

He was instructed to meet me at a bar and to make sure his car was locked up safely when he came in. He came over to me and placed the collar on the bar in front of me. Leaving it there, I asked him if he wanted a drink.

The slave told me that going to a place he had never been before and without his car was not the smartest thing he had ever done. He was very nervous (which is exactly what I was counting on), but he had asked around and found that I was well trusted by the people that he asked about me.

He was asked if there was anything that we might have forgotten to negotiate and The slave said he didn't want to get into breath control. Agreeing with him I said that breath control was something I didn't get into anyway.

The first time we played at the dungeon, we agreed on a safe signal, if he was gagged, and the safe words; green, for keep going or more, yellow, for pause and red, for STOP! I want out and take me home. For the signal, I would place something in his hand and he would drop it if he needed me to remove the gag for any reason.

By the time we finished our drinks, it was just beginning to get dark. I asked him if he was ready and he nodded yes so I picked up the collar and placed it around his neck. He was told that he now belonged to me until I took the collar off.

He was also told that it would eventually be replaced with a more substantial collar, but he would have to earn it. It was not difficult to notice that one of the legs of his shorts was getting much tighter.

The time was right to leave so we headed for my truck. I walked with him to the passenger side, unlocked and opened the door. When he got in I opened the door behind him (4 door truck) and told him to put his hands down behind the seat where he was handcuffed him with a pair of modified cuffs with about a foot of chain between them instead of the typical one link.

The rear door was closed and I moved to his door to buckle him in. A blindfold was placed in his lap and his stiffening cock was rubbed in the process. The door was closed and getting in on my side, started the truck and we began our journey.

My reasons for meeting at sunset were: To completely disorient him, and place a blindfold on him, in these times after 9/11, I didn't want any one to see me driving on the interstate with a possible hostage. There is also a little country cemetery close to entrance to my property that is best seen after dark.

Half of the drive home is on the interstate, a quarter of the way on lesser county roads and the rest of the way on dark, tree lined, one lane roads that wind around.

After two years I still have trouble telling which way is north in some areas and at night it's very unsettling because you can't even see out the side windows to get your bearings because of the underbrush.

Just before we getting on the highway, I pulled over and put the blindfold on The slave. (Blindfolds are mini time machines meaning that when wearing a blindfold, ten minutes seem like an hour) He almost said something but before he could, I asked him to use a safe word. He said green.

Patting his bare thigh and tweaking a nipple, I said good boy and noticed the head of his cock had worked its way out of his tight shorts. There was a sizeable puddle of pre-cum on his leg.

Once on the highway, we drove for about thirty minutes to our first turn. We traveled on for another fifteen minutes or so and turned onto one of the one lane roads that eventually get to my property.

When we got through a small community and passed most of the houses, I reached over to remove the blindfold. There were now no lights to be seen except for the occasional light far off in the distance when we topped a hill.

We wound around for another fifteen minutes till we got near the cemetery where I turned on the Brights so he could catch a glimpse of the headstones and then turned into my drive.

Opening the authentic gate, we drove through and stopped. (The house is invisible from the road and the first half mile of the driveway) The blindfold went back on The slave and we drove the rest of the way to the house.

I have found the imagination of a person who is blindfolded to be his biggest downfall. Without sight, The slave is free to imagine whatever suits the fantasy he is now living, be it a huge, dilapidated ruin of a building or a small shack stuck in the middle of a densely wooded area. Whichever frightens him the most because the mind always picks the worst possible thing?

Once in the garage, I went around to the passenger side and opened the rear door and released him from the cuffs. He was unbuckled and helped out of the seat, re-cuffed with a regular pair of cuffs, with his hands in front.

When we got inside, he was told if he needed to use the bathroom that this might be his last chance to use a normal toilet for some time. The blindfold came off only long enough for him to finish.

He was led to the attic stairway door, I unlocked the deadbolt and opened the door and led him up a few steps, telling him to hold the rail. The deadbolt was turned and relocked letting him hear me do it.

He was led the rest of the way up the stairs to the second door and it was unlocked and relocked in the same manner. Now he knew that he had to go through two locked doors to just get out of the attic, and then try to find his way off of the property and back to a road. I told him to use a safe word. It was green.

The attic is huge and not climate controlled but it does have shuttered windows, solid plywood floors, lights and electrical outlets. The 'walls' are exposed 2 X 4 framing. The area overhead is a minimum of 16 feet tall in the peaks and consists of 2 X 12 joists (very sturdy) holding up the roof which is a 10/12 pitch. (10/12 pitch is just less than a 45 degree angle)

There are 4 x 4 posts from floor to rafter along the peak or ridge of the roof spaced at ten foot intervals. Heavy duty eyebolts are placed everywhere and a bucket of extras and a drill kept handy so I can add more as I need to. There are about eighteen hundred sq ft of space in this area. Twelve in another that is still unused.

It is also very intimidating to hear power tools nearby when you are tied up, blindfolded, and gagged in unfamiliar surroundings.

There is a four poster bed set up, with covered mattresses, where all the dungeon equipment is set up. I have built my own St. Andrews cross, (which looks like a big X) paddle horse, sweatbox, stretcher bars, and several different types of stocks.

The Cross has a platform to stand on that is supported by the legs of the cross so that it cannot be tilted or moved by the victim on it. The various stocks are for; wrists and neck, wrists and ankles, wrists and cock/balls, wrists only, ankles only, and cock/balls only. (I try my best to leave no stone unturned. The other equipment will be described as it is used)

I gave The slave a deep kiss, a grope, some reassuring words, and led him over to one of the 4x4s in the center of the space. The slave was asked if he had packed any favorite gear that he wanted me to use. He said that all he had brought was a gag.

Removing one cuff, I backed him up to the post, recuffing his hands behind his back. He was told not to move, that I would be back in awhile and not to play with himself. I went downstairs, unlocking and locking both doors.

Some appropriate music was put on the central sound system. (It can be heard from the attic if at a sufficient volume) I went to the master bedroom to change into something less restricting.

I was in for a workout and since The slave was going to remain blindfolded for most of the time, the need to be comfortable and be able to move about the attic without being heard was necessary. I was wearing only gym shorts when I returned about twenty minutes later.

Retrieving his gag from his things, it was inserted in his mouth and buckled very securely. It was a high quality gag that could be worn for long periods without placing undue stress on the jaws but keeping the mouth 'full'. It was also lockable.

All of my leather bondage gear is also lockable so one of my (keyed alike) locks was fit through the post and snapped shut. This resulted in a little muffled umpf of surprise. Praise be to 'Mr. "S" Leather'.

A soft plastic ball the size of a golf ball with a bell inside was placed in his hand, reminding him of the signal. I went to one of the old dressers along one wall. A pair of padded leather wrist restraints with two 'D' rings, the type with three different straps securing them and made for wrist suspension, were pulled out, and a pair of leather ankle restraints with two 'D' rings and approached The slave from behind.

The wrist restraints were placed on him while he was still cuffed. He needed to be kept restrained at all times. The link in the cuffs was attached to an ring I had installed on the back of the 4x4 post with a clip.

One cuff at a time could safely be removed while attaching and locking the leather cuffs to chains suspended from the ceiling joists leaving The slave in an upright spread eagle position.

While The slave tested his bonds and I watched the muscles in his arms and legs ripple, I saw the shiny head of his cock peeking out the top of his shorts. I licked my finger and ever so gently rubbed the rim of his cock making him shudder and jerk in the chains. Well, it was time for the shorts to come off.

His boots and socks were removed and his cutoffs unbuttoned and pulled off. He was not wearing anything underneath except a chrome cock ring and his cock was standing at throbbing attention.

Leather ankle cuffs were attached and all four restraints locked. The chains hanging from the ceiling that are attached to the wrist restraints are not inline with the post. They are attached about a foot behind it making his arms pull his back into the post and leaving The slave in a stressed and stretched position.

Chains are locked onto the ankle cuffs and they are pulled out and slightly to the back and attached to wall studs on either side. The ankle chains are tightened just enough to pull The slave's legs far enough apart to put pressure on The slave's wrists and shoulders and to make him stand on tip toe to keep the excess pressure off his arms.

The shirt was cut off of him and his nipples gently bitten, getting them just as worked up as his cock. Back over to the dresser and I get a pair of self tightening (clover) tit clamps that are connected to each other with a chain and attach them to his nipples.

Since The slave was so thoughtful in wearing a cock ring, a piece of leather thong s tied to his cock ring and then to the chain hanging from the clamps. It was slowly tightened making The slave lean forward as much as he could to relive some of the pressure. There is a long thin silver thread hanging from his cock slit to just past his knees.

Its time to do some work on his balls. They are massaged to draw them down and away from the base of his cock. Another long leather thong was wrapped around his ball sac from the base of his cock to his balls. The leather wrapping was tied off after it forced the skin of his ball sac to become mirror-shiny with tension.

The ball with the bell has not dropped. It's discovered that I need another eye bolt on the post near the floor, so I get the drill and install one. The ball with the bell falls. The slave was told that I was not using the tool on him and asked if he wanted me to remove the gag. He slowly shakes his head no. I ask him if he wants the ball back. He shakes his head yes.

The ball was back in his hand. One end of a small chain was locked around the wrapping on his balls. The chain was pulled down enough to make The slave try to squat down to relieve the pressure and then attached to the new eyebolt with an "S" hook.

(All the chains remain unlocked on one end just in case of an emergency, but it is the end that The slave cannot possibly reach.)

Here was The slave, his arms are pulled out, back and up and his legs are pulled out and back. His balls are being pulled down and up by the cock ring, which is pulling his nipples down. Any movement he makes will cause pain.

Back over to the dresser and I get my hand lubed and start to slowly, very slowly, lightly run my fingertip over the head of The slave's cock. He releases a moan that could only come from someone experiencing intense pleasure/pain that he has never felt that deeply before.

Slowly encircling his cock with my warm oily hand and gently, slowly, I squeeze his cock. The moan intensifies. His breathing was getting faster. Even though every slight movement was torture, The slave still tried to move enough to pump his cock into my hand. He was allowed to continue, until he got close to cuming and I quickly let his cock go.

A moan of frustration was heard. Ten minutes later, I started to repeat the procedure. This was done four more times, waiting just a bit longer each time and each time the moans got louder.

I have been keeping track of The slave's condition and I think it's time for both of us to take a break. The ankle chains were released from the wall studs first so that his legs could take the stress off of his arms while I unfastened the chain and thong from around his balls.

One wrist cuff chain was unhooked from the ceiling and his wrist re-cuffed to the handcuffs still attached to the post. As I unhooked the other wrist cuff chain, I give him a half turn so I could cuff him with his hands in front and not around the post.

The slave was told that since he did so well, I was upgrading the collar. His old collar was removed and replaced with my locking collar with four 'D' rings. The cuffs from the post were removed and the link in them was locked to one of the collar rings. The slave can now be moved to the bed without any risk of him touching his cock.

He was led carefully (he still has the leather ankle and wrist cuffs on and they still have their chains attached) over to the bed. He was sat down on the bed and instructed to lie back. He was positioned on his back in a normal resting position.

The chains from each wrist, which are still cuffed to the collar, were attached to each upper post on the bed, thus keeping his upper body in place. The ankle chains were secured to the lower posts immobilizing his legs and ensuring that he could not turn over and hump the bed.

The stress is now off of his arms and the blood is returning to them. His legs are not at odd angles or supporting weight. It's almost time for The slave to rest. Just one more thing to remove, the tit clamps.

The thong from the clamp chain was untied and The slave started to squirm. The chain was rattled moving both clamps and The slave started to whimper. When I took a clamp off, he screamed into the gag and bucked all over the bed as much as the chains allowed, but holds on to the ball.

When the screaming becomes a whimper again, the assaulted tit was gently massaged and the screaming and bucking started up again. When he settled down this time, I gave the nipple a squeeze and off he went again.

At last, he could tolerate me touching his tit without excruciating pain. I rattled the chain and shook the other oxygen starved tit. The slave went to whimpering and begging as best he could but to no avail.

The second clamp was removed and we went through the whole process again. This was a scenario that would be repeated many, many times before The slave left. The slave would get to the point that he would do almost anything to avoid the tit clamps. Now The slave could rest.

His ears were fitted with some very effective industrial site ear plugs. The slave couldn't see, hear, or speak. He was left now for an hour or so. The ball with the bell was replaced with an air horn that he could sound if he needed me.

About an hour and fifteen minutes I returned. It's around nine thirty (pm) and there was still a lot of time left in this day. I changed into a leather and chain harness and a snap on leather jock strap. A few things had been prepared and turned the lights out so when I took The slave's blindfold off, he would be able to see fairly well.

I brought a sport bottle full of water with me. He has been blindfolded now for a little over three hours. I am also going to change out the separate blindfold and gag for a head harness. The slave has a semi-hard on.

Walking to the side of the bed, his cock was gently grabbed. The slave jerked awake, remembered what was happening and relaxed. He was squeezed a few times and I felt him quickly regain his hard-on. His cock was released and the blindfold removed. The only light was from the moon filtering in through the shutters on the windows.

He still blinked a few times and when I tried removing the gag, he bit down on it to protest. The earplugs were removed and he was told to spit the gag out, that I had plans that required his mouth to be free from obstruction. He reluctantly gave up the gag.

The saliva was wiped from around his mouth and he was given another deep kiss while giving his nipples a little twist. By his reaction, I could tell The slave's tits were still just a bit tender. Good. The water bottle was opened and put to his lips and he drank enough to quench his thirst, but no more.

The ankle restraints were removed leaving them attached to the bed. I remove the chains from his wrist restraints, take the air horn and place it on the floor and help him to sit up. Check-in, (ask how he's doing, if anything is too tight or too loose) I told him we would be going down stairs to the pool shower to clean him out.

Retrieving the head harness from beside the bed, I held it up for him to see. His grin is enough to tell me it's ok to secure it on him and I do. All the straps were adjusted so that there was no give anywhere and the leather was making firm contact all over his head.

Now his cock is literally bouncing off of his flat sthe slaveach. The eye cover was attached to the head harness; he was stood up, and led over to one of the dressers.

Opening a drawer, I rummage around in it letting him hear all the metal objects in the drawer being shuffled around, and bring out a pair of ankle cuffs. These were snapped on him and he was lead downstairs. This time I left the doors unlocked.

We arrived at the pool bathroom and I helped him onto the john. After he finished, I walked him to the outside shower where I had hooked up a enema hose and cleaned him out. This treatment has left The slave a little humiliated and flaccid. He is told to pee while he has the chance and he does.

The slave was led back upstairs, locking the doors behind us as we go, and over to a mat under the suspension bar where I have laid out all of the equipment that I will need for this phase. The slave had lost his hard-on and I take this time to place his cock in a chastity device called a "cock cuff".

It is made from a single handcuff with a metal tube welded at a 90 degree angle. Imagine holding a pair of cuffs by one cuff, letting the other hang.

If you put a toilet paper tube through the opening in the hanging cuff and lifted up on the tube until it

touched the cuff and one end of the tube was just touching the cuff and you glued it there, you would have a very good idea of what this thing looks like.

The cock goes through the cuff and into the tube. The balls go through the cuff and under the tube. The hasp on the cuff is closed and locked in place, turning the cuff into a cock ring. The cock is trapped in a metal sheath, keeping idle hands away from the cock.

The cock-cuff has a strap connected to the top near the lock plate and this strap is connected to a locking belt. An attachment haft is welded to the cuff and to the tube giving strength and a place that a leash or anything else can be hooked to it.

There is a small ring attached to the hinge area of the cuff, below the balls, with a strap that goes up the ass crack to the rear of the belt, and locks.

The cock-cuff was barely gotten on him before his cock head tried to escape out the end of the tube.

The tube needs to be lubed with an oil based lube (The tube is metal) to keep things from getting stuck going in. Very little should be used as it will absorb into the skin later and imprison the cock.

The eye cover from the head harness was removed, (being turned upside-down is best done when they can see, unless you want to clean up a mess) and The slave was helped to lie on the mat, the ankle cuffs replaced with inversion boots and secured in place.

The suspension bar was lowered (which is three and a half feet long and keeps the legs spread wide) to about a foot from the floor.

The suspension boots had to be modified by drilling and tapping screw holes in the 'bar hooks' on the boots and inserting screws to hold them on the bar and to keep them from sliding together.

After attaching the boots in position on the bar, the bar was slowly raised letting The slave gradually get accustomed to this position. Once he was raised with his head about 2 feet above the mat, I checked in asking if he was ready for the eye-cover to go back on, it was, it did.

The slave asked if he could have the gag replaced. He was told to think about what might happen if he gagged while he was upside down. He got the picture.

Now that he was inverted, the handcuffs were removed from the collar and then from his wrists and, quickly, the restraints still on his wrists were attached to chains connected to wall studs on either side. His arms were pulled tight so he could not 'spin' in place.

To be continued!

Author's Note: Some scenes are fantasy some actually occurred in one form or another. All scenes that were real were conducted safely, sanely, and consensually! All limits were discussed and complete negotiations were conducted. Whether stated in the story or not.

I have tried to make this as real as possible and no fantasy sci-fi stuff is used. (For now.) I would love to write a purely sci-fi bondage adventure, but for now, I'll stick to what is proven) All devices are real and available now or have been discontinued. None of the products are of an overactive imagination.

I test all devices on myself before using them on others. I have to know what the thing feels like before I force that feeling on anyone.

There may be some things I do to both the slaves that make them react in a positive manner that may not make you respond in a like manner. Particularly when it comes to vibrators. Some persons are almost immune to certain stimulation.

Electricity is one of those I can speak of with authority because I can take more than anyone I know. Most of the boxes available on the market today are strong enough to make me slightly uncomfortable.

I don't know but it could be because I was clumsy as a child and always was the one to accidentally find the frayed wire and lean against the electric fences. I grew up knowing what electricity feels like. I doubt one can become accustomed to electricity but it's the only explanation I can come up with.

It is one reason I have a fascination for it. Of the thousands (not hundreds) of times I have been shocked by live wires, accidental or intentional, I have never been injured. I know both the slaves, that even the lowest settings make them think that they have been electrocuted. Every experience is different for every one. For some it is intense, for others it is boring. I guess what I am getting at is this

TRY THIS AT HOME, YOU MIGHT LIKE IT! BUT BE WARNED!

The slave was now in an inverted spread eagle. The nipple clamps from earlier were retrieved from the bed. As I began to place the first one, the slave suddenly remembered them and the whimpering started. (I like whimpering, it lets me know I'm doing my job right!)

They were both placed and the end of the leather thong that was still on the clamps was tied to the cock-cuff and tightened, pulling on both tits equally. The slave was made even happier by getting a small rubber ball to keep in his mouth that could easily be spit out if the need arose.

A medium sized butt plug that had electrode connections was warmed and lubed, gently inserted and pressed home. The narrow leather strap from the ring on the both the slave of the cock-cuff was placed between the electrodes, down his ass crack, and locked to the belt, securing the plug in position.

The wire connectors were plugged into the electrodes and then connected to the black box. The slave was in for a treat. (This is me resisting a cheap pun). At no time has the slave been told that we were starting the electrical phase. I made sure he felt no wires while I was hooking him up and the wires are not touching him. He will be surprised to say the least.

All the control knobs were off before opening the main circuit. The 'pulse' was set to one pulse every three seconds when I slowly started increasing the amount of current.

(The unit sends a pulse to the butt plug, electricity passes from one side of the plug through the muscle tissue closest to the plug to the other side of the plug. When electric current flows through a muscle it causes the muscle to contract involuntarily.

The amount of current determines how much the muscle contracts. In this case, that muscle tissue is the sphincter. When the sphincter contracts, the ass hole tightens and the cock 'jumps')

The first pulse was seen before the first umph from the slave was heard. The second pulse hit and the second umumph from the slave. The ball was still in his mouth so the current steadily increased.

The slave was moaning with delight each time the pulse hit, so I slowly started to shorten or 'speed up' the pulse rate. When the pulses started coming at the rate of about four a second, the moan became a long continuous groan of pleasure.

His reactions had to be watched very closely so as not to match the rate that the slave would naturally thrust if he were jacking off or having sex. He might cum before I wanted him to. That meant that the rate and the current had to keep changing so that he couldn't cum.

A little more current and it gets painful, a faster rate and there is not enough time for the muscle to relax, so it just stays contracted or flutters extremely quickly. I do this for myself and know how wonderful it can feel and how it feels if you get a little too much current. Not good, and can temporarily stop you from cuming, which in the slave's case is good for me to know.

He is kept jangling, up and down, up and down, for about twenty minutes then slowly withdrawn from this addicting pleasure which he loudly protests. He got one last big jolt and he yelped, and then stopped his protest. (I have noticed that his feet are just starting to get pale and his face is flushed)

He was lowered to the mat, his arms were still held out by the chains and his legs were still spread. I just let him 'roll out' on his back on the mat as he was lowered. The suspension bar was detached from the hoist and hooked to one end of a chain, then the chain attached to a wall stud keeping him in a horizontal spread eagle on the mat.

It's time to remove the nipple clamps again. The head harness has a gag that snaps in place so I tell The slave to spit the ball out and the gag was snapped in place. This time the clamps came off at the same time and as he is laying there squirming I am playing with both nipples at the same time.

I had to ease up a little because I didn't want him to hurt himself pulling on his restraints. I set the black box to a light current and slow pulse and let him lie there resting. The air horn was put back in his hand and I went downstairs and out by the pool for a smoke. (sound travels easily through an uninsulated roof)

He was left there for a half hour or so and when I returned, there was quite a puddle of pre-cum on the mat between his legs. The box was turned off and the wires from the plug removed, which drew The slave from his trance and he groaned in disappointment.

He was told we were not done with the electricity and to be patient. The air horn was taken from him and his ankles released from the inversion boots. He was ankle cuffed. As the chains from the wrist restrains were disconnected, they were 'quick linked' directly to the collar and The slave was stood up.

In removing the cock cuff with the belt, I had to find another way to ensure that the butt plug could not be expelled. I used a butt plug harness.

It is a locking belt that has a strap in front that connects to a cock ring, from the cock ring it passes between the legs, up the ass crack and to the rear of the belt holding everything in place.

One conductive elastic band was placed on the lubed shaft of his cock just behind the head, and one around his lubed balls.

(I have to have positive and negative attachment points for the wires so the current will flow from one band to the other and lube for a good connection)

The slave was moved over and the suspension bar reattached to the hoist, raising it to head height. Using six inch chains, the restraints and quick-links were taken off of the collar and connected to the palm side of the wrist restraints and to each end of the bar. (Circulation in the wrists will not be cut off this way)

The slave's gag was removed because he was unable to hold anything in his hand anymore and I need for him to be able to breathe easily. I gave him another drink of water. The bar was raised until The slave's toes were about twelve inches off the floor.

Removing the ankle cuffs, ropes were tied to each ankle and to opposing wall studs tightly pulling his feet apart, effectively immobilizing his legs in the air. The bar was raised another few inches which put more pressure on all four attachment points.

The tit clamps were reattached making The slave thrash about in vain. Instead of tying the clamp connecting chain to the cock ring, heavy weights were placed on the chain. The result was to make The slave stop his thrashing because every jerk made the weights bounce and pull more on the clamps thus tightening them.

Before his nipples get numb from loss of circulation, I took the modified cattle prod (the voltage has been decreased from extreme pain to very uncomfortable) and alternately zapped the soles of his feet a few times (which got him jerking and torturing his tits again) to acclimate him to what could happen to any part of his body at any time.

To further illustrate the point, each arm pit was zapped in turn, and then the tip of the prod only touched to The slave's balls, without zapping him. He screamed NO, PLEASE, NO, but doesn't use a safe word. He

was told to shut it or the next time he yells out his balls will not just get touched with the prod but zapped! This made for a very effective verbal gag and it would let me know when it's ok to light up his balls.

The wires were connected to the elastic straps and then to a jack on the box and the butt plug re-connected to another jack. (The box has jacks for four pairs of leads and I've only used two pair, so far) The slave was given a small dildo to keep his mouth happy and to bite down on if he needed to and the box turned on.

The plug controls were set back to the settings they were on while The slave was resting and his cock was worked on with varying pulses and currents. The slave was voraciously working the dildo in his mouth and moaning/groaning constantly.

The current and pulse rate on the plug was increased to a barely tolerable level for The slave and the cock current and pulse were set likewise. The prod was picked up and starting with the feet again, methodically covered The slave's body with jolts of pain leaving his tits, cock and balls, and ass untouched. (Nothing above the neck either)

I start to remove the nipple clamps and the moan/groans stop and I notice that the dildo has firm pressure from teeth on it. The tits were worked as before, squeezing a little and twisting a little, letting them rest in-between.

When I think he's ready, one of his nipples was zapped and The slave involuntarily screamed dropping his dildo pacifier. This opportunity was taken to touch the prod to his balls, giving him time to use a safe word, and when he said nothing, got zapped.

The slave was in real pain now, jerking and sobbing but still not using any safe words. The prod was put down, the currents on the electric devices lowered and the suspension bar lowered, until The slave was eye level with me but his feet were still not touching the floor.

Moving to him and holding him close, soothing his worn body with my hands, I continued this cool down period until he stopped sobbing. He said was sorry for crying, thanked me, and told me he was ready for more. I kissed his ear and told him he had nothing to be sorry for and that was enough for the night. It was time to get him trussed up for the night and put to bed.

This brought a big grin to The slave's face and he softly asked if he could keep the electric butt plug in all night. He was told that we would see about it, released him from his suspension and everything removed, leaving only the collar, cock ring, and butt plug.

We held each other for a few minutes and then he asked if he could relieve the pressure from my swollen cock. He could, but he would have to be bound to do so. He quickly unwound his arms from around me, unsnapped my leather jock strap and placed it on the floor, turned around with his hands behind his back and bowed his head.

That was all I needed and grabbed a length of rope and securely bound his hands, wrists facing together with about four feet of rope left hanging. Helping him to his knees, I bound his ankles, crossed, with another length of rope, again, leaving extra rope loose.

He was told to squat down so that he was sitting on his ankles, knees spread, cock and balls exposed. I knelt down and taking the leftover rope from the ankles, wrapped it around his balls and tied it off squeezing his ball sac to a shine.

Standing back up and reaching over and behind him, I picked up the loose rope from the wrists. This put my cock in his face and he eagerly tried to capture it in his mouth. As I straightened back up, my cock eluded his attempt and was now too high for him to reach due to the rope holding his balls to his ankles.

Pulling him up by the rope around his wrists, bringing them up high between his shoulder blades before his mouth begin to get closer to my cock. As I 'lifted' him, rocking him forward on his knees and balancing

him there, his feet were lifted off the floor by his balls and now he could reach my cock.

The slave was very good at 'no-hands' cocksucking. As I got closer to cuming, the rope was held with one hand and the back of The slave's head grabbed with the other, pacing him to my needs.

When I came, his head was held in place, my cock deep in his throat, for many long seconds. He was trying to pull away a few moments before I actually released him. He came off my cock gasping a little, gave me a grin, and told me that maybe a little breath control wouldn't be so bad after all. He was told I would take note of that and his hair tousled.

When I began to untie him, he reminded me that I was going to leave him tied up for the night. He was told that he was, but not this way. When I had him untied, I said that I remembered something about him wanting to test his straight jacket endurance.

A look of ecstasy washed across his face and he was vigorously nodding in agreement. Going to a dresser and I brought out the black leather straitjacket, a hood that had nose vents and a mouth hole, the ear plugs, an empty gallon milk jug, and a tube gag. (The gag has a 4 inch long tube that allows for easy breathing and for forcing liquids into the mouth)

I also got the black leather, padded ankle binders with two heavy duty 'D' rings on each side, one above the other. The slave was rocking on the balls of his feet with anticipation. The slave got his last chance to pee for the night when he was handed the empty milk jug.

He handed it back one third full. He was made to drink again and told it would be his last for the night. The slave was told that the tube gag was going to be placed in his mouth and he was to hold it there with his teeth until I fit the lace-up hood on him and got it pulled tight.

The ear plugs were fit and then I fit and locked the hood in place. (The mouth hole in the hood holds the tube gag in place) Next, The slave was told to hold his arms out in front and began the long process of getting the straight jacket on and the fit right.

After I got his arms in the jacket and while they were still held out in front, the wrist straps that keep the hands in the end of the closed sleeve were tightened and locked. His arms were placed to his sides, turned around and buckled, tightened, and adjusted the four back straps.

His arms were then crossed in front and brought to the back, buckling the straps on the ends of the sleeves together securely. There were two more straps that were attached to the jacket in front above the crotch.

They were fastened by passing the straps on each side the cock, between the legs and in 'jock strap' fashion over the cheeks and buckled near the hips on the back of the jacket, keeping the jacket from being raised over the head.

An addition to this jacket was a locking collar strap which I buckled and locked. (I did that last because as you secure the arms, the whole jacket tightens even more and if the collar is already fastened, it will choke him)

The slave gets walked over to the mat, not the bed, gets plugged into the box, and helped to lie down on his back. The ankle binders were, buckled, locked in place, and his legs secured by attaching chains to one of the rings on each side and to wall studs.

The straitjacket has 'D' rings sewn into the shoulders and these were attached to chains and the chains to wall studs. The chains form an X, pulling the ankles away from the shoulders and pulling everything out to hold The slave immobile in the center of the mat. He can lift his ass off of the mat.

Lying down beside him, I adjust the box to The slave's favorite settings and started to work his cock. I brought him to the verge of cuming and stopped, up and down, over and over. The slave could not stay still. He kept pumping his hips, trying to cum, but I won't let him.

Stopping I place a rubber cock ring with a bullet vibrator attached to it at the base of his shaft with the bullet resting on his balls. I turn it on and pat The slave goodnight. I go over to the bed throwing a blanket on it and fall asleep to the sound of The slave's frustration.

Its morning, the sun has not yet risen but the sky was just starting to get lighter. I think I'll wake The slave up with a little breath control that he thought would be ok, I better let him pee in the jug again, and then we might have a little something to eat. He'll be put on the St. Andrews cross a little later. I think I'll be a little mean today.

Getting up quietly I approach The slave slowly from above his head. With the hood and ear plugs on, he can't hear me but he might feel the vibrations from the floor. Tearing off a one inch piece of duct tape from one of the many rolls I have around the attic it's placed carefully over the nose holes without pressing it on.

When The slave finds out he can't breathe through his mouth, he'll try to breath through his nose and the vacuum will 'set' the adhesive on the tape and keep it in place.

Reaching over, I pinched the tube shut just after he exhaled. When he woke with a start, I quickly knelt with a knee on each side of his head to keep it still. While I was holding the tube, I reached over and tuned the box off.

The tape worked properly and The slave was starting to writhe as much as his bonds would let him. He was to busy trying to breath to scream. He was allowed to take one breath and exhale, and then the tube was pinched again. This time he tried to make some noise.

His cock had sprung to life and was rock hard where it had been limp just a minute before. He got two more breaths and I held. Now he was getting some control and wasn't thrashing about so much. He was let breathe for a while and settle down.

The tube was pinched in the middle of the next inhalation, and held a lot longer than before, long enough for The slave to start to panic. I let go and as soon as he found he could breathe again, he calmed down instantly.

At that moment I plugged the tube with a stopper that had a string tied to an eyelet in the end and stood up, freeing his head and making him think I was leaving him like that.

He thrashed and bucked trying to twist out of his bonds. When the thrashing started to slow but before he could completely pass out, the string was yanked, popping the plug out of the tube.

Kneeling back down with his head between my knees, I grabbed the tube gag and pulled it though the mouth hole letting The slave know that the breath control session was over.

He tried to talk but I silenced him by placing a finger on his lips. Then I patted his shoulder and removed the shoulder chains. Moving to his feet, I patted the ankle binders and removed them. His head was patted next and he shook it no, so I patted his crossed arms and got a nod of yes.

He was sat up, the arm straps unbuckled and the collar strap unlocked and unbuckled. He was helped to stand and held until he could stand on his on. The slave was walked to a post and his hands placed on the post and the rest of the straps unbuckled, the wrists straps unlocked and unbuckled.

Taking one hand, I removed that sleeve from his arm replacing his now bare hand on the post and finished removing the jacket. The butt plug and bullet cock ring were also removed.

While The slave was still steadying himself, I walked over and got the milk jug. I came back over to The slave, took one of his hands and placed it on the jug. I patted his cock, then his hand on the jug. He understood, took the jug and pissed. When he finished, I watered him again.

He was able to stand on his own now. He was walked over to the dresser and the iron collar, wrist irons and ankle irons, all connected by chains were pulled out. Beginning with locking The slave's ankles together, then, from behind, locked the iron collar onto his neck over the leather collar leaving the wrist irons dangling in the upper middle of his back. (They were designed to be in front and were placed high to keep the hands away from the cock)

The slave was walked to the back of the attic, around a corner, and further back. There was an iron plate bolted to the floor with a short length of chain welded to it. I helped him kneel then took his hand and made him feel the plate.

A lock was placed in his hand and he was helped to lock his ankle chain to the chain on the plate. Each wrist was then taken and locked behind his back. There is no way for him to reach is cock with his hands and he couldn't wander around. In fact, The slave was not going anywhere.

I began removing the hood. He shook his head and said no. His balls were slapped and I finished removing the hood and removed the ear plugs. He was told he was never to defy me again and left him there in the dark where he couldn't see around the corner. He did hear me leave and lock the doors.

With the music still on downstairs, I can't hear anything in the attic, but from outside, I can hear very well. (The house is insulated from the attic floor to the inside ceiling. The attic is not insulated and with the eave vents, it's like I was just across the room)

I went out for a smoke, made him a protein shake, got myself something substantial to eat, changed into a black t-shirt, leather pants and boots and went back to the attic with his morning meal.

The slave was not sure what was going on when he heard the doors close and lock followed by the sound of boots. I shouted 'wake up, here comes breakfast' before I rounded the corner.

Walking over to him, I stopped about as far away as the chain would let him crawl, gag in one hand, the breakfast bottle in the other. I dropped the gag to the floor and held the bottle in front of my crotch and told him to come and get it.

My tone took him by surprise and he paused just long enough for me to have to say NOW! Then scrambled over to me as fast as he could being on his knees and all chained up like he was.

I had misjudged the distance and the chain came up just a tad short making him fall against me but not hard enough to knock me down. The bottle was moved a second before his face buried into my crotch, he didn't fall over but he couldn't right himself either. He was settled back on his knees, the bottle was moved back to its original position, and I make him open it with his teeth and suck it dry.

When he finished, the bottle was tossed aside and he was made to put the gag in himself by nosing it around on the floor until he could suck it into his mouth. It took him awhile but he came up with it.

It was buckled much tighter than yesterday and a lot rougher, and locked it with a grunt. This was not his gag, but one of mine with a 'D' ring riveted on the outside where the mouth is, a larger penis shaped gag inside, and the buckle strap was wider.

The floor chain was unlocked and he was stood up. From overhead, I grabbed the end of a chain that was hanging there in the dark and moved him under it. With the lock from the floor chain, I locked the 'D' ring on the gag to the chain making him crane his neck and could only see things at, or above eye level.

The light was turned on, illuminating all the floggers, whips, paddles, and other torture devices that had been hanging there in the dark all along. He couldn't see them clearly but he could tell what they were. He also knew what they were used for.

What he couldn't see yet was the St. Andrews Cross behind him. He was told that from here on out he was completely mine and I was going to do anything that I wanted to despite our negotiations, so we won't be bothering with signals or safe words.

(I lied, I had no intention of breaking our agreement. I was going to watch him like a hawk and at the first sign of trouble, he would be freed from his bonds. This was mind play, as this has all been. He won't know it until it's over and he's safe. Then I will own him, heart, mind and body)

A three inch, lace up ball stretcher with a ring for attaching weights was taken from the wall and held up for him to see, then I slid a chair in front of him, sat down and started to milk his balls down. They were stretched down as far as they would go and I started working on the stretcher, lacing and pulling, lacing and pulling, until I had it tight.

The chair was slid back across the room and I went to the wall and got two, one pound weights on a light chain and attached them to the stretcher and let them drop. This got a muffled yelp out of The slave and let him know that I meant what I had said.

His cock was sticking out from his body at a ninety degree angle and bouncing. A pair of tit clamps with metal teeth, a ring on each instead of a chain, was placed. I had adjusted the tightness so they would stay on but not draw blood. Weights were attached to these as well.

I have an electrified device that looks like a small tennis racket but the strings are wires that are separated just enough to keep a spark from jumping the gap. It is like a cattle prod. When something conductive, like skin, is swatted, the sparks fly. It feels like you've been hit with a pledge paddle swung by a three hundred pound muscle man but it leaves no bruise.

This is brought over and shown to him, but he doesn't know what it is. He finds out very quickly after the first swat to his ass. After the third, he's dancing to avoid it and the weights are swinging and his cock is throbbing and oozing. He gets one more, good swat on the ass to make it even.

The weights were removed from the nipple clamps but the clamps were left where they are and those weights added to his balls. I unlocked the gag from the ceiling chain but attached the chain to the iron collar keeping him in a standing position and keeping him upright. a blindfold was placed on him and the earplugs put back in.

His cock was milked again, bringing him closer and closer to climax but always stopping short. After the sixth time, I reached up and took off the tit clamps. This took The slave's mind off his dick for a while as I tweaked and twisted and pinched and flicked and pulled on his overworked nipples.

Jumping around, He almost lost his balance and he came close to hanging himself. I had to stop and I watched closely but did not help him regain his balance. He managed to do that himself.

I walked quietly over to the chair, sat down and watched him for an hour or so. The slave was fine for the first ten, and then the weights started to get to him. I could see him start to sit, and then the collar would remind him that he couldn't.

After another fifteen minutes, it became hard for him to stand and he would shuffle from one chained ankle to the other. After another twenty five minutes The slave began to whimper like a child that wanted to go out and play but daddy won't let him.

I softly walked over to the door and quietly opened and loudly shut it, then walked heavily back to where The slave was, knowing he could tell I was approaching, and removed his ball weights.

The stretcher was unlaced and taken off, and none too gently. The sharp intake of breath was heard through his nose when I pulled it loose. The collar chain was unlocked, the blindfold removed and led him out of the back corner and back over to the mat.

His shoulders were pressed on until he dropped to his knees and then he was pushed over onto the mat with my boot. The slave landed with an oomph on his side. He was rolled to his sthe slaveach and pulled to the center of the mat. Duct tape was wrapped his head a couple of times blindfolding him.

As each wrist iron was unlocked, it was replaced with a padded leather restraint and chained to a wall stud. The iron collar came off next. I got two more padded ankle restraints from the dresser and fastened these between his knees and caves. The ankle irons were replaced with the ankle binders I had used earlier.

Four, web-strap tie downs came off the wall and the hooks were attached to eyelets on wall studs forty five degrees off of the center line of The slave's body. (Like an X) The ends were brought to the center and laid on the small of his back.

Bending his knees, I raised his lower legs to a vertical position and attached each tie down to each of the four 'D' rings on the ankle binders, the top to rings to the front, the botthe slaves to the rear. The restraints on his legs were then chained to studs behind him about eight feet apart.

Having gotten a few indications that The slave might be ticklish, mostly by the way he would move when he was touched in certain areas, I began by running a cotton swab around the edges of a foot. He tried to wiggle his foot. I didn't get the reaction that I had hoped for but it showed promise.

The swab was run down the center of the other foot and did get the reaction I wanted. He started squirming and mmmphing into the gag. Ok, I knew he was ticklish now. The gag would have to be removed so he could breathe and beg me to stop. The arms and calf chains were tight enough to keep him in place.

Getting a second swab and I worked both feet at the same time. It turned out he had more wiggle room than I thought, but his feet barely moved, so I was able to control where I tickled.

The slave did not like this new torture but I did, and was not going to stop, for a long while. I kept working on his feet, The slave kept pleading with me to stop, which I did, for a few seconds, and then got right back to it. No mercy was shown and he was having trouble catching his breath so I left his feet alone for the moment.

I straddled him, sitting on his ass and rested my back against his legs, and reached down and started on his sides. He could still buck like crazy but he was soon worn out and had to just lie there.

What was left of his strength had been tickled away. He still tried to avoid my light touches but to no good end. I reached behind me and tried the thighs and found a little reserve strength. His feet got a few more minutes of my attentions.

I was satisfied now and let The slave rest while I got up an got the UV wand ready.

The UV, or Ultra Violet wand is a 'static electricity generator' and there are several gas filled, sealed, glass tubes of different shapes and sizes that can be inserted into the base. When the base is turned on, the tube lights up with a violet glow (very much like the "Plasma Balls" that were so popular a few years back) giving it a wand appearance.

The device was developed over fifty years ago as a medical device used to cure everything from baldness, to cancer, to impotence. It did not. (Except for maybe the latter. I can tell you from experience that electricity and the prostate, do get along. The slave here would emphatically agree)

The spark you get from door knobs in the winter is static electricity but you only get one spark at a time because static electricity is slow to build up enough to spark, unless it is generated.

The UV wand gives me access to a continuous stream of static electricity. (There is tons more about static electricity. I will not go into all of them here, just trust me, its fun)

I take advantage of one of static's properties by passing the charge through my body. I have an adaptor that connects to the device, (where a bulb would) a metal bead chain connects to that and a two inch square metal plate attaches to the chain. I ground the metal plate to my body either with tape, under a waist band, anything to KEEP it in contact with my skin.

A thin layer of sweat develops rapidly and helps to keep the connection. When I turn the unit on, I have

now become a static electric generator and whatever I touch with any part of my body gets zapped.

(I am VERY, VERY careful not to touch any thing else that has an electric current. Like a light switch or knob on a lamp. Believe me, You don't want to. I have, not pleasant!)

Now, walking over to The slave, I plug in, turn the wand on and watch for a reaction to the sound. (It has a buzz like a bad neon sign) None, he doesn't know what he's in for. I reach out and touch the center of his foot.

He yells with surprise, then realizes that It's not painful just tingly, and starts to squirm again as I start rubbing him all over the entire backside of his body. The farther I make the sparks 'jump' from my fingers, the more intense the tingle, or sting.

If I touch and hold the contact with no space between my finger and his skin, The slave, becomes the generator and whatever he touches will get a shock. (We have made a human chain of seven without apparent loss of intensity)

As I start to move my finger, keeping contact, the feeling is almost indescribably pleasant. Warmth seems to 'flow' from the finger into the surrounding skin. (I am also careful not to touch any of the chains or I will get the 'shock' if the metal is grounded.

Static likes to travel through metal.

In fact, I have worn this device in the bar and leaned against a metal rimmed pool table and 'shocked' about five guys at the same time that were leaning against the rim) If you were one of those fortunate few, You are most welcome!

Being pleasant is not what I am trying to be, so I keep the spark jumping as far as I can. This can get very irritating, like fingernails on a chalk board to the ears. He keeps asking me to stop and asking what I am doing to him. I keep silent and continue to zap him on every exposed part of his wonderful writhing body.

Sometimes, jumping to opposite ends or sides of his body, sometimes, in the same place. Since he can't see me, he has no idea where I'll strike next. Nose, ears, balls, arm pits, or the crack of his ass.

(Static is safe everywhere on the body. In the bar, I used to kiss my ex. while grounded and let the people around us see the sparks jump between our lips and tongues. I am sorry for all the explaining, but I really love electrical play. The world needs more of it!)

The slave is gasping and begging me to stop. He has not bothered to see if a safe word will work and I don't want to push him into doing so and ruin the mind game. I reach over and unplug the wand.

Taking the plate out of my waistband, I start to release The slave, quick-linking his wrist restraints behind his back as I do. The hoist is lowered and his toes untied. all the tie downs and leg chains are removed.

Standing him up and leaning him over my shoulder, I carry him over to the St. Andrews Cross setting him down, standing in front of it. I cannot let go of him with the ankle binders still on or he will fall over. I bend, get a better hold of him and set his feet on the 2"x10" shelf, that runs the length between the botthe slave legs of the cross about 2 inches above the floor, and lean his back against the center of the cross.

The top of the cross is leaned back about twenty five degrees, to help prevent any bucking and also keeps it from falling forward.

Going behind the cross, I connect the wrist rope to one wrist restraint and unlinking his wrists, quickly pull the rope raising his arm up to the corner of the cross and secure it in place. I attach the second wrist rope, raise and secure it.

The boards of the cross are an inch and a half thick and ten inches wide. The upper ends of the boards are

shorter than the lower ends placing the intersection of the two boards in the center of the back, not the ass.

Pulleys have been installed IN the board's at all four ends so the ropes actually pass through the board and the pulley and along the back side of the board to a "gear clamp" or "Cam clamp". The clamp is open on one side and fastens by pulling the rope, setting the rope in the open slot in the clamp, and releasing the rope.

As the rope tries to pull back through the 'gear or toothed, cam' catches and holds it in place. To release it, simply pull the rope out of the slot. This way the ropes can be tightened or loosened at any time.

Simply pull the rope, no fussing with time eating knots that get to tight. (There are safety reasons too. You don't have to use quick release connections that take some of the authenticity out of a scene)

Tightening up his arms, I leave him standing on his heels. The ankle binders are removed and padded ankle restraints are placed on each ankle. The restrains are left on the calves. The ankle restraints get ropes attached to them and the ropes pulled tight, making The slave stand on the balls of his feet.

The calf restraints are secured to the cross with clips and attached to eyelets that are screwed into the cross every two inches all around the outside and inside edges. Restraints are placed on his arms between his biceps and elbows, clipping them to the cross.

His torso is strapped to the cross with a bondage belt. It is cinched across his chest just below his pecs, accentuating them. The slave gets water and made to piss in the jug again. It's more than half full now and I have plans for it later.

I retrieve the tit clamps with the connecting chain and begin to get his nipples ready for them and The slave starts whining about his sore tits. I grab the roll of duct tape and with several wraps, stop the whining.

The clamps are put on and the chain given a yank. The slave screams into the tape. Taking the thin rope I had used on his toes, I make a sliding loop in one end. I place the loop over his swollen cock head and tighten it leaving the knot just under the piss slit.

A few tugs are given to see if it will stay and it does. The rope is cut to an appropriate length and it is tied to the nipple clamps just making it taught. With the rest of the thin rope, I wrap his ball sac till his balls are shinny again and tie it off, leaving a loop about a foot below his stretched balls.

Two pounds of weights are hung on the loop, making The slave's cock pull down which pulls on the tit clamp chain which pulls the tits. Any time The slave makes any move all his tender spots get a jiggle. Time for a little more electricity.

Getting the UV wand going again, when he hears it so soon after, he starts to get a little jumpy not knowing where I'll strike first and sets the ball weights moving. His cock, being held in an upright position like it is, is just too much of a temptation to pass up. Besides, it's one of the few areas that got left out last time.

Starting at the base, I work my way to the head and back down. The slave is jangling just a bit too much so I give his balls another pound to hold.

Now for the tits. I alternately tap them, about a dozen times each, right where the tips stick out between the clamp pads and since they have not been clamped very long, they are very sensitive.

The sounds of the metal weights on his balls clanking together are heard. Up and down his sides with staccato movements, up and down the insides of his thighs, one side then the next. The shinny balls do not miss my attentions, nor do the soles of his feet.

Another pound is added to his balls. I let my fingers dance on his chest, outlining his pecs, traveling to his

arm pits and up the insides of his arms to his elbows and back down to his chest. Now I begin to randomly select areas, sometimes stopping to play a little in one spot before moving on. I turn off the UV wand and set it aside.

The slave relaxes now that he can't hear it. I give him back his ear plugs and set his ball weights to swinging in a circular pattern. I need to add a little something of my own to The slave's milk jug. Sitting down in the chair, I wait to see what The slave is going to do and to see how long it takes him to do it.

It doesn't take long for The slave to start testing his bonds, twisting a wrist here, an elbow there. It's really interesting to see him try to rest a leg by shifting his weight to the other leg. The restraints on his calves keep his knees slightly bent and with his wrist keeping him up on the balls of his feet, there is no way to relieve any pressure, anywhere.

After fifteen minutes I can tell he is getting frustrated about not being able to find a position that is not painful. I wait another ten minutes to remove the ball weights.

Another ten and I remove the ear plugs, unclip one arm restraint, loosen that wrist rope, and order The slave to take the nipple clamps off himself or he'll get the HD prod. He doesn't quite know what to do.

He never expected to have to torture himself. He tried to take the first one off slowly. As soon as he took the slightest pressure of the nipple, the searing pain started and he let it go, which was just as bad. He had started and now he had to finish.

He tried again, and got the first one off, he started to rub it and thought better, moved his hand to the other clamp and quickly took it off. Standing to the side of the cross, I quickly pulled the wrist rope tight the instant he got the other clamp off, locked it down and started to play with his tits.

Boy was he pissed. After a few seconds, I re-clipped the arm down to the cross and returned to his tits. I knew, now, that for the rest of the session, be it tonight or the slaveorrow night, his nipples would now be very sore all the time.

The clamps were removed from the rope tied to the head of his cock and tying a loop, added weights to that and sat down to watch again. I wanted him flat worn out for his nap.

Ten minutes later, taking a clothes pin and placing it, closed his nose. He could push air out, but could not draw any back in. He began to thrash at his bonds and make as much noise as he could until he completely ran out of breath. He stopped thrashing and concentrated on getting some air.

His chest heaved as he desperately tried to inhale. I removed the clothes pin and let him. If he ever had any doubt about who was in control, he didn't have any now. He had to depend on me for the very breath of life, and his life was in my hands.

The clothes pin was replaced. The thrashing resumed and again, I waited for the heaving chest. Off with the pin. After a few breaths he started thrashing and trying to yell through the duct tape gag, so the pin was replaced. The thrashing stopped. The attempted yelling stopped.

The pin was removed long before his chest told me he was out of air. Three breaths, pin. No thrashing, no noise, no pin. The slave had learned. His head was petted and the ear plugs removed, and was told good boy, you learned something, didn't you.

This upset him and he started jerking at his restrains. Pin on. As soon as he settled down, pin off, he was asked if he was going to be a good boy. The slave reluctantly nodded yes. More still had to be done to break him.

The restraints were released and removed holding his calves and elbows. The weights and rope from his cock were removed and his balls unwrapped, replacing the wrap with a two piece, bolt on, ball weight. The ball weight would not cut off circulation but constantly kept the balls pulled down.

I get the piss jug and bring it to the cross and make The slave pee. The belt across his chest is left for now and the ankle ropes released and the ropes from the restraints are untied. Getting a twelve inch length of chain from a box behind the cross, I lock the ankle restraints together.

One wrist rope is released and the rope on that restraint untied. With a padlock in hand, I move his free wrist to his collar and lock it on. I release and free the other wrist and do the same. Now the bondage belt is removed from his chest.

His somewhat soft cock is grabbed and he's led over to the chair, sat down, and told him to stay. Going to a dresser and getting a wrist restraint/harness, I brought it over to the chair, told The slave to stand, and started putting it on him.

It is a long strap an inch wide, the center of the strap has a wider two inch strap attached to it that hangs from the back of the neck, down the back between the shoulder blades and ends in two locking straps for wrists and a 'D' ring under the botthe slave wrist cuff.

The ends of the one inch strap come around each side of the neck, cross each other in a square of leather (to hold them together) at the solar plexus, then under the arm pits. Then buckle and lock, under the two inch strap, right between the shoulder blades.

The two inch strap has a buckle between the neck and wrist cuff and can be tightened lifting the wrists further and further up the back, placing a great strain on the arms and shoulders.

The harness is placed on The slave, unlocking and attaching one wrist at a time, as will always be the way I change restraints. The back strap is cinched, raising his wrists about halfway up his back and buckled it in place. He is placed back in the chair, with the chair back between his wrists and his back.

The duct tape over his mouth is then removed and I let him drink his fill from the water bottle. He drinks it all over a few minutes time and when asked if he wanted more, he nodded yes. He is told to be good and to stay in the chair and I will be right back. Getting more water, he drank about half of that bottle.

Instead of taping his mouth shut again, I got a ring gag, fitted the edges of the ring behind his teeth, stretching his mouth wide open, and strapped it securely in place. With a ring gag, speech is incoherent, air is easily obtained but, it makes him drool like crazy and I can put things in his mouth.

I stood him up, bent him over and lubed his asshole. A substantial butt plug was taken from the dresser and inserted without protest. He was taken over to the mat and fishing thin rope through the ball weight, tied it for later use.

He was eased down on his sthe slaveach, this time. The back strap on the harness was now cinched tighter, getting a few groans out of The slave as I did. The chain from the ankle restraints was unlocked and they were locked directly together.

The slave was told to raise his butt to give me access to his (now hard again) cock and his balls. I grabbed his cock and slowly bent it down toward his feet and putting his balls in a position between his legs, and told him to lie back down. Taking the rope tied to the ball weight in hand, I moved behind The slave.

His ankles were picked up and were bent back, pushing down until his heels touched his ass. Holding his feet in position the rope was tied to the lock holding his ankles together and my hand was taken off of his feet.

He could not hold his heels against his ass, so his feet ended up pulling on his balls. He tried to contract the muscles in his legs to relive the pull but could not hold them for long. Self torture again.

He was told to take a nap, the earplugs replaced and I went to lie down on the bed. He could be seen plainly and I enjoyed watching him stay uncomfortable. I must have dozed off.

When I checked my watch, it was almost two thirty pm and The slave had been writhing for forty five

minutes without calling out. He might have been broken after all. I went to The slave, removed his ear plugs, and told him he was a good boy and if he kept it up, I was going to do something special for him later.

His ankles were released from his balls first. His ankles were held in place so they wouldn't fall back too quickly. With his legs being in that position for almost an hour, I knew they would be stiff and sore.

I rubbed his legs as I slowly let them down to the mat. The chair was brought over and The slave sat down, facing the back of the chair. Unlocking the adjustment strap, I lowered it two notches and re-buckled it.

His arms were rubbed bringing the circulation back into them slowly, lowered two more notches and rubbed, lowered and rubbed, until his arms were all the way down to the small of his back.

the cock cuff was placed back on him with out having to remove the ball weight and he got his hands cuffed in front. The slave was moved to the mat on his back, his face cleaned up from all the drooling and given a rubdown with oil.

The moans of pleasure told me I had not lost him. His cock, which had gone soft, sprang back to life as I was putting the cock cuff on, telling me that The slave was happy too. I double checked the mat to see if The slave had cum while I wasn't watching, but he hadn't.

I put the walking chain back on his ankles and stood him up. He was made to continue filling the piss jug, (the cock cuff can be pissed through) capped it and set it aside. The slave will not see the light of this day. The duct tape will be easier to remove from his hair the longer it stays in place. (Oils in the hair will help it release from the adhesive)

I bent over and licked his left nipple and I got just a little jump out of The slave. I sucked it a little, and then took it playfully between my teeth. He tries to pull back but I have already put my hand behind him and hold him in place. He whimpers, but I don't bite it. I just kiss it and lead him to another area of the attic dungeon.

He is taken over by the bed and put on the floor with his back to a wall stud. Raising his hands, one cuff is unlocked and re-cuffed behind the stud so he is locked to the stud with his arms over his head.

He was told to be good and I would bring him some lunch. I grab a box of stuff that might come in handy later and go downstairs, unlocking and locking the doors. The box is taken out to the pool and set it by the steps. I grab a smoke, go in and make his protein shake and grab my self a package of sandwich crackers, eating them before I change back into my gym shorts.

Heading back up to the attic, locking the doors behind me, I remove the ring gag and let him drink lunch. I can not resist his nipples, being so vulnerable with his arms up, so I work them and The slave said no. That pissed me off. I stopped, got the biggest ball gag that I had and forced it in his mouth, securing it very tightly.

I finish working those tit's a little rougher that I had planned. I got a two foot square of plastic and told The slave to raise his ass. The plastic was placed under him and told to sit. I went to his feet and slid them toward the other side of the room until he was lying flat on his back.

With a tie down strap I hooked one end to the ankle chain and the other end around the wall stud on that side of the room and drew it very tight.

I went for the UV wand. Once it was up and running, I took the adapter out of the unit and touched the open end of the unit directly to the cock cuff. This electrified the whole thing, making The slave try to buck his hips away, giving his entire cock and ball sac a sharp jolt.

This a was done few more times but I noticed that his cock head was growing out the end of the tube, so I stopped that, and moved to the tits giving each of them a dose. This got the pain response I wanted. I

turned off the wand and I left him like that. He did need more work after all.

The pressure was released after about five minutes. The strap unhooked his wrists taken from around the post and re-cuffed as I stood him up. I removed the cock cuff and I walked him over to the paddle horse and bent him over it.

I have a single handcuff on foot long chains clipped to each leg on one side, and a single anklecuff with chain on the other legs. These can be moved to any leg of the paddle horse, depending on how you want to use it.

I got his wrists cuffed, then cuffed his feet below the restraints. Going back around to the wrist side, I pulled The slave forward until his feet were off the floor and adjusted the chains to hold him there. I went to the ankle side and adjusted those as well, stretching him tightly over the pad, ass exposed and just the right height for fucking.

The butt plug was yanked out, it was clean, and took it back to the dresser and got the lube. Returned to The slave, hand spanked him for a few minutes, covering his ass and the backs of his legs. The slave was jumping and yelping with each hit, pulling on all four extremities at the same time.

I put a condom on and lubed myself up and without hesitation, rammed it home. The slave's ass was full. I may not be long, but I am thick, thicker than the butt plug I replaced. The slave tried to get off. He tried real hard. I withdrew and re-thrust. I continued pulling all the way out and ramming all the way in.

After the shock had set in, The slave got with the rhythm and was meeting my thrusts. I was beginning to get close to cuming so the next time I withdrew, I stayed out. I also checked The slave's cock and sure enough, it was between him and the pad and he was still humping it.

I good swat across the ass stopped that. I reached under him and pulled his cock out and down, painfully, and gave the ball weight a tug and tied it to the botthe slave rail of the horse.

The condom was pulled off, thrown it away and I went around to the other side and removed the ball gag. Before The slave could say anything I had started face fucking him and didn't stop till I came. When I did pull out, The slave gasped for breath.

With his head tilted back and a mouth full of cock, he couldn't breathe at all. I asked how he was and he replied that he was much better now and thank you sir. I put the ball gag back in place and strapped it tight, walked to the other side and slapped his ass for good measure. I decided it was time for a swim.

The leather ankle restraints and cuffs were removed. I tied his feet together with enough slack between them to walk. Leaving his balls tied to the horse, I released and tied his hands behind his back, wrists out. Now I untied the ball rope from the horse.

The leather collar was replaced with a chain and locked it. The ball gag was removed, told to remain silent unless spoken to, and walked down the stairs to the pool. (It's heated) As we step outside, I stopped him and tied his feet together.

I carry him, over my shoulder, to the pool and set him down, on his feet. I can't think of any easy way to help him into the pool, so I tell him to take a breath and push him in the deep end. I took my shorts off and jumped in after him.

Grabbing him, I brought him to the surface sputtering. I held The slave from behind. He held my cock with one of his bound hands. His ankles were also bound, so I could keep his head above water, or not.

I pulled him to shallower water where I can stand, but it's still too deep for him to touch botthe slave and keep his nose above water. I reach around and do a cock check and he's still hard. I find that his tits are still sore too. The slave did not yell out, he just let out a soft, ow, ow, ow. I dunked him under without warning.

He did not struggle, even when I could feel his heart begin to pound. I let him up. He was told he was a very good boy and for not fighting, when we went to bed tonight, I would not make him sleep on the floor.

This let him know something that he didn't know before. That was, that he was not going home tonight. It also led him to believe he would be sleeping in a bed. I sat him on a bench in the side of the pool and finish my swim.

I end up having to lift The slave part way out of the pool, laying his chest on the edge, to untie his ankles. He was too slippery to pick up. I helped him out and take him over to the pool shower. He gets another thorough cleaning out.

Too bad The slave can't see the sunset. He's dried off, a pair of handcuffs gotten from the box, his hands untied and cuffed in front. My shorts are put back on and I get him back to the attic.

I take him to the mat and sit him down. I get (from the wall) some heavy, hardwood stocks, for wrists and ankles, ankles to the outside. (my stocks were made by taking two thick boards the same length, cutting a half circle out of each one where I wanted to hold a wrist, leg, or neck.

The two boards are then hinged on one end and a latch is placed on the other end) the holes on these are lined with thick neoprene. The wrist holes are close enough together that I don't need to uncuff The slave's hands to get them in the stocks.

I am lucky that he doesn't have big wrists and ankles, the holes are snug. They will hold him fast. I get his hands and feet locked in the stocks and now, remove the cuffs.

On these stocks, there are eye bolts on the four corners and have a chain system that can be attached for suspension. Two short chains connect the two eyebolts on each end together. Two more short chains attach; one end to the center of those chains, the other ends to the ends of a short suspension bar.

He is hooked up to the hoist and his butt raised to waist height. He's spun half way around and the big ball gag put back in place. I spin him back around and plug that end as well.

I have a small oval leather paddle that I like to use by lightly slapping with it at the rate you would clap your hands. No one blow is painful, but the longer you stay in one spot, the more painful it gets. Far worse than a single blow because the pain just keeps building, and building.

Starting on the sides of his ass cheeks, his ass gets pounded. There is nothing holding him to keep him from spinning so I take the cord on the ball weight, (yes, I never took it off) and hold it with one hand while I paddle with the other.

I don't stay in one place long to start with. I want to develop a light redness over his ass and the backs of his thighs first. When I have gotten the 'glow' I want, I give him a few hard slaps and start the 'one spot' treatment.

I know that I have been in that spot long enough when his ass starts to move, trying to make me miss that spot. I stay a little longer (bright red now) and find another. I move to a completely random new spot and continue. After the eighth new spot, I start revisiting some old ones.

It doesn't take very long to have The slave contorting in agony trying to avoid the paddle slaps. By now, every area on his ass is supersensitive and I move to the thighs. I spent the same time on them as the ass. About twenty minutes. I pause to check is hands and feet. They are doing fine.

He can take the pressure off of any one whenever he wants by simply pushing up with which ever one is bothering him, and allowing circulation to resume. That works as long as you have energy to push with.

I let go of the cord and give him a very, little spin. When you are suspended, blind folded, and upside down, It seem like you are spinning anyway. (at least it does with me) It's worse when you can't hear.

Stepping back, I watch him rotate, slowly stop and slowly start rotating the other way, slowly stopping... He never goes a full three sixty turn. I don't want him getting sick, just a little queasy.

He needs some weight on his balls and give him about three pounds to start with. I let him hang there for twenty minutes more before I remove his gag and make him pleasure my cock.

Grabbing his head, I slowly move him onto my shaft and off, on and off. I stop when I get close, he's gagged again, but with the one that has the 'D' ring on it. I don't want to cum just yet.

He's lowered to the mat just enough to let his ass and head touch the mat. His back is flat and his balls get a break too. I take one hand, pull up on it and attach a cuff. I do the same to the other. The handcuffs are chained to the center ring on the suspension bar.

Stepping up to The slave's legs, I let the stocks press on my abdomen holding his legs up as I open the stocks. Holding the stocks in both hands I back up and let his legs down slowly, until they rest on the mat.

His hands are held in position above him. I tell him to grab the bar and hang on. The hoist is raised helping him to stand. I raise the bar high enough to keep his hands over his head but just barely. The weight is back on his balls.

I exchange the hand/feet stocks for the feet only stocks. The leg holes on these are three feet apart. A good stretch for someone The slave's height. I get these stocks secured and get another set that have wrist and neck holes.

The wrists holes are almost four feet apart. I attach long chains to eyebolts at the wall studs where they meet the roof joists on both sides of the hoist. (The same joists that the hoist is attached to) I attach the other end of the chains to eyebolts in the upper corners of the stocks so it is hanging at his neck height.

I take the cuffs off him, leaving them attached to the bar. I open and set one half of the stocks on The slave's shoulders. I put one wrist in the opening closest to the hinge and tell him to keep it there.

I move the other hand in place and told him to slowly rotate his wrists and turn his head from side to side, while I was closing the stocks, or he would get pinched by them. I kept one hand on his neck while I brought the two sides together and locked them. (No pinches)

The stocks were hanging to low so I raised both sides so the stocks 'floated' between The slave's chin and shoulders. This is a good position to place someone to keep them very uncomfortable. He can't shift his weight. (Just try standing with your feet thirty six inches apart and see how long you can do it) I tell The slave I will be back, put his ear plugs in and leave.

I return with his liquid supper and another milk jug almost full with piss colored water. It's been about fifteen minutes and The slave is struggling in the stocks. He hasn't heard me. Going to the dresser I get a set of tit clamps that have an adjustable cord. He is startled when I place a hand on his pec. He knows what's coming. The clamps are placed and the cord tightened to where it is just long enough to attach to the 'D' on the gag, if he lowers his head. He is forced to and I attach the cord.

Time to do some milking. My lubed finger slowly runs around the cock head, down the underside to the base and back up. His cock starts jumping so more weight is added to his balls to slow it down.

He involuntarily tries to move his head from the sensations he is getting from me and that lights a fire in his tits. His cock is played with for another ten minutes. It was driving him insane. The Pleading sounds and the way he was trying to pull away were at the highest pitch since he got here. At one point, he lifted his feet a foot off the ground.

Stopping, I removed the weights hanging from the ball weight, and the cord. He grunted what sounded like a 'thank you sir'. A chastity device called the cock cage was placed on him. It wasn't easy to do with his cock as hard as it was so I had to do a little ball thumping to get it down to size. When it gets hard again, The slave will be squeezed in tight, because the ball weight wasn't removed so it would take up

that much more room.

The cock cage is a heavy metal wire ball, the size of a softball, with a hole in it just big enough to get around the base of the cock. It opens out, into two halves, hinged at the front. It has a belt that locks to the waist. It has straps that run from the front of the belt to the cock cage, and from the cock cage through the legs, up the crack, and to the back of the belt. There is a locking buckle on the ass strap that can be tightened to keep the cage and a plug firmly in place.

The clamps were removed and I didn't pinch or rub his nipples. It was obvious he was in enough pain. The clamps came off the gag and were put aside. The neck stock was removed and his hands re-cuffed to the bar to hold him still. I took the stocks off the chains leaving them attached to the joists. I removed the leg stock and put both stocks away. The gag is taken off, he is fed and I let him use the jug. The gag is reinserted.

The padded leather restraints go back on ankles and wrists. His ankles were locked together and the cuffs taken off. I push The slave down to his knees, lock his wrists together, lay him on his side and lock his wrists to his ankles with a short chain.

Let's take inventory, The slave is hog chained, he has been blindfolded with duct tape for fifteen hours now. He is gagged, plugged, (ass and ears) has a chastity device with a ball weight inside. Oh, and he is wearing a chain collar and his own cockring. I'll let him rest. There is more to do before I get to bed. It's almost nine thirty. The slave was woken up, his wrists were unlocked from his ankles, and left there to stretch as best he can. I'll stretch him out good shortly.

The back wall is a good distance from where the hoist is attached. That 'hall' of the attic is more than forty feet long.

Chains are attached to eyebolts at the top of the wall in the 'corners' of the back wall. A five foot long suspension bar was then attached to the hoist and chains hooked to each end. Chains are now hooked to eyebolts in joists four feet back from the hoist where they meet the ceiling, away from the back wall.

The slave is unlocked and his ankle restraints replaced with leather suspension ankle restraints. He is stood up and walked to the back wall. The wrist restraints are unlocked and replaced with the leather suspension wrist restraints, used earlier. With him facing the wall, I lock each to a chain, as tight as I can.

The hoist is lowered until the chains on the spreader bar can be pulled and connected to the ankle restraints. The slack in the chains connecting him and the hoist is taken up. The ear plugs are removed and The slave is told to start moving his feet backwards and to let the chains hold his wrists up, and I raise the hoist slowly.

He gets to the point where he can't or won't back up anymore, so I raise the hoist a little slower until his feet leave the mat. His legs are then hoisted up till they are higher than his hands. The joist chains are connected to his ankle restraints and the hoist lowered just until the chains catch.

Now I removed the suspension bar chains and raised the hoist out of the way, leaving The slave in a horizontal spread eagle in mid air, five feet off the ground. The lowest point on his body is his cock cage. I removed it.

A cord and weight are attached to his ball weight again, this time, with a cord that lets the weight hang six inches from the floor. The weight (one pound) is pulled back and let swing, giving it about a five foot arc. The slaves cock is about to burst. I let the weight swing back and forth for awhile, and then get it going in a circle. He likes that better. I see the pre-cum trying to stream but the cord keeps pulling it away as it comes around each time. I stop the swinging, adding two more weights.

I tickle The slave's feet. I tickle The slave's sides. I tickle The slave's arm pits. I tickle The slave's inner thighs. I tickle The slave for about ten minutes. It's apparent that he can't take much of this suspension. The weights and cord are taken off. By reversing the process, I get him down replacing the suspension restraints with the 'D'ring restraints.

He is walked over to the post where he was first bound and made to kneel with his back against the post. His ankles and wrists are locked together behind the post. (One lock, big haft)

I start removing the tape blind fold. The first two wraps come off without a problem; they overlap the first and are only stuck to tape, mostly. Stopping I remove his earplugs and tell him to keep his eyes shut, until I turn off the lights. The hair released easier than I thought and the tape that was on skin came off without skin. I guess the pool had a hand in that.

All the lights but one were turned off and I carefully went back to him. He was informed the lights were off and he could open his eyes. It might have been the near darkness, but I thought I saw a look of sheer joy in his eyes. I was very dark.

When asked if the gag was too big, he indicated no. This told me volumes. The most important being - He wanted more! (By saying no, he told me that he did not wanting the gag removed. That told me he did not need to complain, or demand release. It told me everything I had done to him was ok) I did ask him one more thing; if he wanted more weight on his balls. He slowly shook his head yes.

Unlocking the wrists and ankles from each other, he was up stood and his hands relocked over his head, behind the post. Going behind him, I told him to hold the post, and pulling his ankles back behind the post, locked them. Standing up, I clipped the lock holding his wrists to one of the post eyelets. If he let go of the post, which was inevitable, he would be hanging from his hands.

The bolt-on, ball weight was replaced with a heavier bolt-on ball weight that has screw holes in the sides for eyelets. I screwed the eyelets in and went to the wall for weights and came back with twenty pounds worth. When The slave saw them, he freaked, shaking his head no! I looked at him and kept coming toward him.

A leather blind fold was placed on him before the first weight. They were placed one-at-a-time till there were three to a side. That was as much weight as I have had on him at once. Two more pounds were added at the same time. He dipped, losing his hand hold.

Things needed to made a little easier for The slave. Taking a long length of rope and tying off to an eyelet behind his back then going around the post and his chest, just below the pecs, I bound him to the post. The same was done to his legs, just above the knees. (Below the weights) I leave for a smoke.

When I get back, I want to cum. After I remove the ropes, I release his ankles from the post, letting him stand. Grabbing his cock, I play with it awhile, really getting him to squirm. He is told that if he cums, the tits have had it.

I release his wrists from the post and step him out from it, giving him a half turn. Bending him at the waist, his wrists were locked to his opposite ankles.

After getting a condom on, I walk over to The slave with the lube. Pulling out his plug, I give his ass a squirt of lube and begin. Penetration was slower than the last time and taking his hips in my hands; I rock him out and back and...for what seemed like forever. I came more than I usually do. When I withdrew, I re-plugged him and remove the weights from the eyelets. I could barely help The slave to sit.