

## She Meets Me Half Way

When you love someone, you meet them halfway. I'm a switch and she is my lovely submissive who doesn't have a single naturally dominant bone in her body. We've discussed ways that my sub needs can be met, and neither of us are offended or opposed to the idea of opening up to others to meet them, but for right now she's able to prove the old adage true. She meets me halfway, and it's absolutely perfect.

To back up a little bit, I've been into self-bondage for just about half my life now. It's been a bit of a haven, a refuge, since my teen years. When the stress of high school was too much, I took comfort in wrapping ropes around my ankles and cuffing my hands. When I got to college, I graduated to more intense sessions, and even had a few close calls. The entire time, one constant remained; I keep it all *\*extremely\** private. Great pains were taken to make sure absolutely nobody knew of my restraint-enhanced sensory deprivation.

From what I can tell, the appeal of self-bondage in particular is because it's an exercise in problem solving...one that I can't be distracted from. It's simple...you're tied up, so get out. The struggle is real, the issue is simple, the workout can be extreme, and on top of it all it kicks me into a sexual overdrive. Through it all, the rule for me is that true bondage doesn't start until I want out.

She, meanwhile, finds the appeal of bondage not in the isolation and the challenge, but in giving up the power *\*to\** someone. In particular, she chooses to give that power to me. She likes being tied and helpless, she likes wearing her bit, and she loves the control I have over it all. She finds it intimate and she loves the inventive ways I can give her pain and pleasure, and she does not enjoy being left alone.

So about three entire years into our relationship, I finally got the courage to ask her. I was worried that it would hurt my image as her dom, that for some reason that aspect of our lives would be torpedoed. It took a lot of trust and a ton of effort, but in the end it was like clicking the handcuffs closed. Just do it, and there's no going back.

"I was wondering...if I could maybe...y'know...tie, like, myself up...or something. And...maybe...like, you could, maybe...be my safety person? If that's okay. If

not, that's cool."

Living together for three years, and that's the most confident I could sound. She laughed and said I was adorable, and I laughed at myself, and she said "Absolutely". Even then, though, I could tell she wasn't entirely into it. She thought what was expected of her was what she'd seen in videos online. The dominatrix that punishes, teases, tickles, tortures, or stays beside the helpless prey. She made it clear that she wasn't a predator, and that role wasn't in her comfort zone. That wasn't at all what I needed her to be.

"I don't really need you to do anything," I explained over some afternoon tea, "I can take care of tying my legs. I can do the blindfold, the gag, the-"

"A gag? How can you let me know if something goes wrong?" she voiced her primary concern of it all...my safety.

"We'll think of a system. Honestly, that's kind of a big part of the restraint for me," I could barely believe my ears...this was something I spent half my life explicitly \*not\* revealing to anyone, "There's something about it. It's like being an animal. Like...taking away the ability to talk is so...primal."

"Cool. For me it's just about giving you the control. I didn't think if you were doing it to yourself that would matter," she seemed intrigued, like she was observing an experiment.

"Really, anything that reminds me of my situation makes it even hotter," years of self-analysis kept pouring out, "Like...even if you talked to me and were being casual. Actually, being casual, and acting like nothing's changed...that's probably hotter than any forced interaction."

"...really?"

"Yeah. I don't want you to do anything that's forced, or be a dom. Honestly, the hottest thing I could think of would just be me...like, tied up on the floor...and you just act like nothing's wrong. Like, you watch TV, play video games, ask me a question...ask me to clarify when I can't answer. You know?"

"So...I just treat you like you're not tied up and gagged?" she looked a bit confused.

"Yes. I mean, sure. I mean..." I was trying to avoid telling her exactly what to do, "Just kind of do whatever you want. Literally...whatever you want."

"I'll do my best."

That was all I could ask.

-----

The first few times were simple, but definitely more intense than I'd been able to enjoy before. I was able to take chances I'd shied away from when I was truly flying solo (except for a couple scares when I was young, and those were \*why\* I was reluctant to be too strict by myself). Knowing the love of my life was a few rooms away really let me tighten everything that much more, increase the strictness, increase the size of the gag, and enjoy the blindfold (formerly avoided when using cuffs and a key).

Our system is what makes it all work. I needed some sort of motivation to get out. She wasn't going to be one for punishing me, so it was largely self-imposed. With some slight variations, it's more or less the following:

- Set a time limit, usually around two hours.
- If I can get out before the time limit, I get rewarded by her with some head or maybe a hand job.
- If I can't get out in time, I can't relieve myself sexually for the rest of the day.
- If I give our code for her to let me out (aka, "really quitting") I get punished...usually by not being allowed to jerk off for a couple of days as well as taking on her chores for the weekend.
- At any point I can "really quit" by using the YELLOW LIGHT. This is humming a particular tune behind my gag that she can discern. Singing/humming this song tells her "I'm really done. I quit. I accept my punishment." but that it's not an emergency, she can take her time, and even let me stew for a while if she wants.

- If I need to call a RED LIGHT, there's a different and easily identifiable song. This one means "stop what you're doing and let me out". It's reserved for panic attacks or serious trouble. Always have a red light.

Anyway, that's more or less it. She meets me halfway, and does her part in indulging my submissive side, by letting me adventure in some serious self-bondage, helping me out with complicated restraints (wrists or elbows) if I ask her, and helping me adhere to my own motivations. The only problem, really, is that I've been almost too good at getting out. All that changed one particular day, when she finally decided to meet me just a bit more than halfway.

-----

"You sure? This seems really, really intense," she lifted one eyebrow.

"You're not starting to doubt me, are you? I'm on a streak!"

It was true. I'd gone six in a row, always making them more and more intense. Each time I was able to find the key or the scissors somewhere in the apartment. Hell, most of the time I didn't even need either and I was able to slip out of the bonds by myself.

"If it'll make it better for you, I can do it. It just seems like it makes it too hard," she fiddled with the handcuffs in her hands, trying to figure out the angle.

"Look, it's simple," I sat down next to her, my pre-tied crotch rope and shoulder harness reminding me of their presence, "Every time I use the handcuffs, I can find the key or pick them with a bobby pin. Being blindfolded doesn't stop me, I just scoot around until I can find it. And when I'm just tied with the bandages, I always seem to be able to wriggle out of them. And it's not your fault, honey...I've even been able to squeeze out when I zip tied their cinches. And it's because of the socks."

One thing that does kind of limit, but also enhance, my self-bondage experience is the use of socks over my hands. I work in business, and I can't have rope burns or handcuff marks on my wrists. So I've gotten into practice

of wearing extra thick socks over my hands when restrained. The good thing is that marks aren't left. The unfortunate side effect is that that extra padding between the restraints and my hands means there's just the smallest amount of wiggle room, and I'm able to pick at the cinch enough to crack juuuuuuuust enough space to slide a wrist out. Bummer.

"If I'm only cuffed, I can slide the socks off because the cuffs are never tight enough to hold them on for good," I explained, "But the bandage wraps solve that. So if the bandage wraps go on behind the gloves, the socks will stay on AND I will have a much harder time finding the key, since I can't feel it!"

"Sounds like a challenge alright. I could never make it out of any of your stuff," she shook her head and smiled, returning to her reading.

"Do you need to go over your checklist again, or are you good?"

"No sweetie, I'm good. Go get set and give me a shout when you're ready for me."

A quick thanks and a kiss and I padded off to the opposite side of the house, butterflies swirling in my stomach. Getting prepped is always like a ritual for me. It's like meditation. In a more vulgar sense, the entire bondage experience is kind of like flushing my mind like a toilet. All my daily stress and worries, all of life's little annoyances and the world's greatest problems...none of them matter. All that matters is finding a way out, picking the lock or undoing the knot, somehow rubbing off the blindfold or finding new mobility. For that brief time, everything is so simple, but so difficult. It's the best kind of therapy.

I sat down and assessed myself. I'd already taken a length of rope and tied it around my waist, passed each end down between my legs and up my backside, then hooked it on itself and weaved it around and around again. It was tight and pulling on it would tighten it some more, but that would come later. The other pre-tied piece was my simple shoulder harness, needed to show her how to help me with my elbows when that came around. I had looped a length of rope in half and held its middle at the top of my neck, then passed it below my left armpit, across my back and under my right armpit, then up behind my neck again. Passing the loose ends through the loop, I doubled it back on itself and went beneath the armpit and over the back again, and when it was back on the back of my neck I gave it a quick knot, then

brought it down to the length of itself that was across my back and knotted it there. The ends would sit and wait for her to give me a helping hand.

I've always tied my legs rather intensely. First came the ankles, tied together and cinched with about fifty feet of rope. The arches of the feet came next, tied together and cinched with another fifty feet. I was careful not to be too strict tying my big toes together with the shoelace, as I'd felt the blood flow being pinched off in previous sessions. But what I lacked in pinching tightness I made up for in security...cinching them together and tying the loose ends to the ropes that bound my arches ensured my toes were stuck together and that the shoelace wouldn't be slipping off.

Next came below and above the knees, fifty feet of rope apiece and cinched. The part that could quickly get uncomfortable was next, as I kneeled and pressed my ankles against my butt. The long length of rope, around a hundred fifty feet, was tied around and around, sealing my ankles to my rear end and keeping my legs folded in half. Cinching this rope was always tricky, especially since I tried to keep the knot away from my backside where I'd be able to reach it, but once it was done my legs were completely welded together and folded.

Breathing deep came what was likely my favorite, but most vulnerable part. I was completely honest with her when I explained the mental impact of being gagged. It made me feel silly, I knew I looked ridiculous, and even talking about it was enough to make me blush eight shades of red. But that's all part of the fun of it too.

I don't play around with it. But, for her, I also played it extremely safe. A person can choke on stuffing that goes far down the throat, so I met her halfway. I'd cut the sleeves off of several tee shirts, and with some stretch to the fabric I fit them over my head and around the area of my mouth. The harness ball gag plops in after that, and the extra stuffing from the three stacked shirt sleeves adds enough to the diameter of the ball that I can really tell it's there. The stuffing soaks up the moisture from the tongue, as well as any sound, but since it's wrapped around the head I won't be able to accidentally choke on it.

Three more cut off sleeves go over my head and stop at eye level. The harness part of the gag then comes up and over the head. This not only holds the

beginnings of the blindfold in place, but it also protects my forehead from that damn leather digging in and leaving a mark. Buckling the chin strap to its tightest served to hold the leather gag in place.

Next came the wraps. One long piece of cloth goes over the ball gag, pulled tight, so that it drives the ball farther in. After that is the medical wrap, stretched to its fullest and wrapped around and around, so that once it is held in place it begins to contract, driving everything even \*deeper\*. I could already begin to feel some discomfort, wanting to dislodge everything, and I pushed forward.

I had several more cloths to wrap around the eyes and the mouth, plunging into pitch black and feeling more pressure with each wrap around my mouth. When my very thorough blindfold and gag were complete, I only had one more step before she would assist.

I reached around and found the elbow wrap. Two triangular bandages, the kind used in first aid, were pre-sized and looped and knotted. I'd sized them so that they were restrictive, but not overly uncomfortable, around my elbows with my arms behind my back. She helped me in a "dry run" to ensure that once cinched, they were strict and they were extremely tight, but were not going to be harmful. I shimmied the elbow wrap up my arms, and did my absolute best to call her.

"Mmph mmr!" sounded like 'okay' in my head.

My senses were in overdrive. I could hear her get up and counted her footsteps toward me. She came in the room and placed her hand on the top of my head, sending a shiver down my spine, as she re-reviewed the checklist I'd left her on the table beside me.

"Alright honey, step one..." she reached down and I could feel her pull the elbow loops up some, straightening them out where they should be. She then took the ends of the shoulder harness, dangling from the middle of my back, and ran them around and around the elbow wraps, pulling tight with each turn, closing the loop and holding it in place. After almost a dozen wraps, she knotted the rope to itself. Now my elbows were tightly bound, and I wiggled a little bit to see if there was any give. I could immediately feel the rope that cinched them pull on the part of my shoulder harness that was at the back of

my neck. The elbow wraps weren't falling down with ease.

"How's that, too tight?" she asked, and I shook my head, "Alright, great."

She'd always shown enthusiasm, because she knew it made me happy. The trick was to find what worked for each of us. She found no pleasure whatsoever in being on top in bed, in dominating me in the classical sense. She tried it, she gave it her best, but it was clear she was forcing it. The trick to it was to find what she would be happy doing, what we could earnestly share together. She could be happy being herself with a checklist and a smile on her face, just giving her boyfriend a hand with his fetish. It helped of course that part of his fetish was being treated like his being tied up was no big deal. Or at least, very girl-next-door-finds-you.

She hummed a bit as she examined the next item on the list. Socks. She helped put a sock over each hand. I balled my fist and she pulled them tight, and the socks made it up to my elbows. I could hear her go "Hmm" and she took the extra few seconds to work the socks up underneath my elbow wraps. Awesome.

With the socks in place, she slid the pre-sized triangular bandage loops over my wrists. Again, two bandages, each one made about eight loops. You might be wondering why I use triangular bandages, and the reason is, again, avoiding rope burn. After a few uses, they've lost much of their stretch and behave like ropes, and the thicker material is harder to cut. Once the bandage loops were in place, I could feel her pre-tie the cinch rope that would make them extremely tight.

Next came the tricky part. Our pair of handcuffs are and extremely sturdy, professional-grade. The chain between them is only two links long. The trick here was to lock the cuff around one wrist, which I felt her do, at an angle where the keyhole was not placed between the wrists. With experimenting, I'd found that you can lock the cuff around the wrist so that the keyhole is placed almost directly underneath the pinky. Then you can overlap the first keyhole with the second one, which places the wrists much, much closer together. We'd experimented with this in the dry run, and between the socks and the space for the wrist cinch, the overlapping bracelets of the handcuffs didn't end up cutting into the wrists \*at all\*.



I felt her hit the double lock of the first cuff so that it wouldn't tighten, and then she grunted a bit and swore because getting the second cuff around the other wrist was tricky. After playing Tetris with the handcuffs for a moment, I heard the \*click click click click\* and she double locked it. It was a fight, but she got my hands cuffed when they were already almost touching because of the wrist coils.

"Even if you get out of this," she sighed with some exasperation, "you owe me. That is a pain in the ass."

I laughed a bit that sounded like a muffled cough, and she proceeded to slide the wrist coil down close to the handcuffs. She then tightened the pre-placed cinch loop, knotted it, and looped it around and knotted it several times until she was out of length.

"Alright, one last thing and then you're on your own," she read the last bit from the list.

With a gentle tug, I could feel her guide my hands toward my backside as she slipped the plastic zip tie underneath the back of my crotch rope. She fed one end of the zip tie around my wrist coil (not the handcuffs...not enough room) and pulled it tight, and pulled it tighter, and zip tied my wrists completely to the crotch rope. I could hear her look over the list to see if she missed anything.

"Let's see...elbows, and the wrists...dum de dum...looks like you're all set," she ruffled my hair and I could've come right then and there, "You've got a two hour limit. I've got your yellow light and red light songs here. Let's test the yellow right now."

I gave her my best attempt at the Meow Mix song. Humiliating.

"Hmm...sounds good. I mean...sounds discernible. Now let's make sure of the red light."

With a deep breath, I tried my best to belt out The Imperial March.

"Excellent. I won't be surprised if I hear Meow Mix any time soon," she tugged on the rope that cinched my elbows playfully, "That looks extra tight. Alright,

down we go."

I felt her hands guide me toward the floor and she gently set me down. It was go time, with only one thing missing...

"Alright, good luck baby. You are going to need it," wait, no!

"MMPH!!!"

I couldn't see her face, but I could almost picture the faux look of surprise on it as she playfully asked, "What's that?" I made a little whine, like a puppy in the rain.

"I'm sorry honey, what are you trying to say?"

If she was finally going to play, then I was \*definitely\* going to play back, "Mmmph...mmrrr mmmph!?"

She giggled.

"Of course, the last item of the list," I could feel her get close, her breath on what was exposed of my face, "A kiss for good luck."

Her pursed lips pressed against my nose and I was in heaven. She then walked out and I barely had the wherewithal to try to yell a thank you.

-----

I started out as I normally do, giving each bond a bit of a tug, trying to stretch, and genuinely enjoying the restrictive qualities. I find that enjoying myself is important to start, gearing up steadily into a rabid struggle to get out.

It didn't take too long to realize, though, that this time was different. First, I hadn't ever really had my elbows bound like this. I'd had the bandages looped around them, and I'd had them connected to a rope that held them in place. But this was the first time that I'd had them cinched, which was very different. Even though they weren't cutting off circulation, and they actually felt quite comfortable, there was a firmness to the grip that I hadn't experienced before.

There was no twisting back and forth and gaining slight movement. When I relaxed my arms, they didn't separate, but instead eased into the unyielding grip of the bandages.

But that was all secondary to the unforgiving hold of the handcuffs. I'd always found the cuffs to be less strict than having my hands tied, mostly because these are the kind connected with a chain (rather than a hinge), and having my wrists held firm together always seemed so much more restrictive. Well this time I had both. The wrist coils held my wrists together tight, and the metal cuffs made damn sure they were going to stay that way. I tried to reach with my balled up fingers to see if I could pick at the cinch around the bandages holding my wrists, but I soon realized I actually couldn't reach my fingers past the cuffs. At all.

I'd always been able to work my wrists out of the bandages, through twisting and turning and creating space with my bony fingers and joints. This time, between the elbow restraints and the handcuffs, there was no twisting to be had. Even if I could manage to find a pocket of forgiveness in the bandages, there was absolutely no way I'd be able to slip them over my wrists with the handcuffs in the way.

Yanking and twisting my wrists was doing wonders for the crotch rope too. I was already starting to feel the warm sensation in my loins and the desperate need to find sexual release. A few moments of tingling and I realized I absolutely *\*HAD\** to get out, because if I was forbidden from jerking off the rest of the night would be hell.

The handcuffs would have to go first. Then I could worry about wiggling out of the wraps. Part of the deal was that the handcuff key had to be placed where I could reach it. Yes, it was a bit of a cop out...but I did want to end up cumming after all of this. So the key had to be somewhere in this room...or in the hallway...or...somewhere on the rest of the ground floor of the house.

"Fuck," I tried to say, but it came out a muffled mess. Then again, she wasn't one to make me suffer, so I doubted it was that far away. A few seconds into feeling for it, however, and I realized it was going to be a much bigger challenge to feel it with these socks over my hands. It was going to be even harder to pick it up and manipulate it, since my fingers weren't able to extend fully. But step one was finding the damn thing, and pronto.

It was a lot of work to get to the wall, but once I was there I had something to push myself up. Abdominal muscles strained and tensed, and I found myself breathing heavy, but I'd managed to get myself into a sitting position. It pulled steadily on the crotch rope to bend my waist, but in order to keep balance my knees were up near my chest and my feet gripped the floor as best they could with tied big toes.

Moving in this position was like being an inch worm. I'd been tied similarly to this before, but always with some leeway in either the crotch rope, the tie connecting it to my wrists, or some room to move my ankles. This time I'd just about welded my ankle to my thighs, the crotch rope was tighter than I'd ever made it before, and the zip tie held my wrists fast to my back. Pulling my wrists out as far as they'd go, which wasn't far at all, and then pushing with my heels until I scooted an inch or two backward, proved to be extremely slow going. Not to mention that I had almost zero side-to-side movement with my hands, so I was going to have to comb the carpet row by row, and it was going to get harder and harder to maintain balance as I moved away from the wall.

I got lost in thought, focused solely on finding the key, and I found the far wall. Twisting and turning, I managed to move a few inches in one direction and face the opposite way, then retrace my path to the other side of the room. Without any sense of the passage of time, and with no idea where she placed the handcuff key, the butterflies really started to swirl. I was going to be stuck like this, I was going to run out of time, and I was *\*never\** going to get my sexual release. Feeling that helpless just made it build up more and more inside, and the more it built the more helpless I felt.

About the third or fourth pass across the room, I still hadn't found the key, but I was as hard as I'd ever been. I needed, absolutely NEEDED, to get out of this. I needed some relief, even just for a moment. Before I knew it, my hands were trying to touch my rock hard erection, and without them to stabilize me I felt the weightless scare of falling over! I tried to catch myself, but it was too late, and I was on my side and breathing heavy.

Getting back up was near impossible, but that didn't stop me from trying. The effort I'd put in to comb the room with those four passes couldn't be wasted! I needed to find that key, and for all I knew I was running out of time. But,

trying to get to a sitting position proved fruitless, and only served to disorient me and cause me to flop around, and soon I had no idea which direction I was facing. The wall wasn't within reach, and going blindly in any direction could waste all sorts of time.

"Blindly! That's it!" I thought, though I grunted a bit out loud in doing so. My hands pinned behind my back, all I could do to try to gain some sight was to work off the blindfold. It was several layers thick, and the bottom two layers were held in place by the harness ballgag's straps, but if I could just rub it enough to create \*some\* bit of light, I could peek through it and find that damn key!

Pressing my face against the carpet and dragging as much as I could, the blindfolds weren't budging at all. By now I'd worked up quite a sweat, and the cloth was sticking to my face. I couldn't get enough movement or enough of a grip to make any difference, and before long I found myself panting and puffing, trying to breathe around the layers of my gag. It was pretty unsuccessful, as my only air intake was through the nostrils, and resulted in a grunting and moaning that attracted attention.

I heard her feet padding down the hall casually, and my heart raced. It couldn't be my time limit already, could it? There's no way that took two hours! But, then again...could I really take this for that long? Already my shoulders were growing sore from the strain on my arms, and my sexual tension had turned me into a grunting, sweating mess.

"You doing okay, sweetie?" she asked casually from the doorway.

"Mmmph mmmrrr rrrrphh mmmph," was my attempt at holding casual conversation. More than anything, I didn't want her to think anything was actually wrong, and I could breathe just fine.

"You sure are making an awful lot of noise," I heard two footsteps and felt the air move as she leaned down next to me, "Well...not that much noise. But you sure are trying to."

I felt her hand caress the side of my face and I all but melted.

"Ermph mmmph mrr-"

"Honey, you're really going to have to speak up."

"Mmmph?" her hand petting my hair was making me quiver.

"I can't understand you with that gag in your mouth," she said, so matter-of-fact. I wanted to orgasm right then and there, "If you've got something to say, you'll have to get it out first."

My blindfolded eyes rolled back into my head. This was absolute heaven. All it took was for her to remind me I was helpless, that I looked ridiculous, and that there was nothing I could do about it. She didn't have to fake being a dominatrix, or do anything outside her comfort zone. She was meeting me with exactly what I'd always envisioned. I never wanted to come more in my entire life. I could feel my hips starting to thrust involuntarily. She must've noticed that too.

"What's wrong?" she cooed, "Is something the matter?"

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmph!"

"Honey, you're not going to be able to jerk off like that. Besides, wouldn't you rather I give you a nice, warm, loving blow job once you get out of this silly predicament?"

"MMMMMPH!!!" my thrusting only intensified.

She petted my hair and "shhhhh"ed me and made all my dreams come true. I could float there, in that moment, forever. My hips calmed down, and my whole body relaxed and once again enjoyed the situation. The soreness in my shoulders went away, my breathing calmed, and there wasn't even an outside world. Work, money, the world...nothing mattered. Everything was perfect.

"Now sweetie," she explained, "If you want that blow job, you are going to have to get out of this. I'm willing to meet you halfway. Do you want my help finding the handcuff key?"

I nodded my head and mpphed the positive.

"What's that honey?"

"Mmmmph!"

"I said do you want my help finding the key?"

"MMMMMM!! MMPH MMMMRPH!"

"Alright, alright baby. Shhhh...I'll help. Right now you're pretty cold."

"...mmmph?" the realization struck me. She wasn't about to make this easy. That made it even better!

I figured she was near the doorway, and I was still willing to bet the key was in the same room as me. So I rolled over and faced away from the door, starting to scoot in the opposite direction. I didn't even bother feeling for the key, since she was going to help me. For a brief moment I realized that she could mislead me on purpose, but it was such a toss-up since I couldn't see anything that following her directions seemed a better choice.

"You're getting a bit warmer..."

The fight intensified. My shoulders ached again, and the ball in my mouth was definitely starting to take its toll on my jaw. Each yank on the crotch rope tugged the harness around my groin, and every inch I moved brought me closer and closer to release.

"Ehhhhh...cooling down now, baby."

With a groan, I turned and shimmied slightly in a different direction.

"Mmm?" I mewed, as if to ask if this was better.

"Yep. You're in good shape now."

We continued the dance for a few minutes. She zeroed me in on my goal, and I could only hope she was being nice. I'd reached that point where the bondage had definitely started, because I certainly wanted out! My shoulders were pretty raw from all the rubbing on the carpet, and the cloth over the ballgag

was starting to become saturated with drool and sweat. Just as I thought I couldn't take another moment of it-

"Alright sweetie! Good job! You should be able to reach it now," she congratulated me from the opposite corner of the room.

Relief started to wash over me, but was quickly replaced with anxiety. I couldn't feel the key or the string it was attached to, and my heart leapt up to my throat. Had she deceived me, just to waste precious time? Did she enjoy watching me struggle across the floor? Just as I started to panic a bit and lose hope, my covered fingers fumbled across something small and metal! Even through the thick sock I could make out what it was, and I breathed a sigh of relief as I did my best to clumsily grip the handcuff key!

"Great job, honey!" she cheered me on, supporting me in all my ventures, "Now just get those cuffs off and you can slip out of the bandages, and you'll be out in no time!"

She had so much faith in me. It really made my heart swoon. It was a bit of a task, since my fingers couldn't open fully, and since I couldn't feel the key very easily through the sock, but I eventually was able to work it so that it could be aimed at the key hole. With a triumphant exhilaration, I brought the key to the cuff and went to place it in the hole. A short while later, I realized something was wrong. Something was very, very wrong! The entire surface of the handcuff was smooth! I couldn't feel the key hole! That only meant one thing...the key hole was facing the other direction!

Even worse. The key hole was facing the other direction, and was sandwiched against the other cuff, which was completely inaccessible because of how the bracelets overlapped! I could feel a wave of frustration and panic come over me, and I felt across the surface again, telling myself it couldn't be true. She'd never make that mistake! How the hell was I supposed to get the key in the key hole at all! I couldn't move the bracelets apart because of the bandages holding my wrists together, and even if I could I didn't have enough room to reach around to the back side of the bracelet and fit the key in the hole!

"MMMMMMMMPPPPHHHHHH!!!" I cried in complete frustration, my helplessness taking over entirely, "MMMPPPHHH!!! MMMPH!!  
MMMMMMMMMMMMPPPPHH!!!"



I dropped the key and it took too long to find it again. Getting a hold of it, positioning it, and returning to the challenge of finding the key hole took all of my concentration. I was able to squeeze the key between the two handcuffs, in to where the key hole was, but there was no way I'd be able to angle it to get it in, was there? Maybe I could! I had to try! My loins were absolutely bursting, and I could feel my hips thrusting on their own again, and I dropped the key a second time and released into a tirade of swearing that got swallowed by cloth and a rubber ball.

"Oh, poor sweetie," she broke her silence, and I could hear just the slightest bit of entertainment in her voice, "Are we having a bit of trouble now that we've got the key?"

Now I wanted out. This was bullshit. The deal was I was supposed to have the key within reach, and-...and I realized, I never specified anything else. She followed my directions to the letter. But she decided today, of all days, to meet me in the middle.

"...mmmph...ppllph!?" the tone was pleading, begging. Please help me out, my girl.

Padded footsteps made their way toward me. She leaned down and placed her hand gently on a chaffed shoulder.

"Do you want out, honey?"

Yes! Yes please! Oh God yes please, let me out I need to jerk off I need to get this ballgag out of my mouth I need to rest my shoulders pleeeeeeeeeeeese let me out!

"...pplllmmph?" I meekly asked.

"Okay, I'll let you out," she said, and relief cascaded over me, until she finished, "I just need you to sing for me."

The blood froze in my veins.

"Go on," she pet my hair again, and my erection returned in full force, "Sing me

the yellow light song, and I'll let you out."

My head shook before I told it to. If I sang, I couldn't jerk off. I didn't even care about having to do the chores. Hell, I'd have done every chore known to man if I could just crank one out! I needed to get out within the time limit to get a blow job. I needed to get out within the time limit in order to have any release at all, so quitting before then was absolutely NOT an option!

"Okay then," she patted me on the head, "Let me at least help you with the key. You keep dropping it. Let me help you make sure you don't lose it."

"Mmmph?" I had no idea what she meant by that.

I felt her reach behind me and she must've picked up the key. Then it felt like she was petting me on the head again, but a little too late I realized she was placing something over my head! I did my best to protest, shaking my head back and forth, but it was already too late. The handcuff key was on a string, which was just barely big enough to wear as a necklace.

I pulled against the bonds and shook my head to try to dislodge it or dissuade her. I begged into my gag and pleaded for her not to do it, but it was already too late. She stood back up and I could feel the key dangling from near my sternum. I felt her bend back down and fiddle with something at the back of my neck, and I continued to beg her "No!"

"There...we go!" she exclaimed, clearly proud of her work, "I tied the loose ends of the string to the rope at the back of your neck. So now you can't possibly lose the key, no matter how much fun you have!"

"MMMMMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPPHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!"

I shook my head and twisted my arms, pulling on my wrist bindings and the handcuffs, yanking on the zip tie that held my hands to my waist, pulling the crotch rope tighter and tighter, and rubbing my elbows against the bandages that held them! I could feel the key sway side to side, and I thrashed my arms to reach around my body as best they could! I could barely, just barely, feel the metal of the handcuff key brush up against my forearm, before it swung back away.

"MMMMMPHHPHHH!!! PLLLLLPHHH!! MMMMMRRRRRPHH!!" I protested as best I could. I could feel the cool, wet bandages pulled taught against my face, unforgivingly holding the rubber ball between my teeth, as I gurgled through several layers of spit-soaked cotton.

Even if I could manage to grab the key, which would take an unbelievable effort in dexterity, I don't know what I could do with it. The key holes were pressed against each other, and I couldn't get the socks off of my hands to work the lock for shit. Hope all but vanished as I heard her feet pad away from me.

"Good luck, honey," she called over her shoulder, "Now that you can't lose the key, you should be fine."

I thrashed and rolled and pulled. I called into my gag with all my might. But it hit me that I was not going anywhere until she let me.

-----

I have no idea how much time passed. It felt like hours, but it could have been ten or fifteen minutes. Exhausted, breathing heavily, and aroused more than I'd ever been in my life, it was all I could do to concentrate on finding some weak point in my bonds. Every couple of minutes I'd tug on the zip tie, try to work my fingers around the handcuffs, or try to slide the elbow coils down my arms to gain some leverage. Nothing.

More than once I tried to reach my hands back, or around my body, to reach for a knot that I had tied. Anything that loosened would open an opportunity. Untying the crotch rope or my legs would give me a world of new options. Rubbing my face against the carpet might partially dislodge the gag or the blindfold. Every route I tried brought me to the same dead end, completely bound, gagged, and blindfolded on the floor. Time was ticking. I needed to focus in and concentrate, to try to find some way out of this. There is always a weak point. There is always something that can be done. There is no such thing as a situation that is 100% inescapable.

One thing I realized was that if I lay face up ("on my back" didn't really apply, since it was actually on my arms) I had a bit more fidget room with my wrists. It wasn't much, only a tiny bit of tension was released from the crotch rope

and the bandages, but even that much was something to work with because it gave me a millimeter or two of daylight between the unforgiving handcuffs.

I worked at it for a few minutes straight, the most progress I'd made so far. I could feel the tight cinch rope and the zip tie sliding, ever so little, toward one wrist. The extra padding of the socks took away from the pinch and the grip on my skin, and rubbing and pulling in one steady direction caused just the slightest bit of space to work itself out. The coil around my left wrist was tightening, but it had that extra space from the padding of the sock to tighten in to, while the coil around my right wrist was opening up, micron by micron. There was hope to be had!

Keeping at it, my hopes were finally starting to come up. I had no idea what I'd do with this, but it wasn't impossible to somehow slip this bandage over a handcuff bracelet...or something! After a few minutes, I heard her footsteps approaching again.

"You've been pretty quiet," she called out before she reached the doorway, "I wanted to make sure that you're-...oh. You look like you're making a bit of progress."

I was breathing heavily out of my nose, and didn't want to break what I was doing to give her a confirmation. She must have noticed my hands grinding and twisting away, and she was quiet and watched for a couple of minutes.

"It seems like you've found the smallest bit of space," she broke the silence after a moment, "You might be able to do something about that zip tie if you find it. That's better than I thought."

My grunting and continued work served as a response.

"...do you want any bit of help?" she asked, catching me off guard, "I mean...I think you've earned just the smallest bit of assistance."

Before I was in this situation, I'd have said no. When I'm not tied up, I want it to be tighter and I want her to be unforgiving. But at this point in time, sexually frustrated as I was, with the handcuffs staying put until I could get this zip tie dealt with, I could use any break that was offered. Feeling the handcuff key as it sat on my chest was tease enough, and being able to reach

and actually grab it was too tempting to pass up.

"Mmmmp h pppplphh," I said in the affirmative.

"Okay, hun. I'll be right back with something to give you a hand."

Her footsteps sounded down the hall and I could hear her rummage in the kitchen. I continued my work, gaining just the slightest bit more space, when she came back into the room.

"Alright sweetie," she said, "I got a pair of medical scissors, the kind that don't come to a point. That way you won't accidentally stab yourself, and you can angle them up under the bandages. They're going to be somewhere in this room. If you can find them, maybe you'll be able to cut that zip tie."

I could breathe easier and easier. She was so sweet, so willing to help. It was almost like she wanted to give me a blow job, a reward for how resourceful I could be. Any dominatrix could just be mean to their captive victim, but she was working with me and it seemed like maybe she was actually having a bit of fun in watching my progress.

"But," she said, and I froze in place, afraid of whatever might come next, "I'm still going to meet you halfway. If I give you this help, I've got to do something to even it out."

"Mmmmp h! Mmmo mmmou mmmmp h!" I was shaking my head, trying to convince her that was not the case!

Her hand met my shoulder and very easily, very gingerly, guided me back to lay on my stomach. I kept shaking my head, trying to convey that she'd helped and it was great and the scissors were generous, but she ignored me completely. I felt something thread between my wrists and intensified my struggle, but it didn't matter. In seconds I heard the plastic ratcheting of a zip tie and my heart sunk further into my gut. The cinch between my wrist coils tightened even further, any space gained from my valiant effort disappeared, as she tightened a second zip tie right next to the first one. It ate up all of the precious bit of room I had spent the last few minutes fighting for in an instant, and gave me twice as much plastic to somehow cut through if I found the scissors. It also doubled the grip between my wrists and the crotch rope.

My pleas went unanswered. She hummed a little tune as she squared the cinch away, and I felt her try to push both zip ties to one side as far as they could go. It didn't occur to me why she would do that until I felt another threading between my wrists! I begged, pleaded, shook, and squirmed, but could do nothing as she tightened a THIRD zip tie over the first two! There wasn't enough room to place it next to them, but she found a way to remove any semblance of space or slack by zipping this one as tight as she could. I heard a snip as she cut the ends from each zip tie, so that there wasn't anything to grab on to, and she patted me on the butt as if to say "my work here is done".

"There we go! My, you are looking good," she stood up and teased, "Now...as I said, there's a pair of scissors somewhere in the room. You should be able to find them well enough, but you should get moving. You've only got an hour left."

"MMMMMMPPPHHH!!!" I yanked and pulled and thrashed. Nothing gave way.

Rolling on to one side, in an attempt to face her, I knew how stuck I was. The only bit of progress I'd made in the last hour was completely nuked. The handcuff key teased me without relent, as I was completely unable to remove it from around my neck. Even if I could grab it, I didn't have a prayer of fitting it in to the key hole. Now the space I'd barely managed to squeeze between the cinch and my wrist was not only gone, but it was not coming back. Cutting three zip ties at once was almost impossible with a pair of scissors, and that's not taking into account having my hands pressed together behind my back.

"You could always sing me a song," she said. Not an option. But as she walked away, I could hear her humming the Meow Mix theme to herself.

-----

I pressed my face twice as hard against the carpet, rubbed twice as vigorously to dislodge the blindfold. My reward was a brush burn or two and absolutely no crack in the cloth. The ball in my mouth was beyond annoyance, and entered into the realm of legitimate pain. The cotton behind it had soaked up my tongue's moisture, and all I could think about was how great a cool class of water would feel.

I'd ridden through at least two big cramps in my legs. The bad news was there was absolutely nothing I could do but ride them out. The good news was...all I had to do was bite down on the gag and ride them out. I knew that if I started singing my yellow light or red light songs, she'd come running and cut me loose. But if I did that for a cramp...well, by the time she got me loose the cramp would be gone. Then I'd be stuck with a sexual buildup of mythical proportions and no cramp to show for it.

Tugging and twisting at my wrists proved absolutely fruitless. The handcuff key was taunting me, and I could feel it against my chest when I rolled onto my back. But the only way I could ever hope to squeeze out of this was to cut the zip tie first, and that meant finding the scissors.

They were somewhere in the room. I didn't even bother pressing against the wall to come to a sitting position, I simply rolled over and over, correcting course and trying again and again. It was less scientific and certainly less precise, but the scissors weren't a handcuff key...I'd be able to find them a lot easier and be able to feel them on all parts of my body.

It was right about then that I realized how much I hated carpet burn. I'd only worn a pair of boxer briefs, because I found so much more mobility and enjoyment in bare legs and arms against the bindings. In fact, the only reason I wore boxers at all was because I didn't want my man-parts to get snagged strangely against the floor...they were kept nicely tucked up, and that, ironically, was part of what was driving me crazy. But with every twist and yank and turn, the carpet dug into my shoulders and arms and skin.

There's no telling how long it took, but after rolling aimlessly across the room multiple times, I finally felt something hard and compact underneath my arms! Release was only a few squirming inches away! Shifting my weight several times, and twisting side to side, my covered hands were able to find the handle of the medical scissors! Of course, the socks on my hands proved problematic in actually managing to grip the handle. Since I couldn't effectively separate my thumbs from my index fingers well enough, it was a bit of a tedious task to find an angle where I could leverage enough weight to separate the blades. But, after persevering, I'd finally done it! Except!...something...was...

"MMMMMMPPPPHHH!!!" I could feel it, holding the scissor handles pressed against each other, "MMMPH!!! MMMMMMMMOO!!!! EEEEMMPH PPPPPHHHHHRRRR MMMPPPHHHMMMMMMH!!!"

My shouting was useless, but I couldn't avoid it. Every bit of frustration and rage was exploding outward in a pointless tantrum that only served to dig my bindings deeper, the metal cuffs beginning to press against my wrists uncomfortably. When I remained still they were fine, but yanking on them fruitlessly began to draw serious repercussions.

"MMMRRRRRMMPHMRRRRRR!!!" I raged, angling the scissors up behind me. The tiny plastic zip tie was pulled as tight as it could be, holding the two handles snug against each other.

After exhausting myself, I paused and listened, only able to hear my own labored nasal breathing. She was not coming down the hallways to check up on me, despite the fact that I'd made more unintelligible noise in the last few minutes than the entire rest of the ordeal. She did not walk down the hall and taunt me, or explain why she did what she did. It was clear that my only way out of this before the time limit was to sing for her.

"No!" I thought, "I can't do that. I can't let her win. I can't give up. Whether I am tied up for the full two hours, or if I quit before the time is up, I won't even be able to jack off. There has to be some way to get out of this!"

The approach had to be systematic. Panicking did nothing, and uselessly struggling against the ropes, bandages, and zip ties was pointless. But everything has a weakness. There is a way to get out of anything, even if it relies on luck or something falling just the right way. I went over the checklist in my head.

"I've got a pair of medical scissors in my hands, the kind meant for cutting through bandages, seat belts, and clothing. They didn't come to a point, and they were zip tied shut, but I physically held them.

I know exactly where the handcuff key is, and once I get this zip tie dealt with I'll be able to reach around and grab it.

If I can use the scissors to cut the zip tie, I can use them to cut the string



holding the handcuff key. Then I can bring the key behind my back and use it.

Once there, I can cut the rope cinch around the bandages...however I managed to cut the zip ties and the string. With that gone, I'll have the mobility to unlock the handcuffs!

...but how can I use the scissors if they're zip tied together!"

The realization made me convulse automatically, returning to that primal state that I wanted to enter. Now all I wanted was to get out of it. Left, right, left, right! Pulling in alternating directions did nothing to find a weakness, it only tightened the crotch rope to dig further into my ass and tighten around my groin. It was nothing substantial for me to get off on, just enough to tease and torment.

My entire jaw and chin were now soaking wet. The inside of my mouth, by comparison, was dry as the desert. I'd tried to lay on my back and collect some of the moisture inside my mouth, but it was soaked up by the cotton and pressed against my face as I later turned and rested against the floor. The ball wouldn't move, and every moment that went by it felt like the Ace bandage wrap in contracted more and more. In fact, I could swear the ballgag was slowly and gradually being forced farther and farther back into my mouth, and there was absolutely nothing I could do about it.

Except there was something I could do about it. She would meet me halfway, and she would at least let me out of this torment, but it involved an entirely different type of torment. Not only would it be beyond humiliating of me to admit defeat, signing the yellow light song and hoping that she let me out, but by quitting I would lose the ability to relieve myself for a longer period of time. I'd also have to do her share of chores, but that didn't really matter to me. All that mattered was getting off. I rubbed my hips back and forth, pulling steadily on the crotch ropes. My groin was simmering with a tingling, pulsing feeling, but there was nothing I could actually do to finish the process.

A pathetic whine escaped my throat. I was defeated. All of the tools of a great escape were there, in my hands, but there was no way I'd be able to get out of this. My erection was as hard as it had ever been in my entire life, but no

matter how much I humped the floor and pulled on the ropes, no matter how much I tried to enjoy the situation, there was no jacking off.

"Time's up, honey," she called casually as she walked down the hall. A lump of defeat welled in my throat, and a slight moan escaped from behind my gag, "Let's see how much progress you've made."

I could hear her enter, and she let out a slight "hmm" as she walked toward me. I was no less bound and helpless than I had started out, and in fact I was only more restrained due to her meeting me halfway with those damn zip ties.

"Well you certainly look like you've put in a lot of effort, baby," she noted, observing that I was matted with sweat and panting heavily, "But it doesn't look like you've been able to escape. Looks like the streak stops at six, huh?"

"Mmmmmmmmmppphhhhhhh..." a weak whine emitted from my gagged mouth.

"Let's see if I can give you any credit," she said, and started poking and prodding at my bonds.

Again, most of what I find attractive is some sort of reminder that I'm tied up. Laying there, having to patiently wait as she tugged and examined the ropes and bandages and handcuffs and zip ties that held me firm accomplished exactly that.

"Not a lot of progress made on your wrists...and your elbows look like you barely even tried," I squirmed in reaction, indignant at her suggestion, "All of the knots around your legs and waist are still secure. And your blindfold and gag look like they've even gotten tighter than they were before."

She was sparking an arousal that I was done with. I just wanted out. I NEEDED out. And if she needed me to sing, then I was just about ready to-

"But I can see you're still enjoying this," she must have noticed the bulge in my boxers, "...so I'll tell you what. I'll meet you halfway on this too."

My ears perked. There might be a chance for me to get off after all!

"I see that got your attention," she said, and I felt her fingertips lightly brush the side of my neck, sending shivers and chills rippling down my spine, "Now...how does this sound. Let's throw out that silly time limit. We'll just say that you can quit when you want, but that if you manage to get out before you quit, you still get that blow job."

...that...unbelievable...vixen.

Even from behind the blindfold, I could see the smile creep up her face. She'd finally found that spark within her, that bit of evil that let her take such delight in seeing me squirm. I had to orgasm, I absolutely had to cum! If I sang for her, I wouldn't be allowed to. If I stayed tied up and struggled and tortured myself, I'd probably never get out. There was no give in the ropes, and there was no way I could undo the handcuffs...I'd be screwed if I didn't sing for her! I'd only prolong the pain and the frustration!

...but there'd be that slight, minuscule chance...

"I'll tell you what, lovey," she cooed, observing all of these thoughts bouncing around in my head, enjoying that I was weighing release versus the temptation of being able to get off, "Why don't I remind you what you're struggling for."

I could feel it coming, and I tried to shake my head. But between my bonds holding firm and the want, the NEED, for sexual release, I could only lay there and feel it. She guided me to lay on my back and her hands managed and negotiated my boxers from underneath the crotch rope. I couldn't stop her even if I wanted to, and before I knew it the end of my dick was in the chilly air, freed from its cloth prison, and her lips met its head.

I've never felt anything like that. Her soft, warm, wonderful lips caressed the end of my manhood. They slipped over it and enveloped it, warm and wet and welcoming, her tongue rubbing it just right. For all I knew, this was going to last for eternity.

Then, as quickly as it started, she stopped. I felt the boxers being replaced, and tucked up underneath the ropes, and every bit of struggle I had left in me surged to the top.

"MMMMMMMMPPPPH!! MMPH!!! MMPH MMMPHH MPPPH!!  
PPPPPPPLLLLLPHH!!" I shook, I tugged, and I begged and pleaded. Come  
back! Finish! I'll do anything if you just get me off, please!

"There we go, hun," she stood back up and I could hear her walking out, "Just  
meeting you halfway. I'm sure you'll be able to get out now that you have  
some extra motivation."

"MMMMPPPPHH!!! MMMMMPPPP PPPLGGGGRRPHHHH!!!" I thrust and  
struggled as best I could. Singing was less of an option now, as I was just on  
the brink.

My hips rocked back and forth on their own. I'd never pulled as much as I did  
then, trying to bring my arms around either side, fighting the elbow bindings  
and the zip ties with every bit of ferocity I could manage. The drool behind the  
gag was flowing freely, falling to the floor, as I let go of every possible bit of  
self control and humanity. All that mattered was getting off, and I was an  
animal denied.

"Good luck," she called, "And if you give up, you can just sing for me."

The outcome seemed inevitable, but I needed to fight with every bit that I  
could. I'd like to say I lasted longer than I did.

**The End**