



Zatanna Dark

FINAL BONDAGE RENTAL WHITE
LEATHER PADDLING INVITES UNLIMITED ORGASMS



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SHIPPED . . .

When she first had me lay down on the body-board with the Two-Dozen Straps perfectly placed to hold the Female Form Helpless, I never thought the purpose was for moving me into the bottom of a Crate for easier Transportation . . .

At times I get very frustrated when someone who Rents me, can't keep me bound helpless for shit. I get free way before they can even get their Spank On, which cuts my fun short. Two or three Spanks, even hard ones, is never enough for me to reach my next much-needed orgasm.

Well, this is one of those times I wish I wasn't tied completely helpless. The quality and strength of the wide straps around my wrists that are mounted to the body-board, were enough to make me helpless by themselves.

The wide straps at my forearms, elbows, biceps, waist, stomach, chest and neck are truly more aesthetic than anything else. Along with the wide straps around my ankles, calves, knees, thighs and upper thighs holding me firmly against the body-board.

None of the straps were so tight as to cut off any blood flow, but they held me solidly in place. If they decided to Operate on me without anesthetic, I couldn't stop them much less move and make any buzzers go off like that Kid's Game Operation.

As part of my Latex Bondage Slave Rental Business, the Renters know the

Slaves are always solidly gagged under their hoods. It prevented any talking back, arguing, complaining or them trying to talk their way out of a Predicament or Punishment.

In this case, since their plan was to strap me helplessly inside a crate and ship me somewhere, they didn't have to worry about me making too much noise. The soundproofing inside and under the lid of the extra deep body sized crate added to the impossibility of anyone hearing me calling out for help.

I've been put into a truck and taken away to be tortured. I've been kidnapped while tied to a chair, tossed into a van, and tipped off the end of a pier into a river at night. These extreme experiences continue to grow in intensity and even how often they happen.

Just have never been on the receiving end of something so well planned, designed and executed. No amount of luck like the straps coming off the body-board or the board breaking like the old chair did, or someone's drunken Uncle stumbling in is going to save me.

As the complete and utter helplessness of my Tight Latex and Leather Strap covered Predicament sinks in . . . my Extreme Level of Fear Grows . . . a reminder of Today's earlier decision arrives right on time . . .

{BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!} . . . 'My Egg' reaches it's delay time and kicks in on a pretty High level of Vibration! You would think after setting it on [MAX-Power] and [MAX-Random] so many times I'd not get caught off guard by how it starts .

..

My hands go into tight fists while I point my toes like a Latex Covered Ballerina as the random vibrations from deep inside earn my full attention! The muffled sounds of pleasure escaping my tight gag and latex hood bounce around inside the crate loudly . . .

Neither my screams nor myself will be escaping this crate until, or if, my Captors even decide for it to happen . . . the first of the screws are being put into the lid to keep it securely closed . . . my orgasmic pleasures reach a new level I've never before experienced!

The inevitable is actually happening . . . it's finally happening . . .

WHITE . . .

When one of my Customers chooses Latex White for the Color of their Latex Bondage Slave Rental, I always giggle a little. White being the long-standing symbols of Innocence, of Virgins, the complete opposite of the BDSM World I love and thrive in.

I stand here naked, slowly covering every inch of my body in my favorite, Liquid Silk lubricant before sliding snugly into Latex White. Not wearing this color in some time, I know and look forward to it being that much tighter as it hugs my every curve and crevice . . . I Love My Job!!!

It's pays all my bills nicely . . . nicely enough to put extra away for my future. In addition, it feeds my urges for helpless bondage and punishments on a daily basis. Don't tell my Customers, but I'd pay them in a second to do these things to me, vs. them paying me.

The unknown part is what really gets my motor running. There are no pre-determined, talked about, or agreed upon scenarios with my Customers. For me, it's the unknown that gives me the most intense of butterflies in my stomach.

I'm given a Color, a Time and a Place. They do have to decide how long they want to Rent me for upfront, so I can Pre-charge the right amount and try to plan out my day . . .

Then, Surprise! Once I'm helpless they often seem to go over the Time they paid

for. It's not like I can stop them. Honestly, when that happens, the thought of them keeping me helpless forever always enters my mind and pussy, which leads to my most intense of orgasms!

Today was a very unique and odd Double Header. Two Rentals, several hours apart, with both requesting Latex White. Not having to run back home to switch out Colors will be a welcome change.

With the Renters getting the choice of Color, sometimes I'll add an accessory for fun . . . for me. I have a pair of white platform wedge boots that make me around eight inches taller. Normally something you'd see a Mistress wear, not a Submissive, so it's an interesting contrast.

Often, the person who's about to put me into Bondage will get a kick out of these little tweaks I do to my outfit . . . not so much Today . . . he was not at all pleased with my choice!

How was I to know? I mean, he ordered me over the phone . . . you can't tell someone is like 5'2" by only their voice? He was visibly pissed off as he put the piece of white Duct Tape over my eyeholes before strapping me to the well built "X" Frame.

Please be aware, there's nothing wrong with people being different heights. Just when there's such a difference in height, the taller person doesn't where heels, much less eight-inch platforms. Had he taken me to a Party on a leash, I'd stay on my knees or crawling the whole time, out of respect for a Master.

Normally, I do like to still be able to see what's about to happen and what's going

on. This time it was for the best. I could hear him moving the step stool to each side of me to get my wrists tightly strapped in. The mental visual of this did give me silent internal giggles.

As well as I felt I was keeping my laughing to myself, he knew what I was thinking, and I would be getting punished badly for it!

"X" FRAME . . .

Standing spread eagle and facing the "X" and cold wall, my legs were forced farther apart before being chained to the lower eyebolts. Between my added height and his shorter stature, his Target of my Punishment couldn't have been better located.

Today, I'm not getting the slow warm up type of paddling . . . with his first words being, "My ex used to make fun of my height just like you! Hope you're ready to take enough for the both of you!" Today is going to Hurt!

{SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} "MMMMM!"
Right into the hardest and fastest of Paddling I've ever had! {SMACK!}
{SMACK!} {SMACK!} "MMMMMGGGG!"

My Latex White did little to nothing to deaden the pain of the Hard Leather Paddle as it connected firmly over and over! {SMACK!} {SMACK!}
{SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} Neither he nor the Paddle was slowing in the least bit!

Very glad my gag had the leather insert to bite down on otherwise my tongue or lips would have been bleeding! {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} Between the loudest smacks I've heard and my muffled screams, I could barely make out his mumbled bitching as my punishment continued . . .

"Fukin tal cun bitc tikin they allll beter den me!!!!" Which translated means, He

ain't happy. {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} The sting and burning of my ass has no chance to ever lessen or recover as the Paddle continues to return a second later!

This was the sturdiest of "X" Frames I've ever been strapped to. Mounted to the ground, and before he added my Duct Tape blindfold, I could see the dozen plus metal post points behind it that were buried into the solid wall. As hard as I was pulling, it was a good thing it was so sturdy.

Yes, right about now, I would like to get loose to stop the intense punishment my ass was receiving in remembrance of his ex and my bad fashion decision. But I've done this long enough to know, nothing destroys a Session worse then the Slave prematurely getting loose . . . no matter what their level of pain may be . . . no matter what my level of pain may be . . .

{SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} There's still no hint of slowing his cadence or lessening the hardness of each strike of Leather vs. Latex. Lucky for me, my Pain to Pleasure conversion has finally caught up!

{SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} Each connection felt like he was flicking my cliterous as my internal tingle started to grow . . . instinctively pushing my ass outward now . . . the non-verbal signal of 'More Please! . . . Please Spank me Harder!'

He got the signal, but didn't welcome it with the open arms he should have. "Oh! So now you're calling me weak! Acting like I'm not paddling your ass hard enough!"

I could hear him breathing hard already as he struggled to step it up a notch and paddle me even harder! The intensity of the flick and tingle I was getting with each louder {SMACK!!!} was bringing me closer to the edge every minute!

RELEASE . . .

Before squeezing into Latex White, I made the decision of one additional accessory no one but me knows about. A very high end, well designed product known as 'My Egg'.

It's a Bluetooth enabled, programmable vibrator with a battery that doesn't quit. Properly inserted and programmed, it puts ben wa balls to shame.

Using the phone app, this discrete little toy has endless options. I've given up on trying all the different settings and have switched to just using the [MAX-Power] and [MAX-Random] Program . . . all topped off with [DELAY-Random].

Sometimes the Delay ends up being just minutes before I even finish getting into Today's Latex. Other times there's such long gaps I've forgotten 'My Egg' was hiding away with plans of showing up to Surprise me later.

This time the Delay ended at the absolute perfect moment to not only get me the rest of the way to the edge . . . but push me over hard and fast. That is if it didn't start out on Max!

So close to release and 'My Egg' kicked in like a hard punch to my pussy causing me to lose my breath as Mr. 5'2" takes credit for my Pain Filled Struggles and Jerks, "And you thought I couldn't paddle you any harder! Bet you wish you didn't make fun of me now Slave!"

Honestly, between the Flicks, Tickles and now the Pussy Punch, I'd forgotten for a moment he was even there . . . that I was even here. A Good session for a bottom is when your Pain becomes Pleasure. A Great Session for a bottom is when your Mind becomes Pleasure.

I was at the point of having a Great Session as my Mind had left my body to bask in the nearby Town of Orgasmic Bliss . . . Current Population . . . One Latex Slave and Unlimited Orgasms!

After the unexpected Pussy Punch, 'My Egg' switched back to a rolling random pattern of pleasures that takes me to where you can no longer tell if you're have multiple orgasms or one ongoing orgasm!

No longer could I even feel the leather paddle as it connected over and over with my tight latex covered ass. The only way I even knew I was still being punished was the combined sounds of it's hits and Mr. 5'2"'s screams of "Yeah Baby! You Deserve This!"

Convinced he had broken me. That my jerks, spasms and hard yanks at my straps were due to the level of Pain I could no longer handle. He was Happy and Proud of himself and I wasn't going to take that away from him . . . the Customer is 'Always Right'.

My Mind continued to travel from door to door of every home in Orgasmic Bliss until both 5'2" and 'My Egg' decided in unison that we all have had enough of a workout for one day . . .

Like the aftertaste of a fine wine or your favorite type of frosting, my body continued to experience the Pleasure Pallet of the moment . . . random tingles, spasms and jerks went on for several minutes before I joined 5'2" and 'My Egg' by stopping . . .

NEXT . . .

Once released from the "X" and he hid his step stool, the white Duct Tape was removed from my eyes. The look of accomplishment was flush in his face . . . I decided to end this Rental as best as possible for the Customer . . .

I quietly removed my eight-inch platforms. Letting them hang limply from my hands. With my head and shoulders slouching down to express my defeat . . . by the Big Man . . . I slowly shuffled out the door . . .

Before the door fully closed, I heard him congratulating himself with a verbal, "Yes!" Oddly, he was celebrating putting me into intense Pain . . . while in fact; he actually helped me reach some new levels of Very Intense Pleasure . . . I Love My Job!

With my long hooded coat covering my skintight outfit, I put back on my platforms before the walk to my next Rental. Often I take a Rideshare to get to and from each Customer, but today, not only did I not have to head home to change Colors of Latex, she was close enough to walk to.

Normally, with the hood pulled down far enough and the addition of basic bland colored gloves over the top of my latex ones, my latex cat suits are completely hidden from the public. I didn't fully think through that the extra eight inches of height meant my coat didn't make it to the ground like normal.

At least a half dozen people noticed the white platforms clearing the bottom

edge of my coat, which brought me a fine collection of well-executed and not unexpected questions and comments:

"Why don't you show us the rest of your outfit?"

"Can I lick those clean for you?"

"I've got a large bug problem you could help me with!"

"Do those legs go all the way up?"

"Could you get something off the Top Shelf for me?"

"Do you know where Bob's Coffee Shop is?"

Figure you can easily see it from up there."

"How about some One on One?"

The last guy had a basketball and if time allowed, I would have taken him on. Even if we did do a little One on One, I'm pretty sure he wasn't actually talking about basketball.

Other than the ongoing catcalls, it was a nice walk to help keep myself in shape. Made it to my next Renter's place of Business in around twenty minutes.

The Girl running the Re-Sale shop welcomed me in, flipped the sign on the door to Closed before locking it, dead bolting it and commenting, "My Business, My Hours". With a big smile, she said, "Follow me".

BACK ROOM . . .

Flipping my hood off my head so I could see better, I carefully followed her into the Back Room. Her shop was packed full of every single different type of thing you could imagine. The paths between were tight and the smells of everything's past lives permeated the air.

When we finally made it to an area closest the larger door that must go into the alley, the room opened up enough to where I could see her makeshift Bondage Area. It was a huge contrast to the well built and well designed Dungeon of Master 5'2".

Just kind of lying around on top of some boxes and other misc. items, were a basic cat-o-nine, some ropes, handcuffs, straps and other stuff you would have seen at the discount corner of the Adult Toy Store.

In the middle, there was one of those body-boards Life Guards have to strap down an injured person, laying across a stack of wooden boxes and a carpenter's horse. Running through the slots was a collection of wide leather straps spread out and waiting to embrace me.

Sheepishly she said, "Most of this stuff was left in the bottom drawer of a dresser I'm selling for someone. Did get a few more at the Adult Toy Store down the street . . . they were having a Sale." Gussed it!

She continued, "Ended up with the body-board like six months ago and never

sold it. Can't stop thinking about someone being strapped helpless to it and how hot those thoughts make me. Then I heard about your Slave Rental Service and had to try it."

The petite little brunette was very nervous about getting to tie someone up. Pretty sure this will be her first time. Honestly, I do have to credit her for all of her efforts. As crowded as it is back here, she put some time and energy into setting up this space.

To help her out, I carefully climb onto the board and lay on my back. I'm a little afraid her stack of boxes or that old horse was about to give out, so I moved very slowly. Once on my back, she became almost giddy with excitement.

First snugly strapping my wrists into place; I instinctively tested my fresh bondage. This is when I first noticed that these two straps weren't just randomly fed through the slots in the board. They were somehow permanently mounted or riveted into the body-board.

If she didn't mount these straps to the body-board that still had a slight hint of chlorine to it, somebody did. And that somebody's mindset was the goal of helplessly strapping someone to it! I pull extra hard at these wrist straps and they don't budge at all!

The wide leather straps around my ankles, neck and waist were already closed when she comments, "Pull all you want Bitch . . . those aren't coming off. I took my time mounting them solidly to the board."

Her sheepish and nervous demeanor was gone as she continues her pattern of

closing more and more straps. Knees, then elbows, thighs, and then biceps. "I've been reselling crap for seven years! I'm making more on your Re-Sale in one fucking day than all that other crap combined!" Fuck!

RE-SALE . . .

Only one other person in the World even knows I have a Latex Slave Rental Business. Along with the even bigger Secret that no matter what Color Latex Slave you Rent, it's always me inside. I act a little different based on each Color to keep my Customer's believing each one is different.

When I've been a little hesitant about a Rental, I have started to give Julie Times and Addresses of where I'm heading next. This time, I was so excited about both places being so close and both Requesting Latex White, I never hesitated and never updated Julie.

As the little brunette continued to close every last wide leather strap she says laughing, "I can't believe how easily you just hopped onto the body-board and just served yourself up like that! Oh My God! You were so Easy to Trick!"

Well she didn't need to be such a Cunt about it! Fuck! With the two dozen or so wide leather straps snugly closed, I wasn't going anywhere. I tried to get her attention, "MMMM MMMMM MMM!"

She pats me on the stomach and says, "You're so funny! Like I'm going to let you go or something!" After calling someone she switched up her voice to sounding older and very serious like, "The Package is Ready . . . Pick up through the Back Door"

I've had several times where Renter's would try and Mind Fuck me with things

like:

"What's the Longest Ever you've been helpless for?"

"Hope you like it down here . . . because you're Mine Now"

"Did I mention I run a Cult and needed a Sacrifice?"

This time I can tell this is NOT a Mind Fuck! I can see she's getting more and more nervous waiting for whomever to show up to purchase me from this Bitch. There's a knock at the back door and I've actually stopped struggling.

It's not that I want to be sold and taken . . . it's just that I know I'm only wasting energy I may need later. Anyways, it was futile for me to even try to break free of these straps and this body-board that's made of some type of extra sturdy composite material.

Two guys show up and seem to be made of muscle. Letting them in, they close the door and hand her a small bag. She thanks them for the transaction and they proceed to lift the body-board with me attached off the boxes and horse.

There's a large Delivery Truck in the alley with the back open and a ramp angled down to the pavement. As if I weighed nothing, they scampered up the ramp and lowered me into the bottom of an extra deep body sized crate.

{BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!} . . . 'My Egg' reaches it's delay time and kicks in on a pretty High level of Vibration! My hands go into tight fists while I point my toes like a Latex Covered Ballerina as the random vibrations from deep inside earn my full attention!

The muffled sounds of pleasure escaping my tight gag and latex hood bounce around inside the crate loudly . . . Neither my screams nor myself will be escaping this crate unless they choose to free me!

The first of the screws are being put into the lid to keep it securely closed . . . my orgasmic pleasures reach a new level I've never before experienced!

The inevitable is actually happening . . . it's finally happening . . .

BOGO-SALE . . .

Not sure if the battery on the power drill just died, or something else just happened. They stopped after just a few screws. A moment later I feel and hear several very loud bangs against the side of my new home!

The few screws they put in the top were now being removed. Maybe I'm being saved! They changed their minds! Not so lucky! The lid is lifted off and I see they decided to add the petite little brunette to their purchase.

She was struggling like crazy while one held her solidly the other added to her helplessness. One of those cheap ball gags from her toy collection already quieted her down. Not fully, but enough to stop her from getting out any understandable words.

When she twisted I could see they handcuffed her and used some rope for an elbow tie. Tears were rolling down her cheeks and her eyes were begging me to help her. Really? What am I going to do? Anyways, Fuck You!

As she kicked away at them, hitting the crate more often than her captors, they added some straps around her knees. The muscle guy holding her lifted her up so the other one could strap her ankles together. Might not of been the best plan, as she did a double nut shot with her bound legs.

The Receiver didn't go down, but he was bent over for a bit before ripping her shirt open, yanking her bra down and giving her one of the longest and hardest

double nipple pinches I've seen. The ball gag didn't do much to deaden her screams of pain.

Even though I was strapped helpless . . . up until now . . . I was pretty comfortable and physically able to handle however long the Trip to my New Life is going to be. I stress, 'up until now'.

I'm guessing they use this extra deep crate for times like this. The Buy One Get One Sale. Unable to do anything about her new predicament, the brunette was lowered, naked hurting breasts side down, right on top of me!

She was tiny, light, but was struggling like a Girl who just made the biggest mistake of her life and is fully realizing it. Her tears were now dripping into my eyes as she flayed around helplessly! The soundproofed lid was lowered down behind her.

The last few seconds of light shined across her face of fear before it went dark. I could hear and feel her sobbing on top of me as the screws started to go back into holding the lid in place. "MMMMMMMMMM!" Her loud as hell long scream hurting my ears!

Normally, I get off specifically on myself being bound helpless, spanked, teased and tormented. This was the first time watching the petite, and I guess I have to admit, sexy little brunette get what she had coming, added to the series of orgasms I couldn't stop.

She wasn't aware before that I had a Vibrator randomly kicking into different modes, inside of me. With our helpless bodies now pressed hard together, she

was fully aware of the Vibrations that were happening.

Didn't need to see her face to know she was now pissed off on top of her being scared of what's going to happen next. Trapped, strapped, tied and cuffed on top of me as my body shudders from orgasm after orgasm . . . she couldn't seem to get into a position and stop fucking moving!

Lucky for me I'm not a guy, or I would have been having my balls kneed and crushed continuously from her constant moving around! Bitch, just knock it the Fuck Off!

PANIC . . .

Am I scared of what's going to happen to me and where I'm being shipped? Yes. Do I see any way out of this or even have the tiniest of plans of how to escape? No. Is freedom a thing of the past for me now? Yes. Am I Panicking? No.

Panic is the Enemy. Had I panicked a few weeks back during my last Rental as Latex Green, I would have died in that river. The amount of physical energy burned up by panic is only beat out by the amount of mental energy that is wasted with it. I would have drowned.

Did I Panic while hiding in the closet as Latex Blue with my arms helplessly encased in that leather arm binder as his Very Pissed Off Girlfriend went off on him? No . . . still got caught . . . but not due to panicking.

Now, as far as my little brunette crate mate here, she doesn't understand this at all. Ever since before she was even added on top of my helpless body, she's been in a constant and full state of 100% Panic Mode.

Completely flailing around as much as her bondage and small space will allow as if she's actually going to be able to get loose and then break free of our solidly power screwed closed crate.

Breathing heavy, I can smell her struggles of her sweat-covered body that's been getting more intense by the moment . . . that was until it just got replaced by a newer and even more irritating smell!

First came the warmth across the front of my latex covered hips thighs and stomach . . . followed seconds later by the smell of her fresh and what the fuck have you been drinking? Urine!

God Dammit! I fucking Hate this Bitch! Walking past a freshly pissed in Cat Box won't kill you, but it's not a good smell . . . and you can walk away from it. Not this time! I'm her Cat Box and we're both trapped inside this Bondage Crate with no airflow!

It doesn't take long for the smell to cause my eyes and lungs to start to get irritated. Not as Fucking irritated as I am right now with Re-Sale Pisser Cunt!

This is why Panic is the Enemy. Had she just calmed the fuck down and relaxed until we found out what happened next, nothing else bad would have happened to us between now and then.

She finally stopped moving around on top of me. Having a hard time figuring out if she just passed out from the smell, exhaustion or just died on top of me from extreme Fear.

With her no longer moving, I'm able to pay more attention to the movement of the crate. It's no longer bouncing around from being driven down crappy roads. It's moving, but more of a smooth rolling on a cart across a much more level surface.

Wished I had been able to hold my breath these last few minutes as the smell

continued to grow. Even though I can hold my breath extra long, you need to start with much larger breaths of clean fresh air to start. No such option for me.

The movement has finally stopped . . . the screws are coming out of the lid . . .

UNSCREWED . . .

One by one the screws came back out and I never understood why, but each made that horrible loud as hell squeaking! The kind of noise that makes your teeth hurt!

The lid came off and I swear made one of those Sci-Fi Airlock opening noises as cool fresh air rushed in to greet the Passed Out Pisser and myself. It was refreshing and much welcomed . . .

Now, for the two outside the crate who just broke our tupperware like Seal . . . the result of the lid being removed wasn't as pleasant. As the warm rush of fresh piss filled air smacked them hard in the faces . . . it was anything but refreshing . . .

I could hear the one run to the corner of the room to puke while the other bravely stood his ground, dry heaving, eyes watering and commenting to the Puker, "It's not that bad . . . stop bei uggghh uggghh ng such uggghh a baby."

Still no idea where exactly we are, but it must be some type of Manufacturing Warehouse thing because there's a station on the wall for Workers to grab those disposable ear plugs. Both the Puker and the Heaver grabbed ones but used them in their nostrils vs. their ears.

I would have welcomed a pair of those in my nostrils also, but between my extra tight panel gag and my latex hood fully blocking breathing through my mouth,

closing my nostrils wouldn't end well for me.

Finally getting back on track and with the urine filled air only causing them tears, they went about their business by finally lifting the brunette off the top of me . . . thank God! For being such a little thing, her getting lifted away was a huge weight off of me in so many different ways!

"Is she dead?" asks the Puker. Checking her pulse on her neck, "No, but sure smelt like she died. Looks like she pissed herself." Her body was completely limp as they moved her into what looked like one of those leaning back rolling chairs the Police have. The kind with all those straps like seatbelts in a car.

Being still on my back in the bottom of the crate, I could just barely see the very top of it, but was pretty sure that's what they just put her onto. "Don't bother with all the straps, she's totally out and we'll have her to her room quick enough."

Ok, now I have a plan to escape . . . not a fully thought out one . . . but the start of one . . . After several failed attempts at trying to lift the body-board and my body strapped tightly to it together, they switched up to removing all of my straps.

"She's as limp and as out of it as that first girl." Lifting my arm up and releasing it, I would just let it drop. "Almost feel bad for her . . . being trapped in this crate with that other girl pissing on her." Here, this should help her out" . . . Fuck! No!

He, trying to be a Gentleman for a few seconds, tightly jams a set of the earplugs into my nostrils before I even had a chance at a deep breath!
FUUUUCCCCCKK!

Breath Games with a bag over your head, you have some air left to re-breathe. Or if someone is going to put their hand over the hose to your gag mask, you normally have a chance to take a deep breath first, knowing how the Game works.

The plugs were in as he was mentioning it and I'm instantly out of air! As bad as it stunk inside the crate, deep breathing wasn't on my To Do List. My goal of not moving while they roll me away unstrapped is quickly disappearing!

I don't have enough air in my lungs to blow these out! They're still having issues trying to lift my, pretending to be limp, body out of the crate! My head is already going light and dizzy . . .

There's no other choice here if I don't want to suffocate!!!

FAILED . . .

Getting me into just a sitting up position, my ass barely leaving the body-board in the bottom of the crate . . . I'm about to black out! Quickly I reach up and yank the plugs out of my nose before taking in the deepest of breaths!

"Dude! You almost Killed her! The Boss would have been Pissed!" The other one responded with a just as loud "FUCK YOU!" While they were yelling at each other, I quickly jumped to my platforms! Ready and willing to test out my years of Self Defense Training . . .

. . . Training that didn't include what to do if your legs have fallen totally asleep! The body board straps were never tight enough to cut off blood flow anywhere . . . but the body of a passed out brunette was!

I went down over the edge of the crate and onto the hard floor as quickly as I popped up from the bottom of the crate! My arms were free but my legs were letting me down in so many ways! No ball kicks, knee breakers or foot stomps, much less simply helping me to stand up!

With renewed energy and me doing the hard part of getting my body out of the crate, they dragged me to the second of those Police style chairs with all the seatbelt style of straps. I fought them all the way, but it was a Failed Mission as eventually, my freedom was once again lost to bondage.

They've obviously had a lot of experience in this area, because I was helplessly

buckled tightly into the rolling chair in under a minute. I was still trying to get my bearings and oxygen back after almost suffocating and hitting the floor so hard.

Now with the two of us out of the crate, the brunette still passed out and myself tightly strapped helpless, our two Captors do just as, not expected. They do a quick game of Rock Scissors Paper to decide who gets to roll whom wherever we're about to go. "I'm putting my money on this one . . . she's a fighter" said the guy who's about to push me wherever.

Somehow, they both acted like the Won as the Puker grabbed the handle on the brunette's rolling chair and head out a door in the corner. Assuming he's taking her for a strip down and shower before some bonus time with her for his troubles.

My guy sprayed a towel with some glass cleaner off a nearby shelf and cleaned me up the best he could first. Not the preferred method to clean Latex White, but it was better than the drying up layer of piss that was there. It was the first moment the piss smell was finally a thing of the past.

Leaving out a different door and in the opposite direction, I went back into rest and conserve my energy mode . . . that was until 'My Egg' reminded me, "I'm Here I'm Here I'm Here" with the start of a slow hum that gradually increased as we rolled. No Rest for the Latex Covered . . .

WARDROBE . . .

'My Egg' once again surprised me with one of it's most simple, yet effective of Vibration patterns. A continual slow hummmmm that very very slowly grows every few minutes.

The tingle caused by the hummmmm inside of me is growing right along with it, as my Chair Pusher is also humming some song I've never heard. Either that, or he's just doing some random humming to keep himself busy as we make our forth or fifth turn down the endless halls of this place.

In the distance I'm hearing the noises of what sounds like a crowd cheering, booing, screaming and more . . . the slight smell of cheap cigar is growing as these noises get even louder . . .

Just as we're about to get to where the sounds and smells were the greatest, we took a quick turn into a room with sign on the door that said [WARDROBE]. The sign was written with a close to dead marker on a beat up old piece of cardboard . . . Fancy . . .

My squirming in my chair is growing as I'm getting closer and closer to going over the edge. "Don't tell me you need to piss now? Come On!" said my Chair Roller.

If I shook my head 'No' he'd need to know why all the squirming. So I went with a shoulder shrug instead. "Well that's too bad . . . maybe needing to piss will help

you move faster . . . one more reason I'm betting on you."

Still no idea what the fuck he's talking about or what the fuck is going on? As confused as all of this is, it's about to become much weirder in the next few minutes.

He turns around grabbing some bunched up odd-looking items. "Looks like you're the last one getting ready, so you only get two choices . . . Giant Imperial or Hickory Horned Devil?"

I didn't answer for several reasons: I'm gagged so I couldn't, can't point with my wrists strapped down, I'm busy skirting on the edge of an intense orgasm and lastly, WHAT THE FUCK IS HE TALKING ABOUT?!?!?

"Hickory Horned Devil it is then." He tosses aside the large fuzzy and bright green item that I think is a costume or some sort? Putting the second one onto a nearby table. This one is more of a subdued light green with black spikes sticking out of it ever six inches or so.

Sitting down in front of me, making the best direct eye contact he can . . . as my eyes are starting to roll with my orgasm that has made it past the edge . . . I bite down and try to pay attention so I can figure this the fuck out!

"I know you're a fighter and are going to want to try and fight me the second I undo those buckles . . . but it's important for you to understand . . . there's Only One Way for you to get free . . . you need to Win the Race . . ."

Finally, the purpose for me saving up as much energy as possible! "But first, you need to let me help you into your costume . . . are you willing to do that?" With zero idea of what he means by Hickory Horned Devil . . . I slowly shake my head 'Yes' . . .

HICKORY HORNED DEVIL . . .

He couldn't have been more serious looking when he stated getting into this costume and winning the Race was my only way to get free . . . I did my best to work with him for the duration. He's planning on betting his own money on me so I need to trust him.

The outside of this so-called costume still confused the fuck out of me. It was a wadded up collection of bizarre shapes sticking out of what seemed like the skin of a fat snake?

Now the inside . . . the inside was all too familiar to me . . . it was a bondage sleep sack with sleeves for my arms to go into. As tight as the Latex White was, this sleep sack was a much tighter fit. I had to give up the eight-inch platforms to climb into it.

What the hell kind of Race is it going to be with me bound helpless inside of a tight sleep sack? If it was going to be a Race to see who could get out of their sleep sack first . . . well no one will be winning that one. There's no way I'm getting out without help.

He could only see my eyes, but knew the look of confusion even with just them. "Trust me . . . you'll Win this thing! Just never give up!"

With all the excess material, the black points every few inches, other odd shapes and the four or more larger horns, I guess, makes sense, Horned Devil and all,

sticking out . . . I'm not sure how he was able to close up the sleep sack so tight.

This costume ended with just my face sticking out like when you pull the strings to your hoodie. Reminded me of the Beavis and Butthead Cornholio Quote.

The smell emanating from this costume told me two things. One, I was not the only Girl bound tightly inside of it. And Two, they don't ever wash it! Fuck!

At this point, there was no getting back onto the rolling chair. He moved me carefully face down onto a rolling flat cart. I could barely move, between my tight latex, the sealed close body suit and all the excess material, I think was glued to it.

Once again, we're rolling, but laying on my stomach and breasts like this was nowhere near as comfortable as the leaned back rolling Police chair. Luckily, it was mainly a trip across the hall to my next stop.

The noise from that room was growing again, the screams, hollers and more along with that cheap cigar smell. With everything so tight fitting, it was hard to turn or lift my head enough to see. What I did see, initially reminded me one of those movies where the rowdy guys were gathered to watch a cock fight.

This was different, as they were much more spread out and a lot of them were wearing suits or other expensive outfits like the high-bidders would in Vegas. Oddly, the cheap cigar smell really didn't fit their clothing.

Getting to an area in the middle of the guys, I look to see four more large Caterpillars lined up. From inside my costume, I couldn't figure this out. Seeing them from the outside, it was very obvious that this Group of Guys had a very unique Gambling Fetish I was not aware of . . . Caterpillar Races . . . with Helpless Girls bound inside of them in tight leather sleep sacks.

They couldn't at all see the sexy female forms accentuated by the leather tightly hugging every curve of their helpless bodies. I guess them just knowing that was happening inside was enough to get them hard. If I close my eyes and try to ignore the sights smells and sounds, I have to admit, the tightness of it all is making me wet in the right area.

THE RACE TRACK . . .

One by one, the helpless girls encased in the tight sleep sacks turned their heads just enough to make eye contact with their newest competition. None of these looks were very welcoming . . . especially the last one . . . the petite brunette that got us both into this mess . . .

All of them as tightly gagged as myself, the brunette I'm guessing wouldn't shut the fuck up, because her gag was the largest and pulled so tight her cheeks were bulging out above the leather panel.

Half her makeup was running from her tears while the other half was smeared into a permanent pissed off look . . . again, why the fuck are you mad at me? You're all pissed off after getting us both kidnapped and then pissing on me?!?!? WTF?

Finally taking my eyes off of them, I'm being taken off the cart and positioned for the Race. I'm not a Caterpillarologist, if that's a thing, so I don't know any technical names of what the hell each girl is, so I'll explain it my way.

The five of us are lined up. On the far left is Black Fuzz, then the Pissed off Pisser, Purple Prongs, myself aka Hickory Horned Devil and lastly Pink Puff.

An Announcer steps out in front of us and the crowd finally half quiets down. "All bets are locked! No more bets!" A series of lights slowly turn on in the warehouse illuminating our complex racecourse . . . seriously?

Closest to us are some pretty large branches and really big leaves from some massive plants randomly laying on the floor. Seems like they picked larger ones to fit properly with our extra large Caterpillar bodies. Looks like the whole floor has a thin layer of dirt on it for effect of making it look outside.

I'm still trying to figure out how winning this Race is my only way to Freedom? The Announcer answers this after explaining the rest of the rules. "There are no rules to the Race other than whomever becomes a Butterfly first will be set free . . . the losers will be kept for our Next Contest."

Beyond the branches, it seems like the floor goes up hill. At the top of that hill, it looks like a bad and bland painting of a Butterfly is on the wall. No color to it what so ever. Hard to tell for sure, because that part of the room is still pretty dark. There seems to be other odd items on the wall both sides of the Butterfly painting.

Can't full tell what the other girls were thinking, but I need to win this Race! I guess, other than the Pissed off Pisser who's still giving me her best, half a death stare . . . Honestly, why is she so pissed off at me?

Trying my best to determine how I'm going to move like this . . . I wait for the gun, buzzer or what noise the Announcer will be yelling to start the Race . . .

THE RACE . . .

There was no starter gun, no buzzer, Coach whistle or yell to start the Race . . . instead a pretty hot girl came out in an extra short, extra tight, cute little Safari like shorts and form fitting top. Her outfit was rounded out with the knee high tan socks, hiking boots, Safari style helmet and an oversized Butterfly net on her shoulder.

Really really wish she would just catch me, take me home and play with me! Get me the hell out of whatever the rest of my current bondage predicament is! Heck, she could even keep me bound in this costume as long as she didn't smoke a cheap cigar while toy with my affections and helpless body . . .

Holding her hand out to one side, she was holding a very large leaf of some type of plant. We're talking elephant ear sized thing! The crowd goes quiet for a few seconds before she lets it drop . . . catching the air, it flips side to side before finally touching down.

The quiet is over as the extra loud yelling kicks in! The Race that's about to be as fast and exciting as your average Turtle Race begins! There's a lot of activity and moving of the Not So Fast Five, which is in every direction except forward!

Just as I finally figure out how to get my Caterpillar on and move in the right direction a few inches, Pink Puff somehow lurches half her body up off the floor, twists and lands on her back across my calves! FUCK!

Worse yet, Purple Prongs rolls onto her side and up against me! I'm now trapped between these two who can't seem to right themselves after only moving like six inches!

Lifting my head, I see Black Fuzz and the Pissed off Pisser almost a full body length ahead of us! Dammit! How in the hell did they do that? I've been in many helpless predicaments before, but this one is starting to freak me out!

The tight latex, I love! Bound in a bondage sleep sack, Yes Please! Encased in enough overly thick material to keep a Family of Eskimos warm that smells of the sweat and body fluids of dozens of struggling Girls who had their hopes and dreams of freedom dashed, No Thank You!

Now, with two bodies on top and up against me, unable to move, that whole speech about not panicking . . . yeah, fuck that! I'm about to not only lose this Race, but also overall lose it!

Pink and Purple are grunting and wiggling, but not moving off or away from me! Fuzz and Pisser are now a length and a half ahead of us and already squirming over the first of the branches and leaves!

The crowd couldn't be any Louder! The cheap cigar smell couldn't be any more intense! I still have no idea who the hell is even smoking that shit or are they pumping that reek in here for ambiance?

{hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . } OH MY GOD! NOT NOW! 'My Egg' just kicked in again with another new pattern!

{hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . } It's a new rolling and repeating pattern that brings me to an intense orgasm in record time!

{hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . } The spasms it sent my body into were enough to cause Purple Prongs to move away and Pink Puff to roll off of my calves!

For this round, 'My Egg' couldn't have had better timing! {hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . } Matching its pattern, I finally start to move forward between my grunts of pleasure!

Looking up again, I see that Black Fuzz and the Pissed off Pisser have already made it to the bottom of the ramp! The top of that ramp is Freedom for one of them as I still have all of the branches, leaves and dirt to traverse!

I can't believe I finally get how to move figured out and one of those two are so close to winning! Remembering my pep talk to "Just never give up", I squirm on to the pattern of {hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . hummmmm BZZZZZZZ! . . . }

THE HILL . . .

With so many layers and such a thick costume, you'd think I wouldn't be feeling these branches as I squirm over them. Well I am feeling every single one of them and it sucks!

The randomness of the size and position of these branches makes any chance of getting a successful squirm motion down for moving. It's all very haphazard and I still don't understand how those first two did this so fast?

They have no more obstacles other than the ramp / hill to get up to Win the Race and one of their Freedoms. The loser of those two will be getting kept for the next Contest along with Purple, Pink and myself. Maybe kept indefinitely . . . would be more realistic.

Three fourths of the way up the hill, Pissed off Pisser finds a way to kick Black Fuzz hard enough to fall off the side of the ramp. With all of her large Fuzz, she hit the floor pretty quietly, landing on her back next to the ramp.

Even though she landed with all of that Fuzz side down, I could hear her muffled moans over the screams of the crowd. Wow! Between my intense orgasms, feeling smothered by Pink and Purple, and now the sharp branches I'm face down on top of, I forgot for a moment there even was a crowd.

Pissed off Pisser was nearing the top of the Ramp as Karma is right up there and ready to greet her. She turns far enough one more time to give me a look that

was a combination of Fuck You and I'm about to Win! Just like that asshole in a car does before running into a pole, Karma gives her a little kick . . .

Had she not looked back to be a Bitch to me, she would have been at the top. Because she turned so far, causing her body to turn enough of an angle, she ended up going into a Caterpillar Death Roll down the ramp!

She didn't fall off the side as she so deserved, but she did end her roll turned sideways, on her back with her head facing away from the ramp by half a body length. Both Karma and myself were giggling on the inside.

I knew better then to taunt or make fun of her, because that's how Karma often decides her next victim. I went the smarter route of putting all of my energy into passing her by while she continued to turtle it badly.

Her grunts, moans, screams, struggles and useless kicks were all a waste of energy that never helped her right herself. Black Fuzz realizing she wasn't going to win this time had only one goal . . . to make sure that Pisser never has a chance win her freedom.

Seems that Black Fuzz, Purple Prongs and Pink Puff decided to form a United Sisterhood of Caterpillarism as the three of them together moved in from different sides to keep Pisser in her helpless turtle mode.

The Sisterhood moved in quietly and laid their ground. Pisser . . . not so quiet . . . her grunts and muffled swearing was louder then anything or anyone else in the room and that says a lot. The audience of Caterpillar Race Enthusiasts couldn't have been yelling louder themselves!

It took some effort to get past the image of all of this, but imagining the petite brunette's sexy little body all helplessly bound inside of her leather sleep sack as she struggled to get free was the juice that helped me make it to the top!

TRANSFORMATION . . .

Finally at the top of the hill, I got a better look at the black and white Butterfly on the wall. It was much more detailed then I could originally see from farther away . . . but it was still very dull and bland for what should be a beautiful and colorful creature . . .

. . . That was until I fully reached the top flat area just below it. Then the Magic of the "Transformation" from Hickory Horned Devil to the Winged Butterfly of Winning took place.

The items on the wall on both sides of the Butterfly were blue spinning lights like from the top of an old style Cop car. There were all so some horns and loud siren like noises that started. I'm sure the crowd was still yelling, but these new noises were even louder.

The Butterfly itself slowly grew in color as small sparkles randomly popped up and fluttered away individually. Someone put some time into this little laser show that became very mesmerizing as it continued to get more and more colorful!

There were spotlights that were following each individual Caterpillar during the race that had all moved to me once I won . . . but these have since faded away to darkness, as I'm no longer the center of attention. All eyes are on the painting above me.

I had rolled onto my side enough to be able to watch the show. Just as I couldn't stop watching these affects and the growing color, the floor below me dropped some and then steeply tipped away from the hill I came up.

It was the fastest I'd moved since first being tightly sealed within the leather sleep sack-lined costume, not due to any efforts on my part. The dark slide I was going down wasn't designed around fun, as several of the hard and sharp turns hit me painfully!

Without my Hickory Horned Devil padding, those sharp turns would have hurt even worse. The last surprise wasn't another sharp turn, but what felt like a six-foot drop onto a mattress!

Lying there I wonder simply, what the fuck!?!?! Following seconds later by what could only be described as an all female un-Caterpillaring Pit Crew. From all sides, the six of them moved in and got me out of the costume sleep sack combo in record time.

In shock of it all and overpowered by the six to one odds, I was then handcuffed and leg cuffed into a face down hogtie. The back doors of a black van were opened. I was carried by the six of them, before being gently laid down in the back.

Getting my first breath, only to take in the smell of musty carpeting that I don't believe has ever been washed. Wasn't totally sure, but think two of the Pit Crew became the Race Van Driver and the Co-Pilot before we sped away into the dark alley.

The turns were so fast and random that even if it was daylight and I was sitting in front, there would have been no way for me to have kept track of where we started off from. Guess that's why they skipped the traditional, don't want you to know where we were or where we're going sack over my head.

Finally the van stopped as fast as it started. Both front doors opened followed by the two back doors. All the cuffs were removed and I was allowed to climb out the back. Stepping barefoot onto the cold and wet pavement was a bit of a shock.

Then, as right on queue, one of the two handed me my white eight-inch platforms and said in a quiet, yet sexy voice, "Be Free Little Butterfly" before jumping back in and speeding away in the license plate-less black Van of Butterfly Freedom.

WALK OF PRIDE . . .

Normally after being kicked out of someplace so fast or tossed out the back of a Van, what follows is the "Walk of Shame". Your clothing is messed up, your hair looks like a cobweb and you can't seem to get more then two good steps in a row before tripping a little on the third.

With my platforms back on, I was standing tall. Looking up, I recognized that I was dropped off maybe three blocks from my home . . . just from a direction I normally don't come from.

My hair, well it's inside my latex hood and will be just as flat as normal once I take it off. My clothing, smooth skintight Latex White is still in pretty good shape after being cleaned with glass cleaner by my Guy.

And even though I'm very tired and am in eight-inch platforms, I maintain a clean and trip free walk of a Run-way Model . . . that was until, "BZZZzzzzzzZZZZZzzzzZZZZzzzz . . ." followed by nothing but stumbles . . .

I think I'll take a break on that bench for a few moments before I continue my Walk of Pride home . . . Pride of surviving another Rental, Winning the Race and getting out Alive.

Once home, I have to get cleaned up, rested and ready for Tomorrow's Rental . . . Think I'll masturbate myself to sleep thinking about that brunette, still struggling helplessly inside of her well deserved tight leather sleep sack . . .

***Hope you enjoyed the Third in my Series: "LATEX BONDAGE
SLAVE RENTAL"***

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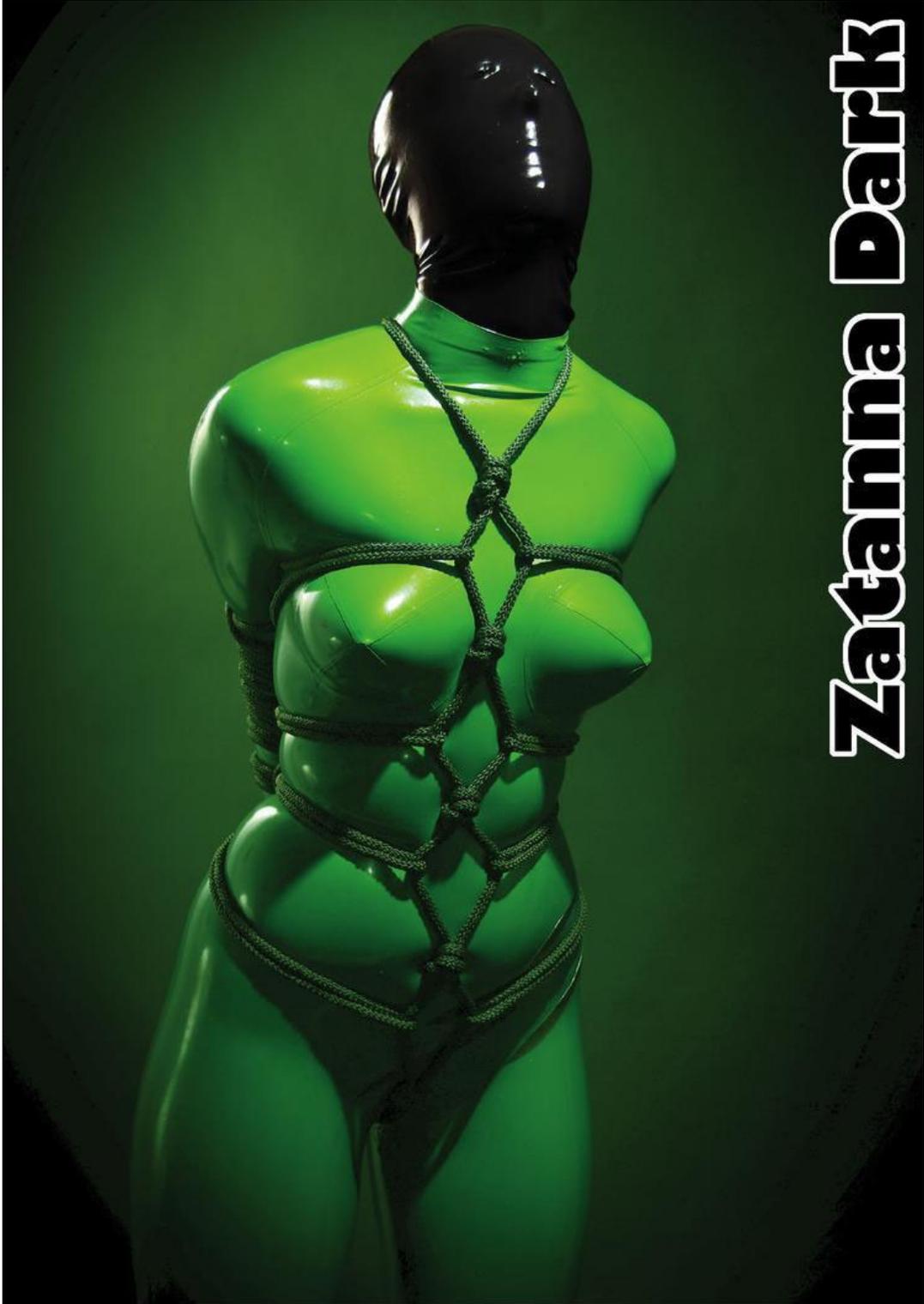
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