



Zatanna Dark

FINAL BONDAGE MISTRESS CONTEST

WINNER GETS TO KEEP THE LOSER AS HER SLAVE



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JUDGE . . .

It all started almost four weeks ago when the Head Mistress announced her plan to Retire. She has been a part of this Dungeon from the very beginning. When it started out as a few small back rooms in the Basement of a Liquor Store in, let's say, not the best part of Town.

Growing it to one of the Premier BDSM Chateau's on the East Coast. No longer a place that has to hide its sign or lie about what we do. BDSM in America and World Wide has become very mainstream, accepted and a part of our Culture!

Our Head Mistress was one of many who fought for years to make this happen. Now with her leaving, it's Time for the choosing of the Next Head Mistress.

A Job Interview does not do this. This is done by one of the Many Experienced Mistresses stepping up to prove they have what it takes. Almost every Mistress at our Chateau put their names in the Hat. Then from other Dungeons across the US, the list of names grew!

I think when they closed to accepting any more Applicants, there had to have been close to seventy-five wanting and willing Mistresses ready to battle for her spot. She is very well known in the Community and her Position is one of honor, worth fighting for.

Once all of the Names were in, the Contest was scheduled at an out of the way Convention Center on the edge of the City. Every Mistress was allowed to bring

one Slave as part of Round 1 of the Contest . . . this is where I come in.

I am Slave Heather and my Mistress Sam is sadly, no longer in the running as Head Mistress. Each Mistress was told to bring the feistiest and most difficult Slave they had. I won that Title hands down for Mistress Sam.

My path to here today has been an interesting one. I'm now one of the last five Slaves involved in this Month long Contest and we've earned the right to Judge and Choose the Final Winner . . . who will become the Next Head Mistress.

As much as I'd love to share what we're currently watching, I don't feel it would be fair to ignore the Mistresses who tried their hardest, but didn't make the cut.

The close to seventy-five Mistress Slave Teams entered the Center after signing in. As important as everyone's individual Titles like Mistress Death, Mistress Ball Ripper, and Mistress Tease & Deny, may be, here during Round 1, we're all just numbers at this point.

My Mistress Sam was randomly given a 6" x 6" Black Tag with a large White number 27 in the middle. I was given the same size of Tag, but mine was in White with a large Black number 39 on it.

Black background = Mistress. White background = Slave. Simple enough system, but honestly, I was leashed and on all fours while Mistress Sam was Cropping my ass no matter what I was doing!

As we entered the Largest Conference Room, Mistress Sam was now handed a single white nylon rope . . . maybe six foot long max. Looking to all the other pairs in the room, I could have picked every Mistress and every Slave without any Tag system. Theses numbers would be making more sense in a few minutes.

ROUND 1 . . .

The Head Mistress, who was about to Retire, was in charge of each Round. She walks Proudly towards the middle of the Conference Room as four of her Slaves wearing only thongs follow behind her. Their nice breasts are free for us to enjoy.

Once in the middle of the room, two of the Slaves go to all fours while the other two help their Mistress to step up onto their backs. Her spiked heels are clearly digging deep into their backs, but they don't peep a word or sound of complaint.

They know their place in the World, for the Head Mistress has taught them well. The two who helped her up, kneel, and then hold their forearms parallel and against her calves, so she doesn't tip. That would be a sign of weakness that can't be allowed.

She did not need a Mic for everyone to hear her because the room had fell 100% Silent for her to speak. Her voice was nothing but Power as she Welcomed everyone before explaining the basics of Round 1.

"I want to first Thank Everyone for the Respect you're currently showing me. My Time in this Position has been the absolute best years of my Life. If I ever had a bad day, I could simply take it out on anyone I wanted . . . it was my Job."

Now that was Funny as Hell, but no one dared to utter a peep . . . even if it was a laugh telling her she was killing it. She broke the tension by simply saying, "It's

ok to laugh, cause that was Funny." See! Like I said.

The laughs were loud, but over quickly so she could continue. Hopefully before piercing the backs of the Slaves on all fours with her spiked heels. I do truly feel for them.

"This Round will be as Difficult as it is Easy in its Simplicity. Each Mistress has been randomly paired with another Mistress's Slave. Find the Slave with your number and tie them up with the Rope you were given on your way into the Conference Room, both wrists and ankles."

Seems simple enough, but I'm sure there's more to this. The Head Mistress continues, "Once everyone is paired up, you'll be given five minutes to tie up your Random Slave. They will all then be given thirty minutes to get free."

"If the Slave you tied gets loose before the time is up, that Mistress is out of the running for my Position." As simple as this seems, this will be tough for my Mistress Sam. She's always been about Excess when it comes to Bondage. The more the Better! No matter how bound I am, she can always find a way to add to my Helplessness.

The Head Mistress adds, "A Warning to all of you Slaves. I'm aware many of you have Served multiple Mistresses here, and may end up with one you've Served in the past."

"Like, Love, Respect, Fear, Hate that Mistress or Not, It is your job to try your hardest to get free. Anyone caught not fighting their hardest to get free will be severely punished in the Pit for at least a week. The Slaves need to do everything

they can to get loose."

I've never been in or seen the Pit, but heard it couldn't be more Medieval in every way. Hot flames heating branding irons, all bondage is hard metal and no padding or bedding anywhere. Just hard and cold stone. Not someplace even the most Masochistic of us Slaves would want to be in . . . for more than a few hours . . .

And there you have it . . . as the Head Mistress said . . . "As Difficult as it is Easy in it's Simplicity"

FIVE MINUTES . . .

Except for one time at a Pride Parade, I've never seen this Many Mistresses and Slaves together in one place! The smells and sounds of this much leather in an enclosed space was Unbelievably Intense! The tiniest bit of leather is normally enough to make me wet . . . this Leather Fest has me constantly on the Edge of Orgasm!

It was mesmerizing to say the least. I didn't even realize there was a Sexy as Hell Asian Mistress standing next to me fondling the single nylon rope about to incapacitate me. I had lost site of my Mistress in this massive couples mix as the Head Mistress said, "Your Five starts . . . Now!"

There wasn't any time for introductions as her command of "Face Down Now Slave!" was followed a second later by her latex covered glove on the small of my back helped to speed my position change.

Encircled by the leather straps of my body harness, my naked breasts were pushed hard against the floor as my randomly matched "Mistress of the Moment" started with my ankles.

The Conference Room that just seconds ago had only one person speaking while everyone else was silent is now anything but quiet. Mistress Moment is giving firm position commands while others are outright yelling in a very panicked state.

If a Slave can reach his or her ankles, they will untie them . . . that's if there's a loose end of the rope to be untied. Mistress Moment is using the middle of the six feet of rope around my ankles so there won't be any loose ends near my ankles.

I finally find my Mistress Sam across the room to see her "Slave of the Moment" squirming around, being a pain in the ass to her as she started by first tying the Slave's wrists.

There's nothing I can do to help my Mistress Sam right now, only to concentrate hard on what exactly is happening to me. With my legs firmly bent and pushed against my mostly naked leather thonged ass, Mistress Moment is on my wrists now.

My ankles won't budge, being bound with only a single loop fed back through itself! She couldn't have used less rope so far, leaving the lion share of the six feet available for my wrists . . . she's good!

Instinctively, anyone being tied up will try and keep his or her wrists spaced a little so the rope, that felt tight to the person doing the binding, is actually already loose. This works well on beginners, but not on the Pros. It pisses off the Pros who will then go extra hard and tight to teach a lesson to the Slave!

Mistress Sam is now working on Slave Squirmy Ass's ankles and just smacked her twice on the ass telling her "Will You Just Stay Still for Five Minutes?" I've never seen my Mistress looking so frazzled before.

She normally is very calm, cool, collected and in total control. The short amount

of rope combined with the shorter amount of time seems to have gotten into her head. A quick glance around, I can see a large percentage of Mistress's aren't looking calm either.

With my hands out of my sight, paying attention to the feel of the knotting process is key to me getting loose. Is she using a bit of Mini Shibari with the limited lengths?

Did Mistress Moment do a standard Handcuff Knot, Cinch, Inline Cuff, Friction, Half Hitch, Sling, or? And exactly where is she leaving the loose ends? Needed to know that . . .

Too bad I was so busy watching my Mistress Sam and the others, and I completely missed not only what combination of knots was just used on my wrists, but can't feel where she tucked the ends! FUCK! I had one job and looks like I just failed! "TIME!" Calls out the Head Mistress.

That moment reminded me of one of those Cooking Contest Styled Shows where the Time ran out before many got to fully garnish their main dish. I even heard someone say a familiar line from the Show, "I guess that will have to do." Sadly, it was my Mistress Sam who said that.

The Mistresses all moved back from the Slaves and stood along the walls of the Conference Center Room. With all the bodies all left all over the floor, it looked like the end of a huge battle where every loser was left in bondage.

Most of the Slaves were in face down hog-ties like myself. Looks like the preferred method. Some were done as dog-ties, the reverse of a hog-tie, with legs

and arms in front vs. behind.

One Slave was actually in a ball tie using just six feet! That was a Crazy attempt, which must have been a way for that Mistress to try and stand out from the others.

I could see a lot of Mistresses also staring at it, for the 20 seconds it lasted before the rope came loose and the Slave got up! A loud "FUCK!" came from the other side of the room as a Mistress stormed out.

THIRTY MINUTES . . .

The Head Mistress stepped once again, onto her human stage before the start of our thirty minute attempted escape window. "You have thirty minutes to do everything you can to get loose."

"A Reminder to those who decide to not try their hardest . . . there's unlimited room and unlimited punishments waiting for you in the Pit . . . Time Starts . . . Now!"

As if someone just spilled a giant bucket of fish all over the floor, the flopping started in earnest! Every Mistress watching was loudly cheering on all the Slaves . . . except for the one with their matching number.

Less than a minute in and a half dozen or more Slaves were already free of their single six-foot rope tie. As each got up, the responses from the Matching Mistress varied from loud swearing to quiet sneaking away as if they were never even here . . . embarrassed by their failure.

Every minute or so, one or two more Slaves got free as one or two more Mistresses were out of the running for Head Mistress. The Slaves that escaped their Bondage, also left per previous instructions to wait for the Mistress who brought them to show up for them.

I've been fighting this simple rope tie since the minute the Head Mistress said "Now!" but I've yet to even find the ends of the rope or get any of it to loosen in

the least bit! My God she's Good!

Soon, the Head Mistress was moving about the Struggling sea of Slaves. She calls out "Twenty Minutes Left!" Then, even though I didn't see her, I for sure heard her call out, "PIT!"

Turning, I notice two guys grabbing one of the Slaves who slowed down too much by her biceps. The combination of whining, crying, begging and struggling from the Slave just sentence to the PIT were horrible to hear and watch!

It wasn't anything like, "Oh, No, Please Mistress . . . Don't leave me tied all night in that chair being given forced orgasms . . . oh, and don't gag me tight and blindfold me . . ."

That would be the begging of the Slave that wants exactly what she's asking to not happen. For this poor girl it was much more of an all out panicked screaming.

"NOOOOOO! I'LL TRY HARDER!!! PLEASE!!! DON'T TAKE ME TO THE PIT!!!! MISTRESS! HELP!!! I WANNA GO HOME TO MY DUNGEON!!!"

Whichever Mistress along the wall was hers, she knew and agreed to the rules put in place by the Head Mistress. Her Slaves Freedom is forfeit to the PIT for the next week . . .

Along with myself, the flopping of the fish went into high-energy mode as less

and less Slaves were escaping from their single nylon rope ties.

It was amazing to watch so many Slaves struggling so hard over such simple ties. No complex Japanese Shibari rope ties, no hundred feet of rope being used, no forearms covered in rope.

The Head Mistress was still slowly making her rounds as she called out "Ten Minutes Left!" followed soon after by another much feared calling out of, "PIT!"

She was right next to me, but was pointing to the Slave just a few feet away. That Slave didn't scream out or fight, only switched to a full on cry fest. Her eyes were already red, her cheeks already wet, as she was lifted up and taken away.

I wasn't making any progress what so ever, but kept moving to avoid the PIT. That's when the Slave behind me said, "Undo my knot and I'll undo yours."

Turning to her, I see she's in the same total lack of progress position I'm in. Her jet-black hair wet with sweat of her failed efforts. I replied, "We can't do that . . . it's against the rules."

The Slave responds, "The Head Mistress specifically said: It is your job to try your hardest to get free. Anyone caught not fighting their hardest to get free will be severely punished in the Pit for at least a week. The Slaves need to do everything they can to get loose."

"She never said we couldn't help each other. Think about it this way. If a Mistress makes the mistake of leaving two Naughty Slaves close enough to let each other loose, would they?"

With that, I said, "Turn on your side so I can reach your knot." With the two of us now back to back, I'm trying like crazy to loosen her knot! I found it! But I can't get my fingers into it at all! Her wrists and rope was wet from all her sweat.

I tell her, "Hold Still!" Rolling over, I get my mouth down by her knot and start to bite into it hard! The taste of her salt was overwhelming, but I didn't stop. I'm finally making progress! A quick glance and I can see the Head Mistress making a round right past us.

No comments, No complaints, No stopping us. Just a simple head nod as she goes by. This is gonna work! Covered in my saliva, the knot is loosening and all at once pops open!

The Slave gets her hands out and quickly undoes her ankles. I say, "Quick, undo mine now!" and if I didn't see this coming, she stands up, says, "Good Luck" before just walking away leaving me bound.

I feel the laser eyes of the Mistress that tied her on me, as she leaves while already planning her revenge for ruining her chance at Head Mistress.

Fuck! I'm still as helpless as before and now just gained an Enemy! One with a Whip, Revenge on her mind who's likely to some day find me already bound and helpless . . . ok, not good!

A third, "PIT!" called out got me once again moving! The Slave who got called pit on this time didn't go willing! No begging, no crying, just all out kicking, yelling, fighting, "This is Bullshit! Fuck You! Fuck All of You!"

It was sad, because in the end, she's going to the Pit and she's going to be punished there no matter what. Only difference is, I'm sure her punishment will be the worst of the Slaves stuck there for a week.

10 . . . 9 . . . 8 . . .

The Head Mistress just gave the around only like 14 to 15 Slaves left a "Five Minute!" warning. Still, my wrists are just as tied as they were to begin with! If anything, even tighter as my wrists have begun to swell with all of my struggles.

Looking around quickly, I see a Fire Extinguisher hanging on the wall. Anything and everything we can do to get free! I first try to squirm in that direction, but won't make it in time!

I go with one of the more painful of rolls I could manage! Each time rolling over with my ankles and wrists under me couldn't be more painful. My loud grunts of pain, quickly attracted attention!

If the grunts didn't get everyone looking, the loud as hell {BANG!} of the Extinguisher getting lifted off its hook by my knee and then hitting the floor hard sure did it! So glad it didn't land on me, because I had zero control over the direction it was going to tip.

Working my head shoulders and back up the wall added to the massive rug burns and bruises already all over my elbows, but I wasn't giving up. If this actually works, I'm about to get another Mistress even more pissed off at me!

One more of the Slaves still bound made the mistake of watching me over continuing her struggles, as the Head Mistress just pointed to her and called out, "PIT!"

This Slave didn't scream, cry or beg . . . she only said, "Head Mistress, May I finish watching her before I'm taken to the PIT?" The Head Mistress nodded to her while pointing down to her helpers. She got a temporary reprieve until the end of Round 1.

If the pressure wasn't enough, the calling out of, "60 Seconds!" sure the hell was! As I worked my way into position, the small metal hook on the wall got me in my shoulder, middle of my back, my elbow and forearm!

With each painful poke, I bit my lip and continued to fight! "30 Seconds!" was called out and Mistress Moment was just starting to smile as the hook finally dug into her impossible knot!

The ends popped out of their hiding spots and I pushed as hard as I could to dig the hook even deeper. It buried its tip into my wrist as much as the knot! I could feel the blood dripping down the palm of my hand and off the tips of my fingers!

"Ten! . . . Nine! . . . Eight! . . ." and my hands were Free!!! With the rope around my ankles being a single center loop, it was off and I was standing before the Mistress got to ". . . One! . . . TIME!"

Quickly a Sexy Slave in the skimpiest of latex Nurse outfit came over to bandage my wrist, which soon stopped the bleeding. There was a single slow round of applause coming from the Head Mistress.

She was soon joined by the other Mistresses along the wall . . . that was all

except the one who just gave me the finger across her throat motion and death stare before leaving.

GOLDEN TICKETS . . .

Like Willy Wonka or American Idol, one of the Head Mistresses Slaves went from remaining Mistress to remaining Mistress handing out Golden Tickets to Round 2 of the Contest.

A Contest that had over 75 Mistresses in the running less then an hour ago was down to only 14! Over sixty of them, taken out by failing the single rope tie Challenge of Round 1.

Felt bad for the Asian Mistress who tied me, for had it not been for my ability to find that Extinguisher hook, she'd still be here. I mean, seriously, that was the tightest and toughest knot I ever experienced.

Feel even worse that my Mistress Sam is gone from the room and I never saw her leave. This is when another Slave handing me a Golden Ticket surprised me!

My confused look prompted her to say, "Mistress has picked 14 Slaves to be a part of Round 2 . . . Congratulations?" The question mark was something to worry about, but this must be another pre-agreement between the Mistresses and the Head Mistress.

I've been lent out before for many reasons, just never for something so big or as important as this. From what I understand, the Head Mistresses Slave Choices were unrelated to if they got loose or not. Much more about their level of effort and response to being bound.

I'm not aware as to how the Mistresses were to Travel, but the 14 Golden Ticket Slaves were packed like leather clad sardines ever so tightly into and oversized windowless Van. Being pushed half naked skin so tightly against the other Slaves, was as pleasant as it was frustrating.

We could get a thrill off each other's skin, but not allowed to act on it at all. The last two commands given to us before the closing of the double doors were: "No Touching - No Talking". Well . . . Fuck!

The eyes on me were those of lust, want and craving from the sexiest of Slaves sitting across from me. While at the same time, I sensed much hate and disgust from the eyes of a smaller Asian Slave in the far corner of the Van.

The brunette Slave across from me with the darkest of brown eyes was staring deep into mine while licking her lips. While the Asian in the corner of the Van, continued to contort her face into the angriest possible expression.

No one needed to tell me who's Slave the Angry Asian one was. She was quite obviously the Slave of the Mistress who bound me. I only did what we were all told, under Extreme Penalty of the Pit, to do. To just try our hardest and to do everything possible to get free.

To some, the smell that was building up in this Van would be worse then your worst Locker Room. 14 mostly naked female bodies with leather, latex and silk. All of us still sweaty from our Struggles to get free and continuing to sweat from our ride in this Slave Sardine Can.

To me, the smell was only getting me hotter and hornier by the minute. Sexy brunette gives me a wink combined with a very quiet purring sound. The Angry Asian, still staring while allowing a not so quiet growling noise directed at me to escape her lips.

Honestly, she was as hot as the brunette, and if she'd just knock it off, maybe the three of us could really have some fun later on . . .

SHARED SUITE . . .

The 14 of us Slaves were given what seemed like our own floor or extremely large Shared Suite. With 14 of us, and only 7 rooms, so the picking of Roommates started and went quickly!

It was like the Female Volleyball Team went on Spring Break together and we now were competing within the Team for the best rooms. I didn't care about the room, only my Roommate!

Without saying a word, I quickly just went too tightly grab the hand of the hot brunette who was sitting across from me in the Van. I caught her off guard and initially she was pulling away . . . until she saw who had her hand.

At that point, she returned the tightness of the grab two fold! OMG! She's strong as hell! Totally lost track of whom else paired up with whom . . . mainly because I really didn't care.

Together we took our time walking past room after room until we came across the first empty one and simply turned into it. Happy with our two decisions, we sat on the edge of the bed together.

This massive Suite we were all in for the night was decorated a little different than that one from the Spring Break I remember . . .

We were actually given the level of the Chateau that got rented out for Large Private BDSM Parties for the Richest of Clients. I'm sure the only reason we're here, is no one else required it. Otherwise, they wouldn't have given us such nice quarters.

The main colors running throughout this Suite were of course Black and Red . . . more of a very dark Red or Burgundy actually. The middle of our Room was the very sturdy four-poster bed, which seemed larger than a King.

Looking around the room, the walls were covered in red leather, black leather, devices to bind a Slave to or all the needed accessories to do the binding, teasing or punishing. Looking at such a collection couldn't have made my pussy any wetter.

To be in such a place without my Mistress was as confusing as it was exciting. We were all given directions of no talking and no touching when put in the Van. We were given no such directions when the 14 of us were left in this Suite . . .

"Top or Bottom?" This was the moment my wetness went into overdrive! I turn to see that question was just asked by my sexiest of Roommates ever in a voice of pure innocence combined with power!

Again, slightly louder, she asks, "Top or Bottom?" My knees were going weak and it was quickly getting difficult to stand. I chose the non-verbal answer of crossing my wrists in front of me, as I couldn't help but stare directly into her eyes.

"Did I give you permission to look at me?" Quickly I replied, "No Mistress". She responded back with, "It's Mistress Taylor and disobeying Slaves get punished."

Hands behind you . . . Now!"

"Yes Mistress Taylor" while moving my hands behind me. She closes the door to our room and slowly slides the overly large deadbolt into place. By the sound it made, I believe they don't oil it just so the Slave can hear and feel it through their bones.

The dead bolt giving out the sound of possible freedom, escape or any chance of someone coming in to save me, slowly being taken away. I stumble and end up sitting on the edge of the bed.

"It seems my Slave wants to be punished even more then she's already going to be getting." I quickly stand back up, but it's too late . . . I've already looked at her without permission and now moved, again, without her permission . . .

I'm about to get what I deserve . . . I hope . . .

PRESENTING . . .

As my Newest Mistress Taylor wraps the wide leather straps around my wrists before locking them in place, my butterflies and tingles have both gone into complete overdrive!

Lucky for me, she had me move to the middle of the four-poster bed and get onto my knees. My legs had become so weak under her Power; there wasn't a chance I could stand any more.

I've been put into Bondage thousands of times, but whenever a New Mistress ties me, it's like my first time all over again. My curiosity, wonderment, concerns, fears, excitement, hesitation just before the click of that first lock or tightening of that first knot . . . overwhelms me as my hands start to shake . . .

Mistress Taylor sees and grabs both of my shaking hands in hers. Just the touch of her skin on mine brings me closer to orgasm! "Scared my helpless Slave? . . . Cause you should be . . ." OMG!

"Spread your knees apart Slave." I move so my knees are as apart as I can get them without leaving my kneeling position. She then wraps and straps even wider strap around each of my thighs, just above my bent knees.

Her hands are still a distance from my wetness, but as they move and brush the inside of my thighs, I let out a small moan of pleasure from her touch.

This quickly got her attention as she slapped the front of my naked thigh with a stern, "NO!" Many of us Slaves have dabbled in switching to Tops, but more often than not fall right back into the Proper Bottoms we're meant to be.

Now Mistress Taylor here, after only a few minutes, has convinced me her Proper Spot should be a Top. "If you end up cumming before I give you permission, you'll regret it in a major way Slave."

They know comments like that only make us Slaves end up even closer to cumming! That's why they do it! The mind games I love! Honestly, proper phrases at the right time can have a greater sexual affect on me than any amount of BDSM!

With my knees spread and the wide straps in place, Mistress Taylor ties solid black ropes to the large metal rings on the outside of my thighs. She then pulls these ropes snug as she ties them off to two of the many large metal eyebolts along every part of the four-poster bed.

Once these were tied and my knees are now pulled apart, access to my wetness has been granted and no longer in my control. I only wish her attention moves there sooner than later!

As she moves behind me on the bed, also in a kneeling position, I can feel the middle of another long black rope being looped between my locked together wrist straps.

This is fed through a metal loop where the crisscrossing metal frame between the tops of the four posts meet. She immediately pulls on this rope until my wrists are now the highest part of my body.

Being bent and pulled as such, my mostly naked ass is pushed outward and presenting nicely for its future punishment. Only the small thong is covering my most private of areas. Nothing is covering my level of excitement as I'm breathing harder and louder by the minute.

Mistress Taylor now moves around to where I can feel her breasts, stomach and thighs bumping and brushing against my side. Her hand slowly sliding from the outside of my hip, towards my stomach and then turning down and between my legs!

My gasp of pleasure couldn't be stopped as my body started to squirm and spasm on it's own. The twitches of my inner thigh muscles randomly sparking more pleasure deep inside me!

"You really seem to think you're going to enjoy the punishment I have in store for you? . . . Don't you?" I've learned from being a Slave for so long, to Never Lie to your Mistress. It will backfire every time.

I haven't learned to limit my answers to a simple yes or no. "Yes Mistress Taylor, I'm so excited by what you're going to do to me that my pussy has become soaking wet from pleasure. Everything about you is giving me tingles and you smell fantastic. I want you!"

Guess with my lack of verbal control, I've learned to love the tightest and largest

of gags . . . because I seem to earn them quickly in my sessions. Just never one as large or as tight as the one Mistress Taylor was able to find from the large collection hanging in this Suite.

I know she liked what I said, because she couldn't hide her smile by mid rambling. Still, as a Mistress, she had some rules to follow and a big one is keeping a Slave Quiet. This intense gag is doing just that.

I'm on the edge of gagging or choking continually and have to concentrate hard on not doing so. Each little gagging noise I let out is responded with a, "Did you need me to get a larger gag?" or a, "I can make those straps tighter to push it deeper if you want?"

A total pretend lack of caring for my actual problems with ongoing offers to only make things even worse for me . . . My God! She's Good!

As much of a bent over position as I already was in, I could randomly force myself a little more upright and or move my ass inward so its not so far out and available to be punished. Seeing this, Mistress Taylor chose to add a few more, well placed ropes.

Tightly tying off some more black ropes to the highest metal rings incorporated into my leather body harness. These rings were near the fronts of my shoulders. She then ran those ropes downward and off the sides of the bed to several more metal eyebolts.

My chest was now pulled down even to the height of my ass and I could do nothing to lift it up any higher. She wasn't done yet. Using the metal rings of my

harness on the sides of my hips, she tied two more of the black ropes off, knotting them tight.

These ropes did not head downward. These went up to the top of the two posts of the bed behind me. Mistress Taylor made sure to put her weight into pulling these tightly before tying them off.

At this point, my ass was in a permanent and helpless presenting for punishment position. The only part of my body any higher than my ass was my wrists.

As painfully uncomfortable and helpless as I was, Mistress Taylor does what only the best Mistress's do . . . adds even more very un-necessary items to my bondage.

I'm helpless. I'm not going anywhere. I can't stop her from doing whatever she wants. She adds wide straps to my upper arms, just above my elbows. Then, pushes them together as she adds a lock between them.

My already naked and heaving breasts are pushing out further as the leather harness around them becomes tighter and pushes into my flesh. Reaching under to grab my breasts, admiring their own little bondage from my harness, she simply says, "Nice"

THE CHOOSING . . .

Anyone newer to BDSM would have grabbed the nearest device of punishment off the wall and had been wildly smacking my helpless ass with it fifteen minutes ago . . .

Not a True Mistress . . . they fully understand the Mind Game that is "Anticipation". It's been much longer than fifteen minutes since Mistress Taylor completed my bondage.

I'm gagged with the largest and tightest gag ever, but left un-blindfolded . . . for a reason. So I could watch the show Mistress Taylor is putting on for me, called: "The Choosing" . . .

She has sashayed her sexy firm body back and forth the length of the wall of Punishment a half dozen times so far, and am sure she's no where near to being done.

Allowing her fingertips to lightly glide across the handles and tips of each hard leather riding crop, wooden and leather paddles, the Cat-O-Nines, canes and whips. Some items left with a small swinging motion after her touch.

My body is already hurting from just my extreme position. My hands are shaking. I'm breathing hard and heavy and couldn't be enjoying her show any more!

The "Anticipation" of which device will finally be chosen to deliver my much deserved punishment is driving my pussy crazy! Which device will soon become an extension of my Mistress's body as it attacks my helpless and outstretched naked ass?

At least three times Mistress Taylor had chosen the deliverer of my punishment. She gently takes the cane off the wall and swings it around to test its weight and balance.

{Whoosh} {Whoosh} {Whoosh} {Smack} She shakes her hand off from the pain of the cane, and looks at me with a small smile. I let out a gasp around the edges of my gag before swallowing the best I can . . . then she turns, and hangs it back up! OMG!

The thought of her using that cane on me hard pressed into my mind. The cane can be the most painful of all. Worse yet, it's the most exact when it comes to choosing the spot on a Slave's body to punish. Or, repeat hits on the same welts just left!

The mental punishment she just delivered to me without taking even a step in my direction was unbelievable! My combination of fear, lust and excitement kept my butterflies and tingles going out of control!

My earlier attempts at swallowing did nothing to stop the stream of drool now wetting the bed directly below my gagged mouth. Mistress Taylor takes the longest and deepest of red, Cat-O-Nines off the wall.

Imagining the scatter attack of the nine hard leather tips making contact with my skin within a millisecond of each other again put me into my fear, lust and excitement mode!

Again, Mistress Taylor gives it a series of test swings. {Whoosh} {Whoosh} {Whoosh}. Due to its overall length and weight, the swings were slower than the cane.

I Want That for my Punishment! Mistress Taylor takes one step towards me as I make a very amateur Slave mistake. I nod my head in agreement with her choice.

Mistress Taylor shakes her head 'No' the second she noticed my nodding. Feeling like a Naughty little girl who just had her Cake taken away before even getting to taste it's sweetness . . . I was actually sad as the cat was hung back up . . .

Another lap and a half went by as I admired the definition of the muscles in her thighs appear and fade with ever step. I have no idea exactly why, but to me, that's one of, if not the sexiest part of a woman's body. Maybe it's the feel of sliding my hands from her knees to her pussy, and the thighs are the paths to be taken?

This time, Mistress Taylor's hand stopped on the handle of what had to be around a nine-foot long bullwhip! Oh My God NOOO! I wasn't going to shake my head 'No', because that would guarantee Mistress wouldn't change her mind. It's the unwritten rule!

At first, when she turned to once again smile at me, I didn't think she would even

take it off the wall. I was wrong! She brought it down and released the initial looping in one smooth motion.

This was followed by a series of patterns each ending in the loudest of cracks! I've seen many Mistress's with a rolled up bullwhip as part of their outfit. I've only seen a few ever show they knew how to use it.

If Mistress Taylor doesn't return this whip to the wall, there will be no pleasure in my punishment and there will be a promise of blood and scars! I stay silent . . . I dare not move . . . I don't show any emotion one way or another . . .

She slowly moves towards me allowing the whip to trail behind her. I still continue my motionless and emotionless approach to her approaching me! Oh My God! PLEASE NO! PLEASE NO!

Mistress Taylor brings the thickest part of the whip, just before the handle to below my nose before saying, "Smell this Slave . . . take a long deep breath."

I follow her instructions as she holds the whip in one hand while cupping my nearest breast with her other. The smell of the supple leather was beyond intense. I think more due to the power holding it then the actual cowhide or buckskin aroma.

Moving behind me, she lightly runs that same part of the whip, closest to the handle across my ass. The punishment hasn't even started. My collection of drool on the bed, is now being added to by the stream of tears that appeared on their own. Trying to hold in my fears, but failing.

As I brace for what's about to happen, what I can't stop, every muscle in my helpless body now shaking . . . Mistress Taylor returns to the wall while rolling the whip back to its original circle.

"You have far too nice and smooth of an ass to leave it with permanent marks . . . that is unless you give me no other choice." The forth and final item she pulled from the wall, was a very high-end black leather riding crop.

Again, the {Whoosh} {Whoosh} {Whoosh} pattern followed by the {Smack} on her own palm. Her small smile and wink told me, "The Choosing" was complete. There's no more switching up this time.

THE CROPPING . . .

First, Mistress Taylor put me into a very strict Bondage Position. This Position alone has become a punishment. The weight of my upper body being supported by my wrists tied behind me.

Worse yet, the extra ropes pulling downward from the rings on my harness nearest my shoulders adding to the pain. The wide straps just above my knees, roped and pulling my thighs apart were a welcomed addition, at first.

Now, my legs are continuing to shake on their own as I've grown weak trying to pull them together to prevent my body from dropping further.

The only part of my body being somewhat supported is my ass, which is still sticking out and up, presented for punishment, by the ropes tied off to the harness rings nearest my hips.

These are just the physical pains of my Bondage. The internal butterflies are no longer just in my stomach area. They are in full flutter mode all the way up to my chest helping to keep my nipples erect.

As extreme as all of this is, nothing beats the intense mind fuck Mistress Taylor has been putting me through for just the process of "The Choosing" of the Riding Crop she's moving towards me with!

Just the small amounts of eye contact I've been allowed to have with her deep brown eyes have taken me right up to the edge. I'm putty in her hands and just want more of anything from her!

The tingle that started in my pussy when I first saw her in the Van has never stopped. If my hands were free I'd be teasing my clit to orgasms non-stop right now!

I've been a Slave to Mistress Sam for several years and have had hundreds, if not more than a thousand sessions with her. Not once had she taken me to this place Mistress Taylor, normally another Slave like me, has taken me to since the door to our Suite closed.

If I didn't have on this thong, I'd swear my juices would be dripping and puddling onto the bed just like my drool has been. I'm not sure if it's in my mind, or if Mistress Taylor is walking slow. Doesn't matter, because I'm loving every second of it!

Finally Mistress Taylor is in position besides me. I await the start of my punishment I'm mentally begging her to give me! She brings the tip of the crop near my eyes and slowly turns it over and back.

The leather shape is much wider than the cane, which I'm thankful for. It's not as likely to leave the welts the cane or bullwhip would have, but the sting will still be there.

It's a smaller amount of leather, but leather all the same as I take in the smell of the crop before it moves away from my sight. Knowing it's about to find it's

target of my helpless ass, I start to hold my breath waiting for the first hit . . .

I'm close to passing out when {whoosh} {smack} finally happens as the large and hard leather tip of Mistress Taylor's riding crop makes a solid connection with the middle of my left ass cheek!

"MMMMPPFF!" Just how much of the sting I'm feeling is actually from the hard leather tip, vs. my teased and tormented mind? I don't know? Her leading up to this couldn't have been better.

{whoosh} {smack} She evens things out with the second hit centered on my right ass cheek! "MMMMPPFF!" My gag is so large and so tight, there's no chance of me trying to talk my way out of this punishment!

{whoosh} {smack} {whoosh} {smack} {whoosh} {smack} Slowly she moves her target around each time . . . always finding a new spot of flesh she's yet to paint warm red . . .

{whoosh} {smack} {whoosh} {smack} {whoosh} {smack} Each hit sets off a series of affects to my helpless body. There's the initial sting and jerking in my bonds . . .

Then the twitch within my pussy, each one feeling like a small vibration. The butterflies in my stomach move further up past my breasts. Lastly the burning of the hit settles in . . . "MMMMMM"

{Whoosh} {Smack} {Whoosh} {Smack} Either the noise of each swing is getting louder or I'm so attuned to listen for them, it just sounds louder?

Also, each smack is getting harder or they feel like it because she's spreading a second coat of deeper red across my ass? I don't know for sure about either of these . . . but I know I don't want her to stop!

{Whoosh} {Smack} {Whoosh} {Smack} {Whoosh} {Smack} "MMM"
"MMM" "MMM" Her buildup and cadence is perfect! A pattern I can prepare for and tense up my pussy with each smack . . .

The Riding Crop isn't physically touching my cliterous, but the tingle I'm feeling with every single smack feel like direct hits to my clit! I'm growing even wetter every second as she's pushing me towards the edge of orgasm!

{Whoosh!} {Smack!} {Whoosh!} {Smack!} {Whoosh!} {Smack!}
"MMMGGHH!" There's no question in my mind at this point! Mistress Taylor is swinging harder and faster to where it's become one constant stream of Intense Stings!

My ass has to be all deep red by now because she's switched to more of a random splattering attack! {Whoosh!} {Smack!} "MMMFFFGG!!!" I've switched to hard grunts as my body is randomly swinging in every direction!

My mind wants more, while my body is in "Flight Mode"! {WHOOSH!}
{SMACK!} "MFFFGGG!" I struggle and pull at every strap! At every rope! My body is trying to escape the pain!

The stream of drool no longer fall straight down . . . but flying off in random directions as my head twists and turns with the burning sting of my ass that's now on Fire!

{WHOOSH!} {SMACK!} "MRRRGGG!" In the middle of my total lack of success at lessening any part of my punishment, I try to take in a deep breath to get air . . .

The combination of leather, sweat and perfume made it's way in like smelling your all time favorite meal! If I could bottle this essence and sell it at BDSM Stores I would call it "Sessions".

Our Session together has yet to Climax, but my Heart, Soul, Mind and Body already belongs to Mistress Taylor! {WHOOSH!!!} {SMACK!!!}
"MMMMMMFFFGGG!"

I want to be hers! I wish I could be hers! I want this Every Day! And then the Cropping Stops . . . "I think I might have been missing a spot . . ." says Mistress Taylor in an innocent way . . .

Oh My God! YES! PLEASE! Please let this mean what I'm thinking! Slowly the full length of the shaft of the Riding Crop slides between my legs, centered on my much swollen clit! "MMMMM!"

I can feel the roughness and texture of the shaft even through the wet material of my thong as it takes only seconds before I'm teetering off the edge! Sliding from

the handle end of the crop and ending with the hard leather tip, settling against my clit!

My whole body shaking and shuddering as my wish is granted! She starts with just a slow tapping . . . no whoosh . . . no smack . . . just a slow and very light tapping . . .

Helpless to get her to speed up, helpless to later get her to slow down or stop, just helpless . . . in the front car of the coaster as it drops that first and largest of drop . . .

The tapping had barely started to increase in speed and pressure and I'm thrust hard into the most intense Orgasm I've ever had! With perfect aim, Mistress Taylor continues her ever-increasing series of direct hits to my cliterous!

I've never had this happen before, but I just went from pleasure, to more pleasure, to intense pleasure, to Too Much Pleasure in like a minute! OH MY GOD! STOP!!!! I . . . I . . . I CAN'T TAKE IT!!!!

Others have told me of having a rare Full Body Orgasm before . . . but I always blew it off with a "Sure, like that happens . . ." Now I know it's Real and I don't know how to handle it!

I'm Flailing, straining, twisting and grunting wildly! Mistress Taylor pulls the Best and Worst thing she can, "What's that my Helpless Slave? . . . Oh, you want more? . . . Ok, I'm not sure you can handle it, but if it's what you want . . ."

OVERLOAD . . .

It was what I wanted, but didn't know how to process it! At home, with a vibrator . . . you always come to that point where it's too intense. So you just turn it off and it's over.

You're with a Lover who's licked you to a series of orgasms and you pull her head towards yours for a deep kiss flavored in your own juices and her black cherry lip gloss.

Riding that Sybian to the point of screaming so loud your nosey Neighbor Betty calls the Police worried about your safety . . . but then you power it down and go to sleep . . . until the Police show up banging on your door.

In all these cases and many more, you take your time traveling to the edge. You dip your toes in to test the pleasure. You jump in and experience such intense levels of pleasure . . . you stop, drop and roll away from it . . .

You're in control. You decided it's too much, so you simply stop it. There's nothing simple about my current predicament. There is no stopping it! No rolling away from it!

Only the most intense struggling, grunting, moaning and gasping to catch my breath I've Ever Done! And she's not stopping or even slowing down!

My Fucking God!!! She's speeding up the tapping on my swollen cliterous with the hard leather tip of her Riding Crop! She's increasing the hardness of each tap way beyond anything I've Ever Experienced!

Every hit is like another orgasm on top of the previous orgasm that hasn't finished yet! My body is actually rattling like I was on a cart going over the rockiest of roads. I swear if I didn't have the large leather insert in my mouth, my teeth would be chattering!

There are no longer separate moans, but just a constant stream of some noise coming out around my gag . . . until I need more air and then it starts right back up.

If I were watching someone else acting like I was right now, I'd have to think they're just horrible at faking an orgasm . . . but I'm not faking!

I'm trying to make eye contact with her, to beg her with my eyes to STOP! DON'T STOP! PLEASE STOP! NEVER STOP! OH MY GGGGOOOOODDDDD!

She's directly behind me, so she can't see the looks in my eyes. Mistress Taylor keeps going for what feels like forever! An intense warmth growing from my pussy all of a sudden floods over my whole body . . . as if I was becoming comfortable with everything and weightless . . .

The lighting in the room is getting dimmer . . . I've lost track of when I last breathed in vs. just letting out my constant noise . . . the noise has faded . . . the room goes black . . .

REVENGE . . .

Like waking from surgery, it was hard to focus and keep my eyes open . . . the room was becoming brighter again . . . as bright as a room almost 100% covered in red and black can be . . .

I see the outline of Mistress Taylor when I lift my head . . . my eyes close again, as much as I try to keep them open . . . I'm still bound in my extreme bent position . . . but am totally relaxed and still feeling the warmth of my Ultimate Orgasm . . .

Opening my eyes again, I'm now seeing three outlines of Mistress Taylor? Confused, I try harder to wake up and focus . . . Oh My God! Fuck No!

The middle of the three Mistress Taylor outlines wasn't Mistress Taylor at all! It was the Angry Asian Slave from the Van! The Slave of the Mistress I sent home by getting loose!

She has the most awesome of eyes, the most perfect of skin, a body I'd love to be bound naked breasts to breasts! Why does she need to ruin it all with that Pissed Off Look and being such a Bitch?

Pointing to the outline on her right, she commands, "Nipples, Now!" Then pointing to the outline on her left, she commands, "Pussy, Now!"

The first of her two Lackeys lies down on her back and slides under me so her shoulders are lined up to my chest. My slower, but still drooling mouth is now dripping onto her stomach.

She then reaches up to my helpless breasts and grabs onto each of my nipples harder then anyone has ever done! The pain is as if she's actually trying to rip them from my chest! "MMMMMMFGGG!!"

I'm no longer groggy, or half asleep! This pain has me once again fighting my bondage beyond belief! Mistress Taylor's bondage cannot be escaped! I'm at their mercy!

My realization of the command of "Pussy, Now!" that she told the second Lackey smacked me in the head a second before her two vice grip like hands clamped hard and fast onto my pussy lips! "FFFFFGGKK!"

Again, the feeling and fear of her ripping my lips from my pussy flooded my mind in the form of the most Pain I've ever felt! Fighting with all my might, I tip my head up to make eye contact with her a second before she slipped the clear bag over it!

The Angry Asian screamed, "Die in Pain Bitch!" as she took one of the spare black ropes left on the bed and tied it extra tight around the bag and my neck!

Going so tight with it before knotting it, that with or without this bag over my head, I would still be dying due to lack of air! It all happened so fast, I never even had a chance at a deep breath . . .

I was short on air from the first second as the bag quickly fogged up! Somehow, both of her Lackeys stayed clamped on strong to my nipples and pussy lips, no matter how hard I struggled!

With Mistress Taylor, I passed out due to just plain forgetting to breath . . . but I was ok, because I could still breath after. This is different! I'm trying to breath, but the air has quickly become very thin and warm!

The harder I try to breathe and the more I try to scream around my gag is only making my suffocation death to come my way that much sooner!

Each attempted breath in, the bag covered in moisture sticks to my face like a second skin! Each breath out, it pulls back off only moving the blurring wet images to a different level of blur . . .

I'm dizzy, unable to scream and give up on my fight! I'm losing anyway . . . so what's the point any more??? I know the Lackeys are still gripped tight onto my nipples and lips, but can no longer feel it . . .

It was at this moment what sounded like the rush of a Police Swat Team charging into our room during a Surprise Raid over road everything else happening!

The two Lackeys finally released their grips! This I could feel as the blood rushed back in bringing me more pain then when they first attached to my most private areas! "MMMMMGGGGRRR!"

As the Angry Asian screamed, "NOOOO! FUCK YOU! SHE NEEDS TO DIE!"
A pair of hands tore a large hole in the bag over my head, before working on the tight knot on my rope choker . . .

Finally getting my first full breath, I get to see the Swat Team that just saved my life. They were not your normal looking Swat Team! They were the fourteen Mistress's still left in the Contest!

All in their Latex and Leather Bests and ready for Round 2 of the Contest. Their timing couldn't have been any better! This is when I thought I was seeing things! One of the Mistress's was my Roommate . . . Slave Taylor, now dressed as Mistress Taylor!

See was in a very tight fitting strapless dress made out of both black and very deep burgundy. It hugged her curves perfectly and made me want her even more!

Her supple leather elbow length gloves were as mesmerizing as were the six-inch heels on her black leather pumps accented with rivet lines running around the edges.

I wanted more than anything to be free of my bondage so I could be running my fingers through her short auburn hair right this minute. To be close enough to smell her essence . . . to just be able to touch her!

Still, the look of confusion as to what had happened was all over my face. As each of the three Slaves who tried to kill me were being forced into very non-

Police issue, single leather sleeves, several Mistress's worked to release me from my bondage.

As my freedom was being granted, theirs was being taken away. Mistress Taylor got close to me so she could remove my gag. I was now taking deep breaths . . . not only to get oxygen back to my brain, but also to take in Mistress Taylor's perfume.

Quietly she commented, "The Head Mistress liked what she saw on the surveillance cameras . . . I didn't even know they had those! They let me do a private Round 1 session, which I passed. I'm now in the running for Head Mistress!"

That last sentence she said like a giddy little girl who was very proud of herself. As she should be, cause I'm very proud of her also. Not just because she's cute, sexy and chose me as her Toy, but because she's damn good at handling a Slave like me!

A Slave making the switch to Mistress is one thing, but to possibly become Head Mistress of one of the Premier BDSM Chateau's on the East Coast! Just Totally Amazing!

"PIT!" . . .

Around half of the Mistress Swat Team had left the room, which is good, cause it honestly was just too much leather and latex in one room . . . which you won't hear me say too often. The mix of someone's very intense perfume, combined with all of the leather and sweat was making me dizzy and horny.

The three who tried to kill me moments ago have their single leather sleeves strapped and laced tightly. With the straps being crisscrossed just above their chests, those are not coming off.

All three of them have also had their ankles and knees tightly strapped together. The leather panel gags have finally quieted them down . . . at least the swear words and many threats of Death directed at me.

Now it's all angry as fuck grunts and laser eyes trying to burn me! Lucky for me, there's no Super Villains in this room with actual laser eyes . . . Or I would be getting sliced to pieces!

Two rows wide and two rows deep, the four thonged Slaves enter the room with the Head Mistress walking in unison behind them. It was as if she was in an imaginary Chariot and they were the four steeds pulling it into the middle of the room.

Without hesitation, one by one she points at the three and says, "Pit! . . . Pit! . . . Pit!" Then her, the four naked other than their thongs steeds and the imaginary

Chariot glide back out of the room as quickly as they showed up.

Whoever becomes the next Head Mistress has some very tall stilettos to follow. There's so much beyond just the skills of BDSM to truly warrant being Head Mistress. There's respect and as this Head Mistress has down pat, Showmanship . . . or should that be Showomanship?

One by one, the three have hoods pulled over their heads, strapped on and are then put face down onto a cart. The last one being hooded is the Angry Asian who continued her Bitchy Resting Face to the last second.

Once she was piled on top of the other two, the cart is taken away. There were still grunts, groans and struggles from all three, but they're out of the way for at least the next week.

I'm figuring with the Head Mistress witnessing first hand, three Slaves attempting to murder a fourth, they may never be leaving the Pit. We have our own form of Corporal Punishment, which avoids all the wasted time in Courts.

In the middle of all of this, I was doing the math in my head. When we first came here, there were fourteen Mistresses and fourteen Slaves.

Like America's Got Talent, they're gonna need to call back some who've already left the Contest to get the numbers back to even. I was very right they'd be doing some callbacks. Just didn't have the right idea of whom they'd be calling . . .

THIRTEEN PAIRS . . .

We were back up to fifteen Mistresses with the addition Mistress Taylor being added to the Contest. Then, quickly dropped down to thirteen.

The two human clamp Lackeys that were involved in me almost dying. These two will now be spending an undefined amount of time being tortured in the Pit. Seems both of their Mistresses were still in the running, but decided to excuse themselves from the running.

Makes sense . . . I mean, if their Slaves were that badly behaved, it reflects on them as being very Poor Mistresses. Someone like that, if they actually became Head Mistress, would never command any respect from other Mistresses or even Slaves.

So thirteen it is for Round 2. The Mistresses are all lined up along one side of a very wide hallway. Ten Slaves are lined up along the other side, in kneeling positions. Everyone was waiting for the numbers on each side to even out.

In walks a cute blonde, with her head down. I remember her escaping her bondage only a few seconds after time ran out on Round 1. Totally makes sense to bring her back.

Next, enters . . . Oh My God! My longtime Mistress Sam! I find out later, it was her comment of, "I guess that will have to do" when time ran out on Round 1 that earned her a spot as a Slave for Round 2.

Mistress Sam didn't get stripped of her Title, but the Head Mistress felt she just needed a little bit of retraining and redirection before returning to Mistress.

Mistress Sam also walks with her head down past me. I catch a glimpse of her somber looking face, but she doesn't return the look. Poor Mistress, now Slave Sam seems so defeated. I feel badly for her. We just needed one more Slave and we'll be ready to go.

There are many different un-written Rules within the BDSM World. Most, I may never know or see in action. The one I was about to see, was the biggest surprise yet.

Once you're a Mistress and have your collection of Slaves, you become very Responsible for them in a lot of ways. A Slave Damages something at another's Dungeon, the Mistress has to pay for the Damage.

May not be cash, but there will be a payment. Most often, the payment is allowing the Owner of the Damaged Dungeon to Punish the Slave. Or may be by giving them the Slave who did the Damage permanently.

The Rule I was most unaware of involved attempted murder of another Slave. Never heard of this because that just doesn't happen . . . at least I didn't think it would ever happen.

In this case, the Mistress of the Slave who attempted the Murder, is immediately stripped of her Title and Six Inch Stilettos. That would be the Asian Mistress

who got booted on Round 1 because I didn't give up.

She did not enter the room with her head down. She held it high and was looking for me! The second she saw me I watched as she lipped something along the lines of "I'm here just for you!"

Well isn't this just Fucking Great! The Bitch is Back! At least with both of us being Slaves in this Contest, I shouldn't have to worry about her tying me up or having any chance to punish me.

ROUND 2 . . .

Turns out that Round 2 will consist of three mini Rounds. Each Mistress will be using their skills to tie, tease and punish. Then leaving the Slave alone. Everyone takes a break and then this is repeated until every Mistress does this three times.

The more exact process is:

1 Hour to bind a Slave any way they choose

1 Hour to torment, tease, punish or pleasure

1 Hour where Slave is left alone to enjoy? Or get bored

1 Hour Break and then do it again with a Different Slave

An import Rule to these mini Rounds is:

[Slaves Can Not Know, which Mistress is Tying them]

This was to be achieved by having all Slaves ears plugged. Then gagged and

finally the most form fitting of leather hoods are pulled over their heads, gags and plugs. The extra thick padding over my eyes and ears removed any chance of hearing or seeing.

The reason that one Mistress's perfume was so strong before was because it wasn't just one Mistress. They've all be given and instructed that they must wear this same perfume.

The scent was chosen for its arousal effects on anyone who smells it and I can promise you it works! Between the hood and that smell alone, my motor is already running and running hard!

With my hood in place, I couldn't hear or see anything and was starting to shake some in anticipation as to what was about to happen to me. Quickly doing the numbers, I'm about to be bound one way or another for nine of the next twelve hours!

For anyone who's never had their sight and sound fully removed, you have no idea just how long this is going to feel for each of the Slaves! Time Slows Way Down when you're like this!

If you have a chance or option, the next time you're about to be left bound to enjoy the tightness and enjoy your struggles, ask your Mistress or Master to add Sensory Deprivation to your Bondage.

Kneeling for some time, while each Slave is being given the same treatment. I worry for a moment about how my Mistress Sam will be handling this. But then the pleasure I'm getting thinking about the Asian Mistress being hooded and

helpless comes to mind.

With my sight and hearing taken away, my sense of smell and the sensitivity of my skin are already intensifying. I could tell that's for sure a permanent sharpie that just moved past my face.

I can feel the number nine being drawn just above my left breast. Guess that answers my next question. Random numbers will be used while handing out the Slaves to the Mistresses.

Really don't mind who I end up with . . . just want it to be soon. The last thing the Slaves were told before having their ears plugged was, "You'll be asked to Score each of your Sessions from 1 to 10, with 10 being the best."

Ok, Ok, my pussy wants to start playing already!!! Please! Let's just get going! I feel the leather of the Collar as it's being put on . . . then the click of the leash as my Mystery Mistress is now guiding me, to my first of three Sessions . . .

ALL PLEASURE . . .

The bondage was a simple spread eagle on the most comfortable of beds. I was secured and helpless as the thick fur-lined leather cuffs softly surrounded my wrists and ankles . . .

I had been gently stripped naked before being guided to the bed. With being unable to hear or see, all commands were limited to more of gentle push or pulls in the direction she wanted me to move. A hooked finger just inside the top edge of my thong, directed me to remove it.

This was interesting, because this removed the Power of the Voice from the mix of this round. Just like Mistress Taylor's words were such a powerful form of tease, torment and excitement, many of these other Mistresses had that same skill to one point or another.

They had to survive this round by physical skills only. No verbal commands. No using their eyes, face or the visual intimidation of their leather clad bodies. No just pointing to us, a place or an object of punishment.

As secure as my naked spread eagle position was, she allowed some slack to all four of my limbs. No hard pulling or straining. None of my joints were feeling any pain. She even gave me a thin pillow to make me even more comfortable.

The light brushing of the feather duster across my skin would just start a tickle, before being pulled away. She would give me the pleasure of the touch, but not

take me to the level of an all out tickle torture.

A series of different textures and items were one by one, brushed across my skin. All of them being pleasant and yes, giving me tingles in my pussy making me want to reach orgasm as part of this game of extreme comfort.

I lay here thinking about an episode of Monty Python with the Spanish Inquisition. They showed up and decided to Torture someone by making them sit in "The Comfy Chair". The poor person about to be Tortured screaming, "Not The Comfy Chair!"

She was truly taking her time and trying so hard, but this wasn't at all my cup of tea. The complete lack of any pain or discomfort was more soothing and relaxing than exciting. I did feel bad for her as she was trying hard at whatever this was.

With no pain, came no struggling on my part. With no struggling came not really knowing or caring if I'm helpless or not. The point where as a Slave you struggle your hardest and fully realize, You Are Helpless, is one of the best moments . . .

Sadly, that moment will never be coming with this Session, much like myself. I'm truly much more likely to be falling asleep very soon as I float in this cloud of soothing comfort as tiny Angels lightly caress my naked form.

Pinch Me! Spank Me! Anything! I Need Pain! I need the contrast of Pain and Discomfort to make the level of Pleasure so much stronger then this. It's all about the Yin to the Yang of Pleasure and Pain for a Slave to want to be a Slave.

Imagine swimming in body temp water on a cold day. The first time into the water it's nice. Then, you step out and let the cold air blow against your wet skin take you to the point of shivering discomfort. Once the discomfort is at its max, you jump back into the warmest and most comforting of water.

I'm stuck at the 'Nice' stage. I won't ever feel 'Most Comforting' due to the complete lack of 'Discomfort'. Not sure if I feel asleep while this Mistress was still with me or after she left. I do know someone is getting a 3 out of 10 for this Session.

ALL PAIN . . .

My wish for Pain has come true, except not skillfully blended with the previous Pleasure like Yin and Yang. There were no comforting fur-lined cuffs . . . Just the hard metal of the shackles biting into my skin!

The pain in my shoulders was horrible as I was pulled up onto my toes on the cold hard floor. Even the moving me into this position was more like how a Security Guard would push around the most unruly of Inmates.

I was pushed, shoved, jabbed and prodded all the way until the shackles were closed and winched up high! Still left naked from my All Pleasure Session from an hour ago, my flesh was fully exposed.

Locked helplessly standing, with my legs now shackled and chained spreading apart, every inch of my body was wide open for the extreme flogging I was about to get!

At least at this point, I already hit the point of knowing I'm helpless . . . because I've been trying to stop this Bitch from being so rough! It's all hard metal and I'm helpless!

That realization did bring me closer to orgasm as the butterflies had a few seconds of flight before {SMACK!} FUCK! {SMACK!} FUCK!! {SMACK!} FUCK!!! {SMACK!} FUCK!!!!

The worst of Amateur mistakes! No slow warm up! Right into all out hardest of hits! My loud grunts of pain go ignored as the over the top and excessive flogging continues!

{SMACK!} FUCK!!! {SMACK!} FUCK!!!! {SMACK!} FUCK!!!!!!
{SMACK!} FUCK!!!!!! No moaning or even grunts of pleasure coming from me! Only biting down hard on my gag wanting this just to be over!

My butterflies have died along with any hope of this being a good Session. Slaves are not for you to just beat your fucking life problems out of! Hell, you can't treat a Toaster this badly and expect it to make you nice toast tomorrow!

As fast and as hard as this Session started, it just stopped dead in its tracks. I'm hanging in my shackles in pain, unable to support my own weight. The flogging had stopped and I know it has not been an hour. Maybe closer to five minutes, or even less.

There are multiple sets of soft hands removing my shackles and gently guiding me to a face down position on a bed. The stinging and burning is still happening from my shoulders to the back of my knees.

Lying face down, the drips gliding down both sides of my body is more than just sweat . . . the warm feel and smell of my own blood is obvious . . .

The multiple sets of hands are dabbing off the blood and lightly spreading the most soothing of cool gel over not only my wounded areas, but all the way to my

feet and hands . . . the pain is finally leaving me . . .

Again, unable to hear or see, I can only guess the Head Mistress stepped in and stopped my over the top and way too extreme of punishments. Harder and more painful is not always the best answer in BDSM. There's a point with Hot Wings when the Flavor is just gone and all that's left is HOT!

You need to find the best balance in your Sessions. Bring your Slave to his or her limits. Right to the edges of what they can handle. Then, dabble with pushing them past that point to see what happens.

The multiple hands of the Servants soothing my pain have moved to going beyond soothing. The long, smooth, gel covered fingers enter deep into my pussy and finding my G-spot with skill.

Another two fingers gently circle my tight and tense asshole that quickly loosens to grant easier access. The free hands of the second or third Servant glide under my stomach from the side.

Her soft and smooth touch finds a home caressing my now swollen cliterous. I'm unbound but wrap my arms around a pillow and position myself on top of it. In my mind, my hands are helpless to stop them. A mental game I played before my first real bondage.

I move my legs apart and point my toes so hard my calves almost start to cramp up. Again, I imagine my ankles are also bound and being held apart.

Moving quickly towards the most intense of orgasms, I wish they would quickly bind me helpless! I want the intense feelings of the pleasure train about to enter my station, but worry it'll be too much and I'll spoil it by stopping them!

I'm about to experience exactly why she's the Head Mistress. A few seconds before my Explosion of Pleasure, a pair of hands pulls my left arm out from under my imaginary bondage pillow. Pulling it out towards the corner of the bed, the two hands snugly and firmly clamp on.

The same thing happens seconds later to my right hand, followed by each of my ankles. I'm not bound as I hoped, but with four Servants clamping on with both hands to each of my limbs, I am now very helpless!

There are now at least six, if not seven Servants attending my needs as I burst and scream into my gag! Just the mental pleasure of that many soft hands holding my naked body in a spread eagle position was more than enough to drive me crazy!

Six pairs of soft fingers, discovering my most sensitive of areas, all at the same time. All female and knowing exactly how all of these parts work is what makes me explode into pleasure!

The four holding my limbs had to clamp and push down against the bed hard as engine and cars of the Pleasure Train flew off the tracks creating a pileup of intense sexual satisfaction beyond any past experience I've had before!

Whatever Mystery Mistress started this Session is getting a 1, while this group of women are getting an honorable mention from the living breathing full body

orgasm I've become!

One by one the soft hands and fingers of Team Orgasm leave me. Never just lifting away, but always taking the time to gently slide away giving me tiny shocks of pleasures and or tickles on the way.

I doze off . . . not because of the boredom of my first Session . . . but because my whole body is draped in satisfaction . . .

SUSPENSE . . .

I'm awoke to my already leather strapped and locked wrists being moved behind me. The third lock holds them firmly and helplessly behind me.

Next come very wide and complex type of ankle strapping. I've been a Slave long enough, that even without being able to see, I can tell I'm about to be inverted in bondage.

Extra time and care is being used to make sure the suspension styles of ankle straps are secure, snug while not being a point of pain.

I know that seems to go against my earlier comments about needing a bit of pain to increase my pleasure. Even what and where the pain is coming from is just as important as the pain.

Random smacks of the hard leather riding crop on the inside of you thighs, breasts or ass . . . good pain. The exposed edge of a poorly designed or applied leather strap cutting into your skin and the Mistress doesn't know it . . . bad pain.

The straps, loops and connections all being hooked to a spreader bar lets me know, not only will I be upside down, but with my legs spread wide . . . Yum! This makes a Slaves Sex a prime target for whips and crops!

No idea if this is a manual crank or if it's powered and my Mistress is just

suspending me very slowly. Every few inches, my stomach, breasts and hood slide a little across the table.

Eventually, it's just my breasts and hood, then only my hood as I have lift off. Suspension is amazing! Tied to a chair, bed, cross, table, etc. you feel the object you're bound to as much as the bondage.

Suspended, the only things I feel is my bondage. It intensifies the bondage because at this point, only it and myself are the only two things in the world! That is until {smack} the cat-o-nine makes it's first gentle attach between my thighs!

The combination of her leather covered hands between my thighs, caressing with both pleasure and pain, as I can feel I'm slowly turning, the cat-o-nine finds my naked ass as another fun target!

{Smack!} "mmmm" the hardness of the flogging slowly grows followed by the caress of her glove, also growing in pressure and intensity. I can sense my Mistress is growing in her own excitement in my teasing, torment and torture.

{Smack!} "MMM!" {Smack!} "MMM!" {Smack!} "MMM!" Just the right balance of both Yin and Yang! Pausing to give me a long and strong, inverted breasts to belly and belly to breasts hug, sliding her elbow length gloved arms up and down my back and ass.

My naked body against her firm leather covered one is such a contrast. As she hugs me, I can feel she's breathing just as hard as I am. I don't feel it's because she's spending too much energy, but because she's as aroused as me, if not more.

Love your job and you'll never work a day for the rest of your life. I think she has that one down pat. As a Slave, the feeling that what is happening to me is pleasing my Mistress both mentally and physically, makes me want to Serve her in every way.

If the sting and burn of the whip on my body makes my Mistress Happy, then whip away. If my punishment is to be mummified, completely covered except my mouth. Strapped down and allowed to tongue her pussy for hours, that's what I live for.

{SMACK!} "MMMFFG!" {SMACK!} "MMRRGG!" {SMACK!}
"MMMFFR!" My body is now swinging and turning with each connection of the Cat-O-Nines and I couldn't be happier about it.

As hard as the Cat is biting, the slow progression to this point has made it into an equal amount of pleasure and pain. I both want it to continue and want it to stop at the same time!

I'm so glad this is my third Session for this Round! If I started with this and then had to do those other two, I would have been very let down. Whoever this Mystery Mistress is, she's right between that 9 or 10 rating.

10 would be tough to give, because I always feel there's room to improve . . . or at least I did before this suspension Session with my bringer of pleasure and pain.

The flogging has reached its hardest point and I can feel it slowly getting lighter with each smack. Just like it's important to slowly ramp up, it's just as important to not just yank it away.

Feeling this part of my Session is about to end, allows me to accept the Cat-O-Nine is leaving me. It's a love hate relationship. I may hate the sting and burning, but would love it if it would just continue a little longer . . .

CANDELABRA . . .

I was lowered back down, on top of my bound arms, so my back was level for a bit. It's still a question that never seems to get answered. How long is it Safe to be upside-down?

Some say 15 minutes, some say you can go hours with no issues. There's been Roller Coasters stuck upside-down with people in the cars, for several hours before rescue. Everyone lived.

I like she's giving me a little break before what I assume is about to be my hour of alone time at the end of this three hour Session. Seems she's preparing something, but I can't tell what?

My legs are still spread wide and aiming straight up, but with my torso being level, I'm getting less dizzy while she continues her project. I feel a lot of activity around the spreader bar I was suspended upside down by . . .

Whatever was going on seems to be complete, as I'm once again rising back off the table and into the air. Still naked, still with legs spread and arms strapped behind me. Again, I get the very pleasant, breasts to tummy, tummy to breasts, hug.

With one difference this time . . . at the end, I do not smell her perfume and leather as much as I'm now taking in a burning smell! This new smell grows very quickly as I'm now swinging free with a small turning motion.

The first drip of the hot wax lands the inside middle of my left thigh!
"MMFFG!" The spatter runs a few inches along the inside of my thigh before cooling enough to stop it's run at my pussy! Oh My God!

My question of, "Did she just light one candle?" was quickly answered! The drip on the inside of my left thigh was just like that single drop of rain before the storm comes seconds later . . . except these drops weren't cool rain! They were Hot Fucking Wax!

As bigger drops came down on the insides of my calves, knees, thighs, ass, hands and breasts . . . I quickly lost track of how many possible candles were set to Maximum Drip!

I was straining into somewhat of a Sit up position. The pain of the Wax getting closer and closer to the worst possible target! Bent as I was only allowed even larger splashes better contact against my stomach and breasts!

Quickly I bend as far backwards as possible to protect my breasts from the now even faster stream of Hot and Dripping Wax! With my breasts protected, the drips are now running up my back and under my bound arms!

Unable to imagine exactly what my dance must look like right now, I continue to swing and twist in a blind effort to avoid the inevitable direct splashdown of Hot Wax onto my naked Cliterous!

It's not often I would be wishing I wasn't shaved. This was one of those times.

Yes, getting the wax out of my bush may be a difficult task, but it would help to protect and lessen any direct hits to a very naked and sensitive pussy!

If I were to struggle just right, look sad enough with my eyes, beg through my gag in a Session, my Mistress may give me a reprieve. I'm hooded, gagged and this Mistress has left! Now it's just me, my struggles, and this onslaught, of ever growing Rain of Hot Wax!

I'm trying to picture the complex Candelabra of Hot Dripping Pain she assembled above my helpless body and spread very wide legs. Somehow I believe if I could see all the burning candles I could find a way to dodge the drips . . .

As if I could run through a rainstorm and dodge the drops . . . there's nothing I can do! My only hope is I avoid as long as possible and as much as possible the most painful of spots the Hot Wax can land. That the candles burn fully down and go out long before my hour is up!

Just as this thought crosses my mind, I can no longer hold a bent backwards or forward position. My muscles have grown too tired. Choosing to take a few seconds long break to just hang straight was all it took!

As if my Mistress was here with two shot glasses full of hot wax and just poured them on the inside of both thighs at the same time. We're talking inches from my Pussy and enough to run all the way to both sides! "MMMMMMFFFGGGG!"

At this same time, what must be the middle most candle has grown short enough to let its drips of pain to directly hit and start to cover my swollen clit!

"MMFFFFKKK!"

Instinctively I went back to my upside down flopping fish routine, which did nothing but get my mind off the pain for a few seconds. Too weak to try and dodge any more, I eventually end up hanging straight down once again, legs spread, helpless as my Hot Wax regime continues.

There is one plus to having Hot Wax dripped upon your helpless body. Each previous drip cools, dries and becomes a bit of a protective coating against the Hotness of the next drip.

After giving up the fight, biting down hard on my gag, and allowing the random Hot Splatter coat to cover my whole pussy, I now have my own wax magic shell to shield me from the pain of the future drips.

More Hot Wax is still coming, but now the drips just feel like little taps on my wax coated cliterous. They've become a thing of sexual pleasure . . . of sexual teasing . . . my alone time pain has moved to alone time pleasure . . .

Now, I want harder drips against my pleasure button, but the ever-growing thicker layer of wax is slowly taking that away from me! She had left me alone, yet found a way to keep me engaged, punished, pleased and now teased the whole time! Wow!

My racing heart and heaviest of breathing from my struggles has lessened, but my urges and cravings for the most intense of orgasms is growing!

I want her to be my Mistress! I know, I know I'm fickle when it comes to this kind of stuff. Yes, I said the same thing after my Roomie, Slave Taylor who played Mistress Taylor with me. But come on! This was Fucking Fantastic! Giving this Session a 10 . . .

SCORING . . .

The Slaves had given their individual Scores for each of their three Sessions. Mine was a 3 for the first Mistress. The second Mistress was disqualified for just abusing me. The last Mistress earned from me, the rare and coveted, 10.

We've been returned to our Shared Suite. This is the first we've been able to see, hear or talk for over nine hours. You would think we'd all be chatting up a storm with each other, but no way! Not with the spread of food in the main area!

After several emergency runs to the bathrooms, everyone was back at the table and eating with just our hands. No time for utensils or plates. This was a Cave Women feeding frenzy!

As my stomach finally became satisfied, I continued to eat anyway. Becoming a little pickier starting to look for healthy . . . like it mattered at this point.

Looking up, I start to take in the motley collection of Slaves gathered around the buffet. Most have little to no clothing at all. Some still have a thong or two, a couple of collars. One still has short cut off ropes hanging from all four limbs.

The mostly, still covered in sweat, oils and other unknowns skin of the Slaves is mesmerizing. One might even have finger paint on her? Went for the Creativity point's maybe?

Finally someone did decide to speak up, and all of us were glad at what she said. "Hey, you need to step back, take a shower! Scrub that shit off and then you can come back in here." This was said to the Ex Asian Mistress who failed to keep me bound, now a Slave.

The next comment was directed at me and my still wax covered body. One of the Slaves simply said, "Pride" after glancing up and down the length of my form.

As stiff as parts of my body was when it came to walking with all this wax, I never looked at it. My top concern was nourishment. Glancing down, it seems my last Mistress also had an eye for Creativity and Art . . .

The Rainbow striped lines of wax covered many areas of my flesh. There were still the occasional large splatters and splashes of random colors . . . reminders of my struggles. All and all, I had become quite the Canvas of bright Colors.

The thick magic shell of wax over my pussy had formed an almost Sci-Fi like protective cup that both the guys and girls of the future wear over the top of their tight spandex military outfits. Only difference was my rainbow of colors.

Another Slave saw the overall pattern of wax on my body and noticed the location of the largest build up was my crotch. From her I got an, "Upside Down Much?" question; slash comment from her, followed by a wink and a smile.

The wink made me think of our trip in the Van with Taylor. I miss her! I hope she Scored High . . . I mean, she had to of Scored High. Our short conversations and attention now moved to noticing other things about several Slaves . . .

Almost every one of us had our share of rope or leather bondage burns on wrists and ankles. Along with a collection of random flogging marks. Several girls were refusing to sit, as their bottoms were still hurting from their punishments.

Even the nicest and most impressive of asses is more appealing with a warm red, just spanked color. The ones with some bruising and drips of dried blood, not as appealing.

Pushing a Slave to her limits and a little beyond is always the point. Damaging or leaving permanent marks on the merchandise is not.

Next came the questions from one Slave, "How many of you had a Session stopped? Did any of you get that full body soothing oil massage thing? Cause that was my favorite part!"

Just then, we were interrupted by one of the Head Mistress's Servants who says, "Points have been tallied. Two were disqualified. Top seven will be moving to Round Three."

With the total number of Mistress's dropping down to only seven, I'm guessing, the same reduction will be happening soon to us Slaves. We already just lost Ex Asian Mistress. Right after her shower, she just walked away, commenting, "I'm not putting up with this shit!"

Most of us had our fill of food and were just moving to the closest of chairs or couches to relax and or fall asleep. It's been a long day. I didn't even bother with

my wax outfit yet . . . too tired to bother.

A second Servant came in and quickly pointed at five of us, rattling off, "Green Eyes, Red, Rainbow, Finger Paint and Braids . . . follow me . . ." Wow! Didn't know those were our Nick Names, but they all fit just fine.

We found out that we've just been moved to the position of Judges for the balance of this Head Mistress Contest. We won't be getting bound any more, but will be witnessing and Scoring Round 3. The Seven left in the Shared Suite, will be used if and when they're needed.

ROUND 3 . . .

This Round was very Interesting . . . it involved Zero Bondage, Zero Slaves . . . just the seven Mistresses left lined up in front of the Head Mistress . . .

Guess I should rephrase that . . . Zero Slaves in front of us . . . because each of us Judges were given one of the other Slaves from our Shared Suite as Human Stools to sit on.

I've never been in this position before. I've been the Stool, just never on Top of the Stool. Getting the idea of why this is so exciting! Looking to each side of me, I'm enjoying the way the breasts of the other Stool Slaves are hanging free below them.

Head Mistress was also enjoying her own Human Furniture, but in a much more grandiose way . . . I mean, she is Head Mistress. She has six of her own Servants forming her Throne. Then the two left over Slaves from our Suite have become her Foot Stool.

The room is silent as she speaks, "A Head Mistress needs a lot of skills to fully command the Respect as the Woman of Power she is. A very Important skill with this is 'Confidence'. Without Confidence in yourself, you have no Power . . ."

"We will be working our way down to only two of you for the last Round. At that point, when the Final Round is completed, the Winner gets to keep the Loser as her Slave."

Ok, did not see that one coming! Nor did these Mistresses, after the look of shock on their faces, came two of them quietly lowering their heads, turning and walking away.

Not even giving the act of them leaving any value, the Head Mistress ignored them completely and continued. "Round 4 has been prepped for you . . . follow me . . . "

ROUND 4 . . .

We all moved into a very large Meeting Room, like a big Hall for a Convention. I tried to not giggle out loud as our Human Furniture followed and quickly re-took their positions so we could sit back down. That's the Slave Judges and the Head Mistress.

The five Mistresses left lined up once again are standing in front of the Head Mistress. She continued, "With BDSM Safety comes First . . . with this Contest . . . Safety comes Fourth . . ."

The long silent pause was painful, so I choose to laugh at her Joke without Permission. God I hope I didn't just get in big trouble! She said, "THANK YOU SLAVE! At least one of you has a sense of Humor!"

Looking behind the line of Mistresses, it almost looked like an American Ninja Obstacle Course, except this one had seven mannequins in different leather Slave outfits and Bondage positions. They're tagged with different color ribbons.

"To avoid any Slaves actually getting hurt or dying for this Round, we found enough mannequins and femalequins to volunteer to help out." This time, there wasn't any pause before everyone including the Human Furniture let out small laughs.

{Smack!} Her crop quickly found the naked ass of her Human Throne followed by a, "Furniture doesn't laugh" comment. Once again, this Head Mistress keeps

everyone on their Toes, never knowing when to do anything without earning punishments for it. She's Good and will be missed.

She continues, "Behind you is a Challenge for you to save a total of four Slaves in Serious Distress. Each one is more difficult than the last. You will be timed on how fast you can Save them."

"Each of you has been randomly given a envelope with a different color of card inside it. Those are your Slaves to Save. One reminder, although these are faux Slaves, you need to act and treat them as Real . . . GO!"

As much as the last five Mistresses in this Contest all stood before us looking full of 'Confidence' in their skills and believing they have what it takes to be Head Mistress . . . all of that seemed to fall somewhat apart after "GO!" was yelled.

One Mistress started looking around wildly for her envelope! She had misplaced it. How? I don't even know? She couldn't just go for whatever color the other four weren't doing, because there were faux Slaves prepped for seven different Mistresses.

Another Mistress was just getting up after falling flat on her face from turning too quickly. The blood was already streaming down her breasts from her nose.

The other three had made it to the first of their four in Distress Slaves. There was Mistress Taylor, Mistress Strawberry . . . no idea her real name . . . but she had nice strawberry blonde hair.

The third that made it to the faux Slaves already just earned the name Mistress Fumbles from me. She's on her fourth attempt of getting the keys into the cuffs before dropping them again!

Mistress Taylor and Mistress Strawberry were on their way to save their second Slave. Never finding her envelope, just randomly chose a color not already being saved. She chose badly and was just sent away by the Head Mistress.

The trail of blood being left by Mistress Tripsy was getting worse by the minute. She made it past Mistress Fumbles, but seemed to be slowing down, getting dizzy, before making a second face down visit to the floor.

Seeing this happen, both Mistress Taylor and Strawberry returned to her side to help her ahead of the Contest currently happening. One rolled her over while the other lightly slapped her face to wake her back up. A glass of water was brought over to help by the Head Mistresses left arm of her Human Throne.

All the while this was going on, Mistress Fumbles continued on with saving the other three of her color of faux Slaves in Distress. Once she was in the lead, her fumbling stopped as her panic lessened.

Mistress Taylor and Mistress Strawberry helped walk the bloody, but now conscious Mistress Tripsy over towards the Head Mistress. In a bold move telling everyone Exactly Why she has our Respect as Head Mistress, she gets up and offers her Throne to the still unsteady Mistress.

At this exact moment, we all hear, "Done!" called out from Mistress Fumbles. The Head Mistress gives the Official, yet very retro, Talk to the Hand gesture towards Mistress Fumbles.

Then turning to the only Mistresses that gave up their time in Round 4 to help the only Real Person in Distress. "I'll see you two in Round 5 extra early tomorrow morning."

FIVE STAR . . .

The five of us chosen as Judges didn't end up back in the Shared Suite. We were each given our very own rooms to shower, relax and just sleep for once since this whole Contest started.

This room made me think of one of those Tiny House shows. It was smaller, very compact, while everything was seemingly designed for two, three or more purposes.

Several coat hooks on the wall were obviously there for hooking or chaining a Slave in place. The Queen size bed in this small room still had four very tall and sturdy posts with a canopy. Again, all the rings and eyebolts were there for reasons.

On the inside of the door were six, count them, six very large and old looking sliding deadbolts. Any one of them could have easily held this door solidly closed. I feel the other five are all there as mind-fucks for any Slave in this room with a Mistress.

I chose to slide all of them closed so I wouldn't have to worry about anyone coming in unwelcome. Yes, the Asian Mistress who stomped out after ending up a Slave and getting shit on her . . . she's gone. Don't have to worry about her.

Her Slave who tried to kill me . . . pretty sure she's in the Pit for a very very long time. Don't have to worry about her either. As far as everyone else here, I'd

rather be safe than sorry.

The whole BDSM Community is about Trust and I know this. Yet, we started this Contest with over 75 Mistresses and over 75 Slaves. Now that most are gone, I'm sure there are ones that aren't too happy with those of us still left here.

The noise and loud screeches when I slide the deadbolts over in this smaller room was crazy! I stopped after the third one, then pushed through anyway. Each one increased my feelings of safety and comfort. I wanted and needed to feel as safe as possible.

Everything in this room was very good quality and in real nice shape. I'd give this room Five Stars on Yelp, if Yelp would let me. Do they rate Bondage Dungeons on Yelp? After my shower, it was only a few minutes before I was fast asleep.

It was if my head had just hit the pillow before I was woke up by the Servant knocking at the door. I had a bit of a headache . . . most likely from not getting the best nourishment or breaks the last few days.

At this point, I really should have gone with just one deadbolt! Holy Shit! They're even louder opening back up! Then, on top of my headache, the screeching is killing me!

The Servant guided me to a Private Dining area where the other four Judge Slaves were about to sit down. We had an actual Menu to pick from. I went with lots of eggs and sausage to keep my protein levels where they should be. A side of fruit was nice.

As the five of us discussed the last two Mistresses standing, if we Voted this minute, Mistress Strawberry would be the Next Head Mistress and Mistress Taylor would end up going back to being a Slave . . . Mistress Strawberry's Slave that is.

Two of them who would Vote against Mistress Taylor would do so simply because they feel if any of us Slaves should Rise to become a Head Mistress, it should be them.

The other Slave who's Team Strawberry really likes her hair. Now how in the hell did she become a Judge?!?! They really don't know the range of Mistress Taylor's skills. I've had the pleasure of it first hand.

With three of the five wanting Mistress Strawberry to Win, it doesn't matter which way the Slave eating waffles ends up flipping. She can't seem to make up her mind. Once a Mistress gets three Votes, it's 'Game Over'.

ROUND 5 . . .

We were brought as a group to stand in front of the Head Mistress. The Final Two Mistresses were not anywhere to be seen. So interested in what Round 5 was, we were all on the antsy side. The Head Mistress explains:

“Round 5 started hours ago. Our Final Two, both Very Deserving of my Title, got up early to work on their Special Displays for us. They just finished a few minutes ago and have gone to their Room to wait for your Final Votes.”

Wow! Again, didn’t see this coming at all! The Head Mistress continues, “I know as well as all of you do also, you’ve developed your Favorites between these two. That’s why you will not know who did which Display.”

“They were given matching Dungeons and were allowed a School Yard pick of five Slaves a piece from all the Slaves who were here for Round 1 . . . that is of course, not including you five or our ‘In the Pit’ Slaves.”

“Each of you will be given five minutes alone in each of the two Dungeons. After which, you’ll be Voting Survivor Style without getting to discuss with anyone else. Simply write down which Dungeon Display was your Favorite.”

“Do all of you completely and totally understand all of the above rules?” I fully understand, but am still trying to count in my head just how many times the number Five has been used? If it was Five Times, I’ll really be ready to freak out.”

We all said, “Yes Head Mistress”. One other Judge Slave and myself were the first two guided into our respective Dungeons by two of her Servants. Before my Servant closed the door, she said, “This is known as the Red Dungeon . . . your five minutes start now.”

This was for sure one of if not the most Fantastic larger sized Dungeon I’ve ever seen! Quickly, I ignore it the best I can to look for the Slaves. Didn’t take long to find the first one standing spread eagle against the leather Bondage Cross.

Blindfolded, strapped, locked and tightly wrapped from wrists to ankles with shiny black Bondage Wrap. At first glance, I truly thought she had on a Latex Cat Suit because the wrap was so perfectly done and aligned. Almost difficult to see the seams, Wow!

Next Slave to the right of her was in my favorite of all positions, because I can stay all night like this. Chair Bound with every limb almost covered in hundreds of feet of nylon rope. Again, couldn’t be a cleaner more perfect job than how the Mistress did this.

I moved around and looked from every direction and could not find the ends of any of the ropes, much less the knots. Not sure how this is even possible? Neither of these first two Slaves are going anywhere without help.

Completely covered in tight head to toe Latex, other than her nose and mouth, this Slave was kneeling in one of the Tightest of Ball Ties. The leather straps were causing her flesh to bulge out along the edges.

Ropes running from her sides and to rings on the floor, helped to keep her kneeling. Without these ropes, she'd tip over like a newly planted tree would. The stream of drool from around her tight ball gag was forming a small puddle below her head.

Seems this Mistress's goal was a Display of her Skills and Range. The fourth Slave was Pole Tied using only Chains and Locks. Very Damsel in Distress like in the old time movies, yet with Chains over Ropes. The spot lights would glimmer of the shiny chains as I moved around.

With the last four lined up like an 'Unlimited Erotic Buffet Line', it wasn't hard to find number Five . . . the Dessert! She was a Human decoupage of textures. Rope, leather straps, wrap, latex, chains, nylon straps and more.

Have you ever heard someone wish they would be bound with Every Bondage item in their Trunk? I heard this often and have wished for and begged for it to happen to me.

It never does because it's just too damn time consuming for the Mistress to do alone. I could tell this Slave was naked under all of her mod podge prepped body. Even though it was tough to see any skin.

"Times up" said the Servant before she brought me to the other Dungeon. At first glance, it was the exact same as the last one, colors and everything. "This is known as the Black Dungeon . . . your five minutes start now."

The Red Dungeon Mistress's Skills were Amazing! She is going to be hard to beat . . . or at first I thought. The bondage Cross and Chair are empty in this

Dungeon. Don't see anyone tied to the rings on the floor.

Turning to the middle, the most open of areas, I see all Five Slaves standing with their ankles together and their arms apart, reaching towards the ceiling . . . Odd?

They were all facing each other in a grouping that looked like some type of Ritual was being performed in the middle. Their wrists all had on locked black leather straps. There were ropes with permanent loops at the ends, locked to the rings.

My favorite part has to be the five, damn, five different colors of extra tight Spanx they were wearing. These Slaves all had the nicest of asses to begin with . . . now in Spanx, they're all looking even that much better.

Her rainbow of color choices were red, orange, yellow, green and blue. Not enough Slaves for a full rainbow, but I so appreciated the effect! All of them had double crotch ropes which were very snug!

One crotch rope came down a few feet in front of them before running under, up and looping around their waist. The second crotch rope did just the opposite, coming down a few feet behind, before running under and looping the other way.

None of them look in too much discomfort from these ropes . . . yet. The color matched Spanx bras were also pretty snug, and I could see some wires running out from the tops and connected to a small box at the back of each bra.

This was getting interesting. The oddest part was everyone's hands were Duct Taped into loosely closed positions? Not tight fists which works way better to bind someone.

I did like the very tight leather panel gags on this collection of helpless Slaves. Panel gags are hands down, my favorite because they are the most restrictive and the most effective!

Visually, this was a stunning Display of Creativity, but most of the Bondage wasn't the most perfect, and everyone was pretty much exactly the same . . . seems that Red Dungeon Mistress will be getting my Vote . . . and then it started!

“ACTION!” . . .

All the Slaves eye’s were darting around between each other and beads of sweat had started to form on several foreheads . . . then the one Slave in the Red Spanx relaxed and allowed her arm to lower!

As if a Director just yelled “Action!” The Chain-Reaction began! Her lowering arm was locked to a rope that went up and over in a collection of random pulleys. The largest area in the middle of the ceiling was covered with a black sheet.

Unable to see everything going on, there was no way to know who’s ropes became who’s crotch ropes . . . that was until the front crotch rope of Green tightened up and she screamed into her gag!

Pissed that just happened, she pulled hard on her right wrist thinking she’d get back at Red! Big mistake as Yellow’s ass lifted upwards while she turn to Green with a pissed off look and a grunt!

Yellow went all out and pulled down so hard with both wrists causing both Orange and Blue to lift their pussies as high as possible by going onto their toes! OH MY GOD! THIS IS UN-BELIEVABLE!

Orange didn’t go with a rope pull, she looked back and forth between her two hands before looking all angry like at Yellow and pushing some type of remote inside her left Duct Taped hand.

I figure that must control the box to the Electro-shock pads on Yellow's breasts . . . as did Orange . . . she was wrong. The buzzing was unmistakable as was the dance of pleasure Red was doing. Even with the Panel Gag, you could see her eyes smiling . . .

Orange quickly pushed her right hand remote. This one was connected to an Electro-shock bra, but it belonged to Blue! As Red was already starting to spasm from one of the fastest Orgasms I've seen, Blue's biceps, cleavage and stomach were shaking from the pain of the electricity!

I couldn't see any of the remotes, but the hand gestures being made by Blue told me she went for both buttons at the same time! The randomness of all of this is Genius! Both of Blue's buttons belonged to both of Yellow's Vibrator and Electro-shock bra!

At this point, like trying to keep track of those Cards a Hustler is mixing them around. I lost complete track of who was doing what, as did this Fast Five who have all progressed to Double button mashing while lifting themselves off the ground by their wrists.

The Buzzing, Screaming, Spasms of Pleasure, Shakes of Pain from the Shocks and all our Struggling trying to lessen how hard everyone's double Crotch ropes were digging into their asses and Pussies was better than anything I've ever seen!!!!

"Times up" said the Servant. "NOOOOO! PLEASE!!! Please just let me observe a few minutes longer!!! PLEASE!!! Her hand tightly clasped around my wrist and dragged me away backwards! I needed to see as much of this as I could,

fighting her all the way!

Is this what it feels like to a kid who just got dragged away from their favorite Amusement Park? Or someone who Won the Lottery, but lost their Ticket? The tingle in my pussy slowly dying . . .

My God! I'd give anything to go back in there for just sixty more seconds! You thought I was gonna say five more minutes? Right? No amount of begging or pleading changed the Servants mind.

THE FINAL VOTE . . .

The Five Judges were now all sitting in front of the Head Mistress. She explains, “Currently the Votes are Four to One. Which one of you was first in the Black Dungeon?”

One Slave Judge raised her hand with a curious look. The Head Mistress looked at one of her Servants and said, “Sixty Seconds.” The Servant guided the raised hand Slave away. As she walked, she looked back at us confused and shrugged her shoulders.

Two minutes later she returned with licking her lips and fondling her breasts with one hand and her pussy with the other. The Head Mistress makes her an offer, “Not much was happening in that Dungeon until after you saw it. The Winner has already been chosen.”

“I don’t know for sure, but am guessing you Voted for Red Dungeon. I’m just offering you the option to switch your Vote if you wish. No pressure. Five to Zero is a much better way for our New Head Mistress to start.”

The Slave said, “Thank You Head Mistress and Yes, my Vote has to be for the Black Dungeon after seeing that.” The Head Mistress then said, “All of you have done so well at this and I’m forever Grateful to you.”

She continued, “For your efforts, you’ll now all be given the opportunity of Witnessing the Official Collaring. You also will each be given Private Viewing

Boxes of the process along with the Pre-Show you all want and deserve.”

The Head Mistress actually guided all of us this time, which was such a Cool thing for her to do. Walking us to what seemed like a row of Confessional Booths you’d see in a Church.

Seemed very odd, but since we all Worship our Mistresses and the BDSM they put upon us, these made sense. We each chose one, closing the doors behind us. Sitting, looking at the solid black wall, I waiting for something to happen.

That black wall slid up and I could see directly into the Black Dungeon! Oh My God Yes! Immediately I started to fast finger myself, not knowing how soon this panel may drop!

The Rainbow Five were still going at it, but it was no longer the Crazy Mad, Everyone pushing Every button and pulling Every Rope in the all out attack it was when I was dragged away.

With each of them eventually figuring out who’s wrists were controlling who’s crotch ropes, and who had who’s Buttons of Pleasure or Pain . . . it seemed they’ve moved to a silent series of bargains.

For a moment, they’d all stop moving, even though my fingers did not. Blue, looking at Orange, glances down at her pussy, then does a quick side nod towards Green.

Orange nods and pushes a button and Blue closes her eyes and wiggles her hips to a spasm. Orange stops the button and nods towards Green looking a little upset.

From my point of view, I couldn't see everyone's eyes, but could tell whatever non-verbal agreement Orange and Blue just totally fell through!

In a few seconds, the chain reaction of Please and Pain went off as all the buttons started to get pushed while ropes were being randomly yanked on!

While all of this was going on, Mistress Taylor slowly walked to the middle of the Rainbow Circle and bowed to the Head Mistress.

THE COLLARING . . .

The Head Mistress walked up to Mistress Taylor and handed her a very solid looking black leather collar. One that looks like it's for long term use. Oh, No! She's about to become a Slave again.

But Mistress Taylor doesn't present her neck to the Head Mistress. She reaches out, takes the collar and thanks her for it. Even though I was feeling sad for her, the intense struggles of all those brightly covered in Spanx asses, took me over the top!

My eyes closed as I finished myself off in my Private Booth. The noises from both sides of me tells me, I was not the only one who was having this same affect!

The Head Mistress stepped out of the circle and sat in the largest chair near the far side of the Dungeon. Not her normal Throne, but the best in the room and that's what mattered.

Mistress Strawberry was guided into the center of the circle by two Servants. They both quietly walked to both sides of the Head Mistress before kneeling down.

The moment of Truth is before us! Even the Rainbow Five who most of this time were having push and pull battles, stopped. There were still some random squirming from them. Trying to get the crotch ropes un-dug in a hands free way.

Mistress Strawberry was looking around at every rope, pulley she could see, the wires and the work of BDSM that surrounded her. It was at this point I realized, she hadn't seen this until just now!

The Black Dungeon is Mistress Taylor's Display!!! Holy Fuck! She Won! She's the New Head Mistress! This very moment is where Respect Earned comes to play.

No one had to force Mistress Strawberry into the position of Slave Strawberry. She looked one more time all the way around her. Doing a 360 spin to take it all in. Gently she pulled on a few ropes to see where they were going.

She then noticed the remotes in the hands of one Slave. Once she was again facing Mistress, I mean Head Mistress Taylor, she kneeled down before her and bowed her head. Head Mistress Taylor closed the leather collar around Slave Strawberry's neck.

What happened next still confuses me. I remember seeing the wall of mirrors on the other side of these booths while in the Dungeons. These are one way mirrors.

Head Mistress has the two Servants that were on the sides of the previous Head Mistress. She then whispers into one of their ears while pointing directly at me!?!? Wait, What now?

I watch as that Servant leaves the room and seconds later pulls open my door. Quickly I remove my soaking wet fingers from inside my pussy, trying to act

like they weren't where they were.

The Servant gives me a half smirk with an eye roll before guiding me also to the middle of the Rainbow Circle. Next to Slave Strawberry and facing Head Mistress Taylor, without any command being needed, I go into a kneeling position.

Surrounded by the smells of sweat and sweetness of the bound circle of Slaves. Initially bowing my head, I lift it up a little to see Head Mistress Taylor with a second leather collar in her hand. She reaches out towards me with it, and then waits . . .

I nod and willingly put it onto myself. One of Servants hands the Head Mistress two chain link leashes with leather handles matching our collars. Head Mistress clips mine on first, which causes the most quiet of noises out of Slave Strawberry.

Even Slaves have an order of importance to their Mistresses. Me being clipped first, just told Slave Strawberry that she's number two. Not only had she just lost her Title, she lost it to become the number two Slave.

Everyone was silent . . . no one was moving at all . . . the Rainbow Circle wasn't teasing or tormenting each other! Head Mistress Taylor starts to leave the Rainbow Circle guiding both of her new Slaves.

We were crawling on all fours and following behind her. Looking off to the side, I see the other Head Mistress has gone. Never saw or heard her leave. She'll be remembered forever by many.

As we were just about to clear the edge of the Rainbow Circle, Head Mistress Taylor looked down and made eye contact with me. Giving me first a wink, then silently mouthed to me, 'watch this'

Reaching up, she grabbed the arm of Blue Spanx and yanked it down extra hard! The instant Chain-Reaction ignited again! Every button being smashed while every rope being yanked as the grunts, groans and moans echo through out the Dungeon!

The previous Head Mistress had Mastered the Skills of the Grand Entrance. Head Mistress Taylor seems to be all about the Skills of the Equally Grandiose Exits . . .









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Zatanna Dark

FINAL BONDAGE VOLUNTEER
TODAY'S CLASS: SPANKING & PADDLING



Zatanna Dark

FINAL BONDAGE SPOILED

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for spending some of your Precious
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