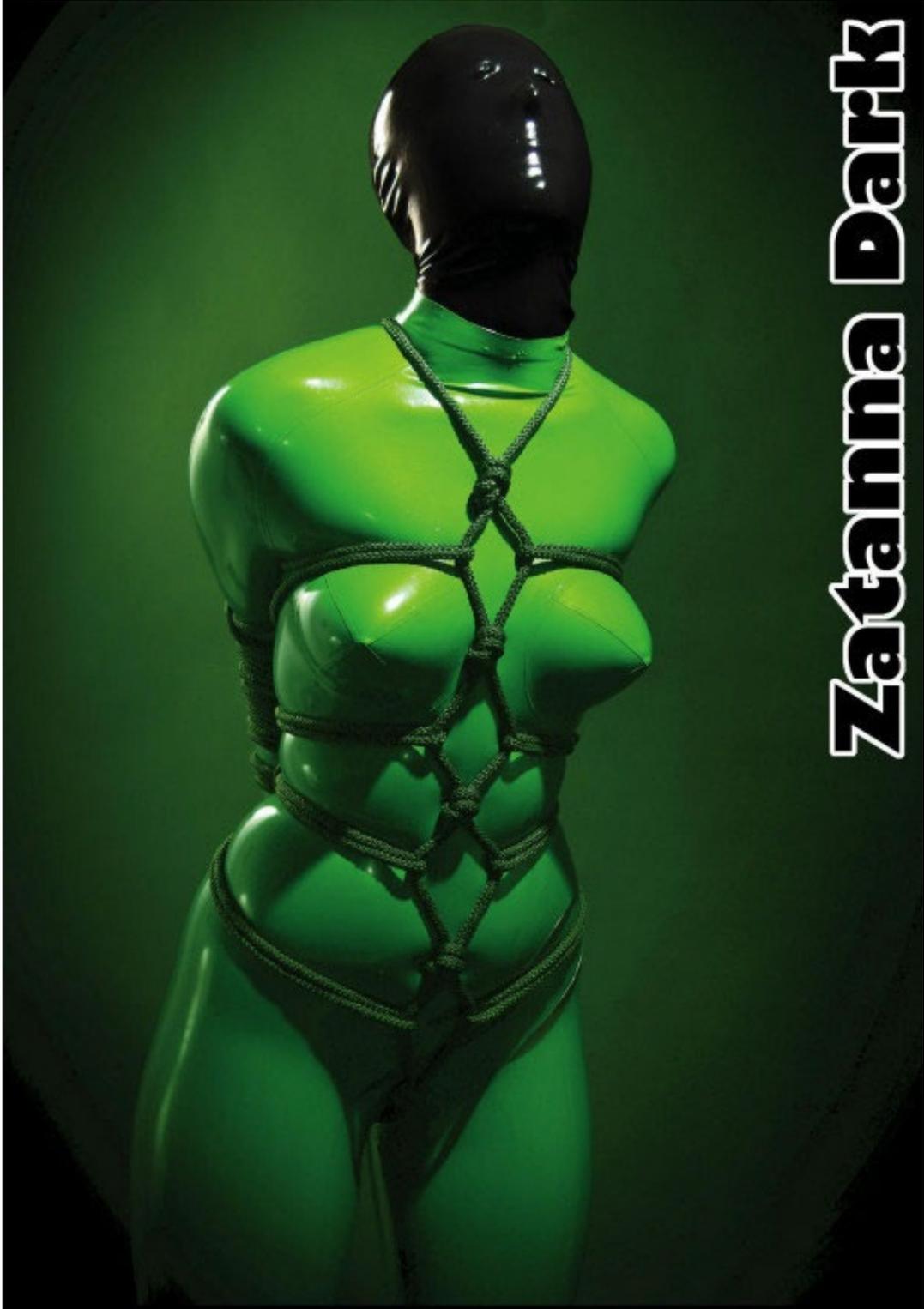


Zatanna Dark

FINAL BONDAGE SLAVE RENTAL

SEXUAL URGES TO BE HELPLESSLY PUNISHED WINS



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EMERALD . . .

The black rope harness and knots weaved around my body couldn't be any tighter or well done. The tight ropes wrapped row after row around my elbows and biceps refused me even the slightest of movement with my arms. My wrists and forearms forced firmly together felt as if they were one.

As unbelievably tight my bright emerald green latex body suit was encasing every inch and crevice of my body. The ropes around my arms forced my breasts out further for whatever was to happen next. The perfectly tied ropes found a way to make everything tighter and I couldn't be enjoying every minute of it more. I Love My Job!!!!

The moment I'd been guided by a very young and pretty Asian Girl to the back room where the Long Jet-black haired, more mature and very Sexy Asian Woman in a skintight red silk dress with the pattern of a Dragon wrapped around her body, I knew I would soon be in my bondage Heaven!

Bundles of new black ropes all line up on the table told me I was about to be in very skilled hands. The process of the rope harness weaving took a lot of time. Getting every knot perfectly spaced out and every rope to tightly hug the perfect spots of my body couldn't be rushed . . . and I wouldn't want it any other way.

Tonight is nothing like last weeks Bachelor Party where the drunks couldn't even get a single knot to hold. I got loose five times way too easily before the last of them passed out and I ended up having some snacks and a drink before showing myself out after my two hours were up.

My job is to be Helpless, I want to be Helpless . . . I fucking Need to be Helpless! No worries tonight, because I'm in the hands of a Professional Rope Bondage Artist and I was helpless since her first rope rounded my wrists.

She Rented me for six hours and I actually wish it was longer. Had I known ahead of time her level of skill, I would have made up a BOGO deal just for her. Buy an hour get an hour for free. She would have thought she got a Deal, even though it would be me that would be me who'd be Loving that Deal!

Getting to my favorite part of this type of Bondage, the crotch rope. This is always the make or break part of the experience . . . as far as my Pleasures are concerned and she didn't fail me at all! With all the ropes of the harness so tightly in place, the knots would move with my struggles like a second skin.

The double-knotted double rope was slowly and meticulously pulled extra tight between my legs. The placement of the double knot pushed hard against my already swollen latex covered cliterous and my head tipped back as I moaned through my gag with pleasure.

The expression on her face didn't budge when I moaned, but I knew deep down she enjoyed my complement and was proud of her perfect orgasm-inducing placement of the double knot.

Normally, a woman wouldn't be orgasming from the very first moment of pressure against her On Button . . . but you need to understand . . . my mental foreplay of tonight started a week ago when she first booked her Slave Rental . . .

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RENTAL . . .

You can rent a Clown, a Car, hell, a Clown Car if you want. There are Gorilla Grams and Strippers for Parties. Pretty much anything and everything can be rented and delivered right to your doorstep . . . so why not a Gagged, Hooded and tight Latex Covered Bondage Slave?

You'll never know who they were because the hood will cover everything but the Slave's eyes. Their body will be tightly sealed within a skintight latex body suit . . . where you get to pick your favorite color. The latex stays on, so no fear of any diseases.

And if you don't have your own collection of Bondage Toys to use on your Rental Slave, for an Extra \$50, she comes complete with a Case of your choice: Ropes, Straps, Chains or a combo. Every case includes an assortment of Leather Paddles, Cat-O-Nines and Riding Crops or Canes topped with a 10% Off coupon for your next Rental!

Renting with us, and your Slave will be dropped off in a long hooded coat and suitcase and as far as your Neighbors are concerned, a Relative just got dropped off by Uber . . . yeah, I use Uber to get to my Gigs.

There's a pretty Strict Release Form you need to sign to Rent a Latex Bondage Slave . . . but it's for everyone's Safety . . . mainly mine. Here's the little Secret about my Latex Bondage Slave Rental Business . . . It's a one Woman Business . . .

My endless need for being in bondage has taken over my life and I can't get

enough of it! At the same time, I still have bills to pay and I was spending so much time in bondage, I didn't have time to work . . . that was until my Job became being in Bondage! Genius!

As far as any of my Customers are concerned, the Latex Covered Slaves are a collection of Woman just doing this as a side job for extra money . . . when in fact, it's only me and I'm doing this because I crave it and can't get enough. My Customers will always push the limits of what the Latex Slaves they Rent can handle, but they always set them free to be picked up on time for fear of the Slave Rental Company sending their Muscle to kick their asses or worse.

That Fear keeps the Customers in line. The Fear that no one actually knows I do this, that no one would even know where to look if I didn't come home one day. The Fear and overwhelming excitement that if anyone decided to just tie me up keep me bound forever . . . they could . . . that Fear is what keeps me coming back for more . . .

I have fifteen different colors of Skintight Latex Body Suits hanging in my closet. Six different suitcases full of assorted bondage Toys and a waiting list of endless Strangers willing to pay to bind, tease and torture me. I'm literally wet all day long every day just thinking about it . . .

DRAGON . . .

She continued with helplessly weaving my body in endless length of the black rope. Ever since she pulled the double knot tight against my latex covered and very swollen cliterous, I'd been randomly spasming into little orgasms with every move . . .

I couldn't stop the jolts of pleasure shooting out in every direction from my very wet pussy. The pleasure of the form fitting tight latex pushing against my body and the combination of the ropes put me into a state of pure pleasure . . . I swore the Dragon wrapped around her red silk dress was moving around her . . .

The ropes wrapped at least ten times around my thighs holding them tightly together. Her pushing her hand between them to feed the rope over and under while hiding the knots made me wish she'd just slide her hands up a few inches to rub me where I need it!

Ten wraps above my knees, followed by ten more below my knees were followed soon after as she did the same to my ankles. I was hers and no amount of struggling would stop whatever she had planned for my next four hours of her Rental Time . . .

With my breasts already being tightly squeezed into the latex, then surrounded above and below with the rope harness, they now face the pressure of the hard floor as she positioned me face down to complete my hogtie.

As my breasts are now being squeezed in a third way, I can feel the rope being tied to my ankles before I'm pulled into one of the tightest hogties I've ever experienced. The rope from my ankles is first fed through the two ropes forming the double knot of pleasure on my Clit!

Every little bit of me trying to straighten my legs cause the double knot to go to work and push even harder against my clit causing another rush of pleasure. Oh my god she's fucking amazing at this! If she decided to just leave me alone for the next four hours I could make myself cum over and over!

That rope continues and is now tied to the middle of my arm harness. Again, any movement of my arms causes extra pressure right where I need it. Fuck! If ever someone were to decide to just keep me as his or her permanent Bondage Toy . . . my Vote would be for Dragon Lady hands down!

Or at least my Vote would have been for Dragon Lady until what happened next . . . The Dragon Lady decided to talk and the first thing she said was, "I'm very sorry . . . am sure you're a nice Lady . . . but my Husband has been cheating on me and I can't find the whore he's been Fucking . . . I need to punish someone . . ."

REVENGE . . .

At first I wasn't sure I heard what I thought I heard. My body was still in the midst of random orgasmic spasms from my double-knotted crotch rope being connected to my ankles and arms. The slightest of movement just kept me cumming and my own gagged moans partially blocked out her quiet preemptive apology for what she was about to do . . .

Then the tightness of the leather garrote being wrapped three times around my neck and being pulled tight broke through all my moans! Dragon Lady didn't instantly pull it tighter . . . she did it as slowly as possible as I struggled in my Final Bondage of Black rope weaved hogtie!

Every jerk and struggle caused the double knot to dig deep into my clit as I went into the most intense multiple orgasm I've ever had as she continually whispered into my ear over and over, "I'm sorry you have to die, I'm sorry you have to die, I'm sorry you have to die"

I'm being slowly strangled to death and there's nothing I can do to stop it! No one knows I'm here and even if they did, they couldn't show up before I take my last breath! Dragon Lady pulls harder and my head becomes lighter as my orgasm grows beyond what I thought was possible!

Flailing and struggling around, I roll the best I can and yank to straighten my legs or free my arms as hard as possible and yes, the only thing I did was pull the double knot even harder as I screamed into my gag the loudest possible . . .

Not from the pain of the ever tightening leather garrote or the fear of death . . . but from the most intense mind blowing orgasms ever! With that scream the Dragon Lady fully released the garrote, fell to her side and sobbed uncontrollably as I got my first full breath of air in several minutes of near death orgasms!

I've never pulled and struggled as hard as I just did these last few minutes . . . while making absolutely zero progress at loosening even a single rope . . . my god she's good! Almost fifteen minutes later, the Dragon Lady sat up and moved back closer to me.

"I'm very sorry for trying to strangle you to death . . . I just couldn't do it hearing you scream. This will work better . . ." Wait! What the Fuck does she me this will . . . "I'm sorry you have to die" Dragon Lady repeats as she pulls the clear plastic bag over my head!

"MMMMMGGGGG!!!!" As soon as the bag is in place, she quickly rewound the leather garrote around my neck, holding it in place, knotting and leaving the room! I was screaming the whole time she was leaving! Only seemed to speed her up as she ran out with her hands over her ears!

SUFFOCATION . . .

My struggles from just minutes ago when she tried to strangle me to death taught me just how futile any efforts to get loose will be. The only reason I didn't die was because she heard me scream and let the leather garrote loose when she panicked . . .

I'm alone now and the garrote is knotted in place holding the plastic bag over my head . . . there is no path to freedom for me . . . there is no way to avoid suffocation as the air in the bag gets thinner and thinner . . .

There is one big benefit to trying to get loose and that's the pleasures I can get from that double knot in the last few moments I have on this earth! I'm here because I want to cum, I need to cum and if I died cumming my death will be the most orgasmic possible!

All out kicking my legs and pulling my arms sends my body into a fury of pleasures as I breath and yell hard burning through my last few seconds of oxygen in the clear plastic bag tied over my head! Had I stayed calm, I could have lived longer . . . but would have missed out cumming so intensely as the last of the oxygen left my bloodstream . . .

ALLY . . .

. . . My eyes slowly open and the young Asian Girl who originally greeted me at the door, made eye contact, tossed down some ropes and ran off . . . my head was very dizzy and wherever I was didn't smell of lotus blossoms any more . . .

Trying to move, I'm still in my emerald green latex bodysuit, am still gagged, hooded and my upper body rope harness is still tightly in place. My legs are free, but that's it. Had I not come too when I did, maybe she would have freed my arms also.

It's pretty dark, wet and smelly where I am and in the distance I can hear cars and people moving about. As I fully get my wits about me, I realize I've been dragged and my dead body was being left behind a dumpster in the alley . . . or at least they thought it was my dead body . . .

Getting to my feet, still a little tippy from what had happened, I try to walk but end up just leaning against the wall . . . Just an old car pulls into the ally and two guys jump out and come running towards me as the one points at me and says, "See! I told you so!" The other one replies with, "Yeah, but you said she was Dead!"

"Well isn't this even better?" Looking into my eyes, "Hey, she has eye holes! Get the Duct Tape!" This all happened so fast, and I was still in recovery mode, but finally had the energy to shake my head 'No' and "MMMMM!" into my gag! As the tape covered my eyeholes! "Grab those extra ropes there . . . am pretty sure we can use them."

Unable to see as one of them grabs tightly onto the knot on the top of my chest harness, and starts to pull me along. No idea where he's pulling me, but figure it's towards his car. I kick where I think he is and get a hard and fast {SMACK!} on my ass for doing so.

"Listen Bitch! No one is coming to save you . . . they tossed you out thinking you were dead . . . we can just as easily make that thought real if you try to kick me again!" Still stumbling around as he pulls me, unable to see, tired, dizzy and creaming inside my latex a little with each pull as the double knot never stops pushing in just the right spot!

The front of my thighs bump against what must be the back bumper as someone says, "Get in the Trunk Bitch!" For a second I was going to try and fight . . . but whom am I kidding? I'm still bound in the rope harness of Dragon Lady, gagged, still dizzy and now unable to see . . . I'm at their mercy . . . I'm fucked!

Bending over and lifting a leg, I'm slowly climbing in before Ass Wipe grabs my other leg causing me to fall into the trunk hard. He forces my legs in and the trunk lid closes hard before the most uncomfortable ride I've ever had begins.

Are they trying to hit every fucking bump?!?!? With the double knot still tightly in place and the inside of my tight latex crotch being wet and slippery from my own juices, the pain of every bump also became the pleasure of every bump!

Again, I find myself in a life and death situation and somehow fit several more orgasms into the mix! I'm not mentally excited about being kidnapped, or getting killed . . . I just physically can't stop being excited by every single movement of my body.

Doesn't matter if it's me trying to move for pleasure, them forcing me to walk or just the bumpy ride in the trunk of this car . . . they all are making me cum! No idea how long or what direction we drove. But remember before when I said no one knows where I am? . . . Well now, no one includes me . . .

WAREHOUSE . . .

Still can't see, but I heard a large garage door open and close and by the echo, I can tell we're in a very big room . . . most likely a Warehouse of some type. They lifted me out of the trunk and walked me to a chair.

Once on the chair, they used the ropes from my legs and tied me tightly to it. Nothing like Dragon Lady's skills with the ropes, but added to what she did, I was stuck and unable to free myself. The ever present and every enticing double knot was now firmly between my pussy and the hard seat of the old chair . . .

The slightest move would make the old legs of the chair creak and my pussy spasm in pleasure . . . I couldn't help but continue a slow squirm as I bit down hard on my gag in an attempt to hold in my private moans of pleasure.

Garage door opened and closed a second time as several more vehicles had entered. Several doors open up and I can here the feet of maybe a half dozen people walking around! I'm about to be sold as a Sex Slave! Fuck!
"MMMMMGGG!"

A very commanding voice says, "I thought I told you two I never wanted to see you again? And what the hell is this bright green thing all about?" One of the first two guys from the alley timidly says, "We thought this gift would be a good apology and you'd take us back."

{BANG!} {BANG!} Two gunshots scare the hell out of me as I hear the bodies

hit the ground. Am pretty sure I know who just went down and who was about to die next. "MMGGHHF!!?!??" I wait for the next shot and nothing happens . . .

Finally the Top Guy says, "Get rid of her . . . I have no idea who the hell she is . . . odds are she's bugged and it's a trap . . ." My whole chair is lifted up as I'm laid on my side into the back of a van. Could tell by the sound of the sliding door opening, and now closing; as I'm to be taken away . . . to be shot somewhere else!

The chair was creaking and was close to just falling apart. While the rope harness wasn't giving way at all. I may be able to free myself from the chair, but these body harness ropes have become a web I'm not escaping without help.

Somehow, as tight as this harness is, I can still move and feel my hands. Between the amount of time I've happily spent with my elbows touching in the past, due to my love of bondage and the Dragon Lady's unbelievable skills . . . I still have blood flow in my limbs . . . god dammit she's good!

Another ride just as bumpy and even though the double knot was banging hard against my start button, fear and common sense of just how much trouble I'm in right now finally overrode my sexual urges . . . hard to believe just what it took to get me to stop thinking about sex for a few minutes!

PIER . . .

I could hear the water hitting the shore, smell the dead fish and feel the creakiness of the boards with every step as the two of them carried me in my chair out to the end of the pier . . . finally setting me and my old chair down.

Waiting for the bullet to my head before being pushed in to sink to the bottom . . . lost forever . . . {rip!} the Duct Tape came off my hood and my scared eyes did their best to beg for mercy! They both moved a little closer to make better eye contact . . . because it was pretty dark out here other than the moon and some distant lights.

"Blue! Told ya! You owe me five dollars!" He then used both of his hands to get a good grope of my breasts. Then tipping me, and my chair, backwards off the pier while commenting, "Nice Tits!" as I dropped into the cold dark water!

I hit the water hard and luckily, chair side down, because what little glue and nails still holding it together gave way and I was free of it and the crappy tie up job from the now two dead guys. I still had the challenge of no use of my arms to swim to the surface and then the shore!

Worse yet, between the gag and the latex hood, there wasn't a chance at a deep breath on the way down. Only taking in small amounts of air through two tiny holes for my nose, meant I was pretty much out of air the second I went under!

Kicking my legs, the last of the loose ropes and broken chair legs slipped off.

Not sure if I was even swimming up in the pitch-dark waters. Finally, I paused long enough to get my bearings, before swimming to the surface.

Finally with my head above the water and could hear the van driving off. I waited to make sure they were far enough away before climbing out of the River . . . Fuck! I can't climb out! It's at least a twenty-foot wall up in every direction as far as I could see! These are the old shipping docks . . . not made for walking out of the River!

It's nighttime, pitch-dark out, pretty much zero light where I am. The only part of me currently sticking out of the water is my head, which is covered, in black latex! That Patrol Boat could make it's round just feet away and they would never see me!

Would love to scream for help, but the sound of the water crashing against the pier wall is louder than my still gagged and muffled screams! FUCK! The water is fucking cold and my legs are already stiffening up . . . wish they'd just shot me before tossing me in!

BOAT . . .

The Patrol Boat passed by two more times and didn't even slow down. My energy is almost gone and I can barely even feel if my legs are even moving any more. Have to assume they are otherwise I would have gone under by now.

With the path of the Patrol Boat in front of me, and one of the Pier's posts behind me, my heel kicks what feels like the top of another underwater post! Maybe this was the old Pier or a support was added later?

I back up to the post, and with what little strength I have left in my hands, hold onto it as I put both heels onto the underwater post. Carefully I'm able to lift my bright green and shiny latex covered chest and shoulders above the waterline!

Holding on with all my might, I'm twisting and turning with the pressures of the waves going in and out. In a distance I can hear the Patrol Boat and it's spotlight shines directly onto me as the next wave crashes hard and causes my heels to slip off as I once again go under!

No energy to struggle or fight it, I just lay back and wait to drown . . . as I float to the surface and can see the moon as my breasts act as two small but very shiny buoys. That was enough for the spotlight to find me in the dark and the Patrol Boat glided right up next to me . . . Thank Fucking God!

Would like to say having two Patrol Guys find me in the water, bound and in a latex body suit and hood would have been the most embarrassing part of this

horrible experience . . . but it wasn't.

Floating on my back, the two of them each decided the easiest way to lift me out was by my rope body harness. One grabbed the crisscrossed rope knot right above my breasts. The other grabbed the crisscrossed rope knot right over my belly button . . . the one closest to the double knot still pressing hard against my swollen and ready for more cliterous!

Between the relief of not dying and all of the adrenaline of getting saved, the perfect knot placement and the weight of my full body being lifted by that rope, I went into complete and utter orgasmic spasm! "MMMMMGGGGG!"
Squirming, wiggling, shaking out of control!

"Oh My God! She's having a seizure! We need to get her Help!" Said the guy closest to my head. The other, with the clear and closer view of where exactly those ropes and knots were running said, "Trust me when I tell you, we already just helped her a whole bunch!"

Out of the blue, he me asks, "Hey, are you from that Rental Place?" I nodded yes. His voice sounds almost familiar . . . maybe a past Customer? He says to the other Patrol guy, "Drop us off by my car, and I'll get her back where she belongs."

The other guy asks, "Aren't you going to untie her first?" He replies, "It'll be easier once we're not on such rough waters . . ." Then much quieter, he says just to me "Anyways, you and I both know you don't want to be untied . . . you're getting off on this right now" Giving me a stiff upwards jerk on my harness nearest my crotch and I moan through my gag . . . "Try and deny it Bitch"

As he held the ropes on my bound arms and guides me ashore!

I tried to call out to the other guy while fighting getting off the Patrol Boat. He noticed and thought I tripped, "Careful now, you almost fell." The boat drove off and I'm still helpless, but now at the hands of another stranger!

WASH . . .

Does everyone have fucking Duct Tape in their car? Cause once again, my sight was taken away before he took me for a ride to another mystery spot! He pulled me out from the back of his car and guided me to someplace where the floor was wet and gritty. The smell of bubble gum was close to being nauseating.

I heard some coins drop in and the sound of the pressure washer kick in! I'm in a god damn self-service Car Wash! And then the pressure hit so hard it knocked the wind out of me! The high-pressure rinse hurt like hell and he lingered way longer then needed on my crotch, breasts and ass!

Then came the foaming brush, which I fell down twice as he scrubbed so hard. Each time yelling at me, "Get the fuck back up Bitch!" The soap was cleaned off with a second high-pressure spray down and finished off with a coat of the Spray on Hot Wax.

I could still smell the bubble gum from the foam and was happy about the Hot Wax. Finally I had something warming my body back up. He dried me down and I almost fell again. "If you fall and get dirt on yourself I'll toss you back in the fucking River Cunt!"

Really not sure what the hell I did to this guy or how he ever became a Patrol Officer with that mouth? Finally, I feel him guide me back into his car. This time I'm in a regular seat vs. tossed in the back. Guess, now that I'm all clean.

The pressure washer loosened up the Duct Tape over my eyes, so he ripped it off and I got a new piece in place. This last part of the trip wasn't too far this time, but the driveway was very long and bumpy. Still no clue where we were, but it was very quiet other than some animals in the woods.

He helped me out of the car, pulling up again on my harness, causing my thighs to slap together and me to shudder into another mini spasm . . . "My God you are really fucking horned up Girl! I kinda like it. Maybe when my Sister is done with you, we could play some more."

Guiding me into some older house. Couldn't see it, but the floor creaked as badly as the pier and the smells weren't much better. Once inside, he pushes me hard and I fall onto a couch. "Hey, Beth! You're not gonna believe this! Found you something in the River!"

Can hear the floorboards creak as Beth enters the room and says, "What The? The River? Get that Marriage Destroying piece of Shit off my couch before she wrecks it!" He replies, "No worries, I took it to the Car Wash and cleaned it up real good. No longer smells like the River."

She asked, "Is this the same one?" "I'm not sure, you said that one was in bright pink . . . but it came from that same Slave Rental place Bob Cheated on you with . . . so does it really matter?"

Is it odd the part that's the most upsetting is them calling me an it? I'm a fucking very full figured woman in a tight ass latex body suit with my breast sticking firmly out . . . god dammit! I'm not an 'IT'!

KITCHEN . . .

"Do whatever you want with her, she fucking deserves it. I have to head back to work." I'm face down on the butcher block in the Kitchen. "Can I have some fun with her when you're done?" My ankles were tied to the legs of the butcher block . . .

She replies, "Didn't know you were into fucking dead bodies Bro?" Rope tied around my neck, holding my chest tightly against the hard wood. "Yeah, whatever!" And the door to freedom closes as my fate at the hands of this revenge driven Bitch is sealed!

Every single inch of the Dragon Lady body harness is as tight as it was when she first did it. I open and close my hands, but can't move my arms. I pull at the newest additions to my bondage and find; these are tied just as tight and unmovable!

Do whatever you want with her, he said . . . and that's exactly what she can do, because I'm helpless to stop her. As pissed off as she is, any begging or attempts to get free are only going to fuel her rage and need for revenge . . .

PINK . . .

He had become a regular and although he never fully saw my face or even heard me speak . . . I think he'd fallen in love with me . . . or at least the idea of having his own Pink Latex Clad Bondage Slave. I've spent many hours struggling, in one bondage or another at his hands and it was actually very comforting.

Having sessions every few weeks, that kept getting longer and longer. Really don't know how someone affords me at \$150 an hour that often and always pays extra for the case of Bondage items for him to use on me.

This time it's a four-hour long Session and I'm bound standing spread eagle in his cellar. My wrist straps locked to chains coming from the ceiling and my ankles are held apart by the locks and chains leading to metal rings in the floor.

His body oil covered hands have been up and down every inch of my latex and spent a lot of extra time between my thighs making sure I was right on the edge of cumming . . . but never over. Even without being able to see my expressions or actually feel the wetness of my pussy . . . he knows exactly how to read me . . .

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This will soon be switching to a very intense, hard and long flogging session, as it always does . . . but the true torture here for me as his Rental Slave, is being kept right on the Edge of Orgasm for hours on end.

Honestly, I know he's a Customer, but he's become my Favorite. I can't say I love

him, because I really don't know anything about him. I can tell you I love what he does to me with these getting longer and more often, Extreme Tease and Denial Tortures!

{SMACK!} "MMMMM!" The oil on the latex doesn't change the level of pain
{SMACK!} "MMMGGG!" But between it and being in a cellar {SMACK!}
"MMMM!" The sound of the leather paddle against my ass is very loud!
Stopping once again, to gauge my pleasure pain levels, his firm hand slides
between my thighs and across my clit as I jerk slight, almost able to cum . . .

"Oh No you don't!" {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!}
{SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} Switching to the Cat-O-Nine
and crisscrossing my ass, thighs, stomach and breast with a flurry of flogging so
fast I don't have a chance to catch my breath!

No screaming, just biting down as the sting and burn goes right through the latex
and into my skin! I want to cum! I need to cum! And at the hands of his fine
skills . . . I won't be allowed to cum!

The sexual frustration of my Sessions with him has led to more masturbation
then all my other Customers combined! Just knowing I'm about to spend time
with him, I masturbate myself to as many orgasms as I can, before sliding into
his favorite Pink Latex.

Figuring, I'd be spent before he starts on me, so I can make it through a session,
not so frustrated . . . not going to happen with this guy . . . he reads me almost
too well. Every so often he'd call me Kimberly, which is not my name. Am
pretty sure he's a Fan of the Original Power Rangers . . .

This time, strapped spread eagle on the bed, I'm planning on finally getting a break from the cravings and need to cum as I just enjoy the bondage, helplessness and tortures about to happen. I'm always spread eagle in one direction or another with him.

Standing, lying down, suspended or upside down. Always spread eagle so he can touch, tease and torment me between my legs. With just his fingers gliding over my breasts, as I breathe, across my stomach, as I squirm, and between my legs as I hold still . . .

"Interesting . . . seems my little Slave masturbated before our session." How the fuck does he know that??? I jerk my head in his direction and he says, "That was very Naughty of you . . . but it won't be a problem . . . I just see it as another challenge."

The butterfly vibrator he just strapped between my legs wasn't mine. Seems he brought some of his own Toys with this time. {bzzzzz} It wasn't at all a strong vibration coming through the latex and tingling my cliterous . . . that was the point!

Fuck! It was strapped tightly in place and continually buzzing at its lowest level! That Son of a Bitch . . . I Love this Guy! This was about to be our longest session yet and it never progressed beyond this little butterfly tormenting me endlessly for hours on end!

With just the straps holding me spread eagle, the gag and hood I always have on, a blindfold he added over the hood, blocking my sight and this butterfly just fucking tormenting me to no end . . . I quickly lost track of time . . .

When enough of your senses are taken away, being in sensory deprivation . . .
time lasts forever! As did my sexual frustration of being brought to the edge . . .
but never allowed to go over!

My only way to guess the time is how often I hear him cumming in the corner of
the room . . . obviously to the sight of my squirming and helpless Pink Latex
Form . . .

FLOGGED . . .

I'd lost track of all the things she screamed as she continued to whip my ass and back of my thighs with a long leather belt! I must have been tied to this angry Bitch's butcher block for over an hour now and she's not slowing down!

{SMACK!}"MMFFFF!" "YOU RUINED MY MARRIAGE!"

{SMACK!}"MMGGRRR!" "HE USED TO LOVE ME!"

{SMACK!}"MMMMHHH!" "HE SPENT OUR RETIREMENT!"

{SMACK!}"MMGGGFF!" "YOU DESERVE TO DIE!"

{SMACK!}"MMMMM!" "IF YOU WERE THE PINK ONE!"

{SMACK!}"MMFFFGG!" "I'D KILL YOU RIGHT NOW!"

Another very good reason I wear the latex Hood. Without it, she might have a chance of figuring out that I'm Every Color Choice of Slave Rentals . . . Including the Pink one he nicknamed Kimberly . . .

Yeah, I've never seen her or knew this angry Ex-Wife even existed, but I figured out who she is. I'm sorry things didn't work out for her, but I'm just a Rental to Fulfill the needs of others. I'm not the reason anyone has those needs to begin with.

Really, I mean, who's to say some of those Clown Rentals aren't fulfilling someone's Sexual needs and Fetish's because their Lover won't dress up like Bozzo for them?

No idea which she's going to run out of first . . . the energy to keep whipping me or things to yell. Not sure if the leather belt is moving slower or I've just gotten used to it destroying my ass? I can tell that her voice is about to go, as it's getting raspier by the minute from the constant yelling.

Won't be sitting down for some time if I survive this. Never know ahead of time when I do head out to be bound by a Mystery Master if they just want to tie me up and watch me struggle, lightly caress and tease my body or torture, spank and flog me . . .

. . . Unless they request the extra case that is only full of paddles, cat-o-nines, whips and canes. If I get that type of request, I may, for my first time ever, need to turn it down.

The flogging had stopped and I heard her go to the fridge, then sit down and open a beer. She was continuing to grumble obscenities quietly and didn't stop. Every so often she'd mention, "God I just wish you were that Pink one . . ."

SUNRISE . . .

He was a helpless Romantic . . . taking me back to the Docks so we could watch the Sunrise together . . . Taking the Duct Tape off my eyes so I could see it. Might actually of been Romantic had it not involved him pulling up on my harness closest to my double knot until I would squirm and moan and then rub his never getting hard cock between the gulps of beer . . .

I had survived my bent over butcher block flogging that would have ended in my death had the Dragon Lady chose Pink over Emerald. Guess it's my lucky day. Now if only I didn't need to listen to him drunk talking to his flaccid member . . . my Sunrise would be complete . . .

"Come on now little buddy . . . you can do it . . . come on . . . you're embarrassing me . . . she wants you, you know . . . dude . . . wake up now . . . it's show time . . ." Then he'd pull hard again at my harness. I would moan and squirm in pleasure and he started to cry . . . as he opened another beer . . . ahhh, Romance!

With the engine still running . . . he'd passed out and is leaning into the dash board with one hand still on his little buddy and somehow, the other keeping his half gone beer can upright on the seat. I worried if he wakes up, he'll toss the car into gear and take us right off the end of the Pier . . . once every twenty-four hours for that trip is more then enough!

With my hands still working after all this time, I quietly open the door and get out to face my closest moment of freedom I've had since I first put my wrists together for the first black rope. I know these are the Docks, but have no idea

which Docks and where the hell to go . . . only know anyplace is better then here
...

STEALTH . . .

I chose to just head away from the Docks and have made it several blocks. Tired, sore, hungry and horny . . . fucking double knot! . . . God Dammit! She's Good! Working my way along the darkest route I could find, hiding behind crates or dumpsters when a Truck would come along . . .

I'm at a total loss at what to do? I keep hiding every time someone drives past . . . but I'm not getting loose without someone's help. It's daytime and I'm sure there's good people out here who'll just untie me so I can get home . . . but am also sure there's just as many, if not more people who'd just toss me in their trunks and drive away . . .

My adrenaline is in full speed . . . burning what little bit of energy I have left up quicker than I can handle and my moves from behind one crate to the next is more of a drunken stumble than smooth stealthy moves.

Several more blocks and I'd finally cleared the Warehouse area and have made it to some very quiet streets of the run down parts along the edges of the City. Finally clear of the dead fish smell . . . to fully take in a whole new collection of smells . . . none of which were good . . .

Finally deciding, maybe a bigger group of people is my safest bet, even though, it's going to be the most embarrassing for me . . . at least I'd be alive and they'd have to untie me. I kept seeing individuals coming past with coffees and decided it's time for Java.

Still hiding from each Java infused individual, which isn't easy with the Sun slowly breaking between the old buildings and me in the brightest and shiniest green latex you can imagine. Finally, close enough to the door that I was able to stumble in before it closed and I headed for the front counter where there's a line.

Unable to speak, my only option is to push people out of the way with my tight latex covered buoys . . . to get to the front. Just as the older Asian man behind the counter was about to talk, I hear, "There you are! Thought you could get away . . . didn't you Naughty Girl!"

{Smack!} Turning after getting playfully slapped on my ass to see the very young and pretty Asian Girl who first served me up to the Dragon Lady! Fuck! She's back to finish the job of killing me! Lucky for me I chose the crowd option, so I should be safe . . .

. . . had she not been so damn cute and good at working the crowd. "Told you I'd find you! Now you have to do the dishes for a month for losing the bet." {Smack!} Another playful spank on my other cheek as the people in the Coffee shop were now laughing at me.

Grabbing me by the harness right over my belly button, and lifting up just the right amount, my thighs slap together, I bend over some and can't help but let out a loud moan of pleasure through my gag . . . the room laughed even harder as I shuddered into another orgasm.

The older man behind the counter asked, "Did you do the harness or did your Mother?" She answers, "Mother did, but I'm getting better every day." He replies, "I bet you are little one. Well tell her I said hi and hope to see her soon."

She couldn't have been more than 105 lbs. but knew exactly how and when to lift up on the harness to guide me out of the coffee shop. Forcing several more moans of pleasure, no one there ever thought my life was in danger and I was being kidnapped right in front of them . . .

HARNESS . . .

On my knees in front of the Red Silky Dragon Dress, she double-checks each and every knot of my harness that was still perfectly hugging each and every curve and crevice of my emerald latex body suit. Waiting for the plastic bag to be tied over my head again . . . no energy left to fight it . . .

The Daughter says, "It has to be your best work ever. I checked it on the way here and there's not a single knot out of place or even loosening up." I can vouch for that! Once I'm face down again on the floor with my breasts being squeezed a third way and she puts me back into that hogtie . . . I can die in the best rope bondage I've ever experienced . . .

Holding my latex covered head in both hands, she looks me in the eyes and says, "You must be a very strong fighter. My Daughter told me how far away she found you." If only she knew where all I've been. "You can untie her now . . . I need to make some tea . . ."

And just like that, she walks off and the Daughter spends the next half hour undoing my rope harness and releases my elbows and wrists. My long hooded coat is still draped over the chair I first put it on yesterday. I'm about to walk out of here alive and am never coming back!!!!

The Daughter says, "You can go now" after guiding me to the front door. I glance back to see next to the golden cat with the waving paw, a small Gold Fish bowl half full of business cards.

Walking over to it, I grab the pen off the counter and one of my Latex Slave Rental business cards out of my long coat. Laying it face down, I write in big capital letters, 'BOGO' before dropping it into the Fish bowl and leaving . . .

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The next few Pages are

My Personal Suggestions to

Save you some Time . . .



Zatanna Dark

FINAL BONDAGE RENTAL BLUE

UNLIMITED SPANKING OF LATEX SLAVE IS INCLUDED



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

Love Zatanna



*Feel Free to Contact Me with
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