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HESITATION . . .

It all seemed so simple when we talked about it. When she described what I needed to do. What was needed for me to willingly give myself to her. Mind, Body and Soul, for her to do with me as she pleased, as she saw fit . . . for the whole Weekend. I want this more than anything . . . to be her Helpless Toy to Play with, to Tease, to Torment, to Please or Punish.

If it was all so simple, why have I stopped with my ball gag just inches from my mouth? If this is what I want, why can't I move? Am I afraid I won't like it? Am I afraid I will like it . . . too much? Not wanting to go back to my regular life? I'm just a ball gag and a pair of Handcuffs away from giving myself to her . . . I hesitate . . .

My heart, I can hear my heart as it's pumping harder . . . I watch as the moisture of my breath as it ever so slightly fogs the shinny black ball with each exhale, then seconds later, fades as quickly as it appears. It was slowly mesmerizing me the longer I stared at it.

Black silk panties already wet, before I even sat down in this chair almost a half hour ago . . . wet before I strapped my own ankles together . . . wet before I tightened the straps above and below my knees one more notch, forcing my calves, knees and thighs to be tightly forced together.

Pulling up the black thigh high nylons, easy. Putting on the black silk boned corset, just suck it in and clip it closed, easy. Elbow length black satin gloves, slide on simple, easy. Just open my lips, slide in the ball gag and buckle it . . . I just can't move!

The butterflies grow, I'm starting to squirm as the tingles in my pussy increase slowly . . . begging me to take the next few steps . . . just willing me to give up all of my choices . . . giving up any chance to talk my way out of Pleasures or Pains to come . . .

Mistress made herself very clear when it came to her Beginner Slaves having a say in parts of their Bondage Sessions. Quite simply, Slaves have No Say, No Safeword, No Choices, No Options once a Session starts.

Put in the gag, strap it on tight, handcuff myself behind my back and the Session will start. It will not End Until Sunday Evening . . . No Matter What. If Mistress decides I'm to be Spanked continuously until then, that's what will happen to me . . . No Matter What I want.

If Mistress Decides I've displeased her, puts me in a corner, hooded and hogtied until then, that will be my Fate . . . No Choices for Me. Please her and she chooses I'm to be bound and stimulated constantly with Vibrators for the next two Days . . . It's up to her.

No changing my mind, No going back, begging will Not be tolerated . . . only punished further, No get out of Jail Cards, No Safe Words! My lips ever so slowly open as the ball gag goes in . . . almost as if it's moving on it's own, even though I'm gagging myself for my Mistress.

It has to have been almost an hour since I first entered this room. To my right, is a one-way Exit Door leading outside. Free for the taking for anyone changing his or her mind. A warning sign on this Door reads:

[LEAVE IF YOU WISH - BUT YOU MAY NEVER COME BACK]

To my left, is another one-way Door, which only opens into this room. That is how I came in before sitting down and strapping my legs together. Straight ahead of me, the Door I want to see open more then any other Door I've ever seen in My Life!

Physically, that Door also Only opens from the other side, but I still have all the Control over making it happen . . . in as far as my ball gag will go, I slowly bring the straps around my Deep Red Hair and buckle it behind my head . . . letting out a huge sigh of relief.

Bringing my arms down, I realize how sore they are from being in that position for so damn long! All that's left are my Handcuffs . . . the "Point of No Return" . . . just close them around my wrists and the Door straight ahead of me will open.

The sign on that Door, the Door I want, says:

[YOUR NEW LIFE IS RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU]

[TRUST IS THE KEY]

{CLICK . . . CLICK . . . CLICK} The Hard un-forgiving metal of the First Cuff surrounds my right wrist . . . I hesitate . . . I take as deep of breath as I can through my nose . . . I . . . TRUST . . . My Mistress {CLICK . . . CLICK . . .

CLICK} with the end of that last click of metal surrounding my left wrist, a loud metal deadbolt on the other side slides over and the Door swings open . . . to MY NEW LIFE . . .

WAITING ROOM . . .

Not sure what I actually expected? Music to play as Heaven opened up? A golden-wheeled chair to smoothly roll me inside? Maybe to be carried ever so carefully, by one very Strong Hunk. Like one of the guys who played Hercules, Aquaman or Thor?

In place of any of the above possibilities, I got two medium sized guys in nothing but very tight thongs and black leather collars. Between the two of them, they didn't lift my 5' 4" 108 pound body off the floor. Instead, each took a side and dragged me down the hall and into a pretty dark smaller room.

All of the walls, floor and ceiling were flat back. There was nothing more in this maybe, eight-foot by eight-foot room, then a stripper pole in the middle and stuff hanging on the walls. They positioned me with my stomach up against the cold smooth metal and one of them pulled a long and wide black leather strap off the wall.

Starting with the middle of this strap against the small of my back, they bring it around the other side of the pole before strapping it tightly, out of reach of my handcuffed wrists. At this point, the second Thong Guy lets me go and they both go and grab additional long wide straps.

Strap after strap, this process is repeated over and over. Honestly, with my hands cuffed and legs strapped together, I was already helpless after the first wide strap. They didn't care. I swear it was almost like a competition to see who could get the most of these straps added to me the quickest and tightest.

I now have these wide straps wrapped tightly around me and the Pole at my ankles, two on my calves, just below and above my knees, two more on my thighs, one just below my ass, across my ass, small of my back and three more between there and my shoulders. OMG! Really? I can't budge an inch!

Both of the Thong Guys were standing before me, with even more of these long straps hanging in their hands. They continued to keep adding these between the many already in place. By the time they were done, other than my arms, head and feet, I was close to being covered, with a solid thick layer of leather shaped like my body.

The one thing I can and have been doing is slowly tensing up and loosening my pussy with each additional strap. I've yet to see my Mistress yet, and these two aren't the strongest or biggest. But, they're both nicely shaped, cleaned shaven, smell nice and have good size bulges in their thongs.

I'm sure they're enjoying binding a helpless Girl like me as much as I've been enjoying watching them do it . . . and watching just got taken away. With the last of the straps in place, Thong Guy added a blindfold to me before saying, "Mistress says, Your Turn to Wait"

Even though I was blindfolded, I could still see the light around the edges leave as they turned off the switch. Seconds later the door closes loudly followed by several different deadbolts and or locks being added.

My Turn to Wait . . . How long? . . . Two hours like I made her wait? . . . Longer as my first Punishment? . . . The whole weekend? . . . Or longer? Is being left in here gagged, blindfolded and bound helpless my New Life? That idea crosses

my mind and Scares the Hell out of me. While my pussy, she has her own ideas about our helpless predicament. She is tensing and twitching on her own from the excitement of what may happen next . . .

NEXT . . .

My mind wanders in the dark with even darker thoughts . . . what if that was the last I'll ever see anyone and I'm left to slowly die in here bound and gagged? What if I just became someone's permanent Sex Slave? What if I'm to be offered up as a Human Sacrifice at some Bizarre Sex Cult Ritual or slowly choked to death by a Serial Killer?

Any of those things could happen and I'd be helpless to stop it . . . Hell, any combination of those or even worse things could happen and it would all be because I made the decision to gag and handcuff myself . . . to offer myself up to anyone or everyone who has access to this pitch black room I'm bound in . . .

Logically, all of this should Scare the Shit out of Anyone, which, yes, I'm Scared, I'm breathing hard and my hands are shaking. I'm sure many more parts of me would be shaking if they weren't encased in tight leather.

You often hear about how Guys let their 'Little Brain' make the decisions . . . how they listen to and make Very Bad Decisions with their Cock over their Common Sense. While, I'm Living Proof that women have a 'Little Brain' too that is just as capable at Very Bad Decisions as any horny Guy's 'Little Brain'.

My Pussy, that hasn't been this wet on its own in Years . . . well she's eating all of this up . . . including all the Horrible thoughts about being kept as a Slave, Tortured or even Killed! She has some completely different ideas of what Fun vs. my ideas. What is wrong with her?

I'm a very Successful and Happy Business Owner and have been for Years. My Company has 72 Employees working for and with me. With no Pets, do wish I had a Dog or two or three, with no Pets, a nice Apartment and money auto deposited and bills auto paid. I'm free to take as many long Vacations and Travel where ever and whenever I want.

This is all Great, but at the same time, all things that would make me one of the Easiest Woman to Kidnap and Keep forever. Many of those long Vacations I've upped and taken on my own without giving anyone a heads up. A week or two later, sending an email that, "Hey, I went to Italy and am going to stay a little Longer. See Ya in a few weeks".

Irresponsible? Hell yes it is . . . also would mean if I did just Voluntarily give myself to Strangers to Torment, Torture and keep locked in this eight by eight pitch black room . . . only to release me when they wanted to Fuck or Torture . . . well . . . no one would be looking for me for closer to a Month.

Some how, for some odd reason, even that makes my Pussy twitch and spasm at those horrible thoughts? The deadbolts are moving, the locks to the door removed and I can hear it open . . . followed by the sound of the two Thong Guy's bare feet on the floor.

It was the clicking of the heels that got my heart racing! I can't see her, but Mistress is inspecting me. Inspecting my helpless body, and the many straps holding me firmly in place. I can kind of feel it as something is tapping and poking at several of the straps . . . maybe her riding crop?

"Slaves, I admire your effort and she is for sure, totally unable to free herself. That being said, this one is crooked, as is this one and these three are too loose." Wow, she has high standards for them . . . I hope I can please her . . . while my

Pussy is already planning on making her mad so we get punished . . .

"Bring her to my room and secure her to the X. Then both of you need to go to your rooms, tightly lace on your leather hoods, and lock yourselves into hogties. I better not find you comfortable in your beds either. I want you on the cold hard floors."

She is very specific with her Commands . . . you need to be that way if you're in Charge. Mistress continues, "I'll come to release the two of you later . . . if I remember . . . by the way, very nice choice on your hair color and gloves. Can't wait to see the rest of your outfit."

With that, the clicking of her heels grows quieter as she heads down the hallway. Leaving me at the hands of the Thong Boys who took off my blindfold and are already removing my straps one by one and hanging them back up. Again, I get to enjoy the visual of them as they service their Mistress and follow her Commands.

Very unexpected and open banter starts between the Thong Boys. "I love Mistress, but it really pisses me off when I'm left helpless all day in my room while Bitches like this one get all of her attention." The other one says, "What if something happened and she died . . . do you think Mistress would then have more time for us?"

Are you kidding me? I'm right fucking here and my ears aren't plugged? "You shouldn't talk like that in front of her." Responding, "The Mistress Never believes the Newest one . . . that's why it was so easy to get rid of that Blonde Bitch." OMG! WTF?

"That was you? I heard she had a Self-Bondage Accident?" My God! They're going to Kill Me! "Exactly, yup, seems like Blondie messed up on her rope from her ankles to her neck and very slowly strangled herself . . . so very sad" He just f'n Giggled at killing that Girl!

"Well Mistress did say that Red here was 'Next' . . . I fully agree . . . she should be 'Next' . . ." The other Guy replies, "Well you can't kill her the same way! Mistress will figure it out!" As the last strap comes off and the two of them drag me to my next home he says, "That's exactly why this one's demise will be in a very different and very painful way . . . nothing but the Best . . . Or should I say, Worst? For this Bitch . . ."

RELINQUISHED . . .

At this point, I was in no position to try and fight these two, even though with a few Quick & Hard Thong Kicks, I'm pretty sure I could take them both out. I'm still handcuffed inside Mistress's Den of Locked rooms and long hallways . . . No Clearly marked and lit up exit signs down here.

The other Non-Physical approach would be to try and negotiate my way Free. Between being gagged and them knowing I heard the one Guy already Confess to Murder . . . that's a Hard No-Go also. My plan for now? Submit, stay Silent and Wait . . .

As the toes of my stilettos drag across the hard concrete floors, I get my first look as Mistress's Private Dungeon. If there is such a thing as what would be considered a High-End Dungeon . . . this is exactly what one would look like.

Moving from the concrete in the halls that were roughing up the tips of my stilettos, they're now sliding smoothly across the almost seamless marble tiles of her Dungeon. The musty smell the waiting room, I spent hours strapped hard against that pole in, and the hallways I was dragged through is gone and replaced with a very calming vanilla scent . . .

. . . as calm as I could be, knowing at least one of these two guys has already planned my Very Painful Death. As much as what my Mistress may have planned for me, no matter how pleasant or painful, it has to be better than whatever is going on inside this Fucker's Sick Head.

Everything in this Dungeon looks like it's all Brand New . . . every shinny surface is spotless and glimmering and the red leather padding has a high gloss, freshly cleaned, completely smooth and unwrinkled surface.

The Giant "X" Frame at the center of the longest wall they're dragging me towards is no acceptance to this Rule. As odd as it sounds, I feel almost honored to get Displayed on it for Mistress's Pleasure. I'm in awe of everything in this room while my still very wet pussy is thinking, 'Just fucking tie me up anywhere! And do it Fast! Whip me, Beat me, make me write Bad Checks!'

Succumbing to her ongoing and relentless urges is what has led me here and if I don't find a way out before Thong Guy implements his Final Plans for me . . . I'm Dead. For now, I just need them to leave me here for Mistress so I can hopefully not Die . . . Yet . . .

My naked ass cheeks are shocked by the coldness of the red leather, as they lean me back into position against the "X". Yes, I hate to say it, but I'm also wearing a Thong . . . so I guess that makes me Thong Girl. Before I have any chance to try and stop them or change, my arms are already outstretched as my wrists are strapped tightly into place.

Once again, I willing give myself from one Totally Helpless Position at the hands of two Strangers to another Totally Helpless Position at the hands of a third Stranger. Moving my legs to line up with the bases of the "X", straps are pulled tight keeping them in place.

The strapping continued like before, but only just enough wide straps that were already hanging in their pre-determined spots: ankles, calves, knees, thighs, hips, waist, stomach, ribs, above my breasts, biceps, elbows and wrists. Each with their own specific purposes and each closed just a tightly as the one before it.

Doing one last check to make sure none of the straps were crooked or loose; the perfect Display of Mistress's Newest Toy was completed as they relinquished my Body to her every whim. The thoughts and fantasies of what will happen next were racing through my mind and each ending as one more tingle deep inside of my aching pussy . . .

Closing my eyes to imagine the possibilities, caressing and lightly pinching my nipples, kissing my neck and looking deep into my soul, her teasing me to multiple forced orgasms, my breathing slowed as warmth slowly "Bitch! Be back to Kill Ya Later!" Fuck!

Piss me off Motherfucker! Damit! Bad enough he wants to Kill me, then he has to Fuck Up what may be the only few moments of pleasure I get, even if it was just in my head. I know this may sound odd from someone being held helplessly spread eagle by like twenty large straps . . . but I will find a way to Kill him First . . . or worse . . .

Closing my eyes to imagine the possibilities once more . . . but not the same as before . . . I picture him strapped helpless on the most uncomfortable table possible . . . as I finish putting the 100th needle painfully into his body and watching the look on his face as I open the next box of 100 more . . .

Tying the pillowcase over his head before opening the valve to the water pouring onto his face . . . continually. Finishing the tight wrapping of wire around his cock and balls and snacking on popcorn as I watch them die . . . castrating him forever . . .

My pussy isn't liking these Fantasies as much as the previous ones and I don't

care . . . those thoughts are going to keep me motivated and alive to follow thru
when opportunity comes knocking . . .

TAGTEAM . . .

In the distance, I hear the familiar sound of Mistress's heels and am already fixed on the doorway before she makes her Grand Entrance. Although my eyes are fixed on her every move . . . her perfect leather clad body as it glides from the door to her BDSM Mistress Throne . . . she, on the other hand isn't giving me a second thought.

From her Throne, to almost doing an inventory of the vast collection of whips, crops, paddles and many more. Mistress then moves about within her Dungeon before sitting one more time to check her cell phone and scroll about for almost an hour.

I want to call out, to grunt, to anything. I'm here, I'm helpless, I'm yours! Play with Me! I stay silent for fear I may make her angry. Finally, she glances my way . . . seconds later . . . shaking her head 'No' at me before pushing a button on the arm of her Mistress Throne.

A minute later in comes two of the cutest and sexiest little blondes. I swear they have to be twins. Each of them wearing nothing but very tight, very small and shinny Thongs. One in a very intense looking blue Thong, and the other in an equally bright pink Thong.

They both quickly kneel before her as the Mistress speaks. "Slave Magenta, Slave Cyan, our new Guest over there has 'Displeased' your Mistress." Both of them let out their own little gasp of surprise and horror at how anyone would dare do such a thing to their Mistress.

"She made me wait earlier . . . so now I don't have time for her." Because I didn't put my gag in and handcuff myself immediately? I'm sorry, but my gag won't allow an apology. Mistress continues, "I have other business to attend to . . . punish her for me while I'm gone . . . whatever makes the two of you happy is fine with me."

My first efforts to communicate with Mistress are too little too late . . . moaning into my gag and shaking my head go un-noticed as the sound of her heels fade down the hallway. Magenta and Cyan? Named after the Color of their Thongs? or were their Thongs chosen to match their Names?

Doesn't matter either way as they descend on the helpless Newcomer in their World, wanting nothing more than to please their Mistress by punishing me . . . my pussy twitches again at the thousand thoughts of what could happen . . . as these two blondes TagTeam Punishing me.

At first, they just stand there for a while, eyeing up their prey and trying to decide what to do with me now that their Pack Leader has already disabled the Beast for them to devour. Seems these two may never have been given such a Gift . . . such a Responsibility from their Mistress before, because they just don't seem to know what to do with me.

Maybe that's a good thing, because with like fifty different sizes, styles and types of whips, crops and paddles on the wall just across the room . . . they still haven't touched any of them. By now, I would have already went for the matching set of Deep Blue Riding Crop and Cat-O-Nines Tails and would have already been marking both of their cute little ass's.

Instead, these two have been whispering things back and forth ever since Mistress left. Cyan would whisper and Magenta would say, "We can't do that!" in shock it was even suggested. Then Magenta would whisper to Cyan who'd say, "But that's not a Punishment, she'd like it too much." Magenta would reply, "At First, Yes . . . but . . ." Then they'd both giggle a little.

This continued, whispering, "Do we need to ask her first?" Cyan replies, "Mistress said, 'Whatever makes the two of us happy' and that would make me happy!" Pointing at me, "It's not up to her, so we, don't need to ask her first." A few more whispers back and forth, a couple of odd faces and then a high-five. Think their planning stage is complete.

Had this been in the Wild, I would have snuck away or attacked them by now and they would have become the prey and my dinner. Walking up to me more confident of themselves, they open the straps from above my breasts, ribcage, and stomach, all the way down to my waist. They could have opened a dozen more of these straps, and I still couldn't go anywhere or kick anyone, as long as my wrists and ankles were still strapped.

Then one by one they opened the clips holding my corset firmly around my torso. It was nice to breath easier again, but as they undid the shoulder straps and slid it out from behind me, it felt as if my boned black satin bulletproof vest had just been taken away.

They now had full access to my naked breasts and nipples and a lot more skin even after re-buckling all the straps that were holding my torso firmly in place. Might even have been tighter then when the Thong Boys did them in the first place . . . Girl Power!

Seems all of that previous whispering and planning was just about taking off my

corset, because they stopped and went back to more whispering and planning. This time it didn't take as long because it was about choosing a better gag than my current ball gag I've grown to know and love.

Cyan grabs a very large Pump-Gag that seems like it has interchangeable leather mouth inserts because she removed the smaller one on it and replaced it with the largest one on the wall. Like the Pit-Crew changing tires in the middle of a Race, Magenta removed my ball gag and Cyan pushed the new much larger blow-up insert deep into my mouth before I had a chance to finish saying, "You Don't Nee . . . MMMMGMGGH!"

Cyan pinched both of my nipples hard out of the blue and said, "Did we say you could talk? . . . Slave!" The pain of the pinch hurt at first, but travelled very fast down my belly and directly into feeding my pussy's deepest and darkest urges. The excitement of my helpless predicament was one thing . . . because I have no idea what's going to happen? When it's going to happen? Or how long it's going to Last?

But now, at the Mercy of the Blonder Twins here who also don't know any of those answers . . . well, hate to say it, but that's a whole new level of Excitement and Fear and I'm Loving it! After the pinch, Cyan went back to make sure all four mini straps were as tight as possible on my Pump-Gag before pumping it six long and slow times . . . causing my cheeks to push out over the top of the tight leather.

With the ball gag, I could kind of talk around it a little. If someone wanted to know what I was trying to say, they could. Not with this much larger Pump-Gag holding that extra large insert tightly inside my mouth, even before it was enlarged with every pump. I could barely moan and when I did, it wasn't as loud as before.

Whispering again, but even shorter than the gag plan, ending with Magenta saying, "You get the big pink one and I'll get the holder attached." The only big pink thing on the wall was a plug in wall Wand Style Vibrator! Thank the Big O! At least one thing both my pussy and I have been wanting and it's about to happen!

I guessed that right! Cyan was on her way back with that huge pink Wand and Magenta had already put the holder attachment in place just below my spread apart and strapped into place thighs. The holder must have been Custom made, because the base of the Wand fit perfectly into it, allowing the cord to hang freely out the bottom.

After who knows how many hours since I first sat in the Dungeon Lobby, hesitating to put on that ball gag, but my pussy has been tensing up, relaxing, twitching and getting wetter since before I even got out of my car. Now the smooth large head of this Wand is about to push firmly against my pussy that's covered only by a very thin layer of material!

I may start to cum before they even turn it on! With the Wand locked into place, Magenta slowly turns the adjustment that moves the head from like an inch away to bumping right up against my swollen clit! "MMMM!!!" Cyan quickly responds to my sound of pleasure with, "SEE! I told you! She wants it and you're just giving it to her!"

Magenta replies, "Calm down, Mistress must have never Tortured you with Too Much Pleasure? I can hint at her that you need to experience that and soon." Wait? What Now? Torture me with Too Much Pleasure? Just turn it on so I can orgasm like a half dozen times and then just turn it back off . . . because . . . oh fuck!

"See the look in her eyes Cyan? She just figured it out long before you."
Magenta turns the adjustment a dozen more times so the head has gone from just bumping my clit to pushing hard and deep against my clit! "MMMMMHH!
MMGGGG!"

IMPLEMENTATION . . .

As tightly bound as I am I still find a way to grind my pussy ever so little against its new very pushy visitor. I'm so close to cumming and it wasn't even turned on yet . . . but I sure was! "MMMGGGG!" Cyan says, "What a Slut she is! Look it! She's trying to Fuck It!"

Cyan reaches, to finally flip on the Wand, and Magenta quickly stops her, "Not Yet!" Cyan looked visibly upset by this. Magenta says, "Trust me, you've never had this done to you, so you don't know the way just the thought of it being turned on . . . waiting for it to be turned on . . . well it's already Torturing her mind."

Magenta then says with a smile, "Anyway, it'll be Fucking her soon enough . . . All Night Long!" All Night?!?!? OMG! I've wanted this so badly, but All Night??? "Cyan, why don't you grab a Crop for each of us? With such small space between her straps, we'll be needing something extra accurate."

Cyan quickly replies, "You're not the Boss of me! Mistress is! Get your own Crop." Magenta replies, "It was a question, not a command . . . Fine! I'll get my own." As much as they discussed, questioned, whispered and argued with each other, their plan of how to Torture was close to be fully implemented and I couldn't stop them.

It was very slow and painful watching them each picking a long, hard leather Riding Crop from the wall, testing them out on their own hands or thighs. Then seeing which one each other chose and putting them back to start the process over . . . Painful . . .

Now trying to concentrate solely on their 95% Naked Cross-Fit Firm bodies in those tight little Thongs . . . well that was still a very pleasant part of my predicament. Sure I've had my share of cocks over the years . . . but nothing compares to the pleasures another woman can give me.

Why do you think I've offered myself up to a Mistress vs. a Master anyway? If this Wand and my Thong were out of the way, I'd happily have Cyan and Magenta argue over who gets to kneel down between my spread legs to Torture me with Endless Tongue Lashings to my overly swollen cliterous.

Opening my eyes from my 60-second fantasy just in time to see the first of many swings of a Riding Crop heading my way! {SMACK!} "MMMMGGG!" Right on the naked and helpless flesh of my thigh! {SMACK!} "MMRRGGG!" then the other thigh!

{SMACK!} "MMMFF!" {SMACK!} "MMGG!" Two more quick ones to my stomach as the Blonder Twins politely take turns with the delivery of the stinging! {SMACK!} "UUGGGG!" The burning! {SMACK!} "MMMMGGG!" of each additional whip!

The stinging pain is way more than I imagined it would be and the burning after stays longer than I expected! {SMACK!} "MMFFFF!" {SMACK!} "MMMRRRRR!" The last two on my wide-open and very sensitive armpits! Fuck!

Every kiss of the hard leather tips, leave me squirming helplessly in my bonds, moving just enough to push my long awaited orgasm over the edge! There's no dodging or stopping them as they've moved their burning stings to my "Free for

the taking" breasts!

The only tiny bit of control I have over my predicament is the ever so small grinding of my pussy against the still turned off Wand! {SMACK!} "MMM!" {SMACK!} "MMMM!" {SMACK!} "MMMMMM!" {SMACK!} "MMMMGGGGGG!"

Making a return visit to my upper thighs, lower stomach and even the front of my pussy, the next dozen or so targeted hits were all just inches from my pussy that was now in a continual spasm of orgasmic pleasure as I tipped my head back, closed my hands into fist and came harder then I thought possible!

Cyan screams, "We're just making the Bitch Cum Harder!" Tossing down her crop, returning to the wall, she grabs two of the longest Cat-O-Nine Tails from it. Quickly tossing one to Magenta who also dropped her crop.

The finely targeted stings of just the tips of their two Riding Crops was quickly replaced with the much more intense sting of the eighteen total hard leather Tails! They were finally working as a Team . . . as a well-oiled machine . . .

. . . Problem was that machine was giving every open inch of my flesh an all out flogging! And it wasn't stopping! I couldn't breath! I couldn't scream! And I couldn't stop it! Nor could I stop my pussy from spasming as it somehow only intensified into ongoing multiple orgasms!

{SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!}

{SMACK!} I couldn't catch my breath! Only hearing my mental screams of both

Pain and Pleasure as the flogging continued . . . but slowed as the two of them were finally showing signs of tiring from their extreme cardio workout.

The lack of oxygen from not breathing, my exhaustion from my struggles and most intense orgasm I've ever had, cause my head to just tip forward as I've lost the energy to even hold it upright! Cyan, worried, holds my head up by my hair and asking, "OH MY GOD! DID WE KILL HER?"

Opening my eyes, she jumps back as I finally take a deep breath. "Thank God! That wouldn't have made Mistress Happy at All!" Worried about Mistress's feeling? Not that I might have been dead? Treating me like an object and not a human being. Mistress's microwave, toaster or favorite Toy they might of just broke and got in trouble for.

Guess I got what I wanted . . . I'm just her Toy to play with . . . or lend out to others when she doesn't have time for me. As the oxygen has fully returned, so have all of my pain and pleasure receptors. 'Ouch!' Is an understatement to say the least.

The cropping and intense flogging has all stopped, but the memories of what it felt like as it was happening and the ongoing pain of the aftermath continues. Almost reminds me of the worst sunburn I ever had falling asleep on the beach and forgetting to put on any sunscreen . . . just like that . . . plus orgasming at the same time.

As tired as I am, my crotch is still doing tiny little motions against the head of the Wand even through all of that! She truly has a mind of her own and is still pushing for even more! Finally, my flogging has stopped and it looks like the Twins are about to pack up and leave me to be Tormented with Endless Orgasms with no way to stop them . . . Fuck!

{SMACK!!!} "MMMMMMGGGG!" Cyan says with a big smile, after one last whip of her Cat, "Sorry, we missed a spot" before she goes to pick-up, hang-up, and put away any items from off the wall no longer being used. This didn't include the Pump-Gag or Wand, as they both still had work to do.

Cyan comes back and asks Magenta, "Ok, I'm sorry about fighting you on so much. Since you know about this the most, do we leave it on the lowest setting before we go?" Magenta says, "May I?" and Cyan gives her the international hand gesture of, 'Be My Guest'

Magenta, fully knowing the experience she's about to force on me, looks me in the eye as, {click} {bzzz}. Instantly I'm fully aware of the head of the Wand firmly against my pussy. Having never fully come down from my most recent orgasm during my whipping . . . I was already close to my Edge.

{click} {Bzzzz} With each click of intensity growing {click} {Bzzzzz} so did both Cyan and Magenta's devious smiles {click} {BZZZZ} Oh God! My breasts already visibly rising and falling with every breath! {click} {BZZZZ} How high does this go?!?!?

My eyes are now wide open as Magenta looks at her imaginary watch and goes, "Ahh Fuck It . . ." {click} {click} {click} {click} {click} {click} {BZZZZZZZ!!!!!!} and they both leave . . . turning off the lights and closing the door on the way out!

The intensity of everything my body was feeling, from the still burning flesh, from the stinging of my flogging, the elbow length gloves, the thigh high nylons and the tightness of my very wet thong snugly surrounding my aching pussy . .

.

. . . The twenty extra tight wide leather straps are all holding me firmly, holding me helpless. Smelling the leather from the wide panel of my gag holding the pumped up end deep in my mouth, preventing me from calling out for help . . . like anyone would come to help me anyway . . . maybe come to watch me struggle in vain . . .

. . . The now buzzing hard head of the Wand pushed extra hard against my swollen cliterous. I try hard to not enter that state of too much pleasure becoming too much pain . . . its all just too much as I succumb quickly as the most Intense Screaming into my Gag Continuous Orgasm Overtakes my Body . .

.

ALONE . . .

I learned that as much as all of the physical Torments, Teases and Tortures one can give a Helpless Slave . . . Truly, the worst is what their own minds can put them through. Alone, helpless, in the dark with no sounds other than my own heavy breathing. The random noises of leather being tugged on even though I'm beyond exhaustion, I still try to free myself . . . its instinctive.

The louder noise is still the buzzing of the large Wand conveniently plugged into the wall so it Never Stops. I'm just happy it's a very high-end vibrator that doesn't have that disturbing metal rattling noise.

Of all the sounds I'm hearing in the dark, the ones in my head are the loudest: What if they never let you leave? When is that Thong Guy coming to kill me? Or was that just a threat? Where's my Mistress I willingly offered myself up to? What painful torture is next? Am I about to become someone's Sex Slave?

Then, if my body hasn't experience enough pain already, my mind starts to beat on me also: You know, no matter what happens to you . . . you deserved it. It's your own fault . . . your Hesitation was your last warning; it was your only chance to turn back. But noooo, you wanted this and look where you are now! Right where you put yourself! If you disappear or die here, it's on you!

Several noises come from the far corner of the Dungeon before a larger truck, standing on end, slowly opens and a beam of light appears from it. A flashlight, being held by someone who's quietly moving in my direction!

"I thought those two bitches would Never Leave!" I have no idea how or when Thong Guy snuck into that trunk to hide, but that's the least of my concerns. He's here to kill me . . . painfully! As he promised! Oh my god! "MMMMMM!" {click} He flips off the power on my Wand.

The fucker get's the biggest smile across his face, "That's right Bitch! Scream all you want . . . this room is sound proof and everyone's asleep . . . except Me, and You! I've already been helplessly bound like this for hours and have made zero progress at getting free . . . didn't stop me from struggling and yanking as hard as possible.

Again, he get's even more pleasure from this, as he rubs his already large bulge, "Yeah Baby, struggle for me before you Die!" Somehow him enjoying my impending Death is Worse then me Dying! This motherfucker needs his balls torn off!

"Oh, look! I can't believe they left you helpless overnight with a Pump-Gag in? Do you know how Dangerous that can be?" After putting his flashlight on something near by, so its spot is on me, he loosens the straps closest to my shoulders, chest, ribcage and stomach as he continues explaining why this is so Dangerous.

"They should only use something like this when they're in the room with you" Forcing a hand behind my upper back, we moves the pump end of my gag between my back and the frame of the "X". Then, with both hands, firmly grabs my breasts and pushes me up against the pump as more air is forced into my already full mouth! "MMMMMM!"

He then closes all of the straps he opened, but leaves me room to move my torso. With each move, I cause the ball to pump ever so slightly a little more air into

my mouth. "You don't want to do that too much Bitch . . . many more pumps and a Slave could accidently Die from one of those Pump-Gags."

All he would need to do now is turn the Wand back on high and leave. I wouldn't be able to stop myself from struggling as the orgasms continue. Every struggle, with these loose straps and the pump behind me . . . well it wouldn't take long and I'd suffocate myself to Death.

A hundred different ways he may come back and kill me have been popping up in my mind since he made the threat . . . none of those were even close to what he's just prepared. Flip a switch, leave and I slowly kill myself. Well planned, simple and he'll be free and clear of this room when it happens . . .

. . . Nope, he has different plans. "For taking away my Mistress, teasing her with your skanky cunt, I want to watch you Die! And remember, I promised it would be painful!" Fuck Me! Just flip the switch and leave, just flip the switch and leave! I don't want the last thing I see to be this Son of a Bitch!

Taking the flashlight he walks back to the wall and using the spot, works his way to the far end before taking something off it. Couldn't see what it was until her return and held the light on it. It's a Fucking Electric Cattle Prod!

"Mistress calls her Bessie. I think because she reserves it for Fat Cows like you!" Ok, I may not be perfect, but that's just wrong! That tearing his balls off part . . . I'm switching it to Slowly Tearing his Balls Off!

{ZAP!} The electrified metal tips of the cattle prod against my breast causes me to jerk hard while I bite down on my gag that just got even larger as I

instinctively moved away from the pain. Trying my hardest to not move as {ZAP!} he gets my other breast!

{ZAP!} Spreading the love, he switches to the fronts of my thighs! {ZAP!} As he's now full out masturbating his bulge wildly with each additional {ZAP!} Of all the most Horrible ways for me to Die, Nothing would be Worse than Him cumming from watching me struggle to take my last breath!

I'm doing everything I can to not allow my upper body to squeeze the pump to my gag and so far am succeeding. Worst part is, the longer I live the more pain he's giving me with {ZAP!} {ZAP!} two more right on my nipples!

The more pain I get, the longer he get's to rub himself! Realizing I'm not suffocating yet, he takes a break from zapping me with the prod. Just long enough to flip the Wand back onto level Ten! Then picking up the Prod, continues his Painful Torture of me while grabbing his package once again.

{ZAP!} Right at the very sensitive area where the top of my thighs bend {ZAP!} The jolts of electricity, making it all the way to my extra wet thong, causing them to travel to my most sensitive of areas. "MMMMM!" My hands are grasping at the air as my lungs are slowly getting less!

My whole upper body is rhythmically moving about with every {ZAP!} and orgasm . . . squeezing the pump several more times . . . {ZAP!} I'm losing this battle as I glance at him bending forward with the tip of his cock sticking out the top of his thong and jizz is shooting up his stomach while he makes the ugliest cumming face I've ever seen . . . I'm not yet Dead but I'm already in Hell!

Having been unable to control my moves, I've pumped the ball a few too many times, blocking my wind pipe . . . I jerk around several last times as everything goes black . . .

RETRIBUTION . . .

This must be my out of body experience as I can see the blurry figure of my form still strapped to the "X" after Dying the worst way possible . . . at the hands of that Fuck Stick as he creamed himself!

As the image very slowly becomes clearer, I can see all of the areas of my skin that have been whipped bloody . . . Wait . . . that's not me! I'm still alive? That's Fuck Stick strapped spread eagle on the same Bondage "X" I spent my last minutes on . . . or what I thought were my last minutes.

With the image coming fully into focus, I can see he's been held in place with only wrist & ankle straps and one around his waist. Seems they did that to get full access to as much of his skin as possible, because he pretty much doesn't have any areas that aren't marked up and or bleeding.

His thong is gone and his dick is just hanging there. Aww, poor baby isn't getting off on this . . . too fucking bad! He has silver duct tape that's been wrapped around his head and mouth multiple times.

Some small piece of the black material they stuffed his mouth with before holding it in with the tape, is hanging out below the Tape. The look of pure hatred in his eyes is being directed solely at me. My first thought is, you did this to yourself asshole!

After the shock of this Tortured and Flogged bloody body before me, I finally

take a moment to realize my situation. I'm strapped firmly once again, this time in one of those bondage chairs that hold your knees and thighs way apart.

I'm completely naked and for the moment, am not gagged. Very sore, still very helpless, but alive and my pussy, that little bitch between my legs, is twitching for more! God Dammit! You already almost got us killed! When will you ever learn?

"We have very strict rules in My Dungeon . . . along with very strict punishments." OMG! I didn't even see Mistress sitting in her Throne, with splatters of blood on her leather that were being cleaned off by the Blonder Twins. "As you can see, he's already received his Punishment from me for his . . . indiscretions. But he's yet to receive the retribution of your Choice."

Oh My God! Is it my Birthday? Oh, I get the Choice of what his Punishment should be? If I weren't strapped into this bondage chair I would be doing a Snoopy Happy Dance right now! . . . I take a deep breath and try to stay calm . . . need to make the Best Choices . . . or for His Sake, the Worst Choices . . .

Seeing the number of people in the room, I'm a little embarrassed at being totally naked and I glance down at my pussy with my thighs spread wide apart. As much as I may have wanted to be in this type of predicament, it still caught me off guard now that it's real.

Mistress notices even that two second glance and replies to it, "Slave, that was the wettest Thong I've ever seen . . . didn't want you to get the chills from it, so I put it to better use elsewhere." I glance back again at the small black material hanging out from under his Duct Tape and smile . . . as he tries to project even more hatred at me. He has no choice but to get a good taste of me.

"My Rules of Retribution States: As a Slave, you're not allowed to directly Punish the Accused. But I can give you the next Two Hours to Command Cyan and Magenta to do Anything You Wish to him" I ask, "Anything?"

"Anything, Minus Killing him . . . even if he deserves it." I can work with that. The look of fear on his face was priceless as I bring out my inner MacGyver. Glancing quickly at the collection of stuff in this room, my eyes lock in on some thin rope and a very large jug with a handle, maybe five gallons or so . . . basically, way bigger than my needs and that's ok.

"Magenta, please take that thinner white rope and I need you to wrap it five or six times around just his balls as tightly as you can." Oh, now he wants my fucking mercy as his eyes go from hate to begging me as he's mumbling into his mouth filled with my Thong soaked in my own juices. "MMMM MMM MMMMM?"

"Fuck you Asshole!" As odd as this is, Mistress doesn't have any issue with me having Magenta tie his balls so tightly they'll die from lack of blood flow . . . but she didn't like me calling him names? I was ok with this because the end result I assure you, he won't like or be able to beat off too and that's all that matters.

Magenta went for the six times around, Good Girl before knotting it off so tightly he's already grunting in pain. "Magenta, please leave at least a foot of each end of the ropes hanging down loose." He had no idea of my overall plan . . . but I did and oh my god! I'm getting giddy as my plan comes together.

"Magenta, please yank hard on those to make sure the rope won't slip off of his balls." Magenta follows my instructions very well as her two yanks cause some

intense grunts followed by the start of tears coming down his cheeks.

Pretty sure Mistress knew where my Retribution was going, because she didn't flinch when I said to Cyan, "Cyan, please tie that empty jug to the ropes from his balls . . . keeping it as far off the floor as possible."

He was shaking his head 'No' at me with sadness in his eyes as Cyan triple knots the two ropes through the handle of the jug before releasing it to hang directly from his balls. "MMMMFF MMMMHHG! MMMM!!! MMMMGGHH!!!"

I know Mistress didn't like the name calling, but hope she was ok with me saying, "I'm sorry, I can't understand you? Did you say Please fill it up?" Looking back to the wall, I locate the best part of my plan. There were six brand new clear, X-tra Large enema bags prefilled with liquid. These suckers must be close to a Gallon each! With hoses, valves and inserts already in place. No, he's not getting an enema because he's like it too much. No, I have a better plan.

"Please hang three each of those bags on each side of the X . . . making sure they're low enough he can't reach them." With so many random rings on the "X" it wasn't hard for them to line up three on each side of him as he struggles to free himself . . . Not Going to Happen!

Each bag on each side now around six inches away from the next, and around a foot lower as were the rings they're attached to. Visually, it's kind of stunning if you ignore these are enema bags and the fact there's a big asshole right in the middle.

My Pay Back will be very painful, but I also wanted it to be as slow as possible,

because I still have one more plan for Cyan and Magenta after the filling up starts.

"Magenta and Cyan, please put all six inserts into the top of the jug. Then open all of them, but I need you to open them as little as possible, so they only trickle very slowly." Taking it as a challenge, they each try to be the one whose inserts are leaking the slowest.

"Mistress?" I ask, "May I ask how much time I have left?" She replies, you still have 90 minutes left Slave" Going back through the list in my head: One - He's helpless, in pain and it's only going to get worse for him by the minute. Two - I really don't want to be seeing him cause I've seen too much of him already. Three - 90 minutes left to command Magenta and Cyan . . . Ok, I got this . . .

"One - Cyan and Magenta - You are not to stop the draining or help him no matter how much he begs or screams." They both reply, "Yes Mistress". I could get used to this.

"Two - Tightly gag me with anything but that Pump-Gag and Blindfold me in addition to yourselves." Also, "Yes Mistress"

"Three - Once I'm gagged and all three of us are blindfolded, you will spend the rest of the time pleasing me and each other using only your hands, mouths and tongues" This "Yes Mistress" made my pussy twinge with happiness.

They went with my original Ball Gag style I hesitated to put into my mouth on Day one . . . No Hesitation happening this time as I eagerly opened wide to accept it in. As the straps were buckled tightly I could see a look of Pride in me

from Mistress before my blindfold went on.

I could hear them putting the blindfolds on themselves moments before feeling their hands randomly groping at my thighs and shoulders. It wasn't long before one of them was slow kissing my neck as the other was positioning herself between my legs!

A tip of a warm tongue was quickly flicking my swollen cliterous as her hands were sliding back and forth on the insides of my thighs. Two more hands found their way to my breasts and erect nipples as I feel her attempting to mark me with a hickey, like we were back in High School and she wanted others to know I was Taken.

If this is what being Taken feels like . . . then Please Take Me Every Day! My plan was good, but it did have one flaw . . . I should have had them also plug my ears. Because the constant trickle of liquid hitting the bottom of the Jug combined with him wildly jerking around and screaming into his gag was very distracting.

I mean, sure, as that jug is filling the pull on his balls is getting more and more painful by the minute. And his balls keep getting closer to being ripped from the bottom of his cock. But really, does he have to make so much noise while I try to enjoy my "ME TIME"?

Two gorgeous, firm strange women I met less than two days ago, wearing only thongs are feasting on my pussy and tits as I let my head lean back to enjoy every second of this! All the while, coming from the X was, "MMEERRRR! ERRRR! MMRRR! FFFFFFFK! MMMOO! MMOOO!"

Oh My God, just shut the Fuck up already! Had I not had them gag me, that's what I'd be telling him right now! You're ruining my mojo big time. Not sure how long it's been, but you know when you're filling a glass and not watching, you can still hear when it's getting near the top?

Well that's the noise I'm hearing from that jug hanging from his balls, as it must be getting close to full. Almost wish I could be watching him, but that would kill my mojo for sure. I'm enjoying the feel of these lips and tongues as I start my intense state of orgasmic pleasures. Slowly I grind my pussy into whomever's mouth is going for Big Bonus Points!

The grunts, moans and screaming into his Duct Tape and Pussy Juiced Thong Gag has grown to it's loudest point as I can now hear the fluid overflowing from the top of the big jug and pouring onto the marble flooring!

It's at it's fullest! OMG! I can't believe his balls are handling all of that weight! Has to be like fifty pounds or more! Really not sure what happened next . . . I was blindfolded. But a tearing noise came from his direction a second before a very loud crash as the jug broke open and I felt the rush of liquid hitting my bare feet!

The noises he was making could only be described as a wild animal getting torn out of a trap it was stuck in by an even larger wilder animal! I'm not sure if his balls popped or tore partially or actually ripped all the way off? I really didn't think that was possible . . . oh well . . . tough!

I just knew two things: One, he was in the most pain he's ever felt. Two, he fucking deserved it! He tried to fucking Kill Me!

BEDTIME . . .

I must have still had some time left on the clock, because even with ball-less sobbing away and the, thank God it was Clean Enema liquid all over the floor, my Blonder Twins continued to take turns servicing each other and then myself for a good 15 more minutes.

Time was up and Mistress said, "Clean her up, Dress her up and then Tie her up to my Bed . . . she's my Special Guest for the Night." Undoing the straps that were holding me to the Bondage Chair, leaving my blindfold and gag on, they walked me out of the room, never to see that ball-less bastard ever again.

They took me to a very large all marble shower with me totally free of any bonds, blindfolds or gags. I commented to them, "You two did a wonderful job and I will be letting Mistress know that." The three of us naked in the shower together, soaping each other down, there were no Mistress or Slave Titles.

Both of them thanked me for my kind words and Magenta said, "You really should have seen his face when it finally dropped . . . he so deserved it . . . he's always been a total ass." Like three girls in College taking a shower together . . . soaping each other more and laughing together . . .

. . . Ok, more like a porn of three College girls . . . but this was real life and I was enjoying every minute. Looking forward to my comfy bedtime with Mistress . . . finally touching me! The more I think about it the more I subtly push this forward quicker so I can touch her back.

After the shower, they pretty much did a mini spa treatment to me. Doing my nails, hair, makeup and perfume. Then they bring out my outfit. Guess the 'Clean up' part is done so we move to the 'Dress up' part.

So I was thinking a nice comfy pair of Victoria Secret's PJ's or something. I guess totally wrong. Picture, 1940's Sexy Pin Up Girl. Oversize underwear, garters holding up my thigh high nylons, and one of those bras that not only forces your tits into an unrealistic cone shapes, but also forces them to stick out beyond normal.

Then, a very sturdy boned corset that took the two of them to force me into, before pulling all the strings so hard Magenta had to push her knee into my back. No Pump-Gag this time, but still having issues breathing.

They used my original elbow length gloves because they fit the era they're going for. Cyan commented, "We know this may be uncomfortable, but Mistress is really into 40's Pin Up Girls, like big time." I guess the 40' thing right.

Lastly, to finish my outfit, they swapped out my deep red wig for an over the top, extra wavy, blonde housewife look . . . again, from the 40's. Then helping me into the highest of high heels. These can't be real? I'm damn near on my toes like a ballerina, but still have extra tall heels in the back, keeping me painfully onto my toes.

Barely able to walk, they guided me into Mistress's Bedroom . . . Wow! Has to be an Oversized Bed because it's way larger than any King Size I've ever seen! Four very thick and very sturdy looking Posts, are holding the canopy in place with lace hanging from all four sides.

As we get close enough to the bed, I allow myself to fall onto it, put my arms over my head and say, "I'm ready! Tie me up!" So happy to finally be laying on something so comfortable and those last five minutes walking in those shoes sucked! Glad to be off of my toes!

Then the comment that was like a punch in the corset . . . "Mistress said Tie you Up To the Bed . . . not On the Bed" My heart sunk, "Wait, No, Please! . . . Just tie me like this! Please! I can't stand in these shoes!" Cyan and Magenta help me off the bed and position my back to one of the Foot Board posts. "We're sorry, but don't you want to please your Mistress? Don't you want to do what she likes?"

Ignoring my pleading, Magenta holds my wrists together behind the post as Cyan proceeds to carefully, meticulously and tightly together. Like ten times around before looping over, under and between my wrists. With just this one rope, I was once again helpless.

It had to be closer to an hour as rope after perfectly placed rope was added to my bondage. My ankles, above and below my knees, my thighs, just below my pussy that's slowing getting more and more incased in rope as it becomes less and less likely Mistress or anyone will be touching it.

The rope work continued as my elbows were forced against each side of the pole and held in place as my already cone shaped breasts find a way to stick out even further. Ropes above and below my breasts wrapping firmly around my arms and the post.

With each additional rope, I slowly transform from that 40's Pin Up Girl to the 40's Damsel in Distress . . . Pole Tied with way more rope then ever needed . . . overly tight fancy corset making my waist smaller as my hips and breast get

larger.

An hour earlier, I was free of Bondage and able to stop this from happening . . . yet once again, I willing relinquish all control over my Body, my Pussy, my Mind to these two Strangers as they now gag me better then ever before. All so I can please my Mistress as her Newest Slave.

The Panel Gag they chose is anything but something from the 40's. Its insert is the largest I've felt and they had to work to get it into my mouth. Normally, with most gags, you can still find a way to kind of talk so your Mistress or Master can understand you. For some reason, that wasn't to be an option for me Tonight.

They then added a wide, looser looking cloth gag over the top of the panel gag. This, alone, would never keep anyone quiet. But the tightly strapped Panel Gag underneath would be doing that just fine. This cloth over the top was more to keep with the 40's Damsel in Distress look that, I guess Mistress really Loves.

I may not be getting the pleasure of sleeping tied comfortably in Mistress's bed, but at least I know I'm exactly where and how she wanted me and I get to see her in all her glory as she enters her room, getting to enjoy the work of bound art they've made my helpless body into.

Sadly, Cyan adds a cloth blindfold over my eyes, taking that future moment away from me as she says, "Mistress wanted you blindfolded also." Again, looks like cloth on the outside, but actually leather-padded blindfold underneath. Blinding me perfectly while, again, maintaining the 40's look.

I really hope she likes this because I'm in unbelievable pain between the corset,

ropes and standing on my toes! Again, the Pain is all Worth it! As long as I pleased my Mistress. I wait for her to enter.

The door opens and her heels click as she comes closer. I can tell she's right in front of me, eyeing me up and down and the butterflies haven't been more fluttery and the tingles in my pussy have yet to have been so active . . .

Mistress speaks to comment on how they served me up to her, "What's this? You two know I don't like my Slaves to be dressed like the 40's!" Oh, Fuck! Magenta replies, "We know, and we tried to tell her, but she kept saying this is what you'd like" Those Fucking Bitches! They did Totally Serve me Up!

"And why the wig change? I really liked her deep red one . . . you two knew that!" Cyan joins in with their Newest Tag-Team against me, "Again, Mistress, very sorry, we tried to tell her, but she just kept insisting it wasn't all about you." Oh My God! FUUUCCCKK!

"So, I'm assuming the Pole Tie, her idea also?" Magenta responds, "It makes us upset also. We were looking forward to her tied spread eagle naked in your bed so we could all enjoy her for the night. We told her your plan, but she said she hadn't earned that level of attention yet . . . that she wasn't worthy." OMG!?!?! WTF?!?!

The whole time I listen to all of the lies from these two Jealous as Fuck, Blonde Bitches I'm moaning and screaming into my tight panel gag trying to tell Mistress that they're lying to her! I shake my whole body with all my might causing the very sturdy pole to still squeak with each move.

Grunting hard and shaking my head, I can't see what I look like but I'm sure I'm getting their attention. Mistress fully notices my noise making and distress as she responds to it as such:

"Slave, you made a lot of bad decisions even though my two Servants tried their best to steer you right." I scream into my gag and shake my head more only earning a firm unexpected hand slap, which quieted me down after the shock of it passed.

"Slave, now don't get all mad at them, this is your own fault. Tomorrow, if and when I decide to undo the work of Bondage Art they turned you into . . . very nicely done you two." They respond in ass kissing unison, "Thank You Mistress."

"As I was saying, if and when I decide you should be released. You'll be getting strapped face down, positioned on all fours. Then I will be enjoying giving you the longest naked ass spanking my leather-gloved hand can handle as your punishment for not listening to Cyan and Magenta regarding my likes and dislikes." Those God Damn Cunts!

Mistress continues, "After that, we'll be picking some cards to decide just how long I've decided to keep you" Oh, My God! Once again I scream, moan and pull hard at my ropes making the bedpost squeak some more . . . trying to get her attention . . .

"It's a very simple card game. I shuffle and pull five cards. Then just add up the numbers to determine how many days you'll be my Newest Slave." Wait? What Now? She can't do that to me! My pussy twitches with the thought of this. Oh Shut Up! Mistress continues with, "A's are 20 and Joker's are 50"

Again, I do everything I can to make as much noise as possible signaling to Mistress that I'm not at all happy and want to be let loose so I can sleep with them . . . this too backfired on me . . .

"Cyan and Magenta, seems my Newest Slave isn't planning on Quieting down. Grab your pillows and let's move to the Guest room . . . we can have our Playtime in there without her bothering us anymore . . ."

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