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PUNISHED & SPANKED FOR NO REASON



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INITIATION . . .

Sitting on the edge of our bed in my sexiest burgundy bra and panty set as Trinity pushes a black ball gag into my open mouth. I stare into the eyes of my husband who's tied helpless to the sturdiest chair we had. James stares back watching as Trinity finishes the process of buckling my ball gag in place.

I'm nowhere near as helpless as James, but with the leather cuffs locked solidly on my wrists and the third lock about to secure them together behind my back, I'm headed in that same direction. If I wanted to take a chance at fighting her to get free, I'd need to do so soon or only become even more at her mercy . . .

James can see the wheels turning in my head and quietly shakes his head 'no' for me to see. He tried to disagree with her putting him into helpless bondage first . . . but it ended with her using her cat-o-nines on his ass and leaving some major marks I'm sure are still stinging. We've never done anything bondage related, ever, so the feelings in my stomach were very new to me.

{Click!} . . . no going back now . . . as the butterflies in my stomach start to grow further. At first we both felt a little awkward when she asked us to strip down to our underwear. But then she did so first on her own, explaining, "The human body is a beautiful thing . . . you should never be ashamed of it."

I could see how James's eyes grew a little seeing her in that skimpy black bra and panty . . . then thigh high nylons attached to a garter belt . . . omg! She definitely has nothing to be ashamed of. Now with James tied to that chair with his knees apart, in nothing but his tight navy blue underwear, that's been getting tighter, he's enjoying the image of both of us on the bed.

Maybe it wasn't about him not wanting me to get whipped also as much as it was about him getting to watch Trinity putting me into helpless bondage. That would explain his choices of Movies we've been watching over the years. At some point they always just happen to have helplessly bound damsels, just struggling away . . . after the movie he rides me harder and longer than normal.

If that was his plan all along, it's about to take a different path as Trinity goes back to her bag of seemingly endless BDSM toys. She brings out a small case and says to James, "You'll be getting an initiation into what's known as Sensory Deprivation.

This will allow you time to meditate and fully experience the embrace of bondage on your body." He looks very confused as she rolls up and then pushes earplugs deep into each ear.

"As these unroll and grow back to their normal size, they close to block all sounds" she continues to explain as he looks like he already can't hear her.

The next two items she brought out didn't need an explanation and he didn't like them. "MMMMFMFFGGGPPH!" "Meditation is about relaxing James . . . you don't seem very relaxed" as the blindfold is tightly buckled into place.

"MMMMMMFFFGPGHH!" I watch as every muscle in his body is flexing, yet doing absolutely nothing to the 20 or so wide leather straps firmly holding him to the chair.

With his hands double cuffed behind the chair and all of these straps, he's helpless to stopping her as she's further taking away his senses with the tight spandex hood being pulled in place. Trinity looks to me and says, "The sides have built in sound blockers, which is why it's so thick there."

James continued to try and make noises around his gag and was turning and shaking his head thinking he could get the hood or blindfold to come off . . . that wasn't going to happen.

I was actually looking forward to giving him a live bondage show, staring me . . . knowing well, the sex later would have been our best yet. I'm still enjoying the show of his bulge that seems to still be getting larger as he's flexing his muscles.

My butterflies have move downward, causing an ever-growing tingle inside my pussy. Not sure if it's from watching James struggle or watching another woman of my stature take complete control of him or the fact that the same black silk underwear clad woman has taken my freedom with the click of that third lock . . .

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DETOUR . . .

Just as I was thinking I was about to enjoy my alone time with Trinity . . . our first time trying this Guided Couples thing my Neighbor Ashley, pushed us hard to try, it went in a different and unexpected direction. She brought a leather belt with a lot of holes in it for unlimited sizes and put it around James neck.

She adjusted the buckle so it still had a lot of slack. James, who was still grunting and struggling in his bondage, could feel she put something on him, but had no idea what. Trinity then reached down and grabbed his crotch hard as he screamed into his gag.

Not knowing what I could actually do to help with my arms helpless behind my back, I lunged off the bed quickly as Trinity using just one hand, pushed me back onto the bed just as quickly.

Guess I did help, because it got her hand off of his crotch.

She pointed at me and said, "Stay!" Then went back to James and adjusted the strap around his neck one hole tighter. It was still so loose that I'm sure he didn't even realize it was around his neck. That bit of knowledge was all too real to me.

She went back to her bag again and came out with some nipple clamps . . . opening and closing them in front of me with a smile as she moved back to James's helpless form.

Trinity turned some small adjustment knobs on each clamp, "In case you're wondering, these are going to be even tighter now because you got up without being told you could."

Who the Fuck does she think she is treating me like a Dog with punishments to James when I do something wrong!?! She plays with each of his nipples for a while, making them harder.

I can see his struggles and grunts have lessened and now he's just breathing hard trying to enjoy any attention he's getting. Little does he know why she's stimulating his nipples to make them erect enough to be clamped.

Trinity licks her fingers so I can see and wets down James's nipples . . . then lightly blows on them as they get as erect as they can be. This both angers and excites me at the same time.

James's pleasure is about to become pain . . . he has no idea, while I'm very aware of his coming situation. He learns the painful lesson that with pleasure, sometime comes pain as she pinches his nipple hard so the clamp can get a full bite on it.

Jerking hard in his bondage, James tries to stop her, as this painful process repeats on his second nipple. "MMMMMFFFGHH!" Moving his chest back and forth very little as the straps hold him firm. The chain wiggles back and forth slightly, but the clamps are on until Trinity decides to remove them.

Trinity points at me and once again says, "Stay!" She then takes a single finger and hooks the chain between the nipple clamps and shakes it up and down a

little.

I'm more pissed about another command than I am paying attention to what she was doing. That was until she slowly started to pull on the chain as James started to scream and struggle . . . I moved a little, but stayed with my ass on the bed . . .

She pulled harder . . . I was close to getting up . . . she pulled real hard as his nipples were visibly pulling outward and he was screaming hard behind his gag and hood . . . I lunged again towards her harder than before.

Again, I couldn't free him, bound as I was, but I could stop her from torturing his nipples any more . . . which worked . . . for a few seconds as both of her hands were now pushing me down onto the bed hard onto my back.

Straddling me with her strong as hell thighs now on each side of my waist and her crotch hovering just over my belly. She then grabbed both of my nipples through my bra and pinched them hard as I was now screaming into my gag.

"MMMMFMFFGGHH!!!" It was my turn to experience helpless pain as my arms strapped and locked behind me, were now also under the weight of my own body and Trinity's.

After what felt like forever, fuck! Now I'm thinking like a dog! She let go of my nipples, returned to James and tightened the strap around his neck one more hole.

This hole was enough for him to realize there was something around his neck. Turning back to me, Trinity says, "I like your spunk . . . and those breasts of your are quite nice also . . . but it seems you're not learning very quickly how to behave and listen to your Mistress."

Mistress? WTF? My Neighbor Ashley didn't say she was an f'n Mistress . . . I mean by now, should have figured that one out . . . just this isn't what we signed on for . . . our goal was to add some spice to our evenings.

"Maybe if I explain the predicament you two are in better, you'll start to follow your commands better. He, as big and strong as he may be, your protector and all . . . well he couldn't be more helpless then he is right now.

He's totally at my Mercy, which I have none. He'll be on the receiving end of the punishments any time you decide to not listen to me. It should be very obvious what the main punishment will be . . .

One more notch of that strap around his neck . . . which it's only a few more notches away, before it becomes a bit of a breathing problem for him. Understand?" I nod yes.

"Misbehave too many more times and he'll be in way worse of a predicament then he is right now. I won't hesitate to fully cut off his air if that's what you decide." If all of that wasn't enough to freak someone out, the next line topped all of it.

Trinity looks me straight in my eyes and says, "No matter how far away we get, I'll come back to tighten that strap . . . one . . . more . . . hole." Fuck?!?!? How

far away??? What the hell does that mean?!?!?

Trinity waited long enough for that comment to fully sink in and then answered my question without it being verbally asked, because of my gag. "Yes, you and I are going for a little ride . . . hope you like riding in my trunk . . ."

TRUNKED . . .

She can hope all she wants; I do not like anything about riding in her f'n trunk! After climbing in here, laying on my side, having my ankles and knees locked together and then forced into a hog-tie . . . locked helpless and hooded to avoid me seeing where we're going . . . trunk locked closed and driving who knows where . . . I'm royally fucked.

Do wish she'd slow down for at least one of those damn railroad tracks! We keep hitting bad ones like every five minutes and the hard floor of the trunk is kicking my ass!

Between the bouncing around and pain, I try to go back through the last few moments at home before I got pushed into Trinity's trunk . . . could I have done anything different?

After the Mind Fuck comments about "No matter how far away we get & Yes, you and I are going for a little ride . . . hope you like riding in my trunk . . ." I looked to James as questioning him what I should do?

He couldn't answer, much less even know I was looking at him or what was happening to me . . . worse yet . . . what was about to happen to me.

The last he saw me I was on our bed in my underwear being gagged by a woman we just barely met or knew . . . her silk bra covered breast pushing against my back as the gag went deeper . . . Fuck! I shouldn't have liked that! Or any of this!

Trinity saw my look of concern directed at James and said, "You're right, we can't just leave him all helpless like that." She got off the bed, looked at me and simply pointed at me.

An f'n non-verbal command again you'd give a dog. Knowing what would happen to James if I misbehaved again, I stayed. She goes to her bag and comes back with a pair of scissors and proceeded to cut away any parts of his navy blue extra tight underwear.

He jerked a little when he first felt the back of the cold blade near his junk, but then stayed motionless for fear of losing something more important than his underwear.

As the last few cuts finished his larger than normal cock just plopped down hard onto the seat of the chair, happy to be free as he let out the breath he was holding during the cutting process.

She proceeded to lightly pet the top of his member as if it was her pet . . . guess in a way it was. When she did this I wanted so bad to rush her and shoulder block her hard, but knew she could kill James with one or two more tightening's of his neck strap.

Instead, I bit down hard on my gag and stayed. Trinity went back again to get something from one of her cases. Originally she asked to park in our garage because of all the stuff she had. I realize now it was so she could bind my body helpless, toss me into her trunk and kidnap me without anyone seeing her.

She came out with a small power box of some type with like a dozen sets of wires, pads and other items attached to it. Those flat pads are for electro stimulation, I had those once after hurting my shoulder once.

Wasn't sure what those other odd items are, but am about to learn. Unplugging them all to start clean, she then started to place pads on the tops of his thighs, side of his thighs, one on each side of his ass, two more on his stomach and two more on the inside of his thighs. That's ten pads already! I had just two and it was intense at times.

Now James and I learn what the other items are. It's a small cock and ball harness with multiple metal contacts on the inside. Trinity has to fondle his cock to get this on and I can see him instinctively tightening up, causing his cock to randomly lift up off the seat.

This became a hassle for her so she slapped it down hard as it smacked the hard wooden seat and he let out a grunt. No verbal command, no visual command . . . she went with a purely physical command and he fully understood what she wanted, because the tightening up of his cock stopped hard.

The last of it's tiny buckles being closed, it was incasing his member hard as the veins on both sides swelled more then normal with the restricted blood flow.

Am sure he was happy for the attention, unaware that this last extra tight item will be getting hooked up to a power box any minute. Trinity runs the wires around and down to the power box she's putting on the floor in front of James.

Not sure how long he's going to be like this, but at least the batteries will

eventually run out . . . fuck! She's looking for a wall socket.

Trinity is an expert at listening to gag talk or watching people's expressions, because she again answers or comments on my thoughts, "Used to use batteries . . . but they always ran out too soon . . . this will be set to random, indefinite and plugged in to avoid that issue." Once plugged in she does all the settings and says them out loud, pretty sure to mess with me more:

"Program - Random"

"Intensity - Maximum", She says real slow

"Time - Forever", Saying this one even slower

"Start Program . . . Start Program . . .", but she doesn't push this button. Instead, points to the spot in front of James and says, "Come".

I don't move as Trinity is trying to teach me a new command. She says, "Fine!", turns to James and tightens his collar one more hole, which now puts it snug around his neck. God I'm sorry James! His head turning hard, as he senses the strap getting tighter.

One more notch and he's going to slowly start choking. Trinity gives me just a silent point in front of James and I jump up and hurry over to the spot she pointed.

She holds the power box up so I can reach it with while my arms that are locked behind me. Turning my head and twisting my arms as much as possible, I see the 'Start Program' button and push it.

I see James jerk as he was caught off guard by the first feel of the electricity tingling into his ass, thighs, stomach, cock and balls as he gives out a small grunt.

Trinity turns to me and says, "There, now it doesn't matter how long we're gone . . . he'll be getting attention the whole time . . . every tiny little tingle to every intense and painful shock will in a way, be attention coming directly from you now."

At first I watch as he's just squirming around a little and his cock is moving up and down some as he tenses up.

Seems he's enjoying it . . . for now . . . Trinity allows me time to watch as she says, "Yeah, I've heard that can feel like a comforting little cupping of his balls to and intense squeeze like you just got kicked in the nuts . . . I don't know for sure but . . ." Just then James's whole body jerked hard!

"MMMMGGGFPPH!!!" as his cock jumped and bounced hard as he pulled helplessly on every wide leather strap and his double cuffs keeping his arms behind the chair.

This jerking and muffled screams goes on until the program cycles to the next random type and intensity . . . which must be way less because I could hear him letting out the breath he was just holding for the last few minutes.

"It's time to go for a ride now." Trinity says as she walks me out of the room. One hand on my bicep and her other hand carrying a smaller bag of items she used to complete my bondage before closing the trunk.

I look back at James with such mixed feelings and thoughts. This may be the last time I ever see him . . . he seems to be getting equal amounts of pain and pleasure as I can see by the dances his cock have been performing . . . there's absolutely no way he's getting free until we come back . . .

That's if we're coming back . . . our Cleaning Lady should be here in two days and she'll be getting a shock of her life finding James like this . . . unless she calls in sick again like she's been doing more often lately . . . oh fuck!

Another f'n bumpy ride over more railroad tracks! Fuck! How many damn tracks are there? The only place I can think of there being this many is the Warehouse District . . . run down . . . secluded . . . hundreds of buildings.

If that's where we are I'm lost for sure. She could torture me, hide me away in a crate, toss me helpless locked in some room . . . kill me and hide my body . . . tears forming around my eyes causing the hood to get moist around my face.

I'm no longer even struggling after such a long ride not knowing where? We could have been going in circles all this time or be miles outside of Town . . . or driving into one of those Warehouses . . . wished I never let Ashley talk us into trying this f'n Couples thing!

DELIVERED . . .

We stopped as I could hear the muffled sounds of some type of garage door opening, Trinity driving in, followed by louder sounds of the garage door closing as we must now be inside.

Her door opens and closes . . . a moment later the trunk opens with a shock of cooler air blasting my sweat covered body reminding me that I'm still just in a bra and panty . . . and a hood.

The leather straps holding me helpless in my hog-tie doing nothing to keep me warm . . . only helpless and uncomfortable . . . that was their purpose and they were doing it just fine. Trinity freed my legs from both their bent behind me position and being locked together.

Did I try to kick at her? Am I planning on fighting her? Try to get free? . . . Fuck no! With James's leather collar only one hole away from starting to choke and her earlier promise to return to tighten it further . . .

I'm going to be as good of a girl as possible. Am questioning how she's going to get me out of the trunk? Having me sit on the edge and tipping me in worked before, as painful as the landing was.

But I can't imagine her getting me out with my arms behind me . . . that was until I felt a total of four hands on me "MMMMFFHHGGPFH!"

I jump at feeling this, as the dangers of my situation has just doubled . . . the two of them, Trinity and this new mystery person lift me out of her trunk with ease.

The hands of the mystery person were smaller and softer, just like Trinity's. Taking in a breath, I can smell a new perfume . . . something I've never smelt before . . . almost fruity, like peaches. Whoever this person is, I at least know they're female. Now standing, having a hard time balancing after my trip and being hooded.

Catching me off guard is the feel of Trinity's silk bra covered breasts squeezing hard against mine as she gives me a big hug and says quietly into my ear, "I really enjoyed our time together . . . you are so fucking hot and have a totally rocking body"

As her hand slips down into my panty as she hooks her two middle fingers easily into my wet pussy as I let out a gasp of pleasure . . . WTF? Why is all of this making me so fucking wet? Trinity says, "Trust me, I feel the same way about you."

I give an angry grunt into my gag trying to give her a 'Fuck You Bitch' vibe . . . at the same time . . . wishing she would stay to finger fuck me more . . . dammit! I don't understand what I'm feeling?

As her fingers move in and out of me a few more times she says, "So sorry, but I have other business to attend to, won't be able to stay and play."

I could feel her giving me a kiss through my hood as she says to the mystery woman, "Delivered as promised . . . and seems her engine is already going strong . . . careful though, she's very energetic and doesn't always listen too well."

The response of the mystery woman completely freaked me out! Because her words were coming through some type of voice changer like you hear on the news sometimes if they're keeping someone's identity a secret . . . like witness protection thing.

Or she's some kind of freaky serial killer. She said [Thank You! I will be extra careful with her . . . I have wanted this for a long time and have a lot planned for us]

Mystery Woman guided me out of the garage, carport, delivery dock . . . whatever it was. Once the access door closed, I could hear the garage opener kick in again and Trinity's car driving away . . . I really wish I was back in her trunk . . . bumpy ride and all. She stopped at one point and said, [Careful, stairs . . . going down].

Shit! In some unknown Warehouse and heading into it's Basement, Cellar or Dungeon! All I can do is bide my time and hopefully be able to figure more out once this hood comes off.

Have been able to figure one thing out and that's the fruity peach perfume smell is for sure from my new Capture . . . it's been following behind me as closely as she has.

Somehow I was able to keep my heels on since home, hogtied and more. I couldn't feel the coldness of the floor, but could tell it was uncarpeted concrete of some type . . . or something just as hard and unforgiving.

Am not totally sure, but think we went through several smaller rooms, a hall and then into something that had a very loud and heavy door before we finally stopped.

She spoke again, [I'm going to unlock your wrists for just a minute, then relock them. Do you promise to not fight or try to stop me?] I say nothing.

[Trinity told me that James collar was as tight as it could get without starting to choke him] My head dropped a little [Do you promise to not fight or try to stop me?] I nodded . . . what choice do I have?

The lock between my wrists is removed and it took every fiber of my being to not cold cock this Audibly Challenged Bitch . . . I waited with my arms at my sides.

She grabbed my one wrist and raising it outward until it was angled up at about a 45-degree angle, {CLICK} locked to a chain from the ceiling. It's my last chance . . . all I could do is picture James as he chokes to death if I don't behave . . . {CLICK} my other arm now also at a 45 and locked to a different chain.

I now feel her foot tapping on the inside of my left ankle, signaling for me to move it outward. Then this is repeated on my right ankle. With my legs now spread far apart, my arms become fully stretched out from the chains.

{CLICK} a lock is added to my right ankle, securing it to a chain. {CLICK} one more lock, one more ankle, and my standing spread eagle position is complete.

Standing here as the realism of what has happened to me sinks in hard. My Husband is right now bound helplessly to a sturdy chair in our house . . . he's alone and being continually tortured and teased by a dozen electro stimulation pads and cock shockers.

He's likely fantasizing about Trinity and I rolling around on our bed playing BDSM Lesbian Sex Games. Completely unaware that I was taken away and handed off, sold or just given to some other odd peach smelling woman with a disguised voice, who now has me helplessly chained spread eagle in her cellar, dungeon, whatever.

I've been able to control myself and follow her instructions . . . so at least James won't be choked to death and I shouldn't be getting punished or anything . . .

WHY IS SHE SPANKING ME . . .

Just as that last thought of not getting punished left my mind, {smack} her naked hand spans my left cheek for no good reason {smack} now my right cheek, wtf?

I listened and did everything I was told {smack} . . . {smack} she continues to alternate side to side with these pretty light spans . . . other then the shock of the first one catching me off guard . . . these really aren't a big deal and barely hurt.

{smack} {smack} {smack} {smack} If anything, I'm still more upset that I didn't do anything wrong to this Mystery Bitch and she's f'n spanking me anyway! {smack} {smack} {smack} {smack} "MMMMFH"

Ok, she's not getting any harder, but the repeat spans to the same areas are starting to sting {smack} {smack} {smack} {smack} "MMMGFFHHH" . . . then the spanking stops as quickly as it started . . . maybe she realized I haven't been naughty.

I can feel her hands on the sides of my neck as she slides the hood off of my head, allowing me to finally be able to see . . . she's wearing a fucking mask! Dammit! [Trinity was right . . . you do have fantastic eyes]

Getting my first visual of the voice changer she has built right into the mask. She has a speaker right where her mouth should be. The mask had the look, feel and

shape of a cat, made out of something hard, smooth and shiny red surface.

Her cat shaped eyeholes filled with black material preventing me from seeing them, while she moves about me seeing just fine. The cat's muzzle is sticking out some, which is leaving room for that voice modulator for when she talks.

She has two huge ponytails, which were blondish grey if that's such a hair color? Guessing it's one more way to hide who she is from me . . . why does that even matter?

Guess that's a good thing because if she were planning on killing me, it wouldn't matter if I knew who she was. The rest of her outfit was f'n amazing! It's all made out of what seems to be bright red shiny leather.

She has this totally form fitting bodice that's accentuating her already larger breasts, with three zippers with large silver rings down the front. One in the middle and the other two, right down the middle of each breast . . . I'd be scared to death to zip or unzip those two.

The top she has on only covers her shoulder and arms, made out of the same material and has just as many zippers . . . god, it's so damn sexy!

From the waist down she's covered in more of the same and has red thigh high boots with six-inch heels over that. Haven't seen her from the back yet, but wouldn't surprise me if she had a cool cat's tail and equally nice ass.

Ok, I get it . . . helplessly chained like I am and at her mercy, why am I paying so much attention to what she's wearing? Well, I just figured out I'm not going to die . . . and well . . . it's what us women do.

Seeing she has my full attention, she breaks the silence with, [I'm Mistress Kitty . . . you, are my Catnip . . . just thinking about what I could do with you is making me wet and driving me crazy] the whole time she's talking her hands are pawing at my shoulders, arms and breasts.

As much as she's acting and talking like some second rate Villainess on an older TV show . . . she's also keeping my attention in multiple ways I wasn't expecting.

As she mentions what she could do with me, the butterflies in my stomach from seeing her in that outfit have moved down and deep into my mound, causing it to twitch tiny amounts.

This, now on top of the mini unfinished finger fuck I got earlier, I'm in a very horny state . . . the kind where if my ankles weren't chained I'd wrap my legs around her the next time she got close, forcing my sex hard against her leather covered thighs.

I've been so fixated on Kitty Kat here, I'm just now widening the view of the room my body is helpless in . . . Wow! It's not a very huge room, but every inch of the direction my eyes can see is being used.

An assortment of black leather, pieces of furniture are in the corners closest to me. One is obviously for having someone sit in with their legs wide apart giving

easier access to their private areas.

Another looks like it's used to strap someone into an on all fours position . . . after being treated so much like a Dog today, I'm surprised I'm not strapped onto that one.

The left half of the long wall between these is covered with a huge assortment of straps, belts, ropes, gags, harnesses and many other things I have no idea what they are.

The right half of the wall is divided into pain and pleasure . . . all different types of riding crops, whips, paddles, canes and then dildos, vibrators and more dildos.

Half the items I'm looking at scare the hell out of me and I hope to never have used on me, while the other stuff . . . if I wasn't gagged right now would be causing me to lick my lips with nervous anticipation and hopes to experience.

She turns around and walks towards the pleasure department and I get to see that, yes, she does have on a long red leather cat's tail attached to the center of her very nice, as expected, tail. Bringing one of her hands up and slowly pointing at one vibrator, then another, then another, then another, as if in her head she was using that childhood way of choosing something, Eeny, meeny, miny, moe . . .

In my head is the thought 'Just f'n pick one and use it on me! I need to f'n cum already!' . . . as her hand gets closer to the one my urges wants to feel the most . . . she brings her arm down because she must have been just window-shopping, No!

Slowly she walks away from the pleasure department and moves to the pain department where she knows exactly why she's there and grabs a leather covered paddle off the wall, directly and quickly through the imaginary self checkout, stopping in front of me to show off her newest purchase.

[This will help . . . your nice firm little ass was making my hand hurt] Well then how bout you stop fucking spanking me, for no reason! I've been a good girl! I shake my head 'No' like it's actually going to stop her . . . Kitty thinks I have a nice firm and little ass . . . smiling on the inside . . .

JUST BECAUSE SHE CAN . . .

Kitty slaps the leather paddle several times against the palm of her hand, shakes her hand a little and says, [Ouch! Stings!] Then clips the paddle onto a clip at her waist, allowing it to hang a little before it's stinging my ass.

That was just one more way to fuck with my mind. She pulls out a small pair of scissors. It's very small, but I knew right away what she was about to do . . . with me standing chained spread eagle, there was no other way.

First came the removal of my bra as I shook my head 'NO!' and tried to stop her with my words, "MMMMFGPPFHH!" Neither did anything as my burgundy lace bra fell to the floor and my breasts hung just a little lower from the lack of support. My nipples hardening, as my sweat evaporates off my now naked breasts, victims to the cooler air.

She takes a moment to inspect my breasts by caressing them, cupping and lifting them and ending with little tweaks of my nipples as I jerk with each touch. [Very Nice . . . better than I imagined]

For some reason I thought for a few seconds that this was the end of the alterations to my outfit, but little miss, 'Look, I have scissors' wasn't done. Bringing the scissors back out meant only one thing, "MMMGGGPPFH!!!"

'NO!' that she was going to again ignore my pleading and head shakes as my panties fell to the floor . . . once again becoming a matching set . . . a destroyed

matching set, but still a set anyway.

The shock of the cooler air on this part of my now completely naked body was way more than when I lost my bra. Between my sweat, my juices that were soaking the panties and my shaved pussy . . . the initial cold front caused me to squirm, strain and wiggle . . . somehow thinking it would help warm me back up . . . it did not.

It did on the other hand catch Kitty's eye as she said, [Feisty little one, aren't we? . . . I like it . . . seems your ass is still quite red from your spanking]

Why in the middle of this are her comments intensifying the tingling deep inside of me? To my mind, this makes no sense . . . to my body, it seems to make all the sense in the world as my body, my pussy, my sex wants more . . .

As the scissors are put away and the black leather covered paddle is about to be unclipped from her waist, I think about how much my ass is still stinging from her spanking me for so long . . . and now that what little bit of protection it had is gone . . . also, it's no longer her soft hand, but hard leather about to come down hard . . .

I'm as scared as I am excited by my predicament . . . what the hell am I thinking? Kitty returns to the wall as I was expecting my newest punishment to start, and grabs a head harness with a much larger leather gag attached . . . looks like one that goes deeper into your mouth, filling it more.

Removing my current gag, I take a second to move and adjust my jaw from being stuck in an open position for so long and ask her, "Why are you doing this

to me?"

Kitty replies as the large leather item attached to the head harness is being pushed into my mouth, [Just because I can] Holding back my gag reflex as the leather goes deep enough it's almost touching the back of my mouth, I try to process her answer.

After the few minutes it takes her to adjust and tighten every buckle, it still doesn't make any sense to me why this is happening.

Guess it really doesn't matter, because all of this has happened, is happening and seems like it's going to continue to happen until Kitty sets me free or Trinity comes back for me . . . OMG! James! No idea how many hours it's been, but with the power to that shocking thing being indefinite, he's been getting teased and tortured this whole time.

The first hard spank of the leather paddle on my naked ass takes my mind off of James . . . sorry James . . . {SMACK!} "MMMMFFGHHH!" I jerk harder then before as I can feel my ass and breasts all bounce a little with each sting of the paddle. {SMACK!} {SMACK!} "MMFFPPPGHGPGG!"

Kitty is slowly circling me between each attack of the leather on my ass. Not sure if she's doing it to see the look on my face or to watch as my breasts continue to jiggle for a few seconds after each {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} "MMFFGHHMMM!!" Fuck! She's adding a hit for every trip around me she takes!

With my ass already starting out red from the earlier spanking, the sting from

these spans is way over a pain level of 10! I've lost track of her times around her prey so to me it just feels like I'm now getting paddled constantly!
{SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!}
{SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} "MMMMFFFFFFKKKKKK!!!!!"

The chains are rattling, I'm pulling at the straps with all my might as every muscle in my body is fighting to get away from the stinging for even a few seconds!

{SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!}
{SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!}
"FFFFFFFKFFFFPPPPMMHHHGGGG!"

I plead with her with my eyes every time she's in front of me as tears are pouring down my face as my struggles, jerks, spasms have my whole body just shaking from the pain and cold from my sweat evaporating as quickly as it's pouring off of me . . . and then the noise and sting of the leather just stops

GOOD NIGHT . . .

My spanking had stopped for several minutes now, but my body was still randomly jerking and spasming as if I was still getting punished.

As my breasts were slowly rising up and down with every breath, my pussy and ass were also randomly tensing up and flexing beyond my control.

My eyes were closed as I was just letting out little moans around my gag and my hands were slowly opening and closing to make sure I could still feel them.

Doing the same with my toes, I could move them, but they were hard to feel . . . really should have kicked off these heels before getting chained for so long. I was a total hot mess . . .

Slowly I open my eyes to see Kitty standing right in front of me just enjoying her work . . . her hand goes right for a big firm grab of my mound and I try to pull away, while still push towards her at the same time. I'm enjoying her touch and wanting it more . . . but just don't want her to know it . . . too late!

Three of her fingers slide inside of me with ease as my head tips back and I instantly start to shudder in intense orgasmic pleasure, which stops as quickly as it started with the removal of her fingers . . . "MMMMFFFHH??" trying to hump where her hand and fingers just were, Fuck! No! Don't leave me hanging you Bitch! Lucky for me all she heard was more incoherent mumbling gag talk.

Kitty added a wide belt around my waist with a ring at the center just above my ass. The buckle was in the front. She then unlocked my left wrist from the chain holding it up, slowly bringing it down and {CLICK} locking it to the ring behind me.

She repeated this with my right wrist {CLICK}. She wasn't taking any chances making me promise to not fight or try to free myself. Only unlocking one limb at a time, I was still hers to do with as she pleased . . . and it seems keeping my pussy right on the edge is what pleases her a lot.

Unlocking both of my ankles, I was now able to walk and I kicked off my shoes that have become torture devices. Yes, I didn't ask her if I could do this, I'm still gagged . . . nor did I ask permission to wrap one of my legs around her and trying to hump her thigh . . .

My moan of pleasure becoming pain as she pinches one of my nipples hard, I release her from my leg lock as my juices are now dripping down her shiny red leather outfit.

[One more notch and his air will start being cut off] Really? Back to that threat! What a Buzz kill Bitch you are! It's not that I don't care about James . . . it's just that at least half the time he's getting pleasure out of his predicament and all I keep getting is a redder ass and stinging pain. Caught myself actually stomping my foot in frustration like a spoiled brat.

Allowing myself to walk in the direction Kitty was moving me, it takes only a second for me to realize we're going directly towards that piece of bondage furniture for strapping someone into an on all fours position. Fuck! All I could

picture is my ass up in the air, naked and spanked, paddled or worse yet, whipped even more.

I want to pull away, to fight her, to try and stop from being strapped down in that position, but remember her threat about James again. We walk the rest of the way as I get a much closer look at where I'm about to be bound.

The main part of this is at about waist level. The largest black leather padded area will support my torso, except for the openings where it seems my breasts will be hanging down free.

A little lower down on each of the four legs, there are smaller padded areas that you kneel on and supports my calves or you rest your elbows on and it supports your forearms.

There's also an area to rest you head, almost like a massage table, but also out of black leather. Lastly, there's a bunch of wide straps hanging down from each of the padded areas . . . way more than the number currently holding James in bondage.

Basically, once I submit myself to being strapped to this thing, I'm more helpless than I've been any other time so far.

At this point it's a silent agreement between us that I'm about to willingly lay down on this and allow Kitty to strap me in . . . almost like I'm someone whose given up and heading to meet their fate.

With my arms behind me, it was tougher, but she supported some of my weight as I lay down on the largest pad in the middle. She helps to guide each of my knees into the cupped areas for them, and then aligns my calves and ankles along the pads. I feel as she closes the straps at my ankles.

My knees are spread at least two feet apart and my ass is already in the perfect position for her to continue an even more intense torture or whipping. Glancing up, I notice I'm directly facing the wall of paddles, cat-o-nine tails, riding crops, canes and whips . . . fuck me!

I'm so screwed right now! Maybe once I'm completely bound I won't have to worry about hurting myself by flailing around too much in pain . . . glass is half full thoughts not working.

One at a time she unlocks my wrists and moves them into their planned spots. Elbows into the padded cupped area, straps closed around my wrists.

She scoots the wide strap at my waist around so she can unbuckle and remove it. Now comes the process of slowly closing all the rest of the wide straps hanging down to now help to embrace me helpless in my all fours position.

Three on each forearm, wrist, middle and near the bend. Four more straps on each calf, ankle, lower calf, upper calf and near the bend of my knees.

Two more straps pulled snug at each bicep and three more on each of my thighs. I think there were another four holding my torso in place from around shoulder level down to my waist.

Testing my bondage, I'm no doubt more helpless then I thought possible. Considering I was pretty much already helpless as soon as she did my ankles, twenty or more straps ago.

The oddest part is, nothing about my current position or even any of the straps is the least bit uncomfortable. The shape, padding, size and design of this bondage and torture thing, was somehow comforting to my helpless naked body.

This is just f'n crazy! Why spend so much time and effort making something like this comforting to just turn around and torture the person being held helpless in it's grasp.

Even the location and size of the areas allowing my breasts to just support themselves vs. being squeezed under my weight almost feels good.

Kitty unbuckles the head harness holding the large leather shape stuffed deep inside of my mouth. Pulling it out slowly, thank god, as parts of the leather were sticking to the areas of my mouth that were drier.

It would of for sure taken some skin with had she not allowed me time to wet them with my tongue. As soon as it's fully removed I take in a deep breath and then beg with her for all I'm worth.

"Please! Kitty, Please don't spank me more! I can't take any more spanking, my ass is still burning, Please! I'm sorry for talking without being asked, don't kill James, Please! I'll do anything you want, Please!!! I pro . . .

MMMMFFFGGHHFHH".

A new leather gag stops any further pleading. Way more comfortable than that last thing, but still good enough to reduce me back to only mumbling noises.

With the squeaks of her tight leather outfit, Kitty kneels down in front of me and holds my head up so she can make what I guess would be considered eye contact, even though I can't see her eyes.

Then in that wonderful disguised electronic voice says, [First off, its Mistress Kitty. Address me any other way again and you'll regret it.

As far as kicking off your shoes, trying to rub one off on my thigh and speaking out of turn . . . that, should be three more notches on James's collar, and it would be your fault when he chokes to death] OMG! James, I'm sorry!

She continues, still holding my head up, [I'm writing all of that off as you being in the heat of the moment and not knowing better . . . do any of that again and it won't end well.]

[As far as not spanking you any more . . . first off your fine ass for sure deserves way more and I'm loving every minute spanking it . . . almost want to go back to my bare hand so I can feel every spank . . . but I have much better plans for you than just spanking or whipping you]

Ok, so I'm not getting spanked more? Better plans? What better plans? She

allows my head to rest back down on its padded area and goes to a small trunk along the wall and starts to dig in it.

Mistress Kitty returns holding something I've never seen before, but can immediately figure out what it's for. The shine of the silver shapes . . . large silver dildo shapes tell me they're made of metal and designed to go deep inside of me.

The shorter one that's widest in the middle, for inside my ass and the longer, thicker with a slight curve one for inside my pussy. A short strap running between them and a few more straps hanging off of them will no doubt be used to hold them in place.

Naked and in my ass up position, strapped down, I'm helpless to stop her from double penetrating me with these dildos. This whole idea is as scary as it is making me wonder what those are going to feel like . . . the larger one for my pussy is larger than James on even his most aroused day. And although we've done some minor ass play, it was nothing like that massive thing . . . that thing is huge!

She brings out a tube of lube, thank god, and coats both shiny metal items as I watch. Shaking my head 'no' while trying to talk her out of this, "MMFFG GGGPPPMFF MMGGHF" at the same time tensing up my pussy that's begging for it . . . so sexually frustrated . . . just fuck me with that thing already!

I feel the tip of the longer dildo slowly enters my sex . . . a few seconds later, the tip of the shorter one is pushing against my sphincter as I tighten it up. [This is happening with or without your cooperation . . . its much less painful if you relax] says Mistress . . . great pep talk Mistress . . .

Should have listened and tried to relax, because she was right . . . it hurt like hell as the balance of my double penetration was reached.

"MMMMGGGGGHHHHGFFHHH!" [Warned you]

Yeah, thanks bitch! Next time, at least take me to dinner first . . . dammit! My body's acceptance of these two unwelcomed intruders slowly happens as I relax the muscles in both of my holes.

I sense her attaching the straps to areas on the bondage thing I'm strapped to. Connecting them somewhere below my pussy, then up my ass crack, dividing into two and coming down both sides of my hips before also being connected to something.

Again, I wiggle some and every motion reminds me they're deep inside of me, and not coming out until Mistress decides. She mentioned earlier how this was going to be way better than whipping me . . . I'm confused as to how exactly?

Until I feel her connecting or plugging something into the base of each dildo . . . fuck no! {SMACK!} {SMACK!} "MMMMFFFGHH!" Out of the blue she gives me a hard spank on each of my red as hell ass cheeks! Each spank being the most painful ones I felt . . . even more than the paddle.

My head jerks up and my eyes give her the angriest look possible for breaking her promise to not spank me. She looks back, [I'm sorry, but your perfect little ass was just begging me for it] then shrugs her shoulders and starts to walk towards the door . . .

Turns back towards me and says [Good Night], flips one odd looking switch up, then the regular looking light switch down, turning off the lights . . . the last of the light from the hall fades as the door closes behind her. The only thing I have left of her is the smell of her fruity peach perfume.

A moment later I realize what she said as she left . . . Wait! What the? Good Night? She can't be serious . . . as I sense tingling coming from both metal dildos!

That odd switch she turned on! OMG! These things are powered! She can't leave me like this! Please don't leave me! "MMMFFFGPPHHH! MMMPPPHFFGG!!! MMMMGGHPPFFGGG!!!"

INSOMNIA . . .

Good Night! Is she kidding me? Not sure how long she's been gone, but I've not slept a wink and I'm not going to be able to! I discovered moments after the door closed, leaving me helplessly in darkness, that the two large metal dildos forced and strapped deep inside of me had several extra features to them.

The tingle I started to feel just as Mistress Kitty left me slowly grew from a simple little tingle to an all out electrostim shock fest! Then worked it's way back down to barely anything.

Where James is still being tortured and teased on the outside, all of my teases and torments are internal . . . other than one small curved and smooth part that stuck out from the base of the dildo in my pussy and wrapped around to push on my swollen clit . . . also my favorite part of my predicament . . . so far . . .

When not shocking the hell out of my insides, these would switch to vibrate, with as many different vibration patterns and intensities as you could imagine.

Finally being treated to the much-deserved orgasm I've been wanting, I've needed since this whole couples bondage started. The pattern of tingles, shocks and vibrations, seemed to be designed to just endlessly bring me close to the edge and back . . .

Problem was, I started on the edge and it pushed me right over with the most intense, longest creaming of my life as my body spasmed uncontrollably from

the pleasure!

Even though soon after my orgasm started the metal dildo program switched back to shocking me, I just continued to cum even harder from the shocks.

I've never felt or even imagined something so intense as this! Thank God I was being held safely in place by so many straps. I also have to thank her for the switching up of my gags, because I've been biting down on this one hard, almost constantly since the door closed.

Sure, I wasn't getting any sleep . . . but I was ok with it with the experiences my body was having. All of the pleasure, pain, pleasure, pain, pain, pleasure, pleasure, my pussy and ass were having, I long forgot about the burning sting of my ass cheeks.

Whoever designed and programmed these things were a Master at it . . . unless it was all just random? No idea . . . another even more intense orgasm starts just as the small curved item on my clitoris was giving me very tiny tingles, the shaft of the dildo in my pussy was vibrating hard while the one in my ass was doing pulsating intense shocks! OMG! "MMMMMMFFFFGGGHHHH!!!" Somehow after this one I managed to fall asleep out of sheer exhaustion . . .

{smack} Ouch! That woke me back up! {smack} Hey! OMG! Cumming Again!
{smack} Right out of my sleep and Kitty is back in here {smack} Giving me extra slow, extra light spanks on my upturned naked ass {smack}
"MMMMMMGGG"

The Shocks, the Vibrations, the Tingles all {smack} combined with these light

spanks {smack} OMG! Oh My God! OH MY GOD! OH MY
GOOOOOOODDDDD!!!! {smack} OHHHHH! Each spank just increases
{smack} everything else happening to me!!!! {smack}

Kitty continues the slow, ever so light {smack} spanks with one hand while
{smack} un-buckling my gag with the other {smack} hand and I push it out of
my {smack} mouth and just start screaming {smack}

"SPANK ME HARDER! SPANK ME FASTER! PLEASE! I'VE BEEN A VERY
BAD GIRL! I DESERVE IT!!!!!! PLEEEEEEEAAAASSSSSEEEEE!" {smack}.

She does and says nothing beyond {smack} continuing her slow and tormenting
{smack} light spanks . . . which are driving me insane {smack} "PLEASE!
PLEASE! PLEASE! I NEED IT!" {smack} OMG! She's killing me here!

Several {smack} minutes of my pleading went un-heard {smack} and then I
finally realized how dumb I was being {smack} "Mistress Kitty, Please Spank
me Harder and Faster . . . I've been a Very Naughty Slave and Deserve It"
{smack} . . . {smack} . . . {smack} . . {smack} . . {smack} . {smack} {smack}

THANK GOD! Happy I figured that out for now . . . {smack} {smack} {smack}
{Smack} {Smack} {Smack} I got what I begged for as the combination of
everything happening now to my helpless body sent me far over the edge and
into a constant state of Orgasmic Bliss {Smack!} {Smack!} {Smack!} {Smack!}

Wishing she'd put my gag back in as I almost bite my tongue off "OH MY GOD
MISTRESS! YES! YES! YES! HARDER! MORE!" {SMACK!} {SMACK!}
{SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!}

Unable to handle the intensity any more, body in one continual spasm of pleasure, mouth wide open and head tipped back as I can't even scream, I pass out . . .

FREEDOM . . .

Waking back up . . . so groggy and sore . . . twisting my head a little and brushing the hair out of my eye . . . I'm free of bondage! Able to move my arms around, as sore as they are, I find I'm still naked . . . and on top the covers of my bed! Trinity must of come back and they both carried me to my room. "James!"

Sitting up quickly, I get a massive head rush and need to lay back down. Turning just my head in his direction, he's still in the chair!

Squirming, tensing his muscles and moaning and his cock is, OMG! His cock is still hard and slowly lifting itself up and down off the seat of the chair! That's way past the four hour you're always warned about!

Round two, I try again to sit up slowly. As much as I want to free him as quickly as possible, my body just wasn't in the jump into action condition.

Sitting up, "OUCH!" well the spanking wasn't a dream, OMG! It's still burning. He's been helpless like that since yesterday, so if it takes me a couple of minutes, it's not going to make a difference.

Finally on my own two feet, I walk almost like a drunk over to James and unbuckle the strap around his neck. His head jerks around as he feels this being removed and he starts to pull hard on every single strap.

I take off his blindfold to see a look in his eyes I've never seen before . . . can't even begin to explain it. Telling him "James, I'm so sorry . . . James, I didn't know this was going to happen".

He's not even listening; he's just trying to signal me to let him go. I remove his gag and he screams at me, "LET ME GO RIGHT NOW BITCH! FUCKING HURRY! LET ME GO!"

Holy Shit! He's pissed off. As quickly as I can I remove the straps holding his arms. Soon as he had enough freedom to continue removing straps himself, he pushes me backwards and works furiously at working to get fully free of the chair that's been holding him hostage since yesterday.

Actually scared watching this I back up until I'm standing up against the edge of our bed "James, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, when Ashley suggested this couples thing I didn't . . ." Not getting a chance to finish as James was now free and rushing towards me! He's never scared me so much!

Tossing me hard onto my back on the bed, pulling my knees wide apart, he buries his rock hard cock deep inside of my still wet pussy harder then ever.

The initial pain of the first thrust forced me right back into another orgasm! Expecting to be yelled at . . . and for a second there . . . possibly hit . . . switched to our most intense and longest love making session ever!

In place of being yelled at were ongoing rambling phrases said quietly into my ear as his hard and fast pumping continued. "I've never wanted to fuck you so badly . . . Oh my god! . . .

That was the most intense thing I've ever experienced in my life!!! . . . Thank You, Thank You, Thank You . . . I couldn't stop thinking about you, how much I loved you, how much I needed to be inside of you . . . Can we do this again next weekend?" . . . Ok, didn't see that coming . . .

THANK YOU ASHLEY . . .

It was late in the afternoon when we finally both woke back up, still in the spoon position we fell asleep in . . . which we've not done since our honeymoon.

Wow! He kisses me on the back of my neck and tells me, "You're my everything". I respond, "I Love you so much James".

As I get up, he sees how red my ass still is and says, "It looks like someone was a Very Bad Girl while I was tied up" giving me a light spank as I jump a little from the pain.

"You have no idea just how Very Bad I was" giving him a wink. James says to me, "I was imagining a lot of different things you two were doing to each other, but not you getting spanked by her . . . guess I'll need to add those images in next time."

I ask James, "Are you sure you'd want to do this again? I mean you were helpless like that for a very long time . . . and didn't those shocks hurt?"

He replies, "With the images of you two going at it on the bed right in front of me, it was all good hurts, if that makes sense?" Responding to him, "Yeah, I actually do understand that." James then says, "We really need to thank Ashley for the suggestion.

Maybe we could bring over Pizza as a Thanks?" Agreeing totally, "I'll give her a call and see if she hasn't made any dinner plans yet."

Almost three hours later we're showered and outside her door . . . why three hours to just shower, dress and get a pizza? Well, James came down to the kitchen when he smelt the coffee and bent me over the counter to fuck me from behind.

Then when I bent over to pick up my shoes, he got me again. Couldn't go fifteen minutes without him grabbing me, kissing me, or his new favorite, giving me a light spank to see how high I jump and how loud I scream, causing me to want to jump his bones again. I created a Monster . . . and I like it!

Ashley greets us, seeing our massive smiling faces and the smell of the Extra Large, sausage pizza with extra cheese. Seeing our faces she immediately responds with, "Was I right or what?"

James pushes in ahead of me, leaving me to carry the pizza. He just wasn't his self. He was like an excited little kid as he said, "Ashley, I have to Thank You!

That was the most intense experience of my life and we want to do it again next weekend." I jump in, "I tried getting a hold of Trinity but that number has been disconnected." Ashley says, "That's odd" and starts on her piece of pizza.

James jumps back in and just spills his guts to Ashley about everything. How much he liked it, how he was fantasizing the whole time about what was happening to me, even our intense Love Making sessions after, then in the Kitchen and more.

How he wants to do it again, but if we can't get ahold of Trinity to schedule and she needs her bondage gear back that she left . . . and then just gave a shoulder shrug.

He reminded me with everything we experienced, I never told him about what really happened to me while he was helpless and hooded.

Ashley jumped back in, "Good News on the bondage gear . . . you two get to keep all of it." I ask, "Wait? What? That's ours?" She responds, "Yes, you get that with the Deluxe Package . . . when Trinity told me you two Scheduled with her, I paid the difference to Upgrade you."

Starting to raise my hand, Ashley interrupts me, "Yes, it was expensive, and No, you can't pay me back. How many times have I offered to pay for James cutting my grass, shoveling my driveway?

Last week he cleaned out my gutters. That's been going on for since I moved here . . . three years, so No, it's my Gift to you two."

"Ok then, thank you very much . . . really can't argue with that." James looks at his watch and says, "Love to stay to help finish that Pizza . . . smells Great! But have some work to get done."

Giving us the double finger point and a big wink, "Fell a little behind . . . got tied up." James leaves us alone with the Pizza and time to talk even more.

MISTRESS KITTY . . .

The second the door closed I started with my questions, "When you hired Trinity before did she kidnap you also? Is that what always happens? Did you like it? . . . Cause I kinda did . . . it made me so f'n wet . . . I didn't understand it . . . but I want more and not being able to contact Trinity is driving me crazy, do you have a different number for her?"

"Look! My hands are shaking thinking about it! And Mistress Kitty . . . Oh My God she's got a rocking body and the softest hands!" Realizing I'm now the excited little kid I just accused James of being.

Ashley is just looking at me smiling while finishing the last of the pizza . . . wasn't aware you could smile while eating . . . now I know.

Watching her cleaning up the last of our plates and the empty box and napkins . . . and taking it to the kitchen . . . I continue, "The worst part was that uncomfortable as hell ride in her trunk . . . still have no idea where we went, but know it was a long ass trip . . . Ashley, I'm just so sexually frustrated right now, I can't bear it!"

With the last of our pizza party cleared away, the smell of it was also fading as Ashley returned and held onto both of my hands that are still shaking.

In effort to comfort me, "I'm sure where she took you, it was way closer then it felt." Her hands, so soft . . . taking a deep breath in, the smell of the pizza has

now been replaced with the smell . . . of fruity peaches . . . I look at her speechless . . . my mouth drops open . . . butterflies forming in my gut . . .

She fully realized I finally pieced it together and said, "Closer then it felt . . . as in right next door . . . I asked Trinity to go the very long way because I didn't know how you would react."

Very slowly I ask, "So?" shit, couldn't even finish my question. "When I had a Safe Room put in downstairs, I went extra large . . . it's also sound proof."

Again, still having the hardest time spitting out anything more then a word at a time. Good thing she knows what I'm asking before I even say anything, "And?"

Kitty, I mean Mistress Kitty, I mean Ashley, shit! Says, "And . . . next weekend I want you to strap James helpless in the chair exactly like he was before.

Add on all of the electrostim pads and cock straps, just like before. Lets mix it up with some fun . . . once he's blindfolded and hooded . . . put some Vicks Vaporub on his nipples, balls and cock . . . he'll like that."

Trying to keep track of all of Ashley's instructions, I listen carefully. "Then start up his power box . . ." I step in with, "Trinity taught me this part:"

"Program - Random"

"Intensity - Maximum"

"Time - Forever"

Ashley says, "Good, but you just interrupted me . . . I'll remember that for your punishment." Wow! Way better without that voice box thingy!

"You will then wear something nice and sexy and come in the back door. On the counter will be handcuffs and a blindfold. Kneel down, put both on, hands behind your back and wait."

My whole body is shaking like it's shivering even though this room isn't even cold. The butterflies in my gut have increased and I'm fidgeting in my seat trying to rub myself against the leather of her couch. "Do you understand all of my instructions and promise to follow them?" I reply, "Yes Mistress."

I'm so fucking wet from everything happening and am thinking about masturbating like crazy the second I get home. Ashley continues, "One more thing Slave, you're not allowed to orgasm until next weekend . . . and even then, not until I command you to." Am sure the shocked look on my face was priceless.

"Cumming without my permission will mean I won't be spanking you . . . I'll be flogging your ass with a cat-o-nine tails." Her power, her voice, just so sexy, so strong. Ashley continues, "How will I know if you disobeyed me and came?"

I nod yes, because she once again knew exactly what I was thinking. "I will ask you if you came without my permission, and you Slave, you will tell me if you did."

Still at a loss by all of this, but so much more happy and hopeful . . . Mistress Kitty is my f'n neighbor! She walks up to me and gives me a long, open mouth, extra wet kiss.

"Be kneeling, blindfolded and cuffed in my back foyer by 8pm next Saturday . . . Every minute late means one more whip of the cat-o-nine."

I've made it a life rule to always be on time . . . thinking this one time; I'm breaking that rule and will be around ten to fifteen minutes late . . .

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The next few Pages are

My Personal Suggestions to

Save you some Time . . .



Zatanna Dark

FINAL BONDAGE DELIVERED

B-DAY SIX-PACK: SPANKING PADDLING CROPPING CAT-O-NINE CANING & WHIPPING



Zatanna Dark

FINAL BONDAGE THREESOME

MISTRESS LOVES SPANKING, TEASING, DENYING & CBT

***"I wish to say Thank You Reader
for spending some of your Precious
Time with Me in my World"***

Love Zatanna



*Feel Free to Contact Me with
Comments, Suggestions, Requests -*

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