



Zatanna Dark

FINAL BABYSITTER BONDAGE
PLEASE TEASE ME PUNISH ME SPANK ME



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ZatannaXtraDark@Gmail.com

Twitter: @dark_zatanna

LOST BET . . .

I watched her grow up next door to us, and yes, underage is not only illegal, it's Taboo, plus being Married seven years, with a child . . . there's four solid reasons to Never Act On my Day Dreams . . . and I haven't . . . until she hit 18 several months ago. Shannon was a mix of several races, which easily made her one of the most beautiful girls I've ever met.

Standing before me, I'm getting lost in her deep brown eyes, her long straight dark brown hair with hints of burgundy in it, her smile . . . which right now is one showing how proud she is with a job well done. What job you may be asking? The job of tying me up . . . completely helpless . . . in our Basement . . . on a Friday Night . . . with my Family out of town.

Ok, I still have two of those four reasons to have not done anything with Shannon . . . but my God! She developed so quickly . . . was always so Nice and Flirty and wanted to play. Leaning over me in my chair, with her perfect sized breast pushing hard against her white cotton tank top . . . and that large ruffled pink skirt . . . she knew these were my favorites and wore them on purpose. Knowing my cock would be hard very early on . . . and she was right.

As the ruffles of her pink skirt brushed against my naked knee, my cock jumped up and down on it's own. Pulling hard at the ropes holding me tightly in my chair, I couldn't get them to budge. When I took the bet, I had no idea she brought so much rope. Struggle all I want, I was just as helpless now as I was an hour ago when she looked at her phone and said, "Ready . . . Set . . . Go!"

Her awesome smile grew larger causing her cute little cheeks to lift up a little as

the timer on her phone finished counting down . . . {5} . . . {4} . . . {3} . . . {2} . . . {1} . . . {Beeeeeeep!} Resting her hands on the inside of her thighs, leaning over more "Looks like I Won" says Shannon very proudly.

Slowly I shake my head yes. I so wanted to win the 'You have to do everything I say for the next 24 hours without question' bet. I had so many ideas running through my head for Shannon to do . . . but I guess it's not happening . . . not this time . . .

Shannon double checks, "So I Won, Right?" I nod yes. She says, "No! I'm in charge of you . . . I'm . . . Mistress Shannon now. When I ask a question . . . you will answer me properly. Yes or No Mistress Shannon." Ok, so this is going in a different direction then I thought it would once I realized I couldn't get free.

Really thought I'd be mowing her lawn, getting her shopping done or washing her car in a speedo or something. Well, truth be told, I'm liking this version of Shannon . . . I mean Mistress Shannon better.

She asks me again, still leaning over my helplessly tied body, "I Won the bet, Right?" I respond, "Yes, Mistress Shannon." "And that means you have to do EVERY THING I say for the next 24 hours, Right?" With no other option, I say, "Yes, Mistress Shannon."

Mistress Shannon finishes with, "Because if I let you go and you don't follow my every command, I will never play any of your games ever again." I've learned to live for these games and can't do without them, so my only response is, "I Promise to Do Everything you Command me to, Mistress Shannon."

ULTIMATUM . . .

Her smile now the biggest yet, unable to stop herself from showing her pearly whites, she turns and grabs the second suitcase she brought with. The first one was jam-packed full of the close to 300 feet of rope currently holding me hostage and at her mercy.

Expecting to see her pull out a bunch of leather straps, gags, maybe a hood, chains, whips and other items of torture . . . she caught me off guard when the first thing she pulled out was a larger pair of gray high heels! Not that I would know, but looking at the size, I'm guessing these will fit me.

Continuing to pull everything from the case and laying them out on the table, I learn quickly what I just agree to. "As a child, my favorite this was to play dress up games with my dolls. I liked making them into fancy, yet sexy Business Woman like I wanted to be . . . "

Watching every item she brings out while she talks, "I'd even put makeup on them, but it was always a mess and turned out bad because the dolls were so small and the makeup was full size . . ." There's a very short gray business skirt and a long sleeve matching top . . . a white blouse and even a necklace . . . all added to the collection on the table.

"That always made me, cry myself to sleep." She turned to face me with that statement, making a sad face. In one hand was a pair of panties and the other hand was two thigh high nylons and a garter belt. Oh my God, she can't be serious! Seeing the look on my face, she knew what I was thinking.

"You promised your Mistress, EVERY THING I say for the next 24 hours . . . Or, I will blindfold you, gag you and pour jalapeno juice all over your chest, stomach, thighs, cock and balls. Then leave you down here . . . all alone for the rest of the weekend."

She then grabs a full jar of jalapenos out of her case and puts it down hard on the table right behind my future outfit. "Oh! Look! I have a jar right here!" A few weeks back at a picnic, I had some of that juice dripped on my arm in front of her. It took a few minutes, but it started to burn. Worse yet, once it started, I couldn't get it to stop, even when I washed it over and over.

I can't begin to imagine the pain that juice would cause on my cock and balls . . . and won't have to. "Yes, Mistress Shannon, EVERY THING you command." Having picked the jar up and acting as if she was about to open it after her last comment . . . she softly put it back down and continued getting the rest of my outfit ready.

She pulls a corset out which matches the panties and two very large, very life-like, silicone Latex breasts . . . complete with erect nipples. Then a wavy blonde wig, and the final item was a makeup kit. Turning back to me she explains once more my ultimatum.

"You are helpless . . . it's been way over an hour now and I have you so tied up, you'll never get loose without my help. If you promise me one more time, I'll explain what you need to do next and I'll let you go . . . if you don't promise . . . I will use all the juice in that jar and you will experience the most painful weekend of your life . . ."

As seriously as I could I say, "Mistress Shannon, you are the Goddess of Rope Bondage . . . I'm helpless and at your Mercy to do with me as you please. If you set me free, I promise to do everything you say for the next 23 and a half hours." You know, since it's already been another 30 minutes and all of her pulling all that stuff out . . .

She turned to pickup the Jar of Burning Pain Juice and I interrupted her, "I'm sorry Mistress Shannon . . . that was a bad joke . . . 24 hours . . . from the time I'm free . . . what ever you command." Putting the jar back down, she started the very long, very tedious process of un-wrapping 300 feet of rope. It took her over an hour to tie me in the first place. It seemed even longer to come off.

While unwinding the rope Shannon said, "You will go upstairs, shave off your beard and mustache. Then, shave your legs and crotch area. I want you as naked as a Ken Doll down there. Then take a long hot shower and put on this deodorant and perfume." She handed me those last two items.

Free of the chair, mentally freaked out, yet still rock hard for some reason, I leave to go upstairs to prepare myself per Mistress Shannon's commands . . .

CAUGHT YOU . . .

It was a few days after her birthday, and she should get all her spankings on her birthday, but that's ok, I caught Shannon stealing from Cindy, my Wife's purse yesterday, and she needed to be punished. Lying across my lap, which was making me insanely hard, was Shannon's tight little body, with her firm little ass sticking up.

{Smack!} "15" {Smack} "16" each spank making her squirm and fight me even harder, as her struggles and small yelps with each Spank bring me closer to release . . . kind of sad she only had two more Spanks of that fine ass before her punishment is done.

Just as I was bringing down number 17, which was going to be much harder, Shannon made the perfect mistake of blocking me from Spanking her ass with her hand. That's perfect for me, not so much for her and her predicament. "Guess I need to start over Shannon, because now you were an Extra Naughty Girl."

"I don't want to play this game! You can't just spank me like this! I'm leaving!" She starts to get up as I respond, "Guess I'll just have to show that pic of you taking money from Cindy's purse . . . that will for sure cause her to cancel your Business Internship at her Company . . . it would be really sad if that happened . . ."

Shannon stopped, shook her head at me, the expression on her face was far from her normal smile. Very quietly I could hear her mumble, "asshole" as she positioned her body back over my lap and hard cock.

I waited . . . she forced her ass upwards some . . . begging to be Spanked more . . . I waited . . . she repeated the words that started her first spanking, "I've been very Bad . . . Master . . . Please Punish Me . . . Please Spank Me . . . Hard" Good Girl, she remembered her lines.

Got so excited actually having Shannon in such a position, begging me to be spanked and punished, I made it to 16 and almost 17 spans way too fast. I needed this to last as long as possible because I'm sure I'm only going to be able to use the threat of that one pic for so long. Odds are, this may be the only time I ever get to enjoy her like this.

As I start over on her Spanking, {Smack!} "17", Shannon trying to pull a fast one. "That's not going to work Shannon! You're even more Naughty then I thought. Pull your shorts down." Starting to get off of my lap Shannon says, "Fuck You! You can get your rocks off some other way! I'm not doing it!"

"I wonder what fall back career plans are? Now that you won't be going into Business . . ." Standing there with her hands on her hips with a pissed off look on her face . . . she slowly un-buttons and un-zips the front of her shorts. Oh, My, God! This is actually going to work!

With her shorts pulled down to the middle of her thighs, I enjoy the site of her light blue, very tight underwear. She climbs back onto my lap face down as she now quietly mumbles, "fucker". Her mostly naked ass turned up towards me as I just got another present from her . . . that tight underwear was a thong! There's nothing protecting her ass cheeks from her impending second spanking.

I wait . . . and wait . . . and wait . . . until I hear her quietly mumbling, "god

dammit!" . . . she then makes her absolutely perfect ass even a little bit better, by pushing it up and saying, "Please . . . Master . . . I've been very Bad . . . please punish me hard"

She didn't have the line exact this time, but my god! Look At That Ass!!!
{Smack!} "1", Shannon learned her lesson and started over with her count.
{Smack} "2", the feel of her naked flesh against my hand . . . even for that second . . . was heaven!

{Smack} "3", the tiniest of wiggle after each spank . . . I wait . . . I learned my lesson to not rush this moment again . . . I wait longer . . . {Smack} "4", she jerked a little with that one because I changed my timing. I liked that, surprising her, getting more of a reaction out of her.

This time when my hand came down {Smack} "5", I left it just lay on her warm, smooth flesh . . . enjoying it's touch . . . before lifting it off and giving her two quick spanks {Smack} {Smack} "6, 7". That got her to jump some and bounce on my hard cock . . . which she was very aware of . . . then I waited again . . .

Just enjoying how red her cheeks have become . . . waiting . . . Shannon knows her punishment isn't over . . . waiting . . . every so often her ass is randomly tensing up . . . she's waiting . . . {Smack} "8" . . . purposely fucking with her . . . waiting . . . hoping she gets mad enough to stop me or lose count so we have to start over . . .

{Smack} {Smack} {SMACK!!!} "AHHH! OUCH! 9, 10, 11", two fast followed by a just as fast, but extra hard spank had to sting as I finally got a verbal response out of Shannon. I'm sure by now every spank has been hurting, but she's tough and was trying to act tougher by keeping it to herself . . . waiting . . .

{SMACK!!!} "AHHHH!!!" followed by her grunting out "12!" . . . I wanted to do this ever since I watched her reaction when, she was spanked in front of us by her Mother when she broke our Vase . . . {SMACK!!!} "13!!" grunting again . . . can feel her breathing harder . . . waiting . . . I'm starting to tighten up myself . . . right on the edge of climax . . .

I see her body is shaking and can hear she's quietly sobbing, as tears are now dropping onto my couch . . . {SMACK!!!!} "OOOOOH! FFF FF 14" . . . she's not such a tough Girl any more . . . with between her first spanking and this one, she's actually had thirty spanks . . . waiting . . .

{SMACK!!!!!!} "15!!!!!!!!!!!" Shannon combined her scream of pain with her count . . . her ass is now wiggling, tensing, moving, trying to avoid the next spank . . . she's breathing very hard and has switched to an all out cry . . . but being so close to having this be over, she stays tough and makes no effort to stop me . . . waiting . . . she's folded her arms under her breasts, making sure she doesn't try to block her last few spanks . . . waiting, waiting, watching, enjoying her physical and mental struggles . . .

{SMACK!!!!!!!!!!} "OOOOWWWWW!!! . . . 16!!!!" . . . she's pushing, flexing, squeezing, wiggling right on top of my cock and there's no more holding back as I let out my own sounds, tense up and start to cum harder then I've ever cum in my life . . . and she completely knows how her pain has been my pleasure . . .

My spanking hand is pushing down on her hot ass while my other hand is pushing down on the middle of her back as I'm pushing my crotch up against her as hard as I can . . . she's struggling to get away as she can feel each pulse as I continue to cum hard!

{SMACK!!!!!!!} "AHHH! OOOOWWWWW!!! . . . 17!!!!" . . . even in the heat of this moment, Shannon manages to maintain her count . . . as the last of my load is released and the front of my shorts have become noticeably wet . . .

I wait . . . only one to go . . . she waits . . . we both wait some more . . . I try to take in the best mental pic of this moment so I can beat off to it many times later. This was to be the first and last time I would get to experience something like this . . . her 18 year old perfect body plastered hard against my lap . . . withering from the pain of her punishment . . . I wait . . .

Am sure Shannon is ready to just yell at me to finish . . . but she knows better to not make a mistake at this point . . . I wait . . . listening to her still crying, her body shaking, random tensing up in fear . . . expecting number eighteen to be the hardest . . . {smack} I give her a very light, almost a love tap . . . she hesitates, and then says "18".

She slowly starts to move, then waits again, unsure if that was a trick . . . I assure her, "Shannon, your punishment is over . . . I will never show Cindy that picture. As much as you may hate me right now, I'm still a man of my word." She slides off of my lap, giving my still throbbing cock one last rub on the way.

Standing up, not looking in my direction, she snuffles a little and lets out on more "oooww" as the soft material of her shorts was enough to cause her pain just sliding across her red ass. She grabs her phone and quietly walks away . . .

As I watch her tight little ass sway slightly with each step . . . I think to myself . . . she has to have done something else that she should be punished for . . .

RESEARCH . . .

That last thought as I watched Shannon walk away after that intense spanking session continues to haunt me. Seriously, she has to of done something else worthy of another punishment . . . a better punishment. She's been our main Babysitter ever since our Son was born, so she's been in our house many times.

Before we relaxed enough to trust someone to watch him, we put several nanny-cams in. One cam in his room and one cam in the Great Room. In case you're not aware, these are hidden cameras disguised as something else, like a book or a toy. Put them on a shelf and they kick in as needed if they sense motion.

The videos are auto uploaded and saved for viewing later to double check that your Babysitter was treating your child right. We used to check those videos every time religiously and Shannon was always a perfect little angel with him . . . we had nothing to worry about.

We'd totally stopped double-checking these, because our level of trust was gained and very strong with Shannon. This is a big part of the reason Cindy has her lined up to work at her Business as an Intern.

When Cindy and I would watch these together, I really wasn't thinking of Shannon like I do today, so these were pretty boring overall. But Shannon was younger and more innocent then. Now, almost five years later, she's not so innocent any more and I knew it! Hell, I just caught her trying to steal from Cindy, so I know she's not such an angel.

Logging into our Nanny-Cam account, which I couldn't believe I still remembered the password, it has the last 500 videos . . . oh my god! This, this is not going to be easy or quick. Going back to the kitchen, I make myself a drink and start my viewing experience.

Since these videos are auto taken and uploaded whenever there's motion detected, most of them are of my Wife, Son and myself entering and leaving those two rooms. Shannon Baby sat for us about once a week, so every so often she would pop up a half dozen times and then be gone again.

My god this sucked! . . . Until I realized these were dated . . . so I switched to just watching the Friday and Saturday ones which greatly sped this up. Several hours and several Drinks later, as I was viewing at 3X, I caught a guy coming into the front room where Shannon was sitting . . . this may have just got interesting.

He walked up while she stood up, put one hand over her breast, the other behind her ass, he pulled her hard up against himself and starting giving her very deep kisses. She moved them around so his back was too the couch. Then she stepped back and pulled his pants down and pushed him onto the couch. Ok, that's getting cleaned!

His large cock standing straight up as he leans back and rests his hands at his sides. Shannon slowly starts to stroke his meat very very slowly as he tips his head back and closes his eyes. Me? I would have kept my eyes open . . . I mean, look at her!

After working his shaft with one hand and cupping his balls with her other hand, Shannon opens her mouth and proceeds to give him a long slow blow job . . . her head moving up and down in rhythm with his hips pushing up . . .

Both of her hands surrounding the base of his shaft, holding it firm as her head and mouth continues to bring both him and myself closer and closer to release . . . his one hand gripping the couch cushion hard while his other didn't find a target and is just gripping the air . . .

Thrusting his hips up high, lifting his naked ass off of our couch, he grabs the back of Shannon's head with his free hand and pulls her hard towards his member . . . I can see her fighting this as his cock is starting to choke her from it's size and depth inside the back of her mouth . . .

Although these videos have no sound, I could see he was screaming in pleasure as I did his voice over, screaming in pleasure myself, as we both unloaded hard thanks to Shannon . . . really wish these had sound now so I could hear what's going on as he started to talk.

Shannon, with one quick motion, just did a backhand wipe across her mouth . . . I didn't see a drop of cum anywhere . . . she took it and swallowed it all. Kinda wish she had been here with me . . . because it's an f'n mess! I frosted the keyboard, table, part of the monitor and who knows where else.

For a 26 year old, I can still produce quiet nicely. Glancing back at the monitor and very happy I did just in time, as this guy hands Shannon several bags of some bright pink colored pills . . . Holy Shit Shannon! OMG! This was so worth it!

Not only did I get to masturbate my way to an intense release, I now have a threat way better then the last one. The one that led to that unbelievable bare ass spanking! This is way worse then stealing a little money from Cindy! . . . Wow!

PERFECT TIMING . . .

Don't get me wrong, I love my Wife and my Son and miss them when they're away, but the text I just got couldn't have made me happier . . . She just got called away on a last minute Business trip and would be stopping home to pack a bag and leave right away.

Our Son, who was already at Cindy's Mom's house, would be staying there until Cindy got back. We normally trade off when we're both home and not working. But when she has to leave for multiple days, it easiest for her Mother to just have him stay over.

He has a spare room and more Toys there then he has here . . . Grandparents. Sounds like she won't even have time to stay for a quick dinner and will need to eat on the way. Bummer . . . but that means I can put all my energy towards my plans for Shannon . . .

Let's see now . . . letting a strange guy into our home . . . letting his naked ass touch our couch . . . honestly, kinda feel that was the worst part of what she did . . . giving him a hand job followed by a blow job . . . then getting paid in drugs . . . yep, that's pretty bad and very deserving of a much more extreme punishment . . . but I keep drawing a blank as to how to punish her . . .

In such deep thought and or fantasy about Shannon's next punishment, I didn't even hear Cindy drive up, come in or that she was standing right next to me. Opening my eyes with my hand on my crotch again. Cindy said, "Really? What is wrong with you? No self control . . . it's the middle of the day."

Kissing me on the forehead, she grabs her bag . . . OMG, she already packed her bag also? I was really deep into my thoughts. "See ya in a week! . . . Don't do anything I wouldn't do!" Cindy calls back to me as she leaves and the door closes behind her.

No matter how hard I think, I can't come up with anything new to do with Shannon . . . I can't get the image of her fine ass as I spanked it. Her cute little squirming body, trying to stop the spanks. Guess it's a good thing I can remember that so well since I didn't get any pics of that experience.

FINALLY! I GOT IT!!! When we were growing up and did something wrong, my Dad always pulled the "How do you think you should be punished?" Card. It was an amazing trick, because we always feared picking too easy of a punishment that might make him mad, earning us a much worse one in stead.

We would pick the absolute worst thing we thought we could handle and he would always agree. I guess he was most likely drawing a blank also, and was making us do the work for him. Well, if I tell Shannon what I have proof of . . . and ask her the right way . . . I bet she'll surprise me with a great idea!

Turns out . . . this was the best plan . . .

CAUGHT AGAIN . . .

Texting Shannon, I told her she needed to stop over. She took her time coming over, but eventually did. Before I could open my mouth, she told me what was on her mind, "You promised to not show Cindy that photo! We had a deal! My ass is still sore and hurts to sit! You're not using that pic to punish me any more!"

She did a little one foot stomp with that last line. Shannon may be an adult now, but she still has a bit of Spoiled Little Girl Princess about her . . . always in pink and all . . . perfect little smile . . . acting all innocent . . .

Her in control attitude stopped pretty quick, once I told her I knew about her blow job for drugs on our couch. Also, how that would for sure destroy any chance of the Career she wanted. Not only with my Wife's Company, but also most likely any Bigger business with concerns about their image.

Shannon was pissed off at me for putting her in this situation. Personally, she put herself in this situation. Now, I just need to see how creative she can be with my next question. It's all about wording it right to see how far this can go . . .

"Shannon . . . you're fully aware of the level of punishment you got for stealing a little money. This is way way worse and the punishment has to fit the crime. What do you feel should happen to you?" . . . the wheels in her head started to turn for several minutes . . .

I'm not rushing her answer. I remember the longer we thought about it the worse

punishments we'd come up with. Pretty sure the same thing is happening in her head right now. So I wait as she thinks even longer before she finally offers her suggestion.

"You should tie me up spread eagle and helpless in my underwear." OMG!!!!
"Then using a vibrator, giving me forced orgasms and not stopping no matter how painful they get." I can't believe it! I never would have added bondage to these games, but now I have to do it! It's what she wants!

Calmly I ask, "And how long should this punishment go? Cause what you did was really bad." Shannon replies, "The punishment has to fit the crime . . . as long as you want". That rolled off her tongue almost too easily . . . as if she was ready . . . and you know what? . . . I don't care!

The image of Shannon withering, squirming helpless body being forced to cum over and over while I get to watch . . . I'm already rock hard just hearing her say this is how I should punish her. I still question a little how this is a punishment for her and needed to ask her just that.

"Shannon, you do understand this needs to be a punishment? How is me making you orgasm a punishment? I'm thinking you just don't want to be spanked again?"

"My boyfriend Rod . . . " Yeah, he seemed like an f'n 'Rod' " . . . we were playing tie up games and he did that to me. Yes, I enjoyed the first three or so times I came . . . so that part will be pleasant for me and knowing you, you're gonna like that part also." I can't disagree with her so far . . .

"After that, the orgasm's became too intense and were more pain then pleasure . . . I made him stop after the second painful one. I honestly don't know how much worse it would have got had he not stopped."

"I will need to go home to grab some stuff for you to tie me down with. If you used just rope I'm sure I'd end up with rope burns all over from struggling and neither of us want more evidence out there, right?" I shake my head yes. "So did you want to tie me up on the Guest Bed then when I come back?" Wow! Speechless! Again I shake my head yes.

PREPPED . . .

Clearing stacks of some stuff off the Guest Bed, my mouth still hanging down amazed at how well that went. She never even asked how I knew about the blowjob for drugs . . . she didn't threaten to just go ahead and tell Cindy . . . she's bringing her own stuff to tie her up with . . . and I get to make her cum as many times as I want!!! Dreaming? . . . a little slap to my face to check.

Turning my head, Shannon is already standing next to me and says, "You promise when this punishment is over, you'll delete those videos?" Guess she does know how I knew then . . . wait, videos? That means there's more than one time she did something that bad . . . can worry about that later. For now, I need her tied up . . . I mean, it was her idea. "Shannon, I promise"

She pours out her bag of stuff she brought with on the bed and says, "Let's get this over with then." Seeing the pile of stuff I comment, "Seems like a lot more stuff than we need to keep a petite little girl like you helpless . . . no matter how feisty you get."

Shannon has a very good response . . . guessing she has thought this out, "When I blocked your hand during my spanking, you started over and punished me worse." I comment, "Very true, you were extra naughty by doing that."

"Well we need to make sure no matter how hard I struggle, that I can't get loose because I'll try and stop my punishment . . . and you, being the asshole you are, you'll force me into doing it all again." She's right again . . . I would do exactly that.

All the while we've been talking Shannon has already stripped down to just her matching set of intense pink 'Of Course' tight silky underwear. OMG! She's just got the perfect body! She then strapped on some padded, but very wide and sturdy, leather ankle and wrist cuffs with metal rings connected to them.

Buckling them extra tight, she then added three more longer and wider padded leather straps to the very tops of her thighs and one very low on her waist. Each of these also had multiple metal rings I'll be able to tie ropes to.

Moving the pile of ropes and other stuff to one side of the bed, she jumps on the bed very fun like we're about to have a sleep over, gets into a spread eagle position and says, "Ok, tie me up now and make sure I can't get loose."

I wait . . . just like before I spanked her for Shannon to say it the right way and she knows that's what I'm doing so . . . she waits . . . I wait . . . finally she says in a very robotic way, "Please tie me up and punish me with forced orgasms . . . as long as you want."

"That's better Naughty Girl." and I get to work, starting with the ropes from her wrists to legs of the headboard. Triple knotting each of the ends of the ropes, so they can't come off. As tight as those were, I grabbed both of her ankles and pulled her towards the foot of the bed so her arms were fully out stretched. Shannon let out a cute little grunt when I did this.

Two more ropes from her ankles to the legs of the footboard completed her spread eagle position. I tell Shannon to try and get loose. Did that for two reasons: 1. Obviously to make sure she couldn't get loose. 2. So I could enjoy watching her struggling spread eagle in her hot pink silk underwear.

Very worth it as she tugged, pulled, twisted and struggled for several minutes before she said in an almost excited voice, "I can't get loose and I won't be able to stop you from punishing me." I swear she just licked her lips after saying that . . . or maybe I just imagined it.

"You should add ropes to my waist and thigh straps so I can't move too much." She wants more ropes? Not going to deny that request. Adding ropes from both sides of her wide leather waist strap and tying them off tightly to the frame of the bed. Triple knotting, these like I did with all the others. Then finished off by doing the same with ropes to her wide leather thigh straps.

These last few ropes will help to keep her pussy from moving too far away while I hold the vibrator hard against her. Am very glad she added these last three straps. Loving to hear her talk about her being punished, I asked her about the last of the stuff she brought with.

"There's more in the items left than just a vibrator. What am I to do with all of these?" I had ideas, but again . . . I wanted to hear Shannon say it, and was glad I did. "The thick leather gag will give me something to bite down on. Plus, I won't be able to talk you out of punishing me once it gets too intense. The smaller black ropes you can use to tie the vibrator against my pussy when you need to take a break or sleep."

OMG! She's suggesting her punishment should go overnight!!!

FORCED . . .

Holding the thick leather gag in front of her mouth . . . I wait . . . Shannon knows what's expected and says, "Please Punish me, I've been a Very Naughty Girl" and in goes the leather gag, tightly inside her mouth. She lifts her own head so I can buckle it behind, as she does nothing to fight this last step before the punishment begins . . . accepting her fate.

The display of this gorgeous 18 year old Girl, her deep brown eyes, her long hair and perfect skin, spread eagle and helpless before me was unbelievable! Her eye's looking directly at me, almost pleading to feel the vibration that will start as pleasure and slowly become pain.

Knowing this was her suggestion and making totally sure she won't be able to stop me . . . I still feel this is somehow more her wish then mine . . . and I'm ok with it. Seeing her lips wrapped around the hard leather gag and imagining them wrapped around my cock like she did to earn drugs is intensifying my hardness.

So the vibrator was a larger bright pink 'Of Course' wand style that plugged into the wall. No worry about batteries running out in the middle of our fun. She even has an extension cord plugged in . . . that little minx. I had the ropes to tie it in place later, which I will be doing, and one last item, a leather padded blindfold.

Not adding the blindfold to her yet . . . am enjoying the look in her eyes too much as she's thinking about what's to come . . . or should I say who's to be cumming very soon. Was considering turning on some music . . . but think I'd rather be able to hear the noises she ends up making. Plus turning on music would push what I was doing to my Babysitter from just freaky to over the top

creepy.

Holding the end of the wand lightly against her pussy, I turn it on the lowest setting to build up slowly . . . keeping her on edge . . . Shannon immediately starts a slow wiggle of her hips and a very quiet moaning into her gag. That happened way too quickly. I'm pretty sure she had already mentally started down this path quiet some time ago because she's already humping hard, grunting and cumming!

The little bitch played me cause she's already enjoying herself while I'm left holding the wand as she cums! I might as well be holding her purse while she shops! . . . Taking a minute to process, she did say she would like it in the beginning and it would start becoming painful around four or five orgasms in . . . guess we'll be finding that out for sure quicker then I thought.

Her first forced orgasm lasts around five minutes, which was impressive. She slows to almost no motion or noises for only a few more minutes before she goes right back into a slightly more intense humping of the wand and a little louder on the moaning as we go into another almost five minute orgasm.

Again, I'm doing all the work while she's having all the fun . . . not for long my little victim . . . your punishment is right around the corner. I'm amazed at how horned up she had to of been before this started. I mean, this is the lowest setting and it goes up nine more intensity levels.

The time between her second and third orgasm was even shorter and I go ahead and change the wand to level two causing Shannon to let out a little gasp, "Hahhh" around her gag. With just increasing the vibration by one, her physical motions increased two fold along with her breathing and grunting with every hump up of her strapped and roped hips.

This pattern of Shannon enjoying around five minutes of pleasure as her body would push hard against the wand, her grunts into the gag with each push and her breasts moving up and down with every breath, a little higher each time . . . followed by around a minute break between each orgasm, continued.

Every two rounds, I would turn up the vibrator one more level and we're now on level six! WTF?!?!? She's still enjoying every orgasm! . . . I mean, so am I . . . I'm not touching her pussy, but with my hand tightly wrapped around the wand and holding it up against her mound, feeling her every move . . . my hand just inches from her thighs and her sex . . . I could just grab her if I wanted at any moment, but I don't. That wasn't part of her planned punishment.

Level six, up one every two, she's had over a dozen pretty damn intense orgasms and she sure as hell doesn't seem to be in any pain. Again, I wonder if she played me or if her tolerance level has increased that much since 'Rod' did this to her?

Well that's enough with this slow crawl and my hand and arm is getting tired. I turn off the wand and set it down, causing Shannon's eye's to pop open and her head to jerk up looking confused by my unexpected work stop.

"Oh, don't you worry little one . . . its time to step this up . . . and you can't stop me." Yes she had a gag on, but I could see she was smiling with her eyes . . . she wanted more as much as I did. I grab the smaller black ropes she brought and tie all three of them around the head of the wand, leaving six loose ends for me to connect elsewhere.

Positioning the head centered over her clit, I find good solid homes for all six of these loose ends. Two running under the backs of her thighs and tied off to the

rings on the outsides of the large straps embracing her very firm thighs.

These two ropes were fun to feed underneath her. She did give me her best 'I'm not happy' look as I did this, but I responded with, "Have to make sure you can't wiggle free of the vibrator . . . remember, it's what you would want me to do."

Two more ropes running over the fronts of her thighs, also tied off to the same rings the first two ropes were tied to. As tight as these were, none of them really achieved the pressure of the head against her clit as was needed . . . yet.

This is where the last two ropes did their job and did it well. Running these straight towards the center front of her wide leather waist strap, I pulled them through the ring until the wand pushed against her clit.

With the first four ropes helping to keep the head nicely centered and these last two getting it to push against her clit, this needed to be more intense right away. No more waiting for her to enjoy another dozen or more orgasms before her actual punishment starts . . . not happening on my watch!

LEVEL TEN . . .

Shannon was quietly paying attention to what I was doing. That was until my next few moves. I pulled tighter on the two ropes running from the head of the wand to the center ring of her waist strap causing her to give out another gasp of air around her gag, "HHAAHHH!"

The head was now firm against her very swollen cliterous, but that wasn't good enough for this to become a punishment. I pull a little more as the corded handle end of the wand lifts off the bed. This got her to grunt and lift her head up . . . looking to me for mercy as she knew where this may be heading.

One more pull so the handle was lifted to almost a forty-five degree angle off the bed causing all of its weight and pressure to be centered against her hot button. She was now struggling around and moaning into her gag.

No matter which way she turned, twisted or struggled, the head of the wand stayed on target . . . making me smile . . . real big as the look of worry and fear formed in Shannon's eyes and brows. Think I may have her just where I wanted her all along.

She continues to stare at me, begging for mercy with her eyes and starts to shake her head 'no'. Every move only making the handle of the wand bounce up and down slightly which I'm sure is increasing it's pressure against her clit.

I wait . . . Shannon continues to look around at her tied wrists, jerking on them to

see if they may come loose . . . I wait . . . she looks to me again as the full realization that her pleasures are about to switch to her pains . . . I enjoy . . . she continues to try in vain to get free . . . she's mine!

"So . . . have you ever tried Level Ten?" That totally got her attention, "MMMGGFFGG!!!" Jerking her head back up looking towards me to NOT do Level Ten. She pleads through her gag, "MMNNGH MMFFGH MHG MMUUHG FFMM!?!?!"

"I can't understand you Shannon, but am pretty sure your earlier words were: You should tie me up spread eagle and helpless in my underwear. Then using a vibrator, give me forced orgasms and not stopping no matter how painful they get." I know for a fact those were her words because I've been repeating them in my mind ever since she said them.

"So . . . Blindfold or no Blindfold?" Holding the padded leather one in my hand, I answer before she gets to. "You keep trying to plead to me with your deep brown eyes . . . can't have myself breaking down, feeling bad for you and giving you mercy . . . it wouldn't be the kind of punishment you deserve if that happened."

Extra slow like I lower the blindfold into place, enjoying the look of helplessness in her eyes. I strap it tightly in place and admire my work. She's spread eagle, unable to free herself. She can't talk me out of this with her words or eyes and the wand is in place and ready for Level Ten . . . Wow! Just Wow!

I stand back and wait . . . she's trying to listen to where I am and what I'm doing . . . waiting a little more . . . she's randomly jerking as if I just touched her or just turned it on . . . waiting . . . the anticipation is such an easy mind fuck . . . I flip the switch to Level Ten . . .

Have you ever seen The Exorcist? Where they try to hold down the Possessed Girl as she struggles wildly? Or a Movie or TV show with that type of Scene? Well that is what I'm watching right now.

There was no wind up time or waiting, once that vibrating wand, pushing extra hard with all of its weight, against her swollen clit was at Level Ten, Shannon went directly to Level Eleven!

She wasn't wiggling or struggling; her body was outright shaking hard with no real direction or purpose. Her hands were opening and closing, trying to grab at nothing. Her feet had curled upward and stayed tightly in that position. Her head was wildly shaking around and it had become a constant scream into her gag, "MMMMMMMMMMFMFMMGGGMGMGMGMMFMGM!!!!!"

With her shaking her ass would randomly lift off the bed and her breathing had become intense with her firm breast giving their own small wiggles as Shannon tried to stop the Painful Forced Orgasm Demon from fully taking over her body.

Am glad I added the blindfold so she didn't see me ripping my pants down and beating off as hard and as fast as I could to the Show she was being forced to put on for her Audience of One . . . unable to stop myself as I unloaded all over her helplessly tied and struggling body!

It happen so fast I didn't have time to turn away as large drops of hot semen were now starting to run down different areas of her naked body. I'm not sure she even felt any of that as a layer of sweat had already formed on every inch of her naked flesh.

Quickly I looked for a chair to slump into as my legs almost gave out on me from the intensity of all of this. As I lowered my hands to rest, one bumps into my still hard, freshly released cock and the pleasure of my own touch was too much, so I moved it away. Realizing what Shannon is experiencing right now has to be a hundred times worse or intense then my simple little cock bump.

AUTOMATION . . .

Too tired to get back up out of my chair, I sit and watch as Shannon's punishment continues without my help. Her wand is still set to Level Ten, and pushing hard against her clit. Her still ongoing scream, only stopping to take in another deep breath and every time her ass lifts up off the bed, that motion causes the handle of the wand to jump up and down and push it's head even deeper into her mound.

There is no more ups or downs with the Level . . . it's set to Ten now and that's where it's going to be whenever its turned on. This is meant to be a punishment and I think we finally hit that right on the nose . . . or right on Shannon's swollen cliterous as it may be.

I watch intently as this automated torture and punishment continued . . . never stopping . . . never resting . . . and then I turn off the wand . . . for now . . .

Shannon lets out the longest breath of air I've heard as her chest lowers with the release of the pressure. Her screams have stopped as she slows back down to normal, more relaxed breathing. Her hands and feet relax back to normal positions, am sure she's going to have some cramps and pain later with all four of those.

Walking over to the side of the bed, I see that most, if not all of my sperm has blended in with her coating of sweat. Was planning on wiping it all off of her, but wouldn't know where to begin, now that I can't even see it. Her bright pink silk underwear and bra had become dark pink from being soaked in her sweat.

Did I feel she was punished enough and was going to let her go now? Hell No! That was only a few hours . . . and Shannon hinted at being left helpless and tortured by forced painful orgasms overnight . . . wasn't taking that away from her.

Am sure she's not going to be happy about this, but here goes. "Shannon" her head turns a little to try and listen better. "I need to go to bed now" Before I even said anything more she went into total panic mode! Yes, she suggested what I was about to do, but that was before she had her first experience of Level Ten Forced Orgasms.

She started to jerk and pull hard shaking her head the biggest 'NOOOO!!!' as she could. Her head was twisting around uselessly, as the blindfold has taken her sight away. "MMGH MFFGFF MMHG MNMMNNHG MMFFGGG!"

Almost wish I could understand how she's trying to talk her way out of this, but am glad she's gagged, because she might have been able to get me to crack. Can't have that happening, remember, I need to keep going no matter what.

I know I mentioned only doing Level Ten from now on, but decided to mess with her one more time before I leave her for the night. I turn her wand to Level One and she returns to one of her earlier pleasant, much more calm orgasms . . .

Not so fast little Lady . . . counting to five silently and switching to Level Two . . . she's moving a little more now . . . having no idea my final plan before leaving her helpless for the night. Another silent five count, one more level up and she's moving a little more each time.

She's already into her second orgasm as I'm rounding Level Six and the realization of me not stopping is hitting her. Level Seven and she's moaning, grunting and trying to get me to stop increasing . . . 'Keep going no matter what' . . . Level Eight . . . Level Nine . . . Level Ten . . .

Returning to the state of forced painful orgasms, body shaking, heavy breathing, head flailing around, hands gripping at nothing, feet turned up and that ongoing wailing into her gag . . . she's not getting any rest tonight.

I lean down close to her ear . . . trying to avoid getting my nose broken as her head is flipping around . . . I move back a little and wish her a good night sleep. "Now have a Good Nights sleep . . . I'll see you in the morning . . . I may sleep in a little . . . hope you don't mind"

With all the noise and commotion she was making I wasn't fully sure she heard me . . . that was until I could sense her muffled screams of pain behind her gag have switched to muffled screams of anger. Her jerking around was more violent as she was making her last efforts to have me stop her torture.

Holding her head still with both of my hands, I kissed her on the forehead, whispered "Good Night Shannon" and left her alone for the night . . .

AFTERMATH . . .

As much as I had joked and threatened to leave her overnight and sleep in, I really didn't do either. With this hot as fuck, sexy as hell, hard bodied Girl helplessly withering the night away, I wanted to enjoy as much of it as I possibly could.

I went downstairs, made myself a late dinner, ate, drank, and took a bathroom break and then quietly heading back up to enjoy more of the Shannon Show. She didn't disappoint in the least bit. I couldn't believe the stamina she had! She was struggling, flailing, screaming and more almost constant.

Her constant noises made it easier for me to achieve four very slow hand jobs throughout the night. Biting my lip each time to prevent her from hearing me as my semen was doing more of a slow dribble each time. Not as impressive as my first time where I spackled her mostly naked body. Either way, intense or minor, five times was a new record for me . . . Thank You Shannon!

It was only a little after five in the am, but I still turned off the wand and removed the ropes holding it in place. Shannon once again let out that long breath and then fell asleep and had the cutest little snore . . . might have been partially due to the gag . . . so I removed that next.

Was expecting her to yell at me, but she didn't. Just kept sleeping as I took off her blindfold and the rest of the ropes. Then removed the straps so she was down to nothing but her still soaking wet, now dark pink, panty and bra.

Her hair was a mess as she rolled onto her side going into somewhat of a looser fetal position. I collected all the items, ropes, straps, gag and more and put them back into her bag. Grabbing a blanket, I covered her up and went downstairs for some much needed coffee.

I had fallen asleep myself in the front room and didn't wake up until early afternoon from the sound of someone moving near by. It was Shannon standing in front of me fully dressed and with a very serious look on her face.

Moving into a very guarded position, so my crotch was protected, as I expected her to plant one of her feet hard into it. After what I did to her last night, I kind of deserve it . . . even if it was her idea . . . I may have gone too far with it.

She walked up to me, sat on my lap as if I was Santa, leaning into my chest and resting her head on my shoulder, snuggling with me and whispering into my ear one word, "thank you" . . . Ok, read this situation totally wrong . . .

We stay, tightly together, silent as I breath in her combination of subtle perfume, she never wears anything strong, her sweat mixed with my semen and the musk of her pussy that's just had the most intense twelve hours of it's life.

Her combination of smells is better then anything I can remember . . . I'm totally confused, but loving the aftermath of last night . . . and then it goes the next level with Shannon's next comment . . . "If I come back over tomorrow . . . can we play another tie up game? . . . I have some other things I'd love to try with you . . ."

Voice in my head, (FUCK YEAH!!! YES! YES! YES! MENTALLY DOING A

TOUCHDOWN DANCE!!!!) Voice on the outside of my head, "Sure . . . I guess so . . . if that's what you want . . . " Wasn't expecting the tie up game to be the one where I was tied up and lost the bet . . .

DRESS UP DOLL . . .

Can't remember how it all happened . . . how she did it? But here I stand in front of Mistress Shannon after failing to free myself in time after she tied me up to that chair with just rope . . . 300 f'n feet of rope . . . which I didn't know she had when I took the bet.

Now, for the next 24 hours, I have to do whatever she tells me to do. I've shaved off my mustache and beard, which I'll be able to explain to my Wife Cindy with a simple, "Wanted to make a change" comment.

The shaved legs and crotch . . . those are going to be a lot harder to explain. Can't dwell on it too much right now, I lost the bet and I'm a man of my word. So here I stand, beardless, mustacheless, legs and crotch shaved, freshly showered and I already put on the women's deodorant and perfume she told me to. With nothing on now but a towel.

"Sit down", says Mistress Shannon, and I do so. She puts a small folding table in front of me and says, "Hands". Putting them on the table, she proceeds to paint my fingernails . . . bright pink, of course. Once done, she moves the table away while my nails dry. Holding one foot at a time on her lap, she does the same bright pink number to my toenails. "Those will take around five to dry."

While I was still sitting, Shannon decides to torture me even another way . . . plucking my eyebrows with a tweezers. I know women do this, but really just want to enjoy the look . . . don't want to think about the process . . . much less experience the pain that comes with it.

With that whole sexy businesswoman outfit Shannon lined up for me, I wonder how ridiculous I'm going to look in it. Although I'm pretty physically fit, I am a much thinner build than most guys. Guess because of my lost bet, I don't have much of a choice no matter how I end up looking.

Asking me to hold still, she's now doing my makeup. "This is so much easier to do on you than my Barbie dolls . . . they're way too small." says Shannon, all a matter of fact like. No idea what she's putting on me and really don't want to know.

The next few moments are when it really got awkward . . . at least for me . . . Shannon wasn't flinching or bothered at all by any of this. "Ok, drop your towel and put on these panties . . . be sure to tuck your cock down and back before pulling them up tight."

"Wait? What now?" Shannon, I mean Mistress Shannon wasn't happy, "Are you questioning me?" Quickly I try to recover, "No Mistress, I'm sorry . . . I was confused." She states, "It's really very simple, you are my Dress Up Doll who doesn't have a cock . . . so you can tuck it tightly between your legs before putting on your panties or I can cut it off."

Now she's freaking me out! I'm going with the tight tuck choice. One good thing though . . . normally I'm always hard around Shannon and there's no way I would have been able to tuck like she's asking . . . telling me to do. Well, nothing about what's been happening to me is the least bit exciting, so I'm totally soft.

One by one, I put on each item as she hands it to me. I put on the lacy garter belt, the thigh high nylons, clipped to the garter so they stay up. Then the matching

corset, which she helped to tuck the fake breasts into, makes me look very large up top.

The initial putting on of the corset wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. It was the tightening up of it that made it a torture device all on its own. Shannon took her sweet time lacing it and every so often actually pushed her knee against me, as she pulled extra hard. Was surprised at first how she got her knee up that high, but shouldn't have been because I knew she's been a gymnast for a lot of years.

Again, I'm thinner build, but up until just now, pretty much still had a very male shape to my body. With this latest addition of the corset decreasing the size of my waist, along with my ability to breathe freely, and these large breasts, my tight fitting panties and nylons . . . anyone's first guess would be female.

Then came the necklace and white blouse, which fit very snugly over my large breasts, causing the buttons to strain. The short skirt, even with it unzipped, was very rough to pull up over my hips. Once zipped, it was very tight all by itself. With the corset reducing my waist size, the skirt did fit. I would have been too large without the corset. Seems Shannon put a lot of thought into dressing me up.

Lastly came the very business like long sleeve grey top and the wavy blonde wig, which not only finished my outfit, but also completed my total humiliation in front of Shannon. I really didn't know exactly how to take this how dress up thing she wanted to do with me. Guess maybe it's a hidden fetish she's always had and I just helped to fulfill that fetish for her.

Shannon takes a moment to appreciate her job and then goes, "Oh, Wow! Almost forgot" and quickly goes to grab the grey heels and says, "You need your shoes . . . careful, they can get tippy." I step into them and her warning was very valid. I

worked hard to stay steady.

"Don't worry, you'll be sitting the rest of the time . . . by the way, you look very pretty and very sexy as a business women." A few moments ago I mentioned how the wig completed my total humiliation in front of Shannon . . . actually I need to update that statement to being Shannon's last comment.

I'm just glad that since this process took so long, we've already burned up a good number of those 24 hours I have to do what she commands . . . just not enough of those hours to stop her from having even more of what she considers 'FUN' at my expense.

ROLE PLAY DOLL . . .

"So you're a Sexy Young Business Women who was walking out to her car when she got kidnapped by several Big and Scary Thugs. They took you down here and tied you up to a chair before negotiating for your freedom"

Shannon points to the same chair she had me tied up, very successfully I need to add, when she won our bet. It took forever for her to tie me, but even with just rope, I couldn't get loose no matter what.

I didn't think she could do it, so I just relaxed and let her go to town . . . it was too late before I realized how helpless I was. This time I'm going to keep a little space between my wrists and the chair back uprights, so I can work my way free if things go further south again.

Even though I was looking very woman like, I sat with my legs spread apart so she could once again tie my knees to the corners of the seat like before. Shannon corrects me, "Business Women don't sit like that . . . put your knees together."

Moving my knees together reminded me how trapped my still soft cock has become. Tucked tightly down between my legs, forced to be curled back further by the tight pink panties, and now with my knees and thighs together, it won't matter if anything does excite me because he is trapped solidly into this very unnatural position.

"That's better . . . now as much as you wanted to fight these two Big and Scary

Thugs, they threatened if you tried anything they would tie a plastic bag over your head and leave you to suffocate to death."

Yes, I have to do whatever she commands for 24 hours, but that doesn't include dying, "Mistress Shannon, you're not planning on doing that to me . . . are you?" She replies with, "Why do you ask, are you planning on trying to stop me from kidnapping you?" I reply, "No Mistress Shannon, I agreed to do whatever you commanded me to do."

Shannon looks at me and says, "Then I don't see any problems here . . . now cross your wrists behind your back so the Big Scary Thugs can tie them together." My initial plan of keeping space between my wrists tied looser falls apart quickly as she encircles and crisscrosses my wrists tightly together.

Once tied together, she uses another rope to tie them to the base of the chair. It seems she's using the same 300 feet of rope as before, but rather than being like a half dozen very long ropes, she's cutting them shorter as needed.

"The one Thug is really enjoying your legs as he ties your ankles together." She slides both of her hands slowly up my calves past my knees, up my thighs and just a tiny bit under the edge of my extra short skirt. Ok, everything else aside, that got me . . . the feel of her hands sliding across my nylon covered legs caused my trapped cock to tingle a little.

She wrapped my ankles tightly with a rope in nice lined up rows. Then finished it off by running the ends around the rows of rope, between my ankles to tie it off almost hidden like behind them. She then does another light touch of the side of my thigh . . . causing yet another tingle.

When I first sat in the same chair, I was expecting a repeat performance of what happened last time. About the only thing here that was the same turns out to be the chair. I was no longer that neighbor guy agreeing to a tie up challenge bet.

Now, like Shannon has said several times . . . I'm a Young and Sexy Business Woman who's been kidnapped. My legs are bound tightly together; my wrists are tied differently with very neat little groupings of rows of rope. Very artistically placed and tied at my ankles, the tops of my calves, just above my knees, around the middle of my thighs and at the top of my thighs, right over my already solidly trapped cock.

The groups of ropes around the middle and tops of my thighs also run under the seat of the chair. As these were pulled tight, it caused my thighs to push even more firmly together and down against the hard chair.

With every one of those ropes, her Story Telling about what the Thugs were doing continued, along with their random touches and caresses of my nylon covered legs, which Shannon so kindly acted out those caresses.

Forgetting what I must look like right now, my mind and concentration was 100% on every one of those physical contact moments and my cock has begun to grow firmer inside of it's trap. With my legs normally spread when I sit, tied up or not, my cock can grow all it wants.

With this predicament, he's already feeling the roadblock of being tucked inside my panties, compressed between my thighs and forced hard against the wooden seat with the ropes just above.

"The second Thug pushed the first one out of the way and told him, It's my turn." She now did more rows of rope encircling my waist and another group at the middle of my stomach.

"As these ropes are put into place, the Thug takes breaks to feel the weight and size of your breasts." Of course I couldn't feel anything as she acted that out on my fake breasts, but I focused on her perfect breasts and imagined doing the same to her . . . which increased my hardness further.

Then came the ropes that are the most important when tying up a Sexy Woman with larger breasts . . . the ropes just above and below her breasts, forcing them to stick out further. Fake or not, my breasts were no exception to this rule as Shannon did the same to mine.

As much as the corset, extra tightly laced on by Shannon, and the ropes around my stomach made breathing harder, it wasn't until the last two groups of rope tightly tied across my lungs that breathing became a chore.

I made the mistake of commenting about this, "Shannon, those ropes tied so tightly around my chest are making it very hard to breath." Fuck! Not only did I talk out of turn, I forgot to start with 'Mistress' and she noticed!

"It's Mistress Shannon! . . . and you think it's hard to breath now? . . . what if the Thugs put that plastic bag over your head? . . . do you think breathing would be easier then? Because once they tied it closed tight around your neck and left you . . . well, just sayin."

"I'm sorry Mistress Shannon, please forgive me." She looks at me and very

seriously like says, "The Thugs and I, all forgive you." Is she role-playing still? Or is she actually thinking it's the Thugs doing all of this? Getting pretty freaked out, but try to stay calm because I'm pretty much at her mercy.

With my wrists tied and the ropes around my stomach and chest also including my biceps and forearms, I'm pretty helpless . . . just not as bad as when she kept wrapping that extra long rope around my whole upper body before.

Moving my wrists some more, I do feel some very minor slack, which means I could work my way free with time . . . so if she is really losing it in her head, I still have a way out of this. Shannon always seemed like a very levelheaded girl, but her comments and actions since I lost our bet have been making me question her more and more.

Leaning in front of me with her cute little smile and perfect skin, her deep brown eyes looking deep into mine, she holds up a large ball gag and says, "The Thug asks if you have any last words?". I respond with "Please don't tie a plastic bag over my head and leave me to suffocate to death."

Shannon laughs loudly as she forces the large ball gag deep into my mouth and says, "You're a very funny lady . . . I mean, as long as they pay us the ransom . . . you have nothing to worry about." Buckling the ball gag tightly as my lips are wrapped around it.

Taking one finger, she taps on the ball gag and says, "This is way better than Duct Tape . . . it'll actually keep you quieter and I can still enjoy your lipstick." After all of this, I fiddle some more with my wrists and am now sure I'd be able to get loose of my ropes with a little more effort.

Her story telling has another surprise twist . . . one that screws me over completely, "The one Thug says to the other one . . . Look what I snagged the last time I was at the Cop Shop" and she holds up a set of Police Issue Handcuffs . . . dangling it from one finger.

Switching my attempt at getting my wrists free into overdrive . . . {CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK} pulling hard {CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK} Fuck! Too late! "Yeah, the Thugs noticed you trying to get loose, so decided to make sure that couldn't happen . . . the one is asking if we should suffocate you now for trying to get loose?"

The imaginary threat of suffocating me just went from imaginary to very real as Shannon turned around holding a large clear plastic bag and a short piece of rope. All I could do is look scared as fuck at her holding two items that could kill me in a few minutes . . .

"Oh, you silly girl! . . . Don't look so scared . . . I mean, if we killed you, we'd never get our money. By the way, that eyeliner really helped to accentuate the fear in your eyes . . . I thought for a second the poor helpless baby was going to cry." . . . She was kinda right on that last one . . . again . . .

SHOW TIME . . .

Putting the two items of my potential demise down, the large clear plastic bag and short rope, Shannon walks over and makes herself comfortable in a larger soft chair right across from me. Bringing out her phone . . . fuck! She's going to take a pic of me like this! . . . OMG!

That new fear is short lived as she puts on some Pop music and sets her phone down. With her eyes keenly on me, her one hand is working its way up and under her top while her other hand is working way down and inside of her pink shorts.

This whole time I was worried about how stupid or silly I was looking . . . while Shannon was creating a live action Sexy Business Woman being kidnapped and tied up Show she could masturbate to. As the fear of not dying is leaving me, I do my best to enjoy the Show she's putting on for me right now.

Her hands and motions are all very slow and deliberate . . . she knows her body well and what she likes, as I can see she's starting to breath harder already. Her perfect breasts rising and falling with each breath in and out.

I felt it was only fair I return the favor of giving her my best Show. Figure it's time I try to role-play a little and act like the helpless Sexy kidnapped Business Woman she worked so hard to make me.

With that last minute surprise addition of the Police Handcuffs added to my

bondage, I wasn't getting loose . . . no matter what. Didn't mean I could get my struggle on for Shannon's sake.

Starting again with my best-scared look, I turn my head to look at my large tied up breasts and try to move my chest and arms as much as possible. It wasn't much movement, but it was enough to catch Shannon's attention further as her hands started to increase in speed.

I then worked to get my legs and waist to move with my struggles. As I tipped and twisted my ass and hips, I could feel the tip of my hard-trapped cock pushing down against the wooden seat. I so need to get it un-trapped and released from the buildup of sperm that's growing more with every minute . . . Shannon's Show has forced that production into overdrive.

The more I struggled the faster Shannon's hand down her shorts was moving in small circles and the even heavier her breathing became as she was starting to let out a pattern of gasps that were getting closer and closer together. Yes, I still have a large ball gag strapped in extra tight, but I could make noises to for her sake.

"MMFHFF MMGNNMMG MMLLHG!" Begging her to let me go and then switching to moans and grunts to enhance the overall helpless Damsel Show . . . which this is what sent Shannon over her edge as she was now rubbing herself as fast as she could and starts to scream as the intense orgasm takes over her body!

My struggles intensify along with her orgasm, as I'm now trying everything I can to get myself to cum . . . squirming, twisting, tensing up my ass and thighs, moving sideways and front and back as much as possible. Actually getting the front legs to lift off the floor several times . . . it's not happening for me . . . it's not possible . . .

It takes about 15 minutes for Shannon to finally come down off of her mountain of orgasms and start breathing normal again. Me, I'm sweating hard from all of my efforts and the layers of tight fitting clothing, corset, underwear and nylons . . . not to mention the ropes over the top of that.

Even though I just watched her cumming multiple times . . . I didn't cum even once . . . I couldn't . . . my cock, as hard as it's become, was trapped in a position that just didn't allow it's release of pressure. My balls have become more swollen and in need of emptying . . . the sexual frustration was mind numbing . . .

ENCORE . . .

The Shannon Show was over . . . but there was still time for the Encore . . . just not the Encore I was expecting. Shannon grabbed her phone again, and started to have a very lengthy text conversation. I, sat helpless and completely out of whatever and whomever she was in contact with.

My only option was to continue my efforts and getting myself to cum . . . as useless as these efforts were. It was odd, but I was really enjoying looking down over my tied breasts . . . with my long wavy blonde hair cascading over them . . . seeing my nylon covered thighs exposed even more as my short skirt has rode up further with my struggles.

Admiring how sexy my legs looked like this with the ropes holding them in place. Pretending I was looking at a Women bound and dress like this, while feeling the ropes myself, was a bizarre thing . . . yet, my cock was liking it . . . Then, I was brought back hard into the reality of my predicament when Shannon got up off the chair.

Leaning down a little in front of me, so fucking sexy like, Shannon says, "Thank you for struggling for me . . . it for sure helped me cum much harder . . . It wasn't because of how much I liked watching you dressed a women . . . It was more because your struggles reminded me of how fucked you are right now."

Sitting in shock as Shannon brings her phone up and snaps a quick pic of me and my shocked look. Then works her way around me as I struggle hard and swear into my gag as she gets pics of me from like two-dozen angles and distances. I try my hardest to turn away and hide my face, but with that many pics, it was a

failed effort.

Shannon sits back down and goes back to her phone. I'm sure she just hit send on at least one of those pics and is now back to another extra long text conversation. I sit silent, like I can figure out what is being typed, but that was just stupid . . . kind of like allowing this, whatever this is to be happening.

Her cell phone rings and Shannon answers it "Intern Shannon, how may I help you?" Fuck No!!!! "Ok, hold please . . . " One more time she gets back up, comes over by me and holds her phone out before pushing the speaker button.

"Hi Honey! I see you got yourself into a bit of a predicament there . . . that Shannon, she's always been a real smart Girl . . . she outsmarted you pretty good." Oh my God! She's not mad at Shannon . . . she can't know what she did then . . . but I'm going to let her know as soon as I'm free!

"Yeah, we talked about that stealing thing and those drugs . . . but those were all for her sick Grandmother . . . she needed them badly and Shannon, found a way to help her . . . just like she found a way to help herself solidify her Internship with my Business . . . Shannon, can you start on Monday at 7am?"

Shannon replies, "Yes mam, I sure can . . . looking forward to it." As the bitch gives me a little wink and I reply with "MMFF MMG!" Which is a ball gag 'Fuck You!'. Shannon holds her finger up to shoosh me and says, "My Boss wasn't done talking yet".

"Honey! . . . Still there? . . . Of course you are . . . she tied you up real good . . . saw the pics . . . very cute. How are the cuffs? I suggested those to be extra safe.

Didn't want any chance of your breaking free once you learned the Truth of what Shannon just pulled over on you . . . you've always done way to much of your thinking with your little brain."

Cindy continued to take the wind out of my sails and then tear the sails and masts down, "Oh, so you don't consider any other stupid ideas, I gave Shannon passwords to both your phone and the Nanny-Cam Website. She has very good Tech skills, so any pics or videos have been long deleted . . . including any cloud backups."

"Wait, not all the pics and videos . . . both Shannon and I have multiple copies of some newer pics and videos . . . all staring you and your and your Blonde Bitch alter ego that likes getting tied up helpless in sexy Business suits and pretending you're a woman. You may have been able to trick Shannon into allowing you to give her a spanking . . . but everything else that happened after that . . . well, those were Shannon's ideas and I backed her all the way."

I gave Shannon the most pissed off look I could and her past punishments would be nothing compared to what I want to do to her and now Cindy, if I ever got the chance. Shannon just stood there with the tiny smile and look of accomplishment for what she's achieved to pull over on me. Do have to give her a mental, 'Well played Bitch', but will never say that out loud.

"Honey? Still listening? Because this next part is very important . . . if you don't want any or all of those pics and videos to leak out . . . things around home are about to be very different and you will do Everything that either I . . . or Shannon command you to do."

"You heard me right, or Shannon . . . her fetish of having Her Own Personal Full Size real life Dress Up Doll . . . well that's true . . . a little odd, I know, but we all

have different fantasies, and you will be fulfilling hers as often as my Newest Intern Wants . . . " Fuck!!!!!! I yank hard and scream into my gag, "MMMMGGGHHFHFGGFF!"

"Shannon, he sounds very angry." Shannon replies, "Oh, he is . . . pretty sure he wants to kill me right now." I shake my head slowly yes for Shannon to see. "Well it's best you just leave him like that until I can get home tomorrow . . . still need to pickup up his Special Surprise." Shannon lets out a little giggle.

Looking confused by that last comment . . . I mean, I'm freaked out by everything else, but Special Surprise. Shannon starts to jump up and down a little like an excited child, "Oh, Cindy! . . . I know its saposta be a Surprise and all . . . but can I tell him . . . PLEEEAASE?"

Cindy replies, "Gotta love this Girls initiative . . . oh, ok" Shannon gives me one more of her leaning forward positions with her hands on the inside front of her thighs and says, "Seems you can't control your own cock . . . it keeps getting hard and shooting its load whenever it wants . . . and that's bad. Cindy is picking up a locking metal chastity cage we'll be locking your cock and balls inside of." I start to shake my head no, hard . . .

"Oh, you are so silly! You're not getting out of those cuffs until your cage locked on tight. I did some research to find the best one on the market at keeping your cock permanently in the bent down position it's in right now . . . found one that had Five Stars on how Strong it was and it's Impossible to remove Ratings . . . won't that be fun?" I reply, "MMMGGHG!"

Cindy breaks back in, "Shannon really is a very Smart Go Getter . . . I promised she gets to hide the key to your cage . . . I mean, I won't be needing that thing any more and you sure the fuck don't deserve to use it." Shannon smiles again at

me as I let my fate slowly sink in . . . there's really no way around stopping what they have planned for me.

Cindy makes one more comment, "Shannon, One more thing . . . the weather here is a little crazy . . . they were talking about there possibly not being any flights out tomorrow. If I get delayed, you can give him some water . . . but be sure to re-gag him after . . . he'll need to wait until I'm home to be let free . . . if he does give you too much grief . . . maybe you could try some breath play with him . . . you already have the clear plastic bag and rope handy . . . there's nothing he can do to stop you . . . Nice Job Shannon . . . see ya tomorrow . . . or the day after . . ."

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ZatannaXtraDark@Gmail.com

Twitter: @dark_zatanna