



Zatanna Dark

“THE DEN” BONDAGE JUSTICE
PROFESSIONAL DOMINATION - SPECIAL SESSION



Zatanna Dark

“THE DEN” BONDAGE JUSTICE
PROFESSIONAL DOMINATION - SPECIAL SESSION

"THE DEN"
BONDAGE JUSTICE

PROFESSIONAL
DOMINATION -
SPECIAL SESSION

Zatanna Dark

© 2021 Zatanna Dark

All rights reserved. No portion of this book may be reproduced in any form without permission from the publisher, except as permitted by U.S. copyright law.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, business, events and incidents are the products of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

ZatannaXtraDark@Gmail.com

Twitter: @dark_zatanna

GETTING WHAT YOU WANTED . . .

The wide leather strap pulled tight around our waists are forcing my hard cock and her wet panty covered pussy up against each other as my hot cum is dripping down between us. That was the most intense experience I've ever watched or had and it doesn't seem like it's over yet . . . not until everyone working at the Den gets there turn . . . her wet from sweat breasts still heaving up and down against my chest is unbelievable comforting now matter what type of pain or pleasure we'll be having next.

This isn't at all what I signed up for . . . it's way better . . . at least so far. We're not in control of what happens, who does it, when it happens or if this continues or never ends . . . and that only makes me squirt a little more between us as my body spasms on it's own.

The cables locked to our wrists and running to the system in the ceiling adds to what ever they decide to do to our helpless bodies. They can lower us to the floor, keep us standing for more punishments or suspend us indefinitely . . . they are in control and we are just their Toys.

Having decided to play with both of us, the two Servants each grab their own black leather paddle as each of them takes a side . . . somehow, even after all of this, I'm hoping I get the stronger Servant so I get the harder Spanking . . . I'm sure my bondage partner is hoping the same thing . . .

HIDDEN IN PLAIN SITE . . .

I've been into Bondage for many years, but only in the privacy of my own home and only with people I know very well. Even though this was my normal routine, I was always interested in trying out a Professional Domination Service. There was one such place in the City a few hours from my home called "The Den". A very high end, very expensive and always Booked up Service. If I was going to try such a thing it needed to be a Top of the Line Place.

Being constantly Booked they had to be the Best. Calling other possible places I've had responses like "We have an opening this afternoon if you can come today. Yeah, No, there's a reason there's an opening today. One day I got up the nerve to call and try to get an appointment. As expected I failed to even be considered for a Session as I fumbled my way through the call.

Every few months I would muster up the nerve to try again with more confidence, or at least confidence I thought I had. It was obvious to the receptionist how new I was to this after stumbling my way through the conversation again and again. No luck getting in no matter how many times I called back.

One thing that has given me some pleasure from every call has been the voice of the Receptionist Amber. It's always Amber, answering the phone in a voice that's a combination of soothing yet quirky, while also being the Sexiest voice I've ever heard. She's yet to be able to book a Session for me but I'm still hard by the end of every call.

Needing to fulfill my urges while refusing to settle for second best, it was time

for a Road Trip to "The Den" and to meet Amber in person. After a nice shower, shave and cologne I felt smelt of confidence, I was on my way. An hour or so into my drive there were butterflies forming in my stomach. At first thought it must be my nerves of actually entering a Real Domination Establishment. Soon realizing this was more about meeting Amber in person than anything else.

Yes, every call ended in failure, but between "Hello" and "Ok, I'll try again later", was a lot of "What's your Favorite Movie?" and "Where'd you grow up?" On the good side I have at least formed a friendship with her. She knows my name, contact information, My Favorite Movie and where I grew up.

Amber promised to keep me on the top of her own personal standby list. On a rare occasion someone will cancel their Session and since all sessions are pre-paid, she's been able to sneak some of her friends in to enjoy being dominated for free.

This was her plan, which had very little chance of happening. Even though we formed a friendship, the odds of someone cancelling after pre-paying and then to also have me at the top of Amber's standby list weren't good. It was nice to fantasize about this happening though. To not only experience Professional Domination but to also get it for Free!

Finally making it to Town I struggled to locate "The Den". It wasn't showing up on GPS. There wasn't a complete address on the Website. All I could do is get as close as possible and then do a physical search.

Well this is fun. After finding a nearby Parking Structure to leave my Car I decided to walk to the closest Bar. Maybe, if I'm lucky, someone there will know where "The Den" is. Surprising enough the closest Bar was the "B & D" which was mainly an all brick building painted in High Gloss Black that looked just

like freshly oiled up latex.

Next to the large chrome "B & D" letters were smaller letters roughly hand painted in white with occasional drips running down the wall. Added to the B was "ob" and added to the D was "ave's". "Bob & Dave's". Yup, that'll fool anyone into not figuring out this is a Bondage & Discipline place.

JUST LOOK LIKE YOU BELONG . . .

Entering Bob & Dave's I headed to the Bar. Confidence, don't fail me now! Keeping my head up high and my shoulders back, as I tell, don't ask, I tell the Bar Tender I have an appointment at "The Den". He nodded and pointed to a solid black door to the left of the Bar. Holy shit! That worked.

Returning the nod and with all that confidence now oozing from me I quickly grabbed a random half full left over drink on the Bar and downed it. What the Hell was I thinking?!? That was horrible! Room temperature, no idea what it was, am pretty sure there was ash in it.

Stay Cool, Stay Cool . . . I headed towards the door as the Bar Tender just watched. Knowing what happens in "The Den" I'm sure he knows that was the least weird thing about to happen to me.

As I neared the door I could hear a buzzing noise. It was the Bar Tender pushing the button that activated multiple mag-locks keeping the door safely closed & locked.

Pushing the door open was the oddest transition from one room to another I've ever seen. Most of the Bar was painted in Gloss Black. The tile floor was burgundy. All of the barstools and benches were covered in leather held in place with silver rivets.

The lamps hung from chains and or straps. The lighting limited to red, blue or

purple whenever the two met. For a moment I thought the whole Bar was "The Den".

The other side of the very safely and securely locked door was pure white. The whole room I just entered is white from the floor to the ceiling. The lighting was as bright as day.

Then came that voice, the voice of an Angel I've fallen in love with over the past months. "May I help you?" Little did she know, she just did! Not sure how it's possible but that voice is ten times better and much more affective in person.

My cock was already hard. "Amber?" I said. Of course it's Amber dummy. "Hi Chase" Amber said without hesitation, as she stood up from behind her desk to do some Receptionist stuff I guess. "Glad you're here because I've some good news for you . . ."

Not fully hearing what she just said. Because I was doing my best to not fall over as I struggled to take in the image before me. Amber is, Amber, Wow! Where do I begin? Let's start with her full Lips mouth where that voice comes from.

Not sure if that's her natural lip color of if she uses a very subtle lipstick. Even when she's not talking she keeps it open just enough to drive you crazy. She had on those larger plastic Sexy Teacher glasses that perfectly fit. Her hazel colored eyes looking directly at me made me feel special.

Her long wavy blond hair cascaded off her shoulders and lightly rested on the top of her breast. Speaking of her breasts, seems when after choosing the right

size of her form fitting white blouse they must have been out.

Lucky for me and anyone else who gets to see her, the only form fitting white blouses left were 1 to 2 sizes too small. That would explain why it's one button-pop away from her exposing her Treasure Chest to me. Guess I'm not telekinetic, if I was that button would of already popped.

Oh my God! I just noticed that skirt. That tight black skirt with a short slit up the front of her left thigh is amazing! Looking at that slit I'm getting the tiniest peek that's showing me much more.

I can see the top edge of her thigh high black nylons. My mind has already put together what all is going on under that skirt and it's heaven to imagine.

"Chase . . . Chase . . . Chase! Are you ok? Do you need me to get help?"
Realizing I'm standing still, staring at Amber with my mouth wide open, no wonder she's asking if I'm ok.

"Never have I ever seen such a vision of Pure Beauty as I am looking at right now" . . . Did I just say that out loud? Guess I did because Amber went into a combination of bashful and embarrassed as she shyly looked away.

She quietly said "Oh, Chase, don't be silly . . . ". Once again I'm dumbfounded. As I stand only a few feet away from arguably the Sexiest Woman I've ever seen and she truly doesn't know it. Wow! Could she be any Hotter?

Really wish I could experience any type of Bondage with her, giving, receiving, anything would be better than what I've been doing. "Amber, I'm not being silly. I meant every word of it and I'm so glad I took the time to drive here today. Getting to meet you in person has just made my Day, my Week, my Month".

"Chase, as I was saying I have good news for you. A Session just opened up. I was about to move John's Binder to the Cancelled area. Now that you're in Town, you can have this Session." Seeing John's Binder I noticed how thick the notebook was inside.

From what I learned about "The Den" there's a very long and very detailed phone interview process before a Session is approved by the Head Mistress. Having no idea what all was discussed or agreed on kinda freaked me out, but there's no possible way for me to say "No" to Amber.

A Mistress doesn't need to be in Black Leather with a Cat-O-Nine Tails in her hand to Control a Slave. I'm putty to anything Amber wants from me and am Helpless to refuse her suggestions. A simple while confident "Sure . . ." came out cracking at the end like my voice just changed. Amber giggled and smiled at that. Lacking confidence herself, she knew just where that came from.

It was Friday afternoon and the Session that just opened up was a 48-hour whole weekend long one starting at 10:00pm. Amber told me it was a first time Session for a new client, so no one even knows what the John looks like.

I just need to be back here by quarter to ten and tell the receptionist on duty I'm John Smith. 48 hours . . . Holy Fuck. I wanted this so bad for such a long time, but 48 hours.

I told Amber I was a little concerned jumping into such a long Session for my first time. She understood, and then told me this opportunity may not come again for months.

Well, if it's what Amber wants it's what I will do. Amber told me she'd just ignore the cancelation so as far as anyone there will know, it never happened. Amber's work- week was up at five so I won't be seeing her when I come in.

I wished her a great weekend and thanked her for her help with this. She responded in her most erotic voice possible, "You are in for the most intense experience of your life. I hope you remember every second of it" . . . then letting out a little giggle because she felt silly saying that.

Me personally felt it sounded perfect and she could be my Mistress any day. Little did either of us know at this moment just how intense this weekend was about to become.

HI, I'M JOHN SMITH . . .

Having at least 6 hours I found a room in a Hotel walking distance away. It was one of the creepier; pay by the hour Hotels, Nice, Not. Took a long shower, ate a good meal, had a few drinks to calm my nerves before heading back.

I was a nervous as I was horny constantly. My heart was pounding so much I was hungry again. This whole time spent imagining different things that may be happening to me over those 48 hours. Normally when you pay for a Bondage & Domination Session you pre-discuss your likes, dislikes, etc. so you will still have some idea what's going to happen.

In this case, John Smith had that discussion with the Head Mistress, not me. It's all going to be a surprise to me . . . almost gets me more worked up.

Walking back into "Bob & Dave's" to see the same Bar Tender was still there I met earlier. Giving him a nod I walked towards the black door leading to the Receptionist Room. Reaching to push the door opened and realizing it was mag-locked closed I looked up to the Bar Tender who was slowly shaking his head "No" with the smallest of smirks across his face.

Fuck! Walking back to the bar there was no longer the option of a random choice of half filled glasses for me to down. There was only one glass larger then the one I drank from last time. Once again half full of WTF is that!?!? It was multi-colored liquids of different thicknesses with a thick layer of ash, dust, dirt, and no idea floating on the top.

There was remnants of watered down whip cream dripping down the side of the glass and onto the counter. Is that whip cream? I hope that's whip cream? We both knew that's not whip cream. The Bar Tender's smirk grew slightly. Fucker!

Being that same Cool and Confident Guy I was earlier today I grabbed it and downed it real smoothly . . . that was until I spit it up on the mirrors behind the bar as a portion of it came out my nose. Choking and trying to prevent my self from hurling I look up once more at Smirk Face of that Fucker behind the Bar.

He nodded and pointed to the black door, this time pushing the button to allow me entrance . . . I swear before the door closed I could hear him laughing out loud . . . Fucker! Someone is enjoying his job a little too much.

Got in to the Receptionist area a little after 9:30 pm. Waited till a quarter to ten and walked up to receptionist on duty. Telling her I was John Smith, she welcomed me to “The Den” and pointed to a white door directly behind her.

With so much white in here I never noticed that door before. Of course at that time Amber was distracting me from everything. Tentatively I went through the door. She never asked to see an ID . . . what am I thinking . . . there's no way John Smith was actually his real name anyway . . . why would she ask for an ID?

Once inside this room the lighting was very dark. I walked to the middle of the room and waited only about a minute before a second black door on the other side of the room slowly opened up. A tall curvy brunette dressed in a very tight form fitting business suit carrying a clipboard and pen entered.

She had on 5 inch heels, a snug grey blouse, a very tight fitting skirt and the

whole looked was topped off with her hair up in a bun. She was all business and I knew it!

Not sure if this was part of John's request list or if she was "The Den's" Lawyer . . . either way, I didn't care, it was an A+ way to start out my 48 hours. She very slowly walked up to me, looked me up and down, looked at her clipboard and asked, "Are you John Smith?" Didn't know if I should answer "Yes Mistress Task Master" so just went with a simple "Yes".

She checked off the first box on her board. She then asked me "Do you remember your Safe-Word?" How could anyone forget his or her Safe-Word, so I had to say, "Yes". Of course I had no idea what it was . . . boy I hope this doesn't backfire.

The very hot Lawyer continued going over the balance of questions and statements on her list, all of which I agreed to. None of which gave me any hints as to what was about to happen to me. Being so entranced by this woman I really wasn't paying a full attention to the list, but there were a few comments that stood out.

Something about "The Den" not being liable for any short term or permanent marking on the Slave's body. Also the Session will continue for the full pre-agreed timeframe no matter what happens.

The only way to stop a Session is with the Safe-Word. The last question was "Do you agree to everything just discussed?" Again, entranced & horny I signed away. Did my best John Smith signature I could come up with. Figuring he must be rich I made the letters kind of fancy and big.

She looked me in my eyes and quietly wished me a good time. Turning around she slowly walked out the same door she came in. Was glad when she walked, it was nice and slow giving me much more time to admire her awesome ass in that tight skirt as she left the room.

MEET THE SERVANTS . . .

A minute later two more woman entered the room dressed a lot different then the last. They were both dressed in head to toe tight latex bodysuits like a Mistress would wear, but had locked leather wrist and ankle cuffs over the body suit.

They also both wore locked leather collars telling me they were someone else's Slaves. They were shorter then me by a few inches and had the body shape you'd see on the women who compete in those gymnastic type fitness competitions. Not a bad look at all.

The first one told me to strip as the second one handed me a small black thong telling me to put it on. Then they both just stood there waiting. I'm pretty fit for my age, but this was a bit awkward to just strip in front of strangers.

Had to ask myself, what would John do? So off came the clothing and on went the thong over my partially hard cock . . . thanks to my still partial hard-on from meeting Amber and most recently the addition of "Lawyer, Please Spank Me Now".

It was a tight fit, but I made it work the best I could. Once fully ready they each grabbed one of my wrists and calmly guided me through a double set of doors off to my left.

When did that door get there? God I'm distracted so much and this really was just beginning. If I ever had to find my own way back out of this maze I'd be

screwed.

We entered another room that totally smelled of leather. Right away I could see why. The walls were covered with every kind of strap, harness and gag you could think of. They stood me in the center of the room, pulled out a tape and started measuring every part of my mostly naked body. It was like getting measured for a suit, but much more interesting.

The one woman would measure and state sizes as the second one took items off the wall and collected them on a table near by. Once they were all collected they started putting them on me. A three-inch wide set of locking leather cuffs went onto my wrists and then my ankles.

Small but strong locks were put into each to make sure they were not coming off. Two more sets went on my limbs. One set just above my knees and the other just above my elbows. Again these were all locked into place.

Am starting to notice I'm getting more straps than both of these women have. Not sure if this is good or a bad thing. A collar with lock was now added. Then lastly the most complex was a strapping body harness.

The straps went over my shoulders, above and below my chest, around my waist, around the top of my thighs and two more straps went between my legs. Lastly every buckled strap gets a lock added. Now I know why all the measuring. Every one of these straps fit perfectly to my body and isn't coming off no matter what.

After rechecking every strap and lock these two leather clad women grab my wrists a second time and walk me through one more set of double doors. The

room we enter looks like the place I'm going to be helplessly bound in for who knows how long.

The middle of this room has an upright metal rack with rings all over it. Am guessing with all the rings on my straps I'll be standing in the middle of it. This is exactly where they guide me.

Once they let me go the first Servant takes this moment to confide in me. She explains they are both Slaves of the Top Mistress at "The Den" (Sorry, but the Quotes and Caps are my sign of respect). All of the Servants are under probation due to a bound Slave a few weeks back being able to get loose in the middle of a Special Session.

They were warned if I were able to get loose that they would be severely punished, tortured and then left helpless for days. If they were ever set free would be up to the Top Mistress. No one ever saw the last Servant this happened to.

Looking me directly in my eyes she started to tear up as she quietly begged for my help. She asked me to try my hardest to free myself before they leave. That way if anything was loose they could fix it.

As much as I wouldn't mind seeing these two tied up, I didn't want to see them tortured and left tied up. I promised to do exactly what she requested. They now brought out a bunch of short chains and locks. My arms were stretched out to the rack as the rings on my straps were locked to the rack.

Same thing was done with my ankles. I'm thinking just four locks in I'm already

helpless. Don't think me getting loose and them being punished is going to be a problem.

The chains were then locked to multiple spots on both sides of my harness. Pairs of straps, chains and locks were at the top of my thighs, my waist, below and above my chest. Each of these were then pulled towards and locked to the closest rings on the rack.

Four more chains were locked to the straps above my knees and elbows, then to the rack just like the rest. The final two chains went to each side of my collar and then to the rack.

So when I first saw these two Women I thought they looked like fitness experts. After feeling just how tight every one of my straps and everyone one of these chains have been pulled, I know just how fit they are.

It's not just looks. My God I've never been strapped locked and stretched out this tight in my life. The Servant looks at me again and timidly asks, "Can you get loose?" I pull on everything and tell her "No, I can't". She asks one more time "Please try harder, I don't want to be punished".

I pull my hardest and guarantee her "There's no way I can get loose. The two of you have just bound me tighter and better then I've ever been. Until someone frees me I'm totally helpless and at your mercy".

JUSTICE WEARS A LEATHER CORSET . . .

After saying that my situation finally hit me. I've been so distracted by all these sexy woman, their outfits, their bodies and all the doors and rooms in "The Den". On top of that I can still kinda taste whatever that drink was the Bar Tender prepped for me. I just realized what I told her was totally true.

I am totally helpless . . . even more helpless then John would have been in my same position. John knows what is coming and I don't. John knows his Safe-Word and I don't. I'm not currently gagged, but might as well be. No matter what I say at this point is just going to sound like a Slave trying to talk his way out of his Session. Why would a Slave who wanted this try and talk his way out?

It's what they do and it's all part of the Bondage & Domination game. My mind is spinning now . . . just realized being caught off guard with this surprise Session that I never even told anyone where I was going. Was so quick to leave my house to meet Amber . . . Fuck! I truly am more helpless then I've ever been in multiple ways.

So I just convinced the Servant how helpless I am and she all of a sudden switches her domineer. Standing up straight and tall she slowly slides the back of her hand across my chest.

Looking straight into my eyes again she says "Well that's good for us . . . but so very very bad for you. I do feel a little sad for you, but after hearing everything you've done, I guess you deserve what's coming.

Kind of makes me proud being one of the Servants who made you helpless. On the good side you still have almost 46 hours left to live. On the bad side you may wish you had way less then that.

The Mistress's here know just how to do a Special Session with maximum amount of pain while still keeping you alive until it's time." Firmly grabbing my cock and balls she says "Thank you" and they both leave the room.

I'm both scared to death yet somewhat aroused at the same time. Wow, that John sure has an interesting imagination. All of this seems so real.

Almost think I'm gonna get more out of this then John because he made this Session up and the whole time he'd know it's not real no matter how hard he tried. For me with know idea what's next and no way out of this, it is very real.

Maybe this is real . . . shit . . . what if it is . . . my mind is spinning again while I wait for my Mistress to show up. I continue to uselessly pull at my bonds with no luck until the door opens again.

Expecting a Mistress to walk in to continue my Session, you can imagine my surprise when three walk in. The first Mistress who's obviously in charge is wearing some kind of combination black leather corset body harness thing with a series of small chains looping across her breasts.

Trust me when I say those little chains aren't needed to get my eyes to travel right there. Her breasts and shoulders are covered in a very unique tight fitting red top that hugs her in all the right places with different mesh or cuts allowing her skin to peek through.

She has black arm sheaths laced on leaving her hand fully uncovered. I'm guess so she can feel her victims flesh directly with her naked hands. Her tight black skirt is also laced down both sides.

Her image of Pure Power and Control is finish off with a wide shiny metal belt and very dark red lipstick. Just the look on her face says, "Don't Fuck with Me Slave!"

The second Mistress is as Asian as it gets. Her skin is white, her hair is long and black and she's shorter then the first Mistress. She's wearing a very body fitting silky long red dress with slits up both sides all the way to her hips.

There is a very detailed dragon pattern sewn into her dress. The dragon starts out near the bottom of the dress and is wrapped around her form several times ending with its head spitting fire near her breasts. Even without this fire her and her tits hot as hell!

The last Mistress might be in training because she's wearing the same skin-tight leather body suits that both the Servants had on minus the ankle and wrist straps. She does still have the same collar on. She's got shoulder length brown hair, which is wavy.

She's wearing full black leather gloves and a look of determination on her face. Even though the first two look the most experienced, this third Mistress may be the one to worry about. I'm guessing she's being monitored, graded and is going to really give it to me to impress her Mistress or Master.

All three slowly walk up to me and gather right in front of me. The first Mistress introduces herself as Mistress Justice as the other two go through a process of double-checking every strap and lock holding me helplessly in place.

Once done checking everything they both give Mistress Justice a nod. Hell, they could have just asked me . . . I could tell them everything is good. I am helpless. This is when this Session turned on me.

I want to welcome you to “The Den” for your Special Session. These are the only type of sessions I get called in for and are limited to only Customers like you.

I’m sure by now you’re asking yourself why you’re not currently experiencing anything you had on your request list. If only she knew how true that statement was.

That’s because this is a Special Session arranged by the people you have wronged. They owned the properties and buildings you’ve tricked people out of for your own Disgusting Profit. You may own their buildings now, but not for much longer.

We’ve already had several Lawyers making adjustments on your will and in case of your death; all properties will revert to their original owners. It’s written in a way to sound you are doing this out of guilt and to avoid suspicion of criminal wrongdoing.

Ok, so now I’m freaking out. This is all a mistake and I shouldn’t be here right now. Thank God I’m not gagged so I can explain how I got here. I asked the

Mistress for permission to explain myself.

She gave me a nod and I went through the whole story down to not knowing the "Safe-Word". Intently she paid close attention to every word I had to say, not interrupting me even once.

All done explaining I'm hoping this to be over with. It's such a crazy story I just told she has to know I'm telling the truth . . . boy was I a bad judge of this situation.

Mistress Justice nodded at the other two Mistress's. They walked to the wall and grabbed a very strict looking pump gag with a leather straps head harness.

I'm dumb founded and didn't get a chance to say anything else, as it is quickly jammed into my mouth as the straps encompassing my head are all pulled tight.

These straps are also all locked into place. I try to talk as Justice walks towards me and I can only mumble. This gag is already working and isn't even pumped up yet.

Grabbing my face tightly she looks me in my wide-open eyes. "So I listened to your whole speech with hopes you may of apologized for what you've done." She firmly pumps the gag one time.

"But all you can do is make up a crappy story to try and save your life." She pumps the gag again. "It wouldn't have saved your life, but I may have gone a

little easier on you before you die.”

Again she pumps the gag. I hope she stops talking soon before I choke to death. “At least I can tell you one good thing. You don’t have to worry about not knowing your Safe-Word, because Special Sessions have no Safe-Words.”

She pumps the gag a fourth time, turns and walks away. As she’s heading towards the door she points at the brown haired Mistress and gives her a nod. The Asian Mistress follows Justice out the door.

FLOGGING 101. . .

WTF! Is this all fake? Is this just a real complex request made by John so it has some twists? What ever this all is I'm about to find out. I'm more helpless then I've ever been in a room deep inside "The Den".

No one knows I'm here and the People about to treat me to a Special Session think I'm someone who deserves to die. I'm gagged, bound and so far have only made my captors more upset with me then they were when they were already planning on torturing and killing me. No matter what's about to happen there's nothing I can do about it now.

The brown haired Mistress comes up to me and starts to earn her keep. "So did you actually think we were going to believe your lie?" Even though I was gagged and unable to verbally answer this question, I could still muster up a nod or shake of my head.

The bad thing was nodding meant yes I thought they'd believe my lie and a shake meant no I didn't think they'd believe my lie. Either way I'd be agreeing to it being a lie.

She continues, "So one of the hardest things for us to train new Mistress's is the skill of flogging a helpless slave. The reason it's so difficult is because it can take a very very very long time and I've yet to find a slave who can handle being flogged for such a long time.

Far too often they give their Safe-Word long before the flogging training really gets started. So the good news is I think I just came up with an answer to this problem . . . the bad news for you is you're the answer. I can train some new Mistress's to flog for hours on end and you won't be able to stop me or them . . . god I love being in charge".

She went by near the door and pushed a red button on the wall. In less then a minute the two Servant Mistress's showed up and kneeled down in front of the brown haired Mistress. She then told the two Servants her plan.

"So the two of you haven't perfected your flogging skills yet. We are about to work on this and will be making it an interesting competition out of it. I want the two of you to each grab two leather cat-o-nine tails."

They both went to the wall and each picked out two cat-o-nine tails. God, just one of those would be enough to whip me crazy, but now they have a total of four.

Still don't know what her competition is going to be but something makes me think I'm going to lose no matter what. Both Servants kneeled back in front of their Mistress.

Not sure when it happened but my current Favorite of the three Mistress's, the one in the Long Red Dress with the Dragon is gone. Kinda hoping she comes back.

"So here's how this is going to work. One of you will flog this helpless Slave with you right hand, then your left hand. Then immediately the other one of you

will do the same. You will continue to take turns back and forth until one of you no longer has the strength to keep it up.

The loser of this competition will be strapped and locked over the leather horse and will then be flogged by the winner until the winner can no longer continue.

The loser will then spend the night locked in that position. If I feel that either one of you are going easy on this Slave or on the loser there will be hell to pay . . . do you both fully understand?”

I could see the fear in both Servant’s eyes, as they both said “Yes Mistress” without hesitation. Oh, fuck, I’m in trouble already. I like a good mild flogging for maybe a half hour or so, but this is about to be anything but that.

The Brown haired Mistress walks back up to me and grabs my rock hard cock . . . oh shit . . . I’m getting hard by all of this. “So seems like you are liking this so far. Don’t you realize that this is all real? You are about to be tortured for two days in every way we can find.

Every painful way and in the end we will be killing you? This is what we are paid nicely to do and to us you are just a toy we use to make that money.

Enjoy this while you can . . . I’m betting these two have at least a good four or more hours in them before they stop. After that we’ll just be switching to another Mistress who’s all rested up.”

She walks away from me and gives the other two a nod as she goes to sit in a dark corner of the room. The two Servants walk up to my sides. One on my left and one on my right and immediately the flogging begins.

The first cat lands cleanly across my ass and the sting is instant. Seconds later the same Servant whips me across my stomach just as strong and painful as the first.

Just as fast the second Servant whips me across the backs of my thighs and immediately across the front of my thighs. They are both out to impress their Mistress no matter what happens to me in the process . . . I'm just their toy like the Mistress said.

I try to scream but barely get out a grunt with this tightly strapped on and pumped up gag. Don't think it matters much because they are not stopping. The front of my thighs, the middle of my back, my chest, my ass and then one right across my cock and balls . . . no area is off limit as the flogging continues.

So I was expecting them to start out hard and slowly decrease, as they get weaker . . . boy was I wrong. With every whip the other Servant whips harder so she won't be out done.

They both want their Mistress to be proud and they both just seem to be getting stronger the more my body becomes covered in red stripes and welts. I still have the strength to pull at my bondage and grunt with each hit, but this isn't doing anything to lessen their relentless attack on my helplessly body.

I have no idea how long I've been getting flogged but the Mistress was right . . .

had I been able to say a Safe-Word I would have hours ago. And even if I did, this is a Special Session and it wouldn't even of mattered. For now there's nothing I can do but wait for one of these two to just plain tire out.

I'm not even struggling or pulling at my bonds any more as the flogging continues. I don't even have the energy to grunt any more each time another cat strikes my helpless body.

The only thing I'm able to do is notice that they have finally started to slow down, as their hits are growing weaker. Really doesn't lessen the pain because my skin is so red and welted right now that even the slightest touch stings like hell. I just don't have the energy to even react to this pain.

This slowing down goes on for almost an hour before one Servant drops to her knees and starts to weep as the standing Servant gives me a very painful hug and a quiet giggle into my ear. The winner is the same Servant who played me in the beginning. Was kind of hoping she would of lost. She really needs to be punished and badly.

WE HAVE A WINNER . . .

The Brown haired Mistress comes out of the dark corner and immediately forces the kneeling Servant to her feet. “Strip down to your thong and go to the horse” she tells the Servant. The Servant barely has the energy to even take off her skintight body suit, but struggles through it because she knows things could always get worse for not listening to her Mistress.

She then walks as fast as she can to the horse. As she stands there in nothing but her thong, collar, wrist and ankle straps I still have enough energy to admire the rock hard fitness body she has.

“Bend over the horse” the Mistress, tells her as the winning Servant giggles again into my ear. Damn that should have been this one I continue to think. The loser walks the rest of the way up to the horse and bends her already sore body over it. The Mistress tells the winner “Lock and strap her in place”.

The winner almost skips over to the loser having a hard time containing her happiness. She locks the loser’s wrists down one side of the horse, makes her spread her legs and then locks her ankles down the other side. She adds a short chain to her collar and pulls and locks this to a ring in the floor.

Lastly she brings out a wide leather strap right across the losers waist and straps it as tight as she can. There’s no way this Servant is going anywhere and the way her naked ass is pulled tightly across the horse her whipping is going to hurt extra hard.

Right after finishing the loser's bondage the winner goes to the wall to grab a thin bamboo rod to punish the loser. She turns back towards the horse and stops dead in her tracks. She just realized her mistake . . . doing something, anything, without being given permission or a command from her Mistress. She drops to her knees and quickly says "I'm Sorry Mistress . . . very sorry . . . please forgive me".

The Mistress walks slowly up to the now kneeling Servant, grabs the back of her hair, pulls her head back and simply says "NO!". My only thought at this point was good.

This bitch deserves anything she has coming to her and I hope I'm allowed to watch. I'll soon find out I get to more than watch.

The Mistress walks to the wall and pushes a button. A metal cable with a ring permanently attached to it comes down from the ceiling.

She grabs two locks off the wall and the ring end of the cable and heads for the winning Servant . . . or should I say soon to be losing Servant.

She locks both of the Servant's wrist straps to the ring in front of her and heads back to the wall where the button for the cable was. Seems there are more buttons that do different things because the un-expected just happened.

The cable slowly pulled the Servant to her feet and then the Servant with her arms stretched out above her body started walking on her toes right up to my helpless body. Seems this cable was designed to force two slaves together for group punishment.

Again the Servant said to her Mistress “I’m sorry Mistress”. The Mistress’s only response was, “Yes, you are going to be . . . Very Sorry”. The Mistress then pulled out a small knife and started cutting the black body suit from the helpless Servant.

She was now stripped down to nothing but her tight thong. With her mostly naked body so close to mine I couldn’t see how fit she was, but with every move she bumped up against me and I could feel it. “Face the Slave” said the Mistress.

The Servant looked me right in the eyes. I could see and enjoy her fear. “Now push your body up against his firmly”. I did the best to enjoy these firm breasts up against my chest, but it stung my skin like I was still being flogged.

The Mistress then went to another wall and came back with a collection of three-inch wide black leather straps. The first one went around our waists and was pulled tight as our stomachs were pushed together and my once again hard cock was pushing against the front of her thong.

Two more straps were used in the same way at the tops of our thighs making sure the Servant fully knew how hard my cock was getting from her little punishment.

Her eyes met mine again letting me know, that she knew I was enjoying every minute of this. Her growing hate of me burned into my eyes now inches from hers.

Another long strap tightly pushed our chests together and even though I couldn't seem them, I'm sure was causing her firm breast to really get compacted tightly. She grunted when this strap was pulled tight.

Our faces were now cheek and cheek as she whispered into my ear "I so want to be here when you finally die . . . if there's any way I can make it happen I'll kill you myself".

So that put a damper on my enjoyment . . . but only for a second. With her firm mostly naked body tightly strapped up against me how could I not enjoy this?

The Mistress then said "I DID NOT GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO SPEAK SLAVE!" As she quickly pushed a ball gag deep into the Servants mouth.

The ball gag was connected to a complex head harness, which was quickly strapped into place. This bitch won't be giving me any more threats for a while.

"So I heard you giggling little miss helpless. So you think the punishment you were going to give her was going to be funny?"

The Servant shakes her head "No" but the Mistress just ignores her and keeps talking as she picks up the thin bamboo rod. "So you thought using this across her helpless ass was going to be funny?"

I CAN FEEL HER PUNISHMENT . . .

The Servant just barely started to shake her head "No" again, as I started to hear the loudest noise ever coming from a thin bamboo rod. You could hear it moving through the air followed by a very loud smack across the Servant's helpless ass.

She grunted as loud as her gag would allow her to as she winced and her whole body tensed up. I could feel every muscle in her firm thighs & stomach straining to get free as the sounds of this extreme canning continued.

My god this Mistress was not fucking around. She meant to punish her Servant and punish her she did! Only 60 seconds into her punishment and she was in tears as I counted in my head the number of smacks, grunts and struggles continued.

I lost count around 30. I could not only feel the Servant tense up and struggle but could almost feel the canning all the way through her body and into mine. The sweat from her body tightly bound against mine dripping down the fronts or our thighs.

For a second there I started to feel sorry for this bitch, but then remembered her threat to kill me herself. For that reason alone I wanted her punishment to continue.

On a side note, every minute spent punishing her was one less minute I'd be getting tortured. It had to be well over a hundred smacks when the Mistress finally stopped.

The Servant wasn't even struggling any more for total lack of energy. Her cheeks were wet with tears and she'd become quiet.

The Mistress then brought the blood-covered rod between our faces and said, "You're bleeding pretty bad. Since I'm not planning on killing you it's best we treat your wounds so they don't get infected."

I didn't fully understand what was about to happen but the Servant sure did because she came back to life and started to shake her head no and scream into her gag as hard as she could. Bound helpless as she was, what ever was about to happen was out of her control.

The Mistress walked over to the horse un-strapped and unlocked the other helpless Servant. She then told this Servant "Your friend over there, needs her wounds treated and I really think you should help her out".

Again the Servant bound to me and gagged screamed again and shook her head no even harder. What ever was about to happen, it wasn't good.

The now free Servant tells the Mistress "Thank you" and opens up a small door in the wall. She pulls out a large bottle of Vodka, looks at it, smiles a little and walks behind the Servant bound against my body.

You could tell she so wanted to verbally torment her helpless friend before doing anything else, but could see her bite her tongue. She knows what happens for speaking when not told to.

Standing behind the helpless Servant she opens the large bottle and starts to pour the whole thing all over her back, ass and thighs. I thought her screams and struggles were extreme before, that was nothing as she let out the longest muffled scream yet as she tensed up every muscle in her body for several minutes. After the pouring was done her body continued to jerk, shake and spasm for close to five more minutes.

As much as I was still in pain from my whipping her firm thong clad body rubbing up against mine for such a long time pushed me over the edge. My cock was so big and hard that most of it was sticking out over the top of my thong and was rubbing up against her thong and firm stomach.

She continued to un-controllably jerk and spasm as I came harder and longer than ever before while grunting like crazy into my gag. The helpless Servant knew exactly what just happen, as I knew she could feel my hot cum all over her stomach.

She was now looking deep into my eyes with such a level of hatred I've never seen before. She just got one of the most extreme canings she's ever got followed by the vodka all over her wounds and I enjoyed her pain so much that it made me orgasm.

Holy fuck, if she gets a chance she's going to beat the living shit out of me and she will kill me if given a minute alone with my helpless body. I may not of deserved to be tortured and killed before, but in her eyes I deserve every minute of what's going to happen to me.

The Mistress now unlocks the Servant's wrists from the metal ring at the end of

the cable. Then immediately relocks them behind her back. The straps holding the two of us together are then removed as the Servant slumps down to the ground and grunts into her gag as she hits the floor.

I now get my first look at her back and firm ass. There are hundreds of red lines across her skin, many of which are bleeding while the others are welting up. My god she's gotta be in massive pain.

The Mistress smacks her with a Cat O nine tails she had hanging from her waist and tells the Servant to go to the corner. The Servant crawls slowly to the corner with her head down.

Not sure if the Mistress wanted her to walk or crawl. At this point after that punishment, odds are crawling is all she could handle. Just then Mistress notices my cum dripping off of the Servants belly and thong. She touches it with her leather-gloved hand, looks at me and just shakes her head in disgust.

Then follows the Servant to the corner. She now has the Servant lay face down in the corner and locks her ankles together with a second lock.

Straps are now added to her legs just above the knees and a second set on her arms just above her elbows. These are also locked together so she can't pull her legs apart and her elbows are just an inch apart. I could see how much this position was already hurting the Servant.

Now a short chain was locked to the straps on her legs, pulled hard and then locked to her wrists causing her to bend way back. A wide strap was added to her neck and locked on.

A second chain was now locked to her ankles and then pulled tightly and locked to the leather strap around her neck. Every time she tries to straighten her legs it will cause the strap to choke her.

Next a form fitting leather hood is pulled over her head and gag, laced up tightly and locked into place. Even if someone wanted to free her, with all the locks and the Mistress having the keys, she's stuck for as long as the Mistress wants.

God I hope it's until long after I can get out of here. Mistress Justice finally locks a very short chain from the front of the Servant's leather collar to a ring on the floor near the corner. She's going nowhere.

The Mistress turns and walks towards me. Then stops for a second and turns back towards her very helpless Servant. Looking back at me she says, "That Cupcake is done baking, but seems to be missing her Icing".

My first thought was, what else could she possibly do to that Servant? I soon found out that this Mistress doesn't fuck around. She opens another cabinet and pulls out a black sheet, takes it over to the Servant, covers her up and then makes sure to tuck it tightly under her bound arms, between her legs and into every other crevice she could find.

The loose edges are then tucked under the Servant's thighs, stomach and naked breasts. Even though I could no longer see the helpless Servant, I could make out where every part of her body was.

No idea what the point of this black sheet was until the Mistress added what she called “Icing to her Cupcake”. She goes back to the other cabinet where the free Servant pulled out the bottle of Vodka and she pulled out a second bottle of Vodka.

Her plan made sense now, my god she’s a mean Bitch. When the Vodka was poured onto the Servant’s bloody wounds before most of it ended up on the floor.

What ended up on her skin either ran off or evaporated in a minute or two. I’m sure it hurt like hell, but was nowhere near as bad as what was about to happen to her this time.

The Servant lay quietly and helplessly bound and locked under the black sheet. She may have been thinking the sheet was to help keep her warm. Boy would that thought be wrong.

Laying face down this time the Vodka was not about to just run off of her. On top of that I could tell the plan with the tucked in sheet was to soak it with the Vodka so the Servant stays wet and in massive pain for a much longer time.

Tucked into every crevice the sheet was going to help the Vodka get into every spot. Fuck, this is going to hurt the Servant an unbelievable amount!

The Mistress walks slowly towards her victim. The odd thing is the Servant has no idea what’s to come and how slowly the Mistress is approaching her helpless body.

The Mistress is doing this totally for her own enjoyment. Getting right next to the Servant she slowly opens the bottle and tosses the cap across the floor. She has no plan of saving any of the Vodka, it's all getting poured onto the Servant.

Slowly she starts to pour the Vodka onto the black sheet where it's covering the helplessly bound Servant's ass. A second later the Servant feels what's happening and starts to scream as hard as she can into her gag.

I can see she's pulling wildly on the chains holding her in her helpless hogtie. As the Vodka continues to pour onto her back and thighs the screaming continues and she's now bucking wildly to no avail. She's helplessly fucked and no matter how hard she tries will be put into all the pain her Mistress wants her to feel.

The Mistress took several minutes to fully empty the bottle onto the Servant. The whole time the Servant has been screaming into her gag and continues to try like crazy to break free.

It's just not going to happen. Between the sheet and the way the Mistress took her time pouring I see little to no Vodka on the floor.

It's all soaked into the sheet and just laying on the Servant's wounds. It's not going anywhere and neither is the helplessly bound and in agony Servant.

I watch in amazement as I realize this is what this Mistress is willing to do to someone she wasn't planning on killing. I have no idea what's to become of me, but am now scared shitless. I started pulling uselessly at my bonds and made

enough noise that the Mistress heard me.

She turned, looked me in my eyes and said “Don’t worry slave, I have more than enough energy to torture you and have many more ideas how to keep you in pain until you are dead”.

RETURN OF THE DRAGON . . .

“First things first though, we need to take care of that little Cumming problem you had with my Servant. I really hope you enjoyed it because that was the last time you’re ever going to cum”.

For a second I thought to myself, if that was going to be my last time, at least it was the most intense orgasm I’ve ever had. A second after that I realized what she just said. After watching her in action I’m pretty sure she means everything she says.

I notice the Mistress walk to a button on the wall. She pushes it and says “Mistress Ming, we need your special skill set in room 3”. A moment later the hot Asian Mistress in that Red Dragon Dress re-enters the room with a small portable table.

She sets this table near me and opens the top to display all types of short leather strips, wires, cock & ball shaped leather sheaths, thin metal rods and many other odd things

I’ve never seen before. Lucky for me I don't see anything for cutting. I was expecting to get castrated right here and right now.

Mistress Ming pulls a switchblade from her belt, spins it twice in her hand and then quickly cuts the thong from my helpless body. Fuck! The thong falls to the ground as my semi-hard cock falls out pointing directly at her.

She should take this as a complement, but doesn't. As she slaps it hard and tells me to stop it now or she'll cut my cock off so I'll no longer have this problem. As hot as she was, her threat kinda helped me soften up a little. "That's better," said Mistress Ming.

Grabbing one of the leather strips she wraps it tightly around the base of my cock and balls. Once she comes around the third time she knots it in place using double or triple knots.

The only way this is coming off is if it gets cut off. The second leather strip is now wrapped tightly around just my balls and tied off the same way. A third strip is now wrapped around just the base of my cock.

Just as tight as the other two and also knotted into place. This whole process once again causes my cock to grow harder again, that was until she took the thin metal rod and pushes it directly into the end of my cock. The pain is intense.

She continues pushing until almost the whole rod is inside of me. Bound as I am, the only choice I have is to watch. There's a two small eyelets at the end of the rod still sticking out of my cock. Mistress Ming feeds two ends of a metal wire through these eyelets, folds over the end and twists it so they'll stay connected to the rod no matter how hard they get pulled on.

Now this cock torture only gets worse as she starts to wrap this wire around my cock starting at the tip and slowly working towards the base of my cock.

The wire isn't cutting into my skin, yet, but is very snug in every spot. I can't image the pain I'd be in if my cock starting getting hard again. Have to try and prevent that from happening.

This wire is now also tied off at the base of my Cock and Balls and is not going anywhere. She left around three feet hanging under me. Am sure this will come to play later.

The whole process has left my cock in a semi-hard state that I can't seem to do anything about. Lastly she pulls the leather sheath over the top of all the knotted leather strips, the metal rod and wires. It has straps all over allowing the Mistress to adjust it to just the right snugness.

Also having several sets of laces, which she pulls snug and knots them off. This is not coming off no matter what happens. The threat about me never getting to cum again has turned into a promise that's going to be kept.

Mistress Ming stands up and steps back to admire her job. Un-expectedly she roughly grabs my leather bound cock and starts to smack it around.

Then yanks on it in several directions and damn near puts her whole weight into the last pull. She smiles at me and just says, "Gotta check my work". She then just quietly walks out of the room. She's not staying to watch?

Guess she knows what happens next all too well and has better things to do. Most likely a good thing for me, my Cock & my Balls.

The pain my Cock & Balls was in at the end of this process really can't be explained. It was the first moment I was starting to look forward to finally just being killed so I would never need to feel this again.

It reminded me of one of our Favorite Games growing up. Kill the Guy with the Ball. It was Football with no rules, no padding and no scoring. You had the Ball and you ran any direction, avoiding or knocking down other players who were all on the same Team.

You alone were the whole other Team. It ended when you finally got taken down and jumped on by everyone else. One such time I was on my back after putting up one hell of a fight for several minutes.

Just as I was getting up, here comes Johnny, the slowest, because he was the heaviest, player on the other Team. He never tackled me. He never tackles anyone. Yet today, he decides to make up for it and jumps with all his weight and landing both of his beat up old Army Boots squarely onto my balls.

I lost my breath from the shock and pain of that moment as he tipped over falling onto his stomach. So, yeah, the pain in my Cock & Balls right now is just like that . . . just like that if Johnny didn't tip over and was still just standing on them.

Mistress Justice comes back this time carrying a pretty large battery. Not like a car battery, but also nothing like a nine volt. This was a 12 Volt lantern battery a little bigger than a large can of soup.

Bet it also weighed more than that average can of soup. Not sure I like where this is going. With the wires hanging from my Cock & Balls I figured they

would be getting hooked up to a tens machine.

One where you can turn on the slightest amount of current, giving you an almost pleasurable tingle. This large battery didn't have a tingle setting. Mistress Justice wrapped first the one wire securely around one of the spring contacts.

It was not coming free. A second later without hesitation the second wire is getting wrapped securely around the second spring contact.

With the fully pumped up Gag in place I tried to scream as loud as possible and an instant and fucking intense as all hell shock encompasses my whole tightly sheathed in leather Cock & Balls.

A second later this shock is traveling down the fronts of my thighs and up my stomach. My thigh, groin and stomach muscles all-tensing up out of my control as the rest of my body bucks around wildly in my bondage.
"FFFMMMPFHFF!!!!!"

There's no stopping or decreasing at all this level of pain! It's just constant. If anything the only difference is the range it's reaching down my thighs and up my stomach and now across my ass is growing. Again I scream the loudest I can but it just doesn't matter.

Still holding the large heavy battery in front of me, now closer to eye level, Mistress Justice looks me straight into my wide-open eyes with a tiny smirk. She gives me a wink as she just drops the battery. WTF!!!!

A half-second later as it reaches the end of its slack the wire tightly tied around the base of my Cock almost rips it off as I once again scream and jerk wildly. At this point with this level of pain, I may of been better off had it fully ripped it from my body.

Now I have the pain of this who knows how many pound battery hanging below me and swinging with every motion I make. Along with the pain of the constant shock, which is now down to my knees and all the way to the small of my back.

YOU CALL THIS A BREAK? . . .

Giving my gag another pump Mistress Justice says. "Gonna give you a break now for a while. We have lots of plans for your long day tomorrow. You should get some rest. Oh, and don't worry about that battery not having an off switch.

The pain will stop when it fully runs down . . . Of course, I did use a brand spanking new one since this is a Special Session . . . ". As she leaves the lights go out and I can hear all the doors in and out of my Dungeon lock as the maglocks kick in.

Not sure how long it took but I was finally able to quiet down even while the still growing pain was constant. At this moment is when I could hear a quiet sobbing from the corner of the Dungeon. Holy Fuck! I totally forgot the Servant who still wants me dead is still chained and locked in a helpless extreme hogtie.

She's also still fully hooded which is locked in place with her neck still locked to that ring in the floor. Even with the constant pain of the ongoing shocks to my body I managed to fall asleep and or pass out, not sure which.

Maybe it was just out of pure exhaustion.

Waking up was much more of a shock as the pain of multiple whips hit my stomach and thighs at the same time. Jerking wildly, shouting into my pump gag while trying my best to even open my eyes as the whipping continues.

Finally getting my eyes open and adjusting to the light I got my first glance of my attackers. Two more Servants in Training, I've not seen before. Their weapons of choice were not the shorter Cat-O-Nines that were used on me before, but leather braided whips roughly four feet in length.

Lets just say at this point I miss the sting of those Cats as I continue to jerk and pull in my never flexing bindings. Coming to the full realization that there is no getting free from this Bondage and the pains I'm enduring will be continuing till my end . . . which as every minute passes I wish was sooner.

This round of whipping continues longer then I can even imagine as between each sting of the whips comes the reminder that the Cock & Ball Shock Torture has stopped. Honestly just Fucking Kill Me Already!!!!

As I close my eyes wishing I were dead the familiar sound of Mistress Justice's heels on the floor hits me. Opening my eyes just in time to see her wave away the two Servants. Immediately they stopped and left the room from some door.

Don't even know any more at this time, just glad this whipping stopped. Slowly walking towards me . . . God, she's a pro at that Pure Power Walk . . . Mistress Justice pulls out a very large and menacing pair of shears.

She holds them in front of my face and twists them back and forth just enough that the glare catches my eyes. She then rests it across my cheek and with a smile moves them down out of my site . . . Holy Fuck!!!! She's going to cut off my Balls!!!

Struggling with what little energy I have left I could feel the backsides to the

blades of the shears touching the inside of each of my thighs and slowly sliding upward.

Biting down as hard as possible on my gag I prepare for the inevitable cutting . . . hearing the clunky shears closing as she cuts through the wire running from my Balls to the Battery.

The pain of the constant shock that has been happening for hours stops, as I hear the loud noise of that heavy as hell battery hitting the floor followed immediately by me finally getting my first full breath since this all started.

In shock I turn my eyes to Mistress Justice who's now less than a foot in front of me . . . with that deep breath I also took in her smell. Hard to explain, but very animalistic, earthy, leathery topped off with the musk of power . . . think I'm in love.

Mistress Justice looks me in the eyes to inform me "You just got a reprieve from your early and extremely painful death". Still in shock I listen to my Mistress. "It seems that Amber got wind over the weekend that you were here for a Special Session.

While she was trying to get you some free fun she missed that minor detail in John Smith's binder." Oh My God!!! I'm not going to die! Amber saved me!!! The Mistress continues "There is one problem though, and that's you now know about "The Den's" Special Sessions, so we're still deciding what to do with you". Fuck! Always a catch!

THE REPRIEVE . . .

Hesitating for a moment I can see she's thinking . . . maybe still planning my death. Looking off to the side Mistress Justice rambles off a series of quick commands as I look in that same direction, there's nobody even there.

Must be surveillance system or something? Who knows??? The Mistress continues with:

"Get him cleaned up, showered and fed"

"Then put him in Room 5 in the comfy chair"

"He needs to be in position for viewing"

"Call Amber and tell her she needs to start Early"

"Call Sandy and let her know she's working the desk till further notice"

"Lastly, someone find where that Bitch Went!"

Once again listening to her heels on the floor as she power walks out. Bitch? What Bitch? The Biggest Bitch I can think of is still chained helplessly under that black sheet right over . . . Fuck!

She's gone! Nothing left but a pile of blood covered leather straps and chains and a wadded up black sheet.

Hold it! Wait a second! Call Amber in Early, but tell Sandy she's working the front desk till further notice? What the hell is she planning for Amber? I'm happy she saved my life, but don't want her involved in any of this.

Two more Servants in the tight latex body suits as always with the straps locked onto each limb with metal rings and locked leather collars, walk up to me.

As I try to remember if I've seen these two before or not . . . honestly, they're all starting to blend together at this point. They really all should be wearing something as distinct as that Red Dragon Dress . . . Then I could keep better track.

One starts with the slow and tedious process of freeing my Cock & Balls from their extreme Bondage. Much of this was on so tight and or knotted so well the only option she had was cutting it off.

During the release of my Cock & Balls the other Servant unlocks, unbuckles and releases all the straps for the head and body harness. In the back of my head was the thought of running as soon as I'm fully free.

So if you've ever had nipple clamps on for an extended amount of time you're fully aware of how the removal is ten times worse than the initial clipping. Well, let me tell you the effect of my Cock & Balls finally being freed was twenty times worse.

Screaming at the top of my lungs as the Servant in one quick motion pulled the metal rode from my Cock. Luckily my wrists were still bound or I would have sucker punched her right in the head! Half my weight? A Cute Girl? I don't care! Would have punched her!

At this point my whole body was throbbing in pain as the last of the straps were released and my plan to run was set in motion! Freedom lasting around a second, as I fall flat on my face from total exhaustion.

Each grabbing one of my arms they dragged me to a shower in a near by room. The cold water was as refreshing as it was painful. They soaped me up which hurt like hell on my still open wounds from the intense whippings. After drying me off they sat me down at a table with some type of Power Protein Shake.

I downed this in a few minutes and they brought me a second one. Must have had a large amount of Caffeine in these because I also perked up and was very quickly full of energy . . . almost too quickly for your average Power Protein Shake.

Finally thinking this whole thing is over was going through my mind as I felt the two Servants, one on each side of me, grabbing my wrists and holding them at my sides.

Before I could protest they had each buckled very wide very padded straps onto me holding my wrists helplessly in place.

Looking down I just realized, I'm still totally naked from my shower and sitting in a very complex yet comfy form fitting red leather chair. Guess this is the chair from Mistress Justice's instructions.

Helpless to stop the Servants, as more of the wide padded straps are snugly buckled in place at my forearms, biceps, ankles, calves, knees and thighs. Amazingly none of these straps are tight at all.

Just snug enough to prevent freedom, but really not painful at all . . . Comfy chair is all making sense at this point. Several longer wide padded straps are added at my waist, chest and neck. The neck one is the worse as it's kinda preventing any movement of my head.

A board is extended up behind my head and one last wide padded strap is pulled snugly across my forehead. Yup, at this point I can no longer move or turn my head at all.

My now cleaned, fed and fully energized body is once again helplessly at "The Den's" mercy as I'm rolled down the hall to Room 5. They roll me to the middle of the darker end of the room and turn me to face the other very well lit end.

In the middle of the very brightly spot lit end is a Lone Silver Metal Chair. This is almost like a Theater and Stage. The audience is kept in the dark areas while the performers are under the spotlights. One of the Servants turns to me, and says "Enjoy the Show".

Then they both leave, as I'm alone and helpless one more time.

BITCH'S REVENGE . . .

My mind and concerns quickly turn back to Amber. What do they have planned for her? She didn't do anything wrong or at least nothing so wrong they would decide to punish her?

As thoughts of the tortures I've seen and experienced at "The Den" were going through my mind in detail I heard something like the sound of rustling plastic behind me. Trying to turn to look . . . who am I kidding? I can't turn . . .

Just then the rustling plastic became much louder as a large clear plastic bag was pulled down over my head. There's nothing I can do to stop this assault as the blurred vision of "Servant Bitch who needs to Die" moves directly in front of me.

"Hi there John! How've you been . . . you Mother Fucker!" She reaches down and yanks on my still very beat up Cock and says "Still getting Off on My Pain Asshole?" as she punches me in the gut.

Immediately I quickly try to explain I'm not John! That I'm Chase and this was all a Very Big Mistake . . . That I was Sorry! "So John or Chase, I really don't Give A Rats Ass who you are!!!!"

As she tightly grabs both of my Nipples pinching them the hardest I've Ever Felt. "I just have one Very Very Important Question for you . . . Did You or Did You Not get your Rocks Feeling me get Caned?????"

Hesitating a few seconds as I relived that moment in my head . . . The moment of my Most Intense Ever Orgasm that I shot all over her Naked Helpless belly. Fuck, Yes!!! I did!!! I couldn't help myself!!! . . . There was no way in this current predicament I was going to admit it.

As I was ready to say "No" I felt the Bitch grabbing my now hardened Cock and screaming "FUCK YOU!!! You just answered the question and it's time for me to get My Rocks Off watching you Die!!!"

She quickly pulls the plastic bag down tighter over my head and immediately starts to wrap duct tape very tightly around my neck and the board my head is strapped to. The plastic was still blurry and now fogging up as the warm air exited my lungs and back into the bag.

The Bitch is now grinding her pussy hard into one of my knees. "Here we go Mother Fucker!!!!" As the grinding quickly switches into the feel of her body starting to spasm and shake and push even harder in to my knee.

Only a few minutes go by before the air in the bag has become almost un-breathable. There's absolutely nothing I can do to get it off my head, as I grow dizzier before blacking out. The last thing I remember is that Bitch humping my knee fully tensing up and screaming out in pleasure . . .

Coming to, I can't believe I'm alive! I'm still helplessly bound in the red leather comfy chair, but I'm Alive! The plastic bag is gone so opening my eyes I can see clearly.

Room 5 has become quite popular while I almost died because there are now four or five people in here. Off to the side is the Bitch who tried to kill me in nothing but her tight black leather thong.

Lucky for me, her arms are helpless behind her tightly strapped and laced into a red leather arm binder. Her elbows are touching causing her smaller but perfectly shaped breasts pushing out.

Really enjoying the visual of her breasts. Up until now my main experience with them is having them pushed tightly against my naked chest . . . Oh, memories! She also has a matching red leather panel gag with multiple straps pulled extra tight.

The flesh of her cheeks bulging some just above the tight leather of the gag. Finally! She'll be shutting up for a while. Standing on each side of her were two more Servants in the latex body suits. They were tightly holding her by the shoulder straps of the Arm Binder as she struggled to free herself.

Seeing me coming to she tries her hardest to break free and she starts to kick in my direction. Fuck! She must really hate me. As she continues to kick Mistress Justice pulls out two more matching red straps.

One goes tightly around her knees and the other at her ankles effectively hobbling her. Looking to the Servants holding her prey, Mistress Justice calmly says, "Put her in the Casket . . . I'll be personally dealing with her later."

Because the Bitch can no longer walk on her own she is dragged out the door with her legs now strapped together and flailing around helplessly.

Mistress Justice does her slow heel-clicking walk up to me. Then very tightly straps the largest ball gag into my mouth I've ever felt. Locking it into place before talking to me. "My agreement with Amber was she could talk to you before her Session starts.

Never said you'd be allowed to talk back." The Mistress turns and walks out the door which closes on it's own as I hear the mag-locks doing their thing.

THE BONDAGE VIRGIN . . .

A moment later one of the other doors open as Amber slowly and sheepishly walks in and up to me. She tries extra hard to keep her eyes on mine but every so often is still glancing down and my half hard and naked Cock.

Amber just being hot as hell and doesn't even know it Amber, says to me with a shaky voice. "Chase, I'm Soooo Sorry! I never meant any of this to happen. If you would have died because of me I'd never would of forgave myself"

Standing before me in the same skin tight black skirt with thigh high nylons partially hiding from site. The two sizes too small, one button pop away from my happiness, form fitting blouse and those glasses! Wow!!! If she wasn't staring at my Cock before it's gonna be harder to ignore very soon.

"Don't worry about them killing you because I made them a Deal." Oh, No! Amber! No! This can't be good. "All I needed to do was agree to letting them tie me up some. I mean as kids we used to play Houdini and I could always get loose.

A little bit of tying up and it'll be over. I don't mind." She's thinking it's just a little bit! She's a Bondage Virgin and has Never Really been Helplessly Tied Up or Tortured. Maybe a Spanking or two as a little Girl. From her Dad, for being a Bad Girl.

Nothing like what "The Den" has to offer. I give Amber my best

"MMMMFFPHHH!" with this tight ball gag locked into place, but there's no way to warn her.

Amber finishes with "I did make one more important Deal and that's we get to spend time together, so I guess that's why we're getting this moment".

Just then as I glance up again towards that single Chair at the other end of the room I notice a New Mistress standing next to it. This Mistress is a sight to see with all of the traditional leather, corset, thigh high boots and elbow length gloves with one big difference. All of this leather is in white.

The left side of her hair was pink while the right side was blue. If I didn't know any better I'd have to guess she recently Cosplay'd Harley Quinn. She definitely had the body to pull it off.

This New Mistress is pointing down at the floor in front of the Chair as a Non-Verbal Command to Amber. Amber says "Oh, Hi Kimmie! How's your Puppy doin'?" In response the Mistress firmly says "Its Mistress Kim in this Room. Now get over here and strip to your underwear"

Amber slowly moves towards Mistress Kim and says "But Kimmie, we're just gonna play one of your tie up games . . . I don't need to take my clothing off . . ." Mistress Kim doesn't look very happy with Amber.

Amber better learn quickly or she's in major trouble. Mistress Kim points down at the floor in front of the chair much more firmly than before. "Get over here and Strip Slave! Now!" Mistress Kim stands still as Amber continues to very slowly shuffle her way over to the chair. Once finally there, Mistress Kim one

more time commands Amber to strip.

Nervously Amber unbuttons that magic button that somehow hasn't popped on its own as her blouse comes open. She undoes the rest of the buttons, takes her blouse all the way off, folds it nicely and puts it on the counter behind the chair.

Amber is modeling a bright pink silk bra with white accents and edges. The tops of her breasts pushing up above her bra as she is breathing heavily. I can see how scared and nervous Amber has become from her heavy breathing now with the addition of her licking her drying Lips.

Amber must of felt the blouse was enough because she sits down on the chair without being told to while her tight black skirt still in its place.

Mistress Kim is not having any of this "Amber! I know you're a Bondage Virgin and I know you've never even watched a Session much less even been in the Dungeons! So maybe you don't fully understand I'm your Mistress and you're My Slave.

But I drew Hi-Card and you're Mine First to Play with! So Stand Up Now! Take off that Skirts or your First Punishment is going to be way way worse then I planned!"

"First to Play with? First Punishment? No! I thought I only needed to play this game one time and Chase would be free to leave?" says Amber in an even more shaky voice as one small tear comes from her eye.

Mistress Kim responds "Amber? Are you kidding me? There's not a Mistress or Servant at "The Den" who doesn't absolutely crave a Session with you! How do you think Mistress Justice got everyone here to Vote to Not Kill both you and Chase for what you two did? Lastly, this is Not A Game"

Amber stands shaking and in complete shock as to what she's gotten in to. Mistress Kim gives Slave Amber a Final ultimatum about her still tight skirt not being removed.

"Slave! Skirt! Now! . . . Unless you prefer Chase being dead". Amber's hands were shaking now so much she could barely work the zipper down the back of her skirt. Finally slowly sliding down and removing her skirt. At first glance as I could see the top edge of her panties . . . also the same pink and silky like her bra with matching white accents and edges.

As the skirt came all the way off Amber exposed one big difference between her bra and panties. The large white face of Hello Kitty looking back at me. Standing there almost naked with very Adult like thigh high nylons while wearing Hello Kitty pink silk underwear, Amber tried to cover parts of her body with her hands. Let's just say this wasn't what I imagined was happening under that skirt.

"Interesting?" said Mistress Kim under her breath. "Now! Sit Slave!" Amber takes a seat on the silver metal chair facing in my direction. You could see she was taken back a little at how cold the metal was on the exposed areas on the back of her thighs.

She fidgeted around while keeping her knees tightly together. If I didn't know better the temperature in this room has dropped a lot since I first got in here. Seems to me that this Kim is a real Pro and knows all the tricks.

"Put your arms at your sides Slave" . . . Amber says "Kimmie, please, I don't want to do this anymore . . . can we just take a break?" Mistress Kim just points where both of Amber's wrists should now be as Amber does as told.

Mistress Kim opens one of the many panels in the wall and brings out several un-opened fresh Bondage Virgin white nylon ropes. Opening each package and then wrapping and tying each of Amber's wrist to the chair.

Once both wrists are tightly bound I get to witness first hand that look of "First Time Helplessness" in the now Wide Eyes of Amber. She looks down at her wrists and wiggles them ever so slightly. Then a little harder and finally with all of her might as her ass slides left and right on the cold metal chair.

She pulls and twists wildly and looks to Mistress Kim, once again speaking out of turn and not properly addressing her Mistress, "Kimmie, this is too tight! It doesn't need to be so tight! I'm not going to run away, I promised"

This time Mistress Kim doesn't even acknowledge Amber's whining. But I'm sure she's keeping full track. Grabbing two more fresh white ropes she proceeds to bind Amber's biceps to the chair.

Watching what's happening Amber continues to complain "Ouch! Kimmie! Stop It! You're being Mean!" Mistress Kim only speeds up Amber's process into completely Helpless Bondage. She now puts both hands at the top of Amber's thigh as Amber let's out a giggle from being ticklish.

Mistress Kim in one smooth motion removes Amber's nylon and proceeds to use it to tie her ankle to the leg of the chair. Now at the top of Amber's other thigh this process is repeated all the way down to the ticklish giggle from Amber.

Mistress Kim Smiling Very Big "Ticklish? Oh, that's good . . . maybe for a Future Session" as her smile continues.

Amber continues to fidget and struggle causing her ass to slide all over the place. Mistress Kim responds, "Need to fix this little issue." Now some longer ropes are being used across the tops of her thighs, her waist and just below and above Amber's ample breasts.

Next Mistress Kim firmly pulls Amber's left knee outwards to the front corner of the seat and tightly binds it there. The same is done to Amber's right knee once again giving me full and a clear view of Hello Kitty's face.

Amber is looking down embarrassed realizing just how she's sitting as she tries to push her knees back together. Mistress Kim, I think only out of symmetry, add two more white ropes over the top of her ankles that were already bound by her nylons.

Finally sitting quietly and fidgeting very little, Amber awaits her fate. Still believing she can talk her way out of what's happening. "Kimmie, I thought we were friends? Remember when I cam over to . . ." [SMACK!] as Amber experiences her first moment of pain while in Bondage.

As Amber sits motionless in shock with her mouth wide open, Mistress Kim addresses her. "Slave, you seem very confused between what goes on outside of

this Dungeon vs. what's happening to you now, inside this Dungeon.

Let me break it down clearly to you. You're my Slave, in my Dungeon. That's All That Matters. You're Helpless to Stop anything about to happen to your helplessly bound and frankly, sexy as fuck hard body. You will address me only as Mistress Kim and only when being asked a question or given a command to speak.

If you don't like anything I do to you, TUFF! Pulling out a small knife, Kim cuts through both of Amber's straps to her bra followed by immediately cutting the middle allowing Amber's breasts freedom.

Amber let's out not only a Gasp of shock, but also a Gasp because of how cold the Dungeon has become. Her nipples instantly standing at attention and she knows it. Mistress Kim says, "See! I do what I want!" as she pulls the now destroyed bra away from Amber and tosses it aside.

BREATHLESS . . .

Amber finally says nothing and sits quietly and motionless. Good Girl Amber . . . you're learning to be a Good Slave. Mistress Kim continues, "So now we face a challenge which I feel I have the perfect answer to.

See, you, Slave, continue to talk when you shouldn't. You continue to call me Kimmie! You need to be quieted down, which normally a good and tightly strapped in gag will take care of." Taking her index finger she very lightly and very slowly touches Amber's top lip.

Then in a slow circular motion lightly runs her finger all the way around Amber's Lips. Ending back at the top. "The challenge Slave, is your Lips, your Full Pouty Sexy as hell Lips. I love your Lips and don't want to cover them up. But you still need to be stopped from talking."

As Mistress Kim explains this she comes back with an odd-looking very wide black leather collar that she straps onto Amber. Not sure where this is going? That is until the Mistress spins this collar around and the pump and hose are hanging down in front resting on Amber's perfect breasts. Am looks confuse but I know what this is and it's not good.

Mistress Kim grabs the pump in one hand as Amber starts to talk . . . again. While Amber talks Mistress Kim starts to pump the ball one time with each word. "Mistress Kim" . . . Amber says shyly "It's ok to gag me if you want . . . your my Mistress and" as a look of shock comes across Amber's face when she's no longer able to talk.

This is a pump up collar used in breath play and Mistress Kim just pumped it up until Amber's wind pipe was fully blocked. Amber's mouth is opening wide up and she's fighting to get air or make any noises.

I watch in shock from my helpless bondage unable to help Amber. Her breast rising and lowering as if she was breathing in and out, but she's not getting any air, no matter how hard she tries.

Pulling with all her might and fighting to get loose she looks silently in my direction with her mouth wide open gasping for air just as Mistress Kim releases the pressure from the Collar.

Amber is finally taking in air with a half dozen long deep breaths and her perfect Lips wide open. This time as her breasts rise and fall she's actually getting air. It takes her some time to fully process that Kimmie, her longtime best friend almost just suffocated her, under the guise of being a Mistress and Amber being her Slave!

No Amber, don't do it, don't do it! Just then Amber yells at Mistress Kim "Kimmie!!! What the Hell was That?!?! You Almost Suffoc . . ." This time Mistress Kim was much faster on the pumps as Amber once again is un-able to catch her much needed breath after screaming so much . . . her eyes once again wide open in fear with her mouth moving but making no noise.

She's bucking around more wild then before but all of her struggles are doing nothing to free her. Her bucking is only causing her breasts to bounce around and swing back and forth even more.

Just as Amber's head started to fall forward from a lack of oxygen, I could again hear the hissing noise of the air pressure being let out of her collar.

This time took longer than before for Amber to finally stop breathing so hard. Doing what she could to get that much needed air back into her lungs. Amber started to open her mouth, but quickly stopped herself. I watched her go through this same pattern of just about talking back, then once again making the better choice of shutting up so she doesn't die.

Mistress Kim finally speaks "Now Slave, do you understand that I have all the power if you live or die and you have none of that power?" Amber reluctantly says "Yes Mistress". Mistress Kim replies again with "Slave, do you now also understand it's up to me when or even if you're ever released from your now completely and totally helpless bondage?"

Amber never considered this option . . . that was until this very moment. She figured a quick tie up game would of had her loosely tied on a chair, fully dressed and would of ended when she Houdini'd her way free . . . Boy! Was She Wrong! Amber reluctantly again replies with "Yes Mistress". As she's still struggling to get a full breathe.

HELLO KITTY . . .

Amber seems at this point to finally be so pre-occupied with everything else that's happened that she's no longer staring at my naked cock or her own naked breasts or body. Naked except for Hello Kitty pink silk panties.

It's at this point Mistress Kim decides to take Amber's experience to the next level of Extreme Pleasure with an unlimited number of forced orgasms. Mistress Kim opens the cabinet revealing around 50 different sizes and types of Corded Wand Style Vibrating Massagers.

Grabbing a Pink & White one she holds it up against Amber's Hello Kitty to make sure the color matches, which it did. With so many options you might as well go for the color match. Amber realizes what this wand is and what's about to happen as she shakes her head "No".

"Oh, my helpless Slave . . . I thought we just discussed who's in charge of everything that happens to you? Didn't we Slave?" Amber slowly shakes her head "Yes" while saying "Yes Mistress Kim".

"Very nice Slave . . . It seems you can be taught" says Mistress Kim while looping a thin white rope through eight conveniently drilled holes. These go through the metal chair right between Amber's thighs. While looping this thin rope she slides the Massager in place.

Before the final tightening these ropes, in one quick motion she pushes the large

end up against Hello Kitty's face. Amber let's out a small grunt as the pressure of the Massager catches her off guard. Mistress Kim replies "You best get used to it Slave . . . It's gonna be there for some time".

At this point I'm very happy those Power Protein Drinks woke me up so much. There's no way I'd ever want to miss what's about to happen next. Believe me, I got no pleasure what so ever watching her struggle to breath or getting slapped.

Mind you, had that been Servant Bitch, it would of been a different story. No, for Amber, I want her to experience the pleasures that can come with Bondage and forced Orgasms. Normally a not tied up person will never fully experience pleasures to the levels their Body can handle because they cum and stop.

Maybe, giving it one or two more rounds before falling asleep. As Amber is currently tied and that Massager running on 110, it's going to be more pleasure than she's ever felt.

With me helpless in the dark end of the room and just coming off days on end of extreme pain, torture and shocks . . . well kind of think I deserve this show.

These kinds of Massagers have like 20 levels. This way you can start out on level one and slowly work your way up. Mistress Kim plugs in the Massager into the floor right below the chair.

Then says "Let's just kick this up to level 5 . . . don't you think Slave?" Amber jumps a little and her breasts do a small bounce as I could hear the Massager vibrating against the metal chair. As tightly bound as Amber is she's once again forcing her hips, ass and pussy to fidget some.

She's trying hard to not enjoy this as she's looking around waiting for someone to come and save her. Looking up and away as if the pleasure isn't building slowly in her pussy.

I watch intently as her upper body and shoulders start to tense up and move to try and get free . . . there's no avoiding this Amber . . . just let it happen . . . you deserve some guilt free pleasure . . . let it happen Amber . . .

As I watch Amber fidget, Mistress Kim is now looking at her watch while tapping her fingers on a ledge along the side of the room. This goes on for close to 15 minutes as Amber is breathing hard as beads of sweat are running down her face, breasts and shoulders.

Somehow she's been able to think about who knows what all this time as to not succumb to the intense orgasms always just seconds away. Maybe Amber is imagining her Favorite Hello Kitty Episode, who knows?

Mistress Kim taps louder and looks at her watch one more time. She then walks over to another cabinet and pulls something out and walks back to Amber.

Mistress Kim says "That's Fucking Enough of this Slave! It's time for us to take this up a few levels" Amber continues to look away concentrating on something less sexual than the feeling growing in her pussy. Looking away she misses the two very large Nipple Clamps Mistress Kim is holding.

From the combination of the sweat dripping across her breasts and the cold air in

this Dungeon (which I still think Kim did for this moment) Amber's Nipples couldn't be larger and firmer than they are right now.

Amber lets out two yelps as the clamps are quickly and firmly put onto her Nipples. After the shock of these un-expected pains Amber is looking down at her now pinched Nipples and opening and closing her hands as if she's gonna be able to remove them.

Mistress Kim now reaches for the pump to Amber's collar as Amber's begs her with her eyes and a shake of her head . . . very quietly Amber is mumbling "Please Kimmie, please don't". This time it's different though.

Mistress Kim very slowly works up to approx half the number of pumps needed to fully block Amber from breathing.

Amber is struggling and opening her mouth to breathe, as her now clamped breasts are moving up and down. Mistress Kim leans towards Amber to listen to her breathe. She doesn't want Amber to Suffocate. Just wants her to struggle with every breath.

With one last motion Mistress Kim switches the Massager right up to level 20 as Amber starts to jerk hard in her bondage. No amount of looking away is stopping her from her first of many forced orgasms.

She gasps hard and lets out a squeal like a trapped animal as her helpless body is overcome with such intense pleasure. Gasping even harder, Amber looks to Mistress Kim to stop this, to help her as Mistress Kim only shakes her head "No" to her helpless Slave.

Just because Amber didn't cum during her 15 minutes on level 5, it seems that time still warmed her up to where this highest level means instant cumming.

Her squeals of pleasure from her first orgasm didn't completely stop before Amber jerked again in a combination of pleasure and pain from the clamps and the fear of suffocation from the pumped up collar completely overtakes her. At times her animalist noises almost sounded like a cat, or maybe that was Hello Kitty?

The whole metal chair would had lifted off the ground several times with Amber's intense struggling, had it not been bolted down. She's breathing hard and now making continued noises as orgasm after orgasm just pushes threw her helpless form.

Mistress Kim walks up to Amber in the middle of this constant orgasm, looks at her watch and says "Looks like my time with you is up" Amber is hoping this means she's gonna be let go "I'm sure you'd like to be set free now" Amber does her best shaking of her head "YES!!!" as she starts to cum even harder.

"I have to admit after all of your whining and fighting me, I had a very good time with you as my Slave" Amber again does her best nod and head point at the Level 20 Massager currently ravaging her beyond anything she imaged possible.

"I see by the nervous look on your face you want me to turn off the Massager?" Amber breathes in as much as possible to get enough air and then yells at Mistress Kim "YES!!! FUCKING STOP IT KIM!!! LET ME GO AHHHHHHHHH OHHH GODDDD! I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANYMORE!!!!" as Mistress Kim could see Amber has entered the level of constant un-controllable

multiple orgasms.

"Bad News Slave . . ." Amber catching her breath again mumbling "Noo Please". Mistress Kim continues, "We don't, we can't reward a Slave for misbehaving . . . ". Again Amber sobs "Nooooo, Mistress Kim! Please!!!!" Mistress Kim finishes with "Someone will be in Tomorrow Morning to give you get a break" she turns; leaves and I can once again hear the mag-locks doing their thing. Seems no one is coming in or out of this Dungeon until they release again in the Morning. This also means Amber is in for the longest night of her life.

TOGETHER FOREVER . . .

I'm in the dark end of the room, which is a good thing. Had the spot lights been on me, Amber would of by now seen my raging hard on. All I could do is give her emotional support of knowing I'm in the room with her as her long long night grew in intensity.

Any efforts by Amber at this point to not act like a nympho is long gone as she works hard to suck in enough air to keep screaming out loud each time she cums. Jerking hard as she yells "Yes!!!! Fuck Me! Fuck Me! I don't care Keep Going!!!"

With the spot lights still on the Star of this show her whole body glistening in sweat, her breasts almost continually bouncing or swaying as she struggles.

Not sure when but her glasses are now missing from all of her wild head movements. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!!!! More! More! I want More!!!" Amber jerks more and screams "Chase!!!! I can't stop cumming!!!! Please! Please! help me Chase!!!!!"

This continues for hours until she slowly switches to quiet little gasps and very minor little jerks and struggles. I can tell she is still cuming, but lacks any energy to do anything about it.

It must finally be morning because the mag-locks just released and two Servants walk in with big smiles on their faces . . . "It's our Turn! It's our Turn!" Holy

Fuck! Is everyone getting a go round with Amber????

The vibrator is finally turned off, the collar is removed along with the balance of ropes and nylons holding Amber in place. Amber slumps down in the chair having no fight left as the two Servants add locking straps with rings onto her two wrists.

Oh my God! Poor Amber. After locking these in place two cables are lowered from the ceiling and locked solidly to the rings on her wrists.

One Servant pushes a couple of buttons that slowly pull Ambers arms up until she rises to her feet. Without theses cables, there's no way she would be standing right now.

Once to her feet with both arms pulled up, Amber is moaning quietly. One more button is pushed as the cables at the ceiling move towards the middle of the room.

As tired as she is and after everything that has happened Amber is still the most beautiful Woman I've Ever Seen . . . yes, even in her skin tight pink silk Hello Kitty panties.

The Servants now make their way over to me. I guess I'm still somebody. The one Servant says, "We've been told to not do this, but no one is looking and we want to play with you also".

Just as with Amber, all of the straps are removed from every part of my body except for the two holding my biceps. Conveniently they leave the panel gag tightly strapped in place. Guess they don't want me getting free or talking.

Straps with rings and locks are added to my wrists just like the two now locked on Amber. Finally the last two straps at my biceps are removed. Also, just like Amber I'm slowly pulled to my feet as the cables rise towards the ceiling.

Standing still in the dark my hard cock is still hidden from Amber. That is until that special button is pushed slowly moving me to the middle of the room facing Amber's helpless, now standing body. She opens her eyes as I move closer just in time to see my excitement.

The cables at the ceiling continue to move closer together until both Amber and my helpless stretch out bodies are pushed together. Her naked firm covered in sweat breast pushing up against my chest as my hard cock is forced straight up as it's pushed against her silky and wet panties from all of her orgasms.

This time only one wide strap is wrapped around both of our bodies at waist level and pulled tight as my cock pushes even harder against her panties. Looking deep into my eyes there's no denying my sexual feelings for her and everything we just experienced.

I fight the urges to cum with all my might, but I'm putty to anything Amber, as I seconds later let my hot load squirt out across her panties and up her belly. She whispers into my ear "I Love You Chase" just as the two Servants are about to double-team our helpless bodies.

Seconds later starts the loud smacks of black leather paddles being used to Spank each of us. With each smack we both jerk, push and rub against each other. Amber starts to rest her head on my chest trying her best to snuggle with me during our punishment.

I did wish to experience any type of Bondage with her. Honestly this is better than anything I could ever of imagined. I mumble into my gag "I Love You to Amber, I Love You to."

If you enjoy my Erotic Mind

Search for Me On:

[*Smashwords*](#)

The next few Pages are

My Personal Suggestions to

Save you some Time . . .



Zatanna Dark

FINAL BONDAGE REVENGE BLUE

HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN HARD LIMITS, BIG MISTAKE!



Zatanna Dark

BONDAGE INTERROGATION

FLOG TORTURE TIE TEASE WHIP . . . REPEAT



Zatanna Dark

FINAL BONDAGE WORKOUT

MISTRESS OF TEASE & DENIAL, CBT AND EDGING

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

Love Zatanna



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

ZatannaXtraDark@Gmail.com

Twitter: @dark_zatanna