The
LASTE
CHANCE
BONDAGE INC.
VOLUME 21-31
MEGAPACK
EDWARD
LASTE
LILITH
CHANCE

Laste Chance Bondage Inc.:

Volumes #21-31

#21 Self-Bondage Gone Wrong

#22 Bondage or Dare

#23 The Bondage Predicament

#24 Bondage Ménage

#25 Bondage Poker

#26 Bondage Service

#27 Bondage Revenge

#28 The Winter BDSM Carnival

#29 The Reindeer Ponygirls

#30 Wrapped Tight For Xmas

#31 The Halloween Extravaganza

© 2016, Edward Laste
All Rights Reserved

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you’re reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

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

Part 21: Self-Bondage Gone Wrong

Boredom

I hated to admit it, but I was starting to get bored with the same thing day in and day out. Life as a new but respected Domme was great, but I missed being on the other side now and then. Before I got caught up with my new group of friends, I used to spend two or three nights a week in self-bondage.

It wasn't just a hobby, but more like a way of life. It was a release and a way to get away from the cares of the world for a few hours. There was no shortage of bondage around, and sex too with a variety of partners, but I missed my private little sessions. I missed them a lot.

It was even worse knowing I had access to one of the biggest kinky fetish shops around, yet couldn't play with the myriad of toys a mere elevator ride away. Even the 'common' stuff we kept in our bedroom was an order of magnitude better than the scraps I used to make do with.

Then again, why couldn't I at least plan for a self-bondage adventure? If I found myself with enough free time someday it would be nice to have a few things ready. I liked freezing my keys inside blocks of ice as a release mechanism, and not having that ready was always the biggest obstacle to an impromptu session.

I went down to the club to see what kind of containers might be available, and found five different sizes I thought might work. I filled them with water and stuck them in the back of the walk-in freezer so I could test melt times tomorrow.

As I went back upstairs, the five sizes gave me a new idea. I could input my scenarios into a program based on the severity and length I wanted to endure, and let the computer assign me a random situation. Heck… I could put our fetish shop inventory into the program as well.

All I needed to do was input something and give it a number between one and

five based on how hard I thought it was. A ben-wa ball would be a tame number one, but something like the El Diablo Pussy Ripper would be a solid five.

This had the possibility of bringing my self-bondage games to a whole new level. Since I had the night off, I decided to get right to it and see if my idea would work. I copied the inventory list from the fetish shop into a new spreadsheet and began assigning numbers to the various toys and restraints.

I trimmed the list severely, since I didn't care for the difference between six inch multi-speed vibrator, pink, blue, or white. I also skipped the few rare items that were simply too large to fit in my body. As far as I was knew, the number sixteen butt plug would be a tight fit for a horse, let alone me!

The toys were easy to assign a category for, but the restraints were more complicated. An individual restraint might be considered tame, but when used with a second one it might be tough or even impossible. I couldn't add a hobble chain if I was already wearing a single-leg glove.

I worked almost until dawn compiling my various ideas and scenarios, and didn't go to bed until I had at least the basics completely covered. I was probably overcomplicating things, but the end result would be worth it. I went to sleep with a smile on my face and a hand between my legs.

Fun Alone

Over the next week I played around with my ice buckets and figured out how to use the different size containers with various water levels so I could obtain anywhere from a one to twelve hour session. It was ironic that all I initially wanted was a quickie, but now I'd passed up several chances so I could do this right.

Unlike my previous sessions, I had access to Laste's programmable toys now which opened up a whole new level of fun options. I could start with nothing but bondage, get teased to the brink of orgasm for an hour or more until finally getting to cum at the end… or I could set it for completely random and take my chances.

He also had programmable magnetic devices that could be used for my restraints or as a key release mechanism. I'd skip my crude ice buckets all together once I got my hands on some of those, since they could give me true randomness in the length of my ordeal. He was a genius with anything electronic or mechanical.

He could have probably finished my random generation program in under an hour if he didn't have something that'd work already, but this was all about me and I wanted to do it alone. After all, that was the point of self-bondage.

I gave it another week to make sure my program would give me what I wanted with just enough random variations to keep it interesting. A few days after that I found myself with both the time and the opportunity, so I decided to go for it.

I selected a two hour session for my trial run, which wasn't long in my books; my record was a hair over seventy-two hours. To make it more interesting, I made sure the initial key would just be the starting point, and once I had it I'd still need to find other keys scattered around the room before I could get completely free.

I ran the generator to select items for a level two session and came up with a

frog tie for my legs using belts, hands behind my back with regular handcuffs, blindfold, inflatable gag, and tweezers-style clamps for my nipples.

For toys, I got a six-inch vibrator that had a flange piece to go over my clit and a number four butt plug with shock capability. It wasn't the fanciest choices from the list, but I liked that I didn't get to pick and choose for myself and I could feel myself getting wet just thinking about it.

It was also good I didn't need to raid the fetish shop for any items tonight since we were open for business downstairs. I grabbed my two hour ice block, the toys and restraints from our private collection, and brought it all upstairs.

We had five bedrooms in our shared apartment, but only mine and Lilith's were used with any regularity. (Sherry almost always slept with me these days.) Monica had only used her room once or twice in the last six months, so I figured it would be a safe place for me to play tonight.

My release would be simple tonight; I just put the frozen jug into a basin on the floor to let it melt. The key frozen in the ice would unlock an ankle shackle holding me to the bed, and then I could go find the rest of the six keys I'd need.

To make it more fun, I not only selected six differently keyed locks, but I also took a handful of other keys and mixed them all together. Now when I found a key I had no way of knowing if it was one I really needed or not, but I still had to collect them since my bindings had to come off in a certain order.

I lubed up and inserted the butt plug and vibrator, holding them in place with a pair of latex panties, and used a belt to hold the heavy-duty battery pack in place behind my back. I put the gag in my mouth and inflated it to a secure yet reasonably comfortable level before removing the squeeze bulb.

It had full head harness straps, but I only used the mouth strap for now since it would keep my blindfold in place once it was fully locked on, and I still needed to see at the moment. The blindfold stayed on my forehead for now.

My prep work was done and now I could finally begin. I connected the shackle to my right ankle and tossed the chain in the direction of the bed

where I'd lock it, and me, in place. I bent my legs back so I could put the first belt in place, but found the metal shackle pressed painfully into my thigh.

I swore under my breath and removed it, replacing it with a smaller leather cuff. When I bent my leg back again, I found it was much better and made a mental note of it for future sessions. I used two institutional restraint belts for each leg since they were the only ones that could be locked in place.

I took out my tablet and activated my toys. The program tonight wouldn't start for fifteen minutes, but then it would be semi-random for the next ninety. Only for the last fifteen minutes of bondage and for however long it took to find my keys afterwards would I have the chance of getting an orgasm.

The butt plug was my motivation to find my keys in a hurry, since it would start ramping up in its shock levels during the last phase. It would turn extremely painful if I just lounged around enjoying the vibrator.

Everything seemed to be ready, so I locked the chain to the bed, put the clamps on my nipples, the blindfold over my eyes, and tossed the whole handful of keys where I couldn't reach them. I finished strapping the gag over my head and locked it in place before grabbing my handcuffs.

Two ratcheting sounds later and I was stuck in place until the ice melted enough for me to get the first key. I immediately went into a new world… my own private nirvana. Emotions roiled through me uncontrollably.

What if my friends discovered me? What if a stranger caught me? What if I broke a key by trying to force the wrong one into a lock? I knew someone would find me eventually, but that could take days… long, uncomfortable days.

I felt the vibrator and butt plug come on in their test cycle, and was surprised fifteen minutes had passed already. I'd worked myself into such a frenzy that the vibrator almost let me cum as it climbed up in speed, despite the orgasm denial programming that was nearly flawless.

Only the plug shocking my ass stopped me from going over the edge. The toys finished their test and went to a low power state, leaving me grinding my

hips in frustration. After a while, I felt both the vibrations and the shocks increase, bringing me close again, but slowing at just the right moment… actually the wrong moment from my current point of view.

God, I wanted to cum already. How much longer did I have left to go? I reached for the ice and found the block to be mostly intact still. Shit, my mind was playing tricks on me and messing with my time sense.

After about the twentieth time I was brought to the edge and denied, I was relieved to find that the ice was almost gone. Although it seemed like I'd been trapped for about three times as long as I should've been, I was only at the beginning of the final phase.

I was too horny to think straight anymore, and began to wonder if I'd be able to even move once the program let me start cumming. I decided to expedite the matter and picked up the ice so I could melt it faster in my hands.

I'd just gotten the key free when I felt the vibe kick up to full speed. It sent me into an instant orgasm, making me thrash uncontrollably in my bonds and causing me to drop the key. I was shaky by the time it subsided, and had a hard time picking up the key and getting it properly positioned in my fingers.

The vibrator was just keeping me hot at the moment, so I was able to concentrate enough to get it into the lock after about a dozen tries. It was a huge relief when the cuff opened and I was able to move and stretch a little.

I felt the vibrator start to increase in speed again and took a brief rest, figuring I deserved a good orgasm as a reward for successfully completing stage one. I held on to it for an extra minute, reveling in the sensations and letting it build.

When I couldn't take it anymore, I held my breath and let it explode. This one made me see stars from the intensity of it, and the stars changed to floating spots by the end from holding my breath for so long. It was absolutely amazing.

The shock pulses in my ass had picked up a bit by now and reminded me I needed to get busy finding the keys. I sat upright and moved in what I thought was the proper direction with a kind of duck-walk motion. I soon ran into a wall.

Ok, no biggie… I must have just gotten turned around a little during my big orgasm. I turned around and crossed the floor again until I ran into the edge of the bed. Ok, another false start, but now I knew for sure where I was. I turned ninety degrees and tried again, slower this time since I knew I was close.

After moving a few feet I started to get puzzled. I should have gone over at least a few keys by now. Maybe my legs had gone number than I thought; I fell to my side to I could feel around with my hands.

I carefully felt all around me for as far as my arms would reach before shuffling over a bit and trying again. On my third move I felt something, but it wasn't a key. It was a boot.

"No wonder you didn't answer your phone," Laste said. "We had a cancellation and needed you on the stage tonight, but now I have something even better in mind. We're going to play a little game."

His words should've filled me with dread, but the vibrator program picked that moment to send me into oblivion again. He let me ride it out, but then shut it completely off in preparation for his 'game'. What did I just get myself into?

Caught

“You seem to be enjoying your self-bondage, but it looks pretty simple from where I’m standing. Since I’m such a nice guy, I’ll help make it more interesting for you. We’re going to play a game called ‘spy’.

“You’re a secret agent on a wartime mission to retrieve six vital pieces of intel. You must make your way across hostile territory to find these six items while avoiding enemy guards and traps. You don’t know where they’re hidden, but you have a homing beacon to help guide you.

“Your beacon will activate when you’re heading in approximately the right direction, and will become more powerful when you get close to your destination or weaker if you stray from the path. Think of it as a ‘hot and cold’ type of game. When you have all six pieces, you are to return to base for debriefing and your mission will be over.”

I knew better than to ask if he was serious, but this wasn’t what I had in mind tonight. I just wanted to soak in the tub and relax before going to bed with my battery powered companion.

“Of course, as far as undercover spies go, you need some help blending in before you cross enemy lines. Let me help you with that.”

I felt him uncuff my hands, but they were only briefly free. He forced my right hand up to my shoulder and pulled a leather pouch over the elbow. He pulled the straps tight and my wrist was welded tight to my upper arm. He did the second arm the same way and now my arms were folded just as tight as my legs were.

Picking up a key would be extremely difficult now, but as a trade-off, I’d be able to move much easier by walking on my elbows and knees. I had no way of demanding he let me go, and he probably wouldn’t listen anyway. I had no choice but to play his stupid game.

He turned my body slightly and I felt the vibrator come on at its weakest level. I guess that meant the game was on and I was facing the right

direction. I started moving forward, but slowly and carefully since I was still blind.

After a few ‘steps’ I brushed against the doorframe and knew I was heading into our common room. I moved with a little more confidence now that I knew I had some empty space in front of me, but had to slow again as I approached the main sitting area.

The vibrator might have increased in speed by a miniscule amount, but hardly enough to notice. I apparently had a long ways to go yet. I bumped into the back of the sofa before realizing my ‘homing beacon’ only gave me a straight line heading and I’d need to detour around obstacles.

I felt the plug in my ass come to life, shocking me at a medium level but growing stronger every few seconds.

“Oh no… it seems our spy has fallen into a trap,” he said from somewhere behind me in a dramatic stage voice. “Can she escape before it’s too late?”

I immediately turned to the side and went around the sofa as fast as I could. The shocks stopped as soon as I made it past the edge and got back in the right direction.

“What a close call for our intrepid heroine, but she didn’t emerge completely unscathed; she picked up a handicap during her escape.”

I felt him attach the hose to my gag and give it several more squeezes. My cheeks were puffed out like a chipmunk before he removed the hose and let me continue. I knew I had to detour around the rest of the furniture before I could make a beeline for the first key, and got a few light warning shocks to let me know I was off-course.

Those stopped as soon as I figured I was clear of the remaining obstacles and turned back to the proper direction. The vibrator noticeably picked up in speed this time and I moved with confidence. I knew I’d arrived when I felt something hard under my elbow and the vibrator shot up to full speed.

I fell to my side and wiggled around until I could touch it with my fingertips. Finding it was easier than picking it up, though, especially with the vibrator pushing me towards the cliff. I just about had it twice, but kept dropping it before I could get a proper grip.

Then the vibrator pushed me over the cliff and I exploded into ecstasy. This orgasm was just as powerful as my last one, and the full speed vibe wasn't giving me any time to recover. It turned my aftershocks directly into another full-fledged orgasm that left me panting and weak.

I somehow managed to get the key firmly in hand this time and stuck it under the edge of the pouch so I wouldn't drop it. The vibrator stopped the second I had it secure. I lay there recovering for a minute before I realized it was still running, but at the ultra-low speed again.

My next key was far away again, but that didn't make sense. The wall couldn't be more than a few feet away from me, unless… oh shit, the next key was inside the fetish club. I'd have to crawl out in full view of our friends in order to complete Laste's kinky game.

I found the club door without much difficulty, and sure enough, it was open and my beacon was pointing me that way. I needed to at least try to stop this stupid thing before it got out of hand, so I sat back and refused to move. My plug started shocking me again, fairly severely this time, and forced me back into motion.

I'd only made it a few steps inside before I felt a hand on my back.

"Bad luck! Our heroine took too long crossing the border and got stopped by a guard patrol. I hope she can make it through the interrogation without revealing any secrets."

Without any warning I felt a cane lash across my ass hard enough to make me howl in agony and fall flat to the floor. I felt a boot step on the small of my back and hold me down for nine more strokes. I was then lifted up and made to sit on my ass.

"The brave lady managed to make it through without saying a word, but it seems she hurt her neck in the process."

I felt a rigid posture collar wrap around my neck, forcing my head up high. As soon as it was fully tightened I was put back on my elbows and knees and encouraged to continue with a slap on the ass. I heard laughter coming from all directions at the show I was putting on and wanted to die out of sheer embarrassment.

All I could do was continue, so I turned a little to both the left and right to try and pinpoint the location of my next key. I set off as soon as I had the direction figured out and felt the vibrator start going faster. Shit… if this was like last time, I'd be forced to orgasm in the middle of the crowd.

Sure enough, I began cumming the second I found the key. The only good part was I'd managed to pick it up on my first attempt and stop the vibes before I lost complete control like I did for the last one. I earned a few cheers and claps but wasn't sure if it was due to my success or as appreciation for my spectacular public orgasm.

My next key was somewhere to the left of me, into where the private booths were located. I knew navigation would be tricky for this one, and sure enough, I ran into someone's legs at the very first table. I felt a hand on my back again, halting my progress.

"Trying to save time by cutting through the dark forest, she stumbles into a bandit camp where the rough crew quickly subdues her. She gets tightly bound and brutally ravaged by the band of outlaws. Could this be the end of her mission?"

Brutally ravaged? That couldn't possibly mean what I thought it meant, could it? I felt cold steel slide under my panties and heard a snipping sound. I felt cool air on that side as my panties were cut, and another snip quickly followed on the other side. The remnants of my panties were pulled away, leaving me completely exposed.

Both the vibrator and butt plug were removed, and I felt myself being pulled on top of a warm, hairy chest. A hand guided his already hard rod past my pussy lips and deep inside me. A few seconds later I felt pressure against my rosebud, and couldn't stop the penetration since they used plenty of lube and because my sphincter had been stretched for so long by the plug.

It was both fat and long, but very smooth; it felt like a dildo. At some unspoken cue, they both began thrusting in and out of me in synchronization, one going in as the other was coming out. The man below me raised my chest up a bit so he could start mauling my tits. The nipple clamps twisted off in the first few seconds, causing a fresh surge of agony to shoot through me.

Despite the embarrassment of being dual penetrated in the middle of the club, I found myself feeling hot and bothered in short order. The ass-fucking wasn't very pleasant, but the large, hot cock in my snatch was another story. It wasn't long before I was close to cumming again.

To my dismay, he started cumming before I did and stopped his assault. All I was left with was an itch I couldn't scratch and a dildo painfully pounding my ass for another ten minutes. It was a huge relief when I finally heard her scream and cum.

"Once the bandits were sated and fell asleep for the night our heroine manages to escape their clutches, although their assault has left her sore and stretched like never before."

A new, larger butt plug was shoved hard up my ass and an even larger vibrator was forced into my pussy. I felt a rope wrap around my waist and pass between my legs. It was then pulled brutally tight into a real crotch-cutter before being finally tied off. My journey continued.

This new vibrator had a lot more power than the simple one I picked at the start of the night, and was enough to drive me into an orgasm before I even touched the next key. Wave after wave of unstoppable pleasure coursed through me, and it took everything I had to even locate the key. I think I came four times before managing to pick it up and add it to my collection.

I was exhausted by the time it finally stopped, yet I was only halfway done; three down, three more to go. I ran into another 'guard patrol' on the way to the next one and this time my tits were assaulted with a riding crop for several minutes.

I was informed this assault had left me breathless and had several rubber belts pulled tight around my stomach and chest. It felt worse than my corsets usually did, and I couldn't draw anything close to a full breath anymore.

Key four meant another string of orgasms, although not anywhere close to as many as last time. My nerve endings might be getting numb from the constant vibrations and not as quick to react. I ran into another patrol on the way to number five, getting five minutes with a paddle and another five with a flogger.

It meant my butt plug was turned on at fifty percent power and left running as my after effect from the interrogation torture. With the larger, more powerful plug filling me, it really fucking hurt and I hurried to get to my key as fast as I could.

My haste meant I bumped into another person on the way and was halted yet again. I felt my gag being deflated and the straps removed.

“One single word and the shocks in your ass go to full power for the rest of the night,” Laste warned me before pulling the mass of rubber out of my mouth.

I felt the tip of a cock brush against my lips and I reluctantly opened wide to accept it. It was larger than I expected, and I think it might’ve been Laste himself this time. That was bad news for me since he had amazing self-control, and even with my best oral technique it would take quite a while before I could make him cum.

As I sucked him off he began playing with my vibrator, but never enough to let me cum. After fifteen minutes of that, I wasn’t sure if I was happy or sad about the orgasm I never got. When he finally did cum, he pulled out of my throat to make sure his seed filled my mouth.

I was still trying to swallow when he jammed the gag back in place and pumped it up, trapping the taste of his cum on my tongue. The gag was strapped much tighter than before and was also pumped up to its maximum capacity. It was even tickling the back of my throat now, forcing me to keep my gag reflex in check.

The way he worked the vibrator while I was giving him head meant I was primed for another explosion before I could close in on the key. I came before I was even close and had to slither on my belly the rest of the way; I just couldn’t get back up, and came a second time before I found it.

Once it was secure I simply had to rest for a minute, and it wasn’t until the shocks in my ass were bad enough to make me start screaming that I finally got moving to find my last key.

“Our spy is doing well, but will she be able to find the mad scientist’s secret lair before he activates his doomsday device? She’s running out of time and

might not be able to complete her mission."

Running out of time? What was he talking about? He didn't say anything about a fucking time limit for his game. I was still trying to figure it out when I ran into another patrol. I hated this stupid fucking rigged game of his and just wanted it to end.

My interrogation torture this time was the worst of them all. I was put on my back and my knees were forced as wide as they'd go. Then someone began whipping my pussy with a wide leather strap.

After five minutes of non-stop pussy whipping I came close to passing out from the pain. The crotch-cutter rope forced my pussy lips out to each side and left them a perfect target. When they'd finished, the ropes were pulled apart enough for them to get a clamp onto my clit.

As soon as I stopped howling, they pulled my lips out to the sides and added another clamp on each one. They even put one more pair of clamps down there once the second round of screams subsided. Despite the pain and exhaustion, I forced myself onwards, needing this to end.

I ran into a step and realized my last key was somewhere on the stage. I should've known he'd finish there. The three steps up were hard, especially since I was mostly crawling by now and the lip of each step banged into my clit and labia clamps as I dragged myself upwards.

I felt another orgasm building as I got close and took a risk. I shuffled forwards as fast as I could and made it to my final objective before I was forced to cum again. By some miracle I got the key on the first try this time and felt both the vibrator and butt plug shut completely off.

"Our amazing secret agent managed to find all six keys, but does she have enough strength left to save the world? She needs to stop the doomsday device by stealing its power."

Several sets of hands grabbed onto me and forced me over a small bench. The leather pouches were removed from my arms, but my hands were quickly refastened to the legs with handcuffs. A rope was pushed behind each knee and tied to the back of the bench, forcing me to keep my butt in the air with my legs held wide.

The clamps, crotch-cutter and vibrator were quickly stripped away and I felt empty down there. Not for long, though, as a large textured dildo was pressed into the gap and all the way inside my already sore pussy. After a few moments I felt it began sliding in and out with a mechanical whirring sound. I was strapped down in front of a fucking machine!

“Our heroine is now ready to sacrifice herself to save the world from destruction, but doesn’t know how long it’ll take to steal enough power to keep humanity safe. She finds a block of ice in the laboratory that has a handcuff key inside and hangs it above her hand, thinking that by the time the ice melts, she’ll have done her job.”

Handcuff key in ice? I’d mostly frozen keys to the shackles when I prepped my ice blocks. The only handcuff key in ice was inside a six hour block! The thought was overwhelming and sapped my self-control. I began cumming in what was to be the first of many, many more orgasms.

I had one last coherent thought before my lust carried me away…

I wondered what other kinky self-bondage games Laste had in his repertoire.

###

Part 22: Bondage or Dare

A Self-Bondage Tale

“He made you do what?” Sherri asked in astonishment.

I sighed. The explanation of my self-bondage adventure and the aftermath after getting caught was taking forever since Sherri kept interrupting. I growled at her and kept going this time, determined to get to the end of the story.

“So let me get this straight,” she said after I plowed through the whole thing. “After he caught you in self-bondage, he made you do that whole rigmarole out in the club because they needed entertainment?”

“Not exactly,” I said. “It’s true we didn’t have any stage acts and he was hoping I’d help, but the whole game was because my self-bondage pissed him off.”

“How’s it any of his business what you do on your night off?”

“He wasn’t mad because I did self-bondage… he was mad because I did it without a safety backup. If something had gone wrong, I could’ve been trapped for days before anyone found me.”

“I still think he went out of bounds. It wouldn’t have been so bad if it was me he did it to, since I’d be able to handle it better, but you’re not used to that level of intensity.”

“Whoa, back the truck up a minute. I handled it just fine, thank you very much. I may even let him play a game like that again in the future. There’s no way you could’ve done any better than me.”

“You’re memory must be going. Did you forget I spent several months under his control in strict bondage, undergoing long, harsh sessions that made your little adventure look like a walk in the park?”

“You may have had a rough night now and then, like at that BDSM party, but

you didn't have any kind of reputation to uphold like I do. They recognize me as a professional Dom and my public display was a lot more embarrassing, yet I never flinched and never stopped."

"You think you have more guts and better stamina than I do? You're dreaming, girlfriend."

"If you doubt me, then let's play a game to see which of us girls has the bigger set of balls."

"What do you have in mind?"

"How about we play a kinky version of truth or dare? We challenge each other to do things, and see who taps out first."

"What's to stop one of us from picking something totally out of control that you know the other person can't do?"

"Hmm… ok, how about this. Let's say I challenge you to do something harsh and you think it's something I'd never do myself, you could call 'bluff' and then I'd have to do it myself. If I do it, then you lose."

"What about using some sort of point system? We could have a neutral person judge how difficult, embarrassing, and creative a task is, along with how well they do it. This way we could go for several rounds and not lose from one bad call."

"I like that."

"If you challenge me to do something like strip in the middle of the club, they could rate my performance, multiply it by the difficulty level, and add it to my total. If I called bluff and you didn't do it, you would lose some points. If I called bluff and you did it, you'd win double points."

"So rather than truth or dare, this is bondage or dare?"

"I think the challenges could vary between bondage, humiliation, or punishment."

"I can still think of a way to game the system, but what if we wrote our ideas down on cards? We write down all the kinky shit we'd be willing to do and maybe a few we think would make the other person tap out. We mix them all up and pick three cards for our hand. We then choose one scenario from our

hand to act out. We could pick something easy if we want a break, or hard if we want more points."

"What are the stakes?"

"Whenever we play a round we add one restraint, device, or toy to the pot. The loser submits to the winner onstage and has to use every item accumulated for the night, plus maybe six extra the winner gets to choose at the end."

"This sounds fun, but we're starting to get complicated with our rules," she complained.

"I just don't want any room for error."

"True," she said, smiling. "When I have you bound on stage I want there to be no doubt in anyone's mind that I totally kicked your ass."

"In your dreams, babe," I scoffed. "Shall we say tomorrow night?"

"I can hardly wait."

The Game

We hashed out the definitive set of rules we'd be using and got Laste to head up the judge's panel. Each judge also got to add a few extra head to head challenges we'd have to do at the same time, with the points going to whoever earned the higher score in that round.

I was more than a little nervous about our game, but my competitive spirit had control of me and I was ready to kick some ass tonight. Laste made sure everyone understood the rules before shuffling the deck and dealing out our first cards.

Since we knew we'd each be starting with three cards, we'd each pre-selected our initial items for the pot. I put in a corset, nipple clamps and armbinder. Sherri picked vibrator, butt plug, and crotch rope. I knew she'd go straight to the toys, but she picked some rather large and severe ones, maybe trying to intimidate me right at the start. I'd have to up my game a bit sooner than I thought.

To determine who went first we had to start with a simple head-to-head humiliation challenge. We'd have to go into the public area of the club and let a random stranger see we had a vibrator stuck up our snatches. It was low on difficulty, but high in embarrassment.

I had a good idea for this one and grabbed a large, knobby one from the toy rack before Sherri could snatch it. She selected a more conventional one that was shaped like a penis, and we both slid them in place and turned them on before taking the elevator down.

I clipped the remote onto my belt and adjusted the fake glasses I wore that had a built-in camera and microphone. We had live feeds from our glasses and from the club security system running upstairs so the guests could enjoy the show and the judges could assign our scores.

Sherri started scanning the crowd when we stepped out, but I went straight to the fetish shop. There was the usual crowd of people from the club browsing,

and one nervous looking geeky guy near the front counter. Perfect! I turned my vibrator off and took a deep breath.

I walked up and stood next to the guy, giving him a smile and a wink before turning to Lisa behind the counter.

“Sorry to interrupt, but do you have any spare batteries back there?”

“Lots,” Lisa said. “What kind and how many do you need?”

I squatted slightly and stuck a hand under my mini skirt, pushed my panties to the side and slowly pulled the toy out. I removed the batteries and showed them to Lisa.

“Can you hold this for a moment?” I asked the now bug-eyed man as I handed him the vibrator.

While Lisa got the replacement batteries, I sauntered over to the trash can in the corner and tossed away the old ones. It was tough keeping a straight face, but I wanted this to appear like it was a normal, everyday event.

“Can I get you to put the new ones in for me?” I asked the man when I got back. “As many times as I’ve had to replace those batteries, you’d think I could get it right, but no… I always screw it up.”

“S-sure,” he stammered, taking them from Lisa’s hand.

He probably fumbled with them more than I ever would, but eventually he got them in right. I’d casually pressed the button on the remote while he was working on it, so it immediately roared to full power as soon as he was done. He almost dropped it when that happened.

“Thanks, cutie,” I said, giving him a kiss before taking it from his hand.

I squatted again and slid it in place, straightened my clothes, and skipped out the door like a happy little schoolgirl. I beat Sherri back to the elevator but didn’t have to wait long. She had a smug expression on her face and probably thought her idea was the winner. I couldn’t wait to wipe that grin away.

When we got upstairs, we were greeted with a hearty round of applause. We took our seats and watched as the judges replayed our scene before assigning our points. It also gave me a chance to see what she’d come up with.

Watching her, I realized she was more creative than I initially gave her credit for.

***

I wasn't sure where Jill was off to in such a hurry, but knowing her it would be the quietest corner of the place. For myself, I wanted to be in the middle of as many people as possible so I could get a higher score.

I stood next to the dance floor and scanned the crowd for a likely target. A cute guy walking by flashed a smile at me and I immediately latched onto him and pulled him into the middle of the dancers. It was an energetic song with a good beat, which is exactly what I wanted.

"I'm Jack," he said once we started dancing.

"Pleased to meet you," I said. "I'm Jill."

"Jack and Jill… it sounds like fate to me."

I wanted to laugh at the corny line, but smiled instead and started moving with a little more verve. After a minute I widened my stance a little and added a bounce to my step. A few seconds later and my vibrator slid out and fell to the ground. The rattles from its vibrations on the hard floor were audible even over the music.

His jaw dropped and his face turned red. I ignored the toy and kept dancing. After a moment he bent down and picked it up.

"I… err… think you dropped something," he said, sounding embarrassed.

"Oh, thanks," I said, taking it from his hand and continuing my dance.

As soon as the song ended I reached between my legs and stuck it back in place.

"Thanks for the dance, hon," I said, throwing him a smile before going back to the elevator.

Before the doors closed I could see him still standing there, staring at me and probably wondering if it really happened. I'd like to see Jill top that one.

“Ok,” Laste said after both of our videos had been replayed. “The judges have all entered their scores and we’ve calculated the results. Jill earned a score of 7.7 for her performance, and Sherri got an 8.0”

I threw Jill a haughty glance before turning back to Laste.

“We judged both acts to be of the same difficulty, but Jill had a little more creativity with hers. The score therefore stands at 16.9 - 16.0 in favor of Jill. Do you wish to go first or second, Jill?”

“I want a drink so I’ll go second.”

“Very well then,” he said, turning to me. “Sherri, play your first card.”

I looked at the cards I had and decided on the nipple torture option since it had a good difficulty multiplier. I added a ring gag to the pot and went onstage for my scene. For this one I had to hold a vibrator in my pussy while weights were slowly added to nipple clamps I’d be wearing.

It would be easier if I had Jill’s vibrator, but I’d manage. All I had to do was keep it in until enough weight was added to pull the clamps off. It would be a painful, but quick scene.

Ankle cuffs and a twelve-inch spreader bar made sure I couldn’t cheat by holding my legs tight together, and my stomach was strapped in place over the spanking bar. My head and arms were put into the pillory and I found myself pretty much immobile. I wouldn’t be able to try shaking them off now, but could only rely on gravity to do the job.

The vibrator was inserted and turned on to high just as Laste snapped the clamps on my nipples. Every ten seconds he added a weight to the end of one clamp, alternating left and right with each round. The pull was hardly worth mentioning for the first minute or two, but once I had six on each side it really started to hurt.

At nine I had to close my eyes and concentrate on the vibrator as a way to tune out the pain, and also because it had begun to slip. I was soaking wet down there by now and I had to clench my vaginal muscles as hard as I could to keep it in place.

Of course, that just made the sensations stronger and I began to worry I might

have an orgasm. If I did cum, there'd be almost no chance of holding onto it and I'd lose in an instant. The pull on my nipples was now impossible to ignore, and I hoped they'd fall soon. I had no idea what we were at, but I bet I had close to a pound of lead hanging off each tit by now.

I screamed as the first one came off and the blood rushed back into the tortured nipple. I tried to brace myself for the second one but I guess it was clamped in place better since it took two more weights before it was ripped away.

I screamed again and lost complete control; I began cumming violently, squirting and expelling the vibrator in the process. I lay limp for a few moments trying to catch my breath and ride out the aftershocks. I'd won, but it was a close call.

They awarded me a score of 7.3 and with a 3.5 difficulty multiplier it meant I gained 25.7 points. Beat that, Jill!

***

"Bravo," I said, as Sherri took her seat. "I see you're going to make me work for it tonight."

"Giving up already?"

"Not a chance," I replied, and looked at my cards.

I was initially glad I had a fairly easy set of cards to choose from, but now I could see that would work against me. I needed something with a good multiplier or I'd start falling behind. I picked the best one I had, and added a bundle of leather straps to the pot.

"Public orgasm in bondage," I shouted, throwing down the card.

This one meant I had to reenter the club downstairs and convince a random stranger to make me cum. My arms were secured behind my back in a thick leather armbinder which was pulled tight enough to make my elbows grind together.

My feet were cuffed together with an eighteen inch hobble chain, and the plug from a penis gag was stuck into my cleavage. I had to be able to speak

in order to talk someone into this, but needed to be gagged when I came.

I shuffled to the elevator where Antoine the bouncer helped me with the buttons. He'd also be my bodyguard for this scene and would be keeping an eye on me from a short distance to make sure things didn't get out of hand.

I drew the eyes of everyone I passed when I got out, yet my eyes were on only one person. I saw the guy that helped me in the fetish shop sitting alone in a booth and made a beeline for him. He was perfect for this.

"Hello again," I sweetly said as I sat down in the booth and scooted over next to him.

"Umm… hi," he awkwardly replied.

"I hate to bother you again, but I seem to have found myself in a bit of a bind. A friend of mine stole my toy before I had a chance to have any fun, and I'm so horny I just can't stand it. I'll buy you a drink if you can lend me a helping hand, so to speak."

"You mean right here?"

"Well, yes… we can't really step outside, can we?"

"I guess not."

"Good, then it's settled," I said to him, before turning to a passing waitress. "Paula! Bring me a margarita with a long straw and another of whatever my new friend is having."

"Coming right up, Jill," she said.

"Are you sure about this?" he asked. He looked like he might pass out from terror at doing this in front of a bar full of people.

"Absolutely, now slide your hand under the table and casually move it between my legs. Yes, just like that… now slide a finger or two inside my pussy and start rubbing. Don't forget about my clit, either."

He had all the expertise of a fourteen year old virgin, but I gave him some tips about the best way to diddle me and he slowly got better. It was real slow going at first, and I finished half of my drink before I figured he'd be able to get me off without any more instructions.

“Now you’re getting the hang of it,” I whispered into his ear, giving it a little nibble in the process. “One last thing, though… take the penis gag out from between my tits and stick it in my mouth so I don’t scream too loud when I cum.”

His hands were shaking and I think he was breathing heavier than I was right now, but he reached in and pulled it out. I also think he was too scared to cop a feel, but that was his loss, not mine. He held it in front of my face and I quickly leaned over, taking it in until my teeth fell into the grooves near the base.

If I stretched my lips I could hide most of it, but it was difficult to do for more than a few seconds so I didn’t bother. He shot back the rest of his whiskey in a single gulp before getting busy with his hand again.

It took another ten minutes or so, but I finally started getting close. It took all of my self-control to hold still and not start moaning. He must have sensed I was getting close because he picked up the pace and started sliding three fingers into my now dripping snatch. I bet I was going to leave a wet spot on the bench by the time I was done.

His thumb was rubbing against my clit with each stroke now (by accident I’m sure) and now we were making some progress. A minute later and I felt my orgasm crash over me. I bit down hard on the gag and shuddered uncontrollably as the waves of pleasure pulsed out from my groin. I spat out the gag once it was over and gave him a peck on the cheek.

“Thanks again, cutie,” I said. “I couldn’t have done it without you, but now I need to run. Can you put the gag back where it came from?”

He picked up the gag and put it back between my tits. He copped a quick feel this time and I almost felt proud of him for his boldness. His fingers left little streaks of my own moisture on my chest and the latex top.

I finished my drink in one long slurp, gave him another kiss, and scooted out of the booth. Antoine had to run a bit of interference for me since a whole slew of gawking guys tried to buy me drinks, but I made it to the elevator without any real problems.

I got a score of 8.3 with a 3.2 multiplier, putting the score at 43.6 - 41.7 in my

favor. We were each dealt two more cards and were given another head-to-head challenge. This time, we had to see who could deep throat a twelve inch dildo and hold it in place for the longest amount of time.

I was seeing spots near the end from the lack of air, but managed to hold out for a few seconds longer than she did, and take home the win. This one didn't have a multiplier, but still gave me eight points and increased my lead. Our pot now held a significant number of items, and I hoped we didn't run out of toys before the game ended. (Highly unlikely, but you can only put so many things on one human body.)

Sherri selected a corporal punishment card and had to endure twenty lashed from a cane without making a sound. She had to hold the handle of a riding crop in her teeth for the entire time as well. She won, but only earned twenty-four points.

I decided to go for broke and play a wildcard. This one was another public scene and all I had to do was give someone a blowjob. What made it a wildcard was that I would get a higher bonus multiplier for every item I added to the scene.

I chose my initial vibrator, a butterfly vibe for my clit, and a large electric butt plug for my ass, all held in place with a super-tight crotch-cutter rope. Each of those three items would run on a random program.

They restricted me with a knee length rubber hobble skirt, six-inch hobble bar, three inch tall collar, and I had my arms strapped behind my back in the reverse prayer position. I had them add rubber straps to keep my arms tight against my back and one around my thighs to make sure I wouldn't even be able to hit the limit of the hobble when I took a step.

As a finishing touch, clover clamps went on my nipples and were chained to the front of the collar, ensuring I'd be giving them a good yank every time I turned my head. I could barely move by the time they were done with me, and getting to the elevator took forever.

Antoine had to start running interference the second the elevator opened, but I saw my guy was still sitting alone and managed to eventually make it there. I ordered another round of drinks before sliding into the booth again.

“Hello yet again, cutie,” I said. “After I left last time, I realized how atrocious my manners have been tonight.”

“Huh?”

“You’ve helped me twice so far tonight, yet I never thought to properly thank you for your trouble.”

“It was no problem, ma’am, and if I can be honest with you, I’ve never been more excited to help someone in my life.”

I leaned over to take a sip of my drink and snuck a glance down at his pants. Yes, he had quite the tent going on down there. Both my pussy and clit vibes came on and I thought this would be fun for both of us. I finished my drink and started sliding under the table.

“I still want to thank you for all your assistance, and know just how to do it.”

I rubbed my face over his groin and tried to catch the end of his zipper with my teeth. I managed to get it eventually, but had to ask him for help pulling it out. He was just too long and too hard for me to work it past his underwear without the use of my hands.

Both my vibes were still running on high and I had to pause just when I took him in my mouth, as I started cumming. I plunged my head down all the way into his crotch to muffle my shrieks and held it there, even though his length was making me choke and I couldn’t breathe.

As soon as it passed I began bobbing my head and he was so horny that I made him cum within a minute. I took his seed deep in my throat and sucked every last bit of juice out of him until he lost his erection.

He helped me regain my seat beside him and we both took a moment to catch our breath. Paula had brought another round of drinks while I was busy down below, and I washed the taste of his cum out of my mouth with several large sips.

The look on his face was priceless; he looked like someone bopped him on the head with a brick and all he could do was sit there completely stunned. I felt both vibes shut off a second before my butt plug start shocking me and I knew it was time to get out of there. I guzzled the last of my drink and gave

him another kiss.

“I feel better now that I got the chance to show my thanks. Maybe I’ll see you again sometime, but now I really do need to run. Ciao, cutie,” I said as I got to my feet.

The butterfly vibe came on again when I was halfway back to the elevator, making me sweat trying to contain the impending orgasm. I almost made it, but had to stop a few feet short as it was too much for me, and I started cumming again.

Antoine had to actually hold me up through it or I would’ve been convulsing on the floor. I could barely keep myself on my feet by the time it was done, so he simply dragged me the last few feet into the elevator and closed the door.

I had a standing ovation from the crowd when I emerged upstairs, even though I couldn’t stand myself. They released me completely before announcing my score. I got a 9.0 score with a 5.2 multiplier, giving me a commanding 98.4 - 65.7 lead.

Sherri was fucked now.

Upping the Ante

I was so screwed right now. Jill's wildcard gamble gave her a huge lead, and I wasn't sure if I'd be able to ever catch up. I had only one card that might possibly work, but it was a 'bluff' card that wasn't really meant to be used. I steeled myself and threw it down on the table.

"Guests choice," I shouted.

The room was completely silent for several seconds before the murmur of conversation resumed as they began discussing my bold play. What it meant was simple to describe, but next to impossible to complete. Every person in the room would get a turn to add anything they felt like to my scene.

I was led on stage and stripped naked in preparation for my ordeal. My hands were cuffed together and pulled above my head to make sure I didn't run off once I saw what they had in store for me. I was also blindfolded while they assembled the multitude of items needed. There were over thirty people in the room tonight, so it took quite a while.

I was sweating bullets by the time the removed my blindfold to let me see what I'd gotten myself into. The first thing was an inflatable gag, probably to keep me from complaining as they began working me over.

Next was an adjustable posture collar that I knew from past experience could be brutal if they decided to stretch the height on it. It was strapped in place maybe a notch too tight for comfort, but not enough to restrict my breathing past the point where I couldn't cope.

Six elastics went around the base of each of my tits, compressing them and making them turn red almost instantly. A rope bra was woven over top of that, and the additional restriction changed my tits from red to purple.

My nipples were played with until they were fully erect and then two tiny elastics were rolled off a thimble and onto the bottom of each one. My nipples began throbbing worse than when I wore clamps on them.

A massive number eight electric butt plug was lubed up in front of my eyes

and then taken behind me. It took several minutes before they were able to work that monster into place, and I thought it might split me in half before they got it past the wide part.

A wide belt was wrapped around my stomach and pulled tighter than any corset I'd ever worn. I was forced to take short, shallow breaths now due to the severe compression. They gave me a minute to get used to it before continuing.

I saw several people in the crowd taking practice swings with crops and floggers. Not everyone was adding a bondage item; they could select toys, punishments, or ordeals for me to work through.

I was lowered to my knees and had them bent back into a frog tie. While two people strapped my legs to my thighs, someone else unhooked my wrists from above and began pulling my arms together behind my back.

Within minutes my feet were pressed tight against the outside of my ass and my arms were welded together from wrist to elbow. Two people then lifted me up while a third slid a sybian underneath me, and guided the attached shaft into my pussy as I was slowly lowered back down.

The sybian was mounted on a sheet of plywood that had a dozen rings bolted around it. My knees were spread wide and tied tight to several of those rings, making sure I stayed on it for the duration of the ride. It was turned on to a low speed, but it had a powerful motor and I'd eventually cum from even its lowest setting.

My gag was given a few more pumps and the posture collar stretched out until I could barely stand it. As if my breathing wasn't hard enough at this point, they added a gasmask with a rebreather bag and aroma canister. It was just barely skirting the line on allowing me enough air by the time they were done.

My arms were pulled up into a strappado, forcing me to lean forward until my clit was pressed against the knobby pad in front of the dildo. Being bent forward made it a little harder to get air in my lungs, especially once the vibrations directly on my clit started bringing me closer to orgasm.

"Ok," Laste said after nobody else came forward to add to my bondage.

“This one hour session is about to start. Those of you who haven’t already added something, what choice have you made?”

They began sounding off their choices, and it wasn’t good.

Crop to the tits, crop to the ass, flogger to the tits, and five minutes of full power to the butt plug were just the beginning. I could see Laste keeping a running tally of what score multiplier I’d be getting for this scene, and when the last of the choices were announced, I saw I was at a 14.6!

That meant if I could last the full hour I’d earn around a hundred and thirty points and have roughly twice as many as Jill. The game was mine!

“My choice hasn’t been added yet, Laste,” Jill said from somewhere behind me.

“Sorry, what were you going to add to her predicament?”

“An ordeal,” she purred. “An orgasm control ordeal with the sybian on full speed, and a ten point penalty for every orgasm she has.”

As soon as she finished speaking I felt the sybian get turned up to full blast, which rocked me into an immediate, Earth-shattering orgasm. The relentless machine kept me going for what seemed like forever, and just as I began calming down it forced me right back up to the peak of ecstasy again.

I think I came four times within the first five minutes, and I still had fifty-five left to go. At this rate I’d finish with a negative score!

Well played, Jill… well played.

###

Part 23: The Bondage Predicament

The Lovesick Puppy

“I saw your adoring new boyfriend waiting downstairs again,” Sherri teased me.

“For the last time, he’s not my boyfriend. He’s just acting like a lovesick puppy from the attention I gave him last week during our game.”

“I think he’s kinda cute, and he’s been in every night this week… what’s his name?”

“Umm… actually, I don’t know. I had other things to worry about that night.”

“Shame on you, hon,” she chided. “You gave him a blowjob in the middle of the bar while you were tied up, and you don’t even know his name?”

It did make me sound kind of ignorant when she said it that way. I should at least go talk to him and let him down gently. He had a simple crush on me, but I was in love with Sherri.

“Fine, I’ll go talk to the geek.”

“I’m coming too,” she said. “I don’t want him stealing you away from me.”

“Hardly,” I snorted. “He looks like the kind of guy who was beat up in school for his lunch money.”

“He wouldn’t be so bad if he got contacts and dressed himself in clothes from the current century. Not only that, but from what I saw it looked like he’s hung like a horse.”

“You’re terrible… and also in big trouble. In about an hour I make you pay for losing our ‘Bondage or Dare’ game, so you might want to consider what pissing me off will make me add to your predicament. In fact, I think I’ll start right now so you don’t embarrass me any further.”

“Yes, oh wonderful, smart, sexy, talented, and generous Mistress,” she said in mock adoration.

“I think I’ll start with a gag,” I mumbled under my breath.

I had her put on her initial restraints (gag first) while I checked myself in the mirror. I needed to look my best for tonight’s scene, and scuffed leather or smudged latex just wouldn’t do. I polished away a few fingerprints from my latex corset and considered myself presentable.

Tonight I wore thigh high boots with a five inch heel, a tight miniskirt, full corset, and long opera gloves, all in glossy black latex. I debated changing the corset for a red one and adding some accessories, but didn’t want to waste the hour we had before we began.

Sherri finished before I did and now wore a bright red ball gag, leather ankle cuffs connected with an eighteen-inch hobble chain, a plain black collar with leash already attached, and her wrists secured behind her back with handcuffs.

I grabbed my riding crop from the nightstand and wrapped the end of the leash around my hand, giving it a little tug to get her moving. I figured I’d go have a quick talk with the geek since we had to go through the main club anyway, and then spend the remainder of my free time warming Sherri up before the big show.

When the elevator opened up downstairs, the first thing I saw was the geek sitting at the end of the bar where he’d been every night since I made him help me with the kinky public acts that won the game for me.

He had hair like a haystack and it looked like he either cut it himself or had an epileptic barber. Thick glasses framed a face that might be considered cute if he did something with the rest of his image, and I doubt his plaid shirt had ever known the touch of an iron. He did have a nice ass, though. His face lit up when he saw me approach.

“Hello, Mistress Jill,” he said. “You’re looking extra beautiful tonight.”

“Thanks… umm… what was your name again?”

“It’s Gary, Mistress.”

“You don’t need to call me Mistress, Gary. You’re a customer, not a playmate.”

“I’d be anything you want, Mistress. You’re all I can think of since that night when you asked for my helping hand.”

I could imagine he thought of me often… probably late at night when he was alone with a box of tissues.

“Look, you’re sweet and seem like a really nice guy, but I honestly don’t think you have what it takes to handle the type of stuff we have fun with.”

“I’d be willing to learn and I’d obey any command you gave me, no matter what it was.”

“Really?” I said, with a raised eyebrow. “Ok, drop your pants.”

His face instantly turned three different shades of red out of embarrassment and his jaw fell open. I turned to Sherri.

“Hike up your skirt and moon the people on the dance floor.”

She immediately started pulling it up, spreading her legs to help her bound hands get it over her butt. As soon as her ass was clear she turned and bent over, giving it a little wiggle before turning back to me. I helped her pull it back down and turned to Gary again.

“Maybe someday you’ll understand what being submissive means, but for now I suggest you just enjoy the club and forget about me. Have a drink on me and think about it.”

I had the bartender pour him a double, and I blew him a kiss goodbye. On a whim, I leaned close to Sherri as we passed a pair of hot looking girls.

“I know he looks a little odd, but you wouldn’t believe how good he is in the sack.”

The girls gave him an appraising look and I quickly turned away to hide my smile. Maybe he’d get lucky with one or both of them and forget about me. I took Sherri to the basement where the hidden entrance to our dungeon was and tried to get my mind back in the groove. It was time for some fun.

Sherri's Predicament

The first thing Mistress Jill had me do was strip completely naked and stand on a scale. She needed a very precise weight for me tonight, since she'd be using some of Laste's fancy electronic gizmos to make my ordeal more interesting.

It was supposed to be a type of self-bondage game for me that she'd planned out and would be directing as the night went on. She gave me a radio earpiece and a blindfold before pointing towards the left-hand cell.

Both cells were currently hidden by hastily hung curtains, but her meaning was clear. I stepped up to the door, stuck the earpiece in place, and put on the blindfold before passing through the curtain.

I heard the door slam shut behind me, and then a crackle in the earpiece as it was turned on.

"I have designed a series of challenges for you to pass through tonight, and your ordeal will only end once all conditions are met. A perfect run will only take an hour, but for every extra minute it takes, you'll spend an equal amount of time upstairs working off the demerits.

"Your first task is simple. Scattered around the cell are a number of items you need to collect. You must be properly wearing each and every item you find, and when you think you have them all you will stand on a scale at the side of the door.

"If you found them all then the door will open and you can proceed to the next phase. If you missed any then… umm… let's just say you don't want to miss any. There may also be a few booby traps scattered throughout the different stages, but I don't want to spoil that surprise either. The blindfold stays on until you leave the cell. Your time starts now."

I'd already felt my foot hit something when I stepped into the cell, so I went down on my hands and knees to find it. I found it right away and ran my hands over it to identify what it was. It was a leather chastity belt, but being

chaste had nothing to do with this model; it had a pair of sizable inserts attached to the crotch strap.

It also had a dual set of battery packs attached to the back, which was odd since a single pack was enough to power the toys for a full day. I didn't find any lube, so I used my own spit to help slide the butt plug into place.

Even though I was already damp between my legs, I needed some spit for the vibrator since it was quite a bit fatter than I felt comfortable with. I had to work the inserts back and forth a bit to get them all the way in, and I felt very full by the time I was able to latch the belt shut.

I stayed on my hands and knees so I could sweep the floor faster and quickly found handcuffs, a ring gag, a tall posture collar, and a pair of institutional ankle cuffs. I thought it was pretty lame and I could've saved time by wearing my initial set of restraints.

I swept the floor one last time before moving over to the scale. A few second after I got on it I heard a buzzer and immediately felt the plug in my ass come to life. It gave me two long and brutally high powered zaps before shutting down again. Shit, I must've missed something.

I searched the room again but couldn't find anything. It took me two more laps before I bumped into the bedframe and heard a little jingle. She'd wrapped a chain with nipple clamps around the top of a bedpost and I felt lucky I heard the noise or I'd never have found them.

It was also a good thing I'd cuffed my hands in front of me or the game would've been over right then and there. This way I was able to clamp them in place after rubbing my nipples for a moment, and head back to the scale so I could continue.

This time I only got one long zap and I knew there was still one item remaining somewhere. Shit. It took me forever to find the last item because it was so cleverly disguised. One of the chains used to shackle someone to the back wall had been replaced with a thinner one that contained two dozen or so spring clips along part of the length.

I'd used something like this before and knew what to do. I soon had a dozen clips pinching each breast with the long end of the chain dangling down

between them. When I stepped on the scale this time I heard a dinging sound, followed by something small and metallic bouncing off the floor behind me.

My vibrator also came to life in what I thought of as the rollercoaster mode. Over the course of a minute it would climb from zero to full power and then back down again, and was usually a frustrating experience to have to endure.

It took me a minute to find what had fallen. It was a key ring with a large skeleton key and a small one of the kind used for many of our restraints. The skeleton key opened the door and I was able to finally exit the cell and remove my blindfold.

I found the room had changed during my time behind bars; there was a heavily modified exercise bike in the middle of the room now and it was obviously the next stage of my ordeal. I took a closer look to try to figure out what I needed to do.

The seat had a monster-sized dildo sticking through the seat, so I used the small key to open my chastity belt and remove the vibrator. (The butt plug stayed in place.) I climbed on with difficulty due to the awkwardness of having to lift myself up high to get the large intruder inside me.

As soon as my butt hit the seat I heard a ding. What next? There were snap clips on each pedal, so I leaned over (another awkward maneuver with the large dildo in my snatch) and snapped it around my ankle cuff D-ring. I heard another ding so I did the second cuff the same way.

The handlebars were suspiciously close together, and looked like just the right distance apart for someone wearing handcuffs. As soon as I grabbed the handles, a bar snapped down over the handcuff chain, holding it in place. Everything seemed logical here, if overly complicated.

There was a dildo in front of my face that looked like it would fit through the ring gag, so I slid my mouth over it. A second later and I heard the buzzing sound and got two more brutal shocks from the butt plug. Shit, I apparently missed two things and this dildo was like the scale from the last phase.

The bar holding my cuffs in place popped open and I looked for what I could’ve missed. The only things remaining were a clip in front of me

running to a box on the floor, and one on a chain below my seat.

I was puzzled for a few minutes but eventually figured out I needed to connect the first clip to the chain with the spring clips, and the one below the seat went to the chain between my nipple clamps. I grabbed the handles and tried the dildo again, this time getting a ding.

My butt plug began pulsing with a low powered shock every few seconds, although each one felt a tiny bit stronger than the one before it. That stopped as soon as I started pedaling.

I'd figured that pedaling would pump the dildo in and out of me and I was right, but what I didn't expect was every time it went down, the shaft also painfully stretched my nipples. I swore as good as I could with a ring gag and dildo in my mouth, but kept pedaling.

The box on the floor slowly began to rise up, and glancing toward the ceiling I saw another skeleton key hanging above it. Ok, I guess I needed to make the box reach the key. I bit down on the dildo to help deal with the painful pull on my nipples and started pedaling faster.

As the box rose, I felt the slack come out of the spring clip chain. A moment later and the first one was pulled off, causing me to shriek and lose my rhythm. As soon as my pedaling slowed, the box began lowering itself. Shit, I couldn't slow down or I'd have to start over.

I picked up my pace again, determined to just push through the pain and end this predicament. It meant the dildo was also fucking me faster, and I felt an orgasm start to build. I managed to hold on for another minute and came close to finishing, but just as the last clips pulled free I exploded into a wonderfully powerful orgasm that took my breath away.

The massive surge of pleasure was so intense I forgot to keep pedaling, and I heard the clunk of the box hitting the floor. Shit, that was stupid of me. I resumed pedaling and tried again, having a slightly easier time with the spring clips all gone this time.

Unfortunately my legs were wobbly after my orgasm and I couldn't raise it fast enough. The pounding dildo ripped another orgasm out of me and the box fell to the floor again. I decided I needed to wait until my aftershocks

had run their course and I was fully recovered before giving it another attempt.

I rested until the shocks from the butt plug had reached a level I just couldn't stand and gave it everything I had. The dildo was slamming into me so painfully fast this time that along with the pull on my nipples, I was hardly getting turned on at all.

The box reached the ceiling and connected with the key. I heard another ding and the handcuff bar snapped open. I slowly released myself from the bike and waddled over to get the key… I might not be able to close my legs for a week after the pounding my pussy just took.

The items for my next phase made me stop in my tracks the second I entered the next cell. It was another weird contraption that could only have been born from Laste's twisted imagination. It had parts from the bastinado bolted in place above one of his pneumatic fucking machines.

In front of it were four thick rubber sleeves that were about a foot long and stretched wide at the top. A keypad was located near each of the front two and I figured it out from that. I folded my right leg over and slid it knee first into a rear sleeve, receiving a ding.

The second leg was harder to get in place but I eventually managed, and reaching between them I was able to get the fucking machine dildo into my slit. My elbows went into the front two sleeves easier than expected, but then some of the clamps holding them stretched apart popped free, causing all four to contract and instantly hold each limb tightly folded against itself.

Ok, that was a cool way to get into a self-bondage frog tie, but now what? I pressed a number on the left keypad and heard the failure buzz but didn't get a punishment. I pressed one on the right keypad and heard two buzzes. A red light and a number two lit up on the left keypad and the right one read ten percent. Both the bastinado and the fucking machine turned on.

I received a stinging blow to the sole of each foot and the fucking machine began slowly thrusting into me. The red light turned green and I tried a different set of numbers this time, but again got two buzzes.

The left keypad read four and the right read twenty percent. I felt the dildo

ramming home a little faster and I received two lashes on each foot this time. Round three was another double failure, making it eight strokes to my feet and thirty percent speed for the dildo.

Despite having a sore pussy, or maybe because of it, I started to cum just as I was hitting the next set of numbers. I wasn't sure what numbers I hit as the pleasure coursed through my veins, but they were both wrong again. I was now at sixteen strokes and forty percent speed.

On my next round I heard a buzz-ding after I selected my numbers and the right side keypad went dark. The fucking machine stayed on at its current level but I got thirty-two strokes from the bastinado.

I wished I would've gotten the bastinado right first, but at least I wouldn't have to endure full speed from the dildo. It was bad enough at its current speed since it never stopped at all and with ten seconds between each cane strike, it meant over five minutes of fucking during this punishment round.

I found myself cumming close to the end of the round and focused on enjoying it as much as possible to distract me from my very painful feet. I started swearing and thrashing in my bonds when I guessed wrong on my next turn, knowing I'd be getting sixty-four blows over the next ten minutes.

I came again halfway through, and this time it ran into a double orgasm that made me squirt all over the place. I never fully came down from my cum-drunk high this time and had one final orgasm before the punishment ended.

I was shaking as I tried to decide what number to try next. If I guessed wrong it would mean a hundred and twenty eight lashes and over twenty minutes of pounding into my overly sensitive pussy. I almost wept with relief when the light turned green and I got the ding.

The fucking machine stopped and the remaining clamps on the rubber sleeves opened up, dropping me the inch or so down to the floor. I was free from the evil machine now, but was still trapped in a tight rubber frog tie. I slowly crawled out of the cell to see if I was done.

The dungeon was empty, but the main door was open. I could take a hint; I slowly made my way through the door and carefully negotiated up the stairs. Jill was sitting on a chair with a margarita in one hand and her riding crop

and a leash in the other.

Once I got to her feet she casually leaned over and put her drink on my head.

“You better not spill that,” she warned me.

My arms and legs were shaky and weak, but I managed to hold still while she reached down and clipped the leash to my collar. I had to hold it while she stood and carefully fixed the creases in her latex miniskirt.

After a few minutes she finally retrieved her drink, tossed it back, and set the empty glass on her chair. She draped a large towel over me so I wouldn’t get an indecent expose charge when we went through the public part of our club, and gave the leash a tug, punctuating the command with a swat to my ass from the crop.

I couldn’t see with the towel covering me and my head still held high from the strict posture collar, so she steered me with blows to my ass cheeks. I was completely comfortable with those kinds of directions after all the time I spent running blind as a ponygirl.

She did give me a verbal warning when I approached the next set of stairs since it was outside the ponygirl command structure… ponies don’t climb stairs!

I heard a drastic increase in the volume of the music shortly after reaching the top, and knew the door to our fetish club had been opened. I’d never been so glad as right now that we always ordered extra-large towels.

My elbows and knees were killing me at this point, but I kept moving since the end had to be close. It did, didn’t it?

Extending the Show

I'd been beginning to wonder if she'd ever finish her self-bondage ordeal. When Laste and I planned it out, we'd calculated it could be done in an hour, yet Sherri had needed over three times as long. I guess that's the difference between theory and practice.

I silently winced every time I saw her bash an elbow or knee into a step and knew she'd have bruises tomorrow. Still, there was no turning back now and only two phases left to go. Antoine opened the door for us once we got to the landing and I was assaulted with noise from the club that seemed unnaturally loud after being in the quiet underground dungeon for so long.

Leading what was obviously a heavily restrained and most likely naked girl into the club drew an immediate flurry of activity from the customers in the area. A large group of what looked like drunken frat boys began whistling and making rude comments. Shit, this could be a problem.

Antoine saw it too and stepped in front of me to clear the way, trying to look as mean and imposing as he could. I caught the eye of the bouncer guarding the elevator and he immediately rushed over to help.

Between the two of them they managed to block the group and give me an open path next to the bar. I cracked the crop on Sherri's ass to both steer her and convey the fact I wanted to move as fast as fucking possible. It worked, but also drew more attention to us.

Both bouncers started fighting and had two to one odds against them. I thought there were six punks in the group when we first came upon them, and as I was suddenly grabbed from behind, knew I was right.

One hand pulled my hair violently back while a second began mauling my tits.

"C'mon, baby, let's all have some fun," he slurred.

The smell of beer on his breath was almost enough to make me gag. I saw the towel fly into the air and knew Sherri was in trouble from the last guy

now. I screamed and received a painful yank on my hair for it, accompanied by the cruelest tittie twister I'd ever felt.

I was suddenly thrust forward as someone else jumped into the fray and tried tackling my assailant. I managed to twist free as he dealt with the new threat, and turned in time to see someone the size of a linebacker connect a haymaker to Gary's chin.

I wasn't sure how good of a fighter Gary was, but I doubt anyone could be very effective in his current situation… his pants were down around his ankles! He had the worst timing in the world if he was trying to impress me by finally obeying my earlier command.

I'd worry about him later; right now I had to fight. From behind, I landed a kick square between the legs of the guy who coldcocked Gary, which caused the predictable result. I spun and pulled the guy off Sherri, and when he was on his back I stomped down on his groin as hard as I could.

Can you imagine the force of a stomp to the nuts, delivered by the point of a stiletto heel? Good, then I won't have to mention the agonizing details, other than to say he was out of the fight for good. I turned back to my first guy, but the rest of our bouncers and a few of our regular customers had finally arrived and the situation was pretty much over.

I considered calling the cops, but settled for having them thrown forcefully into the street. My initial plan was to make Sherri crawl up the stairs, but now I just got her into the elevator as fast as possible.

I had Antoine drag the unconscious Gary in as well since he *did* help me a lot, and got knocked out cold while trying. As soon as the door closed I bent down and removed Sherri's gag.

"Are you ok, hon?" I asked.

"What the hell was that? It felt like some goofball tried to shove his fist up my twat."

"It was just some random assholes that won't be a problem anymore. I'm sorry you had to deal with it."

"Shit happens," she chuckled. "For all I know he might've succeeded in

getting his arm up there, after the pounding I took during the first few phases tonight. By the way… why's your boyfriend sleeping in the corner, and why isn't he wearing any pants? Were you messing around while I was otherwise occupied?"

"For the thousandth time, he's not my fucking boyfriend," I shouted.

I stabbed the button to take us upstairs, her laughter at my vehement denial pissing me off even more. I ordered her to go onstage and wait for me while I made sure Gary wasn't too badly hurt. Misplaced puppy love or not, he did save my ass back there and I was grateful for his help.

We always had a few wheelchairs handy for when our elite guests brought their own slaves in a condition that prohibited walking. I had Antoine help him into one and I wheeled him over to our apartment where we put him on the couch. I'd let him rest here until he recovered.

I told Antoine to have a bottle of our best whisky sent over and some ice for his head as well. I gathered together a tray with Aspirin, Tylenol and water for him so he'd have a wide choice available when he woke up. I considered pulling his pants back up, but his Angry Birds boxer shorts were just too damn cute.

He seemed ok for now so I went back next door and asked Laste to strap Sherri to the St. Andrew's cross for me and give her a little whipping so she wouldn't get bored. He readily agreed to take care of things for me until I felt able to return. I guess I must've looked traumatized or something.

Gary was waking up as I got back, so I rushed over to see how he was doing.

"Welcome back, cutie," I said once his eyes looked somewhat focused.

"What happened?"

"You tried playing the gallant knight and rushed to my rescue, only to receive a rather large fist to the face. Did you want to go to the hospital or anything?"

"Just some water if it's not too much trouble, Mistress."

"I told you it's not necessary for you to call me Mistress."

"I want to, Mistress. I thought about what you said earlier and realized you

were right. I've been a chicken-shit my whole life, but I think I'd be able to obey you now. I swear I'll do anything you ask now, no matter how embarrassing or demeaning. After you left, I dropped my pants like you wanted and sat at the bar like that for three hours hoping you'd come back and notice I was ready to obey."

My eyes rolled up in my head in disgust, but he just saved my ass so the least I could do was give him a chance. I asked again if he was feeling alright, and he assured me he was fine and had taken far worse hits back in his high school and college days.

I put one knee on the couch between his legs and knelt on it, leaning over him so I could look him straight in the eye.

"Do you truly know what you're asking?"

"I think so, Mistress."

I lifted my knee up to his crotch and slowly let my weight press down on it.

"It means a lot more pain than pleasure, and any hesitation or disobedience brings instant retribution. Do you understand?" I asked, pressing down hard with my knee.

"Yes, Mistress," he gasped.

To his credit he didn't try to wiggle away or even reach for his crotch. I stood and put my five-inch heel into his mouth.

"Suck it," I commanded.

He immediately obeyed, even though he was terrible at it and I thought his gagging might make him throw up. I withdrew my heel before he could puke on my favorite shoes, and told him to get on his knees.

"I want you to crawl around the couch and go to the middle door. Find the spool of rubber surgical tubing and the cutters for it and bring it back to me."

"Yes, Mistress," he said as he crawled away on his hands and knees.

He returned surprisingly fast and presented it to me with his head bowed all the way down to the ground. It was a nice touch and I began to think he might not be totally clueless.

“Lay spread eagle on the ground and don’t move or make a sound, no matter what.”

He instantly complied, although he wound up kicking me in his haste to comply. I pulled his shorts down and took my first good look at his cock. I remembered it being fairly large from before, but out in the open like this it seemed even bigger.

I cut a length of tubing off the roll and stretched it tight around the base of his balls and giving it three wraps before tying it off. His legs twitched a few times, but he managed to hold mostly still. I cut another length off the roll and tied it as tight as I could around the bottom of his cock to make a leash.

It looked like he was starting to sweat and he was also biting his lower lip, but he still obeyed. I pulled up on the leash, stretching the rubber until my hand was as far above my head as I could reach.

His body bowed up and a faint moan escaped his lips, but he was still trying to obey. I didn’t think he had it in him. I let the rubber snap back which drew a short shriek from his lips and caused him to clutch his groin from the pain.

He writhed on the floor for a minute but then surprised me by regaining control and resuming the spread eagle position.

“Very good,” I complimented him. I pulled his shorts back up and fed the leash through the opening. “I might even be willing to give you a small reward for your fast learning, but since I have to get onstage soon, any reward would have to be taken care of out there.”

I could see the conflicting emotions in his face. He was a typical guy and would do almost anything for a sexual reward. On the other hand, there were several dozen strangers out there and he’d be the center of attention. I gave him a minute to think about it before giving him his choice.

“Get to your feet if you want this to end now, or to your knees if you want to follow me out so we can continue.”

It looked like he was about to stand, but changed his mind at the last second. He waited for me on his knees. I gave him a hard tug on the leash, although it looked worse than it really was due to the springiness of the rubber tubing.

He followed me to the club on his knees and to his credit, didn't even pause on the threshold. I pulled him to the stage by the leash on his pecker, forcing him to work hard to keep up. I gave him a minute to catch his breath while I took in Sherri's current situation.

Laste had taken my request to strap her to the cross literally. He hadn't bothered taking her out of her frog tie, and it looked to be an incredibly difficult position. Her entire front from neck to crotch was a mass of thin red stripes from Laste's single tail whip, and she couldn't even scream anymore from the overload of pain.

I thanked him and let him sit back down; it was my turn onstage and I needed to finish the show somehow. My initial plan was completely shot by now, but I thought I could come up with something even better now that I had Gary with me.

One way or another I was about to find out if he had the guts to handle the real stuff, or if he'd run away out of embarrassment.

"Hello everyone," I called out to the crowd. "Sorry about all of the delays and everything, but as luck would have it, I managed to recruit an assistant to help me get back on schedule."

"This is … umm… Gary the Gimp, and as a special treat for you all I'd like you to watch his first ever training session as a submissive."

It earned us a round of applause, but I think it just embarrassed him further. I decided to push that angle to see if he could take it.

"In fact, this is also his first time with a girl that doesn't have 'Inflate to thirty PSI' stamped on her neck. Some of you might remember him as the geek I played with during last week's game, and he somehow thought that made him ready for the big leagues."

The crowd was laughing at him now, and heckling as well. I *almost* felt sorry for him, but it was all part of the package as far as I was concerned.

"I don't think he'll amount to much, based on his completely inept attempts at getting me off that night, but I was bored and figured we could all use a good laugh. I don't think I could stand the frustration of having such a useless fool between my legs again, so I decided to let him play with Sherri

for a while and see if he can at least figure out what a clit is for."

I pulled his leash hard again and yanked him up to the cross. I passed the tube between the beams and stretched it out until his face was pressed hard into her pussy. I then tied it off to a ring in the floor to hold him in place. I stepped back around and gave him a swat to the ass with my crop.

"I know you've never seen one in real life before, but that's a woman's cunt. This is when you start licking and sucking, you idiot."

The crowd laughed again but he began eating her out, even though he was completely red from the embarrassment I'd heaped on him. I watched his technique as best as I could and tried to mock him over everything I could, giving him several swats to the ass with each insult.

In truth, he seemed to pick it up rather quickly and within ten minutes he had Sherri moaning in bliss. I stopped him when she was a hair away from orgasm and had him crawl behind her. I released the side brake on the frame and spun the cross (and Sherri, of course) upside down.

"You're useless with your mouth," I said with as much scorn as I could load into my tone. "Sherri, I think you should show him what a true maestro can do with a mouth."

She waggled her tongue at him until he got the hint and positioned his groin in her face. She immediately sucked him all the way in and started bobbing her head as much as she could in her current predicament.

He lasted far longer than I would've given him credit for, but that was probably due to the tight wraps of surgical tubing around his junk making it hard for him to cum. His orgasm almost looked painful from the intensity of it, but he was smiling once it was over. Lancelot gets his reward.

I returned the cross to the starting position and had him eat Sherri out again. It took another ten minutes before I had to stop him again to prevent Sherri from cumming, and I saw his cock was rampant again; I wondered if he could handle a second round this fast, but figured there was only one way to find out.

Once Sherri was upside down and sucking his cock again, I went to get a drink; all these insults I was slinging had made me thirsty. I enjoyed a

leisurely cocktail while watching him get sucked off, and even though the action on the stage should've been considered tame, the crowd seemed to be enjoying it tremendously. Maybe it was the freshness factor.

It took so long for him to cum this time that I actually needed a refill on my drink. I reset the cross and had him work on Sherri again. By this time I found myself getting pretty damn horny, and when I pulled him away again I decided to join in the fun.

I lay on the floor and spread my legs, but just out of range of his head. It forced him to stretch his leash painfully tight before he was able to get his face in my crotch. I found his tongue to be quite nimble and powerful, which was actually really impressive considering for how long he'd already used it on Sherri.

I let him lick me to a glorious orgasm, and I found myself squirting all over his face before I came down. I had him lick me completely clean, which was a difficult task since my juices kept dripping off his face and making new spots for him to clean up.

I still felt really hot, but had him work on Sherri again. It wouldn't do to have her calm down too much, even though I wasn't ready to let her cum yet. I got lost in thought for a few minutes and almost blew it, only calling him off at the absolute last possible second.

I slid backwards another inch or two and made him come service me again. He could barely reach me now, but he went straight for my clit this time, obviously picking up a good trick from his last turn on Sherri.

It only took him about five minutes to make me cum this time, and I thought he might be ready for another reward for learning so fast. I made him bring Sherri to the brink again and flip her over himself so I could simply lay back and watch.

It took forever and I could tell Sherri was nearly exhausted by now, but she eventually made him cum for the third time. I told him to leave her upside down for now so he could make me cum again. With a good rest in between my orgasms, I could go on like this all night.

Unfortunately, I could feel the difference in his action this time and knew I'd

pretty much worn his tongue out for the night. He still managed to give me a spectacular orgasm, but I could tell he was past his limits.

I had him spin the cross so Sherri was horizontal on her back and gave him a short break while I gathered up a few items. I gave him a chair, a dick on a stick, and a Hitachi wand massager.

“Ok,” I said. “That was a fun little diversion, but we need to wrap up the final phase of Sherri’s ordeal. Due to the sheer number of penalties, and for how long it took for her to escape the dungeon, I’m going to have you finish her punishment for me.

“You can use any of these toys, your fingers, or your mouth to make her cum, and you can even fuck her if you think you can stretch your leash far enough to stick it in there. Either way, I want to hear her moaning for the next three hours straight or you’ll spend the rest of the night suspended from the ceiling by that pitiful excuse you call a pecker.

“I’ve ignored my guests here tonight for far too long, so if you’ll both excuse me, I think it’s time I went and mingled. Get to work, gimp!”

I stepped off stage to receive a standing ovation, the roar of the crowd only slightly overshadowed as Sherri screamed with the force of the first of the many orgasms she was to receive at his hands.

Despite some mishaps and detours, I thought the night went exceptionally well. It even seemed like Gary might even be worth keeping around, especially if he kept learning as fast as he did tonight… I might have to sneak back onstage later, after his tongue got a chance to rest.

Then again, both of them would probably be exhausted by the time I was ready to release them. It might be more humane to just keep them tied up for the night… or maybe until tomorrow… or tomorrow night would be better… ok, through the weekend, but Monday at the latest. Maybe.

###

Part 24: Bondage Ménage

The After Party

I woke up sweating. I wasn't used to being the middle layer of a bondage sandwich, but it sure felt delightful. On one side of me was my girlfriend Sherri, and on the other was my new friend, a guy from the fetish club named Gary.

I crawled out carefully from between them, moving to the foot of the bed and trying not to wake them… they'd both endured a long and hard session last night in the fetish club and really needed their rest. Especially since I had plans for them both today.

I reeked of sweat and sex and desperately needed to get clean, but forced myself to start a pot of coffee brewing before hopping in the shower. It took close to an hour before I felt completely human again and decided it was time to get those two out of the sack… literally.

I'd put both of them into long leather sleep sacks for the night to make sure we actually got some sleep when we finally went to bed at around four in the morning. I saw Gary was awake, and decided to release him first.

I'd felt too tired to go all out on their resting bondage, so didn't use any locks. I was glad of that now, since it meant twenty less steps to releasing him. I simply undid the twenty straps, starting at his chest, so I could undo the long zipper running down the side.

Once he was free I told him he smelled like a cheap whore and ordered him into the shower, but gave him a little wink to let him know I wasn't really mad at him. We'd need to have a long talk later about what we were going to do. I also needed Sherri's input since there was no way I wanted to replace her or make her feel slighted in the least.

I released her just as fast as Gary and helped her sit up. She was quite stiff and sore from her intense bondage session last night, and I could tell some of

the whip marks would be hanging around for the rest of the week.

“How are ya feeling, hon?” I asked, slipping behind her so I could work some of the kinks out of her neck.

“Like I was rode hard and put away wet,” she replied. “You really pushed my limits last night. Thank you.”

“I’m glad to hear that… I was worried I might’ve overdone things a little towards the end, especially when I brought Gary into the mix.”

“How on Earth did you convince him to do all that? He turned beet red when you asked him to simply drop his pants in the bar, yet a few hours later he’s naked on stage with a leash on his pecker.”

I quickly filled her in on what happened while she was being bound and whipped by Laste, ending with the all-important question. “What do we do with him now?”

“I say we keep him… I always wanted a pet but my folks would never allow it.”

“He might’ve changed his mind now that it’s a new day and he’s had time to reflect on what he’s getting himself into.”

“Aww, mom,” she said in a screechy little girl voice. “I promise I’ll walk him and feed him if we can keep him.”

I took my hands off her shoulders and reached down to flick her nipples with my fingertips.

“Sure, you say that now, but what happens to him when you get bored, hmm?”

I was going to continue in that vein, but broke out laughing instead. “Go soak your war wounds away in the tub and I’ll bring you some coffee. If you’re a good girl I might even wash your back for you.”

“Yes, mommy,” she giggled.

I swatted her ass as she got up, making her step lively. I went and fixed up a tray with the whole pot of coffee and fixings, some juice, and three sets of glasses and mugs. We might as well have our chat in there and get

everything settled.

If he decided to run away screaming, then it was best done now. He'd just finished his shower as I was approached, and I paused outside the door to eavesdrop for a moment.

"Hi," he sheepishly said from inside the stall. "We never really got introduced last night. You're Sherri, right?"

"Yup, and you might as well come out of there. After what we did to each other, I don't think you need to be shy about seeming me naked or vice versa."

He stepped out but quickly wrapped a towel around himself. I guess it's easier to disregard nudity with a stranger when you're horny on a Friday night, compared to a sunny Saturday morning.

"Sorry about last night," he awkwardly apologized.

"What's to be sorry about? You did what you were told to do. Nothing more and nothing less… there's no recriminations in this place when it comes to following orders. Not to mention that it was also a lot of fun."

"I'd never been so scared in my entire life," he admitted. "I don't even like being naked in the shower room at the gym, let alone on a stage in front of a bunch of strangers. Especially once she started mocking me."

"If you thought that was rough, then you might want to reconsider what you're asking for. It's a rough road and the destination can be rewarding, but it's not for everyone. There's no shame in admitting that."

"Even though I was terrified, I was also in a state of mind I'd never been in before. I was terrified when she asked me to do something, but was just as scared that she wouldn't. Following her orders just felt right… I can't explain it."

"You don't need to, hon. It's what any true submissive feels."

"There's one thing that worries me, though. I know you two are a couple and I don't want to step on any toes."

"If you can think enough to say it, I don't think it'll be a problem. If you came into this expecting Jill to fall head over heels in love with you, and sail

off into the sunset to live happily ever after, then we'd have a problem."

"Table scraps are a feast to the starving man. Would you mind if I scavenged the leftovers from below the table?"

"I think we could at least give it a try, but I'll warn you now that if you overstep yourself I'll kick your balls so hard they'll bounce off your tonsils."

"I'll do my best to avoid that, thanks," he chuckled. "So you think we can be friends?"

"I think we already are. That still won't keep me from kicking your ass, although in the more playful meaning of the phrase."

"It sounds like the conversation I'd been worried about has just been resolved for now," I said as I stepped into the room with my tray.

"Yes, Mistress," they both said.

"Good, then let's have some coffee before it gets cold and work out some of the details. By the way… who cuts your hair?"

Bondage Ménage

Sherri and I still had things to discuss and work to do, so we let Monica loose on him. She jumped at the chance since she used to be a stylist, and scraggly hair made her fingers itch. Several of our waitresses had been promoted to performers so it meant we had more time off these days, but we still needed to organize things.

It took about an hour to work out the details of tonight's entertainment and another hour of doing paperwork, but it meant we were done for the day. We'd still have to make a brief appearance or two, but that was more socializing than actual work.

We borrowed a few items from the fetish shop that we thought might be fun to play with and went back upstairs to check on Monica and Gary. They weren't in the apartment like we thought, but rather in the club.

One of our stage props was a barber chair with many straps conveniently mounted around it, and Monica decided it would be easier to cut his hair there. I think she also didn't want to risk him running off once she started, since his new hairstyle was totally her choice.

It was the right decision to leave it in Monica's hands; the difference a simple haircut made was amazing and he actually looked kind of hot now.

"That's outstanding, Monica," I complimented her, as she searched for any stray hairs that still needed a trim.

"Thanks, I was just happy to be able to get rid of the haystack he was hiding under."

"Gary, I think you need to give Monica a proper reward for all of her hard work."

"Yes, Mistress… thank you Monica for all your kind attention."

"I'm not done yet and that's no 'proper' thanks," she said, adjusting the chair so she could climb above him. "You still look like a Sasquatch and need a

hot waxing."

"I've always wanted to do that to a guy," I laughed. "Let him reward you and let us take care of the wax."

The next hour was fun for everyone, although I'm not too sure about Gary. We gave a three count every time we were ready to rip the cloth and hair away, giving Monica a chance to press down so she could smother his yells. She had four orgasms by the time we were done and was looking very happy with her reward.

I shaved his privates with a straight razor since nobody likes munching on a tumbleweed, and I also wanted to see him sweat a little. Once he was presentable we released him and went back to the apartment.

We'd play with him more later, but for now I was horny as hell and wanted some fun and relief with Sherri. We decided to play cards, but as always, there would be a kinky twist to it.

When I won a hand I'd be able to pick something for Sherri to do or wear, and if she won she'd be able to pick something to undo. If she somehow managed to get five points ahead (I was a lot better at cards than she was) I'd have to let her cum. I made Gary kneel beside us in case we needed him to fetch something.

I won the first hand and simply had her lick me to orgasm since I was so incredibly horny. She didn't seem surprised at my choice since that was typical of my first selection in at least half of our card games.

Once I could think again we resumed play, this time for real. When I wanted a quick and decisive victory, all I had to do was select a vibrator on about quarter speed for her pussy. It wasn't enough to make her cum, but it totally blew her concentration and today was no exception.

In almost no time at all I had her wearing nipple clamps, a medium vibrating butt plug, breath control collar, and a small ball gag so she could still sort of speak. Her arms were strapped together at wrist and elbow, but in front of her so she could still play.

She hadn't won a single hand yet, and I wondered if she was deliberately throwing the game so we could get to the sex faster. When I won the next

hand, I decided to get rid of her vibrator and throw her a curveball she wouldn't be expecting.

"Gary, go and bring that long skinny bench over here along with the rolling tray we use for eating in bed and the brown box from the playroom."

I put a blindfold on Sherri so she wouldn't see what I had in store for her, and worked as quiet as I could once Gary brought me the things I needed. I made him lie down on the bench and stretch himself out.

Using eight long leather straps, I soon had him tightly fastened down with his knees hanging over one edge and his head just barely resting on the other. I spent the next ten minutes tying his cock and balls to make sure he stayed fully erect and engorged for the duration of my scheme, yet loose enough to make sure circulation wouldn't be a problem for a long session.

After sternly warning them both they weren't allowed to cum, I removed Sherri's blindfold and helped her climb aboard the Gary express. He was rock hard and she was soaking wet, so I didn't bother using any lube; she slid into place over his cock with ease.

I used more straps to fasten Sherri's legs, knees, and waist to the bench, ensuring she wouldn't be able to move an inch. That was actually a mercy on my part since any movement would mean she'd be sliding on his cock, eventually causing one or both of them to cum without permission and ruin the game.

I had to go to the club to get a bondage chair with a removable bottom so I'd be able to sit at my end without accidently smothering him. I put the chair over his head and found it was at the perfect height for what I had in mind. I rolled the tray over his chest, got the cards, and took my seat.

"Let's see if you can remember anything about eating pussy from your training last night. Get to work and don't stop unless told to."

I shuffled the cards and dealt a new hand. Maybe it was because I was fairly distracted now and Sherri not so much, but I finally started losing a few hands. She chose to get rid of the ball gag first, since I'd previously used the excuse of not being able to understand her so I could make her situation worse.

Next she got rid of the nipple clamps, wincing at the pain of their removal, but happy to get rid of them anyway. She won a third hand and asked for the butt plug to be removed. I didn't want to have to mess with her bindings right now so I only allowed it to be shut off.

I won the next hand and put the ball gag back in, but she got it right back out again. Gary had brought me close to orgasm during that hand, and it was probably the reason I lost. I started cumming in the middle of dealing the next one, causing me to send cards flying everywhere as I began shuddering in the throes of ecstasy.

I let him keep licking through my aftershocks, but then had him stop so I could get up and retrieve the fallen cards. I also knew that with short breaks between orgasms I could keep this up all night, so I took my time. I also came up with a fun new idea while I was up, so I went back to the playroom to fetch a new toy.

"I'm pretty sure I would've won that hand, so here's something new for you," I said, holding up a pair of suction tubes and the pump.

"Hey, that's not fair," she complained, as I put the tubes over her nipples and pumped out the air until they were sucked an extra inch or two longer than normal. "Are you feeling so outmatched tonight that you need to cheat?"

"Is Jill cheating at cards again?" a new voice said from the elevator door.

"Lilith!" I shouted. "When did you get back from your honeymoon?"

"Just now, actually," she said. "Nancy's bringing our bags up as we speak."

"How was Belize?"

"It was marvelous, especially once we got to inspect the local flora and fauna around the Mayan villages."

I had no doubt they had a lot of fun if they did what I thought they did. Nancy was one of the rare people who had an allergic reaction to an herb from the region, which made her hornier than a nymphomaniac for hours on end.

"I can't wait to hear all about it. Let me go grab a bottle of champagne to celebrate your return."

“That sounds lovely, dear. Both of us slept for the entire flight back and I could use a drink.”

I ran back to the club, only remembering at the last moment to throw on a robe since the club was now open for business. I grabbed two bottles, an ice bucket, and seven champagne flutes. I also found Monica and had her to go fetch Laste so we could have a proper homecoming.

Charlie helped me carry the load back to the apartment and pour the first round. I dribbled half of Gary’s share into his mouth before taking my seat again, since that was probably the only chance he’d have for a drink. We made small talk for a few minutes until Laste and Monica joined us and we raised our glasses in a toast to the returning newlyweds.

It was fun listening to the stories from their trip, and even more so since I still had Gary licking my pussy. I considered letting the two of them go, but nobody seemed to mind so I kept us like we were for now. He brought me to climax again in the middle one of Lilith’s stories, making her scowl at the interruption.

“Sorry about that, Lilith,” I sheepishly said.

“I was going to wait for an introduction, but since its come up, who’s the new guy pretending to be a piece of furniture.”

I gave her the Cliff’s Notes version of what happened last night, and said we were thinking of trying it out for a while to see if we had a workable arrangement. I lifted my snatch away from his face for just long enough for him to say hello and explained the game we were playing.

“While we’re on the subject, what was this I heard when I walked in about you cheating at cards?”

“I was just having a little fun is all... perfectly harmless fun.”

“I take my card playing very seriously and can’t stand someone who cheats. I think your game needs a proper dealer and referee. Nancy?”

I felt Nancy wrap her arms around me from the back, effectively trapping me in place. Lilith immediately began strapping me down with the unused belts that were part of the chair I’d borrowed.

“Stop,” I begged. “This isn’t necessary. It was just a Mmmphh…”

I was interrupted by the surprise insertion of a ball gag into my mouth. They ignored the rest of my mumbled pleas to be let go and within minutes I was firmly welded to both the chair and the bench below me.

“Let’s see how well you do when the deck isn’t stacked in your favor,” she chuckled. “We’re playing by my rules now, dear.”

Seven's a Crowd

"This sounds like fun… is there room for any more players?" Nancy asked her once I was fully secured.

"Of course, love, but all players need to be on an equal playing field."

"I don't think we have a spare man anywhere, but I have a better idea… I'll be right back."

She ran off to fetch something from the club. At this rate, I wondered if there'd be any toys left for the show tonight.

"Can I play too, Master?" Monica asked.

"We have several hours before our first show tonight, so I think we can indulge ourselves for a while. I'll even let you sit on my lap for now… just to keep things even, of course."

"Thank you, Master, thank you," she said.

The little table would be crowded with four players around it, but Lilith didn't seem inclined to change our initial predicament. Instead, she just added to it and made all our bondage roughly equal.

I was firmly welded to the chair and already couldn't move a muscle, but she decided I needed a few accessories to even the playing field. I had my nipples sucked into another pair of vacuum tubes, but also got an initial 'penalty' since I was the only one who was actively getting serviced down below.

She selected a bra for me that was a size or two too small, with one inch ringed openings where my nipples would go, and hundreds of tiny spikes lining each cup. The strapless design meant she could slide it in place without releasing me or even removing the tubes from my nipples.

It took two of them to pull it tight enough for the hasps to connect, and it instantly turned my breasts into two throbbing globes of pain. Ok, that'd be a major distraction from now on, and under Lilith's rules, only she could

decide what was to be added or removed.

Sherri's bondage didn't change much since she was already pretty effectively restrained, but she got her gag back and her arms were tied to the table. I think Lilith let her off easy since she still had the handicap of needing to keep motionless due to Gary's cock still trapped deep inside her snatch.

Monica got a restrictive corset, also with holes over her nipples and the suction tubes to keep them stretched and engorged. She had her legs frog tied and had to be helped onto Laste's waiting cock.

She was supposed to remain motionless as well, but Laste could change that as he saw fit. She had the least restrictive bondage to endure, but got a harsh inflatable gag and a monstrous butt plug to compensate for that. Her arms were simply tied in front of her at the wrists so she could hold Laste's glass of champagne for him.

Nancy's bondage was the most creative. She was belted in place on a western riding saddle that was modified with two very sizable vibrating inserts. She also got the suction tubes, and her super-sized nipples were big enough to almost completely fill each one.

Her arms were laced into an armbinder behind her back and she got a rubber covered bit gag pulled cruelly tight in her mouth. Lilith made sure everything was properly secure, and checked that Gary was still doing ok and told him to rest while he could. She then set up a pair of video cameras to record the game for posterity.

"Here's how this is going to work," she said once everything was ready. "The game is five card *lowball* stud, but played my way. Since none of you can actually play any cards in your current situation, you need to rely on fate, luck, and your team captain's choice to win a hand.

"My team will be Sherri and Nancy; Laste will be playing for Monica and Jill. After the cards are dealt, we'll take turns discarding one card from each of our opponent's hands. The person with the highest hand will be considered the loser and will have to endure something new.

"I'd normally explain the rules in more detail, but since none of you can do anything about it anyway, I'll save my breath and just deal."

She shuffled the deck and dealt us each five cards. My hand was looking like crap at first, but had four diamonds and could easily turn into a flush after the club was discarded. My replacement card was another club and I breathed a sigh of relief.

Nancy 'won' with a pair of tens and had her vibrators turned on. I was cringing by the time my next hand was dealt since I already had two pairs before my replacement card. My new card didn't help, though, and Sherri wound up with three of a kind. It earned her an eroscillator between her legs, mashed hard against her clit.

My luck ran out on the third hand and I thought I knew what was coming, but got a surprise instead. She placed a tongue vibrator in Gary's mouth before letting him loose on me, and it instantly started driving me wild. I'd never tried one before, but holy shit did it ever work well. With both a longer tongue and the inherent vibrations, I knew I wouldn't be able to hold out for long.

Nancy and Sherri were both in trouble from their toys, and I think enough vibrations were making their way to Gary's cock to put him at risk of cumming as well. Monica had her butt plug activated next round, but that was nothing compared to what the rest of us had to endure.

Nancy popped first and her primal growls of delight from the orgasmic waves coursing through her was enough to start a chain reaction among us. The erotic noises were just enough to tip Sherri over the edge next, and her pussy contractions finally gave enough extra sensation to make Gary cum a moment later.

His orgasm was a very vocal one and almost painful sounding. I wondered if his current predicament would allow him to become soft or if he'd be forced right back to painful engorgement. I stopped giving it any more thought as now it was my turn.

When Gary had started cumming, he'd gone rigid and pressed the tongue vibrator hard against my clit. The extended and concentrated vibrations on my most sensitive spot were enough to make me howl with the sheer power of it.

I stared squirting during this one and almost drowned he poor guy as my

juices completely filled his nostrils. Lilith had to put the game on hold for a moment until I could stop cumming long enough for Gary to clear his airway and catch his breath.

The rest of the game was mostly a blur after that, but there were still a few memorable highlights. Nancy had each tit wrapped with rubber surgical tubing from the base to almost the top, causing such powerful sensations that she was thrown into a triple orgasm from the vibrators still working their magic on her down below.

It was so violent that she almost rocked the saddle stand over from her thrashing. I'm also pretty sure everyone in the club next door heard her screams or ecstasy, even over the music. I had visions of one of the girls coming over and telling us to keep it down, like we were in some cheap apartment with paper thin walls.

Between Sherri's twitching pussy, the vibrating butt plug, and the eroscillator, Gary was receiving almost constant stimulation, and I think he came six or seven more times throughout the night.

I'd never seen a guy cum so many times in one session, and wondered how he was coping with it. Any of the guys I'd been with in the past would've been reduced to a blubbering mass of jelly long before, yet he just endured… and hopefully enjoyed it as much as the rest of us.

I'd long lost track of how many times I'd cum myself, but 'lots' would be an understatement. I squirted twice more during the game and almost put Gary out of commission on the last one. That tongue vibrator was almost evil in its ability to rip orgasms out of me with almost no effort on his part.

I think Monica was the only one who didn't get to cum that night, but based on how painfully sensitive my pussy was by the time we finished, I wasn't sure if I felt sorry for her or envious.

Even Lilith got off twice since she got into the habit of keeping one hand between her legs whenever she had a spare moment. We had to throw that deck of cards away the next day since most of them were stuck together by the time we finished. Monica was declared the winner of the game, and for her reward she got to control our sleeping arrangements for the night.

Nancy was simply tied spread eagle on her bed, since Lilith would've killed Monica if she'd locked her lover away on their first night back. I wasn't sure what those two did for the rest of the night, but from the moans and shrieks that emerged throughout the night, I knew sleeping had little to do with it.

Sherri and I were put into a two person straitjacket with our tits mashed tightly together. A double-sided dildo connected us at our pussies and was left running on a torment setting. It automatically adjusted itself to make sure we weren't allowed to cum, but once in a while she'd check on us and hit the remote to give us some much needed relief.

We spent the whole night face to face together on our knees, kept upright by ropes tied to our shoulder rings. Sleep wasn't a big part of our night either.

She didn't seem to know what to do with Gary, so she simply wrapped him back up in the sleep sack we'd used the previous night. His head was left exposed and was positioned on the bed below our pussies, giving him a front row seat for the action taking place just out of his reach.

Even though his arms were trapped in the internal sleeves of the sack and he couldn't get himself off, I'm sure he didn't get any sleep either because of Sherri and I just above him. Sherri even squirted on him once during one of our random 'rewards'.

My initial plan of a little fun, followed by a leisurely day of lounging around the apartment got shot completely to hell. Still, I wouldn't have traded this day for anything. I'd have to suggest that a poker night became part of our regular routine… after I recovered, that is.

###

Part 25: Bondage Poker

Poker Night

“This is the last of it, Sherri,” Monica said, filling a bowl with potato chips. “If we need anything else we’ll have to send the gimp out for it.”

“I still can’t believe how many people wanted to join in when they heard we were doing a kinky poker night.”

“With all of our elite crowd being inveterate gamblers, it was bound to rub off on the rest of us sooner or later.”

“True, but I never imagined we’d have six teams playing tonight, not to mention all of the others we had to turn down.”

“We’ll just have to make this a regular event and rotate teams in and out each week, assuming the action tonight doesn’t scare everyone away.”

“It might make some of the new girls like Paula or Charlie think twice, but the others are just as hardcore as we are.”

“We’ll see,” I chuckled. “Master Laste came up with some last minute rule changes that’s bound to surprise them.”

That earned me a scowl from him… his new rules were supposed to be a secret until it was time to play. I didn’t think it was really a big deal, but he thought it would help prevent some cheating. These people considered cheating to be almost a capital crime.

People started walking in, and we sat around casually chatting and having a few drinks with them while waiting for the last few to arrive. We were all good friends, although that would change once we sat down at the table. Everyone was here to win, and the game would be cutthroat.

I tried to evaluate the teams to figure out who my biggest competition would be tonight. Mistress Jill was my partner and was damn good at cards. I was no slouch myself and together we were sure to make a good showing.

Monica wasn't very good at cards, but Master Laste more than made up for her lack. He was also impossible to read, so we'd have to watch Monica for any telltale signs about the cards they held.

Nancy and Mistress Lilith were both decent players and would probably make it to the final four, but that was about it. Decent just wouldn't cut it tonight. Both the Charlie – Master Brandon, and the Paula – Master Jerry teams were something of a wildcard since I'd never seen any of them play before.

The team that worried me most was the Lisa – Mistress Grey pairing. Although submissive, Lisa could be just as ruthless as her partner, and that was saying something. Unless luck screwed one of us over, it would be us against them in the final round. When the last group arrived, Laste had us take our seats so he could explain the rules.

"Ok, folks, this is it. After about a thousand emails and phone calls, the game we all agreed upon is a five card stud variant. The first and fifth cards are hole cards, and the rest will be dealt face up. Before the final betting round you'll be able to change up to two of your cards for new ones.

"The buy-in is a hundred grand, but to simplify things, we'll just refer to the face value stamped on the chips, so one, five, ten, and twenty. If you run out of chips, you can opt to buy-in from the second pool.

"One change I made is that the strip poker part needs to be equal, so rather than getting chips for each article of clothing, your entire wardrobe is simply worth one hundred chips. Sorry, Lisa… you can ditch the extra couple dozen things you're wearing now since they'll do you no good."

She wrinkled her face at that, but began removing the excess since she probably was boiling in her outfit.

"The third buy-in pool consists of items from our bondage rack. Each item is marked with how many chips it's worth, and everyone who has to leave the table will be spending the remainder of the game stuck with any restraints or toys they bought.

"For the opening rounds, the ante will be one, the minimum bet will be five, and the maximum will be twenty. Does anyone have any questions? No?

Then let's begin… Maria will be our dealer tonight, so everyone ante up and let's get this show on the road."

The look on everyone's faces turned from bored to predatory in an instant as the white chips flew into the pot for our antes. The first few rounds were fairly tame since all the players were trying to get a feel for everyone else, and nobody had any really strong hands anyway.

I'd gone down by forty when I got a hand that showed three diamonds on my up cards. I bet along with the others but didn't raise, discarding one of my down cards when it was my turn. It was a club, but we'd talked about situations like this earlier and Jill gave my shoulder a tiny squeeze.

"I raise twenty and would like the second buy-in, please," I said when it was my turn.

I quickly shed my clothes and took the extra chips. It was the ultimate bluff, and everyone folded like we expected. I wanted to get an early reputation as a wild better when I had a good hand so I could use it to my advantage later.

Paula and Monica were also running a little low on chips and decided to opt for the next buy-in. The stakes picked up a bit after that, and soon Lisa was the only player still wearing her clothes. Things went back and forth for a while, but after one massive round of betting we finally had our third level of buy-ins from Monica, Charlie, and Paula all at the same time.

Monica went to town, buying a ball gag, half-corset, nipple clamps, ballet boots, restraint chair, four sets of cuffs, vibrator, and butt plug. It seemed a little excessive since her chip pile wasn't real low, but maybe she just wanted the bondage for fun.

Charlie selected mostly the same things, except she got a mono ballet boot and an inflatable set of inserts. Paula went even further, adding a thick leather discipline hood with a built-in inflatable gag, a rubber armbinder, and a third toy to go over her clit.

I was feeling pretty good about how the game was going until I saw that there was a plan behind their early bondage selections. They got to pick from all the easy items and really bulk up their chip piles, leaving the harder options for the later buy-ins. Shit, why didn't I think of that?

I called for my buy-in as well, browsing the table and discussing options with Jill. We needed something good, but if it was too extreme then it might force me out of the game. I went with what I thought might be my limit and hoped I didn't go past it.

I got the last restraint chair, two sizable vibrating inserts, and a corset that left my entire breasts exposed but also tightened unpleasantly around the bases of them. A hood with a penis gag, a tall posture collar, and a box tie pouch for my arms finished what I thought I could handle for now.

Now that we had players in bondage, the ante was raised to five and the max bet to fifty. It was time to play for some higher stakes.

High Stakes

Much to Master Jerry's disgust, Paula was the first one out. She wasn't used to being in restrictive bondage like most of us and just couldn't take it anymore. She'd already had five or six orgasms and was reduced to a blubbering mess in short order.

In the surprise of the night, Master Laste called it off early. Monica could take a lot, but he couldn't seem to put anything better than a pair together. He threw in the towel out of disgust. Lisa also opted for her second buy-in, which was strange since she had a huge pile of chips already. Their strategy was a mystery to me.

With two players gone, the ante was raised to ten and the max bet to a hundred. Huge piles of chips went back and forth like nothing, bankrupting Charlie when she tried to go for broke betting on a flush, only to lose to my full house.

The thrill of winning that one helped give me one of the best orgasms of my life, and it caused a delay of several minutes while I thrashed and quaked through it. That round also forced Nancy to buy her bondage items and I watched with amusement as I sat back and enjoyed my afterglow.

She needed a lot of chips and had to pick some of the tougher items if she wanted to have a chance at staying in. A waist cincher, large electric butt plug, crotch cutter rope, bra with spike-lined cups, and a very strict one-piece hood with inflatable gag and posture collar started her off.

Her arms and legs were put into frog tie pouches, and in a bold move, they selected the sybian for her new seat. I thought that was a mistake since it would surely turn her to jelly before long. Oh well… her loss would be my gain.

Groans and moans of both pain and delight had now fully replaced conversation at the table with the exception of Lisa who seemed to take an almost childish delight in commenting on the game with Mistress Grey. It

was actually starting to piss me off, which was probably why she was doing it. Emotional players quickly became losers in my experience.

Things stayed fairly even for a while, although Nancy had to completely rely on Mistress Lilith for all of her decisions now. I was right about what the sybian would do to her, and it looked like she could barely catch her breath from all the orgasms it was ripping out of her.

I sort of felt sorry for her bad decisions, but that was her problem not mine. I needed to focus on Lisa and find a way to make a dent in her huge pile of chips. She seemed to have an uncanny knack of knowing when someone was bluffing or if they actually had a good hand.

I managed to win a bit off her now and again, but never enough to even make her sweat. I did better against Nancy, even though I hardly cared about knocking her out at this point. I still gladly took her chips, though, since I knew I'd need as many as possible for the final round.

When we finally drained Nancy dry, it happened in one massive round of max level raising. She was betting the farm on a flush, Lisa kept it going since she had a full house, and I kept pace with four fours, two of which were hidden in my hole cards.

It not only took Nancy out, but that hand also put the first big dent in Lisa's big pile of chips. In fact, I was now well ahead of her and it should make her do the last buy-in soon. Now that it was down to just two of us, the ante was raised to fifty and there was no maximum bet limit.

Both of them were giving me looks that were honestly frightening after that big loss. I really, really hoped I didn't lose to them and have to submit to their control. The winning player would get a turn with the loser tonight, and choose the manner of their nighttime restraints. The winning backer would get their turn tomorrow, and Mistress Grey wasn't known for being merciful in the least.

We continued the game and I found myself winning more than I was losing, although the hands I lost usually had bigger pots. It was fairly equal for a while, although it looked like I was pulling slightly ahead.

The first big change happened when Lisa was dealt a hand showing the jack,

queen, and king of clubs; a potential flush, straight, straight flush, or even a royal flush. The two of them had a whispered, but heated argument and evidently Mistress Grey came out on top and made Lisa do the third buy-in.

Ignoring Lisa's complaints, she selected some of the harshest items left in order to get the most chips she could. Lisa was a tiny girl to begin with, so the large vibrator and butt plug looked even more massive when being plunged into her pussy and ass.

We didn't have an armbinder small enough to be as restrictive on her small frame as they were on the other girls, so Mistress Grey opted for six leather straps, each one pulled extra tight until her arms were fused completely together from elbow to wrist.

Strong elastics went around the bases of each of her tits and nipples, causing them to engorge painfully and turn red under the pressure and constriction. Next came an inflatable gag, latex hood with no eye holes, and posture collar. She probably used those items so Lisa couldn't complain about what was next.

Mistress Grey selected the hanging crotch board and had the large stand placed next to the table. The board was put between Lisa's legs and raised up until it forced her to stand on the very tips of her toes. I knew from past experience it was very painful on the pussy and was hard to endure for more than a few minutes.

Lisa's arms were then pulled up and tied off in a cruel strappado and her legs were welded together with four more straps. All in all, it was a brutal tie and I was extremely glad it wasn't me having to endure it.

It was kind of hot to watch her struggle, though, and when the random program on my vibrator chose that moment to go on high it was enough to send me into yet another wonderful orgasm. Mistress Grey was impatiently waiting for me to recover so we could continue, but I took my time since I needed to think about this very carefully.

Our opening round of betting cost me a couple hundred that I'd lose if I folded, but I knew Mistress Grey would be betting hard, and maybe even going all in. Her display for the third buy-in looked like my opening ploy, and I was fairly sure she was bluffing, but did I dare risk it?

I had three of a kind which should be enough to beat her if she was bluffing, but losing would pretty much end the game. Mistress Jill took the decision out of my hands and bet a hundred for us. As I suspected, Mistress Grey instantly went all in and Jill called. Shit… I no longer thought she was bluffing but it was too late to do anything about it.

She flipped over her hole cards and revealed a straight flush.

Wrapping Things Up

“Sorry about that, hon,” Mistress Jill said to me. “I was sure she was bluffing.”

I was swearing through my gag, but couldn’t really fault her since I initially thought she was bluffing myself. Still, she shouldn’t have made the decision on her own since I was the one about to pay the price for it.

I was released from my bindings and given fifteen minutes to stretch, go to the ladies room, and have something to drink while they got ready for me on the stage. I briefly considered making a run for it, but knew it was futile. One way or another I’d have to pay the price.

All of the other players were released, and Lisa seemed pretty mad that she was the last one. Master Laste noticed her expression as well and made a point of cautioning her against going overboard. If she did something that drew blood or caused permanent damage, then our roles would be instantly switched and I could get retribution.

Mistress Grey followed her up on stage to both assist, and to offer advice as Lisa selected my first bondage item. Predictably, it was the thick leather armbinder and the ability to use my arms was efficiently stripped away.

She chose suspension boots for my ankles, and a three foot spreader bar to keep them spread nice and wide. I didn’t see which butt plug she chose, but it felt massive and might have even been the number eight which I’d only had up there once before.

She took her time with it, stretching me slowly so I could accommodate it, but also because she knew it hurt like hell to keep stopping when the widest part was stretching my rosebud. It was almost a relief when she finally let it slide fully inside me.

I was helped into a sitting position for the next part, which wasn’t very comfortable with my weight forcing the plug even deeper up my ass. I was expecting to be gagged, but she’d chosen the adjustable posture collar instead

and stretched the front up until I was shaking from the strain and restriction it caused.

It took both of them to buckle the waist belt around me and get it as tight as they wanted it to be. They did a surprisingly good job considering how small Lisa was, and breathing became a lot more difficult for me.

A leather strap was braided into my ponytail before they lowered two chains from above and connected them to the rings on my boots. Once I was upside down I could see why Monica said she hated suspension boots compared to suspension cuffs. Once my weight was taken up, my feet were pulled into a strict en pointe position worse than any ballet boot I'd ever worn.

Lisa paused for a moment to take in the scene and spin me around a few times before tightening me up. A rope linked my posture collar to the floor, and the winch was given a quick pull to remove the little bit of slack remaining.

Another rope was connected to the D-ring at the end of my armbinder and pulled to the wall behind me. She didn't tie it off until my arms were pretty much parallel to the floor and my whole body was being pulled in that direction.

The leather strap in my hair was then tied around the base of the butt plug, which forced my head back and made it stay immobile at the absolute limit the posture collar allowed. I found it was painful at both ends.

She made one last trip to the supplies table, coming back with a pair of floggers that she handed to Mistress Grey, a magic wand vibrator, and a gas mask with a dildo mounted on the end of the hose. She made sure the gas mask fit tightly over my face and then it seemed like she was finally done.

I wasn't sure what she had in mind for the hour she had to play with me, but whatever it was couldn't be any worse than what she'd already done. My body was bowstring taut from the devious way she bound me, and the strain was incredible.

Mistress Grey was in front of me and Lisa behind when they began. The first thing I noticed wasn't the blows from the flogger on my tits, but rather the fact I couldn't breathe! The dildo plugging the gas mask hose was hollow

and had small holes covering its length.

Based on the smell, Lisa must have plunged it all the way inside her pussy in order to block them all at once. I was beginning to panic before I found myself able to draw a bit of air into my lungs, but the relief only lasted for an instant before it was blocked off again.

She began fucking herself with it and I found I was able to keep breathing as long as I timed it right. Of course she also began changing her pattern of thrusts so it wouldn't be too predictable, but I was able to manage. Every tiny breath I took was filled with the musky odor of her pussy, and it even seemed like I could taste it after a while.

She plunged it deep inside her when she had her first orgasm, and held it there until she finished cumming, and I was seeing spots from the lack of air. I managed to get several good breaths when she withdrew it, but then had to go back to timing it as she began ramming it in *my* snatch.

From her moans I knew she was using the vibrator on herself still, and was glad I was spared its powerful effect. Breathing was hard enough right now without being forced to cum repeatedly. She kept fucking me with it until she was close to cumming again, and then just like last time she stuck it back inside her as she reached climax.

I think the pain from the flogging of my tits was the only thing that kept me conscious this time, but once again I only got a brief respite once she'd finished. Back in my cunt it went and she did her best to make every breath a living hell for me.

Between the blood trapped in my head from being upside down, the oxygen deprivation, and the incessant pounding of the dildo, I found myself getting close to the edge myself. Before I could cum, though, she was primed for her third orgasm, and this time she squirted with the sheer power of the sensations she'd relentlessly forced upon herself.

When she removed the dildo from her snatch I found I still couldn't breathe… the hose was filled with her juices enough to block it! I used all of the lung power I had and was able to suck enough air through the blockage to keep me going, but holy shit was it ever tough.

I guess it was her plan all along since she started laughing and pushed the dildo up between my elbows and tied it off to the waist belt. Some of the fluid ran into the mask and up my nose, but not enough to cause much distress.

If I'd thought the smell of her pussy was strong before, it was nothing compared to what I was dealing with now. If I closed my eyes I could almost imagine my head was trapped inside her cunt.

Her primary objective accomplished, she was now free to attack me with the magic wand. She was merciless in grinding it against my pussy and clit, and my first orgasm rolled over me within a minute of her assault.

She held it tightly in place until it looked like I was finished and then pulled it away just long enough for Mistress Grey to give me twenty good pussy slaps with the floggers. It was quickly replaced and ground against my clit again, causing two more orgasms in rapid order.

Twenty more lashes to my pussy came again and this time Lisa had a different plan for the wand. Rather than trying to turn my clit into a pancake with it, she began grinding it hard against my cunt. It took her longer to bring me to orgasm that way, but the end result was still inevitable.

She kept pressing through my muscle contractions, and to my surprise she was able to shove the fat vibrating head completely inside me! Holy shit, it felt like I had an apple jammed up there, and the powerful vibrations were now attacking me right on my g-spot.

It also meant Lisa had her hands free now, so she went back to the table to get a new toy. I couldn't see what it was, but she was dragging another electric cord behind her so I knew it was something powerful.

I began cumming again before she was ready with her new toy, but had it cut short as a searing line of fire ran down my left leg. My scream was only slightly muffled by the gas mask.

"Oops, that might have been a little too much power," she giggled.

"Set it to number four and work upwards if needed. If you would've run the wheel at full power along her labia she might've passed from the pain," Mistress Grey told her.

Shit, so that's what the electric pinwheel felt like. I'd never added it to any of my stage shows before and wouldn't be likely to in the future now that I knew what it was capable of. The sharp spikes on a regular pinwheel were bad enough, but add an electric current to it and it became truly unbelievable.

I guess she turned the power down but you could've fooled me. She ran it around lips stretched taut by the fat massager, going up and down each side before switching to the other side and repeating. I would've been thrashing uncontrollably if I had any wiggle room at all.

Between the incessant orgasms and the extreme pain, I hovered on the edge of darkness for what felt like hours; I just couldn't get enough air in my lungs to properly sustain this level of activity. After a while I realized both the flogging and the pinwheel torture had stopped, and the vibrator was running at a fraction of its former speed.

"Time to put you to bed for the night, slut," Lisa spat.

My arms were released from the strappado and the armbinder removed. My arms dangled uselessly towards the floor after an hour in that extreme position, and I couldn't have raised them up to save my life.

My hair was also untied from the butt plug which was a tremendous relief to my aching neck muscles and the waist belt was removed. I thought I'd be fully released from this position, but it seems they had a different plan for me.

They began covering me with vet wrap, starting at the neck and working their way down my body. (It was upwards from their point of view.) They held my arms at my sides until the vet wrap kept them snugly in place, and then got serious about wrapping me up.

Mistress Grey continued with the vet wrap while Lisa went back to the neck and started a new layer with duct tape. There was enough slack in my upside down suspension right now that they were able to wrap my legs tightly together up to the knees before lowering me to the floor and removing the spreader bar.

It only took about ten more minutes before I was completely mummified in a shiny duct tape cocoon. It was fairly restrictive but evenly applied, and felt

almost tame compared to what I'd already gone through. It might even have been soothing if it wasn't for the massager still stuck inside me, and the gasmask filled with Lisa's juices covering my face.

"I wanted to make sure you didn't have too strenuous of a night," Mistress Grey said, lying next to me on the floor. "You'll need all your strength tomorrow for when I'm running the show."

Shit, I'd forgotten this was only the warm-up before she got her turn with me.

"It looked like Lisa had pretty much orgasmed you to death, so I convinced her that running that big old vibrator all night would be a bad idea. Instead, it's now running off one of Laste's programs that'll stop you from cumming. Wasn't that nice of me?"

Having another orgasm was the last thing I wanted right now, but after an hour or so I knew I'd be willing to do almost anything to have one. His orgasm denial program was both flawless and unbelievably cruel. I knew I wouldn't be getting much sleep tonight if she left it running like that.

"Sorry about the hard bed you'll have tonight, but it's still several hours until closing time and I didn't want to leave the stage empty. I've got to run now, but I'll be back tomorrow with some creative new ideas I've been dying to try, and couldn't get anyone to agree to."

Great… something even her regular submissives wouldn't let her try? Why'd it have to be me up here tonight? If I was smart I would've thrown the game and gone out first like Paula. I wasn't looking forward to my session with her at all, and if I survived I swore I'd never play poker again.

Probably.

###

Part 26: Bondage Service

Morning Bondage

What an exhausting night. If I slept for more than a minute or two at a time I'd be surprised. I guess having a rather large vibrator stuck up your twat before being mummified with vet wrap and duct tape will do that to a girl.

To make matters worse, I was so incredibly horny it was actually painful. The powerful massager should've given me enough orgasms to make me black out, but instead, it was left running in denial mode all night and just kept me on the edge. It was enough to make a girl cry.

For about the thousandth time I wished I'd never even *heard* of poker, let alone played in that kinky high stakes game last night. Now I was paying the price.

Or rather I was paying one price; the one delivered from Lisa the submissive player who'd beaten me. My real price wouldn't be paid until Mistress Grey came to collect me for my day of service to her. She'd taken home a cool half million bucks, but money didn't matter much to her; I was the real prize.

Speak of the devil, here she came now. From the stories I'd heard, Mistress Grey might really have been the devil, or at least a reasonable facsimile. She had a reputation for cruelty and a very twisted imagination… a very powerful combination in a Dominatrix.

"How's our poker player tonight?" she asked.

"A little rough and a lot tired, but otherwise holding up ok," Jill said.

Mistress Jill was both my lover and my Domme of choice. She'd stayed with me all night to make sure nothing happened while I slept in my restrictive bondage. Safety was of prime importance with my friends, and you just didn't leave someone completely unattended when there might be a choking risk.

"Then let's get her out of that crap, shall we?"

With a pair of safety scissors each, it didn't take long before my cocoon was stripped away. The extra layer of vet wrap next to my skin made removing the duct tape *far* easier than it otherwise would've been.

When my gas mask was removed, I realized I'd forgotten what clean air smelled like. As part of my torment, Lisa had masturbated herself with a hollow dildo connected to my breathing tube until she squirted and her juices filled my only source of air.

I'd probably be both smelling and tasting her all day after breathing it exclusively for the last eight hours, or however long I was actually bound for. Then again, from the look on Mistress Grey's face when she cut my legs free, she was probably smelling something just as powerful, if not worse. I desperately needed a shower.

She pulled a jar from the bag she'd brought and put on a rubber glove. Taking a big dollop, she began working it in around my swollen pussy and it felt like she'd brought heaven in a jar. It felt cool, soothing, and numbing… it was like getting lotion on a painful sunburn but a thousand times better.

She slowly pulled the head of the massager out of my pussy and rubbed another glob of it both in and around my entire snatch. Maybe she was a human being after all. The two of them helped me into a wheelchair, and took me to the oversized shower stall in our apartment next door.

After putting me into the seat-less shower chair and securing my hands and feet to the walls with rubber coated cuffs, they turned the water on and let me soak. It was much colder than I would've preferred, but the cool water felt especially good on my tits where I'd been repeatedly flogged last night.

They both came back naked a few minutes later and started scrubbing me down. They used coarse horsehair brushes that hurt like hell, even though they weren't being deliberately cruel in their use.

"Tell me, Jill, have you ever heard of waterboarding?" Mistress Grey casually said. "It's a mostly harmless form of torture that's been used in rough interrogations for practically forever."

She covered my face with a cloth and pulled my head in front of the water stream. It caught me off-guard and I found I couldn't breathe. I had water in

my mouth and up my nose, and it was making me gag.

“It makes the victim feel like they’re drowning, and the psychological effects are tremendous.”

She removed the cloth for a few seconds and I gratefully took a deep breath. That’s all I had time for before the cloth was pulled back in place.

“What do you mean by mostly harmless?” Jill asked.

“Well, the person may feel like they’re drowning, but in reality it’s not much different than simply covering their mouth and nose with your hands. It’s the immediate drowning sensation that’s the real torture.”

She let me get another quick breath before putting the cloth back and continuing.

“The danger comes from the urge to try and expel the water… it can make the person gag and heave. If they puke, then they might aspirate the vomit which is extremely dangerous. You need to watch them closely and be ready to act fast. Of course, it’s not nearly as dangerous when the person is sitting upright compared to the typical position on their backs.”

I was thrashing in my bonds pretty violently by now from the drowning sensation, but she’d made her point and took the cloth away, using it to wash my face instead. I was still breathing heavily from the unexpected assault when they finished and brought in the enema equipment.

It was business as usual for them as they slid the greased tube up my butt and inflated the double balloons to keep my ass from letting any of it leak out. I was grateful it was warmed up, but the sheer volume and whatever they added to it to assist the cleaning made me instantly start cramping up.

Jill hung a large sports bottle upside down from the stand and stuck the straw into my mouth which would make things worse for me. I had a feeling it might be my only meal for the day and I was starving, so I fought through the conflicting sensations in my stomach and sucked the gooey paste down. They left me like that to go enjoy a breakfast of bacon and eggs.

I was given a second enema when they came back, and if anything, this one was even more unpleasant. A burning and itching sensation ran through me

and I suspected Mistress Grey had added some sort of hot sauce to it.

It was a real relief when they let me expel it, although the burn remained for quite some time. They rinsed me off one last time and my pussy was given another coat of the wonderful stuff from her jar.

They released me from the wall but left the cuffs in place for now. My wrists were clipped together behind my back and I was led naked through our apartment and into the club next door. The club was still closed at this time of day, so I wondered what she had in mind.

We kept going through the club and into the unused warehouse on the far side. We'd never needed the space so it sat empty, but someone had made the effort to clean up the garbage left behind by the previous owner and even paint the place.

"I hope you're not too tired, dear," Mistress Grey said. "I've always wondered what it would be like to be pulled by a championship grade pony, and I just know you don't want to disappoint me."

She gestured toward the back wall and we all turned to look. Sitting next to a pile of crates was a beautiful golden chariot. It appeared I'd be making an appearance as a ponygirl again.

Afternoon Exercise

I didn't recognize any of the tack she'd laid out and guessed it came from her personal collection. Everything was about a size too small for comfort, but that was my problem, not hers. Gary was waiting for us wearing a heavy rubber gimp suit and based on his dirty appearance, he was the one who'd been recruited to do the unpacking of her gear.

"What's he doing here?" Jill asked. "He wasn't part of the deal."

"I took the liberty of borrowing him for the afternoon. You can send him away if you like, but of course that'll mean all my attention will be focused on Sherri exclusively."

"He can stay," she hastily replied.

"Good, then let's get Sherri harnessed up so I can have some fun. There's several things I've always wanted to try but never had the chance. Bring me her outfit, gimp."

I was used to having my body harnesses put on first, but Mistress Grey started with the head. I opened my mouth to accept the bit and found it to be a little thicker than I was used to, but I think that was mostly from the rubber coating. I could bite down fairly hard without risking my teeth.

My hair was pulled into a tight ponytail and fed through a ring on the top strap before being connected to the side pieces. As everything was pulled tight, I found there were a pair of rough pads that dug into the corners of my mouth. Course corrections would be painful when the reins ground one of them in.

The chest harness was definitely too small for my 34C cup breasts, and they had to work together to pull them through. It would hurt a lot once I got moving but at least this harness had the additional straps needed to give me a little chest support.

A one inch steel ring pressed deeply into each areola causing my nipples to jut out obscenely. A four-inch posture collar was wrapped around my neck

and was buckled to both the chest and head harnesses. It added a surprising amount of additional restriction.

My lower harness connected directly to the chest straps and covered my front in a diamond pattern, but left my back fully exposed. Straps went down between my legs and were buckled around each thigh, leaving both my pussy and ass fully exposed. This was a completely different design than I was used to, but I think I might have liked it if only the fit was a little better.

Every piece they put on me was accompanied by a groan from Gary. It didn't take a genius to figure out he was still wearing the cock cage we'd put on him last week, and the sight of me being transformed into a ponygirl was obviously turning him on. Too bad the cage would painfully stop him from becoming fully erect.

Mistress Grey knew what it was doing to him too, and she made his situation even worse by having him lube up and shove a pair of ben-wa balls into my snatch and a large plug with attached tail into my rear. He was actually rocking back and forth a little as he tried to cope with the pain his erection was causing.

My pony boots were next, and they were my own custom fitted racing pair. I guess she wanted my best effort this afternoon, and knew I wouldn't last long in ill-fitting footwear. It took close to a half-hour to lace them up properly.

She gave me some time to stretch and warm up my muscles before leading me over to the front of the chariot. This was also different from the sulky I was usually hooked to and had gloves permanently attached to the poles.

I slid my hands inside and found my fingers to be completely useless once all the way in. Straps around my wrists made sure they wouldn't be coming free on their own. Another pair of straps were connected to my waist belt, and a third pair to my upper harness. I'd be able to pull using a variety of muscle groups with this configuration.

She adjusted a few straps to make sure everything was equally taut and then attached the reins.

"Ok, let's take a slow lap around the place to make sure you've got the hang of this still. Don't worry about stepping high like you would on parade…

you're a war pony today. You'll find the chariot rolls fairly easy, but has more momentum behind it than a sulky. Remember that on the corners especially. If you tip me over, I'll turn your back into ground beef with a bullwhip."

She gave the reins a shake and I leaned into the harness, getting us moving. By the time I'd finished the first lap I was completely in my ponygirl frame of mind and moving easily. I felt a tug on the left rein and turned to comply, finding myself weaving across the floor in a figure eight pattern as we both got used to the quirks of the chariot.

Once we'd practiced maneuvering for a while she brought me back to the perimeter and shook the reins again.

"Giddy up, pony, it's time to work them legs a little."

I leaned harder into the harness, finding the extra straps to be of tremendous help in picking up speed. After the corner she began snapping the buggy whip at me, causing me to go into a full run. She gently pulled back on the reins when we got to the next corner, but then drove me all out for the final leg.

She ran us straight at Jill and Gary, only pulling back painfully hard on the reins at the last minute. The extra momentum from the chariot meant I barely stopped in time and they'd been poised to run out of the way.

I was breathing heavily around the bit gag, but not too bad; I'd kept myself in pretty good shape ever since my initial ponygirl training. Jill gave me a drink of water, Gary groaned, and Mistress Grey went to get something from her goodie pile.

She came back with a roll of string, a bag of party balloons, and a pair of scissors. My nipples were already fully erect from both the constriction of the chest harness and from the action of the ben-wa balls rattling around in my cunt, so it was easy for her to trap them with the string.

She gave each nipple a double wrap of the thin string and tied them extra tight, leaving about two feet dangling down. She began filling the balloons from the canister, tying them to the strings once each one was full.

The canister wasn't compressed air like I'd initially thought, but helium; I

now had six balloons tied to each side, pulling my nipples cruelly upwards. I'd had weights hung from nipple clamps many times in the past, but this seemed even worse. She definitely had a twisted imagination, but I gave her full points for creativity.

It became ten times worse once we got moving again due to the bouncing of my tits and the wind resistance pulling the balloons backwards. We did two laps around the place before returning for more 'fun' additions.

This time it was spring clips and bells. She clamped one on the tip of each nipple, one on the sides of each breast, and had five more in her hand when she knelt between my legs.

"Would you like some of this?" she asked, holding up her jar of cream.

I instantly stamped my foot once to indicate yes. The numbing sensation the cream caused would be a godsend if she was about to clamp those things where I thought she was.

She put on another pair of disposable gloves before taking a big scoop out of the jar. She slapped her hand flat against my pussy and quickly rubbed up and down to spread it around. Using three fingers, she also shoved a fair amount inside my pussy coating me to the limit her fingers would reach.

Instead of the cool numbness I was expecting, I felt some heat beginning to build. She quickly stretched my labia out and began snapping the clips into place, the fifth one clamping over my clit hood. She quickly stripped the gloves and hopped back onboard.

"I want four fast laps this time," she said, punctuating her command with a crack of the whip.

As soon as I started running, the slow heat in my groin began multiplying. By the end of the first lap, I was sweating from the excruciating pain it was causing. She must have swapped out the jar of soothing gel for some sort of icy-hot gel, like the kinds used for sore muscles.

Holy shit did it hurt, especially the glob she shoved up my cunt. I had a hard time running now, and that gave her the perfect excuse to start laying stripes on my ass. It was even bad enough I mostly stopped noticing the harsh pulls on my nipples from the balloons or the constant pinches of the spring clamps

on my breasts.

The spring clamps between my legs were another matter, though. My pumping legs were constantly jarring them, causing them to twist and move with every step. It was doubled in effect due to the icy-hot, and doubled again for the one clamped over my clit.

It also had the strange side effect of turning me on again, reminding me how badly I'd wanted an orgasm through my night of stimulation and denial. Unfortunately, there just wasn't quite enough pleasurable stimulation down there to give me the relief I needed.

I was barely able to finish the full run, and was a sodden mess by the time she guided me back. The sleep deprivation from the night before was beginning to take its toll on my body as the scenes became more energetic. I got another drink while she sorted through her supplies.

"For the next part of my game, I'd like you two to join in on the fun."

"I'd like to go hunting," she said, holding up a paintball gun and a pair of goggles. "This model of gun is pretty low powered and while there's no mistaking when you get hit by it, there's no danger of breaking the skin like with the high-power guns."

"You're not shooting me with that fucking thing, even if it is weaker than normal."

"Not you, dear, the gimp," she said, putting the goggles over Gary's eyes. "Would you like to run around for us, or shall I just practice my aim on poor Sherri."

Gary nodded and began stretching his muscles.

"What do you need me to do?" Jill asked.

"The original charioteers were a team with a driver and a warrior. You get to steer while I try to bag us a gimp for dinner."

The trepidation on Jill's face was replaced with a small smile and a gleam in her eyes.

"Ok, count me in," she said. "This sounds like fun."

They climbed aboard and gave Gary a five second head start before beginning the chase. I was still hurting from my last round of 'improvements' but I began to enjoy this game a lot. Mistress Grey had the benefit of a ranged weapon, but Gary was infinitely more mobile than we were.

He ran like a pro, too. He could change directions on a dime, dodging left or right with every few steps to avoid giving her a good target. The only problem he seemed to be having was with the bouncing of his chastity tube. He was usually clutching his groin with one hand or the other in order to keep it under control.

He avoided each and every shot for the first ten minutes or so, and while I could see him tiring, I was rapidly losing steam myself. I thought he might even win this game, but she finally connected with a shot and caused him to stumble.

He fell to the ground, and when given a stationary target Mistress Grey locked on and began peppering him with paintballs. The white paint splatters on the black rubber covered his entire body from the neck down, and gave testament to her accuracy. There was no doubt about who won the game.

"My God, that was a tremendous amount of fun," she said once we'd stopped next to him.

I was exhausted from the chase, but I actually found myself agreeing with her. None of us had ever done anything like this before, but we might have to try again later some day in the future when not under Mistress Grey's thumb.

"There were a few more scenes I wanted to play out down here, but the excitement of the chase has really gotten me worked up. With your permission, I'd like to adjourn upstairs to the club and give the gimp a reward for making this an exceptionally good chase."

"Sure," she agreed. "Do with him as you see fit. I was more than a little impressed at his performance myself."

I was unhitched from the chariot and the four of us went next door to the private club upstairs. My outfit drew the eyes of all the staff that were setting

up in preparation of the club opening, especially with the tiny horseshoes on the bottoms of my feet clacking loudly across the hard floor.

Jill took a detour to grab a bottle of champagne while Mistress Grey led us onto the stage. Jill had to help me with my glass and I wound up wearing half of it, but what I was able to drink tasted delicious. Even Gary had his hood and gag removed so he could have some.

We spent a pleasurable ten minutes or so enjoying it, but then it was back to business. Mistress Grey removed the spring clips one by one, causing me to shriek each time and especially when she removed the five lower ones. She left the balloons on for now, saying she loved how cute they made me look, like I was a pony at a kid's birthday party.

She bent me over a waist-high padded bench, strapped me down at the waist and chest, fastened my hands down low on the sides, and put a wide spreader bar between my ankles. I briefly tested my bonds and found they pretty much glued me in place. The ben-wa balls came out with difficulty, and I felt both relieved and disappointed when they were gone.

"Prize ponies are usually allowed to breed, so I think the gimp's reward should be to assist in that task."

It was quiet behind me for a minute or so, but then I felt the tip of his cock brush against my pussy; after his enforced chastity, I had no doubt he was primed and ready to go. He rubbed the head up and down my slit a few times and then slowly pushed it in.

With how horny I was, I almost came on the spot from his first gentle thrust. I wanted to scream at him to hurry up and just pound the shit out of me, but I was still gagged and he had his own plan.

Each thrust was maddeningly slow, and he went all the way in until his hips were pressing me into the bench. He'd hold there for a moment and then withdraw equally slow until just the head of his penis was left inside. Then he'd pause for another moment before repeating.

He kept it up for several minutes like that, and it was driving me insane; I was a hair away from cumming, yet couldn't get over the edge like this. To my relief, he finally began picking up the pace, and it only took about a

dozen thrusts before I exploded into an extremely powerful orgasm.

He just kept pounding harder and faster, driving my lust to new heights and causing the first orgasm to run right into a second one before I'd had a chance to come down. I briefly felt him swell in the instant before he began cumming himself, his hot seed filling me to the point of overflow.

He lay on my back for a moment to catch his breath before standing again and withdrawing his rapidly shrinking cock. I had a little giggle fit as I remembered the icy-hot, and while it had mostly worn off by now, there was probably enough left to leave an interesting sensation on his pecker.

At a command from Mistress Grey, he began rubbing my pussy, slowly stoking my fire again. He was driving me to the brink again, but slowly this time now that my initial urgency was relieved. He took his time and waited until I was close again, and my hips were trying to hump his fingers before attacking my clit directly and sending me back into orbit.

He slowed once I was basking in the afterglow, but never fully stopped. A few minutes later I was surprised to feel the tip of his cock slide into my sheath again. He must've been mightily turned on to be ready for round two after only twenty minutes or so.

There was no slow and gentle buildup this time; he simply began pounding me like I was a veal chop. He was thrusting so hard that I would've had bruises on my hips if the bench hadn't been so well padded.

He didn't let up in the slightest for a full five minutes, but by then I was ready to cum again, and boy did I ever. I was seeing stars from the intensity of this one, and it seemed to just go on and on. He finally came himself, holding himself deep inside me this time so we could both revel in the sensations.

We were both given a rest after that porn star level performance, and Jill came over to clean me up a little.

"Mistress Grey," someone called out from the back. "You have an urgent phone call."

"This had better be important," she said, her tone boding ill for whoever it was on the line that was interrupting her day of fun.

“Jill, can I have a private word with you?” she asked a few minutes later when she returned.

“Sure, what’s up?”

“I just got a most interesting phone call, and I know you’ll want to hear this, but let’s go next door first.”

Gary was told to remove my balloons and to keep me amused if I wanted the attention, and then they went into our apartment. He rubbed me to two more orgasms over the next thirty minutes or so and his cock might’ve even been ready for round three, but the girls came back then and had him take a seat.

“It’s almost time for my grand finale, so you two might want to rest while you can. Tonight’s torments will be one for the record books and I can guarantee you’ll be remembering this day for the rest of your life.”

I could hardly wait. Yeah, right.

Evening Torment

I must've dozed off for a while, because the next thing I knew the club was full of people. I could see Mistress Grey standing with Maria and Lisa over by the stage props, loading a cart with a variety of unpleasant items. Well… at least unpleasant from my point of view.

They had so many restraints and cruel accessories on the cart already that they needed a second one by the time they got to the e-stim and electric torture section. They even put the dreaded cattle prod onto the pile! That cart was loaded to the max as well before they were satisfied and wheeled everything over to me.

"I can't wait to get to use this stuff on the bitch," Lisa said, running her hands over some of the harsher items and making sure I could see what I had in store for me.

"Oh, you two can't touch her tonight," Mistress Grey casually said. "I appreciate the help in selecting items for tonight's show, but I don't think I trust either of you enough to let you stay on stage."

"What are you talking about?" Lisa demanded. "We won as a team and I deserve to be here as much as you do. I also promised Maria she could help, since it's customary to tip the dealer."

"I'm sorry, but I can't risk you interfering with things if I need to turn my back or go to the ladies room. The best I can offer is to let you watch from the back of the room."

"That's too far," she whined. "I want to be on the stage with you so I can see the fear in her eyes."

"The only way I'd let you two remain up here is if you were strapped into restraint chairs so I was positive you wouldn't mess with something like the electric power levels."

"Just the restraint chair and no other funny business?" she warily asked.

“Just the chair,” Mistress Grey assured her. “It’s that or back of the room. Make your choice, but make it quickly… I’m itching to get started.”

They both opted for the chair and two were placed a few feet in front of my face. I was still wearing the posture collar and couldn’t look away from them. Lisa kept in full eye contact with me, even as she was loosely strapped down at her thighs, chest, arms, and legs.

Maria was strapped down the same way, although she seemed to be nervous about being restrained onstage, even though she was fully clothed and wasn’t part of the show. Once they were taken care of, Mistress Grey turned to me and gave me her biggest, evilest smile.

“Come on up, everyone,” she shouted. “It’s time to get this show started.”

I began to really panic when I saw the parade of people heading my way. Masters Laste, Brandon, and Jerry were followed by Mistresses Lilith, and Jill. What extreme cruelty did she have in mind for me that required all six of them up here at once?

They all went to work on my binds, removing everything and leaving me completely free for the first time all day. Jill threw a silk robe over my shoulders and had me sit in a wheelchair while the boys hauled the bench offstage.

“Ok, everyone,” Mistress Grey began. “This is what you’ve all been waiting for, although it may not be exactly what you’ve been expecting. Go for it, boys.”

Masters Laste and Brandon had come back onstage behind Lisa and Maria, and in a synchronized maneuver, jammed ball gags into their mouths. Once the gags were buckled tight, they went back to tighten each strap on the restraint chairs until they were pressed deep into flesh.

“I would like to direct your attention to the viewing screen… An associate of mine who wishes to remain anonymous has put together an extremely interesting video.”

I looked to the screen myself and saw it was from last night’s poker game. It was from near the end of the night just before I lost my stake and my freedom. It was the last thing I wanted to be reminded of right now, but

based on the fact that I was currently free and sipping on a glass of champagne while the other two girls were tied to their chairs, I knew something strange was up.

“Take a close look at Maria’s hands as she deals the next card to Lisa.”

The video not only paused at the proper point, but zoomed in as well. It advanced a frame at a time until she paused it again. It was easy to see that the card she was currently dealing was coming off the bottom of the deck!

The room fell deathly silent as the implications sunk in, but only for a moment. Maria and Lisa both tried to deny it but couldn’t really say anything because of the gags. The rest of the room exploded into chaos with cries of ‘cheaters!’ and ‘foul!’

It took Mistress Grey over five minutes to restore order… the one thing these people wouldn’t tolerate was cheating in a high stakes game of chance. She quickly ran through a series of video clips showing more such bottom dealing, along with the subtle hand signal that let Lisa know a hand was seeded in her favor.

Once all the evidence was presented, she had their gags removed so they could try to defend themselves. Their denials were ludicrous in the face of the video we’d just seen, and there wasn’t a hand in the place that didn’t vote them guilty.

“Let’s see,” Mistress Grey said, counting off on her fingers. “Your cheating resulted in the theft of a half million dollars, you were responsible for unlawful imprisonment when Sherri was forced to submit for the night, and I think a judge would agree to charges of assault, rape, and torture as well. Your scene last night would be considered cruel and unusual punishment in anyone’s book.

“On a related note, my source found proof that these were the people who’d been stealing and embezzling from you, Laste, but I’ll leave that off the list for now in case you want to prosecute that separately. I think each of you will be facing about three or four consecutive life sentences before the courts are done with you.”

“Can we make some kind of deal?” Maria asked once her gag was removed,

sounding like she was scared shitless.

“Any deal you may or may not make would have to be authorized by Sherri, since she was the primary victim. On her word we either call the cops, make you disappear without a trace, or strike a deal.”

“What kind of deal would be appropriate for a situation like this?” I asked.

“For starters, they’d have to pay back everything they owe plus a fine equal to the amount of what they took. I’d say giving you a chance to get a little revenge would also be par for the course.”

“What do you say, girls,” I asked, walking up to them. “Do y’all have a spare million bucks to repay the debt?”

“If I had that kind of money I wouldn’t be working in this shithole,” Lisa spat.

“A debt this large would mean you’d each become slaves for around five years. You’d never be the same afterwards and might want to consider jail, although that would be for life rather than just five years.”

“I can do five years standing on my head,” she defiantly replied.

“I’d like to pick the five years as well, although not on my head if I have the choice,” Maria said.

I laughed at her little sally and made my decision.

“Very well… I agree to a private deal and we can work out the details later, but for now I want to give you two something to think about. If you would all like to give me a hand with Lisa, there’s a little payback I’d like to deliver. Since her actions put me into an extremely harsh situation for a full day, that’s where I’d like to begin.”

Her upper torso was released from the chair, her clothes cut away from her body, and her arms forced behind her back. With all of us working together, it didn’t take long before her arms were trapped together at the elbows and straps covered her arms completely from the shoulders down to the wrists.

An inflatable gag was forced into her mouth and pumped up until I thought her head might pop from the extreme pressure. She was intubated without the use of the topical anesthesia they normally used, and cotton pads were

taped over her eyes.

A tight latex hood was slipped over her head and another hood of thick leather was set to soak in a bucket of water. It would take a long time for the wet leather to dry and shrink, but she'd sure know it come morning time. I added a pile of leather straps, laces, and thongs into the water as well, thinking they'd come in handy.

The four inch posture collar from my ponygirl outfit went around her neck, but barely; she was a lot smaller than I was and it really forced her head up to the limit. I tied wet leather strands around each of her tits, giving them five or six good wraps before tying them off, leaving her globes red and engorged.

I tied strings around the base of each nipple to keep the blood trapped, but left them alone otherwise… for now. I had the boys reposition her over the whipping bar, and put a spreader bar between her legs to make sure she couldn't move for the next part.

I selected the largest butt plug I thought she'd be able to take and then changed my mind, picking one a size bigger. I took my time with it like she did with me last night, taking over five minutes to stretch her asshole before letting it pop into place.

Going through some of the items she'd helped select for *my* performance, I found a weird inflatable dildo that looked like a Christmas tree, complete with rubber pine needles and red ornaments. I gave it a few test pumps and found that only parts of it inflated, while the rest were solidly attached to the three vibrator motors running down the shaft.

I decided to give it a try since Christmas wasn't too far off and it wouldn't hurt to have a little holiday spirit. I asked Mistress Grey for some of her icy-hot lube and coated it liberally before forcing it up Lisa's snatch.

It went all the way in until the last set of branches, which covered the outside of her pussy, clit, and ass crack with a harder set of bristles. I gave it a few pumps to make sure she felt every last inch of it, filled in the gaps between the bristles with more icy-hot, and held the whole mess in place using an entire roll of duct tape. I couldn't wait until it was time to remove the tape and I got to yank the sticky mess off her 'landing strip'.

Master Jerry forced her knees apart with the longest spreader bar that would fit, while Master Brandon got some winch cables ready. A large ring attached to the hook let us run ropes from it to her wrists, knees, and ankles. We pulled her arms into a tight strappado first, and then slowly tightened up the others.

She was in a painful looking flying strappado when we were done, but that was only the beginning. Her waist was still attached to the spanking bar, and I had them raise the winch another few inches until she was bowed backwards and every muscle was pulled taut.

The thicker straps seemed to be well soaked by now, so I had the boys stretch them tightly around her torso until she was compressed from the top of her tits to the bottom of her stomach. She'd be glad we intubated her by the time those dried and shrunk.

I let them install the hood while I helped Master Laste with his breathing equipment. He'd turned an empty five gallon pickle bucket into an oversized aroma canister and spliced it into the air feed going to the gas mask.

I retrieved the cum soaked rags Jill had used to clean me up with earlier and deposited them in the pail so she'd have something else to enjoy besides the smell of rancid dill pickle juice. He checked the airflow before putting it on her head, almost gagging from the smell coming through it.

I thought I'd let her stew for a while like this, so I turned her vibrator on to full blast to make sure she wouldn't get bored from the lack of attention, and went to have a few words with Maria. She was sitting in the chair immobile, and not just because of her restraints; she looked like a deer caught in headlights after watching what we'd just done to her partner in crime.

"I'd like to give you a choice," I said, breaking her out of her trance. "I could put you into a similar situation, or you could choose to thank everyone here and earn a less restrictive and infinitely more enjoyable position."

She immediately jumped on the chance to avoid being turned into a human bowstring like Lisa. I released her from the chair while the boys brought the bench I'd been strapped to earlier back on stage. She was soon naked and bent over the bench, welded in place like I was. I had a quick word with Jill before going to the front of the stage.

“Slave Maria would like to apologize to everyone here for the inconvenience she caused, and also thank them in advance for all the hard work her training will take. I beg of you to accept her apology and come up to get thanked in person.”

Jill returned with the items I requested, and a small table to put them on. It was a case of lubricant, a bulk case of condoms, and several packs of napkins.

“For the guys out there, please use a condom and squeeze the contents into the bucket we left beside Lisa. Ladies, feel free to use the napkins provided to clean yourselves off and dispose of them in the same receptacle after you wipe up your juices. We want to make sure Lisa knows exactly what she’s missing. There’s also a free bottle of our finest champagne for each and every girl who squirts and adds a big soggy pile of napkins to the bucket.”

I took a deep bow, and got a standing ovation from my impromptu speech. I considered giving Lisa a lesson in what the cattle prod she so casually selected to use on me felt like, but wanted nothing more than to sit and rest for a while. I switched her vibrator into denial mode.

Master Gustav had the best seat in the house in front of the stage, but when he saw me approach he jumped up and waved for me to take his place. I’d apparently impressed even him tonight. He poured me a glass from his personal bottle of champagne and left me to enjoy the show I’d created.

The chair was too damn comfy to leave, so I sipped my champagne and forgot about the cattle prod for now. There’d be plenty of time tomorrow once I was rested and could get down to some serious revenge.

###

Part 27: Bondage Revenge

The Deal

"Ok, ladies," Sherri said, once the girls were wheeled into my office. "Here's the deal Master Laste and the others have decided will be reasonable for everyone involved."

I walked over to the bound and gagged girls, making sure they were both awake and alert after their ordeal last night. Sherri had put them through the wringer after we found out what they'd done and how much they'd stolen from us.

"You've had a little taste of what you might expect if you decide to take our private deal, but before you decide for sure, I'll explain it in detail and give you a day to consider your options. Make no mistake, though… whatever you decide will be final."

I went back to my desk before continuing.

"You still have the choice to go to jail for multiple counts of assault, theft, embezzlement, unlawful confinement, rape, torture, and probably a dozen other charges the lawyer types know better than I do. We have a bullet-proof case against you both and it'll mean multiple consecutive life sentences.

"The option to make you disappear without a trace is off the table unless you try to double-cross us somehow, but we're fairly civilized around here and don't want to go there. That leaves your third option… making a private deal with us.

"If you choose the deal, you'll be made to sign three copies of your confession, write each one out in full three times, and orally confess to your crimes in front of a video camera as well. All of that will be recorded and witnessed, and both the videos and hard copies will be kept by us forever.

"You will give power of attorney to a lawyer of our choice. Your bank accounts will be frozen, all your personal possessions put into storage, and

the leases on your apartments terminated. For five years, you will cease to exist to the outside world and will serve us in any way we see fit.

"You will have no contact with any friends or family during your service, and appropriate cover stories will be put into place. It helps that neither of you two have any close ties with anyone, so I seriously doubt you'll be missed.

"After five years your debt will be considered completely cleared. You will be released back into the world and your assets returned in the state they were when we seized them. You'll be locked in the dungeon while you think about what you want to do, but will be left alone until tomorrow. That is all."

"Do you think they'll go for it?" Sherri asked once they were wheeled away.

"Yes. They don't really have much choice."

***

We used five different video cameras to record their confessions from all angles and include a close-up of their signatures and hand-written letters. At the end, we had them stand and strip naked before they locked their collars around their necks and shackled their wrists together, while reciting their public apology.

I <state your name> wish to publicly acknowledge my wrongdoings of being a liar, thief, and cheater. I freely state that my actions prove I'm the lowest of the low, and anything done to me is in the interest of teaching me proper respect for others.

I will submit to any indignity because I currently know no better, and I deserve to be punished for my sins. I say this as a warning to others who do not know me: do not trust me, for I am unworthy of either trust or respect.

I deserve everything and anything that will be done to me over the next five years, and hope the lessons will make me a better person. I swear I will do my best to obey and learn these lessons, no matter what the cost may be.

With the formal part done, it was time to get serious with the punishment for their crimes. Leading the way would be Sherri, who'd suffered the worst at their hands. It was time to allow her to get some revenge.

Lisa's Lesson

"Ok, the fun and games time is over," Sherri said. "It's time to get serious about teaching you a lesson for fucking me over. Strap her down, boys!"

Four hands grabbed me from behind and pulled me back toward the waiting bondage frame. Made of plain steel pipes welded together in a large rectangle, it allowed them to place me into completely secure bondage, yet allow them access to practically every inch of my body. I had no choice but to accept the pump-up gag they shoved in my mouth, and couldn't complain when they over inflated it.

The shackles on my wrists and ankles were tied to the four corners which pulled me into a tight spread eagle position, while a multitude of straps were used to pull my limbs to the sides and hold me immobile. It was fairly strict, but not as unpleasant as some of the alternatives they were likely to use over the years of my service.

The extra straps actually made it easier to endure when they lifted my frame off the ground, since it distributed my weight fairly evenly. It turned out to be my only good luck of the day. Sherri came into view with two strangers, each pulling a large aluminum suitcase.

"To make sure you never forget what you've done, I decided to do you a favor and give you a permanent reminder. My friends here are going to tattoo your public apology on your back. I want everyone who sees you naked to know what a piece of shit you really are."

I couldn't believe what I'd just heard, but sure enough, one of the men began laying out his supplies on a folding table. He plastered my back with a large stencil, and without a word began making the speech a permanent part of me. I couldn't even scream.

It took several hours before he finished, and my entire back was in agony by the time he was done. It was my first tattoo, and hopefully my last. After he'd wiped it down and deemed it acceptable, the frame was spun around so I

was looking up, and the foot end of it was lowered to the ground.

A panel harness gag was put on overtop of the inflatable one and buckled extra tight. Each strap of the harness had additional belts running underneath them, which were wrapped around the frame until my head was held immobile. A tall posture collar went around my neck and further reduced any chance of movement on my part.

Shit, was this asshole going to tattoo my face? It looked like he'd been putting away his guns and ink when I could still look around, so I hoped not. When I felt him jam a cotton swab inside my nose and rub it around, I knew the answer was far worse.

Cold steel went into my nostrils and after a slight adjustment, crunched through my septum. I'd never felt pain like that before and my thrashing made the whole frame shake. As soon as I stopped to catch my breath I felt cold steel again, this time getting a grommet compressed in the hole.

I couldn't see what happened next through the tears in my eyes, but I felt something pass through the hole and bounce on my upper lip. I now had a nose ring, and it felt like a big one. I saw several bright flashes and knew they were taking pictures of me, the bastards.

Someone began running a vibrator over my clit while a second person played with my nipples. Despite the pain in my nose, my body reacted in the predictable way and my nipples became hard.

I felt the coolness of alcohol being rubbed over them, and a second later the searing pain as the needle went through first one and then the other. They could've at least used a topical anesthetic or something, but I guess this was part of Sherri's revenge.

When I felt the man wipe down my crotch I started thrashing again. The other ones were bad enough, but there was no way I wanted any piercings down there! Again, I had no say in the matter.

He installed four labia minora rings and six labia majora rings, leaving me breathless. The outer rings actually hurt a lot more than the inner ones for some reason. Luckily, I passed out when he started pushing the needle through my clit.

***

When I regained consciousness, I found myself lying on my back on a hard surface, but still stretched in a spread eagle. I guess they moved me over to the rack while I was out cold. My gag had also been replaced with a ring gag, probably so they wouldn't accidentally kill me if my nose plugged up from all my blubbering.

"I see my little stretch toy is back with us again," Sherri said. "I understand getting your actual clit pierced rather than just the hood can be fairly traumatic sometimes, but wow… I thought you might break the frame for a minute.

"All those piercings will take months to heal properly, so you'll get a reprieve in some aspects of your training, but not in others. Seeing as how you're so damn short, I thought I'd see if it was possible to add to your height a little. Call it an experiment.

"I've decided to refer to you as my little stretch toy since you'll be spending at least six to eight hours a day on the rack, depending on what else is on the agenda. We'll be putting you into other strict and uncomfortable positions to make sure you remain flexible, of course.

"I also bet Master Laste a dollar that I can get you down to a fourteen inch corset within two months. I'm not sure if it's possible, but I'll be doing my best to win… in case you hadn't noticed, I don't like losing."

Sherri seemed to have gone off the deep end in her quest for revenge. By the time she was done with me, I'd probably be begging to begin proper slave training just to get away from her.

"In a second experiment, I want to find out how much sexual stimulation someone freshly pierced can take. I've heard that sex is possibly shortly after, as long as you keep things sanitary and watch closely for any sign of infection.

"Remember when you left me in orgasm denial all night? I thought I'd go insane from the need to climax after only thirty minutes. You're going to stay in denial mode until your piercings are fully healed. Your moisture

down below may slow down the healing process, but I don't mind running the test for an extra month or two."

She pulled the rack another click or two tighter, eliciting a squeal from me as I was pulled fully taut. She tested the tension on my limbs and gave it one more click before climbing up and going between my legs.

She worked a large butt plug into my ass and a thankfully smaller vibrator into my pussy. A simple leather chastity belt held them snugly in place, and I wondered if she was serious about keeping me on the edge of orgasm for possibly three or four months. Even a week would probably turn my mind to mush.

When she turned it on, the vibrations made my new clit ring shake, which was almost indescribable in the sheer intensity the sensation caused. From a 'cold start' I was brought to a full blown orgasm in under a minute.

"Whoops!" Sherri said, giggling. "It looks like Laste's denial program didn't anticipate that much of a reaction from you. If you're lucky, you may even get one or two more while it recalculates. Enjoy them while you can."

I managed to actually get three before it settled into a barely on, followed by a brief off pattern, but then it became a living hell. The tiniest vibrations went straight to my clit and drove me instantly wild.

Once she was sure it was working properly she turned on the TV and walked away. It showed the upstairs stage, and a few minutes later Maria appeared being pushed in her wheelchair by Sherri. I wondered if her night would be as rough as mine.

Maria's Role

After getting tattooed, they made me watch while Lisa was pierced. I was scared shitless at what I'd gotten myself into, and hoped Sherri wasn't as pissed off at me as she was at Lisa. She was smiling when she finally finished with Lisa and came to collect me, but I wasn't sure if the smile was good or bad.

"So what do you think of my little stretch toy?" she asked, removing my gag.

I begged not to have that done to me, (mostly incoherently) for the next five minutes before she cut me off.

"Since you asked so nicely, and I don't need more than one stretch toy at a time, I have a different role that might suit you better."

I jumped on it. Anything would be better than what Lisa was getting put through.

"Yes, Mistress Sherri, thank you. I'll do my best to not disappoint you."

"That's the spirit, although I'm technically not a Mistress," she said, slapping my ass. "Let's go join the others in the club."

She unlocked the wheels and pushed me onto the stage. The place was crowded, yet the lack of music in the background told me the main part was shut down for the night. It probably meant things would be hardcore up here tonight, but I was already expecting that.

What I wasn't expecting was to be bent over the spanking bar with an inflatable kiddy pool below me while I received three enemas! To say it was humiliating would be an understatement, but at least I wasn't being tortured or pierced. Yet.

Once they finished with that and everything was clean, they adjusted my bonds and put me into a face-up flying spread eagle. This wasn't as bad as it might have been, since I still had the spanking bar under my back to give me some support. All in all, my position was a thousand times better than

Lisa's. So far.

"Sorry for the delay everyone," she said, absentmindedly rubbing my pussy. "My little stretch toy in the dungeon took a lot more of my time than I anticipated. Now, some of you may remember me from Master Laste's annual BDSM party, and how I was basically turned into a party favor for the night.

"Slave Maria has graciously volunteered to fill that role for us on a full time basis, and will henceforth be known as fuck-toy. I'm told that after the video of the party was reviewed, I'd set a new record for the number of orgasms both given and received in one night. Records I still hold, I might add.

"I'd like to see what it looks like from the other end of things, and give fuck-toy the chance to break my record. All of our club paraphernalia is available for your use, you can use her in any way that suits your fancy, and as many times as you want."

Shit, this was sounding worse every second. My only consolation was that at least I wouldn't be denied my orgasms like Lisa. I might feel differently after a dozen or so, but for now I just tried to prepare myself for the inevitable. Like it or not, this was part of the deal.

She stopped rubbing my pussy and gave it a hard open palm slap before walking over to the props table. She came back sporting a large double-sided dildo and a harness which she wasted no time in donning.

Her earlier rubbing had made me a little hot, so a bit of spit was all the additional lubrication she needed. I felt every bump and ridge as she slowly slid it into my pussy, until her hips were pressed tight against my thighs. Then she turned the vibrators on to full blast.

She kept me fully impaled for a minute or so, simply wiggling side to side a little to increase the sensations. I had to admit it was a great technique and I found myself reacting accordingly, getting quite hot in short order. Once she actually began fucking me with it, my orgasm overtook me within minutes.

She kept going, picking up the pace and thrusting even harder. It took her another few minutes before she finally came with a scream, and I was almost disappointed since I'd been getting close to my second one.

I didn’t have to worry, though, since she simply left the toy running inside my snatch and tied the harness around my legs to hold it in place while she came around to the other end. She stood by my head and took a short break while the buzzing toy sent me over the edge again. This one wasn’t as powerful but it lasted longer and seemed much more satisfying.

She didn’t give me more than a moment or two to recover before stepping close so I could eat her out. I licked and sucked for all I was worth, hoping to finish the job before the vibrator got me worked up to the point where I couldn’t concentrate.

I wasn’t quite able to follow the plan, and she resorted to pinching my nipples and slapping my tits whenever my attention wandered. I came again and did a little better after that, although it still took another five minutes of work on my part before I made her cum.

Once her aftershocks settled down, she removed the toy from my snatch and announced that fuck-toy was now warmed up and open for business. If that was just the pre-game show, I wondered what the main event would be like.

Master Laste and Monica came up next along with Mistress Jill. I had to eat Monica out while Mistress Jill played with my tits. She would rub them for a while and then switch to slapping them around, adding in the occasional nipple pinch or twist once in a while for variety.

Every few minutes she’d switch places and roles with Monica, meaning this would be one record breaking cunnilingis session before I’d be able to make them both cum. At least I was able to concentrate a little better this time with the vibrating monster gone from my pussy.

Master Laste put a jar of lube on my stomach and used a copious amount greasing up my asshole, stretching me in stages with one, two, and finally three fingers. Once I was loose enough, he plunged his hard cock all the way in until I felt his balls slap against my butt cheeks.

I thought I’d been ready for it, but it was bigger and longer than I expected, and I wailed from the sudden stretching pain. Monica clenched her thighs around my head and smothered me with her pussy until I calmed down enough to continue.

As soon as the girls resumed their fun, he began fucking me for real with long hard strokes, although at only a moderate pace. His thrusts were actually so steady and even, it felt more like a fucking machine than a real person.

After a while, the girl who swapped out from my oral service would keep rubbing herself so I wouldn't have to start over each time, and they both started heating up nicely. It took maybe fifteen minutes before Master Laste finally couldn't hold back anymore, and just as I made Mistress Jill cum, he withdrew and shot his load over my stomach and tits.

Monica took her place at my face and used one hand to scrape his cum off my body and dribble it down her pussy for me to lick clean. She began humping my face as she finally reached climax, smothering me again for close to a minute before backing off.

The gimp came over and roughly wiped me down with a wet towel before the next group came to take their turn with me. It was Mistress Lilith and Nancy this time, with Nancy choosing to use a strap-on harness that had a dildo shaped like a series of balls stuck together.

Each section was slightly bigger than the previous one, and I could feel the strain on my pussy lips as the larger sized balls were forced in and out of me. There were a tiny bit of vibrations as well, but only what transferred from her end of things and was barely worth mentioning.

She had two *very* loud orgasms before I was able to make Mistress Lilith shudder in ecstasy, and while I'd gotten fairly hot again, I didn't get to cum myself. They were replaced with Master Brandon and Charlie the waitress after the gimp cleaned me up again. It looked like Gary the gimp's cleaning service would be a regular part of the evening.

I'd never liked giving a guy head, but it was almost a relief to see him come toward my face for a blowjob; my tongue was getting worn out from all the pussy licking I'd already done. He made me work to get him hard, keeping just far enough back that I could only brush his penis with the very tip of my tongue.

Once he started getting erect and I managed to get my lips around his shaft it became easier, and I got him the rest of the way hard in just a few seconds.

Charlie used the same strap-on that Nancy had used, but she picked my other hole for her pleasure. If I thought it stretched my pussy lips unpleasantly, it was nothing compared to those globes being forced past my sphincter.

Master Brandon only lasted three or four minutes before withdrawing and coating my face with hot cum. I howled as the salty fluid got in my eyes, and I don't know if it was to help me or to humiliate me, but he used my hair to wipe my face clean.

It took Charlie another five or six minutes before she finally got her orgasm, and Master Brandon passed the time by pulling and twisting my nipples for the entire duration. Master Jerry took his place, with Paula behind me. It seemed the teams from our poker night were getting their pound of flesh from me before the general public.

I felt the now familiar globes pushing past my rosebud again and wished they'd find a different one, but Paula also chose to use a magic wand vibrator on my pussy and give me some relief from the horniness that'd been building within me over the last few rounds.

Mistress Grey came over with a big bunch of floating balloons and had the gimp hold them while she tied them to my nipples one at a time. By the time I had eight on each side, my nipples were being pulled painfully towards the ceiling, stretched like I'd never felt before.

Despite the pain or maybe helped by it, the magic wand took me to my magic place and made me see stars. It was definitely a ten-point-oh on the Richter scale of orgasms, yet it hardly even reduced the fire between my legs. I knew this one would go straight into another, and maybe even a triple before the current team finished their turn.

Paula actually beat Master Jerry to orgasm, but only by a few seconds. She was still shaking and moaning when I felt the cock in my throat swell and expel its seed. The first blast went straight down my throat, but then he pulled out and let the rest blast over my face.

With my head hanging down, one shot even went straight up my nose. He also used my hair to wipe off my face, but then he made me lick his hand clean, jamming most of it into my mouth and making me gag a bit.

Master Gustav came up next with Antoine the bouncer, but he complained about the mess the previous two guys had made of my hair. I couldn't really blame him either; If I was a guy, I wouldn't want my long, cum-soaked hair slapping against my legs either.

The gimp ran off stage and returned a moment later with a pair of electric clippers. Master Gustav proceeded to shave my head almost completely bald, telling the gimp to save my hair and wash it since it was the perfect length to make into a pony tail.

Now a little less disgusting, he proceeded to face fuck me while Antoine slammed into me from the rear with the exact same timing. I almost felt like an accordion the way they were pounding me together.

With the length of Master Gustav's cock pushing deep into my throat and Antoine's girth stretching my ass wide, it was a fairly brutal session and I was glad when it was over. He held his prick deep in my throat when he came, causing me to gag somewhat, but at least it all went straight down. Antoine chose to decorate my stomach with his cum, giving the gimp a big job to clean up.

After that, things started to blur together. A vibrator was left running in my snatch for the next several rounds, and I lost track of how many times I came. With my 'duty' done to the people who were primarily affected by my crimes, the rest of the crowd was let loose on me.

I have no idea how many different people had their way with me since several people came back for a repeat performance. I licked and sucked until my mouth was numb, and then they gagged me with a double sided penis gag for the girls, only removing it when some guy wanted to ram his meat down my throat.

Gary the gimp had to make several laundry runs for clean towels; he even took several turns at me himself when a hole was available. Four I think, but I suppose it didn't really matter. I truly was a fuck-toy by now.

At some point in the night they put a low bench underneath me so I could be had in all three holes at once. It caused a flurry of new interest and I found myself being triple-penetrated for many, many rounds in a row after that.

I was sore from head to toe and completely spent by the time they'd had enough of me, but it could've been worse I suppose. I'd rather live as a fuck-toy than as stretch-toy, and I counted myself lucky. I wondered what tomorrow would bring, and what my real training would be like. Only time would tell.

###

Part 28: Winter BDSM Carnival

Preparations

“Where are the rest of the ornaments?” I shouted. “How are we ever going to finish decorating the tree if you don’t bring me the proper boxes?”

“Sorry, Mistress Grey,” Gary replied. “These were in the middle of the ornament stack.”

“Put those over by the carriage ride area and hurry back with the right ones.”

“There’s never enough time to do this right,” I said with a sigh.

Setting up for my annual winter carnival was a major chore, but the actual party was always worth it. I thought holding it in Laste’s unused warehouse would make things easier this year, but trying to do everything indoors came with its own set of problems.

I always had a hayride, dance floor, a sitting area with food and drink, and of course, my unique kinky displays that everyone talked about for months afterwards. It was tough to fit it all indoors, but more people would be able to attend this year if they didn’t have to travel to the countryside.

I left the tree for now, hoping the gimp would have the ornaments waiting by the time I got back, and went to check on the hayride. I’d left Sherri, Jill, and Lilith in charge, knowing that if anyone could work out the details in time it’d be those three.

I stopped at the edge of their practice circle to take in the scene. Lilith was driving the large hayride cart which was being pulled by four ponygirls, and was currently in a mess of epic proportions.

Sherri and Jill were leading the team and wore only the most basic ponygirl harness since they were only doing it to help me out. The two girls behind them were another story.

They were decked out in the full array of ponygirl gear, including upper,

lower, and head harnesses, box tie pouch holding their arms tightly behind their backs, thigh-high pony boots, butt plug with long tail, and the highly effective pressure plate bit gags.

Lilith hopped out of the cart to untangle the pile of human ponies, and removed both reins and bit gags from the girls before helping them to their feet.

“We need to turn together, you twits,” Sherri growled, once her bit gag was removed. “If half of us keep going straight on a real run, we’ll wind up in a pile on the ground and the cart will drive right up your ass.”

“Sorry, ma’am, I thought we had a few steps left before the corner,” Maria said, in between her panting.

“Don’t think… when the driver pulls the reins you start turning. It’s as simple as that.”

“It sounds like you’re having fun,” I said.

“Fucking clueless newbies,” she spat.

“Cut them a little slack,” Lilith chuckled. “You should have seen how bad you were during the first week or two of your ponygirl training. A four girl team is fairly tough, but we can fix this by putting blinders on them and then they’ll have no choice but to follow my directions.”

“Is there anything I can help with?” I asked. “If your new ponies need to be broken before the carnival, I’d be more than willing to introduce them to the cattle prod and see how they like being steered with zaps from it.”

“What do you say, ponies?” Lilith asked sweetly. “Are you going to learn how to follow my commands, or shall I let Claire have a turn at instructing you?”

I hid a smile as the ponygirls pawed the ground and stood at perfect resting attention. Having a reputation as an ogre usually came in handy and made a very effective threat.

“I’ll check back with you girls later,” I said. “I’ve got to finish making my rounds.”

The day looked to be starting off bad, but not everyone was behind schedule.

The refrigeration guy who was making the skating rink dance floor had finished laying out all of his pipe, poured the sand, and was flooding it all with water. We'd have ice tomorrow.

The hayride course itself was also in good shape, with all of the regular decorations already in place; it just needed my 'special' ice sculptures. I guess I'd better go check on how those were coming along.

As soon as I opened the door I was assaulted by the powerful smells from within. Casting gel, fiberglass, and alginate warred unpleasantly with the sweet smell of sex. My special casting system allowed me to make perfect replicas of absolutely anything, but could be unpleasant… unless you were currently in it.

Looking at the sprawl of tired, half-naked models who'd volunteered for the casting, I'd say they'd each gone several rounds already. It was an exhausting procedure, but unbelievably fun. I decided I deserved a break after my frantic morning, and pulled out the costume for my traditional ice queen statue.

I started with a quarter cup corset, thigh-high ballet boots without any heels, hollow dildos for both front and rear, and enlisted several of the models to help lace everything up. Next was the special molding catsuit, which was fragile to begin with and needed to be pulled on carefully, especially with boots already on.

Once they got it past the waist, the rubber sheaths built into the suit were pushed into the hollow dildos using thin rods, before they continued working upwards. They paused again once my breasts were covered so they could install the posture collar. It was only tall enough to give a regal tilt to my chin, but it protected the throat and helped to keep me from moving my head while the mold set.

Thick inserts in my nostrils blocked me from getting any air through my nose, but were necessary to keep the shape intact; that was the one part I truly hated about this process. I made sure I picked a mouth guard that fit well, since the small breathing tube it held would be all that kept me alive once I'd started.

The hood was stretched and pulled over my head, removing my sight and

forcing me to rely on my molding master to direct the rest of the session. This was the one and only time I ever put myself into someone else's control, but I secretly enjoyed it and could feel myself starting to get horny.

Once the hood was in place and sealed to the body suit, they began running the heat gun over me to shrink the suit and form it perfectly over every contour of my body. Next were the thin metal forms which would hold my limbs in place for the hour long process.

He had me sit in a bare-frame copy of the throne we'd be using for the display so he could get the angles right, and began taping everything in place. Long angle brackets were fastened to the backs of my arms and legs, as well as down my back in order to keep my movements to a minimum.

Once my limbs were immobile he repositioned me slightly and used thin rubber belts to fasten my arms, legs, head, and torso to the throne frame itself. The thin rubber held me absolutely immobile, yet wouldn't leave big bulges in the final cast.

I was carried over to the gel vat, and once I felt cool air being pumped into the supply air hose, knew we were about to begin. I was tilted forward and carefully lowered face first into the thick goo until it covered me from ears to ass. A gel pack covered my back and then the whole thing was vacuum sealed in order to suck out all of the major air pockets.

Once the vacuum was holding tight, a positive air pressure was added to the top of the gel pack to force it to mold to my body and squish the lower vat gel into every nook and cranny of my body. I felt a slight increase of pressure in my loins as the gel filled the slightly flexible inserts inside me, and tried to brace myself for the next step.

When I used this apparatus to make molds for my custom latex line, even the tiniest air bubble would ruin the suit, so I'd designed a powerful vibration system to shake out every last air pocket. For the model being molded, it meant one hell of a ride, and was the reason we needed to use such restrictive restraints.

I felt the shaker motor come on at a low speed to work out the bigger pockets, but even that felt incredible. It was like a thousand lovers caressing me from head to toe, and was especially noticeable on my breasts, nipples, pussy, and

clit.

It took extreme focus for me to not move while the vibrations attacked every erogenous zone at the same time, and I felt my first orgasm begin to rise up inside of me. As soon as the shaker switched to medium speed, it crashed through my body from head to toe.

With the extreme nature of my bondage and the complete stimulation, it felt like a full body orgasm and it left me panting with the strength of it. I began to think I might be in trouble today since orgasms that powerful usually didn't hit until the *last* five minutes, not the *first* five.

The machine switched to full speed and the force of it sent me from pleasant afterglow to shuddering delight in mere moments. This one lasted longer than the first, and I began sucking on my air feed to try and get more air into my lungs.

The mold master must've noticed my extreme reactions in today's session, since I felt a tingling begin in my extremities and I started to feel light headed. He'd added Entonox into my air feed to help reduce the shaking my orgasms were causing.

My muscles relaxed quickly under the effect of the fifty percent nitrous oxide, but it came with the side effect of making me even hornier. I'd be humping my dildos like mad right now if I had even a millimeter of movement in my binds.

I climaxed for a third time, but this time it was more of a series of smaller ones running into each other. I don't know how long it lasted, but it felt like I was cumming for about a year. When it finally subsided I was completely limp, which was a good thing since it felt like the gel was starting to set.

As it hardened, the pressure on my already immobile form increased even more and I felt the beginnings of yet another orgasm begin to build. It took me far beyond the point that made me cum earlier, yet it just kept building and building.

When it finally crashed over me, it felt like nothing I'd ever experienced before. It literally felt like I was exploding from the sheer power of the ecstasy that finally found its release. I probably would've passed out from it

if the breathing equipment hadn't kept me going.

I was a little sad when the shaker finally shut off, but I wasn't sure if my heart could've withstood another orgasm like the last one so it was probably for the best. A relief from both the internal vacuum and the top pressure signaled the end of my cycle.

Removing me from the mold was a slow process, since haste could mean a tear in the freshly set gel. Even through the catsuit I could tell when the back piece was removed and cooler air found its way over me; heat really built up inside from the curing gel. They stood the chair upright once I was clear and inspected the results.

"I'm sorry, Mistress," he yelled into my ear. "We somehow had a very ugly air pocket stuck right between your boobs. We'll need to do a second casting of you, but don't worry… we'll have it ready to go in a matter of minutes."

Fuck.

The Carnival

“Welcome to my winter wonderland,” I crowed, swinging the double doors wide open to allow everyone to see this year’s masterpiece display.

Seeing the admiration on my friend’s faces when they got their first glance at my scene was always one of my favorite moments. I went over the top this year and spent close to a million bucks on it, so they’d better be impressed.

Life-cast ice sculptures lined each side of the entry promenade, each in its own unique erotic pose, and gave an early taste of what they’d expect to see inside. I ushered everyone into the central gathering area where a row of bound and gagged servants waited with trays of champagne on one side, and hot spiked tea on the other.

Not wanting any accidents, I used only the best trained servers I could beg, borrow, or steal from my friends. It takes both talent and practice to be able to not spill the trays of drinks attached to their uniform while wearing ballet boots, arm binders, posture collars, and gags… all while having a pair of buzzing toys trapped between their legs.

It was especially difficult for them this year due to the artificial snow being blown from the machines located on the mezzanine level and piling up unevenly on the floor. They’d manage somehow, I was sure… they always did.

I gave everyone plenty of time to mingle and get settled in before gathering them around the massive Christmas tree for the official capping ceremony. I’d never done an indoor venue before and couldn’t use a winch and pulley system until now, so this one would be both unique and special.

I left my usual star in storage, electing to use an angel this year; a living angel, to be precise. The tiny slave Lisa wouldn’t weigh a hundred pounds even with a gallon of cum inside her, and was perfect for this.

She was already prepared with thin fiberglass casts to hold her body in the proper position, an ultra-tight corset that sucked her waist down to fifteen

inches, and heelless boots holding her feet almost perfectly in line with her legs.

I'd wanted to finish her costume off earlier, but decided to let the guests of honor finish the job so they could join in on the fun. Angel wings were bolted to flanges in the casts and made her keep her arms stretched out to the sides as if she was in flight.

A thick, curved steel plate had a large butt plug and an even larger dildo mounted on the inside, and I let Laste handle the insertions and the straps to hold everything secure. It was one of the primary mounting points and had to be perfectly placed in order to handle her weight, or things could end badly.

A large harness ball gag had a glittery trumpet attached to the outside, and all the straps were tightened an extra notch or two tighter than normal since the top of the harness was a secondary mounting point.

The tall posture collar we used had four D-rings around it, and would serve the same double duty as the gag harness. Nipple clamps with large bells on the ends were strictly for cosmetic purposes, but the jingling fit right in with the holiday theme and was absolutely adorable.

I did a double check of all the accessories to make sure everything was perfect, and then we screwed eye bolts into each wing and into the boots where the heels normally would be. Now it was time for the tricky part.

A large rectangular frame was lowered from the ceiling and we tied her in place below it using strong, but thin parachute cord. Laste fussed over those for far longer than he needed to, but the angle needed to be right or the crotch plate would never connect to the waiting magnetic stand on top of the tree.

Once he was finally satisfied, we began raising her up, using ropes from the ground to keep her away from the tree until she cleared the top. I don't know if was because of his extra fussing or sheer blind luck, but we mated the two plates perfectly on our first attempt.

Lisa was now a part of our tree, crowning the top like some sort of kinky angel and looking even better than I'd imagined. I activated the shocking butt plug and the powerful vibrator on a random program to help keep her nipple bells jingling, and declared the festivities to be officially started.

Gustav took his slave wife straight to the skating rink so he could see if it was possible for her to skate while strictly bound and wearing ballet boots. I personally didn't think it would work, but it'd be fun trying. Several others joined him to both help keep her from cracking her skull and to watch the chaos.

I led a group over to the hayride, since leading the first run was another tradition of mine. I also needed to get the runs finished as fast as possible so Sherri and Jill could join the party properly. Maria and Liddy were already strapped to the harness poles, so it was easy to add the girls in front of them and attach the reins.

I'd transformed the regular ponygirl costumes into reindeer for the carnival, and they'd turned out better than anyone expected. Sherri even said the boots would provide additional traction and wondered if they were race legal.

Once everyone had a seat in the back I cracked the buggy whip twice, landing a solid crack on both Liddy's and Maria's ass, and we were off. All four girls somehow managed to not only pull together, but each high step of their legs were also in perfect synchronization.

I doubted it would last past the first corner, but it looked stupendous right now. The course itself was fairly short because of space limitations, and simply went around the perimeter of the building with only one extra switchback area.

Our run was only about eight minutes long, but everyone loved it and the quick turnover time meant Jill and Sherri would be finished with their duty in about an hour. After that, Liddy and Maria would be attached to individual carts in case someone wanted an extra trip or two.

Gustav had already abandoned the ballet-skate idea by the time I got back and was simply pushing her around the ice in a chair. I was sorry I'd missed what I'm sure would have been hilarious antics of near epic proportions, sort of like a kinky Keystone Cops caper on ice.

Dinner wouldn't be served until the stroke of midnight, so everyone made regular stops at the carny junk food booths. It was always a popular part of my party, mostly because none of my guests ever thought of having something simple like a funnel cake in the regular course of events.

I was itching to unveil my next surprise, but everyone seemed to be having a ball with the simple stuff I'd started with and I couldn't find a decent opening. I finally had to force the issue or we'd be here all night and most of my special activities would go unseen.

After giving my maître d' a warning, I stepped onto the dais where my own ice sculpture was sitting on its throne and called for attention. He ran off to let the appropriate people know to get ready.

"I'm glad everyone is enjoying themselves tonight, but I've still got a few things left to show you. What's a carnival without any games? It's nothing, of course… which is why I arranged a few competitions and tests of skill."

I pressed a button on the side of the throne which lifted up a fake wall near the far side of the hayride course and revealed my carny games. The first was a dunk tank where I had a girl hanging from the shoulder rings on her straitjacket over a tank of water.

She was gagged, her legs frog tied, and she had electrodes attached to each nipple, her pussy, and her ass. When the target was hit, she fell into the tank on a bungee cord, giving her a good dousing, but more importantly for the game, hitting the water completed a circuit and turned on a light indicating the electrodes were activated. It was a lot of fun for the player, if not the target.

Next was the duck shoot. Four girls wearing bright yellow latex were bound in a kneeling strappado on a spinning merry-go-round. They were the 'ducks' the contestants needed to hit using small snowball catapults.

Every time a girl was hit, the automatic fucking machine she was sitting on activated and ran for sixty seconds. I personally thought it was a tough game, but many of our guests were pretty good shots and it wasn't long before the girls were all moaning in delight.

The third booth was one for the ladies, and had four naked male submissives bent backwards over a bench and tied tightly in place. They'd all been given a double dose of Viagra and had a leather shoelace tied around the base of their cocks to keep them at attention.

The booth attendant would occasionally stroke someone who looked like they

might need extra motivation, but overall it went better than I'd hoped. The players had a good target for the ring toss, and it was the second most popular booth.

The last booth, and the most popular, was another target shooting game, where the players needed to shoot a stream of water from a water gun into a small hole in the stand below each 'racer'.

The racers were tied in a standing spread eagle to a St. Andrews cross and had one of Laste's most powerful vibrators stuck inside them. A second powerful vibrator was pressed against their clits, and with every drop of water that made it inside the target, the speed of both vibrators increased.

It was a race to see which player could make their target cum first, and required a lot of strategy to win once several rounds had gone by, since some targets were left on the edge of orgasm from a previous round and were considered to be easy marks. Side bets were heavy on this one.

Once everyone had a chance to get their fill of the games, all of the slaves and submissives were released and gathered on the far side of the dancing rink, along with any guest subs that wished to partake in their biggest fun of the year; the Dom vs. Sub snowball fight.

Separated by the ice rink and brought out in groups of five at a time, this was their one chance per year where they could strike back at their masters and mistresses without fear of retribution. Points were awarded for every Dom struck by a snowball, and deducted for every time they were hit in return.

It was hard for the subs to dodge and throw while wearing ballet boots and a hobble, but some managed to get lucky. The subs had good motivation to try, since the ones with the lowest amount of points would become participants in our after dinner activities, and none of them wanted that.

It was oodles of fun for everyone, and we all had a good appetite by the time dinner was served. This was definitely my finest winter carnival ever, and the best was yet to come.

Extracurricular Activities

During dinner, the losing girls from the snowball fight were taken aside and prepared for the final event of the night. Thigh-high and heelless reindeer boots were laced tightly in place, brown leather armbinders locked their arms together behind their backs, and bells were clamped to their nipples.

Reindeer helmets with built-in gags were placed on the head of each girl and served multiple purposes tonight. The gags would keep them from speaking, the large head would actually serve as a protective helmet, and it would also remove their peripheral vision.

This was to be a hunt. The six Doms who earned the most points in the carnival games would get first chance at hunting the six lowest scoring subs from the snowball fight. Using low-powered paintball guns, they'd have six shots each to try and bag a target. The subs had access to the full hayride course and could choose to either run or hide from the hunters.

Given a one minute head start, only two girls made it around the first corner, while one girl hadn't even made it out of the starting area. I guess running on your tiptoes in heelless boots wasn't a skill she possessed. Master Brandon didn't even have to leave his chair in order to nail her.

As a punishment for her abysmal failure at the game, she was drug back to the group and hung upside down from her ankles and given fifty lashes with the single tail whip. Brandon had plans for her, but left her hanging for now so he could watch the rest of the hunt being broadcast from the cameras Laste installed throughout the course.

Lilith seemed disgruntled that all six of her shots missed her target, but she accepted the teasing good-naturedly when she returned empty handed. Mistress Jade made up for it by bagging two girls in two shots from an impressive fifty foot distance. She'd most likely win the event with that performance, and had her prizes hung upside down next to the first girl.

Master Laste fired off all six shots at the same target, hitting her four times

directly on the ass. He chose to hogtie her where she fell and pull her bound body back on a sled. While she wasn't suspended in the air like the first girls, he tied the rope to the hogtie loop and pulled until her back was severely bowed.

Master Gustav missed his target but got lucky when a stray shot hit the lead girl and gave him his prize. It wasn't a pretty victory, but he took it anyway and hung her up like the others. I guess he felt grateful for his luck since he shoved a vibrator in her snatch and gave her permission to cum as many times as she wanted.

Master Jerry deferred his turn to me, saying his bum knee kept him from such strenuous activities these days. I jumped at the chance, remembering how much fun my hunt had been when I chased Gary the gimp while I was in a chariot being pulled by Sherri.

I didn't have a chariot this time, but I had a plan; I could see from the cameras that she was waiting at the far corner so she'd be able to see anyone coming from far away, giving her a chance to run for it. It was too bad for her I wasn't limited to coming down the path.

I used a stack of hay bales to keep out of sight, and when I stepped around them, she was an easy mark. My first shot hit directly on her right nipple and sent the bell flying off with a tinkle. I was actually aiming for her torso, but of course I took full credit later for such an awesome shot.

I landed a shot on each ass cheek, but missed with the rest. It didn't matter; I'd gotten my prize as well and accepted my accolades when I returned with her. The rest of my guests got a chance to do some hunting themselves, but the targets this time were volunteers and didn't have as many restrictions placed on them. It was still fun for everyone.

For our reindeer girls, though, the fun was about to end. Having two girls, Jade decided to reward the boys who'd been part of the ring toss and were still sporting impressive hard-ons. The helmet was removed and she was tied face down in a spread eagle over one of the dinner tables.

There was enough slack in her binds that one of the boys was able to crawl underneath her and take her from below, while two others stood at the ends of the table to have their fun orally and anally. With six super horny slaves

getting unlimited access to her, she'd be in for a long night.

Jade had her other girl bent over a sawhorse with her arms and legs spread wide and fastened to the bottom of it, leaving her perfectly exposed and available. She chose a simple vibrating strap-on and began fucking her like a bunny. She invited Lilith and Nancy to join in, and they took turns forcing multiple orgasms out of her in a virtually non-stop assault.

Gustav put a chair in front of his girl and removed her helmet. He made her suck him off while still upside down and being stimulated by the vibrator. He announced she'd be available to one and all for the rest of the night if anyone wanted a turn in the chair.

Master Laste had his girl in a creative position. She was bound between four tables, hanging in midair like she was sitting in an invisible lounge chair. He was fucking her extremely slowly since with each thrust he took, he'd withdraw fully and give her a swipe with his signature silver crop.

He'd randomly strike her tits, pussy, or ass, and then plunge his cock all the way in and out before picking a new target. Knowing his stamina and self-restraint, I was willing to bet he'd be able to keep going like that for at least a half hour or more.

I knew my girl was Maria due to the large tattoo we'd covered her back with when she started her five year service, and wanted to do something special to wrap the night up with. Since she'd become known as fuck-toy, I decided she'd need to earn her keep tonight. A smile was plastered across my face as I had my maître d' fetch a few items from storage.

The first thing I did when he returned with my requested items was to lock thick leather cuffs to her wrists. Behind her back we put a four foot spreader bar between the cuffs to keep her arms widely spread and then repeated the process on her ankles.

A heavy duty inflatable butt plug was lubed up with a gooey itching compound and shoved up her ass. It was expanded as much as possible, making her shudder and groan from the massive amount of pressure. I hurried now, since the compound would start taking effect in about five minutes and I wanted everything in place before that happened.

The sybian was prepared with the pad that had the largest dildo made for the device, as well as a knobby pad that her clit would press against when she was leaning forward. Both were liberally coated with the itching compound before we lowered her in place on it.

Using the rope she was previously hung from, I tied it to the middle of the arm bar and pulled it up like a spread-strappado until she was forced to stay leaning forwards with her clit getting tickled by the end of the soft rubber knobs. A single belt behind her back welded her in place to the powerful machine, and we were ready to begin.

“For being the last reindeer standing, I feel that Maria fuck-toy should be rewarded by letting her have an orgasm or two” (“or fifty”, I secretly thought) “while she gives thanks to everyone in attendance.”

“I’ll leave a cane, crop, and paddle next to her in case her motivation wanes, but I’m sure she’ll be more than eager to please everyone since she’ll be stuck in her current predicament until everyone has been thanked properly.”

On a whim, I took one last swipe of the itching gel and smeared it around her nipples, in her armpits, and on the soles of her feet. I could tell from her frenzied writhing that the first of the compound was already starting to take effect.

“I’d like to thank you all for attending this year’s festivities, and I hope everyone had a good time.”

I took a bow as everyone cheered and clapped for me. The applause went on for far longer than politeness would’ve dictated, and I knew that this party was a complete success. As I turned the sybian on and stepped up to Maria’s face to let her lick between my folds, I was already thinking of ideas for my New Year’s Party.

I knew the perfect way to finish off the year… as long as our subs could withstand it, that is. Just the thought of it was enough to send me over the edge and coat Maria’s face with my juices. I could hardly wait.

###

Part 29: The Reindeer Ponygirls

New Year Festivities

"Put her in stall eighteen," I called out to the handler guiding the latest ponygirl contestant into our impromptu stables.

Word of my incredibly successful winter BDSM carnival had spread far and wide, making my upcoming new year's bash the most highly anticipated social event of the year. Of course it helped that ponygirl-reindeer races would be taking place on the indoor course I'd built for my hayrides.

Still, I hadn't expected the entire UK contingent to attend with their star racers. It was rare for the whole group to show up for our regular ponygirl races, and unprecedented for them to attend an unknown event. Still, they were here now and it meant a real strain on our resources.

Laste's fetish club was completely shut down for the duration and was costing him a fortune in lost revenue, but he didn't really care about the money; he enjoyed playing host far more and absolutely loved having everyone under his roof for the event.

Every staff member from both the fetish club and shop were working twelve hour days trying to keep up with the demands of all our visitors, and still couldn't manage. He had to hire additional help from the regulars who attended the public part of his club, and build them barracks style living quarters on the mezzanine above.

All in all, it meant there'd be close to three hundred people attending my party this year, which was unheard of. This was the largest gathering of ponygirls in over a decade outside of the world class events, and the races would even be broadcast live to at least fourteen different countries!

It was also a huge pain in the ass, since everyone wanted to get their girls out on the rather unique course. Rather than a conventional oval, our course was closer to something like a rally race with a long switchback and two hairpin

turns. Most ponygirls weren't used to a track like this and needed extra practice.

Every handler and driver also had their own ideas about how to train their ponygirls, and they were used to having complete control over the facilities. It created problems when someone decided to stop in the middle of the track to administer a punishment or reward.

Things like that forced us to create special sections for the various activities that were part of the ponygirl lifestyle. We had corrals for both punishments and rewards, free-run corrals where ponies were allowed to mingle and have a little fun, and a dozen private lunging runs.

It was a logistical nightmare, but I'd never had so much fun in my life. After putting out the critical fires for the day, I decided to check on our own ponygirls and see how they were making out.

Sherri, Maria, and Liddy had one of the larger stable stalls, but all three of them in there together made it feel really cramped. Sherri could've stayed in her apartment, but wanted to submerge herself in the scene to make sure she was completely focused.

It showed both dedication and good training, but wasn't something I would've done myself if I was in her shoes. It meant she'd been treated like every other ponygirl here, and was kept bound and gagged 24/7.

Jill and Laste were both there when I arrived, and were making the girls practice their high stepping in place. It wasn't just a regular routine either, but one designed to increase their strength, stamina, and overall endurance.

Their arms were strapped tightly behind their backs and laced into box tie pouches, under cup corsets were laced extra tight, and while I couldn't tell from my current vantage, I was sure he'd used larger than normal inserts both front and back. Laste always went extreme when time was tight.

Each girl wore an oversized bit gag made of soft rubber that was pulled deep into their mouths and made breathing difficult when the excess rubber expanded to fill the available space. Heavy weights were attached to their heelless pony boots and each girl was standing in a large bucket of thick mud, making each step a real chore.

From the sweat covering their bodies, it was obvious the girls had been at this for some time by now, and Maria in particular looked to be having a tough time of it. She was fairly new to this and just didn't have the training and muscle tone the others did.

"How goes the battle?" I asked.

"It's been up and down more times than a new bride's pajamas," he replied. "Sherri's still looking strong, Liddy's doing ok, and Maria might be able to make it around the track once before she keels over."

"Have you thought about which events the girls will participate in?"

"Sherri will do all of the sprints, of course, and Liddy will be doing both dressage and the blind run."

"What about Maria?"

"I'm open to any ideas you might have. She just hasn't had enough training to be competitive in any category, and she lacks the natural talent Sherri has."

"Hmm… if she lacks speed, endurance, and finesse, then the only thing she might have a chance in is the blind obstacle course."

"I've never trained anyone for that event since it's more of a UK thing."

"If I could borrow the gimp to help me out, and some of your special toys, I might be able to come up with a workable plan."

"Gary's all yours if you think he'll be of any use," Jill replied.

"Anything in my arsenal is yours as well, and if you need something customized I'll make the time somehow," Laste offered.

"I have some free time right now, so let's go up to the apartment and talk about it."

"Ok. Jill, can you have the gimp clean her up and escort her upstairs?"

"Consider it done."

It would be a lot of work to get her ready, but since she was trained very well in simple obedience, we might have a shot.

***

To say I was nervous about being under Mistress Grey's thumb was an understatement, but if it got me out of my sixteen hour days of Master Laste's grueling training schedule, then I'd do my best for her. An obstacle course sounded like it would require more timing and obedience than strength and endurance.

My first day of training was simple; I had to navigate around their apartment while blindfolded, trusting her to guide me around the obstacles littered across the floor. It wasn't easy at first, but she was quick to correct any errors I made, and I learned that listening to her commands was far preferable to the cattle prod.

Master Laste had spent the last day customizing a special suit for me, and I hoped it meant the prod would be shelved now. After getting my head shaved, my body scrubbed to within an inch of my life, and receiving a double enema, it was time to try it on.

The first part of my outfit was a form fitting latex catsuit in a pale brown color. I didn't like it much when I first saw it, but it was semi-transparent and looked pretty hot once I was wearing it. The number of electrodes embedded in it worried me, especially since there were a high concentration of them around my tits, pussy, and ass.

They painted my hands and wrists with some sort of thick gel before putting cloven reindeer gloves over them. My fingers went into individual slots and were forced into a tight fist inside the hoof. The glove went all the way to my elbow and had a buckle every two inches, making the whole thing very restrictive.

D-rings embedded near the end were clipped to an overhead winch and used to pull me up to my tiptoes so they could start on the corset. It was covered in brown and white felt, and looked to be both thick and heavily boned. It also went all the way from my crotch to my chin.

I'd never worn a corset like this one before, and I knew I'd have trouble with it from the moment they pulled the front busks closed. Not only did it compress my waist, but it also squashed my tits flat and forced my chin upwards.

They did one quick pass tightening the laces, and by the time the laces were tied off at the neck corset part, my whole upper body was completely rigid. They let me get used to it for a minute and moved onto the boots.

The boots were covered in the same type of felt as the corset and covered my legs completely. They used the same gel on my legs and even poured some directly into the boot. I felt it squish around as my toes were forced into a strict en pointe position inside it. They took care to lace them up evenly and tight.

Once the boots were installed to their satisfaction they gave the corset laces another pass, leaving me gasping for air by the time they were done. It felt tighter than any of the times I'd been mummified for the night by an order of magnitude.

The butt plug they used had a cute fluffy reindeer tail attached to the end, but it was the inside portion that held my eye. It had twin metal strips that could shock me, a hole in the tip for enemas, and an inflatable bladder to make sure it filled me completely. I suspected I'd be wearing it for much longer than just today's training session.

At least they used plenty of lube before ramming it home, so its insertion was merely uncomfortable rather than extremely painful. Moving to my pussy, I was told as they slid it inside me that the soft rubber dildo they used was cast from Master Laste's penis. It had multiple electrode points and two separate vibrator motors built into it, as well as a finger that mashed against my clit.

A wide leather strap was attached to the bottom of the corset and pulled tight between my legs to hold everything in place. After a slight adjustment to make sure the tail was positioned properly through the hole in the back of the strap, they pulled it another notch or two tighter and gave the corset laces a final pull.

With the last adjustment they were finally able to close and lock the lace cover in place. It meant I wouldn't be getting out of it anytime soon, but I also wouldn't have it tightened any more. My hands were lowered and I was allowed to sit for the next phase… the helmet.

They used a dental spreader gag to hold my mouth open while they prepared my mouth guard gag. Custom molded from my teeth, it would be glued in

place and could only be removed with a special solvent.

This one was different from the regular mouth guards they'd used before. It had a large one inch oval breathing tube in the middle which I was relieved to see, but that also meant it was a jaw stretching appliance. My teeth were dried and the dental gag removed for just a split second before the mammoth mouth guard was crammed into place.

The taste of the glue as it overflowed the grooves almost made me gag, but I was able to force it down and bite hard on it like they wanted. A minute later the glue had set and the mouth guard was stuck there for the duration.

The gel they used in it made me think of my arms and legs… it looked similar, and sure enough, I found my fingers and toes to be completely immobilized. Shit… how would they get any solvent inside to break down the glue? Surely they wouldn't leave those things on me permanently, would they?

Miniature receivers were stuck inside each of my ears, and after a test to make sure they worked properly, either wax or more of the gel were used to cover them completely. I saw them take a thick leather helmet out of a bucket of water and hang it up to drip dry a little before putting it on me.

It was a scary looking thing and must've been over an inch thick, but it seemed to have a padded layer inside of it. It also had cute reindeer antlers attached, but that was par for the course with this getup.

Cotton pads were taped over my eyes and hard inserts were placed inside my nostrils, but I didn't feel any of the gel being applied, so at least they weren't going to glue the thing to my head. It was a small mercy, but I'd take it.

When they put the waterlogged hood over my head, it wasn't just laced down the back, but was also laced to the top of the neck corset. For all practical purposes, the suit was basically one solid piece from my crotch to the top of my head now.

Once the helmet was fully laced as tight as they could make it, I felt something connect to the clips on my shoulders. I was pulled upright by it and my arms were brought around my back. It felt like three or four straps were used to fuse my arms together, which added even more restriction on

my poor chest.

I heard a crackle in my earpieces as they turned them on for a final systems check. She had me stomp in yes/no pony-code as they activated all of their devices one by one to make sure everything was working properly, although I didn't know what they could do at this point if something was broken.

Once they'd tested every electrode combination they could think of, the vibrator was activated at a low speed and left running. I was told everything would take a full day to completely dry, so I needed to keep as still as possible, other than my knees which *needed* to be worked constantly.

I was to raise each leg in turn and hold it as high as I could for two seconds before lowering it back down and raising the other one. If I stopped, didn't raise a leg high enough, or even took longer than five seconds per leg, I got the shit shocked out of from the anal plug. It was a good motivator.

It made for a long, grueling night, especially as the helmet dried and began squeezing my head hard enough to give me a headache. Luckily I got used to it fairly quickly and the foam padding also helped absorb some of the pressure.

It was impossible to keep track of time and after a while I began to wonder if they forgot about me and I'd be stuck like this until I was dead and desiccated. In reality, they'd only left me for about fourteen hours, but it felt like a week to me.

I was given a few hours to rest and then my training started for real.

***

Knowing what I know now, if given the choice I would've picked the sixteen hours a day with Master Laste than endure Mistress Grey's training regimen. She worked me just as hard, if not harder, and the remote controlled shocks meant she didn't even have to chase me with the cattle prod.

It was a fiendishly clever system, and she could control me almost like a robot using the proper combination of shocks and commands. By the end of the first day I knew how far to turn based on the intensity of the shocks to my

buttocks and sides, how much to speed up from rear jolts, and how much I needed to slow down from zaps to my nipples.

Once those were mastered, I learned how high to raise my legs when I needed to step over something and I began running a sample course.

I could negotiate the simple course in the apartment in less than five minutes by the end of the third day, and was able to do so without any voice commands by the fifth. I was actually feeling pretty good about how fast I was progressing and would've been happy if it wasn't for the buzzing intruder between my legs.

She left it running 24/7, yet not fast enough to let me have an orgasm. For someone who had the nickname of fuck-toy, I was used to plenty of vigorous sex, and not being allowed to cum was driving me insane. She told me I'd be allowed to cum if I did well on race day, but would be kept in denial for months if I embarrassed her. That pronouncement motivated me far more than the shocks did.

When I was informed race day had finally arrived, I was eager to begin. I hoped they put some money on me, because I was determined to win!

Race Day

My event was scheduled for early in the day, since it wasn't considered as exciting as the races. Mistress Grey left my earpieces active so I could hear what was going on, and I wished I could've seen it.

The day started with a parade, each girl wearing her finest set of tack and whatever reindeer costume their handlers designed. It sounded like there were some pretty elaborate outfits today. From the parade they went straight into dressage, and it sounded like the Euro groups cleaned up there.

Liddy finished second to last and I felt sorry for her. The competition must've been really stiff since she seemed to do really well when I saw her practice before. After a short break to put the obstacles in place, it was time for my event and I found out I'd be competing against fourteen other girls.

Each competing team got to place one obstacle of their choice on the course, and there would be a wide variety of house-designed ones as well. I wish I'd been able to practice on the real course, but going into it blind was the whole point of the competition.

To keep things fair, each team was sequestered until it was their turn to run, otherwise the last team would've had too much warning about the obstacles causing the most problems. She wasn't even allowed to see the scoreboards until we'd posted our time.

On a brighter note, my vibrator was finally shut off so I could run without the extra distraction. We were running somewhere in the middle of the pack, but to me it seemed like it took forever before we were called to the starting line.

Maybe each run was taking longer than anyone expected, or maybe it was just my time sense fucking with me again. Either way, it was a relief when I was finally led onto the course.

"Listen up," she said.

Her voice seemed loud after the complete silence my earplugs and helmet caused.

“The UK teams must’ve banded together when they selected their obstacles, since it’s almost impossible to pass them without drawing a penalty. Four of the seven teams never even finished the course.”

Holy shit, what did they come up with that was causing so many problems?

“You’ve been responding well to my commands, but now it’s critical you obey me without even a second’s hesitation; I’ll never forgive you if you fuck this up, so look lively… we’re about to begin.”

I pawed the ground once to indicate my readiness and waited for the command to go. Her command was punctuated with a harsh shock to each butt cheek and I took off running. I felt a light shock on the right cheek and made a gentle course correction.

Twin blasts of fire lanced through my nipples and I immediately put on the brakes. I felt something bounce off my leg and then I was jolted forward again. I continued with the stop-start commands for the next ten or so yards and suspected someone was rolling balls across the road to try and make me lose my footing.

I got to jog for a short way after that, getting powerful turn signals without much in the way of advanced warning. It felt almost like a complicated maze, although I’m sure it wouldn’t be difficult if I could see where I was going.

Just before the last corner of the maze was a short wall I had to step over, and I came close to tripping over it in my haste. I recovered in time, but my forward momentum propelled me headfirst into a taller wall. I was glad of the extra padding in my helmet now.

Two rows of thin, slippery ledges were my only way to climb it, and I had to do a belly flop on top of it in order to stop myself from falling off. I got lucky on my roll off the far side and landed on my feet.

Again, the elaborate precautions they used when putting the suit on me was the only thing that saved me. The rubbery glue gave me the extra support my feet needed to keep me from making a face plant.

I rounded the corner onto the switchback and picked up speed. There were a series of small jumps to make, but nothing that required me to even slow

down and I gained some confidence back at each one I successfully passed.

I had to slow down to practically nothing for the hairpin turn, as the ground was extremely rough and uneven. Have you ever tried walking across broken ground while blind and wearing what was basically heelless ballet boots? It's even harder than it sounds.

After the hairpin turn was another maze, but this time I was being pelted with snowballs as I made my way through it. The thick corset and padded helmet saved me on this part, and I now saw there was a method to Mistress Grey's madness.

I made it past the second hairpin turn and into a series of sawhorses blocking the path. I probably could've hurdled them if I wasn't so tightly restrained, but my outfit wouldn't allow that today.

I had to swing one leg wide to get it over, pivot with the top board grinding into my crotch, and swing the other leg over. There were ten of those in a row and I knew I'd be walking funny for the rest of the course after that.

I had to crawl through a curved tunnel to make it around the next corner, which was almost impossible to do since the tunnel was incredibly slippery. I managed a scant inch at a time, but it seemed like it took forever and it really sapped my strength.

She gave me the double zap to the ass which meant I could run again, but I couldn't get up to full speed this time, no matter how powerfully she shocked me. I was given another stop command, inched forward slightly, and then given full power blasts to make me move forward fast again.

A few seconds later I felt something hit my arms and almost send me flying. If I didn't know better, I'd say I just ran through a revolving door. I had to do that twice more before I rounded the final turn.

I walked without hindrance for a few yards and then got what seemed to be a conflicting set of commands. My ass, nipples, and feet were all jolted at the same time and I didn't know what to make of it.

I decided to try stepping forward slowly and with steps as high as I could make them. On my second step I almost fell on my face as I hit something tall, yet giving. I expected it to be another wall, but what it felt like was a

snow bank.

Sure enough, I was now slogging through knee-deep snow. It was slippery, it was tough to move in, and if I didn't get maximum lift on my feet, it was deep enough to trip me up. To make matters worse, the ground was also uneven and I couldn't even be guided around the obstacles since the snow obscured them from Mistress Grey's view.

It was something of a miracle that I made it through the obstacle, but I somehow managed. I was given the full speed run command and figured it must be clear to the finish line. I gave it everything I had left and ran full out to the end.

As a final trick for me and for the entertainment of the crowd, the finish line was covered in another snow bank and I was made to run full tilt into it, causing me to do a sliding nosedive through the thick, fluffy snow.

It covered my face and packed into my gag, sending me into a panic when I couldn't breathe, but I was quickly helped to my feet and the blockage cleared before I was in genuine distress. It was probably funny as hell to watch, but not from my current point of view.

I was led to the side where I was cleaned, dried, and given something to drink. The laces on my helmet were cut away and I was soon able to see for the first time in ages, although it was several minutes after the pads were removed before I was able to tolerate the light.

The first thing I looked for once I could see again was the scoreboard. The giant screen was showing highlights from my run, and although I couldn't hear it the commentary, I saw the crowd going wild when I crossed the finish line.

After two slow motion replays of my nosedive, they replaced it with the leaderboard. It took me a minute to comprehend what I was looking at, since it wasn't what I was expecting. My time was 18:02, with second place having a time of 25:50.

I didn't just finish the impossible course, I obliterated it.

Rewards

“Congrats, dear,” Mistress Grey said once the earplugs were finally pried out. It looks like you’ve done more than well today.”

I wanted to acknowledge her praise, but was still gagged and couldn’t even nod due to the neck corset. I stamped my foot once and hoped she got the picture.

“Rest here for a few minutes so we can make a good showing as we make our way to our seats. As a special treat, I decided to let you watch the rest of today’s events.”

When we emerged onto the course this time I was able to hear the roar of the crowd and see the dozen or so video cameras vying to get a shot of us. I put a little more spring in my step now that I could see how much attention we had, and practically pranced all the way to our seats.

I didn’t actually have a seat, but my arms were released from behind my back and I was allowed to kneel on all fours beside her. I felt the vibrator come back to life and slowly begin to increase in power. I guess I was about to be rewarded for my efforts out there.

I guessed right, and as the first of many orgasms exploded within me, didn’t pay much attention to the rest of the girls running the course. When she finally shut it down and let me recover, I found that nobody had come close to my time and nine out of fifteen weren’t able to finish.

With such a resounding victory, it turned out my reward was only the warm-up and I was in for one wild night. The crotch piece, vibrator, and tail were removed and I was bent over a hitching post in the center arena.

Six of the hunkiest guys I’d ever laid eyes on were escorted into my pen and given instructions to reward me until I couldn’t take it anymore. I was a little frightened, but also excited; each of the guys was hung like a horse, which was fitting for a ponygirl show.

One of them sat beneath me and began playing with my clit, while a second

lubed himself up and slid slowly into my folds. His cock filled me to capacity and felt infinitely better than the lifeless rubber intruder I was stuck with for the last week.

He started off slow but picked up speed as the dual assault brought me close to the edge. I thought he might tease me for a while, but I guess my teasing was done with now that I'd won. I screamed as much as I was able to with the restrictive gag, and shuddered with the pure ecstasy of the orgasm.

He didn't stop, he didn't even slow down. If anything he picked up the pace, as did the guy diddling my clit. He hadn't cum himself, but he swapped out with another guy and I knew I was in for a good long session if they kept taking turns like that.

The second guy plunged into me and immediately started pounding away, making me cum again a few seconds later. The guy below me switched from his finger to an eroscillator and the powerful vibrations not only extended the orgasm, but intensified it and sent me straight into a third.

The guys would rotate out every two or three minutes, keeping the action going non-stop and driving me to heights I'd never even imagined before. They weren't only well hung, but they were very, very experienced.

By the time they'd finished two rounds each, I was cumming almost non-stop and could barely even breathe from the extreme sensations they were forcing upon me. I think they kept me going for close to an hour, but it could have been a year for all I knew… my brain stopped working after the fifth or sixth orgasm.

By the time the first guy exploded inside me, I was a gibbering wreck. Still, his hot load filling me was enough to trigger yet another massive orgasm and I tried milking him dry with my pussy muscles.

They each pounded away until they came, one after another, each one managing to make me cum along with them. From my bend over position I could see what looked like a river of semen running down my legs, and wondered how long it'd been since these guys had any release.

They left me tied over the hitching post, but left me mostly alone to recover. Once cum stopped leaking out of my snatch one of them cleaned me up and

rubbed a soothing cream over my swollen lips. It felt heavenly, yet was somehow making me horny all over again.

Which was a good thing, since after a thirty minute break, they started all over again. The guy below me resumed working on my clit with the vibrator and informed me that this was their specialty.

Their personal record was six rounds, but they were hoping to break that today. He said a few more things, but I lost it when I began cumming again. I hoped I'd be able to survive my reward, but if not, what a way to go!

This was the best day of my life.

###

Part 30: Wrapped Tight For Xmas

Nancy's Giftwrapped Surprise

"This tree might not be as grand as Mistress Grey's, but it's ours and I think it looks great."

"I'm with you a hundred percent on that, Nancy," Sherri agreed.

"I like it too," Monica said. "This is the first tree I've decorated since I was a little girl and I forgot how much fun it could be. It's too bad we don't have any gifts to put under it."

"I've got more cash than I know what to do with these days if you girls want to buy something for Laste and Lilith."

"Thanks, Sherri, but I wouldn't have a clue what to get her, and I'm sure Monica's in the same boat. If there's something either of those two even thinks they might want, they just buy it right then and there."

"We could always borrow some of the more interesting toys we haven't had a chance to play with from the fetish shop, and that way everyone can have a little fun."

"That has some interesting possibilities," I said. "We could also gift wrap ourselves with them to make sure they get the hint."

"I love that idea… we've got several hours before they get back from the airport, so let's go see what catches our fancy."

We all rushed downstairs and opened up the shop, looking for things we might want to experiment with. We were all extremely well experienced, but there were always a few oddball items that never made it into the playroom.

There was also Master Laste's test pile in the back room. He enjoyed designing new and wonderful toys and never had enough time (or willing participants) to test his twisted creations. If we were to find anything new and exciting, this would be the place for it.

Some of his designs seemed simply ludicrous, like the ‘bubble machine butt plug’ or the ‘chainsaw super tickler’, but others looked quite interesting. I passed on the truly bizarre ones and filled a box with things that looked like they’d be a lot of fun to try.

The other girls finished their shopping in the main store and joined me in searching through the new stuff. It was a lot easier for them since they were a more normal size and could grab things I’d never be able to use.

I’d already picked out the few things I could find and sat on some boxes while waiting for them to make their final selections. Glancing at the labels on the boxes, a new idea came to mind and I began hauling them to the elevator.

It was a crowded trip upstairs with our pile of stuff, but I didn’t care; I had a plan now and it was a good one. I just needed one more item to make it work, and then some help from the girls. I rooted around in the lesser used items behind the fetish club stage until I found it, and it was perfect.

It was a simple half-circle frame they’d build to put Lisa over one night, and while it was big for her, it was perfect for what I had in mind. I grabbed a few spreader bars of various lengths and took my booty back to the apartment.

“Ok,” I said once I got back. “I’ve got something I want to try, but I’ll need help from you all. I want to get wrapped up like a candy cane.”

I explained my plan of using the spreader bars to keep my limbs straight and the curved frame to shape my upper body and arms for the round part. The boxes I’d brought up contained wide latex strips, vet wrap, and duct tape, all in colors that’d make a pretty candy cane.

The girls thought it was a brilliant idea and jumped all over it, or rather all over me. They quickly stripped off my clothes and helped me into shoulder length opera gloves and my slimming half-corset. I skimmed through Master Laste’s notes on the toys I’d selected while they worked on the laces.

It was tough to read while getting yanked around by overenthusiastic tightening of the corset, but I had more time while they worked on my boots. I rarely wore high heels since I was so tall, but tonight I needed both the

compression and the en pointe effect for the candy cane shape.

The cups I decided to try using on my nipples looked like oversized pasties and had a dozen small marble-like protrusions inside. A tacky gel and a small vacuum pressure held them in place, pulling my nipples into the center of the marble group. It felt weird, but I connected the power cables and decided to roll with it.

I picked a larger butt plug than I normally would've used since the notes said it had improved vibrator motors in it, and the same with the dildo. In fact, the dildo had eight such motors; one for each inch of its length, and a final one to go over the clit.

Unsure of how much power they'd use, I had Monica strap three separate battery packs to the small of my back and plug everything in. It was overkill since each pack should last a full day, but maybe Mistress would want to keep me wrapped up for a while after she returned.

Sherri got some plastic wrap from the kitchen and used it to cover my outfit so we wouldn't damage the leather, and also used it to make an impromptu crotch strap to hold my toys deep inside me.

They used a combination of vet wrap and duct tape to cover my fists and turn them into useless stubs, and then ran the vet wrap over each limb individually as my first layer. They taped cotton pads over my eyes, shoved a large breather ball gag into my mouth, and put hard plastic inserts with breathing tubes into my nostrils before covering my head with a seamless latex hood.

I was now past the point of no return and felt myself getting very horny at the thought of being immobilized for my Mistress. A hard posture collar went around my neck to make sure they didn't choke me with the tape, and then they began wrapping me for real.

Starting at my crotch, they put a wide board behind my back and began wrapping around my torso. It forced the toys deeper inside me and caused all manner of interesting sensations as the clit finger was pulled around.

Between the corset and the board, my posture had never been better. They went up to the top of my head and back down again with each layer, and they did that six times in total. This was even tighter than the time I was

mummified for shipment during my training period.

My tits were mashed as flat as forty-two double D's could ever get and my breathing was somewhat restricted from the almost rigid compression the multiple layers caused. I think they were starting to get carried away but had no way to complain about it.

Long spreader bars were taped to both the front and back of my legs, holding them completely straight. Smaller ones went on my arms the same way, and then they put the curved frame in place, bending my upper body over its length to check the fit.

It seemed pretty close to perfect from what I could tell, with my face fitting between the outside bars of the frame, almost like it was made for me. They used a few turns of vet wrap to hold it in position and pulled my arms upwards so they could wrap them together.

It didn't feel like tape they were using and it took me a minute to figure out they were starting with an armbinder. I'd never worn one in any position other than behind my back, and found it to be exceedingly uncomfortable this way.

After they finished lacing it far too tight for comfort, I felt them wrap it with something… probably plastic wrap, then vet wrap, duct tape, and the white latex strips. My arms were almost painfully immobile by the time they decided it was good enough and started fusing me to the frame.

The sense of compression tripled as the frame was forced tight against me, and I began to wonder if this was such a good idea. The pressure stopped before I was in genuine distress, though, and after a few minutes my body adapted and I was breathing a little easier.

Like my arms, they used an oversized single glove to trap my legs together before adding the multiple layers of wrapping. Another long board was installed, this time running from my shoulders down to my toes. I was so far beyond immobile now, it wasn't even funny. I wondered what I looked like.

***

“The next time Nancy wants to be turned into a human candy cane, I vote we get Gary to help us,” Sherri said. “This is a lot more work than I thought it’d be.”

“We could probably stop now if it’s too much for you.”

“Naw… if we’re gonna do it, then we need to do it right. Let’s use the rest of the case of white latex to smooth her out before adding the candy stripes.”

The white latex was perfect for this job since it had plenty of stretch to it, and you had to be really close to see the overlap lines. It also covered any gaps nicely and the shine looked to be a perfect match for the glossy white of a real candy cane.

Once we’d wrapped a triple-wide spiral of red duct tape and a single skinny wrap of green, she was a picture perfect candy cane. I was glad Monica had the foresight to setup a video camera to record this scene since I’m sure Nancy will want to see this once she gets out.

It was too bad she weighed so much or I’d suggest we hang her up as a wall display. As it was, all we could do was shove her under the tree and polish our fingerprints away so she’d look as perfect as possible for when Mistress Lilith found her.

Sherri wrapped a big red ribbon around her chest and tied it off in a bow, added a note for Lilith, and turned her toys on to run on random variable speeds. I was a little envious of her and wondered what she was thinking.

***

I would’ve jumped when my toys came to life, if I had even a millimeter of wiggle room on anything other than my big toe. As each toy started its test cycle, I almost came from the sheer intensity of it.

The butt plug had three vibrators inside it; one at the tip and two at the widest part, and I could feel each one individually as they came on and ramped up in power. The marbles surrounding my nipples started buzzing in a circular clockwise order and made it feel like I had a rough tongue circling each one. They instantly became rock hard and almost painful with the force of it.

The dildo took the longest to complete its test cycle, since the eight powerful motors had to run in several different combinations. They each came on one at a time until all were running at full speed, and then they shut off without warning, leaving me hanging on the edge.

Next they slowly came on one at a time and the previous one shut off when the next was activated. When it hit the end, it reversed and went back up, and then repeated the cycle, picking up speed with each repetition. It felt like I was being fucked by a long, skinny beehive.

It was still running like that when the clit vibe kicked in and sent me into a glorious orgasm. Being unable to even shudder in ecstasy seemed to double the effect, making me see stars and causing it to run straight into a powerful double.

Holy shit, this ‘improved’ vibrator system sure got my seal of approval. I’d never cum so hard and so fast before, and I hoped the girls turned the intensity down before too long. The power of this system was absolutely insane.

With Master Laste’s regular toys, the random setting meant some on time, some off time, and a girl could cum maybe once every hour or so. None of us knew that ‘random’ on his new system meant that each motor would be active most of the time, and only the stimulation pattern was random.

Of course, nobody knew that until the next day when Master Laste found out what we’d done. For tonight, I was simply Nancy, the Constantly Cumming Candy Cane.

Sherri's Stocking Stuffer

"Well that was fun, but how the hell do we top that?" I asked. "I want to do something fun and creative for Mistress Jill now."

"We could dig through Mistress Grey's decorations and see if there's something we can use."

"Good idea. It's too bad Lisa's angel costume is so small or I'd give that a try."

"You'd look good in it, but let's try to find something new… something she'd never expect."

A few minutes later I found it and we went back upstairs. It was an oversized red Christmas stocking I thought I'd be able to fit inside of. This one definitely needed to be hung on the wall, and I had Monica go release the gimp so he could help us out with it, while I went to my closet to see what I had to wear that'd fit the theme.

Most of my wardrobe these days was black leather and latex… not exactly the most festive color, but I remembered we had a bright red latex straitjacket somewhere, and dug it out of storage. We didn't use it often since it was a little small, but it was good enough for a few hours.

I borrowed a pair of green latex stockings from Mistress Lilith and found some bright red ballet ankle boots with a daunting nine inch heel. I thought some white latex panties with a crotch zipper would contrast nicely with the red and green, and allow for some easy access to my fun-zone when Mistress Jill found me.

I decided against using a hood since if my calculations were right, my head would be poking out of the top of the stocking and I wanted to see the look on her face when she first saw me. I picked a ball gag that was a real jaw-breaker, but it was such a bright red it was practically neon. A fluffy Santa hat decorating the tree would complete the picture and look absolutely adorable on me, so I snagged it and added it to my pile.

When Monica returned leading Gary on his leash, the first thing I noticed was that his cock was free from his chastity cage, and standing at attention. She must've noticed me noticing since she immediately commented on the change.

"I removed it since this is our day of giving, and if he's going to help us it wouldn't be fair to torture him with it… you know he's going to have a constant hard-on with the picture we'll be presenting."

"True enough," I agreed.

Maybe Monica could wrap Gary up and leave him as a present for Mistress Jill as well if she didn't need his help for her own bondage. It'd been quite a while since we'd let him have any relief and he was probably close to exploding by now.

I couldn't make things easy for him, though, just for the principle of the thing. I decided to tease him a little and make him dress me. If helping me into this outfit didn't drive him out of his mind, it was time for me to retire.

I made him start with the latex stockings and work them slowly in place so there were no wrinkles or air pockets. I was getting extremely horny from his firm, yet gentle ministrations, and with his face mere inches from my glistening folds, I'm sure he could clearly smell my arousal.

I had him put my panties on next and made him smooth out non-existent wrinkles for a few minutes. When he unzipped the crotch at the end, the wash of musk that came out was instantly strong enough for me to smell it myself. I briefly considered diddling myself to take the edge off, but reined the feeling back in time. The end result would be so much sweeter if I waited.

I was close to breaking my resolve as he shoved the butt plug up my ass and the vibrator into my snatch. I'd picked toys similar to the ones Nancy used, although the shape of mine was different. Mine were of the stacked ball variety, with the last ball positioned to keep my pussy lips spread wide.

He put my straitjacket on while Monica worked on my shoes. My fingers went almost to the very end of the sleeves and were forced into a point by the narrow tip. I hugged myself tightly to let him buckle the stomach belt over

my arms and then it was time for the back straps.

This model of jacket had a total of ten straps running down the back and was a real pain in the ass to tighten evenly, but Gary had some good strength in his arms and managed far better than I thought he could've done.

His first pass was fairly loose, but got everything in place. His second pass took out every inch of slack and made the jacket look like a second skin on me. It was far more restrictive than the Posey canvas jackets we occasionally used, especially when he put his knee in my back and reefed on the roller buckles to pull my arms tight.

Holy shit, I'd never been in a tighter straitjacket before. He kept working the arm restraints until I thought the latex might rip, and then he tried some more and managed to get it tighter a fraction of an inch at a time. Once he couldn't pull any more slack out of it he went back around front and tightened both the stomach belt and the crotch strap the rest of the way.

The only mistake he made was not closing the zippers over my nipples before beginning. The jacket was so ultra-tight, there was no way to close them now without catching flesh in them. I decided it looked pretty sexy and didn't want to undo his work, so I left them jutting out.

Getting into the stocking properly took a lot of trial and error. On our first attempt I put the heels of my shoes through the heel of the stocking and ripped the shit out of it. What finally worked was putting my legs into a frog tie with some of the leftover vet wrap, and using knee cuffs and a short spreader bar to keep my knees apart once they were down near the heel.

Gary had to hold me up while Monica snaked a hand through the rip and clipped the ends of the bar in place to the D-rings between my knees. When they tried lifting the stocking this time, I settled a little deeper into it, but my spread knees caught on the edges and locked me in place. It was actually fairly comfortable, although my ass was hanging partway out of the hole I'd made earlier.

Monica presented me with the ball gag and I opened my mouth to accept it. She was barely able to get it past my teeth, but once it popped it place, she was able to get the harness straps adjusted properly and buckled securely. The straps on this monster were totally redundant since there was no way I'd

be able to expel it without a lot of help, but appearances were everything.

She put the hat on my head at a jaunty angle and signaled for Gary to start pulling while she lifted. The only way to hang me was over the door to our guest room, with the rope running over the top and tied off to the doorknob inside. Luckily it worked and when Gary came out and shut the door, I was hanging perfectly in position to see the elevator when it opened.

“You know, Gary,” Monica said, slapping my exposed ass. “I don’t think Sherri was in the proper holiday spirit when she teased you like she just did. I’d like to remedy the situation before we proceed with my plan for the night.”

I felt the crotch strap being removed and the zipper on my panties opened. My dildo was slowly pulled out as she continued.

“Mistress Jill might want to play with her present using a strap-on, but I’m not sure the height and angle are proper. I’d like you to test it for me and make sure everything is perfect before her Mistress arrives.”

Say what??? I couldn’t believe what she was saying, but Gary wasted no time and slid his cock between my legs and into my hungry snatch. It felt so good to have a real piece of meat up there that my complaints cut off before I’d hardly begun.

With how horny he was and how wet I was, he didn’t waste any time on preliminaries and began pounding me fast and hard. Each thrust made my chest rub against the rough interior of the stocking, both teasing and torturing my erect nipples.

It only took about two minutes before I started cumming hard, my quivering muscles clenching over his cock and sending him over the edge as well. It felt like he’d shot about a gallon of cum inside me, yet I couldn’t complain since each hot jet of semen set off another mini orgasm within me.

I was enjoying the afterglow when I felt the dildo slide into my front passage again and the panties zipped shut over it. Monica told him to run the toys in denial mode to keep me from getting bored, and he’d get another chance at some fun as often as he wanted until Mistress Jill returned and gave him new instructions.

I knew I wouldn’t be able to deny him either, since with the vibrator running in denial mode I’d be begging for an orgasm after only fifteen minutes at the most. With his recent enforced chastity, he’d probably be able to go all night with only a half hour break in between rounds.

It would be a long, rough rollercoaster ride for me tonight and would earn me the nickname of Sherri, the Slutty Stocking Semen Trap.

Monica's Midnight Wrap-up

I hated cock-teases, even if she didn't mean any harm by it. Besides… she seemed to enjoy the quick fuck almost as much as Gary did. I considered wrapping him up like Sherri suggested earlier, but thought I better keep him free so he could keep an eye on us and make sure there were no problems with breathing or anything.

I gave him permission to help himself to Sherri as many times as he wanted to, and sat down to consider what I wanted to do for my own bondage tonight. I didn't think I could top the ideas they'd already used, so I simply went another route. I chose a self-bondage predicament that I hoped would look ultra-hot when Master saw it.

I didn't bother with any elaborate costumes, and the only thing I wore was an inflatable gag and a pair of nipple clamps. Mistress Jill was the self-bondage master, and I took a page out of her book, or more accurately, from a story she told me one night.

She used an air mattress with a slow leak in it to put her into tight spread eagle bondage. It was elegantly simple and I thought this would be the perfect night to try it. I pulled out two of the air mattresses we'd used when we had the extra staff living here for the big reindeer ponygirl race and had Gary inflate them while I rearranged some furniture.

I used the sofa and two recliners to use as the four anchor points I needed, running ropes from the front legs, over the backs, and into the middle where my bed would be. I wasn't sure how extreme the tension would be at the end so I used suspension cuffs instead of regular ones for both my hands and feet.

It took a bit of experimenting to get the ropes at the length I needed, but I wanted to make sure I did this right. Once the ropes were good, I ran two pieces of string out to the sides and tied them off to the heavy furniture. These would be for my nipples and I hoped I'd be able to stand the strain once everything was tight.

Using several bungee cords I held the two arm ropes near where I wanted them and crawled onto the mattress. It was easy to get my feet clipped to the ropes, but that was the only easy part. I considered asking Gary for help, but that would defeat the whole purpose of trying for a self-bondage scene. Not only that, but he'd just started on round two with Sherri and I didn't want to disturb him.

I was able to get one carabineer clip to stay put with the spring clasp upwards, and rushed to complete my binds before it fell over again. I quickly attached both clover clamps, ignoring the sharp sting when they bit down on my sensitive nipples and got my left hand in place as well.

I grabbed the ring on the tip of my right cuff and shoved it forcefully into the carabineer. With that one click, I was now trapped in a face-down spread eagle until someone decided to release me; I had no safety backup in place for this scene, but Gary was here and I knew Master would return shortly.

I'd shoved a toothpick into the air valves of the mattresses and had no idea how long it would take for them to deflate enough to tighten the ropes, but I hoped it wouldn't be too fast. Even the small amount of air that'd leaked since I started was enough to start pulling my nipples sideways.

It took about another half hour before enough air leaked out to fully stretch my arms and legs into a properly taut spread eagle, and by that time I realized how badly I'd mistaken the length of string I'd need for my nipple clamps. They were stretched quite noticeably by now, and I still had several inches left to fall before I reached my maximum tightness.

Gary went for a third round with Sherri, and the grunting and moaning was turning me on something fierce. I wished I'd used a toy like the other girls, but Master wouldn't have liked me using one without permission.

After another half hour I reached what I thought was close to my maximum tension. I was completely suspended by my arms and legs a few inches off the floor, and if my nipples got stretched any more, I swear you'd be able to tie them in a knot behind my back. Ok, maybe that was an exaggeration, but it sure fucking felt like it.

Once Gary finished with Sherri he checked on both Nancy and myself to make sure we were still ok, but I caught a glimpse of a peculiar expression on

his face as he turned away from me. He went into our playroom and came back a moment later with something hidden behind his back.

He went behind me and did something I couldn't see, but I had a pretty good idea what he was up to when he ran an extension cord from the wall to my mattress. A few seconds later and I felt a very faint vibration in the mattress and my suspicions were confirmed.

He'd planted a toy underneath it, and when my weight pulled me down the last inch or two I had available, my pussy would land right on top of it. Sure enough, twenty minutes later I made my first contact with it and began trying to thrust my hips in order to get some relief.

Each bounce pulled my nipples to the extreme, but the brief contact of the powerful vibrator on my clit was worth it. I came after only a few minutes in an absolutely blinding orgasm, and simply hung limp in my binds as my body twitched through the aftershocks.

Another twenty minutes later and I wished I hadn't jumped the gun; I'd sunk a tiny bit more and now had the toy firmly wedged between my legs and running continuously on full speed. It started ripping orgasms out of me like a child picking petals off a daisy.

It was too powerful to withstand for long and I tried to get Gary's attention, but he was going for round four with Sherri now and didn't notice. I knew his personal best was seven times in one night, but if he kept up this pace he'd break the record for sure.

I heard the clock strike midnight and it briefly shocked me back to reality. Master was supposed to be home by ten or so… where was he? Another orgasm tore through me and I lost that train of thought. He'd get here when he got here, and all I could do was hang on for the ride until he did.

***

"There's still no answer at the house from anyone," I said in disgust.

"Relax, Lilith," Laste said. "I'm sure they just went to bed early tonight. It's not like we had any plans for the evening or anything."

“I guess, but I still wanted to talk to someone and let them know we’re stuck here until tomorrow sometime. I don’t want them to worry about us.”

“All they have to do is check their voicemail messages or texts to know we’re fine,” Jill said. “Relax… I’m sure everything’s ok, although they’re probably bored to death by now without us.”

“I guess you’re right. Maybe we’ll bring lunch with us when we get back and you can all laugh at me for worrying. It’s not like something could’ve gone wrong, right?”

###

Part 31: The Halloween Extravaganza

Halloween Memories

When I was a young kid, I loved Halloween even more than I did Christmas. Sure the goodies were better in December, but on October thirty-first I got to spend the night in a whole new world, filled with mystery, adventure, and excitement.

The free candy was barely even a consideration for me… it was all about getting the chance to put on a costume and be someone completely different and special. As I got older, my love for the special day never diminished in the least, and even got more powerful once I was old enough to wear the types of costumes that wouldn't have been appropriate while knocking on doors for candy.

Mom would've had a heart attack if she saw the risqué outfits I wore during my college years.

I missed that carefree time of my life, and wished I had the time these days to have fun like I used to. Of course, I got to put on a type of 'costume' every day of the year now that I was a full time submissive to an incredibly devious, creative, and attentive Mistress, but it wasn't quite the same.

As October got closer and I started thinking about it more, I began to wonder if anyone else was as fond of the day as I was. I decided to broach the subject during our regular monthly shareholder's meeting, and got the surprise of my life.

"I think we've covered just about everything as far as I'm concerned," Master Laste said, closing his laptop. "Does anyone have any new business to discuss before we wrap this meeting up?"

"I've got something I've been meaning to talk about, but I dunno if it's that important," I replied.

"Go ahead Sherri. The floor's yours."

“Well, Halloween’s coming up, and I was wondering if maybe we might want to do something other than just decorate the place with the usual crap.”

“What do you have in mind?” Mistress Lilith asked.

“Why not have a real Halloween themed night with costumes and everything?”

“I suppose we could, although I’m not sure how many of our regulars would be willing to dress up for it.”

“You might be surprised Lil,” my Mistress Jill interjected. “Think about how many people donned goofy outfits at last year’s winter carnival.”

“True… but a fluffy hat or ugly sweater isn’t the same as a full-fledged Halloween costume. “

“Maybe not, but even if it’s only us, the staff, and a few others who dress up, I’m willing to bet we can still pack the place with people interested in attending. Everyone loves a good party.”

“It can’t hurt to see if there’s any interest, so go ahead and put together something for the bulletin board, and I’ll mention the possibility in tomorrow’s monthly e-mail. If we get any kind of positive response, we’ll put something together.”

I wasn’t sure what to expect when I posted the notice on the public bulletin board downstairs, but as long as we had a few dozen people interested in attending, I’d get to have my fun. Master Laste put a copy of my notice on our website and included it as an attachment when he sent out his emails, but didn’t think many people would respond.

Boy… was he ever wrong. By the time we closed the club and got around to checking the signups, we found to our amazement we’d oversold by three times our legal capacity!

Luckily we had the empty space next door that we used for special events like Mistress Grey’s annual Winter BDSM Carnival, so all we had to do was remodel it for a Halloween themed party.

Never one to settle for half measures, and now that he saw how much interest people had, Master Laste and Mistress Lilith went all out to make sure it

would be a night everyone would be talking about for ages. I was going to get my party!

Party Planning

While I absolutely loved Halloween parties, I found out the hard way that organizing one wasn't as easy as I thought, especially considering the scale of this one. It was a good thing the others started to take a real interest in it, or I would've been screwed.

Mistress Lilith took a corner for her own use and put together a sort of twisted circus, while Masters Brandon and Jerry built up a medieval dungeon and torture chamber. It was kind of an easy way out for them, since we actually had all the equipment necessary to fully stock it, but it was quite fitting, especially since I could attach it to my project.

The ever popular, and almost mandatory staple of any good Halloween event, the haunted house.

Getting volunteers for the regular roles like psycho killer, boogeyman, and a variety of scary monsters was easy. This haunted house was being put together inside the premier bondage and fetish club in the country, though, so the bulk of our costumes tended to be a little different than normal, and was a lot harder to figure out.

It also meant that since none of the submissives who'd be participating in a display were allowed to see their outfits beforehand, Mistress Jill made me test out each and every one to make sure they were suitable for long term wear. She thought she was punishing me for rushing things and how bossy I'd tried to be, but I was actually in heaven!

I spent a full day directing construction of the house while dressed as a mummy, with boards holding my legs stiff and immobile and my arms trapped across my chest. It slowed me down tremendously, but not nearly as much as the eight-inch vibrator Mistress had lodged up my twat before finishing the wrap job.

She turned it off and on randomly throughout the entire day, and the moans it drew out of me really made me sound like an old-school movie mummy. It

became fairly difficult to endure after a few hours, but that was just a warm-up as far as my Mistress was concerned.

Even tougher than the mummy costume was the zombie outfit. Master Laste had designed a fiendishly clever method to make sure the zombies shambled around in character all night, and while fun for a while, was incredibly difficult.

Just like the mummy, the first order of business was an oversized vibrator up my snatch. That was quickly followed by a vibrating e-stim butt plug up my ass, and a butterfly pad over my entire crotch.

I'd never seen a TV or movie zombie wearing ballet boots with eight-inch heels, but that was what ours would be wearing, and the next thing I had to put on. They went all the way up to the top of my thighs and were painted to make my legs look like rotted zombie flesh, as were the matching opera gloves that covered my arms.

The corset she'd picked out was quite severe as well, since it was designed to make me look gaunt and desiccated, but at least she decided against using a severe posture collar, since a proper zombie has a head that flops around a bit. Once the rest of the costume was complete I found it fairly restrictive, but nothing any good sub couldn't handle for a few hours.

Then she attached the power pack and Master Laste's deviousness made itself known.

Each boot and glove had an e-stim pad built into them, and would fire in sequence so the zombie would know when a step was required. Motion sensors were tied into the system, and if they didn't detect the proper amount of movement, would deliver a punishment shock through the butt plug.

Walking like a good little zombie for a few minutes activated the vibrators, which would keep increasing in speed for each additional minute of successful shambling. Of course, the inevitable orgasms they caused tended to mess a person up and reset the system, but that was par for the course around here.

Just like the mummy costume, it was a hell of a lot of fun at first, but eventually became fairly difficult to endure after a while. She wouldn't let

me know what costume I'd be wearing on Halloween, but I hoped it wasn't either one of those.

We had to have the workers build a rolling platform for several of the costumes she made me wear, since a fair number of them allowed for no movement at all. I spent a day tied to a pole as a cannibal's captive, and another as a prisoner strapped down in an electric chair, both of which included the appropriate toys down below to keep me from getting bored.

Of course, the electric chair had a lot more than the vibrator and butt plug, and I definitely wasn't bored. The e-stim system was expanded to fit the electric theme, and with additional clips attached to my nipples and clit, made it *extremely* difficult to concentrate on my work.

Not all of the costumes were as severe, and the days I spent wearing the vampire, werewolf, devil, French maid, cheerleader, and princess costumes kept my spirits at an all-time high. Mistress believed in balance, though, so once the construction of the haunted house was complete she had me try the roles where I wouldn't be moving at all.

For the first one, I was held immobile in a haunted suit of armor, with the ghostly moans and groans caused in the now familiar and predictable way. The bound angel at the entrance to our house didn't allow for any more movement than the suit of armor did, although it was a lot easier to handle since the armor made it feel like I was trapped in a sauna.

The skeleton chained taut to the wall of the forgotten dungeon had an even harsher corset than the zombie costume, and looked eerily realistic once the lighting was dimmed. I hoped the girl picked for this was both thinner and taller than I was, or breathing would be near impossible after a while.

It was yet another one I hoped I wouldn't be wearing for the party, but mostly because I wanted to be able to move around. Mistress knew I wanted to mingle and join in on the fun everyone was sure to have, so I hoped she took that into consideration.

She did, of course. While she could be occasionally cruel and demanding, she was never mean spirited, and she knew how much I was looking forward to the party.

That didn’t mean she was going to make things easy for me, though. After all, ‘Be careful what you wish for, or you just might get it’ was one of her favorite sayings.

The Public Party

Even though I was supposed to be the one organizing the big party, I was kept in the dark on the one thing I wanted to know more than anything. What friggen costume I'd get to wear.

I knew what everyone else would be wearing, so that one simple omission was almost cruel, yet it did keep my near fanatical anticipation at an all-time high. October thirty-first arrived before I went completely bat-shit crazy, and after making sure I was spotlessly clean, well hydrated, fed, and limbered up, I finally got my answer.

Just to draw out the tension and keep me guessing a tiny bit longer, my Mistress had me put on a blindfold before we stepped into the changing room. I didn't think it'd matter much, since she'd used practically every toy and restraint ever invented on me at some point in time, so I knew most of what I was in store for the moment it touched my body.

It did get my heart going, though, which I guess was the goal she was aiming for.

Her first order of business was to wrap my arms in several layers of vet wrap, taking care to cover each finger individually before taping them together and removing my ability to interfere with the rest of her plans. I wouldn't have anyway, but it was all part of the game.

Once my arms were well covered, I heard the telltale ripping sound of duct tape coming off the roll, and felt it cover my arms from shoulder, down to my fingertips, and then back up again. It was hard to bend my wrists or elbows by the time she was satisfied, and I wondered if I was going to be a mummy after all.

I heard her setting out more supplies, but she didn't seem to be in a hurry to get me dressed. Instead, she sat me down on her lap and began fondling my breasts and caressing my pussy until I was panting and moaning in anticipation of getting my first orgasm of the day.

That wasn't in the cards, though, but now that I was turned on something fierce, she could proceed with the items she'd chosen to torment me with tonight. A thin leather thong was wrapped around the base of each breast, trapping the blood inside and making my already engorged nipples feel like they might pop from the additional pressure.

They didn't, of course, but they did become ultra-sensitive for her application of the nipple clamps I'd been expecting. She'd chosen a ring style clamp that had a fairly low profile, and stayed in place by the tightening of some tiny set screws instead of a spring.

I wasn't exactly thrilled about having to wear them all night, but didn't have any say in the matter. I became even less thrilled when I felt her attach wires to them, since it meant they'd be connected to an e-stim unit.

A heavily boned corset came next, and was tightened in stages since it felt like it was a size or two smaller than the ones I normally wore. It wasn't quite as severe as the one that went with the skeleton costume, but it wasn't far off.

Once it was fully laced and the flap covering the laces was locked down, she helped me bend over the back of a chair. She didn't have to tell me to spread my legs once I was in place, since I was pretty sure I knew what was coming next.

Sure enough, I felt a glob of grease land on my ass, followed by a pair of fingers that worked it in and around my rosebud until I was well coated for the butt plug that followed. I probably didn't need any lube for the fat dildo that filled my other hole, although I got some anyway since it wasn't exactly a petite sized toy.

She used a butterfly vibrator harness to make sure everything stayed where it belonged, and added a thick diaper over it all for a bit of additional safety. I'd been known to squirt if overly stimulated, and it was becoming quite obvious she wasn't going to make my night easy for me in any way, shape, or form.

Next up was a posture collar that felt quite severe, and kept my head locked in place with less than a half-inch of movement available to me. I was now completely confused, since I couldn't think of a single costume that had all

these particular toys and restrains as a part of it.

My waiting was actually over, though, and as I felt the heavy canvas straitjacket slide in place, knew I'd be wearing a costume we'd discussed early on, but dismissed as impractical. She must've come up with a way to make it work, and my heart began to race with a combination of fear and excitement at the thought of what was in store for me tonight.

The corset and wrapped arms made it tougher than normal for Mistress to tighten down the straitjacket straps, but once she did, it easily doubled the effectiveness of the already inescapable jacket. After pulling the crotch strap tight enough that she actually lifted me off my feet for a moment, she helped me to sit so she could put on my boots.

Or so I thought.

Instead of a wicked pair of ballet boots, or my equally harsh ponygirl boots, she strapped a single small band over my heel and around my ankle. I was back in the land of confusion now, and couldn't think of what it was supposed to be for.

Before I could ask, I smelled rubber, and felt something press against my lips. After being a submissive for so long, I didn't even think before opening my mouth as wide as possible to allow the gag to slide home.

It wasn't one I was familiar with, and it felt like a mash up of three conventional gags. A fat penis shaped plug filled my mouth and almost touched the back of my throat before my teeth slipped into some grooves designed to keep it from going too deep and maybe choking me.

On the other side of the groove was a fat ball that stretched my lips out a little, and was connected to a fat bit style gag that pulled the corners in fairly tight. It was incredibly effective even before she began tightening down the straps, of which there seemed to be an overabundance.

She had to remove my blindfold before connecting any of the upper straps, giving me my first look at the devious new contraption. A typical trainer gag had either three or five straps, depending on the style. This one had at least a dozen that crisscrossed my entire head, making it almost look like I was wearing a leather spider web.

It allowed her to tighten the whole thing down until it felt like my head was trapped in a vice, but on a positive note, it had a hole running through the middle of the gag so I'd be able to enjoy a few cocktails during the festivities. It was a party after all.

The only restraint left to add was a set of padded institutional ankle cuffs, connected by an eighteen-inch hobble bar. Once that was locked on, she told me to walk around the room for a few minutes to make sure everything was snug, yet not restrictive enough to cause circulation problems.

It wouldn't be easy, but I felt I could handle it, so she sat me down again and started on my makeup. It wasn't much, since the spider web of straps covered most of my face, but she went heavy with eye shadow to make my eyes look sunken and a little wild.

A few other subtle touchups to my cheeks and lips made me look fairly crazy, and I was quite impressed with how it all turned out. As she began connecting all the wires to the battery pack and control unit, she finally spoke and explained what my role really was.

"Ok dear, as you can see, you're dressed up in the insane lunatic costume we talked about before, but with a few subtle differences. We'll be starting the night off with you chained to the front of the haunted house, however, you'll manage to break free after a couple of hours.

"Once you're free, you will wander around the room as much as possible, since your insanity is supposed to be contagious. At random intervals throughout the night, the control board will activate some or all of your toys and e-stim pads, and a short range transmitter will send a signal to any other receivers in the area.

"All staff members, regular submissives, and even a few daring customers will be tied into the system, which should make for a most interesting night. Since you're in no position to ask, I'll let you know that I didn't exclude myself, so you may eventually be able to get a little payback for what I'll be making you endure over the next seven or eight hours."

Holt shit! She'd not only figured out a way to make it work, she'd concocted a plan that was devious beyond my wildest dreams. Master Laste must've had a hand in it, since only his creativity with electronics could've made this

happen.

“I think there might be a few other things that slipped my mind, but I’m sure you’ll eventually figure it all out on your own. We need to hurry now, since the doors open in thirty minutes, and I need to get you in place ASAP so I can change into my own costume.”

She locked a short but heavy chain to the front of my collar, and proceeded to guide me over to the heavy post we’d installed next to the entrance of the haunted house. She locked the end link to a loop embedded in it near ground level, giving me the option to either remain bent over, or sit on the ground while I waited for my chance to ‘escape’.

I chose to sit, even though it meant my weight drove the butt plug deeper up my ass, since this was going to be a long night. She had Charlie bring me a big glass of wine, a bigger glass of water, and a long straw that was jammed into my gag hole so I could help myself to either whenever I wanted. She was dressed as a sexy cheerleader, and teased me by making sure her ass was thrust into my face while she arranged things to her liking.

While waiting, I tested the limits of my restraints to see what kind of movement I’d have when I wandered the room as a contagious loon. It wasn’t much, but I thought I should be able to twist and gyrate enough to play the role she’d chosen for me.

The last of the haunted house staff began taking their places now, and I began to grow impatient as anticipation drove me crazy… which was actually quite fitting, considering my costume.

Mistress came back faster than I thought possible, dressed as a Victorian era queen, albeit a rather slutty one. She looked amazingly hot, and now I wished we had more time before the party started so we could slip away for a quick bit of fun.

Alas, it seemed the doors had already been opened, and the rapidly growing murmur filling the room informed me there’d been a huge line of people waiting to get in. Sara, dressed as a sexy red devil, came over to activate my control board, and the game was on.

As the system powered up, each item ran through a test cycle that left me

gasping for air. In addition to the zaps I was expecting on my nipples, I got a blast to my ass, cunt, clit, and both labia.

If the program controlling me decided to fire all those at once, I wouldn't have to *act* like I was loony, especially if the vibrators came on at the same time. In fact, after eight hours like this, I might be a genuine candidate for a padded room tomorrow!

After checking her tablet and confirming everything was working like it was supposed to, she gave me a pat on the head and took up her position as greeter. It wasn't long before the first group of people approached, and I found out her tablet did a whole lot more.

The swipe of her finger across the screen was all the warning I had before all my toys went ballistic, causing me to scream, moan, and struggle under the combined assault and conflicting sensations. She shut it off only after the whole group had passed the threshold, yet I barely had time to get my breathing under control before the next group approached, and she reactivated everything.

Based on the looks I was getting, I'm sure I was putting on quite the convincing display, especially for the sixth group when my toys drove me over the edge and I exploded into the first of the many orgasms I'd be having tonight. It was strong enough I should've been as limp as a rag doll by the time it passed, but the insidious toys controlled me far too well, and my involuntary show went on for each and every group that passed.

I'm sure every single guest passed through the house at least once, with several taking a second or third run as well, but eventually the line thinned out and I was allowed to escape. Sara changed my program to 'contagious mode', and helped me to stand.

The second I got to my feet, I felt a strong series of shocks run through my system, and the next part of Mistress's evil plan came to light. The things she's strapped to my feet were pressure switches, and if I didn't stay on my tiptoes, I'd shock the shit out of myself!

A devilish grin (pun intended) on her face told me louder than words that she knew exactly what I was in store for, and I wondered if maybe it was actually her idea. I'd have to ask later, but for now, I needed to concentrate on

keeping my heels off the ground.

Even though I'd designed most of it, I hadn't been able to see the haunted house with everyone in place, so I was excited to finally be able to see what the full effect looked like. Sara decided to join me, and grabbed my recently refilled wine glass which we then shared as we walked.

The first room looked like a medieval armory at first glance, but the moment we entered and broke the invisible beam at the doorway, all four suits of armor began moaning and rattling. Equipped with similar toys to what I wore, Barb, Donna, Mary, and Dominique made the 'haunted' armor they were trapped inside really come to life.

Unlike what I'd gone through, I was fairly sure nobody had stayed in this room long enough to give the girls any sort of relief, so I made sure we dawdled long enough for the moans to turn into orgasmic screams. I would've smiled at the sound if my gag wasn't so severe.

The next room was the mad scientist's laboratory, and was filled with a colorful array of bubbling beakers, tubes, pipes, and wires. It also held Liddy, who was strapped down in an ominous looking electric chair, and Nancy who was strapped to the operating table in her bride of Frankenstein costume.

I was particularly proud of Nancy's costume, and while it barely looked like she was restrained at all, the solid steel plates that formed the base of each section of greenish skin were bolted solidly together. She had even less movement that the girls filling the haunted armor suits!

A few seconds after we entered, a bright flash of light and a boom of thunder activated the controls in this room, causing both girls to shudder and shake as the electricity flowed and their toys rumbled to life. Once again we stayed to watch for longer than was strictly necessary, but neither one of us was in a hurry, and the show they put on was way too much fun to rush.

Nora was a vampire, Abigail a werewolf, and Drew a ghost. All three of them scared the shit out of me when they jumped out unexpectedly, causing me to spend a lot more time on my heels than I liked, but it was all in good fun.

Since we were the last group that'd be passing through, all three of them joined with us as we made it through their ambush points. I got a bit of revenge just as we entered the graveyard where Christy and Arlene, our two zombies, and Shelly the mummy were roaming.

My insanity program kicked on for the first time, causing the whole lot of us to go wild. Even as my toys began to drive me almost literally insane, I took a great amount of satisfaction in seeing Sara go nearly as wild. Apparently someone forgot to inform her of what my program really did.

It took quite a while for my insanity program to run its course, and several more minutes before we were composed enough to continue. Not wanting to get caught again in close proximity to me, we picked up the pace of our tour for the last few rooms. We made it past Veronica tied to the cannibal's post, Cindy the forgotten skeleton, and Monica the bound angel in short order, and emerged back into the light where we went our separate ways.

After taking a short break to rest my feet, I made a quick circuit of the room acting in my insane persona, and had to pose for at least a dozen pictures. It was a lot of fun, even though my program never kicked in to spread the insanity.

After a quick drink at the bar, and another brief rest of my feet, I wandered over to see what Masters Brandon and Jerry had put together for their torture chamber. Unlike most of the other displays, I had a tough time getting close enough to see very well, since they'd attracted and kept quite a large crowd entertained.

A new girl, Petunia, was strapped down on a rack, and was not only enduring the hard stretch, but a more direct form of torture. About a dozen large candles were suspended high above her, coating her entire torso with melted wax.

She appeared to be in agony, yet I knew with how far the wax had to fall before landing on her, it had to be barely warm by the time it struck. It looked impressive, but that, coupled with how much wax was already coating her body, meant she could most likely not even feel it by now.

Based on the short, sharp, high-pitched squeals emanating from the iron maiden, I suspected it was Ginny trapped inside. I also suspected her squeals

and gasps were caused by something far different from the conventional iron spikes, and hoped she was having as good of a time as it sounded like.

June was strapped to a St. Andrew's cross and being flogged by Master Jerry, while Master Brandon was doing the same to Lauren, who was bent over and locked in a set of stocks. Neither girl bore any serious welts, yet judging from the redness of their skin, the flogging had been going on almost continuously for quite some time.

My program kicked in for the second time just as I'd turned to leave, and after falling to the floor as I shuddered through three consecutive climaxes, had to be helped back to the bar by a couple of strangers. I wasn't sure how much the insanity had spread this time, but at least eight different girls in the crowd got hit, along with all four girls on display.

It was only by a stroke of luck that I figured out my program was being activated exactly at the top and bottom of each hour, but once I figured it out, I made sure that everyone got hit at least once throughout the night. My crowning achievement came near the end of the night, when everyone was gathered up at the stage so they could judge the costumes and decide on the winners.

Mistress Grey was there as a fairy princess, Betty as a sultry cat woman, Cara as a kinky latex nun, Brandy as a playboy bunny, Ava as slave Leia, and Diane as a naughty schoolgirl. I got them all by sneaking backstage, along with everyone in the crowd standing in the first couple of rows.

My position… and own throes of passion meant I couldn't watch, but hearing them all get caught was still worth it. I stayed hidden for as long as I could and rested my feet once again, but when I thought it was getting close to the time for another attack, I had to rejoin the crowd.

When I emerged this time, it appeared like word had spread about what could occur if I was nearby, and two things happened. Some girls began giving me a wide berth, while others began following me as casually as they could, hoping for a little bit of fun.

I gave them their wish… several times in a few cases, although it wasn't like I had a choice. Time seemed to fly by, until Master Laste announced it was time for last call, and the crowd began to thin.

Of course, that was only the regular crowd, and not the exclusive members. Once the normal people cleared out, we could kick things up a notch and start the *real* party.

The Private Party

It took longer to sort out than anticipated, since some people hadn't wanted to leave just yet, but eventually it was just us - the staff, the exclusive members, and a few lucky customers who'd earned the right to join in on the rest of the fun tonight.

Mistress Lilith kicked things off with a bang by opening the doors to her twisted carnival, which turned out to be an immediate success. Dressed in her classic Ringmaster Domme outfit, she invited everyone to take part in the games of chance she'd prepared, and led the way to a curious string of 'circus freaks'.

Kate was bound about fifty ways from Sunday as the Amazing Rubber Woman, while Lucy was put into an even harsher position as the contortionist. Rose became a trick ponygirl, and dazzled the crowd with an array of incredibly acrobatic tricks that should've been impossible while restrained as heavily as she was.

Constance and Mel had their legs frog tied as well as their arms, before having their heavy latex costumes pulled over top of their bodies. The end result was a cat and dog pair that had to walk around on their knees and elbows, while performing tricks under Mistress Lilith's command… and bullwhip.

I came close to choking on my drink when I saw her lead out Gary, bound, gagged, and dressed as the bearded lady, but the best act in my mind was Jade, the flying witch. Taking inspiration from a story I'd once heard about some kinky Halloween hijinks, her costume and act was a genuine work of art, and deserves a full explanation.

Wearing even more e-stim items and bigger toys than the monsters Mistress Jill had selected for me, she had the additional misfortune of having to endure the broomstick ride. Tied with solid bars to ensure each limb was absolutely immobile, it meant her entire weight was resting on her crotch and the thin wooden stick.

It wasn't something I'd be able to handle for more than a few minutes myself, but for someone like Jade, she probably loved every minute of it. Jade was an *algolagnist*, or in the vernacular, what was commonly referred to as a pain slut.

To make matters worse… or better, depending on your point of view, the apparatus that allowed her to fly was a clunky piece of machinery, making her ride around the center ring an incredibly rough and bumpy affair. Unsure of exactly how her toys were programmed, I made sure I hung around until my next bout of insanity spread to her, giving her a *real* ride.

It was becoming incredibly difficult to keep off my heels, but since there weren't any chairs in this part of the room, I gritted my teeth and did as best I could while watching people test their luck at the various carnival games.

Bobbing for gags was a fun one, since the person dunking their head in the tank could usually only grab a strap at random. No matter what they surfaced with, though, they immediately had to put it on, to the laughter and cheers of the other spectators.

Since it usually took a few minutes to reset things, we had two dunk tanks in operation. Carol, dressed in a latex version of the classic French maid outfit was on the left, and barely got a moment's rest before her hogtied body was plunged into the water over and over again.

Lori was dressed as a cop with a thin silk uniform that left nothing to the imagination once it got wet, and was kept in her hogtie with three sets of police issue handcuffs. I'd initially thought it was risky to drop hogtied girls into a deep tank of water, but there was no shortage of assistants to help keep them safe, since they were free to fondle and grope the girls until the winch pulled her back into position.

I don't think the girls minded either, since their vibrators began buzzing away every time they got dunked… and Mistress Lilith had installed a *very* large target for the contestants to aim at. The winners… which as near as I could tell was everyone who tried… also got to activate one toy on anyone in attendance, and nobody seemed shy about spreading the fun.

Just like those who bobbed for gags, anyone who took a spin at the trick-or-treat wheels got to keep whatever they landed on, but had to use it

immediately. This was a popular game with the normal customers who only got to stay due to winning the costume contest or lottery, since Master Laste's computer controlled toys were out of most regular people's price range.

A few of the subs didn't exactly look comfortable having their privates exposed in front of complete strangers… especially the ones who 'won' a butt plug … but everyone was being extremely supportive and treating it almost like a rite of passage. I did my part by hanging around long enough that I managed to get each and every one of them going when the top of the hour struck.

A few of the Masters tried to take advantage of all the free stuff and load their subs with everything they could, but were soon brought up short by the 'trick' portion of the wheel game. Another wheel was located at the exit, and if they played the first part of the game, then they were required to spin the second one as well.

One poor wannabe Domme had taken so many spins on the first wheel that by the time she was done with the second, she was actually in a more severe situation than her sub! I thought it was kind of funny, and the only thing that would've been better was if she'd landed on the role-reversal slot as well.

I made a mental note to follow her around later to give her what limited greetings I could… at the bottom of the hour, of course.

By the time our late night dinner was announced and my insanity program deactivated, I was more than ready for a break. I hadn't been able to get off my feet for quite some time by that point, and I'd been hitting the pressure switches so often I was practically numb from it all.

I also got to lose my gag finally, which was just as much of a relief, although the rest of my costume stayed firmly in place. Mistress sat beside me and leisurely fed me tidbits from her own plate while we enjoyed the dinner entertainment.

The first contest was inspired by Jade's witch costume and broomstick ride. Four girls were bound in a similar fashion, with a broomstick splitting their privates, and only the very tips of their ballet boots to help keep some of the weight off their sensitive snatches.

These broomsticks were hollow, and a little fatter, with a long rope threaded through the middle. The goal was to work their way along the rope to the finish line any way they could, which meant hopping and thrusting their hips.

I found it more comical than anything, although I'm sure I would've thought differently if I was competing rather than just watching. Betting was quite heavy, although I had no clue how they were calculating the odds since all four girls looked the same with their masks and costumes.

The three losers had to remain tied to the crotch-cutter broomsticks for the next hour, while the winner was freed and allowed to play with them however she saw fit. Even after it was over I had no clue to who any of them were, but it was still fun to watch.

Next up was the gladiator fights, presided over by Master Laste in his Caesar costume. Each pair of girls was completely naked and well-oiled for this event, making it tough to get any kind of grip or leverage on the other.

Scattered throughout the arena were a wide variety of toys and restraints, and the goal was for one to put the other into complete submission with whatever they could get their hands on. It almost didn't matter which girl won, since the winner had to immediately face the next competitor, and would eventually wind up bound, gagged, and forced to cum repeatedly.

Just like the broomstick race, the single girl who wound up on top got to take control of the others for the next hour. She wasn't at all shy about taking her reward in a more direct and personal manner from each and every one of them, and I found myself slightly envious of the sheer stamina she possessed.

It was fun to watch for a while, but then I heard the music resume so I made my way over to the dance floor. I hadn't wanted to even attempt dancing when the pressure switches on my feet were active, but now I was free (in a manner of speaking) to enjoy myself.

Mistress 'helped' my enjoyment by activating my toys whenever she thought she might be able to catch me off-guard, but I didn't mind in the least. I think I might've even invented some new dance moves during a point when she let them run continuously for an extended period of time.

All in all it was without a doubt the best Halloween I'd ever had, but I was

more than ready to call it a night by the time most of our guests had left. Eight straight hours of bondage and sexual stimulation, combined with energetic dancing and more orgasms than I could count had left me exhausted.

Unfortunately, while our first annual Halloween extravaganza was now officially over, the rest of the staff wasn't ready to quit just yet. Good behavior required a reward, and since we'd all outdone ourselves tonight, it meant our night was far from over.

The After Party

"Ok everyone," Mistress called out once the doors were locked and all us submissives were brought together around the main stage. "I think it goes without saying that Sherri's idea for a Halloween party was nothing short of a complete success.

"We appreciate the hard work you all put in to make the night a success, especially those of you who didn't get much of a chance to enjoy yourselves with our guests. You deserve a round of applause, and in my mind, a whole lot more. Just ask what you want as a reward, and we'll most likely accommodate you."

The Dominants split up and began releasing those who were still stringently bound and wanted out of their costumes. (Surprisingly, not everyone did.) I was one of them, since now that my toys were shut off and I was resting on a bed of comfy pillows, I was content to simply lay back and watch the rest of the group.

Mistress took my wishes into consideration, but only up to a point. Since this whole affair was my idea, a lot of people wanted to thank me personally and in the predictable way. As such, my straitjacket remained firmly in place while I was groped, fondled, and kissed by the whole lot of them.

Gary had spent the night dressed as the bearded lady, and that meant his cock had been trapped between his legs by the foam latex vagina of his costume. Unlike us girls, every bit of arousal he'd experienced… and there had been a lot of it… was quite torturous for him.

It was no surprise when he asked to have his cock let loose so he could get some relief, but the manner in which he wanted to claim his reward was. He not only asked Mistress if he could fuck me, but he wanted the rare pleasure of putting me into even more bondage first!

Considering how tired I was, I suppose I could've begged Mistress to be left alone but I didn't. He deserved a bit of fun, and if I was tied up even more, it

meant I wouldn't have to do any work at all.

Besides… vibrators can be a lot of fun, but nothing beats a real hunk of meat from an enthusiastic partner. They held a brief, whispered conversation out of my hearing, and then Gary left to get the supplies he'd need.

Being the center of attention for our entire staff had left me more than ready for him, and I began looking forward to whatever he had in mind.

He started off with a blindfold so he could keep me guessing about his plans, and immediately added a ring style trainer gag to cut off any questions before they began. The head harness straps of the gag also made sure that the blindfold wouldn't accidentally slip off once he got down to business.

I felt the hobble bar being removed from my ankles, a definite requirement if he wanted to gain access to my pussy. He did, of course, and removed everything down below except for the butt plug.

He chuckled when he saw the state of things after my night of near constant stimulation and several squirting orgasms, and took a few minutes to clean me up a little before finishing up my bondage.

Simple, yet effective, he tied a rope to each ankle cuff and had me cross my legs so he could tie each ankle off to the opposite knee. It was a position that left my crotch wide open, but was actually fairly comfortable.

At least it was until he added one final rope to the middle of my lower legs and tied it off to the front of my collar. With my legs pulled up high, my cunt was now fully exposed and completely vulnerable.

He was way too horny to spend much time on foreplay, but I didn't mind for once. Each firm, yet gentle touch had gotten me worked up just as much as it did for him, and I found myself not only ready for him to fuck me silly, but eager as well.

The tip of his rock hard cock felt almost hot against my moist folds, and felt even better than I'd imagined as he slowly filled me with it. It must've taken a considerable amount of self-control for him to enter me so slowly and deliberately, but once he was all the way in and his full weight was pressed down on my crotch, he went to town like there was no tomorrow.

His full, thick seven inch cock began pounding me deep into the pillows I lay on, and each powerful thrust brought me closer and closer to a climax I didn't think I had left in me after all I'd already been through tonight. Wow, was I ever wrong.

I'm not sure if his powerful thrusts managed to push a button on the control belt below me, or if Mistress decided on one last bit of fun, but I felt the butt plug and nipple rings come alive again. With the unexpected additional stimulation, I exploded into orgasm a mere moment before he did, and the sound of our mutual passion melded into a single voice that echoed through the room.

He collapsed on top of me once he was spent, but with his semi-rigid cock still inside me, he kept my orgasmic ecstasy alive with a string of smaller ones. I was still twitching now and then when he regained control of himself, pulled out, and repositioned himself higher up so I could clean his cock for him.

Amazingly, he must've been even hornier than I thought, since it wasn't long before my gentle ministrations had him hard and ready for a second round!

He went slower this time now that his urgency had abated somewhat, deliberately withdrawing as far as he could without slipping out, and then sliding all the way inside again. I swear I could feel every bump and vein of his cock travel through me, and I found my own lust climbing well past the point when I normally would've cum.

His method brought me to within an inch of the peak, yet left me unable to crest the final summit for what seemed like ages, and my whole body was practically vibrating with the force of my impending orgasm.

Only when his cock began to swell and shoot its seed inside me did I get that last little push I needed, and came like there was no tomorrow. I came so hard I thought for a moment he'd removed the blindfold somehow, but it was only the white light caused by overloaded synapses, not from the room.

He crawled off me this time and let me rest, which was a good thing since my whole body felt like a tightly wrapped blob of overworked jelly. The last thing I remembered hearing was Mistress's voice saying for him to let me get some rest, but to leave me bound like I was. She was obviously far from

done with me, and might even let the others have a turn or five before setting me free.

***

I woke slowly at first, and then with a start as I felt a hot cock slide past my gagged lips until it tickled the back of my throat. Once he was sure I wasn't about to freak out, gag, or choke, he slide it in the rest of the way and held it there until breathing started to become a major concern.

He pulled out just long enough for me to get some air into my starving lungs before plunging back in and repeating the process. He did this three more times, before I felt another cock being positioned for entry at the lips of my still swollen and dripping cunt, and then they impaled me in unison for the fourth cycle.

His routine never changed in the least, but now I had two cocks sliding in and out with perfect timing, and it got harder to concentrate on my breathing as my body began to respond in the predictable manner.

I had no clue what was going on, who the two men were, or what Mistress had arranged for me, but I soon stopped caring. My brief nap had seemed to rejuvenate me by an incredible amount, and I felt ready for anything they could throw my way.

Their weird, yet ultra-sexy pattern had my mind spinning before long, and I surprisingly found myself deep in subspace without even the slightest recollection of slipping into it. I began struggling in my restraints, but not to escape… I merely wanted to expand the feeling of helplessness as much as possible in order to give myself the slight push I needed to get me over the edge.

I felt a brief moment of panic when both cocks began spurting into my holes, since I was too far inside my own brain and couldn't join them in orgasm. My disappointment turned to relief a moment later, though, when two fresh cocks positioned themselves in place and started the cycle all over again.

This pair of guys had a slightly different plan. The one who stuck his dick in my mouth simply held himself still, and allowed the harder thrusts from his

friend to bump my body back and forth over it.

I now had a very tiny window of opportunity in which I could draw a breath, yet the pace was fast enough that I managed to keep ahead of oxygen deprivation by matching the pace he set. It worked well until a finger started circling my clit and I lost my rhythm, as well as most of my remaining ability to think straight.

My orgasm came fast and hard, causing me to tense up muscles I didn't even know I had. It seemed to roll through me in waves from my clit through to my chest, making me involuntarily milk his prick in a way that quickly drove him over the edge as well.

He continued to pump away through several smaller, but almost stronger orgasms, and then pulled out all at once, leaving me feeling hollow inside. It also left his partner's cock deep and immobile in my throat at a point in time when I needed as much air as possible.

My head was starting to swim and my vision turn grey when a hard new cock slammed forcefully into my cunt, dislodging the other guy and letting me get the sweet air I needed so badly.

The new guy had a similar plan to the last one, but was really slamming into me. He was strong enough that each thrust was nearly painful on my swollen and overly sensitive pussy, yet it allowed me to get a lot more air, and didn't take long before I was trying to buck my hips to meet each lunge with even more force.

This wasn't merely having some fun, and it wasn't making love by any stretch of the imagination. This was pure sex… raw and primal, like something from the dawn of time, and I was giving as good as I was getting.

I'd gotten so far into the sex that I'd nearly forgotten about the guy in my mouth, so when he began shooting his load down my throat, it caught me completely by surprise. It was something close to a miracle I didn't choke and gag on what felt like a gallon of cum, and now that he was finished I got to finally draw something close to a full breath again.

Of course, that didn't last long. Someone new took their place in front of my mouth, but this time it was different.

The sweet, musky smell that invaded my nose informed me quite clearly that my role as passive fuck-toy was at and end; I'd now have to be an active participant, or I'd most likely be stuck like this all night. She wiggled forward a tad until her mound was pressed tight over the edges of the ring gag, and the short pubic hair of a well-trimmed landing strip was tickling my nose.

I immediately darted my tongue out in search of her most sensitive bud, and began circling it as best I could while still being pounded like a veal cutlet down below. He made it quite difficult for me to do a proper job, especially since I was getting quite close to another orgasm, but then I realized I merely had to hold my tongue straight out and let his action do the work for me.

A low, guttural moan let me know it was working even better than I'd hoped, and she began grinding her crotch harder against my face as she approached orgasm in what was probably record time. She wasn't the only one ready to pop, either.

I think I started cumming a split second before my mystery pounder, but wasn't quite sure since our dual orgasms seemed to meld into one, and then became a trio when the lady joined us in ecstasy. Both of them got off and got off quickly, pun intended, and were replaced by yet another pair.

This was unbelievable… how many people did Mistress have lined up and waiting? The latest guy wasted no time in sliding his slightly shorter but much fatter cock inside me, but the new girl seemed content to hover at the very limit of where I could reach.

Now I really had to work for it, being barely able to brush her pussy lips with the tip of my tongue, while her partner fucked me with a slow and methodical rhythm. I had a feeling they wanted to make this a long session, and there was absolutely nothing I could do to hurry it along.

That wasn't necessarily a bad thing, though, since it gave me a chance to recover from the almost overwhelming gangbang Mistress had arranged to cap the night off with. They both eventually came and were replaced with another pair who used me the same way… and another… and another… and even more until I'd long lost count of how many people had taken their pleasure from me.

I'd also lost track of how many times I'd been forced to cum, and wondered if the line of people would ever end. Some of them must've come back for second or third turns, since I'd had to service far more people than had been in the room when Gary had bound me for his pleasure.

When the last of them had finally finished having their fun, my vibrator from earlier was slid home and locked tightly in place with a cold, steel chastity belt. A coarse, heavy blanket was then draped over me, and I faintly heard the banks of industrial lights above being turned off.

Whoever it was who was left then turned all my toys on to full blast and gave me a parting pat on the top of my head.

"Until next year, my pretty," a strange voice rasped from somewhere close to my ear.

I didn't have the mental capacity left to try to figure out whose voice it was, especially since the powerful toys had me back up to the peak in a matter of seconds, and kept me there through a relentless string of orgasms that continued unabated until my mind overloaded and I lost consciousness.

***

"Wakey, wakey, sleepyhead," I heard from somewhere far away.

As my brain started working again, I slowly opened my eyes and found Mistress's face mere inches from mine. She gave me a quick kiss once she saw I was back in the land of the living, and proceeded to untie me from the bondage I'd spent the night in.

It was sheer bliss to be able to stretch my legs again, a feeling which doubled once she removed the straitjacket and began unlacing the corset. Once I could stand again, she helped me stagger to the bathroom so I could take care of some extremely urgent business, unlocking the belt and removing the vibrator and butt plug barely in time.

She went to get me a bottle of water while I took care of business, and between the relief and the rehydration, I soon felt a lot better, although I desperately wanted a long soak in a hot tub. She helped with that as well

once we got to our room, climbing in to sponge me clean and massage my stiff body.

“That was quite the party last night,” she commented in satisfied manner. “My inbox was stuffed with emails from people raving about how much fun they had.”

“I can’t remember ever having more fun, although the after party was almost more than I could handle.”

“What after party? You were so tired you fell asleep almost before Gary finished taking his reward, and didn’t even stir when I locked the belt on you for the night.”

“You seem to be forgetting the massive orgy you put me through, Mistress. I haven’t had so many partners or cum so many times since that time I’d been punished at Master Laste’s BDSM party.”

“What orgy,” she laughed. “Your pussy was locked up tight behind one of Brandon’s unpickable chastity belts, and the only key was safely around my neck the whole night.”

Thinking she was simply teasing me and wanting to know what I thought of her final surprise of the night, I related the whole story as best I could, finishing with how long and hard I’d cum when I was finally left alone with only the toys to keep me company.

“That’s quite the impressive dream you had, but completely impossible. Disregarding the impossibility of someone getting the chastity belt off you, it sounds like there should’ve been enough to fill a five gallon pail, yet there wasn’t a drop to be seen.

“Not only that, but your toys couldn’t have been left running at the end since I’d removed the power pack before locking you up for the night. I think you’re either having a little fun with me, or trying to hint at what you’d like to have happen at our next party.”

Both of us knew that we were right, and got into our first real argument in ages over it. Only when we reviewed the security footage and I saw that she hadn’t been lying to me, did I concede it must’ve been a dream.

Logic told me she was telling the truth, yet I knew what I'd felt, and knew the truth to be impossible. It had been too dark to see if anything had actually happened once she'd left and turned off the lights, but how could it have when I was clearly wearing the solid steel belt before leaving me to sleep for the night?

Master Laste joked that the place must really be haunted, and while we'd all had a good laugh at his sally, it made me wonder. That parting voice had barely sounded human, or at least like a *live* human.

I didn't know what to think and couldn't come up with an answer that made sense, but one thing was certain; it was only three hundred and sixty four days until our next party, and I could hardly wait.

###

Table of Contents

#21 Self-Bondage Gone Wrong

#22 Bondage or Dare

#23 The Bondage Predicament

#24 Bondage Ménage

#25 Bondage Poker

#26 Bondage Service

#27 Bondage Revenge

#28 The Winter BDSM Carnival

#29 The Reindeer Ponygirls

#30 Wrapped Tight For Xmas

#31 The Halloween Extravaganza

The Edward Laste and Lilith Chance Collection

The Bondage Writer Trilogy (Full Three Part Novel)

The Born Submissive Trilogy (Full Three Part Novel)

The Laste Chance Bondage Inc. Halloween Extravaganza (Holiday Novelette)

The Kinky Doctor's Bondage Games (Full Novel plus bonus short stories)

Rose the Ponygirl (Full Novel)

The Master's New Sub (Complete Three Part Novella)

The Curious Submissive (Complete Three Part Novella)

The Bound Lily (Complete Five Part Novel)

The Complete Billionaire's Bondage Club (Complete Five Part Novel)

The Bondage Writer Series

The Bondage Writer 3: Publisher's Peril (Novella)

The Bondage Writer 2: Writer's Fantasy (Novella)

The Bondage Writer (Novella)

The Born Submissive Series

Part 1: The Desperate Submissive

Part 2: The Reluctant Master

Part 3: Final Submission

The Master's New Sub

Part 1: Submissive: Serving the Master

Part 2: Submissive: Surrender to the Master

Part 3: Submissive: Punished by the Master

The Bondage Photographer

Part 1: The Bondage Photo Shoot

Part 2: The Bondage Three-Way Photo Shoot

Part 3: The Bondage Photo Shoot Bang

The Bondage Medical Group Returns

Part 1: The Bondage Experiment

Part 2: The Kinky Bondage Massage

Part 3: The Longest Bondage Exam

The Curious Submissive Series

Part 1: Submissive: Seduced

Part 2: Submissive: Trained

Part 3: Submissive: Claimed

The Bondage Doctor Returns

Part 1: The Kinky Doctor Returns

Part 2: The Kinky Doctor's Group Session

Part 3: The Kinky Doctor's Asylum

The Billionaire's New Staff Series

Part 1: The Restrained Maid

Part 2: The Naughty Intern

Part 3: The Kinky Secretary

The Bondage Doctor Series

Part 1: The Kinky Bondage Doctor

Part 2: The Kinky Doctor's House Call

Part 3: The Doctor's Bound Assistant

The Bound Lily Chronicles

Part 1: Lily's Introduction to Submission

Part 2: Training the Lily

Part 3: The Lily Controlled

Part 4: The Lily Unchained

Part 5: Lilith the Dominatrix

The Self-Bondage Series

1: Self-Bondage Fun

2: Self-Bondage Peril

3: Self-Bondage Mistake

The Bondage Medical Group Series

Volume 1: The Dentist's Oral Exam

Volume 2: The Brat's Kinky Exam (with L.L. Chance)

Volume 3: The Doctor's Dungeon

Volume 4: The Nurse's BDSM Retreat

Volume 5: Institutionalized By the Master

The Bondage University Series

Volume 1: The Submissive Sorority Girl

Volume 2: The Kinky Frat Party

Volume 3: The Taboo Teacher

Volume 4: Cheers and Cuffs

Volume 5: College Brats in Bondage

Valentine Special: My Chained Valentine (with L.L. Chance)

The Billionaire's Bondage Club Series

Volume 1: Bondage and Power

Volume 2: Bondage Auditions

Volume 3: The Bondage Brat

Volume 4: Trained to Obey

Volume 5: For the Love of Bondage

The Laste Chance Bondage Inc. Series

Volume 1: The Bondage Contest

Volume 2: The Ultimate Bondage Device

Volume 3: The Longest Bondage Weekend

Volume 4: Dominatrix Submission

Volume 5: The Master's Price

Volume 6: The Academy

Volume 7: The BDSM Party

Volume 8: Ponygirl Training

Volume 9: Ponygirl Challenge

Volume 10: Breaking Lidia

Volume 11: The Fetish Club

Volume 12: The Fetish Auction

Volume 13: The Fetish Dungeon

Volume 14: The Fetish Shop

Volume 15: Fetish Plus

Volume 16: The Fetish Models

Volume 17: Fetish Conversion

Volume 18: Fetish Domination

Volume 19: Fetish Submission

Volume 20: The Fetish Wedding

Volume 21: Self Bondage Gone Wrong

Volume 22: Bondage or Dare

Volume 23: The Bondage Predicament

Volume 24: Bondage Ménage

Volume 25: Bondage Poker

Volume 26: Bondage Service

Volume 27: Bondage Revenge

Volume 28: Winter BDSM Carnival

Volume 29: The Reindeer Ponygirls

Volume 30: Wrapped Tight For Xmas

Volume 31: The Halloween Extravaganza

Questions? Comments? Concerns?

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