

By andreabound@yahoo.com

#17a Andreabound ties Sara then Herself – Part One

This is one part of a scene Sara and I participated in together. I tied her up and then tied myself up. You can read Sara's side of the scene in '#17b Andreabound ties me up'.

Sara was long overdue for a turn under the ropes. I had introduced her in a most gentle manner to a simple hogtie last time. This time I thought I would take her a little further. It was important, I felt, that she understood a little of what it was she did to me. How else was she to understand the potential damage she could do?

The arrangement was that I would tie her up and flog her and then go and practice my self-bondage while she contemplated her own position.

I started by insisting Sara strip completely, and then I bound her wrist and ankles. I made her lie on her stomach on the bed and tied her ankles to one corner, and her wrists to another. I pulled her fairly taut; but not so that she wouldn't be able to stand it while I did my thing.

Then I tried several of Sara's own toys on her. First the paddle which I used on her exposed bottom. Sara squirmed and squealed like a baby, so I took a break and pulled the hood over her head. I left the blindfold in place (she wouldn't need to see anyway, and a spell in the blindfold would do her good) and I pushed the ring gag into her mouth. Sara's mouth is a little larger than mine and so it wouldn't give her too hard a time. Plus her lovely full lips looked just delicious; forming a permanent 'O' of surprise around the gag.

I'd had enough of the paddle so I moved to the crop. I only gave her a few half-hearted swipes on her backside but she bucked like I'd wired her up to the fuse board. I told her she was being a baby and that this was nothing compared with what she had done to me. I think she got the idea. At least she did when I moved to the bullwhip. I don't know what was wrong with the girl; it's not like there was room to swing the thing properly any in the bedroom. To watch her, you'd think she'd been attacked by a swarm of killer bees.

Next, I rolled Sara onto her back and stroked her breasts for a while until I had made her nipples stand right out. Then I pounced with the pegs I had saved from our session the other day. Sara bucked and jerked like she was in a rodeo, but she knew as well as I, that those pegs weren't coming off until I untied her.

Ok, I did feel a little sorry for her; Sara was obviously a pain virgin as well as a bondage virgin. Well, what do you know? I chuckled quietly to myself and decided I needed to make it up to her. So I slipped her favorite vibrator up her wet pussy and switched it on to full power.

I stood a while, watching Sara respond to this new sensation. Sure, she's used a vibrator on herself many times, but to have one that she didn't control, and couldn't turn off when she'd had enough. This was going to be a new experience for her. I wished I could hang around and see what happened, but it was time to move on

Walking down to the basement I realized it had been a while since I'd been down here on my own to tie myself up. I was looking forward to this very much and decided not to leave it so long, next time.

Since I had been a bit mean to Sara, I reckoned I should not be too gentle with this self-tie. I needed something that would guarantee me release in an hour, would be strenuous and yet fun. Yes, I needed some fun right now. I was also keen to try something different – as usual!

I decided to try out a couple of techniques people have sent me for tying my own elbows. Trying new stuff like that, used to be great fun, but having someone around to do the difficult bits of the tie for me had made me lazy. It was time to get back to my old ways.

I would tie my elbows tight and then get myself attached via a release system to a fixing somewhere in the basement. That way, even if I couldn't get my elbows free I would be able to leave the basement and release Sara. This idea had the added fun of the possibility that I would present myself still partly tied and therefore fairly defenseless to a probably revengeful and just released Sara. Ah, life was good right now.

The elbow tie I chose meant I would have to attach a doubled up rope via a carabiner to the wall and wind it around my elbows, taking up the slack until I reached the carabiner. The end of the rope was then released from the wall and thrown over my elbows to form a cinch. Easy enough to put on; the difficulty came at release time. It was supposed to be possible to release yourself from this tie, but I'd wanted until I had a back up before trying it out. See I am getting more careful in my bondages.

The rest of the bondage would be fairly simple. I would tie my legs together (making the elbow tie harder to apply as I had to be mobile for that) and then cuff myself through the bars of my cell. Simple enough.

A single ice cube holding up my keys would provide my release and once my hands were un-cuffed I could work on getting my elbows released or, if that proved impossible, at least make my way upstairs.

Sara could stew for a while; I was going to take my time. Going back up into my bedroom I first checked on Sara, she seemed ok for now so I opened my closet and started choosing what to wear. I made sure I gave a running commentary so that Sara could imagine what I was trying on as I slipped in and out of various outfits until I was happy. Sara was happy too judging by the grunts coming through her gag. It might have been my descriptions of my various dressings, it might even have been the light touches as I 'accidentally' brushed against her from time-to-time, but it was probably the huge dildo buzzing merrily away inside her that was the cause.

After trying on (and describing in great detail for Sara's benefit) various costumes, I eventually settled on the street clothes I should have worn for Friday night's bondage. Tan hose, my knee high boots, a stonewashed denim shirt that came to just above my knee and a bright pink crop-top that looked like a refugee from the eighties.

Back downstairs, after collecting an icecube from the kitchen, I attached my elbow rope to a ring on the wall (there's now plenty to choose from) and fastened the ice cube in its little bag above the cell door so that it would fall down to where my cuffed hands would be later. I made sure the cell door was locked so it wouldn't move away from the icecube with me attached.

Next was the chastity-belt which I was thankfully ok to wear again. I only really used it as a means of keeping my own dildo buried deep in my pussy. This dildo had a remote control so I could turn it on later. For now I just set it on low so I could start getting warmed up. Later, before cuffing my hands I would turn it right up and ride the waves of pleasure. Tied up again by my own hand, and having to bear the attentions of a buzzing intruder – ah, just like the old days.

Next, I carefully tied my legs together; tight at the top and knees but with a little slack at my ankles so I could move about enough to wind the rope around my elbows. I tucked my handcuffs into my chastity belt at the back where I could reach them later and lifted my top to attach my clover clamps to my already hard nipples. I had thought of using these on Sara, but in the end I just couldn't be that cruel to her. I would need a gag for the next bit so that was next. As Sara was the hood I had to make do with the harness ring gag – well it is one of my favorites.

Once the gag was in place, I opened a large, heavy padlock and clipped it to the short chain between my nipple clamps. As I let go the weight of the padlock pulled on the clamps causing them to tighten on my nipples. Ouch! that hurt, and I knew I would have to be careful moving about, in case I made the weight swing about too much.

I debated for a while about whether to risk adding another padlock to the chain but I realized I would have to maneuver myself across the room to fetch one so I didn't bother.

Almost forgot the posture collar. It had been a while since I had worn this item and I was keen to reacquaint myself with its stiff embrace.

All done except for my elbows and wrists. I picked up the free end of the rope I had earlier attaché to the wall and made a loop in the doubled up end. I think this is called a larks head; for those interested. I slipped this up my arms until the loop was just above my elbows. I pulled away from the wall, tightening the loop around my arms until my elbows were pulled together. Not completely but enough so I could feel the tension and my small (but perfectly-formed☺) breasts were forced out in front of me.

Reaching down with my hand I made another loop in the rope slipped it up my arms. Time to pull again. This time the tension was greater and my elbows moved even closer together. Hey, this worked! I repeated this routine several times until my elbows were almost touching and there was just enough spare rope left to unfasten from the wall and sling over my elbows to form the cinch. It took several tries before I finally managed to throw the loose end of the rope over the loops around my elbows. The weight of the carabiner helped but having my arms almost glued together didn't. I think I might have overdone it, as the gap between my elbows where I had to aim to throw the rope; formed a very small target.

Once I had the carabiner back in my hands, I pulled on it to remove all the slack and threw it around over the elbow loops again. This time it seemed strangely easier but I wasn't complaining. I wasn't sure what I was supposed to do with the loose end now. I felt it ought to be tied off to something, so that the loops wouldn't work themselves loose but it felt like that wasn't going to be a problem anyway. I decided to clip the carabiner to my handcuff chain later for good measure.

All that was left to do now was to hop or mince my way across the basement and cuff myself to my cell door. The journey wasn't too bad, and I was glad that I had worn my flat boots but not so glad I had hung the heavy padlock onto my nipple clamp chain.

By the time I had reached the other side of the room my nipples were very sore and I wondered whether it might not be a bad idea to remove the clamps before I cuffed myself for the next hour. I reached round experimentally, but found I couldn't reach the clamps anyway with my elbows tied so tightly together. Oh well, I'd had worse; I could handle this, no problem.

I backed myself against the bars of the cell door and pulled the handcuffs from under the waistband of my belt. Threading the cuffs through the bars of the cell door I pushed my hands through the bars too. I looked around one last time to make sure the ice cube release would drop the keys to my cuffs in range of my grasp. That was fine so I closed the cuffs on one wrist. Even now I was trapped, as I knew from experience the bars of the cell were just wide enough for me to slip my hands through but not wide enough to accommodate a cuffed wrist. So might as well cuff my other wrist and get on with it then. First I pulled the carabiner attached to my elbow tie through the bars and clipped it to the handcuffs. I don't think it made any real difference to my elbow tie, but it felt more appropriate somehow to not leave a loose end of rope hanging around.

Don't you just love that click, click, click sound that a handcuff makes as it closes around someone's wrist. In my case, as I have slender wrists there's a couple more clicks needed before I can feel the touch of steel on my arms, and know I am its prisoner.

Then I remembered my vibrator. Shit. I had left it buzzing quietly on low and I'd forgotten to turn it up to full heat. Damn, damn, damn! I would now have to endure the next hour being merely teased by that gently humming intruder when what I really wanted was sixty minutes of bucking and moaning; being brought to helpless climax after climax. Oh crap!

Actually, the thought of this alone was nearly enough to bring me to the edge of climax; but not quite. I thought of Sara upstairs, tied to the bed and suffering one orgasm after another, until I released her (or the batteries ran down). Lucky bitch!

I humped the vibrator as best I could and tried to rub my thighs together but as usual the chastity belt did its work; preventing me from having any pleasure. As soon as my hands were free...

The next hour passed predictably slowly with my mind, as usual, drifting from one random thought to another. Although the vibrator was on too low to bring me to climax its delicate but insistent attentions wouldn't let me forget its presence either and so my thoughts, more often than not, returned to bondage and sex. I started to hatch a plan to allow Sara to get her revenge. After Monday next week I would be working from home. It was unlikely that the company would be able to get its act together and make sure I was fully occupied (what with organizing the move of the remaining staff and whatever else) so I would probably have a very low (or non-existent) workload next week. I would write up a short contract between me and Sara that would allow her to keep me in bondage all week. I guessed about four days not including the following weekend. I started to plan the things I would want her to do to me and what ought to go in the contract. I thought of this as a prelude, or dry run, of my eventual permanent(ish) incarceration at her hands. This was a good train of thought as it almost brought me the release I needed so badly. Almost, but not quite. Grrrr.

Eventually the ice cube dropped of course and I quickly released my hands – I've had a lot of practice at this!

I stepped away from the cell door and started to unclip my elbow rope from my handcuffs. Then I thought; why not leave them on the end of the rope? It had ages for me to throw the rope over my elbow loops before; surely it would be easier with the added weight of the handcuffs?

Well this is where all of you who have emailed me to warn me to be careful will be saying “told you so”. I’ve been at this self-bondage thing for seemingly ages now and I still make basic mistakes like this. You see the basic problem was, that I deviated from a carefully thought out plan. You should never do that specially, in the height of sexual arousal when your brain isn’t functioning properly. I was trying to make things easier for myself, but it wasn’t part of the original plan and I should have left well alone.

I knew I’d made a big mistake as soon as I tossed the handcuffs in the air. They didn’t come down on the other side as planned; in fact they didn’t come down at all. I had forgotten that handcuffs aren’t nice curved items like a carabiner; they have all sorts of knobby bits that can easily get caught on things. Things like a loop of rope going around my elbows for instance. I jiggled about and even jumped up and down until my nipples couldn’t take it anymore but the cuffs were well and truly stuck up there, somewhere.

Maybe I could get to a sharp object and pull the loops off my elbows by force. I looked around for a suitable lever but couldn’t see anything that would work. I even tried the door knob, but the loops just kept slipping off the knob so I couldn’t get a good enough purchase on them.

After a while, I realized that, although I would find a way to get free eventually (I always did), I ought to go and free Sara. It was only fair, as I’d already left her bound up longer than I had intended.

At least before I had to go and face the music I would give myself the pleasure denied so long. But now I found I couldn’t even reach the controls for the vibrator, with my elbows tied together. Oh well, at least I didn’t feel too bad about forgetting to turn it up earlier before cuffing myself, as now I realized I couldn’t have done that anyway.

Sigh! Screw up day. I wasn’t usually this distracted; maybe Sara was having an effect on me. Nothing for it, I would have to go and free her with my elbows still bound and just put up with her making fun of me – and probably a lecture, to boot.

At least I knew I could do that. Freeing Sara would be easy even with my elbows stuck behind my back. Easy, that is, once I’d negotiated two flights of stairs with my legs bound together. At least I thanked my foresight in wearing boots with no heels.

The stairs proved to be not too much of an obstacle. I simply, sat on the step and pushed myself up, using my hands and feet. The only bit of me to really suffer was my nipples with the constant bouncing around of the padlock on the chain.

At the top of the stairs I managed to get back on my feet and jumped and hopped to the bedroom door and pushed it open.

There was Sara sitting on the edge of the bed using her vibrator on herself and studiously ignoring me. So, she had found the knot I had deliberately left in reach of her hands just to see if she would find it. Good for her. And probably bad for me.

After a moment, Sara looked up and said “I heard you coming up the stairs ages ago, you were making so much noise I guessed you hadn’t got free. Just look at you, silly girl” She began to laugh and I joined her, laughing round my gag.

“Let me go” I mmpphed, but clear enough so she knew what I wanted.

“I don’t think so, Andi. I want to have fun with you first. Maybe all night, who knows?” She replied, still smiling even if the smile was looking far more predatory now.

“Turn it up, then” I begged, nodding, as best I could, towards the vibrator still humming gently. Again, she understood me perfectly as was obvious by her downwards glance but this time she pretended not to. I begged and begged but Sara was just not going to let on she could understand my request and she wasn’t about to grant it anyway, so I gave up and sat on the edge of the bed next to her in defeat.

Sara pushed me over onto my front to see why I wasn’t able to free myself.

“Oh dear, that won’t do” she said and unsnagging the handcuffs pulled them back down to my hands and snapped them into place around my wrists.

Can’t have you hopping all over the house” she said brightly and used one of the ropes I had earlier used on her, to join my ankles to the handcuffs. After fussing for a bit, she untied the ankle rope from the handcuffs and reconnected it to my elbows, pulling hard, to make my ankles meet with my hands. That was a severe hogtie.

“Back in a minute, love” she said and left the room.

I lay rolling around on the bed and testing my bonds and cursing her for not turning up the vibrator.

By the time Sara returned my elbows had had enough and I told her so. Ok she said but the other bonds would have to stay. I needed to pee too and so Sara made a deal with me. She would remove the belt so I could use the bathroom, only on the condition it went straight back on and that the vibrator was joined by my butt plug. The witch; I had created an evil genius.

Once my toilet was complete and my chastity belt placed back on, this time with the added bonus of my butt plug and with fresh batteries in the vibrator, still left running on a frustratingly low setting, Sara re-placed my handcuffs with her hinged cuffs and locked them to the ring at the back of the belt’s waist band. Here we go again!

Only then did she unwind my elbows, making cooing noises at the deep ridges the ropes had made in my arms.

“You really should be more careful, Andrea” she said. And so the lecture started – like my mom, Sara only called me Andrea when I was in trouble.

My leg ropes were eventually replaced with a pair of toe cuffs and a chain was locked to one of my ankles and fastened to the bed post. Sara turned over as if to go to sleep.

“The clamps” I mmpphed.

“Oh, yes, sorry. I forgot. Tell you what, how about I take the clamps off but you get to keep the gag?” she said, and without waiting for my reply promptly squeezed the clamps, releasing my complaining nipples from their torment. Of course as anyone who has worn nipple clamps for any length of time will know; that’s when the real torment starts. Sara at least mitigated the pain of the blood flowing back into my nipples, by licking and kissing each of them in turn until the worst of the pain had subsided.

And so I got to spend yet another night chained up and celibate, gagged in a way that allowed Sara to land kisses on my lips whenever she felt like it. And I slept in her arms; content.