



# Zatanna Dark

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



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**FINAL BONDAGE**

**WISH GRANTED**

**BE CAREFUL WHAT**

**YOU WISH FOR**

**Zatanna Dark**

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## THE PLAN . . .

Money has grown tighter. Odds of ever having Social Security is gone. All that we've worked for is in danger of being gone. There is one Final Plan I can do to save it all. A Plan to finally get enough money to pay off all debits, save everything we've worked for and be able to survive in the future.

There's one negative with this plan but feel my Husband will eagerly agree to it. At least the parts I tell him about that is. For my plan to work I need him to die in an accident so I can collect his life insurance.

Don't get me wrong. I love my Husband very much. I know how hard he's worked his whole life to get us the things we have and do the things we've done. That is why I can't stand to watch him suffer as we slowly lose it all.

This is also the reason why my Final Plan involves him getting to experience something he truly loves. To enjoy as many of his last hours for as long as possible down to the last minute. We are all going to die someday. How many of us get the option to die while doing something we love? He'll understand and thank me.

Step one: I've rented a secluded cabin up north for a Month. All emails and transactions have been through my Husbands email and personal charge card. Here are the main requests made. He told them he'd be writing a book and can't be disturbed no matter what.

It must be the most secluded cabin they have. Away from the roads and any and all foot traffic. All employees of the resort have been told no interruptions for this one-month period. They've agreed to everything and I've paid for the whole month in advance.

Step two: I've told my Husband that I've planned an ultimate extreme experience for him. He's to gather all of his stuff in a trunk and pack it in the car. Stressing the word all so nothing is left at our house. He's to take a week off and be prepared for the most intense and longest extreme experience ever.

Also he's to tell no one of where he's going. I told him it's so no one bothers us. He loves to anticipate things like this so I just keep talking it up. I can tell it's all he's thinking about and continues to get more worked up as the time goes by. Just thinking about this kind of stuff gives him pleasure and I do love him so I want his pleasure to start mentally for now.

Step three: I can't be seen at this Cabin so I tell him he needs to drive there and get things ready. There are some items I need to pick up so I'll need to meet him there later. He only gets more excited by the mystery and agrees to every request I make.

He's instructed that everything is already paid for and to go directly to the Cabin. Do not stop at the front office and do not talk it anyone. Again he eagerly agrees. I type up a letter and tell him not to open it until he's in the Cabin.

He makes it to the cabin and brings in his trunk of stuff. He then opens the letter to read the following: Dear Slave, I know you've always wanted to be taken to a far away cabin and made more helpless than ever before. To experience both extreme pleasures and pains with absolutely nothing you can do about it.

You've told me it would be your ultimate experience and would give anything to make it happen. I am offering you exactly that right now and it's your Final Choice if you want to take me up on this or not.

Let me be completely and totally clear with my offer. I will make you more helpless than you've ever been before in your life. You will experience both extreme pleasures and pains that will not end no matter how much you beg me to stop. This will all last longer than any other time ever.

In return you agree to give me anything I need to make this happen. Exactly what I want really doesn't matter at this point because you're agreeing to give anything to have this happen. If you don't agree then pack up and go home now. If you agree then read on.

For your experience to begin I need your help. Please do the following items in this exact order. Close all curtains to cabin. Put key to door under rock closet to northeast corner of cabin. Securely lock all doors to cabin, but do not dead bolt the door so I can get in later.

Make yourself a nice steak and take a good long shower. Now you need to prepare the room. Move the sturdiest chair to the middle of the room and surround it with any and all tables available. It's time to unpack your stuff for your Mistress to use. Neatly organize every single item from your trunk on the surrounding tables. I demand that everything is available and nothing is missed.

By now I'm sure you can see what's coming even though he doesn't. My Husband is about to allow himself to be helplessly bound in return for what ever I decide I need. Not only allow this, but also help every step of the way.

Once I've bound him more helpless than ever before I will be leaving him to his own demise. Yes I know this sounds horrible, but if he's going to die someday anyway, why not like this? Why not die while in extreme pleasure? Why not choose to have your last days the most extreme ever?

I'm not the villain in all of this. It's the economy that's brought both of us to this moment in time. He is just about too willingly become one more victim to the economy. He's getting downsized if you will.

## THE FINER DETAILS . . .

The letter continues: I know you enjoy electrostim and vibrators, but not the fact that they run on batteries and die to soon. So there's a few presents for you I've added into your trunk. There are two vibrators in there that run on 110, not batteries.

One is to be strapped to your cock and the other one; well you decide where that should go. Then I've purchased a new electrostim unit with many more pads and attachments than normal. I hope you don't mind I put it on your charge card.

This also runs on 110 so there is no worry about it ever running out of power. Unpack both of these and put them close to the chair. There's also a timer for the wall that will turn on and off the vibrator every hour.

Make sure it's plugged in within reach of the chair, but don't turn any of these items on yet. That's for your Mistress to do when the time comes.

Your options to turn back on this deal are running out. If you still agree to my offer and are still willing to give anything, then continue on. There are 10 pairs of electrostim pads.

Stick these to the front and back of your thighs, your stomach, your ass and lastly several near the base of your cock. Wrap all of these areas with the black self-sticking ace bandages so they don't come off no matter how hard you struggle.

Then there is a pair of electrostim rings. One goes at the base of your cock and the larger one goes around your cock and balls. Once these are in place you need to strap the vibrator onto your hard cock and put the second one wherever you choose.

All of this will be held tightly in place as you put on skintight spandex. Make sure I can access all the wires and power cords later.

I'm sure by now you want nothing more than to come like crazy. Please don't yet. I promise you by the time this is all over you'll come more times and harder than ever before. Just finish getting everything ready and your experience will continue.

Lastly I want you to use the minimum amount of items needed to make yourself totally helpless. Not one item more or less. Failure to do so will make your Mistress very angry and may cause me to cancel your whole ultimate experience. The choice is yours, so make your Mistress proud.

I don't need to be there to know what my Husband is doing right at this moment. He's following every request I've made to the tee. His cock is rock hard and he's already breathing heavy.

I'm sure he's stroking himself every so often, but like a good Slave, not allowing himself to cum. He's already put the electrostim pads and cock rings in place. He's strapped the vibrator to his cock.

I'm betting the second vibrator got lubed up and pushed deep into his rectum. Little does he know just how long all these items are going to stay in place. All of this covered with tight black spandex.

Now for him to start his Final Bondage Session. I'm guessing he choose some leather straps to strap his ankles to the chair legs. Two more at his knees & one wide strap for his waist.

A second wide strap across his chest just below his nipples keeps him upright in the chair. Then a pair of locking leather wrist straps get securely locked in place. A final pair of locks are used locking a ringed strap between his wrists.

My guess is he wrapped this strap around part of the chair before putting the final lock on. This keeps his arms tightly against the back of the chair.

By closing that last lock he's chosen his own fate. Anything could happen. The cabin could catch on fire and he couldn't free himself. He's chosen to put his own life on the line to experience this pleasure that's about to come.

He's already totally helpless and I'm miles away. If I got in a car accident right now he'd still be helplessly tied in this secluded cabin until he starved to death. All of his own doing. Do I feel bad for him? Of course I do.

Is it my fault that he's willing to die in bondage? No. I'm I going to set him free once I get there? Only if he wants me to, but he never does. He always wants it to last longer . . . wish granted.

I'm on my way to help my Husband experience his Final Ultimate Bondage Wish. Driving a rental car put on my Husband's charge card and name. I had to oil up my body to get into a skintight latex cat suit.

Am finally wearing the thigh high boots with 6-inch heels, laces and extra straps and buckles. The visual affect these have on my Husband alone makes him fucking insanelly rock hard. That's going hurt with his cock in its current situation. I topped all of this off with a tight latex corset he's never seen before.

Adding some deep red lipstick and a longer jet-black wig is helping me mentally to prepare for what I'm about to do to him. It will already be dark out and the cabin is secluded, but I also needed to make sure I would not be recognized.

I am getting wet as I take one last look at myself in a Full Length mirror. Fuck! I'm Hot as Hell and just look at that sexy tight ass in that skintight latex! Wow!

I'll be adding elbow length gloves and a full-length black leather coat before I head up there. To him what I'm wearing will only make him the hardest he's ever been. To me, it's all part of my Extreme Final Plan.

It wasn't lie about needing to pick something up. I bought something I've threatened him with many times, but never followed through on. This item is actually for my pleasure. I want to use it on him before I leave him.

I pull up to the cabin close to midnight. By my estimates my Husband has already been bound helpless for over 6 hours. I'm sure he's already getting sore, but will revitalize when he sees my outfit. It's pitch dark and no one is around.

Finding the key under the rock only took a minute or so and I let my self in. Dead bolting the door behind me I turn to see him just as expected. Helpless in a chair looking right at me.

I'm sure he didn't expect me to dress for this experience, but after this I'll only be dressing in black one more time for him. Walking up to him I keep my coat on and closed.

## LAST CHANCE AT FREEDOM . . .

“So I see that you’ve done everything I’ve asked of you. That’s a very good Slave”. I tell him. Even though he doesn’t have a gag, he sits there silent. As I get closer he finally says, “I thought you were just going to leave me here to die”.

See, once again, he knows what’s coming and he still made himself helpless. I double-check that he did put all the electrostim pads, rings & vibrators in place, which he did.

The cords and power is all within reaching distance. The widest selection of ropes, straps, chains, locks, wrap & duct tape are all neatly arranged for my ease of use.

I now give him his final chance at freedom and life. “Do you agree to give me anything I need in return for ultimate longest, most intense bondage pleasure and pain experience you’ll ever experience?”

I quickly continue, “Before you answer you need to be aware. Once you agree to this offer there will be no stopping. No matter how much you beg or cry I will not stop. There will be NO SAFE WORD.”

That was the most serious I’ve ever been with him about any bondage deal so he sat there quietly for a few minutes. He asks me “Mistress, what if I can’t free myself when you are done with me?” I quickly and firmly respond with one word

“Tuff!”.

After close to five minutes of silence and watching my Husband in very deep thought, he final says, “I will give you what ever you need in return for my ultimate bondage experience.” So I say to you again, he knows he’ll die if left helplessly tied up in this cabin.

He knows I’m not going to set him free. He’s put everything out for me to finish his bondage and agreed to let this all happen. I ask him again “Are you sure?” and he slowly nods his head. So now the long and final process continues.

The gag comes first so I don’t need to hear any of his suggestions on how I should further tie him up. I will use it all on him and he will be helpless, that’s all that matters. I tightly strap on his largest leather ball gag.

He can still mumble, so I’ll need to improve on this later. Making his wrists more helpless must come next. I add on pair of handcuffs below the leather wrist straps and the second pair just above. He can hear each click of the cuffs and I can tell he’s already getting worried. I tell him “Remember, I said more helpless then ever before”.

Now for his arms. The chair he chose is fantastic. It’s very sturdy and has endless spots to run straps, chains and ropes through. Starting just above the handcuffs I start adding black nylon straps.

These tightly hold his arms against the metal sides of the chair. I continue to add a half dozen of these straps on each arm from his wrists to his biceps. He’s now already totally fucked and there’s no way he’s getting free from the little bit I’ve

done so far.

I slowly walk around him admiring my handy work. Over the years I've gotten quite good at this and it shows.

Standing in front of him I slowly open up my long black leather coat and let it drop to the floor. He now learns that I'm covered head to toe in black latex other than my leather boots.

He sees his ultimate Mistress Hot as Hell standing before him. In my head I see the perfect outfit to wear if you need to prevent any of your DNA ending up on a murder scene. He struggles as he admires me.

I know he'd love to have me push my breasts against him right now. Too bad for him that I can't. It's no longer in the cards for my poor poor Helpless Slave.

I add the extra wide black leather straps on his ankles and the largest set just above his knees across his thighs. There's no longer a fear of him getting a leg free and stopping the process.

I do take a moment to caress his thighs and can see just how large his cock as grown. Bound to the vibrator and covered in spandex it's not going anywhere either. Needing to use up more of the black nylon straps I tightly put 4 more on each of his calves.

He can barely even wiggle his legs. Normally I'd be concerned to not strap or tie

him too tightly so I don't cut off any circulation. This is one time I don't need to worry.

To worry about this would be as silly as when they clean the needle used for lethal injection. There's no Governor's last minute call for this prisoner. So I only go extra tight with every item.

His eyes grow larger and I hear him grunt and groan as more and more items are added to his final bondage. He knows I'm very serious about this process. More than ever before, but still doesn't know what I need in return.

I will let him know, just not yet. He needs to be bound further and I still need to greatly improve on his gag. Taking 8 of the longest black nylon straps I tightly strap his upper body against the back of the chair.

I make sure to leave his nipple area clear of the straps so I can access them in a little bit. I then add an extra wide collar around his neck holding his head in a secure upright position.

Taking a short rope I tie it from the ring on the back of the collar to the back of the chair. His head is now leaning slightly backwards further preventing movement.

For me to use my surprise items on him I need to make sure he can't move his chest at all. I add a 2" wide black leather strap over the top of the nylon straps just below his nipples.

From behind I use a knee to his back as I pull this strap tighter than ever before. An extra loud grunt comes from my Slave as I do this. He starts to mumble something around his gag. Not sure what, but will be stopping soon.

I add a second 2" wide black leather strap now over the straps again, but this time above his nipples. Again, I use my knee and all my strength to tighten this one just as much as the first.

Another grunt followed by more mumbling comes from my Slave. Like I'm actually going to listen to him and just stop. I promised him that I would not stop no matter what. Today I will keep all of my promises to my Slave and he'll be keeping his to me.

He can mumble all he wants and I'm not going to stop. Doesn't mean I need to put up with it. Now to improve on this gag issue once and for all. I reach and un-buckle his leather gag.

He prepares to say something thinking I'm taking it off. The look on his face as he soon realizes I only un-buckled it so I could put it on notch tighter is priceless. He then stares as I gather together from the tables a roll of self-sticking black ace bandage, clear wrap & a full roll of black duct tape.

He can barely move his head but knowing what's coming he tries to shake it no as much as possible. Quietly I look him in the eyes and shake my head yes.

First comes the clear wrap as I tightly wrap it over the already extra tightly strapped leather gag. Each time around it pushes the leather ball of the gag deeper and tighter into his mouth.

I wrap from the collar on his neck, under his chin and all the way up to just barely below his nose. After about twenty times around I switch to the black ace bandages. The entire clear wrap slowly gets covered with this self-sticking bandage.

Lastly comes the duct tape as his eyes getting bigger then ever before. This duct tape now holds everything tightly in place and causes the top of his cheeks to push up from all the pressure.

From his nose to his collar he's now gagged better then ever before and I can hear him breathing very heavy. His last chance to talk me out of this in now totally gone and it's suddenly become a little quieter in here.

One more thing for his arms before he sees the surprise I have planned for him. Leaving his nipples uncovered I'm sure he's expecting some pinching or nipple clamps. He can only wish that's all I have planned.

I gather the collection of chains and locks from the table and head behind him. One of the shorter chains get wrapped around his wrists and locked tight. The next goes over this between his hands then between his wrists and also gets finish with a lock.

Two more chains are used to lock his forearms to the back of the chair. The last and longest one gets locked around the handcuffs and gets pulled under the chair. The other end of it is now locked to a brace under the chair. From the back he now looks like one of Houdini's Great Escapes, only he will never be getting free.

Back in front of him I hold his largest set of nipple clamps up for him to see. I then roughly pinch and pull on his nipples to get them ready. Before I clamp these on I fully unscrew and remove the adjustment screws.

These normally limit just how hard they clamp on to his nipples. He sees me do this and again tries to shake his head no. That's fine because at this point no means yes.

I pinch and pull each nipple into the clamps before letting them close down harder than ever before. I always wondered how important those screws were and now I know. He grunts loudly but I can hardly hear it at this point.

Pulling hard on the chain between the clamps I discover there's no way these will come off. Yanking several more times I'm impressed at just how well this is working. I can't imagine just how much it's going to hurt when I take them back off this time.

## THE SLOWER THE MORE PAINFUL . . .

So it's time to let him in on at least one of my final surprises I have in store for him. Reaching into my coat on the floor I pull out a small black box. Holding it up to him he sees the label on the box and looks in shock.

The label says "Nipple Piercing Needles Kit". Many times in the past I've threaten to use these on him but never did. One time I made him think I was about to do it and as I started pushing the tip of a safety pin into the side of his nipple he struggled like never before.

Keeping this in mind the purpose of this kit is twofold. First, I know he's going to try as hard as possible to stop me. If he makes any progress or starts to break the chair I know his bondage is not extreme enough to hold him till he dies.

Secondly, well, damit, I just really want to cram these things through his nipples to see what's it like. I've threatened it so many times in the past I've made myself curious.

Opening the kit I find two packets with alcohol wipes in it and six long sharp needles. Well now that was an unexpected surprise on my part. Six needles? Was expecting two and was planning on using one on each nipple.

What to do, what to do? I show him that there are six needles and pretend to stick my finger with one as I say "Ouch! My god these are really really sharp and are going to hurt like hell. Glad I'm not bound helpless like you."

Again he tries to move and shake his head no but can barely move or make the slightest noise. The earlier gag issue is no more. The pair of tightest clamped ever nipple clamps have been in place long enough.

Taking them off him I can hear him moan as loud as possible as the blood flows back into his erect nipples. Without the gag, wrap, bandage & duct tape in place he would have been screaming bloody murder.

Allowing him to catch his breath I tear open the alcohol wipes to use on his nipples. At this point you may be asking yourself “What about the guy on death row and it being a waste of time to clean the needle?”

I’m not using this to clean his nipples. I’m using it to make his nipples cold and firm. The more they stick out the easier it will be to push the needles through. He flinches as much as he can as I wipe the cold alcohol on his already sore nipples.

They grow good and hard as the alcohol evaporates from his skin. Understanding the faster someone gets pierced the less pain it causes I grab the first needle and hold it up to his left nipple.

Then as slowly as I can I push it sideways through his erect nipple as he grunts into his gag the whole time. The next needle goes through his right nipple even slower than the first as he tries hard to unsuccessfully scream into his gag.

Yes, I fully understand the slower I went the more painful it would be as the needles push through his nipples. That’s exactly why I did it very slow. For my

part of this deal I've promised him the most intense and extreme experience he's ever had.

Going fast would have been less painful, but would of also gone against my promise. Leaving the first two needles in place I look at the four left in the kit. My goal was to use every item in his final bondage experience and since there were six in the kit, I need to find a way to use all six.

Holding up the next four needles I explain we need to find a way to use all of these also. He tries again to shake his head with little to no luck. "Lucky for you your cock is bound to that vibrator and covered in spandex or else I'd be using these last four on it" I tell him trying to convince him he should be happy about what's going to happen next.

"Doing the math we have 6 needles and only two nipples. The only option is three per nipple." Coming from a different angle I very very slowly push the third needle through his left nipple.

Then I do the same with the fourth needle through his right nipple. Moving behind him as I finish the fourth needle I check his bondage of his wrists and arms. Am happy to say that nothing has budged and this is no doubt the sturdiest chair I've ever seen.

He is no doubt totally and completely helpless or there's no way he'd still be sitting there waiting for the last two needles to pierce his extremely sore nipples. Grabbing the fifth needle it goes at a third angle through his left nipple slower than any other one so far.

Adding this third needle while leaving the first two still piercing his nipple must have been the most painful thing he's ever felt. His whole body stiffened up as one long muffled scream came through the gag.

Smiling I show him the last one and say "Good News! Only one more and this part is done." Don't think he took this as good news as it is slowly pushed through his right nipple.

Looking at the tables of bondage items it looks like there's still a way to go to try and use everything for my Slave's Final Bondage. There's still some ropes, straps, wrap, duct tape, blindfold & two spandex hoods along with a complex full hood that ties and straps in many directions around your Slave's head.

Before continuing it's time to stand back and go over the situation one more time in my head. Make sure I'm not missing anything.

All and all he's already totally and completely more helplessly bound then ever before. He could barely budge as I pushed 6 painfully sharp needles all the way through his nipples.

The chair he chose couldn't be sturdier and continues to hold him in place. Other then opening and closing his hands and grasping at the air as he struggles in pain, there's not anything he could do to save himself.

He's gagged better then ever before so trying to talk me out of what's coming next is not even an option. No one besides my self knows he's here. Everyone in the front office along with all the employees knows to not disturb him no matter what.

No one has seen me enter the Cabin and if they did it's dark and I don't look and didn't dress anything like myself. Based on all of this, I think it's time to explain what his part of this agreement is.

It's not about asking him any more. We are way past that point and have asked him more than once. He's agreed eagerly to everything that has happened so far and is about to happen next.

## THE SMALL PRINT . . .

Finding a stool from the corner of the Cabin I sit down in front of him. I take my time to explain to him everything I've already explained to you about or situation. I reassure him this is not that I don't love him and care about him.

I do and that's why it's so important that I do all of this for him. That's why he's going to get to experience 5-6 days of constant bondage along with ongoing pleasures and pains leading to as many orgasms as he can possibly do in that time.

He sits there looking at me confused, not fully understanding what I'm explaining to him. At this point I feel he just thinks I'm mind fucking him. Just telling him this stuff to get him worked up with plans to just let him go later after he's cum hard and can't handle being in bondage any more.

Finally I take a deep breath, look him in his eyes and calmly say, "I'm not ever going to let you go from this Final Bondage you are in. I'm going to finish using every single item you brought with. I'm going to plug your vibrators into the timer so they turn on full for 10 minutes every hour.

The new electrostim unit will be set on a Random program set at the highest intensity level. Running these odd patterns you will be experiencing as I promised, the most intense and longest lasting most extreme experience ever. Sometimes it will be only pleasure.

Sometimes only pain and other times it will be a combination. Both of these items run on 110 so neither will be stopping until long after you do. From what I've read the longest you could last without water is 5-6 days. Being completely blindfolded & hooded with earplugs like you soon will be, you'll be losing all sense of time.

You've told me before how a few hours like this can feel like a day. My guess is 5-6 days may feel like forever. This cabin is rented for a full month with the instructions to not disturb no matter what, so no one will be happening along to save you."

Still he sits there looking at me like I've just given him the best mind fuck ever. Doesn't matter right now if he believes me because he will soon enough. Of course by then I'll be long gone and he'll of been helpless, horny and in pain for many hours.

Taking the leather blindfold I move to put it on him. At this moment he starts to finally look scared and bucks wildly in his bondage as he tries to scream into his gag. The blindfold still goes on with little effort on my part.

He can barely move his head so there's no way he can even make this difficult for me. Leaning over to his ear I quietly whisper "Good Bye" as I put in his earplugs.

Both the earplugs and blindfold are securely taped into place with a fair amount of black duct tape. Don't want these sliding out of place as I pull the full strapping hood over his head.

With a gag already in place covered with wrap and duct tape along with the taped on blindfold pulling the hood into place becomes a bit of a chore. Needed to loosen the laces as far as they would go plus still pull with all of my might.

Once past his chin and the gag it slid nicely into place. Lacing up the back makes the whole thing fit perfectly to his face and head. Then the four straps get pulled tight around his neck, across his gag, blindfold and under his chin.

Small rings on each strap are designed to put locks in place so even if someone's hands were free, they still couldn't remove this hood. Snapping a small lock into each spot this hood couldn't be any more securely in place then it already was.

With this in place I cover it all up with his two spandex hoods. With the holes in the first hood and the two layers of spandex I bet breathing is going to be a chore. Not impossible, but also not to easy.

During the needle process I did witness my Slave grasping at the air with his hands. Well that tells me the next place to use up some more duct tape. Moving behind him I notice he's still helplessly doing the same.

It's not possible for him to do anything bound as he is, but at this point I'm going to target any parts of his body he can still move. Starting just below his wrists I start to wrap each hand completely in duct tape all the way down to the tips of his fingers. Once done, I use the last of the duct tape tightly binding his two wrapped hands together. No more movement possible in that area.

## KEEPING MY PROMISE . . .

Taking the last few straps I use two of them to hold his thighs tighter to the chair, two around his ankles and the last four around his arms and chest. Each of these I pull as tight as I possibly can.

He needs to feel each of these last few bondage items as they get used for the final time. He wiggles and grunts in vain as each item is added. The fact of how tight each strap is helps to solidify the fact I'm totally serious and he knows it.

Time for the wrap. Now I could pull the needles back out of his nipples so the wrap doesn't cause him even more pain as it's tightly pulled across his extremely pierced chest . . . but that would be breaking my promise to him.

Leaving these in and wrapping over them is going to hurt like hell and make sure he gets what he's been promised. I start by wrapping up each ankle and calf right over the balance of his other bondage items.

Then over his knees and across his thighs. All this wrap guarantees that none of this bondage items are going to slip out of place. I continue up his waist and head towards his chest.

As I slowly and tightly pull the wrap over my slaves helpless body I can see him moving the slightest bit still trying in vain to find freedom. He's so beyond totally fucked at this point it's hard to believe he's even trying anymore.

Finally wrapping high enough I just barely hit catch the end of one needle and the whole chair jerks as a loud grunt comes from my slave. Wow! I think to myself, this is really going to fucking hurt . . . good for him.

The wrapping continues and this time around I catch the end of two needles as he grunts even louder and tries to jerk again. The next time around is all the way up to his nipples as I tightly pull the wrap across all six needles.

I believe I can hear him screaming at this point through his gags, but just barely. By the time I've completely wrapped his chest and am up to his shoulders I can hear a constant groan coming through his hood.

Continuing over his collared neck I wrap right over his tightly hooded head making sure to not cover his breathing holes. At this point with the level of pain he's in I'm sure he's wishing I'd just completely wrap his whole head, breathing holes and all so he could just suffocate.

Some may consider just putting him out of his misery by doing just that, but I'd be breaking my promise of him being in the most pain for the longest time ever. There's one more roll of wrap left so I repeat this whole process making everything just a little more tighter than before.

Damn, just noticed he still has Duct tape and some rope left . . . well . . . am so close to being done with this for the last time . . . best keep going. I follow the same pattern of starting at his ankles with the duct tape, up over his thighs then up towards his chest.

This layer is much tighter than the wrap and his going to put even more pressure on the six needles still in his chest. I hope he's ready for this I think to myself as I pull it over the needles.

Can barely hear him any more but still get a grunt or two as this process continues. It takes me close to an hour but the last of the tape is now wrapping him completely from his ankles to the top of his head . . . all except for the air holes like before.

The only thing left is four real long ropes. Looks like he bought more rope when I wasn't looking. Well at this point he's not ever getting out of this and that's a lot of rope . . . but a promise is a promise . . . since I know he'll be keeping his part, I'll keep mine.

I add each rope over his helplessly bound body and the chair he's not ever getting out of. Since it's more of a visual thing at this point I go artistic with how I wrap it and where I put each knot.

Wrapping in every direction from around his waist to up over his shoulders I continue with the pattern of knots and lines formed by the rope. Every several times around I put in another knot pulling it as tight as I can, pushing my knee into his body for leverage. This is also a continued reminder to him that I'm still adding to his final bondage.

Looking around the room I don't see any more bondage items left to use. Wow! Considering he was likely helpless for 6 hours before I showed up and my part of the process took another 6 hours, he's been bound for over 12 hours.

That's already longer than any time he's ever been helpless before. To think it really hasn't even fully started yet is amazing. I check again under the table and behind a few items in the room to fully make sure nothing was missed.

Nope, this is it. He's strapped, chained, wrapped, duct taped and tied in place and is not ever going to be free of this bondage . . . that is well he's still alive.

By now I'm sure the needle pain has settled down to a throbbing pain versus the extreme pain it was when they first went through his nipples. Well that's where the electrostim unit comes into play.

He's already put everything in place for me and all I have to do is plug it in and turn it on along with the timer set up on the vibrators. Almost wish I could see his face as I'm plugging these in and turning them to the maximum intensity levels available.

I plug in the vibrators and they kick right on. Reaching down to his crotch I can feel the vibration and his cock already swollen under his bondage. Through it all he's still getting off on this whole process. I quickly turn the timer forward causing it to shut off for now that is. It'll be back on in another hour or so and he can cum all he wants at that point.

Now for the electrostim set up. I make sure all the lines are properly plugged into the unit and plug the main unit into the wall. I then turn the intensity to the maximum and set it to random.

I've never felt this myself, but he's told me the feelings are all so different. From tiny tingles that make you horny to scrapping pains, cupping, grabbing, caresses

and then down right painful shocks. Set as it is he's going to feel them all for as many days as he lasts bound and helpless like he is.

## THE RECAP . . .

So I pick back up the original letter that led him to the position he's in now and read the main paragraph back to myself. Dear Slave, I know you've always wanted to be taken to a far away cabin and made more helpless then ever before.

To experience both extreme pleasures and pains with absolutely nothing you can do about it. You've told me it would be your ultimate experience and would give anything to make it happen.

I am offering you exactly that right now and it's your Final Choice if you want to take me up on this or not. Let me be completely and totally clear with my offer. I will make you more helpless then you've ever been before in your life.

You will experience both extreme pleasures and pains that will not end no matter how much you beg me to stop. This will all last longer then any other time ever. In return you agree to give me anything I need to make this happen.

Exactly what I want really doesn't matter at this point because you're agreeing to give anything to have this happen. If you don't agree then pack up and go home now. If you agree then read on.

Well, read on is what he did. Knowing all along this could be the last bondage he's ever put in, knowing I had no plans of freeing him and the pains and pleasures he was to feel would be the most extreme ever.

Am I going to miss him? Yes, of course. Do I feel bad for him? His cock is rock hard and he's close to the most intense orgasm he's ever had. One of many I should say.

He no longer has anything to worry about and doesn't have to put up with this crappy World ever again. He's already experienced the most extreme bondage ever longer then ever before and he's still got as many as five more days.

With the blindfold, earplugs, hood and no sense of time this extreme pleasure and pain experience may feel like months to him. If I had to pick one word to describe how I feel about him right now . . . I guess that word would be jealous.

Leaning over by him I calmly tell him "Good Luck" and leave the Cabin before the sun rises and anyone sees me.

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***My Personal Suggestions to***

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