



Zatzanna Dark

FINAL BONDAGE TAG-TEAM

EARNING THEIR WAY OUT OF MALE CHASTITY



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This Book is Dedicated to Alan Tegel.

Without whom, this Story

would have Never been told.

I wish to Thank You Alan, for Pushing

Me to Spread my Wings Even Further.

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ENTRANCES . . .

I've watched a Show being Filmed before . . . but I've never been in front of the cameras like we're about to be. Open, real, honest, with nothing hidden. With so many Reality Shows out there . . . I guess the odds of me being on one weren't too crazy.

The line of Guys, or Men, depending upon what you want to call them, seem to be a very wide collection. Guess if you were going to have twelve Guys on a Show fighting over a Girl, this would be the variety you'd want.

Thinking of every Boy Band Ever, there's always a variety to appeal to the vast array of viewers. It's just Human Nature to want such a thing. None of us have been given too many details. I'd like to think this would be just like every other show.

Except the numbered collars already have me questioning that already. All black leather and locked on each of us. Not sure of his name, but the would be number 11 refused when they were about to add the lock.

Guess it's nice to know you can always just say "No" if you feel things aren't within your comfort zone. He did earn first physical contact as those redheaded, sexy as ever, Twins walked him away. Bet he's getting lucky with them right now.

"Number 3! Get moving!" The Clipboard Girl had already waved 1 & 2 onto the

Set and I was holding up the line. “Sorry!” With a bit of an uncalled for snide look, she responded with, “Better be.”

I along with Numbers 4 thru 12, of course, minus 11, join 1 and 2 who were already on the Set. It feels odd referring to everyone by number, but without knowing anyone’s actual names, it does kinda make it easier . . . especially with the numbers right on the fronts of everyone’s collars.

Entering the Set or the Stage . . . not sure which it is, the lights are pretty bright. Looking down, I see pretty large circles on the floor. Each with a number in the middle.

Didn’t need any explanation or guidance as I quickly made my way to circle number 3. Seems everyone else didn’t fully grasp the simplicity of this concept.

{Smack!} Clipboard Girl smacked Number 12 really hard on the ass with her Tool of the Trade . . . her clipboard! Number 12, who was standing in circle number 11, was raising his hand in anger! “You Fucking Bitch!”

A very powerful voice said, “Girls!” The redheaded Twins moved in quickly from behind the camera area. This time I was allowed the visual pleasure of their white spandex covered bodies as they entered the spotlights! “Wow” Leaked out, but quietly.

Number 12 was about to get violent with Clipboard Girl! I wasn’t sure the Twins, as much as they had their Cross-Fit bodies, could stop him! That was until the surprise of the day ran out from backstage . . .

Quadruplets? No f'n way! Also with equally as intense of red hair, tight white spandex bodysuits, and just as extremely fit bodies as the first pair! "Wow" Ok, that one wasn't as quiet. I need to be more careful. I need to stay respectful of their beauty.

Still, with the Quad fast approaching and obviously powerful enough to take Number 12 down. I didn't see them reaching him quick enough! Turns out, Clipboard Girls foot ended the standoff as it was buried deep into 12's balls!

The tall and scary tower that was Number 12, opened his mouth to scream, but not a sound emerged. As both hands tried to find his balls, he slowly tipped to the side.

"Timber!" was perfectly timed by Number 4, seconds before he started to fall. Almost as if it was slow motion, the tower of a man, eyes wide open, pain crossing his face. Then it sped back up and 12 hit the wooden floor of the Set fast and hard!

"Number 4!" Sounds the powerful voice. "That was a good one. But next time . . . you don't speak without permission. You're all still learning . . . so I'll allow it this time."

In any other place, working at a Restaurant, a Meeting for some Big Business, or even out in public, her words would have just sounded rude. Here, it's different.

Here . . . it feels right. She's in-charge of everyone working to Produce this

Show as much as she's in-charge of all of us. After all, we are just numbers for her to command.

Honestly, not sure how the rest of the Guys feel, but I'm ready to do anything and everything they ask or tell me to do. I want to be the last one standing . . . whatever that even means . . .

EXITS . . .

Number 11 was walked out by the Twins, I mean two of the Quads. Standing and arm in arm like Dorothy, the Tin Man and the Lion. Number 12's exit wasn't as nice.

The Quads, as muscular as they were, could easily of carried him off Set. They did anything but. One of them wrapped a black rope, or was it a noose? Couldn't tell for sure . . . around his ankles.

Tossing the loose end to her Sisters, they lined up as the Sexiest Dog Sled Team you'd ever see! No disrespect in any way. They are the farthest things from Dogs. But the imagery was pretty solid.

Once all four had a hand on the rope, they headed off Set as he dragged behind. Not bothering to slow or adjust as they left, his body smacked hard against one side, then the other side of the doorway.

I'd be very surprised if he didn't bite his lip when his chin caught the frame of the door. Guys truly are idiots at times. Acting all tough and powerful, yet we're just one well-targeted attack away from us going down.

Even the Death Star, the most powerful and feared creation of the Sci-fi Universe, has that same simple weakness. I've yet to find this type of weakness on a Women. Am pretty sure, it's because they don't have one.

Number 12 didn't, or couldn't fight his exit . . . only letting out a few small grunts of pain with each hit. And then there were Ten. No longer Ten Guys all kicked back, relaxed and joking around. Ten who were now all silent and at attention . . . including myself!

The silence is broken as I finally get to see where the voice of power has been coming from. A Goddess of Power. Maybe in her thirties. Sitting sideways and crossed legs on a very rich brown leather couch. One of those with the fancy inset buttons creating a criss-cross pattern.

A very tiny, tight and short black latex dress with only one shoulder strap is fighting to hold in her ample sized chest. Every inch of her skin is perfect! You didn't need to hear her talk to feel her Power.

Her jet-black hair pulled tightly into a single tail. She had very little if any makeup . . . for she did not need any. Her shiny black stilettos cupped and supported her pointing feet.

She was holding a very long black riding crop as if it was just a natural extension of her arms and hands. The only part of her displayed accessories that weren't black, was her metallic silver nails that looked sharp enough to cut glass!

“As you've all just learned. The choice to leave or stay is always yours. While how you leave will always be mine. Walking out on your own two feet or dragged away ball-less will be based on what you're earned and or deserve.”

Dead silence . . . waiting for that pin to drop . . . “Do you all understand?” A random ass collection of “Yup”, “Yeah”, “Sure”, “No Problem” . . . and a polite as possible, down-home Texas “Yes Ma’am” from me.

Lastly, one not too smart, yet very quiet, “This is Bullshit” from Number 8. The Goddess on the couch said, “From here on out, your responses will ooze Respect.

I will know when you mean it and when you’re just pretending so I don’t destroy you on the spot. You will respond to me with Yes Mistress Z or No Mistress Z.”

Number 8 now says a little louder, “Total Bullshit”. It’s not that Mistress Z didn’t hear him either time. She was deciding just how he’d be leaving. Mistress Z says, “Dusk, Dawn . . . you two may enter now.”

Continuing with, “This competition will be both day and night. Therefore, all of you will need Trainer Access, day and night. Say hello to the Boys, Girls.” The Overall Level of Female Power on the Set just tripled!

In an overly short, not really covering anything, black ruffled skirt and the smallest of bikini tops held in place by pretty much, shoestrings, was Dawn.

Her dishwater blonde hair outlined her hazel eyes and full bright red lips. Border-lining between the sweet voice of Jessica Rabbit & Marilyn Monroe, she said, “Hello Boys.”

The third woman of Power was much more dark. Wearing a black stretchy shoulder-less dress, mini skirt combo full of holes of curiosity. God I'd love to put my tongue in every hole . . . with her permission of course. Would like to keep my nuts.

She was obviously Dark and would be working the Night Shift. Her straight black hair cascaded down onto her full breasts as she cut to the chase with a simple and straightforward, "Don't any of you Dare Fuck With Me!"

Number 8, was determined to get booted next, comments, "I'd fuck you anytime Cunt . . . Let's do it now . . . Right here in front of the Lights and Cameras and I'd take care of all the Action." Stupid . . .

"Oh, Yeah?" Said Dusk "That's kinda Hot? So you have a Big Cock then?" She asks as she moves up to him. "Bigger than you . . ." and with her un-holstered handheld Taser firmly held against his stomach, he's stopped mid sentence!

Pushing the Taser against him so hard, we really couldn't hear the noise. We just watched as his uncontrolled spasming body pissed itself before crumpling straight down. The visuals totally made up for the lack of the expected shocking sounds.

Mistress Z called out two quick commands, "Trunk! Ball-tied!" The Redheaded Quads reappears from back stage with not too large of a trunk and a few hands full of rope.

Like a fast moving Pit-Crew, they descended upon his crumpled and piss covered body. At least they were wearing rubber gloves as to not have to touch

his really stinky expelled fluids.

Noses were starting to crunch up as the smell of a never cleaned cat box came our way. Having cats myself, I'm fully aware of that potential smell. His wrists, forearms and elbows were touching behind his back as the rope work was completed! Ouch!

I didn't think guys could do that. His knees, ankle and thighs were equally bound and then folded up against his chest. The rope harness running over his shoulders held his knees in place.

Tipped on his side, one more rope was pulled and knotted between his ankles and his wrists. At first I thought the trunk would be too small to fit him.

After seeing how tightly we was bound into that ball, I'm pretty sure he'll be completely inside the trunk and soon. They finished up their package with a large insert panel gag and a spandex hood.

With the trunk open, he was slid in on his side. Then the trunk was turned upright as he slumped down, helplessly bound inside of it. Looking twice, I'm not seeing any air holes . . .

As it's closed and latched tightly, Dusk tosses one of the Quad a lock and says, "My lock . . . and only by My Key." A second after the click of its closure, the gagged screams of pain from within could be heard!

Lifted onto a small cart with a handle, the trunk and Number 12, in my mind, I'm hearing the words of Hanna-Barbera's Snagglepuss, "Exit, stage left."

The smell of his piss, although I'm sure has already filled his new home . . . has also really kind of starting to overshadowed the smell of these Powerful Women that we all just witnessed in action . . .

PLEASE . . .

Mistress Z, completely had my utmost respect. Everything about her let me know, she was at the top of the food chain and we were hers to toy with, tease, devour or toss aside . . . as it should be.

The Dark Horse of Dusk had quickly let everyone know, when she says, “Don’t Fuck with Me” that you don’t Fuck with Her. The Quads . . . Just wow! As the Ninja Snipers of this Crew . . . I want to feel their hands on me as much as I fear how or when it’ll happen.

Even Clipboard Girl . . . really need to know her real name. She’s fully capable of herding us around, keeping us in line and protecting herself as needed. I believe that’s in every Girl . . . they just don’t all know it yet.

Now Dawn . . . I so look forward to seeing her as our own little sunrise. I’m sure some of these idiots are underestimating her. Thinking to themselves that she’ll be the one they could control.

I don’t need a crystal ball to know . . . we’ll soon be seeing much more of what she has to offer. The last of which would be any of these chumps controlling her.

Taking a second to look around at the rest of the Crew. I notice that not a single one of them is male. This show is Hosted, produced, starring and created by Woman. Just as the best DC Movie ever was done.

“Excuse m ma me . . . Mi . . . Miss . . . Mistress Z?” The scared to death and nervous as hell voice of Number 5 quietly squeaked out. “It’s ok. You may address your Mistress Number 5.”

“I . . . I don’t . . . I don’t think I should be here.” His hands are shaking like crazy! “Number 5. Are you asking for permission to leave?” He hesitates to answer the question . . .

“Number 5! I asked you a question!” He, with his whole body starting to shake and his eyes facing downward, continues, “I . . . I’m . . . I’m sorry Mistress.” Mistress Z adds, “And? . . .”

“P . . . Ple . . . Please Mistress. I . . . I don’t want them . . . them to hurt me . . . If . . . If you . . . don’t like my answer.” Mistress Z, switches to the calming voice of a counselor. “It’s ok 5.”

“Yes . . . Yes Mistress Z . . . I would like to leave . . . but . . . only if it would . . . make all of you happy?” Then, again just as calm, Mistress Z replies, “Ok” Shocked by her simple answer, 5 hesitates. Quickly turning left and right in efforts to keep an eye on all the Quads.

“Just clean up that stink first . . . and then you have my permission to leave.” Number 5 looks all around, trying to find a mop and bucket. Looking to each of the Girls . . . hoping they’d help. Hoping anyone would help . . .

Directed at everyone, “Is there . . . something? Anything I . . . I can use?” He

glances up for a second at Mistress Z, whose now more interested in her nails than anything else. She flicks some dust or dirt off the nail of her index finger.

He's randomly flinching as if someone is about to hit him. Even though no one is even near him. If he doesn't calm down soon, there's going to be two messes in need of his services.

Hands shaking even more, he tries to un-button his shirt . . . but can't get more than one of the buttons un-done. Ignored by all three Mistresses and everyone in the Crew beyond the Camerawoman.

He grasps and tears off the rest of the buttons on his shirt. Still fumbling, he kind of half pulls it over his own head, getting caught part way. Once off, he drops to his knees and wipes up the piss.

As no one acknowledges if he's done well enough or not . . . he switches to removing his pants to polish and buff the whole area one more time. Then wads his shirt up inside his pants.

Rolling his pants around the soaked in piss shirt, he stands up with his head downward. Waiting in silence . . . shaking in silence . . . hoping he's made his Mistress proud . . . hoping they don't hurt him.

"Number 5. You may approach your Mistress." He stopped shaking, but I believe he also just stopped breathing? He's not fucking breathing! How is that possible?

I thought your body would override your thoughts . . . but for 5, which never kicked in! He just slowly turned blue and fell backwards! As two of the Ninja Quad Squad moved in to catch him before hitting the floor, Mistress Z added, “Or not?”

Not sure where it came from, but the other two of the Quad rolled out a stretcher. Number 5 was very carefully lifted by the four of them and placed just as carefully onto it. He was then, rolled away.

“As I mentioned before, you may leave at any time. How you leave is up to me.”

DETAILS . . .

“So that was quick. Seems your odds of Winning this competition just got better. You all now have a 1 in 8 chance of being the Last Man Kneeling. Which so you’re aware, is the name of the show you’re currently on.”

Had I not witnessed first hand what’s happened so far, Last Man Kneeling wouldn’t have made much sense to me. Knowing the Final Goal now and knowing my feelings of them being superior to me are real, my odds of winning may be even better.

“Too many other Reality shows are all Fucking Sucking and Orgasms.” Mistress Z continues, “That will not be the case with My Show.” Number 6 whispers in 7’s direction, “Like there’s any way they’re gonna stop that from happening on this Show.”

Mistress Z adds, “For you to continue on, you must first agree to voluntary Male Chastity . . . for the duration of the competition.” 6 adds to his whispers with, “Ok, maybe I’m wrong.”

“As a last reminder to all of you, I want you to understand what happens when you speak out of turn or without permission . . . Number 6 . . . Move to the Red X.” Just now realizing who she was addressing, 6 said, “What?”

Mistress Z turns to Dusk and says, “Add five for not listening.” Two of the Quads move to each side of him and open their arms outward as to guide him in

the direction of a large Red X at the front of the Set.

Not actually touching or pushing him. Moving to the X was his own doing. Once there, Dusk moves in as a cable with heavy leather cuffs connected to it descends from the ceiling.

“Hey, wait a second! . . . I’m sorry Mistress Z! . . . This isn’t needed.” Dusk says in her raspy voice, “You can leave if you want 6. But I would really enjoy tasting your flesh with my cane if you decide to stay.”

He was so ready to leave. I could see it in his eyes and hear it in his voice. Then with a simple few words, Dusk got him to remove his shirt and present his wrists for cuffing. Maybe he didn’t even hear the words Dusk was saying? Just that she was talking to him.

As the cable extending his now helpless arms upwards, we all were expecting to watch him get his back caned. Turns out . . . everyone was wrong with this prediction . . .

With his arms at their limits and 6 grunting and groaning as he tries to find any comfort in what’s about to happen. Dusk does a nod to the Quads and they proceed to finish his prep!

A large horse style bit is forced between his teeth and buckled behind his head as confusion starts to grow on his face. His pants and boxers being completely removed surprised us all.

Along with the size and hardness of the erection he could no longer hide. Two more straps are added to his ankles as two Quads kneel and pull his legs further apart.

The metal rings flip up from the floor, allowing each ankle to be secured to them with short cables with loops on each end. His look of confusion is replaced with fear as a third Quad shows up with her arms held outward and her palms facing up. Holding the canes.

The cable from the ceiling retracted further until his feet left the floor and the ankle cables were pulled tight. Suspended, helpless and naked. He would no longer be able to ignore what he'd agreed to when his wrists were offered.

With a half dozen or more canes of different thicknesses and length being offered to Dusk for her choosing . . . a Smile! Haven't seen this before on Dusk . . . a Smile appears for all to see!

As she slowly glides her index finger along the length of each and every cane . . . sweat from 6's struggle and fear is causing a glistening effect on his skin. His feet pointing and straining as if he'd somehow find a way to reach the floor.

After several moments of making all of us sweat . . . Dusk finally picks up the cane . . . the one we all knew she had decided on long before they were ever even brought onto the Set. No one was surprised by it being the longest, firmest and thinnest of the collection.

Seems he's changing his mind now as his eyes widen more and he tries to talk his way free around the large bit gag. He looks towards us for help as several of

the Guys just shake their heads. They have learned to stay out of Dusk's way.

He's now shaking his wrists and the cable as we can hear it's sound echoing from the ceiling. Number 6 knows his only chance is with Mistress Z now . . .

Looking to her for forgiveness as he mumbles, "MMMMFFF MMFFHG MMFFF MM MMMM MMMRREE!" Mistress replies simply with, "Permission Asked. Permission Given. Permission Taken."

Dusk standing ready . . . eyes on Mistress Z . . . waiting for the nod. Mistress Z says, "50 for talking plus 5 for not listening Dusk." And gives her the nod . . .

Dawn, all sweet like says, "Since the poor Boy's all gagged . . . who wants to keep count for him?" Cheerleader in a past life? Not sure? Number 9 asks, "Mistress may I?" Dawn asks, "Who are you asking?"

9 Quickly recovers with, "I'm sorry Mistress Dawn. May I keep count Mistress Dawn?" Dawn gives her nod as we all hear the whoosh of the cane as it moves towards 6's ass as he's struggling to avoid it! {SMACK!}
"MMMMMMMMFFFF!!!"

"ONE!" Calls out Number 9. There was no warm up! The first hit was as hard as the last . . . if not even harder! {whoosh} {SMACK!} "MMMMFGGG!"
"SEVENTEEN!"

{whoosh} {SMACK!} "MMMMMFGR!" "EIGHTEEN!"

{whoosh} {SMACK!} “MMMMFHFF!” “NINETEEN!”

{whoosh} {SMACK!} “MMMMFFFFF!” “TWEENTY!”

Tears flowing from his eyes as he’s now just leaving his head tipped back and every muscle in his body pulled tight as possible!

His body is glistening more than before . . . this time with tinges of blood mixed into his sweat!

Amazingly, his cock has maintained its size as it bounces with each stinging kiss of her cane. I was about to mention, I think he likes it . . . but kept my mouth shut and shut tightly.

{whoosh} {SMACK!} “MMMMFGGG!” “THIRTY SIX!”

{whoosh} {SMACK!} “MMMMMMMMM!” “THIRTY SEVEN!”

{whoosh} {SMACK!} “MMMMHHGG!” “THIRTY EIGHT!”

Dawn gives 9 her look of approval as he continues his count. Am so glad he offered count, because there’s no way I could have kept track while my eyes were taking in everything else . . .

{whoosh} {SMACK!} “MMMMMMMMM!” “FORTY ONE!”

{whoosh} {SMACK!} “MMMMMMMMM!” “FORTY TWO!”

{whoosh} {SMACK!} “MMMMH!” “FORTY THREE!”

His gagged screams of pain are shortening. Not because it's hurting any less. He's completely out of air and energy as he's barely even flinching with the last few hits.

Dusk switching to the fronts and backs of his thighs has brought back more activity to his struggles! Just as cane strike number fifty was called out, Mistress Z held up hand and Dusk immediately stopped.

Not sure how that happened, because I'd swear Dusk wasn't even looking in Mistress Z's direction. Mistress Z stood up, put her crop onto the couch and walked over to what was left of Number 6.

Words were not spoken, commands were not given. The silent agreement commenced, as Dusk presented her cane, now dripping in sweat and blood to Mistress Z's open hand.

There was no long and loud whoosh to warn him! Mistress Z went with a short, fast and hard flick across the top of his still hard cock! I, as all the other Guys flinched in solidarity of his pain!

Another flick from below followed by and even longer gagged holler of pain! The last three flicks were even faster and all from below . . . except not below his shaft!

The last three all targeted his balls as his longest holler yet was followed by a slumped and sobbing husk of a man. At least it's finally over as I hear 9 quietly say, "oh, no"

Mistress Z tosses the cock and ball busting cane back to Dusk and says, “I didn’t hear any counting . . . so you still have five to go.” Number 9 knew his mistake just added to 6’s punishment and quietly leaks out, “I’m sorry dude.”

Dusk, not wanting to break his ass, thigh or back skin any more than she already did . . . goes with the final five hits to his chest and stomach.

{whoosh} {SMACK!} “MMMMM!” “FIFTY THREE!”

{whoosh} {SMACK!} “MMMM!” “FIFTY FOUR!”

{whoosh} {SMACK!} “MMM!” “FIFTY FIVE!”

Breaking the tension in the room . . . almost cheer like, Dawn says, “So who’s all ready to be put in Chastity? . . . Just follow me!” Did she just skip? Was she skipping off the Set?

ASSEMBLY LINE . . .

The eight of us followed the sexy little Skipster as she brought us into a room with twelve of those tables doctors use to examine Women's private areas? I'm sorry, yes, it was Mistress Dawn. But I didn't say Skipster out loud . . . and she was just so damn cute!

Each little hope or skip caused her already overly short ruffled skirt to pop up. Each pop giving us full view of her tight leather thonged ass. I could hear a collection of gulps from the Guys. But wisely enough . . . not a single catcall . . .

Facing outward on each table, were the numbers 1 - 12. Guess that answered my question if they were actually prepared and wanted twelve Guys or if they planned to eliminate a third of us so early on?

We all stripped off our pants, boxers or briefs and took our spots without being told. Number 6 had to be helped in, still naked, still bleeding, with his arms over the shoulders and necks of two of the Quads.

I would really like to learn and know their actual names. Am guessing even if I did, I couldn't keep track of which was who or who was which? They do not have numbers like us, so it would be very tough.

Just before leaning back, I notice nobody is at spot number two? Is he at the wrong table? A quick double check says no? Did Dusk Taser and crate another one? No idea? . . . and then there were seven.

Once on my back, one of the Quads comes over to me, smiles, and then proceeds to tightly strap my wrists at my sides. They're like those medical thick cloth or canvas ones and are only kept closed using Velcro.

Must just be for looks, because there's no way . . . shit! I can't get my hands loose! While I was testing my wrists, she'd already got my legs into the holsters. Straps at my knees and ankles held them also just as firm. I'm in position, knees up, legs spread, my manhood, completely exposed and easily accessible.

One last strap, added snugly across my neck refused any more leaning up to look around . . . that is without being choked by it. Really didn't need to see to know what the others were experiencing, as every table was the same.

Once we were all pants less and boxer or brief less, we were graced with the honor of Mistress Z and Clipboard Girl, as they sized each of us up. They must have entered the opposite end, because they started with Number 10.

"10 . . . Medium." Said Mistress Z. I listen as each step of steel-tipped stilettos connects with the tile floor. "9 . . . Medium." After each sizing, the room was so silent, you could hear Clipboard Girl's pen jotting down each size.

Each of us Guys are very different. 9 the Teacher's Pet. 7 Lucky, cause of his number. Haven't heard too much from him. 6 the Big Talker. 4 the Jokester. 2. A Mystery to be solved? He's just gone. And Number 1, the Self Entitled Ass.

10 has been completely silent even before Clipboard Girl showed up, so I got

nothing. The other four who weren't worthy of these Goddesses . . . also not worthy of me Nick-Naming or even describing them.

As for me, I'm a Feminist Horse Farmer from Texas who respects Woman and believe 100% in their Power. Like I said, we're all very different not only in our looks, but our personalities, attitudes and more.

The sizing continues, "7 . . . ahh . . . Still Medium." I'd have to think each and every Guy right now has to be as large and hard as I am. So how she's choosing sizes I'm guessing must be more along the line of what we deserve? Maybe?

"6 Small." No hesitation at all. Seems that Number 6's punishment for speaking out of turn and not listening continues. This time he didn't respond at all. Not even a grunt or groan. Looks like he can be taught.

"4 Extra Large!" She says with an impressed voice. Number 4 replies, "Mistress Z . . . really? Thank You! Did you hear that Guys? The Mistress just sized me as Extra Large!"

With perfect comedic timing, the second she had everyone's full attention, Mistress Z replied, "No, not really . . . are you even kidding me with that little thing? How do you even hold onto it when it's time to piss?"

"4 Small." Couldn't hear Clipboard Girl writing down this size because of the random laughs and coughs the Guys couldn't hold back. Oh My God! The voice, the look, the mind, body and power of Mistress Z! All of that plus a sense of humor . . . am I allowed to respect, worship, love and adore?

“3 . . . Medium” No standing out for me in this lineup. I’ll take a Medium any day over a Small. Either way, I’d accept whatever size and or punishment she wishes me to endure . . . but I’m happy I’m not a target of her painful whims for this part of the game.

“1 Small.” Mr. Self Entitled Ass wasn’t expecting or accepting his size and mistakenly let her and everyone else know. “You meant to say Large . . . You, with the glasses . . . be sure to write down Large.”

Mistress Z, very calmly, but still in her voice of power, “Kristen, Number 1 here is right. I think a small is a mistake.” Kristen, Clipboard Girl’s name is Kristen.

That works, because somehow, she looks like a Kristen. Never understood someone looking like a name, but sometimes, like this time, it works.

Number 1 made one of those noises . . . it’s not really a word that’s in any dictionary . . . not even the Urban dictionary. But everyone knows what it meant. His was that noise of: Point Proven, I was Right and you were Wrong.

Mistress Z, catches the smug one off guard with, “I meant to choose either Extra Small or a Medium with internal spikes? Just not sure which would be best for him?” 1 changes his tune quickly . . . just not quick enough.

“Mistress Z . . . and ah, Mistress Kristen . . . I’m sorry! Small is fine! I’ll take a Small. You were right . . . I have a Small dick.” Often, I think the wisest choice is to shut the fuck up. He is helping to prove my theory.

Mistress Z replies, “Number 1, listen carefully. Kristen is not a Mistress, she is my Servant. Had she earned the title of Mistress, I would have addressed her as such. As my Servant and a Woman, she is still above and far Superior to you in every way.”

Continuing, “As far as you now telling us what you’re agreeing to take means nothing to us. It’s not your choice what your useless tiny tool is about to be crammed into and if it’s ever to have freedom again.”

Back to the pin dropping silence of earlier. “In this case Number 1, I am granting the decision of your cock’s prison to Kristen. Would you like to see that thing, this waste of human flesh compressed into an Extra Small or given a little room in a spiked Medium?”

“Mistress Z, it would make me happy to give Number 1 some growing room. They never end up bleeding unless they can’t control their hard-ons . . . and Number 1 is just the pure image of self control.”

Guess Kristen has her own hidden sense of humor, just like Mistress Z. Even with such humor being shared in the room, there’s still around half the audience who’s not laughing . . .

RELAX . . .

Before Mistress Z and Clipboard Gi . . . I mean Kristen, left, they explained the “Chastation” process. Don’t believe that is a word, or if it is, that it means what they mean. But I won’t argue it.

“In thirty minutes, Dusk and Dawn will be putting you each into chastity. The cages will be locked on until, if and when I feel you’ve earned its removal. By it, I do mean the cages and not your cocks . . . unless you really continue to piss me off or disrespect my Girls.”

Nobody laughed. “For any of you who can relax enough to allow your erections to lapse, this process will be way less painful. We need your cocks small so we don’t break or crush them in the process of applying your cages.”

Avoiding a broken or crushed dick is pretty good reason to try and relax . . . while at the same time the fear of a broken or crushed dick is not helping anyone to relax!

“For any of you can’t control yourselves, Dusk has offered to take care of your aspirations for you. She mentioned being out of practice and sometimes misses with the needles or has issues with the syringes.”

Almost out the door, Mistress Z adds, “By the way, in case any of you are changing your mind or considering backing out of this process . . . It’s too late. Permission has been Asked. Permission has been Given. And Permission is

being Taken.”

With nobody in the room, but us seven Guys. Several did start to chat up and try to discuss every non-sexual thing they could in effort to relax their erections.

“How bout them Packers?” “Breakfast was pretty bland.” “Any of you trying out that Bit coin stuff?” Problem is . . . with seven Guys, the conversation kept going exactly as expected . . .

“Man! Did you see that Ass? . . . Every little step and her skirt popped up even more!” Unable to see, not even sure who is saying what? I try to break it up with, “Hey, Number 6? How you doin?”

“Still in massive pain and pretty sure I’m still bleeding. So if you don’t mind, I’ll stay out of the rest of everyone’s disrespectful conversations about these Woman.” The Guys pretty much ignore Number 6’s answer to my question.

“Who do you think has the largest breasts? Cause I think it’s that chick with the clipboard.” “I’ll say one thing for her . . . she’s welcome to use her clipboard on me any day! I’m available tonight . . . ready and willing.”

I can’t believe these fuckers won’t shut up! Every time they mention any thing about any of these Woman, it only keeps making me hard, picturing them!
“Guys! Enough! Did none of you hear Mistress Z explaining Mistress Dusk needing to aspirate your cocks?”

“Dusk can aspire to suck my cock any time!” “Good One!” Holy Shit! We’re all getting needles in our Dicks in less than thirty minutes. I’m closing my eyes and imagining the most relaxing ride . . . just me and my horse . . . alone and care free . . . the air warming as the sun rises . . .

Still learning the voices. Think it’s Number 7 asking, “Hey, did the rest of you notice that Number 2 is missing? I wonder if he’s ok?” Number 1, I think? Responds with, “Don’t care . . . just means I’m one closer to winning this thing.”

ASPIRATION . . .

I was able to turn my head sideways enough to watch as they entered. Mistress Dawn entered first as one of the Quads pushed the cart behind her. A quick glance at whatever is on there seems way larger and more complex than normal chastity cages?

Mistress Dusk must have entered from the other end and I'm guessing with her own Quad and cart. "Give me a few more minutes! Please! I can make it go down! I'll make it go down! Do someone else first!"

Not sure if that's Number 10 or not, but whomever it is, is still erect and about to regret it big time! "Ahhhhhh! Fuck!" Mistress Dusk replies, "Oops! Missed! You moved Slave . . . so that's on you! Now hold still!"

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Get it out! Pull it out!" I can't even imagine the pain of a needle going in to my cock . . . much less while it's hard! Then to stay in while a syringe is sucking out the blood!

Either he totally quieted down or he just passed out. Mistress Dusk says to the Quad, "He should be ready in about fifteen minutes. So who's next?" No one answers so she moves on to her next largest target . . . Number 6.

Mistress Dawn started out right next to me with Number 4. "Well Number 4. It's good for you that you went Timber on your own. Number 6 over there is about to cry." I listen as she works him into his cage. Number 6 is making a

combination of both pleasurable and painful noises.

A chastity cage I've seen before . . . but don't remember seeing the complex belt that's part of it. Not just like one of those old school metal belts as part of a medieval chastity thing, but wider like a weight lifters belt.

In addition, it seems to have some electronics to it, and maybe a battery pack, which I'm sure I'll learn more about soon enough. This item has its own set of locks and is being tightly wrapped around near his waist.

Most of us were lucky, including lucky Number 7, and were just being given a more kinder approach with Mistress Dawn's almost School Teacherish mannerisms.

Number 10 got the needle, has been caged and is still out. Number 6 was also needled and caged, but awake. Number 1, well you've heard the derogatory term of: Screaming Like a Girl? Am sorry, I truly am, but it totally fits him right now.

I really don't like the comments these Guys keep saying about the Women here. But think I'm going to enjoy it when any of them mention "That Ass" to Number 1 . . . who I think I'm calling Spike from now on . . .

LOUNGE . . .

The First Official Challenge we've been given, I say Official, because I feel every second of every minute since I've walked in the door has been one ongoing larger Challenge.

Well, the First one we were told only four of us at a time could go. Clipbo . . . Kristen, I'll get this. Kristen pointed to every other one of the Seven Guys still here. Wow! From twelve to just seven that quick?

So that meant that 1, 4, 7 and 10 are doing the Challenge right now while 6, 9 and myself are waiting in a Lounge surrounded by the Quads. My God! Each of them are Identically hot in every way.

I understand that's what Identical means, but even Identical Twins slowly start to look different with age. I'm guessing they're maybe twenty or so. Their hair, bodies, everything . . . no way to tell them apart . . .

One of the Quads sat down near me and struck up a conversation. At first I'm hesitant with everything about this. Is this a trick, a test, I look for cameras, but see none . . . so they must be hidden.

"Hi, I'm Ruby." Still hesitant, but I need to be polite. "Hi, I'm Alan." Ruby comments, "I know I haven't gotten to fully see the real you yet Alan, but you seem like a nice guy to me." Is she flirting or just passing the time?

“Thanks Ruby. I try my hardest to be nice. It’s easier when my reward is meeting someone like you.” Wow! Really Alan? It’s only your second sentence with her! Too Soon! “So, Alan, what made you sign up for something like this Show?”

“The thing is, I didn’t sign up . . . my best friend signed me up and didn’t tell me until after I was chosen. I wasn’t going to do this until she started to cry. ‘But Alan, you have too, you’d be perfect and I worked so hard getting you picked.’ Following that up with her best pouty lip and puppy dog eyes.”

Ruby replied, “Well you can’t let a girl cry, now can ya?” Getting more comfortable, “You got that so right . . . plus you have no idea the power of her lip and eyes thing. As intense as Smolder Bravestone.”

“Ok, yeah, Wow! That’s pretty intense Alan.” Ruby knows Jumanji! I have a question she’s heard a thousand times, but I still had to ask. “Ruby, what’s it like being a Quadruplet?” She giggled at my question which is tons better than the eye roll I expected.

“I’ll tell you it was toughest on our Parents. Trying as hard as they did and they still couldn’t keep track of who was who? I’m not totally sure I’m actually Ruby? I might be Emerald or Topaz?”

“All Gemstones for names?” Nodding, “Yes, because we were all so precious to them. They finally started using sharpies to draw tiny dots on us in red, green, gold . . . you get the picture.” She continued, “They said they thought about having us tattooed, but that’s not allowed with infants.”

This is such a laid back and relaxed conversation. I could just listen to her soothing voice all . . . {Crash!} {Bang!} “Fuck!” Looks like the other four are . . . wait, I only see three . . . Number 10 is gone?

Ruby quickly and quietly said, “Game totally aside, I really enjoyed talking to you Alan.” Ruby got up and helped with what’s left of the returning Army . . .

CHALLENGE . . .

The three who stumbled into the lounge look like they were in an extreme battle and lost badly. Number 1 . . . is totally covered in blood! Lucky 7 . . . not so lucky with a bad burns on the side of his face and part of his forearm! Wow!

Number 4 doesn't have any outward injuries but is walking like one of those Civil War Re-Enactors shuffling back after a long battle. Moaning, groaning, looking down and holding his stomach and lower back tightly! No jokes from Number 4 at this point.

All of this and Number 10, is . . . he's just gone . . . and no one is saying anything! They're quickly shuffled off into a room off the side before any of us had time to ask them what even happened?

Kristen comes in with her clipboard and with a big smile just says, "Next!" 6, 9 and myself follow behind her as she adds, "We almost had to wait for round two after the mess from Number 1 . . . but since there's only three of you, we'll just skip that room for now."

Scratching my head as we follow, still zero idea or clues as to what horrors we're about to face. Feels so odd walking this fast as my chastity cage bounces a little with each step. The wide tight belt is kinda keeping me upright a little . . . or I might be imaging that?

We get to a spot in the hall where there's two doors on each side. One door has

some Caution tape across it forming a big X. Looks like a bloody footprint half in and half out the door. Guess that was Number 1's nightmare room where he lost so much blood!

She guides 6 and 9 to doors on one side while I get the not X'd off door on the other side. Opening it, I slowly walk in shaking . . . closing my eyes as I take my first two steps . . .

. . . And . . . I'm in a Kitchen? From the hallway, "Finish the List or you're Out. You have two hours starting now!" The doors slam behind us! Ok . . . so this is not what I expected . . . at all!

I'm just in your average everyday kitchen with a nice sized island in the middle. On the island, there's a dry erase board that has a short and simple list written on it:

TO DO LIST:

__ Mop Floor

__ Clean Counters

__ Do Dishes

__ Make Dinner

I'm wasting time over thinking this. This is a list of what for years was considered . . . and I hate to even think this . . . Women's Work. I grew up in a Family where we all did everything.

Cooking, cleaning, laundry, working the Farm . . . everything. Plus my Middle School still had Home Ec class which I totally Aced! Getting this list done in two hours . . . won't be a problem!

Obviously, the list is backwards to mess with the inexperienced Home Makers. I'm going with starting Dinner first so it has time to cook. I can see the makings for Lasagna on the counter . . .

Shit! That wasn't blood! I was covered in sauce! Idiot. Wonder if it was still cold or hot out of the oven? The second my hand grabbed the jar of sauce, the Extreme Pain of a Punch in the Gut Hit!

Hit so hard I cramped up and bent over, smacking my forehead on the edge of the counter! "Ouch! Dammit!" Luckily I didn't break the jar of sauce or I would have been screwed before I even tried to start dinner.

I mentioned a Punch in the Gut . . . but with a punch, it's over and then you start to feel better in a few moments. Not with the intense shocking jolts from my belt. It's a punch that hit me and then froze in time at the most painful point!

Trying to just read the recipe for the Lasagna, but I can't even get through the first sentence before my pain along my lower stomach travels around to my back

and sides! I fall to my knees and start to cry! What the Hell?!?!

On the Farm, I've been kicked by a horse once, and would rather have that again over this pain! The intense pains, the cramps, lessen for a few moments . . . but never go completely away . . .

Making it to my feet, I'm instinctively doing breathing exercises I saw once on TV . . . as silly as they seem . . . they are helping. That and just letting out random screams as I finally get back to work!

Can't focus on the words . . . I've made this before and the stuff is all just "Fuuuuccckkk!" Lined up for the taking and making. "Shiiiiittt!" How??? How do they handle this??? "Hooow!!!"

I've zero sense of time, so getting the timer on the oven going helps. With it pre-heated "AAAHHH!!!" I'm extra careful as I open the door . . . am sure this is where 7 got burned . . . either putting the Lasagna in or taking it out.

Out of the blue, my cramps totally stop in the middle of the dishes. I take a slow deep breath and get Punched in the Gut Even Harder this time! "OH! MY! GOD!" This can't be real! It can't be this painful!

Working in my breathing exercises and massaging my back whenever I have a free hand, I got the counters cleaned. Am down to the mopping and pulling dinner out in around ten more minutes.

Carefully as possible . . . ready for another punch . . . I get dinner out to complete my list! With all that pain, it felt like four or five hours. Turns out I finished in under an hour and a half.

RECOVERY . . .

The Second Round Team I think did much better on this Challenge than the First Round Team. That was really one of the most simple of challenges possible . . . until the twist of us experiencing mock cramps totally kicked our asses!

I've always felt bad for Women having to experience such a thing and every month on top of it. Plus it can go from days to a week for some. They don't get to take time off when this happens. They have to push through and just keep going . . . Respect!

The six Guys left have been given the night to rest and recover from our first day. Wow! It's only the first day and half of us are already gone!

Some got to walk out, while others left inside a trunk, on a stretcher or dragged out like a Cowboy behind a horse. As freaked out as I am by some of these exits . . . the ones I wonder and worry the most about is Number 2 and Number 10? Just gone?

Seems the six of us aren't fully syncing our cramps yet. The grunts are random and continuous. Several will be joking around while the others are just climbing into our beds just wishing we could sleep. I ended up with nausea and a headache from the pain.

In the past, I'd masturbate as a last resort to get rid of a headache that wouldn't go away. It didn't always work, but at least I got to cum. With these chastity

cages on our cocks . . . that won't be happening without them being removed first.

Four of us did end up in Mediums while 4 and 6 are painfully trapped in Smalls. 1 did get a Medium, but with spikes on the inside. Everyone keeps getting him going until he screams from the pain, and they leave him alone.

Each of them have very different approaches to the discomfort. 1 is talking to no one about calling his lawyer and how this wasn't the agreement with his Agent . . . blau blau blau! 4 keeps trying to make jokes about it, even though you know he's in pain.

Now Number 6 was totally quiet, as he kept yanking on, twisting, pulling and just not stopping at trying to get his cock out of its teeny tiny little chastity cage. He was still fiddling with it endlessly as I fell asleep . . .

My dream of Ruby and I switching from a gallop to a sprint to see who could get back to the Farm the fastest was so cut short by the screams of Number 6! "HELP! HELP! GET THE MISTRESS! NOW! FUCK! . . . NOOOO!"

I'd like to be mad at him for waking me up and ruining my dream. At the same time, if you don't wake up during a dream . . . you'll never remember it. So I guess I should be thanking 6 for what he did and his bad and good timing.

Kristen walked in . . . slow like. It wasn't her Emergency, so why should she run? Looking at Number 6 as he continues to scream while grasping wildly at his cage!

She had to smack his hands away with her clipboard, so she could see what's wrong, along with all of us. I can't tell for sure, but it looks like he somehow got his cock folded over in the middle of the cage! Wow!

Number 9 says, "Told ya dude . . . just couldn't leave it alone. That damage looks permanent. Good thing you're too ugly for sex and didn't need that thing anyway." Ok, hurtful. 9 is lucky 6 never heard him say that over his own screams of pain.

As we all stand in utter confusion as to how he even did that, Number 6 starts to bang on his chastity cage so hard that blood squirts out the side! I don't believe he's ever seen his own blood before.

Looking at the palm of his own bloody hand . . . he goes silent as he falls backwards into his pillow. Finally he's quiet enough so I can attempt to finish my dream . . . which we all know never works.

DAY TWO . . .

The five of us . . . yeah I said five of us. Number 6 got to exit via stretcher for his Cageremovalectomy. If his dick doesn't recover, he'll be getting the nickname U-turn at the Gym.

I'm not normally a mean person to even think bad things on someone. But when they disrespect Women . . . the Givers of Life. Yeah, my evil side can surface, at least internally. If that even makes sense. Thing is, I'm naturally protective.

Kristen came in with her clipboard, and put five marks onto it. Really have no idea if she's actually marking anything of importance down or if this is just a way to mess with us further. Making us wonder, just what is she writing down? Shit, it's working.

Like five old, hunched over, walking slow and grumbling old men from a Senior Care facility, we followed behind as she led us. The shocks of the mock cramps from our belts has been giving us a break so far today.

She guides us back to the room with the examination tables we were all strapped onto while we were sized and received our chastity cages. There was one big difference this time . . . or should I say Six Big Differences?

There were naked and hooded Girls strapped to each of our five tables! Absolute perfect bodies, helpless and at our mercy! Sitting sideways on Number 6's table, fully dressed in her skintight white spandex cat suit, one of the Quads.

Mistress Dawn scampers in. She's always just so upbeat and full of energy that you feel within yourself. "Good Morning Boys! Hope you all slept well. I heard about Number 6. Did any of you snap a pic? Didn't know that was even possible, nor did I get a chance to see it. Kinda sad about that."

She makes you so comfortable with everything about her, while at the same time, you're fully aware she could kill you at any moment. That would explain the cautious and pretty quiet mumbles, "No Mistress Dawn." "Sorry Mistress Dawn." "Will try to remember next time Mistress Dawn."

"Is everyone hungry for Breakfast? If you are, you'll need to wait for Lunch, because we have something way better served up to you." With my eyes unable to not stare at these helpless bodies, I wasn't even thinking about eating . . . Breakfast.

Mistress Dawn continues, "The Servants have been gagged, blindfolded and ear plugged before the hoods were locked over the top." I see several of them moving around as much as the straps allow.

One keeps turning her head quickly in different directions. Instinctively turning towards sounds she's not able to hear. I can see some of her red hair hanging out from the bottom of her hood.

I wonder if this is Ruby? I know the one sitting on Number 6's spot isn't, because I didn't get the agreed upon wink from her. With one of the Quads sitting over there, the other three must be bound and naked. But the math doesn't work out, with six total bodies?

Like a Teacher explaining a lab experiment, “Gather around Class.” We group around Lucky Number 7’s naked and helpless Experiment. “You’re allowed to touch, tease and please their bodies in any way you see fit.”

Oh My God. It was obvious when we walked in what was going to be happening . . . but until Mistress Dawn verified it . . . I didn’t fully believe this was actually happening! Way better then making more Lasagna!

“Whatever you do, don’t touch or remove the wires or sensor pads. They will be keeping track and adding up your Final Scores based on her blood pressures, heart rates, breathing and muscle spasms.”

Ok, so the pressure is on. Mistress Dawn adds, “You may wonder how this can be fair with so many Girls having so many different sensitivity levels and all? That’s why these six are Identical.”

Holy Shit! The Twins, who were actually Quadruplets, are Sextuplets? No wonder Ruby laughed at me asking how is it to be a Quadruplet? “Because of 6’s little mishap, Amy over there gets to sit out of this Challenge.”

Amy comments, “Sadly.” I had to ask, “Mistress Dawn, I heard the Servants were all named after Precious Stones?” Amy answers for Mistress Dawn, “Amethyst . . . I got Amethyst. The longest and most difficult to spell. So I just go with Amy . . . I prefer Amy.”

Ok, so Ruby was being honest with me. Good to know. “It’s 8 am now . . . you

have until Noon before we compare Scores. Lowest Score will be out of the running.”

With the Girls each being bound, knees up in the stirrups, legs spread, on tables with our Numbers, we all knew where to work and who’s body was ours to please. Although, still no idea which one is Ruby?

BREAKFAST . . .

I wasn't going to worry myself with the competition, but Numbers 1 & 9 jumped in so fast and loud, I couldn't ignore them. Both of them were in full on sprinting mode just thirty seconds in. Heads, tongues and lips right into the thick of things.

Number 4 and I both saw this, shook our heads and then moved to our respective spots. Four hours of pleasuring a Women is not a sprint. They may get their Girls to orgasm first . . . but never really reach the levels they should, because they're rushing it.

In my head, I picture every fire making competition in Survivor they used as a tiebreaker. Whomever got their fire started first, rarely, if ever won. They'd push too hard and end up smothering it . . . needing to start over in an even bigger and unsuccessful panic.

I started my mouth on her neck as my hand slowly caressed her stomach and upper thighs. I wasn't touching her nipples or even going too close to her pussy. She squirmed ever so slightly to my touch.

If she lifted or slid her hips in effort to get my fingers on her pussy, I would just pull them away as she would dry hump the empty air. Allowing my ear to rest on her chest, I could hear her breathing and heartbeat both slowly intensifying from her building sexual frustrations . . .

The first sparks were being lit as my light touches continued to get closer and

closer to where she wanted to feel them. My lips worked their way from her neck, to the top area of her breasts. Closer and closer to her growing more erect nipples.

Allowing the moisture at the tip of my tongue to wet them before blowing a small manmade breeze across them. Her whole chest leaving the table as her biceps, stomach and thighs would flex, pulling hard at her straps.

As the tip of my finger reached her entrance . . . I would only put just the smallest amount of my first digit within her moisture. Each time, she would thrust and groan through her gag! Wanting it deeper! Wanting more!

Pulling away, moving back to the lightest of touch starting at her knees, which eureka! Were very ticklish! This wasn't a tickling contest, so I only went there every so often to get some wild jerks and jumps out of her very fine body!

Whatever the others were doing, is no longer of any interest to me. The pleasure I can give to this body is all that mattered. I knew as well as she did, that her first few orgasms are going to all be positive. At some point, the pleasures go beyond pleasures . . .

Forcing pleasures, forcing orgasms, beyond her limits will be the hard part. I know it's what she wants, or she wouldn't have allowed herself to be bound helplessly for it.

Soon, her small squirms, struggles and wiggles will become and all out fight to escape as I force more and more pleasures upon her. My biggest turn on has always been turning on and pleasuring others, both male and female.

With my cock helplessly locked within its cage, the pleasures she feels will be pleasures in my mind while pain to my body. A sacrifice I'm willing to make to force the soon to come, mind-blowing orgasms on her . . . no matter how much she tries to fight me!

It has to be over an hour by now and her body is in a constant state of struggling, flinching, humping and orgasms. I believe it's time to move onto stage two, as I start to kiss her lightly on the middle of her stomach, lower stomach, upper thigh and eventually, her pussy.

Cherry? Is that cherry . . . like cherry lifesavers I'm tasting? I notice the sticky oozing of the melted candy as it drips from the base of her tunnel. Quickly I lick it up to avoid losing even a drop. Whomever this is, she guessed I'd enjoy the treat. She guessed right!

Two fingers this time enter into her soft, wet and sticky pussy. As I bring them out, the tips are red with more melted goodness. I spread it directly onto her cliterous, causing orgasm after orgasm as I fully apply the thin and sticky coating in a small circular motion.

My fingers return to the warmth as I take my time cleaning every last bit of cherry from her clit with the tip of my tongue, as her body spasms wildly. Wherever the numbers or score is being sent to, I'm sure the digits are flipping even faster!

Her hands endlessly grasping at nothingness. Her feet pointing so hard her calves are starting to shake. The spasms and vibrations of the rest of her body as it's forced to pleasures it doesn't know existed . . . and then it hits!

The Cramps! “Are you Fucking Kidding Me?” This time all of us were in sync . . . in Painful Sync! Everyone stops and fights to find the best way to work through or deal with the pains that are the worst yet.

Yesterdays torture cramps were just a warmup. Several guys have rolled to their sides in a ball as if being punched by the largest guy in the gang attacking them. While the rest of us are on our knees! Grasping at the legs of our Girls, to try and get back to work! I just couldn’t back get up!

That was until I glanced closer at the left ankle of the Sextuplet strapped to Number 4’s table. A small green gemstone tattooed on the outer side of her ankle. An Emerald!

Sliding over, swinging my head under my Girl’s foot, I look up to see a small red gemstone tattoo! It’s a Ruby! This is Ruby! Not sure what motivation the others used to get back to work, but I had mine! Nothing else mattered even more than ever now!

Two fingers made it the deepest inside yet, curling upwards as her ass lifted off the table and stayed lifted. I was sucking her clit into my mouth and ever so softly, holding her swollen nub between my teeth as my wet from her juices pinky, slipped in from behind.

My free hand had a mind of it’s own, grabbing her ass from below, the cupping her breast, then grasping her thigh from the outside then inside. The pattern of pleasures I forced upon Ruby was anything but a pattern . . .

Always changing, always transitioning, growing, switching, she was unable to predict or prepare for what would be causing her next even more intense orgasm!

I guess the clock had ended but I had not. Completely unaware of the torture and torment my cock has been experiencing in its ever tightening cage . . . for now. It took both the free Servant and Mistress Dawn to pull me away from Ruby!

Once I was pulled back, Ruby continued to spasm and scream through her gag in pleasure and pain for several more minutes. Number 4 watched in awe, before turning towards me with a short and simple, “Dude!”

When I was no longer touching her in any way, the pain hit me badly! Pain that was always there, but I was able to ignore. I felt the half dozen hard cat-o-nine whips on my back. A whipping I didn’t notice whenever it had happened.

The electrostim created mock cramps take me to my knees as the pain of my cock, trying unsuccessfully trying to grow, stopped in it’s tracks by the hard metal cage!

Mistress Dawn says, “Number 3! You got numbers we didn’t think possible. Mistress Z is very impressed. We know who had the highest score. Now we just need to check for the lowest.” I’d like to jump up and cheer, but the vast array of pains added to my lack of Breakfast causes me to shut down . . .

RESULTS . . .

We had gathered once again on the Stage in front of the Cameras along with Mistress Z and her leather couch. It's the only place we ever actually get to see any camera or a crew. Every place else, it's always hidden . . . causes us too often forget this is even a show.

Everyone was a little nervous waiting as their skills at pleasing Women where on trial in such an exposed format. Silence had taken over the quiet mummers that were happening as Mistress Z explained the results.

She began, "We've done this Challenge before, many times. We've never seen such a wide difference between the lowest and highest numbers. Also, we've never had one of our monitors fail, until today.

Number 7, at first we thought you bumped or disconnected her sensor wires and were going to disqualify you. After double checking, every wire was still in place and fully connected."

Mistress Z got up off her couch and approached Number 7. My God she's intimidating in every way! "Number 7 . . . were you the worst one at pleasing your Servant?" He replies, "No Mistress, I was not."

Slowly circling around him like a Prosecuting Attorney. "Number 7 . . . so then you were the best at pleasing your Servant?" He responds, "The best that I am so far, Mistress. I want to learn to be better. Today, Number 3 was the best, Mistress

Z.”

Walking back to her couch, “That’s good enough for me. Number 7 can stay.” Wow, Lucky Number 7 . . . still. “The scores show our lowest, and at a pitiful number, is 9. You need to leave and are not even worthy of my Servants time to walk you out.”

Number 9, forever the Teacher’s Pet and with his head down, “I’m sorry Mistress Z for my failure. I will strive to be better at pleasing you and other Women in every way.” Quietly, he walks out . . .

Mistress Z says, “Number 1?” He replies, “Yes Mistress Z?” “Your numbers . . .” He interrupts, “Big, Huge, yes I know.” Angrily, “Your numbers were just as pitiful as Number 9’s. You barely squeaked by as second from the bottom.”

“THAT’S BULLSHIT! This is all Fucking Bullshit! Turn Off those Cameras!” Pointing wildly at the Crew. Then marching pissed off towards Mistress Z . . . until the end of a whip wraps around his neck!

Mistress Dusk pulled back so hard and fast, I swear Number 1’s feet left the ground before landing on his back! Keeping the tension on her whip, Mistress Dusk reeled it in as she moved in on her victim.

Quickly straddling his body as both his hands grasped to loosen the whip that was fast cutting off his air! The leather straps Mistress Dawn normally has hanging as part of her outfit, now making sense.

One wide strap went around both of his wrists and was pulled and closed tightly. Still in somewhat of a straddling motion, she spins 180 and repeats the strapping process with his ankles, before finally allowing the whip tension to release.

Someone on the Crew has allowed the cable from the ceiling to descend again. Mistress Dawn fed it through a large metal ring on Number 1's ankle strap and pulls enough of it through before locking it to the ring on his wrist strap.

Number 1 finally catches enough of a breath to start his rant again, "Fuck You Cunt!" And with that, Mistress Dawn gives the thumbs up to whomever works the cable as it starts lessen the slack between his wrists and ankles.

He was about to open his mouth again as the largest bit gag I've ever seen was crammed into his mouth. That thing would be too large for even a horse. His eyes widen as his wrists get pulled closer and closer to his ankles!

Mistress Dawn moves away, ignoring Number 1 as his wrist strap connects with his ankles and all the slack is gone. At this point, his arms and ankles get pulled upwards causing him to be on his back.

The look of pain and distress moves in as he's lifted off the ground, unable to stop it! His grumbles and bitching never-ending, and completely incoherent with the addition of the bit. He's now the perfect height to get his ass and back of his thighs whipped.

We're all expecting to watch another extreme whipping like Number 6 received. Mistress Z makes eye contact towards the Mystery Button pusher. Then does a back hand waving away motion as to signal, away with him.

Number 1 looks to us for help as the cable starts its upward motion again. This time, as he screams and fights his bondage, he rises up . . . beyond the spot lights . . . into the darkness above us.

Mistress Z, with her comedic chops says, “That’s completely the wrong direction from where he should be going. I’ll make sure he fully experiences the Pain of Hell later tonight.” Am sure that’s a promise she’ll more than keep.

“My original plan was to have just the lowest score leave. I’ve just adjusted it to the highest three will continue with Mistress Dusk overnight.” Moving her finger, three of the Quads, my god, Sextuplets come out by each of us.

Not sure how many non-verbal Commands Mistress Z has taught the other Mistresses or the Servants, but it seems like its endless. Each of the fiery Redheads move behind 4, 7 and myself.

Mistress Z gives a nod and each of them unlock and remove the wide leather belts that were forcing the random cramps on us. The Servant undoing Lucky’s belt gives me a double wink. Ahh, Ruby. Lucky bastard gets to feel her hands on him! Eventually his luck is gonna run out.

Number 1 was out of sight, but not completely out of our minds. Every so often, you could hear him bumping into something and or screaming into his bit gag. I wonder how long he’s gonna be up there before Mistress Z introduces him to Hell?

“You three have earned release from the belts, but not your cages, yet. I’m pleased with what you’ve been doing and wish you the best of luck with Tonight’s Challenge.”

Mistress Z, calls out three more plays with silent motions of her hands. A move like holding a phone or remote, followed by pointing upwards. Lastly a full twist of her hand over the imaginary item, as if turning a knob all the way up?

The intense screaming echoes from above tells me exactly what Mistress Z had just signaled. She then hesitated for a second, second guessing . . . ok, never second guessing her choice. Mistress Z was deciding to improve on her choice.

“Bring it here.” Mistress Dawn skips out to hand Mistress Z the controller for Number 1’s cramp simulator belt. “Where’s Amy?” Amy, aka Amethyst comes out. “Yes Mistress Z?”

“I feel real bad that you didn’t get to partake in Today’s earlier festivities because of U-turn.” Wait? I never called Number 6 U-turn out loud? Did I? I’m sure I didn’t. I guess, that saying about great minds, must apply.

Mistress Z puts the remote on the counter and hands Amy a hammer. Not even sure I want to know where that hammer was or why a Mistress even has a hammer at such immediate access?

Mistress Z asks Amy, “Will this make up for it Amy?” Amy replies, “Yes Mistress Z, very much.” As she destroys the controller to Number 1’s cramp belt after it was turned onto full. Just, Wow!

NIGHT TWO . . .

The echoing screams of pain from above were intensifying further. Mistress Z says to Mistress Dawn, “You’re dismissed Mistress Dawn. It’s time for Mistress Dusk to take over.”

Mistress Dawn says, “Thank you Mistress Z.” As she leaves with just as much energy as she had first thing this morning. She holds her hand up to either high-five Mistress Dusk and or Tag-Off.

Mistress Dusk leaves Mistress Dawn hanging as she rolls her eyes just the slightest amount. Mistress Z gives her a nod before the Tag-Off was finally completed after an uncomfortable thirty seconds or so.

The three of us followed Mistress Dusk to whatever awaited us. She didn’t have the same little skirt popping walk that Mistress Dawn did. Her’s was way more sultry and alluring. I could watch either all day and never get bored.

Like the kitchen Challenge, we were each taken to a separate room. Unlike the kitchen Challenge, these rooms were all in black and red. Didn’t realize at the time, but following behind us must have been all six of the Sextuplet Servants.

Two of them were in with me, so it’s only logical, there’s also two with each of 4 & 7. They guided me to a large and very sturdy “X” frame. Then with must have been two dozen wide leather straps, bound me helpless to it.

Not a wink from either of them the whole time . . . which made me a little sad. I bet Ruby is in there with Lucky right now . . . dammit! Other than the chastity cage, I am naked, helpless and un-gagged.

A small monitor turns on along the other wall. Mistress Dusk appears in black and white on it. The image quality is poor, but the sound of her voice is 100% clear.

“No matter what, you, by allowing the Servants to bind you helplessly, have agreed to the following. First, you will not be released until Sunrise. No amount of begging will change that.

There are No Safe Words at this point. Second, just like your previous Challenge, you will have no way of knowing the scores for the other two Slaves until it's all over.

Lastly, the Rules are very simple. I will come into your room. You will say, ‘Thank You Mistress Dusk, may I have another.’ Each time you do so, you’ll receive one more point.

If you can’t handle another during my visit, you’ll forfeit a point for that round. You may continue to ask for another on my next visit. Does everyone fully understand?”

There’s no way any of us weren’t going to agree we fully understood. Not for Mistress Dusk . . . no way! I do want to know badly, another what? I nod that I

understand, which I'm guessing the others just did also.

And then I wait for whatever it is I'm about to be asking for . . .

NEEDLES . . .

One of the Servants rolled a cart into the room near me with a small sheet over it. On top of the sheet, was a spray bottle of some type. When she started to spray it on every inch of my body, I right away could smell the alcohol in it. My flesh was being sanitized!

I knew what had to be under the sheet! The Servant, once fully soaking my skin, put the bottle on the bottle shelf of the cart and carefully lifted the sheet off . . . exposing an uncountable number of needles in various sizes!

Before leaving, the Servant, very quietly said, “Alan, Ruby told me to wish you luck.” And with that, it’s now just me, bound helpless to an “X”, in a black and red room . . . just staring at the needles . . .

Mistress Dusk entered and didn’t wait for me to say, “Thank You Mistress Dusk, may I have another.” Didn’t make sense since I hadn’t felt the pain of the first needle yet.

She simply and quickly picked up one of the smaller ones and pushed it like halfway into my thigh! Of course it hurt, but working the Farm, I’ve had way worse even way more often. It felt like just another cactus spine.

Mistress Dusk was gone as quickly as she came in. Every few minutes, she reappears as I ask, “Thank You Mistress Dusk, may I have another?” And another needle is buried just as deep into one of my thighs a little higher than the

last.

I can totally see where this is going. As the needles got to the highest point of my thighs, she switch to the inside of my biceps. Progressing downward towards my chest. Guess I didn't totally know.

“Thank You Mistress Dusk, may I have another?” Became instinctive to me and just routine to Mistress Dusk, who was progressively looking more and more bored with each round.

So far, her only excitement came when she said, “Well, we’re all out of the smallest ones. Guess we’ll need to use the next size up now.” Saying it while making solid eye contact and the smallest of smile.

“Thank You Mistress Dusk, may I have another.” These needles did not feel just like another cactus spine at all. I couldn't help but let out small gasps as she slowly pushed them into my flesh.

I really don't fully know Number 4 or 7 too well. But I do know they're both as determined as myself to win this thing. To be the Last Man Kneeling. I had to switch things up if I wanted to have the highest score . . .

Mistress Dusk hurried in again, about to grab another needle. She knew quite well I wasn't about to quit. What she didn't expect was, “Thank You Mistress Dusk, may I have two more?”

Now! There's that smile I knew she had, "Yes Slave, you may." The first needle she grabbed once again found a soft spot on the inside of my bicep.

I wait for the second one in my other arm. She's been alternating with each needle, but that wasn't the plan with the second, and or any further bonus needles. She pinched my nipple hard and pushed it all the way through from the side!

As I screamed, Mistress Dusk's smile grew further, before she hurried out of the room. Ok, so I'm trying to catch my breath after that! The one good part, is the pain in my nipple is overriding the pain in my thighs and biceps!

The pain continued and was starting to throb as Mistress Dusk returned. This time she didn't automatically grab a needle. She waited to hear what I had to say . . .

In for an inch, in for a mile. "Thank You Mistress Dusk, may I have three more?" With that, her smile grew as she first evened out the number of needles in each of my biceps.

Then, pinching my other nipple, pierced it with its own sideways needle. The third needle? There was already one bonus needle in each of my nipples, so this one found it's way into the side of my left nut!

The excessive number of straps used to hold me tightly in place, no longer seemed excessive. Almost think they could have used even more I jumped so much! And she was gone!

Between my heavy breathing and moans of pain, I was doing my best to access the needles left on the cart. They progressively get longer. Considering she's been burying roughly half into my flesh, longer means deeper!

They also grow in thickness, which means progressively more painful! Rough guessing the night is close to half over and the number of trips she's made . . . if she only did one needle each trip . . . I'd never feel the pain of the longest and largest of needles.

Math be damned, I need to win this thing! "Thank You Mistress Dusk, may I have four more?" One in my thigh, another in my nipple from a new angle! Again, completely through!

My right nut gets it's turn with the third needle! The fourth is stuck between the bars of my chastity cage and into the side of my swollen and crushed inside cock! The pain of it pressed hard against the cage is nothing compared to this!

That one left me screaming in pain even after she had left! My body covered in sweat as drips of the salt escaping my skin gets into my eyes! I can only try to blink as I tear up from another new pain!

Biting my lip, she enters again. I swear she's even starting to get that little bit of a hop in her step that Mistress Dawn has, but will never ever say that out loud.

ALL IN . . .

Mistress Dusk comes up to me, inwardly excited, waiting for my question. I know I'm going to regret this, "Thank You Mistress Dusk, may I have ten more?" She didn't move . . . she looked surprised.

I was shaking, struggling in pain, sweat covered and having problems getting a full breath. "Slave? Are you sure you want ten more? We're moving into the largest size?"

As tough as nails Mistress Dusk is . . . she's still human and deep down a caring person. She allows that side to sneak out with her double check. I reply, "Yes Mistress Dusk . . . you are right. May I adjust my request?"

"Yes Slave, you may." And with that, I push in every chip as if I have the best hand of Texas Hold'em Ever! "Thank You Mistress Dusk, may I have the rest?" She hesitates again . . . I nod . . .

A quick glance at the cart, looked like a half dozen of the second to the largest of needles. Then at least two dozen of the largest and longest ones on the cart. Oh my god! What did I just agree to?!?!

Mistress Dusk added one more to my other nipple and used up the last of the second largest of the needles on the inside of my biceps. I really miss the pain of those cactus spines about now. My body shakes wildly and I try to avoid the pain of the largest needles yet!

I'm not escaping! I fear this pain more than anything I've ever felt! But I have to do this to be the Last Man Kneeling! I have too! The first of the largest and longest goes deep into my thigh! I scream like I've never screamed before!

A matching needle goes just as deep into my other thigh as I repeat my scream! I remember and try the breathing exercises I did for my cramps, but the pain is not going away!

The Evil and Dark side of Mistress Dusk returns with, "Number 3." She says with a smile that switches to an evil grin. "Seems I've put way too many needles into your limbs and nowhere near enough into your cock and balls."

I don't respond at all. What can I even say? There are no Safe Words as part of this and she's not giving me the option of changing my mind again!

She looks at her watch, tips her head. I can tell we must be near the end of this Challenge as she's doing some math in her head. With that, I feel the pain of the first needle as she extra slowly pushes it into my left nut!

When a Doctor or Nurse gives you a shot, they insert it quickly to reduce the pain. Mistress Dusk is moving as slowly as possible for exactly the opposite reason. To increase my pain as the tip pushes through each nerve ending!

I scream so loud I'm sure everyone in the building is hearing me! Just as slowly she repeats that slow insertion into my other nut. I scream out, "MISTRESS DUSK PLEASE GAG ME! PLEASE PLEASE GAG ME!"

Deep down, I knew I was moments for begging her to stop! The pain was so intense and there's at least twenty more of the largest needles to go! I don't know if she would have stopped if I started to beg, but I couldn't chance it!

Mistress Dusk went to the wall and removed a very extreme panel gag. She removed the leather insert and switched it out for the largest one on the wall. Still shaking in pain, I open and accept it as the large insert is close to forcing my gag reflex.

She closes and buckles every strap. Then does a once over, pulling each and every strap at least one hole tighter! Not that it would have worked, but begging her to stop is no longer an option!

THE DEVIL . . .

That little bit of a human side Mistress Dusk let out a few moments ago . . . yeah . . . it's totally and completely gone. Standing before me, she makes eye contact and asks, not expecting an answer, "Do you know what I've always wondered Slave?"

She gives me her own answer and it's worse than anything I could have ever of come up with. "I've always wondered if the pain of the needle poking out from the inside, is as painful as it is poking in from the outside?"

Mistress Dusk adds, "I thank you Slave for offering your cock up for me to finally get that answer." I start to scream wide eyed into my panel gag and shake my head "NO"! Mistress Dusk replies to my complaints.

"As Mistress Z has said many times, 'Permission Asked. Permission Given. Permission Taken.'" And with that, the first of the last twenty of the largest and longest needles is slowly pushed into the side of my cock!

I make fists as I bite down hard on the large leather insert! I would have easily taken my own tongue off had I not been gagged so well. The nerves are nowhere near as dense inside the middle of your cock as the surface first broken with the tip of the needle!

The answer to her question I can easily answer with this first needle! Breaking through the other side is a pain straight out of Hell! I'm on the edge of passing

out, but can't! I'm fully awake and aware of every second of the most intense pains I've ever felt!

My body is spasming, shaking, jerking and fighting as I feel as if flesh is being slowly torn from my body in some bizarre ritual! The next nine needles are only progressing in pain as some, I swear, are bumping into others because my cock is now so full of them!

After burying so many all the way through in still caged and crushed shaft, Mistress Dusk, with a full on toothy grin, concentrates on the head of my cock pushed hard against the inside tip of my cage!

I can't even look any more! Last I did look it resembled a bloody caged cactus! This must be what slow death feels like! I closed my eyes and tried to bring back the image of Ruby and I on horseback.

That worked for like half a second as Mistress Dusk completed her task of clearing the cart of every last needle! Holding my head upright with both of her hands, she asks, "More painful on the way out?"

I nod silently "Yes". Mistress Dusk replies, "I figured it would . . . but now we both know that answer for sure." The door to the room swings open and the Servants all enter, followed by Kristen and Mistress Z.

As Mistress Dusk stands with her hands together in front. Mistress Z moves over by me and stares in disbelief at the empty cart and then the complete collection of needles still painfully torturing me.

Nothing was said between her and Mistress Dusk, but I can see the look of pride on both of theirs faces at a job well done. Mistress Z gives a motion and one of the Servants comes to remove my panel gag.

Seeing the question on my face, Mistress Z says, “You may speak Number 3.” I ask, “Thank You Mistress Z, may I ask if I’m the Last Man?” She replies, “You for sure are Number 3. The other two gave up hours ago.”

I turn to Mistress Dusk, who does her best to hide her laugh with a very fake cough. Mistress Z adds, “No one has ever even made it to the second largest needle much less ever cleared the whole lot.”

Mistress Dusk could have stopped hours ago, but continued to act like the other’s were still in the running . . . just so she could continue my extreme torture! Wow! Devilish! . . . I Love It!

LAST MAN KNEELING . . .

Didn't think it was possible, but the process of removing the needles I swear was even more painful! I asked the Servants to put my gag back in so I had something to bite down on.

I've earned the Title of "Last Man Kneeling" which stays with me until next Season of the show. It actually comes with a Trophy, which no doubt is custom made.

It has a Golden Mistress in a tight leather skirt with a crop. The Slave, kneeling, head down with hands behind is back. They are not cuffed or tied. They are behind his back because that's what she wants and he is willing to offer.

After the needles were all pulled, I did also earn removal of my chastity cage. The Servants, wisely kept me bound and gagged during that painful as hell process.

Ruby informed me on the Bus that the Slaves who left with respect, also earned chastity cage removal. Seems things didn't end as well for 8, who left ball-tied in a Trunk after calling Bullshit.

Same bad endings for 12 who called Kristen a Fucking Bitch, 2 who I still don't know what he did, and Number 1 who was the farthest thing from being number 1 in any of our books. Pretty sure Mistress Z left him hanging all night long.

What bad ending you're wondering? Well they were all taken to a special room to have their chastity cages removed . . . before being fitted and replaced with permanent cages.

Ruby tells me they were even smaller than the ones during the show and sealed closed with a special epoxy that doesn't dissolve with fingernail polish or anything that mild.

The only thing that would ever break it down would also instantly eat away at their skin. So pretty sure they'll not be using their cocks for anything beyond painful unsatisfied erections and pissing for the rest of their lives.

A simple bit of well deserved respect to the Goddesses we were granted the pleasure of spending time with and they wouldn't have earned their never-ending punishments.

In case you're wondering what Bus I was mentioning earlier? It's the Bus both Ruby and myself are taking back to Texas. After Mistress Z gave me my Trophy and Title, Ruby asked if she could speak?

Simple and polite respectful question will normally get you a simple and polite answer. Mistress Z said, "Yes Ruby, what's on your mind?"

"Mistress Z. I want more than anything to be promoted from Servant to Mistress. I also understand it hasn't happened yet because I do not have the hours of experience Training a Slave required to get that promotion."

I along with everyone else watching, didn't know exactly where this was going. "Mistress Z, with Alan's, I mean Number 3's permission, I would like to Train him until the start of next Season." Wow!

Ruby continues, "I feel both of us could help each other to reach our fullest potentials as Mistress and Slave." Mistress Z looks at me and calls me Alan. Everyone was shocked.

"The Shows over . . . it's ok to call him Alan now. Alan, the decision is yours." Without hesitation, I replied, "Mistress Z, nothing would please me more."

On our way out, Ruby offered up her opened roll of cherry lifesavers and asked, "Do you want one Alan?" I replied, "Oh God you know I do!"

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My Personal Suggestions to
Save you some Time . . .***



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SHE COULDN'T BE HAPPIER TO PLAY YOUR GAMES



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