ruthless operator, this chair would be absolute hell!

The nipple zaps were bad enough once the power level got higher, yet Tammy was matching the strength of my vibrations to the strength of the shocks, which helped compensate for it. In a sort of kinky Pavlovian

conditioning response, it wasn't long before I got into the groove and actually wanted more!

Naturally that's when she stopped turning it up, but it didn't matter; everything was at a level where all I had to do... like the chair gave me any other choice, was sit back and enjoy the ride. I fought like a demon against my restraints when the moment arrived, but I had even less chance of breaking free now than I did on the cross, and I absolutely loved it.

Unlike our previous stops on my bondage tour, I got to love it multiple times in a row. It was pretty late by this point, so Tammy wanted to make my last experience a memorable one, and boy did she ever! My newfound obsession with bondage was at least equal to my one with latex, and it was a crying shame the night had to end.

Not that I had a right to complain. I'd had more orgasms tonight than ever before, got to experience new and exciting things, and found a place where my deviant tendencies were not only accepted, but encouraged. If the boss didn't approach me about working here, I was going to take the initiative myself!

Since I was unwilling for my bondage fun to end cold turkey, I readily agreed to Tammy's suggestion I leave the same way I arrived. The hotel lobby would most likely be empty at this time of night, and with the trench coat Tammy borrowed from cat lady, my armbinder wouldn't be visible anyway.

In addition to lending me her coat, she gave us a ride back to the hotel since her slave hadn't had a drink all night. It was a very fortuitous offer since Tammy couldn't get hold of our driver, and I really needed to get back to our room ASAP. Tammy had interpreted 'leave' as 'arrive' literally, which meant Trippy was teasing me to the brink of yet another fucking orgasm!

I didn't have much left in me but figured one final round with mindbender-lite in bondage before bedtime would be a perfect way to cap things off. Well... almost perfect; my armbinder had been done up a smidge looser this time, so I was willing to bet I could spend the rest of the night wearing it.

Waking up in such restrictive bondage would be mind-blowing, especially since Trippy could recharge while I slept. Then again, Tammy

was staggering a little from all her free drinks, so it might not be the smartest idea to trust she'd wake before maid service walked in on us. I dunno... the risk would add a certain spice to the adventure, and there were plenty of other hotels in town if I got banned from that one.

By the time we got there I'd pretty much decided to go through with it, and I did, but not in the way I expected. Cat lady came up to help Tammy walk straight and to reclaim her coat, asked to use the bathroom before she left, and by the time she emerged Tammy had passed out cold.

"I'm impressed at your audacity, Kelly, yet so disappointed you kept it a secret from me I don't know if I'll ever forgive you," she said, removing her mask and giving me the shock of my life. It was Jen!

"I thought you looked familiar the moment I saw you but didn't figure it out until we sat down for a drink. I was so stunned and mad you let some random douchebag tie you up instead of me I almost walked out, but then realized there was a silver lining to the situation. Unless you want *everyone* to know what kind of games you like to play, you'll do exactly what I say from this point on. In other words, your ass belongs to me! Any objections?"

While I didn't have the greatest reputation on campus, it was mostly based on supposition and wild rumors. If Jen went from defending me to telling stories I was more than sunk and didn't really have a choice. I meekly let her take me home where I spilled my guts about absolutely everything in exchange for her promise of silence.

Some might call it a forced confession since I was still bound and helpless, with Trippy driving me to distraction, but it was a relief to get it off my chest. From now on I wouldn't have to hide my activities from Jen but could ask for help with a few scenarios I wasn't previously able to attempt on my own.

Only occasionally, though, since she hadn't been joking about my ass belonging to her now, and she wasted no time putting the exclamation point behind the statement. Once I'd answered all her questions, she stuffed the gag back in my mouth, hogtied me for bed, plugged in Trippy's charging cable, and fiddled with my phone until she figured out the app for my toy.

"I've decided that you deserve a fair amount of punishment for hiding your secret from me, and the *start* of that is going to be another two hours

of orgasm denial. But since you came clean in the end, you deserve to get your jollies after that. It looks like the mindbender series are your favorites, so in a couple of hours the mindbender max program will kick in and I think it should let you cum a couple of times. See ya in the morning, babe!”

Even as well gagged as I was, my scream of denial was impressively loud, but to no avail. Jen had inadvertently taken control in a manner which both scared and excited me, and if this was only the start, what else might she come up with? If I survived the number of orgasms mindbender max would force out of me, I couldn’t wait to find out!

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Volume 28: Winter BDSM Carnival
Volume 29: The Reindeer Ponygirls
Volume 30: Wrapped Tight For Xmas

**Volume 31: The Last Chance Bondage Inc. Halloween
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Questions? Comments? Concerns?

Please feel free to contact us: edwardlaste@gmail.com