

Rookie Mistake

By B. Dreamer

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"I swear to God, if I ever get out of this, I'll never do it again!" Daniella thought to herself, as beads of sweat dripped from her chin and nose. She was inching across her carpeted floor, collecting rug burns on her knees and chest as she went, hoping against hope that salvation would come sooner than she knew it would. It would not.

It was summer and she had been living in an apartment between semesters instead of staying with her folks. Daniella loved them, but they babied her. She was excited to be on her own, meet cute boys, stay up late, live by her own rules, etc. She'd been there a month when UPS showed up at her door with a very large box. Without even looking at the address she signed away and the package was placed in the center of her living room. In retrospect, she probably should have checked to see that it was addressed to her, but hindsight is 20-20. What she found inside the package, opened up a new world to her.

Inside the box Daniella found the following: three locking collars of varying severity, one large ring gag, two large ball gags, one panel gag, one lipstick gag, one discipline hood, four blindfolds of varying colors and textures, three armbinders, two fiddles, two pairs of standard handcuffs, two pairs of hinged handcuffs, two pairs of ankle cuffs, five spreader bars of varying length, one complete set of stainless steel, locking cuffs, one complete set of leather cuffs, three pairs of what she would come to

learn were thumb/toe cuffs, a body harness with adorning d-rings, one female chastity belt, several lengths of chain, more tiny padlocks than she could count, and one box that looked to be electronic in some way (she later discovered it was a timed release mechanism, Oh boy!). What is a girl to do?

What she did was call down to the apartment office and ask if the previous tenant went by the name of Maria Polapowski, as it said on the box after she checked it. The previous tenant did go by that name, affirmed the front desk, but Ms. Polapowski had been involved in a tragic mudwrestling accident and was no longer among the living. “Why? Have you received some of her mail?”

“Uh . . . yeah. Student loan deferment, from the looks of it.” Said Daniella. “Well,” said the receiver, “why don’t you just throw it away. I’m sure no one will miss it.”

“I’ll do just that.” Responded our protagonist.

For a good week, Daniella could do nothing more than inspect and examine her new-found collection of bondage gear. She may have had “damsel in distress” fantasies before, but had certainly never acted upon them. Most of her post-pubescent life had been spent being assertive and confident in romantic pursuits. Yes, she had dated. Yes, she had fucked, sparingly. But she had never dipped into this type of thing. “It just isn’t proper!” would be something her mother would say. Yet how could she not be fascinated by this strange turn of events?

It began to get serious after the first week. Daniella tried on a ball gag, a red one. “What could be the harm?” she wondered out loud. It was a Friday night and she had turned down a social event with her girlfriends to go home and admire her bondage gear. First, she fit it behind her teeth. It felt large and uncomfortable. She wondered why anyone would want to wear anything like it . . . until she felt a familiar tingling sensation between her legs. As Dani began to buckle it behind her head she let out a tiny grunt of desire. ‘What’s the matter with me?’ she internally inquired. She finished with the buckle, put her hands by her side and took a deep breath. Moments passed while she became accustomed to having her jaw forced open. Then suddenly, without any forethought, she reached for

the hasp to buckle it tighter. The itch between her legs seemed to double in strength. “God! This fucking rocks!” she said, though it actually came out as “Gaghh, thiphth uckking uockks!”

Daniella went to bed that night with the leather cuffs on. She didn’t lock them on, or lock them together, but her dreams were vivid, to say the least. Normally she had trouble remembering her dreams, but on that night she did remember this: she had been naked on a beach in clear daylight. The sun was shining and she was basking in the warm breeze, arms lifted up to the sky with a deep, satisfied smile on her face, when, out of nowhere, a masked knight on horseback plucked her from the beach and placed her on his steed. As the horse bounced up and down, Daniella felt an intense pressure on her intimate parts. It wasn’t painful. More like it was comforting. Yes! It was comforting to have such a powerful beast between her legs. As they rode, the horseman reached behind him to grab her arms and pull them around his torso. Once he had done this he wrapped the reins around her wrists, binding her in place. She should have felt afraid but this only made her concentrate more on the rhythmic up-and-down motion of the horse, as her buttocks and her breasts bounced with it. The warmth inside her grew, and grew, until it became unbearable, and she began to cry out for release.

When Daniella awoke the next morning she found that her hands had been magnetized to her vagina. Her inner thighs and sheets were sticky and pungent. She hadn’t masturbated in her sleep, but she did wake up extremely horny, and it didn’t take her long to finish job. The shower that followed was pure heaven. That weekend, she determined, she was going to go further and really try this bondage stuff out. No more baby steps. Daniella wanted the full experience.

The weekend couldn’t come soon enough. On Friday afternoon, Daniella picked out the gear she would endure for her evening’s activities. Limited research had revealed what many of the items were called as well as some standard bondage positions and release methods. It made her feel dirty, in a way, to be looking at bound women on the internet but she just couldn’t help herself. The more she looked, the hornier she got, and the hornier she got, the more she had to look. It was a vicious cycle.

At about 3pm on Friday she decided to begin in earnest. The first thing Daniella did was put on makeup in the bathroom. She used colors she had been saving for a special occasion for her lips and eyeshadow. These applications were very heavy. It was freeing in a way. Daniella had always wanted to try a look that was more daring and dangerous, without attracting ridicule from the cliques at school. She felt protected and safe in her apartment. No one would ever see it but her. Daniella admired herself for a few minutes when she finished. She looked a little slutty, but not bad, overall. Then she went to the bedroom.

Daniella had read about release methods using ice but she determined that she would use the timed release box instead. Everything she wanted to lock onto her body required a padlock, so she put all the keys to the padlocks inside the timer box and closed it shut. She set the timer for 2 hours. "That will be plenty of time." She thought. (Editor's note: always test your equipment, including timers before you begin! Some simple safety precautions would have saved our heroine days of sexual torment. Not that that's a bad thing, but under the circumstances) Daniella decided that she would wear a collar, a gag, the chastity belt, the stainless steel wrist cuffs and the stainless steel ankle cuffs. She chose to pass on the thumbcuffs, much to her good fortune.

The collar: Daniella selected the largest collar of the bunch. Little did she know this was called a "posture" collar. It kept her neck nice and stiff once she buckled it on. Daniella had discovered through her limited trials that she liked her bondage on the tight side, hence the strictest collar. It had a d ring fore and aft so she fitted a 6 inch chain to the back of the collar. At the other end she locked on the wrist cuffs. Once locked onto her wrists, her hands would be drawn behind her back and up at a fairly severe angle. "This will keep me from playing with myself!" she surmised. How right she was!

The gag: Daniella picked out what she originally thought to be a large ball gag. It was actually a ball gag with a thick bit running through it. She was learned enough to know what a bit was, having ridden horses as a teenager. The thought of being reduced to an animal gave her a warm, exciting

feeling that emanated from her belly to her sex and breasts. This gag had attracted her special attention because of its dual functions. “The best of both worlds!” She placed the ball behind her teeth and buckled it very tightly. It felt large and invasive in her mouth. “Mmmmpphhhh!” she exclaimed. This was going to be her most deviant sexual experience ever! She was already dripping.

The belt: Had she known how long it would take her to figure out the belt, Dani would have put it on before the gag. Being inexperienced with large gags she was unaware that her jaw would begin to ache before she really began her session. Oh well. Lesson learned. The belt, she had found to her amazement when first looking at it, had two phallus-type objects sticking up from the curved metal bar that would run between her legs. One of them was definitely a dildo. It was very large, about 1 & 1/2 inches thick and studded. The other appeared to be a pointed mushroom. It had a slender neck and a larger, orb-like head. It was an anal plug. Daniella felt a wave of apprehension. She had never engaged in any anal stimulation before and she was unsure about starting now. Fantasizing all week about shoving a plug up her ass and actually doing it were two different things. Once a boyfriend had asked Daniella for anal sex and she had vehemently rejected his request. “You know, you might just like it,” he had reasoned. “Fuck off, pig! Go home and masturbate!” she had yelled at him. The fear made her knees buckle unexpectedly. Just as she was about to put the belt down she reconsidered. “Honestly, how bad can it be? I mean, I crap bigger than that thing. It’s not like I could do any real damage.”

Daniella also noticed a port for two AA batteries to be inserted at the base of each phallus. She inserted fresh batteries and looked for some sort of on/off switch but found none. The phalluses remained lifeless. “Whatever!” said her mind. “Mphavever!” said her delightfully gagged mouth. She still had an ample supply of lubricant from her last relationship sitting in the closet, so she lubricated the plug . . . then she lubricated her asshole. A strange sort of sick embarrassment accompanied this unanticipated task. She was pleased to be in her bedroom as opposed to her bathroom where she would be tempted to look at herself in the mirror. It was a sloppy, shameful affair.

The plug did not go in quietly. It felt thicker than it looked and Daniella was considering giving up again, until, 'pop' in it went. The feeling of fullness in her ass was surprisingly sexual. Daniella hadn't expected that. She exhaled slowly as she pushed it in deeper, and deeper still. "Mph! Mmmmphhhhh." Sliding the dildo inside her was simple after that process. Her juices were really flowing now! As she drew the curved portion of the belt up to lock to the waist portion, both plugs borrowed deeper again. It was a little painful, but it was very pleasurable.

Daniella considered stopping the rest of her confinement there and then. This was more stimulation than she had ever experienced before. She could masturbate for hours on this! She looked around, took a few deep breaths, steeled her resolve, and decided to go the extra mile. The belt finally locked on and her sex was trapped. She quickly attached a six inch chain to the d-ring at the back of the belt, then locked on her stainless steel ankle cuffs. The cuffs were to lock to the six-inch chain, drawing her ankles back and up into a partial hogtie. It was quite effective, and didn't take her too long to achieve as she still had her hands free. She couldn't look, however, as her posture collar prevented any significant movement of her head.

Daniella's mouth was beginning to ache a little now and she clamped down on her bit/ball gag, releasing a large amount of drool that she'd been trying not to let go. It dripped down her chin and onto her breast, just missing an erect nipple. "MMPPHHHHH!" The tension was building, and she couldn't wait to be helpless! Her hands began to shake a little. It was exciting to test the resiliency of each new restraint after she put it on. Daniella drew one hand behind her back and locked it into place. She took a moment to lovingly pinch her left nipple and writh her hips. One more, and then . . . She locked the other hand into place.

The apprehension that goes into a self-bondage session can often be exhilarating. Right up until the final 'click', sexual energy has a way of picking up momentum, like an avalanche. Unlike such a natural spectacle, that tension gets locked into place just as the final wrist or ankle is locked into place.

Daniella experienced this for the first time in this moment. Her sexual avalanche froze after her left wrist was locked behind her back. She had never been hornier. She had never felt hotter, yet her arousal was frozen. She couldn't get off and she couldn't come down. She wiggled uncomfortably. The bondage was harsh, digging into the soft, tender tissues of her body with authority. She was trying to surrender any resistance she harbored to the situation, but could not keep from squirming in place as her clit began to throb with need.

Daniella arched her back and stuck her rump in the air. "MMMPPHHHHH!" First timers always scream. It was an intense sensation.

Daniella consciously took a few deep, ragged breaths. Yes. She was horny, but some doubts began to nip at the edges of her mind. The gag was beginning to hurt now and her position did not allow her to stretch her limbs at all. This didn't matter immediately, but it occurred to her that at some point she would want to stretch out. "The timer!" she thought. "I never started it!" Glancing to her left, it still blinked "2:00:00" at her. She crawled over to it and turned with her back to it to allow her hands to hit the start button. She rolled back to her front and breathed a sigh of relief. It had begun. "For the next two hours, I am a prisoner," she thought to herself. She shivered with lust at the thought. After that she decided to crawl out to her living room, as a sort of challenge and a way to pass the time. Her arousal was still very high, and it became more so as she crawled. The phalluses locked inside her shifted playfully this way and that. She had to stop every few feet so she could hump the floor as a way to manage her arousal. "Why did I never try this before? This is awesome!"

Not knowing what to do when she got to the sofa, Daniella decided to watch some tv. She found that the six-inch slack in chain connecting her ankle cuffs to her belt allowed her to kneel once she found the proper leverage. She leaned toward the remote on the coffee table and awkwardly climbed onto the couch. The intruders inside her body played with her innards more forcibly. The violation felt delicious to her. Never in her wildest daydreams had Dani imagined that having her ass stuffed would feel like

anything but pain. Now, much to her astonishment, she felt her sphincter muscle repeatedly clench down upon the dirty toy locked inside her without meaning to, making her gasp in forbidden delight each time. It was like her body was reacting to the stimulation without her conscious permission. She strained and shivered as her ass squeezed harder and harder around the plug, stimulating some previously undiscovered erogenous zone. Her nipples hardened and stood out more than ever before as she pulled against her bonds. She wished she could pinch them, but had to settle for simply rubbing them on the couch pillows. That felt good too, but it wasn't enough.

Danielle stopped writhing just long enough to work the remote until she found cinemax and settled in for 90 minutes of soft-core porn. She couldn't sit still as she watched. The complete lack of control over her own body was a new experience for her. After about 20 of those minutes, her belt suddenly came to life. The dildo and the anal plug began to softly vibrate. It was the straw that broke the camel's back. Her body had already been sitting on the precipice of climax for some time; the vibrations didn't push her over the edge, they catapulted her into an ocean of orgasms. "Jesus!" her mind screamed. Her mouth screamed, "Ghheeuussh!" as Daniella climaxed harder than she had ever known possible. Wave after wave of cascading orgasm enveloped her constricted form. Drool flew from her gagged orifice like raindrops as she squeezed her eyes tight and pulled at her bonds, rocking her hips in an uncontrollable, violent, circular motion. "What the fuck!?" That was what the batteries were for, she realized. The vibrations continued for 15 minutes, during which Daniella found it impossible to concentrate on the film, or think of anything except riding a long, thick cock for hours without end. She wished the dildo would slide in and out of her somehow, but she could only squeeze it with the tender tissue of her pussy. That was enough when combined with the vibrations, and her hips continued to writhe as she climaxed repeatedly. "Fuck me! Fuck me! FUCK ME!" her mind screamed to her imaginary lover.

Nearing the end, Daniella almost passed out from exhaustion. Coming so much had made her

sex extremely sensitive and tender. But it had been worth it. She flopped onto her side and sighed deliciously from behind her gag while her eyes sleepily turned toward the television. She was soooo happy that box had shown up at her door. Crawling back to her bedroom was going to be a painful chore, but she was too wiped out to try it anyway, so she chose to forget about it for a while and veg-out in front of the tube.

The plug was impossible to ignore. Dani was shocked that it could actually feel good to have it inside her, and a little disturbed. She had experienced immense joy at the vibration deep inside her bowels and guiltily thought about seeing if, once she had freed herself, she might wear the belt next time with only the anal plug inserted inside her. The thought of coming from anal stimulation aroused her, but clashed with her middle-class morality. She had been brought up to believe that playing with her ass was wrong. "So why", she asked herself, "did it feel so good?"

It was nearing 5pm and Daniella figured it was time to check the timer. The crawl was arduous, to say the least, and she began to feel a stinging sensation in her joints and knees. Her mouth was beyond pain now. Simply a dull, throbbing ache. Worst of all the dildo and the plug kept shifting inside her while she crawled, leaving her gasping at the sensation with each twist and shimmy. She rounded the doorway and glanced at the timer. "1:21:47" it read.

"Huh?" Dani's body froze. "How could there be an hour and a half left? It's already been an hour and a half!" And the wheels began to turn in her mind. "1": one day. "21": twenty one hours. "47": forty-seven minutes. "Oh, Phit!" she spat. When she set the timer, it had never occurred to her that "2:00:00" meant 2 days!

"What do I do?! What do I do?! I'm going to die this way!" Dani thought as tears began to form in her eyes. For some reason, the first thing she thought of was the large ball strapped to her face, and that she couldn't get it out. She shook her head and tried pushing it out of her mouth with her tongue. It wouldn't budge. Daniella then struggled with her cuffs, desperate for a way out of her self-imposed

bondage, but she had done the thing right, and the strength of her manacles and the position of her limbs led her to quickly conclude that any escape was impossible without a key. Panic took the form of beads of sweat at the thought of being found dead with all three of her holes plugged in hard bondage, and by her own hand no less! Her ass twitched involuntarily. She ignored it and concentrated on whether or not she might actually die. Luckily for her, logic began to persuade her otherwise.

“Ok. I can’t starve in two days. I can survive this. I can!” And it hit her. Daniella knew she could get into a kneeling position. Her phone was on the coffee table. If she could work the remote, she could probably call someone for help. Her parents? Never. Dani would die of embarrassment, and they’d probably take away her new toys. Dani wouldn’t let that happen if she could help it. She could call her best friend Amy, but that would also result in the whole ‘dying of embarrassment’ scenario. Daniella felt a mild sense of relief knowing she would not die, but her position, in her mind, really sucked, as she slurped more drool onto the carpet. She began to consider if she could get through this without calling for help. “I’m going to be hungry. My joints are going to ache. My mouth may never be the same again, but I *can* survive. I just need to hydrate.” Instantly she crawled toward the bathtub. Her plan was to fill it with water and then drink through the sides of the ball/bit gag. If she could drool from it, she reasoned, she could drink around it. While she subsequently considered what her extended bondage session would mean to her other bodily functions, the vibrators kicked off again.

“Mmmpphhhh!” It didn’t take Daniella more than three seconds to start coming again. She had to stop for the entire duration of the cycle, the entire 15 minutes, as her raw pussy erupted over and over. Only a few dozen seconds between extended orgasms was the relief her aroused body would allow. Her pleasure began to mix with pain. The extra stimulation deep inside her bowels was something she had never felt before that afternoon. It was dirty, and an outright violation, but it was so erotic! Her breathing got more ragged and difficult as the violation continued.

A thought crossed Dani’s mind that perhaps this chastity belt wasn’t designed to tease or please,

but, rather, to punish. It was doing something to her she no longer wanted, but it was too late now that she had consented to it, in a manner of speaking. She pictured what she must look like on the floor of her own apartment, squealing like a trussed up, pink little animal in heat. The gag made it difficult for her to breathe, and her eyes rolled back into her head as her orgasms continued and she struggled to remain conscious. A feeling of helplessness enveloped Dani as she realized that not only was she powerless to stop the onslaught on her body, but that she had done it to herself. It was like adding insult to injury, only replace “injury” with “mind-bending sexual pleasure”.

To say Daniella was emotionally conflicted by these thoughts would be an understatement. She was fucked. She knew that. So why did she get off on it so much? This question repeated itself in her mind until she stopped caring. At some point Daniella only cared about coming. It was the only way she could endure. Each time her convulsing body came down enough for her to breathe again, she prayed the vibrations would continue long enough to force her to come one more time. Daniella had to rest when it was over. The muscles of her vagina and sphincter felt very worn out, and even her resting position, face down on the carpet, was a strenuous one with her arms and ankles pulled up behind her. A little after 6pm she made her way to the tub, exhausted and damp with sweat.

Daniella was relieved to find that from her kneeling position, she could easily slip inside the walls of the tub, plug the bottom, turn on the shower head (the switch to the tap was too high), and drink from the collected water. She let the sweat wash off her body as she waited in the cold, refreshing rain. Daniella took a long drink. It was time consuming and difficult, but not impossible. Conveniently she had to urinate afterward, so she pulled the plug and went, allowing the continuing rinse of the shower to wash away the waste and the remaining water. Soaking and shivering, she emerged from the shower, again somewhat awkwardly, and considered her predicament.

“I will survive,” Daniella thought, whipping head to get the wet hair out of her face. “All I have to do now is pass the time until about 3:30 on Sunday afternoon. . . . fuck.”

Daniella leaned up against the tub and rested a bit. Her mouth, arms, and legs ached quite a bit now. She knew this was just the beginning. Ignoring, or at least attempting to ignore these protests from her limbs, she sighed and began her crawl back to the television. The sun was low in the outside skyline, and while she had the comfort of the light of the tv, no other lights in her apartment were on. The fear of her isolation, and also of discovery, played on her mind as she nervously tried to pass the time. Each twist of her torso reminded her of the intimate invaders trapped inside her body. She tried to be still, but each and every unanticipated noise caused her to jump. As the darkness began to envelope her, Daniella was sure there was a burglar outside her window, only to find, after many heart-pounding moments of terror, that it was just a squirrel, intent on foraging near her window. Before she could truly calm her body her vibrators kicked off for a third time. Her whimpers were desperate and frightened as she was forced to endure the stimulation she no longer wanted. Strangely, trying not to come only made her orgasms more powerful, and more brutal.

The vibrators continued to stimulate Daniella long into the evening and early morning. Her voice grew hoarse from all the grunting as her new toys repeatedly abused her. The toys had looked so seductive in her hands, as if designed for forbidden pleasures. How was Dani to know that they were more likely designed for something far more malicious. The intervals between these "punishments" were filled with Daniella's failing efforts to fight off her exhaustion. Each time she felt like she was nodding off, they came to life once more, ripping her from her needed sleep, and reminding her of her own stupidity with another chorus of her passionate gasps of ecstasy.

After many, many hours and orgasms, Daniella felt their power begin to fade. She was grateful for the sexual torment to stop, but it also made her a little sad. She had begun to count on her sexual release at regular intervals. Yes, it was painful, but it had felt like a reward after so much pain. As more drool dropped onto her tits, she wondered if she would get another orgasm before it was all over, even though she had been more than satisfied by them. She was figuratively, and literally, a slave to her own

pleasure.

Daniella was not sure when she passed out, but she remembered watching the late talk shows, so it had to have been after midnight. She was awakened by her answering machine. As she opened her eyes, her mother began a long and detailed phone message, admonishing her for never calling, etc. As her eyes slowly opened Daniella first noticed her arms were bound tightly behind her back. Then she noticed her legs were similarly bound and her mouth was gagged. "Oh yeah. I did this to myself." She realized. Her pussy tingled at the thought that she had spent the entire night harshly bound and gagged.

Daniella then noticed she was hungry. She had bound herself before dinner last night. She concluded this had two primary effects. Sort of like, good news/bad news. On the one hand, because she had eaten so light the previous day, she didn't have to go to the bathroom yet. Yes, she could still feel her anal intruder deep within her, but that other feeling of fullness, the one inside her intestines, had not yet come to call. She was certainly grateful for this, for she wasn't sure how she was supposed to shit with a plug stuffed up her ass and no way to remove it. On the other hand, she was exceptionally hungry, and all of her struggles the previous day had burned a lot of calories. She felt weak from low blood sugar and her head spun when she tried to sit up. Dani wished she hadn't tightened the gag so much before she locked it into place. If it was loose, she realized, she might have been able to squeeze some sort of sustenance past it. Tightened as it was, that was impossible.

The aches in her body renewed themselves to the extreme when Dani fully recovered her senses. She was pretty sure her left leg had fallen asleep. It was totally numb. And her throat was dry as a bone. It felt as though it were lined with sandpaper as she attempted to swallow some of her own saliva. The soreness in her jaw was substantial, but she also felt there had been some serious chaffing at the corners of her mouth while she slept as well.

Daniella was also very cold. She had left the window to the living room open without thinking it through, and the early morning hours had brought a chill to the air throughout her apartment. Her skin

was covered in goosebumps and she was sure her nipples were at attention as well, but she couldn't look down at them because of the stiff collar around her neck. The collar, she was beginning to discover, was, in a way, the most restrictive and demanding piece of equipment she was wearing. Being deprived of the freedom to bend or turn her neck had been giving her all sorts of trouble since the moment she had put it on. Watching TV meant she had to turn her shoulders directly at the screen or be forced to watch from the corner of her eyes. The heavy demand on her posture had caused her shoulder blades to ache and scream with muscle fatigue. Being forced to hold her head in the same position as she had come over and over again had been very taxing on her cheekbones and collarbone, as they had continually been rubbed raw by the boning in the collar as her head jerked and twisted against the walls of the stiff neck piece.

Worst of all, Daniella could not look at her bondage and was forced to experience it through her other senses. Part of the attraction to play this game was the visual affect her new toys had on her arousal. The glimmering steel of her belt and chains was breathtaking to behold. But being unable to see it on her body meant she was forced to appreciate, only, how restrictive it was to wear, not how pretty it was on her limbs or around her waist. Ultimately this only magnified the allure she felt towards her recently bestowed bondage gear. It was painful, near tortuous, and it demanded her respect. Having experienced the intense amount of pleasure and pain it was capable of inflicting upon her, Dani knew she would never look at it the same way again; if, that is, she ever managed to unlock and remove it from her body.

Daniella slumped onto the floor from the couch and bowed her head. Her body was trapped, but her mind was becoming trapped as well. Not sure if she could last, she began to cry. The jostling caused the dildos to give one final shudder, and that was the worst part. She was incredibly horny again! Stuffing a plug up her ass and a dildo into her pussy had seemed like such a good idea 18 hours ago. "It's ok," Dani thought. "I only have 30 hours of starvation, severe pain, and sexual frustration to go" she

mused, and began to cry harder. She wanted to touch herself so badly, but she knew that, even if her hands were free, her sex was still locked safely away. She was completely caged. What an evil device this chastity belt was! Dani loved and hated it at the same time. It troubled her to think she could love an object that she had, by then, conclusively decided was designed to punish a horny female. "Does that mean I like being punished?" Daniella mused to herself. She yearned for the presence of a man, or woman, to unlock her belt and fuck her. Her pussy twitched in place around the dildo at the thought of her belt coming loose and having some stranger's meat forced into her. With bucking hips she fantasized about the pleasure she could get from being fucked in such a demanding bondage position. The placement of her bondage gear could make for some useful hand holds for an aroused man with sin on his mind. Dani kept on crying as she tried to cool the fire within her. Delicious as they might be, such thoughts were not helpful in dealing with her predicament.

After Daniella finished her tears and got a drink from the tub, she did find some interesting ways to pass the time, despite her aches and pains. There was a full-length mirror in her modestly sized walk-in closet. Exploring the apartment from her new-found vantage point caused her a stir when she caught her own reflection in the glass. Finally, a visual reward to counter her plight. She ascended into her kneeling position and examined herself. She still had lines on her face from sleeping face down on the couch. Her mouth was painfully stretched open. There were drool stains on her chin, chest, and tummy. Her makeup was distastefully smeared with tear stains and her hair was a fright, but DAMN!, she looked hot! Her young breasts hung like ripe fruit from her torso, thrust out proudly by the position of her bound arms. She could almost taste her animal scent, which now hung in the air of her whole apartment.

The arousal began again, much to Daniella's dismay. She was fascinated by her countenance. She quickly found her golf bag and straddled it in front of the mirror, using her forehead to push it around. Looking at herself enslaved was a powerful aphrodisiac, the kind that slaps you in the face. By

bouncing up and down on the golf bag, Dani found she could create a stimulating sensation on her ass and pussy, though very faint. She tried grinding harder to stimulate her clit, but the belt was built too solidly for that. It took a lot of effort just to get a little tickling sensation on her ass and vulva. Her breathing got heavier as she bounced up and down, picturing herself as a sex slave for some fiendish, masculine foe; sentenced to a life of bondage and rape at the hands of some ruffian. Drool splattered out the sides of Dani's gag and slowly dripped onto her torso. She closed her eyes and pictured her captor's chest, toned and hairless. She thought of his hands groping her breasts and ass. She thought of his hands at her throat, forcing her to submit upon threat of asphyxiation.

"Unngghhh!" Daniella was so close! She thought of being taken by the barbarian, intent on pleasing himself with no thought or consideration for her pleasure. She thought of being used. She opened her eyes and saw her mouth stuffed and her head held high in the posture collar, her hands bound tightly behind her back! "God! Please let me come!" Dani thought. But she didn't come. Gasping from the effort she bounced harder, determined to generate the stimulation she needed. The dildos lightly played with her insides. The muscles in her ass and calves burned from the workout. Daniella fantasized she was a prisoner to be used by a whole encampment of young, strong, barbaric warriors who enslaved her and chained her up in the barracks for convenience. Her sphincter and pussy clenched tightly to her intimate, phallic toys. "Almost there!" Still she didn't come.

She became winded and had to rest. The fantasy continued. Daniella had been used and not allowed to come herself. She twisted and writhed on the floor, desperate for escape. She whined in frustration as the fire in her belly held fast. She longed to finger herself. Only after many minutes of measured breathing was she able to come to her senses again. Slowly Dani crawled away from the mirror, weary of the power it held over her.

When Daniella caught her breath, she decided she was thirsty again. She went to the tub and got a drink. She also took the opportunity to urinate again, and then washed the waste away. It was 11

am. Time was inching by at a torturous pace. "That's what this is." She realized. "I'm being tortured by my own stupidity. I swear to God, if I ever get out of this, I'll never do this to myself again." She thought as she crawled back to the living room. "No. That's not true." Dani stopped dead in her tracks and put her head down, contemplating. "This IS torture, but I like it." She paused. "I love it." She realized. "WTF! I'm a fucking slut!" Despite her pain and suffering, Daniella began having thoughts of what to add to her next bondage session. "Heels, perhaps? Or a blindfold? Something to stimulate my nipples? Definitely." Daniella continued to crawl back to the tv and find some way to lose herself in mindless entertainment.

Later that afternoon, with the distraction of the television waning, and her restless arousal still lingering, Daniella had her one, major breakdown. She had been fingering her chains for over an hour before finally succumbing to hysterics. Her natural nervous energy and her desire for freedom kept her antsy, and constantly twitching through the final hour of *Sliver*. She felt she had to move and change positions every time one her limbs started numbing. The pain she had felt while her arms and legs had woken up that morning had been debilitating. She didn't want it to happen again, but knew it would sometime Sunday morning, and she was dreading it already. Daniella also just wanted to double and triple-check her bonds, just to see if there was some way to release herself, even if it was only from something minor, like her collar. She became desperate to get out of her self-imposed prison, and she couldn't stop herself. Contorting herself violently at times, Daniella fingered as much of her bonds as she possibly could. The cuffs were stainless steel, the chains were thick, and the padlocks were solid, including the ones on her collar and gag. No escape.

As Daniella started to give up exploring early parole and accept her situation, the tears began to stream down her cheeks again. She started to wail as she resorted to a pattern-less pulling and wrenching of her bonds. All that twisting and turning caused her anal and vaginal guests to shift inside her, igniting that fire inside her again. She continued to cry as her hips rhythmically humped the air, as

they had grown accustomed to doing during her ordeal. The bondage had been good to her the day before. Now she was learning how cruel it could be. Daniella continued to cry as she turned and looked pleadingly at her phone. It had gone too far. It had gotten too intense. She hastily dropped off the couch and scrambled on her chest and knees for the cell phone. She no longer cared that the carpet, which she had once considered quite soft, was rubbing her body raw. She no longer cared that calling for help meant humiliation and shame. This had to stop, now. "Why have I let it go this far?" Daniella thought to herself. "I can't take this anymore!"

Daniella got the phone on the ground and had gotten all the way to having her bff's number dialed, which was difficult and took time, but she did it. All she had to do was hit "send", and her salvation might have come a day early, despite the embarrassment. But something tingled in her belly as Dani fingered the button. Part of her hysteria had come from her constant arousal, which was like a type of torture anyway, since she could no longer get off. If she ended her adventure with a phone call, Daniella felt as though she would have been cheating herself, in some strange way. Some secret part of her liked the excitement, liked feeling hot all the time. She still wanted to get off when release finally came. That's what Dani really, REALLY wanted. By subjecting herself to rescue, she realized that her long-anticipated orgasm would be denied from her. How could she finger herself in front of her girlfriend? Or the paramedics? Or her parents?

The real question for her was answered as Dani tossed the phone aside. Was it worth it to suffer for one more day if it meant she could get off when it was over? Yes, it was, she told herself, while sobbing on her side. Her sphincter flexed involuntarily, tightening around the fat plug as she writhed her hips again. Her body and brain, her soul even, accepted the bound punishment. She volunteered herself to the control. That acceptance came with the words "dirty", "stupid", "worthless", and "slutty" ringing around her head. She felt like a nympho and a toy, and she was learning to accept those titles. Her pussy leaked arousal around the folds of the chastity belt, confirming her status. Dani's mistake had

altered her world and her self-image. From now on, she knew, she would think of herself as a bondage slut. The type that would beg for abuse, cry in shame about it, then get off from it and ask for more. One way or another, she would make this her new position in life, whether it be by her own hand, or by that of a man. Instead of despairing during her remaining hours, Daniella began to take pride in the knowledge that she had made it so far without calling for help. Despite her pain and suffering, Daniella spent many of her final hours debating herself about possibly repeating the whole scenario next weekend as well.

For the last twelve hours of her self-imposed bondage, Daniella did find a way to pass the time, mostly spent looking at her helpless form in the mirror; and she did survive, mostly by keeping a level head. But she also realized that what she had done was extremely dangerous. She resolved not to do so again, despite her obvious attraction for it, until she had thoroughly researched self-bondage, AND release methods. That first weekend was hellish for her, but it was also the most exciting weekend of her young life. The pain became intense at times but it was also very erotic. So was the shame. In the final hours, Daniella even drank from the toilet, partly for the ease of it, but mostly because of the self-inflicted humiliation of the act, which only served to fuel her fires and make her hips buck. She had never known of such desires within her before. It was, in a way, like being born into a new world of sexual gratification, and denial.

In the short time since she had acquired her little bondage toy collection, Daniella had often wondered what it might feel like to be dominated; to be a servant to the sexual impulses of another. In the week leading up to her current predicament, Dani's fantasies involved an odious castle tower, within which she was perpetually chained to the floor. Her brutal master took no exception in abusing her in every possible way. Sometimes she was the dirty peasant girl, sometimes the kidnapped princess. Those tangents were simply icing on the fantasy cake. What mattered was the bondage, strict and constant. As the long hours crawled with her toward the finish line, Dani began to think of her chastity

belt as her master. It had given her great pleasure, but she was now learning that it could be brutal as well. Bondage was fun in daydreams. It was painful in reality. Her aches and pains intensified to limits she would never have attempted under her own power, and yet, when she lost herself in her fantasy, they seemed to drive her excitement onward and upward.

Most of the hours of that second day were spent humping the floor, despite the rug burns and chaffing. When Dani's muscles began to cramp too much, she was forced to endure her horniness in complete stillness, flaring her nostrils and feeling the sweat seep down her back; her clit constantly throbbing throughout. It remained untouched, unlike every other part of her body. Under these circumstances, it struck Daniella that she was living out her fantasy. She was experiencing strict bondage for days at a time with her pussy was constantly wet. It was ready and waiting to be used. If Daniella had one role in this fantasy, it was to be ready for service at any time. The plug and the dildo trapped inside her demanded that she endure her arousal throughout her ordeal, just as her fantasy master did. As a slave her purpose was to serve. Her own needs came second, if at all. Daniella couldn't help it. She liked her role, even if it caused her pain.

It took several days for the chaffing marks at the corners of Daniella's mouth to heal and for the other aches and pains to completely disappear. The release of her wrists and legs was a painful and difficult process which took several hours. Daniella hadn't organized her keys before shoveling them all into the timed release box, and not being able to look at them and touch them at the same time only made it worse.

The box sounded off three times, not unlike an alarm clock, when the locking mechanism finally released. The numbness in her fingertips caused Daniella to even accidentally shut the box again before she had even removed the keys. With the numbers "2:00:00" blinking dangerously at her a second time, Daniella had to crawl back out to the desk in her living room to retrieve the instructions for the device and consult them before making a second attempt at the keys. Tears streamed down her face and her

joints screamed at her in pain as she tried to decipher meaning from the small print of the instruction booklet. She felt fortunate that she had not repeated a dangerous mistake as she finally disabled the lock and turned her body from side to side, removing and testing the locks at her wrists one key at a time. The tears continued as Daniella experienced the most severe pain she had ever known while removing her ankle cuffs and gag. She had wanted to masturbate once she had the ability get the belt off, but after releasing her limbs, when Dani realized she was too weak to stand, she finally gave in to exhaustion and fell asleep, spread eagle on the floor of her bedroom, her collar and chastity belt still attached.

In reflection Daniella realized her life had changed. She had wanted to know, at the beginning, what it felt like to be a prisoner. Now that she had experienced it, including all the physical and mental demands that came with it, the pain and the discomfort, the boredom and the fear, Daniella found herself constantly fantasizing about that role. The intensity and duration of her arousal during her self-bondage adventure had been exhilarating, and she soon became addicted. Dani felt like bondage and denial somehow gave her life meaning. The loss of control gave her a new rush of excitement with every session. Her first mistake had been a good teacher to her, and being kept that way for two days had taught her valuable lessons in, not only safety precautions, but about the possibilities for sexual gratification she could achieve, be it through forced pleasure, pain, or denial.

Over time, Daniella found ways to be safer, but she also found ways to impart bondage into her daily life. She went to school once with her belt on (cum phalluses, but sans batteries). Not a good idea if you want learn anything, but a great idea if you're ahead on your studies and you need to sexually cut loose. Dani also began to bind herself regularly in her apartment. Typically not that strict, but she would often connect her cuffs to a 12 inch chain while cooking, or wear a small gag to bed. Before the end of the month she affixed the stainless steel cuffs to her bed. Using the timed release box as her alarm clock, she was able to put herself into inescapable bondage every night for bedtime with her ankles

chained to the foot board, and her hands and neck chained to the headboard. When she discovered that the panel gag would not cause chaffing around the edges of her mouth, she wore that to bed too. She reveled in her new-found hobby. Daniella even went whole hog, again, and bound herself for two straight days, though she found a way to eat, defecate, and stretch her limbs for that time period. Life was good. Her next task was to find someone to share such experiences with.

The End.