



Zatanna Dark

FINAL SELF BONDAGE AUCTION

SHE WON YOU AND HAS DECIDED YOUR FATE



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ZatannaXtraDark@Gmail.com

Twitter: @dark_zatanna

WEDNESDAY . . .

The water keeps rising ever so slowly and I can't get loose! Per her instructions I have locked leather cuffs on my wrists and ankles and am chained into the tightest hogtie I could get myself into! No matter which way I try to roll or struggle, I'm just barely keeping my head out of the cold water!

Screaming into my gag as much as possible . . . she hasn't returned since dropping that hose into the pool and watching the beginning of my torture! It's just a small two-foot tall pool with thin floppy sides . . . but God Dammit! To someone bound like I am, it might as well be a hundred feet deep!

It doesn't help me at all that the whole bottom was coated in the most slippery lube imaginable before I got in. Where in the hell do you buy lube by the Gallon?!?!? She has to be coming back! Either to let me go or watch me Die!

This makes no sense to just leave me to Die struggling alone. She finally comes back! Thank God! As slippery as the floor of the pool still is under the water, I manage to turn myself so she can undo the locks on my wrists . . .

I don't feel her doing so! Instead, I see that she's placed a taller outdoor lawn chair next to the pool and climbed up onto it for the best view possible of my last few minutes alive! "MMMMMGGG!" My only goal at this point is to find a way to not drown Today!

As much as my efforts are being spent on saving myself, the fact she's taken off

her bright pink bikini top and is now caressing the most unbelievable pair of breasts I've ever seen catches my attention! In the middle of all of this, it still makes my cock hard! WTF? Dude! You are about to DIE!

By now the hard leather of the locked in place cuffs has been drawing blood from my wrists and ankles, but they are not breaking open or coming off! The lube is preventing me from getting to my knees with hopes of forcing myself over the side to freedom.

Her free hand is now down the front of her bikini bottoms and she's in full on Finger Fuck Mode! The Thrill of having me in self-bondage and then tossing in the hose, which will inevitably lead to my Death, is helping this Bitch Get Off!

As pissed off and as totally disgusted as I am right now at that thought . . . my fucking little brain couldn't be making my cock any harder as I keep catching myself staring at her as she masturbates! So often when someone masturbates, they look and make some ugly or nasty faces . . . which could be a turn off . . .

. . . Not this Murdering Bitch . . . she's in full on Pornstar Orgasm and couldn't look Sexier! If I can find a way to not Die Today, I'm going to Fuck that Bitch until the Cows come home . . .

AUCTION . . .

It's early Monday Morning and the Richest Sexiest Woman at the Charity Auction Won my Donated Services for the Next seven Days. That part didn't surprise me at all. It's always the Rich ones that end up winning me.

She had me at her beckon call for all her tedious Rich Lady needs like washing and waxing her car, mowing her lawn, taking out the trash, and looking down at me the whole time . . . or worse . . . just ignoring me as I do all her dirty work.

Been here before and I was ready and willing to do my part for Charity. Never had any expensive stuff I could donate, so the Gift of my Time and Back was all I could give. At least this time, I lucked out with one of the Hottest Winners I've had the privilege of being Won by.

At least I can fantasize about her having me mow her private lawn while I wax her overly expensive car. I could stare into her deep dark eyes for hours and never get bored of her staring back. I learned pretty quickly that this is a good thing . . . there's going to be a lot of staring . . .

Arriving at 1234 Rich Street, I strip down to my muscle shirt and jeans and start to walk towards the Garage. That's where I always end up when the Hot ones Win the Auction . . . Jacqueline calls out to me, "Wait, where are you going?"

"I'd figured you needed some Garage related stuff done." Ok, that sounded really stupid . . . Idiot! Maybe this is the one time where the Hot Chick has indoor

projects for me . . . way indoors . . . "I have something I need done in my Den . . . Follow me."

The way those hips swing, I'd follow them anywhere! As we get through the large solid front door, she asks me to lock and deadbolt it . . . that's different . . . its the middle of the day . . . I continue to lock onto her swinging hips, her ass, her legs.

If this was a Cartoon, I'd float in a lying down position with my tongue hanging out, gliding a few feet behind her . . . my God she is Fine! Entering the Den, she walks to the window and pulls the heavy and expensive drapes closed. It was the actual Den to the house . . . bummer . . . was once again hoping her "Den" meant something warmer and wetter . . .

She sits down in a very fancy chair and at this moment, I realize that her chair matches her drapes . . . no, seriously, I'm talking about her chair and drapes. Tipping her head slightly, with a small yet bashful smile, she explains what she would like from me . . .

I was ready for any request, big or small . . . hopefully big cause my pants were fitting extra tight right about now! Whatever she needs or wants . . . I'm single and ready to mingle! Intently I wait, eager to say "Yes" to whatever she asks me . . .

Jacqueline asks, "Have you heard of Self Bondage?" . . . and I got nothing . . . I've heard of Self Bondage, but why, when there's two very Hot, Yeah, I feel I'm Hot, and ready to play adults in the room, why would someone need, want or even bring up Self Bondage?

Needing to know more of where this is going and before I end up back in the Garage, I reply, "Yes". Wow Dude, real nice, well thought out answer. She continues, "I spoke with my Counselor the other day . . ." Ok, making sense now ". . . and I told her about a Dream I keep having."

Listening, "This is embarrassing, maybe I shouldn't explain any further and you could just . . . you know, do your Garage related stuff . . ." going for the recovery, "If it was important enough to bring me in here to discuss, and I'm yours from 9 to 5 the next seven days, I think you should share with me Jacqueline."

"First off, Jackie is fine, and second, Thank You . . . you're sweet." Was about to go with, "Not as sweet as you." but kept my mouth shut. Don't turn the wheel when the car is already going the direction you want . . . just made that up . . . and it works.

"My Dream always involves a very sexy and strong guy, tying himself up for me in many different ways. Sometimes I'm telling him what I want him to do and other times he just chooses on his own. Everything about the Dream causes me to wake up frustrated and horny . . . but unable to cum."

I have to ask, "Why would a beautiful and sexy woman like you not be able to make yourself cum?" She hesitates before saying, "My Counselor feels it's because the clear image of the Man in Self Bondage is gone from my Mind once I wake up."

She finishes up the last statement with a silent and sexy puppy eyed pout . . . oh my god she's good! "I could be that Man in Self Bondage if you want? Once bound, I won't be gone from you Mind until would release me. Just tell me what to do." Who's being the puppy now? . . . Pretty sure it's me wagging my tail . . .

As odd as this all is, it's better than mowing that big ass overgrown lawn of hers. "You would be willing to do that for me? I mean, we just met like an hour ago and you don't even know anything about me. What if I decided to not release you once you tied yourself up helpless for me?"

Applying all the smoothness to my response possible, "Then I'd just consider myself the Luckiest Man in the World." Fidgeting around like a shy little girl, Jackie replies, "See, like I said . . . you're sweet. Stay here, I'll be right back."

MONDAY . . .

I stay in my very basic and uncomfortable chair that was facing her borderline throne like fancy chair Jackie was just sitting in. Fancy carved legs with padded arms, I'm sure that chair cost more than I make in a month. Jackie returns a few minutes later holding a small cardboard box that was making some clanking noises.

Standing in front of me like she's about to try and sell me some cookies, she sheepishly asks, "Are you totally sure you're ok with this?" I ask, "What does your Counselor think about this?" Jackie replies, "She feels it's the only way I may be able to cum again."

"Then give me the box and take a seat my lady." I open and pull everything out of the box and set the items on the table next to my chair. Four small shorter ropes, two much longer ropes, a pair of handcuffs and a ball gag. Not much to work with, but enough for me to end up at her mercy.

Lining them up on the table and I wait for Jackie's instruction. "In my Dream, I'm very Forceful, Commanding and Strong . . . that just isn't me . . ." Figuring this could lead someplace very fun, I ask, "Should this be one of the times where the Sexy Guy Ties himself up without instruction?"

Jackie shakes her head 'Yes' and then tips her head and stares at me as I find the best way to tie myself up. Need to make sure I do this right, so I'm stuck until she cums and decides to let me go. Taking the two shorter ropes, I tightly tie my work boot covered ankles to the legs of the chair.

Glancing up, I catch Jackie continuing to stare and now she's licking her lips as her nerves are signaling me she's getting in the mood. This is after just tying my two ankles. Like a Stripper who's already connecting to his Audience, I keep eye contact as I slowly tie my knees to each corner of the seat of the chair . . . keeping my thighs spread as wide apart as hers . . . if she hasn't noticed the growing bulge in my pants yet, she'll be noticing it soon enough.

Next, I go with one of the longer ropes and tightly tie my waist against the chair. Making sure the knot in the front also goes through one of the loops on the front of my jeans. This will prevent me from being able to reach or slide the knot to the back, once my hands are cuffed behind me.

I've never done Self Bondage before, but I take time to think out 'How could I get loose if I . . . ?' With every step I take. If I find a way to get free before Jackie wants me to, I could totally blow any future chances of . . . say, tying her up and teasing her until she begs to be fucked hard . . .

As I wrap the other longer rope tightly at the top of my chest and around the back of the chair, Jackie has switched to spreading her knees wider apart as she slides forward a little and rests her black lace covered hands on the front of the seat.

She's leaning towards me while offering me a little better view of her cleavage . . . and I say 'Thank You' mentally for it. Grabbing the ball gag, I hesitate and ask, now you are planning on letting me go once you've reached your goal . . . right?"

Jackie says with a smile, "I only have your Services from 9 - 5" I put in the ball gag, which had a very rubber taste to it. Never had one of these in my mouth

before. Guess I best get used to it if I want to make sure Jackie gets to cum . . . I buckle it in place tightly.

The look on Jackie's face was just pure Excitement as she watched me do the buckle to the gag. I could see she was already breathing harder just watching me! I'm not a bad looking guy . . . but I'm also no Chris Hemsworth.

I haven't had a women so enthralled with my every little motion since that extremely drunk and horned up red head on Saint Paddy's Day. The amazing part is Jackie is stone cold sober! Let's see how does as I do the last step of the handcuffs . . .

Grabbing the handcuffs off the side table, I hear Jackie give out a very quiet, yet very sexual gasp. {click click click} Closing the first cuff around my wrist, I notice her back hand has been slowly moving from the front of the chair to touching the inside of her left thigh . . . every so often, her lace covered index finger slides up and down on her smooth flesh . . .

I can't help myself, but I'm staring at her just as hard as she's staring at me. She's just so hot and bothered right now by everything I do. I make a move . . . it excites her further . . . her increase in excitement is obvious . . . which is making me harder by the minute.

She knows I'm getting harder . . . its very obvious . . . we're just feeding off of each other's sex visually and endlessly! Moving my hand behind my back for the big 'I'm helpless and at your Mercy' move. {click click click} Done . . . and nothing happens . . . Jackie is just staring . . .

DONATED . . .

So here I sit, tied and handcuffed helpless with the main goal of getting Jackie to masturbate herself to orgasm right in front of me . . . and nothing more or different is happening other than the last small sexual gasp as I closed the second cuff.

This is all true and we're almost at a complete stop . . . that is until I start to test out my bondage and struggle to get free. With every strain, pull, grunt and struggle, Ms. Masturbation Cums to Life! She's pulling hard at her already hanging low thin sweater dress fully exposing the fantastic lace underwire bra holding her sweat sweater puppies in place!

I'm physically not touching Jackie's body at all, unless I'm doing so psychically. I fully imagine my mouth and tongue on her pussy as I continue my struggles . . . her hands are down the front of her, wait . . . never mind . . . that black lace was her gloves, which are going to need some serious cleaning . . . or just tossed out . . . she's Rich!

With these Auctions for Charity, I've Donated my Services many times . . . going through the motions after, just looking forward to getting home. Up until today, I've never been so invested in how good of a job I'm doing when being Donated.

Jackie keeps getting very close to her ultimate goal but always seems to stop just short of that head tipped back screamer I know she's fully capable of achieving . . . I increase my struggles and include random head motions and even getting the legs of the chair to lift up every so often . . . she's liking that!

I tried everything I could think of to get this fucking hot as hell woman over the top and just keep failing! Really, just let me go and I'll make you cum! Knowing that's not going to happen, I finally pull out the last card I have . . .

The panicked scared look with a combination of mumbled begging and sad eyes gave Jackie the Thrill of her knowing I was completely, utterly, helplessly and totally at her mercy! This pushed her not just over the edge, but also right out of her Throne!

Sliding off the front of the chair with one hand tightly squeezing her breast, as the other was full speed on a double or triple finger fuck! Her hand was pumping and moving too fast for me to know for sure!

Jackie slumped over onto her side, never breaking eye contact with me as I continued to beg not only with my eyes, but also into my gag. Her hand finally going so fast it was coming fully out of her wet pussy as her head tipped backwards and she screamed!

There it is! I knew she had it in her! After that scream, I thought for a moment she just died on me! Oh my god! WTF! Then I realized she had passed out from the extreme pleasure of this orgasm she's been fighting to experience for months.

ENCORE . . .

More than any lawn mowing job with perfectly finished trimming or the wash and wax where I detailed every bit of chrome, I couldn't be more proud of a job well done! Jackie was still sleeping on her side for close to an hour now and couldn't look sexier doing it. She was no longer staring at me, but I couldn't stop watching her chest as she breathed in and out.

I waited patiently for her to wake up, so pleased with my work, to finally release me so we can move this Party to her bedroom. My time with her today was from 9 - 5 and it's still before Noon. We still have plenty of Playtime to go and my cock is still rock hard for her pussy.

She eventually wakes up, slowly moving over by me, leaning in close enough for me to take in a long deep breath of her expensive perfume, sweat and down under moisture. Quietly she says, "Thank You" . . . and walks off out of the Den . . .

Ok? Wait? If you want to fuck now, you need to unlock me . . . I sit dumbfounded and helpless to whatever she has planned for me next. Jackie returns, wiping her mouth . . . must have just had something quick to eat.

Sits back down in her Throne facing me with the biggest smile ever as she puts an Energy Drink on the table next to her chair. Looking at the Diamond encrusted clock on that table, Jackie says, "Only 11:48? We have lots of time left for Today"

Leaning back into her chair, allowing her hands to slowly caress her legs from her knees to the top of her thighs. Once again causing her thin sweater dress to hike up for a clear view of the home plate I'm not going to be sliding into anytime soon.

Jackie returns to her tipped head, sexy stare as she waits for the next show to begin . . . my encore or struggles so she can orgasm again. She never actually said this verbally . . . but everything in her posture and positions of her roaming hands tells me it's what she wants. Once again, she licks her lips and I imagine that tongue sliding the length of my shaft . . . from my balls to my tip . . .

I really should have chosen a little more comfortable pants today, as in ones with more room for expansion. Now knowing what my audience wants, what gets her motor going and the best techniques to push her to orgasm, I begin to struggle, moan and grunt into my gag.

Making the mistake of believing a simple repeat of what I did last time will work just as well as the first . . . I was sorely mistaken. After just one time of masturbating herself to orgasm as I struggled to free myself from my helpless bondage . . . she'd already formed a bit of a tolerance to my actions and me.

The same things worked, but I had to step them all up a little to get her going again. Louder grunts, harder struggles, more times getting the chair legs off the ground. Making sure to tip the chair further each time. Our constant eye contact, reading each other's levels of excitement . . . the ultimate staring contest in full swing . . .

To push her over this time, I needed to add the look of fear to the mix of helplessness and begging behind my gag . . . she was off her Throne again, this time kneeling with her legs spread. Firmly grabbing onto one of my knees,

looking up at me with her mouth wide open as her hidden hand finished herself off.

My tightly tied waist was forcing itself towards her in a humping fashion wanting so badly to be more involved with her head tipped back screams . . . but I was tied helpless and she loved it!

I was with her right up until 5pm on Monday . . . locked helpless in my self bondage until she undid my handcuffs around 4:50 . . . giving me just enough time to undo the ropes and head to the front door.

Earlier, she got to enjoy two more Encores that afternoon . . . while I was far beyond that four hour hard on that I should have seen my Doctor about. Each time getting her to cum took longer and much more effort . . . but I left her with the very positive memories of four of the most intense orgasms she'd ever had.

Sure, I know what you're thinking. That's just me believing it . . . No, it's because she outright told me so. As I was leaving, Jackie gave me another quiet, "Thank You" followed by a peck on the cheek, which gave me a jolt of excitement and hope that we could get physical.

"So, 9 am tomorrow then" I comment to Jackie. She replies with, "Yes . . . do you have any of those tight spandex exercise shorts and say a tighter shirt you could wear?" I don't actually have those, but I'll be picking some up on my way home . . .

. . . that is right after I find the closest spot to pull over and get my rocks off! . . . my balls need to unload and now!

TUESDAY . . .

Ok, I admit it . . . I went overboard and now I look like a professional bike racer . . . even got the fingerless gloves. But Jackie liked them and even gave my covered in extra tight black spandex ass a slap . . . so to anyone judging me I say, fuck you.

Her outfit of choice, skintight purple spandex bodysuit for working out! Fuck! It's not hiding anything about her shape and what a shape it is. My shorts aren't hiding anything either as she comments, "So you're excited about today . . . I see."

"We're going to get some stuff done in the Work Out room today." I follow her into her own private gym with more different pieces of equipment than I knew existed. The wall between the gym and the rest of the house was all glass.

I'm almost sad thinking about her working out in there all by herself . . . but today, she's got me to help spot her . . . which won't be a problem because I can't keep my eyes off of her ass as she moves!

"I thank you for tying yourself up yesterday with no instruction. That helped me get past my initial fear of the process. My Counselor was very proud of my progress yesterday and feel I need to move to the next step."

Was a little taken back and a bit pissed off that she would have discussed my self bondage and being helpless to a Counselor . . . but look at that body! Fuck it!

Tell her anything you want . . . as long as I get what I want!

"There are four cuffs by that weight machine. Put the two smaller ones on your wrists and the two larger ones on your ankles . . . then add locks to them so they can't come off" I follow her instructions while we both keep as much eye contact as possible.

Every so often, I'm forced to look away to locate the spots she told me to lock my ankle cuffs to or to locate the wide straps for over my thighs or around my waist. I'm once again, in a sitting position, strapped and locked to the seat with my back towards the weight machine.

My knees spread wide apart so Jackie has a clear view of just how large and not in charge I've become. "Are all of those straps as tight as they can be?" Asks Jackie. They were pretty damn tight already, but I went one notch tighter on my thigh and waist straps for her viewing pleasure. She liked that a lot!

"Put on that panel gag and be sure it's tight" This was a much more intense gag than that ball gag thing. It had a large full leather shape that I had to force into my mouth to get the leather panel to fit tightly against my mouth and cheeks. Again, she's breathing heavier with each thing I add to my self-imposed bondage.

Right above me is the closed loop end of the cable you can attach all different types of pull down bars, large rope with knots or other items for working out. She had me set the weight for this cable pretty low before I sat down. Am pretty sure I know exactly what's getting locked onto it. But I wait, so Jackie can instruct me.

"Lock you wrists to the loop on the pull down cable . . . Slave" Oh, that's a new one. Guess since she's in charge and I'm just doing everything she tells me too . . . I guess Slave is right . . . making her my Mistress.

{Click} "gasp" . . . {Click} "gasp" . . . her hands are already rubbing all over her purple spandex covered curves and she gets up to walk closer to me. "Pull your wrists down". I do and, sure, there's a little weight there, but not much.

"Keep you wrists pulled down to around neck level" I do so and it's pretty easy. Jackie is kneeling down in between my spread thighs and is reaching towards my very hard and ready cock! As much as I've enjoyed our constant eye contact . . . I close my eyes and wait for her touch!

{Click} Fuck! Wait! What now? Jackie had just pulled another cable from below my seat and locked the looped end of it to my wrists and the pull down cable!

Shocked by this, I relaxed my arms, which immediately rose up causing the cable below my seat to dig painfully into my crotch, "MMMMMGGG!" As the pained look spread across my face, the moans of pleasure coming from Jackie couldn't be louder!

Pulling my wrists back down I got the cable to drop below my crotch but the pain was still there. Jackie moves from kneeling between my knees, to sitting on an upright, but slightly leaning back, weight bench thing.

Her head tips, her eyes stare, her jet-black hair cascades over her left shoulder and she licks her lips in anticipation of my pains and her pleasures to come. Its not even 10 yet! Fuck! This weight wasn't bad . . . to pull down for a few

minutes or a few reps . . . Not for 7 more hours!

WORKOUT . . .

It seems that a true look of distress and watching me in real pain works way better than the show I put on yesterday. With everything about what was happening to me being real on top of her pride in giving me every instruction in my self-bondage . . .

. . . well, Jackie's first orgasm today was way quicker than any of them were yesterday. Every moment I got too tired to keep my arms pulled down and the cable would find a new spot to dig into my crotch, I would scream out in pain and she would jerk hard into her hand rubbing her own crotch!

Between orgasms, Jackie would get a break. She could get up, stretch, walk around and get another energy drink before returning for more. I on the other hand never got a break! Any time I tried to relax, the cable would cut in along one side of my balls or the other side if not right across both balls!

She was enjoying every minute of my self-bondage torture and rubbed her clitoris through the spandex over and over until it seemed like my struggles were no longer good enough to help her cum again. This had to have been around mid afternoon . . . maybe I'm finally getting a break!

Jackie came over and unlocked the crotch torturing cable from my wrists allowing me to finally let my arms stretch fully upwards. As awkward as that position may seem, it was way more comfortable than everything else I had experienced so far today.

Moving behind me, I hear Jackie pull the pin out of the weight and click it into a different hole before saying, "You look pretty strong . . . can you hand 20 more pounds?" Fuck! No I can't handle 20 more pounds after being like this for 5 hours! No! No Way! That cable is going to fuck up my chances of ever having kids!

Yeah, that's what I was saying on the inside . . . too bad my Tuff Guy Facade took over, pulled down my wrists to neck level to show off as Jackie relocks the crotch torturing cable and a "gasp" of pleasure slips out between her perfect lips . . .

It didn't take long for my Tuff Guy Facade to break down as I grunt hard to keep the cable from crushing my balls. Jackie knew exactly what was coming as did I . . . I knew better and knew how this was going to go . . . yet I pulled my locked wrists within distance of that cable so she could increase my torture show all for her sexual amusement!

All I had to do was pretend I didn't have the strength left to pull my wrists down any more and Jackie never would have been able to re-lock the cable! Fucking Idiot! So just in case you think that was the dumbest thing I did Today . . . just wait . . . I can beat it!

The sweat dripping, my arms shaking, the look pain and fear of losing this battle and the random crushing and torture of the cable against my balls was all real! . . . And now being up to 60 extra pounds I'm ready to just give up! How did we go from 20 extra to 60 extra pounds?

Tuff Guy Facade took over two more times and each time it lead to another 20 being added! Fuck Fuck Fuck! That was my world! Jackie's world, much different then mine. Hers was all Cum Cum Cum!!!

WEDNESDAY . . .

Yes, it's Wednesday and I'm back for more! I Donated myself for seven days and . . . Ok, yeah, she's absolutely fucking hot and Tuesday got me a full lips on lips kiss and "Thank You" before leaving! With this kind of progress I might be able to get her in the sack in say . . . five or six months . . .

Heading to the back yard, in nothing but a speedo . . . and no, I didn't own a speedo either . . . until I picked it up on my way home . . . after beating off in the parking lot of Beach Bums R-Us. My god she gets my motor going!

Jackie is standing next to a small pool empty of water with the bottom covered in a gallon of lube she just emptied into it. We smile at each other as I admire her bright pink and extra tight bikini. Looks like it's Time to Wrestle!

My excitement for our lube covered wrestling match is short lived as she points to the leather cuffs and locks on the lawn chair near by . . . Fuck! Come On already! Well, maybe once I'm sliding around covered in lube wearing nothing but a tight speedo that's getting even tighter . . . she'll join me?

The self-bondage hogtie took me extra long to do. Locking on the wrist and ankle straps wasn't bad, doing so before getting into the pool. But once that lube started getting on me, I couldn't stand much less kneel without falling over! Glad I also put on that same panel gag from Tuesday, to help keep the lube out of my mouth.

Up until now, every thing Jackie has requested of me has been in the most serious and sexual tones. For now, she was losing her breath from laughing so hard as I entertain her with my comical slip and slide show. Yes, I looked funny as fuck, but several of those falls knocked the wind out of me and were quite painful.

The chain I was looping between my wrists and ankles along with the lock was the hardest thing ever to hold onto. As it got more and more covered in lube it was like trying to hold onto jello in your bare hands. Finally after around 15 minutes, {Click!} and I let my face and chest just rest in the lube from the exhaustive process.

No matter how ridiculous I looked getting myself into this helpless predicament for her, at this point, I'm sure she was enjoying my naked skin covered in the glistening lube. I waited eagerly for her to join me.

Looking around, I don't even see Jackie anywhere. I hear in the distance, three quick squeaks, before she shows back up to drop the hose into the pool. The very slow trickle of water was ice cold and I jerked and flapped around like a fish trying to get away from it!

As soon as there was a complete layer of the cold clear shrinkage liquid on the bottom of the pool, there was no avoiding it. I was screaming into my gag and looking directly into the eyes of someone in complete enjoyment of my struggles and muscles tightening up from the cold! She watches me for several minutes before disappearing . . .

. . . I now know just how I'm going to Die and really, I fucking did this to my self! The last two days taught me nothing! No matter how extreme, painful and now deadly my predicaments get . . . the only way for her to get off again is by

me suffering even worse!

Or in this case, flop and struggle helplessly hogtied in a speedo until the water gets too deep to hold my head up and I drown as she masturbates furiously at my struggles, screams, looks of pain, pleading behind my gag, screams and eventual Death!

The worst part about all of this? The slow trickle of water! It's taking hours to fill deep enough for me to drown! Just turn it on high and get it over with. For Jackie, I think the slower the pool takes to fill, the more times she can bring herself to another orgasm!

Honestly, I've lost count as I struggle to keep my nose above the water. I'm up against one of the flimsy walls and have my locked wrists and ankles behind me. I'm managing just barely to stay balanced like this to give myself just a few more minutes before the water covers my nose and I can no longer reach the air.

If I roll over again onto my stomach, I won't have the energy or ability to get my head out to breathe. Somehow, I can still hear faint noises of Jackie as she cums once again just before I slip, spinning onto my stomach and go under for the last time!

As I lay there, I accept my fate and don't even try anymore to spin back around. I'm not going to succeed and even if I do, the water is just too high for me to break the surface . . . I just close my eyes and wait for the last of the oxygen in my lungs to fade . . .

{Click} I couldn't actually hear that lock come off, but when the slack in the

chain appeared I was able to straighten my legs and force myself over the flimsy two foot wall and onto the hard ground! Grass and dirt mixed into the lube on my naked skin.

Jackie was standing over me in only her pink bikini bottoms . . . her breasts hanging down just inches from my gag as she says, "It's Five O'clock" . . .

THURSDAY . . .

Sure, I should be spending my Thursday at the Police Station filing my Attempted Murder Report . . . but Wednesday's end of the day "Thank You" included tongue and naked breasts pushed up against my bare chest . . . with hints of lube between us . . .

Jackie also asked me if I'd be fine with being fully naked for Thursday's experience. Promised it wouldn't involve anything cold. Well at least that means I didn't need to shop again on my way home after releasing Wednesday's buildup of pressure in my balls.

The instructions given to me as I willing follow each step have expanded beyond the part of me just tying myself up. Today she walked me through the whole process of building my own torture device and it couldn't have made her any hornier.

We were in the basement and I'd already set up chains around two of the metal poles that were around 12 feet apart. The chains were locked to the poles and then laying out towards each other. Very obviously, I'm to be on my back with one chained to my ankles and the other two my wrists.

The one for my ankles also had a spreader bar attached, so my legs would be spread wide and access to my cock and balls would be easier. Access to do what? I have no idea . . . yet. I just keep doing all the steps she's instructing me to do like someone who's willingly digging their own grave . . .

So far this week, I've been fully and completely helpless before I find out how I'm to be tortured or end up possibly dead. Surprise, here's a cable that might crush your balls! Or, here, I hope you can swim covered in lube and hogtied.

Today, I'm going to be getting covered in hot wax from around sixty very long candles. Reason I know this? It's because I'm the one using wire to tie each and every one of them sticking out sideways to a metal pipe hanging above my future bondage site.

The metal pipe is as long as I am tall and is hanging parallel to the floor about five feet up. The candles are the extra long ones and I have them alternating so there's like thirty sticking out in each direction. Most tedious part was these two thin very flammable strings that I had to knot onto each wick for when it comes time for me to light them myself.

This is more time consuming than detailing the largest car . . . but guess the more time I spend doing this part, the less time I spend bound underneath them as they drip their hot wax onto my naked flesh. Jackie had already brought herself to orgasm twice in her, Oh My God! Sexiest School Girl uniform I've ever seen!

Being naked, a guy can worry if his cock is going to look or be big enough . . . thanks to Jackie's wardrobe choice, that wasn't a concern! I've been doing this whole process with my cock the largest it's ever been and it's not stopping. Just the subtle bobs up and down as I move about.

Keep wanting to just talk to her about this plan . . . maybe we could just go and I could give her a nice long full body massage . . . or anything other than this. She like's being in charge and I don't dare piss her off because things could be worse.

Knowing yesterday was naked breasts against my chest for our good bye. One way or another, my cock is going to be at least bumping into her fine body or get to poke around that very short skirt and white cotton panties!

Everything is finally in place. The chains and locks are prepped from the poles to where my wrists will be and to the spreader bar. The strings, which must be the kind they use to light fuses for fireworks from a distance are knotted to every wick and then hanging down to where my hands will be.

There's a bic lighter on the floor near the chain my wrists are soon to be locked to. The straps are all locked into place on my wrists and ankles and she chose a leather bit gag for me. Claimed she wanted to be able to see more of my expressions because her Counselor felt it would help.

I can't fucking believe she's still talking to her Counselor about this stuff and what she's been doing to make herself cum? Doesn't seem like it's been in vague terms or details either . . . she knows exactly which gag I'm strapping tightly in place so Jackie can better enjoy my pained and scared looks . . . Wow!

Maybe her Counselor should show up and I could help give her a pained and scared look as I fuck her up the ass for a few hours! Sorry, off track for a minute there . . . but dammit! I've never had so many days of such sexual frustration in my life!

Jackie, in her School Girl pigtails has already teased her clit to three orgasms and I'm not even helpless yet. Not sure if the bubble gum popping was her idea or the Counselor's, but it's as distracting as it's driving me crazy.

To be brutally honest with you . . . Jackie could be scrubbing a toilet right now in old loose fitting torn clothing and I'd still be getting hard for her! If I don't get to Fuck Her by this Weekend I'm going to lose it!

WAXING . . .

Every time I finally completed my helpless self-bondage for Jackie to enjoy, she couldn't be more invested in watching, staring, breathing heavier and all out on the edge of her seat. Her excitement level was no different this time, although her outfit was the sexiest one yet.

"Sit on the floor and lock your ankle straps to the spreader bar." Am glad I wasn't sliding all over the place covered in lube, but really wished there would have been something, anything between my naked skin and the concrete basement floor.

{Click} she quietly gasps and {Click} another even more sexual gasp. I could make her gasp a lot more if she'd just choose the right position next time. Knowing where this was heading, I slowly lean back as the hard concrete connects with most of my back.

Bit gag tightly in place, legs locked and chained helpless. Wrist cuffs locked on and about to click those last few locks making me her toy to watch, to torment, to torture . . . until 5pm. I see I'm going to be the one lighting the candles once my wrists are locked.

Yes, that's going to be a ton of wax once all the candles melt, but being closer to five feet up, that wax will be more show than pain. Cooling off before hitting my skin. I'll just need to play up the pain enough to help Jackie get her rocks off watching me struggle . . .

{Click} "Gasp" {Click} "Gasp" and her engine has started with the click of the last lock. "Slave . . . light the wick" I grab the bic and flick it. As the flame got just close to the twisted together wicks, they lit up much brighter and faster then I expected. Not the old slow burn like in the movies where you could chase it down and pull it out before it reached the dynamite.

So like I've said before, I've had wax drip on me from much closer during one of my more intense sexual encounters with the girl on top deciding out of the blue to pour wax on my chest from a nearby candle that was burning for over an hour. Yes it was a shock more then anything . . . but really wasn't that painful . . .

Even though the flames running along the strings were moving very fast, they were hot enough that all sixty candles were now burning bright. Guess all my extra efforts paid off, making sure to knot the strings tightly to every wick.

This is when the first drop from the first candle lit splashed down across my shoulder and it was way hotter then I expected causing me to scream and Jackie to squirm in her chair with a "gasp"! Soon after random hot as hell, drops of wax was raining down all over my naked skin!

Jackie calmly asks, "Did you know that different types and styles of candles burn and melt at very different temperatures?" Hearing what she just asked, unable to answer between the tight leather bit gag and the fact I was failing miserably at trying to dodge the ever growing rain of pain!

She calmly continues as my pain and torture grows as I'm now yanking and pulling very loudly at the chains holding me in place, "Yeah, these extra long dinner ones are the hottest burning and melting ones out there . . . they actually had a warning on the box about it" Fuck!!!!!!

So far the burning wax is grazing and splashing off my sides with the candles still being at full length. Except for a lot of direct hits on my calves. With my ankles locked to the spreader bar, my calves are stuck directly under the tips of the burning candles!

With each hard jerk and scream, my cock, which is standing straight up, has been bobbing around and Jackie seems to be really fixated on it, "That wax is really going to hurt when it hits your cock and balls . . . maybe you shouldn't have done this naked?"

She's adding verbal tormenting, teasing and stupid comments to my torture! Thanks a fucking lot Captain Obvious! No shit that's going to Hurt! . . . "Chained like that you're not going to be able to avoid it." Jackie says, licking her lips, tipping her head back as she begins another screamer!

These were not only some of the longest candles I've seen, but also the slowest burning ones. It took hours for them to get burned down to the halfway point. With these candles being tapered and thicker the farther they burn, it was taking even longer now than for the first half.

The hot wax was no longer just grazing off my sides . . . many of the drops were direct hits on my sweat covered skin and my screams and struggles were feeding Jackie's ever growing needs of my intense pains to equal her equally intense pleasures . . .

It took most of the afternoon for the sixty candles to get down to the last few inches of melting. For Jackie, who never left the chair and never stopped watching, this was the best show she'd ever seen and most likely is going by too

quickly.

For me, it couldn't have been more painful and taken longer! I swear I could watch the hot wax raining down its burning pain onto me in slow motion. Every drop now was a direct hit and the painful burn never had a chance to pass before the next drops hit!

Had I been chained outside like this between two wooden beams I may have been able to Hercules them to break causing the deck above to fall and crush me. Being chained between two very thick metal poles mounted in the concrete floor . . . yeah, no amount of pulling is saving me . . .

The hot wax has been splashing on my chest, stomach and front of my thighs, and I've now been holding as still as possible no matter how much every splash has hurt. If I swing or move my hips even an inch in either direction, my cock and balls will become the next target of the wax's wraith.

There is no stopping it from eventually happening, but I'm trying to put that level of pain off as long as possible. My ultimate plan was when the candles got short enough, to force my hips far enough sideways, I may be able to avoid the hot wax splashing directly onto my erect cock and balls.

Jackie was a little less patient as far as waiting for this to happen . . . she got up and was circling the two poles and my helpless body as I watched her and pleaded with my eyes . . . Please don't Jackie! Please!

She smiled as she walked around and I got as many up skirt glances as I could as she passed near by. Yes, everything about that is wrong when those guys try that

in a store . . . but Jackie is walking right next to me as I lay on my back on the floor and she's in a School Girl Skirt! . . . Personally, it would be an insult if I didn't look . . .

Jackie stares right into my eyes, seeing my pain, my pleading, and loves it! . . . taking just her index finger, she pushes real hard and fast the end of the pipe holding all of the candles. Not directly in one direction, but pushing it so its now swinging, twisting and swaying in an odd pattern . . .

All my efforts at trying to avoid the extra hot wax from splashing onto my cock didn't matter any more. It was happening now and there was no stopping it. I pull and twist and turn and all I managed to do is allow the wax to hit my cock up and down from every direction. My cock flailing about with every move.

As the wax would hit and drip down onto and around my balls I bit down on the gag as hard as I could, closed my hands into tight fists and grunted hard. With the heavy metal pipe twisting and turning as it continued it's random pattern Jackie was in Orgasm Heaven!

She had ripped open her shirt and bra. Pulled her shirt up and panties down. She'd finally came off of her chair and was lying down next to me as some of the drops of wax splashed down on her exposed skin as she screamed from the pleasure and pain . . . all the while, keeping her eyes peeled on mine.

Her body was now in a spasm, as the candles reaching their very bottoms, no longer had enough shape to be held in place by the wire holding them to the pipe. The first of many larger hot balls of still on fire wax with the last bit of lit wick came loose and hit me right on my chest!

Seeing that happen and my upper body come off the ground from the pain, Jackie quickly scurried back into her chair to get the best view of the Finale to the Fireworks that is melting candles! I swear she was starting to bounce up and down in excitement! That was not part of her plan as far as Today's Torture!

Jackie bit down on her lip and waited as two more just as large, hot and flaming balls came down and lucky for me, both missed and landed on the floor. I'm thinking Thank God! While Jackie is looking at me pouting . . . Really? She wanted those to . . .

"MMMMMMGGGFFFKKKK!" Three more came down hard and hot! Two on my thighs and the third right next to my cock, lighting some pubes on fire before being put out from the splash of hot wax! As much as she wanted to see me in pain, I'm pretty sure she didn't want me to catch on fire!

Some of the powder of the fire extinguisher got into my eyes before I got them closed . . . Jackie sprayed the candles still wired in place, knocking many of them loose and down to the ground . . . chasing them around she put the last of them out and finished with emptying her drink right onto my crotch!

See! She didn't want me to burn to death . . . so she can't be that bad . . . see cares about me . . . then Jackie said, "It's five O'clock" Wait! Fuck Me! Did she just put out the flames to save me or because it was five O'clock? What would have just happened if it wasn't five O'clock yet?

Not totally sure I want to know . . .

I was right about me getting to at least bump my cock against her before leaving

. . . that was exactly what happened . . . of course, I could hardly feel it with most of my still erect cock encased in a layer of cooled down wax.

Her Sexy School Girl outfit was still working even though it was torn open and had some random splashes of wax and powder from the extinguisher . . . it didn't matter . . . because I'm standing here naked other than my wax coating, getting the longest "Thank You" yet!

Before leaving, Jackie mentioned me being chained up in her bedroom using some special self-timer locks she ordered online. Between those, and a locking leather panel gag with built in pump gag, she promises it will be the best self-bondage yet.

I asked about what she wanted me to wear and Jackie replied, "I kinda liked seeing you naked today . . . if we could do that again tomorrow, it would be great."

FRIDAY . . .

Normally I never manscape . . . but when enough of your pubes are missing off one side, you need to even them out. Knowing I was finally making it to her bedroom, I showered and cleaned up like it was a date . . . I mean, I am going to be chained up naked for her . . .

Jackie greeted me at the door as always. Except, this time her final outfit choice was hidden from me under her robe. Every few seconds I imagined a different possible Role Play outfit being under there. Tennis Player in a short skirt, Hooter's Girl with tiny orange shorts, Naked? Maybe later . . . I like my Gifts Wrapped . . .

Once inside her house, we went directly up to her room and it was huge! The oversize King Bed had four massive posts going up to the canopy. Was so looking forward to putting myself into self-bondage on that bed . . . then having her have her way with me . . . until 5 . . .

On the bed, was the sturdy looking locking panel gag. The ankle and wrist straps I've grown very familiar with right next to the gag. Then there were like twenty different lengths of chain, and just as many very odd looking locks.

These must be the self-timer locks she mentioned the day before. Each had three buttons and little screens on them. Jackie says, these are very popular for self-bondage. You just set them how long you want to be helpless, and once on, they won't open no matter what until the time is up.

I couldn't control myself and asked, "Am I chaining myself to the bed then?" Jackie replies with, "Yes, up against this bed post right here . . . to start" I ask, "To Start?" She answers, "Yes, you've been so good at helping me to cum again . . . a lot! . . . and I want to reward you."

"Still want to watch you make yourself helpless again . . . its great foreplay for me . . . plus making you wait a little will be a very fun way to Torture you . . . just a little more . . ."

Sounds like a good plan to me, so I stripped down naked knowing that's what she wanted from me today. I'm looking around . . . trying to figure out what or how I'm she's going to surprise me this time? Don't see any cables, ways to almost drown me standing up, and dripping wax in this nice room just wouldn't be right.

Still in her robe, Jackie takes a seat on the loveseat along the wall. Yeah, her bedroom is big enough to have other not needed at all in a bedroom, furniture. She's wearing big slippers and her robe is like one of those a 40's Movie Star would wear . . . going all the way to the ground. I can't even get a hint of what she's hiding.

Picking up one of the self-timer locks, they seem pretty easy to use while still being very heavy and very well made. Jackie comments, "My Counselor felt I should be more involved once you complete your self-bondage and that I should give you some control over just how long the Session will last."

My turn to tip my head, stare at her, then wait for more details. "She felt with those locks, I give you all the control to set them for as long or short as you want. Then lock your pump gag in place and chain your body to the bedpost." I'm liking that I get to choose the time . . . finally!

"Once the locks set you free, we'll move to the bed and have the Love Making experience I know you've been aching for since we met" She couldn't be more right there! Finally! And just being Friday, and my Donated time goes through Sunday . . . Bingo! This will all have been worth it!

BEDPOST . . .

Wanting to get this rolling, I set every one of the twenty or so self-timer locks to 60 minutes each. Figure that'll be more than enough time for Jackie to be happy making me wait and not so fucking long that I can't take it.

Did it pretty quick and the buttons were small, but made sure each and every one was set to the same 60 minutes. Jackie came over and kissed me on the lips and said "Thank You", before she went back to her love seat. A preemptive "Thank You" . . . Wow!

This gag was very different from the others. The part that went into my mouth was made of a very thick rubber material, but wasn't large at all. Didn't take a genius to figure out why it's called a pump gag. Guess once it's in, Jackie will give the ball at the end of the hose a few pumps and the balloon inside will get bigger.

Once strapped on, I fed the first of many self-timer locks into place and {click} "gasp", that click never fails to excite Jackie. Must be the reason for so many locks this time. Four more clicks for the ankle and wrist straps meant four more quiet little gasps of pleasure from Jackie.

"Slave . . . make sure you're chained tightly to the post for your Mistress . . . I suggest you keep me happy . . . Or Else" Ok, still haven't seen what's under the robe . . . but I'm pretty sure I've yet to hear a Hooter's Girl say that line. Her Counselor said she should be more involved . . . guessing I didn't just imagine the smell or sound of Leather when I followed her to her room . . .

Not wanting to upset the apple cart here, I made sure that each length of chain was as tight as I could handle before the {click} and "gasp". Ankles were pretty tough, trying to not fall over, but got them done. Yeah, the pressure of the chains hurt way more than the ropes did, but I can take it for an hour.

Jackie was getting more and more worked up at the sight of me getting closer to completing my self-bondage . . . as much as was I. There was no hiding just how hard my cock had become being naked and chained to the post. I was fine with it. I mean, soon Jackie will be getting much more personal with it as I force it deep inside of her as many times and for as long as I can last!

{CLICK!} "GASP!" Not sure if it was in my head, or the build up. But the last lock closing on my wrist straps seemed the loudest. I was now firmly up against the bedpost with twenty chains digging into my flesh. At my ankles, knees, top of my thighs, waist, stomach, above and below my nipples, over my shoulders and crisscrossing my chest.

Yes, this was painful, but I was hers for the next hour and I couldn't be happier about it. Jackie stood up with such a look of total lust on her face like I've not seen before. Oddly, she hadn't started her masturbation yet. By now, she would normally have been on her second or third orgasm.

DENIAL . . .

With everything in place, me in tight-chained self-bondage for, now, less than an hour left, Jackie stands up and lets her robe fall to the floor. I totally guessed the leather, but could never of imagined just how fucking Amazing she would look in it! Holy Fuck!

My cock was lifting up and down on it's own and I couldn't, nor did I care to try and stop it! All black leather, heavily boned corset, forcing her already nice sized breasts upward . . . ready to fall out the top! Thigh high leather boots with tall spiked heels.

The naked flesh of her smooth thighs was standing out as so many more areas of her body are covered in leather. Bicep length leather gloves so tight they look painted on. She even has a leather Cat-O-Nine Tails hanging from her hip!

Moving her crossed leather glove covered wrists away from her crotch . . . I now see why she hasn't been masturbating . . . a larger, black leather, very tight and locked in place . . . Chastity belt!

Even if I wasn't currently gagged, I would have still been speechless at this sight. So far it's always been about Jackie cumming as quickly and as many times as possible while I struggle in pain . . . the lock, she took one of the self-timer locks while I was setting them all to 60 minutes! She must have locked it on when I wasn't staring.

Jackie knew I was confused. Putting a lock on her own chastity belt, after she'd become a total masturbation machine . . . with my help. She's about to explain . . . I can tell . . . and I'm sure it's going to start with . . .

"My Counselor felt now that I'm way past my problem of not being able to cum . . . that I need to wait a little also. To experience a little self control . . . a little self-denial. That's why I took one of the locks you set . . . so we could wait together."

For once, I like how the Counselor thinks. It's only fair Jackie has to wait a little. I've had to wait every day for hours until I drove far enough away to park somewhere the Cops wouldn't catch me relieving myself.

Jackie moves right in front of me and starts to caress my chest and pinch my nipples "She also felt I should be forced to tease, torment and torture you myself . . . until the locks open . . ." I can handle that part . . .

With my nipples totally erect, she brings up a pair of nipple clamps clipped onto her belt and tightly clips them on me. I start to complain about the pain and Jackie remembers, she hasn't added any pumps to my gag. Quickly, she gives three full pumps . . . the ball inside my mouth enlarges and I can feel the pressure against my tongue.

Jackie's hands slowly worked their way down to my erect and begging for any attention cock. She gives it the slowest and lightest touch stroke from the base to the head. I force it outward as hard as I can, and she pulls her hand away and gives my pump gag another pump. "Bad Slave"

She caresses me ever so lightly again as the lock on the front of her Chastity belt bumps into my thigh. Again, can't help myself as I force my hips outward again. Once again, her hand leaves my cock and gives me a fifth pump. "Naughty Slave"

Ok, so if every time I push my hips out, gets me another pump on this gag . . . things are going to go bad quickly. I'm going to end up being a "Dead Slave" I need to hold still, but it's not going to be easy . . . only have around another thirty minutes before the locks start to open . . . I can do this!

Every so often, I could see that Jackie was getting as sexually frustrated as I was and she'd try different ways to push on the hard leather of the Chastity belt or try and sneak her fingers inside. It was too tight and too secure, so she'd have to wait just like me . . . got a lot of what comes around goes around sadistic pleasure out of watching her being stuck and having to wait!

Jackie did give me some light flogging with the Cat-O-Nine and used a Ridding crop on me a little. But nothing ever hard or painful. Much more of a playful way and it actually made her giggle a little when she did it.

It had to have been 60 minutes by now and I was getting so ready to hear that first click of the many locks to open. Then her lock would come off her Chastity belt and we would be fucking away the rest of the Day! . . . I can't wait! . . .

Jackie had yet to actually check any of the self-timer locks herself. She knew how bad I wanted to fuck her so figured I chose a shorter time. She was very right about that! Personally, I should have gone less than an hour, but that might have made this game go way too short for Jackie's liking.

I could see she was getting more and more worked up and so wanted the Chastity belt off as she was grabbing at it more and starting to randomly pull on the lock. This is the moment all my big plans went sideways . . .

She held the lock out and looked at it in complete shock! Glancing down, I could see the number '59' clearly displayed on the self-timer lock screen and the lump in my stomach couldn't have been larger! OH FUCK!

PUNISHMENT . . .

"60 HOURS! YOU SET THE LOCKS FOR 60 FUCKING HOURS!"
{SMACK!} "MMMGGHH!" {SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} "I CAN'T
WAIT TO CUM FOR 60 FUCKING HOURS!" {SMACK!} {SMACK!}

The light playful flogging was a thing of the past! Jackie had turned into a complete Pain Wielding Mistress and was flailing the Cat-O-Nine as hard and fast as possible across my helplessly chained chest, stomach and thighs!
{SMACK!} {SMACK!} {SMACK!} "MMMGGGRR MMMRR MMGGGHH!"

She didn't use the Cat-O-Nine on my cock . . . for that, she outright slapped and smacked him around with her leather-gloved hands. One of the many smacks made him instinctively push outwards and she didn't miss it!

A quick pump with another comment, "Going to have a hard time breathing soon, Slave" Then, as fast as she started whipping me, she walked out of the Bedroom and I finally has a moment to try and breathe.

Around ten minutes later Jackie returned. She had a box of power bars and a six-pack of Energy Drinks she slammed hard onto her nightstand. "This worked for Exam Cramming in College and it will work for me now!" I've never seen such a combination of pissed off Sexual Frustration and determination before . . . and it's not going to be good for me at all!

Forcing her leather covered body hard up against mine, Jackie reaches down and

squeezes my balls hard and won't let go! "MMNNNOOOOO!!!!!" Staring deep into my Soul, Jackie says while gritting her teeth, "Hope you're ready for the most Painful 59 hours of your Fucking Life . . . Slave!"

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The next few Pages are

My Personal Suggestions to

Save you some Time . . .



Zatanna Dark

FINAL BONDAGE GASP
CHILDISH ROLLPLAY LEADS TO SPANKING & CBT!



Zatanna Dark

FINAL SELF BONDAGE

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Comments, Suggestions, Requests -*

ZatannaXtraDark@Gmail.com

Twitter: @dark_zatanna