



Zatanna Dark

RANDOM FINAL BONDAGE

“NO SAFETY-NET RULE”



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ADRENALINE . . .

Growing up the youngest and the only girl in my Family of seven, I was the fragile Little Princess that everyone protected. In a way it was nice, things were handed to me, I was never in any danger and was always nice and clean.

At that time in my childhood this was all I knew. Really can't blame a Child for accepting and fully embracing the position of Little Princess. How would they know, how would I know anything different?

How would I know about the much better, much more exciting experiences that I was missing out on every day as a protected Princess.

Can't remember exactly when it first started, but the time came I needed to spread my Own Wings, to step outside this dome of protection that was holding me back.

Even though I felt it was time, my older Brothers did not. They would keep moving me away from all dangers, holding me back. I'm not angry or hold any grudges over this . . . Life is too short.

Actually, I think I owe them a big 'Thank You', because all of this is what led to my first experience with Adrenaline.

Ever play a Video Game where your character has to rely on Stealth to complete

their Mission? Slowly sneaking around while trying to not get caught? Hiding behind a piece of furniture or around the corner as you watch you Enemies Patrolling the area?

If you've ever played a Stealth game you've experienced Adrenaline also . . . that odd tingle, feel of both pleasure and nerves at the same time in your core. The longer the Stealth mission goes the more Adrenaline you feel.

Now imagine that same Stealth mission, but you're a young girl, sneaking around, attempting to get out of the house you've been held a Captive in. Your Enemies, your Brothers, are on constant patrol using random incoherent patterns.

Am sure they had purpose in their patterns, just made no sense and made my escape that much harder . . . that much more exciting. Hiding quietly, silently behind the couch as I'm being slowly surrounded . . . this was the moment the Adrenaline kicked in . . . OMG!

It was like a drug, I was breathing heavy, holding my hands over my mouth trying to stay silent, slowly getting dizzy and ready to pass out from the mix of feelings deep in my core.

The Enemies have gathered in the Kitchen for one part of their pattern that wasn't random . . . Beer Break . . . quickly I make it out the door, still breathing heavy until I find some nearby bushes to hide in.

Once in the bushes I'd find myself masturbating from the excitement. That tingle, that feeling that started in my core had moved down to my pussy. This did lead to an embarrassing moment with my Oldest Brother who caught me. Seems

I was shaking the bush a little too hard . . . and yes, I mean that both ways.

Once I had that first moment of Adrenaline, I couldn't get enough. I needed more of it and needed it more often. On future Stealth missions I'd purposely take a bad path, causing myself to get cornered, possibly get caught by the Enemies . . . the Adrenaline would kick in even more.

Once free again from the prison I would pet a dog I didn't know or go down Killer Hill even though my bike had no breaks. Getting more and more rushes of Adrenaline . . . that tiny tingle of excitement in my core, which for some reason would also travel downward giving me sexual pleasure.

Each year that went by my need for Adrenaline and the pleasures that came with, increased along with how Extreme an experience needed to be to fully satisfy me. When I was still a little girl seeing the Sharks swim in a tank at the Zoo was exciting.

By age 21 you could find me in a Shark Cage as they swam just outside, every so often bumping into the Cage, as I'd feel that tingle. It only took a few more years until I needed to be in the water with the Sharks without a Cage.

That was the moment when it finally made sense exactly what my needs were. To be fully satisfied there can't be a Safety-Net to protect me from anything that could happen.

For that Adrenaline and its accompanying sexual excitement to happen, at it's fullest levels, the Danger Must Be Real.

Applying my own personal "No Safety-Net Rule", since that point I've upped the Danger in all of my experiences. Going over the list of Extreme Life Experiences and repeating them with my New Rule has brought my Adrenaline and physical pleasures to new levels I didn't know was possible.

Cliff Diving? Yes, but how about Cliff Diving where you don't know the depth of the water? Skydiving? Yes, but that Emergency Chute was a Safety Net and had to go.

Going to the local Dive Bar with a Trusty friend who has your back while looking for a one-night stand? Of course, that's fun, but try the same without a Wing-woman.

Make sure you fully scrubbed clean of any smells that may attract the Sharks? Fuck that! I want to hand feed them a nice Raw T-bone Steak! That's all scheduled and in place for my 28th Birthday.

Just the thought of that, which is still months away is helping to feed my needs, my needs for Adrenaline and pleasure . . . I've brought myself to several very intense orgasms just imaging it.

THANK YOU OFFICER KRUPKE . . .

It may seem like the only way I'm satisfied is with Extreme Sports. That can't be further from the truth. There's truly nothing more Extreme and pleasurable than Sex. With all the physical things I do, my body is by far in the best shape of my life.

I started out by trying every position in the Kama Sutra. Yes, every time I've been able to reach an orgasm, but no Adrenaline rush, sexual pleasure combination.

It quickly became very obvious that I had to apply my same Life Rule of "No Safety-Net" to my Sex Life to ever having chance of feeding my urges. As with my Extreme Sports, needing to grow in danger so did the danger levels in my Sex Life.

It started as another type of Stealth mission of having Sex in public places and trying to not get caught. It wasn't long until I kept pushing it like before to increase the odds of getting caught. Eventually that's exactly what happened . . .

So I'm face down naked in the back of the Police Car . . . arms handcuffed behind me with my breasts, stomach, thighs and pussy rubbing against the leather of the seat with every bump in the road . . . I got those bonus leg cuffs after kicking one of the Officers in the balls . . . I really need to apologize to Officer Krupke . . .

Even with both the handcuffs and leg cuffs they couldn't fully get me under control until they added a second set of cuffs locking me into my hogtied position . . . I am so fucking helpless at this moment, breathing extra hard, the Adrenaline rush at levels I've not felt before.

Squirming around the seat belt buckle slips between my thighs and bumps into my already wet pussy. Bingo! I start to buck and rub into it with all my strength as I was close to entering orgasmic bliss, moaning out loud.

Both Officers could hear me and fully knew exactly what I was doing. The Driver yelled, "Hey you horny little Bitch! Fucking Stop that! You're gonna ruin the seat! . . . Do something about her!" the Driver yelled at his Partner.

That Officer unbolted a small panel in the divider between Good and Evil. Then since I was so far out of his reach, he took his nightstick, reach through the whole and used it to smack my ass, "Stop It Bitch or I'll smack your ass even harder!"

Well that f'n did it! Not only got me the rest of the way to my much needed orgasmic bliss but it also pushed me beyond anything I've experienced in the past.

As I kept working my core finding more and better ways to get that buckle to hit just the right spot I blurted out, "Thank You Officer Krupke! Can I have another".

Still angry from the earlier kick directly into his pride, and now some naked hogtied smart ass Bitch taunting him from the backseat, he followed through on

his promise of smacking my ass even harder.

With each hit I let out audible 'gasp' of pleasure and squirmed harder into the buckle. The Driver yelled even louder at his Partner, "Dude! Fucking knock it Off! Can't you see she's getting off on this?!?! Plus we're gonna have a hell of a time with the story about all those bruises she's got on her ass."

What an f'n killjoy that Driver is . . . bet he's the same guy who screws up tapping the keg or trips on the power cord to the music at the height of the Party.

I continue to rub into the buckle the best I can, but it's just not the same since Krupke took back his nightstick and locked back up the access panel. At this point I've become a little sad as I come the rest of the way back down to the real world, still naked, covered in sweat and a little exhausted from the trip.

At the Cop Shop everything was un-cuffed except my wrists, which were now re-cuffed in front. This allowed me to hold the blanket closed I was given by the Officers who brought me in . . .

Oh, and if you're wondering why the person I was having sex with in public isn't with me now? Well she up and ran away while I tried to get myself off just one more time.

They brought me into the Sargent's Office and had me sit down. "OUCH!" Was all I could say as my ass hit the seat. The Sargent said, "Seems this was your first 314, Indecent Exposure, which I'm not going to File . . . you did Assault and Officer with that Kick . . . heard it was a good one"

He smiles a little before continuing . . . "Well that Officer, the one you called Krupke . . . West Side Story, Great Movie! . . . Well Krupke has decided to not File Charges either . . . most likely due to your little, let's say, unable to sit down pain free problem . . . You can still File Charges if want . . . I mean a half dozen night-stick shaped bruises on your ass is pretty good evidence."

As I walk away Free and Clear out the doors of the Cop Shop . . . wearing some old, beat up clothing they had in the lost and found and an un-matched pair of sandals . . . I reach back to rub my still in pain ass . . . as my hand touches it a tingle runs down from the middle of my belly and into my pussy.

Letting out an odd noise, which can only be described as the sound of both Pleasure and Pain combined. Smiling, I continue to walk home thinking about the possibilities from what I learned today.

So, in case you're wondering, No, I didn't File Charges against Krupke . . . He taught me a Great Lesson about Myself and will never forget him for it . . . "Thank You Officer Krupke!"

WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF BDSM . . .

Really enjoyed my 28th Birthday and yes I got to hand feed raw meat to the Sharks . . . Just not the T-Bone I thought it would be . . . The Guide said "No" to the T-Bone because "It wouldn't come out to well" . . . Which, thinking logistically, that totally makes sense.

As far as all my times I've seen, been around and had done with Sharks . . . that was by far the Best Time Yet. Sadly, in the end though, just not to the level of my ever-growing needs and expectations.

Here I am enjoying the Sun, the Surf, and the Beaches of Kuata Island, Fiji so I can have that Ultimate Shark experience, and it's just not happening for me . . .

The whole time I was with the Sharks, when my Top Concern should have been, not losing any fingers, hands, arms . . . and my mind keeps flashing back to being helplessly hogtied with Police issue hand and leg cuffs . . . being out of control . . . horny as hell and getting spanked hard across my bare-naked ass with a night-stick . . . "Watch Out!" Comes through my headset seconds before one of the friendlier Sharks almost take my hand off.

The Guide pokes at the Shark with a long metal rode sending him in a different direction. "Lady! You need to pay way better attention to what we're doing here . . . I think it's time we get back in the boat." With his mic still on I can hear him mumbling, "Release forms or no release forms . . . I'm not dealing with her."

Back on the Beach, trying my best to relax, sipping on whatever Drink it is you get when you say "Surprise Me!" Still no idea what it is, but I can bet it's one of the more expensive ones they have on the Menu and it just got charged to my Room Key.

Why am I always wanting and needing more? I have enough money put away to live high on the hog and or just relax the rest of my life. Yup, thanks to that massive payout for the Stealth based Video Game Series I developed and sold off the rights to in my early 20's.

No, Sorry, not allowed to tell you the name . . . all part of the Contract. Those Childhood Real World Stealth Games I was forced into by an over protective Family not only ended up feeding me sexually, but also financially.

Cutting the trip short and getting back to the City I did tons of different Searches online for so many different BDSM related kinks, fetishes often-using additional terms or words like "Extreme".

Always knew this World existed and that it was all around us . . . just didn't know there was a Club 3 blocks from my Apartment. Another 4 blocks in the other direction . . . at least two dozen or more less then a half hour away.

Most of these seemed pretty tame and have a lot of pretty clear rules about your behaviors as a Top or Bottom. I really don't know much about BDSM beyond when it's popped up in some Movies or the whole 50 Shades thing.

Even though I don't know much about it . . . I know me and my needs . . . so I'm pretty sure these easy to find and walk right into places are not the ones for me.

The more extreme BDSM places I'm looking for are the Underground ones, the hard to find ones, the ones without all the Rules posted on the Doors and walls.

These wouldn't be found with a simple 'Tie Me Up and Spank Me' entered into Google. I needed to go a different route . . . more of investigative route . . . Yup! The BDSM Dating App route.

Initially I had no interest in actually getting tied up by the Guys or Girls I met on through the App. My plan was a Fact Finding Mission . . . Going to Dinner . . . Talk Dirty . . . Ask them about the Best BDSM places in the City, not easily found. Have a stomachache and ending the Date a little early . . .

So I'm Gagged with Duct Tape and Tied helplessly Spread eagle on Trish's bed wearing nothing but a skintight black leather thong . . . knock it off, the leather thong was only for me, to get in the right frameset to, you know, Fact Find . . . Trish is slowly sliding her red bush covered pussy up my thigh as she's whipping both of my breasts with a leather Cat-O-Nine Tails.

Her other hand sliding down the front of my thong as her fingers slide easily inside of me . . . I know, you're Judging me right now . . . But you didn't see that skin tight Hot Pink Latex Micro Dress she had on, her emerald green eyes, her lips or her gorgeous red hair . . . yes the drapes match the carpet . . . you don't know how she tricked me by saying, "My room is right up those stairs".

She fingers me hard as the whipping of my breasts continue . . . when my orgasm hits I start to scream and the Duct Tape comes off my mouth, so my screams are no doubt being heard by the Neighbors.

Pulling hard on all four of my tied up limbs the leg with Trish on it breaks free and she does a header off the side of the bed crumbling to the floor and taking out the nightstand. Trish pops up from the side of the bed rubbing her head with a kooky look of pain on her face.

As kooky as it was she was still so f'n cute. She said while still rubbing her head, "Fuck! You're strong as hell, are you a Body Builder or something?"

Just then almost perfectly timed there were knocks on her Apartment door while the downstairs Neighbor was banging a broom handle against their ceiling. Trish screams back, "I'm ok Mrs. Calabash! You can put your broom away! Everything's fine Joe! Just slipped off the bed!"

The knocking stops and Trish turns back to me. At this point the ropes have come free on my arms and I'm untying the last one holding my ankle.

Trish helped with the last rope and gives me a long deep kiss that tasted of Cherry. . . which was Very Nice . . . do wonder if it was so long, because I still had glue residue all around my mouth from the Tape.

"I know this may not of ended well, but it was heading in the right direction . . . if you want to come visit me again . . . I'll not only get you a better gag, you screamer you . . . I also promise you won't get loose so easily."

Looking into her eyes very serious like, "Trish, you are so f'n sexy and yes, I will come back again and I hope I won't be able to get loose. Speaking of not being

able to get loose . . . "

TRISH . . .

After quite the long talk with Trish and some bonus giving and taking of pleasure . . . I mean, we didn't fully finish earlier . . . I learned a lot. First off "The BDSM Underground" is not always underground, it's not advertised and much harder to find.

Word of mouth seems to be the only option to get there. Also, and very important, it's not just one big Underground Club. It's hundreds of thousands if not millions of Clubs World Wide . . . Very likely as many of these Clubs as there are Starbucks . . . just without the Gift Cards option.

Trish personally has never been to one of these Clubs. She said it was scarier than they seemed exciting and then said, "You know, I have stronger rope in my closet . . . and much more of it." 'wink'.

But I was being very serious here and was still on my very important Fact Finding mission . . . as sexy as she was I just didn't have time right now for another Bondage Session . . .

So my naked ass is high up in the air from all the pillows under my waist . . . and my God! Not only did she have stronger rope, but seemed like an endless supply.

I'm again spread eagle, this time obviously face down. Trish has been working on my bondage well over an hour. There's three separate ropes tied to my left wrist, each of which is pulled tight and running off to different spots off the

corner of the bed.

She does the same to my right wrist as I pull and realize, "Looks like you're keeping your Promise Trish." She smiled back and I could see she's quite proud of herself.

Unable to see what's happening to my ankles, I can only assume based on the amount of time Trish is working. Plus her knowing how strong my legs are, she's doing at least the three rope trick on each of them, if not four ropes each.

Trish continues to keep her promise and loops and ties a longer rope around my waist. Running the ends of these ropes under the bed. Then two more longer ropes, on tied around the upper part of each of my thighs. Testing my bonds, I can barely move my up in the air ass or any of my limbs.

I look up to see Trish coming at me with that roll of Duct Tape in one hand and something kind of round and black in her other hand . . . kind of looks like it's made out of leather . . . I open my mouth to ask Trish, "Whatcha got . . . MMMMFPPH" as she pushes it deep into my mouth . . . it's filling my mouth and I bite down on it and try to push it out with my tongue as she's pulled out a very long section of Duct Tape.

She quickly wraps the Tape across my mouth, around the back of my head and reconnecting across my mouth a second time. Trish grabs three more extra long pieces, repeating the process except in slightly different areas, from just at the bottom of my nose to the bottom of my chin. I've since realized what that black leather item now stuck in my mouth was . . . Trish had tightly rolled up my leather thong.

Trish stands back admiring her work with her hands on her hips and says, "You Naughty Girl, you won't be bothering Joe or Mrs. Calabash this time. Speaking of Naughty, you broke my nightstand . . . worse yet, you broke it with my head . . . you never even offered to pay for it . . . so payment will be made in the form of a Spanking!"

OMG! Trish!!! You have no idea how bad I want to try this! I was afraid to ask, so I guess catapulting you into the nightstand was a good thing . . . at least for me. As this is running through my mind Trish is digging through the rubble of once was her nightstand . . . Finally she pops up with a leather paddle in her hand.

Trish, so f'n cute Trish, does this unbelievably slow walk towards me with an angry look on her face. She's smacking the paddle against her open hand with every step.

As she gets closer I push my ass up higher in the air without thinking as Trish immediately brings the paddle down squarely hitting my ass.

Other than the hard 'SMACK' of the leather paddle on my ass and "MMMMMPPFFF!" from my gag, was the sound of Trish breathing out one heavy breath doing her best to pretend she was disgusted with me.

Trish then says, "You Fucking Naughty Little Minx! You wanted a spanking and it seems you wanted one bad enough you broke my nightstand on purpose!"

Was going to deny that whole breaking the nightstand on purpose thing, but if it's going to get me a longer and harder spanking, I'll let Trish believe what she

wants . . . who am I kidding, between the rolled up leather thong and all this Duct Tape, I'm unable to say anything.

Trish continues, "I tied you like this with your ass way up so I could fuck you hard from behind with my strap-on. Don't get me wrong my Helpless Little Slave . . . that's still happening . . . that is after your Spanking that's now double in length and hardness. I hope you're happy with yourself Slave!"

Little does Trish know how much I'm smiling under all this Duct Tape and yes, right now I'm very happy with myself and happy I met her.

Trish pulls the paddle back and just before starting says, "Oh, wait, rumor has it you're all about the Underground because they're more extreme . . .

Well, I've never been there but I did hear about a trick they do before Spanking, Caning or Whipping a Slave . . . they rub in an ample amount of body lotion to the Slaves Skin before the punishment starts . . . It helps make you more sensitive to both pleasure and in your case, Pain.

Trish takes out some type of lotion, puts it into her hands and then proceeds to give the small of my back, then the back of my thighs and finally my ass a long slow massage.

The lotion is dripping down my ass crack and right across my pussy. Trish takes some extra time to rub in that part of the lotion allowing her fingers to randomly enter and exit my well lubed vagina.

I'm gasping in pleasure with everything she's doing or saying. Just as it's become so pleasurable the small of my back starts to heat up . . . not just a little . . . it's getting very hot and painful!

Turning my head with a look of shock and pain I look directly at Trish who's poorly pretending to be surprised. She reads the bottle out loud, "Ultra Hot Sex Lube . . . Use sparingly . . .

Oh, I'm sorry" as the hot and painful feeling is now on the back of my thighs but hasn't started to lessen on the small of my back yet. "Bet that's gonna burn . . . Hope none of it got inside your pussy." OMG! OMG! "MMMMFFFFGH!"

My ass is burning now also and she knows she got a lot of it inside of me . . . I struggle hard at my ropes and scream hard into my gag the hot and painful feeling fully engulfs the inside and outside of my pussy, while staying just as hot and painful everywhere else Trish rubbed it!

Trish says to me just loud enough for me to hear over my own muffled screams, "That nightstand cost \$127 . . . I think 127 spanks with this paddle should cover it."

I'm still struggling harder then ever, making no progress, the stinging burn is just as hot as before if not hotter . . . and she's gonna start 'smack' 'smack' 'smack' 'smack' 'smack' . . . Being bent over, pulled tight like this, with the addition of the lubricate, these spanks were like nothing I've felt before . . . Trish switches hands start 'smack' 'smack' 'smack' 'smack' 'smack' . . .

Trish takes a breather . . . switches hands again and 'smack' 'smack' 'smack'

'smack' 'smack' . . . with Trish's breaks, it had to be 20 or 30 minutes for her to get to 127. At one point she acted like she lost count and needed to start over.

Not sure how Trish keeps going cause I'm exhausted trying uselessly to move my ass out of the way of the onslaught of spanks. Finally making it to 127 . . . or 185 spanks, if you factor in her forgetting her count.

Trish returns with her strap on firmly in place . . . Fuck that thing is large! . . . Trish says, "I would tell you to bend over Bitch, but in your currently helpless position . . . I won't need to."

She opens up a bottle and squirts lube all over her large dildo . . . Fuck! Is that the same Hot Stuff?!?! I try to see where she tossed the bottle . . . guess I'll find out soon on my own.

I can feel Trish getting ready behind me . . . to fuck me from behind . . . to "MMFFFFFFRRRG" The large dildo is pushed all the way deep into my pussy and she wraps her arms around my waist from behind . . . holding the dildo in deep and continuing to push hard . . . Trish waits patiently . . . she didn't wait but maybe 10 seconds.

Once Trish buried her dildo all the way to its balls deep inside of me she didn't even need to move at all. My animal instincts took control as I grunted hard into my gag while my whole body started to spasm uncontrollably.

Shaking, struggling, pulling wildly, moving my ass as much as I could in every direction, cumming like crazy. There wasn't in time or the option of counting how many times I came because it just didn't stop!

It was on ongoing spasm and scream until I passed out from the pleasure. OMG!
Trish! Where was this Trish earlier today when I was able to get free?

RANDOM . . .

We sit together at a small Cafe style table in Trish's Apartment silently sipping lattes. Until Trish looks at me and says, "So, you really still want to go deeper into the BDSM World . . . To the Underground . . . with complete Strangers . . . and apply your 'No Safety-Net Rule'?" I slowly nod "Yes".

Trish asks again, "After everything we just did together . . . after the pretty damn Extreme paddling I just gave you?" Again, I slowly nod "Yes." . . . Trish hesitates for a few minutes and says, "Why?"

I explain to Trish, "I volunteered and allowed you to tie me up to so I was totally at your Mercy . . . When you brought out the paddle and told me of the punishment about to happen, you noticed me pushing my ass higher up . . . whenever you allowed your fingers to slip inside of me you felt me move towards your hand . . . after I passed out from being so exhausted . . . you set me free."

Trish listened carefully nodding to everything I said. "Trish, you had complete, total and utter power over my helpless body." Trish nodded again and said, "You bet your sweet little ass I did!"

"So, Trish, why exactly did you do all of those things to me . . . while you were in Control and I was Helpless?" Trish said, "I was reading your body language, the speed of your breathing, the looks in your eyes, your involuntary actions . . .

I could tell what you wanted and when you needed it . . . It's all skills you get after enough playtime with Slaves." I ask her, "What would you of done had you noticed I was in real peril and wasn't enjoying myself?"

Trish replies with, "I would have switched up what I was doing or stopped the session sooner." Closing my case I say, "So I ask you Mistress Trish, who then was actually in Control of what was happening to me? . . . I had a Safety Net the Whole Time . . . Please understand Trish, you are by far, hands down, the Best Thing that has Ever Happened to me in my whole Life".

Trish immediately runs to me, gives me a massive hug, followed by another of her so good Cherry Flavored deep kisses.

"Trish, I still need to know, to experience complete real Helplessness . . . No Safe Word, No one stopping because they Feel bad for me, care about me or Love me, or see the pain or bondage had become too much, No Safety Net.

I need to see, to experience what levels the pleasures I can reach when this happens. I hope that makes sense." Trish looks to me and nods, "I know a place you could go . . . It's called Random . . . I know about it . . . because I used to work there.

But you need to listen carefully to how out of control things got there for me . . . How Dangerous your Urges are." As surprised as I am by this revelation, it finally makes sense how she went from clumsy, not too good at bondage Trish to I'm not getting loose and she knows all the tricks Trish in a matter of a few hours . . . she's a Pro . . . a Pro who's worked in the Underground.

Normally I'd be mad if a lover a friend or even a Co-worker lied to me . . . not this time though, she knows stuff and I need to know it also. "Trish, please tell me more."

"You are not the only one who has this type of specific needs to reach their ultimate orgasm. Many others have discovered it would only happen in a place like Random.

You see, at Random, you as a Slave, you have no choices, it doesn't matter your likes or dislikes, if you want more or less, if you want them to stop or even ever let you free. It's all controlled by a Random unseen system.

I worked there two years and still don't know how or why each punishment was chosen, how hard or soft the punishment was to be or how long it was to last?"

Trish continues as I listen in amazement, "Random also had some type of Permanent Slave Lottery you were automatically entered in every time you go there for a Session. The odds of Winning, or Losing, not sure what you'd consider becoming a Permanent Slave?"

Your odds were better for you to be attached by a Shark than win that Lottery. Guess it was just the thrill of it happening that the Slaves got off on, no matter what the odds were. The Release Form basically said you agreed to Anything and Everything Random decides.

When I worked there I was considered a Servant of Random . . . I wasn't a Freelance Mistress . . . It didn't matter how much I read the body language, the screams, the pleading, begging with their eyes for me to stop . . . it wasn't up to

me . . . it was up to Random." I interrupt Trish, who is Random and how did he, she or it direct your actions?"

"Nobody really knows, each Servant at the beginning of their shift would put on the exact same outfit of all the others, except for the color of the corsets.

Mine was a fantastic Deep Metallic Blue. You would then put on a Gas Mask Hood that once latched closed, wouldn't open until you've completed your shift. I know, that sounds crazy, why would I do this? \$250,000 a year is why . . . at least in the beginning it was enough for me to conform and become a Servant.

I know this is a long winded way to get here, but the Commands were in a computer voice that came through the Gas Mask Hoods."

"Random could be some complex Computer Bondage Program AI . . . or it could be some Rich old guys Picking cards, tossing darts or Rolling Dice and beating off to what ever is happening to the Slaves . . . or it could be some Angry Ex Wives or Girlfriends getting their Ultimate Final Revenge? What I can tell you is what happens to a Servant who doesn't listen . . . as I did my last day there . . ."

I stare and take in everything Trish is saying and it's hard to believe . . . I mean if Random does exist . . . Maybe it's what I've been looking for, Dreaming of all my Life . . . Trish continues, "The rooms the Sessions are held in have no door handles.

These doors have internal deadbolts that you can't see, but only hear. When it's time for a Servant to start a Session, the bolts slide to release and the door swings open. Once in the room, the door swings closed and the bolts slide to

lock.

The last Session I was in was for a guy, maybe in his 30's. He was in fantastic shape, that was at the beginning. This Session went on for 4 maybe 5 hours . . . Servants aren't allowed to know the time . . . I had done and used every device of Pain on him I was Commanded to do by Random.

By the end he was a crying baby helpless on the floor begging me to stop, real tears rolling down his eyes . . . not the fake begging when a Slave actually wants you to continue.

The next Command from Random involved Breath Play . . . I was to put a clear bag over his head and hold it in place with Duct Tape wrapped around his neck . . . Doing as instructed, then told to kick him over and quickly pull his bound legs and wrists together tightly with a large zip-tie.

I did that second part as quickly as possible so when Random Commands me to tear the clear bag open I would be ready . . . he struggled and screamed and yanked hard at his bondage . . . he was not getting any air unless I tore that bag open . . .

I waited . . . through the fog in the bag I could see he was looking to me begging for help . . . I waited . . . still no Command . . . he's just about stopped struggling . . .

He couldn't wait any longer and neither could I and I tore the bag open 2 seconds before the Command from Random came to tear the bag open . . . The Slave took in a huge breath and quietly whimpered "Thank You"

Figuring the Session was done I walked to the door, which did not open . . . I banged on the door and still nothing . . . I heard an odd click noise inside my Gas Mask Hood and realized I couldn't breath!

It didn't take long before I was on the floor on my knees grasping wildly at the Gas Mask Hood! Unable to budge any of it . . . the air got thin and I passed out. Not sure how long I was out, but at some point they allowed the air back into my Locked on Mask.

I slowly got up and turned to see the Slave was still helplessly hog-tied on the floor with the still torn bag Duct Taped on him.

Thank God he was still Alive! A Command came over inside my Hood . . . {Remove the bag and Duct Tape} I followed that Command.

Then another Command came as soon as I had the bag and Tape removed from the Slave . . . who was looking at me with grateful eyes . . . {Grab a New, Untorn bag, put it over the Slaves Head and Duct Tape it in place around his neck} . . . WTF!?!?! He almost died the last time and already had shallow breathing. If I did this again to him he's gonna Die!

I shook my head no and headed once again towards the door . . . I didn't make it . . . Once again the 'click' in my Hood told me the valves were closed and I went down quicker this time, still a little short of breath from before.

Again, waking up who knows how long later . . . The computer voice of Random

says, {I can do this indefinitely . . . can you Servant?} I couldn't go forever, but I did fight it as long as possible . . . maybe three or four more times before I finally just grabbed a new bag, pulled it over his head and Duct Taped it tightly in place.

As before I waited . . . all I need to do this time is just wait 2 seconds longer than my limit and Random will send the Command to tear the bag open . . . waiting . . . waiting . . . OMG! Not Again! . . . I don't think he's moving . . . Come On! . . . {Servant, tear the bag open} . . . 'click' . . . OMG! No!

Random just cut off my air again! . . . I was already on my knees before I made it halfway to the Helpless Suffocating Slave! . . . Unable to see I reached out and fell forward . . . I believe I may have torn the bag open before I blacked out . . .

Finally waking back up my Gas Mask Hood had fully unlatched so I was able to take it off. The Slave was now gone and the door was wide open . . . I left and never went back there.

At that time I was Random's best and most Skilled Servant in the ways of Pains, Pleasures and Punishments. That was until that little falling out.

Random has left me many voicemails, or should I say Fake Computer Voice messages trying to get me back. Random must of gave up because I haven't got any of those in over six months.

I Still don't know if I suffocated that Slave or not . . . So I need to ask you one more time . . . Are you Positive this is what you want more than anything?"

NO SAFETY NET . . .

The Wire-Transfer of the Funds for "Services to be performed" was complete. At first I would be a little embarrassed to discuss how much I paid for "Services to be performed" . . . but then you need to ask yourself:

What is the Value of Ultimate Orgasmic Pleasure that overtakes Every Inch of your Body, Soul and Mind? When I think about it this way . . . I've paid way to little.

Just finished going over the Release Postcard . . . All it reads is [I agree to Anything and Everything Random Decides] . . . Well, looks like Trish wasn't kidding . . .

The only other type I see is the word [Over] in the bottom right corner. I flip over the card and it reads [Today's Odd of Becoming a Permanent Slave - 1 in 257,391 - Good Luck!]

Flipping the card back to the front I sign the line below that first statement agreeing to Anything and Everything. Looking down at the table I'm currently sitting alone at I notice a single slot right in the middle.

The type below the slot reads [Please insert release forms here] with tiny arrows pointing at the slot a half inch away . . . thank god for those arrows otherwise I may have got confused . . . I drop the card in the slot and wait.

No more than a minute goes by and I hear the sound of dozens of deadbolts built into multiple doors slide to unlock as six different doors swing open.

From each door a Servant steps in. Holy Fuck! Trish explained this part also, but until I saw this I just couldn't of imagined how sexy they all are! They all had on shiny skintight black latex pants . . . I guess those would be pants . . . matching, looks like Military boots tightly laced on . . .

As odd as those boots look, I'm sure after a long day they're way more comfortable than heels. They all have matching black latex bicep length gloves. The Gas Mask Hoods all latched into place so the Servants are unable to remove them.

The oddest part about goggles on these Hoods is they all have large red stars on them??? No idea why? Maybe Random is a "Kiss" Fanboy?

Truly, the highlight of the Servants outfits, hands down is those shiny metallic, tight, form-fitting corsets. All of them are dark metallic colors each a little different. Trish said she wore one that was a Deep Metallic Blue.

She'd be happy to know it looks like they may have retired her color. The six Servants who've now surrounded me are a Deep Metallic Burgundy, Metallic Forest Green, Intense Metallic Gold, a Metallic Black which is Cool, Deep Metallic Purple and rounding out the Six Pack is a Metallic Teal . . . Wow! Just Wow!

With these six fantastic Cross-Fit women, surrounding me dressed in tight latex, my mind keeps traveling back to imagining Trish dressed like this with a Deep Metallic Blue corset.

Initially at this point I was expecting to physically fight whoever showed up to put me into bondage . . . with the show of force Random just produced . . . I choose to go along for now.

Burgundy and Gold came up to each of my sides holding some majorly large wrist straps. These weren't you thin little dog collar width . . . these were more like the size of Zena Warrior Princess's Gauntlets.

I held out both of my arms as they each tightly strapped them on. Each had six individual straps and buckles so once they were tightened; these wrist gauntlets would perfectly fit the shape of my wrists and forearms. They then added a total of twelve small locks, one through the eyelet of each buckle.

Burgundy took the lead and motioned me to stand. As I did she started to pull both of my arms behind my back. Instinctively from years of self-defense classes, I pulled them out of her hands and pushed her back, getting a nice little grope of her quite firm left breast in the process . . .

So I'm face down on the hard floor trying to catch my breath after the Six Pack took me down and have since Dog Piled on top of me . . . Two of them are slowly moving my arms closer together behind my back while three more are straddling the back of my legs and the middle of my back . . .

This moment could really be much more fun say if we were all naked, had been

drinking for a while and oh, yeah, they weren't trying to kill me . . . I hear a 'click' followed by a second 'click' . . . Two Locks? Really? Did they think I was She-Hulk or something?

The Six Pack un-piled and helped me stand up. Burgundy walked in front of me, hesitated a few seconds and then grabbed tightly onto my left breast . . . then just as quickly as she did this, she stopped and stepped back.

A door opened and she left the room. So if that was Burgundy getting back at me, fine, I deserved it. But if everything she just did was per Commands being given though her Hood by Random . . . well then Random is really paying close attention to everything that's happening.

Don't see that well-timed, well-deserved, return breast 'Grope and Grab' being something that was decided by Dice, Darts or Cards.

Other doors popped open and more of the Servants left leaving me alone with just Green and Gold . . . Packers America's Team . . . I can work with this . . . guess I have to work with this because my choices, my decisions, my wants are no longer options.

My wish of complete helplessness is growing by the minute and the Adrenaline is kicking in along with a tingle in my pussy. They each grab one of my biceps and walk me to a new room. As we walk I just realized through all of this I haven't said a thing . . . I'm not gagged . . .

I can talk anytime I want, but just haven't . . . maybe it's because the Servants can't talk back . . . even if I did talk, it's not changing anything Random has

planned for me . . . that's if he, she, it, even does plan ahead? . . . maybe it's as Random as this place's name Random? The only thing I know for sure is there is "No Safety-Net" here . . . Finally!

GOLD . . .

Gold brings me to the middle of the room as Green pushes a button on the wall and a cable comes down from the ceiling. Gold guides it behind me and double locks it onto large metal loops on my Zena Gaunlets. Again with the double locks!

Guess it makes sense . . . if just one lock fails or wasn't fully closed a session could be ruined . . . I guess the term 'ruined' would apply differently if you were a Slave who truly wanted to get loose vs. one who truly needed to be helpless . . . right now I'm that second type of Slave.

Green pushes a different button causing my arms to lift up to about a 45 degree angle behind my back . . . not so far as to be uncomfortable or enough to force me to bend over . . . just enough to remind me I no longer have control over my arms.

They team up and strip me down to just my matching black silk bra and panties. My shoes, torn apart clothing all just tossed into a corner of the room.

Additional leather, I guess I'd call them ankle Gauntlets or almost like shorter shin guards are strapped tightly in place on my ankles and lower calves.

Buckled tight and also locked around a dozen times to hold each strap closed. Each Servant now pulls my legs like three to four feet apart as they double lock very short cables from the straps holding my ankles to metal loops that flip up

from the floor.

Now my arms have been forced up a little more as my legs being spread so far apart have caused me to slightly bend forward.

They both double check every lock, strap and cable one more time before a door pops open, Green leaves and I'm now alone and helpless with just Gold. I admit the Metallic Gold is stunning, but still wish the Servant with me right now was wearing a Deep Metallic Blue corset . . . I really wonder what Trish is up to right now?

Gold adds an extra wide leather collar around my neck and straps it tightly in place. She walks to the button on the wall in control of my arms and causes them to lift another six inches or so up. Ok, now I'm feeling it in my arms as I let out a very quiet "ouch!"

Gold comes back to me with a very large knife in her hand . . . where the hell did she get that from? Looking around the room without all the previous distractions of the Hot and Sexy Six Pack, I notice different panels part way open on several spots of the walls . . . obviously each full of fun and interesting things.

Gold holds the knife up to me at eye level twisting it back and forth causing random glares from the spotlights to catch me in the eyes as I squint.

She then slowly takes the knife and slides the back edge and sides of it across the tops of my breasts pushed out and up by my bra. After around three or four trips across my breasts that are now rising and falling more from my deep breathing, she hooks it under one of my shoulder straps, turns the sharp edge up and slices

through the strap allowing my one breast to fall slightly.

Repeating the process with the other strap as that breast falls slightly and then eventually up between my breasts causing the whole bra to fall to the floor.

I let out a pleasurable 'sigh' you know the one I mean . . . that feeling at the end of your day your breasts are finally free of that medieval torture device that always claims to be "The Most Comfortable Bra Ever!"

Being so busy enjoying that moment of my breast freedom, I didn't notice until now that Gold was doing the same thing with the knife again. This time across my abs and up and down along the fronts of my thighs.

As expected the knife eventually works its way under and inside the hip area of my panties. Again with a twist of the blade and a pull she slices through both sides causing my panties to fall to the floor to where my already dead bra was.

After a few more slides of the sides of the knife all the way from my shoulders, across my breasts and abs, ending at my thighs, she put the knife away. Gold comes back to me with a long black rope, which she feeds through a metal loop on the front of my collar and knots it securely in place.

She then feeds it through another pop up metal loop in the floor directly between my spread apart ankles. Pulling this only a little causing me to bend at my waist a few more inches.

She takes one more longer black rope and loops it around my waist. She feeds these two ends through the loop she formed right below my belly button.

Pulling this tight like a cowboy who just lassoed a calf, she then guides the two loose ends between my legs making sure they landed directly against the center of my pussy.

Moving behind me she feeds these two loose ends of the rope to my wrists. Giving them one more good tug sending a shock of pain in my pussy, before she knots them in place at my wrists.

Coming back in front of me she un-knots the rope coming from my neck that's tied to the metal loop in the floor. Grabbing it with both hands and pulls hard forcing my neck to pull closer and closer to the floor.

At this point I'm half bent over but also bending my knees some to prevent me from being in a hands free downward dog position. That was until she pushed the button controlling the cable currently double locked to my wrists.

Gold would push that button a few seconds each time paying close attention to the position of my helpless body. After the first few seconds I was bent over further and my arms raised a few more inches.

The next few seconds and I was fully reminded of those ropes pulled across my pussy as my arms rose further. I was forced to straitening my knees to prevent those ropes from cutting me in half starting between my legs.

I was grunting in pain as every move only caused more stress on my body as the ropes dug deeper into my sex. The Adrenaline was on high at this point and I could feel the pain in my pussy slowly making that switch to pleasure.

Just as I was expecting her to hit that up button again, she stopped. Went to one of those open cabinets and bought back some type of ball gag head harness thing. I've had a ball gag in before and it always seemed like one way or another I could push it out.

This one looks like it fixes that problem. Gold pushes the ball deep into my mouth and starts the buckling process. Straps are going every direction around my head. Actually causing my mouth to close harder on the ball as one of the straps running under my chin is pulled tight.

Gold makes another trip and comes back with a large tube of body lotion . . . OMG! Is that the Hot stuff Trish acted like she used on my by mistake! Trying to read the label but Gold kept it well covered.

Gold is using both hands and spreading a good layer of this lotion onto every inch of my naked body except under things like my Zena Gaunlets. My God! This Feels Amazing! Her hands are unbelievable!

My skin is tingling everywhere there's lotion . . . this is for sure Not that same Hot lotion . . . what ever it is the sensitivity of my skin has increased . . . I'm even feeling every breeze off of Gold as she moves around. . . Oh! Fuck! Just figured out the purpose of this lotion and it's not to make me feel better! It's to increase the Pain I feel once she switches to Punishment Mode!

As expected this full body massage comes to an end. Gold unties the rope from my neck one more time and then pulls harder than before as I bend further over. I'm now at the point my upper body is angled so far down I'm looking at my knees.

Gold returns to the button and keeps pushing it for seconds at a time as my arms rise even further up and away from my pushed out naked ass. The ropes between my legs dig even further in as my only defense from this pain is to switch to my tippy toes as my calves fully engage.

I've never been bent or stretched to this point in my life. Any more and I'm sure my shoulders would dislocate. Trying to support my weight with my arms behind me, and my calves that are already starting to shake isn't going to be easy.

Coming down off my toes or relaxing my arms digs the ropes deeper and harder into my pussy that's somehow still having a growing tingle of pleasure to my predicament.

ORGASMIC BLISS . . .

It feels like I've been in this completely helpless bent over stretched out tippy toeing position forever, but I'm guessing it's only been a few minutes before my whipping started. My body is now covered with a combination of the lotion and drips of sweat coming from all my pores.

Gold is back with two extra long Cat-O-Nine tails in her hands. These are not like the shorter one Trish used on my breasts before I catapulted her into her nightstand.

The "Swing and Sting" of both Cat-O-Nines came hard, fast and furious as every inch of my naked skin quickly grows into a deeper pink shade. Gold swings from the sides getting clear shots at my hips, thighs and ass . . .

She swings from below getting my stomach and my breasts helplessly hanging down unable to avoid any of the sting from the leather tails. My back, arms and shoulders getting the same treatment from Gold's relentless pattern of pain.

Moving behind me her double "Swing and Sting" pattern takes another new direction of up between my spread thighs as the sting of the tail's targets have become my already abused pussy and clit.

I bite down as hard as I can and tense up every muscle in my body as Gold is no longer moving to new targets to whip. Her swinging pattern just continues between my thighs as I enter that much craved level of Orgasmic Bliss!

Adrenaline has filled my body like never before.

My whole being shuddering uncontrollably, almost vibrating as I moan and scream and start to push harder onto the ropes between my legs and force my ass and pussy as far as possible towards the onslaught of painful yet pleasurable stings. There's no counting how many times I came because there was never a break in-between . . . Just one long never-ending Orgasm!!!!

That was of course until after Gold had tired out and just couldn't whip me any further . . . She had stopped but the Adrenaline, spasms and Orgasmic Bliss in my body continued long after.

Shaking, shuddering and trying to find ways of grinding into the ropes to keep this experience going as long as I possibly could. Even though I was still doing everything I could to keep this part of my Session alive I could see Gold had moved onto my next experience . . .

Finally coming back down enough to pay attention to what Gold is doing I see her moving a very sturdy silver metal chair to nearby me. Still bent over and on my tippy toes I watch intently.

Gold has pulled a cart with some type of power box control thing on the top and I can see a car battery on the bottom of the cart. Holy Fuck! Ok!

This is going too far too quickly! I moan into my gag and start to struggle as Gold just ignores my cries and pleas for mercy. No Safe-Word, No Servants feeling bad for me and stopping because they would be suffocated, No Safety-Net . . . I got my wish . . .

Next she pulls out a case that has like a dozen different sizes & shapes of silver metal dildos. Gold grabs one of the smaller ones, hesitates as she tips her head a little . . . puts that one back, and switches to the largest one.

Moving back to the metal chair she feeds a bolt up from underneath and twists this extra large metal dildo tightly onto it. This dildo is now in the perfect position to be pushed deeply into the pussy of anyone unlucky enough to end up on that chair.

Back to the case Gold grabs the next largest metal dildo and bolts it the same way as the first . . . this time in position for the victims asshole . . . like it or not . . . that's where it's going.

Gold next squeezes a large amount of some type of gel onto both of the metal dildos. Can't tell if that's the kind of gel or lube used to help those large as hell dildos slide easier in or if its the kind to help improve electrical current travel?

Once she's done this I see she's been instructed to put four wing bolts, one in the base of each chair leg. I'm guessing to prevent the chair from moving as the victim . . . ok, lets stop avoiding what's about to happen here . . . as I fight and struggle to break free of the chair and the electric shocks deep inside of me.

The cable to my wrists is finally lowered down allowing me back onto heels and soles of my feet, as the cramps in my calves finally subside. The rope pulling my neck down towards my knees is removed, as I finally after who knows how long, am able to straighten back up.

Gold very gently removes the rope from my wrists and ever so carefully slides it out from between my legs . . . what was the point of that?!?!?! After hours of rope and whip tortures, now she's concerned about the wellbeing of my pussy???

Gold unlocks the cables from my ankles and I finally move my legs closer together in a more natural position, the way people are meant to stand. She points to the chair as a gesture of "Climb on Bitch" . . . I do a simple head shake "No" . . .

There wasn't a need for a second request from Gold as the balance of the Six Pack were waiting in the wings expecting that exact answer. One Servant clamped tightly on each of my thighs while two more were had equally strong grips on my upper arms.

The last two were switching positions and where they clamped onto me in response to my struggles as they carried me to the chair. There's just no way that Random could be Commanding their every move as fast as would have been needed.

It had to of been a more Generic {Get her on the Chair . . . Do whatever it takes} Command. At one point, one Servant had me in a choke hold to the point I was getting weaker and losing consciousness . . . really wish I had gone fully unconscious so I wouldn't have been awake for the next part . . .

REUNION . . .

I fought as hard as possible even knowing how this would end was inevitable . . . Tightening up my pussy and asshole as tight as possible did nothing but increase the pain . . .

The pain of the two largest hard metal dildos I've ever seen impaling their way deep inside of me as the weight and muscles of the Six Pack are pushing down on my lap, thighs and shoulders. My head tipping back as I scream out loud as my ball gag head harness would allow.

The moment I was in position over the chair and the dildos have started entry inside of me, two of the Servants positioned and quickly pulled tight a wide strap across my lap forcing my ass and the backs of my thighs to make contact with the chair.

Screaming more I try to pull my arms free but it's too late as each has now been double locked to the solid metal chair that was bolted to the floor. Kicking was also useless as I soon found each of my legs also double locked to the legs of the chair.

Two more, longer straps are pulled over my shoulders, crisscross between my breasts and wrap around my sides to somewhere on the lower back of the chair.

Once these shoulder straps are in place the Servants pull them tighter one more time pushing the whole weight of my body hard onto the metal dildos. Four

more, just for good measure straps have been added and pulled tight at my elbows and knees.

My Adrenaline is in full force right now . . . not in an excited way . . . more of a Fight or Flight way . . . sadly my Fight is over and Flight is no longer an option. My wish of "No Safety-Net" is in full force.

Gold rolls one more cart to my other side that's cover with a small piece of material . . . she pinches the corner of the material, ready to lift it off . . . her head tilts as she does almost a small childish foot stop before a door pops over and she leaves.

Looking around I notice the rest of the Six Pack had also left . . . I'm alone and completely helpless as possible. Other than my heavy breathing mixed with my moans of pain, it's totally silent in this room . . . no idea what time it is or how long I've been here . . . no idea if or when anyone is coming back . . .

I hear the bolts inside one of the door slide to unlock, a door opening, closing and relocking. Wonder if it's Gold again or if Burgundy is back for another game of Grab and Grope?

Finally the Servant moves in front of me dressed the same as all the others . . . Except this time in a Deep Metallic Blue corset. OMG! It can't be! Being locked up for so long I'm loopy. I'm just imagining this!

I hear a noise from her Gas Mask Hood which must of been the locks holding it in place. The Servant reaches up, unclips and removes her Hood as her very familiar red hair cascades out. "Trish!!!!" I screamed into my ball gag! Which

came out "MMMMMFFPH!!!" but I'm sure she knew what I said . . . being the Pro she is.

Trish says, "I guess I shouldn't have compared your odds of Winning the Permanent Slave Lottery to being attached by a Shark." I stare at Trish confused . . . "You Lucky Girl! You Won! You get to experience your ultimate pleasures indefinitely and don't need to pay anything for it!"

I scream into my ball gag and randomly struggle and pull at my bondage causing the large metal dildos to move around inside of me. Trish calmly continues, "I'm kinda thinking your odds may have been increased a little . . . maybe a lot . . . you see . . .

I may have let it slip the only way I'd ever work here again was if you Won the Lottery and they allowed me to be your Head Servant . . . and well, Surprise! Look what happened."

Again I scream and struggle "MMMMFFFFPPDPFFPGHHHH!" Trish responds with, "You don't need to thank me . . . It's what you wanted more then anything . . . remember? I asked you."

Trish says as she brings her Gas Mask Hood back above her head, "I have to go to work now." And she slips on the Hood, clips it on and I hear the sound of the latches being locked in place by Random.

Trish moves and uncovers the last cart Gold brought over before being Commanded to leave. On it is at least a couple dozen very long and very thin needles. My eyes widen and I struggle as hard as possible to avoid what's about

to happen.

The wide crisscrossing straps tightly pulled across my chest and between my breasts are holding them firmly in place. One by one Trish finds different spots on my naked helpless breasts to ever so slowly push the long needles through.

Never going deep, always near the surface where my nerves were the most sensitive and most painful. Trish used up two thirds of the needles in larger wide-open areas of my breasts before she switched to pinching and rolling my nipples between her fingers.

As my nipples become more firm and erect from Trish's pinching, pulling and rolling I shake my head "No" and pull again at my bondage. Between all of her attention and the effects of that sensitivity lotion they used on me before my nipples are now harder and more erect than I can ever remember them being.

Screaming, pulling harder at my bondage and shaking my head with as big of a "No" as I could do. Trish looks to me and gives me just as big of a shake with her head . . . but in a great big "Yes" direction.

The first of the needles is ever so slowly pushed all the way through my left nipple as I bite down hard on my gag. The second is the same slow motion through my right nipple. Trish repeats the process until the last of the needles are used and both of my nipples have almost star shapes from all of the metal.

No matter how hard I try to slow my breathing or think of something else, the pain in my breasts continues . . . the only good part being for a few moments I forgot about the large metal dildos still locked in position deep inside of me.

Trish reaches under the needle cart and pulls out a wand style vibrator. She slides it between my thighs and pushes it hard against my clit. A 'gasp' of pleasure sneaks out from the edges of my gag. Several clicks later and somehow the vibrator is now being held firmly into place against me.

Switching to the other cart, FUCK! Was really hoping that one would be forgotten about, she pulls at least four, maybe more wires and is connecting them to odd spots on the chair or below the seat. Trish then uncovers a socket on the floor that she plugs in the wand vibrator.

Deep Metallic Blue steps back to admire her handy work. She's no longer the Trish I knew . . . she's once again just a Tool of Random, a Servant to Random, ready to be Commanded to do Anything and Everything Random wants.

I am completely, utterly and totally helpless to Random's wishes. Every strap holding me in place is pulled extra tight, everything that can be locked is double locked, and the chair is bolted in place so the Black Widow tipping the chair back move isn't an option.

I've screamed, I've yelled, I've pleaded to Trish with my eyes for freedom . . . but Trish isn't here any more. Only the Deep Metallic Blue Servant of Random as she awaits her next Command.

Metallic Blue steps up to me and flicks the vibrator on a low setting for a few seconds to make sure I react. She then turns up the power knob on the Electricity control box connected to my chair and the metal dildos.

As soon as she can sense the tingle of electricity was being felt on my ass from the chair and inside me from the dildos she turned it back down.

She then walked out of sight behind me. It must of been only seconds but it felt like for ever . . . is this what someone on death row strapped helplessly into the Electric Chair feels like? Seconds feeling like hours? OMG! Trish just continue already! I can't take it!

Metallic Blue finally moves back in front of me and she's holding a large clear plastic bag and a roll of Duct Tape, NO Trish! NO! is running through my mind as she very nonchalantly pulls the bag over my head . . . I've Free-Dived before and can hold my breath a very long time . . . Not like this!

No time for any deep breathing prep! Not after trying to scream! Trish is already on her third time around my neck with the Duct Tape and this bag is now air tight and not coming off . . . Screaming won't help so I try to slow down my breathing . . . Don't panic! . . . Don't scream . . . Just relax . . .

The bag is already fogging up as Trish flips the vibrator on 10! I start to breath heavier as the air is getting thinner in the bag. Couldn't see what level she turned up the electricity to but it might as well have been the Max!

Random shocks of electricity, attacking my naked ass and thighs against the bare metal of the chair! More shocks and painful tingles deep inside of my now tensing up pussy and asshole as my muscles squeeze hard onto the hard metal dildos!

Throbbing pain still coming from my breasts has increased, as I pull wildly and

struggle to get the bag off my head in time. The Dozen or so needles catching and flicking off the leather straps between my breasts!

As the air gets thinner I keep waiting for Trish to tear open the bag but she's not moving! Does Winning the Slave Lottery mean they're going to let me suffocate?!?!

I know screaming is useless and will only burn up the last of my oxygen that much quicker . . . I do it anyway getting out only more muffles
"MMMMMGGFGGFHH!"

My head is becoming dizzy as the Most Intense Mind Blowing Whole Body Orgasm takes charge of me! I've lost all control of every fiber of my being as I spasm uncontrollably tensing every muscle in my body as I let out one last long scream into my ball gag before everything goes blank
...

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Love Zatanna



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Comments, Suggestions, Requests -*

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