



Zatanna Dark

**FINAL BONDAGE GIGGLES REVENGE**

SHE COULDN'T BE HAPPIER TO PLAY YOUR GAMES



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## CLOSETED . . .

The rope was originally only wrapped around my cock and balls snugly by Giggles in the beginning . . . but my endless erection from excitement and fear has the thin rope cutting into my skin!

I would call out around my gag for her to remove it . . . had she not invited her five other, laughing all the time friends, who are at the table just outside the closet door . . .

Her third floor Apartment, as nice as it was, still had those flimsy folding metal vented double doors to the closet I was tied to a chair in. My knees are bound apart with ropes wrapped around my thighs. My ankles are free and not tied to the base of the rolling desk chair.

I had to concentrate at all times to not stretch or kick my legs no matter how much I needed the blood to flow freely again. I feared kicking the metal doors, exposing my situation to her horned up friends!

They were all over the top laughs and giggles when they first showed up over an hour ago . . . and that was before the alcohol even started! I can't even imagine what would happen if they found me, bound helpless and naked in her closet!

When she first tied my wrists, even as tight as she did, I knew by moving my arms around enough, I could get loose. Then she added the ropes just above and below my elbows!

I've never been elbow tied and even if my wrists were free, I'd still be completely helpless! No amount of struggling is ever going to get me free from an elbow tie! I'm at Giggles Mercy! . . . Again!

## CAFE . . .

Meeting in a Public Place is Rule Number One when blind dating. Not only for the Girls safety, but the Guy also . . . you never know who or what you may end up meeting until they walk in . . .

Ginger may not be one of those Fashion Magazine Cover Models, but who really is? They photoshop the shit out of them, so I've never really considered that level as an expectation.

But when she entered the Cafe', turned in my direction and her face lit up with the biggest of smiles when she saw me! I had stuck gold with her actual, in real life, beauty!

We'd traded pics and talked on the phone before and everything seemed so perfect . . . just like every other time ever! Then, Broomhilda would glide in and knock my cock right off its stand with a smell of tunafish on her hands.

This moment was very different . . . My Cock didn't need a stand! It only needed more room for my unexpected expansion! Sitting in the booth across from me . . . all sweet and innocent like, above the table . . .

Under the table was a different thing! She had kicked off her stilettos the second she sat down and said, "Been on my feet all day. Those couldn't come off soon enough!"

Reaching across the table with a, we just barely met, kind of handshake as I said, “So glad to meet you in person . . . I’m . . .” And her toes found her way to my crotch in record time! “. . . Ma . . . Ma . . . Max.”

Ginger, with her constant smile says, “Ginger . . . so glad to meet you MaMaMax. Is that short for MaMaMaxamillian or MaMaMaxium?” Following her joke up with a cute Giggle!

She know’s what she did so I try to correct her just as her toes close, “It’s Ma . . . Ma . . . Max!” pinching the tip of my cock through my khakis! I didn’t even know that was possible!

“MaMaMax! it is then . . . Do I need to yell it?” Continuing her giggle and under the table tickle at the same time. I was going to try to correct her another time . . . but could tell she had no plans of allowing it.

She rescued me from it as she said, “Is it ok I just call you Max for short? It rolls off my tongue so much easier.” And again with the cutest of giggles I’ve ever heard!

I answered with, “As long as I can call you Giggles for short?” Stone cold and straight faced she replied, “That’s seven letters and Ginger is only six letters . . . so . . . yeah . . . it’s called Math.”

Less than five minutes and I already fucked up another blind date! Then, she saves me again with a double toe poke to my balls and a, “Of course you can

Max! . . . You know . . . I think I Love You.”

Tipping her head, she waits for my reply as her foot continues one form or another of between my legs as torment. Just as I’m about to tell her the whole, we just met line, she puts up a finger to stop me . . . then climbs under the table of our booth . . .

There’s people on both sides of us and a waitress walking past every few minutes! Is she about to give me a . . . {click click} and she pops back up! Puts her elbows on the table . . . rests her chin on her palms, giggles a little . . .

“You were about to say?” Feeling the weight of whatever she did under the table on my left wrist, I pull it towards me to find one end of a combination bike lock around it! Fuck! Really?

Reaching under the table, I follow the cable to find the other end has it’s own combination lock and is closed around the main pedestal of our table! Everyone else in the Diner is busy eating, drinking and or talking.

Only Giggles and I know what she just did. I open my mouth, about to tell her to fucking unlock me. She gets up, slides around the side of the table and puts her finger on my lips.

Then, slowly sliding her hands down both of my sides as she gives me the most fantastically perfect kiss I can remember! The right amount of wetness, tiny bit of tongue and just enough noise to make me harder while not sounding too loud!

“Wow!” She leans away and puts my cell she had taken from my pocket, onto the table. Taps it twice and says, “Text Me” before she left. Like a sexy scene out of a movie. This is the moment the camera would have faded . . .

But I’m still locked to the Fucking Table and don’t know the God Damn combination? “Sir, are you ok? You look a little flustered. Did you need a refill?” Looking distressed, “Yes to the first two . . . but god no on the refill.”

## TEXTING . . .

I've done one handed texts in the past . . . and I'm So Sorry . . . a couple of times driving. But always with my left hand. This time I can't get my hand in a comfortable enough position for it!

My frustrations are threefold now! Texting with my right hand. Locked Helpless to this Table! And after nervously drinking way too much coffee . . . needing to piss and Soon!

[Ginger! Get the Fuck Back Here Now!] Ok, not the best way to start if I want any chance of getting free. Her reply . . . a sad face emoji. Ok, need to regroup here and quickly!

My tongue bumps my lips to a slightly peppery yet sweet flavor. Wait, oh my god! Ginger tastes of Ginger? No, what? Stop it Max! Think! [You're really sweet Ginger . . . I think I like you]

[But MaMaMax! I said I think I love you?] Shit! She's texting my full name! [I know, but we just met . . .] Ginger replies with just [12]. Confused, [12? What's 12?]

"Sir, are you sure you don't want a refill?" Yelling, "JUST THE CHECK! BRING ME THE CHECK! . . . and maybe that mop bucket!" The Waitress replies, "I'm not the one who left your cock all hard and alone! So don't take it out on me! Geeez!"

“I’M SORRY!” Not even looking back at me, “Fuck Off!” Had I not been such an ass, she might have brought me the bucket. [12 - XX - XX] Oh, fuck the combination to the bike lock!

[Give me the other two numbers Ginger] Her reply, [12 - F - U] followed by an angry emoji. [Those are Letters. They’re not numbers] Her quick response [And Giggles is seven Letters] with a laughing emoji.

Well that’s at least a positive emoji . . . I think? I know what she wants me to text. She wants a text from me that says I Love Her. Saying it is bad enough when you don’t really know yet. But a Text? A permanent record? I just can’t do it . . .

[Well my battery is almost dead Max . . . have Fun!] As quick as my right thumb can go, [WAIT!] Her reply, [Wait, What? Uh-Oh! Only 1% Left!] I have no other choice! [I Love You] . . . Send.

[Battery Life is Flashing, it’s too late, Sorry . . .] Hold on! A dying person doesn’t take the time to write out I’m dying! She could have sent me those other two numbers easily! Fuck!

Pulling at the bike lock, I feel a tiny dribble of used coffee escaping into my pants! No! Fuck! “Hey Asshole!” I turn to see my now, least favorite Waitress, standing by my table.

“Your Bitch Tease called. Said her phone died and I should give you this Note.”

Crumpling it, she tosses it on the floor a few feet from me. “Oh, and here’s your Check!” Also crumpled, before it hit my forehead!

Walking away, “Now get the hell out of here! You’re wasting space!” Quickly I pull out two twenties for the table before realizing I can’t reach the other Note on the floor!

Stretching as hard and as far as the bike lock cable allows! I still can’t reach it! I’m shaking from trying to not piss as my stomach is starting to cramp up!

A little boy in a black construction paper Top Hat picks up the note, shows it to me in his hand and asks, “Did you want this?” Trying to not yell, “Yes, please, give it to me, quickly.”

He shoves it in his mouth and eats it! “WHAT THE FUCK KID!” Tears start to pour as he opens his other hand, letting the balled up paper roll off and towards me. His lower lip puffs up just before the all out bawling starts and he runs off!

This time close enough for me to reach, I open it as I pray it doesn’t say 12 - F - U! Thank Ginger! 12 - 7 - 10 followed by, I now Know I Love You Too. Oh Fuck! What have I done?

The Mom, with her little spawning Magician in tow . . . quickly moves past with a {SLAP!} to my face I so deserved, followed up with a “Fuckin Asshole” chaser as they left the diner! Well that went well . . .

Praying again . . . amazing how religious one gets when trying to not piss in public . . . that these numbers from Ginger actually work on the bike lock!

It Worked! I only did my wrist! Fuck the other end! Quickly I move between the tables with my eyes focused hard on the Rest Room sign above its door . . . not noticing the turning Waitress with her Coffee Pot in hand!

The combination of her elbow, followed by the massive splash of Hot Coffee on my crotch, immediately followed by a complete release of my bladder wasn't a pretty sight!

As the front of my khakis turned dark from coffee and urine, it took only a few seconds before a woman at the table nearby started to twitch and flinch up her nose from the smell . . .

“I know! The Coffee here smells like Piss!”

## SECOND DATE? . . .

It's true . . . I'll never be able to eat at that Diner Ever Again! Hell, I don't even go near it to avoid having strangers yell out, "Hey, it's Dumped Piss Boy! . . . Why don't you want a Refill?"

Didn't take long for me to put that onto a back burner. My front burner was way hotter and still steaming for another date with Ginger! [Hi Ginger, Max here] Which is stupid because her phone will tell her it's me.

[I Love You to the Max Max!] a few second later [Ginger here] followed by a series of five progressively laughing harder emojis. Everything I do, Giggles finds funny.

Being able to make a girl laugh is very important . . . if you're trying to be funny. I could do or say anything . . . [Sky Blue] . . . [Silly beans, my eyes are brown] laughing emoji. See?

[Do you want to do Dinner again with me? At a Fancier Place this time? My treat] . . . [It depends Mr. Max] . . . [Depends on what Ginger?] . . . [Do you Love Me Even More?]

Shit! [I love the idea of us having dinner together] . . . [But do you Love Me Even More then us having dinner together?] questioning emoji? The little voice in my head says, "Don't You Do It!" . . .

[I Love You Even More] . . . [More than what?] . . . [I Love You Even More that Us Having Dinner Together] . . . [Ok, where? When and are you gonna bring my Bike Lock?] Wow, really Giggles?

[Ended up leaving it locked to the table] . . . [MaMaMax! I gave you the Digits. Now you owe me \$19.95. I got it on Sale. But that's my Savings, not yours] and . . . waiting . . . and no laughing emojis . . .

. . . Wow . . . Pissed her off again! Gonna be hard to win this Girl over to my Dark Side . . . [Kidding! Pick me up @ 7. Don't forget my \$19.95] winky, smily and laughing emojis . . . Thank Giggles!

She keeps joking about the money for the Bike Lock. I'm be ready with an extra twenty for if or when she brings it up again. Our first date didn't go very long and for sure didn't end as I hoped.

With this second date, I need to remember some rules: 1. Do Not Drink Too Much of ANYTHING. 2. She Will Giggle at Everything. Doesn't mean I'm being Funny. 3. Don't lose or use that extra \$20.

Wow! Almost forgot the most Important Rule: 4. Make sure she's not carrying any more Bike Locks, Hand Cuffs, Chains or Ropes!

## COAT ROOM . . .

I swear she's flirting with the Coat Check Guy . . . Which is odd because he for sure is playing for the other Team. Maybe that's just the way Ginger is . . . and that's ok. I feel Service Workers, of all kinds need to Always be treated nicely . . .

The over the top, "We'll be back Soon Nicky" with a wink . . . I guess that goes under the treating people nicely category. Before giving up our coats, I gave her a very long and handsy hug.

Ginger said, "Checking for another Bike Lock?" Shrugging my shoulders, "Do you blame me?" Without missing a beat, "For Losing my Lock? Yes." At least I was ready . . .

I whip out the twenty I'd been keeping safely tucked away to hand to Ginger. Dead pan, she comments, "It was \$19.95? I told you that multiple times . . . \$19.95 . . . Not \$20.00."

"That's ok, you can keep the nickel . . . here." Looking at me like I'm an idiot, "\$19.95 . . . I don't want you to point at me some day and say I Owe You." Another punch in my gut! Fuck!

Then she snags it as she and Nicky are laughing their asses off at me! "My God Max! You are too easy!" A quick move onto her toes allows me another taste of her Ginger ginger kisses!

“Let’s Eat Maximum! I have dessert plans for you . . . and it’s gonna be yummy!” She grabs my wrist and drags me to our table. Everything from this moment on felt very rushed!

Ginger ordered, no hesitations. Little to no gabbing, just eating. Sexy glances, giggles even with a full mouth. She finished before me. I still had food left, so her fork helped me to finish also.

The only full phrase from her was, “Remember, I have dessert plans for us.” No toes to the crotch this time, but they were finding their way up and down my calves. I never knew my calves could be an erogenous zone . . . Ginger teaches me something new every time we meet.

As our Waiter came to help a Table, three Tables away, Ginger yells out, “Hey Ramon! Check Please!” I didn’t remember his name . . . I’m hoping it’s actually Ramon and she wasn’t just naming him after a dead drug lord.

She was in such a hurry for us to fuck, Ginger gave him cash, way beyond our bill before Ramon(?) even put the bill on our table. Grabbing my wrist, she pulls me to towards the Coat Checker counter and her new friend Nicky.

In the distance, Nicky, is already doing the potty dance, one I’m all too familiar with. Seeing us coming, he says, “Back right corner! I have to go!” I do feel for the dude, as odd as he is . . .

Being the Gentleman I am, I offer to go get our coats. Rubbing my upper thigh

with her lifted high knee, she says, “Let’s go together. It’s pretty dark back there.” Again, with the wink and giggle!

“Lead on Princess Giggles.” Giggling louder, “That’s so sweet!” Pulling me into the back right corner where I can see our coats hanging and ready. Reaching for them {Smack!} “Not yet Max!”

She slides our coats and the ones next to them towards the front of the Coat Check Closet. Next, grabbing both of my shoulders she firmly pushes me into the darkened corner!

Her body against mine! Lips firmly onto mine! Untucking my shirt, pulling it upwards. I move my arms up to help and she slides it up until it’s in front of my face and behind my head.

Stopping for a moment, she sucks hard and then bites my nipple in one breath! Trying to not wimper from the pain, I mention, all cool like, “So this is dessert?” Through the white material of my shirt as {click . . . click . . . click} with an even quicker second {click click click}!

Fuck! No! Careful with my words, “You aren’t running away again? Are you Ginger?” She allows my shirt to slide down enough for me to see my hands aren’t only cuffed together, but through one of the very solid brackets strong enough to support all these coats. Fucking Nicky! Dammit!

“I’m not running away.” She assures me as she pulls my belt from it’s loops and hangs it over a nearby hook along the back wall. Then unbuttons and unzips my pants. Her fingers slide in-between the elastic and my skin just above my

throbbing member!

As she pulls down, there's no hiding exactly how I feel about her, as my cock maintains a firm ninety degrees. Lightly she lets her fingers graze along both sides as it does its instinctive little move upwards at her touch!

Grabbing a nearby scarf, she creates three large knots in the middle on top of each other. Each, larger and thicker than the last. "Ginger, No! . . . Do Not Gag MMMMMFFF"

She puts my belt back on me . . . except this time over the top of the knots, pushing them even further into my mouth! The tip of my cock keeps bumping against her stomach, causing jolts of pleasure!

Three knots seemed to be the perfect amount to silence any complaints I had. "Excuse us? . . . Ma'am? Numbers 12 and 27" Ginger giggles and says, "Be right there!" I shake my head no as Ginger becomes the Coat Check Girl!

Out of the corner of my eye, I can see the older couple at the desk. Turning a little . . . I'm able to stay hidden away in my private little darkened corner. My cock, uncontrollably throbbing! Lifting up and down! Waiting for her to come back! Aching for her touch!

Just as she starts to turn back towards me, a second, then third group show up as the coats blocking me from view . . . are becoming less and less of a wall to hide behind!

NICKY . . .

Where the Fuck is Nicky? There's less than a dozen coats left! He must be having some disaster in the bathroom! Finally he's back! Just in time as a large group, big enough to clear the coats hands him their tags.

With that many coats at once, he transfers them to a rolling unit. Thankfully, keeping it between their's and my line of sight. Nicky gives a wink and blows me a kiss as the last coat goes onto the unit. Rolling it towards them . . .

Once that leaves the closet, our two coats won't be enough to keep me hidden! Fuuuuuuck! Thankfully, Nicky slaps the light switch at the last moment . . . keeping me hidden in the dark!

The last of the Customers are gone, except Giggles and myself. She tries to hand him the wad of Tips she earned, doing his job. He refuses with, "Remember our deal . . . those aren't the kind of Tips I crave the most."

Another punch to my gut! Way worse than the Cafe' experience! My cock, still rock hard for Ginger and unable to retract! Flipping the light back on, long enough to make eye contact and grab her coat!

She gives me two very slow and soft strokes the length of my cock! Then kisses my cheek before she wiggles her fingers and says, "Good Night Max . . . I had a Great Time! . . . Try not to stay up too late." Giggling as she exits my sight!

Nicky steps back into the Coat Room Closet with me. Closes the door behind and flips back off the light. In the dark I hear, “Just pretend I’m her and you’ll do just fine.”

No amount of grumbling behind my gag was stopping Nicky from getting his last tip of the night! The cuffs were as solid as the bracket they were hooked through.

So he’s the reason I didn’t feel these handcuffs when I frisked my date! . . . Oh God! Come On Now! I can’t like this! Why am I liking this? His tongue is so warm, so wet and knows how to move it!

Imagining dissecting that frog back in high school . . . the time a drunk girl tossed her cookies right into my mouth . . . the smell of rancid milk . . . his warm tongue . . . FUCK!

Ok . . . just accept it Max . . . you’re about to shoot your load . . . just not where you had it planned . . . THINK! . . . Her sweet smile . . . Her rocking bod . . . Her smooth flesh and Ginger kisses . . .

Thank God the tips of his fingers . . . sliding under my balls . . . are as soft and smooth as hers . . . his finger entering my ass as the tip of my swollen cock hits the back of his throat was all it took . . .

I guess I should be grateful. Very few woman I’ve dated could have ever kept this amount of release within their lips. Had this been anyone other than Nicky

on the receiving end . . . my coat would have needed a cleaning!

“Nicky! I’m locking up! You better hurry!” Nicky, tells me, “I have to run. Bar Tender gets pissed if I make him wait.” Then pushes the handcuff key into my hand. “Don’t drop it.”

Just before he’s fully out of the Coat Room, “The Kitchen Exit’s alarm is busted and self locks when it closes” and he’s gone! I’m left very confused at how I feel right now?

I didn’t want after blow-job snuggle time . . . it’s just . . . he left so quickly after our moment . . .

SUCKS! . . .

Of course he jammed the key into my less coordinated hand. On a good note, he did leave the Coat Room light on. Carefully I move the key to my left hand before trying to use it . . .

Except . . . Fuck! Gidget put the cuffs on me with the holes facing downwards . . . towards my forearms! I . . . can't . . . get . . . the . . . FUCK! Twisting too hard and I dropped the key!

She put these on my so quickly without even looking up. But somehow, I'm convinced she knew exactly which way the keyholes were facing when she did it!

Seriously? I heard the door already close! I'm here alone! Even if I could get a shoe and sock off, to pickup that key with my toes . . . It's not like I'm a gymnast. I got hurt badly once on some of the simpler of the Kama Sutra positions.

That's It! I'm here now till morning! Handcuffed, pants and underwear at my ankles, cock throbbing for more attention, my balls filling back up. Not from Nicky! . . . From not being able to stop thinking about Ginger!

Since the Bar Closed up at 2:00 and they had to finish cleaning up before leaving . . . it has to already be 3ish. They open at 8:00 am, have to clean and prep. Guess is shouldn't be too long?



horny and going to take advantage of my helpless situation? I can only hope . . .

. . . and hope is gone! I'd swear she looks like my Great Grandmother who always hated me! I was always just some kid in her way. Often ignoring me, never making eye contact and then bumping into me as if I wasn't even there.

At least finally, my cock is taking a break from planking. She's entering the Coat Check Closet with her big ass headphones on and hasn't looked up once to see me in the corner. She won't be able to ignore me much longer.

As soon as she FUCK! Was going to say, sees the key . . . but she just vacuumed it up! Well she can't ignore "MMMMFFF!" Hey! "MMMGGH!" Dammit! Stop "MMMGGGRRR!!!" She's gonna break my toes! God Damn that thing is hard!

I switch to one by one lifting my feet so she can vacuum under them before she gets the other corner and heads back out . . . never once looking up at me! Seems the Soul of my Great Grandmother did find a new Host! So you're working here now? And you still hate me!

She heads out and the sound of her vacuum grows quieter and eventually silent. Just then, a Waitress I've seen before turns into the Coat Room, sees me and screams, "Fuck! Nicky! Dammit!"

Leaving me alone, I can hear her yelling, "Chuck! . . . I need the Bolt Cutters! . . . Again!" Of course, the Hot Girl ends up just cutting my handcuff chain . . . couldn't help me out with my extreme build up problem.

After my chain is cut and with the Key Sucked away, I ask, “Can you cut these all the way off?” She replies, “Those are too thick. Nicky buys those at the BDSM place a just a couple miles South. They should have a key.”

## KEYS? . . .

I asked about letting me dig the Key out of the vacuum. Turns out Great Grandma brings her own because the Restaurant's vacuum sucks . . . which I guess means it doesn't suck? Either way, she and the Key are long gone!

Just a couple of miles south. I'll drive down. Find the BDSM Place, borrow a key and make it back home in time to get some sleep. No problem at . . . "Fuck! Ginger! . . . Come On!" She took my keys!!!

Need to get an Uber . . . and No Wallet and No Phone! "OH MY GOD!" Ok, just get some money from the Waitress . . . "Get the Fuck out of here! You've wasted too much of my time already!" And that's a No Go . . .

Walking it is then . . . only a couple of miles. Gotta get these off and soon. I look like an escaped convict . . . which is why I kept getting the looks during my little walk to the BDSM place.

One person even stood next to me to compare my face to other faces on a Mugshot.com Website. Standing a foot from me as he hollered to his buddies, "Look! This is him! Slippery Fingers! Wanted for Public Masturbation!"

"Oh, wait . . . he's got all his fingers! Never mind! You have a nice day now." So that happened in the first three blocks. Tucking my wrists under my arms, I walk the rest of the way. Nobody else should notice the cuffs . . . or the bizarre and suspicious way I'm acting . . . yeah, right!

Finally making it the BDSM Store . . . unbothered by any more randoms . . . surprised me, with my luck. Pretty easy to find this BDSM Store since it's actual name is BDSM Store. I go in and locate the exact same cuffs in one of those sealed plastic clamshells and bring them to the front desk.

Putting them on the counter, Goth Girl behind it says, "If you're gonna be that rough . . . then get the same pair . . . they'll break just like the first pair. We have Police Issue ones for the more Extreme Slaves like you."

"I'm not a . . . Ok, fine. I just need the key out of the package so I can get this pair off." Smirking, "Sure Dude. \$19.95 plus tax and the key is yours . . . Bonus! You get another set of Handcuffs you can break."

"So cash or charge? Most people use cash so BDSM Store doesn't end up on their bill." I try again. "I just need to borrow the key. I'm not buying these just to use the key and put it back."

"Ok Slave. \$19.95 plus tax and the key is yours . . . oh, wait, we have 10% Off this week for Submissives like you." Frustrated as the next guy in line keeps randomly bumping me with his leather covered junk and grunting!

"I don't have any money! No Cash! No Charge! My wallet was stolen. Can't we work something out here? Please?" She looks at my face and can tell I'm not lying.

"Well I'm not fucking you for it if that's what you're suggesting? You're not on

the right Team for my liking.” Adding, “On a side note, you’re also a whiny little Bitch . . . which is a Turn-Off for either Team.” She then says, “JOE! What have I told you about humping the Customers? Go to your corner!”

I watch as Joe, guess I know his name now. Heads to the corner with his head down and continues his air grinding along the way. Goth Girl says, “Follow me” She leads me down a dark hallway and opens a curtain to the first of six booths.

There’s a monitor with a Quarter slot, a small black and white monitor and an empty paper towel roll holder on the wall. “I look at her and say, “I thought I’m not what you’re interested in?”

“Dude! Stop Already!” Shaking her head in disgust, she points at torn paper towel, the dried cum covered floor and the fresh drippings on the wall below the monitor. “Clean this up and I’ll get you Store Credit . . . this one plus the other five booths should cover it.”

I start to reply . . . not sure what I was even going to say, then she stopped me with a, “Did Mistress say you could talk?” I choose to just shut up and start scrubbing if this will get these cuffs off of me sooner.

Really needed more of a Paint Scrapper for the stuff on the floor! On my hands and knees as my palms go from making crunch noises on the most dry to almost slipping onto my face from the wettest!

On a good note, I made it to the last booth before Joe’s leather wrapped bulge found it’s way to bumping against my sticking up ass! {Smack!} “Ouch!” Turning I see Goth Girl armed with one of the larger paddles still in hand!

“Bad Joe! Bad Joe! Go Home Joe! . . . Now!” Joe heads off again, head down, dragging his feet, sobbing. Almost felt bad for Joe. “Dude! Nice Job! . . . You’re like a Pro at Cum Cleaning! Lots of Experience, hey?”

I keep my mouth closed as we head back up to the Counter for my Credit, Purchase, Key and silver cuff jewelry removals. Goth Girl gives me more Credit than I need for the Cuffs.

She rings them up and slides them over to me in their hard clear plastic molded clamshell package. I look at her and she knows I can’t get the keys out . . .

Smiling, she brings out one of those tools for opening clamshells. “That’s \$5.99” Fuck! It’s also in it’s own Fucking Clamshell! Just Kill Me Now!

### THIRD DATE? . . .

My Love Hate relationship with Goth Girl did end on the Love side. She gave me a \$60 credit for my Mad Cum Cleaning Skills. Opened the handcuff package with scissors, for free. Finally switched my final \$40 in credit into \$20 cash . . . which I used to get a ride home.

No need to report my car stolen, since Giggles dropped it off outside my Apartment. She may have even got it washed! Forgetting I still didn't have my keys to my Apartment, I shuffled my way to it anyway . . . tired from zero sleep . . .

The door was unlocked and Giggles, she's just plain Giggles now, cause her Games are just so Funny. Well Giggles is in my foyer, in her underwear, on her shoulder blades with her flowered lace patterned stilettos up on my wall.

Eyes wide and bright, face a bit red, from her massive smile and never-ending laughing at my expense! As Fucking Sexy as she is at this moment . . . I'm still more pissed off then happy to see her!

"Is that cum on your knees Baby? . . . Did you have a bad Night? . . . Did you need MaMa to kiss your BooBoos?" I grabbed the nearest chair, sat down, pointed at my lap and said, "Get . . . Over . . . Here . . . Now! Giggles!"

"Oooo! All Bossy and Powerful . . . MaMa Likee! Are you going to Spank Me? Was I naughty?" She had my cock growing firm after just a few words. Silent, I

tipped my head a little, looked mad and pointed at my lap a second time.

Standing up, she slowly slid her hands down her sides. Past her panties . . . down her thighs to the upper edges of her nylons. Then, on the motion back up . . . sliding over her pussy . . . to the top edge and then inside the front!

Holy Fuck! Her wide eyes, never breaking the connection to mine, I know her fingers have entered her wetness! I needed her across my lap now more than ever! “Giggles! Bad Girl!” Worked for Goth Girl. “Get on my Lap, Now!”

Didn’t work for me. “Make Me! Big Guy! . . .” and on cue, she giggles! Moving towards her quickly and unplanned as her knee meets my crotch! Taking me face down to the floor of the foyer!

She jumps on my back as I feel the firmness and strength of her thighs on mine as quicker than a Cop, she handcuffs my wrists behind me! “Mister . . . you dropped these! . . .” and laughs hard as she falls sideways off my backside.

“Max . . . you can consider this a Yes!” Still feeling the pain of her knee . . . having a hard time catching my breath! “A Yes to what?” With little to no oxygen in my lungs . . . those were four difficult as fuck words to get out . . .

“To a third date Silly! . . . I say it already started . . . Soooo, whatcha wanna do with me Maxi?” I didn’t ask her for a third date . . . yet. I know I shouldn’t . . . I’m gonna end up dead! Was still going to ask . . .

Still having a tough time moving or getting any air! Giggles helped me to my feet and moved me into my front Room. Then helped me as I sat on my couch.

The second my ass hits the cushion, I see the pile of Toys she brought with her! She holds up my charge card and says, “Did you know there’s a BDSM Store just a few miles from the Restaurant you abandoned me at?”

“I didn’t abandon you! You abandoned me! Left me handcuffed as a sacrifice to the Almighty Nicky and his soft wet lips!” Giggling, “So you got that Blow-Job you needed so badly then?” I didn’t know what to say.

She continues, “Well I had to drive myself home alone! . . . So I was feeling pretty abandoned also . . .” I’m already handcuffed and had my balls beat in once already here. I’m not winning this argument!

“By the way . . . I think you and Gretta would really get along.” Confused, “Who’s Gretta?” Giggling again, “Oh you know . . . am sure you go there all the time! She works at the BDSM Store. Cute Girl . . . A little Dark, but still Cute.”

Giggles holds up my phone, “I can text her to see if she wants to come and play?” Quickly, I try to reply as calmly as possible. “I was really hoping our Third Date could be just the two of us . . . alone . . . say in my Apartment . . . with the door locked . . .”

I then needed to ask, “Why is Gretta’s contact info in my phone?” With a big smile like I’m the dumb one, “Because that’s what Facebook Friends do Silly . . .” Glancing at my phone . . . “She’s posting something . . . Oh, Wow! . . . I was right! That is cum!”

## IF FOUND . . .

Opening my mouth about Gretta . . . “MMMMMMFF!” As Giggles perfected timing pushed the thick leather insert of the brand new panel gag deep inside! Caught off guard more by it’s New Car Smell then the fact she’s already closing the straps!

Giggles holds a very complex looking padded blindfold with a ton of straps up in front of me. “Do you want an experience like one you’ve never had before?” I shake my head yes and she slides it over my eyes.

As the last buckle tightens, I start to regret saying yes so quickly. She’s undoing my shirt, but the handcuffs won’t let it completely come off . . . at least in one piece! I feel the edge of the cold metal scissors, as it cuts the material away.

{click click click} Cold metal on my ankle? {click click click} Really? It’s gonna take forever to walk to my bedroom . . . if that’s where we end up. Her wet tongue ending up in my ear, makes me jump a little!

Being blindfolded is so disorientating! As her tongue comes out, I feel something else filling my ear! Once expanded, I lose my hearing on my left side . . . to soon be followed on my right side!

Without a shirt, my skin is a little chilled . . . I keep my heat pretty low. I feel her lips as she first sucks on my nipples until they’re both wet and hard! Allowing her teeth to glide above and below each . . . as I wait for her bite . . .

“MMMMMMFFFHH!” “MMMMMMGGGGRR!” The bites come but not from her teeth! The clamps pinch hard as I struggle to get free from them! They are NOT coming off on their own!

Helping me once again to my feet . . . I believe we’re finally on the way to my bedroom for the experience Giggles has promised me. Being unable to see or hear, plus not able to take any full steps due to the leg cuffs, I have no idea how far we’ve even moved or if I’m about to knock a shin on a coffee or end table!

Sometimes she’s holding my shoulders to guide me . . . God! Her hands on my naked flesh feels so good! Even if it is just my shoulders. Other times, she pulls me along with the chain between my nipples! “MMMMFFF!”

Baby steps all the way . . . hoping Giggles isn’t leading me to my Death as she just smiles and laughs . . . I feel something like a string being added around the back of my neck? Running down towards my chest?

Is that a piece of cardboard she just hung on me like a sign? What the Fuck is she doing? Shuffling my feet slowly, I feel a difference in the floor! The floor I just shuffled to dropped slightly under me?

Whatever she hung around me is bumping against my clipped nipples as she guides me further into whatever place I’m in. Hands on my shoulders again, she has me turn maybe a 180? No idea?

Now, moving me backwards as my shoulders bump the wall and my hands

connect with the elevator rail! “MMMMMFFF!” I’m in the damn elevator! Why am I in the elevator?

Placing her hands on both sides of my face, Giggles pulls one of my earplugs out just long enough to say, “I can’t wait until our forth date.” I then hear her pushing all the buttons before she pushes the earplug back in place!

Based on the direction I thought I heard her hit the buttons, I lurched blindly forward in hopes to make it out before the doors closed! Would have made it if I was actually facing the right way!

Hitting the wall of the elevator hard before falling onto my ass! Just in time to feel what I think is up? It’s crazy how much of your balance is visual. Without being able to see, it took me three, maybe four floors before I was able to get back on my feet.

At this point, being on my feet did nothing for me. I have no idea what direction I’m facing much less what floor I’m on. Even if I find the door . . . should I get out or not? {Smack!} “MMMFFF!” {Smack!} “MMMGGGG!” Someone is Spanking me!

Spinning to block whatever from wherever . . . I again fall into I’m guessing is a back corner of the elevator! Waiting for the attack to continue . . . but nothing happens . . .

My building has 20 floors. My Apartment is on the 5th floor. This means I’m going up 15 before any chance of coming back down! You would think many people wouldn’t go up from these floors to higher floors, but they do.

Visiting others, lounge and library on the 10th, sky view workout area on the 18th and more . . . I'm so Fucked! On one of the floors I could feel someone's cat circling my leg! Feared kicking it away so I didn't get kicked by it's owner!

Stopping again, I feel someone pulling on my nipple clamp chain! Thank God! I'm back on the floor with Giggles! Except I don't feel we came back down that far? The person guides me out of the elevator and into the hallway . . .

Then the chain between my nipples falls back against my naked skin. Whoever was guiding me just left me! They fucking left me in the hallway on some floor? I hate these people!

Maybe they're just doing whatever the sign Giggles hung around me neck says . . . what the hell does it even say? Ginger! Dammit! No idea how long I just stood in the hall, half naked and in bondage.

Someone . . . feels like very soft hands . . . just moved me back into the elevator . . . and they have a dog . . . a very horny dog! You'd swear I was wearing corduroy pants, it was humping my leg so hard! Again . . . I can't kick it off for fear of retribution from its owner . . .

Normally, whenever I've seen this happening at a friend's house or a party . . . everyone kicks the dog away immediately. Well, if you've ever wondered what happens if the dog isn't stopped?

Now I can tell you . . . they will hump until completion . . . Fuck! On the good

side . . . this good boy also licked it up once he was done. Guess even dogs are into recycling.

After several more stops. This mystery duo guides me out of the elevator again and onto a non-carpeted area. Oh My God! They took me to the Lobby! Cooler air hitting me every time the main door opens and closes!

I can tell they left me because the dog finally stopped licking up his own doings. Well these pants . . . no amount of washing will get the memories out . . . so they have a date with the buildings incinerator shoot as soon as this is over.

Someone is taking out one of my ear plugs . . . She asks, “Do you have the keys to the cuffs?” I shake my head no. “Are they in your Apartment?” Shaking my head yes. “Do you want me to take you there?” Again, yes.

“What about the key to your Apartment?” I shake no. “Fine, I’ll bring the Master key with then.” I let out a sigh of relief. “No worries . . . no more than a dozen or so people in the Lobby even saw this.” Fuck! I’m gonna need to move!

No idea who this Girl is . . . but her voice is soothing and sexy! She guides me by the shoulders back to the elevator. With one earplug out, I at least have half of a sense back.

The door closes and I feel both her hands move up behind the cardboard whatever Giggles hung around my neck! Before I could shake NO! Both nipple clips came off! “MMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!” Taking me to my knees in Pain!

“Sorry! But the longer those stay on the more it was going to hurt. They must have been on for a while already.” At least the blindfold blocked my tears from . . . a possible future Date?

## RETURNED . . .

“I’m Jada by the way . . . I’m new here.” As she walked me into the foyer of my Apartment. “You seem a little stressed out. Did you want me to help you relax a little?” I could feel her hand on my thigh!

Knowing what she meant by relax a little, I nodded in response. Even before completing my nod, her hands were undoing my pants that fell to the ground and my boxers were given an assist at joining my them!

Taking in a deep breath . . . I notice an odd smell . . . almost like that stuff old people . . . “HAROLD! CALL 911! NOW HAROLD! NOW!” And both the door to this Apartment and any chance of my release just got slammed shut and hard!

At least the old Lady who beat me down every minute until the Cops showed up didn’t hit that hard while Harold stayed on the phone the whole time giving commentary . . .

“They were both . . . both almost naked! . . . Yeah, I know . . . Martha is keeping him in place . . . just the lid to her casserole dish . . . No, there’s no blood . . .”

“Hey! Martha! How much longer on the casserole? . . . I need to take my pills!” Ok, so this is what Hell is like! Have to admit, the casserole did smell pretty good. My stomach was grumbling.

Once the Cops took off my blindfold, gag and cardboard sign . . . I finally got to read it. In bright orange crayon, it said: [IF FOUND: PLEASE RETURN THIS HORNY LITTLE BOY TO 3B] Not my Apartment and not even my floor!

The most confusing part of my trip to the Police Station, was all of the extra time they spent removing my handcuffs just to replace them with their's. Kinda felt like they were being a little petty about it.

On my mugshot, the marks on my cheeks from the extra tight panel gag couldn't be missed! Just like one guy in the holding cell with me kept asking about them . . . Over and Over and Over . . .

Just when I truly thought things couldn't get any worse, "Hey! It's Mr. Professional Cum Cleaner Guy!" Fucking Joe just got brought in to join us for the Night!

Worst part was his odd as fuck walk up to me! Bulge first! As if it was guiding him him to me like a sniffing dog! With this group of guys and me now being known as Cum Cleaner . . . Oh My God!

Moving to a corner, trying to make myself as small as possible, I picture for a moment, both Giggles and Jada having their way with me while I'm still in cuffs.

Never seeing Jada, I face swap her in my mind with Katy's from one of her Videos. This fantasy is taking me out of my Living Hell for a moment and the

ass fucking happening at lights out . . .

“That one! Yeah, the crumpled up one in the corner! That’s my Hero!” Saved? I think? The door opened and I slowly and carefully walked past the guys who for sure wanted me to stay the night.

“I told them all about those sex games you like to play and how I made the mistake of putting the wrong Apartment on your sign. Told them it was a misunderstanding, that you’d be more careful in the future.”

My Games? She’s calling them My Games? “Thanks?” I say hesitating. “But it wasn’t until I promised them that you would be getting punished as soon as I got you back home, that they agreed to not press charges.”

Again, cringing this time, “Thanks?” She pushes me a little, “You don’t need to keep thanking me Honey! It’s just what Couples in Love do for each other . . .”

FINALLY! . . .

We enter the Lobby together and I glance to see the Woman who must be Jada. “Wow!” I let slip out loud. Giggles was still regaling me with her Stories of my Freedom and didn’t hear me.

Jada on the other hand did, and gave me a quick wink of acknowledgment. Yup! Future Date . . . If Giggles doesn’t kill me first.

The second the elevator doors closed Giggles was humping my leg like a dog . . . and I’m very familiar with that process. Her lips on mine! Taking a break long enough to say, “Right in the Bedroom with you Big Boy!”

I just finished with the worst day of my life . . . all caused by this sexy as fuck woman . . . who’s pressing her firm breasts against me while grinding my thigh. Who smells like vanilla . . . who I want to Fuck so Badly!

What’s wrong with me? We’re not a Couple . . . but I’m truly starting to Love her like crazy! “I want all these clothes off and you on your back the moment we reach your bed” Ok, this may explain what I’m feeling and why . . .

Like right out of the Movies, she’s ripping my shirt open before the elevator doors open! My shirt is off in the foyer! Unlike the Movies, I stop to lock, deadbolt and chain the door . . . too much fucked up shit happening lately! Can’t have Joe or any of his friends just walking in.

With my ankles unshackled, the trip to the bedroom is much quicker. Without a blindfold, I can see we're actually going to the bedroom and not out my door!

I save dropping my pants until we stop moving. Safety First! Can't crack my head open from tripping on my pants. One trip in a car with red spinning lights per day is enough!

Not sure if I tossed myself onto my bed, if Giggles was extra strong, or we just assisted each other? Either way, I'm naked, on my back, cock straining for Giggles who's on top of my chest, still dressed?

I stop dead in my tracks, point at my naked chest, her not naked chest and gave her a shrug combo questioning motion. No words were needed. She knew what I meant and slowly unbuttoned her shirt to expose her silky smooth bra with black lace curving just above and below her breasts!

Leaning over me, breasts just an inch from my face, I smell her perfume . . . and feel her sliding an already looped rope over my hand! "Uh Ah! No Way Ginger! Not Happening!"

Giving me the biggest of pouty lips and looking seconds from her eyes tearing up, "But it's not like I can walk you out of your Apartment again? You'll be tied to your bed which is too big for me to move."

Why am I even considering this? "You need to be tied so I can give you pleasure beyond pleasure. Most Guys would make me stop, if they weren't tied up. Then

they'd miss the extreme levels of pleasure I was about to give." Ok, and there's the reason. That pleasure beyond pleasure thing!

Moving my hand back into place, I say, "Go ahead . . . but no blindfold or gag." She hesitates . . . "Promise me . . . no blindfold or gag." She giggles and then says, "I Promise." The giggle makes me not trust her . . .

But her slow grinding of her crotch against my chest overrides common sense. Once all four ropes are in place, she looks at her watch and says, "Oopsie! I have to get to work . . . see ya Max!"

FUCK!!!! . . .

Ok . . . Max . . . You Fucking Idiot!!! First blind date, she leaves you bike locked to the Cafe' table for so long you piss yourself in public. Ok . . . I forgive you for that one . . . you had no way of knowing.

You stepped right into a Second date, ending up handcuffed overnight in a Coat Room after being sucked off by Nicky . . . the Coat and Cock Check Guy . . .

Doubt anyone could have predicted that outcome . . . but you should have known it wasn't going to end well! Even the best Fortune Teller couldn't have predicted the next morning . . .

Money-less, wallet-less, car-less, phone-less . . . working for Store Credit in a BDSM Store as a "Professional Cum Cleaner" . . . a Title that later followed you into Jail . . . and almost got you Ass Fucked!

She did come back with your car. But was it because she cared or only wanted to leave you helpless, blind, deaf & gagged in your elevator with all the buttons pushed . . . both yours and the elevators . . .

This did set you up with possible Future Fun Time with Jada . . . until 911 brought the Cops and your replacement handcuffs. Ginger did bail you out before your ass was no longer a Virgin . . . so that worked out.

Now, spread eagle, helpless, rock hard and balls starting to swell . . . you're left alone to ponder . . . is this still the Third date or the start of a Forth? Is it the rule to be Fucked by the Fifth date?

Even though, she's already Fucked you too many ways to count on each and every date! And what have you learned Max! Max! Are you listening Max? You learned Nothing! Because You Still Want Her!!! Max! You Sir . . . Are . . . A . . . Dickhead!

By the way Max . . . you do realize you're not gagged? All you need to do is yell and a Neighbor will hear you . . . and then you'll go right back to Jail!

Remember . . . Part of your agreement that prevented your ass fucking was promising to not cause any more ruckus in the Apartment Complex.

Giggles totally knew this when she agreed to no Gag . . . and you fell for it! Wow! Idiot! She didn't need to Gag you because you can't yell for help anyway. Damn . . . She's Good!

No amount of humping the air is going to get me to cum . . . yet I keep randomly doing it. That's It! Next Time, I'm gonna Tie Her up First! Then I'll be in control and she won't be able to fuck me again! And I can finally fuck her!

Keep thinking the battery in that clock is dead. Staring at it so much and so hard, I swear the second hand has slowed to a stop. Why am I even staring at is? She never told me if she works four, six, eight or even twelve hour shifts?

As horny as I am, my total lack of sleep has finally caught up. My brain is shutting down, which is a good thing. I've never fallen asleep in bondage before. Am learning with Giggles, that I have a lot of firsts to still experience . . .

## STICK . . .

I swear in my dream I can hear someone making motor noises with their mouth . . . I wake to learn I wasn't dreaming . . . Giggles is on the side of my bed . . . using my cock as a stick shift!

“And then I sped past the red and blue lights as I screamed: YOU’LL NEVER CATCH ME ALIVE COPPERS!” Leaning my head up, I say, “Hello?” She puts her index finger to her lips . . .

Whispers, “I’m telling him a Bed Time Story . . . don’t ruin the climax . . .” Really? She’s telling me to not ruin the climax? “Then, taking the meat-lovers pizza with extra cheese out of the box . . . I tossed it like a frisbee at their open window!”

She actually has me listening now. “Turns out, the window was open, but the screen stopped the pizza . . . and that’s the Story of my last day driving for Uber-eats . . . The End!”

Two slaps, one on each side of my cock, “Now go to bed! That’s the last Story I’m telling you!” Leaning up again, I ask, quietly, “Is it ok for me to talk now . . . Ginger?”

Was the he she’s telling a story to my cock or an imaginary person in the room with us? If it is the later, could this count as a threesome? I mean, technically, if she believes there’s three of us?

“Sure . . . just not too loud.” I wanted to ask if she was telling the Bed Time Story to my cock, or just using him as a visual prop? “I really think it’s time I get to tie you up now Ginger. Don’t you?”

“Yea, yea, sure . . . go ahead . . . tie me up all you want Max.” I wait. Then wait longer. Nothing is happening. She’s not untying me? “Ginger?” Not making eye contact, “Yes Max?”

“I can’t tie you up until you untie me first.” Looking at her watch again. Oh god no! Don’t leave again! “Max, I was just about to untie you before you suggested tying me up so you could Rape me.”

“Ginger, I never said that!” She asks, “Do you want to fuck me?” Can’t lie, “Like Crazy I want to fuck you! I’ve never wanted any woman as much as I want to feel myself inside of you!”

“So once I’m helpless, your plan is to Rape me then?” Why is it I go from being horny as hell to ending up with that same uncomfortable as hell lump in my stomach I feel whenever I watch Meet the Parents?

“No Ginger! No! I didn’t say that. I would never Rape you.” Looking me in the eyes with both of her deep brown beauties, “Well that’s a very hurtful thing to say Max. I can’t believe you don’t find me sexy.” Her lower lip starting to push out as tears start to well up in both eyes.

“Ginger . . . I’m so sorry . . . I do find you very sexy.” And with that she giggles

and says, “Of course you do My Mr Maximum!” Unexpectedly slapping my cock, “That’s why this thing doesn’t want to fit in your Pants!” Oh My God! She’s killing me from the inside!

Then on her spread apart knees, between my thighs, she proceeds to slide her hand down the front of her panties. Closing her eyes, leaning her head backwards.

Her fingers move ever so slowly to prolong her buildup. Ending in an uncontrolled giggling orgasm as I dry hump towards her! Never close enough to touch her with my cock! I beg, “Ginger! PLEASE!”

“You’re right Max! I’m hungry also. Let’s go eat! All of this has really made me famished . . . Do you like biscuits and gravy?” As one by one she slowly and overly sexually licks and sucks each finger of her lucky hand . . .

## BREAKFAST . . .

Giggles taught me something new again . . . biscuits and gravy are really good! I look across the table as she's chewing with her mouth closed, while still managing to giggle as she does it.

Am pretty sure she's reliving all the horrible things that have happened to me since I met her, in her head. Things I don't find anywhere near as funny as she does.

For a moment, I wonder if she even has a vagina? I've yet to actually see it. I sure haven't touched it. I think she touched it in front of me, but did she really? Maybe she's smooth down there like a Barbie Doll?

Maybe the goal I have actually can't be obtained by me or any other man . . . or even woman for that fact. She's watching my wheels turning hard. Reaching over, she spins her index finger in the white gravy I've yet to soak up with my biscuit.

Ever so slowly she slides her finger into her mouth before making a loud enough sucking noise for the table next to us to hear. I know they heard her, because I can now hear the Wife complaining to her very large Husband.

Do I apologize to them? Do I ask Giggles to be quieter? Do I ask for the check to get out of here? Is there any right answer? She goes in for a second slurp and I block her with the torn side of my biscuit.

“You were right Giggles! These are really good! Especially with extra gravy!” Well I’m not an actor by any means and she knows my little stunt was only to stop her from tasting my gravy. A phrase I never thought I’d be saying.

Her plate is cleaned of gravy, but she still has a few biscuits. I’m down to my last half of a biscuit, while still having some gravy smeared about my plate. With one big half-moon move, I catch the last of it in my biscuit, before eating it quietly.

There, now I won’t be getting killed by Hubby here for bothering his Wife. At least not today. “Oh Waiter! I miscalculated my biscuit to gravy ratios and now I have a problem.” All sweet like, “What ever will I do?” Batting her eyelashes at him.

“Oh don’t you worry Pretty Little Lady . . . I’ll go get you more gravy right now.” Can’t help but shake my head. “He called me Pretty Little Lady . . . bet he would want to Rape me if I was all tied up.” Giggles did not bother to lower her voice on that one.

Grabbing the back of my chair and turning me a quarter turn, “You need to Quiet your Pretty Little Lady down and you need to do so now! . . . Before I do it for you.”

Looking to Ginger, she’s squirming in her seat like just before the first Wrestling Match of the night begins! The Waiter drops off a big ass bowl of warm white gravy. Way more then she needed!

Staring at me, Ginger takes all of her fingers and digs them deep into the bowl! I shake my head a hard, “Ginger, No, Please” which I think only egged her on even more.

Before the huge dripping warm wad of white gravy made it to her lips, I tossed a twenty on the table and pocketed my cell phone! The sucking noises she made earlier were nothing compared to this!

Even before her tips past her lips, she started with a loud “YUM!” Noise! Once all her fingers entered deep it was an orgasmic combination of sucking and slurping that anyone in the restaurant could clearly hear!

“THAT’S FUCKING IT!” As intimidating as he was sitting . . . once on his feet . . . he was the size of the Rock! I grabbed Ginger by her gravy and saliva covered hand, I yanked her towards the door!

We were small and fast! He was big and slow, but was so pissed he would be closing the gap soon . . . had Giggles not poured out the balance of the gravy in his path!

We made the turn out the door . . . while he slid his way into the old style Juke Box hard enough to knock the needle off the record! The crashing noise was pretty intense. No time to look as we ran down the street!

Ok, so now that’s two Places I can’t Ever show my face at for fear of Death and or Dismemberment. As we turned enough corners that we could safely switch to walking, I ask, “So do you have that type of affect on all Guys?”

“What affect?” Followed, surprise, by a giggle. “So what whatcha wanna do now Max? . . . Wait! I have an idea! . . . Let's go to my place! We haven't been to my place yet!”

Figuring her place is code for where she finally kills me before hiding my body, I reply, “Sure!”

## HOME . . .

Giggles Apartment wasn't anything too large or special, but it was very clean and very well organized. She gave me a quick tour. I was looking for bondage and torture items at every turn, but found none. Did she have a knife block? No, good!

We were on the third floor. There were four buildings all together in a square shape. From her windows, I could see the other buildings. The other side of her building was the expressway, so she for sure had the better side.

I allowed Giggles to guide me to each room. Not only because I was being a gentleman, but so I could watch her sexy ass while making sure she wasn't about to attack me from behind. Being a little defensive am I? Wouldn't you be by now?

Her white and pink bedroom was just a large Kitty Face on the comforter away from being fully theme'd. The wooden sign in the hall that originally said: Live Laugh Love. Well, Live and Love were crossed off and written over.

Giggles customized sign said: Laugh Laugh Laugh. She's living by those rules, that's for sure. At my expense though. Hopefully once she finally feels my cock inside her she's not laughing the whole time . . . shit . . . she's gonna be laughing the whole time!

After the tour was complete. She sat me down at her kitchen slash dining room

table, smaller place. Then, not laughing for a moment, said, “Max, I know you want a chance at tying me up. But I really want to try some cock and ball bondage.” Listening . . .

“I’m sure you feel it’s your turn and all . . . but technically, neither of us have tied the other up in my Apartment yet . . . so we’re pretty much even Steven . . . right?” Can’t argue with her logic.

Not because it’s solid, but because she’ll go all making me feel bad, awkward or uncomfortable again. I just let her continue by giving her a small nod.

“What if we start over? We could do a fifty fifty chance. Luck of the draw to see who gets tied up first? I shuffle and you pick. Black Card, I tie you up. Red Card, you tie me up.”

My first thought is she’s of course some type of card shark, a magician, a trickster. Then she shuffles using the big smear technique. All the cards face down as she just smears them around for a minute.

Then takes the next few minutes struggling to get them all turned short sides to short sides. Yeah, not a shark. Maybe my luck has finally turned. Fifty fifty isn’t bad. Better than zero chance at tying her up.

I spread the deck out a little. Touch a card and she giggles. Fuck! Moving to a different card, she giggles even more. Double Fuck! Third card gets her to an all out belly laugh. Fuck Fuck Fuck!

She see's me getting freaked by her giggles and finally, holding my hand says, "Max, I don't know which cards are which. They could be anything. Just pick one."

Going with my gut, I switched back to my first choice to flip over a Black Card! "I knew it!" Says Giggles as she smacks me on the shoulder. "Now strip for me Max!"

## WHEELS . . .

I was hoping for a bed tie or at least a more comfortable chair. She chose a rolling desk chair. Once I sat down, she tightly roped my wrists first. With the freedom to move my arms, I should be able to get this undone if needed.

She then switched to wrapping rope around my lower thigh, pulling my knees apart, then tying it off to the front of the armrest. Repeating this process with my other leg, pulling hard enough I could feel the groin stretch in my inner thighs.

My cock was already getting harder and waiting for it's upcoming bondage. I've never had cock and or ball bondage. Not sure if I am or am not going to enjoy it? Too late for this question now . . . isn't it?

The ball gag allowed me to breath around it and still make some noise if I wanted or even if I didn't want. That's more up to Giggles at this point.

Overall, I wasn't too concerned about this position because I'm pretty sure I can get loose if needed and can still make enough of some words around the side of the ball gag. Think I'm good . . .

That was until added the elbow tie! I can't touch my elbows together! Most guys can't do it and not too many girls can! That little fact didn't seem to matter to Giggles as the rope continues around and around, above and below my elbows!

My wrist rope was no longer a factor. Didn't matter if my hands were free or not. Once she added the elbow tie, I'm at her Mercy! "How are you doing Max? . . . Getting worried?" I nod.

"I'll start wrapping this thin rope around the base of your cock and balls. Then just you balls and then just the shaft! Nice and Snug! If you change your mind, just say nice and clear, Rumpstiltskin without mumbling it and I'll let you go."

I can't say that without mumbling even if I wasn't gagged. She does the fingers pointing to her eyes and then mine, "So you got it Max? That's your Safe Word." Yeah, that Safe Word's not happening . . .

Testing all of my bonds as her fingers are finally touching my balls as she feeds and then wraps the rope around the base a half dozen or so times. The the same on my balls and then my shaft. Exactly as she described.

I thought my cock has become pretty large and hard in the past just thinking about Giggles. That rope wrap! It seems like it allows blood to flow into my cock, but not as much back out.

Every vein swelling as the head becomes engorged wanting Giggles attention! Just as there's a knock at her door followed by a, "Hey Ginger! We're here! Open Up already!"

Trying to act surprised, Giggles says, "I forgot about Game Night!" She flips open those flimsy folding metal vented double doors to the closet just on the other side of the kitchen table.

Rolling me backwards while quietly saying, “You need to be very quiet or they’ll hear you.” Moving me into the center of the closet, kissing my cheek and saying, “I love you Max . . . now be quiet.”

Closing the flimsy doors in front of me, I realize the smallest stretching out of my feet and I’ll be kicking the metal doors! If I expect to make it through Game Night undiscovered, I’m gonna have to concentrate big time!

## GAME NIGHT . . .

With the flimsy metal doors closed, her three friends ready for Game Night storm in the second Giggles opened the door! I try my best to stay still and breath as quiet as possible while my cock keeps getting harder . . .

Is it harder because of Giggles, the fear of being caught or both? Can't deny it, am pretty sure it's both. Still . . . I guess it's the fantasy of getting caught that's the best. Not actually getting caught. I'll stay quiet!

Really can't see them through the slots in these closet doors, but I sure can hear everything they're saying. Two of the girls are overall pretty quiet and seem as if they're just followers of the third one.

Now, that third one . . . well her voice is hard to explain. Other than it's really kind of irritating, yet powerful. She seems to be commanding the room every time she talks.

I find out her name is Blair, and as I expected, she's the self anointed Alpha of the group. Pretty much anything she says, the other two agree with, while Giggles seems a bit on the outside.

Honestly, as many different ways as Giggles has tricked and denied me of the pleasures she has to offer . . . right now all I can feel is sadness as she continues on the receiving end of Blair's verbal beat down.

“So Blair . . . how’s your drink?” “Kinda warm . . . don’t you have a refrigerator that works?” In unison, “Yeah, get a fridge that works.” “Sorry . . . I can get some ice?” “No . . . your ice tastes salty.” “Yeah, salty.”

My God! I don’t believe in hitting Girls, but there’s three right outside these doors that really need to be slapped, and hard! So far Blair has insulted the smell, size and furniture of Giggles Apartment.

She doesn’t like her drink, ice and even though it’s Game Night, doesn’t want to play a board Game! What a Total Bitch! Blair suggests a Game of Just Truth. No Dares.

Her two Lackies immediately agree . . . as does Giggles. She really doesn’t have a choice. With three against one, if it came down to a vote, Giggles would still lose.

Normally, for games, there’s some random way of deciding who goes first. With Blair, seems she just chooses, like she chooses everything else.

Blair says, “I’ll ask the first Truth Question, and I’ll be asking Ginger.” Ok, I’m listening . . . maybe I’ll finally learn more of what’s going on inside of Giggles naughty mind?

“Ginger, did you ever actually follow through on getting your revenge on that Max guy? Or was that all just a bunch of bullshit talk like everything else you say?”

Revenge? What revenge? I just recently met Ginger and I've never even knew or done anything to her? Can't lie, I want to! Oh God I Want To! But I haven't! I haven't done anything to her!

Ginger replies, "You bet I did! . . ." Then proceeds to detail all the different ways she's found to punish, tease and torment me in the last week. Every detail, which I hate to say, is now causing the rope to dig into my ever growing cock! What the Hell?!?!

Giggles did skip to mention our most recent date and the fact that I'm currently cock bound and helpless in the closet not more then three feet away from all of them. A secret I hope remains a secret!

The two Lackies listen intently until, at the end, Blair rudely says, "Ginger, I call Bullshit on your whole story!" Oh, Fuck!

## EXPOSED . . .

I see exactly where this is going and feel horrible for the way Ginger is being treated. All of this is true. But why am I the target of her revenge? What did I do? Lastly, I now really don't want to leave this closet in front of this hungry crowd!

The Lackies added their, "Yeah, Bullshit" comment before Ginger replied, "I'm Not Lying Blair! And I'm getting Sick of how you treat me! Sick of how you talk about me! You need to stop it or . . ."

"Or what Ginger? You'll leave me all aroused like you claim you did to Max? That's no where near the tossing him off your balcony revenge you were talking so big and tuff about."

"You kept telling us how the guy who destroyed your Grandparents business would pay and you'd be the one collecting the payment, Ginger!" I didn't need to see to know Ginger's eyes were welling up with tears. I could hear her sniffles.

Not sure why I keep feeling bad for her, now that I know her plan is to kill me as revenge for something I didn't do? I don't even know her Grandparents and I never destroyed anyone's business.

"Come on Girls . . . let's go! Ginger's just a bunch of Lies . . . which breaks all the rules of the Truth Game. She doesn't deserve to hang out with the Hot Girls

like us.” Bitch “Yeah, Hot Girls.”

And with that, both of the flimsy metal folding doors, folded open as I see Ginger standing before me with wet cheeks. Looking sorry at me for a moment before saying, “Say hello to Max . . . Blair.” Silence as my eyes meet Blair’s.

All I have to say is she’s way fucking scarier then she sounded! Tight black latex dress with long sleeves. Long straight red hair that’s almost more of a dark wine color. Black makeup under her eyes with a thick line running down each of her cheeks. Why?

The hatred towards me, can be seen in her eyes. Me being here just made her look like a fool in front of her Lackies. Finally Blair responded and not at all a good question. “So Ginger . . . how are you going to get him over your balcony rail?”

Ginger turns firmly, marches towards her sliding patio door and opens it so hard I’m surprised it didn’t break! Stepping out onto her patio, going to each corner, she pulls a bolt out of each one.

Turning back to face us . . . a second later . . . the rail tips away from all of us! Bolts in the lower corners kept it from falling to its death. The lump she’s caused in my gut so many times in just a week are nothing compared to what I’m feeling right now!

This can’t be happening! Again, silence from Blair and the Lackie Twins . . . but not for long as Blair calls her bluff. I hope she’s bluffing! She has to be bluffing! This has to be another Game!

“Ok Ginger . . . so you haven’t been lying . . . fine! But you’d never actually go through with killing Max . . . no matter how bad he ruined your Grandparent’s Life’s . . .”

## BREAKS . . .

Honestly don't think anyone including Ginger could believe this was actually happening! Blair had yanked my chair out the closet, pushed me in Ginger's direction, and said, "Do It Ginger!"

"Yeah, Do It Ginger." Looking at the Lackies, Ginger yelled, "Can't you two Bitches ever think for your fucking selves!" Blair looks at her Girls and says, "Ignore Ginger. She's just chickening out and is taking it out on both of you."

"Well I'm not going to do it in front of three witnesses! I'm not an idiot!" Blair shakes her head in disgust at Ginger, does that old talk to the hand motion and says, "Excuses excuses . . . that's all it ever is with you. That and big talk and lies that never happens . . ."

Ginger . . . no longer giggling . . . would really rather have Giggles back about now. You can switch to giggling now! You got me! Ginger looks at me, shrugs her shoulders while lipping "Sorry Max" in my direction.

I should have been trying to get loose this whole time! Not that it would have made any difference what so ever. At least I wouldn't be going down without a fight!

Now as the look of fear grows in my eyes, I catch Blair staring at me . . . hard! "MMMM MMF MMMMFF MMMGGR!" That's the closet I could get to "Don't Do This Ginger!"

Ginger, no longer in eyesight, has moved behind my chair and is resting her hands on my shoulders. With her first push towards my Death, I hear two quieter gasps from the Lackies followed by a much louder . . . border-lining on sexual gasp from Blair!

What the Fuck is Wrong with that Bitch? Ginger starts to push me and I firmly plant both of my untied feet to stop her from getting me any closer to the balcony!

I struggle and grunt as Ginger is pushing harder! Blair, now breathing even harder herself! She's getting off on watching me fight to stay alive! "MMMMMFFF!" Still no closer and Blair spits out, "Enough of this Bullshit Show Ginger!"

Seeing some left over ropes on the couch. Blair grabs them and tosses them to the Lackies. "Fix Ginger's little problem with her breaks for her and hurry up." "Yes Blair"

Now, the three of them team up on me while Blair's hands are finding their way to different areas of her tight black latex. One Lackie grabs my left ankle while the other ties a rope around it.

Then, pulling up and knotting the rope to the back part of the arm rest of the chair so my foot can't reach the ground! Fuck! "MMMFFG!" I start to kick around my free foot . . . but it's quickly bound the same way!

As the realization that I'm about to die hits me, I glance again towards Blair who's in full on orgasm over my pending demise! At least I got to make somebody cum today . . .

## EXITING . . .

There's no more stopping what's about to happen! My pleas are being ignored by all four of them! Ok, not ignored by Blair, as my pleading and scared to death eyes fuel her Second Cumming!

Ginger leans down and whispers in my ear, "I am truly sorry about this Max . . . I do Love you . . . I really do." "MMMMMMFFF!" Which translates into: "Then Don't Fucking Kill Me!"

The ropes on my wrists finally slip off from all my struggles. But as predicted, with my elbows bound as they are, free wrists will do absolutely nothing for me! I grasp wildly at nothing but air!

Leaning down one last time, Ginger whispers, "It's best if you go fast . . . so stop fighting it." With no way to stop her, fast it is! I am flapping my roped feet and loose hands around as I roll . . . which I'm sure just looks ridiculous!

Hitting the threshold onto the balcony, me and the chair flips forward from the wheels catching! Even though I'm now falling forward, she has it moving fast enough to fully clear the edge of the balcony as I start the spinning fall to my death!

My chair and I aren't spinning crazy fast . . . but fast enough that everything is a total blur! I swear I could still hear one more orgasmic scream coming from Blair as I exited Ginger's Apartment!

Life passing before my eyes you wonder? Yes, yes it does. But just the last week, the tortures, teases and torments from Ginger. All parts of her buildup to her Final Revenge on Me for something I didn't do . . .

Time did slow down as I continue my final plummet. Am only hoping the crushing death of my bones hitting the concrete doesn't also happen in slow motion . . .

Like the rules of a falling open face peanut butter sandwich, I'm expecting to hit face down. Visually I have no references! Can't tell how far I am from death?

I remember my Father once saying, "I have no fear of falling . . . falling doesn't kill you . . . it's that sudden stop at the bottom I fear." Why does my mind have time for childhood Fatherly words of wisdom and not time for a few more sexual climax moments?

And then I hit first with my wrists, forearms and the back of the chair . . . hard as hell against the surface . . . of the water! Fuck! She has a Pool! The Apartment complex has a Pool!

As the chair is breaking and the back of my head gets its turn at breaking the surface of the water, I think for a moment that I may not die today! That was until I sink to the bottom from the weight of the chairs pieces still tied to my body!

I can see the surface now that I've stopped moving . . . little bits of blurry lights

striking the water in random areas. The chair back hitting the water first prevented me from getting the breath knocked out of me.

Still didn't have much air left as a transparent red cloud floats past my eyes. I'm bleeding from somewhere . . . not sure from where as every part is in pain! I can see the motion of the surface still in a tizzy from my unexpected splashdown . . .

Some chunks of the broken chair float upwards with my futile struggles at freedom and life. The pieces that float escape to the surface as the heavier pieces continue to trap me at the bottom . . .

Tipping my head forward in efforts to do anything . . . another cloud of red floats away from my still bound and bloody cock. Ok, so that's where it's coming from . . . I'm out of air! I gulp water . . .

The sound of something else hitting the water is the last thing I hear . . . everything goes dark . . .

## GIGGLES . . .

I can still for some reason hear sounds? Maybe that's because your brain dies last. You think I'd hear birds or wind or the ocean front tide as its hitting the beach . . . no . . . I hear giggles . . . ever so quiet giggles . . .

The pain is finally gone . . . my mind and body is at rest . . . I'm now finally accepting death and my peaceful endless sleep . . . then like being hit by a truck! I sit up and choke out the water, chlorine and piss from the Pool!

Every pain in my body returns in addition to a burning in my throat! The quiet giggling quickly grows in loudness as I open my eyes to see Ginger's smile and soaking wet hair!

Then, off to my left stands the Trio of Death! Blair, with her hands on her hips and her two Lackies, standing just behind her. "Ok, Ginger! Fine! . . . So now you dived off your balcony and saved him. So we don't all go to Jail and all! Guess that was kinda cool?"

Giggles looks at me and . . . you guessed it . . . giggles like crazy! Blair continues, "But I'm still the one in charge! Me, Blair! Not you! . . . you crazy as fuck Bitch!" The Trio walks away as Giggles asks, "Game Night is over . . . want to come back upstairs?"

I'm not going back upstairs! I'm leaving! I'm done! I should get checked out at the ER! I should be reporting the attempt on my life to the Cops! She removes

my gag and says, “I have some very soothing cream for your cock.” I reply, “Ok.”

Back upstairs, I’m leaning back on her couch with my legs spread as she slowly works the cream onto my throbbing bloody member. Hurt like hell at first, but its getting better the more it soaks in.

I ask, “What is this stuff?” Then as she starts to explain the detailed chemical makeup of the cream, I glance around at the havoc I did cause trying to put on the breaks. Other furniture pushed around. Some cushions off the couch. Drinks spilled.

Small trash can still tipped over with some garbage spewed out along with a bunch of red playing cards! All the fucking red playing cards were in the trash can!

Her long explanation is interrupted by my angry glare and question, “Ginger! How the hell did you do that!” Pointing at the cards, she looks back at me like a puppy that just got caught pissing the floor.

“Coin Flip?” I reply, “What Now?” Giggles responds, “I can’t hide half a coin . . . Coin Flip? Heads I tie you up, tails you get some tail? My Tail.” Taking a deep breath . . . I say, “Ok.” God I’m so easy!

She flips it . . . snatches it out of the air like a pro . . . slaps it on her arm. I’m no dummy! “We both look at it together as you lift your hand Giggles!”

Giggles makes a boo boo lip cause I think I caught her. Lifting her hand . . . and . . . its heads! “Oh! Looks like I get to tie you up Max!” Then she quickly tucks the two headed coin into her pocket . . .

Yeah, found the coin two days later . . . once she finally untied me.

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***The next few Pages are***

***My Personal Suggestions to***

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