

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is shown in a side profile, looking back over her shoulder. She is wearing a blue and black bikini top and bottom. Her hands are cuffed behind her back with blue handcuffs. The background is a plain, light gray.

**Zatanna Dark**

**FINAL BONDAGE REVENGE BLUE**

HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN HARD LIMITS, BIG MISTAKE!

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is shown in profile, facing left. She is wearing a blue and black bikini top and bottom. She has blue handcuffs on her wrists, which are clasped behind her back. The background is a plain, light gray.

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**HE DOESN'T**

**BELIEVE IN HARD LIMITS,**

**BIG MISTAKE!**

**Zatanna Dark**

Quick Note from Zatanna:

"Hard Limits are Real and should NEVER BE IGNORED. Getting right up next to them . . . close enough to Tickle, that's good and I Promote it.

This is only a Story of someone who ignores Hard Limits  
and the Karma that Kicks him hard in the Balls for doing so.

Please Always Respect your Partner's Likes and Dislikes . . .  
then when they're Helpless to Stop You . . . a little Bit of a Mind Fuck  
can be Fun, without going over their Hard Limit Line:

Poor Poor Helpless Little Slave. It's too bad you're  
Blindfolded and can't the Size of this Strap-On . . . It's HUGE!  
That's ok I guess . . . you'll be Feeling it Soon Enough"

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## MISTAKE . . .

I have made some Big Mistakes in my lifetime, but am quickly realizing, this might end up one of my Bigger ones yet . . . if not the Biggest. I can't get loose! No matter how hard I pull, the ropes aren't budging in the least bit! Her knots are solid!

Now that I'm helpless, Blue's total disinterest in me appeared as part of her attitude change . . . as the last of the triple knots were tightened, her switch flipped and she's in all-business mode now.

She's completely ignoring my outstretched naked body as I stand only feet away from her . . . my hard cock bouncing up and down in anticipation of the promised blowjob that's no longer coming it's way . . .

The promise of fucking me as soon as she got her turn at tying me up seems less and less likely every minute . . . I mean I didn't spank her that hard . . . or any harder then she really really wanted me to do . . . so what's her problem?

At least I'm ungagged, so I try once again to use my only possible tool of escape . . . my calm and collected words . . . "God Dammit Bitch! You Promised to Fuck Me once you got your turn at tying me up! "

"So either keep your God Damn Promise or let me go!" Ok, those words seemed much calmer before they left my head . . . might have just added to my ever growing longer list of mistakes . . .

Finally, she stopped her texting long enough to acknowledge I was still in my loft with her. Moving ever so slowly in her blue silk and black lace bra and panties . . . is she actually moving that slowly or is my intense awareness slowing everything down?

Oh My God she's Fucking Perfect! Her eyes peering deep into me, her pouty lips, not too large to look fake, her smooth skin and long wavy hair . . . still moving slowly towards me. No wonder I was putty in her hands . . .

So close I can smell her perfume and her slightest bit of sweat from stringing me up and tying me helpless . . . she acted so innocent, like she never tied a guy before. I thought for sure I would easily get out and it would be my turn again to tie her up . . . I was wrong!

Her index finger taps me lightly on my nose as her hips come within inches of bumping against my outreaching cock . . . I thrust forward in effort to get my tip to touch her skin! I miss as she turns just enough to make my goal impossible . . .

"You haven't been keeping your Promises either . . . so why should I?" Not sure what promises she's talking about? She continues, "Can you get loose from your bondage? Try harder and let me know. I promised I'd make sure for her." What?

Already knowing I can't, I play along and try even harder to the point of grunting. "I can't get loose, so Fucking Let Me Go!" Licking her lips, "Watching you struggle and grunt was kind of sexy . . . too bad I have other places to be . . ." Wait! What? Other places?

Putting on her long coat I originally found her in as she's walking towards the door of my loft, "By the way, I did keep my last promise to you . . . I totally just Fucked You . . ."



## HINTING . . .

She was screaming and struggling wildly as I fucked her hard and fast up her very tight little ass. For someone who wanted me to do this so badly, she sure is tensing up a lot, which only makes it more painful for her. Guess that must be how she likes it best.

Her hands opening and closing against the sheets as she pulls hard at her straps and ropes that aren't going anywhere. She knew she wouldn't get free when I put her into bondage. I told her I wouldn't let her go until she got everything she wanted.

As her red hair swung around, she screamed, "STOP! STOP! STOP! IT HURTS!" Which obviously means keep going and do it harder. I mean, it's the Woman's code and all. Always wanting to bring up that whole Hard-Limits thing before submitting to Bondage.

It's their way at Hinting at all the things they really want, while being more Lady Like and acting as if they don't want something. Then having it happen while in Bondage, they pretend they don't like it.

She only had one very specific Hard-Limit which she went over with me multiple times. "Do not, no matter what, put anything in my ass. I don't like it, I don't want it and it Hurt Very Badly the one time it happened."

Bringing it up a second time when I wanted to Tie her spread eagle face down on

the bed, "You Promise me to Not put anything up my ass?" So I promised . . .

Technically, with the addition of the pillows, my cock is currently angled downward into her tight hole . . . so I'm pounding her hard in a downward direction . . . not up her ass . . . just as I promised.

I told her this while fucking her, but she didn't get or appreciate my hard cock directional joke. Giving me a fake sob, "You promised you were going to Spank Me!" I replied, "Thanks for the reminder".

After fully unloading deep inside of her, I pulled out and went to refuel with another Energy Drink. These things are Great! If I had these when I was younger I would have been able to masturbate so many more times then I already did.

Getting back to the bed, I see the sheets are wet with sweat from her body and my knees. The largest wet spot is by her face from her drooling and her so very fake 'Please don't fuck me in the ass' tears.

She looks very angry at me, calling me a long stream of obscenities. I let her finish and reply with, "That was a Very Naughty thing to say to me . . . you deserve a Long and Hard Spanking".

It was obviously her way of getting me to Spank her . . .

## ALONE . . .

My Wife Stacy and I absolutely love the privacy of our very Large Loft Apartment. The converted Office Spaces above the Warehouse gives us a huge space.

Although Stacy isn't a fan of BDSM, the old beams and posts left in place after the convert just scream Bondage. There are endless ways to Tie up, Tease, Torment & give Women what they really want.

Our sex during the week is fantastic, but it's the weekends I fantasize about while treating Stacy to the pleasures she wants. We can't do any all out screaming sex during the week because the workers in the Warehouse have heard it and called 911.

So quieter sex during the week and all out Screamers on the weekends works fine. I would prefer to be spending those weekends of screaming with Stacy, but her job takes her out of Town. Anyway, like I said, she's not a fan of BDSM . . .

This weekend's Lucky Little Brunette said, "Just don't blindfold me or leave me alone and I'll be fine." They're so Cute when they just feed you exactly what they want you to do to them . . . it just helps to take all the guess work out of it.

The ropes held her firmly against the old wooden beam. Her breathing became harder with each circle around her and the beam became tighter. "Do you have to use so much rope on me? I mean, there's absolutely no way I can get loose as it

is?"

She's so right. After I finished just her wrists, she was already helpless, but seems she wants even more. Far be it for me to not give this weekend's Lucky Bondage Slave exactly what she wants.

She also knew with her body nearly covered in a web of tight rope, that I had run out. My box of rope was empty, which she could clearly see.

It was her perfect little way of reminding me of what she wanted me to do next. "You're right, I do need to add more rope to your Bondage. But since I'm out, I'll need to make a trip to the Hardware Store to go and get some. I won't be but an hour or so."

Immediately she went into her Damsel in Distress mode, which I'm sure is what will make her pussy nice and wet for when I get back. "PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE YOU PROMISED!"

Technically, I never promised her anything. She told me what to not do to her . . . aka . . . her Wish List of what she wanted done to her once she is helpless. I never even responded . . . and then she let me Tie her to the Post.

Walking towards the door, she screamed even more, "YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME TIED UP AND ALONE! NOT LIKE THIS! PLEASE!!!" With that, I turned around and went back to her. She was relieved because I almost forgot . . .

"You're right, I can't leave you alone like this . . . you wanted me to blindfold you first . . . and then leave you alone and helpless". Her continued screaming and begging as I left was music to my ears. I'm so glad I can grant these type of wishes to Women in need.

This trip is going to take a little longer, because I couldn't help but take some time to pound one out before leaving . . . I mean, she's fucking hot and helpless and begging . . . I had to cum first . . .

MILF . . .

At the end of the Bar was the MILF that's been waiting just for me. Sure she was Older and a little more worse for the wear, but that meant Experience and knowing exactly what she wanted.

So often the Younger, sweet and innocent ones only bring up one or two Hard-Limit Hints. I mean, they just don't know any better because they haven't fully developed their list of Likes and Wishes.

This Lady, she knew Exactly what she wanted and gave me a long and detailed List of what to do once I had her helpless . . .

"My Bra and Panty Set is from Italy . . . Do Not Damage It"

"No Breath Play Games . . . I can't hold my Breath long"

"No Whipping my Pussy . . . my Clit gets too Sensitive"

"I will not eat or swallow your Cum . . . it makes me Gag"

"Safewords are stupid . . . I'll just tell you when to Stop"

"And Absolutely no leaving any marks on my Body"

It was a longer List, so I wrote them down so I wouldn't forget all the stuff she wanted me to do to her. Looking up, I said, "Ok, got all of them right here."

She said, "Ok, do you have any Wine you could bring me while I get undressed?" Needed a few extra minutes to get fully prepped, I said, "Sure, the Wine is at the far end of the Loft, so give me a few minutes."

As she took off her blouse and skirt, I watched from behind the bookshelf. The music was loud enough she couldn't hear me jerking off. I don't normally just keep a jiz jar handy, so needed some fresh product for her forth request.

Yes, she was twice my age, but her body truly only got better for her. Very curvy, sexy as hell and I could tell she still worked out. Handing her the Wine, I asked, "Any preference on how you like to be tied up?"

She replied, "Standing spread eagle and helpless . . . I need to be helpless or I will get loose and kick you in the balls." Following her comment up with a wink and a smile . . . then downing her Wine.

Pretty damn sure, that wasn't a joke . . . Very Helpless it will be . . .

## LIST . . .

As much as I love to use my own creativity when binding, teasing, torturing and tormenting helpless Woman or Girls . . . sometimes it's relaxing to work off of a simple To Do List . . .

[ ] Tie her up Standing Spread Eagle

[ ] Make sure she can't get loose or she'll kick me in the Balls

(I Extra Double Checked on this one)

[ ] Using a large knife . . . Cut away her Bra and Panty

[ ] While she screams . . . Stuff my fresh Cum into her mouth

[ ] Quickly Pull the Clear bag over her head . . . Tie it in place

[ ] Whip her Hard Enough to Leave Reminders

[ ] Be sure to pay Extra Attention to her Clit with the Whip



[ ] Take my Time . . . she can hold her breath a Long Time . . .

Her struggles and screams were delicious! I almost believed she was actually upset as I destroyed her Bra and Panty, "What the Fuck are you Doing!?!?! God Dammit! Fucking let me go right . . ."

The wide open mouth made the hand full of still warm Cum make it all the way to the back of her mouth as her almost comical Fake Gagging made me laugh a little on the inside . . .

Going Quickly with the Clear bag was my own idea . . . had I not got it over her head as quick, the Cum she was spitting out would have ended up on me instead of the inside of the bag . . .

Her knees were making efforts to get me in the balls, so I needed to move to her sides and behind her as I wrapped and knotted the leather garrote around the bag and her neck . . .

There was no warming up with the Cat-O-Nine Tails this time. She wanted me to leave marks, so Hard and Fast was the name of the game with this Toy!  
{SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!}

She continued to spit and gag as the bag grew and shrunk with every breath, as the inside slowly increased it's coating of moisture and heat from her lungs . . .  
{SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!}

As loud as her screams of pleasure were as the knots of the hard leather tails of the Cat-O-Nine left their calling cards all over her naked and helpless flesh . . . She loved it the most when they connected hard between her thighs . . .  
{SMACK!}

Every muscle in her body flexing and fighting to enjoy the intense pleasures I was giving her Exactly as She Wanted me too . . . Speeding up the last of her Flogging to get in as many as possible before releasing the garrote and bag preventing her from breathing. {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!}  
{SMACK!} {SMACK!}

Really wish though she would have warned me about her nut kick plan that was to come after I released her back into the Wild. It was the hardest one I'd ever felt . . . with the follow up of the triple gut kick once I was down.

It's all part of what I do to give the extreme pleasures these Women Want and Need . . . its part of the price I pay. They do this stuff in return sometime to release their guilt of wanting such stuff and or, to try and maintain their Innocent Images after . . . as if they didn't Actually Want these things to be done to them.

## GIFT . . .

It was the start of my Birthday Weekend and Stacy was once again away. Who knows? Maybe it's all just a ploy and when I get back to the Loft, it will turn out she didn't need to go out of Town this Weekend for Work?

I would go into the Loft, it'll be all dark . . . just like it is now. Then when I turn on the lights . . . she'll jump out naked and scream "Fuck Me!" Then we'll do it right there on the Floor. {Click} . . . Nothing, besides being a little brighter . . .

Wait, I know I heard the floor squeak on my way up the stairs. She has to be in here. Cautiously I circle the Loft. Because if she didn't already jump out, and I heard someone up here, someone is trying to rob us!

Looking at the last of the many wide beams in our Loft, I notice something brown peeking out from both sides. It looks just like Stacy's long coat I bought her last year. She's still hiding from me.

Jumping around in front of her, it is her coat, but her head has a cloth sack over it! Slowly start to pull the sack off and the hair that falls out onto her shoulders Was Not Stacy's!

With just the pouty lips of someone I don't recognize, peeking out from the bottom of the sack, I stop! Not knowing what to do . . . realizing who ever this is, her arms are not even in the sleeves of Stacy's long coat.

Opening the waist tie and undoing the buttons, the coat slips off her shoulders and to the floor. Her blue silk and black lace covered breasts lift up slightly with her gasp at the cold air hitting her skin. She's squirming slightly as I watch the wiggle of her matching panties moving with her finely shaped body . . .

It's not that I've never seen or tied up a body like this before, it's just that I've never just walked into one being in our Loft. Her arms are behind her back and strapped together with blue leather cuffs.

As I step backwards, the sound of paper crumpling under my foot brought the need for closer attention back to Stacy's coat. Sticking out of the pocket, was a letter from Stacy that said:

"Sorry I wasn't home to Surprise you for your Birthday.

Rented you a Toy to Play with to keep you busy.

Try not to break it like you did the Toaster. Have Fun!

Love Stacy"

I didn't break the Toaster . . . it was an issue with the thickness of that Bagel!  
They cut it wrong . . .

"P.S. I've been thinking a lot about you always  
begging me to be your Ultimate Mistress and Tie you up.

Think it's Time we Play. You truly deserve it.

P.S.S Stop blaming the Bagel"

"Are you going to finish taking sack off my head so we can play or not? I know you want to Spank Me for your Birthday."

## SPANKING . . .

Once I knew Stacy fully approved of what I was about to do to this complete Stranger, I went into overdrive. Pulling the sack the rest of the way off my Gift's head, I get the first glimpse of those eyes that peer deep into me.

My Gift didn't have her legs tied and wasn't tied to the beam, so could have left at any time . . . So I also knew she wanted to be here with me as much as I'm enjoying her being here.

Still, wasn't going to chance her leaving, so I put a nice tight blindfold on her and tied her ankles and knees tightly together. A wide leather collar allowed one more rope to go from its ring to the rings between her wrists.

Pulling her wrists towards the middle of her back, so her hands can't block and of the Spanks heading her way. "You seem very good at this . . . do you do this to helpless Women often?"

Small talk during her punishment is not an option, so a large leather panel gag with the largest of leather inserts worked fine to keep her quiet. The only noise I want out of her is muffled begging and moans of pain becoming pleasure as her Spanking continues.

As much as she acted like she was protesting, her body wasn't trying to move and push off my lap . . . she was grinding the front of her panties against my hard cock and she knew it. The grinding alternated with her fine ass lifting upwards

waiting and wanting her Spanking to begin!

I took a moment to first caress her whole warm and ready ass along with the backs of her firm thighs. Oddly, we never even discussed any hard limits, so I was on my own to determine what she wanted me to do with her helplessly bound body . . .

Step one was obvious, even to a beginner . . . she Needed, she Wanted a Hard Spanking! Her firm breasts and knees were all pressing hard into the cold leather of the couch, as she lifted her ass another inch higher before swaying it side to side . . .

"That fine ass of yours may have got you exactly what you wanted in the past . . . not today you Naughty Slut!" {smack} . . . {smack} . . . {smack} . . . taking my time to work into this slowly with a lighter series of Spanks . . . she continued to squirm as she enjoyed her attention.

There was no screaming from her . . . only moans of pleasure as she took her Spanking like a big girl who deserved it. {Smack} . . {Smack} . . {Smack} . . Slowly I increased not only my tempo, but the hardness of each connection of my hand to her flesh . . .

{Smack} . {Smack} . {Smack} . I could feel her breathing increasing as much as mine. She found a way to raise her ass up even higher! The universal signal for Spank me More! and Spank me Harder!

My hand was starting to numb a little from the repeated hard slaps of her ass that would do the tiniest of wiggles after each connection {Smack!} {Smack!}

{Smack!} My God she's got the perfect ass for this!

The faster and harder I went, the faster and harder she was now pounding her panty covered pussy against my lap! I was so fucking close to creaming in my pants! {SMACK!}{SMACK!}{SMACK!}

As she orgasm'd hard from her punishment my release was equally strong! Her body shuddering to the point of feeling like I had a vibrator on my lap!

**BEST BIRTHDAY GIFT EVER STACY!!! THANK YOU!!!**



## URNS . . .

We were both catching our breaths as I had removed my Toy's gag, blindfold and bondage. You know how sometimes even the hottest of Women will move or get into a position that just isn't that appealing?

Well it never happened with this fine Slice of Heaven . . . where in the Hell . . . or Heaven did Stacy find her? I'm sure this couldn't have been cheap to Rent either.

"Hi . . . um . . . I don't even know your name . . . but do you mind me asking just how long Stacy Rented you for me to play with?" She looked at me, still a little flush from our experience . . .

"Oh, we have plenty of time . . . but now it's my Turn." Wait? What? "What do you mean, it's your Turn?" She replied, "I've never tied up a guy before . . . so Stacy said we'd be taking Turns . . . so I could learn on you. Is that ok?"

I hesitated . . . wasn't expecting this . . . Stacy rented me a beginner switch . . . Wow! She continued, "I try and tie you up and if you can't get loose, I get a Turn Spanking you . . . If you get loose, then it's your Turn again to do stuff to me."

Alone with a Girl I just met, in a Loft apartment over a Warehouse that's closed on the Weekend and she wants to try to Tie me up . . . Both exciting and concerning at the same time. But she's a Gift from Stacy . . .

"If you let me try Tying you up, I promise I'll Fuck You after." Ok, Sold! Was a second from saying yes already, but now that I get a Bonus Fucking . . . all the better!

"I guess, if you want to try and practice Tying up a Guy on me . . . I'm ok with that . . . as long as you keep your Promise to Fuck Me, I'm game."

She replies, "I promise . . . now get naked so your clothing doesn't get in the way of the ropes . . ." My thought is, it'll will make the Fucking part easier also, so off comes my clothing, cum soaked underwear and all.

The ropes were still in place from when I tied up that Milf from a few weeks back. I don't bother taking them down any more. Leaving them in place, I just tell Stacy, "Those are there just in case she finally decides to play Tie Up Games with me."

At some point Stacy will finally get into the game with me like I've wanted her to for years now. My Toy had eye'd up these ropes and asked, "Can I try to Tie you up with those? If you don't mind standing for a long time?"

Knowing this was going to be over quickly, with her being a total beginner as a Top, I said, "Sure, you can try with those if you want?"

Ever since I got naked, she took every opportunity to caress any part of my body she got near. My biceps, chest, stomach and even a light stroke or two of my still erect cock!

"This is going to be So Much Fun! I just can't wait until I have you Helpless and get to Fuck You . . ."

## MISTAKE . . .

I have made some Big Mistakes in my lifetime, but am quickly realizing, this might end up one of my Bigger ones yet . . . if not the Biggest. I can't get loose! No matter how hard I pull, the ropes aren't budging in the least bit! Her knots are solid!

Once helpless, her attitude change was a complete surprise! My cock is still bounding in anticipation of her attention, just feet away from me . . . Ignoring my pleas . . .

My big Mistake becomes only a prelude to more mistakes . . . like screaming at her, "God Dammit Bitch! You Promised to Fuck Me once you got your turn at tying me up! "

"So either keep your God Damn Promise or let me go!" Finally stopping the texting long enough to move back over to give me the attention I needed . . .

She acted so innocent, like she never tied a guy before. Thinking for sure I would easily get out and it would be my turn again to tie her up . . . I was wrong!

"You haven't been keeping your Promises either . . . so why should I?" Not sure what promises she's talking about? She continues, "Can you get loose from your bondage? Try harder and let me know. I promised I'd make sure for her." What?

Yelling again, "I can't get loose, so Fucking Let Me Go!" Licking her lips, "Watching you struggle and grunt was kind of sexy . . . too bad I have other places to be . . ." Wait! What? Other places?

Putting on her long coat I originally found her in as she's walking towards the door of my loft, "By the way, I did keep my last promise to you . . . I totally just Fucked You . . ."

STACY . . .

Glancing again at the clock, I've been trying to get free of the ropes for over an Hour now! "FUCK!" She was right! She did just Totally Fuck Me! Stacy barely knows anything about bondage. How she found someone to pay to let me Spank and then leave me Tied up, I have no idea?

She has to know how dangerous this is! I'm stuck now and it's the start of the Weekend! No one is within yelling distance and I can't get loose! What the Fuck! Maybe Blue Silk is just messing with me and coming back? Never learned her name, so Blue Silk it is.

Another hour passes and my arms and legs are killing me! Finally I can hear heels coming back up the stairs! Thank God she came back! It was the shock of a Lifetime when the Woman sliding open the Loft door wasn't Blue Silk!

It was Stacy in full head to toe leather that was perfectly fitting and showing off her every curve! "Wow!" I saw in her letter she hinted at joining me in some Bondage Games . . . just didn't think it would be this soon! Or that she'd look this Hot!

"Hi Honey! I'm home! Hope you don't mind I asked Cyndee to Tie you up. She's way better at it then me . . . and what's the Fun of Playing if you can get loose to ruin it?"

Stacy then grabs the large white pad of paper we use for Pictionary Games with

friends and puts it on the stand up easel. Then, turns it away from me and grabs a large marker.

"I'm very new to this, so want to make sure I Do the things you want and don't accidentally Do the things you don't want. Is it ok if I make a list to keep track?"

Responding, "You're the Mistress and I'm the helpless Slave, so it's up to you what we do next. If you feel a list is needed, I'm ok with it . . ." Yanking at the unrelenting ropes, "Anyway, I pretty much have no choice." Stacy replies, "You're right about that, Slave."

Stacy continues, "Ok, I'm so confused by all of this . . . but am willing to give it a try. So lets start with the Don't Do Stuff. What is the stuff you for sure Don't want me to do?"

This is odd, but my God, she's so Fucking Hot right now! I've never really made a list like this, but thinking for a minute, the Don't Do Stuff starts to roll off my tongue pretty quickly . . . a couple of times, Stacy had to ask me to "Slow Down, I don't want to miss any of these."

Giving Mistress Stacy my List of Don'ts:

No Breath Play - She's way too New to Play like that

Don't leave any marks - I'm around too many people for work

I'm not eating any of my Cum - That's a Women's Job

No Piercings - Anywhere

Don't kick me in the Balls - Remembering well how that felt

No Gag so I can say my Safeword If needed - It's "Superior"

Don't blind fold or leave me Tied Up - I want to Fuck her Badly!

No matter how many things I listed, she kept pushing me for more. I had run out of ideas so just tossed a few more on until she finally stopped asking about my Don't Do stuff . . .

Adding to my Mistress Stacy's List of Don'ts:

Don't use a Cattle Prod on me - Or anything else electric

Stacy asks, "Is it ok to castrate you like they do to Farm Animals?" What?!?!?  
"NO! Why would you even ask that Stacy?" She replies, "I thought I saw somewhere that Guys get off on that stuff?"

"NO! Guys don't get off on that stuff and I for Sure, Don't want to be Castrated!



So put that on your List in all Caps! DON'T CASTRATE ME!"

She looked a little sad after being yelled at by me, "Stacy, I'm sorry, I know you're just trying here." Looking back up, "That's ok, I think I have your Don't Do list done, but now I'm out of room . . ."

Stacy slowly turns the large pad of paper and easel towards me so I can double check it . . . nothing about what was written was right! "STACY! WAIT! YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?!?!? . . ."

## REVENGE . . .

I was staring down the Absolute Worst Checklist I could have ever imagined.  
Reading while I'm helplessly bound naked and standing spread eagle! "STACY!  
THIS ISN'T FUNNY AT ALL! NOW FUCKING LET ME GO!

## CHECK A BOX - TAKE A PRIZE

☐ Gag me Tightly - I have No Safe Word

☐ Breath Play - I can hold my Breath Real Long

☐ Masturbate Me - Make me Swallow My Own Cum

☐ Whip me hard - I Love Marks, Welts & Bruises

☐ Strangulation makes me Hard - Use the leather Garrote

☐ Pierce My Nipples - Please push it through Slowly

☐ Shock My Cock & Balls - Use the Cattle Prod

☐ Blindfold Me - Leave me Helpless and Alone

☐ Jalapeno Pepper Juice - Cover My Cock & Balls with it

☐ Fuck Me Up My Ass - No Lube Needed

☐ Kick Me in the Balls - As Hard as you Can

☐ Use the Tri-Band Bander - To Castrate Me

Stacy grabs the panel gag that I had just used on Blue Silk and walks slowly towards me in her new all Leather Mistress Outfit. "Ok, Stop it Now! Just put that Down! I can't give you my Safe Word if I'm Gagged!"

She replies with a big ass smile, "I know . . . which is exactly why I'm gagging you." I know I can't escape Stacy or my Bondage! The only tool I have at freedom or escape is talking my way out!

Talking with my teeth tightly together to prevent my gagging, "You can't do all of that to me! Please let me go Stacy!" She commands me, "Slave, you'll address me as Mistress Stacy, or I'll add even more to the list."

"Mistress Sta . . . Fuc! . . . MMMMM!" Her timing was perfect jamming the now strawberry flavored insert of the panel gag deep into my mouth after yanking hard on my balls! The straps were pulled tightly as she closed the buckles.

This has to all be just a Mind Fuck! I mean, what the hell does "Take a Prize" even mean? Stacy puts a big "X" in the "Gag me Tightly" Box on the List. She then walks over to our big bookshelf along the wall and grabs her Newest Teddy Bear.

[ X ] Gag me Tightly - I have No Safe Word

"I choose Mr. Fuzzy Bottoms as my Prize." What the hell is going on? She then turns it around and opens a velcro area on his back. Reaching inside, she pulls out a Memory Card before tossing him onto the floor.

What should have been the sound of a soft and fluffy teddy bear hitting the wood floor, ended up more of a crash of plastic and glass . . . the internal Camera was no longer internal, as it along with the battery, wires and lens broke into pieces . . . I'm Fucked!

## WORK OUT . . .

Stacy has moved to a very relaxed position on the leather couch. Even with what I just found out, the sounds of her leather Cat-suit against the leather of the couch is making me hard . . .

She's ignoring me and has switched to texting away like crazy! It's like she has a half dozen different conversations going all at once. I look back at the list and notice the extra items she added on her own.

Understanding she just turned around everything I said, which Fucking Suck! But adding her own stuff Fucking Sucks even more! I mumble as much as possible to complain about the list, "MMM MMMMM MMPPFFFF MMMM MMMHHH!"

Somehow she understands me, "Yeah, I added a few you forgot about. Since you did those things to the Girls without their permission, I only felt it was fair you feel exactly what they did."

CASTRATE ME! SHE FUCKING HAS CASTRATE ME ON THE GOD DAMN LIST! Would have figured she was just fucking with me on that . . . had she not listed the actual Tool used to do it! OH MY GOD!

My mumbles become ones of Pleading and Begging her not to do whatever she has planned as I'm border lining sobbing into my panel gag. "Sounds like you're about to cry . . . Poor Poor Baby. Really shouldn't start crying so soon . . . you

have a long Day ahead of you with many more Better Reasons to cry."

The metal door of our Loft slides open and in walks a smaller and very sexy Girl who ignores me standing here, doesn't talk to Stacy and heads over to the list. What the Fuck?!?!?!

"Stuff is in the crates along the window" says Stacy. We have a bunch of old wooden crates as decoration and places to sit . . . but I never put stuff in them?

This Girl I kind of recognize lifts the lids off the crates, digs around pulls out a jar of Jalapeno Peppers. This can't be real! Stacy, who's acting like she's not watching any of this says, "Use the gloves or your hands are going to burn."

As the Girl moves in front of me and flexes her muscles to open the jar, I remember her from the Gym! I granted her some of her Bondage and Torture Wishes! What the Hell? I only did to her exactly what she wanted me to do!

She never bothers to put on the gloves to protect her hands. Instead, she looks me right in the eye with pure hate and splashes and tosses the contents of the jar all over my Cock, Balls, Crotch and thighs!

[ X ] Jalapeno Pepper Juice - Cover My Cock & Balls with it

Picking up one Pepper off the floor, she slowly licks it before biting it in half and spitting it out. Then walking to my desk, she picks up my laptop, the laptop charger and leaves . . .

I'm first screaming into my gag about the laptop she just stole! Stacy calmly says, "Marital Property Law . . . I just gave her it. I have the legal right to give away all of OUR stuff."

My screams quickly turned to screams of pain as the juices started their slow and endless burning of my flesh! "MMMMMMMMMM!!!!!"



## CHECK PLEASE . . .

You would think after that I would have totally pieced together what and why all of this was happening to me. Which would be true were my Cock and Balls not been experiencing the worst possible burning you could imagine.

With just the first two things on the list being checked off, I've already pulled my bicep muscles from pulling so hard! The door slid open again and in walked a very thin blonde . . . the Waitress who craved and begged for Long and Hard Spankings . . .

After checking the list, she pulled out the longest of my Cat-O-Nines from one of the crates. What the? Dammit! Stacy had found and added my collection of BDSM stuff into these crates!

The Waitress's voice was almost childlike as I remember her screaming and crying as I pleased her. "So you've been a Very Bad Boy and Want to be Spanked and Whipped for it?" Shaking my head a very hard 'NO!'

She continued as if she was telling me a Secret, "Oh, yeah, the Code. Don't worry at all . . . I remember when you taught me the Code. No means Yes and the more you squirm and struggle is the Code for Whip Me Harder! . . . You Fucker!"

I was already in the worst pain I've ever experienced with the Jalapeno Juice Burn that only continued to go deeper into the extra sensitive skin of my Cock

and Balls! It was not letting up at all.

She didn't go very long at all with my flogging . . . but instead made totally sure every single hit was the hardest she could do! With full body and arm swings of the longest Cat-O-Nine, the knotted tails hitting my skin might as well been shotgun pellets!

[ X ] Whip me hard - I Love Marks, Welts & Bruises

I didn't need to see to know that every hit was leaving marks, welts and bruises just as the Check List said! I wasn't screaming at all because I was biting down as hard on the leather insert of the panel gag. As if it would help lessen the pain . . . it did not!

My plan was to hold completely still so I wouldn't be giving her the Code for Whip Me Harder! That plan fell totally apart after the Extreme Sting and Bite of the first hit which left me dancing!

Struggling and fighting my flogging at every turn as she kept screaming loudly at me, "OH, I SEE! YOU WANT IT EVEN HARDER! OK FUCKER! HOW WAS THAT? HARDER? OK! I CAN DO HARDER!"

If the physical pain wasn't bad enough, I now watched as she filled her backpack full of several hundred dollars worth of our K-Cup Pods to our Keurig Coffee maker. These were the Fucking Expensive Ones!

Guess it doesn't matter, because she just unplugged and took our Newest Top of the Line, Keurig Coffee Maker with as she was leaving. Stacy asked, "Is that too heavy? Do you need help with it?"

The Waitress replied all calm like, "No, I've got it . . . but I forgot to check off Whip me hard on the list. Could you get that for me?" Stacy replies, "Sure, no problem . . . have a Nice Day!"

As she headed out the door I could hear her say, "Oh, I will . . . Best Day Ever!" The both of them were just chatting away as if they didn't just Team up to give me a Corporal Punishment against my Will!

## TATTOO . . .

I never got a Tattoo, but knowing you'd find some of the Freakiest of Women there. I had stopped in several times to go through their Catalog. Flipping through all the pics of Tats while getting my flirt on with the Tattoo and Piercing covered Live Model who worked the counter.

Not sure how I got her to share her list of Wants with me, but they were pretty extreme. Most of the things she wanted involved pulling, yanking and twisting her many piercings.

She struggled and screamed hard as I made all her Sexual Deviant Wishes come True. That Session ended with one of my other hard kicks to the balls . . . so when I saw her enter Our Loft, I was expecting her to check off the Kick Me in the Balls item.

Again, I was very wrong. Still trying to process the pain of the Waitress's Extreme Flogging and my Crotch Burn that is still growing . . . I watch as she uses the marker to check off the piercing one! NO! "MMMMMMFFFFGGG!"

Bringing her own Piercing kit with a Dozen large and long needles she comments, "These are the larger ones . . . for Real Men who can take the Pain."

Closing my eyes, trying to leave my body, although Blue Silks saliva has long since fully mixed with mine, I can still taste her strawberry lip balm she left on the leather of the panel gag . . .

My imagination travelling back to just a few hours earlier before she turned on me . . . her hard body across my lap with her ass so high in the air . . .  
"MMMMMMFFFFFKKKKKKK!!!"

The sharp tip of the first needle very slowly entering the side of my nipple and ever so slowly pushing through, brought me instantly back to the Real World.  
Which Currently Fucking Sucks!

[ X ] Pierce My Nipples - Please push it through Slowly

With my eyes wide open, she comments, "I'm really surprised that you want all of these pushed through Slowly? . . . You do know it's way more Painful when it's done like that?"

The biggest of smiles washes across her face as I mumble the best I could, "Fuck You Cunt!" Knowing exactly what I just called her, she responds with, "Even Slower??? Really??? Ok, since that's what you want me to do . . . I can go EVEN SLOWER."

I can vouch for you how fucking right she was! She repeated the process until I had three long thick needles left sticking through each of my Nipples in different directions!

Each one went through even slower and more painful then the last! The Only good thing about this pain was it was extreme enough to help me forget my Jalapeno Juice Crotch burn for a few seconds.

You'd expect her Prize to have been my Expensive Kitchen Knives or some of Heavy Metal Band Collectables . . . Amazingly, she went with Stacy's two Pink Hello Kitty nightstand lamps.

On the way out, commenting, "These will match great in my Bedroom . . . see later Stacy! . . . Are we still on for next Friday?" Stacy replies, "You bet we are!" . . . What! The! Hell! Is! Going! On?!?!?

## BYOD . . .

Some of my visitors didn't need to use my own Toys against me. Every so often, they brought their own. The Redhead came through the sliding door with her Extra Large Dildo already strapped and ready! Fuck No!

As she moved into position behind me, I twisted and turned trying like crazy to avoid the inevitable. My soon to fail plan was working so far. Without a straight on approach, that large as hell Dildo wasn't going to get buried inside of me!

The door slid open again and in walked a very Hot and Sexy Brunette, which I didn't recognize at all. Stacy says, "You're early, but Marsha is having some problems burying her bone. Do you mind helping?"

Marsha? Why does she know all of their names? I don't even know their names! Stacy and the Brunette grab more ropes and tie them around my upper thighs and waist. Then, pulling backwards, they tie them off to several eyebolts I had in the wall behind me.

Once pulled tight, my ass was helplessly sticking up and straight back. I could squirm and pull, but could no longer avoid the extreme pain of the Redhead forcing it deep inside of my ass!

[ X ] Fuck Me Up My Ass - No Lube Needed

Even more painful was her grabbing the ropes off the sides of my waist and Fucking me hard. My loud grunts of pain only made her pump even harder as Stacy and the Brunette watched the pain in my eyes growing by the second!

The Brunette comments, "Wow, he makes it look even more painful then I imagined it would be. He deserves it for what he did to my Sister . . . so keep Fucking Him Red!" Sister? If her Sister didn't have time for me, she shouldn't be sending a replacement!

"I think he likes it Girls!" Screams the Redhead as she buries the Dildo Deep into my ass! Stopping her motion with it fully buried. Keeping it deep, she unstraps it from her waist and thighs.

Then, doing something I've never seen before flips the straps around my waist and thighs before re-buckling them tightly closed. They're all designed to buckle either way.

Now, with them re-buckled around me, the leather straps are holding the extra large Dildo Deep inside of me. No amount of struggling is allowing even an inch to slip back out of my ass!

"Thanks for the assist on that one Girls!" Grabbing my iPhone, iPad and iWatch, she ask's, "Is this set considered one item?" Stacy replies, "Sure! Be sure to grab the cases and chargers."

Red happily heads out the sliding door with her New to Her set of Apple Products. I don't even yell this time . . . what the fuck can I do about it? . . . Without her banging hard at my backdoor, I'm reminded once again by the never



ending Jalapeno Burn!

## SISTERLY LOVE . . .

Someone's Hot and Sexy Sister, still don't know Sister of who, is reading the Checklist of Horror and asks, "Since my Sister couldn't make it, if I do two or three things, can I get a Prize for each of us?" Stacy replies, "Sure, that is unless you find three, four or five things you like."

The Brunette then asks, "Since someone already did the Jalapeno thing, I don't want to touch him there. Any gloves and lube?" Stacy, once again not even looking at her or me replies, "There should be some in the crates . . . look harder."

I'm here! Helpless and in the worst pain of my Life! And Stacy is just talking nonchalant like this isn't even happening! I can't believe this! "MMMMMMMM!" Nothing! Just ignoring me!

With the latex gloves on, she squirts lube onto her hands before starting her task . . . a hand job I both want and don't want for multiple reasons. As my cock gets more erect and stretches the skin, the burning of the Jalapeno Juice goes even deeper into my pores!

Worse yet, I can see the third item on the checklist and know exactly where any man chowder I expel is ending up! I've never even tasted cum and have zero plans of eating any!

All I need to do is concentrate on other stuff . . . to ignore how the lube is

warming up and feels so fucking good as she slowly slides one hand the length of my shaft while gently cupping my balls with her other . . .

God Dammit! No! This One Time all I need to do is NOT CUM! . . . just ignore when her hand spends extra time twisting slowly around my hard tip . . .

Fuck! No! Margaret Thatcher Naked on a Cold Day! Margaret Thatcher Naked on a Cold Day! . . . And I lose it as I cum hard into her firm hand!

If cumming when I didn't want to wasn't bad enough . . . I did it while thinking about Margaret Thatcher Naked on a Cold Day in effort to Not Cum! If I survive this, I'm going to also be mentally scarred. Thanks for Nothing Austin Powers!

Before I had a chance, the combination of Jalapeno and Sex Lube flavored warm Cum hit the back of my throat a second after she removed my gag! Making the mistake to take a deep breath, she used that moment to slap the wad of disgust far inside my mouth!

The half I swallowed wasn't by choice as I did it to not choke. The other half being spit out was all me, but it was far too late to prevent what already happened as she checked another box . . .

[ X ] Masturbate Me - Make me Swallow My Own Cum

Still trying to spit out more, I was caught off guard as the plastic bag went over my head! "I didn't get a chance to take a Breath First! STOP!" It was obvious she

didn't care as the leather Garrote was pulled and knotted tight!

[ X ] Breath Play - I can hold my Breath Real Long

Even without the bag, the Garrote was so tight it was blocking my breathing a little! "STACY! HELP ME! STOP THIS! I'M GOING TO SUFFOCATE!"

[ X ] Strangulation makes me Hard - Use the leather Garrote

With three boxes checked, she's looking around the Loft for her Prizes. Stacy, ignoring my screams of me nearing death says, "Really, just take as many things as you want. We're getting closer to the end of his Wish List and it all has to go any way."

The bag has fogged up and my head is becoming lighter. I can see the Brunette moving about, but can't see what she's doing. The ropes holding me in place for my final moments won't budge and the knots from Blue Silk are just too perfect . . .

Close to passing blacking out, after what felt like forever, a hole is ripped into the front of the bag. The bag that had been refusing me access to any fresh air that didn't reek of Jalapeno, sweat and Cum.

"She had five boxes worth, so didn't want her to carry all of them by herself . . . you ok in there? Glad you can hold your breath so long. Wouldn't want you dying or anything before your Final Visitor . . . She really misses you . . ."

## MILF 2.0 . . .

Stacy had fully removed the bag, leather Garrote and the ropes that were forcing me into the awkward ass outward position. Trying to get rid of the crick in my back by finally standing upright again. Didn't do much as the pains of the Day are taking their tolls.

"Stacy, please . . . I've learned my lesson . . . I'm sorry . . . I won't do it again . . . so please let me go now . . . the pain is too much . . ." Standing back in front of me in all of her New Mistress Glory, she looks me in my eyes and tips her head a little . . .

"Mistress Stacy, I . . . MMMMMFFFGGHHH!" She pushes the panel gag just as deep, if not deeper then before. Then she straps it tightly into place. "You know, I'm trying, but nothing about you even excites me anymore . . . that is except for the thoughts of how your Day will be ending . . ."

I'm scared and confused by her comment. The worst four things are on the Checklist and I still can't tell if she's kidding or not by the last one! The Loft door slides open extra slowly, then closes and locks this time.

It's the Milf with the long list making a B-line directly towards me like a rushed NFL punter and kicks me harder in the Balls then I thought possible!  
"MMMMMMMMGGGGGGGGFFFFFFFFFF!!!!!!"

Burying her foot so far up into my crotch I lost my breath as I spit back up some

of my own cum I had swallowed earlier. Now combined with Jalapeno Juice, Sex Lube and Stomach Acid, it coats the inside of my gag insert and mouth!

Tears are rolling hard down both sides of my cheeks as she smiles before turning to see the Checklist. "Oh My God, that one was on the list! Had no idea." Using the big marker, she X'd her first box.

[ X ] Kick Me in the Balls - As Hard as you Can

Wishing I were dead right now didn't work. I was still fully alive and feeling every combination of pains all at one time! If you looked at her face right now, the Milf didn't look at all upset, angry or full of rage . . .

But her actions spoke way differently as she doesn't just go with the light touch of the Cattle Prod, which will still Shock me. She went with hard pokes around and into my crotch!

[ X ] Shock My Cock & Balls - Use the Cattle Prod

Every inch of my body from my knees to my nipples was still in pain from her kick! The addition of the shocks found a way to make it all even worse. "Stacy, do you know what kind of batteries this thing takes? Cause it really packs a wallop."

Stacy replies, "No idea, it's his Toy. Hey, how do you spell your full name again?" Why is she asking this Fucking Bitch's name as she Tortures me? I see

she's writing on something on the desk, but can't tell what through my tears . . .

Each poke with the prod feels like a hard punch in my gut as my now limp body is just hanging from the ropes around my wrists. My knees have given out and my legs are just excess weight pulling me downward . . .

My focus is going from blurred to dark and back as I struggle to remain conscious . . . wanting and not wanting to know what will happen to me next . . .

## SERVED . . .

They were both going over the instructions that came in the box. Stacy says, "He never reads instructions. I always have to do it for him. So I'm used to it." Milf replies, "We don't want to do this part wrong."

Turning around from the table, I see my Worst Nightmare in the hands of my Worst Visitor Today! It's a God Damn Tri-Band Bander! I mumbled behind my panel gag, "Where in the Fuck did that even come from?"

Still amazed that she somehow understood me, Stacy replies, "Amazon. Went with the smaller size bands . . . cause he's no Large Cocked Stag, Stud or Bull . . . poor little future eunuch . . ." Ok, she was talking to the Milf.

This is the Greatest Mind Fuck Ever! Actually buying that thing and learning to talk about it like she understands it. Now reading the directions like they're going to use it on me . . . I let out a little laugh in the middle of my pain . . .

As Stacy is holding it and turning it over and back in her hand, "It's way heavier and more solid then I thought it would be. Getting ready to hand it to the Milf, the Milf says, "Are you sure you don't want to do it?"

Stacy replies, "If you don't mind, I would really like to. You'll still get your Prize either way." Milf says, "Watching will be good enough for me. Anyway, I'm sure I gave him way more pain already then he did to me."



Walking back in front of my mostly limp, roped and kind of standing spread eagle body, Stacy grabs the top of my hair to help hold up my head. "Ok, this is a Very Important Question that I need you to give me a Very Honest Answer . . ."

"Do you want me to Castrate you?" . . . I don't respond . . . I know the honest answer . . . which is NO! But will she take my No as a Yes? I don't know what to do! . . . Staring back, my tears start to roll again . . .

"Did the tears of any of the Girls you assaulted ever Stop You? No! Did their screams Stop You? No! Did their begging ever Stop You? No! So don't try that shit on me!"

"Just so you're aware, Mr. Fuzzy Bottoms did a great job recording each and every one of your Sessions. I've already made multiple backups of them."

"I will bring those videos to Court if you Do, Try or Even Talk about going after any of the Revengers or myself. We're talking multiple documented cases of Sexual Assault. As far as their so called prizes . . . they are Gifts from me that I'm legally giving them."

"Now, I'm asking again, and trust me when I say, I'll do exactly what you want me to do . . . Do you want me to Castrate you?" She's not going to stop until I answer. I go with the giving her a clear 'NO' by shaking my head while mumbling it at the same time.

Stacy replies with, "So, based on your beliefs of Hard Limits, that's a YES?" No

amount of flailing about and screaming stopped Stacy from feeding my balls into the band! After the kick and shocks, the slightest of touches hurt to no end!

What I thought was the most pain I could have ever been in was just overtaken as the tight band snapped hard into place around the base of my balls! It felt as if someone was constantly squeezing them as hard as possible! I couldn't breathe!

[ X ] Use the Tri-Band Bander - To Castrate Me

Screaming "NO!" repeatedly into my gag did nothing to lessen the pain or convince either of them to cut off the band! "I think it takes a long time to fully kill them by lack of blood flow . . . just don't know how long. However long it is, we'll both be gone at that time."

I couldn't process what was happening as she pulled the blindfold tightly over my eyes! With one sense taken away, the pains of the band grew further! She can't leave me like this!

[ X ] Blindfold Me - Leave me Helpless and Alone

The jingle of car keys getting tossed through the air as Stacy says, "It's the bright red one . . . the signed off Title is in the glove box." She just gave away my Fucking Car!" The Milf replies, "Thanks again! I signed on the papers as a Witness to him getting Served."

Couldn't see them, but when I wasn't screaming, I could hear them both heading

towards the door and unlocking it. The familiar sound of it sliding open was followed by a shake of my Car Keys, "At least he won't be luring in any more Victims with this."

With the Milf gone, Stacy calls back one last time, "Our Divorce papers are on the Desk. You get your clothing and shoes . . . "

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***The next few Pages are***

***My Personal Suggestions to***

***Save you some Time . . .***





**Zatanna Dark**

**FINAL SELF BONDAGE**

DO YOU PROMISE ME YOU'RE HELPLESS?





**Zatanna Dark**

**FINAL BONDAGE HOTEL**

MISTRESS OF TEASE & DENIAL PUTS ME ON HOLD







**Zatanna Dark**

**FINALLY IN BONDAGE VEGAS**  
YOU WON THE KARMA SLOT MACHINE!

***"I wish to say Thank You Reader  
for spending some of your Precious  
Time with Me in my World"***

***Love Zatanna***



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