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| **Chinese Puzzle**We both enjoy adding a great deal of interesting costume to our play. I love the sight of her in extreme heels and tightly-laced old fashioned corsets, as well as bound and helpless. She loves these things, as well as anything else that presses, squeezes, or otherwise molds her, and adds to her tactile overload or general level of frustration. Thus, we've accumulated a great storehouse of toys over the years, from a variety of shoes with heels in varying heights, to several custom made corsets (there are very few manufacturers left, and the prices can be outrageous) with waists from 19" to 22" (including one that is knee-length), rubber stockings, skirts, and so on, and a very large drawerful of cuffs, collars and padlocks. All these things see a good amount of use! One of our favorite activities is what I call the "chinese puzzle" bondage. It takes a bit of planning, but the end results are most rewarding for both of us. I strive to never do quite the same thing twice, so I'll just describe the most recent version. We begin the play with her naked, standing in the bedroom. I first apply her scold's bridle, which has a nice large ball gag. It buckles in the back, and I fasten it in place with the first padlock. The key to this padlock I tape into the palm of her right hand. I then put one of her calf gloves on (these extend almost up to the shoulder, and fasten at the wrist very tightly with four buttons) which nicely secures the key into her hand. I then put one of our 3" locking wrist cuffs on over the glove, which nicely covers the buttons, making it impossible to remove without first getting the cuff off. The key to this cuff I tape into the palm of her left hand, followed by the other glove and cuff. At this point she is gagged and gloved, and beginning to show some signs of anticipation. One wonderful thing about the gloves (that will come into play most frustratingly later) is that they make it very difficult indeed to handle the keys to these padlocks (none of the keys is over 1 inch long, and some are only half that). The key to her left cuff I tape to the inside of her leather collar, which is about 4" wide at the front and tapers down to 2 1/2" at the rear. I fasten this on her neck, which makes her hold her head up very straight. I fasten this in place with another padlock. The collar key I tape to the bottom of her right foot, right under the heel. I then put one of her rubber stockings on, smoothing it up her leg as I go. On her foot, I place one of the prizes of our collection, a 6" heel pump with a 2" wide locking ankle strap. This I lock on, and tape the key to the bottom of her left foot, followed by the stocking and the other matching shoe. This is the part that really starts to get her attention. The 6" heels are very high for her (she has size 7 1/2 feet), but she has to stand even further up on her toes to keep the keys from pressing into her heels. She says that she loves the sensation, and also the tightness and warm coolness of the stockings. Needless to say, with the shoes locked on, she can't get to the keys under her heels. The key to her left shoe I tape to the inside of the busk on her corset, and fasten it around her and begin lacing. True tight-lacers know that you can't just squeeze in a corset all at once, but rather you must do it in easy stages. Thus, this phase takes about half an hour, as we reduce her waist from its normal 25" to 20" or so over the corset.

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I fasten the stocking tops to the garters on the corset, which isn't strictly necessary since they are so tight that they'll stay up by themselves- but she loves the added pressure. The corset itself is very heavily boned, and makes her lean forward about 20 degrees at the waist with a most beautiful S-curve in her back- this, in addition to the forward lean that the heels induce, makes her balance somewhat precarious, and walking becomes somewhat difficult. She finds this to be quite a turn-on, combined with all the pressures. So there she stands, not yet helpless, but certainly bound. I'll usually take a break here and play with her a bit, until she starts egging me on the next step. We have a chastity belt that has self-contained vibrators in two sizes fastened to its inner surface. I have modified it so that it fits her tiny corseted waist, and I then apply it to her, locking the waistband and crotch strap in place (which very conveniently covers the knot in the laces, rendering it impossible for her to get the corset off). I have to work fast, since this is quite an intense stimulation for her. The vibrators in her front and rear begin to do their dirty work, so while she is distracted, I tape the key to her chastity belt to the inside of the waistband of her rubber hobble skirt, which is about 1/8" thick and fits her tighter than a second skin from just below that breasts to the knees. It has to be rolled on from the knees up, and does a much more effective job of hobbling her than tying her knees, because it exerts so much pressure so evenly over so much of her legs, hips, and torso. At this point, she is usually hanging right on the edge of orgasm from sheer sensory overload. Under the right circumstances, she can come simply from the pressure of the corset, but having to balance in the heels with her knees hobbled and the vibrators working usually puts her right up to the edge. If I make her walk any distance at all, she might just overload and come too soon. So it's time to keep her very still and finish the job. I then lock her wrist cuffs together behind her with a padlock. This key is threaded onto the hasp of another padlock, which is then used to lock an 8 inch or so loop of chain between her ankles. With this chain, she is limited to taking steps about four inches long (not that she could take longer ones with the heels and hobble skirt). The key to the ankle chain is attached to the middle of a chain about 15 inches long with a nipple clamp at each end, which I then attach to her nipples. The lean induced by her corset and heels causes the key to hang well in front of her. And to finish, I attach her wrist cuffs to her collar by looping a two foot chain and locking it with the last padlock. This pulls her wrists up to just below her shoulderblades- not high enough to cause much tension on the collar, but enough to keep her from reaching any of the keys, or stretching around to the nipple clips in front. Also, in this position her fingers lose some of their dexterity, and the gloves certainly don't help much either. The last key is truly the key to the puzzle- without it, she has absolutely no way to get out of all these marvelous decorations, despite having all the other keys on her person. She also doesn't have enough flexibility to give herself the last bit of stimulus to go over the edge while standing there. What she has to do to get the relief that she craves is to try to find that last key, and then coax her bound fingers into manuipulating the locks in sequence. She has to take the tiny steps that are all she can manage over to wherever it is, unlock the lock holding her wrists up high, then get the nipple clamps off somehow so that she can get her ankles unlocked to get the key that holds her wrists behind her and so on. Usually, the stimulation catches up with her somewhere along the way- and she goes from having an isolated orgasm to having a continuous string of them, generally requiring quite a bit of support from me to keep from falling. Needless to say, I'm never far away during these times- since the visual impact of her done up this way is one of my greatest pleasures, not to mention getting to take whatever advantage of the situation I can. This last key is what she needs- and this is the funny part of the story: as I have been typing this, she has been attempting to sit next to me here at the machine, done up exactly as I describe here. She has been hanging right on the edge for some time, but she has to wait for me to type the location of the final key! The butt plug and extremely tight hobble skirt keep her from being able to sit flat on the office chair, but she has to try and take the weight off her heels so that the keys stop pressing in, and the corset keeps her leaning forward so that the weight of the chain dangling from her nipple clips is borne entirely by her poor nipples. She has been very good. The key is under your pillow. I'm going to close this now- she's probably going to need some help as she hobbles back down the hall to the bedroom, my lovely vision in black everything, and I wouldn't miss it for the world.

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The response to the "Costume" article has been most gratifying. We had fun reading through them, and have finally made some time to reply to some of the questions that were asked, and to describe how this particular scene came out. She made it about halfway down the hall before she overloaded enough that she couldn't keep going. When she does finally get into continuous orgasm, she can't make her legs hold her up anymore with the heels and the hobble skirt- so I picked her up and carried her back to bed. She tried for about 5 minutes to deal with the key to the first lock, but couldn't (or wouldn't) cope with it, so she just rolled onto her back with her whole body in spasms. One poster asked about making the chastity belt the very last layer to come off. We've tried that, but I usually don't do that anymore- and here's why: Here I was, faced with a very bound, very helpless, and very hot lover. If you were me, what would you do? In this case, all I had to do was to peel off her skirt and unlock the chastity belt (leaving the butt plug in place, of course)- and she was wonderfully, willingly, and helplessly mine for the duration, without my having to undo any of the other decorations that we both love so much. In this way, we could enjoy one another, without my having to completely free her. And she could either free herself later, or ask me in her own way to free her after we were both sated. She usually doesn't manage to get herself free of this predicament until after we exhaust ourselves, especially in cases where we let a reasonable amount of buildup time go by (which was certainly the case as she sat squirming while I typed). If we don't allow much buildup, she will almost always get to the point of undoing her corset, although often the amount of effort required to get herself out of the skirt can sometimes push her over. She usually stops here, though, because she enjoys the pressure of the corset too much to take it off at that point. A couple of times she has gone ahead and escaped completely, just so that she could prove to herself that she could- and it took about and hour and a half. The really hard part is the first key, and (as one poster pointed out) the key to her ankle chain, which is usually on the nipple clamp chain. She's a dancer, and is very flexible, but it is still a difficult thing for her to stretch her arms around to the front (with her wrists locked together) and gently remove the clamps. The gloves help make this harder, as well. Of course, there are an incredible number of variations on this basic theme that can be used. One that we enjoy occasionally involves me peeling off her skirt and the chastity belt, and then looping a rope around her tiny waist two or three turns. I then bend her legs at the knee, and tie the loose ends of the rope to her ankle chain, pulling out all the slack possible. This pulls her ankles right up to her rear very tightly, sort of a hogtie that doesn't put stress on her wrists (which are still fastened up to her collar). The neat part of this is that the loops of rope around her waist act as a crude pulley, so by pulling with her legs she can increase the pressure on her waist even more! The real reward for me, and frustration for her, comes when I roll her up on top of me, face to face. The slack between her ankles allows her to spread her legs just far enough for me to enter her from below- but the stiff corset and added tension from the rope will barely let her move her hips, and if I hold her up under the shoulders then all her weight forces her down onto me. This is incredibly intense for both of us, as she struggles to move enough to release herself, and in so doing grinds me deeply into her. Someone asked about our corsets, especially the knee-length one. That one is truly amazing, but it really doesn't see much use anymore, except when she specifically asks for it. It is black satin, very heavily boned the entire length (especially through the waist and hips), and measures 21" at the waist when fully closed. The front busk is 15" long, and it extends exactly down to her pubic bone. When it is laced fully closed, it makes it amost entirely impossible for her to bend either her waist or hips, and compresses her entire torso pretty intensely. When she's in it, she can only barely keep her balance, and she can't reach her feet no matter how hard she tries, so we always add her 6 inch heels to the costume. She can't walk at all when done up this way. I usually put in one or both of her vibrators before lacing her in, but getting her into and out of this beast is such a production that she's usually exhausted before I get much of a chance. About all she can do is lean up against something- so this is usually a good outfit to play with some gentle suspension games with. The knee-length one was custom made for us a few years ago by a company in the UK which has now closed down. Currently, it is possible to order custom work from three companies that I know of: La Guepiere, which is in the UK and consists of one tiny fragile lady in her 70s who retired a number of years ago from that same late company, True Grace, also in the UK, and one here in the States, BR Creations in Moutain View, Ca. The UK companies are slow and expensive, but do magnificent work. BR Creations is quicker and less expensive, and we've got several examples from them. From BR Creations, you can expect to pay around $150 for a reasonable short corset in satin, significantly more in leather. There are also some of the US mailorder companies that offer stock corsets (Renee Fashion Company, Monique of Hollywood), made I think by Vollers in the UK, but with those you run the risk of a poor fit. They will only cost you around $100. Tightlacing is an art in itself, though- don't rush into it with a lover, expecting to be able to pull them in 6 inches the first time. Posession of a tiny waist must be worked up to, and having a perfectly fitted garment is of paramount importance. If anybody is interested in body modification of this type, I could go off on that tangent another time. Another poster asks whether we bought or made most of our toys. We bought almost all the clothing, and made almost all the leather cuffs and other bits. The rubber stockings and hobble skirt are straight from the Sealwear catalogue a few years back, and I'm sure that someone in the US still imports this line- I`ve seen some good examples in the Dream Dresser catalogue. Lately, we buy most of our latex from a little shop here locally, though. Our gloves we bought from a custom maker in California, Hammer of Hollywood. They fit, which is much more than can be said of the cheap merchandise sold mailorder nowadays. I could post some of the construction details for the cuffs and other things if there is enough interest (and, of course, time permitting). Finally, we'll leave you with a story from last Saturday night. She expressed a desire to go out for dinner, contrary to plans we had made to stay in and play. This usually indicates that she wants to try something different, so we reached something of a compromise- we would play while going out! This is usually quite a treat for us both, because she enjoys the frustration of her building excitement and inability to help herself, and my response follows hers quite closely. So we dressed her similarly to the way I described before, but without the gag or collar, and with the corset and chastity belt on the bottom, as the other poster had suggested. We laced her into the 20" black calf corset, and then put her into her rubber corselet. This has molded-in cups and functions quite nicely as a bra, and extends down just to the bottom of her corset with suspender grips for her stockings. I then locked on her chastity belt, with only the butt plug vibrator humming merrily away. The key went under one glove, which was locked on, followed by the other glove, followed by the stockings and locking shoes. The last key went onto the mantelpiece. I then left her to choose street clothes that could be worn over all these, concealing them well enough for us to go out in public! She came out in one of the pantsuits that she wears to work- quite formal in appearance, but even more so with it belted in to fit her tiny waist and very erect carriage. She usually wears at least 4 inch heels to work, so the pants were long enough to cover most of the 6 inchers when pulled down to her corseted waistline- but not long enough to prevent a peek of the rubber stocking on her insteps as she walked. And the jacket nicely covered the cuffs and padlocks on her wrists, the small bulge of the chastity belt padlock in the small of her back, and the rather thin blouse that she wore to cover the corselet. Thus, to the casual observer, she appeared to be quite normally dressed, except for her gloved hands, tiny waist, and just the hint of a higher-than-usual heel and blacker-than-black stocking. We went out to one of our favorite restaurants near here, chosen to minimize the transit time (since the vibrator was still hard at work). She actually did quite well with all the walking, hanging there on my arm balanced so precariously. We sat at one of the tables out in the middle of the room, with her leaning just slightly forward because of the corset, and wobbling a bit side-to-side because of the plug. Then we started to notice the sidelong glances that she was getting from some of the tables- a number of people were paying a bit of interest to her outfit, especially her feet. Tight-laced as she was, she couldn't discreetly twist around to see what the problem was, but I could- when she sat down, her pants legs had ridden up her legs, revealing the full glory of 6 inch heel, padlocked ankle strap, and rubber stocking to the room! When I told her, she was at once mortified with embarassment, and overcome by the message being sent up by the vibrator- but, being in public, she had to try and exert some control over her response. After all, the key was at home on the mantelpiece! I then got to enjoy the beautiful sight of her, flushed, breathing as deeply as possible within her corset, trying her utmost to stop the stream of orgasms. Needless to say, we paid the check and left after the appetizer, and I had to carry her to the car once we got out of the main room.A most pleasant, though very short, dinner.  |

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