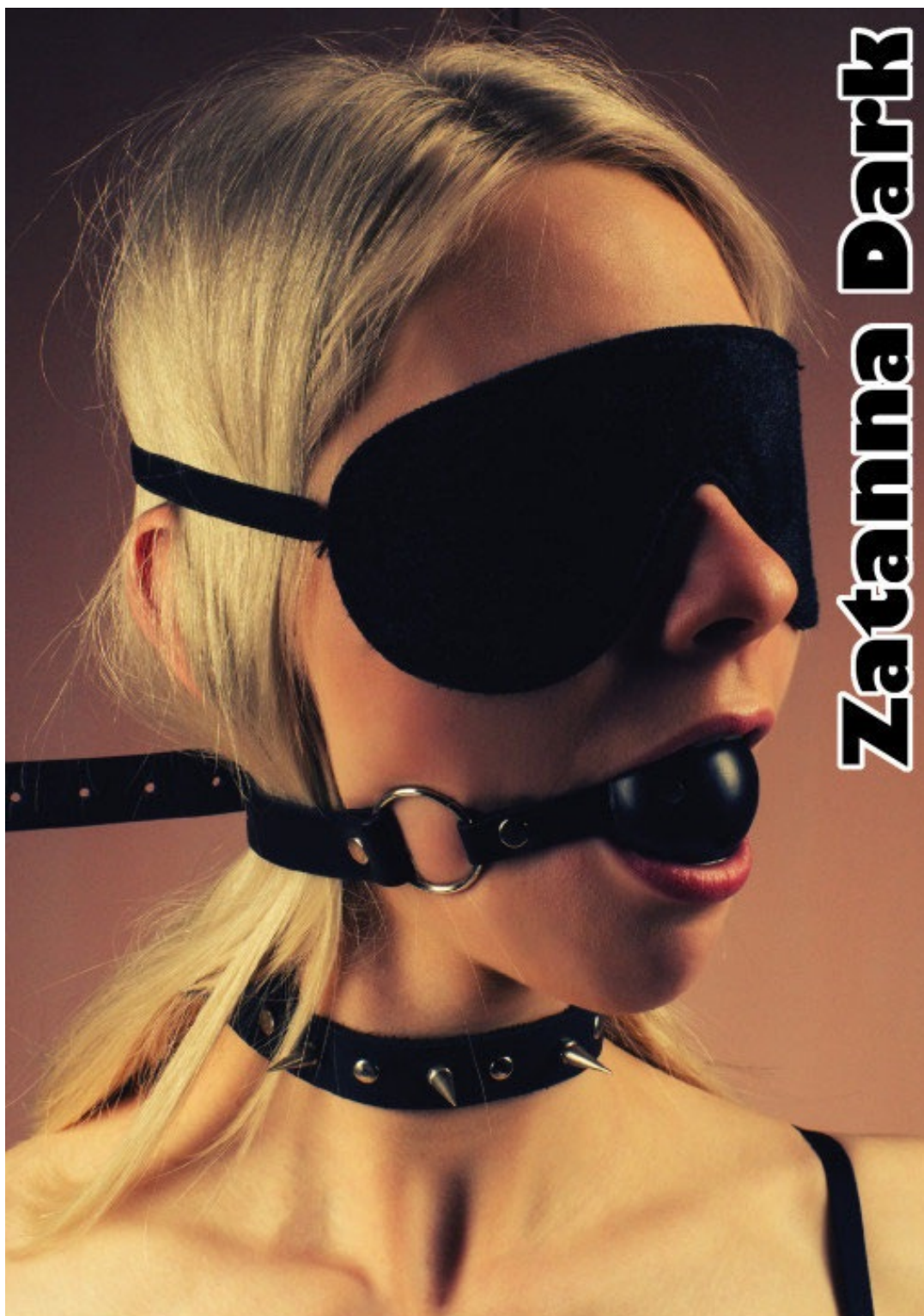




Zatanna Dark

FINAL BONDAGE HOTEL SURPRISE

SLAVE NEEDING A SPANKING INCLUDED WITH ROOM



Zatanna Dark

FINAL BONDAGE HOTEL SURPRISE

SLAVE NEEDING A SPANKING INCLUDED WITH ROOM

FINAL BONDAGE HOTEL SURPRISE

SLAVE NEEDING

A SPANKING

INCLUDED

WITH ROOM

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.

ZatannaXtraDark@Gmail.com

Twitter: @dark_zatanna

CHECKING IN . . .

At the Bar a Week Later . . .

"We're sorry Sir, but the previous Guest hasn't Officially Checked out yet, so we've not been able to clean and prep your Room." Work Sucked, needed to drop off my crap so I could get back out on the Town to choose which two chicks were going to be part of tonight's threesome!

"Listen . . . Robert is it? Just give me the Key Card, Check me in . . . and no matter what I find . . . you, Robert, will get to keep your job another Day." Giving me the Key Card, Robert says, "Yes Sir, and Thank You Sir! May your Stay be Five Stars All the Way!"

"The door to my room swings closed, but I leave it unlocked . . . a random Maid looking for my Hard Cock is always Welcome to walk on in . . . I'm here to serve . . ." George, at the end of the bar, curious as always asks, "What if someone comes in to rob you?"

"George, thought you'd remember, these hands are licensed as lethal weapons . . . I'd be fine. Anyways, you broke in again just before the best part . . . so shut the fuck up for a few minutes . . ."

"Tossing my Suitcase down, I look up to see a Sexy as Hell, blonde in nothing but black silk pushup bra and panties! Blindfolded, Ball Gagged, with a little spiked collar and Handcuffs behind her back!"

"She was standing there right in the entrance, and with just her sense of smell, she moved towards my musk until her breasts were pushing against my naked chest as she began to breathe even harder . . ."

George asks, "Didn't you still have a shirt on?" Ruining the cadence of my story once again, "George, I was never even wearing a shirt! I said nothing about a shirt in this story!" He asks, "They let you in the Lobby like that? With no shirt on? That's Amazing! . . . Not very sanitary though . . ."

"God Dammit George! There's a random Hot and Sexy Blonde in nothing but her Underwear! Blindfolded! Gagged! Handcuffed and pushing her Breasts Up Against Me! . . . A Stranger who just walked in that she Can't Even See!"

George, getting back on track, "Oh, yeah, forgot about her . . . so, didja fuck her then?" Doing my best to ignore George's constant interruptions, I continue my Story for the others at the Bar, listening intently and on the edges of their stools . . .

"Just in case George didn't give it away already . . . you bet I fucked her! All Night Long! From the moment she firmly wrapped her one leg around me in the entrance and started to grind her already wet crotch against me . . . it became an all on fuck session that never stopped . . ."

CHECKING IN . . .

What Really Happened . . .

"We're sorry Sir, but the previous Guest hasn't Officially Checked out yet, so we've not been able to clean and prep your Room." After one of the roughest weeks yet, I just couldn't take any more. I just wanted to sleep. My God I needed to Sleep!

"Listen . . . Robert is it? The Room has two beds, right?" He replies, "Yes Sir, its Robert, and yes Sir, two King Size beds." Good. "So I'm going to save both of us some time as long as you don't mind . . . I'll just use which ever bed the previous Guest didn't. There's always extra towels, so I'm fine there also . . ."

Robert tried to interrupt, I politely shut him down with a simple and very retro, 'Talk to the Hand Gesture'. "Just give me the Key Card, Check me in . . . and no matter what I find . . . you, Robert, will be finding the best Five Star Review Ever, with your name being specifically mentioned . . . on the Hotel Reviews Web-Site."

"Enjoy your Stay, Sir, May it be Five Stars All the Way!" And away I go. There was already a [DO NOT DISTURB] sign hanging on the door. So that saves me another few minutes. Once the door is closed, I deadbolt it, chain it and flip that whatever that lever thingy is over the sticking out thingy.

Does anyone actually know what the hell that is and does it really do anything

beyond just making me feel safer? Tossing my suitcase just inside the door, I head for a quick bathroom break before finally hitting the sack.

The bathroom was really clean and the few used towels were folded and in the corner of the floor. That's a good thing . . . the last Guest wasn't a slob . . . thank God! All done, washed up and ready to finally go to Sleep!

Turning the corner out of the bathroom, I flick on the light to see the shock of a Life Time! A Sexy as Hell, blonde in nothing but black silk pushup bra and panties! Blindfolded, Ball Gagged, with a little spiked collar and Handcuffed to the headboard Bed Post!

She can't see me, but is fidgeting because she knows someone is standing in front of her. At this point, she has no idea if I'm a man or a woman . . . due to the little scream I let out . . . could easily of been from either . . .

Standing there silent, as if I couldn't see her, if she didn't make any noise. I was just as silent as I double-checked my Key Card as if it had a room number on it. Going back to the door, I undid everything so I could check the number on the outside . . .

Ok, sooooo, I'm in the right room as I re-deadbolt, chain and do that flippy thing . . . can't have people randomly walking in . . . that's a good way to get yourself robbed . . .

AMENITIES . . .

I've been to endless number of Hotels for my Job, with every different type of amenity you could imagine. Even had one that included a Cat to keep you company . . . but this was a whole different type of pussy that I'm having the hardest time grasping, mentally that is.

Walking slowly and quietly, I move closer to see if she's actually just one of those Wax Figures from the Museum on the Strip and someone is playing a joke on me.

Even close up, I can't tell . . . taking one finger . . . I reach out and poke her lightly on her fantastic abs. She jumps and lets out a sexy little grunt moan while the scream I let out is once again very nondescript . . . maintaining the mystery if I'm male or female.

Oh my god oh my god oh my god! This is Real! She is Real! My hard on is Real! The button on her I pushed has made her come to life! She's turning her head, like she's looking around, even though she can't see.

She seems both nervous and excited at the same time as she continues to switch her weight from one bare foot to the other and back again. Her lips are opening and closing around her tight ball gag as a tiny bit of saliva pools around the bottom edge.

Sitting on the bed, I watch as her breasts lift and fall ever so slightly with each

breath . . . watching the muscles in her thighs move with each adjustment in her stance . . . her aroma is of a sweet apricot and I can't help but being fully aroused at her sight and smell.

I have no fucking idea of what to do?!?!? Do I call the front desk? Room Service? The Police? . . . Do I un-blindfold her so she can see me? Do I ungag her so she can explain?

After sitting silent for several minutes, I reach up to undo her gag. She feels my hands on the strap and pulls her head away quickly. "MMMMGGH!" Seems she doesn't want the ball gag off? Now I'm even more confused . . .

Until she gestures with her head, towards the stack of envelopes on the night stand . . . the very top one, which has written on it, [PLEASE READ ME FIRST] . . .

Ok, maybe some answers are about to come. Opening it, I pull out a handwritten letter that says:

"I've been Very Naughty and want you to Punish Me for it . . ."

Looking quickly back at her, I can't believe this is happening! My cock, on the other hand, is struggling to find ample room within my pants . . . he's all in and wants me to keep reading . . .

"I've been Very Naughty and want you to Punish Me for it. I need you to Punish

Me for it. If you are willing to do so, I will make it worth your while."

"First and most important: Do not remove my Blindfold or Gag. Secondly, I'm to never be fully free of my bondage. As much as this is what I deserve, I will try to get away if you ever give me the chance."

"Lastly, you can Punish, Tease, Spank and bring me to the Edge of Orgasm as much as you want . . . but never let me over the Edge . . . I don't deserve to be allowed to cum. Never let me cum."

Stopping my reading for a second, I ask her, finally in a manly voice, "Did you write all of this?" I could tell she just now knew for sure I was a guy . . . just don't know if this made her happy or not. She slowly shook her head, 'yes'.

"And all of this is what you want me to do to you?" Again, she nodded 'yes'. I continue to read to myself further . . .

"There is a piece of luggage in the closet that has anything and everything you'll need to Punish, Tease and Torment me . . . along with some bonus items you can use just for yourself if you wish."

"The twenty other envelopes are random things you can do to me, each with a cash value included inside for performing that act. I'm Trusting you to only take the money for doing each, but I can't stop you from doing whatever you want . . . I'm at your Mercy . . ."

"When you're done with me, just bind me and pack me away in the closet . . . I don't deserve to be set free . . . Please Be Mean . . ."

One more time, I ask, "And you wrote all of this, this is what you want and I'm not being punked or going to end up arrested after this?" She gives me a very solid nod, 'YES' . . . Ok then . . .

GRASPING . . .

Still having a hard time fully grasping what I walked into here. Although, the more I stare at my own personal little Helpless Bondage Slave, the more I keep wanting to grasp her breasts! . . . Oh my god, she's f'n perfect . . . and mine to play with!

Looking at the pile of envelopes, I shuffle them around a little like a deck of cards, before tearing one open. The gasp that came from around her ball gag just made my cock unbelievably harder!

She has no idea what I just tore open . . . only that I just did. The main thought entering her head right now has to be equally exciting as it is scary! Some strange Man who walked in on her a few moments earlier . . . is about to punish her!

Unfolding the handwritten letter inside, allowing the four \$20 bills fall to the floor, she fidgets more as if she's somehow trying to figure out which one I picked? "Did you want me to read it out loud?"

She quickly nods 'Yes!' and accentuates it with a "MMM MMMM". Looking back at the letter, I reply, "Then maybe you shouldn't have wrote across the top in all Caps: [DO NOT READ OUT LOUD]"

Gagged and Blindfolded with a petite face, there was equal amounts of covered vs. uncovered expressions. Even though, I could still tell she was surprised that

phrase was written on the Letter.

Did she not write this? Is that phrase maybe not on top of every Letter she wrote? She told me she wrote these and that she wanted this, so I read on to myself . . .

"Dear Mistress or Master, I have very sensitive nipples. So pinching and clamping is extra painful for me. Since I want to be punished, need to be punished, this is a very good way to do it.

Use the scissors to cut away my bra. Then caress my nipples, wet down my nipples, and then tease and twist them until they're very erect. Randomly pinch them good and hard, when I don't expect it.

I deserve this, so be sure to pinch long and hard. Then, set the nipple clamps as hard as possible before clipping them on. If I complain too much, just give them a tug to shut me up.

Follow all these steps and this \$80 is yours to keep.

Your Slave and Toy, Samantha"

Wow! Seems I lucked out by picking the Envelope that will allow me to grasp, pinch, tease and twist her nipples. She's still breathing hard in blind anticipation of what is about to happen.

I bring the suitcase mentioned in the first letter, to the bed. It's quite heavy. I've forgotten how tired I was when I got here. To be safe, I call room service to bring me the Largest Coffee with three shots of espresso added.

"Hope you're ready for a long night my little Slave Samantha . . . because I am . .
."

GETTINOFF . . .

It was odd how she reacted when I used her name. Almost as if she didn't know how I knew it. Maybe I'm just imagining things. I will be keeping these letters . . . just in case I ever need a defense in Court . . .

. . . Judge Gettinoff reads the handwritten letters, "Hmmmm, ahhhhh, oooh, really? Wow? Ok . . . yeah, naughty, yes . . . but she for sure wanted and quite obviously deserved to be punished" . . .

. . . Addressing me, "You Sir were just doing a Service, per her written instructions. You are Free to go and enjoy your day. Now, to the Plaintiff" . . .

. . . "Samantha, You admitted earlier to writing these letter, right?" Shyly, Samantha replies, "Yes Judge, I did." Judge Gettinoff continues, "And why did you write these letters?" . . .

. . . With her pinky in the corner of her mouth, she licks her lips so they become wet and glossy, "It's because I've been Very Naughty and deserve to be punished . . . hard." Not sure why, but the talking version of Slave Samantha has a very strong Italian accent . . .

. . . Free to go or not, I stay to watch the show. "Bailiffs, Ms. Samantha has been Very Naughty. Strip her to her underwear to make sure she's not hiding anything. Then put her in restraints, lock her in my Chambers and I'll Personally Deliver to her My Verdict" . . .

The shot of warm semen onto my hand snapped me out of my Imagination!
What the Fuck is wrong with me? I'm shooting my load fantasizing about
Samantha when she's helplessly bound and at my Mercy just feet away!

She's blindfolded and gagged, but can hear just fine. She had to have heard me
beat off and cum before even doing anything with her. As odd as it seems, I'm
embarrassed and need to recover . . . I'll do it with a compliment . . . yeah, that'll
work . . .

"Samantha, I'm sorry about that . . . but you are one of, if not the Sexiest Woman
I've ever seen. Everything about you is so perfect that no Man could have helped
themselves."

"If you're vision alone didn't make them need to cum, then they're not worthy of
your presence." Maybe too far with that last line? Not sure. Very different trying
lines on a Sexy Woman who can't answer vs. one who just decides to not answer.

"Anyways Samantha, I wanted to make you wait that much longer before finding
out which Envelope has decided your First Punishment." Did that sound better? I
think it did.

{Knock Knock Knock} "Room Service!" I reply, "Just leave it outside the door!"
Turning back to Samantha, "My fuel has arrived"

NIPPLE CLAMPS = \$80 . . .

Popping open the suitcase to find, every BDSM item I've seen or imagined along with many more I've never seen and have no clue what they're used for. Samantha for sure knows how to Pack when you're planning to be Tied, Teased, Tortured in a Hotel Room.

No digging needed, since the scissors where on top. Grabbing them, I move closer to her to see her shaking. "Are you cold Samantha?" She shakes her head 'no'. "Are you scared Samantha?" Slowly, she nods 'yes'.

My normal routine around Women is 100% Gentlemen like. Women are our Treasures, our Gifts and should at all times be treated with the upmost of respect. We should always behave around them and try to be the Men they want and deserve . . .

. . . The challenge I'm facing is trying to be the Man Samantha wants and deserves. That Man is not Gentlemen like and won't be treating her with respect at all . . . That Man or Woman has been requested by her to Punish her and Punish her hard . . .

Two big gulps of my triple espresso . . . a deep breath . . . and here I go!

I let the side of the cold metal scissors rest on her naked cleavage as I say, "Samantha, you should be scared . . . very scared. You don't know me. You have no idea what I'm capable of. You are the Sexiest Fucking thing I've seen and are

Helplessly at my Mercy."

Her fidgeting had stopped. She's holding her breath and around the edges of her gag and blindfold, I see the expression of fear growing as she's shaking harder.

Slowly I slide the blade under her bra strap and slowly cut it as it slides off her shoulder. She can hear and feel what just happened and seems surprised by it. This must be the reason for me choosing a random envelope. Samantha still gets what she wants, but by not knowing the order, she's helpless to know what's coming next.

Repeating this slow slide and cutting of her second bra strap, I add, "Money or not, I'm going to enjoy every minute of this . . . and since I brought my extra large luggage, I think you'll end up my Souvenir when I leave."

That one got another gasp out of her that was as much fear as it was sexual. She even pushed her hips and breasts towards me a little after I dropped that line.

Sure, I was just a un-clasp away from her bra dropping to the floor, but I continued with the scissors. Slowly moving the scissors upwards and between her breasts. Allowing the cold blade to rest a little on her upper abs before the slide.

What was left of her bra fell to the floor while her breasts barely dropped at all. She didn't need that bra . . . it was more for show then anything. Often it's the bra that shapes the breast . . . not for Samantha . . . that bra had no shape or life without her.

Again, she gasps with the drop of her bra. The sound of her gasps are growing more sexual every time . . . or am I just imagining it to be that way? Putting the scissors down, I move to Second Base . . . no kissing, no dinner, plenty of one-sided small talk on my part.

Holy Fuck! These are firm as hell! I'm no expert, but am almost positive they are as Real as this whole situation I'm in! Best Hotel Check In Ever! Yup! Five Stars all the Way!

As I lightly caress them she's pushing them out even more towards me. Leaning down, I lightly lick, suck and wet her nipples. Moving away, I know this time, her shaking is due to the cold of my moisture evaporating from her very erect nipples . . .

Taking a moment away, I remember I needed to use the nipple clamps while she was erect. Having to dig a little, the noise I'm making is causing her to seem distressed and nervous. I'm amazed at how much of her emotions I can still notice, even without seeing her eyes.

The rattle of the nipple clamps must be familiar to her, as she grunts and shakes her head, now twisting in effort to move her erect nipples as far away from me as possible.

I remind her, "Samantha, you've been bad, you want and deserve to be Punished. Give me a minute to adjust them to their tightest level . . . and then I can get them clamped onto your nipples tightly."

Turning, twisting, I swear she's starting to sob a little around her gag. The rattle of her pulling on her handcuffs, the first moment she's full on struggling to get loose, to get away . . . all of this is making my cock rock hard and ready for another release!

The Panic! The Heavy Breathing! The Struggles! . . . and this is just a pair of Nipple Clamps that I haven't even pinched onto her yet! Remembering the letter, I reached up with both hands . . . positioned my index finger and thumbs firmly on both sides of her erect nipples . . .

Rolling them to make sure they were good and hard . . . then pinching hard and long as Samantha Screamed into her gag and danced around in an attempt to lessen the pain!

Before she had a chance to even take another breath . . . I clamped on the nipple clamps as she continued to struggle and Scream even more . . . I could see the tears coming out from under her blindfold . . .

REPOSITION . . .

For someone who deep down wanted me to put extra Tight Nipple Clamps on her . . . she sure is acting up about it! Grasping with her handcuffed hands, trying to get the chain hanging between them. The tears are real and many and she's no longer Screaming . . .

She's for sure not silent though, but all I'm getting is "MMMMLLLSSSS MMMKKK MMMNNN UUUEFFFF!" Not a pro at Gag Talk, but believe she's begging me to take off the Clamps. I reply, "Your letter doesn't say anything about taking the Clamps Off."

Seeming defeated by my last comment, her head drops down a little as she continues to moan and squirm. Picking up the first of my Winnings on this trip to Vegas, I move them to the dresser to start a little pile.

Sitting back down on the bed, I shuffle through the envelopes and randomly pick our next adventure. Samantha can hear me open the next one as she's in as much anticipation as I am. Reading to myself as it once again notes to do so:

*"Dear Mistress or Master, I didn't listen to my Mistress so I need to be Spanked.
As Bad as I was, I should be getting flogged or whipped, but for now, my
Naughty Ass needs a good Bare Handed Spanking.*

*The key inside the lid of the luggage will release the small chain holding my
handcuffs to the headboard. First add the wide leather collar with rings on front
and back snugly around my neck.*

The leash can be connected to the front ring to guide me. Move me so I'm face down on the bed. There should be more than enough items to strap and tie my legs apart and get me into position.

Warning, I deserve to be Spanked, I want to be Spanked, but that doesn't mean I'm not going to try and stop you from Spanking me. Remember, we're both here right now because I'm a Naughty Slave who misbehaves.

Spank me as Long and as Hard as you Feel I Deserve . . . then Spank me even more and this \$200 goes home with you.

Your Helpless Bondage Slave, Samantha"

My confidence or maybe willingness to embrace and enjoy this unexpected game has grown. I'm already digging in to find the key, wide leather collar with double rings, leash and the other items I feel I'll need to earn my next wad.

She's listening intently, as she has no idea of what letter I just read. The Hotel has the traditional way too many large pillows on the bed, so I grab them and just before tossing them out of the way, I switch to stacking them up in the middle . . . this should help.

Removing her spiked leather collar, she jumps a little as I first touch her neck. Then I replace it with the wider double ring collar and clip on the leash, letting it hang and bump into her breasts. Samantha lets out what could only be the sound of disgust at being collared and leashed like a dog . . .

"If you were a more well behaved Slave Samantha, maybe you wouldn't need to be leashed." Again, not a gag talk expert, but think that was a 'Fuck You'.
"Seems someone just earned herself and even harder and longer Spanking."

Giving her the heads up on what was happening to her next before moving her to her new position . . . well that wasn't my smartest idea . . . it sounded good . . . just not too smart . . .

I add a wide strap to each of her ankles for when I tie off the ropes. I pre-tie one end of each rope to the footboard legs and lay them up on the bed for easy access. Moving the luggage out of the way, I then use the key to release the chain keeping her handcuffs in place to the headboard.

With no warning, her knee made an almost perfect connection to my balls as I went down hard on the floor. A few seconds after, she was on her knees right next to me . . . trying to rub her blindfold against the carpet, in effort to take it off!

She had knocked over the lamp after kneeing me, but luckily, it silently and safely landed on the bed. Experiencing the Pain and Damage she's capable of while not being able to see, I couldn't have her get that blindfold off!

I was too late, as it slipped right off the top of her head while she was facing away from me. I found the energy to jump on top of her so she couldn't see me. With the luggage full of bondage stuff within arms reach, I saw a much more serious leather blindfold with a lot of straps.

Reaching for it, her hands made it to her Target First! She was trying hard to get a solid grip on my cock and balls! This would end the wrestling match very quickly if she did! Her grasping fingertips just flicking at my cock enough to get it's attention, but no solid grab, thank god!

Grabbing a smaller rope out of the case, I quickly double looped it around the chain of her handcuffs, then fed it through the ring on the back of her collar . . . one quick tug and her hands were helplessly pulled upwards to the middle of her back. All those Summer Sailing trips just paid off big time!

She continued to grasp wildly but couldn't reach her goal. Note to self, keep my balls away from her traps! As she grunted, groaned and screamed into her gag, I remember her nipple clamps are trapped between her breasts and the floor. Am pretty sure they're not in the best position either.

With her hands now under better control, I reach again for the better blindfold. Her head has been turning many ways, but never at a good enough angle to see me. Not sure why this even matters other then maintaining the mystery of what her punisher looks like.

This blindfold has a much larger panel to go over her eyes. It also has a hole for her nose, so it can't slide off like the previous one. At first I was very confused and felt the excess number of straps were a waste, but once it was in place, it wasn't going anywhere and it all made better sense.

In her current face down handcuffed position with me sitting on her firm little ass, she was under control. Moving her to the bed would open me up to another attack. I chose to motivate her to behave in another way.

"Samantha, I know you have very sensitive nipples and am sure those clamps are getting even more painful by the minute. If you behave, move where I want you to, I'll remove them before your Spanking."

Watching her answer from the back of her head was odd, but I could still tell she was nodding 'yes' to my offer.

SPANKING = \$200 . . .

My second attempt to get Slave Samantha into the best position for her Spanking went much better. I guided her onto the foot of the bed in a kneeling position, facing towards the middle of the bed where I stacked all the excessive pillows.

I had her spread her knees apart enough so I could get the ropes at least snugly tied to her ankles. Want to make sure once I pull the clamps off her nipples, she's not free to go into attack mode again.

She's breathing heavy and shaking a little . . . her fear of the pain to come with the removal of these clamps is evident. Her handcuffed hands pulled up in the middle of her back are going into tight fists as she gives me the nod she's ready . . .

"Ok, on three . . . I'll do both at the same time . . . One . . ." She's holding her breath . . . and I unclamp both as I'm now concerned about anyone in a room near us will be calling the Front Desk to complain!

Even gagged, she couldn't have been any louder! I push her forward over the pile of pillows so her ass is up high and her face is into the mattress! Don't want to smother her, but am getting close, as I try to redirect her noise deep into the bed!

As she finally quiets down, I take the pressure off the back of her head, grab the end of her leash and tie it off to the center of the headboard. She takes in a long

deep breath before mumbling, "MMMMMUUKKRRRR!" I reply "Oh, Ok, yeah, I'm the Fucker now?"

"You do realize that none of this would be happening had you just listened to your Mistress and not been so Fucking Naughty in the First Place!" {Smack!} "MMMM!" Finishing my statement with a quick slap of her . . . oh my god! Firm as Fuck Ass!

Moving back to her ankles, I need her stretched out good and make sure she's unable to fight back . . . now that she's proven she will. One at a time, I undo then retighten each ankle pulling them way harder then the first time.

The pillow plan has worked out perfect as her fine little ass couldn't be stretched out and any higher up then it was right now. She's squirming around a lot, but seems almost in effort to get more comfortable. She knows she's not going anywhere . . .

Looking back at the Case of Bondage Fun, I did out two wide leather straps perfect for strapping high on her thighs. Then a third one for around her waist. This one was tricky, with the pillows in the way, but I got it on her.

Grabbing more ropes, I tied and pulled extra tight, from the bed frame to the rings on each of these straps. Her ass was about as helplessly served up as could be, and she knew it.

As much as I wanted revenge for her earlier knee shot to my balls, I didn't want to leave any permanent marks on her smooth flesh. If she was to struggle much at all, those handcuffs are going to do just that.

Digging into the case again, I found . . . not sure what it's called . . . but it's a wide leather collar with a strap connected that would go down the middle of her back. The other end, has two wide cuffs attached to hold her wrists in the same current position, but with no damage to her skin.

Between the wrists and the neck strap, there is a buckle so I can adjust how far up her back her wrists are helplessly pulled. It was tricky to do, but I found a way to get this onto her before fully removing her handcuffs.

"Sorry for the hassle there Samantha, but your letter mentioned never letting you completely free of your bondage. You taught me earlier the reason for that warning."

She responded with a little behind the gag giggle, as I'm sure she's picturing me going down to the floor earlier. Not fully understanding her current predicament, she's continuing to be the misbehaving Slave . . . time to remind her . . .

Lightly positioning and then tapping my hand on her ass, I comment, "So \$200 for giving you a much deserved Spanking . . . I wonder how that breaks down? . . . Are we talking 10 Spanks for \$20 each? . . . "

Samantha has quieted down and is listening to me intently . . . "Or are we talking more like \$10 per Spank? . . . which means I'd have to give you 20 hard Spanks? The math is just too tricky . . . I think a simple Dollar a Spank will be easiest to keep track . . ."

Yes, we were told there'd be no Math, but this word problem is pretty easy . . . Buck a Spank means Two Hundred Spanks! This was a moment I really wish I could fully see the look on her face!

Up until I mentioned a Dollar a Spank, Samantha's ass wasn't moving around too much. Now she's struggling and testing every aspect of her current bondage predicament . . . she is Helpless!

Fully realizing she can't stop her very Long Spanking, she tries to negotiate with a long line of mumbles. I know exactly what she's asking, but give her completely unrelated answers . . .

"Make sure every Spank is a little harder then the last one? . . . Ok, if that's what you want me to do . . ." "MMMMMM!!!!" "You're right, I should add to your gag first . . . don't want to bother the Neighbors with your screaming . . . "

Finding two larger rolls of that self sticking black gauze, I carefully wrap both of them over the top of her ball gag, making sure to not block he nose . . . "Don't want to suffocate you . . . at least not yet . . . for all I know . . . that request may be in your next letter . . ."

All good, I take several larger swigs of my Triple Espresso before getting started. Really does seem the build up and watching her physically and mentally struggle with her impending punishment is just the fucking best!

{smack} As light as possible to give myself a lot of room for increasing each Spank. She doesn't even move from this first dozen Spanks. {smack} {smack} {smack} . . . Not only is she not moving her body, her ass is barely moving with

each Spank . . . Damn that is one firm little ass!

{Smack} {Smack} {Smack} . . . Doing my best to very slowly increase the hardness of each Spank, I'm starting to enjoy hearing Samantha's quieter "MMMMM!" with each Contact!

Her smaller underwear is not fully a thong, but most of her fine flesh is fully unprotected and is starting to switch to a warmer color. {Smack!} {Smack!} {Smack!} There's no denying her feeling each and every Spank at this point . . .

Her sexy little cheeks doing the smallest of wiggle with each Slap as her hands are starting to reach out as if she thinks she could block the next Spank . . . I pause for a moment with my open hand resting on her naked ass . . .

"You're getting warmer Samantha . . . \$200 or not . . . I could do this all night . . . you have such a fine ass . . . too bad it's getting so very red . . ."

{Smack!} "MMM!" {Smack!} "MMMGG!" {Smack!} "MMHHH!" Her responses both verbal and physical are growing with the intensity of my Spanks. Being honest with you, so is the growth and intensity of my Rock Hard Cock!

A few hours back, all I was thinking about was Sleeping . . . now I'm breathing hard as my Cock gets Even Harder! I'd gladly be paying her the \$200 to be doing this to her . . . but not letting that little secret out . . .

{Smack!} "GGGHHH!" {Smack!} "MMMFF!" {Smack!} "MFFFFFF!" Her

hands are all out trying to stop the Pain of her Spanking, but her hard pulls only cause the strap around her neck to cut off her breathing!

Realizing this, I stop for a few moments while she can catch her breath . . . Not for too long though . . . {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} . . . Am glad I added to her gag . . . or she would have been getting way too loud!

Her ass has become so red it's physically hot to the touch. Just the lightest of touches with the tip of one finger causes her to grunt loud in pain!

There really is no need to increase how hard the rest of her Spanks are . . . but that's what I pretended she wanted . . . so I find a way to do it . . . as sore as my hands and arms have become . . .

Every muscle in her body is doing pre-emptive tensing up in anticipation of the coming pain! With only ten Spanks left to go . . . I slow down to enjoy each and every one . . . {SMACK!!!} "MMM!"

Making the timing between each as random as possible . . . {SMACK!!!!} "MMMMMM!!!" The shock of if or when the next Spank is coming was causing her to flail around as much as her bondage would allow!

. . . {SMACK!!!!!!} "MMMGGGGGGG!!!" Looking around wildly as if she could see the next one coming . . . {SMACK!!!!!!} "NNNNGGGGGG!!!" . . . she could not . . .

I could hear between the slaps her sobbing as her struggles have almost completely stopped. Her sweet sweat covered body could barely fight back any more . . . {SMACK!!!!!!} "WWWOOOOOO!"

Without the gag that would have been like a wounded animal howling in the night . . . It was a good way to end earning my \$200. Not sure if she was counting, or if my count was perfect, but I was done . . . just didn't bother to tell her it was over . . .

Sitting back, quietly sipping a little more coffee . . . I enjoyed watching her randomly flex, jerk, turn her head and grasp at nothing trying to prevent nothing from happening. I let this go on for a few minutes before she finally figured it out.

I knew she did so when she stopped flexing, stopped moving, stopped grasping and mumbled out, "FFFFFKKKKRRR!" . . . well that was pretty rude . . . soooo {SMACK!!!!!!!!!!!!}

The unprepared for it, unexpected and hardest yet Spank caused her to jump as far as the ropes would allow as she silently bit down accepting the intense Pain!

My arm and Hand hurt from that last Bonus Spank . . . but it was worth it! This time, there was no disrespectful mumbles after. "Samantha, it's up to you if you want to call me a Fucker again . . . but I warn you, I'll start over with the 201 Spanks if you do . . ."

PADDLING = \$100 . . .

The Task of the next Envelope couldn't have come at a worse possible time for my Helpless Little Slave Samantha . . .

"Dear Mistress or Master, I never seem to learn . . . which is why I need to be punished even more. No reason for my firm ass to hurt your hands . . . so a Paddling is next if you want this \$100.

There's a very solid, very hard, black leather covered Paddle in the case that hurts like hell . . . depending just how hard you decide to deliver it to my flesh.

Warning, I deserve to be Paddled, I want to be Paddled, but that doesn't mean I won't try to stop you.

Paddle me as Long and as Hard as you Feel I Deserve . . . then Paddle me even more and this \$100 gets added to your Winnings.

Your Helpless Bondage Slave, Samantha"

Even with her eyes covered and the ball gag tightly covered by the two rolls of self sticking gauze, I could tell she's become a sobbing helpless Slave at my Mercy. I don't know Samantha . . . have never fully seen her face or heard her speak . . . but I feel sorry for her . . .

If I use that Hard Leather Paddle on her deep red ass right now, it's going to be pure Torture. It'll sting and burn horribly. I want the money and that Spanking . . . well I enjoyed it and all . . . but not if I'm causing all out abuse . . .

Need to earn this \$100 so I can check out another envelope and letter . . . some times, the best Torture can be you someone's mind more then physical . . . let's see what I can do with that . . .

"Samantha, I didn't know someone's ass could get so red and hot like that . . . is it burning real bad?" She's being stubborn and giving me the Silent Treatment. Must not want me to get any more pleasure off of her pain . . .

"Not only are you being rude to me right now Samantha . . . do you really feel treating me badly is going to end well for you? I mean, I totally have the upper hand here in more ways then one" . . . Still nothing, no responses from her . . .

"The Envelope I just opened has the letter that says, Paddle me as Long and as Hard as you Feel I Deserve . . . with the Hard Leather Paddle" Now that got her attention as she started to try and negotiate a cease fire between us . . .

It was the longest stream of mumbles yet from her, as she seemed to be explaining all the reasons why she shouldn't get Paddled . . . {Smack!} Samantha jerks hard, before realizing I just smacked my own hand with the Paddle and not her burning red ass!

I could tell she wanted to gag scream 'Fucker' at me again, but was holding back.

She knew the trouble she was currently in and the pain she could be in very soon with the wrong move.

"That is really very hard . . . my hand is still stinging and that was only one smack . . ." She's pulling at her leather straps with zero success . . . she's squirming and trying to find a way to stop the inevitable from happening . . . all her efforts are ineffective . . .

After proving my point to her, I try again, "Samantha, I didn't know someone's ass could get so red and hot like that . . . is it burning real bad?" . . . Slight hesitation, before she gives me a nod.

"Now was that so difficult? A simple polite nod to your Master when he asks a simple question." I was far from her Master . . . much more of a Paid Punisher. I could tell she didn't like this comment, as she held back another, 'Fuck You' . . .

"Do you think this Paddling is going to hurt way worse since you can still feel the sting and burn of you Spanking?" Less hesitation this time before the nod . . .

"I agree . . . it's going to be very very painful indeed . . . your ass is so very red . . . and that Leather Paddle is so very very hard . . ." She's squirming, and trying to beg me to not do it . . . she's actually starting to shake and tremble as she realizes it's about to start . . .

"The letter says, Paddle you as Long and Hard as I feel you Deserve . . . you remember that knee in my balls thing? . . . Good Times . . ." Again, she tries to apologize through her gag, and it sounded pretty heart felt . . .

Letting the Cold Leather of the Paddle rest on her ass, she jumps as much as her bondage will allow. She starts to shake even more as her hands close into tight fists . . . "Push your ass up as high as you can for me Slave"

I really didn't think she'd do it, but she managed to get it a couple inches higher, pulling the ropes to her waist and thigh straps very taught . . .

Lifting the Paddle off her ass . . . she knows it's about to start as she mumbles what I think is, 'Please Don't . . . I'm Sorry' . . . "As Long and as Hard as I feel you Deserve" . . . {smack} I give her one, just one, very light smack . . .

Her mental torture was way more painful then anything I could have just done . . . "Let's check the next Envelope" . . .

FORCED ORGASMS = \$1000 . . .

*"Dear Mistress or Master, This request may not sound like a Punishment, but
Trust Me, IT WILL BE . . .*

*Everyone Loves an Orgasm, or Two or Three or More . . . until they don't stop,
they can't make them Stop! The Pleasure becomes Pain in the Most Diabolical
Way . . . Forced Orgasms . . .*

. . . Yada Yada Yada . . . Love Samantha"

I didn't need to read all the details on this letter. It seemed pretty long and complex. Am pretty sure these are some skills I can figure out on the fly. Anyway, if I follow her Letter step for step, she'll know exactly what to expect . . . what's the fun in that?

Face up and Very Spread Eagle is the only option here. So getting her from ass up on Pillows to Tits up on the Mattress may be tricky. The actual process of binding her Spread Eagle isn't my concern . . . it's the not losing a nut sack in the process that I'm worried about.

It's a human Rubik's Cube level puzzle I'm looking at. I decide to appeal to the human behind the blindfold and gag . . . "Samantha, the next position I need you in for your Punishment is Face Up and Spread Eagle on the bed . . ."

"I don't want to fight you getting you into that Position . . . so I wish to offer you a Deal . . . you Promise me you'll cooperate with my requests and we'll move onto this Letter I'm holding right now. If you don't Promise me you'll cooperate . . . we'll go back and continue the previous Punishment . . ."

She knows the level of Pain possible if I continue to Paddle her . . . she shakes her head 'Yes'. "To verify, you'll do everything I ask while getting you to your next Position?" Again, another nod 'Yes'.

Wow! This was so much easier when you have a Slave that behaves! Not saying she doesn't still want to knee me again even harder then before. Only that for these last 30 minutes, getting her bound just the way I wanted her went very smooth.

Her perky breasts are once again free for my own personal enjoyment and I will partake in them very soon. The wide leather straps on her wrists and ankles had a thinner fur lining to them. Solid, unbreakable, yet still very comfy for her to struggle away in.

Each rope, using my Sailing Skills, is center looped with the ends and knots completely unreachable. No fun if she gets loose mid-Orgasm. I triple knot to be safe.

Her gag and blindfold are solidly in place . . . not wasting time changing these out. I added her original little spiked leather collar back on cause I felt it best represented Samantha . . . Tiny, but very sharp and ready to give as much sharp pain as she can receive.

Spread Eagle, Helpless and wearing nothing but her very tight, very small black silk panties. She was a vision! Likely she's getting cold, with so little on and her nipples so erect. At first I was going to turn up the Air Conditioning, but then decided, there's better ways to warm her up . . .

Several more gulps of what's nearing the bottom of my Coffee, I hesitate on my next steps . . . She can't see me . . . no one else can see me . . . I break the Guy Rule and decide to Read the Instructions that Came with my Toy . . .

Samantha Giggles a little, as she can hear that I picked back up the letter to reference what to do next! . . . Fuck! "I could just do these next parts all wrong you know! You should be Thanking Me instead of making Fun of Me!"

Glad I went back to the letter, cause there was some specifics that helped. Like permission to cut off her Panties! Letting the cold blade of the scissors slide slowly up her naked thigh first . . . that was my doing.

"Well well . . . what do we have here you Naughty Little Slave? Seems even though you were complaining every minute, your Panties somehow got extremely wet . . ."

The parts of her face I could see grew redder with that comment. "If I didn't know better, it seems someone is a little embarrassed by creaming her Panties while being Spanked."

In the pile of stuff in the case, was what looked like a strap on chastity belt . . . but this one had two perfectly placed dildos and some small connections sticking out the front.

I lubed up both dildos per the letter and told her to relax, or it was going to get way more painful. She went with not relaxing so she could get more Pain . . . or at least that's what I'm guessing happened.

She screamed into her gag and gauze wrap as I slowly forced the two dildos deeply into her tight holes. Once they were as deep as they would go, I tightly pulled and buckled each strap holding them firmly in place!

Samantha started to struggle as if she was going to be able to push them out. "No amount of Struggling is going to get those out . . . good luck with that."

Next came close to twenty small stick-on pads with connectors. Just like the ones your Physical Therapist would use to treat your muscles or injuries with Electro-Stimulation. Don't think these are for the same plan.

They went on the fronts of her thighs, sides of her ass cheeks, stomach, arms and more. Then several large and wide horseshoe shaped one cupped her breasts, leaving her nipples exposed. I took my time getting these stuck on and she knew it.

There were two smaller clamps for her nipples that included connectors also. These weren't designed to bite hard on her nipples like the first set of clamps. They looked more like they were built to just hold on good and snug.

Next came this large complex looking power box. Something like if you needed to get an EKG at the Doctor's Office. Lucky for me, these wires were color-

coded, aka, Dumb Guy Proof . . .

I ran the wires up and plugged each matching color to the connectors all over her body, nipples and the connectors on the front of the dildo harness.

She was fully hooked up, helpless and unable to do anything about it. Double-checking again, the details of the letter to make sure I didn't miss anything. This time, there were no giggles from the peanut gallery . . .

Setting the controls for Range to Highest. Pattern to Random. Time to Endless. Wow! This is Crazy! . . . I Push Start . . .

WATCHING = PRICELESS! . . .

There were no specifics as to what exactly I was to do next . . . so I went with Naked in the Chair with the last of my Coffee in one hand the lube from the dildos in my other hand . . .

One last gulp, Coffee is gone . . . Time to Watch the Show! When that button said [RANDOM], it wasn't kidding. Every few minutes her body would change from a rhythmic humping to tiny jerks from the random shocks!

From quiet and very sexual moaning to heavy breathing and random screams. Her mumbles would go from 'Please Stop!' to 'I need more!' . . . or at least that's what I'm guessing she was trying to say.

The only thing in the room that wasn't random was my smooth pattern of stroking my hard cock to a very early and record distance shooting of cum! It made it from my chair all the way onto Samantha's naked flesh!

She was so preoccupied, I doubt she felt it. Her skin was already hot and covered in sweat as her hair was even becoming slicker and wetter. Her first of many full on orgasmic spasms happened early on and it wasn't too long for more to follow.

Her toes were pointing! Her hands became tight fists as she lifted her head off the mattress as she orgasms became even harder and longer. My second release wasn't as far shooting as the first, but it sure happened way quicker then ever before.

Am glad I had this lube, otherwise I'd be peeling skin off my shaft as hard and as fast as I was pumping! This time around, I didn't care if she heard me cum or not . . . in a little bit, I would be showering, packing up and leaving her just as she was . . . per her letter . . . never being with each other again . . .

It ended up taking me close to two hours, but I'd shot more loads in that time than I ever did in a twenty-four hour window! Samantha's experiences seemed almost a fifty-fifty balance between pleasures and pains . . .

I was dry, and seriously needed to check out soon to go back to work . . . Fuck! I headed into the shower to get cleaned up. The whole time in the shower, I kept going over the last few lines of that Letter she wrote . . .

" . . . Then leave me alone and helpless to struggle in pain and pleasure. Be sure to leave the Power Box on Highest Settings and Random . . . Thank You and be sure to take your \$1,000. I have someone who'll be setting me free."

Grabbing my luggage, I take one last visit to view her close up. As far as she's concerned, I'm not even here. She's panting, grasping, struggling, humping, screaming, squirming, spasming and shaking. Her head is moving about with each additional climax.

I lean down and hold her head from moving, long enough to kiss her on the cheek and whisper "thank you" into her ear . . . she heard me for sure, but was too busy to respond . . .

Waiting at the end of the Hall for the Elevator to open . . . the Doors part as She makes her Grand Entrance into the Hallway! Head to toe Black Leather, elbow length gloves, stilettos and perfect long red hair . . .

We make eye contact and I say, "Samantha is waiting for you." She asks, "Did she tell you that she wrote the Letters?" Questioning her question, I nod 'Yes'.

Her Mistress says, "Good, I didn't think she'd actually follow that instruction . . . she's Very Naughty you know . . ."

***"If you enjoy my eBooks, find More
Here and Learn a Little about Me:"***

[Zatanna Dark Biography](#)

Or

***"The next few Pages are a Little Bit of Eye Candy of Other Books
you Might Like"***



Zatanna Dark

FINAL BONDAGE THERAPY

TORTURE, TEASE OR SPANKINGS, YES PLEASE!



Zatanna Dark

FINAL BONDAGE HESITATION

IT'S PAINFUL BEING MISTRESS'S NEWEST SLAVE

***"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