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UNLIMITED SPANKING OF LATEX SLAVE IS INCLUDED



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HIDING . . .

The Leather Arm Binder he used on me was one of the better ones. Or maybe it was just how careful he was to cross and tighten the shoulder straps fully, before tightly lacing and strapping it around my wrists and elbows . . .

Which ever reason, or maybe a combination of both, I can't get my arms free. With my hands pushed into tight fists at the bottom of the Arm Binder, just that single strap around my wrists, was enough to make it impossible to get out!

Being only halfway through his two hour Rental of Latex Blue, I wouldn't normally be trying so hard to get free. I love it when I'm helpless so I can struggle like crazy. But if the Bondage is bad, I try not to get loose . . . it can hurt the Customer's feelings.

But after rushing me into the closet before running out to leave me Helpless and at the mercy of his Insanely Jealous and currently Very Pissed Off Girlfriend . . . well all bets are off! Problem is, he's really fucking good at this Arm Binder thing and I'm stuck!

She hasn't found or even heard me in here, and that's how I need to keep it. Struggling to free yourself from Bondage can be a Challenge . . . but trying to do it in the pitch dark of someone else's small closet while not making any noise . . . that's a whole new level of Difficult!

He's long gone. The yelling went on for close to ten minutes. The front door

slammed and I could hear a car, needing a new muffler, speed off after spinning it's tires un-necessarily. Even with him gone, the yelling continued.

"Fucking Asshole! I know he's cheating on me again! That's why he can't get his cock up any more! Too worn out from sticking it in the mouth of some skanky ass Cunt! If I ever find out who this Bitch is, she's going down and fucking hard!"

So the option of coming out of the closet and saying, "Excuse me, but do you mind taking off this Arm Binder? Then I'll just be on my way . . . have a Nice Day", well, that's off the table. Especially since I'm gagged solid under the black latex hood. The only holes are for my nose and my eyes . . . the mouth is sealed.

I'm always gagged under the hood, for two reasons. Valid excuse for no talking about the weather or other awkward conversation some guys or girls try to have with me while putting me into bondage, teasing or punishing me. Also, takes away a major portion of my freedom or control over a Rental Session.

Yes, I make good money renting myself out, but that's not the top reason I do this. I want to be tied, to be helpless, to have BDSM experiences outside of my control. Being unable to talk my way out or beg someone to stop, increases the tingle in my pussy two fold and adds to the wetness growing inside the latex.

If She finds me like this right now, I'm gonna get killed! I'm staying silent in the closet while she's being anything but silent. Screaming, yelling, stuff I can't even understand or hear at times over the crashes, banging and other noise of item flying about.

REFLECTION . . .

I'm as quiet and as tucked as far back in the corner of the closet as I can be. Being found right now by this Pissed off Girlfriend scares the hell out of me, while the fantasies of how she may punish me if she did are running rampant through my mind . . .

These keep making me want to just step out, lay face down on the bed with my ass up, hoping she gets the hint to Spank me. Another loud crash of some other glass item hits the wall near the closet door and I decide to stay hidden.

Reflecting back on other past experiences that went off the tracks, as in way off the tracks. Like the last time I rented myself out in Emerald Green Latex . . . the Red Dragon Lady was an expert at Rope Harnesses . . . and perfectly placed double knots . . .

I came more times that day without even trying! The slightest touch or grab of the ropes anywhere near my crotch sent me over the edge! I could squirm a little or even walk . . . orgasming again! I miss that Bondage and am going to offer her a Free Rental if I survive this.

The Arm Binder is different. I'm still helpless to get Free, but even worse, helplessly unable to cum! My hips are still dry humping trying to get some friction between the Latex and my cliterous . . . but its so wet and slippery right now inside there . . . it's just sliding around and not helping my cause.

Sure, I should be putting my thoughts and efforts towards how to escape this . . . and I will . . . right after I can find something like that corner bedpost to grind into hard! Then, right after, I'll see about getting away . . . Priorities . . .

The noise and yelling is growing, and I believe she's starting to flip over some of the smaller furniture, nightstands, etc. I'm sure the stuff she's wrecking can't all belong to her Boyfriend. The loudest crash yet just hit the door to the closet and the door is slowly and loudly swinging open . . . "Oh Yeah! He still hasn't fixed the Fucking Closet Door yet! He's Fucking useless! God Dammit!"

Tucked into the corner, silent and still, I even slow my breathing and am limiting the motion of my dry humping hips . . . can't stop completely . . . just can't! Fuck I Need To CUM!

I can see her and a lump of fear hits my gut! As I realize the beam of sunlight reflecting perfectly off of my freshly silicone polished Latex just hit her in the eyes! Her head jerks in my direction like a wild animal that just discovered it's next meal!

Before every Rental, part of getting my equipment ready is the silicone polishing process of whatever color of Latex my Customer Requested . . . this is one time, I wished I had skipped that step!

With a "What The Fuck Is That?!?!" and a rushing of me in my, no longer good, hiding spot, I take in a deep breath for whatever is about to happen . . .

LINEBACKER . . .

Facedown on the hard floor, trying to get a breath after the shoulder block to my gut that knocked out all of my air! My attempt to run past her and out the door failed miserably!

Not sure if she was a Linebacker in the 'Always Pissed Off' all women local Football League or if she learned that skill fighting for Christmas Gifts the day after Thanksgiving? Either way, I'm sure she did a little Celebration Dance after the takedown . . .

I couldn't see with my face in a pile of her underwear from her broken dresser drawers. She was sitting on my ass, holding me down while taking several belts from off the floor to strap my knees and then my ankles tightly together . . . running was no longer an option . . .

She finally got off my ass and plopped down on the side of her unmade bed. This room was pretty nice when I came in here an hour ago . . . not so much anymore after their little disagreement. Still no idea what it was even about?

Rolling to my side, facing her, I get my first closer look at her. Pretty much can sum it up by saying, an adult Raggedy Ann Doll with too much makeup. By adult, I don't just mean size or age, I mean as in the kind of Costumes you get in the Naughty Adult Section of the Halloween Stores . . .

With one foot, she pushed hard on the side of my hip causing me to roll over and

back to face down, "Stop Looking At Me You Cunt! or I'll Smother you Right this Minute!" Ok, note to self, stop looking at Raggedy.

Cell phone in one hand, cigarette in the other, "Get your ass over here right now! You're not going to believe what I found in my closet! No, I'm not telling you! Just put down your fucking hot pocket and get over here!"

I was sure I'm past the two hour Rental he paid for . . . he should be coming back to let me go . . . any minute now . . . who am I kidding? If I was him and had this at home . . . I'd be staying at a bar right now . . . and not one of the closer ones . .

.

In walks a second, not as wild animal. She's in her leopard striped pajamas, bringing with her, the smell of the hot pocket she was still eating. Knocking it and the dish it was on out of her hands, Raggedy redirected her anger towards another inanimate item, adding it to her fresh mess that used to be a bedroom!

"I wasn't done with that!" I try to pull my legs free of the belts, but they're as tightly tied as my Arm Binder. "Look what was trying to hide in my closet!" The new girl asks, "Wow! Is that one of those Latex Rental Slaves I've been hearing about? She's so shinny!"

{Smack!} The slap was as hard and fast as the one that took out the last of her dinner, except this time it hit her in the cheek! So if this is how she treats her friend . . . I'm in big fucking Trouble!

With a shocked look and her hand rubbing the side of her face, she just says, "Fuck!" Raggedy, still yelling, "Pay attention! This is the Cunt he's been Fucking

behind my back! She's the reason he can't get it up for me any more!"

My Rentals have a very strict 'No Sex' clause, so if he ain't getting it up any more, you may want to look in the mirror Raggedy . . .

WORKBENCH . . .

"I'm not comfortable with this." Said Hot Pocketless Girl. "That's fine if you want to leave . . . go and make yourself another Hot Pocket . . . I don't care!" She replies, "I would, but that was my last one." Raggedy being such a caring and good friend says, "Boo fucking Hoo!"

I try to move, but they have me roped down tight, with my arms still trapped in the Arm Binder behind me! The old and very hard wood of the workbench I'm now tied to is anything but comfortable. Just leaving me like this is torture enough.

"I'm sorry if you're having relationship problems, but it's not my fault so stop taking out on me! I helped you carry her down here and get her secured on the workbench, but I'm leaving now. I don't think this is directly her fault either . . . so try not killing her"

As the only voice of reason heads back upstairs, leaving me alone with Raggedy, my fear of what may happen starts to win out over my excitement of being bound helpless and horny . . .

"MMMM MMM MMMMM MM" The gag I use under my latex hood is one of the best. The large leather insert is a perfect fit to the inside of my mouth. The wide panel holds everything in tight. It's actually comfortable, but prevents anything beyond a mumble.

I still try to talk Raggedy down off her Anger Train . . . but I'm getting nowhere fast. "What's that? Torture you for Fucking my Boyfriend? Sure! I can do that! and at any point you feel I've tortured you enough, just let me know with your Big Girl Words. I don't respond well to mumbling."

The ropes holding me in place are many. At least a dozen ropes in all, up and over, around the workbench and myself. They always worked and pulled together to get each one tighter then the last.

Lying on top of my arms causing my hips and chest to stick up higher. My hands are starting to fall asleep from my bondage and my own weight.

"I took a Class in Acupuncture once . . . but never got a job doing it. Ended up selling my set of Needles . . . so I can't use them on you." That's a good thing, right? "They were way too thin anyway and designed to be painless. That's not what I want for you." Fuck!

Smacking the clear plastic box full of those inch long Sewing Pins with different colored balls on the non-sharp ends right next to my head. "But don't you worry, because I have these!" Oh my God! Those are way bigger then Acupuncture Needles!

"Think this box has around 500 pins in it . . . shall we get started? Cause this is going to take some time . . ." I shake my head 'NO!' and struggle to get loose . . . I can't get loose! I grunt hard into my gag, "MMMGGG! GGRRR!
MMMGGG!"

"Well it's a good thing we're down here with all that noise you're making . . .

wouldn't want to bother the Neighbors . . . since this may take all night . . ."

ACUPUNCTURE . . .

She takes her time with pushing the first inch long pin into the front of my thigh, going extra slow as I bite down on my gag! Fuuuuucccccckkkk!
"MMMMMMKKKKK!!!!" "Wow! That does seem Very Painful. They told us in class if you go slower . . . it can hurt more . . . seems they were right."

Raggedy has finally stopped screaming and yelling. Her calm and unflinching demeanor as she extra slowly adds more pins into the front of my thigh, is way worse then her yelling. As slow as she goes, the initial moment the tip pops through the thick latex is always a painful shock.

I can't see tied like I am. They added a rope across my throat and if I don't hold my head tipped back, I start to choke. Don't know for sure how far she's pushing each pin into my flesh, but it feels like she's going full depth! Fuck!

When she was yelling she was out of control and not thinking about what she was doing or destroying. Now, being calm, I can tell she's thinking out carefully each and every decision . . . like how to make this as Painful as Possible for me .
..

Well she's succeeding in that Painful as Possible part, as she keeps finding a way to push the next pin into my flesh even slower. She now has like ten pins stuck into each of my thighs and I'm starting to shake from the pain!

"Only four hundred and eighty more to go . . ." Oh My God! My grunts, groans

and screams only cause her to switch things up, and never the way I want. "Oh, what's that? . . . You're right . . . I haven't stuck any pins into your breasts yet . . ."

I can't even count the number of times I've been bound helpless and spanked, whipped, flogged and tortured. Every time the torture starts out stinging, painful and I struggle to free myself . . . rarely able to get loose, as most of my customers are very skilled.

Normally, there comes a time where the chemical mix in your mind, the endorphins, kick in and turn this pain into pleasure. Runners call this the "Runner's High". Many BDSM enthusiasts have been lucky enough to experience the moment that happens.

Pushing their naked ass out further, begging to be spanked even harder . . . every sting of the knotted tips of the Cat-O-Nine causing orgasmic tingles deep inside . . . closing your eyes as the flogging becomes a relaxing massage . . .

Yeah, well I fucking miss those feelings right about now! Because it's not fucking happening for me! This is pure torture with nothing but pain! This Bitch not only ruined her Boyfriend's Session, but has totally ruined Mine Also!

The pinholes in my flesh will heal, but she's wrecked Latex Blue. These outfits are high-end and expensive! Trying to breath hard, hold my breath, bit down, scream, tense up, try to relax . . . I swear the more things I try the more each pin hurts as it slowing pierces my skin!

She's going for a circular pattern around each breast, switching back and forth

between each stick, to keep them even. The worst part about all of this, is the pain of the first pin stuck into my thigh, and every painful pin after, is still stinging . . . almost starting to throb and grow in overall pain!

REFILL . . .

The pain of every pin stuck inside of me continues, but at least I get a random break when she needs to refill her extra large shot glass. No new pins for a few minutes. From the smell that's growing, I can tell its Vodka . . . and not the good stuff, because it's leaning way more towards stink then smell . . .

Coming back to me, she spills this time worse then before . . . all over my belly, crotch and thighs . . . then goes, "Oooopssie" and kind of wipes a little of it off. More just splashing it around then anything with just her bare hand, not even using a towel.

At first, you'd think me being covered in latex, this really shouldn't be a big deal . . . and at first, I would have agreed with you. Then, I discovered a big problem. Every hole caused when a pin went through the latex and into my skin . . .

. . . Well when I pulled and struggled hard enough, the Vodka that was pooled on top would sometimes seep into the hole and then get under the latex. With fresh holes also in my skin, the Vodka would find them also!
FUUUUCCCCCKKKKKK!

"Dooddjaa wwanna nooo . . . weerrd wevv noot . . . puuut themm pinnies yert?"
At least half the large bottle of Vodka is gone now, between her drinking it, tossing it over her shoulder and spilling it on me. Seems her favorite new thing is to refill right over me, spilling most of it onto my latex.

Holding up a pin and talking to it, "Whaaatt? . . . rriitt inn hhuurr P P Puusssi? . . . Daatts gunnu hurr hurr . . . huuurrtt! . . . O . . . K" No! No! No! She can't do that! "NNNNOOOO!!!!" She moves between my legs and drops the pin . . .

Unable to find it, grabs like a dozen more and fumbles through them until she's only holding a red ball tipped one and turns to me . . . "Blllurrr ittzz gunnabee" I squirm to avoid the pin causing more Vodka, aka, LIQUID PAIN! to sneak through the holes of the latex and finding it's way to the holes in my skin. The wiggling and pulling causing the pins in my skin to tip and pull, making the smallest of holes way worse!

If I was ever going over the details of a BDSM Session with a Professional Mistress, who wants to know every detail of the worst and the best of things to do to me once I was at her mercy, pins being stuck into my Pussy wouldn't be anywhere on the list!

That being said, the first positive tingle of my cliterous started the second she drunkenly fumbled out the words, "In her Pussy!" Not sure what is wrong with me, but I'm lifting my crotch up in anticipation of that painful piercing!

She drops the red, aka, blue tipped pin and silently grabbed more. I'm breathing heavy . . . from the excitement of just what this is going to feel like, as the stinging of every pin already stuck inside of me starts to feel warm . . . is she going to stick along the edges or hit the cliterous bullseye?

Yes, all of this, laying on my arms, body bound in ropes, rope across my neck and has to be several hundred pins stuck into my helpless body I'm sure is physically painful, extremely painful, yet my endorphin friends have showed up to save me from that pain!

She stopped trying to get a pin through the latex covering my pussy, and went for another refill. The Vodka completely cleared over the top of the glass, splashing all over me . . . maybe three or four drops making it into the glass.

Drinking it down, those four drops . . . tossing the bottle into the corner, she grabs all the pins left and groups them into one bigger pin around an inch wide. Holding them her fist, most of the points towards me, she moves this mega pin directly at my pussy!

With a grunt, she over shoots my body like she did pouring the Vodka! Her arms ending up and over both of my hips as her face plants hard against my crotch. She's snoring a few seconds later.

Her hands must have relaxed because I heard breaking glass on one side of me, followed by a bunch of pins dropping . . . yes, it was quiet enough at this point to hear pins drop.

As much as I hated this Bitch, I didn't want her to die . . . so hearing her snore was a good thing and I didn't have to worry she was about to be smothered in the latex of my crotch. Never did get even one pin stuck down there . . . but was still wet with excitement of just what that may have felt like!

Amazingly, the way she slumped over me, she missed the pins stuck in my body. Had she fell directly on them, I would not have been thinking my current thought . . . how can I hump her head and face to get that orgasm I'm needing so bad right now?

There was no time for finesse or thinking out a plan of attack . . . I just started grinding and not sure if it was her nose or chin doing the work? My head was still pulled back with the rope across my neck . . .

Honestly, head, nose, chin, elbow, Fuck! Any thing hard and in the right spot, and I'm humping hard! As much as the ropes allow! Been needing this for so long, the buildup is quick and I'm right on the Edge! Just a few more hard humps and I should be FUCK!

It was if she was a pig on the Farm . . . a disgusting grunting snorting noise came out as she slid away and off the end of the Workbench! NOOOOO!!!!

This time I was no where near as lucky with her missing the pins still stuck in me . . . she got caught on, pulled on, tipped and yanked on every god damn pin in my thighs on slow slump to the floor! "MMMMMMFFFFFFFKKKKKK!!!"

Not only did she pull on those, her hands yanked hard on the latex, causing the holes to stretch and the pools of Vodka still covering far too much of my latex, to sneak in for the most painful of Final Attacks!

If you were to take all of the combined pain I've had so far since ending up helpless on this workbench, triple it and get it all at once . . . well that was close to what I was feeling right now!

Gagged and in a Basement or not, I'm promising you, the Neighbors heard me! It wasn't just a loud scream, but an endless one as the pain wasn't stopping, or even lessening in the slightest!

I now know if I ever have a true enemy who I want to teach a painful lesson . . .
I'll be getting some cheap stinky Vodka and a box full of pins . . .

She's still snoring so her night is done . . . me, I can barely feel any parts under
my body, while every part on the top is still in pain! I try my hardest to slow my
breathing and try to think of anything else . . .

Dragon Lady, Full Body Harness and Massage, Dragon Lady, Full Body Harness
and Massage, Dragon Lady, Full Body Harness and Massage . . . Fuck! That's
Not Working . . .

ASSHOLE . . .

The minute Angry Raggedy Bitch slid to the floor, I could hear the front door to the house open, someone running across the floor and down the stairs . . . it was the Asshole who did a shit job of hiding me in the closet and then ran away . . .

Rushing over to me, he pulled one of the pins out and I screamed into my gag and shook my head a hard 'NO!' He responded with, "You're right, need to just get you untied and out of here first!" As careful as he tried to be, there was no avoiding the occasional rope catching on a pin . . .

Like getting teeth pulled with a string, they would come out quickly, but no too pain free. Had to just bite down and accept it if I wanted to get out of his Workshop of Horrors!

Free of the workbench, but still in the Arm Binder, he guided me and the several hundred pins still stuck in me, up the stairs. As sore and as in pain as I was, at least the blood and feeling was returning to my hands, even with them tucked deep into the leather Arm Binder.

As we were moving, he said he was watching me through the window well, just waiting for the right moment to come and release me. It would be a nicer story, if the front of his pants weren't still open from beating off while watching me being tortured . . . Even a Bigger Asshole . . .

"Here, get in my Truck . . . I'll drive you away from her . . ." Once in the Truck,

which hurt like hell getting in with far too many pins still embedded into my first and second skins!

Remnants of Vodka still moving around under the latex, mixing with my sweat and blood . . . finding and stinging my fresh wounds of the many still pin filled holes . . . causing random muffled screams of pain!

After my third or fourth scream, he pulled over and said, "I know it's going to hurt, but we need to get those pins out of you or they're going to keep causing you even more pain." I hesitate a moment, before nodding . . .

I bite down on my gag, hold my breath and one by one, he starts to pull out the pins! No matter how hard I try, I'm jerking, screaming and squirming around with each one pulled.

He's staring at me with his mouth open and breathing harder, sweat droplets starting to pool on his forehead. With each pin pulled, this look on his face is growing and he also, is starting to squirm around even more than I am . . .

You'd think after a while, I'd get used to this, but, again, not happening for me . . . nothing about this part of today's Rental is helping me where I need it the most.

This experience is not the same for him, and he's about to be an Much Bigger Asshole as far as my situation is concerned. His hands are shaking, he's fidgeting around, breathing harder, staring me down . . . he takes in a long deep breath and says . . .

"I'm Sorry! I'm Sorry! I'm Sorry!" As his hands move from helping pull pins out of me to switching to stroking his needle dick to release! Never did close his pants from earlier, the Ass!

It was a furious and ugly presentation, but did the job he needed as he shot his load into areas of his dashboard that'll never be clean again! No amount of Detailing is fixing this . . .

ANONYMITY . . .

"Why don't you just un-gag yourself and explain your way out of these situations you end up in?" Asks Julie, my one Girlfriend I confide in about my Latex Slave Rental Business. I answer, "To take out my gag, the hood needs to come off first. If the hood comes off, they'll see my face."

Being very Business like, I continue to explain. "For my Business Model to work, my Customers need to believe that each different Color of Latex, is a different Latex Rental Slave. I act a little different in each to maintain this illusion."

"Say a Customer Loved Latex Purple . . . they may decide to Rent Every Color. Or, if someone didn't like Latex Orange, they're willing to give Latex Yellow or Red a try, vs. never Renting me again."

"Julie, you and I are the only two that know my Latex Slave Rental Business is a one woman, one receptionist, one Latex Slave Deal. It's only me, so that's one reason for the Gag . . . I can't have them hear what I sound like."

"With this level of Anonymity, I can be whom ever they Fantasize me to be. Asian, Indian, Mexican, Black, White, Etc. Every color is beautiful, but covered head to toe in Latex, I'm whatever color they want me to be, with whatever hair color they want."

Julie replies, "But again, gagged, aren't you even more helpless? Unable to stop

whatever is happening?" I reply, "Exactly, that's the other reason for the Gag . . . That level of helplessness is what I want . . . it's what I crave."

Shaking her head, not fully understanding why I crave what I do, she replies with, "You're very odd . . . you know that? Right? I just don't understand why anyone would crave such a thing?"

I reply with my standing offer to her, "Just pick the day, time and place, and I'm willing to give you a taste of being me . . . you'd look fantastic in Latex Teal." Julie smiles and says, "I'd look fantastic in any color Latex and you know it."

After painfully pulling the last of the pins out, which I swear he was doing in a way to make it hurt more, he tried for seconds on his load release . . . nothing but blanks for round two . . . at least the Dashboard is happy.

Normally, I'm very open to the idea of a Rental going longer. I rarely book two in a row, just for that luxury of going over on time to be able to happen. Today was not one of those days as Needle Dick looked at his watch and said, "You know, we were only halfway into my two hours . . ."

His hand slowly sliding from my breast, down and across my stomach, then onto my thigh. I may be gagged, hooded and he could only see my eyes . . . but that was all it took for him to know, this was a path he didn't want to go down! Not Today!

Saying nothing more, his hands returned to the non-sticky parts of his steering wheel, so he could drive me to the pre-agreed upon drop off point.

Latex Slave Rentals never got picked up or dropped off at the same place . . . far too many kidnappings! The drop offs are never right at my house . . . can't have anyone knowing where I live. That wouldn't be too safe either.

He finally undoes my Arm Binder, and my arms are Free! Very Very Sore, But Free! He says, "Sorry about all the holes." Sliding out of the car, I head into the hallway of the complex, where I have a lockbox in the basement with my backup long coat and hat.

With all the random stuff that has happened to me since starting this new Career . . . having to sneak or run out without the long coat and hat I wore there has happened enough to warrant a few backups about Town.

My Latex mask and gag will come off. Once I have the coat and hat on, I can head out the back and over to my apartment a few zig zag blocks away . . . no problem . . .

PROBLEM . . .

Just a few feet from my locker when I came upon what can only be described as Gang of BDSM Slaves, as one yells out, “I found her!” There were five of them in their Gang, all in just black thongs and random leather straps . . . other than their leather collars which all matched.

Beyond the thongs and straps, nothing but naked flesh! One had a plastic bag full of odd stuff and was dragging a blow up sex doll. Another one had a pineapple and a large fishnet. Third one had a list and read off, “Sexy Latex Slave! (Warning: She may try to run!)”

I was dumbfounded by what I was watching. The last two grab me, held my arms behind my back, before putting on my wrists, a pair of handcuffs. Being in such shock, on top of having no energy left, I just stood there and allowed them to return me to helpless Bondage.

The one with the list says, “That’s everything! Let’s get back to Mistress before the other Teams!” Folding up the list, he adds a collar on me along with a leash. Tossing the leash over his shoulder, he proudly walks in the opposite direction of my Apartment . . . Helpless to fight them, I follow . . .

Still trying to figure out what the fuck just happened? Am pretty sure, I’m somehow the last item on some Mistress’s Scavenger Hunt Game and there’s multiple Teams currently running around Town, mostly naked. All looking for a bunch of stuff including a Pineapple, a Large Fishnet and Me???

So this wasn't on my Bucket List, but if I survive this game, it will be added as soon as I get around to making that list. As what seemed like the leader, continues to guide me, a few others are randomly groping at my ass and breasts as we walk . . .

“She's got a real nice ass! And did you feel those tits?” The leader replied with a, “Yeah, whatever, I got a nicer ass”. It only took a couple dozen steps to figure out two of them would like to be fucking me right now while the other three's interest was only about Winning the Scavenger Hunt!

No matter what their preferences were or my new purpose just became, the only option that didn't exist, was getting back to my locker and heading home.

As odd as all of this had already became, the "Hi Ho Hi Ho it's off to work we go" pushed it over the top. Not sure if it was coming out as a Chant, a Song a Rap or a combination of all three. All of us were just marching away in a single file line. Me being a stickler for details, the fact there were only six of us while they kept repeating a song of seven, made me want to scream.

SCAVENGED . . .

The end of my leash was clipped so high on the beam that I couldn't reach it, then Kinky and Naughty both got their last few gropes in, before leaving with their Winnings. Seems being First Place on the Scavenger Hunt won them some nice Gift Cards.

Swore they were Bed, Bath and Beyond Cards, but couldn't tell for sure. If they were, I'm sure that Gang will be heading right to the Beyond Section of the Store.

Now alone with the line of other Scavenged items and a Mistress in Leather inspecting me. I really should be paying more attention to this Mistress who now has me as her helpless Captive . . . But I couldn't get over thinking, who would come up with such a list?

Large Fish Net

Pineapple

Blow Up Sex Doll

Wall mounted singing fish

A ship in a bottle

Stuffed Taco Bell Chihuahua

Cheese Puffs

Oh, and a Latex Slave

"Did you know you've almost become more of an Urban Legend around here than just another of the endless different Rentals available?" Her hands are slowly sliding up and down my Latex covered body. Ok, she has my attention and Wow!

I thought my Latex was nice . . . her's is a Dark Magenta color with unbelievable depth to it. Accents of Leather over the top, in forms of a mini skirt, boots, gloves and a corset. Really wish I could be caressing her right now . . . but I'm the Slave and she's the Mistress.

"I wasn't having any luck finding you, so for the heck of it, I've been adding you to the Scavenger Hunt lists I've been giving to my Slaves. Never thought any of them would have found you . . . and here you are."

"A few weeks back, I heard about you sneaking down the streets of China Town in Emerald Green Latex and the Dragon Lady's Signature Rope Body Harness. That's when I knew you had to be real."

Her touch, even though it was through my Latex, was sending shivers and tingles through my body as I fidgeted and stepped around. Testing my handcuffs, causing them to rattle a little.

"Oh, those are Police issue and not coming off unless I decide to take them off of you." {Smack!} "MMMMM!" My favorite! The unexpected Spank on my ass always kicks my motor out of idle! "Let's just say, taking those handcuffs off aren't anywhere near the top of my list."

"As Fucking Sexy as you may be . . . and even with one hell of a rocking body . . . you reek of Cheap Vodka and have way too many drips of blood on your Latex for me to really enjoy playing with you."

I didn't need a mirror or even need to take a deep breath to know she's right about the Blood and Vodka issues. "I'll have a few of my boys clean you up . . . then I'll be back to Play . . ."

"I don't like blood on Latex . . . unless I'm the one who caused the Slave to bleed . . . then, it's all good . . . for me that is." {Smack!} "MMMMMMM!"

Wish she'd continue with the Spanking. All this time bound between the Arm Binder and now these cuffs . . . my ass hasn't been getting much attention beyond a random grope or Spank.

Two more Slaves in just thongs showed up. Not part of the merry band of five I met earlier. They came with two buckets . . . one of them with suds pouring over the top and some comically large sponges.

As if I was a car, they splashed suds and soap all over me! Then sponged me down, spending extra time in areas they really didn't need to. I didn't mind that attention and I Guess they need to get their rocks off as much as I do.

Once done, they switched to the bucket of clean and clear water with new sponges, to rinse off the suds. The water was warm, and between my not sealed tight, neck line and the several hundred holes, some water seeped inside . . . and I really didn't care . . . it all felt pretty good.

At first I couldn't believe they were drying me off with shamwows! But then, remembering they're available at Bed Bath and Beyond, so it was all making sense now . . .

The shamwow wipe down progressed into a towel-snapping contest. My ass and thighs as the targets of the tips as the high-speed ends make their best loud snap!

The sounds were much different when that high-speed snap did so at the expense of my ass and thighs vs. the snaps in the air . . . I caught myself holding my wrists up higher and pushing out my ass.

Moving in front of me, they were now concentrating on a smaller target than my ass. Seeing this, I did nothing to try and stop them. I've needed to cum since my day started and I was lusting over that bedpost of my Customer.

Just as they were getting their rhythm and my juices were starting to flow from the stings . . . Mistress Party Pooper showed back up! The pair started to

apologize to her and fumble their excuses about trying to dry me off badly.

She just pointed at the doorway. With their heads down, they both grabbed the buckets, sponges and shamwows on their way out . . .

MAGENTA . . .

"Very shinny Latex Blue . . . and you smell of Bubblegum now . . . much better." Still not fully aware of what Mistress Magenta's deal is with me? Why see has been sending her Slaves out to Scavenge me? Why I'm now alone, helpless and at her Mercy?

Silently, at first, she starts to add to my bondage. Straps on each arm, just above my elbows. Straps on my legs, just above my knees. Random caresses of my body between each addition . . .

{smack} "MMM" Random Spanks . . . each one a little harder then the last . . . my tingles are growing . . . a very short chain with hooks on each end is clipped between my elbows.

{Smack} "MMMFF" Harder again, ever so slightly, but I can tell. She lets out a grunt at the same time I do as my elbows are pulled closer together and my breasts pushed farther out . . .

{Smack!} "MMMGGG!" Harder yet, I can feel here hand connect as if I didn't have any latex layer at all! The handcuffs are removed; my wrists are free, but kept helpless by the elbow straps and chain.

{SMACK!} "MMMMMM!" A six-inch wide leather binder with a row of four straps and buckles, forces my wrists firmly back together as that little bit of freedom is short lived.

{SMACK!!} "MMMMMM!!" The ever growing, harder and more painful Spanks are moving to a nice pattern that I can and am getting into . . . anticipation of the next is making me squirm . . .

{SMACK!!!} "MGGHHH!!!" Mistress Magenta has unhooked my leash from the beam and moved me to the center of the room where a cable is hanging down. This is locked to a large ring the wide leather binder holding my wrists firm.

{SMACK!!!!} "GGGFFKKKK!!!!" That Spank made me jump! But also brought me right to edge of my much-needed orgasm . . . only a few more perfectly placed Spanks and I'll be in my own little heaven!

{Click!} A lock between the straps just above my knees is now holding my thighs together. Wait! Where was my next Spank? My leash is being pulled down and tied off to my thigh straps as I'm now forced into a bent over position!

Bent over perfectly! Still no Spank! Fuck! The hum of the motor connected at the other end of the cable starts, as my wrists slowly get pulled higher behind my back . . . I'm helpless to stop her from lifting my arms higher and higher!

Her hand is on my upturned ass! I can feel her fingers doing that tapping thing like she's just bored or something! She continues to hold in the button as I wait for my shoulders to be dislocated! "FFFFFFKKKKKK!" . . .

I'm no longer on the edge of orgasm! I'm now on the edge of my helpless body

being majorly fucked up!

COMPETITION . . .

The winch finally stopped, as I was bent over badly with my arms as high as they would go, bound behind my back. I'm taking in deep breaths, trying to lessen the pain . . . I guess I do smell like bubblegum . . .

Now I learn why she added me to her Wish List . . . As Mistress Magenta pulls out of what looks like a long instrument case, a very long and firm whipping cane . . . Fuck!

I was down for a Spanking . . . I was hoping for more Spanking . . . The harder and longer, the better . . . now caning . . . that's a whole different thing!

Spank me with your hand, Smack me with a leather paddle, flog or whip me with a Cat-O-Nine or even a Bullwhip . . . I can and have made the transition from Pain to Pleasure with all of these . . .

Never been able to do so while being whipped and beaten with a cane! It starts out Painful and only transitions to Even More Painful! Fuck! And that Devious Look on her face, tells me she Fucking Knows It Also!

"I don't mind Cunts like you wanting to Play Slave . . . do that all you want. I don't fucking care about that." She's swinging the cane around in all directions, warming up her wrist and arm! God Dammit! No!

I'm squirming and fidgeting even more, trying to get my wrists free, pulling hard on the cable. "Oh don't even try! That cable can lift a Car Engine . . . so a weak little helpless Latex Slave like you doesn't have a chance at Freedom."

She continues, "But when you go around making people think they can Play Mistress or Master by just paying you a few bucks . . . well that's cutting into my Business and it's going to Fucking Stop!"

I'd like to think my Business doing so well it's causing problems for the Competition is a Good Thing . . . but me getting Tortured and Killed over it . . . is definitely Not a Good Thing!

Now the surprise random Spanks were exactly that. Surprises! The first you knew of them was when contact actually happened. Her hand smacking my ass and the metal, physical and sexual tingle of it happens all at the same time . . . and I love that!

The random {whooshing} sounds of the cane making its approach, giving you that millisecond to prepare doesn't really help. You tense up causing the pain to be worse . . . or you tense up and its not even heading in your direction!

You find yourself struggling, moving, trying to avoid a painful hit that never happens! {whoosh} {whoosh} {whoosh} Fuck! She's still getting limbered up! WTF?!?!?!?

This isn't the Olympics! Just fucking get it over with so I can get my dying, tortured in bondage over with! {Whoosh} {Whoosh} {Whoosh} Bent over like I am, I can kind of get a view of where she is and the direction she's facing, but

can't fully see her arm motions.

Thinking back a few hours, I should have just kicked the biggest of the five in his Money Maker and ran! . . . As least I would of had a chance . . . now, there's nothing I can do anymore . . .

WHOOSH . . .

There had been so many false warnings, {Whoosh} {Whoosh} {Whoosh!} Getting louder, longer and more often . . . I finally relaxed a little . . . thinking she was all show and no cane.

Was I wrong! She's a Fucking Pro and could see the second I relaxed. She knew I wasn't expecting it and even when the next whoosh happened . . . I'd be ignoring it!

{Whoooooosh!} {Smack!} "MMMMMKKKKK!" Perfectly angled to hit both ass cheeks at the exact same time! The Sting! The Burn! The complete and utter fucking lack of Tingle! There was no pleasure in this for me . . . only for Mistress Magenta . . .

Now, I'm all tense as hell as {Whoosh} {Whoosh} {Whoosh!} starts up again . . . yet doesn't connect with my helpless flesh! Fuck! {whoosh} {smack} "MMMMM" A lighter hit on the backs of my thighs! Even light hits of a cane sting like fuck!

Expecting her to make three or four swings before making contact, I'm once again caught off guard as the series of hard and fast hits land on the sides of my ass and thighs! {Whoosh!} {Smack!} {Whoosh!} {Smack!} {Whoosh!} {Smack!} {Whoosh!} {Smack!}

No chance to breath, relax or prepare as the burning stings grows beyond what I

can handle and I'm wailing and crying inside my latex hood! My body is flailing around in failed efforts to stop the onslaught of pain . . . extreme pain . . . zero pleasure!

To many, this will sound odd . . . but I've often imagined . . . ok, let's be honest here . . . fantasized about dying in bondage. But my fantasies were very different then this. It was always at a level of pleasure that couldn't be achieved unless it was the last few moments before death . . .

. . . Chained spread eagle and naked to the smoothest and most comfortable leather table . . . gagged, blindfolded and ears plugged. Both holes filled firmly with vibrating dildos . . . the one in my pussy having that perfectly placed extra protrusion pushing softly against my swollen cliterous . . .

. . . Being kept helpless like this for hours on end . . . losing all sense of time with my sensory deprivation in place. There is no counting of orgasms that can be done because it's one ongoing never ending orgasm as my body shudders endlessly in pleasure . . .

. . . The hands of my Mistress caressing every inch of my well oiled helpless and horny body . . . the lightest touch imaginable . . . almost as if its just a cool breeze caressing my skin . . .

. . . {smack} the light and random stings of the leather tip of her riding crop, keeping my constant sense of fear and anticipation of more expected while unexpected whips . . . each sting lasts barely a second as it switches to feeling like a warm and wet pair of lips kissing my sensitive skin . . .

. . . The riding crop is never hard enough to distract me from my orgasms . . . Never light enough to ignore . . . both nipples getting pinched as my hips rise off the table in an attempt to push the dildos deeper and the vibration against my clit to be harder . . .

. . . I was already helpless to escape once the straps were closed around my wrists and ankles . . . but I need, want and get more straps added every few minutes . . . a wide strap closes around my waist . . . two more holding my thighs firmly against the leather table . . .

. . . No longer able to lift my hips off the table . . . the caressing, the orgasm, the random stings of the crop continue . . . more and more and more straps slowly start to encase my body . . . knees, calves, biceps, forearms, above and below my breasts . . .

. . . Knowing well, exactly where the last strap will be going once my body is engulfed in thick tight leather . . . the never-ending orgasm intensifies with each and every additional leather strap . . . one well placed strap over each thigh is all that was needed . . . I had three wide ones tightened on each thigh . . . pussy juices are running down and across my ass . . .

. . . The sound of each buckle as they are closed tightly . . . the increasing smells of the leather and oil that are being warmed by my body . . . on the path of the ultimate bondage strangulation . . . and I'm prepared and breathing harder than ever . . .

. . . Moments of panic as to what is about to happen appear . . . but are very short lived and somehow increase my orgasmic pleasures even further . . . there's no going back . . . there's no talking my way out or begging my Mistress to stop . . .

. . . I signed my final request contract . . . and she's never broke a contract with the many Slaves making the same request . . . She warned and reassured me several times . . . before I signed my life away . . . and into her hands . . .

. . . "Be warned, I will not stop" . . . "Beg all you want" . . . "I promise you, I will not stop . . ." Those words echo through my mind as she's keeping her promise and her warning . . .

. . . Reaching Orgasmic Heaven . . . my body had become one shuddering, shaking, sweat covered body of Pleasure . . . the last of the straps that could be added to my helpless form had been closed and tightened . . . I'm unable to stop this from being the last few moments of my life . . .

. . . Her fingers lightly caress the sides and front of my neck . . . I bite down hard as my whole body is in an uncontrollable vibration of Pleasure as I scream into my gag . . . the last leather strap is moving into place around my neck . . .

. . . The other straps were moved into place and closed pretty swiftly . . . this one couldn't have gone in any slower motion . . . not sure if its my Mistress moving this slow or my heightened senses like being in a car crash . . . everything is slowing down . . .

. . . Except my extreme pleasure that has again, found new heights to reach . . . the buckle of this strap . . . louder than any other . . . as the strap is fed through it's buckle . . .

. . . I saw this strap before getting onto my deathbed . . . it had way more holes than normal . . . around a quarter inch apart . . . the signed agreement was for Mistress to first buckle it snug . . . then move it one more notch every few minutes . . .

. . . Ever so slightly . . . it will grow tighter and tighter around my neck . . . I may scream when I change my mind . . . but she won't stop . . . the tightening of the strap is inevitable . . . the only question left is . . . how many notches it will take to end my life . . .

. . . Reaching it's initial hole that makes the strap snug . . . it's buckled closed . . . it's not causing any challenges with my breathing . . . but it's become a constant reminder of my overall predicament and where this will end . . . this is the last strap I'll ever feel tightening around me . . .

. . . The caresses continue . . . the random stings of the tip of her crop find the few areas of skin not covered in leather straps . . . another caress . . . orgasms growing . . . strap on my neck is unbuckled for a moment . . . before reclosing one notch tighter . . .

. . . I Panic and Scream . . . twist my head . . . realizing what I've done! . . . What I've agreed to! . . . Signed my life away with the one Mistress who will follow through with my slow strangulation . . . NO MATTER WHAT! . . .

. . . A few more moments of caressing, orgasms and stings of the crop . . . reminding me this is Real! . . . I'm about to Die! . . . I try to move, but my efforts achieve nothing! . . . unbuckled again, the strap around my neck is making itself known . . . another notch tighter! . . .

. . . Starting to gag and gasp . . . I beg her to STOP! I've changed my mind! . . . she hears nothing but my mumbles . . . responding with, "I know Slave . . . I will miss you too . . . Enjoy your Final Release" . . .

. . . At that moment, the Vibrations in the two plugs and against my swollen cliterous get turned to the highest level as I shake and shudder uncontrollably! . . . another unbuckle of the strap that ultimately will lead to my demise . . .

. . . Followed by being pulled one notch tighter yet! . . . This time my Mistress let out a little grunt from her extra hard pull of the neck strap! . . . My hands are opening and closing! . . . Grasping at nothing . . . my head is getting lighter as somehow . . . the pleasure of it all finds a level beyond Orgasmic Heaven! . . .

. . . The caressing was like the touches of an Angel . . . the riding crop hits no longer stung . . . My body is relaxing as I can no longer take solid breaths . . . the buckle is released . . . I know the next notch is my death . . .

. . . I don't fight it . . . she grunts the loudest yet as its pulled tight enough to stop and oxygen or blood flow to my head . . . euphoria floods into with a sexual tingle touching every inch of my body . . . as the oxygen from my last breath leaves me . . .

. . . Everything else slowly fads from existence . . . except the orgasm that continues as long as my brain can process it . . . I've died the way I wished and couldn't be any happier . . .

REALITY . . .

{Whoosh!} {Smack!} "YOU BITCH!" {Whoosh!} {Smack!} "FUCKING CUNT WHORE!" {Whoosh!} {Smack!} "GOD DAMN YOU!!!" {Whoosh!} {Smack!} "WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?!?!"

I guess I finally found the way to transition the pain of being whipped with a cane into the pleasure I wanted . . . It didn't make Mistress Magenta here very happy though.

She was bent over with her hands on her knees, breathing extra hard and had thrown her cane onto the floor. "I have no idea how anyone could have been letting out moans of pleasure all the way through the beating I just gave you? Seriously! What is wrong with you?"

Every part of my body hurt like hell, but I could feel the juices squeezing down my inner thighs, inside Latex Blue. I was still shuddering in pleasure and didn't care about the pain . . . I hardly felt it . . . right now.

Figured now that she's done with my torture, she's going to kill me now for fucking with her profits. I may not get to die the way I wished . . . but that Fantasy that just played out in my mind . . . It's the next best thing . . . it was the most Real I've Ever Imagined!

"For some odd as Fuck Reason, you got off on the most intense caning I've ever given anyone. Doesn't fucking matter if you liked it or not. Because once you

show your wounds to your Boss . . . she'll know better then to Fuck with Magenta!"

Wait! What Now? Holy Fuck! She doesn't know that I'm the Boss! The cable lets my wrists down, the leash is un-knotted from my knees. Every other strap is undone except the wide one keeping my wrists bound together along with my leash and collar . . .

Oh My God! I'm not getting Killed . . . at least not tonight and not with a cane! My leash is handed to two of the Thong Boys as she says, "Take this Bitch where you found her. Then you can release her back into the wild . . . Cunt!"

Guided by my leash . . . these two returned me to just feet from my locker with the long coat and hat. Along the way, they continued their groping, pinching and squeezing of various body parts.

On my initial trip to see Mistress Magenta, this attention was just bothersome. On the way back, after the caning of a lifetime, every single touch hurt like a motherfucker! I screamed into my gag every time, which only made them grab me even more.

"You seem a little worse for the wear my little blue one." That was an understatement! I can't even imagine what I'm going to feel like in the morning. Guess I won't have to imagine in a few more hours.

Back to the locker and the one that I could actually consider having a little fun time with, stands in front of me, reaches with one arm around my corseted waist and the other on my ass. Pulling my crotch hard against his member!

Over the top of my gag and latex hood, he gave me a long and hard kiss as he grinds his cock against me until he shot his load out the top of his thong and against my latex. The warmth of it could be felt through my latex.

Even without that warmth, what was happening was obvious. Un-doing the collar and wrist straps, he finishes with, "You go right home now Latex Blue . . . there's a lot of Bad Dudes out here . . ."

Opening the locker, putting on the coat and hat, I zig zag my way home . . . able to live another day . . . that is of course . . . after first furiously masturbating myself to sleep . . .

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for spending some of your Precious
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