



**Zatanna Dark**

**FINAL BONDAGE THERAPY**

TORTURE, TEASE OR SPANKINGS, YES PLEASE!



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## SENSORY DEPRIVATION . . .

It was only to be two hours . . . but I've been helplessly bound like this way longer . . . I struggle, I pull, I squirm, I make no progress . . . I am unable to get free from my strict bondage.

The earplugs, blindfold and large gag, all covered by a tight spandex hood, is preventing me from hearing, seeing or begging to be released. Even though I'm unable to see . . . my helpless and naked form is spread out for anyone in this room to get a clear view of me.

Bound and unable to turn away or cover my private areas . . . I'm fully on display. I'm on the receiving end of a very one-sided situation.

Suspended spread eagle you'd think it would be painful, but the straps used on my wrists are oddly very comfortable as are the two more used to keep my legs spread apart.

Much of my weight is being supported by the body harness, which is tightly embracing my waist, thighs, and chest area.

Although it has many straps, none of them are covering or protecting my pussy, tits or ass . . . very convenient access for any additional tortures spans or teases coming my way.

My body randomly spasms and jerks as it imagines I'm about to be touched on my extra erect nipples caused by the cool breeze of the air conditioning.

Or a hand or fingers are about to slide easily inside my dripping wet pussy. Or my now sticking out further due to the straps just under and above my buttocks, is about to feel the sting of a bare handed spanking . . . I'm so f'n close to an orgasm it's driving me crazy as I instinctively start to dry hump the cool air with my hips.

With such a tight gag I can't call or beg for help much less even make any sounds at all. The earplugs have put me into a world of my own where I can't tell if I'm alone or surrounded by people watching me struggle.

The addition of the blindfold and hood has taken away all sense of time. A blindfold alone, you can still see light or dark out of the edges . . . not once a hood is added over the top . . . you can't see anything, no light, no dark, no nothing.

This combination of helplessness takes away me wasting any time trying to call for help . . . now, it's 100% of my attention towards the pleasures my body is experiencing and nothing else.

With the loss of all my other senses, the feelings of the cool air and sensing each drop of sweat as it travels downward are heightened. When I'm lucky, I swear some of the larger drops traveling down the front of my pussy, slowly across my swollen cliterous, feeling like the ever so soft touch of her finger . . .

Biting down hard on my gag as I shake from the cold of being naked and

covered in sweat as I continue to jerk and spasm bringing myself ever closer to cumming . . . it's hard to believe . . . but much more of these thoughts in my head, it may even happen without being touched . . . I didn't think this was possible . . . if it is I need to try . . . PLEASE! I NEED TO CUM! . . .

## THERAPY . . .

I just needed to Relax! Even if it was for only a few minutes. I just needed to Relax! I'm stressed even just saying that. Being a Woman fresh out of College and trying to succeed, the pressures are everywhere.

You see all the ads for Special Diets, New Workout Routines, Vitamins, Healthy Living, On and On and On and On! The number one cause of Damage to our Bodies isn't physical . . . it's Mental.

Not Crazy Mental, which is a Huge Misconception about Therapy. It's Stress Mental, more often then not, self-induced Stress about Everything.

Stress and emotions are fully capable of causing your body real and persistent pain. A simple term for it is MindBody Disorder.

Professionals use the more technical term for it is Psychophysiologic Disorder, PPD.

No matter what you call it, I, like millions of others have it and after 2020, it's Worse Then Ever! I mean the Stress we deal with on a Daily basis can take down the best of us. Well then you add on top of it the Dumpster Fire that was last year and your Stress Levels Skyrocketed!

As much as the Pain is Real and very very Physical, treating the Physical Pain just doesn't cut it. Massage, chiropractic, acupuncture, getting drunk off your ass



. . . ok, temporary, very temporary breaks, but the MindBody Freakout comes right back.

The Only Real Answer is to Treat the Mind to Treat your Body. This is what led me Catherine, Counselor Cathy . . . or once you're in Session, she lets you just call her Cat.

The Counselors all start out with General Practice skillsets, but quickly branch off into their own Specialties. Cat's Specialty was Psychophysiologic Disorder . . . that MindBody Disorder thing I mentioned earlier.

I'm going to do my own abbreviation and just call it MBD. Interesting enough, MBD is also a shortened version of the phrase 'Man Bites Dog' used in journalism. It's a way of describing an unusual or infrequent event. That pretty much fits for the direction Cat takes my Therapy Sessions.

Let me take a few moments to better describe Counselor Cathy or Cat to you. Take the Hottest School Teacher you ever had. Then add in the Smartest, equally Hot Librarian you've seen. Lastly, that Younger Cross-Fit Instructor and picture those three having a Love-Child and you're almost have the image of Cat.

I'd say turn that Hotness knob up another 10 degrees and you'll have it. Her skin is just silky smooth . . . she could or should be doing ads for skincare, cause it's just perfect. Her lips are just the right amount of pouty.

Not that over the top collagen injected fake lip look. Never understood how looking like a Bee just bit your lip is meant to make a Woman look Sexy . . . cause it doesn't.

Cat has long straight Jet-Black silky hair that makes it down to the middle of her back. So glad it's not tied uptight into a stern bun . . . she's more relaxed and just lets it flow down her back and just to the top of where the curve of her nice little ass starts.

Every time I see her she always gives me the motion to walk ahead to her Office, but I'm extra polite. I always insist she goes first . . . so I can take in as many minutes of that view that never gets old.

Just wish the trip from the Lobby to her Office was a lot longer . . . or better yet, if I had to follow her up a flight or two of stairs . . . that would be nice.

As far as her outfits go, she must shop in a special Section of the Store. Most stores have Casual, Business, Business Casual, Funeral, Wedding, Etc. Somehow she located the Business Sexy Department, because there's no other Section you'd find these outfits.

Always a very tight and very short black skirt . . . yet somehow, still kinda Professional? . . . Maybe ish? Then she has on a white, button down fancier than normal blouse.

Today, over the top of the blouse she has on a black silky corset with some bling on the front . . . Ok, maybe not Professional . . . but I like how it pushes her bosoms up just the right amount.

Lastly and most important are the Glasses. Where Clark Kent uses his glasses to

hide his identity . . . Cat is totally working her Glasses to accentuate her identity and Hotness to the next level.

Honestly, I kind of question if she truly needs those Glasses or wears them knowing the affect they have on others?

## IN SESSION . . .

Counselor Cat had a Private Practice she ran out of her older Victorian Style house. It was blue with white accents and had a wrap around porch. Front door was her residence and if you follow the porch around the side, it's the entrance to her Practice.

It was at the end of an almost quarter mile lone winding driveway, so it was very private and very relaxing. First time there I thought I was at the wrong place . . . until I saw the sign and arrow pointing to the entrance.

Natalie, Her receptionist almost seemed like she was Cat's Hotness Apprentice . . . She also had a body that wouldn't quit, shoulder length red hair and also had those bigger sexy glasses . . . just not as big as Cat's.

Oh, and before you ask, Yes, once you get to know her you can just call her Nat . . . so it's Nat and Cat. Natalie told me how a few years back she had extreme pains due to stress. Cat was the only one whose unique treatment worked. After her 6th Session, she ended up getting hired by Cat and has been working there ever since.

Her favorite parts are for some Cases, she gets to sit in and or help with the Sessions . . . with the Client's permission of course. Personally, she can have my permission right now. If it allows me more time to feast on the Eye Candy that is Nat, I'm all in.

Sitting in Cat's Office ready to start my second Session. The first Session was all about introductions, my challenges, things I've tried and failed, my hopes, and my dreams.

Cat spent a good amount of time with some vague comments about her techniques she feels will work for my special more extreme case. Today I learn more because I've agreed to whatever techniques she wants to try. I mean, sounds like it worked on Nat . . . Right?

Even though I signed off, Cat was doing one more check. "So you Fully Trust Me and the techniques I'm about to use to help you relax?" I tell her, "Yes, whatever you want."

Cat says, "Good, now hold your arms out with your wrists together in front of you." She pulls open a drawer to the end table and brings out a black nylon rope and starts to wrap it around my wrists. Guess my first thought should of been 'Hey! Why are you tying me up?' but instead it was 'Cat has really nice cleavage'

Four times around both wrists in perfect little rows, then three times around the ropes between my wrists. She had me hold them up a little so she can tightly knot the ropes on the underside.

Not only a very clean and uniform look, but with the knot on the underside it's almost impossible to try and undo with my teeth. "I feel taking extra time to not only make the rope snug, but also look good is a complement to you. Now how does that rope make you feel?"

I thought about it a bit, "First off, I liked having your attention on me while you

took the time to tie me. Also, trust is a big deal with me . . . this I guess proves how much I trust you to help me Cat."

Cat asks me another question, "I know that only took me a couple of minutes . . . but while I was tying your wrists . . . were you thinking or worrying about anything else?" I wasn't going to answer 'Yeah, your breasts' cause I can't be in a room with Cat without thinking about one or more of her body parts . . . but she was right, "Actually, for those few minutes I was relaxed and unburdened some."

She left my wrists tied as we just spoke the rest of this Session. A couple of times I tried to see if I could get loose, and amazingly, even with my hands in front of me, these might as well of been handcuffs. Cat started getting technical and confusing, but I think I understood.

She said something like, "Normally Doctor's will Treat your Body Pains, but not the cause of your Pains. I know your Pains are caused by the Stress in your Mind. The Techniques I use may seem odd, but I Treat your Body so it can Calm or eliminate the Stress in your Mind . . . in turn, your Calmed mind stops causing your Body Pains." If it means Cat wants to tie me up more, I'm in!

Cat starts to untie my wrists as slowly and meticulously as she tied them up and says, "Our next Session isn't scheduled until a week away . . . but I feel we need to get together sooner . . . I have an opening for a 'Special Session' at 3:00 on Friday if you can make it . . . "

Immediately I blurt out, "Yes!" . . . "Now before you answer, due to some of the steps we'll be doing it needs to be a two hour Session . . . " Again, blurting, "Yes!" . . .

"I wasn't done yet, we may need to work on your interrupting problem when time allows . . . even though it's two hours, I only charge for one hour because 60 minutes of the time is for individual meditation." Cat finishes . . . I wait a little to make sure she's done this time before I, for a third time say, "Yes."

Back in my car I notice I'm a little hornier then normal after seeing Cat . . . the physical contact . . . the allowing me to tie my wrists . . . the extra nice extra long view of her cleavage . . . really need to visit my rabbit vibrator the minute I get home . . .

## SPECIAL SESSION . . .

Been sitting in waiting area for over half and hour. Got here extra early because I've been unable to think about anything but this Special Session with Cat since she mentioned it yesterday.

Feel like a little Kid waiting for Christmas Morning . . . I'm sure the Victoria's Secret Pajamas I'm wearing is adding to that Xmas Morning feeling. These aren't naughty PJ's, although I wouldn't mind wearing those with Cat.

They're your Extra Comfy and soft ones for lounging around at home. Still more form fitting than loose, but if Cat is going to tie me up more, don't want loose fitting PJ's to get in the way. She did tell me to dress as comfortable as possible . . . and well . . . her I am.

Nat breaks the silence, "So, all ready for your first two hour Special Session?" I reply, "Yeah, I think so . . . am just worried I may mess up . . . make a mistake or something . . . kinda have butterflies in my stomach."

Nat comforts me with, "The butterflies are normal . . . in fact, it's showing how your thoughts directly affect your physical . . . it's a good sign."

Also, don't worry too much about making a mistake . . . once your Special Session gets going . . . you won't really be able to do anything wrong." Well, that, yeah that just made my butterflies in my stomach switch to a tingle in my pussy.



"I see you took the Dress as Comfortable as Possible instruction to heart . . . are those little question marks all over your PJ's . . . the Mystery of what is Victoria Hiding from us?"

Of course Cat knows these PJ's, she seems much more a Victoria Secret Girl then a Fredericks of Hollywood Girl . . . By the way, I was totally wrong about that assumption as I learn more about her. Smiling I say, "You said comfy." Cat replies, "That I did . . . let's get started."

This one time I jump the gun and decide to walk ahead of Cat towards her Office and she stops me, "Did I say to go that way? It's going to be a different room today."

Stopping in my tracks, I wait for instruction . . . already messed up. It's odd how random comments Cat will make are almost like scolding me . . . like I'm a Naughty Girl or something . . . odder yet . . . I kind of like it and wonder what would happen if I did something really Naughty? Really want to find out . . .

Cat goes down a different longer hall as I follow her . . . got my wish of that longer trip so I could watch her ass in that tight black skirt that much more. The door to this different room looked just like her Office door . . . with one difference . . . this one was locked.

She pulled a key out of a small pocket in her tightly laced on corset and unlocked the door. My mouth dropped open as the door swung open . . .

It was seriously like the Red Room in 50 Shades, except everything was in Shades of Blue and Black. I've never seen so much Blue Leather in my life! The assortment of different pieces of leather-covered furniture was insane . . . in a good way.

Hard to tell how a person would even position themselves on some of them, but could tell, once you did, you'd be helpless. I let out a very positive, "Wow!" Cat replies, "Thank you . . . I take a lot of Pride in my Rooms . . . like to start here because the Blue is very calming." Rooms? Did she just say Rooms? Double Wow!

She had me sit on a Blue Leather Covered chair with a black metal frame. It had a straight up high back with lots of places to tie to. Cat then had me put my arms at my sides, which was right in line with the uprights to the back of the chair.

She looks at me and calmly asks, "So do you trust me?" I nod 'Yes'. "Good . . . now lets help you to relax." Says Cat before she starts the long slow process of tying me up.

Yes, sometimes you see in a Movie where someone get's tied up in a few minutes . . . but that's just sloppy and odds are they could get free if they tried.

Just the opposite with Cat as she takes the same amount of time and level of caring as she did the first time she tied my wrists together. Like Cat said before, taking time to tie someone up is a complement . . . based on that . . . she's being very complimentary to me right now.

She tied my wrists to the sides of the back of the chair, then more ropes at

middle of my forearms, then elbows and lastly biceps. Between my two arms she used a total of four ropes and I'm already very helpless and breathing harder by the minute. The butterflies in my stomach have grown along with other urges the more she ties me.

Cat checks to make sure I'm doing ok and it's ok she continues. I nod wanting more of her attention no matter what she's doing to me. She rests both of her hands onto my knees and helps to spread them apart until each knee is at the corners of the seat.

The tingle in my pussy just increased a ton as I wait for her to add more ropes. Adding ropes above my knees holding my legs apart, then just below my knees, middle of my calves and last set on my ankles.

Now comes some longer ropes across my lap, at my waist and just below and above my breasts. I'm not going anywhere. I check my bondage and am stuck until Cat sets me free.

Squirming around as I slowly grow wetter by my situation and the attention from Cat. Breathing even heavier as I lick my dry lips. Giving me one more double check, "Are you doing ok?" . . . Taking in what has happened and testing my bonds one more time . . . I look at Cat and say, "Yes."

She looks at her watch and says, "See you in 60 minutes . . . I'm right through that door if you need me, just call out." As she leaves I get a few more seconds of my favorite view as her tight black mini-skirt covered ass teases me on her way out.

## MEDITATION . . .

Cat didn't specifically say it, but this must be my one-hour of Meditation . . . I've Meditated before . . . but was always given like an assignment. Think about this or think about that or clear you mind or or or . . . no guidance this time.

All I can think about my current predicament . . . how I allowed an unbelievably sexy Woman to tie me up in a room in her house far away from others . . . if I want free all I need to do is call out to her . . . and if I really got nervous or in trouble I could scream and I bet Nat could hear me.

I can't physically free myself cause Cat is just way too good at tying me and pretty sure, many others, and making us helpless. When I think about being helpless, nothing else in the world matters . . . because there's nothing I can do about it even if I wanted . . .

I'm helpless . . . but then the possible ways to freedom like calling to Cat or screaming for Nat keeps breaking into my mind . . . reminding me . . . I'm really not completely helpless . . .

Completely helpless or not, one thing is for sure . . . I should of brought my rabbit vibrator with because I'm going to need to finish myself off long before I can drive home . . . may have to go old school . . .

Find a place to pull over and just use my hand and fingers until I cum . . . it's not going to take too long . . . all I need to do is think about Cat . . .

Trying as hard as possible to rub my pussy against the leather seat . . . knowing well that my crotch will be quite wet when Cat sets me free . . . I could blame it on sweat, but don't think there's any fooling her.

The tight ropes all over my body are like a constant reassuring embrace . . . and I like it. Again, I almost cut it short by calling to Cat . . . and if she didn't show up . . .

I can always fall back on screaming to Nat . . . these thoughts keep popping up and taking away the idea of being helpless . . . need to bring this up to Cat. Am sure she has fixes for these and other concerns.

The door opens and Cat walks in to find me just as she left me. Pulling up a chair in front of me, acting as if I wasn't tied helplessly tied to my chair. "How do you feel?" was her first question.

I held back on my first and most constant thought of needing to rub myself to orgasm as soon as possible. I explain everything else about my Session with Cat starting with the good parts.

"During the moments in time I felt helpless, it was actually very pleasant and comforting . . . as if nothing else mattered because there was nothing I could do about it . . . I'm tied up . . . so I would relax."

Cat, such a good listener, almost like it's her job or something, asks, "And what about the other moments? I'm looking for feedback and suggestions to make you

relax the whole time."

I explain, "Like I said, the moments I felt helpless were the best. But then I realized, I wasn't actually helpless . . . all I needed to do was call out to you and you'd come and release me.

If you didn't come, I could yell and I'm sure Natalie would come and help. My mind would travel to other concerns like a project I have to complete for work, cleaning my apartment, getting my car maintenance done and more.

I would glance at the clock and start to figure out what time we'd be done here, my driving time home and what else I can get done before going to sleep. Let's just say, I wasn't at all relaxed during those moments.

The whole time I was talking Cat was removing the ropes from my bondage and I was completely free of the chair by the time I was done talking. They come off much faster then they go on. She then held both of my hands and helped me stand up as the wet spot on the crotch of my PJ's becomes very visible.

I quickly mention, "Oh, yeah, and I ended up getting real sweaty." Cat didn't even flinch at the visual or my comment as we walked out of the room together.

We went back to Cat's regular office for a 15-minute summary. I discussed in greater detail the pluses and minuses of the Session before Cat jumped back in. "I have another Session in a few minutes, so here's my suggestions.

A two hour block has opened up on Saturday . . . Natalie won't be working . . . so it'll be just the two of us if that's ok with you? Have you ever heard of a Sensory Deprivation Tank?" I nodded, 'Yes' "Well, I don't have one of those here, but I incorporate the same concepts of it into my Special Sessions to prevent your Mind from wondering places we don't want it to go. Lastly, I have several thoughts on how we can also take care of your little sweating problem."

Having answered Cat with a big "YES!" before she finished . . . Having caught myself too late and realizing I just interrupted her a third time now . . . both Cat and I had been keeping track . . . I know this because Cat gave me a very stern look and said, "That's a third time now . . . we'll be working on that also during your next Session."

OMG! Just had a flashback of getting spanked with a ruler across my ass by my Teacher in front of the Class . . . she wasn't young or hot like Cat . . . not even close. She was way past retirement and was released by the School after someone finally reported her for her Old School Correction techniques.

I apologized to Cat before leaving for the interruption and Cat calmly said, "Sometimes when your Naughty, it takes more then an apology to make up for it." Walking to my car I can't stop thinking she's going to give me a spanking on Saturday . . . I rub my hand across my ass and re-imagine that spanking with the ruler from School . . . mixing my memory of it up and for the better.

I'm in an all Girls School in one of those short skirts . . . bent over the Teacher's desk . . . this time the Teacher is Cat who's smacking the ruler against her hand as she get's closer to her target. The rest of the Class is silent and watching as their Teacher closes in on her prey.

Once within distance, she uses the tip of the ruler to casually flick the bottom

edge of my skirt up onto my back fully exposing my white cotton underwear.

Holding tightly onto the two edges of her desk as I bit my lip waiting for it to start. Miss Cat says in a very calm, does this all the time, kind of voice, says, "Now count out loud." {WHACK!} "One!" {WHACK!} "Two!" {WHACK!} "Three!" {WHACK!} "Four!" {WHACK!} "Five!"

Getting harder to count as the tears have already formed from the pain . . . for some reason I change to being tippy toed so my ass is raised higher . . . bringing a "Gasp!" from some of the other Girls. They've seen this before and know exactly how Miss Cat will react.

Without missing a beat, Miss Cat yanks my underwear down and continues my punishment that just increased two fold. {WHACK!!!} "Six!" {WHACK!!!} "Seven!" {WHACK!!!} "Eight!" {WHACK!!!} "Nine!" {WHACK!!!}

Fully out of breath I quietly grunt out "Ten". With my punishment over I take a moment to get in a full breath and a sigh of relief. Just as Miss Cat breaks the traditional "Ruler spanking" rules and hits my already red ass with a series of ten more very fast and very hard spansks as I scream out loud as I experience one of the more intense orgasms in my life!

One hand pinching my nipple as my other hand is way down the front of my wet PJ's and finger fucking my pussy hard and fast. Finally unable to cum more and out of breath, I open my eyes back up . . . laying down in the passenger side of my car with the seat tipped all the way back and one leg up on my dashboard.

Finally sitting back up and looking out the passenger window to see I'm still in



my parking spot at Cat's house. OMG! I just couldn't wait; I was so fucking horny it was driving me crazy!

Finally turning back to my left to slide into the Driver's seat, I scream a little as I see Natalie quietly looking into my Driver's side window.

Embarrassed, I very slowly roll down the window. Before I could try to explain what just happened, Natalie ends her silence, "It's ok, I've been working for her for over three years and she still has that same affect on me every single day . . . Have a Great Weekend!" and she leaves . . . Wow! My first time enjoying the view, of Natalie's fine ass, as she heads to her car.

Today she was wearing skintight leggings so every inch of its shape was easy to see. Licking my dry lips as I lightly massage my clit to a couple more spasms before I head home also.

Had a hell of a time trying to finally fall asleep . . . couldn't stop thinking about tomorrow . . . being alone with Cat . . . trying that Sensory Deprivation thing . . . and a possible punishment . . . my only cure to my insomnia was to masturbate myself to sleep . . .

## PUNISHMENT TIME . . .

Everything and more that Cat said about my first Sensory Deprivation Session was true . . . except for my sweating problem . . . it was still happening even after she turned up the air conditioning. But she was right that I couldn't get my clothing sweaty if I wasn't wearing any.

I would have gladly got naked for her had she just asked me for no reason, but I guess the concern for my wardrobe seemed more Professional at the time. Either way, it helped to get me spread eagle, naked and fully at her mercy . . . which I'm still craving, hoping she doesn't give me any.

No idea how long I've been tied like this with the gag, blindfold, earplugs and hood in place . . . odd how the only part of my body covered is my head, and other than the body harness and straps on my wrists and ankles, everything else is naked.

Continually right on the edge of cumming for what feels like all of Saturday. Still randomly humping the cool air, pushing my ass out as if it's about to be spanked and enjoying the even larger drips of sweat that are rolling down my stomach and off my cliterous way more often.

There's almost a rhythm to them, but still never enough to push me over that edge I need so badly. Is Cat even in the room with me? Are my naked struggles a show that's causing her to masturbate in the corner watching me? Is she slowly circling my suspended in a spread eagle position body? Are her hands just inches from my heaving breasts and erect nipples?

Is she catching the drips of sweat falling off my clit in her hand so when it's wet enough she can push her fingers deep inside of me? Is she behind me about to administer the punishment she promised me . . . the punishment I deserve? Maybe I should of been even Naughtier so she'd punish me harder?

Imagining her fingers lightly touching, caressing my naked ass as eventually I can feel her fully open hand resting and touching my naked butt . . . {SMACK!} as the first spank comes hard, fast and unexpected, I very quickly realize, I'm not imagining this.

She's actually doing it! Cat is actually fucking spanking my naked ass with her bare hand and there's absolutely nothing I can do to stop her . . . and I Love It!!!!

The initial spanks are very slow . . . a lot of time between them causing my head to jerk around like I'm actually going to be able to see her or hear it before it comes again. {SMACK!} She's alternating between my left and right cheek as they both begin to warm up.

{SMACK!} It only takes around a half dozen spanks before the sting of her hand, becomes a tingle of pleasure a second later in my pussy. Biting down on my gag again in a good way as my whole body jerks and spasms . . . even when I'm not being spanked . . . every muscle in my body tightens as I get closer to finally passing the edge I've been on all day.

{SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} . . . . . {SMACK!} . {SMACK!} . . . . . {SMACK!} There's no pattern, no rhythm to the spanks and it's making me even hotter . . . there's no way to mentally prepare for the next {SMACK!} because there's {SMACK!} no way to tell.

Still just on the edge I start to swing my hips back and forth hoping it will make the difference {SMACK!} but it doesn't {SMACK!} until Cat decides I'm no longer a Naughty Girl {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} and deserve a Lollipop or a Sucker like you get at the Dentist as a Kid {SMACK!} . . .

Well, a Sucker is what I got and couldn't be further from the kind I used to get at the Dentist Office. Cat must of been standing or sitting with her head in front of my begging pussy . . . no idea how high up I was suspended because of my blindfold and hood.

Her hands stopped spanking and firmly grabbed each of my cheeks as she pulled my hips and pussy hard against her open mouth. Her lips forming an airtight seal around my swollen clit as she sucked hard on it causing it to push out and swell up further.

Her tongue flicking back and forth and pushing on my cliterous as I spasm into the most intense orgasm in my life as I scream into my gag,  
"MMMMFFPPFHFFFMFFFFF!!!!!"

The harder my body shakes and spasms the harder her hands push on my ass holding my pussy even tighter against Cat's mouth. I've never experienced anything even remotely like this feeling right now! . . . My body and Mind is more Stress Free then it's ever been!

I swear I'm floating and the only human contact I'm having is Cat's hands and wet pouty lips on my cunt! Pure Bliss, Heaven, Utopia . . . what ever you call this feeling I don't want it to ever stop! . . . But stop it did . . . at least the

physical part of it . . . the Mental State of Relaxation continued for Days after . . .

I was lowered down to the floor and unstrapped. My hood, blindfold and gag were removed and I pulled out the earplugs. Cat says, "Our two hours are up." WTF?!?!?! I question, "What do you mean two hours? . . . I've been helpless all day?"

Cat replies with a smile, "It's still morning . . . that's what Sensory Deprivation will do to you . . . you lose all sense of time." I was amazed by this, completely amazed, and asked, "So if someone was ever left like that for a whole day, say 24 hours . . . ?"

Cat replies, "I really don't know for sure what it would feel like." Now my mind is really spinning.

Wanting like crazy to kiss Cat or thank her for what she did with her mouth . . . the most amazing thing I've ever felt another Woman do with her mouth . . . she knows what she did and I choose to not bring it up. The spanking though, I needed to poke that with a stick some.

"So are we even now on my interruption problem?" Asking as I step back into my PJ's, my nice, warm and dry PJ's, thank you very much. Cat says, "Yes, I think that made up for it . . . hopefully you learned your lesson."

Not done with that stick yet, I test the waters further, "If I didn't learn and mess up again, do I get another spanking?" Cat shakes her head and says, "No" which at first made me sad . . . until she finished her answer, "If an old fashioned bare hand spanking isn't enough to teach you to behave . . . we'll need to upgrade to

the leather paddle, cat-o-nine tails or a riding crop . . .

I even have a collection of very thin rods for an extreme case . . . but rarely ever need to use those . . . someone would need to miss-behave and make me mad on purpose to feel that level of pain."

Ok, I really really need to get back out to my passenger seat of my car again before I start finger fucking myself in front of Cat . . . unless maybe she considers that being Naughty? . . .

Maybe I should just go for it right now and see . . . Cat says, "Your next Scheduled Session isn't until next Friday at 3:00 . . . last session of the week." OMG! A week away before I get to enjoy Cat and her Sessions again! This is going to be a very long week.

## PIT STOP . . .

I go to the front desk where Cat said Natalie has left me some brochures explaining more about Sensory Deprivation and it's Benefits. Along with a reminder card for my next Session. Cat said the more I understand Sensory Deprivation, how and why it works to Relax a person the better my Sessions will be.

Not sure how a Session could be better then the one I just had, but I'm willing to try. Once to my car I can't stop thinking about the pleasure and pain I just experienced at the hands of Cat . . . but I held off as long as I could before making myself cum again.

Driving to the nearest Gas Station and Self Car Wash, I pull up to the Self Wash and pick the most expensive wash they had. Not because my car was extra dirty . . . heck, my car didn't even need a wash.

I just needed a private place close to lunchtime I could get myself to cum and cum soon! The longest wash was close to ten minutes and I was much closer then that to another orgasm, so \$12 it is . . .

My windows were closed but I was still getting very wet inside my car as I lean the seat back, pull my shirt up to caress and pinch the nipples of my fully exposed breasts as my other hand takes care of my lower business . . . as the car wash unit moves back and forth the length of my car, pausing between each pass.

My windows going from clear as day to covered in those six different colors of suds that smell like bubblegum through the vents of the car. I always turn the vent on full to enjoy that smell.

Clear windows, wax covered windows, clear windows . . . as I arch my back and scream loudly as I cum hard . . . the sound of the water spraying hard against my car drowning it out from anyone waiting outside.

As expected, I finish before the wash is done and slowly pull out so I get every second of the blow dry I paid for . . . no idea why I do that? . . . My car is going to dry as soon as I get moving.

Not eating since breakfast, struggling in bondage for two hours and now my little bonus Pit Stop orgasm, I'm starving and can't wait to eat at home. These places always have a ton of food so I head inside.

I'm not as hot and sexy as Cat, but I do get that random un-initiated attention from strange guys . . . if only they knew I'm totally into Woman . . . ok, bad example . . . I'd most likely get even more attention from them.

This was very different though . . . there wasn't a guy in the Store who wasn't staring at me, whispering to other guys and pointing at me. Ok . . . a bunch of extra lonely guys. I head to the Hot Case and grab a couple of Foot longs because of how hungry I was.

Then a Biggie Soda and off to the counter as the stares and whisper continue. My God Guys! Just go beat off somewhere already!



Putting the stuff on the counter I look up to see a larger TV monitor showing live images of the Car that was behind me earlier, now getting washed. The screen was split into four sections.

Top left, a wide view inside the wash of the front of the Car. Top right section, you could see the wide view inside the wash of the back of the Car. Bottom left corner, you can see a side view of the Car and Driver.

Lastly, bottom right corner, where I was the Star just a few minutes earlier . . . an angled downward, crystal clear view, right into her windshield. Whenever it wasn't covered in Suds, You could clearly see the Woman Driver from her head to her waist . . . Oh Fuck!

A guy behind me in line slaps a ten on the counter and says to the Employee, "I got her covered." Then turns to me and says, "Nice Show" before he leaves. The Employee grabs the ten and gives me a wink as he rings me up and gives me the change.

I drop the buck and some change into a donation box on the counter for "Save the Salmon" or something and quickly headed out as the rest of the guys give me a standing ovation.

The Employee behind the counter, still trying extra hard to sell me some discounted Car Wash Tickets as I was leaving . . . even screaming something about them being Free as the door closed behind me.

## WAITING . . .

After experiencing a Session with Cat, I couldn't wait 5 minutes before masturbating in my Car right in her parking lot. More recently I did have enough self-control to at least drive a few minutes to the nearest Car Wash before doing my Free Show for the Guys in the Store.

But a week?!?!? I need to wait a week?!?!? Really don't think I can wait a week. Other than my constant urges to spend more time with Cat, nothing else was bothering me . . . at all. Never had a day much less three days now that were Stress Free.

Now mind you . . . I'm not saying nothing that would normally cause me stress has happened. Just as many Stressful things as any other week have popped up . . . they just haven't bothered me and that was Fantastic!

That two hour Special Session, as Cat likes to call it, did wonders for me in so many different ways. The thought of another Session at 3:00 on Friday is just keeping me going . . . that was until Wednesday afternoon when I was starting to become my all Stressed out Self again.

Getting home I grab the packet of stuff on Sensory Deprivation that Natalie, or Nat left for me on the Front Desk counter. As I lift to read the brochure, my Appointment Reminder card slides off and lands face down. On the back of the Reminder card I noticed something was hand written on it.

There was a phone number and below it was in big bold all caps, [LET'S PLAY!] Below that it said, Natalie. Noticing I was starting to chew my nails again . . . I stopped myself and called the number.

Nat didn't live too far from me and asked me if I'd like to come over and play some 'Games' . . . maybe she's also into PlayStation or a bit of a Geek like me and into Board Games. This time, I'm really hoping it's some type of Bondage Game . . .

I need to be helpless again, more often and longer then before . . . I need my fix, my stress relief. Yeah, in case you couldn't tell, I told her "Yes" and offered to pick up some Hard Lemonade on the way.

As I enter her Apartment I immediately can tell she's very much as much of a Geek as I am. Her Playstation is front and center on her coffee table in front of her Flat Screen.

On the shelf above the Flat Screen a collection of Wonder Woman, Harley Quinn, Cat Woman and Lady Dead Pool Figures. All in very Sexy and Powerful Poses. Under the Flat Screen, a big collection of games stacked up, headsets, VR and more.

Pretty nice setup . . . so I say, "We're gonna do PlayStation?" Nat replies back, "I hope not . . . really thought you and I could try some tie up Games . . . if you wanted to?"

Nat admits to me again how her Sessions with Cat aroused her to no end. How every day being around Cat affects her, making her crave more Sessions. She

knows what it did to me and was hoping we could share that with each other.

We were already each on our second Hard Lemonade so the conversation continued very freely. I told Nat, "I really like the idea of getting tied up again, but it's very obvious that we both want, need to be the helpless ones . . . so how would we decide who's helpless and who's doing the tying up?"

She smiles and holds up like a half dozen odd looking locks and says, "Self Timing Locks . . . we both get to be the helpless one . . . but we get to do it together." I give her a big hug and a wet with Hard Lemonade kiss.

"I knew I liked you Nat . . . so how does this work?" Nat took the next 15 or more minutes explaining how she's become totally into Self Bondage, but hasn't told anyone or tried it with anyone else . . . until today. She decided after catching me in my car after my Session, that she wanted to try it with me.

Once explaining everything to me, she opened up a hope chest in her bedroom and it was full of all kinds of bondage items. She looks at me and says, "Yes, it's a hope chest . . . a chest full of items I hope my future lover will use on me."

We both needed locking wrist cuffs for the Self Timing Locks to be used on. Other than that, it was free rain for what ever else we decided to tie our selves with. We did agree we should both be blindfolded, but no gags so our mouths are free for whatever is needed.

Going with Counselor Cat's idea of not getting clothing all sweaty, we both stripped naked before starting our bondages. It was hard to not want to make love to Nat right then and there . . . but we both needed our Stress relief first.

We each had our stuff lined up and Nat went back to the chest one more time and pulled out a leather paddle and put it on the top of the chest.

I look curious at it and Nat explains, "It's the anticipation of getting spanked that is the best . . . way better than the spanking itself some times. If you trust me, I have a way we can both fantasize we're the one who'll be getting spanked."

## SELF-BONDAGE . . . TOGETHER . . .

Lying face-to-face, naked and helpless on Nat's bed, the butterflies in my stomach growing as the tingles in my pussy emerge. Even though we were together, other than setting the timers on the locks, we individually tied, strapped, blindfolded and locked ourselves.

I have four hard leather straps on my wrists and ankles. Each of these has been individually locked on and the keys are in the kitchen, so until I'm totally free, these aren't coming off. I went with a leather collar that looked cool and then a locking leather blindfold harness type of thing . . . again, the keys in the kitchen.

I added a wide leather strap around my waist with a metal ring at the small of my back. I wanted my arms extra helpless so I'd be locking my wrists to it. Picking from the six Self Timer Locks Nat had in a box, I used one on my ankles, one between my wrists and the last one to hold my wrists against the small of my back. That last one was extra hard to do, but I found a way.

Nat was pretty much in the same helpless position as myself with a few differences. She didn't add a collar . . . she went with a harness that crisscrossed her breasts and strapped snugly in place, forcing them out further.

Her wrist and ankle cuffs were locking just like mine, but she went with the fur-lined ones . . . guess because she already knew what I was going to learn about the marks the ones I chose will be leaving on me.

She didn't go with the waist strap . . . she chose to add two more wide locking straps above her knees and used her third Self Timer Lock there. So her ankles, wrists and knees were all locked together. Her blindfold was much more padded and had a hole for her nose to go through. This prevented the blindfold from slipping off.

Other than the heavy breathing we're both doing due to the struggles of making ourselves helpless and the fact that our naked bodies and breasts are about a foot apart, we lay silent for a few moments taking in what we just did.

Then, I realized I never asked Nat how long she set the Timers for? Finally I ask, "Nat, so how long did you set the Timers for?" Can't see her, but could sense she's smiling and proud of herself as she responds, "That's the best part! . . . Each timer is set a half hour apart . . . the first one will open at three hours . . . then every half hour another one will open until we're both free."

OMG! We're like this for at least three hours and likely much longer depending on the order they open. I ask, "So which lock will be opening first?" Nat, again, proud of herself says, "I have no idea . . . I mixed them up in box before we locked them on."

The tingle in my pussy just intensified. Doing the math quick in my head, I explain to Nat, "If the longest two ended up on our wrists, we could be helpless for five or more hours!"

Nat replies by giving me a kiss, totally missing my mouth because we can't see each other. Then she quietly says, "I know . . . and I wouldn't want to spend that time any other way than helpless and naked with you."

Testing my bondage, I'm stuck and very helpless. There's no calling for help because these are timed locks. Unless we had the embarrassment of someone coming to cut them off, we're at the Mercy of Luck or Fate right now . . . and OMG that's f'n exciting.

Nat adds some icing onto our cakes, "Want to know another secret?" I tell her "Yes". Nat continues and switches to a very devious voice, "I hope my arms are free first . . . because if they are . . . I'm going to use that leather paddle on your helpless sexy ass as much as I want . . . and you'll be helpless to stop me."

OMG! She's good! I'm so fucking wet right now and hope she's free first. Only fair I put that same fear into her mind as I respond, "That won't be happening Nat, because my arms will be unlocking first . . . and I will be bending you over the end of the bed and using that paddle on your perfect little ass until it's bright red and burning."

Nat responds, "Well that's going to be hard for you to do because once I'm free first there's handcuffs in my trunk which I'm adding to your bondage before your lock even comes off . . . maybe I'm just going to keep you as my own Slave from now on."

That little twist Nat came up with was a Fantastic Mind Game! We ended up spending the next three hours in an awkward blindfolded, no hands, and sloppy make out session. Every so often our breast would bump and rub together.

Sometimes I'd work my way down to suck, nibble and lightly bite on her Nat's erect nipples. She did the same to me. Then we'd take turns explaining more and more detailed ways to punish whomever was still left locked helpless after the first Timed Lock came off the other's wrists. We had at least three hours, so the details and creativity of the threats went wild.



My favorite threat from Nat was, "Maybe I'll suspend you upside down and naked with your legs wide apart using a spreader bar. Then, I'll tie a dozen long blue candles in all different directions off of the spreader bar between your legs and light them.

The hot wax will be dripping all over the inside of your thighs, onto your helpless pussy and ass as I use a cat-o-nine to whip your breasts." . . . Wow! That one was very well thought out. She even had a nickname for it . . . she called it the 'Candelabra'.

My pussy was so wet by everything we were doing and saying, but with both of us still having our legs locked together, there wasn't much we could do about it. That was until we heard one of the locks let out 5 little beeps and a {CLICK!}.

Quickly we both struggled around to find out what was just set free . . . it was my legs, which I immediately wrapped around Nat and started to grind my wet and aching for release pussy against her.

Realizing what part of my body was just set free, Nat worked to spin herself so she would be facing away from me and get her hands in a better position. She could move like this easier than me since she didn't add the extra lock to a waist belt . . . that is, if I didn't have her lower body in a leg lock.

Nat grunts, "This would be easier if you didn't have your legs locked so tightly around me." I loosened up and she finished her twist as her fingers brushed against my lower stomach. I worked myself up as she worked to slide herself down.

It was a Team effort to make this goal as her fingers finally reached and slid inside of me as I let out a scream of pleasure and spasmed uncontrollably putting my leg lock back in place. I waited so long and it took so much effort to reach this goal, I wasn't letting Nat's fingers slip back out.

As her fingers keep my orgasm going Nat says, "I've decided what I'm going to do with you once my hands get unlocked before yours . . . I'm tying you standing up with your arms behind your back . . . then using a rope on your wrists to the ceiling eyebolt, then pulling it tight so you're bent way over and helpless.

Then I'm putting on my strap on and fucking you hard from behind as I spank your ass till it's red." Ok, she wins! Her wrist-lock really needs to come off before mine!

The next two sets of 5 beeps and {CLICKS!} were more teases than anything else. It was the lock between Nat's ankles and the one holding my wrists to the small of my back. It gave me more mobility, but we were both still helpless.

She still had the one between her knees so I couldn't give her pussy the same attention mine had been getting for a while now. If the next one unlocking is the one between Nat's knees, it will end up being the 5 plus hours for both of us before our wrists are free.

Both of us now breathing very heavy in anticipation of who's wrists are going to be free first . . . neither of us can see her clock, so we have no idea when it's going to happen.

Kind of felt like I was posed and ready to go at one of my track meets . . . just waiting for the sound to go off . . . the 5 beeps started and both of us were already pulling at our wrists even before the click . . . finally the last beep goes off and {CLICK!} I pull and pull and then I feel Nat's arms wrap around me as she kisses my forehead.

Every single one of Nat's threats of what she was going to do to me ran through my head another time . . . any or all of them made my orgasms since my legs were freed that much more intense . . . OMG! What is she going to do to me?!?!

I could hear her removing her blindfold . . . so now, other than her knees still locked together, Nat was good as free. Her hands now all over every part of my body as I ask, "Mistress Nat, what are you going to do with me now that you're in charge?" I feel her a single finger push against both of my lips as she shooshes me.

I could hear her moving on and off the bed . . . making a lot of noise . . . grabbing stuff out of her chest . . . but she hasn't done anything to me yet other than caress me like she's admiring her prize.

Part of me is thinking she better not have been all talk . . . it had to be close to another 30 minutes! . . . so the lock on my wrists could be coming off any second. When we had six locks it was hard to figure out where the beeps were coming from.

Now we're down to only two, so when the beeping starts I'll know . . . and if it's my wrists I'm going to wrestle Nat, tie her back up and punish her for teasing me with fake threats for the last five hours!

{BEEP} Here goes! {BEEP} It's my lock! {BEEP} {CLICK CLICK CLICK  
CLICK} {BEEP} {CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK} {BEEP} {CLICK!} As the  
lock falls off my wrists the coldness of the steel handcuffs on my wrists hit me!

Pulling at my wrists to realize I'm now even more helpless than before! With the  
Timed Locks, freedom would come. Not now, I'm helpless and at Nat's mercy  
for as long as she wants. I start to say, "You BitMMMPFHH!" as the gag is  
stuffed deep into my mouth.

## THREATS VS. PROMISES . . .

Ever since Natalie told me about the Randomness of who may get free first vs. who's going to still be helpless and punished, we'd been giving back and forth threats to each other.

They started out with a simple spanking and have grown to some pretty complex and much more extreme ones. Threats are just Threats used to make others scared, worried or in our cases, real fucking horny!

If Nat didn't follow through on one of her Threats or a different one equally as intense, I'd be pretty let down . . . let's just say, I wasn't let down . . .

In fact, I'm currently being held up by a rope, tied through the rings on my heavy and hard leather wrist straps. That rope is running through a large eyebolt in a beam on her ceiling.

I truly thought she was making that up, but, no, she has that eyebolt as she threatened. Yes, the lock came off between these straps, but not before she slapped on a pair of handcuffs, keeping me her prisoner.

Then she kept my hands behind my back and added this rope, which has forced me into a bent over position.

Nat added a spreader bar between my legs, which I could watch as she locked in

place since she was nice enough to remove my blindfold. Even with my arms pulled up behind my back causing me to bend over, I could still switch to more of an upright position because of how flexible I am.

The second I did this Nat said, "Oh No you don't Little Girl" and she added a rope to the ring on the front of my collar and tied it to the ring at the middle of the spreader bar. She pulled until my back had become parallel with the ground . . . no more standing upright until Nat decides I get to.

She took a moment to cup, hold and caress my breasts as they hung down helpless to avoid what ever she had planned for them. For now, she let them be . . . but I could tell . . . something was up.

So here I am, standing with my legs spread, bent over, naked ass sticking out and arms pulled up in the air above my ass. Gagged and waiting for what was coming next. As I wait, Nat is behind me . . . slides one of her hands between my legs and very slowly slides it all the way from the front to the back of my pussy . . . and I promise you, her hand was far from dry after that move. Nat says, "Pretty sure you're ready for your punishment."

Nat pulls out around a dozen long intense blue candles and sets them on a table near me. She then puts a couple of very extreme looking nipple clamps next to them. Lastly, she puts around a dozen small weights with rings on them next to that.

Nat's creativity is about to shine again as my expense. Wonder if she'd like to be in charge of my Therapy . . . cause she's really good and closer to my apartment.

She lights two of the candles, puts one in each hand and tells me to hold them sideways. I do as she says and hot wax hits my naked ass catching me off guard "MMMPPFFH!" . . . I knew exactly what was going to happen . . . just didn't prepare myself and I dropped both candles.

One bounced off my ass as the other hit the floor directly. Looking to Nat, I see her shaking her head for not holding onto them. She reaches under my chest and again caresses and then pinches my nipples until they're both very erect and very hard.

Then, before they can calm back down, she tightly clamps one nipple clamp onto each one. "MMMMMMFFFFPPH! MMMFFPPBHFF!"

Looking down I see these two clamps are not connected by a chain. They each have their own chain which ends in something that looks like hoop earrings.

She opens each hoop and adds one weight onto each. Now the clamps are not only pinching my nipples hard, they are also pulling on them from the weight. Nat puts her hands on each side of my face and positions it so I'm looking right at her . . . she's got the biggest, 'I'm very proud of myself' smile I've ever seen. Then she says, "You need to hold on to those candles a little better . . . let's try that again."

This time she puts two candles into each of my hands before lighting all four of them. The drips were hitting my ass as the blue wax I'm sure was splashing off in many directions.

Had I still only had two candles, I could have tried to position my arms so the

wax would be missing my naked ass . . . with four candles, that wasn't an option.

I could move my arms one way or another and move my ass a little . . . but never enough to avoid the constant drips of hot wax . . . that I swear was getting hotter. My tiny jerks as each drop hit caused the weighted chains from my nipple clamps to swing and bounce.

Just when I figured I could handle the drips of how wax without dropping any more candles, several wayward larger and very hot drops hit near my asshole and dripped down to my swollen cliterous causing me to jump hard "FFFFMMMFFFKK!!!"

Dropping all four candles at once! Three hit the floor while one still lit landed on my ass. Nat snatched it away before it had a chance to burn my skin. Taking several deep breaths in and out, I knew what this meant, and it was about to get much tougher on me.

Nat holds my face again and this time gives me a big kiss on top of my gag and says, "I'm really having fun! How bout you? Are you having fun also?" I didn't respond, so she slapped my ass hard and went to grab four more weights.

Hey, that's not fair! Thinking to myself until Nat explains the rules. "For every candle dropped, you get one more weight and one more candle to hold . . . you really need to hold onto these better this time."

She adds two more weights to each of my nipples and the pain is growing. That's three weights per nipple! She then positions a total of four candles in each hand.



The eight of them are now fanned out and I'm going to be getting double the hot wax I was last time. If I drop these my nipples will be getting pulled off my breasts from all the weights and the wax, I couldn't even imagine! I hold onto them as tightly as I can as the burning in my chest continues to grow.

Nat quickly lights all eight candles and the drips of hot wax on my ass are now constant . . . the previous drips not even having time to cool as the next drop lands on top of it or right next to it.

My ass is swinging back and forth as it slowly gets more and more covered in the wax. The pain in my chest is getting worse from my small jerks from the wax . . . just as all of this is happening I feel Nat's hands grabbing both sides of my hips as she pushes the tip of a strap on dildo into my wet pussy!

OMG! Her earlier Threat has become a Promise as she forces it deeper inside of me as the hot wax continues to drip all over the small of my back and ass.

Flailing is the only way to describe what my body started to do! The combination of my uncomfortable helpless bent over position, the pinching of my nipples, the weight pulling down and bouncing up and down with my breasts.

The hot wax from eight candles raining down on me as Nat is now fucking me hard from behind as I grunt, scream and moan all at the same time . . . yeah, flailing wildly as my orgasm starts and doesn't stop.

I can hear Nat also letting out little screams of pain, as the wax is no doubt hitting her naked skin also. She grunts hard with each thrust and starts to speed up her motions.

As the combination of pain and pleasure takes over I try with all my might to not drop any more candles . . . I failed horribly as one by one they slip out of my sweat covered hands ending up who knows where. Nat screamed a little louder as the last two dropped from my grasp.

Nat's hands slide from my hips around towards my chest and with one fast motion she unclamps each nipple as the weights hit the floor hard and loud . . . a second later the pain of the blood flowing back into my nipples feels like I was getting pierced!

"MMMMMMFFPPPPHH!!!!!" Had I not had this gag in my mouth I likely would of bit my tongue off. Her hands move back to my hips as she continues to pound my pussy for several more minutes until she slides away and slumps into a nearby chair.

My heavy breathing continued for several more minutes until the room fell silent. Nat finally got up and walked in front of me to release the rope on my collar. Her dildo still strapped on and bouncing a little with every step.

Going to the spot on the wall where she tied off the rope from the eyebolt on the beam, she releases that also allowing me to finally and fully stand up right. As my arms came down they rested on my wax-covered ass causing some of the looser pieces of wax to break free and hit the floor.

Getting my first look at Nat, I see large drips of blue wax all over both of her breasts, shoulders, arms stomach and the front of her thighs. She sees what I see and says, "Yeah, the wax is way hotter when it doesn't fall as far."

Nat must have been enduring some real intense pain so she could give me the hard fuck I needed. She takes off my gag, unlocks my ankles from the spreader bar and lastly releases my wrist from the rope and handcuffs.

Immediately I wrap my arms around her as we both fall onto her couch as I give her the most intense kiss I could muster. Finally I tell her, "Thank You" as we fell asleep together as the sweaty, wax covered hot messes we both were . . .

TGIF! . . .

Finally it's Friday! Thank God! Not only do I finally get to see Counselor Cathy, but I also get to see Natalie in the waiting area . . . for that reason I showed up early again, so I could flirt some with Nat. My appointment was at 3:00, but it was 2:30 as I came through the door all ready to get my Flirt on . . . but sadly . . . no one was at the Front Desk.

I sit and wait for my appointment as I pout a little wishing Nat was here. The experience we had together was unbelievable! Much of it was directly because of her creative mind. Curious as to what other ideas she has in her head and how much more fun we could have again.

Counselor Cat show's up a minute before 3 and says, "Are you ready?" I ask her, "Where's Natalie?" She responds, "You didn't answer my question" in a very stern and serious tone.

Oops! Ok, not starting out too good. "Yes, I'm very ready and have been looking forward to this since last Session." Was just about to ask a second time about Nat, but chose not to. She walks me to a smaller room I've not been in before.

Something makes me think with the size of this Old Victorian home, there's likely a couple dozen more rooms I haven't seen yet . . . not even counting what could be in the basement or attic.

Cat tells me to strip informing me, "We'll be starting your Sensory Deprivation in this room . . . not knowing where I'm taking you or what is going to happen

will add to your helplessness. Remember, the more helpless you are, the more relaxed you'll be able to become."

I know you're thinking right now: That makes no sense. Trust me when I tell you, she's completely accurate. When I thought I could free myself, or call for help, or even give sad puppy dog eyes to get free . . . I still randomly thought about stuff I should take care of, shopping I should do for groceries, house cleaning, paying bills. These are all thoughts that will add to your stress.

But once you fully realize that there's absolutely nothing you can do . . . all of that leaves your mind so you're free of it. Still don't believe me? Try it! But be Safe about it!

Standing again in front of Cat with my clothing off, which is odd, because I've done this so often lately, it's become second nature . . . stripping for people I barely know . . . but somehow trust without question.

She notices the bruising on my wrists from the hard leather cuffs I chose and the hard metal handcuffs I didn't choose and asks me, "What happened to your wrists? . . . and your ankles?" which were also bruised from my fun with Natalie. I lie . . . not only lie, but lie horribly and fumble out an answer like, "Oh, yeah, that's from last time you tied me up . . . took a few days before it showed up . . . I take longer to heal."

She knew I lied and look even more guilty the longer I stand here . . . wish she'd just of put a blindfold or something on my so I don't need to see the look of displeasure on her face right now.

Waiting for the earplugs, gag, blindfold and spandex hood . . . Cat brings out just a leather hood with lots of straps and laces on it. Some areas seem thicker than others. She says, "This combines all the parts of Sensory Deprivation into one very nice, very tight combination."

Looks like the blindfold and gag parts are snapped in place and can be removed if Cat wishes. Turning it around so I can see the inside where it has a larger leather shape that will soon be filling my mouth and not coming out. "Open your mouth wide . . ."

My discomfort from lying to her is instantly gone as the butterflies in my stomach and the start of that ever beautiful tingle in my pussy starts to grow. Opening my mouth, Cat uses the large leather shape being forced into my mouth to help position the whole leather hood.

Two metal eyelets allowing me to breathe, the snapped on blindfold and the extra thick padded areas that enclose my ears all land in perfect position as she pulls it snugly into place. Then I can feel as she takes her time to tighten each and every lace.

Lastly, a few nicely placed and very good at their jobs, leather straps are buckled tightly so every inch of the hood is now tightly hugging every inch of my face and head. Just as I thought this was on as tightly as possible, I can feel her adding a lock to each strap . . . even if my hands were free, this is not coming off.

Grabbing me by one of my wrists I jump a little from the pain of her touching my bruise . . . yes . . . as fun as that experience was with Nat . . . it did a number on my body as I struggled from the intense pleasure and pains and I wouldn't change a thing about it . . . except maybe a better choice of say padded or fur

lined cuffs.

In the past, if Cat needed to guide me when I'm blindfolded, she'd always grab me by the hand . . . not the wrist. Guess she's not happy about me getting Therapy from someone else . . . at least she doesn't know who I got my extra Therapy from.

I couldn't be more oblivious to where she was taking me . . . at least until she put my hand onto a handrail that headed downward. Guess I get to not see what's downstairs as she guides me downward . . . wasn't counting the stairs as I stepped . . . but that sure felt like more than normal as my bare foot touches the cold concrete floor.

For a second I questioned if what I'm allowing Cat to do with me is Trust or Stupidity? Often you hear comments about Guys letting their little brain make bad decisions for them . . . it's never really talked about the same way . . . but Girls allow their urges to override common sense at times also . . . times like now . . .

## BASEMENT CELLAR DUNGEON . . .

After so many turns, even if I didn't have this leather hood strapped tightly in place, I'm not sure I could find my way out. No idea what the room looks like, but am imagining a full Medieval type Dungeon with stones for walls and large beams over our heads.

The cold concrete on my feet, along with the slight musty smell, not a bad smell, is enough to add to my image of that Dungeon. Possibly even a skeleton or two still in leg irons and chained to the wall . . . the last mistake those unlucky souls did was a decision made with their little brain.

I must finally be right where I'm meant to be because we stopped walking and Cat put her hands on my hips to guide me to turn a little. Then she adds her set of larger, padded wrist cuffs onto me, which, oddly, were almost soothing to my sore wrists.

I can sense as she adds locks to each one and can feel the {CLICKS!} of them as they close. Then one arm at a time, she raises them up and locks them to chains from the ceiling. My arms are up and out at angles so I'm forced to stay facing in my current direction.

Cat's hair lightly brushes against the front of my thighs as she bends down to add two more of those larger padded straps onto my ankles and add locks to them also. My God! Why all the locks?



I can't reach these . . . guess it's for that heightened sense of helplessness she tells me to help fully free my mind . . . well if her goal was for me to be experiencing a heightened sense of helplessness . . . that goal has been more than met.

Once the straps are on, she moves my feet further apart and locks chains to each ankle strap. As stretched as my arms were before, having my legs moved like this increased how hard my limbs were being pulled. Am I on one of those torture racks being unmercifully stretched?

What at first I thought was just a basement, in my mind, became a cellar as I came down off the last step of the stairs and my feet touched the cold concrete floor.

Now, what I had imagined as a cellar has transformed fully in my mind to a Medieval Torture Dungeon where I'm about to meet my demise at the hands of my Evil Captor as she slowly turns the wheel stretching my helpless body further and further . . . her fingers lightly touching my forearms just below my wrist straps and slowly traveling down the inside of my arms as I jerk and giggle into my gag as her touch causes new tickles as they brush past my arm pits.

Ok, that brought my mind back . . . never saw someone giggling in a Dungeon before . . . except maybe in a Monty Python Movie. Her fingers move from my armpits to slowly circle my breasts and nipple that flinch, and bounce ever so slightly, as she brushes past them . . . still tender from the weighted nipple clamps from Nat.

Down my stomach, around to my ass . . . which I'm questioning now if I did or didn't get every bit of the blue wax off and out of every crevice?

Who am I kidding? She knows I was fucking around playing bondage games with someone other than her! I mean, really, it's none of her business and I can do what I want when I'm not chained helpless in a Dungeon . . . alone . . . with just her . . . at the end the day on a Friday . . . when no one else even knows I'm here . . . not even Natalie cause she never saw me come in . . . OMG! I'm so fucking helpless and so fucking horny and so fucking relaxed at the same time!

Cat's hands continue to make their way around slowly caressing every inch of my body, but skipping my pussy and moving onto my thighs and calves. Once down to my ankles she switches direction and slowly starts to come back up . . . this time, not bypassing my pussy as her hand cups my whole sex before two of her fingers slip inside as her thumb pushes my swollen clit.

I immediately start to orgasm . . . the last hour was all foreplay so I was more then ready and yank and pull hard on my chains which I know must be making a ton of noise . . . that I can't hear at all . . . so strange . . . the padded ear covers in this hood far surpass the earplugs on keeping me in complete silence.

As quickly as this immense pleasure intensified, it stopped and her hands were gone . . . OMG! NO! I hump into the air, I struggle, I turn my head like I'm going to see her! PLEASE! NO! Don't leave me now! I wanted more! I needed more! . . . It felt like I was alone forever making my chains rattle silently . . . and then I felt Cat's naked breasts push up against mine!

OMG! She's naked also! Just wish I could see her body naked . . . As quickly as I thought those were Cat's breasts pushing against mine, I realize they're not Cat's breasts as a large soft nylon rope is being tied around mine and this mystery bodies waists, forcing our sweat covered stomachs and thighs tightly against each other . . .

## VISITOR . . .

This unbelievable well-designed leather hoods concept is to take away all of your senses so your other senses become heightened. It does it's job very well as any touch on your skin is enhanced as is your ability to smell . . . which the eyelets in the hood allows . . . without those eyelets the unlucky Slave wearing it wouldn't last too long.

One quick sniff and I knew who was being tied to my body . . . it was Nat with her Brittany Spears Perfume. Seems like we're destined to be helpless together some more.

Not able to see Natalie's position, but have to assume it's the same as mine as ropes are added holding every part of our naked bodies tighter and tighter together. Rope around our arms and shoulders pushing our breasts so tight we could feel each other breath in and out.

I could feel her head along side of mine as a rope is added around the backs of our necks holding us snug. Even had ropes added to our elbows and knees. The cold floor on my feet, is countered by the warmth of our bodies forced together.

Our predicament was equally uncomfortable and comfortable at the same time . . . I couldn't talk to or hear Nat's thoughts on this, but am pretty sure she'd agree.

Again, Cat took her time with each and every rope she added . . . her taking time was a compliment to us . . . like she told me before. Finally I no longer feel the

addition of more ropes being added.

This was both good and bad . . . it was good she stopped adding more to our helpless bodies . . . bad that it meant, whatever she had planned for us was about to happen and we can't stop her or it. At least we're going to go through her punishment for us together.

Just then I can feel her touching one of the padded ear-cover areas of my hood . . . followed by her removing it fully so I can finally hear her . . . again, most likely both good and bad . . . as Cat asks me, "Are you listening to me?" I nod yes, which is all I can do.

No option to try and explain myself or talk my way out or beg for mercy from Cat. My only option is to answer yes or no and be sure I choose right every time. "Do you know who you're tied to?" Again, I nod yes.

"Do you like being tied up naked to her?" . . . I really really do . . . but I hesitate to answer quick enough . . . before nodding I hear, {WHOOSH!} the sound of Cat's cane heading towards my ass, followed by {SMACK!} and no Pain! As I hear "MMMMFPPFHH!!!" Coming from Nat as I feel her body jerk hard against mine.

OMG! I didn't mean for her to get punished! So I switch to answering quickly without wasting time thinking . . . I only hope my answers are what Cat wants to hear.

"Do you like being tied up naked to her?" I nod quickly. "Good, because the two of you will be like this for some time." Wondering just how much time she

means? "Did you get your bruises on your wrists from straps at her apartment?" She knows I did, so it's no use not nodding, which again, I did quickly so Nat doesn't feel the sting of Cat's cane again.

"I see you don't want her punished . . . but maybe you'll change your mind after I tell you something about why you're bound together like you are right now."

"Natalie was very Naughty with a Client of mine before . . . she was a very hot one . . . like you . . ." Oh, she thinks I'm hot! "Well, I caught her that time also and warned her. I very specifically told her in detail what the punishment would be, if she did it again.

Now, I can fully understand her doing it again . . . cause of that hot thing I mentioned. But then, I didn't catch her . . . she confessed to me on her own when she got to work this morning."

Wait! I'm in trouble because Nat turned us in? . . . Knowing we'd be tied together naked and punished together . . . Mad, but also taking it as another complement.

"You two are about to be bound helpless like this for a long time because she sold you out. Just so you know, she's already been tied for around six hours and has been getting ten strokes of my cane the top of every hour . . . she knew that would happen . . . and told me anyway."

I try through my gag to ask "MMHHPF LLLGGH?" which was me, asking "How Long?" Don't know if Cat's gag-talk skills are that good or if her answer just came at the perfect time. "Remember when you mentioned that a couple of hours in Sensory Deprivation felt like it was All Day Long?"

Am sure it was a rhetorical question, but I still nodded. "Then you mentioned wondering what it would feel like to be left in Sensory Deprivation for 24 hours?" Knowing exactly where this is going now, I nod before Nat get's another hit of the cane . . . OMG! Ten hits per hour for six hours! Nat has to already be in massive pain!

Then comes the comment I couldn't avoid . . . "Well, maybe you two can explain to me in detail . . . exactly what it felt like Tomorrow Evening." I try to respond, "MMMMFFFMGGPPGHH!" as Cat says, "Sorry . . . I can't understand you."

As she replaces the padded ear-cover and I'm left in silence again. 24 hours!!! I may be able to handle that, but Natalie is going to be doing 30 hours!!! I feel so bad for her . . . but again . . . Cat said she described in detail what the punishment would be and she volunteered both of us up for what we did.

Once again I feel Cat's hair as it brushes against the side of one of my thighs . . . she's positioning something over my pussy . . . something that reminds me of a Butterfly Vibrator I have that straps in place so your hands are free to roam while the Vibrator doesn't lose it's place.

Guessed it! . . . because she's now running the straps around my upper thighs and waist so it doesn't come loose. She has it pushed extra hard against my cliterous. Again, I can't tell, but it feels like she's putting one onto Nat also . . . which is only fair.

Expecting Cat to just turn these on before she leaves us, they would vibrate real hard for a while, then slow down and then the batteries will just run out. It' gonna be rough for a while with that forced pleasure on our pussies . . . but it

won't last too long.

Really shouldn't of underestimated Cat's skills, because she knew how Butterfly Vibrators worked . . . and these, these were Not you basic version of Butterfly Vibrators . . . these, I soon learned were not running on Batteries, they would not be running down and most important little feature . . . they didn't Only Vibrate.

The vibrators kicked in and must of had some high-tech random level, length, pattern and style of vibrations . . . some very very light . . . almost hard to even feel . . . then more intense in odd patterns . . . changing quickly to a different effect . . . which was making me hotter.

But with no pattern, I couldn't get into any type of rhythm that would allow me to finally cum! It was only making me more and more frustrated by the second or minute or hour . . . I couldn't tell! Tied as we were we could push our bellies and thighs against each other and slide them a little, but couldn't get any friction or action where we needed it!

Just then a tingle finally starts to grow in my pussy as seconds later I'm biting down on my gag because that tingle is electric shocks coming from the Butterfly! Fuck! My first thought was it just shorted itself out . . . but that was short lived as it now went into another random pattern of different type of shocks and electrostim styles as we both struggle to get free of the torture from down below. The complete randomness of the vibrations, no vibrations, different style of vibrations, then shocks on our naked pussies was relentless!

Both of us jerking, twitching, spasming, struggling, pulling to be free, grunting from pain, moaning from pleasure taking us right to the edge . . . then stopping! It never ended hitting us with even more random shocks, vibrations and sometimes both at the same time!

When we'd get a moment break we'd rest our heads on each other's shoulders and try to nuzzle each other in efforts to be comforting . . . before it started again! . . . Never with what you'd expect or when you expect it . . . Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Maybe it's already been three or four hours? . . . and we're making progress towards our inevitable release, both physically and sexually . . . or maybe it's only been a few minutes and this torture has barely begun?!?!? No way to know for sure . . . we can only do nothing but relax and try to enjoy not having to worry about anything else for 24 hours . . .



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