



Zatanna Dark

FINAL BONDAGE DELIVERED

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



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SPANKING . . .

I wasn't at all happy with Craig! I understand his work takes him Overseas for weeks at a time . . . but missing another one of my Birthdays for work! This is three years in a row now and I'm spending it alone, Again! In our Summer Home . . . miles from everyone!

He apologized over and over and promised me something extra Special . . . something he said I'd never expect or forget . . . well that part was right, as I opened the door to find the Scantly Clad Mistress Olga and her Traveling Suitcase of Bondage Surprises!

Of course, after I closed my mouth, I invited her inside . . . worrying stupidly, thinking a Neighbor may see her . . . the next closest Neighbor can't hear us when we have a Loud Party and for sure can't see my porch. Anyway, her first words were, "Happy Birthday Amber", with a Sexy as Hell, Russian Mistress accent. I knew why she was here and wanted it badly.

As odd as this may seem to most, Craig and I have played many different Role Playing Bondage Games, which often I would end up getting a small Spanking here or there. I liked it and pushed him to Spank me harder. He hinted, 'Maybe I need to hire someone to give you that Ultimate Spanking you need'.

Again, you may be asking, how would anyone Trust a complete Stranger to bend them over the end of a Kitchen Table, tie their ankles to the legs of the table and their wrists over the other end, wearing nothing but their PJ's? Well I don't Trust Olga . . . I just met her . . . but I Trust Craig with my life, so Tie Me up Olga and give me that Spanking! I deserve it and I need it!

The large ball gag went in and was tightly strapped on. I welcomed this for several reasons: 1. Even though Olga was a Professional at this, I was a Total Newbie at having someone I didn't know tie me up . . . having already mentioning the Weather three times . . . I was happy I couldn't talk any more. 2. I'm guessing she's going to Spank me harder then Craig . . . so having something to bite down on is a good thing . . . and I was right!

{Smack} "MMMMGH!" Olga's, or I was told to address, so I guess also think of her as Mistress Olga . . . well her first warm up Spank was harder then the hardest one Craig ever gave me! Already biting down on my ball gag, I'm prepared for my next Spank of the 27 total I'm expecting for my B-day.

Olga was messing with me as I wiggled and tensed up my ass a little in anticipation for what felt like forever . . . finally relaxing it as {Smack} "MMMMFFGG!" Perfectly timed and slightly harder then the first! Only two Spanks in and I knew she was good!

{Smack} before I even had time to process the second Spank, a surprise attack with the third! That one bringing not only it's bit of pain, but pleasure as my pussy was reminding me why I love to be Spanked! "HHHHAAAA" letting out around the edges of my gag, the breath I was holding in.

After two, so quick in a row, Olga, I mean Mistress Olga, might as well went to make herself some coffee . . . because she had enough time to! OMG! I want this to last, but PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME WAIT SO {Smack} {Smack} {Smack} "LLLLMMGGGG!!!" As I squirmed around, pulling on my ropes, my helpless predicament was sinking in!

Helplessly tied up, in the bare hands of this stranger, Neighbors are miles away and my Boyfriend is on the other side of the World. I'm gagged and unable to try and talk my way free. The first six Spanks have all become progressively harder and there are still 21 more to go!

As scary as all of this is, I'm also getting closer to wanting to cum by the minute . . . Instinctively, I push my ass upwards, signally her, 'More Please'. And she delivered with an unexpected fury of seven intense Spanks in a row as I struggled to keep my ass pushed up while at the same time, trying to move it to avoid the next Spank!

This time, the extra long breather she allowed me was much welcomed as I worked to catch my breath and deciding to maybe not push my ass up like that again . . . at least for a little bit, smiling around my gag as the pain slowly transferring itself to pleasure . . . now on the edge of orgasm . . .

The next four or five {Smack} {Smack} {Smack} {Smack} {Smack} were nicely and evenly spaced, allowing me time to tighten up my pussy and ass in harmony with each one. Mentally, physically and emotionally accepting each touch of her hand as it made its solid contacts with my cheeks. God! I Need To Cum!!!

Again, without thinking, I pushed my ass up as far as the ropes would allow . . . realizing what I did, quickly I bite down hard on my ball gag, grab the ropes holding my wrists as I just pushed Olga's 'Fury Mode' button again.

{Smack} {Smack} {Smack} No Time to Breath! {Smack} {Smack} {Smack} No Way to Stop her! {Smack} {Smack} {Smack} Each one harder then the last! Tears pouring down my cheeks as Mistress Olga says "27" . . . Shit! Its Over! Dammit! . . . Still needing to Cum more then Ever Now!

Mistress Olga unties me, I stand upright and reach around to touch my ass . . . OMG! It's actually Hot to the touch . . . which sends a tingle directly into my Sex! She puts all of her stuff into her extra large Case of Bondage stuff. Closes the locks, pushes it up against the wall, so it's out of the way and heads towards the door.

I ask, "Mistress Olga, don't you need your Case?" Her response couldn't have been any better! "You have the Six-Pack . . . I'll be back the same time Tomorrow for your Paddling" OMG! Craig! Six-Pack? And Tomorrow is my Paddling?!?!?!?

Trying my hardest to not be rude, I politely rush Olga out the door with a, "I really need to go to the bathroom badly" excuse. Unaffected by how I was, Mistress Olga left as I finally took a chance to notice and enjoy her nice little ass and that amazing outfit she was working quite nicely.

The door closed and I fell to the floor with my hands already on my pussy and my breasts! My Orgasm Mission was first and foremost, so I didn't even notice at the time, how painful it was to have my ass against the hard wood of the floor.

Spinning my fingertips in the fastest circle I could I'm sure she could hear me scream out as I orgasm'd before she could have made it to her car. My Birthday Spanking fueling me as much as just imagining getting Paddled Tomorrow!

When I woke up, a hot mess on the floor, just inside our front door, it was already dark out. As I sit up, the pain of my ass against the wood hits and a flash of my Spanking in my head as my hand returns, for another high speed spin off my fingertips on my still swollen cliterous . . .

PADDLING . . .

So totally overwhelmed yesterday by the overall Birthday Gift Craig got me, I totally missed all the small and sexy details about Mistress Olga. Today, wanting to enjoy every minute of my time with her, I started by really paying much better attention to everything about her.

Opening the door to find Olga on my front porch, exactly 24 hours to the minute after she first showed up yesterday. Inviting her in, but not fully moving out of her way, so I could get a closer look at this Unbelievably Strong, Sexy and Powerful Woman I'm about to submit myself to a second time, for Day Two of my B-Day punishments.

Her eyes, my god! Need to start with her eyes . . . as Sexy as they are Mysterious. Her smaller, perfectly pouting lips and perfect skin . . . easily could be a Model if she wasn't already. Her large black earrings could have actually been mini Cat-O-Nine tails.

Her hat, it was black, shaped like one a Military Officer would wear, if you ignored the several pounds of what looked like Diamonds accenting it. Her hair was pulled back tight and hidden in this hat that never came off yesterday and I don't expect it to be coming off today.

She had on black and white, fingerless leather gloves like a weight lifter or bike racer may wear. Then some white leather wrist supports, each with ten thin straps, going from her wrists to almost her elbows. Really don't understand their purpose, other than to draw your attention.

Not having time to enjoy the rest of my Gift, as Mistress Olga interrupts my thoughts and drooling, "Move out of my way Slave, so I can get set up for your Paddling, you so deserve." As much as I wanted to get to know the rest of Olga and her Mistress ensemble, I also wanted my B-day Paddling even more.

"I need you to strip to your underwear for your Paddling." Kind of was expecting this, so I did wear a nicer matching deep blue set of very shiny silk bra and panties. Stripping down, I knew I looked Hot, even though Olga was all Business, and not saying anything.

She had me sit on our leather couch, so she could tie my ankles together with a very long white nylon rope. Looping around at least a dozen times in nice neat rows, then doing a larger loop around all of those rows and between my feet and lower calves. Her technique pretty much had my ankles solidly fixed together.

Then she did the same with my wrists, in front of me, also fixed together, and not coming free. She pretty much hid the final knots on the far side of this and tucked up under the ropes. Even if I tried to undo this with my teeth, I couldn't reach the ends of the rope.

Expecting to be tied, bent over the couch, I was very surprised when Mistress sat down in the middle of the couch and said, "Lay across my lap so I can paddle you." Ok? . . . She was in very good shape, kind of like one of those Cross-Fit Girls. Her lap meant me, in only my panties, skin to skin on her naked firm thighs.

She had on a small pair of black panties, white thigh high nylons, being held up by garters and a very odd, but sexy, transparent one-piece body suit thing that

didn't cover her black bra. Odd, but sexy . . . "If I have to ask you a second time, you will regret it Slave."

Wish she'd give me more details to that "Regretting It" part . . . if it meant a Seventh day of punishments vs. Six? . . . Maybe I shouldn't listen? Or, maybe I lose a day . . . with my wrists and ankles bound, I work my way across her lap and let my panties and naked skin of my stomach and thighs rest against hers . . . Wow! She's even firmer then she looks!

"Slave, I expect you to count and thank your Mistress after every paddle." It wasn't a very long paddle, but it was a very hard leather covered one {Smack} "One! Thank You Mistress" She started out very lightly {Smack} "Two! Thank You Mistress" On top of the pain of yesterday {Smack} "Three! Thank You Mistress" Even very light, hurt! . . . A Lot!

Not tied in place, I try to move away a little {Smack} "Four! Thank You Mistress" her free arm locks in place at the small of my back {Smack} "Fiiiiivvve! Thank You Mistress" OMG! That was only Five and I'm feeling the burn of each hit!

{Smack} "Ssssiixx! Thank You Mistress" I'm starting to grunt out my numbers! {Smack!} "SSSEeven! Thank You Mistress" and worrying about the next hit, I push hard and slide off of her lap landing hard on my side with my legs and arms tied, unable to slow my fall!

"Slave, every time you misbehave, I will be adding one more to my count for Day 4, 5 or 6. Which day you might be wondering? That's up to me. You have ten seconds to get back into position and stay in position . . . One . . . Two . . . "

Being tied like I was, made getting back onto her lap hard enough, now worrying I'm not doing it fast enough, "Five . . . Six . . . " added to that fear . . . which again, added to the tingle in my pussy just thinking about what she may do to me for not behaving . . . Hmmm?

"Seven . . . Eight . . . " I'm back on her lap! Wow! Out of breath from just climbing back on. Once again, I'm enjoying the feel of my sweat-covered thighs and stomach across her firm legs. At the same time feeling bad for getting all that sweat on Olga, even though she's acting as if she's not bothered by it.

{Smack} "Nine! Thank You Mistress" A third of the way, I can do this! As weird as this may sound, but I wish I were fully tied up, so not to also be tortured by the mental struggle of staying in place while every part of me wants to fight being paddled. The built in Fight or Flight instincts we're all born with . . . reeking havoc in my brain . . .

"Slave, that was number eight . . . we will start over at one . . . " What? Wait! {Smack} "One! Thank You Mistress" Not even giving me a chance to digest that starting over part {Smack} "Twooo! Thank You Mistress" Guess we're starting over! {Smack} "Threeee! Thank You Mistress" Fuck!

This experience was something way more {Smack} "Fooodour! Thank You Mistress" then I every expected! {Smack} "Fiiiiivvee! Thank You Mistress" Because Craig never Spanked me long enough or hard enough {Smack} "Siiiixx!! Thank You Mistress" because he was afraid of giving me too much pain.

Mistress Olga, she's a machine and doesn't seem to have that problem. She's as 'All Business' as you could possibly be about having a Girl, she also just met yesterday, laying across her lap in nothing but underwear while Paddling her ass

till it's redder then the day before.

If I'm spending the next four days . . . have to be extra careful with my numbers right now . . . if I'm to spend four more days with her, I would really like us to have more then 'Just being an object for her to torture' and her 'Just being my Torturer' kind of relationship.

My Paddling continues . . . nice even pattern . . . I'm keeping good count as I start to grind my deep blue silky areas into her lap . . . I'm sure this wasn't Craig's plan, but if Mistress wishes to Torture me by tying me spread eagle and endlessly flicking my clit with the tip of her tongue . . . who am I to say no?

Or . . . force me to tongue her clit with my hands tied behind my back? I mean, I'm the Slave and would have to do it . . . just how do I even hint at such a thing to such a straight faced 'All Business' Mistress I don't really even know? . . . My God I'm So Fucking Wet! She has to know I'm getting off on her in so many ways right now!

I have such a Crush on her! Everything about her! Her smell . . . I can't place it . . . it's not a perfume or cologne kind of scent . . . she has almost a musk about her that's driving me crazy . . . making me want her more . . . is this how dear feel during rut . . . if so, it all makes more sense now . . .

{Smack} "Twееееnnnty Seven!!! Thank You Mistress Olga" Grunting that last one out hard as she out of the blue, just pushes me with both hands causing me to fall off and hit the floor a second time! "Ouch!"

Looking right at me and my pained look on my face . . . Mistress Olga says,

"Oh, I'm sorry Slave . . . I thought you got off on falling on the floor." Then it happened . . . the smallest of smiles . . . she couldn't hold it back as a very quiet, slipping for just a moment, out of her Hard Ass Mistress Character . . . a little girl giggle escaped her small permanent pouty lips . . .

Olga was obviously proud of her little joke at my painful expense. As much as I wanted to laugh, I feared her closing back up and locking hard, her emotion factory . . . I chose the safer route and just said, "Thank You Mistress Olga".

The front door closes as a more intense repeat of yesterday happens . . . falling to the floor, fuck me . . . Olga knows what I did yesterday right after she left. I thought her joke was about me sliding off her lap!

Going right to work and letting out a longer louder scream as I came harder than I've ever cum in my life!!! "OH MY GOD OH MY GOD!!!!!" My screams of pleasure continued for several minutes . . . which if we still lived in the City, would have caused complaints from the Neighbors.

Not here though, miles away from everyone else, I was free to let my freak flag fly at Full Staff! Finally calming down, I sit up and glance out the window next to the door . . . for another Birthday Surprise! Mistress Olga, had stopped half way to her car and must have been listening to my screams of pleasure . . .

Facing away from me, leaning up against a tree with one hand . . . her other hand on her mound . . . her body still randomly spasming from us cumming together . . . Wow!!!!!! She turned back in my direction and I quickly ducked under the window so she wouldn't know I caught her masturbating.

I think the next four days are going to be more than just punishments! . . . Craig . . . I'm sorry . . . but I'm the Slave and she's my Mistress for the next four days. I have to do what she says . . . even if it's an idea I gave her . . .

My hand goes back to my drenched pussy for another round as my head makes contact with the hard floor . . . "Ouch" . . . I really need to put a pillow there for tomorrow . . .

CROPPING . . .

Waiting at the front door, looking out the window . . . waiting . . . waiting . . . lump in my throat forming as my butterflies and excitement grows . . . Like a puppy waiting for their Owner to show up . . .

Mistress Olga's Very Glossy, Very Shiny Black car shows up . . . the sun glares off of it as if it was covered in freshly shined Black Latex . . . Quickly I move farther into the house and away from the window. Don't want her to know my Tongue was hanging out and my Tail was wagging full speed . . .

She knocks on the Door and I run my fastest to it and open it just as fast . . . Ok, she knows my Tail was wagging full speed, "I'm happy to see you also Slave." Keeping 100% Business after masturbating herself in my front lawn . . . "Do you have an Ottoman? Strip down to your underwear Slave."

"Yes Mistress Olga, we do have one. May I show it to you?" She nodded yes and I walked in the direction while removing my blouse as I walked. Once in the Study, I showed her the Ottoman as I unzipped and removed my skirt . . . dropping it to the ground.

Mistress said, "Good, now bring me my case and then lay face down on the Ottoman with your knees on the floor." Following her instructions as the moisture is already forming on my mound. Bringing back her large suitcase, it took me two hands to move what she swung around with just one hand when she first brought it in. God, she is strong!

Carefully setting the case down I ask, "Mistress Olga, may I ask a question?" She replies, with a tiny bit of comedy, "Slave, you may even ask Another question if you like." Ok, good, so her funny side isn't fully closed . . . that's good . . .

"When Spanking your Slaves with a Riding Crop, do you only Spank their ass cheeks, or do you ever use your Riding Crop other places on their bodies?" Her response to my question was perfect, "Maybe you should fully strip down naked and we'll both find out." omg . . . OMG! . . . OMG!!! Now I'm scared she took my hint so easily . . . before making her upset, I remove my bra and panty I'd taken so much time picking out for her today . . .

Laying face down on the Ottoman, the cold leather against my stomach and breasts catching me off guard causing me to flinch a little. "The cold leather on your nipples is the least of your concern." Mistress commented. She's so observant of everything I'm thinking and feeling . . . I love her . . .

Moving my arms so my wrists are near the legs, she ties them in place using just rope. Normally you would think just rope means I had a chance to get loose . . . not a chance with Olga the Mistress of Knots on the job.

Using the Tip of her Leather Riding Crop, flicking it on the inside of my thighs, she's signaling to me to spread my knees further apart . . . also affirming she's willing to use it other spots then just my ass cheeks . . . just wonder how many other places it's going to be used?

Mistress kneels down on the side to toss a rope under the Ottoman so she could tie my waist into place. As much as I enjoyed being across her lap, I like this better because I don't have to constantly fight my urges to try to get away from my punishment . . . I'm hers until she decides otherwise.

"Open Up Slave", I do as the very large leather gag is stuffed deep inside of my mouth and strapped behind my head. Thank Olga! I won't need to worry about counting or thanking her either after every hit! I await my Day Three of my B-Day Six Pack . . .

Mistress Olga doesn't just start whacking my ass . . . she's very meticulous about everything, like the rope placement, the knots, and my punishments . . . I feel the tip of her crop very lightly touching my naked ass, causing me to flinch . . .

Then the tip lightly brushes my other ass cheek as again, I flinch and jerk a little. Across the top of my ass, down the outsides of my thighs, flinch, Flinch, FLINCH! "You seem very nervous my little helpless one"

Next, the tip of her crop finds it's way to the inside of my knee . . . then ever so slightly, moves upward and upward and closer and closer to my already wet pussy that's been begging for any attention from my Mistress . . .

. . . ANY Attention! . . . I don't care if it's the Hard and Unexpected Flick of the Hard Leather Tip of her Crop or the soft touch of her hands . . . just give me . . . {Crack!} "UUUUGGGG!" Oh my God! The first Target the Tip of the Crop kissed was the edge of my vagina!

"I guess it does work on spots other then just your ass". Sarcasm? Mistress Olga is giving me Sarcasm now? {Crack!} "EERRRGGGG!" another perfect hit on the other side of my vagina! as I bite down on my gag! Bracing for where this is heading . . .

{Crack!} "UURGGGG!" Oh my God! Only three hits in and the Tip of the Crop makes a direct hit on my swollen cliterous! I hug the Ottoman tightly in effort to reduce or redirect the pain. Although Mistress started with direct hits to my pussy, she moves quickly to the inside, outside and backs of my thighs . . .

{Crack!} "MMMMHH!" {Crack!} "MMGGHH!" {Crack!} "GGHHMM!" Not as painful as the first three, but still causing me to grunt and grown with every connection of the tip to my thighs. The tip is moving around slowly again, brushing lightly here and there. Each time feeling as if the painful sting is about to hit that exact spot . . . It never does! Always someplace different to keep her helpless Slave off guard.

The fear in me triples as the Tip is back to brushing lightly across my clit as I tense up all of my muscles waiting for the burning sting to take over my helpless body . . . biting down, squeezing the leather of the Ottoman . . . {Crack!} "MMGGG!" She plants another hit on the outside of my left thigh followed by a matching one on my right thigh {Crack!} "MNNHH!"

In response to my question, Mistress directed my 27 Spanks to every place except for my ass. Every side of my thighs, along with the most painful, while moments later, pleasurable, hard flicks of every inch of my pussy turned out being Today's Punishment.

Confused as to how exactly my ass completely escaped the cropping, while still tearing up from the last few flicks of my clit, Mistress knew what I must be thinking as she released me from my bondage over the Ottoman, "Don't worry Slave, your ass will get more then it's share tomorrow from my Cat-O-Nines"

Still naked, and both of us acting completely unbothered by it, I walk her to the door. "Mistress Olga? May I give you a kiss on your cheek before you leave?"

She didn't give me any verbal answer, but moved the side of her face closer to me.

I move in slowly and cautiously to kiss her cheek and at the last moment she turns and our lips meet . . . the cherry bomb of flavor hits me strong as I think she's about to give me a hug and {Crack!} "HHHHMMGGHHG!" a direct hit to my ass, which on top of the Spanking and Paddling was way more intense than any other of Today's Cropping!

Both of my hands are on my ass from the pain as she turns to leave . . . then hesitates, looking at the two body pillows I've placed next to the door . . . one in a deep blue cover and the other in a black and white striped one . . . pointing to that second pillow, Mistress comments, "I assume that one is me???" and leaves . . .

With the help of my two body pillows, my daily routine was much quieter . . . laying on the blue one to avoid the loud bang of my body hitting the wood . . . my right arm and legs wrapped tightly around the black and white one, yes, the Mistress Olga one . . . I mean she's always in some combination of black and white!

I bite down on the end of the pillow, hoping to lessen my soon to come, screaming orgasms. Working my hand down to my cliterous, expecting the same intense pleasure as the last two days, I'm shocked by the beating my mound had received at the Tip of her Riding Crop!

Screaming into the pillow, not from pleasure, but the initial pain of the slightest touch! Going at it again, because I need to cum! The hurt being more than I could bear, my mouth releases the pillow along with a much louder scream . . . no hiding it from her . . . she knows what I'm trying to do as much as I know she

most likely took a break on the way to her car.

Unable to finish myself right now, I glance out the window to catch Olga in the front seat of her car, just as she tipped the seat back. It was another ten minutes before she drove off. Enough time for me to locate and apply the right combination of soothing aloe based sex oils and lubes so I could get my release.

CAT-O-NINE . . .

After Day Three, I'd decided to answer the door naked when Mistress Olga showed up at my door . . . exact same time . . . down to the minute each day. I didn't get the response I'd hoped for. "Slave, did I give you permission to greet your Mistress Naked?" I was in shock! I felt horrible and started to tear up as I said, "I'm so sorry Mistress" with my head hanging down low . . .

Mistress put her hand under my chin and pushed upwards to so we could make eye contact, slowly she says, "It's O . . . K . . . I love how Sexy your choices have been and I like to guess which color would be next . . . was actually hoping for Pink Today . . ."

Smiling, I ask, "Pastel Pink or Hot Pink Mistress?" Like we're almost having a regular conversation, she says, "You're too Hot for Pastel my Slave." Quickly I ask, as I wipe away my tears, "Mistress, may I have five minutes to please you?" She nodded and I scurried off to get my Hottest Pink set of underwear I had.

Returning in just under five, I not only put on my Brightest Pink Thong and matching push up Bra, I also got on my pair of Hot Pink Thigh High Nylons, pink fingerless gloves with ruffles around the wrists, a thin leather pink belt that goes around my waist twice and a matching thin leather pink collar.

I was moving like a runway model rushing to get back out on the catwalk in time. Standing, almost bashful like and nervous, I worry if I pleased my Mistress or not . . . her eyes travel from my nylon covered feet and slowly up to my eyes before saying, "Turn" as she holds up her index finger and doing a little spinning motion.

Slowly, I performed my end of the catwalk spin for her, pausing at the halfway point, so she could enjoy the view, then finishing up and waiting for her final grade. "Nicely Done Slave . . . since you chose a thong . . . you can keep your outfit on for me to enjoy."

"Slave, take my case to your bedroom and lay face down, spread eagle for me on your bed." Happy we're heading to my bedroom . . . now I kinda wish she'd gone ahead and had me strip naked for her, before she ties me down.

Each limb of my body has a strap tightly added and locked in place. She loops a rope so the middle of it is doubled up and through the ring on my wrist. Both loose ends are pulled down to the leg of my bed and tied off there. I'm completely unable to reach those knots no matter what.

The feeling of becoming more and more helpless and at Mistress Olga's mercy starts to become overwhelming in so many ways. Both wrists already strapped, locked and knots impossible to reach. She does the exact same on each ankle with one difference.

As the straps on my ankles are tied, she does an extra strong yank on each to stretch out my body. Only wearing a thong, my ass cheeks wide out in the open. Soon, a moment of naked flesh on naked flesh will be catching me off guard . . .

Today, Mistress Olga's all black and white ensemble, didn't include gloves . . . so her naked hand resting on my naked ass sent such sparks directly into my pussy I let out a small {gasps} . . . "You have a very firm ass Slave" as her hand slides around and squeezes it every so often!!!

Had I been a guy right now, face down with his cock against the bed, I would have just blown my load and most likely fallen asleep, and that would be it. As a Girl, that's just not happening. I just jumped three times my level of excitement. I can move my ass up and down, but unable to rub one out no matter how much I move.

Mistress speaks, now that I'm helpless, "Slave, since it is still your Birthday week, I'm going to give you a choice of being gagged or not being gagged before your whipping starts" Wanting nothing more then to give myself to her, I reply, "Mistress, Please gag me extra Tight before you punish me." She replies, "Good, because I brought you a Birthday Gift."

Already feeling so helpless, strapped, locked, tied, miles from anyone and I ask for more. Mistress starts my gagging by stuffing some rolled up black material filling my mouth. Takes me only a moment to realize these must be Mistress Olga's panties from the day before. Happy Birthday to me, I guess?

Three longer pieces of black Duct Tape holds the panties in place as she adds a leather panel gag, without it's insert attached, over the top of the Tape, and straps it tight. The Blindfold that followed wasn't discussed, but I was hers to do with as she pleased . . . my choices didn't matter any more.

She started by just dangling the leather tails of the Cat so they lightly danced on my upturned ass. I could smell the leather of the Cat-O-Nine way more then the Crop or Paddle and that was making me even hornier by the minute. I breathed in hard to take as much of that leather smell as possible. Along with the taste of my Mistress's panties and the smell of her musk, was causing my body to spasm as I rode the edge of orgasming.

{Whoosh Smack!} The tails of the Cat cutting through the air for a second before they make contact with my ass "MMMMGGH!" {Whoosh Smack!} "MMMHHHHGG!" the sting of these many tails hitting random areas was so different then the precisely targeted hits of the Riding Crop. {Whoosh Smack!} "HHHGGGGUU!"

Triple gagged or not, nothing was stopping me from making a racket with every hit! {Whoosh Smack!} "MMGGGFFF!" Throughout this round of 27, Mistress would pause every so often to feel my ass as it gets progressively hotter or to let the leather tails do their light teasing dance upon my skin.

Both would feel good and actually be relaxing and then {Whoosh Smack!} "GGGGGGFFFFUUU!" Really not sure where the time went on my Day Four of my Six-Pack of punishments . . . but she made it to 27 before I knew it and I was still crazy horny out of my mind.

My stomach and thighs lifting off the bed and coming back down, over and over, trying to hump anything, but there was nothing there to rub against . . . that was until Mistress pushed the handle of her Cat-O-Nine firmly up against my pussy and I went into overdrive rubbing against it to cum as fast as possible.

She pulled it away once or twice, just to watch me go wild trying to get it back. I know this, because she giggled each time as I flailed around trying to hump the air . . . Mistress was Devious with her Tortures and I loved it!

After I finally stopped rubbing against the Handle, she pulled it away for good and took off my triple gag and removed my ropes, but not the locks and straps yet, when I asked her another question, "Mistress, wouldn't you save on Gas and Time if you just stayed overnight vs. leaving? We have a Guest room, unless you want the Master Suite?"

"Lay on your back Slave, again, spread eagle." OMG! What's happening?!?!?! She takes the ropes she just removed from the straps locked onto my limbs, and reties them so I'm once again helpless . . . this time face up. So excited by what's about to happen, I didn't even feel the pain of my marks left from Today's whipping pushing into the bed.

I don't argue or question anything, I'm getting bonus bondage here and she's going to be able to do anything to me again! With my Day Four whipping out of the way, she has to have something crazy and amazing planned for me.

She straddles my chest with her firm thighs and her tiny black bikini style bottoms, then using the Duct Tape, runs close to a dozen different lengths of Tape over my mouth, under my chin and in many directions. I truly can't talk or even begin to open my mouth.

"No more talking for you tonight Slave . . . your words have too much power over me . . . so that needed to be rectified . . ." My words have too much power over her? I'm the Helpless Slave and she's the Powerful Mistress, currently on Top? Wow! Expecting maybe a long teasing massage, with her hands or tongue, she blew my mind with her next comment. "I'll be fine sleeping in the Guest Room . . . see you in the Morning"

Wait! What? She tightly rolled up two small earplugs, before pushing them into my ears, allowing them to expand and block most of the noise. I looked directly into her eyes with a combination of sadness, confusion and lust as she pulled a blindfold over my eyes.

Next came what I think, was a spandex hood, being pulled over my blindfolded,

gagged and ear plugged head . . . making any sounds even harder to hear and holding all the other items snugly in place.

She did let just her fingertips travel from my neck, to my breasts, down my stomach, curving around my pussy and then down the fronts of my thighs. When her fingers were near my pussy, I thrust my hips up hard and fast, hoping to bump into her hand . . . to bump into anything! . . . no luck!

TIMELESS . . .

I can't believe it! It's all still going around and around in my head. My words have too much power over her? Guess that makes sense because so far every time I've questioned or hinted at anything, she has responded in one way or another.

Problem is, my current suggestion of her staying overnight didn't play out the way I'd hoped. She's now getting naked and sleeping in a room down the hall from me . . . while I'm alone, bound spread eagle, helpless and hornier than I've ever been in my life!

Just the small breeze off her body as she left was enough to make my pussy ache hard for her touch! I've been gagged, I've been blindfolded . . . I've worn noise cancelling headsets so I could concentrate better.

Just never had a combination of all three at the same time . . . then she hooded me to hold it all in place and block out the last little bit of noise and lights . . . the affect of all of this combined is mind boggling!

Wasn't totally sure what time my bondage was switched from face down to face up? I could maybe guess. But to guess what time it is now and how long I've been experiencing this sensory deprivation . . . I haven't a clue!

My Sexual Frustration at being left like this for the Night is the most intense and extreme Torture Mistress Olga has done to me so far! She knows every day after

she leaves, and I mean like the second she leaves, I masturbate furiously to screaming orgasms!

She knows because she's not only heard me, she's joined me with her own intense pussy rubs that she couldn't even wait till she was in her car! My God! She's naked and finger fucking herself right now in our Guest Bed and I'm Dry Humping the Air!!!

Oh God Oh God Oh God!!!! I can't take this, I need her to Free Me from this Frustration and NOW!!!! "FFFFFUUGGGG MMMMEE PPAASSS!!!" Is that her? Is she in the room? Did she just lightly brush up against me? I'm going insane with Fuck Lust and need to cum! Like that horny buck during rut, my instincts are: I just want to Fuck!

How many hours have I been here? Is the night almost over? When she lets me go, am I even going to be allowed to cum before my Day Five Caning? Oh My God! What if she doesn't let me cum? NOOOOOO! I NEED TO CUM! I scream into my gag over and over as I start to pull wildly at my ropes!

Body flailing as much as my ropes will allow as I image one sexual act after another with Olga and Craig walking in on us right when she has me tied bent over naked . . . I'm scared at what he'll do . . . then he drops his pants and fucks me hard from behind as Olga has kneeled down in front of me . . .

Holding my face in both of her black and white leather fingerless gloves . . . she plants the deepest black cherry flavored kiss on me possible as my orgasm not only goes past the edge but endlessly beyond! Moving back, just enough to hold eye contact with me, Olga asks Craig, "Can we keep her?"

I scream my response before Craig answers, "YES YES YES!" Then Craig gets his chance to answer, "I guess we will be." As my multiple orgasm continues . . . and Olga goes back to our deep kissing . . .

. . . My mind playing games on me as I again can feel Olga's body up against mine . . . can't tell what's real and what's not . . . my spandex hood comes off and the earplugs are removed . . . am I imagining this also???

"My God Girl! It's only been fifteen minutes! If you keep up like that you're going to kill yourself and Craig is not going to be too happy with me . . . take a breather already!" Holy shit! This is Real! Only fifteen minutes? OMG? Eight hours would have felt like forever! At least she's back and is Finally going to help me cum or let me cum.

"You do put on an impressive little show though" I tip my head like a confused puppy "Oh, yeah, I never left the room . . . you're too fucking hot in Pink for me to have left." I push my pussy up in response to her comment and she notices . . . as always . . . exactly what I need . . .

Mistress Olga responds, "Oh, No, Sorry Baby, that's not happening . . . " WTF? "Just because I got to cum watching you struggle, doesn't mean you get to cum also . . . I mean . . . who's the Mistress and who's the Slave here anyway?" She lays her head on my chest and goes to sleep . . .

Of all the Tortures I've endured at the hands of my Mistress and at the hands of my own Imagination . . . this Topped them all! I was on the edge of cumming now for most of the Day and half the night and I'm still not allowed to Touch Myself! . . . She's Good!!!

MOMENT IN HEAVEN . . .

Day Five of my Six-Pack and I have to adjust to a new routine. I'm no longer waiting for her at the front door after already cumming two or three times fantasizing about the day. Today, I start my morning hornier then I thought possible and already bound helpless.

Mistress removes my blindfold and is holding in her hand my ticket to heaven! A large Wand Style Vibrator and I start to shake my head a Hard YES. Mistress, with her other hand, holds up her index finger and says, "Let me ask the question first Slave" What's there to ask??? I need to cum and that makes me cum! Just jam it against my Pussy NOW!!!

"Today's 27 will be with the Cane . . . the Cane can be the most Painful of ways to be whipped . . . I've already decided to add your three extra counts to your Caning, so you're going to get at least 30 today . . . while being bent over . . . which also adds to the pain."

This is sounding like the start of one of those word problems from math class. Three extra? I thought for sure I misbehaved at least a half dozen times . . . must of got away with some. She continues, "You quite obviously want to cum badly, but Slaves don't get Pleasure without Pain . . . so here's my question to you:"

About time, cause I'm going to answer YES, I have to answer YES, I NEED TO CUM!!! "Slave, I will turn this on its highest setting and hold it firmly against your pussy for as long as you want." YES PLEASE! "But for every time you cum, you'll be getting one more hit of the cane . . . do you fully understand these Rules?"

I nod yes. "Do you agree to these Rules? Because there's no changing your mind once the caning starts". Again, I nod yes. "Do you want me to make you cum?" Even though she's asking like I have a choice, I don't. I've been NEEDING release since yesterday and can't wait a minute longer. I give my biggest nod YES yet.

I'm so royally Fucked! My eyes have rolled back in my head and I'm having a hard time breathing as Intense Orgasm nine or ten takes over my Pleasure Possessed Body and I spasm again. I finally give Mistress the signal to stop and the room falls quiet other than my hard breathing, which continues for several minutes.

My pussy has gotten everything she wanted and now my body will be paying the price for her uncontrollable urges. As I come down from heaven, the realization of what I've done lands hard on me. Most painful she warned . . . no changing my mind, she also warned . . . oh God!

CANING . . .

I had my breakfast . . . my last meal . . . and I was being led by a collar and leash, naked . . . with my hands cuffed behind my back . . . to our storage shed . . . The random tiny stones and branches poking at the bottom of my feet . . . don't think she could have made this prequel to my caning any more dramatic . . .

. . . Oh, wait, she could . . . by wearing only black Today, with no diamond bling and having a black mask over her eyes . . . Fuck! Were those nine or ten orgasms actually worth it? . . . "Hell Yeah they were!" yelled the little voice coming from my still wet pussy.

Was still confused as to why we were going to the shed, other than for that dramatic effect . . . until she opened the door. In the middle of the shed was a block of wood standing upright from the floor.

It was about a foot wide in both directions. Then, the height was around my waist level. There were large eyebolts near the base on two sides and some even larger one on two sides near the top. The whole thing looked as if it had been bolted firmly to the floor.

The very top, did have what looked like a thin bit of padding, but don't think it's going to make much of a difference if I'm about to be bent over it. Realizing quickly that there's no way Mistress Olga put that there, that must have been Craig's project he was working on before he left on his current trip . . . that would mean he knew on Day Five, I would be getting locked to it and Caned . . . Wow!

Mistress looks at me and says, "Craig Loves you more then anything. He's allowing you a get out of Caning Free card if you want it. But that card is only good until your wrists are locked in place."

Looping my leash around a hook higher then I could reach, she continues, "I have to go and get my Canes from my car. You can decide when I get back what you would like to do?" Forty hits . . . bent over making them worse . . . no changing my mind once locked in place . . . more pain then anything I've already felt . . .

The door to the shed opens again, and in walks the Mistress in Black carrying around a half dozen different lengths and thickness's of very menacing Canes. Putting them down, she removes the leash from my collar, and then removes the lock between my wrists.

I willing walk up to the large wooden block, put my feet up against each side and then bend over so my wrist straps are close to the metal eyebolts. {CLICK!} Louder then normal in the shed full of nothing but hard items, I can almost hear and echo {CLICK!} Mistress adds the second lock as my Fate has now been Sealed.

I needed to continue my path with Olga, but immediately after that second lock closed, my flight instincts kicked in and I started to pull hard at the locks as they rattled loudly with each pull. The echo's of this noise being a reminder of what decision I made and that I can't change my mind any more.

Mistress Olga pushes the ball of the head harness deep into my mouth before closing and tightening all of the straps. Locks are added from the leather straps

on my ankles to the same large eyebolts my wrists are locked to.

Longer leather straps are added around the middle of my thighs and locked to the eyebolts near the top of the block. The same is done to my biceps. I was already helpless after the first two locks, but each additional item added were just little pokes at my brain saying, "Now, you're more helpless . . . wait, now you're even more helpless . . ."

Each poke increases the tingle in my pussy, the butterflies and lump in my stomach along with my breathing and heart rate . . . if I was connected to something monitoring those things, they'd all be maxed out about now.

A larger very wide strap is doubled over and put across the small of my back. It's looped through large rings on each side that get locked to the larger eyebolts my thighs and biceps are already locked to. After those locks are closed, Mistress tightens the large strap to the point I feel like my middle is about to be cut in half.

I've never been so helpless in my life! Every limb held firmly in place, and I am helpless to stop this punishment heading my way. Mistress Olga adds one more rope to the ring on my collar and feeds it through one more eyebolt I didn't notice earlier, near the base of the block.

Pulling it tightly, forcing my head downward. The little voice pokes at my brain again, "Ooooooh, wait a minute, now you're even more helpless!" Sarcastic little fucker! Even though there's not a chance in hell of me getting free, I'm yanking every limb and constantly testing my bondage over and over . . .

{Wack!} "MMMMFFFF!" The first of forty hits comes hard and fast {Wack!} "MMGG!" {Wack!} "MRRRRGG!" {Wack!} "MMFFF!" as does the second third and forth. They're coming so fast that the burning sting of the previous hit hasn't had a chance to simmer down yet! {Wack!} "HHGGMMMMFFFF!" Just adding to the overall pain!!!

The hits have targeted not only my ass {Wack!} "NNNOOFF!" but the backs of my thighs {Wack!} the outside of my thighs {Wack!} my hips and calves! {Wack!} Nothing seems off limits as I watch the puddles from my tears slowly growing in size on the wood floor of the shed {Wack!} holding in my breath for the last twenty hits, my head is getting dizzy . . .

"Breath Slave!" The caning also takes a breather with me. As I get fresh air back in my lungs and oxygen to my brain, it's more able to register the immense pain I was currently feeling as I let out one long scream around my ball gag, "HHHHHHHHHHHHHHFFFFGGG!!!!!!" as I pulled wildly at my helpless limbs!

At that moment I was pissed off at Mistress Olga for just going full speed like that on my helpless ass . . . but then I thought for a moment about what was happening . . . I chose this . . . I was given the chance to avoid it . . . I caused the 27 hits, that would have been done by now, to become 40 . . .

On top of all of that, Mistress never increased how hard she was hitting me . . . they were always about the same . . . she was spreading them out as to not hit the same spot twice . . . she was hurrying to get it over with . . . my Anger moved slowly back to my Love of my Mistress . . . because she cares about me also . . .

"Slave, you have only ten left to go, and there's a lot of nice smooth unmarked areas of naked flesh I would like to visit with my Canes" I bit down on my gag, close my hands into fists since I have nothing to hang onto, curl my toes and close my eyes before I give her the nod to finish . . .

. . . The last Ten weren't as bad as I expected . . . I'm pretty sure she went a little easier on me. I think our mutual agreement at the end also helped make it more bearable. With my eyes still tightly closed, not sure if the Caning was done, Mistress says, "Craig said if you did accept your Caning, he wanted me to give you one more Gift from him . . .

Turning my head, I see Mistress Olga standing there with one shinier black item being added to her outfit . . . a large black strap on! It seriously couldn't have slid inside my pussy any easier! With all the Pain I just went through, somehow I was still soaking wet!

Once in, she stopped moving long enough to flip a switch on it as it came alive like one of those moving Rabbit Vibrators! The whole shaft vibrated while it slowly squirmed about like a large snake. The front of the balls had something, some small fingers or items sticking out, poking, prodding and teasing my cliterous with every thrust of Mistress's hips.

I could hear her breathing harder by the minute, and it wasn't from her efforts a thrusting hard . . . it was heavy sexual panting which tells me this little number wasn't just vibrating me! She grabbed my sides firmly, which hurt at first as she banged my bent over helpless body for the next ten or fifteen minutes as a new puddle slowly grew on the floor below my head . . . this one wasn't tears, but a constant stream of drool I couldn't stop as we both orgasm'd hard together!

Some may question exactly how is this Craig showing he Loves me? . . . I say this is the proof of his Ultimate Love for me! . . . Doing what ever it takes, whom ever it takes to bring me to such levels of Pain and Pleasure while he's on the other side of the World.

When we were both completely finished, Mistress released all of my bondage except for the first four locks put on me . . . the ones on my wrists and ankles. Mistress then says, "Its best we do this now vs. after I let you go."

Not able to finish my question of "Do wha . . ." as she splashes every inch of my body with some type of antiseptic that instantly reminds me and refreshes the pain of every hit of the Canes, ALL AT ONCE! I didn't scream out loud . . . I bit down and silently fought my way through the pain!

Right after most of that liquid had evaporated, it was replaced with some type of soothing gel she lightly rubbed over ever part of my body . . . including areas like my pussy that never even felt the Cane . . . and I thank her for that! . . . Both the Not Caning my pussy part and the now rubbing the gel onto my pussy anyway part . . .

WHIPPING . . .

Without the need for a second invite, Mistress Olga and I slept together in the King Bed. She had me put on my silkiest long nightgown before tying my legs together and my hands behind my back. Lying face to face, we enjoyed a nice long make out session along with me enjoying the gentle touching of my body through the satin of my gown.

There was no need at this point to cum again . . . yet . . . after those last fifteen minutes of vibrating strap on dildo play . . . we fell asleep soon after our make out time and slept well. Just before falling asleep, I cried a little . . . only one day left and Olga would be leaving me . . . I Love Craig and can't wait until he's back . . . but I also Love Olga . . . almost as much . . .

Waking up for Day Six, Mistress has untied my ankles and was helping me to sit up. She puts my collar back on without saying a word and clips on my leash . . . giving it a little tug . . . I stand up with my arms still tied behind me.

Another barefoot march across the lawn, but not to the shed . . . she guides me to below one of the largest branches of our Oak, where there's already a rope with straps and locks waiting. Again, without any words, we both knew what was expected and what to do.

Once my wrists were strapped and locked to the ring in the end of the rope, she went to the Trunk of the Oak, to pull the rope tightly causing my arms to fully stretch above me . . . then one more pull, forcing me to my toes . . . she ties it off and I'm hers to whip.

She comes back and puts what looks like the bit a horse would bite down on, but mine was made of a harder, but not metal, black rubber-ish material. Mistress looks me in the eyes to see me crying . . . wiping away my tears, she says, "It'll be over soon"

Mistress thinks I'm crying about the whipping . . . I'm crying because it will be over soon . . . because she's going to be leaving me after this . . . with the bit already in place, I try to tell her I Love Her, but it comes out, "MM MMVVV UUUG!"

Along the trunk of an older fallen tree, she lines up four different whips of varying lengths and thicknesses, just like her collection of Canes she used on me. Looking at Mistress in front of me, I couldn't have been more scared as someone behind me tears open the back of my nightgown! "MMMMMMGGGGG!!!"

Quickly I spin to be face to face with Craig who gives me the Biggest Hug! Then a kiss right on top of my ball gag as he says, "I Missed You So Much!" The rush of emotions overtook me, as I became a complete blubbering fool! I was about to be Whipped, Craig is Home Early and Mistress Olga is about to leave me!!!!

Craig tries to comfort me and removes my gag as he says, "It's alright, and you don't need to get whipped if you don't want." Unable to hold back, I let everything I've been thinking spew out uncontrolled and unedited . . .

"I'm ok with being Whipped! I want to be Whipped! Now that you're home, would you help Whip me? I'm not crying because of the Whipping . . . I'm crying because I don't want Olga to Leave!!! I LOVE HER!!!!" and my

blubbering and flow of tears splash down my cheeks . . .

Between my Tears, I can see Olga two steps behind Craig and she's crying also . . . as he holds my wet cheeks in his hands, looks me directly into my eyes and says these unbelievable words, "If you don't want Olga to leave she doesn't need to."

My mouth drops, I shake my head, making sure I heard right and say, "What?" Craig replies again, "If you don't want Olga to leave, she won't" Dumbfounded, I stare at him in disbelief until I see Olga behind him slowly nodding 'Yes'.

"I met Olga Overseas almost five years back and have shared diner and very open conversations with her many times. Now before you say anything, we never had sex like you two have already enjoyed several very unique ways." Still confused to where this story is going, I say, "aaaannnd?"

Craig continued, "She moved to the States almost two years ago, but hasn't been able to find any place or anyone she'd like to stay with . . . until now." My heart is racing with hope "Olga messaged me after Day Two that she wanted to stay with us . . . if you ended up feeling the same way."

I stood silent before them, in awe of what he just said, in awe of everything about Olga . . . is this real? Am I dreaming again? I have to be dreaming again! Before I finally speak, the bit gag is forced back in, strapped on and the two of them Team up at tearing my nightgown fully away, leaving me naked with my arms still straight up, strapped locked and roped.

Craig then says, "I paid for the B-Day Six-Pack, so let's get that helpless naked

body of yours the Whipping it Deserves . . . the Whipping it Needs . . . the Whipping you want . . .

Mistress Olga grabs two of the Whips and spins them around making each of them {CRACK!} {CRACK!} as the ends snap around. Craig picks up the other two, spinning one around his head {CRACK!} then the other doing a straight out motion {CRACK!} The long tails of all four whips lie on the ground as I stare at Craig, Amazed!

Knowing exactly what the look I had on my face meant, Craig said, "Mistress Olga is a very good Teacher . . . wait until you see what else I've learned . . ." The tears once again flow down my cheeks . . . but this time, they're Tears of Joy!

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