

What Could Possibly Go Wrong?

It was time once again. Nina had left for the weekend two hours early because she was certain she would burst if she did not do something about the frustration that had accumulated over the working week. Especially about the sexual frustration: She'd left Robert almost four weeks ago and had not had sex since. It was not the case that no willing partner had offered himself though; on the contrary, there had been no shortage of advances since word had spread that she was 'on the market again'. If she'd accepted all invitations for coffee, she probably would not have been able to sleep for weeks - the customary fate of an attractive woman working in a predominantly male domain. Then again, nerd biotope would probably be a more apt description; Nina could not fathom why many of her colleagues apparently tried hard to match the characters from 'The Big Bang Theory' in both appearance and habitus. Consequently, among her would-be consolers, there had been mostly consolation prizes, and not a single man she would have considered fit to satisfy her very special needs. Those which Robert had satisfied like none before him - and perhaps none after.

Nina closed the front door and threw her backpack carelessly into the corner. There was a suspicious rattle, but she had no hope of finally having dealt a well-deserved death blow to the bulky and heavy laptop her employer bestowed on its software developers. Neither sleek nor fast, its imperviousness to almost any kind of abuse was its one redeeming quality, unfortunately - apart from the presumably unbeatable price tag. More stylish and powerful models were, of course, reserved for members of the management caste, which undoubtedly boosted their productivity while creating presentations of supreme importance on the always popular topic of cost savings.

From the direction of the living room a plaintive meowing was heard, then a cat rubbed up against her legs leaving tufts of long, grey hair behind on her black jeans. She sighed and went to her knees to scratch her tomcat Christian under his chin, which he allowed with visible relish, but only for a short time, before turning away. He used his body language to make it abundantly clear that she was expected to follow him immediately and without further delay into the kitchen. She stripped off her sneakers and hung her wickedly expensive Italian, black leather biker jacket (a gift from Robert) on the coat rack, then grabbed the storage jar from the pantry where she kept his dry food and entered the kitchen. Looking at the battlefield of scattered crumbs from breakfast around the food bowl, she wondered once again why the hell cats were reputed to be clean animals. It certainly couldn't be their table manners; even the fact that they didn't get tired of licking their anus and genitals didn't necessarily speak for exemplary personal hygiene in Nina's opinion. Admittedly, they were able to use a litter box for their needs.

But perhaps she had been graced with a special specimen of *Felis silvestris catus*, because Christian was not found to be lacking in the department of behavioral abnormalities: Unlike most felines, he did not shy away from water or fire, was interested in all kinds of food accidentally left within his reach which by rights any self-respecting carnivore should not give a damn about, maintained a (one-sided) sexual relationship with an old blanket and was a passionate collector of Nina's hair bands. These, he dragged by the dozen to an unknown den, somewhere in the cellar, and Nina suspected that there he would rest upon a mountain of loot, like Smaug on his hoard.

After she had taken care of Christian and cleaned up his mess, she let herself sink with a weary sigh onto the leather sofa in the living room.

"Ana, do I have any new messages?"

"There are two new calls and seven new e-mails," replied a female voice from an inconspicuous little cylinder next to the TV, while at the same time the screen turned on and displayed an overview of the received messages. The phone calls were from her parents. Once again, the PC that Nina had set up for them during an episode of insanity, had presented them with seemingly insurmountable problems. So once again, Nina would have to guide them through the required steps in her self-inflicted role as 24/7 first-level support - but certainly not today.

The mail was mostly spam with only a single one from Robert asking her to meet. His smug tone gave her a sting: How could he dare to not suffer terribly from their separation? After all, it was her who had sent him packing - not the other way around. Why on earth did she get the feeling that she was missing him more actually? In any case, given this sorry state of affairs he would have to wait a while longer before she was ready to face him again.

"Ana, turn off the TV and play some music, but quietly, please!"

The device marketed as 'smart loudspeaker' complied with her wish and immediately the unmistakable bass line of Radiohead's 'All I Need' filled the room. Allegedly, thanks to the built-in camera, the AI technology behind Ana was able to analyze her facial expression and use it to determine her emotional state, which sometimes worked with astonishing success - thus giving the manufacturer the opportunity to

delight her with offers adapted to her current mood and thus increase sales. Orwell probably would not have dreamed that thirty years after '1984', people were not only willing to allow a machine that put his crude 'Televisor' to shame in every respect into their homes, but were paying for the privilege to boot. When Robert had brought his latest toy along, Nina had initially been strictly against it, but as is so often the case, the concrete increase in comfort soon triumphed over abstract concerns. She consoled herself with the thought that given today's technical possibilities, there was only one realistic chance to escape the unpleasant consequences of total surveillance, namely to be sufficiently insignificant and thus get lost in the masses - which was undoubtedly the case for her.

Nina ordered Ana to close the roller shutters, then made a short tour around the house to ensure that all the windows and doors were closed, before she was finally ready to devote herself to her project. As a first step, she took a hot shower to wash the week's stress and tension down the drain. In the upcoming 48 hours she didn't want to waste any thoughts on unrealistic release dates and intractable Heisenbugs. No, this weekend would belong to her alone, work and the rest of the world be damned.

After the shower, she devoted herself to taming her mane of curly brown hair, which took up the next fifteen minutes. A final critical look into the mirror confirmed that only a few strands had escaped her practiced efforts to bundle the unruly hair mass into a tight braid. She was pleased with the sight that faced her in other respects as well: her slender, well-proportioned body testified to the hours spent every week doing sports and yoga while her alert, brown eyes and energetic chin signaled intelligence and strength of will. It was by a small margin

that she had missed a career as a fashion model - roughly estimated by about thirty centimeters of additional body height. But as it were, she found it hard to find fashionable clothes in her size and was more often than not referred to the children's department, which at the age of twenty-eight was not only embarrassing, but rather impractical from a stylistic point of view. She even needed an additional seat cushion for her office chair, but at least she was able to fly long distances in the cattle class without having to undergo orthopedic treatment afterwards.

Her nudity also revealed the submissive side of her personality, which she otherwise hid carefully from the world. Even before she'd got together with Robert, she'd had her nipples pierced and since then, four holes had been added to each of her outer labia, while the existing ones had been stretched further so that now they were all able to accommodate the massive piercing jewelry he had commissioned for her. Incidentally, he had conveniently forgotten to inform Nina that none of her new jewelry's closures could not be opened again once they had snapped closed. When she found out about his little omission, she had been raving mad at first, but in due course and after a few particularly intense sessions - thanks to her new and now apparently permanent adornments - her initial anger had been supplanted by the delightful excitement she felt every time she was reminded of these visible signs of her enslavement. This horniness still affected her even now and was also the reason why she had not yet taken a bolt cutter to the so-called 'jewelry'.

However, there was one piece of her slave accoutrements that was not part of her permanent equipment: the shackle for her nose. Robert had realized that with this, a hard limit would have been violated. Nina had

reluctantly, but only after some insistent and at times physical persuasion obeyed his wish to get a septum piercing. Yet this evening, she wanted to indulge her masochistic fantasies to the utmost extent and savor the feeling of being helplessly enmeshed in strict bondage as much as possible. Consequently, she opened the bathroom cabinet and withdrew the inconspicuous box in which she kept the 'jewelry' for her nose.

In contrast to the usual way it was done, her nasal piercing had not been punched through the soft tissue in the lower part of the septum, but higher through the flexible and strong cartilage. This placement accommodated Robert's sadistic desire for a stable fixation point for their bondage games as well as her need for discretion (and not to forget her lust for pain!). After the wound had healed, he'd had the new hole reinforced with a wide-flanged, surgical steel grommet, which - to Nina's horror and chagrin - was also permanently anchored in her flesh with no way for her to get rid of it on her own. Due to the location of the piercing, putting the substantial nose shackle in was not easy, but she had plenty of practice doing it: Before her separation from Robert, this had been the first task she was required to complete every evening immediately after coming home. Consequently, it didn't take her long to insert the short locking pin of the shackle into the eyelet embedded high in her septum, thus fixing the U-shaped steel bracket in her nose. Once in place, it could only be removed by expending some serious effort and making use of the special pliers also in the box.

Nina studied her reflection again. It was amazing how much the prominent nose shackle changed her self-perception. Now, instead of an ordinary young woman, she was confronted by an exotically adorned slave who confidently displayed her status as a challenge and a

warning to those who were bold enough to aspire to taking possession of her. The first step of her metamorphosis from demure corporate drone to fetish princess was complete.

Naked as she was, she went into the bedroom and opened the combination lock on the large Chinese lacquer chest next to the bed. She lifted the lid and let her eyes roam across the treasures that had accumulated therein over time. The range of torture and bondage equipment was extensive, with much of it custom-made for her petite physique. She left the choice of her torment to her rising excitement; probably not the most sensible course of action, but today she wanted to, no had to experience the feeling of complete and utter helplessness. She deposited her selection on the bed, only when it came to her chastity belt she hesitated briefly. After all, that had been the stumbling block that precipitated her separation from Robert. His increasingly paranoid, unfounded jealousy and associated control mania had been hurting and annoying her for a long time, but his requirement that she should wear the belt 24/7 had been the final straw.

It was not the case that the idea of having her private parts locked away held no erotic appeal for her (rather the opposite), but this was a matter of principle: there was no basis for a relationship like theirs but total trust, and this assuredly could not work as a one-way street. Robert had disagreed and claimed that she was simply getting cold feet, being terrified of where their common path might lead her, but that was complete nonsense, of course.

With a sigh she threw the steel contraption onto the bed, then closed the chest. Now she needed a plan how to put her intent into practice. Unfortunately, her last self-bondage session dated back years and since

then, her partners had taken over the bondage part while she practised being an escape artist. Thanks to her flexibility and dexterous fingers, she had irritated even Robert with some initial successes, until he started to tie her as tightly and securely as possible, regardless of her whining. Later, when their games had become more serious and they had switched to metal cuffs that were more suitable for long-term bondage, he always made very sure that she could not get her hands anywhere close to the keys. He still held onto them even now; but she had the duplicate keys, originally intended for emergencies.

Nina studied the restraints spread out on the bed and pondered how she wanted to proceed. Fancy release mechanisms that required ice cubes, electromagnets and time switches or combination locks were out of the question; she neither had the required gear nor did she consider them to be absolutely reliable. It was better she followed the well proven KISS principle: She would attach the crucial key to her wrist with a rubber band, ensuring that it could not get lost and that she would be able to free herself at any time in case of an emergency. Naturally, this arrangement couldn't satisfy her desire for true helplessness, but she was confident that it would nevertheless be sufficient to put her into the right frame of mind - self-bondage always required a good deal of imagination, which she possessed in abundance.

She drank a large glass of water and visited the bathroom one last time before kneeling on the bed and beginning to adorn herself with the personalised metal restraints. First, she fitted the wide stainless steel bands around her slender ankles and snapped them closed, followed immediately by the corresponding cuffs for her wrists and the wide collar for her long neck. For a moment she closed her eyes and enjoyed

the familiar feeling of the intransigent metal tightly clasped around her throat and limbs. Robert had insisted on only the heaviest and most secure style of cuffs and collar, which looked particularly daunting on her petite physique and certainly ruled out any possibility for them to be mistaken for normal jewelry. On the plus side, the wide steel bands with their rounded edges did not cut into her skin, even when she was suspended by them, and hence they could all be worn for long periods without a problem. They could only be opened with a special key, yet the manufacturer also sold a variant which locked permanently, and even offered a conversion kit to this "close-once-only" type. Robert had often mentioned that one day he would avail himself of this offer, a proposition which Nina had rebuffed in sheer horror each time. Now that same memory sent a pleasant shiver down her spine.

Her growing arousal made her breathe faster and she felt her nipples turn hard. She had to exert all her will power in order to refrain from touching herself between the legs and so it was high time for the application of the chastity belt; yet before she closed herself up, she would have to insert her high-tech dildo. This electromechanical miracle was to provide entertainment during her adventure and could be remotely controlled via WLAN. Not only did it vibrate, but was also capable of emitting electrical impulses of varying intensity that covered the entire spectrum from lusty, prolonged teasing to brutally painful torture.

First, Nina wrapped the curved metal band of her chastity belt around her waist. Despite being made of solid steel like her cuffs and collar, the waistband closely followed the profile of her pelvis; clinging to her anatomy like a well-fitting, albeit a little tight jeans, it encircled her narrow waist above the swell of her hips. She cursed her weakness for

American ice cream and valiantly held her breath while she struggled to press the two ends of the belt together over her bellybutton. At last, the integrated lock closed with a final sounding snap.

She spread her thighs wide and leaned her upper body far back, then grasped the huge black and silver dildo. A lubricant was not needed to ease the entry of the vibrator into her vagina, thanks to her building excitement. On the contrary, she had to focus her thoughts firmly on the upcoming Monday morning in the office, so as not to ruin her pent-up sexual tension with a premature orgasm. Nina wanted to savor this exquisite agony to the utmost and thereby create a truly memorable sexual experience; one which would not immediately get lost in the daily grind. No half measures!

Despite her efforts to keep calm, she could not suppress a soft moan when the phallus-shaped bulk of the dildo slid slowly and inexorably into her vagina and began to fill her more and more. Probably because of its complex inner workings, the intruder was of a size that she could barely tolerate, but at any rate it was quite a bit larger than she would normally have opted for. Finally, its broadly-flanged base nestled between her labia, while an elongated appendix pressed snugly up to encircle her clitoris, eliciting another involuntary moan.

She had to sit up on her knees in order to swing the crotch band attached to the back of the belt forward between her thighs. She had wisely refrained from attaching the thick and horribly intrusive anal plug, through which she could be given enemas when she was forced to wear the belt for longer periods of time, but putting it on properly was still a complicated process. She cursed silently while patiently teasing the thick rings in her labia one by one halfway through the slits for each

in the crotch band, then locked them in place by pushing the long, removable U shackle of a special padlock through the now exposed half circles of the rings. Her labia were now securely attached to the crotch band that was shaped like an elongated, flat bowl and so her sanctum - as she literally knew first-hand - was securely protected from access by meddlesome fingers. Given what she had in mind, she wouldn't have her hands free to start another futile foray of this kind anyway, but her almost obsessive perfectionism didn't allow her to cut corners when she tied herself up. Hence, it was no wonder that she and Robert had harmonized so well, at least where their shared passion for bondage was concerned. Accordingly, she pushed the lock's body onto the open end of its shackle and let it snap closed, thus accepting her self-imposed fate: She had just locked herself out from the center of her lust.

Nina briefly straightened to stretch her tense back, then leaned forward again, sucked in her belly and pressed down against the waist band of her chastity belt from above with one hand, while at the same time using the other to pull forcibly upward on the crotch strap. After a short struggle, its wide steel tongue slid with a loud click into the integral locking mechanism in the center of the belt's waist band. Done! She exhaled slowly and savored the feeling of how the chastity belt grasped her tightly around the waist and at the same time exerted a gentle, but constant pressure on her crotch and thus the base of the dildo stuck deep in her vagina. The prospect of being helplessly at the mercy of everything and anything that the extremely versatile vibrator decided to put her through made her utter another throaty moan.

Without further ado, she retrieved her smartphone from the bedside cabinet and opened the app for programming the vibrator. She started

the wizard for selecting and parametrizing the functions to be used during a session; without long deliberation, she navigated through the sequence of familiar forms, impulsively choosing options that caught her eye. It was only on the last input mask that Nina hesitated briefly: Her subconscious (or an inner demon?) had put together a program wherein long phases of slowly increasing stimulation were repeatedly interrupted by electric shocks of painful and escalating intensity. This was evidently designed to keep her in a state of high arousal for as long as possible without allowing her to orgasm. She had barely formulated this insight in her mind when a titillating shiver swept through her body. Very well then! She set up a delay of half an hour, then quickly put the phone on the bedside table before she could change her mind.

If she didn't dawdle, half an hour of delay should give her enough time to complete her bondage before the dildo would interfere with her concentration. She continued by winding a chain tightly around her left thigh several times, then fastening its ends with a padlock - leaving no play at all - to her ankle cuff, which like all her metal shackles, was fitted with four sturdy U-bows, one located at each apex of its oval circumference. After repeating the procedure with a second chain upon her other leg, her strict Frog-tie was perfect: with thighs and lower legs chained together closely, she would be incapable of making big jumps (despite the name of the bondage position suggesting otherwise). However, she was accustomed to worse than that, since at least she would still be able to move. Robert, on the other hand, had often tied her up in ways that left her completely immobilized and had then let her stew like that for hours on end. Considering this, what was to come next constituted a greater challenge by far.

With mixed feelings, she looked at the big red silicone ball resting in its nest of sturdy, black, leather straps. She knew from experience how severely this gag would test her endurance. With a diameter on the mean side of five centimeters, it was at the very edge of what her delicate anatomy could tolerate over long periods of time. She would drool terribly, and her jaw muscles would soon begin to hurt, but she had already proven many times in the past that she would survive this torment without lasting damage. However, she never seriously considered to simply forgo the gag because without it, her bondage just would not be complete. To be deprived of speech had always felt like the ultimate humiliation to Nina and besides, it also stripped away the last form of resistance and made her helplessness perfect - which after all was exactly the experience she was aiming for. The leather blindfold, that she had also chosen to wear, was therefore only the icing on the cake, so that she could immerse herself completely in the supposed inevitability of her self-imposed ordeal.

For now however, she had to take care that fantasy did not become reality and that she could indeed free herself again. She picked up the next padlock with which she intended to fasten her wrist cuffs to her chastity belt's waist band and placed it behind her, threading its key onto an elastic hair band, which she then wrapped around her wrist. To be on the safe side, she tried a few times to grasp the key, which thanks to her dexterity posed no problem. It might take some time when she was cuffed for real, but as long as she could grasp the key, she would be able to free her hands.

A look at her phone revealed that she only had a quarter of an hour left until the vibrator was activated and therefore she had no time to waste. With a resigned sigh she grabbed the head harness and pushed

the big ball into her gaping wide open mouth. Still, it was an arduous struggle before she finally managed to manoeuvre the firm silicone sphere behind her teeth. Immediately, a slight pain developed in her jaw muscles, which - as she knew from experience - would worsen over time to levels that taxed even her considerable masochism. She lowered her head as far as her wide collar allowed, then pulled the central strap which ran horizontally across her cheeks tight at the back of her neck. The other straps of the head harness were left to dangle for the moment. She would deal with them once she had put on the blindfold. Its softly padded, wide leather cushions pressed gently but relentlessly against her eyelids when she buckled its retaining band at the back of her head. Nina tried to blink, but not the slightest glimmer of light reached her eyes and her breathing accelerated involuntarily when impenetrable darkness engulfed her, a sensation she was intimately familiar with from many long bondage sessions. Robert had often blindfolded her after she had once confided to him how much she enjoyed the feeling of increased helplessness it engendered.

Her groping fingers searched for the remaining straps of the gag harness and soon had tightened them expertly around her head. She went through several passes doing this, since once she tightened one band, another became slack, stopping only when she was finally unable to find another strap that could be made any tighter; by then, the harness held the ball securely in her mouth, without giving her a chance to expel it by any combination of head, jaw or tongue movements. With single-strap gags Nina had succeeded in doing just that far too often in the past, so now she preferred it when a cleverly woven web of relentless straps kept her head trapped in its inescapable grip: not only did she look strictly gagged, she actually was, as well.

Now there was only one thing left to do. Nina leaned back and with her hands searched the blanket behind her until she retrieved the padlock she had deposited there before, then pushed its shackle through the restraint loop at the top of her wrist cuff. Next, her fingers moved along her waist band until they encountered the sturdy hoop affixed to it at the center back and after a few attempts, she managed to guide the lock's shackle through this U-bow as well and thus join her wrist cuff to the chastity belt.

She held her breath. If she connected the other handcuff to the lock as well and let it snap closed, she would be well and truly trapped! A harmless click and she would be at the mercy of her shackles for better or worse! The prospect was as intoxicating as acting on it would be negligent; first she had to make sure that her plan for freeing herself actually worked. Her already fastened arm was also the one around which she had wrapped the hair band with the key, so she closed the lock and then tried to reopen it again using only her trapped hand. This turned out to be far more difficult than she expected, since her oval-shaped, custom-made bracelet would not permit her to turn her wrist within its tight confines, so she already had problems getting hold of the padlock, let alone inserting the key into its lock cylinder. In addition, the cell phone's timer had run out and the dildo in her vagina began to vibrate, which - as feared - was not very conducive to her efforts. Annoyed and forced to wage an aggravating war on two fronts at the same time, namely against the manacle and her own libido, Nina was close to giving up when the key suddenly slid into the lock. Done! Her triumphant howling, when she turned the key with her cramped fingers and the shackle promptly sprung open again, was swallowed up by her gag; only a torrent of saliva ran over her chin and dripped onto her thighs.

Nina tried to calm herself and deliberate for a moment, although she had a hard time concentrating, what with the vibrator sending waves of excitement through her abdomen. Her experiment could be considered a success, after all she had been able to release herself. Nevertheless, she was uncomfortable with the idea of closing the padlock once more - and this time also securing her other wrist cuff. How long would it take her to free herself then? The thought of what she would be forced to endure in the meantime was frightening and arousing at the same time.

As a small foretaste, a faint electric shock pulsed through her clitoris and caused her to twitch. Without thinking, she attempted to reach for her crotch, but since her handcuff was still caught in the shackle of the opened lock her arm was pinned behind her back. The unexpected jolt caused her to lose her balance, so she wildly flailed her other arm to compensate. The fact that she was able to move so freely struck her as wrong and spoiled her fantasy: She was supposed to be tied up and helpless! The sobering insight poured cold water on her arousal, which she had been barely able to rein in up to now, and killed her lust in one swift blow. Damn!

Spontaneously, she moved her free arm behind her back and twisted it until she touched the padlock with the back of her hand, then tried to slide the manacle's fastening loop onto the free end of the lock's shackle. This proved difficult, but Nina stubbornly repeated her attempts until she finally succeeded. Without further ado she forced the lock to snap shut, reassuring herself with the observation that at least the key was still inserted.

With the final closing of the lock, her excitement flared again. She instinctively tugged at her restraints, but the wide steel bands around her wrists did not leave any room for movement. Slowly, she bent her upper body forward until she toppled to one side and landed on her shoulder, then rolled herself onto her belly.

In this position, she lay still while letting awareness of her body suffuse her mind. Her jaw hurt slightly, but the tightly cinched head harness thwarted any attempt to expel the big silicone ball from her mouth. Neither could she hope to free herself from the blindfold as long as it was kept in place by both its own tautly fastened band and the straps of the harness. Due to her enforced blindness, she felt the relentless grip of her collar and shackles all the more intensely, as well as the stringent pull of the chains wrapped tightly around her thighs and the constant pressure that the chastity belt exerted on her crotch. Most noticeable of course was the vibrator in her vagina, which kept her simmering on a small flame. Her breasts too now throbbed and swelled with her growing arousal!

Nina writhed lasciviously in her chains and rubbed her inner thighs together, feeling the metal expanse and pressure of the crotch band with mixed terror and delight. Before her inner eye, a familiar film ran, in which she played the leading role as the wild slave of a sadistic and strict, sometimes cruel but nevertheless loving master, who was trying to tame her (in vain, of course). Just then she was driving him crazy with the sensual movements of her helplessly twisting, taut body so before long he would lose control and ravish her... She balled her hands into fists and tugged fruitlessly at the handcuffs, pulling the crotch band of the chastity belt into tighter contact and thus pushing the dildo a few millimeters deeper into her vagina. At the same time, she threw her

head back and fought to straighten her legs until the chains cut uncomfortably into her thighs. Her body was now stretched like a bow, so that her tensed tendons and muscles were clearly visible under the sweaty skin. The clinking of her chains and her fitful breathing roared loudly in her ears as she imagined her master silently sneaking up on her and slowly opening the belt of his skin-tight jeans. Nina moaned throatily into her gag. Her engorged and thoroughly filled pussy throbbed with need. She was so close, just a little bit more stimulation, and her pent-up sexual tension would explode into a spectacular orgasm, like those she had experienced when she was still with Robert. Damn! She didn't want to think of him now! It was hard enough to imagine her perfect master with an innocuously generic face.

"Aii!" Another, this time slightly stronger electric shock pulsed out into the surrounding flesh of her vagina and made her howl mindlessly. Her spasmodically spread fingers brushed against the key that was still sitting in the lock keeping her wrists fastened to the chastity belt. With just a little twist she'd be free again. If she wanted to, she could end her sweet torment at any time. She made an irritated groan and stopped fighting her shackles. Again she was yanked out of her fantasy, again her mood was spoiled and the orgasm lost. It just didn't work that way. Her imaginary master shook his head and smiled mockingly, exactly as Robert used to when she fancied she could evade one of his punishments.

Nina was close to giving up when her fighting spirit reasserted itself: she would see this through and prove to herself once and for all that she could get along without Robert. With stubborn determination, she bent her hand until she got hold of the hair band wrapped around her wrist below the cuff and jerked on it. The key slipped out of the lock,

then dangled down from the back of her hand. Yes! No half measures! The sexually frustrated part of her rejoiced inwardly, while the weak voice of reason tried to rationalize her impulsive action. As long as she was in possession of the key, she would be able to free herself, although her experiment had shown that it would probably be anything but easy given how she had bound her hands. She suddenly realized that there was no plan B; she had willfully maneuvered herself into a 'do-or-die' situation. Her breathing accelerated involuntarily and her heart started pounding in her chest. At the same time, she felt her nipples harden even more, pressing firmly into the blanket when she writhed or inhaled; the now super-sensitive, blood-engorged, metal-infused flesh demanding attention. The way she was predisposed, her helplessness and the looming danger acted as a strong aphrodisiac, but there was now no way to satisfy her overpowering need.

The vibrator in her vagina also once more began to do its best to reignite her arousal. It had slowly increased the strength of its vibrations and was now sending major tremors through her loins, but her arousal was lagging behind. She had to immerse herself into her imaginary world again; a challenge she only faced since Robert didn't bring fantasy to real life for her any more. It was a race: she knew that at the end of this cycle, yet another series of more painful electric shocks waited to torment and torture her, threatening to deprive her of the fruits of her labors. Or, conversely, they could catapult her across the threshold towards an epochal orgasm if by then she was so deeply inside her subspace that her brain would interpret the pain as lust-pain. Until then, she savored the sweet agony of uncertainty. No matter whether pain or lust-pain won the race, she would have no choice but to endure it.

Once more she tensed her body and fought against her shackles. She registered the spreading moisture in her vagina, the vibrator's insistent pulsation and the answering twitches of her muscles while she tossed her head back and forth moaning into her gag. Blood pounded in her ears and her hectic breathing rushed loudly and audibly past her nose shackle, yet in her agitated state, it became increasingly difficult for her to suck enough air through her nostrils and past the gag into her lungs. Again, she felt the precursors of an imminent orgasm when a sudden, muffled clang caused her to flinch.

Burglars! Someone had misinterpreted the lowered shutters as a sign of the owner's absence and thus an invitation to trespass and had just smashed the kitchen window. Soon she would find herself surrounded by a bunch of sleazy scumbags who would take advantage of her helpless state to do unspeakable things to her! In wild panic she tore at her handcuffs, her lust - which had been overwhelming just moments before - wiped out by fear. With great difficulty she calmed her raging mind, which was very busy drawing up one horror scenario after the other. Blind panic didn't help; on the contrary, the more noise she made, the faster she would draw the criminals to herself. She held her breath and listened intently. Maybe they were already inside her bedroom? Nina cursed herself for putting on the blindfold and thus removing one of her most important senses. Everything remained eerily quiet. There! The silence was broken by a crunching sound, soon followed by quiet munching.

Her panic gave way to boundless relief, only to be instantly replaced by anger at herself. Idiot! In her keyed up state, she had immediately assumed the worst and overlooked the most obvious explanation. Before her mind's eye, she replayed how she had in her haste earlier

left the storage jar with the cat food behind on the kitchen table, where it had become easy prey for Christian. She almost wished for her idiotic tomcat to at least step onto a sharp glass splinter as punishment for his misdeed, but of course she would only have to take him to the vet then.

To add injury to insult, the dildo decided that now was the right moment to hit her with the anxiously anticipated strong electric shocks. She screamed her pain and pent-up frustration into the gag while the biting electricity zipped and buzzed through her guts. Rolling onto her side, she curled up into a fetal position to ride out the agony and anguish the shocks left in their wake. Afterwards, she rested exhaustedly on the sweat-soaked mattress. She'd had enough. She was worn out and frustrated, the dildo in her vagina was now merely an annoying presence and her jaw hurt. She wanted to get out of her bondage as fast as possible, then retreat to the bathtub with a bottle of Robert's best red wine.

From the foot end of the bed, she felt a soft impact and immediately after that, soft fur brushed along her naked body. Christian had apparently gorged himself sufficiently to be ready for new adventures. The sight of his restrained mistress was nothing new, but he had never before had the opportunity to busy himself with her in this state. Nina felt the gentle breeze of a sniffing snout on her sweaty cheeks, followed by a rough tongue licking over her nose and playing with her nose shackle. Automatically, she threw her head back.

"Mmhh!" Unfortunately, Christian strongly objected to her attempt to take the sparkling toy away from him, and slashed at the nose shackle with his paw. The unexpected attack made her yelp more out of

surprise than actual pain, but her ordeal was not over yet. Apparently, her idiot feline had hooked one of his claws into the loop of metal and now began to tug on it. She screamed in response and rapidly gave in to the erratic pulling, trying to protect her sensitive nose from worse abuse; she had learned the hard way that any resistance was always painful and ultimately pointless - it was not for nothing that Robert had loved to leash her by her nose shackle. Christian now also seemed to have developed a taste for it since he didn't tire of defending his new favorite toy whenever she tried to rob him of it by turning her head away: every time he grabbed the ring between his paws and tugged at it until she was forced to give up her plan. Nina developed a faint inkling of what a mouse had to go through when she got caught by a cat. Her only consolation was that - unlike the mouse - she did not have to fear any fatal consequences; moreover, the grommet in her septum protected her from Christian's impetuous play doing any real harm, e. g. by lacerating her cartilage or even ripping the shackle out of her nose altogether. On the downside, he seemed to be particularly keen on the soft clinking of metal on metal which accompanied the shackle's every movement.

Nina made another attempt to escape her cat's claws and was ruthlessly stopped once more. After that, she felt his tongue again, but luckily was spared his teeth; as it seemed, he couldn't find enough space to lock his jaws around her nose ring. With horror she imagined what she would have to deal with if against expectation he were to accomplish this feat: how he would push his paws against her face, then begin to pull with all of his considerable strength. He might even start tossing his head back and forth wildly, as lions do when they try to rip a bite-sized shred of meat from their prey. Enough! She would no longer allow herself to be terrorized by a megalomaniac house cat who

was not even bright enough to keep his bushy tail away from a burning candle whereas she had graduated from university magna cum laude.

The next time she felt Christian's rough tongue, she did not try to pull her head back, but instead let it dart forward, until her forehead collided with his snout and he jumped back with a satisfyingly miserable squeak. Perhaps that would teach him to stay away from her, but she didn't have much hope; in the past, the tomcat had proved to be surprisingly slow-witted for a vertebrate - better she stayed alert. She quickly rolled onto her other side and turned her back to him, not daring to think about what would happen if he discovered her nipple rings as new targets for his attacks! It was high time she released herself from bondage and put an end to her martyrdom once and for all. With her fingers trembling she fumbled for the key which had to be dangling from her wrist ... somewhere.

When she became aware of her fatal mistake it was already too late. A furry head lightly touched her hand, then she felt Christian begin to pull the hair band off of her wrist. She closed her hand in a flash to try and hold on to it, but caught just a corner with her fingertips. Christian snatched the band away from her after a short tug-of-war, then there was a thud when he jumped from the bed to get himself and his prize to safety; next, she heard him kicking the key across the parquet floor in the living room a couple of times as if he were a soccer star who had to dribble past the defenders of an imaginary opposing team before he knocked it down the basement stairs. She listened to the receding clinking of the key bouncing down the steps, then it became very quiet indeed.

Nina was paralyzed with terror. Shit, shit, shit!

For a while, she couldn't and didn't want to believe what had just happened and what it meant for her. She was in deep trouble! Without that key, she stood zero chance of freeing herself and being bound, blindfolded and almost unable to move she would not be able to recover it, not even if she had a hundred years and already knew the hiding place of Christian's hoard - which she did not. Given how she had put on the blindfold, there was no way for her to get it off her head and in this regard she could rely on a rich treasure trove of pertinent experience. She would not be able to operate her smartphone in this state and the locked front door likewise represented an insurmountable obstacle. No one would miss her before Monday and so her only hope was that her parents, colleagues, neighbors or someone else would notice her disappearance and alert the authorities before she died of thirst. Or was it more likely for her to die because of an embolism first? Nina realized that she had begun to hyperventilate and with an effort brought her breathing back under control. Fainting was only a reasonable survival strategy if there was a dashing hero around ready to save her. With some considerable effort she pushed her fear aside and gave in to her rage and anger instead.

First of all, she was mad at herself. What on earth had she been thinking when she turned her back on Christian? Nothing much at all obviously! Otherwise, she would have been aware that the combination of her hair band and the twinkling key had to exert an irresistible attraction on Christian, much like a heroin shot would on a junkie or a tax haven would on a top earner. In addition, she had to thank her bloody overzealous rigor not only for escape-proof steel shackles, but also for the impenetrable blindfold and the huge gag causing her increasing discomfort. This was not to mention the very

talented dildo that made itself felt within her loins again. Things did not bode well for the near future. When planning her self-bondage session, she had been looking for a challenge, albeit one in which she had to fight for her pleasure rather than survival. Should she have allowed for her idiot tomcat to act as a substitute master? If she got out of her predicament alive, she would have Christian's hide as a (miniature) bed rug!

But in the final analysis, Robert was to blame for everything. Without his excessive jealousy, she wouldn't have been forced to leave him, wouldn't have had to dabble in self-bondage in an attempt to address her sexual frustration, and so none of this would have happened. Moreover, it was his uncompromisingly dominant manner that had not only awakened in her the insatiable greed for submission responsible for her current predicament, but at the same time had ruined her for lesser relationships as well. That was why there was no other man around now to help her out of her predicament. Robert, Christian, her absent savior - everything male had turned against her! Her bleak brooding was interrupted by the dildo that suddenly switched from reward to punishment mode once more and dished out another volley of unexpectedly violent electric shocks, making her thrash dementedly on the bed.

When Nina eventually got her twitching body under control again, she tried to blink back tears and cursed the day and hour she had met Robert for the first time. Yet, as she admitted to herself grudgingly, she would still give anything if he were here right now to save her. Alas, she would have to extricate herself from this mess on her own somehow. Without any real hope for success, more to establish the extent of her helplessness, she fought her restraints with all her strength, yanking at

them and pushing her tongue uselessly against the huge ball gag, until she finally tired of her fruitless efforts and rested exhaustedly on her stomach, weeping helplessly in frustration and barely contained terror.

She considered her options carefully. That didn't take her long, as the list was depressingly short. Or more precisely, it was empty. Instead, she came up with lots of things she could not do: unlock her restraints, operate her smartphone, open the door lock and get outside. This list she could extend endlessly, but that probably was not really helpful. Think, Nina, frickin' think!

The electronic 'pling' Ana used to announce the arrival of new messages rang out from the living room and interrupted her frantic thoughts. Maybe another, insufferably smug message from Robert? If she were free to do what she wanted, she would send the bastard a voice mail and give him an earful! She was busy screaming a cannonade of choice swearwords into the gag (a pointless but strangely satisfying act) when suddenly an idea popped into her head: Maybe she could use Ana to make an emergency call! As far as she knew, the device featured such a function but to make use of it, she would first have to get into the living room.

Lying on her stomach, she laboriously worked her way to the edge of the bed and once she had arrived there, carefully swung her folded legs over the edge until she could touch the floor with her knees, then let herself sink slowly onto her chained lower legs. Finally kneeling beside the bed, she tried to get her bearings.

She reckoned she was now on the left side of the bed, which meant that the door to the living room was located in the wall behind her. It

would probably be best if she made a beeline for the wall first, then moved along it until she reached the door. Since Robert loved to make her play fetch, with her in bondage (the son of a bitch should rather have gotten himself a dog!), she had long ago worked out the most efficient means of locomotion when bound in a hogtie. The fastest way to get anywhere was to slither sideways like a snake. Consequently, she bent over and let her upper body tilt to the side until she landed on her shoulder, then rolled onto her belly and began her arduous journey. Particularly remarkable about this type of groveling motion - besides the inherent humiliation - was the fact that her nipples, which were especially sensitive due to her nipple rings, dragged on the parquet floor - something she might have considered arousing under other circumstances. Now though, the unwanted stimulation of her breasts and the ceaseless vibration of the dildo became just pesky distractions.

Inch by inch, she doggedly worked her way forward until she hit the wall, unfortunately quite literally head first, but given that her dildo regaled her with another series of electric shocks at the same time, another small bruise did not matter much. She simply shook her head dazedly and treated herself to a short break, then carried on. It was imperative that she approached the bedroom door most carefully. If she accidentally nudged it shut, she would face a serious problem. Her caution paid off; although her shoulder collided with the half-opened door, shortly afterwards she had passed through without further mishap.

Nina maintained her course until she bumped into the sofa, then turned right and continued to wiggle sideways. Her remaining strength sufficed for one small sigh of relief only when she - exhausted, frustrated and thoroughly irritated - finally reached the low sideboard

where, next to the TV, the electronic miracle rested that was her only hope for rescue. She rolled onto her side to turn her face towards the device and cleared her throat, making an effort to get rid of the saliva that had accumulated in her mouth. Unfortunately, she had no idea what the voice command for the emergency call might be and now it was definitely too late to RTFM. She just hoped that the manufacturer had chosen a simple and obvious keyword; after all, the function was meant for a person in distress.

'Ana, help!' was what she had wanted to say, but what left her mouth sounded much more like 'Aha, heh!' and elicited no reaction. The damn gag once again proved to be devilishly effective in preventing her from speaking and reducing her utterances to unintelligible gibberish. Okay, next try.

"Aahaa, heeh!"

She waited eagerly for a reaction, but again nothing happened. Apparently, Ana didn't understand gag speak. Small wonder; after all, her speech recognition algorithms had never been trained for it. Robert had always been able to guess what Nina wanted, but of course he had benefited from ample opportunity to practice. Perhaps she would have more success if she proceeded in small steps using a more systematic approach and taking special care to articulate the vowels intelligibly, despite her blocked tongue and gaping jaws.

"Aahnaa"

Unfortunately, Ana signaled her willingness to accept a command with just a blinking LED on the casing, which did Nina a fat lot of good in her

current circumstances. Consequently, Nina simply had to carry on and hope for the best.

"Heh!"

"I didn't understand the request."

Finally an answer, although not the one she longed for! But at least this time around, Ana had acknowledged her command, that was something she could build upon.

"Aahnaa: heehe!"

"Sorry, I didn't get that."

"Aahnaa: heeehhe!"

"Unfortunately, I didn't understand you", Ana insisted with fake regret in her voice.

Stupid cow! Nina realized that she was working herself into a frenzy, something that never proved particularly helpful when dealing with computers. She would do better trying to tackle the problem intellectually. Did the speech recognition fail because of her poor pronunciation or was 'Help!' simply not a valid command? Unfortunately, there was no way to decide this question except to try out other, probable commands in hope that she would eventually hit on the correct, 'magic' word, and also enunciate it in a sufficiently understandable way to boot.

During the next quarter of an hour, she tried all the eligible key words she could come up with, in all possible combinations, often several times in a row. Her task was further complicated by the ever-increasing buzzing of the vibrator that she had to compete with despite her oversized gag.

"Aahnaa: hakh ehnehnehzy cah!"

"Sorry, I didn't understand."

"Aahnaa: Kah hohize!"

"I'm sorry, I didn't get that."

"Aahnaa: Kah... Aaiihhh!" Nina had been so absorbed by her task that the next volley of electric shocks hit her completely unprepared when the vibrator punished her once more for her own recklessness. Ana however was unfazed by her cry of pain and did not relent.

"Sorry, I didn't understand the request", she countered coolly.

No matter how hard Nina toiled, the result remained always the same, except for the fact that she gradually came to know and hate the dozens of different ways in which Ana responded to an unknown or incomprehensible command. When she caught herself making bets which variation she would hear next, she lost it. It was just too much! She was mentally and physically exhausted, sweat burned her eyes, drool ran out of her mouth and everything hurt. She was incredibly tired of having to argue with a simple-minded, digital disaster.

Rightfully, in Ana's case the abbreviation AI could only stand for 'artificial idiocy'.

"Aahhaa: hukh hu!"

The reaction to her outburst of fury was completely unexpected. Instead of the woman's voice uttering one of her hated standard answers, there was loud laughter. Nina froze. She knew that laugh all too well.

"Nina, Nina Nina! What on earth are you doing? As soon as I leave you to your own devices, you go and get yourself into trouble."

It was undoubtedly Robert's voice coming from the not-so-smart speaker. In her mind's eye she could clearly picture the amused head shake that doubtlessly accompanied his words. Nina experienced an unprecedented emotional turmoil when her incredulous surprise abruptly gave way to unbridled joy. Robert was aware of her distress and her martyrdom would come to a happy ending after all! I'm safe! She let out a hoarse shriek of delight and began to sob with relief.

After an embarrassed moment of silence, Robert, who had perhaps only now - alarmed by her outburst of emotion - recognized the depth of her desperation hastened to give her solace with words of comfort. She felt her tense muscles relax while her panic slowly abated. After the first euphoria had passed, her critical mind reasserted itself and brought forth new worries. Robert wouldn't let her down, that she knew with absolute certainty, but what she did not know was what price he would demand for his help, after all she had walked out on him. Moreover, it seemed like a miracle that he was on the scene at the

very moment of her greatest need, except that she - unlike Hollywood screenwriters - did not believe in miracles. So how the hell had Robert managed to make his appearance as Deus ex Machina?

There was only one explanation: the son of a bitch had hacked into her home network and used Ana as a bugging device to spy on her. He was bound to be watching her even at this moment through the built-in camera. Now that he had revealed himself to her and thus laid at least some of his cards on the table, she wondered how she could have missed this obvious contingency all along, given that she was well aware of both his jealousy and his technical proficiency. Like detectives on television, she normally regarded motive and opportunity as ample proof to convict a perpetrator.

She felt her face burning with embarrassment when she considered what a spectacle she must have made of herself while he was looking on. Paradoxically, thinking about her humiliation caused a hot flush in her vagina of all places. How long had he been watching her? Perhaps the bastard had been gloating over her misfortune the whole time? She hoped for his sake that this was not the case, otherwise....

"It seems you've calmed down again. Are you alright?"

Dumb question! Of course, she wasn't alright. But she knew that was not what he meant to ask anyway; actually, he was only interested in whether she was in danger from an imminently life-threatening condition. She hesitated for a moment, then shook her head.

"Good! I'm watching today's recording in time lapse. Looks like the grey one has truly outdone himself this time. What can I say? Owning a cat is not all advantageous."

He paused, probably so she could appreciate his 'told you so' moment properly. In fact, he had never tired of pointing out the various disadvantages of living with a cat, e. g. when Christian, while on the wild hunt for a fly, had left scratches on his Le Corbusier armchair again.

However, as his words seemed to imply, Robert had not witnessed her self-bondage fiasco from the outset, but instead had become aware of her predicament only recently. Good for you! Bad for her was that he apparently now possessed a video of it. Despite their less than amicable breakup, he would never stoop so low as to upload it as revenge porn, of that she was sure. On the other hand, her involuntary appearance as bondage model would most probably serve him as visual masturbation aid in lonely hours. Yet why did she find this prospect not appalling, but exciting? She was done playing that role! Before she could come to grips with her conflicting feelings, he spoke again.

"Oh, you haven't really been nice to yourself I see. I'm just looking at the programming for the dildo and it appears that I've severely underestimated your lust for pain the whole time!"

"No, I nahe a nizhake", she protested ineffectually while a deep blush suffused her face. She fervently hoped that the gag harness and blindfold concealed her embarrassment.

"Anyway, my lovely little masochist, in light of what I've discovered today and what I've suffered at your whim in the past, we now have some important details as to your future life to sort out."

From a distance, soft keyclicks reached her ears, then the annoying vibration in her vagina stopped abruptly. What he had to say obviously did not tolerate any distraction.

"What will happen now? I could instruct Ana to alert the fire department. That's going to be an emergency call the boys will tell their grandchildren about."

He was trying hard to make his voice sound neutral, but she knew him too well not to spot the amused undertone he was trying to conceal. Nina could vividly imagine how her story would make the rounds. In no time at all, she would be the city's laughing stock. Nowadays, too, she also had to reckon on one of the 'helpers' recording events for posterity with his smartphone, which thanks to YouTube & Co. could mean that her worldwide fame would be assured as well. Then she would have to start thinking about a new career in the porn industry in earnest, since no other options would be open to her any more. As long as she had believed to be fighting for her life, she had had no choice but to take that risk. Now she was hoping for a better deal.

"No, honh hu zhah!"

"No? Of course, I could come myself. But if that's the option you chose, it will cost you. Your call, my dear."

"Hah hu hou hanh?"

"What do I want? But you already know that: you! And this time there'll be no reservations or half measures, Nina!"

Of course, she had suspected that this was what he was going to say. He had never made a secret of the fact that he considered their separation a mistake and wanted 'his little slave' back. He had even promised to wait until 'she saw reason' and returned to him of her own volition. Apparently, his confidence in her capacity for reason had recently taken a hit, or he just saw himself presented with a golden opportunity to shorten the waiting time by forcing her to choose: she could either give in or learn from failure.

"After today's events, it's clear that someone has to watch over you, Nina. You very nearly sent yourself to kingdom come. It's fortunate that I keep an eye on you."

Even though it probably had saved her life today, in general she was rather reluctant to consider the fact that he had spied on her as being particularly 'fortunate'. Stalking was not without good reason regarded as a crime, at least as long as it was perpetrated by someone other than large corporations or the government. She tried to console herself by noting that he had probably been over the weeks since their separation bored to tears observing her domestic activities: ever since she had left him, her life had not been particularly exciting, at least until today. Which, on second thought, was perhaps not such a comforting realization after all.

When Robert continued, his voice adopted the determined tone he always chose when speaking as master to his slave. Nina could not help feeling a pleasant shiver run down her spine.

"You have to give me your word that you'll return to me and we'll continue from where we've left off. You will obey me and you will wear the chastity belt as well as any accessories I decide to use with it. Let me be clear, Nina! You will not be locked into it for only a few hours, but 24/7, until I decide to unlock you again! You can look forward to a few weeks without orgasm for starters, but that can easily be extended to months, should I consider your conduct less than perfect. Incidentally, this time I'll take all the keys, and that applies to your shackles and nose ring as well."

Nina gasped in horror. She was not sure whether she should take his declaration seriously. Surely, he would not keep her locked in her chastity belt for weeks on end? That would go against his own self-interest. Or would it? There were indeed other ways she could satisfy his urges. And what about his remark regarding her shackles and nose ring? She already saw herself forced to wear turtleneck sweaters and long sleeved jackets, as well as boots at the office in order to fully conceal her steel restraints, but how she would deal with having to wear her prominent nose ring in public was something she dared not even think about. However, Robert was not finished yet.

"Naturally, I'll take care of and protect you and make sure that all your needs are met. We will decide on everything else when the time comes, and we'll do it together. That's my final offer. Nod once if you want me to alert the fire department, twice if you agree to be mine again under the conditions I've just stated!"

Her heart was pounding like mad because at last her moment of truth had arrived. She held her breath and listened to what her fluttering heart had to tell her. Then she nodded once, and then a second time. She chose Robert, not because she was more afraid of the alternative, but because she wanted to be with him again. She wanted to start living instead of just surviving, to experience the full range of intense emotions, from euphoria to terror, while at the same time feeling safe and secure, which in this rare combination he alone could grant her.

However, she thought that she deserved some small revenge for his attempt at blackmail, and therefore decided not to reveal any of her feelings to him. Let him wonder whether she was with him on her own accord or because she felt bound by her word of honor. If she played her cards right, she could exploit his insecurity and jealousy to her advantage and thus wrest some concessions from him which he had always refused before. Not that she attached particular importance to it, but perhaps he might even reconsider his stance on marriage...

"Wonderful, I'm glad you've come to your senses. Now that that's sorted out, I'd better get going right away", he interrupted Nina's sweet visions of the future. "You do second that motion, I suppose..."

She nodded vigorously to signal her approval. She could not help grinning: although Robert was anxious not to let it show, she nevertheless clearly discerned his anticipation regarding their reunion from the tone of his voice. Of course, she was looking forward to it as well, since she would finally be freed of her bondage (at least partially) - although at the moment she did not consider it to be nearly as unbearable as before, thanks to the recently released endorphins

having a miraculous effect on her mood. In fact, her body even seemed to have regained its ability to interpret pain as a lust-pain; in other words, she was acutely aroused.

"Okay, I'll be with you in twenty minutes. And to make sure you won't get bored, I have a little surprise for you. Make the most of it, who knows when I'll feel magnanimous again. Ciao!"

The second he logged off, the dildo buried in her loins suddenly began to vibrate in a wildly arousing pattern, causing her to scream in surprise. Had Robert simply restarted the dildo, or had he also changed its programming? She had no idea, and so consequently didn't know, either, what was in store for her, and that made the whole experience all the more intense. Within a very short time, the vibrator had her moaning her rampant lust into her gag and jerking wildly at her inescapable bondage ensemble. This time though, she did not even have to immerse herself in a fantasy world first, the reality of her situation was far more exciting than any contrived scenario. Soon, she would kneel at his feet and languish in his shackles once more, compelled by her deep masochism to unabashedly yield to her desire for submission under his will. Robert had often talked about his plans for her and she had obligingly acted horrified - all that to conceal how much his unusual ideas coincided with her own secret dreams.

The vibrator intensified its efforts again and extended them to her clitoris as well. Groaning, she pressed her thighs together and at the same time tensed her well-trained pelvic floor muscles to feel the intruder inside her even more acutely and thus finally find the longed-for release. The continued stimulation only aroused her to a level just below her threshold for climax, then kept her stewing there, slowly but

surely driving her crazy. In the rapture of her sexual over-excitement, she realized that this time she would be willing to go further than ever before, perhaps even become the driving force behind her own escalating enslavement. Inadvertently, she began to think about the permanent closure of all of her restraints. Once that came to pass, it would put an end to her everyday game of hide-and-seek, making it almost impossible to conceal her true self from others any longer.

The prospect poured gasoline into the blazing fire that raged in her loins. Her wet pussy felt impossibly hot and sensitive, while her clit seemed to throb in step with her racing pulse. She was unable to withstand the inescapable titillation and sweet torture much longer. Already small quakes were spreading through her abdomen, with her vagina at the epicenter. Yes, yes, yes....

"Ooouuuuhh!" The vibrator had gradually stepped up its stimulation as so many times before, but then it sundered her loins with a truly horrifying series of electric shocks. Nevertheless, this time everything was different. At the same instant, a slightly weaker discharge pulsed through her clitoris, at last triggering the longed-for short-circuit in her pleasure center. Instead of experiencing searing pain, she barely noticed how the muscles in her vagina briefly cramped before beginning to twitch rhythmically, then her conscious mind was buried under an avalanche of pure bliss.

In the preceding minutes, her excitement had continually grown but, unable to find an outlet, her sexual tension had reached critical levels and so the surprise electric shock had been exactly the missing spark that caused her lust to explode. The massive series of orgasm finally released all of her pent-up sexual energy and discharged it in a long

series of climaxes that sent wave after wave of mind-bending ecstasy flooding through her body. For the longest while, all she did was feel, her normally tireless 'I' completely wiped out.

Nina could not tell how much time had passed before she roused from her oblivion and gradually became conscious of her surroundings again. She was lying on her side, tired, physically exhausted as though after running a marathon, and unexpectedly euphoric. It couldn't be long until Robert arrived. She would have to endure gag and blindfold until then, but that didn't bother her. He'd free her from her strict, self-imposed bondage, hold her in his arms, and everything would be alright. She was imagining their reunion in lovingly hand-colored dream images of soft pastel shades, when suddenly she felt a furry paw on her chest, then a tugging on her still tender nipple...