



Zatanna Dark

FINAL SELF BONDAGE

DO YOU PROMISE ME YOU'RE HELPLESS?



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HONEYMOON . . .

Before my Wife and I got married we would try out Playful little Bondage Games. It started out as simple tickle fight progressing to me giving Katie a light spanking as she squirmed on my lap or her wrapping a belt or one of her stockings around my wrists as she would say "Gotcha!"

In the beginning it was never a hard spanking and I was never really helpless because Katie didn't even knot the stocking or buckle the belt. Didn't actually matter back then because these games always made the sex to follow that much better. Trust me when I say we played these games a lot!

After Marriage we continued to try new and different positions, different types of vibrators and sex Toys. We really should of had a 'Buy 4 and Get a 5th FREE!' punch card for the Adult Toy Store because we would have gotten a lot of FREE items over the years.

Don't get me wrong . . . the sex was still great and some of the Toys, namely Peter Rabbit, would bring Katie to some of the most intense 'Scream until the Neighbors Complain' orgasms.

Every few weeks I would push us once again in the direction of our little Bondage Games while pushing them a little further each time. Starting another tickle fight with the express plan of giving Katie, not only a spanking, but a harder and more real spanking.

This only got me a Weekend of the Silent treatment . . . which I spent much of finding hiding spots to masturbated furiously thinking about how fucking awesome my Wife's ass is and how it felt and barely moved as I spanked it.

I also pushed harder with the Tie up games where we were using actual knots and closing and tightly buckling the straps closed. Katie liked being tied comfortably spread eagle naked on the bed as I would go down on her as long as possible before finishing her off with Peter and his Friends.

My urges and needs didn't go down the same path as Katie's. Comfortable was the last request on my list. Here's my list: Helpless, Tight, Uncomfortable, Gagged, Blindfolded, Tease, Denial, Prolonged Bondage . . . Oh, and keep Peter away from me . . . I didn't want to orgasm . . . just kept rock hard and on the edge of orgasm as long as possible.

So even though Katie and my likes as far as Movies and Dinner were right in line, our sexual needs have become very different and only grown further apart. Everything else in our Marriage and relationship was strong, so we continued to find new and different ways to get our sexual pleasures.

I would get out my bondage collection of ropes, straps, locks, blindfolds, gags and nipple clamps, etc. etc. etc. It sure grew over the years. Most of my tying up would be done by me, and Katie would finish me off making sure I was helpless, blindfolded and gagged.

Although I couldn't see her, I sure could hear her and that familiar buzzing noise bringing her to orgasm after orgasm . . . all the while I would struggle helplessly wishing I could be fucking her right now.

At the same time loving every single minute of my uncomfortable bondage and the struggles that kept me rock hard. Topping these experiences off was the anticipation of the pain when Katie would take off my nipple clamps before releasing me. Every additional orgasm she had meant the clamps were on that much longer.

Sometimes when she was done, she would get right off the bed and set me free. Other times, the times I liked better, she would walk around, go to the bathroom, maybe make the bed or start some laundry, leave our bedroom for a while . . . acting as if I wasn't even there . . . that I wasn't still helplessly struggling to finally cum . . . this only made the inevitable orgasm that much more intense when she finally decided she was hungry and I needed to go get her food. As odd as this all may seem, it became our new routine and it worked for both of us for many years.

SELF-BONDAGE . . .

Katie was still willing to let me go from my bondage, but had lost interest in the initial tying me up part . . . she didn't however lose interest in her own pleasures and her choice of dinner I would bring her after she finally did release me from my bondage.

For this reason I needed to become more and more skilled in different types of self-bondage and what types of predicaments I could put myself in. Always needing to make sure I was actually totally helpless until she decided to let me go.

Spread eagle for what should have been overnight ruined when I actually was able to break a handcuff. Locked helpless in a chair until I was able to get the chair to move over to Katie's nightstand and get the keys to free myself.

When I'm tied I need to be actually completely helpless because I won't just play the 'Oh, help I'm helpless' game. Because if I can find a way to get free I will . . . which ruins the experience. Learning from my mistakes, I've become 100% successful at making myself helpless in bondage . . . helpless until Katie get's hungry and sets me free to go fetch her the Dinner of her choice.

I continued to add new and different types of predicaments to my self-bondage. Keep finding more ways for that prolonged hard on and intense orgasm at the end. Sometimes there would be a way for me to free myself, but it was always at a cost of pain and struggles.

Hog tied with straps and locks in one corner of the basement . . . the key to my freedom just on the floor . . . at the other corner of the basement . . . cock pulled between my legs and tied with rope so the friction of the floor as I slowly squirmed to reach the keys wouldn't cause me to come . . . you want to talk about rug burns!

Or, the keys to my freedom were just a few feet away . . . as I stood with my wrists locked behind me able to move around . . . except I couldn't reach them because of the three sets of extra tight nipple clamps . . . clamped hard and firm on my nipples . . . the middles of the chains tied to a rope that lead to the ceiling.

Had to be double gagged for this one because my only option to freedom involved a lot of loud screams. Again, it was more about the anticipation of those coming off after being set extra tight that fucked with my mind keeping my cock rock hard . . . the final hard pulls away from the ceiling brought the most intense pain my nipples have ever experienced! . . . Worth It!

One of my self-bondage predicaments . . . the one that should win the 'Self-Bondage Creativity' Award involved two, one gallon milk jugs, water, thin ropes and a few pulleys. I was in a standing position with my legs locked apart to a spreader bar.

Around a quarter inch thick rope came around both sides of my waist and was knotted tightly in place just above the base of my already hard cock. Decided to run this rope around my waist to avoid possibly ripping my cock completely off . . . ok, that most likely wouldn't have happened, but I didn't test this before, so . . .

..

The two ropes hanging down from this main knot were both wrapped tightly around my balls, the base of my shaft and then around the base of my cock and

balls. These were knotted underneath my balls leaving a few feet of the quarter inch rope hanging free.

This is where I tied the empty gallon jug so it was now hanging between my spread apart legs. The other jug, full of water is on it's own rope closer to the ceiling and out of my way. There's a small clear hose coming from the bottom of the jug currently full of water to the top of the jug hanging from my cock and balls.

Both ends of this hose were secured so they wouldn't be falling out. Before I put the hose into the empty jug I started the siphoning of the water, and then folded the hose over, clamped it in that folded position with a close pin, ready for game time. Simply removing the close pin before the final locking of my wrists above my head would start my slow and progressive torture.

It took a little over an hour for the last of the water to move from the upper jug to the one who's weight was being supported by the ropes tied tightly around my cock and balls . . . as that jug filled it grew from weighing a few ounces to over 8 pounds.

The ropes tied around my cock and balls acted more as a slip knot or small noose because as the weight increased, it not only pulled harder but also tighter around the base.

My massive hard on swelling in size at the noose tightened . . . now on more of an angle down then up due to the weight of the jug.

Instinctively I was randomly thrusting my hips forward trying to fuck anything.

This motion would cause the jug to swing, which also helped the slip knot around my cock and balls to tighten even further . . . which caused me to thrust my hips mindlessly even more.

My legs locked spread, my wrists locked to chains from the ceiling the ball gag pushed deep into my mouth covered with many layers of an ace bandage meant I was in this until Katie got hungry . . .

SURPRISE! I'M HELPLESS . . .

At one point my urges for being helpless and then helpless again got to the point I would tie myself up somewhere in the house without letting Katie know ahead of time. Might be early morning before she even wakes up.

This was fun because I'd be bound somewhere not only gagged and blindfolded, but would also add earplugs, an ace bandage over the blindfold and top this all off with a black spandex hood.

If you've never tried sensory deprivation you're missing a whole new level of Pleasure, Relaxation all the while being totally Mind Fucked.

As soon as you've lost your ability to see or hear . . . with the blindfold, ace bandage and spandex hood I'm unable to even get the smallest glimpse of light. When you are like this you lose all track of time . . . your other senses grow . . . you can feel and breeze caused by a fan or a person walking past . . . or at least you think so

. . . you feel the vibration of a door opening or a car starting in the garage . . . or at least you think that's what it was . . . you sense with your new superpower a person entering the room as the floor ever so slightly moves up and down

. . . or you think it just did . . . your sensitivity of someone ever so lightly brushing against a naked part of your helpless body causes you to jump a little in your bondage . . . that's if someone actually did just brush against you

. . . the feeling, that tingle in your sex grows . . . you catch yourself shaking a little . . . are you about to be set free or do you still have hours upon hours ahead of you . . . what if Katie's car breaks down and she's not back until tomorrow . . . uselessly you turn your head to look . . . but no one is there

. . . or someone is and they're just watching you slowly struggle into sexual madness . . . Ok, so you made it for your first 5 minutes of sensory deprivation . . . Ready for the next 5 hours?

I have done this type of surprise self-bondage in the afternoon or most often I would head into our bedroom and do it there and Katie would find and release me before she'd fall asleep. On a rare occasion I may get real gutsy, tying myself when she's out of the house . . . having some idea when she'd be home, but never knowing for sure.

Or I put myself in a more out of the way spot like an upstairs bedroom, my workshop or even a storage room, Katie would eventually find me, set me free and put in her dinner order.

As time went by this game grew in intensity, as Katie would wait longer and longer before setting me free until one time I was completely and totally helpless in a chair in the front room. Hands fully locked together behind me, every limb tightly strapped to the chair with my extra wide and long leather straps.

Fully and completely double gagged, but left my blindfold off so I could watch Katie. There is some type of fetish for someone who wants to be ignored once bound, almost just treated like an inanimate piece of furniture.

I don't want to be sat on and have drinks put on me, but for some reason I do get excitement out of Katie acting as if I'm not even here, not struggling in my bondage helplessly, not begging her with my eyes for release, as she walks around doing her day to day stuff.

Katie comes into the house walks into the front room right past me . . . grabs the remote to turn on the TV . . . then heads back to the foyer to take off her coat and unpack her bag from work . . . as usual she makes another trip back to her chair to put a soda in her holder before going into the kitchen one more time. This is the moment it hits me . . . the smell of Panda Express Honey Walnut Shrimp . . . Fuck!

Katie walks right past me again completely ignoring I'm helplessly bound to a chair right in front of her. She slides to the other side of the couch so I'm not blocking her view as she catches up on her Soaps and enjoys her Panda Express . . . every so often making her own style of Yum Yum noises, which interesting enough are way more sexual this time then food related . . . OMG! She's Good!

As I struggle helpless throughout the evening, every so often making some grunting noises in effort to get her attention. This only has Katie turning up the volume a little each time. She's not even glancing in my direction . . . I'm not even here as far as she's concerned and since she got her own dinner . . . she has no need for my release . . . her stomach is full

. . . she's in charge of the remote . . . and it's getting closer to her bedtime . . . she's mind fucking me so good right now . . . making me think I'm stuck like this overnight . . . I slowly get more and more hard and excited thinking about being left helpless like this . . . while at the same time knowing she always lets me go before bed . . .

Katie heads to the bedroom, leaving the lights and TV on in the front room . . . sounds like she's getting ready for bed doing her normal routine . . . she walks past me again, grabs her stuff left from her dinner and her empty soda cup putting both in the kitchen

. . . she's dragging this process out to mess with me further . . . making me think I'm stuck . . . before she comes to let me go. Katie makes another trip right past me, turns off the Tv, turns off the lights to the front room and goes to bed

. . . I grunt loudly through my gag "KKKMMMFFKFFFK!" as she walks away and I hear our bedroom door close.

So bound helpless overnight it is . . . what choice do I have? At least it's already close to 1:00 am cause Katie stays up late so overnight shouldn't be as long . . . problem is it's a Friday and she's gonna sleep-in extra long tomorrow morning.

Bound in a chair like I am I won't be getting much sleep and not much I can do about it . . . my cock has stayed hard way past the time I should be seeing a Doctor about it . . . I keep randomly flexing every muscle in my body to prevent my limbs or ass from falling asleep . . . finally I hear noise coming from our room! She's awake!

Here she comes! Am sure she's gonna need Breakfast and who does a better job running out for Breakfast then me? . . . Seems Katie does because she just walked right past me, put on her coat, grabbed her bag and left . . . I can hear her driving off now . . . OMG! OMG! OMG! What the Fuck!

I've been helpless like this for over 12 hours now and she just left! The feeling in my gut and groin is a bizarre combination of both excitement and fear . . . how long is this going on? Is she ever letting me go? Am I stuck helpless the rest of the weekend?

Every part of my body is in pain, I'm so thirsty and am overly tired from not being able to sleep . . . the Sun has come and gone as I'm again in the dark as I fall asleep from exhaustion . . .

SEXY CAT BURGLER . . .

Thirsty, groggy, sore, yet somehow still a little horny by how Katie has taken charge of my situation . . . slowly opening my eyes to find her sitting in front of me . . . quietly reading a book . . . it's dark in this room other than the light Katie is using to read to . . . no idea what time or much less what day it is? . . . Taking in as deep of breath as possible I once again make my plea by screaming her name into my gag, "KKKKATMMMFFHH!" . . .

She looks up acting surprised and said, "Oh my god! I didn't see you there . . . how'd you get all tied up like that? Did a sexy burglar in a Skin Tight Cat suit Trick you and leave you helpless? . . . I bet you wish that's what happened, right?"

You never get enough of being tied up helpless, right? You want me to take charge of you when you tie yourself up, right?" I sit motionless giving no answers to Katie's line of questions . . . She starts to get up and says, "Maybe tomorrow you'll be more willing to answer

. . . you don't need to be able to talk . . . these are simple yes or no questions . . . so last chance my helpless little Husband . . . are you going to answer me? . . . Keeping in mind that I Gotcha!" I look her in the eyes and nod 'Yes'.

Ok, one question at a time and one chance to answer each question . . . are you paying attention to me?" I nodded 'Yes'. "Deep down, does the idea of being tied up and less helpless by a burglar in a Skin Tight Black Latex Cat suit make you hard?"

. . . Had Katie not added the 'Black Latex' into that question I may have been able to say no . . . I was forced to nod 'Yes'. "You can never get enough of being tied up helpless?" . . . pretty sure this question will be deciding what's happening to me next . . . I still nod 'Yes' . . . wasn't going to lie to Katie.

"Last question Slave! You want me to take charge of you when you tie yourself up?" I wait, I hesitate "One chance for each question and don't you dare fuck'n lie to me!" . . . I nod 'Yes'. Katie gets up, turns off the lights and goes to our room . . . Fuck! I'm in trouble!

A lot of noise comes from our room . . . seems she's not going to bed yet . . . noise from her closet and sounds that can only be her digging through my Bondage Trunk . . . no idea how good or bad this is . . . I wait helplessly until she returns.

Finally what had to be close to an hour someone is coming, sneaking down the hallway as the beam of a flashlight is being moved back and forth . . . as the light gets brighter I finally see the flashlight is being held by a black leather gloved covered hand. I watch with my eyes wide open as to what comes next . . .

Slowly and very Cat like Katie comes out of the hall in a head to toe Black Latex Cat suit, the one she wore years back for a costume party . . . it may have been years ago, but Holy Shit! She's even hotter in it then she was back then.

She even has on the tight fitting hood with the cat ears and Cat Woman goggles. She catches me in the eyes with the flashlight and moves closer into her prey. Katie, or maybe I should call her Kat, puts her flashlight on the end table and angles it so it's constantly in my eyes.

Next she takes a small bag off her back and empties it out on the couch, dropping the bag next to what ever pile of stuff just came out . . . I just can't see.

Kat now slides her imaginary claws all over my body. When she gets near my nipples she give both of them a good solid pinch and puts extra tight nipple clamps onto each one. I groan into my gag. My legs are strapped as wide apart as can be and she reaches between my thighs and strokes and pulls on my cock until it once again becomes fully hard as my now very blue balls are swollen in pain from a day and a half or more of excitement without release.

The stroking is very quickly bringing me to that much needed release and she stops and slaps my cock down as if it was one of her cat toys she no longer wanted to play with. I once again let out an even larger groan though my gag.

Getting back up Kat grabs a roll of packing wrap, tucks the end under my arm and circles my body while pulling the wrap extra tight . . . she left the nipple clamps on which now were forced to one side causing their grip on my nipples to double in pain.

Kat has to of circled me close to 30 times as my whole upper body and arms are tightly incased in wrap . . . wrap that with every move gets even tighter. Kneeling down in front of me in that tight as hell Black Latex Cat suit couldn't have been sexier as my cock instinctively lifted off the chair again.

Immediately she slapped it down even harder saying in her best Cat Woman voice, "Stop It! You're being Very Bad!" . . . causing my cock to rise more as she needed to slap it down several more times . . . I couldn't control it!

Kat does her best to ignore my long hard cock bobbing up and down inches from her face as she uses more wrap on each of my thighs and then my calves. With the wrap finished she still wasn't done trying to get my cock to stop it's dance of pleasure.

She pulled out a roll of Duct tape and tore off around a three foot long piece. She ran it from my lower abs, to the top of the base of my cock, the length my hard cock along the top and down the top of the head.

Kat then pushed my cock hard into the seat of the chair and continued the Duct tape to the seat and off the front of the chair. She then kept tearing off pieces around a foot long and ended up with an assortment of pieces running from the seat of the chair, over my cock and back to the chair.

In the end my helpless cock looked like a mini version of that challenge where they Duct taped someone to a wall. The slightest move causing hair or skin to be pulled on painfully . . . guess she fixed that problem . . . Fuck Kat! What has gotten into you?

Finally this Burglar in a Cat suit stops adding to my already helpless predicament. Between the clamped and twisted nipples covered tightly in wrap and the Duct tape mummification of my hardened cock, Kat has my Full Attention.

Grabbing my face in both of her hands she holds my head so I stare directly into her eyes . . . "I have a few more questions for you Slave . . . Did you bother to give me the respect of asking me first if it was ok you tie yourself in a chair blocking the view of the TV from my Favorite spot?" . . .

I shook my head 'No' . . . "Since I wasn't even aware you planned this . . . was the question of, 'Katie, if I tie myself up in a chair helplessly, would you let me go?' Ever even asked?" . . . Fuck! Not liking where this line of questioning is heading . . .

I had no choice but to again shake my head 'No' as I swallowed deep . . . "Well, based on this, and since there's no way I could ever have agreed to setting you free . . . Good Night"

I start to scream into my gag! I can't go another night like this! OMG! Katie! Please!!!! She stuffs ear plugs deep into my ears . . . slides a tight fitting leather blindfold on . . . tightly wraps both the ear plugs and blindfold with a stretched tight ace bandage topped off with my black spandex hood . . . Holy Fuck!

As much as Katie acts like she doesn't like any of this stuff, she's a little too good at it sometimes . . . she just added all of these items over my eyes, ears and head because she's heard me talk about sensory deprivation and knows exactly how my night has just become ten times longer in my helpless mind . . .

I soon slip into my semi-dream state of Pain and Pleasure for what feels like forever . . . Just as Katie wanted . . .

THE THREAT - THE PROMISE . . .

The spandex hood is pulled off in one quick motion, followed by the ace bandage and blindfold. I see Katie in front of me in her ever so comfortable Victoria Secret's PJs . . . Sexy as Ever! She unstraps and pulls out my gag.

The leather sticking hard to my completely dried out lips as it takes a thin layer of skin with it . . . didn't have the energy to even respond to that pain.

Katie holds up a Gatorade to my mouth and I drink it down as fast as I can. As soon as I finished it I quietly said, "more . . . please, Katie". After downing my second Gatorade, she cuts the wrap off as the cold hit my sweat-covered skin giving me a chill to my bones.

She unlocked my wrists from behind me. Normally this would be the point where she'd hand me the keys so I can remove the straps from my wrists, and then remove all the straps holding me in place. After my Marathon Self-Bondage session that I went over several nights, that just wasn't happening.

Katie helped me through the process of getting everything else off of me . . . I had totally forgotten there were still clamps on my nipples after they lost all their feeling . . . Katie didn't forget and did the only thing she could . . . she quickly unclamped them both at the same time as I'm sure I was loud enough to have our Neighbors question what just happened.

As much as it hurt, that was the best choice . . . had she removed one I would

have fought her away from the second one. I'm not going to bother you with the details of the cock and ball Duct Tape removal process . . . let's just say I now know what it must feel like to get waxed in your private areas.

Beyond me asking her for a second Gatorade, this whole process we were both silent. Even though I was just sitting the last two days, I was moving like I just finished the Boston Marathon.

Not bothering to pick up any of my stuff in the front room, I slowly headed down the hall for a long, slow, painful shower . . . everything was stiff . . . everything hurt . . .

After the shower I headed back to the front room to discover Katie has put all the Bondage stuff back in my trunk and put the chair back in the kitchen. I sat quietly and slowly on the couch next to her letting out a loud sigh as I was finally comfortable . . . as I fell asleep for the next several hours . . .

I was awakened by Katie, shaking my shoulder . . . she said, "I need to say something and you need to listen. I'm willing to still do a limited number of bondage sessions with you . . . If not me, I know a Cat Burglar up for the job . . . But only if we discuss it ahead of time and we both agree the when and where . . . Understood?" . . . I nod and say, "Yes, I agree Katie."

Katie says, "Good, because if I Ever Catch you Again in one of your Helpless Self-Bondages Predicaments, that I didn't agree on . . . You will NOT EVER BE GETTING LET LOOSE . . . And Yes, that is both a Threat and a Promise" She pats me on the thigh which hurt like hell and went on about her day . . .

THE BET . . .

Between Katie, myself and the Cat Burglar, we had some of the most interesting Bondage Threesomes ever over the next six months or so . . . It was Fantastic! . . . It just wasn't often enough.

Ever since she saw what kind of shape I was in after that close to 48 hour long self-bondage game, Katie always leaned towards ending our games earlier than I needed them to last. So as much as I was enjoying these they just weren't often enough, long enough or satisfying enough.

I needed more . . . and the opportunity for more fell in my lap in the shape of an almost three month long work project.

My Company has developed Very Popular Software for the Hotel & Resort Industry. When a chain of Hotels or Resorts purchases it, I go onsite to install the Software and train their Employees. Depending how big the Hotel or Resort chain is, I may go on one trip for 3 to 4 days and be done.

Often, much longer time is required. In this case, this Resort chain has half dozen separate locations . . . all in Tropical Beach areas with a lot of young, horny and willing to try anything College Girls. These Resorts also have High End Cabanas on the outskirts of each Resort allowing for the level of privacy I needed.

So for the next several months I had a pattern for my home, work and BDSM

life that was ringing my every bell, financially, physically, mentally and sexually. Each Location required 3 Days of installs and testing of the Software.

Then up to 7 Days of training. Returning home I'd only have 4 Days home before heading to the next Resort. It was a crazy schedule, but they had a timeframe they needed to complete before Spring Break started. I'm the Top Installer Trainer, so this was what the Resorts wanted and I was whom they requested.

Being home less . . . only 4 out of every 14 Days almost Enhanced Katie's sex drive along with her creativity and playfulness. Honestly, she would wear me down with sex in the kitchen, basement, attic, inside, outside and along with her own different bondage games she wanted to play.

Finally heading to the next Resort, I needed a break, which was the 3 Days of installs and testing. By the time I made it to day 4, my urges would have grown to where I needed more bondage games once again.

This is where some smooth talking and sometimes the right amount of cash or other bribes would get me the experiences I needed with the next random horny Co-ed.

There were very many different games I enjoyed with many different sexy College Girls. Some worked out real well, others not as much, but the games were always fun. One that worked out extra well and was pretty fun was with Sara.

After a few drinks Sara came back to my Cabana . . . I quickly moved the talk

into those tie up contests they have on YouTube . . . Sara says, "I could get loose from just ropes like that" and I'm in! A simple Bet for Sara, "Sara, I bet I could tie you up with just rope and you couldn't get loose in under 30 minutes . . . if you can, I'll give you \$50." Holding up a \$50 bill and slapping it on the night stand.

So Sara is rolling back and forth pushing her firm Hot Pink Bikini Top covered breasts into the floor. Her Hot Pink Bikini Bottom covered ass sticking up in the air as she reaches to untie her ankles to release herself from her hogtie.

Freeing herself in just over 12 minutes she grabs the \$50 as she says, "HA! I win!" . . . Little does she know how much my cock just won getting to watch the show she just put on . . . really should of tied a little better so the show was longer . . . but needed her to win so we could move to stage two.

Sara comes up and kisses me as she rubs her breasts against me and says, "Now what? That was easy!" I tell Sara, "Well the tying up is the harder part of that game anyway, so you had it easy." Sara says, "Oh, yeah Mister!

How bout I tie you up this time and you can see how easy it is?" Bingo! "You could use 10 times more rope to tie me up in that chair and I bet you 10 times the money I could still get loose." . . .

Sara looks at me in shock, "\$500 if I can tie you up, using 10 times more rope than you used on me and you can't get loose?" I nod and Sara very excitedly says, "Challenge accepted!"

I stepped out onto the patio and came back with a big box of rope telling her,

"They dropped this off earlier for some work on docks. Sure they won't miss it until Tomorrow." Actually I bought this at a nearby Hardware Store, but Sara didn't need to know that. Now to see how much more fun this can be.

"So, Sara, did you want to search me first to make sure I'm not hiding and scissors or knives to cut myself free?" and before she could answer I added, "Unless you needed me to strip naked to be sure?" Sara giggled and said, "Yeah, that second option sounds best." As she gives me a devious smile.

Ok, so the groundwork is in place and I'm pretty sure she'll be making me helpless with the amount of rope I just gave her . . . now, I just need to make sure this experience lasts long enough . . .

"One last thing Sara, since you're getting to use 10 times the rope I used on you . . . and if you win you get 10 times the money . . . it's only fair I get 10 times longer to get free . . . that is, Unless You're Chicken!"

Sara must be a math major because she quickly says with a question, "Five Hours? You could try for Five Days and you're not getting loose from my Tying up Skills!" I respond with "Ok then, as soon as you're done trying to tie me up helpless, just push this button on my phone and a five-hour timer will start." Sara says, "Deal! Now get naked, sit down and prepare to lose your \$500 Mister!"

I did feel guilty as I thought about Katie planning our next bondage game for my next time home . . . but I just needed more! And I won't be having sex with Sara . . . this is part of the reason I suggested being tied in a chair . . . if she ties me spread eagle on the bed, it would no doubt end with her riding me like a bronco.

Sitting patiently naked in the chair as Sara's Hot body moves around me in every position you could imagine. She needed to do so to make sure she used every single rope . . . double and triple tying each and every one.

There was no time limit on how long Sara had to put me in bondage and I was fine with that. I was enjoying every minute of her mouth, breasts, thighs and pussy inches from me . . . it was like a very long lap-dance.

As the last of the ropes were securely in place and tied very very tight . . . Nicely done Sara! she took an almost childish curiosity pass through my bedroom. As she left the room I was tied up in she said, "So what's in here?" as she skipped to the other room. I waited until I heard, "OMG!

You're not gonna believe what I found under the bed!" She came back into the main room carrying my extra large suitcase full of bondage gear . . . I thought I was busted before she said, "Looks like the last people here forgot their toys!"

Distracted by my suitcase and the toys within, Sara hasn't started the 5 hour countdown clock . . . enjoying this too much so I'm not going to mention that yet . . . the longer the better. Sara takes the whole case and pours it out onto the couch, "Wow!

Look at all of this stuff! Bet you wish you had this stuff when I was tied up", I couldn't lie, "Yes, maybe I could of used a couple of those things to distract you enough that you wouldn't of got loose so quick and I'd still have my \$50."

Sara looks back at me and says, "Don't you feel that would of been unfair? That it would have been cheating a little?" I think for a moment what would be my

best answer, "Well . . . we never discussed any rules about the tie up game that would have prevented me from trying to distract you . . . so I guess it would of been totally fair for me to use a couple of those things on you while you were tied up."

Sara thinks for a moment and is now even closer to winning that \$500 . . . very slowly and carefully she asks "So that I fully understand Mister already tied helpless in that chair by me Guy . . . if I used stuff from here to distract you while you try to get loose . . . it won't disqualify me from winning the \$500?" . . .

I hesitate making sure my response will get the result my whole body is craving right now . . . "No, since I feel it would of been totally fair had I tried to distract you by using a couple things from that suitcase on your sexy hot body as you rolled around hogtied on the floor . . . it's only fair you're allowed the same now that I'm tied up."

Smiling Sara asks, "So you think I have a sexy hot body?" I respond with, "No, Sara, I know you have a sexy hot body." Sara reaches over to my phone and taps the [START] button on my countdown clock and quickly says, "Ready Set Go!"

Before I could really get my struggle on, Sara crammed a dildo panel gag deep into my mouth and tightly straps it in place. "I bet that feels just like a big hard cock in your mouth . . . you should of used this thing on me . . . I would of liked it."

She says smiling. Glancing back at me, Sara goes for the bait I put out for her earlier. "You know, you said you would of used a couple of these things to distract me . . . and since everything else about me try tying you up has been 10 times more . . . that means I can use 20 things from that case."

The next 5 hours were amazing . . . the second item she went for was the blindfold leaving everything else about to happen as random surprises . . . sure, I knew by heart everything I brought with, but had no idea what 20 things she would choose, what order or when I'd be feeling them . . . and OMG!

I was Fucking Loving It!!!! Sara found the nipple clamps . . . just could never get them clipped on just right . . . they would slowly slip off giving that last pinch on the way before dropping . . . she would pick them up and put them back on . . . was almost better this way.

She found the sharp little spiked wheel and had a great time with it on many of the more sensitive areas of my helplessly tied body . . . out of the blue she would flick, smack, push around, poke and whip the tip of my hard cock with the leather riding crop . . . I could feel my cock bouncing around after which seemed to give her a lot of joy.

Honestly, I totally lost count of how many items she used to distract me in the end I didn't care . . . use them all Sara . . . just keep going . . . please keep going . . . I'll pay you \$1,000! . . . OMG! . . . Please!!!!

All of this came out as me constantly moaning and trying my hardest to thrust my cock towards anything I could touch . . . my breathing increased as Sara just kept doing her best distraction techniques . . .

I was going insane as I felt both of her warm oil covered hands tightly grabbing and stroking my cock faster and faster until I came what felt like forever as I screamed hard into dildo gag!

Even after I've emptied my load who knows where, Sara very slowly and torturously continued to stroke my now overly sensitive cock . . . spending extra time around my tip . . . which if I wasn't helpless I would have pulled her hands away so quick!

My head swinging around and every muscle in my body fighting the bondage that I never even made any progress freeing myself from as Sara says, "Gotta keep you distracted until the times up . . . you know . . . just in case you get loose . . . can't have that happen."

The pleasure of her strokes was more intense than anything I've ever felt and it was too much! I couldn't handle a second more! I fought hard but the only thing that did was make Sara even more giddy teasing and toying with me! Sara says, "Ok, only ten minutes to go before I win!"

That was the longest most intense 10 minutes of my Life!!!! Finally I hear the 'beep' of the 5 hours being over . . . Sara pulls my blindfold off, points at me with both index fingers and says, "In your Face Loser! I win!!!!!"

Thinking to myself, no Sara, I just won . . . one of the most intense bondage, tease and torture session ever and it only cost me \$100 per hour . . . she removes my gag as I say, "Yup! You're way better at tying me up than I was tying you up Sara."

It took almost longer for her to remove all the ropes. I went to the room safe and got her the \$500 . . . you think I would of just left that on the nightstand like the \$50? Not after what happened a few weeks back when as soon as I was tied up and that Bitch Cindy took the \$500 and left me until the Maid showed up the

next morning . . . If only that Maid would of been sexier and a little more adventure driven, that could of been better . . . lessen learned.

Handing Sara, my little amateur Bondage Mistress for Hire, the \$500 I said, "You win Sara!" She quickly snagged it from my hand and said, "I can't wait to tell my Sister how I just won this!" and she ran out the door before I had a chance to ask her not to . . . too late . . . maybe her Sister will be up for the challenge?

Never heard back from Sara or her Sister on this trip . . . that was ok because the experiences of this day, every little thing about those 5+ hours running through my head brought me to so many more intense releases that it just didn't matter.

THE LAST RESORT . . .

I was on my last Training day at the final of the six Resort Locations. The owner of the chain stopped into see me. He explained on how pleased he was with the new Software and Training . . . that he was already seeing a return on his investment at the first few Locations I started this project at . . . we were even a little ahead of schedule so everything will be in place long before their Spring Break rush. Shaking my one hand while handing me an envelope with his other hand.

Normally it's against my Companies Policies to accept any additional cash, bonuses or perks . . . but I couldn't turn this one down because it's potential. It was a 7th 10 day stay at any of his Resorts, my choice of which one and all of my time there would be mine to enjoy . . . no Installs . . . no Training!

Once home Katie said, "I'm so happy you're finally home to stay this time! You leaving after such short amounts of time was driving me crazy!" I told Katie the Good News of how well everything on this project went and how happy the Owner of the Chain was . . . then I broke the Bad News that they added one more location not on the original plan and that I needed to leave one more time in four days.

Katie looked sadly at me and said, "Well, with all your time away working I, already had our next four Friday Night Sessions all planned out . . . guess we're gonna need to fit them in the next four Days." . . . Bonus! Wasn't expecting that! Wow!

The next four Nights were so fucking intense! . . . Katie pulled out all the stops . . . I was so physically and mentally satisfied that I almost called off my last trip .

. . then I thought, I'm going to be there ten days . . . I'll be needing more bondage in three or four days at the most . . .

Which turned out being only the second day there and I was already cruising the bars where the sexy college girls hung out . . . looking for my next amateur Bondage Mistress . . . as I turned back after dropping a quarter in the Juke Box to play my favorite Beach Boys song, can't believe a Juke Box even exists any more, but it fit this Beach Resort Perfectly.

As I turned back I bumped directly into the hottest Girl in the bar causing her drink to spill on the tray she was carrying it on . . . all I can say is some accidents are just meant to happen . . .

After apologizing, replacing her drink and dancing for a while. I would of preferred to get my hands on her body with a nice slow grind, but she moved so amazingly, I was fine standing back and feasting on her form with just my eyes. Feeling her out, I knew

Tiffany was perfect . . . she was very agreeable to everything . . . very curious . . . and overly sexual . . . giggling a little at some of my naughty hints at possible games we could play. She seemed very into anything and I'm betting I can get her to play without it costing me more then the price of those few drinks I already bought.

We walked to my Cabana which took some time . . . I had requested the farthest one away from the main Lobby and other Guests . . . told them I required privacy and no Maid Service unless requested . . . I wanted to make sure my time at this Last Resort was the most intense, uninterrupted experience yet . . . and now with Tiffany swinging her sexy ass in front of me as she walked . . . things were looking up.

Being a Gentleman, I hold open the door so she can walk in . . . turning on some more Beach Boy music I walked around and closed all the blinds. Realizing I may have just creeped her out or scared her I quickly said, "Unless you want them open? Tiffany says, "No, closed is better" as she gives me a smile.

Figured it was time to break the ice a little more and I asked her, "So, do any of those little games I mentioned sound interesting to you?" Tiffany replied, "If we have enough days I'd like to eventually play them all" . . . she moves to a taller stool near the couch, climbs up on it and says, "My Favorite one is where you tie yourself up helplessly while I watch" spreading her legs wide apart, pushing her shoulders up and moving her hands to rest just in front of her pussy.

"The whole idea of you offering yourself up to my mercy just makes me so wet . . . I would fuck you so hard after something like that." She finishes off with a slow licking of her lips.

I decide to push my luck with an earlier introduction of my case of bondage items . . . I've been able to do self-bondage with just rope before, but I want, I need to be helpless for Tiffany to have her way with me . . . I ask her carefully, again, as to not scare her away, "Did you want me to just tie myself up with rope? . . .

Or, I did bring some more Extreme things we can play with if you want?" . . . She looks deep into my soul and says, "The more Extreme the Better . . . The more helpless you can tie yourself the wetter it will make me." Her hand moves to caress the inside of her thighs getting closer to her pussy as she starts to fidget some on the stool.

Fuck! I hit the Jack Pot with this one! Bringing back my case and setting it on the table next to the chair I'm planning on doing my self-bondage in. Yes, different positions are nice and all, but for self-bondage, nothing beats a chair . . . so many places to add so many ropes, straps, chains and more . . . a chair is perfect for this.

She looks at my case and asks, "So, what all have you got in there? Because I think you need to find something to also tie up your cock and balls before you tie yourself up . . . wouldn't want them to get out of hand, now would we?"

Tiffany slightly pushes her biceps towards her lace bikini covered breast causing them to push together and out some. OMG! She's Good! She totally knows what she wants and if getting what she wants makes her wet, I'm all in!

Deciding it's time I just put all my cards on the table, or in this case, put all my bondage items on the tables. I start to carefully lay everything out on several folding dinner tray type of tables. Keeping these tables all within reach of my future bondage chair.

I say to Tiffany, "How bout I put everything out for you to see, then you tell me what will bring you the most pleasure watching me use on myself?" She replies with another lick of her lips as she slides two of her fingers just inside the top edge of her lace bikini bottoms.

"I really like that idea . . . but you need to promise me you don't hid any of the things you don't like from me . . . they may make me the wettest." I agree to Mistress Tiffany's request with a nod of my head.

Sitting down I ask her, "Ok, what first Tiffany?" She replies, "Well, first off, I don't believe I told you to sit down yet . . . I think you already deserve a self-punishment for that." Wow! My cock is already hardening further

"Take off your clothing so I can see what I'm working with here." I do so as she eyes me up with a look of approval. She then looks at the collection of stuff on the tables and with a very keen eye locates just the tip of an item I've bought, but never used, an item I did my best to cover up as much as possible.

It's a Stainless Steel butt Plug and male genital Cage. This one's hard to explain, but it's the most extreme item for my cock and ass I have. Honestly, you'd need to Google it to fully understand. I'll do my best.

Tiffany points and says, "What's that? I think after misbehaving you deserve that." Well, it's a very well made, stainless steel butt plug, cock and ball chastity combination. Your cock goes into the cage as your balls hang below.

Once the pin and lock is in place your cock is forced into a short and curved downward direction. It will not come off until the lock is removed. The position of your cock in this cage not only prevents any chance of being able to cum, it's also very painful to get a hard on in.

This one is very unique, because it also has an adjustable length stainless steel curved rod, that goes from the base of your balls to a large stainless steel, ball shaped Anal Plug.

I could have given Tiffany the long detailed explanation of "What's that?" I decided to just go with, "It's what I deserve." She replies with, "You're right there

Slave, now put it on!" Tiffany is slowly making her way from the innocent Girl I bumped into a few hours ago to a more Powerful Life Guard Mistress, sitting on that high stool telling me what to do . . . I like it!

With my cock already half hard, getting it to bend downward into that cage wasn't working. Tiffany says, "Well if you refuse to do even my first command, I don't think this is going to work." As she starts to slide off the stool.

Instinctively I reply with, "Please Mistress, give me a few more minutes, I'll do what you say." Thinking for a second I may have just gone too far. Tiffany smiles and says, "Mistress?"

I kinda like that . . . Slave . . . well your Mistress commands you to jam your cock into that cage right now! Or Else!" It hurt like hell and her last comment made it even harder to get into it's cage, but I did it . . . positioned my balls below, pinched between the base of the cock cage and the larger metal strap running behind them.

The cage is now tightly in place on my cock as the rod with the Anal Plug on it hangs between my thighs. Tiffany says, "It seems Slave, you still have one more step to do." as she points between my legs.

Putting one leg up on the chair I reach between my legs and push the Anal Plug into places as I grunt out loud. My ass has fully tensed up on the Plug, which hurts like hell even though it's only about half way inserted. Getting the biggest smile yet on her face, Mistress Tiffany says, "Slave, you now have my permission to sit down." Fuck!

PROMISE ME . . .

My self-bondage process has never before taken this long. Nor have I ever talked so open and so much about each and every one of the bondage items in my case as I did with Tiffany. The more I explained each item before adding it to my predicament the more she would caress herself.

At times she even started exposing her nipples so she could caress and pinch them slightly between giving me commands. Even going so far as to wet her fingers in her mouth and transfer that moisture to her nipples. Wow! Everything about her is so hot. Her firm well defined, still spread apart legs.

Her always partway open and moist full lips, her longer wavy lighter brown hair . . . I'm not a foot fetish guy, but if I was, her long sexy feet and toes would be my first choice to be sucking on right now.

The process of each item I added to my bondage was pretty much the same. She would ask me curiously what an item is and how it works. I would explain in detail, sometime needing to answer follow up questions like I did with the pump gag.

That one really seemed to peak her interest, so I'm sure I'll be adding it later. She would then watch intently as I put each item in place. Once in place she would ask me different ways, pretty much this question, "Now, are you sure it's not coming loose on it's own?" Every so often Tiffany would add follow up comments like, "I really really really want, I need to know you're as helpless and at my mercy as possible before the fun really starts.

The more helpless you are the hornier it's making me I promise to fuck you longer and harder than you've ever been fucked." With that type of offer I wasn't going to let Mistress Tiffany down.

By this point the pain in my ass and cock has grown. After sitting down the Anal Plug not only found it's way to it's deepest point, it's also not budging until I'm free from this chair.

My cock has been trying constantly to get larger, to get harder, but bent in it's short curved down prison, it's not happening. I'm now tied, strapped, chained and locked from my chest down to this chair better and with more stuff than ever before.

Each item well thought out and locked in place as tightly as possible. Mistress Tiffany is now cupping her one breast while has at least two of her fingers deep inside her pussy watching and enjoying every moment of the predicament her commands have put me in.

Everything I need to finish the helpless locking up of my wrists and arms is in place. Straps are locked on my wrists and just above my elbows. The one-way slip knot loop is fed between my elbow straps.

Pulling on the hanging down rope will force my elbows together and won't come off until Mistress releases me. The locks for my wrist straps hanging down from the shorter chain looped a crossbar at the base of the back of the chair. I wait for her final commands before initiating my complete helplessness . . .

She now does her normal routine of asking me about the assortment of a half dozen pairs of different types of nipple clamps. I go over each and explain how they all work. "So, loosening those little screws makes them clamp tighter?" I nod yes and see where this may end up later.

"In a bigger gesture, Tiffany slowly slides both of her hands down the front of her bikini bottoms and says, "You know what I'd really like Slave? If you could get all six of those sets of nipple clamps on your nipples and chest at the same time" She bites her bottom lip a little before asking, "Do you think you could do that for your Mistress . . . Slave?"

I nod yes and reach for the first pair which I plan on putting direct on my erect nipples, just as she says, "Wait, remove all of those pesky little screws from the clamps first . . . those are just going to end up lessening the pain, right? . . . and isn't the pain the purpose for these clamps?"

Maybe this extra pain in my chest will distract me from the pains in my ass, balls and cock . . . the pains that are building in every part of my body where I've done my tightest bondage yet. One by one I remove each screw . . . this is going to hurt like hell!

I can only remember one time when a screw fell out and my nipple hurt for over a week . . . six pairs with no screws? . . . I'll remember this pain a very long time. Saying, "Yes Mistress Tiffany" as I finally got all six sets in place, tighter on my chest then ever.

I look to see her body is starting to shudder in pleasure as she's breathing heavier. Can't wait to see her once I'm fully and completely helpless.

I've previously explained in detail all the different type of gags I have along with a more unique type of pump collar used as a form of breath play. Once strapped on and pumped a little it holds a Slaves head straight. Pumped more breathing can get harder.

Pumped all the way and the Slaves ability to breathe is fully cut off. Figuring she would be choosing one way for me to gag myself, imagine my surprise when she commands me to put on both the blow up collar and my pump gag.

I strap both in place as she again wants me to verify, "They won't come off by accident?" I nod yes . . . a little less then before being harder with the blowup collar on . . . even with it not blown up.

Mistress Tiffany looks at a couple of the last few things on the trays and asks, "Does that hood have a hole in front for the hand pump to your pump gag to stick out of?" I nod yes as I can see she's sliding, grinding her pussy and ass into the chair as all the fingers of one hand are now out of my line of sight.

"Ok Slave, put on that blindfold." I do and she asks, "Are you sure it's not coming off on it's own?" I nod yes. "Good, Slave, pull that spandex hood over your head and feed the pump to the gag through the hole."

Again, I follow her command and again she asks, "Can that hood fall off if you're swinging your head around?" I shake my head no as I can hear she's getting off watching me.

Mistress Tiffany says, "Slave, this part is important because I don't want you to suffocate yourself and cut our fun short . . . I need you to add just enough pumps

to the collar that it's harder to breathe, but not impossible.

Then do the same with the pump gag. You know your limits and can feel the pressures way more than me, so I trust you, I need you to promise that you'll pump both right to those limits." I slowly and carefully do as she commands because I don't want to suffocate either, but need to keep my Mistress happy and horny. Once pumped,

I tightly screw close each valve by each hand pump. Mistress asks, "Can those valves come loose on their own accidentally letting the air out?" I shake my head no and I can hear she's now actively orgasming, breathing hard and letting out little gasps of pleasure. It's hard to believe just how much she's getting off on this!

As helpless as each individual part of my body is, my hands are still free and I can just as easily undo everything . . . the nipple clamp removals and the pulling out of the Anal Plug might not be too easy, much less pain free.

Until these next four locks are on my wrists, I'm still free to release myself . . . whom am I kidding? After all of this work getting to this point . . . I want, I need those locks are on and I'm in for whatever Mistress decides she wants to do with her New Helpless Slave!

Between her small gasps of pleasure, Mistress continues, "Slave, pull as hard as you can on the rope to the slipknot so your elbows are pulled together." Doing as she says, my elbows move closer and closer together as the skin across my chest and nipple stretches and tightens causing the pain and tightness of the six pairs of nipple clamps to increase tenfold.

I groan loudly into my pump gag from the immense pain. "Slave, is that slip knot coming loose before I want it to? Barely able to move my head with the close to fully pumped up collar, I give her my best shake of No.

Down to the 'There's no going back part', the most exciting moment of every bondage, the final locks, straps, ropes or chains that complete your helplessness. Mistress says, "Lock your wrists to the chain wrapped around the brace of the chair back . . . and I want two locks on each wrist like you told me before you could do."

Normally I can very easily slip a lock or two into each already locked in place wrist strap, to a chain or even together. Not this time . . . I was bound tighter in this chair than I've ever been . . . the pain across my chest and nipples, the pains in my ass, balls and still unable to get harder cock.

The tightness around my neck from the pumped up collar . . . along with every other part of my body strapped, locked, chained and tied so tight . . . I could barely get my wrists close enough to lock them . . .

As I started to fumble around trying to get even the first lock in, I could hear that Mistress's self pleasuring has slowed, if not completely stopped . . . "You're letting me down Slave . . . I'm not happy right now with you . . .

If you don't get those four locks in and locked closed like you promised me you could do . . . I'm gonna leave right now" . . . There's no way I want her to leave! I can't have her leave after all of this! She promised me the fuck of a lifetime!

Using all of my might and just screaming through the pain I got the first two

locks in. With each click I could hear Tiffany has resumed her masturbation and heavier breathing. I fight and pull as hard as possible as I finally get the last of the locks to drop in and click closed . . . my Most Extreme Ever, Self-Bondage, at the Instruction of my New Mistress Tiffany is complete . . .

She asks me between breaths, "Slave, do you promise me you're helpless?" I nod yes and I can hear her now letting out little screams as she enters her multiple orgasm phase.

I instinctively squirm and struggle helplessly in my bondage as I enter my own world of ultimate pleasures and pains . . . that is until I hear the next few confusing sounds . . .

I can hear her getting off the Stool . . . followed by the sound I haven't heard since my least favorite trip to the Doctor . . . the sound of latex gloves being pulled on and then snapped into place . . . the sound of something spraying and wiping from the direction of the chair she was on . . .

I stop my noisy struggling long enough to try and listen better . . . it's when I hear the sound of her pouring out her drink and dropping her glass into her bag is when it all hits me!!!

That glass is the ONLY thing in my Cabana she's touched, other than that stool which was now covered in her juices . . . that was until she cleaned it off . . . she never even touched the door knob because I held it open for her . . . using a simple napkin will allow her to leave undetected . . .

Fuck! OMG! She's going to Kill Me! That's why she'd been preventing any of

her DNA from being anywhere! I start to struggle wildly and scream as loud as possible but nothing is coming out due to the pump gag being at it's limit . . .

"Oh, my poor poor helpless Slave . . . did you just figure this all out? . . . Too bad for you it's far too late for you to do anything about it."

Wait! There's going to be her DNA on my body! We bumped into each other, we danced and walked together! . . . Even if she does kill me they'll track her down and get her . . . Ok, doesn't fix my predicament, but knowing she won't be running around enjoying her life after I'm gone gives me some solace . . .

Wait! We never held hands . . . she walked in front of me on the way to my Cabana, as I enjoyed the swing of her nice ass . . . how did she even know where to go? . . . We never touched on the dance floor because she moved way too much and too fast for a slow dance! . . . What about bumping into each other?

That's the moment her DNA would of . . . Fuck! We never bumped into each other! She was holding up her tray with her drink between us! No one uses a tray to carry her only drink . . . Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck!

Tiffany says, "I can't see your eyes or face, but I sure can tell there must be endless thoughts and questions running through your mind right now . . . Let me answer a few for you . . . No, there's absolutely Zero DNA evidence of me ever being here or even touching you at the bar. No, I'm not going to kill you . . .

I'm just going to leave you alone, in the very private Cabana . . . farthest away from any other people . . . the one where a Maid won't show up as unless you request it . . . Pretty sure you said you had this Cabana for over a Week . . .

Yeah, that's not good for you. These are all things you did on your own to yourself. Just so you could enjoy a very very long helpless and painful self-bondage session you wanted so very badly. Well, you succeeded and you're getting exactly what you wanted."

"Am sure you're thinking I was pretending to enjoy getting off on watching you slowly put yourself into your last helpless self-bondage . . . Well, I have to set you straight on this one . . . because thinking about how you took advantage of my younger Sister with that \$500 Bondage Bet Game . . . basically making her into a paid Hooker . . . "

Damit! I knew she looked familiar! "Now imagining the slow and painful death you deserve and will be experiencing at your own hands . . . Yeah, I wasn't pretending . . . thinking about all of that and you on the receiving end of that so deserved revenge . . .

Fuck! I not only came many times watching you do this to yourself, I also promise you . . . I will keep masturbating myself to some mind-blowing orgasms every day for a long time thinking about you."

I tried in vain to get any part of my bondage to release or loosen up in even the slightest . . . not going to happen . . . this is the most intense, tight and complete self-bondage I've ever done . . . Fuck! And I can't even get fully hard to enjoy it! Tiffany interrupts my thoughts . . .

"I know we haven't known each other too long . . . but it is nice to see that we've each kept our promises to each other . . . You Promised Me that You Were Helpless . . . And I Promised I'd Fuck You Longer and Harder than You've Ever

Been Fucked . . . Promises Made, Promises Kept . . . "

I could hear that she was heading towards the door. Tiffany said only a few more things before leaving me helpless forever . . . "Did you have any Last Messages for Katie? . . . Too bad if you do, because that pump gag isn't going to let you tell me . . . Katie did have a very short message she wanted me to give you before I leave . . . she said "Gotcha!"

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My Personal Suggestions to

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Zatanna Dark

FINALLY IN BONDAGE VEGAS
YOU WON THE KARMA SLOT MACHINE!

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

Love Zatanna



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