



Zatanna Dark

**FINAL BONDAGE SAFE ROOM**  
BOUND HELPLESS AND HIDDEN FOREVER



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ZatannaXtraDark@Gmail.com

Twitter: @dark\_zatanna

## X FRAME - PART I . . .

Mistress Mandy stood before me with her hand on her hips as I followed her every direction. She was hot as hell before all those layers of skintight latex and vinyl, but now, in her full Mistress outfit, she couldn't be any hotter! She would command and I would do what ever she told me, without question or hesitation . . . she was my Mistress, my Goddess, my Everything.

I'd already shaved, showered and fought my way into the leather body suit she custom ordered for me. I've never seen so many custom features I didn't fully understand in my life. Every few inches inside of the suit, there were smooth metal rivets that ended up pushed hard against my skin . . . everywhere . . .

When I mentioned shaving, I wasn't just talking my face. Mistress commanded my whole body be shaved this time so I could fully feel the embrace of the leather body suit she paid so much for. It took a long time because I've never done that before. Since Mistress Mandy wanted that . . . so its what I do.

Standing against the leather X Frame mounted to the wall, it was tricky finding a way to add the straps on my ankles without falling forward. I finally discovered to go ahead and do the rest of the wide leather straps tightly holding my upper thighs and ass firmly against the leather of the X Frame.

Then, doing the two at the middle of my thighs, the two just above and below my knees, middle of my calves and do the ankle ones last. Am sure you're wondering why my Mistress doesn't just do these straps? Yes, it would be easier, but she had decided long ago that the making me helpless process is too tedious and below her . . . It was the duty of a Slave and I'm the Slave.

Mistress Mandy told me this, years ago and ever since, it's been my job to helplessly bind myself however she sees fit. Then and only then, once we both know for sure, I could not free myself without her help, then she steps in to Tease, Torment and Punish me for as long as she wants.

It's a unique Master Slave relationship where I do most of the tying up work, but then she never fails to deliver with her even more unique forms of Torture. We also have a 'No Safe Word' agreement from years ago.

As her Slave, I've agreed once I'm done binding myself helpless, in whatever form or position she's chosen, that she can do whatever she wants to me for as long as she wants. Mistress Mandy asked me once, "You want me to take charge, to be 100% in control of your helpless body, right?" I said "Yes Mistress Mandy"

Then came her very logical question that has led to our 'No Safe Word' agreement. "Then Slave, tell me, how exactly am I to be 100% in control if you always have a way to stop me?" . . . Debate Won . . . Points go to Mistress Mandy . . . No Safe Word it is.

I am enjoying the tightness of this custom leather body suit, hugging every shape, curve and crevice of my body, but not too happy about the pressure it's causing against my chastity cage currently locked over my cock and balls, forcing my slowly growing cock into a painful downward curve as always.

This cage was not on when we did all of the measurements, so the leather doesn't have as much room in the crotch area as needed, meaning I had to force it in the best I could. Again, no help from Mistress Mandy, its Slave's job to prepare one's self for his Goddess.

Mistress seems to be getting impatient, as she's starting to tap the platform toe of her black vinyl thigh high boot. Tightly laced from the top of her foot to just below her red latex skirt. Between the tapping and her starting to stare more at the clock then me, it's my signal to step it up so the punishing can commence!

"Now Slave, do the straps for your waist, stomach and chest . . . if I test them later to find you didn't make them the tightest you could, I will be kicking you so hard in your balls they may just end up inside out." . . . and this is why I follow her commands . . . the alternatives she describes are always worse then what she commands me to do in the first place.

Not only did I tighten them extra tight this time, just like all the straps on my ankles and legs, I also let as much air out as I could as I pulled, helping me to get a few extra holes before buckling them closed.

Mistress has never pushed so hard on the tightness of the straps like this . . . she must have extra special plans for me this time . . . so I don't want to let her down or fail her in any way . . . extra tight she commands, extra tight she gets . . . even if it makes breathing a little tougher.

Pretending she has on a watch, she glances her wrist, as I'm still not performing her requests fast enough. I must do better, I will do better, and it must be done faster. Mistress had me hang the balance of items she planned to have me complete my self-bondage with, on hooks all within arms reach once I started to strap myself to the X Frame.

There was the wide leather collar with rings on both sides. I strapped it around my neck, also just as tight as every other strap. "Slave, now put on your head

harness with the pump gag attachment, and make sure it's tight as it can go. If I find out later I can make it tighter, I'll be pumping it up to 20 and be leaving you for the night."

"Yes Mistress", you may not understand, but at 15 pumps, I can no longer breath, so 20 pumps would be a death sentence for me. Obviously, I'll be tightening every strap as far as possible before moving to her next request. Finishing the process, I await her next command.

"Slave, use the one inch black electrical tape and wrap it around the leather pad holding in your gag. I want ten tight times around your head just above the hose and ten more tight times around your head just below the hose . . . I'm waiting"

As tight as the harness already was, that gag wasn't going to come out of my mouth no matter what. Her tape request was overkill, which normally means, so will her punishment of me once I'm fully helpless . . . I'm equally scared as I am excited and that's how I like it!

As I wrap the tape around keeping exact count in my head, not messing that up because she's already left me bound for a whole weekend for miscounting her whips of my ass. Even though, I was also doing my best to take in as much of her image as possible, before she commands the blindfold hanging on the wall near by, be strapped in place . . . leaving me in darkness . . .

She had on a very dark greyish brown latex body suit under her tight red latex skirt and top. Over that, was a black vinyl corset and of course, those thigh high boots with at least six inch heels. Seven, Eight, Nine, and Ten . . . finished taping above the hose. All of the latex and vinyl had be freshly shined and glossy . . . god I love that about latex!

Her nails, how to explain her nails? They're glue on black nails, but not made out of whatever type of plastic stuff fake nails are normally made out of. These, these are custom ordered, custom made out of some type of metal. They look just like fake nails, but I've been on the receiving end of them, when I've displeased her and they can scrape, cut and stab like ten little knives . . . and Ten . . . no! Wait! Fuck!

I've lost count of times around with the tape below the hose and she knows it as her head tips a little and watches me. Not fully knowing where I was at, I place my bets I was on Eight, Nine and Ten . . . finishing the tape below the hose . . . oh god I hope!

Mistress Mandy seemed to ignore if I did or didn't count that right. That is for now, she always seems to remind me of what I've done wrong later . . . normally at the worst possible time. The Custom work she had done on this Leather X Frame I'm currently strapped to was amazing!

The eight total wide-open loop straps for my arms and wrists were designed around our 'The Slave needs to bind himself' rules. Up each arm area of the X, the straps currently are looped very large for me to easily put my arms into them.

Once I'm in the exact position my Mistress desires, she tells me, I pull outward on all the straps. This lifts the weights behind the X to lift off of their supports. As I move my arms back up against the leather, all of these straps will pull into their slots. There are one way rollers these feed through which only allow the straps to tighten unless Mistress uses her remote to set me free.

It's truly a Dream piece of BDSM equipment for anyone into Self Bondage. Am

expecting her to command me to blindfold myself and put my arms into the loops for my final step into complete helplessness. Instead, she points out one of those confusing features about my leather body suit and instructs me further.

"Slave, on both sides of your body suit, you should feel small pouches. Inside each, will be two small cables. Pull all four of those out and plug each into the ports on the wall on each side of the X". Wow! Knew this thing had a lot going on, but never saw those pouches or cables. I did as she commanded after saying, "Yes Mistress."

She then has me connect two metal hooks, one to each of the rings on the sides of my collar. I'm not going anywhere, anyway, but it keeps my head from moving much at all. "Slave, pump your gag up fourteen times." That's one away from not being able to breath!

I hesitate . . . "Now Slave! Or I will do twenty and leave you!" Fourteen is better than twenty; I pump and count carefully to not screw up. As the gag inside my mouth grows with each pump, it forces my cheeks to push out over the top of the tape and leather . . . but I can still breath!

"Slave, Present your Arms to the X." Which meant to position them inside the eight loops of wide leather, four up each side of the X. The top two straps are very close together as to double up on my wrists . . . double straps . . . double the helplessness.

Surprised she's skipping the blindfold, but happy at the same time because I get to continue taking in the glory that is her sexy and powerful latex and vinyl covered body. Ever so carefully, I feed my arms into the loops, so as to not pull on any causing them to close prematurely . . . Mistress Mandy doesn't allow anything to be premature without me receiving a severe punishment for it.

With both arms in place and not one of the straps closing early, Mistress Mandy gives me a nod . . . and that little bit of no going back after this . . . ok, this time for some reason it a lot of that no going back after this feeling, before completing any Self-bondage. I pull both arms out equally and can feel as all of the weights have been lifted off their supports and I can feel all eight straps pulling my arms and wrist against the leather.

Wiggling each arm some, the straps reach their fully closed positions and will not release until Mistress Mandy decides I've been punished enough. My cock forces itself just a little further it downward curve forced by my chastity cage.

Now comes her normal "Slave, verify you're 'Totally Helpless' command, which I always put my all into trying to get loose before shaking my head yes. Made the mistake once of not trying my hardest at this point and one of my legs came free. That did not end well for me! I still have the scars.

I nod, signaling, that 'Yes' I'm Totally Helpless and at my Mistress's Mercy until she decides my Punishment is complete. My job is done and any and all work from here is in the hands of Mistress Mandy . . . the moment I both love and fear every time this happens!

"Slave, I have something very very special planned for your Friday Night Bondage Session. I've chosen no blindfold because I wish to see the looks in your eyes as I explain my Plan to You . . . "

Very very special??? I've asked for and hinted at so many different possible 'Special' things, I can't even begin to guess what it could be??? Mistress Mandy continues, "We've commented, joked, threatened something like this because the

Fantasy of it always made you hard."

Shit, really need a better clue because, well, pretty much anything my Mistress does or says can make me hard. "After all of these years, I feel that you really truly deserve to have that Fantasy become real . . . "

## WEDDINGS BLAU . . .

We had a Fantastic Wedding . . . small, laid back, relaxed and a shorter Church Service so people didn't get bored and uncomfortable. Finding ways to have friends and family help along with us working out the deals we could come up with. The two of us didn't have a lot of money, but we made up for it in our Love & Friendship.

Unaware at the time of the un-written Wedding Rule: 'I came to your Wedding . . . now you need to come to mine & mine & mine & MINE! & YOU BETTER MAKE IT TO MINE! We just finished trying to stay awake through this hour and half long Church Service, then we're all driving two hours North . . . for their Wedding pictures and and and . . . Oh, My God!!! STOP!

Pretty much after the third one of those, I told Amanda, "I can't and I won't do it again, No More!" Putting my foot down, not doin it! After a few weeks of trying, Mandy finally stopped trying to wheel and deal with me on it. We went back to our more stress free lives.

A few weeks later, out of the blue, Mandy asks me, "Honey, you know you keep hinting at those tie up games? . . . Did you want to try that tonight?" Ok, wait, think hard, think smart . . . you've been asking for this since we got Married, she's always said no, if she even answered at all.

Now, she's suggesting it and I know something is up . . . she wants something . . . and my cock is fucking rock solid . . . "Mandy? Did you want to tie me up in a chair or on our bed?" . . . Hard cock wins! I'm finally getting tied up!

Mandy went with the chair, which was set up facing our bed. She made me get naked before sitting down and her first attempt at rope bondage began. My wrists were loosely tied behind the back of the chair. Loose ropes were everywhere else on me. It was her first try, but really, this was pretty pitiful . . . even for a beginner.

Then started her ultimate reasoning for doing this, "So my Cousin's Wedding is tomorrow and we'd still have time to pickup a Gift and Card . . . and you could wear what you did last time . . . no one would notice . . ." I reminded her again, "Mandy, I Love You with all my Heart . . . but I just can't take another wasted Saturday at an overly long and boring wedding."

"What if I can tie you up and you can't get loose after an hour? Then would you agree to going tomorrow?" I'd be free of this in about five minutes or less if I tried . . . which sucks! . . . finally getting tied up and she pretty much sucks at it . . . Big Time!

If I play this right, maybe I can get some more bondage out of her, get to struggle for a bit, get free before the time is up and not have to waste my Saturday at a stupid Wedding.

"If you really want to win that bet, you're gonna need to tie me up better. How about, to be fair, I give you another thirty minutes to do your worst to me . . . then, if I'm not free by an hour after you're done . . . I'll go to the Wedding tomorrow?"

She says, "Deal!" Goes and gets a kitchen timer and puts it down. Then opens my 'Hope Chest', I call it that because it's full of rope and other fun stuff I've

been hoping we'd get to try on each other some day.

Pulling out a big bunch of even more ropes and tossing them on the floor. "Can I use all of that on you?" I tell her, "Please do, Mistress Mandy." Smiling and a little shy like, she closes the top of my trunk, puts the kitchen timer on it, sets it for thirty and says, "Here goes . . . I'll do my best . . ."

For the next twenty-five minutes, it was more of the same. Poorly placed and loosely tied rope, followed by another and another as the pile slowly gets smaller. There's no way I'm Not getting free of this in under an hour. I won't get loose too quickly; it might upset her too much . . . after all of her hard work and all . . .

Even though the ropes were loose and poorly tied, I was somehow getting harder and harder watching her as she worked to win her bet. Getting down to only some thin ropes, we both noticed at the same time, something silver sticking out from under the last of the pile . . . Oh Shit!

Mandy reaches down very hesitant like, very slowly pulls the Police Issue Handcuffs from the bottom of the pile and says, "Look at that . . . I didn't know those were in there . . ." {CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK} she slapped and tighten the one on like she was making an arrest on Cops {CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK} the second one on and my arms are trapped!

"Wow! Those went on so easy . . . I bet they don't come off as easy . . . Do you even have the key to these?" Yup, this will make it tougher . . . but with the balance of the ropes so loose, I'll still be able to get loose from the chair, then use the keys in the cup on my dresser. Only like four minutes left and only one long thin rope still in the pile. I've got this . . .

Picking up that last rope, she walks around trying to decide just what to do with it . . . "What to do, what to do?", she's wasting time, only three minutes left . . . and then she surprises the fuck out of me with her next move . . . "Hey, he doesn't have any ropes on him" Looking right at my hard cock "Poor baby . . ."

With only two minutes left, Mandy drops to her knees in front of me in her sexy little Victoria Secret's PJs, and begins to very quickly and very firmly, wraps the rope around the base of my hard cock! Then, continues to wrap and crisscross it around my balls then my shaft a half dozen times before finishing extra tight around the base of my cock again before tying it tightly on.

Slapping my hard and swelling more then ever cock several times as she says, "Look it how big he's getting!" One minute left . . . she swings the still very long amount of thin rope still left under the chair and moves around behind me.

The rope tied solidly around my cock and balls is now being pulled tight as she ties it several times around the chain between the handcuffs and knots it good . . . down to thirty seconds and she lands her finishing move perfectly . . .

The loose end of the rope, that was tied to the handcuffs . . . the one that once I could get it undone, I could get free of the chair, get the keys, get free and be watching a Movie at home Saturday night . . . that rope . . .

Mandy runs that rope up and around my neck, tying it in an almost noose like fashion, to hold it in place . . . triple knots it and {Ding!} . . . Where in the Fuck did that all come from??? OMG!

With a big ass smile on her Face, Mistress Mandy, who just earned that Title, slow strokes my cock three times, slaps it back and forth four times, then sets the kitchen timer and puts it on the Trunk. "I'm giving you ninety minutes to try and get free . . . just to be fair. I'll go get your Suit Ready . . ." and leaves the room . . .

. . . The Wedding wasn't actually as bad as I expected. Maybe it was because I was fantasizing about what just happened the whole time there, and when we got home . . . we fucked until we fell asleep from exhaustion . . . just before fully dozing, I wondered when we'd be getting our next Wedding Invite . . .

TGIF . . .

The BDSM part of our Sex Lives grew each week into being a part of our Friday routine. My income is close to triple what it was when we first Married and Mandy was now starting down a Sales Career Path. She wasn't making much, but on top of my income and with hers growing all of the time, we were doing well.

Once we're both home, here's our Friday routine: Not knowing how long I may be helpless, I skip dinner. Mistress decides what she wants to eat and I either make it, or go get it for her . . . her Own, Personal Uber-Eats Delivery Service.

Over time, her tastes and requests have grown along with our income, but she deserves it. Because the better the Meal, the better her Creativity, Torment, Teasing and Torturing of her Slave ends up.

Tonight's Evil Plan for her Slave was another example of why I didn't mind a one hour drive one way to pick up her Favorite Italian meal from the next City over. Then an hour back, making sure to keep everything warm.

She instructed me what all to prep in Tonight's Self Bondage . . . lets call this one a 'Challenge'. I was to be totally naked except for my newest and smallest chastity cage, which I needed to put on first. Every second that went by, my chances of getting it on were becoming more and more impossible.

I finally had to get a bowl of ice-cold water to get him to calm down enough to

fit into his newest torture chamber. Once on and the lock was in place, the key went into her jewelry box on her dresser. Then came the rest of my bondage, which thankfully, wasn't such a struggle to get on.

Every strap Tonight had it's own lock. A strap on each ankle, above each knee, on each wrist, a wider leather collar making turning my head almost impossible, and a wide strap around my waist. All of these keys joined the chastity key's home of her jewelry box.

Finally comes her decision on how I'm to gag myself. A very large panel gag, head harness combo with the largest leather insert attached, which is always a trick to get fully inside my mouth. It's what she wanted, so I find a way.

I was to then lie on the floor, lock my ankles together, my knees and then lock a chain from my ankles to the waist strap, so my legs were forced to be bent a little. Not a hogtie bend, just bent enough so I couldn't stand up if I tried.

Then put the last lock between my locked on wrist straps and I was helplessly at her mercy. A willing victim of what ever Devious Torture was deserving of my two hour long Delivery of Chicken Parm.

Now, I waited for my Mistress to make her Delivery to me . . .

## TREASURE HUNT . . .

Not sure if you're aware of what Lock-Out Tag-Out is, but the process uses a special device known as a Hasp. A Mechanic will put this Hasp on like a Lock to stop others from Powering up a large Machine they are working on. Very Sturdy and very Strong item that is kept closed by each Mechanic adding their own lock into one of the six sets of holes in it.

If as many as five more Guys or Gals joined the efforts to repair or work on this large Machine, they each add another lock into the Hasp device. Very effectively, it's not coming off until All Six locks are individually removed.

Well I wasn't aware that my Mistress knew these even existed . . . but Tonight's Creativity Award goes to Mandy, because that's what she's surprised me with. Closing the Lock-Out Hasp around the rings on my wrist straps. {Click} Mistress puts a lock into the first of the six Hasp holes.

She then removes the original lock I had put between my wrists. {Click Click Click Click Click} The weight of the five more locks, six total add to the Hasp was a constant reminder that I was now six times over, her Helpless Toy for the evening or weekend . . . it was up to her.

At first, I thought that so many locks were a mind game, but soon found out, I was about to play one of her favorite childhood games . . . a very adult version of that game! It was hard to say which version of Mistress Mandy was the most intense?

Was it Silent Mistress Mandy when she would just do stuff saying nothing or Talking Mistress Mandy, when she would finally reveal what she has planned for me after I've made myself helpless and now have no choice but to submit. Either way, my top thought right now is how fucking painful this smaller chastity cage is becoming. More pain with every minute as my forced and locked in cock is making every effort to grow even a little.

"Slave, would you like me to free you from your tiny tiny cage and give you a long and slow Blow Job?" Well that alone tells me whatever she has planned, I'm not going to succeed at getting that Blow Job . . . I never get that Blow Job . . . doesn't mean I won't try my f'n hardest . . . maybe tonight's the night?

Of course I nodded my head the best I could with this wide collar on. "It's 6:07 pm . . . you have until 8:07 pm to get free . . . to Win that Blow Job" She drops a Sealed Envelope on the floor behind me and leaves. As quick as I can, I scoot sideways until I could feel it in my hands. Carefully I tear it open and pull out an index card that I can't see.

Leaving the card on the floor, I scoot around until I can see a blank card . . . Fuck! Scooting back around, I feel the card and carefully flip it over. Don't want to have to do this a third time. Turning myself so I could see it. Written on it was [GUEST ROOM] Wow! Bondage Treasure Hunt! Nicely Done Mandy!

Working my way just back and forth in our room to look at this one card was tuff! Now I have to get to the Guest Room at the other end of our house! Better get moving . . . didn't take long for me to find out how hard it was to move bound like I was . . . pretty sure Mistress Mandy was Fully Aware . . .

Trying one way, then another, backwards crab-walk, the inch worm, rolling, scooting, etc. No matter how I tried, it hurt like hell! I was getting rug burns,

bumps, bruises and some how, kept banging my chastity cage on one thing or another along the way.

Really had no idea how that was happening, but my already sore and trying to swell cock didn't like even the smallest of bumps. Finally in the Guest Room! In the middle of the room is another Sealed Envelope. Scooting over to open it, this one had an index card and a Key!

Using my thumb, I could feel which side the words were written on, so I put that side up. Then I tried the key in one lock, two locks, {Click!} Thank God! Got it on the second try! Of course, this only took one of the six locks off of the Lock-Out Hasp and I still had five more to go.

Working my way around to view the card, I glance at the Clock on the Nightstand, [6:42] FUCK! Only one of six locks down and that took me thirty-five minutes already! That's over a fourth of my two hours and only one lock! Need to step it up!

This card said [DINING ROOM] which wasn't as far away, and I've learned which way to move that was the least painful . . . the bad part was that way was also the most physical! Hurrying, I made it to the Dining Room in record time to find the Envelope, perfectly centered under the Dining Room Table that had all of its chairs pushed into place.

Bound like I was, limited space around the table, I love and respect my Mistress with all my heart . . . but 'That Bitch!' Tried pushing one chair out of the way and moving in . . . didn't work . . . moving a second one . . . then scooting in . . . finally worked!

Bringing this Envelope clear of those chairs and table before opening it. Out comes its key and card. Leaving the card face up, I then switched to trying the key . . . this time it was the Last Lock I tried before it went {Click!} and came off. Only four to go!!!

Glancing towards the closest clock, it was 6:58! Got that one down to sixteen minutes, so I have hope . . . this may be possible! This card said [KITCHEN] . . . that's right through this door way! This should go way better and quicker!

Thinking about how that Blow Job was going to feel and getting momentarily distracted . . . furthering the pain and pressure of my cock inside of its Cage, I try to ignore these thoughts . . . it wasn't working! This time she left the Envelope right out in the middle.

Getting to it in no time, I pull out the card and the key and get the key to go {Click!} on my first try as Mistress Mandy strolls through the kitchen as if I'm not even here, helplessly strapped, locked chained and caged. Spinning to read the card . . . wait? . . . it's not there! Looking quickly to Mistress before she'd fully left my view, I notice that card on the bottom of her heel . . .

Ok! That didn't just Happen by Mistake! And there's No f'n Way she didn't notice that! As she turned the corner at the far end of the Hall, the card falls off her heel just before she leaves my view. So if a Snail could Sprint, that's what I currently look like . . . getting to that card to see it says [LOFT] . . . Loft? LOFT! WTF!!!

Back down the hall and actually went up the stairs in record time. Turned out, bound like I was, the stairs turned out easier then the flat floor. In the middle of the Loft, another Envelope . . . surprise! Key and card . . . took trying all three locks before the last one went {Click!}

Quick clock glance to see it was 7:39! Shit! Only twenty-eight minutes to go! Crossing my fingers, I move to see the card and it said [FRONT ROOM] . . . There's still hope! Rug Burns be Damned, I slide down the carpeted Stairs way quicker then it took to get up here. "MMMMFFGGGHH!!!!" That's gonna suck tomorrow!

This Envelope was Nicely Served up, right in the middle of the Room . . . Easy and Quick access . . . maybe Mistress actually felt bad for me and finally, wasn't fucking with me like she did Every Other Time I've been Helplessly Tied Up . . .

Envelope opened, key worked on first lock {Click!} only one to more Envelope and key and I still had almost twenty minutes left! Checking the card to see it saying [BEDROOM]! Bedroom! Now that I finally have this whole Game Down Pat . . . I'm only five minutes from our Bedroom at even a slow pace . . .

Working my way down the hall . . . I imagine the feel of her moist lips, her wet mouth, the tips of her teeth lightly touching my hard cock as I finally get that Blow Job! A few more feet and Time to Spare . . . turning the corner into our Room and . . . FUUUUUUCCCCCKKKK!

Looks like Mistress used the whole box of 50 up . . . because there was more than Forty additional Envelopes Scattered about our Bedroom! . . . Every corner . . . under the Bed a little . . . peeking out from under our dressers . . . and more . . .

Again, with all the Respect and Love she Deserves . . . I wish to say to My Mistress, My Love . . . FUCK YOU!!!! . . . Exhausted, in pain, swollen cock still crammed into its smallest Torture Chamber yet, locked in helpless . . . I give

up and fall asleep . . . right in the Doorway to our Room . . . she Wins . . . Again  
...

## NIGHT SHIFT . . .

"Excuse me" Mandy in her Victoria's Secret's PJs, steps over me and says, "Good Night Honey" and climbs into bed and flips off the lights . . . Ok, in hindsight, I should have kept going . . . even if I wasn't going to win the Blow Job . . . now I'm still just one lock away, but still helpless until I can find the key . . .

With only forty-four Envelopes to go . . . how bad can it be? . . . At least they're all in the same room . . . that's pitch dark now . . . at least I don't need to try and read any more cards in the dark. One after another, I tear open the Envelope and try the key inside . . . No Luck!

She must have broken into that box of old misc. keys, because every Envelope had another one to try. No idea of the time anymore . . . really didn't matter . . . other than my goal of getting free and out of this chastity cage and beating myself off like crazy.

Most of these Envelopes were out in the open areas of the Room and not too hard to get to. It was the in the corner ones that were really tuff . . . almost impossible to reach being chained up like I was.

Trying in the pitch dark to keep somewhat organized as to which keys I've tried and which keys I haven't tried . . . the pile was getting pretty large of the tried keys. Had to be more careful, because with such an odd assortment of keys, I've tried two so far that went in to the lock, didn't unlock it and almost got stuck.

Down to only three Envelopes that were closer together. I went ahead, opened all three and put them in they're own pile next to my larger pile of keys that didn't work. Just then, the lights came on as Mandy decided to take a late night trip to the bathroom . . .

Am sure you can see right where this is going, even though I didn't guess it until . . . {Smack! Ting! Ting! TING TING TING!!!} . . . her foot hit the larger pile of keys knocking them into the last three I had left to try! "Oh! I'm sorry . . . were those sorted our something? . . . Cause now they're a big mess . . . Sorry again! Have to go to the bathroom"

Five minutes later, she walked past me again, apologized one more time, climbed into bed, turned off the light and went soundly back to sleep. I just stayed right where I was and did the same . . .

It was sometime in the Morning, when Mandy came by again, saw me and said, "Aren't you even going to try to get loose?" and walked by leaving me . . . no help . . . no offer . . . no nothing . . .

After several more hours of randomly trying key after key, finally {Click!} Freedom! Removing the Lock-Out Hasp, my wrists were loose and able to get the rest of the keys off Mistress Mandy's Dresser, in her Jewelry box and remove the rest of the straps, gag and neck brace.

Slowly and very painfully, I crawl into bed and slept the rest of the day away . . . Wow! She's Fantastic!

## CAREERS . . .

My Income had pretty much hit its max a few years back. Still good Money, just not going to go any higher then maybe a poor excuse for a Cost of Living Increase here and there. Mandy, in her Sales Career never seemed to hit a limit. She passed me in Income and is now closer to double my maximum Earned in a Year.

We have a much larger Ranch Home now and being only one floor for all of that Square Footage, we also have a Massive Basement with many odd shapes going off in a lot of directions. We did get the main area finished, but behind those walls is even more space then that main area, all out of the way.

Mandy around six Months ago suggested we turn one of those areas, the one below the Dining room, into a Safe Room. Not only could we hide in it if anything ever happened, we could also keep a pretty large amount of bottled water, food, etc. . . . You know . . . like on Dooms Day Pepper's . . .

I truly didn't see the need, but was kinda hoping she would decorate it in Early BDSM Dungeon. We could have all kinds of cool Bondage stuff, because we could afford it now, and our Friends would never even know it was back there. I hinted at this, I suggested it, I outright said, "How bout we make it into a Dungeon?" . . . No response . . . No Luck!

Even though Mandy had become the Top Bread Winner in the Family, I still had a good number of Charge Cards with a lot of Balance available. She asked if she could use my largest card for the Safe Room . . . Hopefully Dungeon . . . and I gave her the card to use all she wanted . . . saying, "Don't forget the Leather X

Frame to strap me to." As I handed her the card . . . she didn't even flinch . . .  
Fuck . . . had to try . . .

Since it was never going to be my Dream Hidden Dungeon, I pretty much didn't even pay attention. She had Crews showing up often, most stuff brought right down the stair access from the Garage, and I really didn't even care or watch as the work progressed. I had a larger project for work to focus my time and energy on. Other than that, all I cared about was what's going to happen Next Friday?

We continued to do our share of unique Friday Bondage Sessions. As normal, I would go and get her Dinner of her choosing, then bind myself per her often very detailed instructions. These were always intense and always kept me hard for long periods of time.

If bound in a way I couldn't rub my cock against anything, she would allow it to be free and often give it attention . . . or should I say . . . torture? Mistress Mandy would tie ropes around the base, balls and shaft to hang heavier and heavier items from it.

One time once I was bound, Mandy rubbed my cock with something that should have been a soothing sex lube, which she combined earlier with jalapeno juice that would cause a long, slow and very painful burning until I could wash it off.

That Friday, which she Titled, "Mexican Night" she had me bind myself in the Guest Room at the farthest end away from our Room, insisted on me being Triple Gagged and then left me Overnight to feel that burning pain. That was one of the longest and loudest nights of my life! I later understood why she had me so far away from her, so she could sleep.

In all our years of intense bondage games, we've never tried any type of breath play or pretend drowning . . . until recently she started doing both of them with me . . . longer and longer times with bags over my head . . . closer and closer to death . . . After these sessions, Mistress Mandy would please her self to intense orgasms with one of her many vibrators . . .

## GARDENING . . .

While the Safe Room project was getting worked on, I made the mistake of pushing too hard for it to be a Bondage Dungeon one too many times and she made me pay for it with one of the most intense Mind Fucks Ever!

Mistress said, "You know that's going to be a Hidden Room? Right?" I respond, "Yes Mistress." She continued, "If we did a Friday with you Self Bound in it, I could just close it up and leave you in it Forever?" . . . She hesitates for a while as I wait for her decision . . . Did I convince her to make it a Dungeon?

Finally, Mistress continues, "You'd probably get off on that too much and it would ruin my Nice Safe Room . . . having your Bound Dead Body rotting away right in the middle of it . . . I have a much better and cleaner way to do away with you . . ." Wow! Seems tonight's plan will be another one of her Intense Mind Fucks . . . which only seem to be getting darker each time . . .

I'm bound helpless and waiting in the back of her SUV. Face down naked in a Self Bondage Hogtie . . . naked except for my chastity cage locked tightly and torturing my cock. She has metal tie-down loops in the floor, which she had me lock my knees to one and with a shorter chain, my collar to another.

Mistress explained we'd be going for a ride and she didn't want me popping up at an intersection for people to see . . . well, I won't be popping up until she frees me from the tie-downs. "Slave, are you sure you're helpless? Unable to answer, gagged as always, I shake my head yes.

Now comes the 'Mind Fuck' my Mistress has become Almost Too Good at . . . she tosses two shovels right next to me . . . then a pair of work gloves . . . and a large burlap sack . . . as she just talks out loud more to herself than me . . .

"Hour and a half there . . . two hours to dig . . . hopefully the ground will still be soft . . . toss him in, cover him up . . . back home in time to still get some sleep . . . way better having his bound body slowly rotting there than in my Safe Room . . . should be good . . . no one ever found my last Slave . . ." OMG!!! WTF?!?!?

She leans in with one more smaller burlap sack, which she pulls over my head and ties in place with a rope. I'm thinking it's just a Safe Room! I'm sorry Mistress . . . Please! . . . I yank at my bondage . . . Who am I kidding? I've been perfecting my Self Bondage for years and I've Never even gotten Close to Freedom without My Mistress's help . . .

She continues her one-person conversation . . . "Going to be a lot of work . . . at least I'll finally be free of him and he can try and enjoy his last few minutes of being my Helpless Toy . . . he gets off on me treating him like dirt . . . this time he gets to be one with that dirt . . . forever . . ." I feel a large heavy blanket being pulled over the top of my hogtied body along with covering the Tools of my demise!

An hour and a half? Ground still be soft? She going to bury me hogtied helpless in that sack in the Garden of our Cabin! Holy Fuck! This isn't a Mind Fuck this time! "MMMGGFFHHGGG!" I do everything I can as she drives to get her attention . . . she's having none of it . . . "MMMGF MMGHFFF MMHHMMH!!!"

I bang around the best I can . . . she turns up the radio louder each time she can hear me . . . drowning out my muffled screams and racket . . . the ride, being

mainly smooth roads wasn't too bad . . . other than the fear of it being my last one . . .

That was until we got to the last mile and a half of the trip, which was our overly bumpy extra long, private drive leading to our Cabin. Several of those bumps almost knocked the wind out of me and the worst of them felt like punches to my gut as my chastity cage banged hard against the floor of her SUV.

Mistress Mandy uncovers me and grabs the gloves and the shovel and goes to work . . . it was hard to hear her shoveling over the radio which she left turned up. Normally, if this were our house, the Neighbors would be calling the Police from the noise . . . not going to happen with our Cabin, the thick woods and privacy . . .

I can't believe this!!! She's going to fucking bury me alive!!! I feel her unlocking my collar and knees from the tie-downs and then dragging me half way out the back of the SUV. She switches to being inside the SUV so she can use both of her feet to push me out the back!

Expecting to fall hard to the ground, I end up rolling in my tightly bound hog-tie down the piece of plywood she used as a ramp off the bumper of my, would be Hearse. Next came the struggle of getting my body into the large burlap sack. I wasn't making that process easy and when Mistress noticed me fighting her, she yanked hard on my chastity cage . . . which got my attention . . . she wasn't fucking around . . .

After that pain, which continued for some time, she worked me inside the larger bag and roped it closed. I still didn't help her to do this, but wasn't in the position to fight her as I was still trying to catch my breath. The radio had finally been turned off and I could feel every bump, rock and stick as she dragged me

towards my grave!

OMG! MANDY! NOOOO! Fighting like crazy, there's nothing I could do to stop what was about to happen as I, trapped helpless in bondage inside the burlap sack, rolled into the hole and hit the bottom hard! Landing on my side! "UUUGGH!!!" Expecting to feel the dirt landing on top of me in a moment . . . as she buries me alive!

Instead I got a "Lucky for you I'm so tied from dragging your ass around . . . I'll have to finish getting rid of you in the morning" . . . {Bang!} The large piece of plywood falling in place to cover my Grave! . . . Four louder noises had to be her dropping larger rocks onto each corner of the plywood . . . to keep it in place . . .

## MIND FUCK OR MURDERED . . .

Ok . . . not sure what the hell just happened? Did I just get a reprieve from being buried alive until morning? Is she going to wake up and kill me? What the hell! Why did I tie myself so good? I'm sure Mistress slept well . . . in our extra large, extra fluffy Bed . . . me? Not a Fucking Wink!

Still stuck on the side I landed on, hogtied inside this bag, and with the odd shape of the hole, I couldn't right myself or have any chance of getting out of the bag or hole! I was fucked as I waited for my Morning Murder to come . . .

I can hear as each of the four larger rocks were dragged off of the large board covering my Grave. The large board was lifted off and I could see some light through the small holes in my burlap sack. I could feel her feet on both sides of me . . . she must have climbed in with me!

Mistress had cut open the end of the bag with my head and my first view was of Mandy standing over me, holding the very large hunting knife from our Cabin! As the blade grew closer to me . . . so she could cut away more of the bag so my hands were finally uncovered . . . and she handed me the key to the lock between my wrists . . .

"Hurry up! You're Driving!" . . .

May have been pretty helpless . . . and I like to stay bound as long as possible every Friday . . . Saturday morning . . . but once I had that key, I got my hands

undone and was out of that hole in record time! In the Drivers Seat and had the engine running . . . waiting for Mistress . . .

. . . Finally home . . . after the oddest and most uncomfortable drive ever! You know if you pick up a hitchhiker and start driving them somewhere . . . then around fifteen minutes later . . . question if they're going to try and kill you? Well, I just did an hour and a half of driving with a Passenger who did try to kill me . . . all the while, she's small talking about maybe getting a Dog or a Cat . . . and adds to that question with, "You know, so I don't get lonely"

Thinking and questioning, why would you get lonely? Unless I, didn't come back, from our little Gardening Trip? Again, ignoring what all just happened, Mandy says all excited like, "Hey! They finished the Safe Room! Wanna See it?" . . . You mean Our Hidden BDSM Dungeon? Of Course I want to see it! "Sure"

After all I'd just been through, you would think I deserve that Dungeon . . . but Nooooooooo . . . Basic . . . Boring . . . Safe Room . . . Full of cases of water and some Military rations . . . Dammit! "It doesn't seem as if you like it?" I stood quietly . . . which was the same as answering her question.

"Maybe this will help . . . follow me . . ." She went to another small area in the basement, behind an odd shelf full of very ugly metallic painted bottles. This was here when we bought the place and we never had time to get rid of it.

Pushing several different something's on the wall, not sure what or where she pushed, an area of the wall about six feet wide slowly slide sideways . . . revealing the three foot deep indent it was hiding . . . and the large Leather Bondage X Frame mounted to the back wall!!!!

My mouth dropped in awe! "Worked out a very special deal on this one . . . Custom ordered the Self-Bondage version of the X . . . Guess where you're spending your next Friday . . ."

## X FRAME - PART II . . .

The eight wide loops of leather straps have closed tightly around my wrists and arms . . . every other strap on my ankles, legs, waist, stomach and chest were previously closed, extra tight by me. The extra large collar, preventing any head movement, is clipped in place on both sides of my neck . . .

All of the straps of the head harness couldn't be any tighter . . . if they could be tightened further, My Mistress threatened to pump my gag up to twenty . . . which would suffocate me in a matter of minutes. Being pumped up to fourteen already put me on the edge of not being able to breath . . .

My body, under all of the straps, is feeling the tight embrace of the custom-made leather body suit, on every inch of my skin . . . except for my cock and balls which is sealed and locked inside it's own torture device . . . my chastity cage.

Waiting, enjoying the view of my latex and vinyl clad Mistress as she explains further what 'Very Very Special' plans for me means . . . Without saying a word; she starts to mess around on her cell phone. At first I was pissed . . . until I realized the purpose . . . as small tingles started to appear all over my body!

"Like my new app Slave? It controls all of the electro stimulation contacts in your body suit . . . here, let me show you . . . she pushes a few more times on her phone and in an instant, that small tingle grew to Intense Shocks of Pain everywhere! "MMMMFFHGHGHHGHGHGH!!!!!"

She let is stay on high for around a minute. Then right back down to the tiny tingles. "Looks like you are for sure helpless there my Toy." Jumping around from subject to subject, Mistress asks, "Have you ever seen the Non-Disclosure Agreement that Safe Room Installers have to sign?"

Unable to answer and figuring that was a rhetorical question anyway; I stay quiet and listen to her every word. "Lots of Legal Jargon and all . . . lets just say if any of the Workers, Ever even mentioned the Main or this Bonus Safe Room, they would be spending Life in Prison."

She continues, "Pretty much means that No One, and I mean No One, other than you and I will Ever learn about either of these two rooms . . . Unless I re-marry, I'd show my new Husband . . . or Wife, the Large Safe Room . . . Just Never your Bonus one . . . "

Ok, breathing hard, panicking big time, this is worse then that burying me Alive thing! At least if that happened, I'd suffocate pretty quickly and my pain would be over . . . With that little taste of the Intense Pain from the electro stimulation stuff built into my body suit . . . me helpless and just a pump away from dying . . . OMG!!!

If this isn't another one of Mistress Mandy's Ultimate Mind Fucks! . . . I'm in the Worst Self-Bondage Predicament Ever! "I'm watching your eyes Slave . . . and they tell me, you've realized how Deep of a Hole you put yourself in . . . Oh, and I'm sure you're asking yourself a major question . . . a Life or Death One . . ."

"Slave, the answer is 'NO' . . . this is NOT a Mind Fuck! Every thing I'm about to tell you is 100% True . . . I've decided to allow you to Die in a Very Slow and Very Painful Self-Bondage Accident." Wait! What? No!

Mistress then says as she hits some more buttons on her phone, "Custom Electro Stim Program . . . Intensity Level . . . Max . . . Duration . . . Infinite . . . Program . . . Random . . . Start" The tiny tingles slowly moved around my body within the leather body suit . . . almost as if it was caressing me."

"Have you ever wondered why I make you do All of your own Bondages?" . . . still unable to answer, I let her explain, "Finger Prints . . . there's not a single one of my Finger Prints on Any of your Self-Bondage items. Hell, if I'm ever asked, I didn't even know you were so into this?" The tingles that were moving stopped near my chastity cage and just intensified ten fold! "MMMGHFF!"

Even though none of the small contact points inside my body suit were touching my cock or balls, they were still touching the chastity cage which is all metal . . . the shocks hit my cock and balls hard! "MMFFFF MMGGHUUUGGG!"

"Keeping this a Secret from me, must be why you ordered this bonus Safe Room to be built with the Custom 'Self Bondage' version of the X Frame . . . so you could play your BDSM Games without me knowing?"

"It's really too bad you dropped your Cell Phone with the apps to turn off the Shocks, to open the arm and wrist straps and to stop the Auto Close Feature before it was too late." Putting on some rubber gloves, Mistress Mandy then pulled the cover off of the phone she was using, and tossed it below my right hand, onto the floor.

She then put the cover into a plastic bag along with the rubber gloves . . . "Scared Yet . . . Slave???" So that was my phone! Fuck! Scared??? Scared doesn't start to explain it! I'm ready to freak out at how Intense and Great she's

messing with my Mind . . . so believable! . . . wow! Can't wait to get out of this chastity cage later and fuck the shit out of her!!!

"Were you curious about the Auto Close Feature?" Moving my head what little I could, I was curious and did a tiny shake of Yes. "To make sure no one accidentally stubbles upon your bonus Safe Room . . . after thirty minutes of no activity entering or leaving . . ."

The wall to the Safe Room slowly starts to move! ". . . Closes and Seals on it's own." Tipping her head to the side as the wall moves back into place . . . Mistress blows me a Kiss . . . This is just another one of her Mind Fucks? Right? More Intense then the last one? Right? . . . The Shocks hit their Max Level as my whole body tenses up in Pain . . .

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***My Personal Suggestions to***

***Save you some Time . . .***





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TORTURE, TEASE OR SPANKINGS, YES PLEASE!





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**FINAL BONDAGE SURPRISE**  
IT'S PERMANENT MUMMIFICATION!





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**BONDAGE INTERROGATION**

FLOG TORTURE TIE TEASE WHIP . . . REPEAT





# Zatanna Dark

**FINAL BONDAGE WISH GRANTED**  
CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR

***"I wish to say Thank You Reader  
for spending some of your Precious  
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***Love Zatanna***



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*ZatannaXtraDark@Gmail.com*

*Twitter: @dark\_zatanna*