

By andreabound@yahoo.com

#21 Andreabound in the Principal's office – Part One

Sara didn't see me at first as she opened the front door. Maybe it was the transition from bright daylight outside to the relative dimness of the hallway that hid me from her distracted entrance. So it was only as she turned round from closing the door that she suddenly noticed the figure kneeling in the hallway. She jumped, startled.

"What the fuck? Oh its you, of course, you scared the Bejesus out of me, hiding there like that." She said breathlessly.

I said nothing. Mostly because I had my biggest ballgag stuffed in my mouth.

Sara stood there for a moment, clutching her purse in front of her still in a slightly defensive gesture, taking in the sight before her. She looked over my minimal but, quite effective, bonds.

Eventually, she came forward and reached down, picking up the note lying in front of me, and the crop that I'd used to pin down the note so that the breeze from the opening door wouldn't blow it away. Sara read the note quickly; I could see her lips moving and heard a couple of suppressed giggles; probably a result of my deliberately pompous writing style.

"I see" she said, finally, after reading the note again; more slowly this time. "Wait here" Like I was going anywhere; but Sara always said that to me, whenever she needed to walk off and leave me in my bondage. It was a sort of ritual with us.

Sara wasn't gone long, and returned from the next room carrying a heavy book. She placed it on my head and spent a while making sure it was carefully balanced there. "That had better be there when I get back. I need to think about what I'm going to do with you" she said, before disappearing upstairs.

That's what I love about Sara. When I used to work at an office all day I definitely needed at least half hour after I got home to chill out before I was ready to deal with anything else. Sara, though, walks in the door and is instantly ready to go; whether partying or playing or whatever. I wish I had her energy levels.

After her initial shock of seeing me in the hallway, Sara had read my note with a growing smile. And so I knew she would be upstairs right now preparing something special for me.

Actually, I found it quite easy to keep the book balanced on my head. This was mostly due to the wig I had put on. The bulk of the wig seemed to provide a wide and fairly flat platform for the book to rest on. This was a good job I guess, as I didn't have the use of my arms to help my balance.

I spoke too soon of course! Perhaps I got too relaxed about having the book on my head and over-confident of my ability to keep it there without much effort. I thought I heard a noise behind me and, assuming Sara was approaching back down the stairs, instinctively started to turn my head to see. I felt the book begin to slip. Damn! I made several convulsing movements and managed to stabilize the book but now it was leaning at a very jaunty angle almost over my left ear and my head was tipped uncomfortably to one side. The book slid a bit more and I moved my head to

compensate but misjudged it and I felt the book slide onto my shoulder, turn over, slide onto my lap and, before I could do anything to stop its journey, slide onto the floor.

The book lay there, in front and just to one side of me, as if it were taunting me with its closeness, but clearly out of reach in my current position. I could shuffle forward and grab the book with my hands but there was no way I could think of to get it back on my head. Oh well, the least of my troubles right now.

Without the book on my head I was at least able to turn to see what the noise had been. I looked around expecting to see Sara standing at the bottom of the stairs laughing at my antics but there was no one there. Who knows what the noise had been – probably my imagination. So I lost the book for nothing. Damn! Again.

I listened more carefully and could hear Sara still moving about in the bedroom, presumably getting ready. Eventually, I heard the bedroom door open and the sound of footsteps at the top of the stairs. I was so tempted to look round but knew I should keep my eyes forward. I heard the footsteps come down the stairs and I could tell Sara was wearing heels from the way she was walking. The proof of this was the sharp clattering as she reached the tiles of the hallway and slowly walked up behind me. I could smell her favorite perfume from here (Hypnotic Poison) and, as usual, it was intoxicating. It took all my will power not to turn my head but somehow I knew I wasn't supposed to move. I knelt there, rigid with anticipation, hardly able to draw breath, awaiting Sara's next move. I didn't have to wait long.

"So you can't even follow simple instructions. What am I going to do with you girl?" Sara said, after a suitably dramatic pause. I assumed the question was rhetorical as I was still gagged.

Sara slowly read the letter to me; the letter I had written myself but a few hours earlier. Coming from her lips though it took on a life of its own and indeed seemed as if it had been written by another. I shivered with excitement as she read.

Lovelace Private School for Girls

Principal,

I have sent Andrea to you for you to decide her future.

Because she is a most exceptional student, I have, on many occasions, turned a blind eye to Andrea's behavior even though it frequently falls well below the high standards we set for our girls here at Lovelace.

I believe however, that your 'three strikes and out' policy should now apply to this student as her total disregard for the rules governing student conduct has started to have an adverse effect on her fellow students.

Firstly, she completely refuses to adhere to the school uniform code, particularly she will not wear the modesty briefs supplied as part of her uniform. On many occasions I have caught her 'pleasuring' herself, an activity she knows is contrary to the rules of our school and despite many warnings seems unable to cease this obsessive act. I have since placed her in the dorm chastity belt, to ensure these unhealthy deeds are brought to an end.

Her language is most foul and I have taken the liberty of writing some of the less distasteful words she commonly uses on her body as a deterrent. But some of the words she uses in front of her classmates, and even teachers, are unspeakable and I could not bring myself to write them, even as a means of discipline. This measure has not, however, improved her demeanor. I even tried washing out her dirty

mouth with soap but her rudeness knows no end. I have been forced to apply a gag in order that her foul language will not cause you offense.

The last straw was when I caught her returning, after curfew, clearly having spent the evening over at the nearby boy's school. She knows this is completely forbidden for our girls, but shows no remorse over her act of disobedience. I have bound her legs and arms so that she will at least be where I left her for once.

I really don't know what to do with Andrea. I have overlooked her behavior before, as she has such academic promise, but she has gone beyond the pale this time and I no longer have any idea how to deal with her rebellious attitude. As it stands, she will only serve to bring our fine establishment into disrepute.

Therefore, I think the time has come to deal with this student most severely. I expect that you will have to expel her in order to protect the good name of our school, but I do hope for her sake that you can find an alternative means to convince Andrea to improve her temperament so that she can continue on at Lovelace.

Sincerely, Sister Thomas – Head of Senior Year

Sister? I hadn't written that. When had Lovelace become a Catholic school? Sara knew I had been a Catholic in my younger days; was she messing with me? Strange thing for a Jewish girl to do. Well I say I was a Catholic, but in fact it was more that my family were Catholics. I remember going to mass a couple of times when I was really young but this had stopped when I was about six or so. For some reason my folks had just stopped going to church around that time. I never thought to ask them why, I'd always just assumed it was just that they were too busy raising a large family. Certainly religion was not a big part of my life now; something I rarely discussed, even with Sara who I knew to be from a very different background. I guessed she wasn't too into it either given her love of bacon! Religion was a subject we left alone by mutual, tacit, agreement; not that we had ever really vocalized that state of affairs. Rather the subject never really came up in normal conversation. How strange, then, that Sara should bring religion into our play now. Perhaps she was just embellishing the scene to help her get into the role more. I would have to wait and see.

Sara spoke again, bringing me out of my thoughts, "So what *am* I to do with you Andrea. You are a real disappointment." She reached down and started to unbuckle my gag.

"As I see it I have no choice but to send you home to your parents even though I know they will be even more disappointed in you than me". The gag was pulled from my mouth with a plop and I worked my aching jaw to get some life back into it.

"Well, have you anything to say for yourself, girl?" she asked in a sterner tone.

"I'm really sorry, Miss. Please don't send me home, Miss." I pleaded in my most whiney voice, looking down as demurely as I could manage – mostly to hide the broad smile plastered across my face.

"But this isn't the first time you've been in my office, is it Andrea?" Sara said. I heard the slow clack of heels and saw a pair of four inch high black leather pumps and a pair of black stockinged legs as she came round to stand in front of me.

God, she looked a vision. Sara had squeezed herself into my best business suit, and was wearing the four inch pumps, seamed black stockings and had pinned her hair up in a severe bun at the top of her head. Her, usually more gothic, makeup was gone,

replaced with a far sparser, but somehow more stern, look. Overall, she had done a really good job of turning herself into the epitome of a fierce looking Principal. I wondered way she hadn't gone the whole way, and transformed herself in to a nun. Perhaps she didn't have the right costume. I had nearly called her sister but I guess the heels had given me a clue she wasn't playing that particular part.

The crop was waved in front of my eyes, before finding its natural place under my chin, lifting my face up so that I met Sara's eyes.

"Think this is funny do you?" she barked at me. I gulped and tried to stop smiling – it was hard. "Give me one good reason I shouldn't call your parents to fetch you home right now?" she said.

"I'm sorry" I said again in a small voice, finally managing to get my face muscles under control and look contrite.

"You said that already, but I don't believe you mean it. What am I to do with you?" I assumed the question was again rhetorical and didn't answer. "You were one of my favorite students in your early years here, I had such high hopes for you, Andrea." she continued, really getting into her part now. "You had such promise, but look how you've turned out; you're a really bad influence on the other girls and I can't let it carry on"

"Sorry Miss, I really am" I replied.

"Why don't I believe you then?" she asked. "I will have to think about this some more and see if there's not someway we can work this out. Now I'm going to put this book back on your head and if, when I come back, it's on the floor again you *will* be going straight home. Is that clear?"

"Yes Miss" I said in a small voice as she placed the book on my head.

And so I knelt there in the hallway and, despite the growing pain in my knees from kneeling so long on the hard tiles, I didn't dare move a muscle. I guessed that if Sara came back to find the book on the floor again the game would be over and I very much did not want it to end just yet.

This time I did not dare move my head even a fraction of an inch even though I heard Sara moving around the house, upstairs and several trips down into the basement, presumably getting things ready. By the sound of it, she was carrying lots of heavy items downstairs and I was intrigued – but not so intrigued that I risked a peek. I simply knelt there; the model student under orders from her Principal not to fail in her allotted task.

At last I heard Sara approaching me from behind.

"Good girl" she said removing the book from my head. "Perhaps there's hope for you yet. Now, I've come to a decision. I will give you one last chance to mend your ways but this is your *very* last chance to stay here at Lovelace, is that clear, Andrea?"

"Yes Miss, thankyou Miss" I mumbled.

You've had good intentions before Andrea, haven't you? And tell me what's happened in the past?" she asked.

“I’ve let you down Miss, I try so hard but Sister Thomas is so strict with me I can’t help myself...”

“Silence!” Sara roared. “How dare you blame this on Sister Thomas? You must learn to take responsibility for your own actions Andrea. Do we not teach you this at Lovelace? Is this not one of our principle lessons?” Wow, she was really getting into it now.

“Yes, Miss. I’m sorry” I squeaked in a small voice. How I love it when Sara calls me Andrea instead of the usual Andi, and in such a fierce voice. That alone is enough to give my stomach a whole swarm of butterflies.

“But that’s just my point, you’re not sorry are you? It’s the same pattern every time. You cause enough trouble to end up in my office and then its *‘I’m really sorry, Miss’* as if just saying those words makes everything alright. Well it doesn’t Andrea does it?”

“I suppose not Miss” I said, cowed.

“So what do you think I should do with you?” Sara asked. I used to hate that question when my mom or dad used to ask it of me, all those years ago. I mean, what are you supposed to say to a question like that? Chances are they’re hoping you’ll suggest a worse punishment than they’d give you otherwise, and then they won’t need to feel so guilty about it. Maybe I’ll understand better, one day, when I have kids of my own. Meanwhile, I knew from bitter experience that the best answer to that question was to keep my mouth shut.

“I don’t want you to have to leave us Andrea” Sara was speaking again, not having waited long for me to answer anyway. “But I need to be sure that you really will mend your ways this time so I’m gong to propose that I punish you quite severely, so that you learn your lesson properly”

“Now, you know I have to call your parents before meting out any corporal punishment, but if I call your parents it will be for them to come and take you home. Do you understand what I’m saying?” Sara asked.

I understood very well; this was Sara’s way of telling me that if we continued it would be without the safety-net of any safewords. Now I know some of you have problems with this, but as for me, I could already feel my juices leaking around the side of my chastity belt and dripping down the sides of my inner-thighs I was so excited. I knew when I stood up there would be a tell-tale puddle on the floor. Damn the tiles; a carpet might have hidden my guilty secret. I was also amazed at how Sara’s whole voice and demeanor changed when she really got into a role. I guess it was the acting classes that were responsible but it was awesome how she ‘became’ the person she was playing. In this instance it even sounded like she’d swallowed a dictionary! And her normally, fast enunciation had slowed into a voice dripping with cold, thoughtful, menace. Frightening. Mind, she’d had me convinced on one occasion that there was more than one person in a room and that at least one of them was a man, when in fact we had been alone, so I knew she had some talent.

“Yes Miss, I understand completely and I promise I won’t tell my parents. But please don’t make me leave.” I said in response.

“Well then, just make sure you do everything I say, without question and without a moment’s delay. And maybe I will consider giving you one last chance. If I feel you are not making the most of this opportunity or that you are not complying one

hundred percent with my wishes, or if you protest over the punishments you so deserve, you will be sent straight home. Is that clear?” Sara was double checking I had understood.

“Miss, I give you permission to punish me in any way you see fit, as I deserve, and I promise to learn my lesson. Just don’t send me home, Miss, please?” I replied.

Andreabound in the Principal’s office – Part Two

“Right then, we first need to address that sharp tongue of yours” Sara announced, producing a lime and forcing it between my teeth. This she bound into place using an ace bandage. I’d never gagged myself with a fruit before but I could imagine what would happen if I bit too hard on the skin of the lime. I opened my mouth as wide as I could and tried to leave the fruit intact. The bitter juices of the lime would make a just punishment for a sharp tongue, I guessed. What a clever girl my Sara was.

“Now, this is a place of prayer as well as learning. Maybe if you were to spend more time in prayer Andrea, you would not be tempted to cause so much trouble.” My cuffs were removed, an easy thing to do, as I had conveniently left the keys strung onto my necklace. Then Sara grabbed my hands and pulled them up my back into a reverse prayer position. There, she tied my wrists together with rope, winding the ends of the rope up over my shoulders so that my hands were stuck, firmly, pointing up towards the nape of my neck. Another rope was wound around my elbows and Sara pulled on this, until my elbows were touching. I’d seen this position in a few pictures but never experienced it for myself. Another impossible self-tie, I guess, and another reason to be so grateful for having Sara around to help.

Sara bent down and untied the ropes binding my ankles to my thighs. “Stand up and follow me, girl” she ordered, leading the way down to the basement.

As I entered the basement, I saw a pile of large books stacked on top of one another in the middle of the room. The stack was made up of all the largest books we have in the house (all mine of course) and the top of the stack made a small platform nearly two feet above the floor. I knew it was meant to be a platform as soon as I saw the noose hanging down from a hook above the stack.

Sara led me over to stand next to the stack of books and placed the noose over my head, pulling it fairly tight around my neck after arranging the knot so it was behind my right ear, and then going over to the wall, where the other end of the noose was tied off.

“Up!” she commanded, pulling gently on the rope, and of course I knew what was required of me.

I lifted one foot up onto the books and put my weight on it, ready to lift the other leg so that I could stand on top of the pile of books. The problem was that the book on the top had a shiny cover and my sock slipped along its surface. As I shifted my weight to pull my other leg up I felt the stack move slightly. Despite the neat stacking of the books, I realized it was potentially quite an unsteady platform I was committing myself to stand on. Not that I had much choice, as Sara was taking the slack out of the noose as I raised myself onto the platform. I shifted about a bit to test the stability of the platform. It wasn’t too bad, I thought; as long as I stayed still I would be ok.

“Up!” she commanded again and I knew I was required to stand on my tippy-toes, so up I went.

“That’s better” Sara said. “Now this exercise is to remind you of the pillars of our learning here at Lovelace. We seek to turn out young ladies here. Yes I said ladies. Right now you are far from being a lady, Andrea. I hope the sharp taste in your mouth will remind you to curb your own sharp tongue, the rope around your neck should help you attain the correct posture for a young lady, head held high, and the books you are standing on will remind you of the truth that your future depends on the learning you undertake here. Your very life depends upon you learning to stand tall on the shoulders of these literary giants. I’m sure I don’t need to point out the futility of trying to stand on your own two feet right now. And maybe, if your lesson becomes hard to bear, your prayerful position will remind you of your need for humility at all times. I will now leave you to your devotions” With that, Sara swung dramatically on her heel and walked purposefully from the room.

Oh God! I thought, not very prayerfully. This was intense. The noose felt great, just the right tightness to keep me on my toes, but I didn’t expect Sara to leave me alone like this, balanced precariously on a pile of books, my socked feet slipping slowly along the surface of the books.

If I could just stand still, I would be ok, until my legs tired, that is. I knew I could last quite a while like this. But the slippery surface of the top book made that impossible. The way I was pulled up onto my toes made it hard to keep my balance and I had to keep making slight adjusting movements to keep from falling over. My hands and arms were useless to help me balance and so I relied on my feet to keep me upright on the books.

I wondered if the book under this one had a less slippery surface and if I could somehow lose the top book and stand on the next one down. But I had no way to be sure that I could push the top book from the pile without risking pushing the whole stack over. And maybe the next book down would be as slippery and then I would be standing even more up on my toes and in an even worse situation. No, I would just have to make the best of this.

Why had Sara left me alone like this? What if I fainted, or the books collapsed, or shit, anything could happen. I knew she had gone upstairs and wasn’t really watching me from a hiding place because I could hear her moving about in what I guessed was the kitchen. Probably fixing herself some dinner. Well, it *was* getting late, so I supposed she was hungry.

My foot slipped a bit more. Fuck! This was dangerous. I couldn’t believe Sara had left me alone with a rope around my neck; she’d been so careful up to now. What was going on with her, the crazy bitch? I wanted to call her, but I knew I wouldn’t be able to make enough noise. This damned lime and the bandage keeping it in place made a formidable gag. Fuck, again; this wasn’t funny!

I was sure the books weren’t level either; why did my right foot keep slipping towards the edge of the stack? Was the stack slowly tipping over? I had no way of knowing how much I had disturbed the pile of books when I first stepped up on top of them.

I took a deep breath and tried to calm down. No guessing how long I would be left here. Well I agreed to a no safeword session and I guess that also means harder than usual bondage but I wasn’t prepared for this.

Again my right foot slipped away from under me and this time I felt the edge of the book with my toes. I gasped with horror; the stack must be moving under me. I bit into the lime involuntarily. Shit, that was nasty and I almost choked as the sour juice dripped down my throat. I tried to cough but found the gag prevented that, instead I convulsed and definitely felt the stack of books shift a little. I took more deep breaths and tried to get a grip on myself. Must stand still, I kept saying to myself, like a mantra; must stand still. Eventually, I managed to find a place of equilibrium by standing with one foot on top of the other. I didn't know how long I could stay in that position, though.

I was standing there, with my eyes closed, thinking hard, and contemplating whether I could somehow remove my socks using just my toes when, suddenly, I sensed that I wasn't alone anymore. I looked up, to see Sara standing there. Thank god!

My eyes tried to tell her how cross I was at her leaving me alone like this but she simply responded by bringing the crop from behind her back. Oh no! Surely she wouldn't.

I tried to tell her this wasn't a good idea, but only succeeded in swallowing more lime juice. I knew I would never view a lime in same, innocent, way ever again.

"And as for your obsession with boys, it stops here" Sara said, bringing the crop down, hard, across my stomach, right where I had drawn that girlish heart. My stomach muscles are fairly well toned, but that stung.

The crop landed in the same spot several more times before Sara got into the swing of things and worked her way down my bare legs with the thing; raising red welts all over my legs, I guessed.

I tried not to move as she covered me in swats from the crop but as she reached my feet I found it impossible to stand still and, suddenly, my balance was gone and I felt the stack of books slide sideways.

My world went sideways too; somehow my brain disconnected for a moment and I came to my senses, lying on my side realizing that Sara had caught me, and lowered me gently to the ground. How was that possible? What had happened to the noose?

It turned out that Sara had tied the far end of the noose with a piece of cotton. Strong enough to give me the impression she had tied it firmly to the hook on the wall but weak enough to break easily should I fall. I still could have hurt myself, if I'd fallen while Sara was upstairs, as my hands were tied uselessly and, by the time I had realized I was falling rather than hanging, it would have been too late to get my feet back under me.

Still, it was certainly no worse than some of the stupid situations I had put myself in over the years, so I wasn't cross with her. Well maybe a little bit for giving me such a scare. Payback is a bitch, but I guess it will have to wait!

Sara removed my bonds and told me to strip.

"Let's see what Sister Thomas has written on you" she said.

I slowly removed my clothes, trying to give Sara a show in the hope it would distract her from what she had planned next for my punishment. Well ok, maybe just a short

break, but right now I needed time for the stinging to go away before I was ready for her next move.

After removing the chastity belt and tutting at the sticky mess down there, she used the crop to lift my small breasts one at a time and read aloud what was written there.

“Are these the names you called Sister Thomas?” she asked.

“Yes Miss, I did, I’m really sorry, Miss” I answered.

“My, my, what a dirty little mouth you have, Andrea, I hadn’t realized how bad your language is. What are we going to do about this?”

There was that question again. I kept my lips sealed; knowing whatever I said would be twisted into some form of sadistic punishment.

“Nothing to say for yourself, huh? Well, maybe I can find a better use for that loose tongue of yours. Just because the good sisters at Lovelace have taken a vow of celibacy so they can concentrate all their efforts on teaching you girls, doesn’t give you the right to go around calling them Lesbians, Andrea, does it?”

I kept my mouth shut, guessing what was coming next.

“Go up to my room and use the bathroom. I will be up in five minutes and I expect to find you kneeling on my bed” Sara said. Of course, I nodded my compliance and made my way upstairs, glad to be out of the basement for a while.

As Sara came into the bedroom, carrying a long length of soft rope, I wondered if this was a good time to point out I hadn’t eaten since lunch time. I suspected it was not, and so kept my silence.

She had tied a loop in the middle of the long rope and a series of knots along its length. She slipped the loop over my head positioning the first knot above and between my breasts. The rope hung down in front of me and I could see there were additional knots above and below my breasts, over my stomach and just over my pussy. Sara grabbed the ends of the doubled-up rope and pulled them between my legs and up my back where she looped them through the loop at the back of my neck and back down again. This time she pulled one end under each of my armpits and through the rope hanging down my front, between the first two knots. She pulled the ends back around under my arms and crossed them under the rope going up my back before pulling the ends back around to my front under my breasts this time and through the ropes between the second and thirds knots. This process was repeated for all the knots until the loose ends were finally tied back around my waist several times. My upper body was now bound in a web of ropes.

As Sara went around the web again, this time taking out any slack, the ropes between the knots were pulled into diamond shapes and the knot over my pussy was slowly pulled deeper inside me. It was an interesting feeling, both sensual and rough at the same time.

Then she pulled my arms behind my back and moved my hands until they were touching the opposite elbows. She tied my wrists there using the ends of the rope web she’d left at the back of my waist. There was enough left over to wrap around my upper arms, pinning them to my sides. I’d tried a Shibari tie before based on the great

instructions on a self-bondage website I found, but I hadn't been able to do a very good job on my own. This was much, much better. In fact, it was wonderful.

Sara pushed me, face first, onto the bed and tied each of my ankles to the bottom corners of the bedframe. "Kneel up" she ordered and I struggled to raise my body without the use of my hands and feet. Eventually, I managed to get up and Sara lay down in the spot I had just vacated.

She opened her legs wide and indicated her pussy. "Now, put your face there and lick until I tell you to stop"

"That's disgusting Miss, surely you don't really want me to do that" I protested.

"Andrea!" Sara barked, "What did I say about complaining earlier? The phone is next to the bed and I have your parents' number right here"

I quickly bent down so that my ass was in the air and stuck my face in her pussy. What a surprise, it was already wet!

"Lick, I said" Sara ordered again, and so I licked, spurred on by the swats to my bottom Sara was giving me with the crop every time she thought I was slacking; which of course was most of the time.

I don't know how long I licked Sara's pussy, but it seemed like hours; the girl is insatiable. I had the satisfaction of feeling her body shake as she succumbed to shuddering orgasms time after time and, in the end, I became single-mindedly focused on keeping Sara boiling in a never-ending orgasm. The benefit for me was that as Sara went over the edge the cropping stopped; I guess it's not entirely true about women being able to multi-task! Also, I reckoned that, the sooner I wore her out, the sooner I could have a rest. Of course, another side effect was that the combination of the noises Sara made, as she orgasmed (yes, she's a screamer – are you surprised?) and the rubbing of the knot, buried deep in my pussy, as I worked my body to keep her there, had me hovering on the edge of my own orgasm. Eventually I tipped over that edge too and my brain turned to jelly as I writhed in pleasure; my face buried in my lover's sex and the smell of her excitement filling my nostrils.

Of course I had stopped licking while my own body was racked with overwhelming sensations that seemed to linger for ages, with little aftershocks of pleasure rippling through me, making me shiver with delight. I had to raise my head and come up for air.

I lay there exhausted, but apparently Sara hadn't had enough yet and grabbed my hair to push my face back down to its task. The wig came off, of course; it had been slipping for while so this was no surprise to me. It was a surprise to Sara though. Not that the wig came off; but what she found underneath it.

"What the fuck?" she exclaimed, but we'd already had that conversation when she'd first arrived home so I didn't feel the need to join in. I simply lifted my head and grinned at her.

"You goofball, what are you like?" she said, grinning back, but with one eyebrow arched in a deliberately quizzical expression. Then, "but I loved your blond hair, Andi. And where's your lovely curls? What am I going to run my fingers through now?"

“I had it straightened” I said, redundantly; I guessed she’d worked that out for herself. “Don’t worry, it’ll wash out” I said, suddenly less sure that messing with my hair had been such a good idea, after all.

“Come here, my love” and Sara threw the wig aside and pulled my head up to her own and kissed me deeply. It was all ok again; crisis averted.

“Now get back to work, girl” She said, suddenly all business again. My head was shoved back into Sara’s crotch and I found myself having to start the process all over again from scratch. It took even longer, this time, to work Sara up into a state where she was shaking with waves of pleasure, but I got there in the end and, feeling like my tongue was about to drop off, decided to risk stopping. This time Sara didn’t say anything, but just lay back, twitching, obviously experiencing her own series of aftershocks. I was certainly grateful for the break and kept my peace, not wanting to remind her of my presence.

A few minutes later Sara sighed and stretched out, obviously ready for sleep. Was I to spend the night bent with my bottom in the air and my head trapped between her thighs, just in case she woke and needed attention? It certainly seemed like it. I needed a drink after all that work but Sara looked so peaceful lying there on the edge of sleep that I hadn’t the heart to disturb her.

Despite being quite strictly bound I found that the design of the web spread the pull of the ropes quite evenly over my body and that my bonds were therefore remarkably comfortable. Except for the knot buried in my pussy, that is. That knot was starting to rub me in a less than pleasant way now, but I would just have to bear it. I wished my hands were free so I could move the knot aside and reach inside me with my fingers but my arms were immovably welded together at my back so that was not going to happen. I shifted my legs a little, lay down on top of Sara’s stomach, and settled down to sleep.

Andreabound in the Principal’s office – Part Three

Sara awoke me and in the morning quite early and, surprisingly, didn’t demand any further licking. Instead, she removed my ropes and sent me into the bathroom to freshen up. I spent some time examining the rope marks in the mirror and reliving the night before as I ran my fingers over the bumps and ridges in my flesh.

Eventually, I tore myself away and went downstairs to find Sara. I was rather hoping to find her in the kitchen preparing breakfast, as my stomach was rumbling by now. Sara was in the kitchen, but was staring out of the window into our back yard. I did ask for food, but Sara claimed there wasn’t enough time for such niceties as she had to be at the office and we had lots to do before she left. So I was to spend the day in bondage while Sara was out at work – how terrible for me!

I was allowed to put on a baggy t-shirt and my sneakers before Sara led me into the back yard. It was still very early so there was little chance of us being seen but I was still nervous as I helped Sara drag a piece of wood, she’d planned on using for today’s adventure, from the yard into the basement. The wood had been lying against the fence on one side of the yard since I moved in and I hadn’t got rid of it, thinking it might come in useful one day. Sara had obviously thought of a use for it, so in it came; through the basement window.

The wood was a large board about eight feet long and nearly two feet wide. It was quite thick – enough to take the weight of someone lying on it anyway and it was certainly heavy. I couldn't have moved it on my own – one reason it had stayed out in the yard until now. I didn't know the purpose of the board but it was covered in old paint splashes so I guess it might have been used as some sort of platform by the previous owners. It looked like it might be part of a scaffolding setup, but I don't know too much about that sort of thing, so this was only a guess.

In any case, it was now in our basement and about to find a new purpose in life. Sara looked at her watch and proclaimed we need to hurry up. An extra chair was fetched from the kitchen and the board was suspended between two chairs. I lay down on the top of the board; pretty sure it was what Sara was expecting of me.

"I saw this on Hardtied, this week" Sara explained, "They tied Wenona to a board just like this and tortured her. As soon as I saw the pictures, I remembered the wood in the yard and just knew I had to try it out on you" Hardtied? Wenona? I knew Sara regularly browsed my picture and video collections looking for inspiration, but I hadn't realized how seriously she was starting to take this. If she was looking at Hardtied for ideas, I was in for a bumpy ride today. Although I hadn't seen the site for a while, I knew, from previous Insex and Hardtied and Hogtied videos, that Wenona could take some really tough stuff. This was going to be interesting!

I lay down on the board with my legs together and my hands at my sides as that seemed natural, but Sara separated my feet and placed each one at the edge of the board. She wrapped rope loosely around my ankles and the board, going round and round until there were about ten turns holding my ankles to the board. The loop was very loose though and I could have easily pulled my feet out. I wondered what she was up to. I wished I'd check the website this week and had an idea of what was coming my way.

Sara picked up a short piece of rope and used it to cinch the loop around my ankles. My right ankle was now held quite firmly against the board but at one side of it. She repeated the tie on my left ankle and now my feet were tied to the board about a foot apart.

Sara moved up my body making similar loops and cinches around my knees and waist and breasts and, finally, my neck. My hands were still free but she had tied all the knots well out of reach, so I couldn't have got free anyway. Then she pulled my hands above my head and, crossing my wrists, tied them there to the board. Lastly she tied rope around my hips and between my legs making a sort of pair of rope briefs.

"You may be wondering why I've tied you to this device, Andrea" Sara said, suddenly back in role. "Well, I said that one of the pillars of Lovelace is learning. Do you think that learning stops the moment you walk out this door? Of course not. One of the lessons we try to teach our students is that learning never stops. Even I'm still learning, and did you know my work, before I came here, was in psychology? My life now is full of paperwork and dealing with little shits like you all day. I don't get much chance to practice my art any more so I have to take whatever opportunities present themselves. This is your chance to further the cause of human understanding, Andrea. Just be glad you can serve in this way."

"What do you want me to do, Miss" I asked.

"I want you to ask me to call your parents" Sara replied.

“But I don’t want to, I thought you said you wouldn’t...” my voice trailed off, confused.

“The last girl I had down here, lasted two days before she begged me to expel her but I think you’re made of sterner stuff, my dear Andrea. I fully expect you to break the record and last, well maybe even, five days; we’ll see. But I promise you, you *will* beg me to call your parents sooner or later. All you have to do is ask and I will release you, provided I get to make that phone call first” she added.

“That’s not fair, Miss” I wailed “you promised!”

“I never promised anything, I only ever said I would try to see if we could work something out and this is working out just fine; for me” Sara snapped back.

She bent down at my feet and I felt something being wrapped around my big toes and then they were pulled towards one another, further restricting my movement. Not that I had much movement allowed to me anyway, roped down to the board in so many places. Now I couldn’t even wiggle my feet. Another cord was wrapped around one of my thumbs, passed under the board and tied to my other thumb.

“I have work to do today, now don’t be making any noise or you’ll be sorry, girl. Don’t worry, I won’t let you die of thirst or anything, I’ll be back after work to check up on you and make sure you’re watered and whatever. And maybe we can even have some more fun. Goodbye, Andrea” Sara said making her way towards the stairs.

“I’ll never give in; I’ll never ask you to call my parents, you lying old cow!” I shouted after her, defiantly.

Sara turned to look at me, shook her head sadly, and simply said “we’ll see” in a gentle voice before turning on her heel and walking away. Sara hadn’t gagged me which was a sign that she meant to leave me here unsupervised for a while, so I wasn’t surprised when, minutes later, I heard her car pull out of the driveway and I found myself alone for the day.

Of course I tried my bonds and of course they didn’t give at all. I discovered I was tied firmly but comfortably to the board for the duration. The rope Sara had used was fairly soft and she hadn’t tied me too tightly, so I knew I could stand being tied here for quite a while. But days?

I think the worst part of the day for me, was a growing itch to somehow be at my computer and find out what happened to Wenona. Knowing PD, it was unlikely that she had just been tied to a board and left alone. If I could just know what happened to Wenona, I might have a clue as to what Sara had planned for me tonight. For some strange reason, I desperately needed to know what was in store for me, but of course I had no way of finding out for myself and I knew if I asked Sara on her return, she would just laugh. Anyway, the speculation helped take my mind off the growing ache in my arms. My tie was, on the surface of it, fairly comfortable but, the longer I lay with my arms held over my head, the more they ached. By mid-afternoon I was fairly crying with the pain of it, desperate to pull my arms back down or at least to move my thumbs. But I was stuck, and there was to be no release until Sara came home that evening. At least tonight I could be fairly certain she wouldn’t be going out to a bar with her colleagues. I hoped!

This was like old days, I heard the local children come home from school and start playing in the street outside and here I was locked up inside, a prisoner of my

obsessive desire to be restrained. If only the neighbors knew what went on behind the doors of this innocent looking house! Perhaps if they did, they wouldn't let their children play so close to the evil lair of two sick, perverted dykes.

It's a good job, on the surface we're just two well-heeled office girls sharing a house, huh?

The children were still playing when I heard Sara's car pull into the driveway so I guessed she was early for once. That was probably good news, as it meant I might be able to move my arms soon. Only *probably* good news, though, as it would definitely mean there were worse tortures to come; although right now I would agree to almost anything for the chance to have the feeling back in my arms that, by now, were simply like dead weights. I wondered if there was any chance of serious damage being caused by having my hands held above my head for so long. One thing was for certain, the returning blood and feeling, once they were released, would be an experience not to forget!

Sara didn't come down to the basement straight away much to my surprise; instead I heard her going upstairs. Probably getting back into costume I guessed. I wished she would hurry up.

Andreabound in the Principal's office – Part Four

Eventually, I heard footsteps on the stairs and tried to turn my head to look. There was the unmistakable sound of high heels, so she *was* back in role. Good.

But when Sara put her head around the door, in addition to my suit, she was also wearing a white lab coat. Ah, the professor and her evil experiments, I remembered.

I decided to play along some more as, apart from my aching arms and a general stiffness necessarily brought on by spending the day immobilized so effectively, I was still game for more, and particularly keen to see what inventive tortures Sara had dreamt up for me.

"At last Miss, you can let me up now, I've learnt my lesson, I promise that I have. Pleeeeeease!" I said before she had even cleared the doorway.

"Oh Andrea, you just don't get it do you? How can I believe you, when the last words out of your mouth this morning were to call me a lying old cow? Anyway, this isn't about you any more. Right now, you're just a subject in my experiments."

"I'm sorry, I'm really sorry, it's just that I was so afraid, Miss. I didn't mean those horrible things I said, honestly I didn't." I wailed.

"You always say sorry afterwards, as if that makes everything alright. Well it doesn't. I've decided there's no future for you here Andrea." Sara replied in a suddenly cold voice.

"I suppose you might as well call my parents then" I said miserably "I guess you were right. I don't belong here."

"It's a bit late for that now don't you think? I can't have you telling them about my little experiments can I?" she replied.

I feigned horror, “I won’t tell my parents about this, I promise; please just let me go Miiisss! I’ve had enough”

“Andrea, Andrea, if only I could trust you, but you’ve betrayed that trust so often, haven’t you? How can I let you go now? Anymore than I let your predecessors, in this experiment, go. I’m afraid you’re just going to have to be another unhappy girl who chose to run away, rather than be sent home.”

So, at last, I was about to find out what Sara had planned for me. I wasn’t sure whether to be excited or scared and, I suppose, I was really a bit of both and, for me, that’s a potent combination.

Sara felt my feet and hands checking for circulation. She obviously realized my arms were suffering, even though I’d said nothing. So she untied my hands and thumbs and pulled my arms down and behind my back where she cuffed my wrists underneath the board. When she let go of my hands they fell downwards and hung loosely beneath me, not quite touching the floor.

“Before I was a teacher here, I was a scientist – a good one too. It’s not my fault if the world wasn’t ready for the kind of experiments I was conducting. After the bastards in the ethics committee hounded me out of office, I had to change my identity just to get a job and that’s how I became a teacher here. It’s taken me years for me to work my way up to this position where I can resume my real work in secret. Remember Janice and Chloe and Denise...hmmm, no, I think Denise was before your time. Well, anyway they all helped immensely towards increasing mans knowledge of human nature. Unfortunately, they will never be recognized for their invaluable contribution. After all, as far as anyone else is concerned, they were just unhappy girls who ran away from a harsh school. Just like the way you will be remembered. But you can take solace in the fact that, like them, *I* will always remember you fondly, for the help you are about to give me in progressing my research”

Sara rambled on a bit more, relishing the role of mad scientist. A part, I suspect she had been wanting to play for a while. Well, it did provide a lot of scope for her to torture me, just as she wished. I was enjoying seeing her excited about her part but, to be honest, after a few minutes I just wanted her to get on with it. I decided to risk annoying her to see what would happen.

“Oh, stop your ranting, you old hag!” I shouted, interrupting her diatribe “Who gives a fuck about your mad experiments, just let me go now or you’ll be in trouble. My parents will come looking for me and then you’ll be for it!”

Sara did stop, mid sentence and fixed me with a mean look in her eye. “Fine; if that’s the way you want it.” She spat “I thought a bright girl like you would want to understand the contribution she was making to science before I ‘m forced to kill you”

“Kill me? Nooooo” I wailed, until Sara pushed the ring gag past my teeth and I was silenced.

“You’ll be glad of this gag later, trust me” she said, meaningfully.

The next few hours were spent, with Sara attaching various clamps to my nipples and noting down the various squeaks and moans I made, in a reporter’s notepad. Eventually, she left the clover clamps on me, and tied a string to the middle of the chain between them. The end of this string she fed through an eyelet in the ceiling above me and then tried attaching different sized padlocks to the end of it. These

elicited a variety of different noises from me, grunts, groans, squeals and outright screaming. All of which Sara wrote down dispassionately in her little notebook.

Tiring of that, but leaving the clamps in place, Sara proceeded to torture other parts of my body and, tied as I was, I was powerless to do much about it other than continue to complain loudly through my gag and wriggle within the limited bounds of my restrained body.

She used a hook to pull my nose up and attached the hook far above my head.

She found some wooden skewers in the kitchen and brought these down to torture my feet; alternating between prodding the soles of my feet with the sharp points and flicking my toes with the springy sticks. When she started to push the points under my toe nails I almost fainted with the pain. Sara simply stopped what she was doing and wrote carefully in her book, emulating the mad scientist in one of my previous fantasies. She obviously thought that acting out my darkest fantasy was a good way to bring my scene to life.

Then out came the knife, and she spent ages running it over my body, knowing this always gets me excited, but also making sure I was in no doubt that she would cut me if I but moved a muscle. The knife inevitably made its way to my tortured nipples and Sara asked me if I would like her to cut the clamps off. The clamps, still pulled by a heavy weight hanging on the other end of the string were really hurting now and it was almost tempting to allow her to do just that, if only to be free of the pain.

In fact, Sara did nick one of my breasts near my aureole and I thought she was going to get serious about this cutting business. But it was obviously an accident, because Sara first looked shocked, and then distraught, and then ran off to find some antiseptic and a plaster to put on the wound. It was really only a tiny cut and hardly bled at all, but her actions told me Sara wasn't used to doing real damage to anyone.

The crop was next, and I received a thorough lashing on all the exposed parts of my body Sara could find. To be fair, she didn't go all out on this and I sensed she was pulling her punches. Maybe it was the shock of actually cutting me that did it.

Sara reached behind my head and pulled the cinch on the rope that wound around my head and the board, tightening it until my breathing was more labored. Then she hoisted up her skirt and straddled the board, sitting on my head.

"Lick me good if you want to see tomorrow" she commanded. And so I did; bringing her to a rapid orgasm. So, Sara was as excited about this scene as I was, and I wondered if I would get the chance to cum too before the night was out.

I did not. Sara put her hand down between my thighs and pulled out a set of very wet fingers which she wiped under my nose. "Disgusting girl!" she said.

A bottle was forced into my mouth and I struggled to swallow the water Sara squirted past the ring gag.

"Goodnight my love, see you tomorrow" She said making as if to move away.

By this time my arms were really aching again, just hanging down behind me. I tried to tell Sara what the problem was through my gag.

“Of course, sorry, my dear” she said and uncuffed my hands. She let me rub my sore wrists for a moment before taking my hands in hers and forcing them up above my head again. I fought her to prevent this but she had a much leverage from her position than I had from mine. Besides, my arms were tired, so it was only a matter of time before my wrists were pinned to the board again above my head. The thin cord was again used to bind my thumbs into uselessness.

“I bet your nips hurt too, don’t they? Want me to take the weights off?” she offered next.

I made it clear I would very much appreciate that.

“Tell you what. How about we draw a card for double or nothing?” Sara taunted.

I thought hard for a minute and considered the risk. Oh, what the hell! I nodded as much as the rope around my neck would let me.

Sara disappeared for a moment and returned with a deck of cards. At least she shuffled them and then cut the pack before drawing a card face down. “Number card I take the weight off, picture card we double the weight, ace I leave your neck rope tight for the night and joker you get the clamps off altogether, ok?” she offered.

It was the best offer I was going to get and so I nodded slightly again, hoping I didn’t luck out – I hadn’t forgotten Sara’s uncanny luck at gambling.

Sara turned the card face up and held it up to my face so I could see; a queen. Shit! Sara looked almost apologetic before finding another padlock that, to be honest, wasn’t quite as big as the one already hanging on the end of the string. She clipped it onto the string and slowly let go. I yelped with the added pain but at least Sara then reached across me and loosened the cinch around my neck a little. I guess this was my lot for the night.

Andreabound in the Principal’s office – Part Five

Eventually the pain from the nipple clamps receded into a dull, if ever-present, ache allowing me to sleep fitfully; waking from time to time with mild cramps. Each time, wondering how long Sara was going to keep me tied up like this. I really needed to bend my knees and I almost longed to be back in that back-breaking hogtie of the other night. I was growing to loath this board with a passion.

It was Saturday tomorrow and I hoped Sara didn’t decide to sleep in. Not that she was usually a late sleeper, that was more my thing; I’m always reluctant to roll out of bed, especially on a weekend.

I was awake again at first light, even though very little light filtered past the boards I had put up at the windows of the basement - didn’t want nosey neighbors peering in on my games.

Sara was up earlyish too but it seemed like hours after I was awake before I heard her footsteps going to and from the bathroom two floors above me. I heard her come down the stairs only to go into the kitchen. By this time, I was able to work out where she was in the house by the sounds of the different floor coverings as she walked around. I smelt coffee brewing and it made me realize how hungry I was. Why did every bondage session with Sara always result in a forced fast for me? Was it some

sort of payback for the fact I made no secret that she was better built than me? What Sara sees as fat she'd rather lose, I see as delicious curves and a pair of breasts I would die for, compared with my comparatively girlish lack of shape. Oh well, I've yet to meet a woman who was happy with her body so why should Sara or I be any different?

As Sara finally put in an appearance, I tried to make it known through my now very sore jaw and dry mouth that I was hungry and needed feeding.

Sara simply said, "you're not going to last much longer Andrea, why waste good food on you. Tell you what I'll give you a drink, but only because you were one of my favorite students" With that, she pushed the bottle back into my mouth and squeezed, making me cough as the water hit the back of my throat. I saw that a good night's sleep hadn't improved her temper any.

I managed to convey that my arms had gone to sleep again, and so she untied my wrists and again cuffed them beneath the board behind my back. Then she unclipped both clamps from my nipples. She usually did this one at a time to allow me to get used to the pain but, this time, she released both my nipples simultaneously and I screamed through my gag with renewed strength as the blood rushed back into my abused nipples.

Once I had my breath back, I tried to say I wanted out but Sara told me to stop whining, or else. I wondered what the 'or else' meant until I tried to speak again and she told me I had been warned at, which point, she grabbed the end of the board near my feet where it rested on the seat of the chair and lifted it. I felt the board turn and for a moment felt quite dizzy, I was sure I was about to fall to the floor but with a bump I found the board had been dropped back onto the seat of the chair; this time with me hanging underneath it. How the hell had she managed to lift that heavy board with me strapped to it, all on her own?

With the rope around my neck I knew I couldn't stay hanging upside down like this for long and I managed to let Sara know this. She responded by taking a strip of cloth and tying my forehead to the board so that my head was held up. Great!

"Thirsty?" she asked. I wasn't right now so I shook my head slightly. "You will be later; so make sure you drool a lot 'cos that's all you'll be getting to drink later" Sara placed a dish on the floor under my mouth and moved it slightly to ensure that any drool from my ring-gag would drip into the dish.

"I'm going shopping" Sara announced and despite my complaints took herself off to the mall. I found myself still tied to the board but at least the pressure points had shifted so I was almost relieved. And my hands weren't dangling down behinds me to the floor or pulled painfully up above me. This was relatively comfortable. Good job, as I guessed I would be stuck like this for a while yet. Once Sara gets to the mall there's no telling how long she can be.

Over the course of the day, the 'relatively comfortable' nature of my position wore off and I found the weight of my body pulling on the various ropes around my body put an extra strain on the points where I was tied to the board. In particular, I felt the ropes chafing at my ankles and the loops holding me to the board, just below my knees, were really starting to dig into my shins.

I found I was getting thirsty too and even began to look at the dish of drool longingly. I shuddered at the thought of having to drink this later but was resigned to my fate.

Eventually, there was the, oh so welcome, sound of Sara's car arriving and, before long, I heard her footsteps on the stairs.

A pair of legs appeared in my limited field of vision and a toe moved forward and gently nudged the dish of drool.

"Not as much as I would have expected. I guess you're going to be thirsty later, Andrea. Not that it will matter for much longer, I guess", she said.

I wondered what time it was, my mom hadn't rung yet for her weekly check up. Perhaps it wasn't so late after all, although I felt like I'd been hanging under the board forever.

It was if Sara could read my thoughts. "Your mother will be ringing in a bit" she said. "I guess I'll have to tell her that you've run away. Then I'll have to organize a search party, I guess. Sadly that'll mean the end of my experiment." Very funny!

I made it plain I wanted to talk to my mom.

"Ok, ok, I suppose it would give us longer to play, but you must promise not to say anything about your situation. Actually, it might help if you were to tell your mother how unhappy you are here and, maybe, you could even threaten to run away. Yes, that would be good"

I shook my head vigorously.

"Oh, Andrea. You just don't understand how absolutely, completely, in my control you are, right now. I can make you do anything, just anything, I want; don't you see that? In fact, I think it might be fun to have you take that phone call after all, desperate to call for help, but forced to say what I want, to your mother" Sara laughed.

"Let me show you, what I mean". With that Sara reached down, took hold of my cuffed hands, pulled my arms up behind me until they were pointing straight up in the air and held them there. This put an incredible extra strain on my body where it was tied to the board. Worst of all, my head was pulled forward and down and the rope bit into my neck, cutting off my breathing. I snorted with exertion through my gag.

Sara let my hands down again, slowly.

"See" she said, simply. "You *will* do as you're told." And I felt a rope being tied around my cuffs. "Best to be ready" she said, and walked off to fetch the phone.

The straining of my arms had also put extra pressure on the cord running between my toes. And for the first time since I had been bound to the board, I felt my toes starting to get painful. I had been surprised they had lasted this long, half expecting my tied toes to give me problems (beyond the frustration of not being able to move my feet much) long before now. I was disappointed, as I really like having my toes and thumbs tied and it looked as if I would have to get Sara to release the cord around my toes now.

Sara returned with the phone and additional chair which she sat on and proceeded to taunt me some more; giving me clear instructions about what to say, and what not to say, to my mom when she rang. Instructions I would ignore, of course!

“Any moment now” Sara announced, “your mom’s like clockwork”. I’d never thought about it like that; it didn’t seem odd to me that my mom rang at the same time each week. But I guess to a more disorganized person like Sara, who rang her family rarely and usually only when she wanted something from them, I guess it seemed a little contrived. The arrangement suited me, anyway; I thrive on routine in some parts of my life and prefer some aspects of the world around me to be predictable. Knowing, each week that my mom would call at a certain time was comforting to me. It had been a lifeline when I first set up house on my own and the tradition had just carried on. To Sara it was an inconvenience that limited how we could spend our weekends. I just never thought of it that way. Sara got frustrated that I made every effort not to miss my mom’s weekly call. For me it was important, even though we rarely discussed anything of real consequence. It was a connection and a reminder of the close family life I had (mostly) enjoyed when I was growing up.

And so, bound and gagged as I was and unable to respond, Sara spent the time while we waited, teasing me about being a mommy’s girl. I took it all in good humor, assuming her jibes were really based in an envy that Sara would never admit to.

And on cue the phone rang. Sara came over to me and quickly unbuckled my gag. “Remember what I said to you” she hissed, pushing the button and holding the phone up to my face. While I worked my jaw so I could speak to my mom, Sara reached up behind me and grabbed the rope she had earlier fed through the hook above the board. The other end of the rope was obviously tied to my cuffs as when Sara gave a little tug on the rope in her hand; my arms were pulled up off the board slightly. Not enough to cause me trouble but enough to remind me of her presence and instructions.

Of course, the conversation with my mom proceeded as normal, even though I must have sounded a little odd; talking to her with my head upside down. But then my usual conversation mostly consists of, “yes, mom, no mom, yes, mom, I did that already mom, of course I’ll be careful mom”! So today’s wasn’t much different except that, for once, I couldn’t see Sara pulling faces at me trying to make me laugh.

As a hint that she was getting bored, Sara slowly pulled my arms up behind me until I could feel the pressure at my throat and so I made my excuses and said goodbye to my mom. Sara clicked the phone off with a sigh.

“‘bout time” she said and walked off with the phone. I found that she must have tied the rope off somewhere as my hands were still stuck up in the air, somewhat.

“At least you managed that ok. You’re finally learning to do as you’re told. Shame its too late to save you” Sara said trying to sound scary again.

I could still breathe alright, but my voice sounded a little raspy.

“My toes have gone to sleep” I told Sara.

“Why’s that my problem?” she asked, but immediately came over and undid the cord binding my toes and she even bent down and massaged life back into them. I felt my toe disappear into her mouth and heard a sucking sound. I’m not sure if I particularly like having my toes sucked; it’s never really done anything for me, but Sara was having a good time, and I was in no position to argue anyway, so I let her suck first one toe and then the other.

She surfaced with a smile on her face and looked at me. The smile vanished as she took in my blank expression. “Don’t you like me doing that?” she asked, obviously

confused. I shrugged, not moving much, of course, and let her work out what that slight gesture might mean. “Whatever” Sara said, after a moment and stood up. “Your feet smell anyway”. What did she expect, after I’d been roped to this board for the last few days?

I decided to see if Sara was still playing our game or whether she was bored yet. “My arms hurt and I can’t breathe” I said.

“Oh dear, we’ll have to fix that won’t we?” she replied in a voice laced with sarcasm. I felt the rope holding my hands up jerk as the end was untied but instead of lowering my arms Sara hoisted them up even further skywards. As a result I could hardly breathe and tried to tell her so but only a rasp came out of the back of my throat.

“That’s better” she said, “saves us bothering with a gag; they’re so messy, don’t you think? All that spit all over the place?” So Sara was still in the mood. I wondered what was next.

“Wait ‘til you see what I got at the mall” she said in a sudden change of tack. I heard the rustling of shopping bags and a pair of legs reappeared in front of me, this time sporting a new pair of jeans. “What do you think?” Sara asked and I tried to look up but could see no further than her knees. “I can’t see,” I croaked. “and I can’t breathe either”.

“Christ, you’re useless” she laughed and I felt my arms being lowered again. There was a huffing sound and the board was once again lifted up at my feet. This time it took several attempts for Sara to turn me over and by the time I was laying on the board, face-up, I had endured a few bumps.

“Now can you see?” she asked and although the rope around my neck was no looser than it had been all the last few days, the fact that my arms weren’t pulling on it, made it feel much looser and I was able to twist my head to look at Sara’s new outfit.

It was just a new top with scoop neck and the jeans, no big deal, but I knew Sara always got excited after buying new clothes and just had to try them on and show them off before dumping them in a heap on the bedroom floor.

“Ooooh lovely, you look so pretty” I said, matching her sarcasm of a few minutes earlier.

Sara pouted. “If you can’t say anything nice, then don’t say anything at all” she said, testily and started to pull off the jeans, getting her foot stuck and hopping around the room trying to keep from falling over. Come on, how could she expect me not to laugh at her antics?

“Right! That’s it” she said, pulling off her thong. “I’ve a good mind not to show you the rest but you’ll have to just watch from now on.” Sara approached me with the thong she had until recently been wearing and I didn’t need two guesses to work out where that was going. I clenched my teeth but Sara simply pinched my nipple between her finger and thumb and twisted. My nipples were still sore from wearing the clamps all night, and so I opened my mouth and yelped. That was all Sara needed to force the thong into my mouth and, warning me not to spit it out, went in search of the ace bandage she’s used as a gag earlier.

The bandage still tasted of lime juice and brought back unpleasant memories for me, but it wasn't like I had a say in the matter.

The fashion show continued with Sara trying on each item of her new wardrobe and twirling around in front of me just like a little girl with a new birthday present. She's such fun when she's in this mood.

Of course I tried to spoil the show by making rude and disparaging noises through my gag. I couldn't form words, of course, but my meaning was clear. Sara responded by sticking her tongue out at me each time she danced past wearing a new combination of purchases.

I did like her new clothes but I wasn't going to let Sara know that today. In fact, I was puzzled at her choice of colors. Sara usually wore black or other dark colors. Today, she had bought the very first pair of blue jeans I had ever seen her in, and some of the other items of clothing bordered on the feminine. Was this a deliberate reaction to my attempt to Goth up and dye my hair black? No doubt, a conversation for later.

Sara signaled the end of the show by predictably throwing the clothes and bags in to a heap in the corner of the basement. Sigh!

She came over to me, still wearing the new jeans she had put back so she could try them with different combinations of tops she had bought.

Suddenly all business again, she said "So, what are we going to do with you Andrea? I'm going to have to make sure you 'run away' now aren't I? I'm going to have to report you missing soon and then there'll be a search party and someone's bound to look down here and I can't have them finding you like this."

I mmmpphed through my gag, playing the part of the terrified schoolgirl for all I was worth. It was so much easier when I didn't have to say anything.

"Yes, I'm sorry too, I really do like you Andrea; but all good things come to an end. I'll tell you what, as a special favor, I'll let you choose the means of your end; how's that?"

I shook my head furiously and made some more noise.

"No, there's no need to thank me, it's the least I can do for my favorite student, after all"

More noise, before Sara put her finger to my lips, indicating I should be quiet.

"I see you can't choose. Well I suppose I can't blame you there are so many interesting ways to die and we only get to choose one of them. Shame. How about we leave it to chance then? I'll get a dice and we can roll it to see what happens. Eh?"

This time it took a few minutes before I let her make me quiet again.

"Now, how about this? I'll roll this dice, where you can see it, and the number I roll will decide what I do with you, ok?"! Sara was really getting into this again, and she thought for a moment before suggesting; "if I roll a one I will simply cut your throat. Not much fun, I know, but at least it will be quick and fairly painless for you. Hmm, a two and I will use the knife to open up your stomach and pull your bowels out. You'll

be able to see your insides, and maybe even run them through your hands, before you die; wouldn't that be fun?"

I shook my head in disagreement.

"Now, now, maybe we can think of something better. A three, and I'll put a plastic bag over your head. And a four means I will string you up and hang you for real, this time. Yes, I think I'd like that, seeing you swinging there, looking at me with those beautiful blue eyes of yours while your life ebbs slowly away. Where was I? Oh yes, Five, um well, I could bury you alive. I won't be able to see you, but I would know you're down there thinking about me. It would save me having to bury you afterwards as well and there wouldn't be any mess to clean up. Yes, that has possibilities. What if we roll a six? I know, I'll drown you in my very own bath. I'd like to see your face as the water rises up to claim you. Now don't worry, whatever way we choose, I promise to write it all up in my notes so your death isn't wasted" Sara's gush of words came to an abrupt stop and I could see her pulse had quickened and her face was flushed. She really was getting off on this. I would have to watch my friend!

I guessed that whatever the roll, Sara would act out the consequence and that might prove to be fun. I wondered what she might think up if the die came up with a one or two. Knowing Sara's luck with dice, I was probably going to get wet, though, 'drowning' in the bath!

Sara pulled up the extra chair next to my head and indicated she was going to roll the die on its seat so I would be able to see the result. I turned my head as best I could and after a bit of struggling was able to see the seat of the chair. I nodded my readiness.

She spent ages rolling the die in her hands, blowing on it and chanting all manner of strange incantations in an attempt to affect the outcome. I wondered at this, thinking that the outcome was the same for my character no matter where the die landed. Perhaps Sara had a particular favorite scene she wanted to act out. Who knew?

Finally after I had expressed my impatience with a loud grunt, Sara let the die fall from her fingers and it rolled across the seat of the chair to come to a stop near my nose. I had to cross my eyes to see the dots on top of the die. It was a five; buried alive, my breath caught in my throat and I quickly looked up at Sara to see her response. Sara's expression was hard to read from my position but I thought I could see a sparkle in her eyes. She certainly didn't look disappointed, anyway.

Sara broke the silence, "So you want to be buried alive do you? Well that suits me just fine. Less mess and I can sleep tonight dreaming of you lying there talking your final breaths. Don't worry; we've got a few hours of fun left yet. Sorry, but I have to go out and leave you alone for a while, but at least you'll have something to occupy your mind, won't you?"

With that, Sara again uncuffed my hands and yet again I found my arms bound above my head and my thumbs tied as before. She also retied my toes, having given them long enough to recover in her opinion. The clamps went back on my nipples and despite my loud protests reattached the string and the weights, this time adding even more padlocks to the end of the string. As I've said before my breasts aren't very big and a suspect that means there's not much give in them when it comes to hanging weights on my nipples. I wonder if having larger breasts would increase the ability to have weights attached. I determined I would try this idea out on Sara, as soon as I the opportunity!

By now I was very thirsty. Shouting through a gag will do that to you. I made it clear to Sara that I was in need of a drink. She looked guilty for a moment obviously having forgotten about this aspect of taking care of me. Then she smiles and reached down for the dish of drool on the floor.

“If I take your gag off, you have to drink all of this, every last drop and promise not to make any noise. Not that anyone will hear you down here anyway. Agreed?” she offered.

I really didn't want to drink my own spit but I realized that was probably more due to my delicate sensibilities rather than actual taste. How bad could my own saliva taste? It had already been in my mouth after all. I was too thirsty to pass up the chance of a drink so in the end I nodded my head in acquiescence. Sara unwrapped the ace bandage and pulled the sodden thong from my mouth. To my surprise she removed her jeans and pulled the thong up her legs before pulling her jeans back on. She winked at me. “Keep you fresh in my mind while I'm out” she said.

Then the dish was brought to my lips and I drank. My saliva did have a funny taste, but I'm not sure if that was because I was expecting it to, and I then imagined it. In any case, I was thirsty enough to drink the lot, not that there was much, but it wasn't an experience I planned to repeat anytime soon.

As Sara removed the empty dish from my lips she said sternly “where's your manners, Andrea. Don't you girls learn anything here?”

“Sorry, Miss, Thankyou for the drink Miss, and please will you remove these horrid things from my breasts, miss, they're really hurting me?” I said, contritely and as sweetly as I could.

“It doesn't matter much, now, if you're hurting, does it my dear? Just think, your last few hours on this earth are going to be filled with pain. These clamps are just a small token of what is to come. Be grateful for the lesson.” She said cruelly.

“Wait! I need the bathroom, Miss. I've been holding it in for so long, I can't anymore.” I cried as Sara made to leave the room.

“Of course you can't get up, you stupid girl. And don't you dare make a mess on my floor when I'm out, or you really will be sorry” she said sternly.

“But Miss, I'm desperate.” I wailed “And I'm hungry too.” I added as an afterthought.

“Silence!” she thundered. “Do you want me to put your gag back in? There'd better not be a puddle for me to clean up when I return. Is that very clear?”

“Yes Miss” I said miserably – I really did need the bathroom quite badly by now. Talking about it had made my need even more urgent.

“And don't worry, I'll give you your last meal too, that's only fair. Now be a good girl and lie there quietly until I get back” and, with that, Sara strode from the basement and up the stairs; leaving me tied to a board in the middle of the room and her recently purchased clothes in an untidy heap in the corner.

More waiting; this was getting tiresome. I wasn't sure which was worse, having my arms held above my head like this, having them hanging down behind me with no

support, or having them pulled up painfully to the ceiling so that I couldn't breathe. It was a poor choice, but my world had consisted only of one or another of these positions over the last two days. I realized that since Sara got to choose the position of my arms, it was a moot point, which of them I preferred. At least they got to move, even if it was to an equally unpleasant position. My legs, on the other hand, had been strapped immovably in exactly the same position for well over forty-eight hours now. The strain was really starting to tell on me. I was almost looking forward to being buried alive; as long as it meant being let up from this evil board. Trust me, as soon as I had the chance this board was going to get sawn up into very small pieces!

Andreabound in the Principal's office – Part Six

Sara wasn't gone long and she returned with a big smirk on her face. What had she been up to? I didn't have to wait long, she's as useless as me at keeping a secret and so before long, Sara said "bought you a present, you're gonna love it!" But she wouldn't say any more than that.

Then she noticed the puddle on the floor and her demeanor changed instantly. "You wicked girl!" she chided. "I warned you about making a mess in here, and now look at the place. Well two can play at that game" With that, she slipped out of her shoes and removed her jeans, throwing them across the room. Then she crouched in the corner of the basement and peed right there, all the time staring straight into my eyes. It was only as she stood up again that I realized she was still wearing her thong. Sara reached down and gingerly peeled them from her legs before using them to wipe herself clean.

"I wore these to remind me of you when I was out" she said. Now you can wear them to help you remember what a dirty little slut you are."

I wondered how she was going to put these on me while I was roped so securely to the board but that wasn't Sara's intention at all. I realized with horror what her plan was as soon as she came towards my face brandishing the dripping thong.

"Oh no, you can't do this Sara" I said "I won't let you. This is going too far"

"Open your dirty little mouth" Sara spat in reply, ignoring my use of her name. My only recourse was to clamp my mouth shut and pray.

"Open it!" Sara demanded. But I wouldn't comply so she was forced to resort to twisting my nipple clamps again. I cried out with the pain but I still wouldn't open my mouth. I can be a stubborn bitch when I want. This was going to be a battle of wits.

Sara looked at me and could see the determination in my eyes but she wasn't going to be defeated that easily either. She put the thong down on the chair next to my head and said "Right. I won't force that in your mouth" I breathed a sigh of relief.

But she continued "You will beg me to put it in your mouth." Huh? I thought, as she stalked off muttering to herself, obviously in search of something.

Whatever it was Sara was looking for wasn't to be found in the basement and so with some cursing, she took herself off back up the stairs. I heard the faint sound of the kitchen being ransacked. More tidying up for you know who, later, I surmised. And another big sigh escaped my lips.

The door flew open and Sara stood there looking pleased with herself. "Found it!" she proclaimed. What she had found became clear when she brought her prize out from behind her back with a flourish. Sara's hand held a candle.

This wasn't a virgin candle. I'd actually tried dripping wax on myself a few months before Sara arrived on the scene, just out of curiosity, you understand. A couple of drips were enough to convince me that this wasn't my idea of fun and so I'd shoved the candle back in the one of the kitchen drawers. Sara obviously remembered seeing it somewhere, had gone on a candle hunt and now stood proudly showing off her find. She looked pleased with herself. Needless to say, I wasn't looking so pleased.

Sara easily produced a light and the candle burst into life. I wondered about this; Sara always seemed to have matches in her purse yet she didn't smoke; as far as I knew. I had a slight suspicion that maybe she smoked when I wasn't about; knowing I wouldn't allow it in the house. Her clothes did sometimes smell of smoke but she claimed this was because she hung around with the smokers at her office. And I never detected smoke on her breath. Perhaps I just have a suspicious mind?

My thoughts were interrupted as the first drip of candle wax hit my stomach. Shit! That really hurt. Sara stood there gauging my reaction. I wasn't going to give into her so easily though and after a few seconds the initial sting of the burn faded as the wax rapidly cooled. I could do this.

More drips followed, leaving a trail of colored wax up my stomach and across from one breast to the other and back down again. Then it was the turn of my thighs and shins and eventually feet. Strangely my toes hurt the most and I wriggled them trying to dislodge the cooling wax.

Sara got in to her stride, and before long, my whole body felt like it was encased in a layer of candle wax. I was turning into one big candle and, certainly, the red crust that covered most of my exposed skin made me look like one. All I needed was a wick to complete the effect.

The pain was tremendous but I somehow managed to endure it, whining through my pursed lips, as I wasn't going to give Sara a chance to pop that thong into my mouth.

She realized the candle was a lost cause but Sara's efforts were far from over. She put down the candle and picked up the crop.

"That was the easy bit" she taunted "now I get to take it off again". And so she started the cropping, aiming deliberately at the layer of wax and, trying to swat it off my body, using only the tip of the crop.

Some of the wax was stubborn and so Sara lay into those areas with a vengeance. I still had marks from the last cropping, hiding under the slowly diminishing layer of wax, so it wasn't long before I was squirming and squealing like a little piggy.

She kept up this barrage of blows as determined to make me beg for the gag as I was not to. But in the end of course, we both knew, it could only end one way and the battle of wits came to an abrupt end as Sara started whipping my breasts, making the weights on the end of my nipple clamps jiggle about. This was too much for me and I capitulated, crying out "Please stop, please! I'll wear your gag. Anything, just stop it!"

Sara stopped immediately the look of triumph in her eyes, but instead of picking up the thong, she said “I promised you a final meal, well here it is” and with that she straddled the board again and sat her pussy on my face.

Maybe if I gave her a really good time, she might just forget about the gag, was all my brain could come up with, still smarting and dizzy from the brutal cropping I had just received.

So I licked and sucked and nibbled for all I was worth; as if my life depended on it, and I was rewarded with a mighty shaking above me and a loud moan that seemed to last forever.

Sara slowly pulled herself off me and I could see a dreamy faraway look in her eyes. I thought at first that maybe my plan had worked, but my hopes were dashed, as she picked up the still dripping thong and held it over my mouth. I had changed my mind and closed my mouth in a tight-lipped show of defiance. Sara simply picked up the crop and held it in front of my eyes. My gaze wandered from the thong to the crop and back again several times before I sighed and finally opened my mouth in defeat.

Before I could change my mind again Sara pushed the thong deep into my mouth, making me retch. She put her hand on my jaw and pushed until my mouth closed around the intruder and the thong was hidden from her view.

“I’m not even going to tie it in there” she said “but if I see just one inch of that thong showing, I will ram it right down your neck until you suffocate, is that understood?” I nodded miserably, trying vainly not to swallow the bitter liquid dripping down the back of my throat.

“You are disobedient to the end. I won’t be sad to see the back of you after all” Sara said, slowly, catching hold of the string attached to my nipple clamps and tugging on it in time with her words to emphasize what she was saying. God! that hurt like hell and I had to fight the urge to shout out and risk showing the edge of the thong through my teeth. I swallowed hard, and instantly regretted it.

Sara taunted me some more, pointing out that my real desire was to be her full-time prisoner and allow myself to be tormented like this with no end, no way out, and no mercy. “Think of all the different tortures I can dream up for you” she said “and then double it. I will make your life a misery, little girl, and you’ll love every minute of it, I just know” Then she began to untie the ropes holding me to the board. First my hands and then my neck, followed by the ropes around my breasts and, finally, the rope holding my waist to the board. Then she stopped, commanding me to sit up. It took a while, as my arms were still numb and my back ached as soon as I tried to move. But eventually I managed to sit up on the board, glad to bend my waist for the first time in two days. Wow, that had been intense.

But I wasn’t to be let completely free. Sara soon had my wrists trapped behind me in her hinged cuffs. Then she set to releasing my legs from the board. It took me ages to get movement back in my legs and I thought it might be hours before I was able to walk again and put any weight on my knees.

I allowed Sara to place ankle cuffs around my feet, which she joined with a short chain, and I was at last free of the board but still very much a prisoner.

“Up” she ordered and I swung my aching legs over the side of the board and put my feet on the floor. Sara had to help me stand and, for a moment, I thought I was going

to fall over. But, after a few minutes, my strength returned and I was able to stand on my own two feet. It felt wonderful.

“Time to die now, but one last job for you first” she said indicating the puddle slowly spreading out on the floor under the board. I looked at her helplessly. How was I supposed to clean this mess up?

“Get down there and use your hair,” she suggested. I froze. No way! Sara countered my resistance by picking up the crop and slapping it against her thigh. Shit! She was serious.

I was in no mood to feel the bite of the crop again so soon, so I lowered myself slowly to the floor and, after wincing with the humiliation of what I was about to do, started to rub my lovely new hair style (which I guessed was a little matted by now anyway) into the disgusting puddle. I cursed my weak bladder once more.

Of course my hair was soaked beyond any hope of mopping up any more liquid long before the puddle had been disposed of but that seemed to be enough for Sara and she let me up. As I stood up again my hair flopped over my face and rivulets of pee ran down into my eyes and mouth. It was so horrible I actually started to sob.

Obviously, Sara thought I was acting up over my coming death scene, so ignored my misery and pushed me towards the stairs.

She led me up into the bathroom and pushed me into the shower, turning it on full blast. As usual, when we played our games, I was only allowed cold water, but actually it felt really good and I turned myself this way and that under the stream of water allowing it to cool my recently burned skin. I'm sure candle wax isn't hot enough to do any real damage but, as I've said before, my skin is particularly delicate and it hurt like hell. The cold water felt great.

There was no soap, not that I could have used it much with my hands cuffed behind me but I did my best by rubbing my legs together and then rubbing my body against the tiles of the shower wall. The hardest bit was making sure my hair was completely cleaned of the disgusting pee that had made me feel slightly nauseous. What a delicate little thing I am huh? I took the opportunity of being unobserved for a minute, to spit out the thong and, as it hit the floor, I kicked the nasty thing across the bathroom and out of Sara's sight. I found a towel and dried myself off as best I could.

As I emerged into the bedroom, Sara was sitting on a chair waiting for me.

“I've decided to report you missing tomorrow” she said. “So we'll be off into the woods tomorrow to dig a hole. Meanwhile we might as well enjoy your last night, so into bed with you”

We spent the evening exploring each others' bodies and only paused when Sara looked up from kissing my stomach, to ask if I was serious about my liking for Chris. I guess the heart I had drawn there had reminded her to ask something that had been on her mind for a while. I assured Sara there was nothing in it, and that she was all I needed in my life, right now. This was obviously the answer she wanted to hear and she disappeared back down under the bed sheets to continue her work.

Our love making was very passionate that night, almost as if it really was my last night. I think we were both very turned on by the whole scene we were playing out

and I guessed from Sara's excitement that she had something very special planned for me for the next day. As for me the thought that my love had evil plans for me was enough in itself to drive me to new heights of passion. After Sara fell asleep, I lay there for a while trying to imagine what it would feel like when this arrangement was more permanent. I'm sure I must have drifted off to sleep with a big smile on my face.

Andreabound in the Principal's office – Part Seven

In the morning, I awoke to find Sara already up and about. I lay there, luxuriating in the feel of the soft bed thinking this was a far cry from the hard board that had been my lot for the last few days. My thoughts drifted back to the approaching day of my 'permanent' imprisonment and realized, in the future, I would be spending more nights in uncomfortable bondage than not. That was a strange idea but it excited me. I decided, however, that I would have to ensure there was a system of rewards worked into the scenario so I could occasionally spend a night in my own bed.

My school uniform had been laid out on the bottom of the bed along with the key to my cuffs and so, after a brief visit to the bathroom and a rummage through Sara's purse, where I was sure I would find a candy bar, I got dressed. The chastity belt I had worn before with the uniform, was missing and there was nothing else provided to cover me up. I guessed Sara wanted me to go without.

Actually I found two candy bars in Sara's purse and crammed them both down hungrily even though one was a little stale. Then Sara came into the room carrying a tray of breakfast. Her eyes darted to the empty wrappers on the bed and she shook her head sadly. "And to think I was going to let you have a last breakfast" she said. "You just don't deserve it though, do you?" I could tell she was a little disappointed but I had no way of knowing that she was going to let me eat this morning, and my stomach had been starting to feel like someone had cut it open.

I begged, and said pretty please, until Sara relented and allowed me to share the food she had brought up for us. Good job too, because the candy bars had done little to assuage my hunger.

"Eat up, you'll need all your strength this morning" Sara said, pushing the last piece of toast towards me.

After breakfast the cuffs went back on and we went downstairs. As we passed through the hallway, Sara picked up a large bag she had obviously prepared earlier. I guessed this bag contained all our toys for the day and I also guessed therefore that we were leaving the house to play in the woods as Sara had intimated the night before. I wondered if my new present was in the bag, and what it could be.

We got into Sara's car, with her standing behind me to shield my cuffed hands from any nosy neighbors. She lent over to buckle my seatbelt and we were off for what I guessed was the final leg of our adventure.

I was finding it difficult to get into my role, this morning. I was supposed to be a frightened girl being driven to her death, but the joy of being outside in the sunshine after so long stuck indoors and driving along with Sara at my side made it feel more like we were going off for a picnic somewhere. Sara's mood seemed too light for the situation as well. She was chatting happily about nothing in particular and I guess we were still on a high from the love making of the night before.

Luckily, things changed as we approached my usual parking spot for woodland adventures and Sara brought the car to a stop and engaged the brake.

I guess Sara is so much more comfortable with this role play thing. For me, fantasy happens mostly in my head, real world items such as chains and ropes only really acting as props to help my imaginings. When it comes to acting out or playing a part I feel uncomfortable. I was always an awkward student in drama classes at school and not much had changed since then. Thank God, Sara doesn't have such inhibitions. As soon as the car was parked she snapped into her role and ordered me out of the car in a voice that was pure evil Principal mixed with a twist of mad scientist. After that, it was so much easier to do what was required of me.

Which in the first instance was to sit still, while Sara scoped out the trail. Returning to report the coast was clear, she pulled me from the car, and instructed me to head towards the trail and get out of sight of the road while she collected her bag.

I made my way nervously down the trail towards my 'secret' clearing hoping I didn't pass anyone. I wasn't exactly dressed in a conventional manner for trail walking and a passerby might wonder at finding a girl on the trail wearing a short tartan skirt, black top and socks, and sporting a pair of handcuffs and a large black heart on her bare stomach. That was apart from my un-summer-like pale indoors complexion; marred by blotches of red where the wax had burned me and stripes from a recent cropping or two.

So I didn't hang around on the trail, waiting for Sara to catch up, and she found me already sitting against a tree waiting for her by the time she came into view, laden down with the heavy bag.

She ordered me up and, opening the bag, retrieved my set of steel manacles. "Put these on" she ordered, throwing them at my feet.

I held out my cuffed hands and shrugged. "God, can't you do anything for yourself?" she chided, but came over and released my wrists. I rubbed my wrists for a moment before putting my shackles on, clicking the locks onto place around my ankles, wrists and finally, neck. Now, I finally felt like the slave girl I was supposed to be.

Sara came over to me holding another heavy chain and locked it to my collar before winding the other end around a nearby tree trunk and locking it into place.

"Wait here" she said, and disappeared back down the trail, presumably towards the car.

I was intrigued to know what other goodies were in her bag and I tried to reach it but Sara had carefully left the bag far from my reach. She returned to find me with a branch in one hand trying to hook the bag's handle and pull it towards me. She tutted and took the branch from me and made as if to whip me with it before changing her mind and tossing the branch across the clearing, well out of my reach.

I looked to see what Sara had fetched. She had a shovel in her hands and a cooler that she opened to reveal drinks and food. "You'll be needing these later" she said, indicating the drinks, before handing me the shovel. "Now dig! I want a hole three feet deep and three feet long and three feet wide"

That was a tall order and I wondered if Sara realized how much work was involved in such a task. She simply stood there arms folded and I guessed arguing wasn't an option so I set to work.

Sara watched me remove the first six inches of top soil from the three foot wide area I had marked out by scoring the earth with the shovel. This was the easy bit, and I leant of the shovel for a rest before continuing.

"Get on with it; you don't deserve a drink yet" she said. "I'm going back to the car, that hole had better be twice as deep by the time I return, or else" She left the threat hanging there, as she walked off to the trail.

By the time Sara returned I had managed to dig the hole out to twelve inches and I was cursing her every time I came across a big stone that I had to remove by hand or my path was blocked by one of the many tree roots that were a consequence of digging a hole so close to the tree I was chained to.

"That's better" she said "but you've still got a long way to go, and I haven't got all day". She threw me a bottle of coke and I rolled the cool surface of it across my sweaty brow before opening it and drinking deeply.

I needed a rest this was really hard work but Sara reached into her bag and produced the bullwhip "Get on with it, you lazy cunt" she said viciously, before taking a swipe at my bare legs. She just missed me but I got the message and returned to digging the hole.

Sara had brought a large cardboard box back from the car this time. It was about three foot wide by two feet high and six inches deep. I couldn't work out what it was but I was certainly curious and kept stealing glances as I worked. Was this my present? She must have had it hidden away in the trunk because I hadn't seen it in the car.

"Want to see your present, huh?" Sara asked catching me staring at the box during a short break. She opened one end of the box and pulled out what looked like a couple of metal racking shelves. I wondered what she was going to do with these but Sara placed the racking on the ground and pulled. The whole thing popped up and I could see it was, in fact, a folding cage, for a dog or some other large pet.

There were doors in the end and in the side and the whole thing clipped together so that it was quite rigid. I stared at it transfixed.

"Oh, it's quite strong" Sara said pulling the cage towards me and sitting down on top of it, to prove her point. "It's designed to hold ferocious dogs, so it will hold you just fine.

I was fascinated. Was Sara going to put me in this and then bury me in it? How delicious!

"Stop gawking and get back to work" Sara commanded and started to use the whip on me while sitting on the cage.

I dug, and dug, and dug, for what must have been hours. Fortunately, the digging seemed to get slightly easier the deeper I went and, apart from a couple of troublesome tree roots, the damper, deeper soil was easier to remove.

Eventually, after much hard work, a few more cokes and a number of serious swipes from the whip, the hole was deep enough to satisfy Sara.

She got up and motioned me to stand back. Picking up the cage, she lifted it into the hole where it sat slightly unevenly, but quite definitely, deep enough to be buried. Sara removed the cage and called me back to level the floor of my hole. One more trial run with the cage and she was happy.

The cage door was opened and Sara told me to climb in. I tried several times but it was difficult with the chains to fit through the door as it was quite small. In the end I removed my shoes and managed to back into the cage feet first, slowly pulled the rest of my body through the hatch and, by means of squirming and wriggling, finally got my shoulders and head inside. It was a tight fit.

Sara reached in and pulled a plastic bag over my head. At first I panicked and then realized there was a hole cut in the corner of the bag. She tucked the bag under my collar and taped it there. I looked up to see her attaching a length of tubing to the open corner of the bag. Now I could only breathe through the tube and my breathing became a little more labored, but whether that was partly down to my growing excitement, I'm not sure.

I felt something pressing against my side as Sara pushed a short pole through the bars of the cage. "Lift your elbows" she said, and I did, to find the pole passed over my back and under my elbows. As my hands were still cuffed in front of me, my arms were now pulled back up towards the roof of the cage and I realized I was trapped quite effectively. I couldn't crawl back out now, even if I wanted to. A similar short pole was passed under my neck, holding my head up and now I was definitely stuck, kneeling in the cage; the bars under my knees starting to dig in now, my hands trapped uselessly at my stomach, my elbows hooked around a pole at my back and my head held high. I was about to be buried alive!

There was no need for Sara to even close the doors. I was trapped. But she did so anyway, and even passed a padlock through the bolt in the door and, as unnecessary as that was, it sent shivers down my spine; the symbolism of that last lock not lost on me. But she wasn't finished yet. I felt my toes pulled through the bars at the back of the cage and positioned so that my two big toes were either side of one of the thin bars. A zipping sound told me they were being strapped there with a cable tie and a second later I felt the pressure of the cable tie hold my toes firmly to the back of the cage. That felt great!

Another cable tie fixed my breathing tube so that it stuck up from the top of the cage.

A part of me still believed that I could get out of this cage if I wanted to. The bars were very thin and the cage couldn't be too strong given that the ends weren't properly fixed to the sides or top so that it could be folded up. Surely if I flexed my body the cage would pop apart? I wasn't ready to put that theory to the test yet, though.

I felt the cage lift slightly off the ground. Sara was grunting as she picked me and the cage bodily off the ground. She managed to move me to the very edge of the hole before she had to put me down and take a rest. I was impressed. For someone who didn't spend much time exercising, Sara was a tough girl.

She repositioned herself, straddling the hole, and the cage was lifted again. This time, I was swung over the top of the hole. Now would not be a good time to drop me, Sara,

I thought to myself. But she had a good grip, and despite her awkward stance, I saw the edge of the hole slowly rise up until it was above me. The cage suddenly dropped and I fell the last inch or so, hearing Sara cursing through the sound of falling dirt and small rocks that had been disturbed.

“I’m sorry about this Andrea, but I’m sure you understand I have to protect my work” Sara said, getting back into her role-play. “I would like to drive home knowing you are still breathing down here, and still calling out my name. That would excite me, I think. Yes, maybe even last me until the next naughty girl is sent for my attention. Goodbye my beautiful student”.

A handful of dirt landed on my back; the force of it broken by the bars of the cage above me. So it started.

I heard the clank of the shovel and more dirt landed on me. Over and over the sound of the shovel biting dirt, to be followed by the falling of the dirt around me, at each side and on top of me. The bars of the cage allowed the dirt to fall around my body but kept the big stones from hitting me. I wondered whether that was Sara’s intention in using the cage or just a happy side-effect.

Slowly the hole filled up, slowly but certainly it was taking Sara far less time and effort to fill the hole than it took me to empty it.

Eventually the dirt level reached my head. That was a very strange sensation. I was glad for the plastic bag but worried in case it was compressed too much and I was prevented from breathing until Sara could dig me out.

Ah, yes, dig me out. I wondered how she might do that. It wasn’t going to be easy, was it? How was she going to get the dirt out of the cage while it was in the hole? Or how was she going to lift the cage out of the hole without removing the dirt first? I suddenly had a notion that Sara hadn’t considered this and was about to tell her so when a shovelful of dirt landed right on my head and I found I was now truly buried. Shit! I couldn’t lift my head and I tried to shout out, glad I wasn’t gagged.

“Sara” I shouted.

“I can just hear you, my love” came a very faint voice from above.

“How are you going to dig me out?” I shouted back as more dirt landed on my head.

“I can’t hear you, now” came the reply, very faint now as yet another shovel of dirt landed on my head and back.

I didn’t feel the dirt hit me, as such, this time, which told me I must already be completely covered up, and Sara was now filling in the last bit of the hole. I shouted again but this time my voice seemed dead, even to me. I heard a slight noise above me, but I couldn’t make out anything intelligible. The tube, I thought. Maybe if I can get my mouth to the tube I can make myself heard. Not that it made much difference now, the deed was done. If Sara didn’t have a plan to get me out, I was already stuck.

I tried to reach the tube anyway but I found I couldn’t move any closer because of the pole trapping my neck and, as I shifted my body slightly to try, I felt the holes I had created, filling with dirt until I was completely surrounded by dirt and blackness and heat, and pressure.

Panic set in. This was the most intense feeling of complete helplessness that I had ever felt in all my years of binding myself into the most dangerous of situations and it was suddenly all too much for me. I simply screamed and bucked until I found I couldn't breathe and had to stop panting and even more buried than before. The dirt had now worked its way into all the nooks and crannies my body had to offer and not wearing any underwear had given it a perfect opportunity to get into places I certainly didn't want it.

“Sara! Sara! Sara!” I screamed again and again at the top of my voice. But it was no use. Was she even still there? I began to doubt my friend. That was irrational I knew. There was no way she would really bury me alive for real and walk off to leave me to die. But my mind was far from rational right now.

After I'd done my slow breathing exercises and managed to get a hold of myself again, I realized I was being silly.

Sara would be getting me out any minute, and I should just relax and enjoy the sensations she'd so carefully prepared for me. I thought about how all the stories I'd read about being buried alive got me all excited as I had tried to imagine myself in the position of the girl destined to spend the rest of her life underground. But the reality was far different; it was a thoroughly frightening and unpleasant experience. I just wanted out.

I caught myself going over the edge again, and managed to slow my breathing. This swaying between panic attacks was not going to help. A part of my brain knew this with a certainty, but I wished it would tell the other half, the half that just wanted to scream and fight. That part kept trying to overwhelm the rational part of me, and it became a constant battle to keep a lid on the madness that threatened to engulf me.

Where was Sara? Surely I had been down here long enough? When was she going to let me up? How was she going to dig me out? That was the bit that worried me the most, and every time that question popped back in to my head, the panic started to rise again, and I had to swat it down with a Herculean act of self-will. “Calm down, girl! This will be over soon” I kept saying to myself, over and over.

Where was Sara, this wasn't funny any more and it had been well over an hour, maybe two. How would she be able to dig me out when it was dark? Oh crap! No, calm down!

I tied everything in my mental arsenal to calm my thoughts and, eventually, I slipped into a sort of fugue and was calm. My breathing slowed and, while I was definitely not asleep, I could feel my brain going into a sort of suspended state and I guess I was in what most people would think of as a deep meditation. I felt I was dying, slowly being swallowed by the earth but, instead of the panic that idea would have caused in me earlier, now I accepted it as natural, and even welcomed the slow embrace of death; to become one again with the earth

And then I felt like I was leaving my body. My earthly body, trapped uselessly, beneath the dirt of a forest, but something else that was also me, floated far above the trees and I saw bright sunlight rippling through the canopy of the trees. Then I was high above even the trees and I was flying with the birds looking down on the world below; I was free, and I could sense my breathing slowing in time with the pulse of all the living things around me. It was quite the most amazing feeling I have ever had in my life. A part of my mind was still awake and I wondered idly if this was the 'subspace' I'd heard discussed but never really understood, or was this something

deeper, and more meaningful? I have to say now, looking back, it was undoubtedly a deep spiritual experience, that will perhaps take years for me to unravel and understand fully.

I was brought out of this state by the sound of Sara digging. It was then I realized the real reason for the cage; she could dig away quite happily with the shovel without fear of cutting into me. The sound got closer and closer until I heard a clang as the shovel made contact with the top of the cage. Then a scraping sound as dirt was removed. Then quiet.

I heard a loud twang and the top of the cage was suddenly no longer pushing down on me. A couple more twanging sounds later, and I was able to kneel up. Sara had cut the roof of the cage right off and, even the two poles could now be removed. All that kept me from standing up, was the cable tie around my toes. I shook dirt from my hair and shoulders and breasts and looked up at Sara, looming high above me. She had a radiant smile, it seemed to light up the whole world and, where I had been feeling a little dizzy from this sudden awakening from my dream world and somehow unhappy about being snatched away from such a beautiful experience, Sara's smile made it all better again. I grinned back at her, and she must have noticed the dreamy look in my eyes because she simply tore the plastic bag from my head and threw her arms around me and hugged me tightly.

"Was that good for you Andi" she asked gently. But I couldn't find the words to answer her and so just pushed my body into hers. The embrace lasted for ages and then she asked me to stand up. After I'd pointed out that I couldn't, because of the cable tie, Sara looked sheepishly embarrassed and said she had forgotten about that, and, worse, hadn't thought about how to untie it. The cage was still full of dirt (and me) and so it took quite a bit of scrabbling around on Sara's part and furious digging with her fingers before she was able to cut through the tie and free me to stand up.

With Sara's help I stepped out of the hole and we stood hand in hand looking down at the wrecked cage.

"Never mind, we can always buy another one" Sara said, laughing, and started to tip the loose dirt back into the hole, burying the cage for a future generation of archeologists to unearth and puzzle over.

My clothes were a mess and I was covered in dirt from head to toe. I had dirt lodged in every crevasse in my body, but nothing then could have dampened my spirit.

"I thought you'd gone home" I said. "How long was I down there?"

"Ten minutes" Sara replied, but I didn't believe her.

"No way! That was forever; it must have been an hour, at least, if not two" I exclaimed.

Sara shook her head. "Ten minutes dead, I timed it".

I shook my own head in wonder but had to accept what she was saying.

"Take me home, Sara" I said finally "before I cry" reaching for her hand again.

Sara stared at me for a minute trying to work out if I was serious, then shrugged and pulled me away from now hidden hole and we started to get our stuff together. My chains were removed and put into the bag, I picked up the shovel and the cooler and between us we walked back to the car, all the time wondering what any passerby would make of my state.

Of course, we didn't meet anyone on the trail. I hadn't chosen this spot for my outdoor games by accident.

Back at her car, Sara fussed over me, trying to make sure as much dirt as possible stayed outside the car. And then she did take me home.

To a hot bath and a soft bed, and an evening of gentle play and tender caresses.

In the morning, Sara woke me before leaving for work to say I needed to check my email. I was rather hoping to spend yet another day in chains but one look at the message was enough to drive all thoughts of bondage from my mind. I had a serious assignment with the usual impossible deadline waiting for my attention. So I set to work, stopping every now and again to reminisce about the weekend's fun and to start on this retelling before the details faded in my memory.