



Zatanna Dark

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HELPLESS . . .

Standing spread eagle and unable to free myself. Breathing hard and border lining on complete exhaustion as my breasts move slowly up and down with each breath.

Testing my bondage, well aware that there's absolutely no way I can free myself from this position . . . I still out of sheer willpower . . . continue to try. Pulling hard, flexing my now weakened muscles.

My legs are about as far apart as I can handle and my ankles are firmly locked in place. There normally wouldn't be any way I could be standing like this if it wasn't for the fact that my arms are outstretched above me and also firmly locked in place, supporting my weight.

Unable to see, hear or speak due to the large tight fitting gag stuffed deep into my mouth and strapped on extra tight. I let out a few moans that sound odd through the items blocking my hearing.

Every inch of my body being hugged tightly by the perfectly form fitting latex bodysuit. Although I'm finally not being whipped, I can still feel the sting of the tip of the riding crop and the tails of the cat-o-nine that was recently crisscrossing my helpless form.

Although my Captor was a Master at punishment, she has to be growing tired by now. Can't tell you how long she has been whipping my helplessly struggling

body.

I can tell you every inch of my body from my breasts to the inside of my thighs feel as if they were sunburned. Even for a skilled flogger, this had to have taken a long time.

I'm no longer feeling the riding crop or the painful caress of the cat-o-nine as I await what happens next . . . unable to escape or plead with her . . . there's no other option . . .

Even though it's only been seconds since I last felt any new pains, it felt like forever, being unable to see or hear . . . the sting of a new instrument of pain tells me I don't need to wait any longer.

It's thin and very painful . . . must be a rod or cane now slapping back and forth between my thighs as I again, struggle to stop it . . . only wasting what little energy I have left.

Releasing small grunts through my gag with each slap of the cane as the random unexpected upward swings catch me and my extra wet pussy off guard . . . it only takes like five or six of these perfectly placed random hits before my whole body tenses up as I scream from the intense pleasure pain of another full body orgasm that goes on forever!

The more extreme I spasm, the faster these now direct hits to my swollen pussy come. Jerking wildly I want this to stop as much as I need it to continue . . .

UNIDENTIFIED . . .

By day I'm a very strong, accomplished Woman and well known by many both in my Work and Private Lives. Always pushing myself to be better in every way. Working out, eating right and keeping every aspect of my life in perfect order is my Day.

Always striving more so Family, Friends and Co-workers look to me for inspiration. On top of this being Mommy and Daddy's perfect little Daughter in every way. Well, here's what I need to tell you about all of this . . . It fucking sucks!!!

All of these pressures cause more stress which leads to me trying even harder which causes more pressure and stress . . . it's a horrible cycle I've so far been unable to break.

Going out on the town with the Girls, drinking until I pass out, getting Spa Treatments and Full Body Massages don't stop the stress and pressures. Heck, I even tried Goat Yoga, which I have to say those Baby Goats are the cutest things ever . . . Just not cute enough to help me clear my mind and finally relax.

I was at the point where if I didn't find a fix I was going to blow! In a way I am Every Woman who is working hard every day in every way. There had to be an answer, if not the answer how to stop all the pressures, the answer to help me survive and deal with those pressures.

Searching the web again for "Extreme Stress Relief" I once again get the same list I've seen so many times before: Breath focus, Guided imagery, Mindfulness meditation, Yoga, tai chi, qigong, Repetitive prayer, Exercise, Naps, Music, etc.

Have seen these all before and have tried them all except qigong mainly because I don't fully understand what the heck it is. This time there was over 31 million finds . . . seems this is a common problem . . . surprise.

Tired of entering the same search over and over I chose instead to randomly scroll down with hopes of finally finding something different.

This is when I came across something that caught my eye. It said [TIRED OF STRESS? - NEED A DRUG FREE WAY TO BE FREE OF STRESS? - 100% GUAREENTEED SAFETY, PRIVACY AND RESULTS - EXTREME RESULTS REQUIRE EXTREME TECHNIQUES - CONTACT US AT 1-888- . . .]

Not sure why, but the part that really got my attention was the Privacy Part . . . It didn't fully make sense, but if I was going to try something new, which must be naughty in some way, while staying inspirational to others, no one could ever know. Not even you, which is why I shall remain Unidentified.

The Website had a lot of info and details, while at the same time having little to no info or details what so ever about anything. It had a perfect "Better Business Bureau" rating with many vague, while still very positive individual reviews.

It sounded like some type of Weekend get-a-way with Safety and Privacy being top items . . . Ok! Ok! I need to try something different no matter what it is . . . I

mean it can't be any worse then one of those Weekend Cleanse & Detox Spas.

UNKNOWN . . .

I filled out the forms online and used a secondary Charge Account I have for my own personal business transactions. This place was called "Stress Relief Delivered" it did need my address, but I still didn't give them my actual name.

Only fair since there's so much about them, Not and what's about to happen that's still Unknown to me. If it wasn't for all the Positive Ratings and Reviews, I wouldn't have followed through on this.

I took my time to not just believe comments on their Website, but found many 3rd party reviews and comments which were all just as Positive.

Comments Like:

"Finally! Someone Actually Delivers on the
Promise of Stress Relief"

"Their Techniques were like nothing I ever
Expected, but they Worked!!!!"

"Stress Relief Delivered gave me Levels of

Pleasure I never knew were Possible!"

The Company pre-sent me an overnight Package with instructions. I love getting Packages, so this is starting out great. And I right away opened the Package . . . it had a Card with Step by Step instructions, then there was a tube of some type of body lotion, a Deep Purple Latex bodysuit, an intense hot pink corset, a Latex hood and some small locks and a set of keys.

Lastly there was something that looked like Ski Goggles with several differences. It was extremely thin, was mirrored on the outside and didn't have any straps.

Dropping the whole package on the counter I said out loud, "Nope! Nada! Not gonna happen . . . f'n Perverts" I went to turn on the TV for some random youtube fails . . . those always makes be feel better.

A minute into the first video and talking out loud to myself I said, "That is an awesome Deep Purple . . . and that was the Specific answer I gave to my Favorite Color."

No one has ever been able to find that Deep Purple until now . . . Maybe, maybe it's a good sign. Heading back to the kitchen I read through the Step by Step instructions:

STRESS RELIEF DELIVERED - INSTRUCTIONS:

Every thing in this box has been Custom chosen Specifically for you per your answers filled out during the survey portion of your forms.

Note: Some of these items may seem Odd or Extreme. It's important to know it's all part of Our Privacy Guarantee to you. Please follow these Steps:

1. Take time for a nice relaxing dinner - be sure its High in Protein
2. Take a long hot shower - Do not use any lotions, deodorant or perfume
3. Be sure to get fully dry - Take extra time making sure your Hair is dry
4. Lightly cover every inch of your body with supplied Lotion - Except your head
5. Put on Latex Body suit - Self-releasing cord will help you with zipper up back
6. Put on the Corset and then the Latex Hood - Privacy Policy Requires it's use
7. Put lock through small eyelet on your neck - Leave keys in your house
8. Put on Goggles - They will stay in place without the need of a strap

9. Make sure all other doors in you house are locked - Safety First

10. Wait in your Garage 15 minutes Prior to Scheduled Pickup time

So many things are still Unknown to me at this point . . . that is except one Very Important, the Most Important thing . . . The undeniable Fact that I need to do something about my Stress Levels or Else . . . Well, this is doing something . . . I hesitate a little more.

Well, it's dinnertime anyway and I happen to like Protein soooo . . . It's not like some Strangers from who knows where is telling me what to do . . . I make myself a perfect medium rare Filet Mignon with sautéed mushrooms.

Even adding the perfect little spray of parsley . . . wait! Where's the parsley? Damit! It's not perfect without the parsley! Holy Shit! I'm all worked up and stressed out over f'n parsley!

Ok! Ok! "Stress Relief Delivered", Deliver me that Stress Relief . . . Quickly eating my steak and mushrooms while standing at the counter looking over the next 9 steps . . . Long hot shower, here we come.

I remember the no lotions, deodorant or perfume part of this step . . . it doesn't say anything about extra soap and making myself cum while still in the shower.

After 45 minutes I find myself with my forehead up against the wall of the

shower just below the still running showerhead. My left hand has become tired from trying to make myself cum.

Even tried my right hand pretending it was a stranger touching me bit . . . that didn't work either. That stranger was clumsy and just didn't understand my needs. Guess this counts as a long hot shower.

Blow-drying my hair never takes too long due to it being off my shoulders. The color is a very unique Dark Red / Dark Wine. Anyone who knows me can spot it very easily, so maybe that Latex Hood to help with Privacy will be welcomed.

Still have no idea where I'm going, but with a Hood on, my hair won't be seen by anyone or any webcams or anything.

UNRECOGNIZABLE . . .

Understanding Step 4 is putting on their supplied body Lotion, I figured it made the most sense to get everything else ready before getting my hands messy. Bringing the box of stuff into my bedroom I put it on the end of my bed before emptying it.

First I pull out the Deep Purple Latex bodysuit, this time giving it a much closer examination. My God! This is not your run of the mill Sex Shop Latex bodysuit. It is made of some material I have no idea what it is.

Extra Lightweight and feels as thin as a silk sheer curtain, yet somehow seems stronger than any Latex I've seen. I remember wearing a Cat Woman costume once made out of Latex.

It tore so badly and so many times the legs ended up looking like Halle Berry's version of Cat Woman. By the end of the night it was pretty much falling off my body. The guys dressed as Batman, Riddler and the Joker sure loved it though.

Getting back to this Latex bodysuit, if it is even Latex. I don't see it tearing or falling off once I have it on. Grabbing and pulling as hard as possible at the end of one of the legs, I could do nothing beyond stretching it and watching it return to its original little too small for me size.

This is was the point I noticed something else odd about this bodysuit. There seemed to be some type of disk shaped very flat items embedded in the material.

The disks, which flexed a little, were around a half-inch in size.

These ran in a pattern up the outside of each leg. Each disk was around three inches apart. Checking further I noticed they not only ran up the outside of each leg, but all the way up the torso, past the armpits and the insides of the arms to the wrists.

This matching pattern also existed on the insides of the legs and the outsides of the arms from what would be the neck area to the wrists.

As I continued my exploration of the bodysuit I discovered a few more, also unexplained things. It seems there are a few more of those disks, but these ones break the previous pattern. These are a little smaller and are only about an inch apart running all the way around the neck.

Also, there's that Self-releasing cord thingy that will help you with zipper up back. Looks to me once it releases there's really no valid way to pull the zipper back down. Guess that's a concern for later.

Ok! Ok! Now I'm getting wet . . . what the hell! 45 minutes with the right handed stranger and his friend leftie didn't do it, but holding this bodysuit for 10 minutes does? Where's that special lotion?

By the time I was done rubbing this special lotion all over my body . . . also doing a few extra coats on my pussy . . . I'm already becoming the oddest combination of relaxed and horny . . . Wow!

Can't get too distracted because I need to finish the list and be in the Garage in time. Wiping the lotion . . . ahhh, the lotion . . . seems they mixed in aromatherapy as part of the program . . . no idea what the smell is but it's intoxicating in every way.

Wiping the lotion off my hands I prepare for the struggle of getting into that tight as fuck, bodysuit.

One leg at a time and they slip with literally zero effort. Pulling it up tightly over my hips and ass also with little to no effort. I was expecting this to be like Spanks on Steroids . . . but it's absolutely nothing like that.

The ease at which the rest of this bodysuit went on totally caught me off guard. Then with one quick motion I pulled the cord for the zipper up my back. 'Zip' and 'Snap!' The cord popped off the second the zipper reached the top.

Normally the experience of putting on something so form fitting and so tight would leave me more stress and frustrated. I'm very relaxed and happy with this whole experience so far. I'm becoming more motivated to see what's next.

Really didn't understand at all the purpose of the corset. The color was so intense and it actually went on very easily. The size was perfect and helped to support my breasts just the right amount since the bodysuit didn't have a built in bra.

Honestly, I'm pretty sure this corset is only for some horny guys benefit. Checking myself out in a full-length mirror I'd have to say it does help to give me more of an Hour Glass figure. I do look f'n hot in Deep Purple Latex which hugs my every curve and crevice.

It does also give me one of those perfectly smooth Barbie Doll crotches as I slide my hand down to check it out as I 'Gasp' out loud!

OMG! This material is Amazing! It's so thin I swore for a second I was still naked because I could feel my fingers as they glanced across my pussy! Need to get back on track . . . what step was I on again? . . . 6, so now it's 7 . . . Wait!

Step 6 had two things to do . . . still need the Latex Hood. Seems to me that someone combined two items into one step so the Instructions could end on Step 10 . . . My OCD says "Thank You".

Grabbing the Latex Hood I immediately just pull it over my head without bothering to inspect it further. Even without the Lotion, it slides on smoothly and snugly.

Tucking in any stray hairs I look again the mirror, now only able to see my eyes, nostrils and lips. As I finishing tucking the last of my hair so everything looks smooth, I reach for the bottom edge to try and figure out what holds it in place.

Amazingly the bottom of the hood had matching disks in it just like the neck of the bodysuit. They've matched up and have tightly connected on their own. I now know exactly what those disks were . . . they're those extra strong mini magnets and they're not letting loose too easily.

Normally, I may have panicked when that happened, but me staying Anonymous is very important and I don't want this hood coming off until I want it too. Which

reminds me, the lock for the eyelet on the back of my neck?

There it is . . . I close it and put the keys on a tray on my dresser. Running my hands all over the Latex Hood I can feel my fingers as if they were touching my naked skin! . . . That's just Crazy Weird! I can feel through the Latex Hood everywhere except when touching the area covering my ears.

The material seems thicker in these areas, almost like there's something else embedded there . . . maybe extra thin earmuffs so I stay warm? Making myself laugh out loud . . . Wow! I haven't laughed since . . . since? . . . I don't remember . . .

Well down to making myself look like an Olympic Down Hill Skier . . . Time for those Goggles with no straps . . . whom I kidding? I got this one . . . Real Cool and Calm like I flick them up to my eyes and 'snap' the mini-magnets once again doing their job, holding the Goggles in place perfectly. Looking at myself again in the Mirror I'm Completely and Totally Unrecognizable . . . Perfect!

UNDISCLOSED . . .

Just finished step 9, making sure all the Doors in my house were safely locked. Yup, sure don't want any Strangers getting into my house after I'm about to allow two of them in my Garage . . . with a Delivery Van . . .

Ok, this step, step 10 that is, well that step has me rethinking the whole plan. It was one of the few details actually explained on the Website.

They, that's two Guys that is, would come to my house in a very Generic Delivery Van. I would allow them to pull into my Garage and then close the Door . . . Then follow their directions.

I mean, it's not like they could Rape me, or anything because this Extra Strong Skin Tight Latex Bodysuit is bordering on Kevlar like they make bulletproof vests out of. On top of that, it's not coming off of me for some time . . . very glad I went to the bathroom after my shower.

Hey! I wonder if this material is what they make Real Superhero Costumes out of? As all of this continues to run through my mind I look up to realize I'm in my Garage and a Vehicle outside just flashed its headlights at my door.

Without thinking I've already hit the opener and the Van has pulled fully inside before I once again pushed the button, the door closed as their engine turned off . . . The Silence has become deafening . . . I stand there quietly as butterflies are forming in my stomach and a small tingle is growing in my pussy . . .

Two completely average Joe looking guys jump out of the Van almost light on their feet like it's just another day on the job. One's chewing gum with his mouth half open smacking away, checking his watch looking impatient.

The driver heads towards me holding a clip-board . . . double checks the order form clipped on . . . Looks me direct in the eyes, which he can't actually see due to mirrored goggles and says, "I have a Pickup & Deliver request here for a Deep Purple . . . Is that you?"

Wow! I was actually expecting Guys to jump out, grab me roughly and toss me in the back of the Van before speeding away with me . . . or to come and start humping my firm Latex covered thighs . . . or to at least make some rude comments and ogle my f'n hot Bod in this outfit, well because I do look and feel f'n hot.

Nothing! The first guy is still checking his watch between adding more pieces of gum to his already full mouth and Clipboard Harry is calmly asking if I'm Deep Purple? . . . I stand there a moment taking this all in as Harry is looking around like he's gonna find a different Woman in Skin Tight Dark Purple waiting to get picked up . . . I bring his attention back to me with a, "I'm Dark Purple".

He says, "Good, for a moment I was concerned we were in the wrong place . . . Please move away from the back of the Van for a moment Miss." which he once again says while looking directly to where my eyes would be if he could see them.

This kind of caught me off guard because not once did he give that quick look at my breasts or crotch . . . This simple thing was amazing because when I saw

myself in the mirror I couldn't stop staring at every part of my own body.

I stepped aside as Harry pushed a button on his key-fob. Both back doors to the van swung open as a ramp came out of the back. Once the ramp hit the ground he pushed a second button on the fob and a very large white fiberglass like case or crate slid down the ramp stopping level on the ground.

I'm not good at estimating size, however big it was, this thing close to filled the whole back of the Van.

The gum chewer stepped up to this case and flips open like a dozen metal hold-downs around the top and down the two corners of the side facing me. He flips the top back and away and pulled the whole side closest to me down to fully expose the inside of the case.

His actions were once again like that of a guy just doing his job as he glanced at his watch again. I was so close to asking him if his beer at home was getting warm . . . but chose to not rile up the help.

Getting my first complete and clear view of what was inside the crate, would have caused my mouth to drop if the tight Latex hood wasn't holding it in place so well. It looked like a red fiberglass inverse form of a sexy young Woman's body in a reclined position.

It's like you had someone recline back into this red material causing it to remember the shape of a Woman. Clipboard Harry asked, "Miss, did you need help climbing in? It can be slippery sometimes." He keeps calling me Miss . . . if he could see my cheeks he'd see he's making me blush some. Miss is normally

reserved for someone much younger than me.

I don't answer him, but hold my arm out as a gesture of "Yes". He hands the clipboard to Gummy and then grabs my hand in his hand and his other hand on the back of my bicep. Looking into my goggles he says, "Careful now Miss" as he walks me to the . . . I guess . . . red fiberglass recliner . . . and helps me lower myself into it. OMG!

This is not what I expected at all. It looked like cold hard fiberglass but couldn't be further from it. It's soft with around a half inch of cushion covering the surface. Not only that it's temperature was a perfect match for my own. It wasn't hotter or colder than I felt.

Shuffling around just a little as my ass, back and thighs seemed a perfect fit supporting me perfectly even everywhere. I'm slightly bent at the waist and as I allow my knees to bend my calves and feet also find a perfect fit and support everywhere.

Wanting to fully take in the Unreal comfort of this thing I let my head lay back and my arms fall into the two areas that they fit perfectly into. Taking in a nice long breath and an equally long sigh out "Ahhhhhhhhhhhh". I've never been this comfortable in my life . . . this must be what weightlessness feels like.

Harry came back up to me and flipped a large switch in the corner of the recliner. I didn't see that there before. He then said into a hand held CB radio, "Deep Purple is secured and ready for Delivery".

As he said that one of those little nose itches that can drive you crazy forms so I

reach to scratch it . . . I'm unable to move my arm! . . . I try the other one and it's the same! . . . Then I try to move my legs, waist and torso and I'm not able to budge any part of my body at all!

The switch and disks in the bodysuit are all making sense now . . . the disks are metal and that switch just turned on like a 100 or more magnetic locks built into the recliner.

I start to panic and ask Harry where they're taking me? He responded calmly with, "I'm sorry Miss, but the Delivery Location is Undisclosed . . . we just follow the GPS instructions." I say, "Hey, wait, I changed my mind! Please let me go! Please!"

Harry replies with, "You can tell them once we drop you off. I really suggest you try to relax and enjoy Miss." Just as he finished saying that he brought both of his hands up to each side of my goggles and I could feel him tapping both sides . . . the second he did the goggles turn opaque black and I'm unable to see a thing.

The oddest thing as I yelled out and pleaded I could barely hear my own voice. Seems those earmuffs also make sense now. When he switched off my goggles leaving me in the dark it also turned on noise cancelling earmuffs.

Fucking genius stuff, but that's not helping my current Helpless, Blind and unable to hear, predicament at all. No longer able hear or see what's happening, I can still sense the whole case has been closed back up as the hold downs are snapped back into place.

Now the case with me inside is slid back into the Deliver Van. The ride is

amazing smooth, but I can still recognize that last bump of the curb as we enter the road.

After that bump and for the next . . . who knows how long we travel in whatever direction. If their plan was to allow me to kidnap them after dressing up sexy as hell for their pleasure, well that plan has succeeded.

I was in panic mode there for a bit, but now, now it's hard to explain . . . I'm more relaxed then I can ever remember being in my whole life. With this bodysuit hugging me in everyway and this perfectly form fitting lightly padded recliner it's like I'm floating.

There's not a single pressure point anywhere that is feeling anything more then anywhere else. Not at all like when you're in a recliner at home and you can still somehow feel the metal frame that's four inches under the cushions.

Not feeling anything like that. Being effectively blindfolded and unable to hear my other senses are doing what they can to make up for it. I can sense and feel every muscle in my body as they lightly tense up and release.

The areas around the lower edges of my stomach along with my upper thighs have a slight tingle that's growing. As I'm breathing harder that tingle has moved to my pussy . . . I squeeze and tense up my pussy and inner thighs . . . slowly working into a rhythm . . .

I continue with this pattern and the tight Latex between my legs is caressing my pussy that's still covered in that special lotion . . . and that did it!!!!!! OMG!!!!!! Fuck!!!!!!

I start to cum like crazy and it lasts for I can't tell how long. My whole body tensing up and releasing over and over as I scream out helplessly in my own private case, my own Private World.

UNEXPECTED . . .

With not a care in the World I've fallen asleep several times during my journey. I've been able to repeat that mind-blowing orgasm technique at least three more times, maybe four. What ever that special lotion is, not only did it make getting into my Dark Purple Latex bodysuit easy, but it's also stayed just as slippery and soothing as the first minute I rubbed it onto my naked body.

I have to; I need to get a Case of this stuff! If I orgasmed five total times . . . well five is an odd number and I just can't end on an odd number. At this point it doesn't even take but a few squeezes and tensing up my pussy and inner thighs to get enough motion of the lotion'd up tight Latex caressing my sex before I'm once again screaming out loud in pleasure and bright lights! Fuck! Bright lights!

The switch from my own total private darkness to the cover and side of my case being wide open in a brightly lit room happened so fast. Too fast for my eyes to adjust and see which Delivery guy just switched my goggles back to seeing mode.

Still in mid-orgasm I started to flail around to find my arms were free and without thinking reached down with both hands grabbing onto my pussy for the last few seconds of the most intense orgasm yet. I really didn't care what kinda show I just put on for the Delivery guys . . . they can consider it a bonus.

Out of nowhere came the soothing voice of a Woman, "Well that was pleasantly Unexpected . . . seems that Deep Purple here, was so excited about her weekend with us that she's already gotten a head start on the planned festivities."

My mind was racing, I still couldn't stop squirming around as I was very slowly coming back down to Earth. Finally bringing my head up to see the sexy forms of three women all in outfits just like mine, hoods and all, that was just like mine except for the colors.

To the left was one in all white including her tight fitting corset. To the right was the Yang to the first ones Ying. She was in all black, again including her tight fitting corset.

In the middle was the one who was doing the talking. Her Latex bodysuit was the same hot pink as my corset. They were all in fantastic shape, but the knockout in the middle, Wow!

"Yes Deep Purple, we are all Anonymous here . . . It's not about who we are but the relaxations and pleasures we feel, we give, we become. For these reasons" pointing to her right "You will address her as White" pointing to her left "Her as Black . . . and I'm Hot Pink." Hell yeah you're Hot Pink! running through my mind.

"Deep Purple, you've had a long . . . and seemingly, very busy journey . . . come and sit down and we'll take you to your room." Yeah, that's right, I was completely busted on that orgasm thing and pretty sure she knows that wasn't my only one.

Climbing out of my form fitting recliner I notice I'm a little weak in my legs. Both White and Black each grab me by an arm, which again, I can feel their hands as if I was naked . . . still can't get over that.

They guide me to a red chair obviously designed and formed by the same people who made that red recliner I've so grown to love in the last few hours.

Sitting down and scooting my ass into its shape, putting my legs and arms into their obvious spots. It's not as comfortable as the red recliner, but for a more upright position it was still amazing.

As I just get comfortable I see White flipping a switch just behind my shoulder like the one in the case. As expected, I'm unable to move any part of my body as the magnets turned on.

I've once again willingly allowed my body to become completely helpless to now a new group of Strangers. All Women this time. Guess not total Strangers because I at least know their Aliases.

Black walks in front of my helpless body and says, "Can't wait to play with you later" as she does the double tap causing my goggles to go black and my earmuffs to go silent . . . a second later I feel the pain of her pinching both of my erect nipples.

'OUCH!' is what I said but could barely hear myself. Normally something like Latex would have prevented me from feeling that much less her even being able to pinch me like that.

Guess this thin material, making me feel as if I was naked, allows pain through as easily as pleasure. Wondering exactly what play with you later means?

It's impossible to sense direction, distance, turns, anything like I am right now. Maybe we were in an elevator at some point, who knows? That's right, White knows exactly where she's taking me.

Guess I could ask, but even if she answered I wouldn't be able to hear her . . . Wait! Just because White was behind my chair before doesn't mean it's her pushing me . . . Maybe it's Black! . . . Taking me to play! If pinching both of my nipples hard in front of White and Hot Pink is tolerated, what happens when she takes me to who knows where alone and helpless?!?! . . . My goggles switch to clear as I see White in front of me smiling. Thank God!

UNTOUCHABLE . . .

"Deep Purple, lay down on this bed and just relax" It's the first piece of furniture that doesn't look like red fiberglass. I guess in for a dime in for a dollar, I lay back. White says, "That's good, now give me your wrist" in her also soothing voice. Handing her my wrist she cups it in both hands and moves it to an indented curved area near the corner of the bed. As she does, I can feel the magnets have kicked in. Not all over my body like before, just onto the maybe half dozen or so disks in the wrist area of my bodysuit. Repeating her instructions three more times just as soothing as the first, my second wrist and both ankles have become helplessly locked in place.

I'm on my back, spread eagle, alone and helpless with White as she unhooks the front of my corset finally allowing me a full deep relaxing breath. With everything about these outfits having such specific purposes, I had to ask about these corsets.

"So, White, what's with these corsets anyway? They don't seem to serve any purpose what so ever to this experience?" White takes both of her hands and slides them from the top of my stomach, just below my breasts and slowly towards my waist as she says, "Yes, it may seem that way, but did you look at yourself in a mirror at home with it on?"

I nodded "And did it help to make you look even more sexy, even more amazing?" Again, I nodded "So it seems Deep Purple, between your firm, sexy, tight Latex covered body and that Hot Pink corset . . . It all served its purpose and did so quite well"

As the pattern of her sliding hands slowly move closer to my crotch I can see

White is licking her lips. "I'm sorry White, but I'm not into . . . Oh, My God!" As her hands have made it to my pussy, my hips push up off the bed harder into her hands and my body starts to spasm.

"Dark Purple, it's not about male or female right now . . . it's only, totally and completely about your World and your Pleasures . . . Maybe seeing who's in charge of your helpless body and the pleasures it will be receiving is too distracting for you right now." She double tapped my glasses and I'm once again without my sense of sight or sounds.

Whites soft hands continue to lightly caress every inch of my spread eagle body. Still unable to get my wrists or ankles to budge, but boy can I move, struggle and squirm with the best of them with every other part of my body.

White lightly brushes the back of her fingers down the inside of my arms and across my armpits as I jerk hard as I laugh out loud . . . fuck! I've been so uptight over these years I forgot I was even ticklish!

It seems as though White is enjoying this part because she's slowly and meticulously finding every one of my ticklish spots and revisiting them more and more often as I'm border lining completely losing my breath from all the laughing.

Mind you, its not all tickles as White has spent equal time lightly cupping and caressing my breasts and pussy, which each time causes me to gasp and attempt to hump her hands, her fingers . . . to jerk around and shake from the feelings.

At one point I can feel she has straddled one of my thighs and is grinding her

pussy hard against me. The material of her bodysuit as thin as mine I could feel every detail of her swollen clit as she shudders to orgasm.

Where do I get hired to do her job? I mean, that would most definitely break up the stress of my day.

White slowly slides off of my thigh and repositions herself face down between my thighs. Without thinking I let out a "No, please don't . . . " as I feel her move to cover my whole pussy with her lips pushing her tongue firmly against my also swollen clit.

My No, please don't has faded away as I struggle, I strain, I pull as hard on my wrists as I can to push my clit towards her tongue as the most intense orgasm I've ever experienced overtakes my body, my soul, my mind!

As I'm Screaming as loud as possible, White reaches under and around the small of my back with both of her arms. Locking her hands and wrists together in an unbreakable bond as she pulls with all her might to hold my pussy firmly against her mouth.

I was like a wild untamed bucking bronco, while White was the Cowboy who wouldn't let go. This had to have gone on for 5, 10 maybe 15 minutes . . . truly have no sense of time anymore . . . and I love that!

White double taps my goggles allowing me to regain sight and sound. She's re-hooking the front of my Hot Pink corset. "Actually Deep Purple, as good as it feels to take off this corset . . . it's best to keep it on . . . it serves a second purpose . . . it's color Matches the Mistress in charge of your stay with us.

As long as it's on others are only allowed to play with you if she says so." I think for a minute, "Wait? White, you mean you don't work here?" White says, "No, I'm here Anonymously to relax, just like you . . . its just' my relaxations take a slightly different path then yours will." as she flips a switch releasing my limbs from the magnets.

Realizing everything she just did to give me such pleasure I stretch my arms out to hug White . . . She pulls away and says, "I'm sorry Deep Purple, but unless you've been given permission, everyone here is Untouchable" and she leaves my room.

UNBOUND . . .

Sitting on the edge of my bed I notice there's a drink of some kind on the nightstand. It looks like it may be a protein shake, which would make sense after the morning, day, afternoon? I've had.

A cute little card written with a pink puff pen says, "DRINK ME" . . . Really? Come on now? This is not the same Rabbit Hole Alice went down . . . that is unless you check out that back shelf of Blu-ray's in the Adult Video Store.

Then this would most definitely be that same Rabbit Hole. Its gotta just be a protein shake . . . it's not some of Alice's Red or Blue Pills . . . or for the SciFi fan in me, it's not the Red or Blue Pills Morpheus offers to Neo.

Ok, Stop It! I'm here to relax so I need to just Drink Up, which I do . . . Not bad . . . Not bad at all . . . In fact, the best shake I've ever had . . . can't even explain the flavor . . . if I had to name it I'd go with "Pleasure" . . .

Strange, as I sit here free, not helpless, not firmly held in place by hundreds of magnets, able to move around, hear and see . . . I've become once again full of stress, worries, questions and more . . . the longer I'm Unbound the more stressed I become.

I need to be free of this stress again . . . Trying the double tap on my goggles myself I discover I can turn my vision and hearing off just like they did. Tapping again I can once again see.

Checking out my bed I find the switch that turns on the magnets and power them up. Sitting in the middle of the bed and positioning my ankles they immediately become locked solidly in place.

With my legs spread apart and my ankles locked in place I'm still in a sitting up position. I double tap my goggles and everything goes dark and silent. Taking a few moments I slide my hands over my breasts stomach and down to my pussy, which is still ready to go for more.

Can't fully feel my stomach through the corset . . . and since it felt so good to have it off last time . . . I quickly un-hooked it and tossed it, somewhere . . . not sure where . . . can't see.

Laying on my back as my hands move harder and faster bringing myself right to the edge . . . taking a long deep breath and quietly saying "Here goes", I stretch my arms out until my wrists slide nicely into their spots becoming firmly and instantly locked in place.

No going back now. I let out a 'sigh' as I start to relax once again . . . realizing someone may walk into my room at any minute or they may not come back until my weekend is over.

You know what? If I am stuck like this the rest of my visit I'm fine . . . have never been so relaxed and horny at the same time in my life . . . I find myself starting to cum as I fall peacefully asleep.

UNATTACHED . . .

Waking to the immense pain of both of my nipples being pinched even harder then before I scream out as something is forced deep into my wide-open mouth "MMMMFFMMPHHF!" Between the taste of rubber and the smell of leather it has to be some type of ball gag as I can feel it being buckled tightly into place.

Shaking my head back and forth and pulling with all my might I'm unable to free myself or get the gag to come out . . . just then I feel two hands on the sides of my face holding my head straight . . . a double tap later to see that Black has straddled my body and has a big ass smile on her otherwise hooded face. She's sliding one of her fingers in a circle on my stomach.

I try to push her off but even all the core exercises in the world, weren't about to give me the edge I needed on my Captor as she sits on me with all her weight.

Looking at me she says to me in a very sexy and raspy voice, "Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Deep Purple . . . you have no idea how happy you've made me . . . by becoming a Free Agent!" as she pats my stomach and smiles even more. OMG! The corset!

Looking around frantically I see it in the corner of the room . . . right where I must have tossed it. "That's right Little Miss Deep Purple Princess . . . you're no longer under the protection of Hot Pink . . . demz the rules here . . . " Again I still struggle and get out the best "MMFFFPPFFUUUMM!" possible with this tight ball gag in place.

"You see, now that you've become Unattached your body is now here for only one reason and one reason only . . . you're here for my Extreme Pleasures . . . let's just say my Pleasures are quite opposite of White's . . . this is going to be soooo veeerrry muuuuch fuuuun" as the largest most evil smile grows on Black.

"All we need to do is get you down to my Dungeon so the fun parts can start . . . at this point, even if someone does see you with me it won't matter. I've taken Ownership . . . so you, Slave, Belong to Me!"

So that's my way free . . . Black can easily overpower me when I'm locked helpless and she's sitting on me . . . but when she releases me from the bed to move me to the chair, I can overpower her . . . then put that damn corset back on and not take it off until the end of the weekend . . .

I get myself mentally prepared and am tensing up my muscles fully ready to attack and . . . Black holds a wet chemical soaked handkerchief over my ball gag and nose . . . struggling and trying to hold my breath as long as possible . . . finally giving in to it's fumes . . . muscles relaxing . . . I black out.

I wake in silence and unable to see . . . Black engaged the goggles . . . I quickly realize this is not a comfortable ride like the recliner or the chair. I'm hog-tied face down on some type of flat cart with crappy wheels and a sideways wiggle as it moves.

A uniform bump continually happening, that must be from something stuck to one of the wheels. If this was a Grocery Store, I would of went back and swapped carts . . . Not this Bitch though.

Pulling at my arms and legs it hurts as I discover they're not being held in place nicely and comfortably with the magnets. Black has added tight leather straps on my wrists, ankles, knees and elbows, which have all been locked together.

I can feel there's also a extra wide leather collar added around my neck because there's a rope tied through a ring on the back, which is pulled tight to my ankles. Every pull or attempt to straighten out my legs just leads to the collar on my neck being pulled even tighter.

Seems we're in her Dungeon because things just got worse for me. Roughly going over one large bump, I could feel the vibration of what must have been a large heavy metal door closing . . . or a Hippo that just died and fell over . . . how the fuck am I saposta know!

I'm blind and deaf here! . . . 'THUMP!' . . . Ok, this one I know cause I f'n felt it! That Bitch tipped the cart so I slid off and roughly landed on my side. Normally whenever someone had me move from one spot or position to another, they would allow me to see . . . not Bitch Black here . . . seems she's enjoying keeping me more helpless and blind.

Finally she releases the rope between my ankles and neck. Then unlocks the straps holding my knees together and the straps holding my ankles together. My wrists and elbows are still strapped and locked behind my back causing my breasts to stick out further.

She stands me up and I blindly try to kick her . . . am pretty sure I got her in the calf as she followed up with three hard and fast smacks to my ass. 'Smack!' 'Smack!!' 'Smack!!!' The thinness of my bodysuit this time wasn't a good thing.

I would have sworn my ass was bare-naked because as I felt each and every one of those smacks . . . each one harder then the last.

Still being unable to see or hear and with my arms helplessly bound behind my back . . . having no idea where I am? Does anyone else know where I am? Would anyone help now that I'm unattached from Hot Pink and Bitch Black has taken Ownership of me?

I chose to become a more obedient Slave to avoid further punishment. Little did I know at this point, that my punishment is her pleasure and she's planning on getting endless pleasure at my expense.

Allowing myself to be guided wherever Bitch Black decides, we walk across the room until I feel a board on the floor.

Stepping onto it she moves me a few more feet until I can feel the front of my thighs pushing up against something firm and solid with maybe a tiny bit of cushion, possibly leather.

Bitch Black kicks between my ankles until they're spread pretty far apart. I can then feel she's spinning the straps so the metal loops are on the front.

Then she's using some type of metal clip from the rings to what I can only guess is some type of metal eyebolts. My legs spread apart and locked in place are going nowhere.

She now moves her attention to spinning the extra wide leather strap around my neck so the ring is also in the front. I can feel as she ties one end of a rope and like quadruple knotting it . . . really? Isn't that a little overkill?

She now pulls downward on this rope causing my body to stretch and bend over what I can now tell is like a leather horse from Gymnastics classes. When I say stretch, Bitch Black is on a mission here . . . pulling the rope tighter multiple times to where it's once again hard to breath like when the corset was on . . . Fuck!

Never should have taken that off! Can't feel it, but have to assume she's giving it the old quadruple knot where ever this rope is being tied off to. Yanking hard, trying to up right myself from this extremely tight bent over position isn't an option.

Seems Bitch isn't done as I can now feel some heavy cold metal item with some type of clip or lock and multiple ropes as it rests or falls onto my arms. She locks it to the metal loops currently locking my wrists together and walks away.

A moment later my arms already locked helplessly behind my back are being pulled towards the ceiling. Pulling down as hard as I can to prevent my predicament from getting worse, I'm having no luck.

That heavy cold metal item has to be some type of pulley system so she doesn't need to work too hard . . . Fucking Bitch! She must have tied off that rope because she's now back by me. I can feel as her hands are slowly sliding up and down every part of my helpless body. She circles me several times before finally giving my goggles a double tap.

Unable to fully look up bent over as I am, I can only see the rope, quadruple knotted to and eyebolt in the floor, as expected. Occasionally I get a glimpse of her firm strong tight black Latex covered legs as she circles her prey.

She's now wearing 6" spiked, also black heels that are clicking with every step. Trying my best to try and negotiate a surrender . . . hopefully to get my freedom . . . all I can do is make muffled noises into my gag. It wasn't even a very loud noise because I can't get a full breath pulled so tight across the horse.

It's at this point she pulls a wide leather strap across the small of my back, pulls it as tight as she can with all her might making breathing that much harder and preventing any movement of my ass no matter what I do.

"So Slave . . . are you a real good cook? . . . Do you know what's the absolute best thing to do for a fine piece of meat before you partake in all its glory? . . . To fully and completely savor every inch of it?"

She's sliding her hand across my ass as she speaks "There's really two secrets to make it the best piece of meat you've ever had . . . the best piece of meat I'm about to have" Giving me a slap on my outstretched ass 'Smack!' Fuck! Bent over and stretched out like this that slap hurt way worse then the three from before!

"Well the first secret is Anticipation . . . the longer you wait for something the more satisfying it becomes . . . just concentrating hard on what it's going to feel like . . . waiting for it to happen . . . the longer the wait . . . the better the experience becomes."

Bitch Black now takes some time to do a once over on every lock, strap and rope holding me helpless. Somehow she finds a way to pull the strap across the small of my back one notch tighter, plus pulls the rope on my arms so they're now an inch higher up.

"Slave, I'm curious if you actually fully understand the position you're in? Yes you've tried weakly to get away, to kick at me and I can only guess that your muffled noises are that of you pretending to protest your bondage.

The odd part is, I would think a Young Firm Strong woman like you would have fought much harder to not end up like you are right now. You are completely, utterly and totally at my Mercy. No one is coming to save you because when you took off that corset, you offered yourself up as a Permanent Slave.

There's not a chance I'm letting someone as fucking hot and sexy as you loose. I've claimed you as my Slave and I'm keeping you as my Slave."

I stay silent trying to think through everything she just said . . . I've had many chances to not end up like this . . . but ended up here anyway . . . No!

Wait, she hogtied me and took me here . . . after I took off the corset, after being told not to . . . and then put myself back into helpless bondage without anyone's help . . . Is this what I actually want? To stay here, free of the endless stresses in my life? Is Bitch Black right about me?

"Sorry Slave, just realized I got off track and didn't tell you the second secret . . . It's allowing the meat to marinate overnight." She once again is caressing my ass as she talks . . . still don't know how it's possible, but I'd swear her hand is on my

naked ass.

Fuck! Did she say overnight? Am I the meat she's planning to savor? Just then her hand slides down the back of my ass and between my legs resting on my . . . God Damit! Wet as Fuck Pussy! As I instinctively try to push it towards her hand as I let out a 'Gasp' around the edges of my ballgag.

She can't feel my juices through the Latex, but I'm fully aware she knows it as she continues with that second secret . . . "As I said Slave, marinating overnight is very important . . . and I prefer to marinate the meat in it's own juices . . . just as your own juices will do for you and your pussy overnight."

UNRELENTING . . .

Oh my god! Oh my god! She's leaving me like this overnight!!! Screaming into my gag and flailing around as much as possible, she somehow calmly does the double tap on my goggles leaving me in the Pitch Black Silence . . . overnight . . . unable to do anything but concentrate about the spanking I'm going to get in the Morning . . .

Not even knowing how much time it is until Morning . . . once again finding myself tightening up the muscles in my ass, thighs, stomach and pussy . . . tighten, release, tighten, release . . . as before this is just enough to cause the slightest amount of friction between the Latex and my clit . . .

Problem is strapped as I am I can't get enough friction to do the job . . . to push me over the hill . . . to reach that much needed orgasm . . . OMG! You have to be fucking kidding me!!! I can't take this! I need to cum! FUCK!!!!

It had to hours of me taking myself through an unrelenting pattern of Tease and Denial . . . Over and over I would be able to get just enough friction to keep myself horny . . . to get my swollen clit to feel the tiny bits of friction from the Latex . . .

Right on the Edge of that orgasm I need! I would give anything for the release I need! This never ending pattern of self-torture I continued to put myself through was unbelievable and I just couldn't stop myself

FUCK YOU BITCH BLACK!!!! Just then light was let back into my goggles with the sound of her saying, "Good Morning Princess! Are you ready for your Punishment?" She takes a single finger and ever so lightly presses directly on my orgasm button.

Instantly I start to shudder as quickly as she pulls that single finger away . . . YOU FUCKING BITCH! LET ME CUM ALREADY! . . . Translated to ball gag: "MMMFFG GGFFMUUU DDFFF MM MUM MFFPH!" Bitch Black says, "Seems like you might have over-marinated . . . haven't had that problem before."

Just Fucking Spank my Ass Already! Spank and let your fingers randomly hit my clit so I can finally cum! "I thought all night long about this moment . . . about giving you the longest spanking I've ever done . . . just the thoughts of you struggling to make me stop, got me so hot . . .

I had to take several personal breaks to satisfy my urges." As she spoke she was walking away from me and then returning with a cart covered with a small black sheet. "You see Slave, even in my Fantasies about that long of spanking of such a sweet firm ass"

The cart is now directly under my face, still covered in the sheet. "My hands became so sore and so red I couldn't fully enjoy your punishment." She slowly pulls the sheet off the cart exposing the items on it. Fuck! I'm in Big Trouble!

The spanking idea, I was looking forward to it, I mean what girl doesn't like a little spanking every now and then? Heck, I'd purposely misbehave sometimes just to get one.

But this! What she has on this cart is way beyond those fun little, warm me up before sex, spankings!

"Oh, Slave, I almost forgot something . . . I'll be right back" and she ran out of her Dungeon leaving me to helplessly stare, at the items about to be used on my helplessly bound, tightly stretched out, extra-thin Latex covered ass.

Oh, Fuck! I don't even recognize some of these. There are several different sizes and lengths, of what would be a basic black leather covered paddle . . . one of which has silver metal rivets.

Three different cat-o-nine tails, these I've seen before, just never in person. Each of these varies in length from maybe a foot to three feet. Then there was something shaped like a small bat, except it was flat and leather.

Next to it were riding crops that Jockeys use to make their horses run faster . . . I won't be running anywhere no matter how hard I'm hit. All the riding crops seemed the same length, but each had different size and shapes on the ends. From like a mini paddle down to a single leather strand.

Very appropriately one of the rectangular leather paddles had the word BITCH embossed in red on it. Bet her co-workers got her that one. Next to it was an assortment of . . . I really don't know what?

Then what seemed like a very short whip. Then a longer and longer and longer and finally a full length rolled up Indiana Jones number hanging on a hook from the end of the cart. Even if I wasn't gagged at this point I'd still be speechless.

Just then Bitch Black came back and walked up to me . . . I waited trying to turn towards her . . . wondering . . . waiting for what ever it was she almost forgot . . . finally she talks, "Oh, yeah Slave . . . I almost forgot to give you some alone time staring at and thinking about all the whips, cats and crops I'm about to use on you . . .

Remember rule one: Anticipation . . ." and she double taps my goggles as my vision and hearing is robbed from me.

I catch myself flinching . . . is she behind me? . . . did she already choose a whip or a cat or a paddle? . . . where the fuck is she? 'smack' the first paddle comes out of nowhere as the smacks quickly fire off in a series of maybe 10 or more hits.

There's a momentary break as a different smaller and longer paddle finds its target across what might as well be a totally naked ass. 'smack' 'smack' 'smack' . . . that had to of been closer to 20 or more hits.

Why am I counting? It doesn't matter! She never announced how many hits I was going to be getting anyway! 'smack' 'smack' 'smack' 'smack'.

This same pattern continues with the third and longest, only guessing based off of pain levels, the longest of the paddles. This time has to be over 30 hits as tears are collecting inside of my goggles . . .

The smacks stop for a moment as I can feel her fingers ever so lightly caressing my on fire ass. Every so often they travel of the beaten path, I use the word

beaten literally, and down to lightly Tease and Deny my pussy from release once again.

She must have switched over to the riding crops because she became very creative as to where and how she used them. Very few of the stings from these crops, landed directly on my ass.

Which is good for me, it would have been unbearable. No, Bitch Black was using them everywhere else . . . across the backs of my thighs, the sides of my hips and ass, somehow she found a way to bring the stings to the fronts of my thighs. A random hit would target my on fire ass, which always got me to scream at the top of my lungs into my gag.

Every so often she'd use the very tip of these crops between my thighs to lightly spank my pussy and swollen clit . . . always lightly . . . just enough to keep her awake and on constant edge . . . this Bitch was Unrelenting in her Torture, Tease & Denial Techniques on me and she knew it!

From screams, to moans, to grunts, to gasps and heaving breathing . . . even gagged there was no limit to the sounds she was getting me to make. I became a trapped animal who only had one thing on it's mind and that was to finally be released . . . except not from my bondage . . . from the Sexual Denial . . . the constantly being on the Edge and unable to cum . . . Please Mistress Set Me Free!

My much-needed release finally came in the form of assorted Cat-O-Nines . . . Unlike the paddles and crops which Mistress can control the exact target points and hardness of each spank or sting . . .

There's too many variables for even the most skilled to control every leather twisted tail of these cats. She did start with the first cat on my breasts . . . a simple underhanded swing and the tails randomly land in different spots of my breasts, chest and stomach.

Each tail giving me it's on individual and unique amount and type of sting. I jerk lightly with each swing because my energy is almost gone. Somehow, Bitch Black continues on.

Moving back to my ass she must of switched to the longest of the Cat-O-Nines with the largest leather twisted tails. I'm only guessing this because any accuracy is long gone at this point. Maybe between how long she's been going with the combination of the length things finally start to happen in the relentless Denial area, yes, my pussy!

She would land like two thirds of the tails across my ass while the rest miss her planned target and up flicking across my pussy, each leaving a combination of a sting and a tingle. Other times she's try to whip the back of my thighs and once again several leather tails would land against my pussy.

I didn't need to try and move towards the Cat-O-Nines, they were doing fine on their own as I got closer and closer and closer to my final release! And it finally happened as every muscle in my body tensed up as I started to shutter, spasm and shake wildly in my bondage.

I started to scream as loud as my gag would allow me. Bitch Black had dropped the Cat-O-Nines that was finally bringing me home and switched to one of the riding crops . . . as fast as she could she started to whip my pussy with it . . . no longer just light taps . . . we're talking good solid 'SMACK' 'SMACK' 'SMACK' . . .

I'm not sure if her goal was to punish me enough to get me to stop cumming, but this had completely the opposite effect on me as I came, tensed up and screamed even more. She reached around pinching my nipples harder then before . . . again, opposite effect as I only went into one long multiple orgasm like nothing I've ever experienced in my life!

Bitch Black switched to a bare handed spanking . . . and, yup! You guessed it! I Loved It! From the time I finally started cumming until the time I finally came back down had to of been a half hour.

Unable to see or hear, that half hour felt like eternity. I've never been so stress free and relaxed as I was at this very moment.

Nothing else in the world mattered, except this moment . . . that is except for one thing . . . I want more . . . I need more . . . I needed to experience this again.

I could feel Bitch Black going through the reverse process of untying, unlocking and unstrapping me. During this process she gives me the double tap giving me back my sights and sounds. Once I was fully released I noticed another Shake on the counter . . . didn't bother overthinking it . . . just drank it down.

I was f'n hungry! Bitch Black looked at me and said, "OMG! Deep Purple! Where have you been? That was the most strenuous and intense experience I've ever had with a Slave . . . I'm not sure I can keep up with you . . . I'm here to Relax myself you know . . . I Release you from my Ownership Slave . . . you're free to go"

Looking to the corner of the room I see something made of the same red fiberglass looking material of the recliner and the chair, both of which I've already experienced. This one looks like a standing version of those items, also having a switch on the middle of the side.

I walk up to Bitch Black and grab her by her Latex hood . . . pulling her to me and giving her the longest French kiss ever . . . even beating out those final Kiss and Makeup scenes in a romcom.

I then turn and walk towards, the standing red item and flip on the switch . . . standing in the middle of it I spread my legs wide apart until the magnets kick in on my ankles.

Facing Bitch Black who's watching my every move in amazement, I take my left hand and rub my pussy while caressing my breasts with the right. Looking up to the right and left I verify where my wrists need to go to complete my gesture.

A final double tap on my goggles followed by me guiding my own wrists into the magnetic holders, I re-enter my New World, the Stress free, decision free World of my Dreams . . . Bitch Black must of came over to me the moment I did the double tap because her one arm wrapped around my waist, firmly pulling me against her as her other hand is all over my pussy . . .

Immediately, I'm right back into complete bliss as my body shudders, spasms and shakes as my screaming continues . . . Wow! I bet that's loud as a new larger and even tighter fitting gag is stuffed into my mouth and strapped in place . . .

She must of switched to those long thin rods with the goal to whip every inch of

my body . . . little does Bitch Black know . . . this is exactly what I was hoping
for . . .

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