



Zatanna Dark

FINAL STEAMPUNK BONDAGE
STEAM POWERED SPANKING MACHINE



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CONTRAPTION . . .

Best way to explain my current predicament would be if Jigsaw from the Saw Movies went back to the time to when they just discovered Steam Power in the Old West. Then, had a Love Child with some Crazy Inventor . . . and now I'm the Victim of that Love Child.

Mind you, she is absolutely gorgeous and I was putty just looking into her eyes. Now, it doesn't matter what I think about her, because I'm helpless to whatever kind of Bondage Contraption she has me trapped in.

Standing with my legs spread apart and my arms behind my back being pulled away slightly from my body by some type of cable or bell wire.

Not fully sure because it's hard to turn my head that far. Just behind my waist and thighs are several metal pipes running parallel to the ground. Even though the cable is very slowly pulling my arms further backwards, the middle of my body can't move in that direction because of the pipes.

My only option is to keep bending further backwards every few minutes. It's only like a centimeter with each loud click . . . which may not seem like much . . . that is until you keep adding more and more time to my bondage predicament.

Bent back like this I can no longer see down to my legs which are encased in what seemed like old metal polio leg braces from the early 1900's. Old brown leather straps at my ankles, above and below my knees and two wider ones at

thigh level.

Normally designed to help someone walk, these were being used to prevent my legs from walking anywhere. When struggling I can get them to move a little, causing loud squeaks from the joints. Feels like somewhere near ankle level these were bolted to more metal pipes, the base of the frame holding the pipes behind me. The large uncomfortable metal and leather gag is preventing me from calling out for help.

I started today in a Full Steampunk outfit that was a combination of the Victorian Era and the Industrial Revolution of the 1820. A very dapper Gentleman in a Top Hat accented with brass, silver and leather goggles and small chains and rivets around every edge.

With my triple-breasted jacket with three tails, half made out of wool and the other half of leather, a few random gears accenting the jacket for no apparent reason, my walking cane and metal brace arm cover with moving gears . . . I too, was awesome looking. That was until she had my arms bound, Elizabeth totally stripped me of all of it leaving me naked and at her mercy.

Guess I shouldn't say totally naked, because she did add one thing back on . . . a male f'n chastity belt from the early 1800's and let me tell you it's the most fucking uncomfortable thing I've ever experienced.

It's big, bulky, heavy and the straps and metal are held in place by locks so big they're comical . . . yet, not funny at the same time. Even the metal inside isn't very smooth so any hardening of my cock causes nothing but pain. My cock pushed firmly downward and unable to get fully erect, or even much beyond a half-chub.

{CLICK!} Fuck! Again, as uncomfortable as my helpless body already was, every click just makes it ever so slightly worse . . . this click causing an audible grunt.

What at first was discomfort slowly moves more towards pain . . . and unless Elizabeth comes back soon and decides to give me mercy . . . it's only going to move from bad to even worse.

I watch the large collections of wheels, gears and other odd metal, brass and iron items as they spin in odd directions as the steam rises from upright exhaust pipes. On the top of a taller metal rod is two more metal rods angled outwards with large metal balls at the end of each rod. This item was also spinning and slowly moving up and down as if it was dry humping the air above it.

{CLICK!} Fuck!! The largest gear moves one more tooth and the locking pawl snaps back in place preventing it from moving backwards.

The cable locked to my wrists is coming directly from the axel to this gear. It runs through pulleys, up along the wall and ceiling behind me.

I pull harder at my wrists and can only get my arms to swing side to side, but never closer to my body where my shoulders didn't hurt so bad when this all started.

I swear that largest gear is the only thing out of the hundred moving pieces to the torture device in front of me that's actually doing anything.

Who knows for sure . . . other than that stupid irritating steam powered whistle that goes off with each click . . . really? WTF is that for? Unless it's to torture my ears . . . because that's happening . . .

ESPRESSO . . .

Two days before I was taken out back to her She-Shed . . . and the Steam powered torture Contraption . . . I was in the little Cafe' called 'Gears'. Honestly, there's just too much to look at . . . never have I seen so many absolutely Cool and Overly Complex Thingamajigs in one place.

Normally, to get through a door, you simply turn the knob or often, you just push because there's not even a knob to push. Here they have a large hand crank gear (hence the name) connected to at least a dozen different sizes and styles of gears. Simply turn the crank 75 times around . . . less if your skinny . . . and walk on in.

I'm keeping in the front of my mind to go to the bathroom way before I need to. Between the hand crank on that door, then the stall door, then the mechanical brace gear covered thing on my arm and my pants held closed by metal rings . . . yea, one bit of mistiming and I'll be rusting my metal leg accents.

It's going on around five minutes now since they started my Espresso or Espresso as it should be called. The liquids for it are running in and out of some pipes, I have no idea which? The machine had more levers than Doctor Who's Tardis controls and I really think the Cindy the Cute Barista was just randomly flipping them to look cool.

You're going to get tired of me using the word "Combination" and I'm sorry, but that's what Steampunk is all about. So the Espresso Machine looks like a combination of an all brass version of R2D2 and a steal and brass mechanical player organ with all of its mechanics on the outside combined with a whole Mad Scientist's Lab.

Still betting at some point when I wasn't looking she slapped a K-Cup into the Keurig Coffee Maker buried inside of it. Finally my cup is filling up as the whistles blow {WHOO WHOO!} and the excess steam shoots out both sides. Ok, so that was ten minutes I'm not getting back . . . but deep down I loved it! Gave me a reason to practice my flirting skills on Cindy.

Now I just need one more Cup for Elizabeth . . . hope she doesn't leave before I get back to her . . . let's see . . . 10 minutes for that first Cup, 10 minutes for the second cup . . . around 5 minutes to crank the door open and another 5 minutes to crank it again to get back out.

Somehow they found a way for it to swing closed in like 10 seconds, but still takes 5 minutes to crank back open . . . Nice! Finally back outside and Elizabeth was still patiently waiting for me . . . thank goodness!

She said, "You remembered to make it a double, right?" I did not, dammit! My head tips down as my shoulders slump and she giggles and smiles at me . . . "Kidding" I hand her the cup happily, because that would have taken at least another half hour to fix.

Each with our own cup we take a short stroll together. It's good we're not trying to walk quietly inside of a Church, because every step we took, our outfits were making noises.

The rustle of her dress, the rattles of her keys, the sound of her leather corset squeaking . . . then you add the noises of my metal arm brace, walking cane against the cobblestones, the clanks of the metal accents on my pants and boots . . . between all of that, stealth wasn't an option.

You get a larger group of us Steampunkers together, the only way to cover the noise of our ensembles is with random steam powered devices letting off steam and blowing whistles. Guess that may be why we have all those devices?

MESHING . . .

First time I met Elizabeth, was at 'The Steam Shop', a Bar and Dance Hall combination, there's that word again. It was the first of two Singles nights where everyone would pull a random gear out of one of six old canvas Pony Express bags.

As I look at the bags, I notice that each had a different playing card attached, Ace, King, Queen, Jack, Eight and a Joker. I can't think as creative as the Person who came up with these cards, leaving me confused. I believe these are for someone from every walk of life, but don't know which means who.

I think I'm a King? Maybe? A Jack? Maybe it's just six different cards? Not overthinking it any more then I already did, I just grabbed a gear from the Wild Card bag and went in.

These gears we each got were like the Nut and Bolt Dating Game at some Singles Bars. Here if we see someone we may like, we're to bring out our gear.

If they bring out their gear, we check to see if they fit together. If they do, and we bring them to the Bar, we get one Large Free Drink with two metal straws to share. So far I'd yet to see anyone who I'd like to test gears with.

Not that there wasn't the most amazingly sexy collection of Women in leather corsets, riding boots, belts, gears and buckles galore. I just was really looking for the perfect eyes I could stare into and not get tired of. Hopeless Romantic? Yes .

. . so I hung out at a taller table off in the corner just enjoying the sites.

Looking down at my drink as a lace fingerless gloved hand slaps a gear down on my table shocking my attention back upwards . . . to see those perfect eyes staring into mine! Come on! Really? Pinching my leg under the table, yup, not dreaming.

I tentatively bring my gear up onto the table and we both slide them together to find a perfect fit. Taking our gears to the Bar Tender, as he says, "Congrats, what'll it be?" I put out my open hand and say, "Milady?"

She tells the Tender with the most Sexy Raspy voice I've every heard, "Whiskey, Straight Up". Ok, didn't see that coming. Big ass glass, ice only used to cool it first, then removed and drinking it through a straw . . . really, I mean what could go wrong?

We got our shared drink and headed back to the same table she first found me at. I started to ask her about herself and she held her finger up giving me the universal sign of shoosh. Then pointed to me, her, then the two straws which gave me more time to just stare deep into her eyes! Wow!

I could do this all night! Every time I went to sip on a straw, so did she and visa-versa. It was like neither of us wanted the other to get more then their share . . . Big ass glass, Whiskey only, straws . . .

As I open my eyes with one of the worst headaches ever, I look around for my Gear Mate, but don't see her. Laying on my back on what feels like an old and uneven bare-wood floor.

Reaching up with my right hand to rub my eyes, my left hand follows because they're strapped and locked together . . . as are my ankles . . . also locked. In addition to the straps on my wrist, there is a cable locked to them and running up to a pulley in the middle of the ceiling. Right next to that, is another pulley just inches away that has a second cable running back down and locked to my ankles.

Just as I decide to try and stand up the mechanical sound of gears moving and squeaking catches me off guard as the slack in the cable to my ankles is gone and my heels are now a few inches off the ground.

Along with the now lack of slack in the cable to my ankles, I notice the same amount of cable has been taken up on the one locked to my wrists.

Turning my head to see where the noise is coming from, I see Elizabeth turned sideways to the collection of mechanics and gears as she uses both hands on an excessively large hand crank. Her whole body bending back and forth a little as her arms go from fully extended to fully bent with each turn.

She turns slowly towards me, which made her look almost as if she was also mechanical. My heels are now closer to a foot off the ground and I realize she's planning on fully suspending me off the floor in another five or so minutes.

"Um, Elizabeth? What are you doing to me? Why do you have me like this?" My wrists and ankles are now around two feet off the ground. With the two pulleys on the ceiling so close together, my helpless limbs are not only being pulled up, but also being pulled slowly closer towards each other.

She stops cranking for a few seconds to once again give me her sexy shoosh motion with her index finger put to her lips. Then returns both hands to the crank to continue my suspension process.

It's ironic how she's telling me to be quiet, then making all that racket with that clunky hand crank. In addition, the loud clanking noise like a roller coaster ratchet as the cars are going up that first hill.

The ratchet is why the crank didn't just turn backwards when she let go of it. I'm not gagged, but might as well be, because every question or plea I make only get's a few seconds of no cranking and another shoosh.

I pull harder as only the small of my back is still touching the floor . . . moments later I'm being fully lifted clear of the floor. There wasn't much else I could do except wait until Elizabeth decided I was suspended high enough for her to stop cranking.

With both my ankles and wrists being pulled towards pretty much the same spot in the ceiling, my hands and feet were not too far apart. From the side, my body was in the shape of a giant teardrop . . . which, may have been foreshadowing of the number of tears I'm about to be shedding.

Seems my ass around her chest level was the height she wanted, because the cranking and clicking had stopped. She came from the crank to me and now her hands were slowly sliding down the backs of my thighs, starting behind my knees and all the way down to my ass. Am guessing that is about to get more unwanted attention.

OLD SCHOOL . . .

With my wrists and ankles strapped, locked together, locked to cables then fed through pulleys on the ceiling, I'm helplessly suspended and at Elizabeth's mercy . . . driving me crazy how the most words I've heard her say in a row was three, "Whiskey, Straight Up".

The more frustrating part about that is she has and unbelievable sexy raspy voice that I want to hear way more . . . but other than that drink order and a few minor one or two words at a time, she's been talking with her eyes and the subtle expressions on her face.

She walks behind my head and her fingers trail downward from my forearms to my shoulders, then ever so lightly to the sides of my face.

The skin of her fingers felt great while the ruffled lace parts of her fingerless gloves tickled me ever so slightly. So far she's been very gentle, but don't see that lasting much longer. I hear her un-hooking something from her belt as I decide to talk, "Elizabeth, could you . . . MMMMMFFPPPHG" as I find out the item from her belt is a real thick rolled up leather item, now jammed into my mouth.

Pulling tightly behind my head and then buckling it so it doesn't go anywhere. Almost reminds me of what you'd have a Patient in the Civil War bite down on before you saw off his leg . . . really hoping that's NOT the plan.

Giving me a little smile, she heads over to an old wooden umbrella stand and starts to flip through a bunch of, Not Umbrellas! This rack is full of all different types and lengths of actual canes for whipping.

Not the kind you'd find at a BDSM Store, but ones you would have gone into the woods to find. Then handles have been added to make them easier to hold.

Elizabeth finally settles on one and swings it around like someone practicing with his or her foil before a Fencing Match. Each fast swing of the cane produces a 'swish' sound, as it moves quickly through the air.

She comes back with her new hand held toy to inspect her new bondage toy . . . me! Not whipping me yet, but using the cane to lightly tap different areas of my body as if she was planning her future attack.

Watching her moving around me as slowly and for as long as it took to get me suspended this far off the floor. Eventually I actually became a little relaxed about the whole canning thing about to happen . . . which she must have known, because that's exactly when I heard the first {swish} {smack}.

Feeling the pain of the cane across the backs of both of my thighs "MMMMFPPH!" as Elizabeth once again has my full attention.

Not sure if this first hit was actually that painful or more of just a shock as to what was happening . . . but that question didn't last long because it soon became only pain. {swish} {smack} {swish} {smack} "MMMMMMFFFPPHHH!"

My body now jerking around with each hit! . . . Elizabeth went back into what seemed almost like she was a mechanical doll, as her caning became more of a pattern. {swish} {smack} {swish} {smack} "MMFFUUUGGGHH!"

Although my back, shoulders, bare arms and more were all available for her to strike, smack, beat and lash . . . her favorite targets stayed the backs of my tightly stretched out thighs and ass.

My suspended and teardrop shaped bent body now swinging and spinning helplessly {swish} {smack} {swish} {smack} "MMMMPPPGGHFH!!!!" She wasn't moving from her spot . . . she'd wait patiently until her targets came back within the reach of her cane before hitting me again {swish} {smack} {swish} {smack} always at least two hits, but often way more before I'd turn far enough she couldn't reach.

With all her other mechanical gears, turns, cranks and steam powered items that could have been used to automate my caning, she seemed to really be enjoying torturing me old school . . . getting her hands dirty as they say.

This is when I realized a longer break happening? . . . no swish sounds . . . opening my eyes to see she's not even in the room with me. As much pain as I was in right now, it could have been way worse.

I'm lucky I still had my whole outfit on to block and lessen each hit. Can't imagine what that would have been like had she stripped me before putting me into this predicament.

As my body continues to turn back and forth, I get a quick glance out the open

door to see Elizabeth standing next to an old rusty cast iron hand pump to get well water.

Ok, wtf? With each turn of my body I get another glance as she's put an old wooden bucket under the hand pump and using both hands, lifts and lowers the lever. The first five or six pumps do nothing but scare away the birds with loud noises, before water starts to flow into the bucket.

She then swaps out that bucket and continues back to pumping . . . this time only taking three or four pumps to get it flowing again.

With both buckets filled to the tops and spilling some as she carries them, Elizabeth returns inside, puts them down, then closes and deadbolts the door.

My body had finally stopped turning and swinging as she moved behind my head, grabbed both sides of my face, leaned over from above and kissed me on my forehead. Giving me a big frown . . . wait, a big smile . . . looking at her upside down . . .

I'm so f'n confused right now? Did I do something wrong to piss her off? Or is this the treatment she gives anyone whose gear meshes perfectly with hers?

In the middle of my confusion, pain and discomfort, somehow my little brain, is in his own world and loving everything about Elizabeth no matter what she's doing to me. My cock is growing in size and firmness the more attention she gives me.

Catching me off guard again as her hand has made it my cock, slowly moving back and forth as if she was petty a snake. The lightest of touches causing it to twitch, pulse and continue its latest growth spurt.

I so prefer the pleasurable touch of her hands and fingers, to being on the receiving end of the pain of her cane. These pleasures were about to come to an abrupt end . . .

Closing my eyes so I can concentrate on the pleasures of her touch as the first bucket of ice cold well water is poured slowly down my legs from around my knees to my ass, stomach and crotch as my cock and balls retract from the cold! "HHHHMMMPPFHGF!!!!!"

I flail and jerk around hard unable to stop the bite of the cold water making it into every nook and cranny . . . this time being fully dressed made this all worse as the cold water soaked into the material and just stayed there.

I was already starting to shiver as the slow pour of the second bucket started around my elbows, running down my arms to my shoulders, chest and face! "HHHHMMMUUGGGHH!" The flailing of my body continues . . . somehow thinking it might shake some of the cold water off of me like a dog getting out of the pond . . . doesn't work the same for a human . . . especially one helplessly suspended from the ceiling.

Finally the pouring stops, but the cold shock and shivering doesn't. Was this a punishment for me getting hard? Wait! It couldn't be because she already pumped the water and brought the buckets in before feeling me up . . . which thank god she did before the extreme shrinkage I'm currently experiencing! Not sure if it's possible, but feels like my balls and cock have turned inside out from the cold!

DRENCHED . . .

This is the moment of why she did this and what was about to happen next, hit me hard . . . Elizabeth had picked back up the cane she choose earlier as her instrument of pain and is now resting it in a puddle of still ice cold water that formed in my stomach area.

Fuck! No! She was slowly moving it around to make sure every inch of it spent time in the puddle . . . as it was soaking some of the water into it's previously dry wood.

Not fully sure what to expect the feeling of a water soaked cane on soaking wet clothing is going to be like . . . but pretty damn sure it's not going to be less pain then before . . . Fuck!

My curiosity was to be answered very soon as Elizabeth was now swinging around the wet, and much heavier cane. {WHOOSH} {WHOOSH} the sound alone was enough to tell me, my future wasn't going to feel too good.

She didn't practice as long this time before getting back to tanning my hide. {WHOOSH!} {SMACK!} "MMMPFFF!" {WHOOSH!} {SMACK!} "MMMFFGGPFFF!!!" OMG!!! Each of these wet cane hits on my cold wet ass and thighs hurt ten times worse!!!

The can is maybe only a quarter inch thick, but feels like I'm getting hit with a Pool Cue! The blunt force sting of each hit lasting longer and hurting deeper into

my flesh.

{WHOOSH!} {SMACK!} "MMMFFPPGH!" {WHOOSH!} {SMACK!}
"MMGGGGGGHHHF!!!" Tears are now forming and rolling down my cheeks mixing with the cold-water still dripping off every inch of my body. Because of how wet I was, I doubt she even noticed I was crying from the pain.

As much as I thought I was swinging, jerking and turning in my bondage during my first canning, round two has it majorly beat! Elizabeth was no longer able to stay in one spot . . . she had to keep moving to reach her targets and ducking and dodging to avoid being knocked over as my body would swing around.

Seems she was thinking Safety First, because she stopped long enough to add a few more ropes to prevent me from swinging and turning so much.

Taking a long rope she positioned what would be the ropes center near the small of my back, brought the rope around my sides and meeting at my stomach with a quick, loose knot.

Then she fed both ends between my legs and down to a ring on the floor centered below me. This meant both ends of the rope between my legs were also currently resting right across my cock and balls.

This became way more of an issue as she pulled hard on the ropes that were fed through the ring on the floor, causing all of these ropes around my waist and between my legs to tighten up and dig in hard.

With the ropes added, pulled tight and tied off, my struggles no longer allowed me to swing or turn. {WHOOSH!} {SMACK!} {WHOOSH!} {SMACK!} {WHOOSH!} {SMACK!} "MMMFFPPH!" and the canning continued and there's nothing I could do but accept it.

I did pull and jerk with some hits, but that only caused more torture to my cock and balls from the tight ropes through my crotch! This torture continued for maybe another ten to fifteen minutes before I was finally let back down to the ground.

Elizabeth unlocked every lock, returning the keys to the ring on her corset and left. Leaving me alone, free to finish removing the straps, so I could finish regaining my freedom. Taking my time doing so, because every move at this point was painful.

Once free of the locks, cables, ropes and straps, I heading back to my room to try and recover. Some of the time, walking in completely the wrong direction . . . most of the time, stumbling, trying to get used to standing upright again . . .

RECOVERY . . .

Completely worn out from my day both mentally and physically, I take a shower with the pressure turned down as low as I can get it. Water running down my ass and thighs feels good, but not if it's spraying even slightly hard . . . that stings too much.

Having to shower under a trickle of water sure made it take longer. Every time I closed my eyes to just let the water run over my head I could instantly see Elizabeth's eyes and her more and more mysterious expression.

A thing of pure beauty, but don't think any of the gears turning in her head had any pure parts to them . . . yet, I'm f'n hard again just picturing her for even a minute. Wow!

Carefully I rubbed some Lotion onto my wounds, which soothed the pain a little. Bringing the bottle to my bedside for when it soaks in and stops helping lessen my pain.

Laying face down, I do my best to try and get some rest and recovery time . . . this is a Five Day Steampunk Fest and we're not even half way . . .

I really need to get back out there and enjoy the rest of this trip . . . almost asleep as I hear the top of the bottle popping back open. The noise of the lotion squeezing out followed the cool and pleasurable feel of it being rubbed into my back.

Turning my head I can see Elizabeth sitting sidesaddle with her big skirt draped down over the edge of my bed, smiling back at me.

I know I'm tired, but she can't move with out making rattle, rustle and leather corset squeaks . . . how in the hell did she get in here? Must have been half asleep . . . You know what? I don't care! I wasn't able to stop thinking about her anyway, she could of been hiding in the corner waiting to join me for more fun . . . I'm not complaining!

Her lotion covered hands made it to the small of my back and near where my ass cheeks started . . . my queue to roll over allowing better access to the large snake I'm now hiding in my bed.

I place my bets in my mind and make my move . . . trying not to scream from the pain of my weight moving onto my wounds on my ass and thighs . . . hoping she doesn't pull her hands away. Fully rolled over, my hard gift to her is now right where the small of my back was . . . she pulls her hands away.

Fuck! . . . Adds more lotion and grabs my cock going right into a good firm piston motion . . . up and down it's full length that gets ever so slightly longer with each stroke.

Reaching up I get one hand behind her neck and slowly pull her mouth towards mine . . . licking my lips as she moves closer . . . as she breathes out, it causes the moisture on my lips to evaporate as it cools them.

All the while her piston motion has grown tighter and faster as I unload between us, squirting hard onto her corset, my chest and chin! The look of shock and anger on her face from what I just did to her corset freaked me out so much I woke up . . . alone again, laying on my back in my bed, ass and thighs still in pain with fresh hot ejaculate on my chest and chin . . . a lot of it!

"Ok, am I sure I want to chance more pain from her?" Actually talking out loud to myself now "See could have killed me" not sure if I was trying to talk myself in our out of what I was thinking "But she didn't kill me . . . and this is the most I've ever came in my life" still trying to clean myself up having to use both socks it was so much.

I finish cleaning up in the bathroom; add some deodorant, my backup dry Steampunk ensemble, adding the arm brace, top hat, walking stick and other accents and I head out making my final mental decision to become physical action.

FULL STEAM AHEAD . . .

It was the second of the two Singles nights at 'The Steam Shop', paying my cover, entering and going right for another gear out of the Wild Card bag, worked for me last time.

Having the gear in hand, I searched for Elizabeth . . . Hoping she's hear again . . . didn't take long to find her. She was at the same table she originally found me at. This time though, there was a line formed leading to her, which is understandable.

Each of the five people standing there had a gear ready to go, to test, and to hope they mesh with her. The first three guys all failed and walked away dejected like they just lost their puppies.

She didn't flinch at any of these not fitting . . . that was until the fourth suitor, an extremely hot and sexy girl, when her gear didn't mesh, you could see Elizabeth was a little disappointed as she walked away.

Finally the last guy tries . . . and fails also . . . as my fear of her meshing with someone else switches back to hope. With no one else in line, I move quickly to be next. Stepping in front of her with the table between us, I put my gear down on my side.

Before bringing her gear out, she looks me in the eyes and asks, "Are you sure I'm what you want?" My immediate response is, "More then anything." . . . a

smile comes across her face as she brings her gear onto her side of the table.

Slowly we both slide them to meet in the middle . . . and they're not even close to fitting, Fuck! Could see it before they even got close.

Elizabeth shrugs her sexy shoulders and tips her head a little. You only get one gear when you enter per day . . . unless you decide to go for a bonus gear. They have a clunky stationary bike from like 150 years ago along the back wall. Of course, with the most uncomfortable looking seat you could imagine . . . uncomfortable even for someone's ass who wasn't still covered in wounds from an hour long canning.

It's connected to an oddball collection of misc. gears, pulleys, rods, pistons, spinney ball thingies, mini generators that light old style bulbs and of course, some oddball collection of whistles.

All you need to do is pedal that damn whatcha-ma-jig-a-macallit thing-a-ma-bob until it makes the light turn on and the whistles blow at the same time.

Do this, get a bonus gear. Am sure every part of that what was connected to the bike had a purpose . . . like making everything about simply pedaling it way harder.

I've done my share of bike riding and can still handle many miles in a day with little effort. Those skills and experience pretty much does nothing for me today.

I'm tired as hell, completely run down, still have burning red lines on my ass that's about to be planted onto that medieval torture bike seat and nothing about how this thing even works makes any sense . . . so I got all of that going for me.

The one plus I do have is the Motivation of Elizabeth watching me, knowing I'm fighting for just a chance of getting a gear that meshes with hers.

Peddling away as hard and fast as I can . . . nothing about this bike is smooth . . . it feels like a cheap exercise bike with the pressure slowing the weighted tire down cracked to 10.

Not letting that stop me as I finally get the light to glow as the whistles blow and a door in the wall pops open with a random gear in it. Grabbing the gear I turn to see another guy at Elizabeth's table with his gear ready to go.

What little wind I still had in my sails fades away as the two gears slide closer together to . . . not fit! Yes!

Returning to the table I proudly put my second gear down, ready to try my luck again. She looks me in the eye a second time and asks, "I get to do whatever I want with you . . . so, are you still sure?" I respond, "Even more than before".

We start the motion of checking and I can see right away, these are not going to fit either . . . which they didn't. Truly, I think she was as let down as I was. Heading back to the bike, I turn to say, "Please don't go anywhere" before I burn up even more precious energy. Eventually I did get both the light turn on and the whistles to blow as the bonus gear door pops open again.

Moving back to the table quickly before another person brings out their gear, I see the table is empty. Turning and looking around, I find Elizabeth snuggling in a booth with 'Hot and Sexy Girl' whose gear didn't fit earlier.

I put my newest gear down and slide it towards Elizabeth . . . who doesn't bring her gear out. She looks closely at mine and then whispers into 'Hot and Sexy Girl's' ear, who giggles a little and glances at me, eyeing my up and down.

Their own private whisper game continues for several minutes. A few more giggles along with a small "gasp" from 'Hot and Sexy Girl'. Finally she nods and hands her gear to Elizabeth. In trade, she gets the gear that would have been tested against mine.

Elizabeth brings her new gear out, slide it towards mine . . . and we mesh perfectly. Giving her a big smile, she responds with, "Remember, I asked you twice."

I replied, "Remember, I answered you twice." So did all this effort get me that back rub and hand job I dreamed about? Did I finally get to feel her lips against mine? Am I now enjoying the view of her naked form released from her heavy skirt, belts, and buckled on corset?

That would be a Trifecta of No No and No. What did I get? Locked helplessly into that Bondage Contraption from the beginning of my story.

Arms locked behind my back, my body slowly being pulled further and further

backwards. As my only allowed to get half hard, cock crammed into that 1800's chastity belt causing more pain then pleasure.

{CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!} {SMACK!} FUCK! There's some type of damn spanking machine behind me! My ass cheeks, that are pushing between the two metal pipes, just got hit hard by a large leather strap.

It seems this part of the Bondage Contraption was on some type of delay until my arms were far enough out of the way. Ok, "Bad" welcome to "Worse". As hard as that single hit was, it was the least painful one my ass was about to feel.

Glancing at the two large spinning balls I noticed something that left a lump in my gut . . . they were now spinning faster then before as {CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!} {SMACK! SMACK!} . . . OMG! FUCK! Not only are the clicks coming faster, but also now it was two hits with the leather strap vs. one!!!

If all of this wasn't painful enough, the number of irritating steam powered whistles increased each click. It was matching the number of hits my ass was enduring, as I'm close to as bent backwards as far as my body can handle.

Each centimeter farther back was also forcing my cock harder into it's metal prison of my chastity belt. I've lost track of how many hard spansks my ass it getting each time now.

If my ass cheeks aren't bloody by now they're for sure bright fucking red! Screaming around my gags as much as possible hoping she'll hear me and release me before it's too late. Odds are, all she's hearing is that fucking whistle!

{CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!} {SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!
SMACK!} "MMMMMPFFFFPPGHHHHH!!!!" Every muscle in my body still
able, tensing up with each more and more intense Spanking of the leather Strap .

..

REPRIEVE . . .

With my back close to snapping, no energy left to struggle or scream, what feels like a stream of sweat running down the backs of my thighs that is more likely blood, there's barely any time between the assaults from the large leather strap against my ass.

Getting close to passing out, the door to the shed I'm being held captive and tortured in swings open . . . and there standing in the doorway is my shining beacon of hope and freedom, Elizabeth in all her Steampunk Glory!

THANK GOD!!!! Her perfect lips, nose and eyes looking deep into my soul. Her cute little glasses on her head and that tight form fitting black leather corset buckled up the front . . . Fuck! In the midst of all my pain . . . comes a newer pain as my cock tries to get hard again inside it's metal cage . . .

Her lace and fingerless gloved covered hands resting on her hips with her thumbs tucked in the leather belts accentuating her hourglass figure.

One metal ring on the front of her corset has an old pocket watch hanging down while the other had her keys . . . the keys to releasing me from my torture that keeps going now by the second . . . thank god she's here and is going to release me . . . wait? WTF!

She's just standing there watching me as I jerk around in pain, as I force myself to scream to her "MMMMMMPPGGFFHHG!" while pleading with my eyes . . .

that only made her get a little smile in the corner of her mouth.

OMG! She's not moving to stop this! The only motion I see is the wisps of her hair from the breeze and the small waves just on the surface of the pond behind her. Elizabeth is totally getting off in her mind watching me, as I'm now just minutes away from what may be my death if not, dislocated shoulders or a broken back!

She has this large musical notes tattoo on her face, which would tell you she loves music . . . right now the music she's loving is my grunts and screams of pain as the large leather strap is no longer hesitating between clicks . . . it's one ongoing series of spanks just seconds apart! Can't tell which is louder . . . the ongoing whistle or the constant noise of the strap destroying my ass!!!

Finally Elizabeth barely moves, other than her right arm which grabs and pulls down on a metal cylinder connected to the end of a chain hanging down near the frame of the door.

Almost like an emergency break in the car of a steam locomotive. The whistling stops as the steam power is diverted elsewhere . . . the spinning balls slowing down as I still get two last few hits across my ass which sounded much louder now with the whistle finally dead.

With everything stopped the only noise left is my heavy breathing and ongoing grunts of pain which she's very much enjoying.

Elizabeth moves over to the collection of gears and other stuff and pulls back on a lever that releases the locking pawl from the largest gear.

The gear whose axle finally gives me slack back in the cable connected to my wrists. I slowly lean back upwards as I get the gear to spin backwards. My back and shoulders popping and cracking as they move back and settle into a normal position.

Once fully upright my hands bump against my ass causing me to let out a loud scream which changes her tiny smile into a full on mouth open grin . . . she's so proud of her work . . . you can tell.

She slowly walks up to me as her larger draped on skirt rustles with every step. Finally, she's going to unlock me. Her fingers lightly touch my sweat covered and still tense muscles of my chest and slowly slide downward.

The tips of her fingers slide across my abs and down to the metal cage of my chastity belt. I gasp a little from the attention and take in a deep breath as I once again enjoy her lavender perfume. Her lips now as close to mine as they could be without touching as she tips her head sideways as the gears in her brain are obviously still spinning.

Wanting to move my head forward just half an inch to feel her lips . . . but knowing better. She's in charge here and could turn that Contraption back on at any second if I make her mad.

Elizabeth still hasn't said a word since the door opened . . . and seems to be enjoying continuing down that silent path. She steps back from me and unclips the keys from the front of her corset and holds them up in front of me allowing them to swing side to side . . . teasing me like you would do a cat.

Like a cat, my eyes and head follow the motion of the keys, as I wait to get unlocked. Squirming in my bondage causing the metal parts to rattle and clank as I let out small moans and grunts.

I'm no longer in constant pain or peril, but still totally and completely helpless and at her mercy. She's enjoying every second of my predicament and finally stops moving the keys around teasing me.

Just as I think she's going to release me, she looks at me and shakes her head no. Then she lets the keys drop hard to the floor and pushes them a little closer towards me with the tip of her boot . . . as if that will help me to free myself. She then turns around to the noise of something or someone behind the stack of old crates in the corner of the room . . .

VOYEURISM . . .

My eyes now fixed on the stack of crates, both scared and curious as to what that noise was. Stepping out from behind them is 'Hot and Sexy Girl'! OMG! Looking closer, I see her top is half open, her leather belt is unbuckled and the front of her skirt is loosely pulled down and somewhat opened also.

She's been back there watching my whole torture while fucking masturbating! Getting off on my pain and struggles! My ass being destroyed by the endless spanking of the large leather strap! Is this what they were whispering and giggling about?!?!?

'Hot and Sexy Girl' walks up to Elizabeth and says in amazement, "I totally thought you were kidding me . . . he actually stepped into that machine of yours . . . on his own . . . and allowed you to strap, buckle and lock him into being helplessly at your mercy . . . knowing he was about to be spanked and tortured like that . . .

I'm so fucking wet right now Lizzie! You have no idea!" Lizzie? She gets to call her Lizzie? WTF? I know! I should be more worried about being still helplessly locked into a torture device, now in front of two girls who seem to like me in pain . . . but really, Lizzie?

Lizzie, I'm gonna at least use that version in my mind, Lizzie says to 'Hot and Sexy Girl', "He didn't know about the spanking feature . . . nor does he know about what other features I've built into it." Other features?

Fuck! "As far as me not knowing how wet you are right now . . . trust me when I tell you I Totally and Completely Know . . . it's why I built this in the first place."

They moved closer together and Lizzie's hand went right down the front of 'Hot and Sexy Girl's' skirt and back up into her wet pussy, finger fucking her right in front of me.

Lizzie gently helps 'Hot and Sexy Girl' to the floor. Sure! Now she's being gentle! All the while keeping her hand and fingers moving as they both start to breath heavier by the second.

'Hot and Sexy Girl' was already seconds from another orgasm after getting off on watching me for so long that she started to let out a scream . . . a very familiar sounding scream that I now realize I was hearing behind many of the steam whistles during my torture . . .

Wow! That Bitch! My half hard cock crammed into it's chastity cage, unable to cum and she's had to of had a half dozen or more orgasms while I was doing all the work of being on the receiving end of relentless spanks and pain!

Looking on the bright side, my spanking has finally stopped, I'm able to stand upright and although I'm still helpless, I have one of the best live shows going on in front of me.

I'm front and center to watching as Lizzie's corset, blouse, skirt and more have been slowly getting removed . . . as has been happening to 'Hot and Sexy Girl's' outfit. With her on her back and Lizzie on top and in charge, most of 'Hot and

Sexy Girl's' outfit has been opened as she lay on top of it.

Lizzie's outfit, leather corset, belts and more, tossed to the sides, as she's now almost completely naked, except for her lace fingerless gloves, thigh high nylons clipped to her garter belt and her sexy Steampunk glasses still on top of her head.

'Hot and Sexy Girl' has one hand between Lizzie's thighs and the other on her breast as they've added deep long kissing to their fun. With the Steam Powered Spanking Machine off, and their leather and ruffles of their skirts removed, the only sounds I'm hearing now are those of the wet kisses and extra wet motions of the finger fucking they're both giving and receiving.

Those noises are soon blocked out by their moans, grunts and 'Hot and Sexy Girl's' screams that were hidden before behind the Steam Whistles.

There was one more noise thrown into the mix every so often . . . that was my grunts of pain from my cock still forcing itself larger even though it was now crammed into it's uncomfortable and painful metal cage.

Watching these two visions of pure naked flesh bringing each other to multiple orgasms was the most sexually pleasurable while at the same being the most painful thing I could watch.

I tried to close my eyes to avoid watching, but images beyond what was happening right before me immediately formed making my bondage and torture predicament even worse.

Had one of them been a guy, he would of shot his load and went to sleep and I could finally get a break from watching. NOT the case with two hot sexy young physically fit Girls! . . .

This went on for hours and because I could never cum, I was trapped and tortured as their own private audience. There was nothing I could do.

Randomly I glanced down at the keys to my freedom that Lizzie teased me with hours ago, then just did a Mic Drop with them and kicked them around like they meant nothing. As f'n mean as that was, I have to admit, it was also f'n sexy as she exerted her power over me.

Lizzie finally got up from the floor and started to walk towards some of her outfit tossed around the room. Thank God! . . . then she walks past it and opens a small trunk . . . pulling out a large strap on dildo! Ok!

This is about to get way better for my eyes and way worse for my cock. She buckles it in place then grabs a riding crop off the wall. 'Hot and Sexy Girl' watches and moves to being on all fours with her ass up and towards Lizzie. Then lowers her shoulders and breasts down to the ground so her ass is angled up even more then before. OMG! No way this is about to happen!

Moments later Lizzie is going hard at 'Hot and Sexy Girl' from behind as almost the complete length of the dildo is exposed with each backstroke. I'm admiring the muscles and definition in Lizzie's thighs, ass, stomach and back as she thrusts hard in and out.

'Hot and Sexy Girl' is screaming from the pleasure of the dildo being buried deep

inside of her, along with the pain of the random hard hits of the riding crop on both sides of her ass. Lizzie is switching back and forth from side to side with the crop like a Jockey about to win the Derby.

All the while I'm uncontrollably dry humping with my bent down cock as I'm grunting hard in pain and pleasure, as hours of this torture lead to me only being able to release several drops of pre-cum.

TOMORROW . . .

As the most intense part of my helpless bondage and torture show finally ends, I watch as these two gorgeous Woman slowly get dressed ignoring me the whole time . . . for now. They silently approach each other, speaking wise, cause their outfits are back to making the traditional Steampunk outfit noises.

They grab each other to fit in one more long slow kiss. Finally, after all of this time, their attention returns to me and the predicament I'm still helplessly trapped in.

'Hot and Sexy Girl' comes over and lets just her fingertips touch my wet from sweat and still twitching abs and says to Lizzie, in a very devious voice, "So, what else does your Machine do?"

Lizzie responds with, "More then you could imagine . . . I have a large trunk over there full of attachments and features I've been dying to try on just the right person." OMG! I answered 'Yes' twice, so am pretty sure that right person is me! Shit! Like I even have a choice any more.

'Hot and Sexy Girl' continues, "I really really would like to see those features, but have several events I need to be at and won't have time to play until Tomorrow" ending with a sad voice and face.

Lizzie's reply shocks the hell out of me as I fully realize my fate. She replies, "No problem, he'll still be here Tomorrow . . . he's not going anywhere . . . this is

what he wanted."

"MMMMGGPPFFHHGFF!" Lizzie gives me her shoosh motion with her index finger across her lips. "I can get stuff ready and meet you here at 7am." Again, I try to get out of this by screaming more around the edges of my gag, "MMFFPPGH PPDMMFFGG!"

This time she doesn't respond with a painless shoosh . . . this time it's close to two dozen hard and fast [SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!} of her riding crop on the front of my thighs, stomach and chest with Lizzie saying, "Bad! Naughty Boy!"

I stop trying to plead but am still letting out little grunts with every breath from my new pains. Lizzie then explains to 'Hot and Sexy Girl', using the tip of her crop, poking and prodding at my chastity cage with each word.

"Just ignore him . . . he misbehaves like that sometimes. Still doesn't fully seem to understand his full predicament or place. We'll just need to add a few more things to tomorrow's torture . . . hopefully, he'll learn." 'Hot and Sexy Girl' asks, "Can I get to flip some levers on your Machine Tomorrow?" Lizzie replies with, "I'll let you flip them all."

Lizzie reaches down to pickup the keys to my freedom and once again teases me like a cat with them . . . then adds a hook clip onto them and clips them to the front of 'Hot and Sexy Girl's' belt . . . and gives her a kiss.

"Having these keys hanging so close to your pussy will keep that tingle going." 'Hot and Sexy Girl' looks at the keys and smiles like she just earned a Badge of

Honor. Her hand slides down her stomach and she lets out a small 'gasp' as her finger reach the tops of the keys.

Lizzie notices her response to the keys and says, "I know, right?" They both walk out, ignoring me as the door to My Tomorrow closes, deadbolts and locks tight . . .

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The next few Pages are

My Personal Suggestions to

Save you some Time . . .



Zatanna Dark

FINAL BONDAGE THERAPY

TORTURE, TEASE OR SPANKINGS, YES PLEASE!



Zatanna Dark

RED LIGHT BLUE LIGHT

SOME GAMES YOU NEVER GROW OUT OF

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

Love Zatanna



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