

Surprise Visit

I knew you were coming, but you had not told me what your plans were, just that I was to clear my calendar for the rest of the week. So, I waited feeling both excited and nervous, your visits in the past had always included the unexpected.

Finally, you appear, along with your devoted assistant who is dragging a large suitcase in tow. The light supper you ordered me to prepare is ready, so we gather at the table as the tension mounts, at least in me.

The meal winds down, and you instruct your assistant to bring out the new toy you brought with you. The toy is a confusing collection of leather and metal pieces. As I look over and pick up some of the items, it is not clear how it all works together. My curiosity peaks as I pick up a few pieces, but am still unable to figure out how it works.

You watch my efforts with an amused expression, and eventually suggest that I might like your assistant to help. She begins laying out the pieces on the table and the objects start to make more sense. You explain that the purpose of these items is very difficult to understand without seeing them in place and suggest that your assistant place the first on me. She agrees without waiting for my answer.

She quickly picks up the first piece and loops it around my neck as she straddles my lap causing my mind to forget how quickly she is closing the strap around my throat. The very soft leather is deceiving, it is apparent that the interior is rigidly reinforced with something preventing my head much movement. Hanging down from the center is a polished piece of cool metal that looks as though it is to be attached to something.

I ask you about the metal piece, and you tell me to be quiet and it will all be clear soon. After you nod indicating she should continue, your assistant pulls me up to a standing position, and lowers my pants and underwear around my ankles. She quickly bends over and works on my genitals, but I am not able to see what she is doing, due to the collar restricting the movement of my head.

As she steps away, I can feel something tight around my cock and balls. I reach down and discover that a device, which is connected to the metal strap, has been locked onto me. I look at you for an explanation, and you tell me that I am now wearing a new invention of yours that you call a basic slave control appliance. You show me your remote control and explain, it has many features to train a slave to be obedient to your wishes.

You then demonstrate the built-in shocking features, using only a level one signal activated with a button on the remote. You also describe the invisible fence options, and the electronic gag. You infer there are more options that I may discover over this weekend, and advise that I be completely obedient, since you are quite capable of training anyone to be an obedient slave, and that it is only a question of hold long and how painful the training will be.

With that, your assistant steps forward with additional restraints, increasing my helplessness. The remaining bit of my clothing are removed, and the arms are individually contained in a series of cuffs and bars, making it clear that there is an ability to restrict movement of joint, not unlike a brace. When the leg harness is placed, a waist belt is added, and the arms are secured to it.

‘Think of this as a very portable version of your hospital bed’ you explain ‘while it lacks the complex ability of your centipede, it has several other features ... and it can be easily left on under clothing and doesn’t need to be removed in public’. The intensity of the helplessness begins to set in, as your assistant adjusts the restraint, I feel my ability to move continue to become restricted. As my mouth opens to begin a question, I feel the sharp reminder of your control and quickly think I better of it.

Left on the table are a few very recognizable items: a gag, mittens and a hood. Your assistant glances toward them and you indicate that only the gag is needed. ‘He has some clean up to do from dinner’ you remind her as she looks disappointed at not placing it all ‘we would not want another broken plate’ your stern and threatening gaze locks onto me as you clearly display the remote in your hand.

With limited mobility, due to the restraints, I begin clearing the table. I can see the amusement of your assistant as I struggle. Clearly, she will not be coming to my rescue. One by one, I rinse the plates and such in the sink, and then try to place them in the dish washer. I find that bending at the waist is restricted and not enough to allow me to stack them in the dish washer, so I need to kneel with each item, one at a time. It is a labor-intensive task, but neither of you has any intention of helping. And at one point, your assistant ominously picks up a crop, in case I take too long.

While I am working on cleaning up, I notice you are looking at your iPad and leaving it to your assistant to make sure I am working steadily. When the dishes are finally done, she approaches me with the hood and mittens, but you tell her to leave off the hood until we get downstairs, since I might stumble on the steps. But she puts the mittens on, and attaches them to the waist belt, rendering my hands useless. Next, she attaches a leash to the device between my legs.

Using the leash, she forces me toward the steps. I find that the slightest resistance to the leash results in a sharp pain to my balls. I have no choice but to follow wherever she leads me. The descent of the stairs is difficult without the ability to look down and the leash is unrelenting. As we turn at the base of the stairs, I am quickly hooded.... I had not been paying attention and did not expect to be hooded until I was in the dungeon.

“You have little need of sight; you will only need to experience the helplessness and adapt to the training you will endure.” I can guess the direction of the steps as I hear the door of the dungeon open...

I am led in a quick pace, each sharp tug soliciting a pain I cannot understand the actual cause of. I am stopped, abruptly. Sound seems to be making it through the hood, yet I cannot figure from where. I did not recall your assistant descending earlier to start the music and I did not do so, yet I am sure I am hearing something in the background.

The mittens are released from my waist belt, and I am forced to the floor on my front. Strong hands pull my hands back palm to palm, apparently fastening them

tightly to my leash, which has been pulled back between my legs. I discover that any movement of my hands, will now activate the shocking device around my genitals. Next my knees are bent backwards and connected to the leash, so that any movement of my legs will pull on my mittens and also activate the device. Lastly, a rope is connected between my feet and the hood, which pulls my head backwards and forces my back into an arch.

During the process of securing me in this hogtie, I thought at times that your assistant was not alone, I could not be sure, but there seemed to be more than two hands involved, and I wondered if you had come down to help, or if a third person was present. In any case, your assistant now sits on my back, and whispers through the hood, reinforcing with her body and her words that I am completely helpless and defenseless. She even pinches my nose closed for a bit, preventing me from breathing. The lesson for me, she says, is that I am completely under their control, and punishment can come quickly and in many forms. To demonstrate, as she gets up, she pulls up my ankles, cruelly activating the shocking device briefly.

Someone turns up the music, and your assistant then apparently goes to sit on the couch. I can tell there is conversation but am not able to make out any of the words. From time to time, I hear the dungeon door open and close, and am puzzled if that signals an arrival, or someone leaving. As I lie helpless on the floor, I try to lie very still to avoid shocks and wonder how long I will be kept like this. At some point, you come over and whisper in my ear, that patience is another lesson I need to learn.

The time ebbs by as my body begins not to be able to hold the position and the shocks increase....the more they increase the more they are triggered until I am unable to hold still and begin to moan in response. It isn't that the sensation is unbearable, it is that I can no longer stop it, that I can no longer control my own reaction. A hand suddenly rests on my legs, supporting the weight I can no longer hold, and the sharp sensations subside.

The hood and legs are released, though the mittens are not. I feel a gratitude in the relief of position. I am left briefly and contemplate as my body releases the

tension. I am still trying to hear the sounds, the noises that I cannot make sense of, but the music is just a touch too loud to hear clearly enough.

As I drift into a state of nothingness, I am jolted back to reality. My mittens are released, and I am pulled up to my knees in such a quick motion that I am unable to imagine how. The mittens are re-secured at the waist, and I am pulled to my feet. The motions are rapid and dizzying as I try to keep pace with what is expected, but the disorientation is difficult to overcome.

I feel a sensation along my legs and realize the metal bars have been locked, forcing my legs to stay straight. "Spread them, slave" your voice is sharp, and I obey as best I can with the now stiff movements. I feel unstable and become aware of hands preventing my fall. As my legs spread, I feel new devices added; my legs are held apart by a bar set from ankle to ankle. Next, I feel a strap or belt placed around my body at chest level. Then something, likely ropes, are run from the strap to hard points, one in front and one in back, which now make it impossible for me to fall over. Lastly, now that I am completely secure, the device around my genitals is removed.

I stand motionless, since I am unable to move, wondering what you have in mind. It is not very long before I find out the dilemma/challenge scene you will be forcing me to endure. You tie a thin cord around my shaft, just behind the head. This cord is then attached to something overhead and apparently tied in such a way that you can easily adjust the tension. As you increase the tension, I am no longer able to stand with my heels on the floor, rather I am forced to raise myself onto my toes, or my shaft is painfully stretched. Time seems to stand still as I try to maintain this position, but my calves are soon signaling fatigue. But I have no choice, I must stay on my toes. And worse, someone increases the tension on the cord, and I now need to raise myself even higher.

I hear you encouraging me to suffer for you, and I redouble my efforts to continue, but the position is getting more and more difficult to hold. You tell me that if I do well on this challenge, perhaps I will be rewarded or maybe the next position will be less difficult. I feel hands on my body, and I think perhaps they are trying to distract me. Someone plays with my balls, sometimes giving me

pleasure and sometimes pain. But, despite these distractions, I must let myself down just a tiny bit even though my shaft suffers when I do. I lose all track of time, it seems like a very long time on my toes, but has likely been less than 30 minutes, when someone removes the tension on the cord. If my legs were not locked, I am sure I would have collapsed on the floor.