

# The Limits

or

Tracey's True Tales of Perilous Adventure

(VOLUME 1)

This is the story of one woman's need to satisfy her sexual urges with death defying feats of bondage and peril.



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## The Lady

Tracey grew up in a small town outside the city; a small coastal town where fishing was the primary form of income for many. Today the town is even smaller and many have gone. Many houses are empty; roads are barren, and only the occasional car drives by the house.

As a child the town wasn't as big as many other towns along the coast, a couple of thousand at its peak and now a couple of hundred. Growing up in a small town also meant that you had to be creative in keeping yourself entertained.

Not being a city girl she was familiar with being alone and having to entertain herself. Many times she would be playing alone in the she behind the house or being a little bit of a tomboy and hanging out with her father.

Today, being all grown up, she lives alone in the small town, not because she was an ugly girl, at thirty years old her 5'8" 120 pounds, slim, attractive figure was anything but homely. Shoulder length blond hair frame her smooth pale skin, perky breasts and gorgeous long legs made her an amazing hidden treasure. If she had been a city girl she would have had dozens of suitors. Here, in this small town, she had none.

I had met her a few years ago through a mutual friend when she had visited the big city. We hit it off right away. Before long I found myself travelling the two hour drive to meet her almost every weekend and taking time off work for extended visits. It didn't take me very long to find out that she was an adventurous woman.



**Image 1: This picture was taken about two months before our first adventure. Did I mention she loves red?**

To maintain privacy we are using her real first name, but her last name will never be known. My name will never be repeated in any of these stories and are written as I've experience and including every detail I could include from what Tracey has told me. Together we have decided to document her adventures; most of her adventures will be written by me, some by her.

Much of the sex toys come from a sex store in the city where I come from, the bigger things, mostly from hardware stores and the like. Both of us are rather handy, without giving away her job (to protect her identity), she does have a design background that requires being familiar with various building materials.

For some of our custom building needs, we have utilized a custom fish tank builder to develop some of our devices. You can find their site here...

- [www.miraclesaquariums.com](http://www.miraclesaquariums.com)

Though they never knew they were building bondage devices, and assumed they were industrial custom fish tanks, they have been wonderful.

As for the photos included and why there aren't more? The photos of Tracey are 100% real. The photos of most of the scenery and such are real. In some cases, pictures from the web are used since they just really look better than what I have, or I don't have a picture of it and am too lazy to go get one.

An important thing to note as you go through these adventures, very RARELY does everything go as planned, we think this is a valuable lesson for anyone into self bondage, as much as she plans things out, as much thought goes into the various aspects, more often than naught, something goes wrong.

Here are a few questions that I'm sure you want to ask, so I took a stab at answering them in advance...

**Q: Do you have pictures or video of these adventures?**

- Yes, some.

**Q: Will you share them?**

- Not likely.

**Q: Aren't you scared an adventure could go horribly wrong?**

- Me... yes and hoping not. Her... yes... and hoping it just might. It's important to note, Tracey is incredibly turned on by perilous situations and the possibility of tragedy. She doesn't want to die; she just enjoys the rush that comes with the possibility. Some skydive, some do this...

**Q: Has she ever been hurt in her adventures?**

- Sometimes.

**Q: Has anything ever gone horribly wrong?**

- Yes... and perhaps we'll share some stories, you'll have to read.

**Q: These adventures are just plain crazy and impossible... they can't be real.**

- First, not a question, second... don't care if you believe them or not. She/we did them; we share them, enjoy them or don't bother to keep reading. Easy. We're not here to prove anything, just to share.

**Q: Would you recommend anyone every try these?**

- Never. NEVER... EVER, EVER, EVER try these. She tempts fate with every adventure and every one could be her last. She knows this, I know this, we are both willing to accept the dangers, but we certainly don't condone this behaviour for ANYONE else. Leave it to the crazies like us.

**Q: What if something does go horribly wrong and Tracey's peril leads to her demise?**

- Who's to say it hasn't already, you didn't read it all yet.

**Q: I'd like to send pictures of women in peril, share stories, suggest ideas etc...**

- Email here [traceyinperil@gmail.com](mailto:traceyinperil@gmail.com)

**Requests...**

If anyone has the skill to replicate these stories in some sort, (Poser), love to see samples or full stories put to picture. Love to do a new version of this book with graphics. As a reward Tracey has offered to attempt or take ideas from one of your suggestions and publish, assuming (a) it's possible and (b) it's not an immediate death sentence.

Enjoy the adventures...

## The Introduction

It was about two months after we started seeing each other that she called me one Friday morning at my work and asked if I was still making the trip out to see her in the morning. It seemed rather strange that she would be so curious about me coming this time. I came every weekend, why was it this time she was so concerned about my visit.

“Promise me that you will be here tomorrow at noon, it’s VERY important you be here then,” she said in a painfully urgent voice.

“Is there something wrong? I can come now, you’re making me nervous.” I was expecting bad news.

“No, no... Not at all... it’s actually a good thing but it’s extremely important that you get here by noon, promise me.”

“I promise,” I said in a reassuring tone, “I wouldn’t let you down.”

The next day I packed up my bag and loaded the car. I was incredibly anxious to see what she had for a surprise for me, it was no special occasion and she hadn’t done anything like this before.

I pulled into the driveway, it was a little after noon, I was about twenty or so minutes late, traffic is hardly predictable. The house seemed quiet; I came in through the side door and made my way into the living room. No sigh of Tracey.

I started calling out to her... “Babe... babe,” I said in my normal voice.

Heading out to the bedroom I could hear some rustling, as I rounded the corner to her bedroom at the end of the hall I see what appears to be Tracey, on top of the sheets nude. She has a leather gag in her mouth that appears to be inserted deep into her throat and a small padlock on the back locking it in place. At some point she had put on a blindfold but it had come off so she just stared at me with an almost desperate look on her face. She was lying on her side with her hands in a pair of handcuffs, those were locked tightly around her wrists and a small chain locked to the handcuffs led to a pair of handcuffs around her ankles.

I quickly knew she hadn’t been assaulted and had actually done this to herself, but for how long, and why? I asked her where the keys were but she couldn’t tell me... she kept looking at the dresser at the end of the bed... I look quickly and see a note.

The note reads...

“Check the small side pocket of the bag you brought with you!”

Grabbing my bag I open a side pocket that I never even knew was there. In it, was a key ring with what appeared to be the keys to her release? I grabbed the keys and began looking for the one that would unlock her wrists first.

“Uh-uh!” she mumbled through the gag while shaking her head no.

At that point she spread her legs; her thighs were stuck together with sweat. She wanted to be played with. Her pussy was soaking wet, you didn’t even have to touch it to see that, it glistened as the sun from the window shone on her. On the floor she had a number of toys laid out. I hadn’t noticed them when I came in but it was all clear now.

She needed me to come and release her, she needed me to satisfy her, and she needed me for her safety. If I hadn't come or something happened to me on the way, the consequences would have been fatal. I was so incredible turned on by the very idea of the situation that I immediately became hard.

Grabbing the toys off the floor I found a nice collection of items. She had a vacuum cupping kit, string of somewhat large anal beads and glass dildo, that to be quite honest, was VERY cold to the touch after sitting on the cold hardwood floor for some time.

I took one of the smaller cupping devices and placed it over her clit, giving a couple of good pumps on the handle made her clitoris JUMP into the device, her breathing jumped and her body shuttered, things were about to get interesting. She had a pump of lube on the nightstand next to the bed, I filled my hand with it and began to slather it on her ass and pussy; she writhed in anticipation of what was to come.

"Am I allowed to do whatever I please right now?" I asked.

Her head nodded yes slowly, her eyes locked with mine. I grabbed the anal beads and began to insert them one at a time into her ass. With each passing bead her eyes closed more and more until she was in a world of her own. The row of 9 beads measured about eight inches long with the last bead being about an inch and half in diameter. The end of the row of beads had a big loop for someone to snatch them out of her ass if necessary.



Image 2: Her clit, now about 2 inches long and quickly turning purple, it's now crazy sensitive.



Image 3: This picture was taken on a different occasion but you get the idea of the anal beads.

With the push of the last bead into her ass I leaned into her ear and whispered, "that's it babe, all nine beads, all eight inches. The very thought of it being snaked into her ass made her heart skip a beat and her body shuttered. Next we'd have to work on her pussy.

At this point the pump on her clit had been in place for about ten minutes and had turned a dark purple in color; it was obviously engorged in blood and was ready for release. I popped the release and slipped it off of her clit. She had swollen her clit about ten times what it normally was and god it was super sensitive. My finger just grazed her and she began to spasm.

Taking the glass dildo I prepared it for insertion into her pussy. I slathered it in lube, it was rather large cone shaped device covered in little bumps, and it would do an amazing job of stretching her. It was still quite cold to the touch.

As soon as I pressed the tip into her lips she jumped from the cold but her excitement jumped to a whole new level. She began to shutter and twist a little, she began holding her breath, and I knew she was focusing on cumming.

With one hand I began to thrust the glass dildo deep inside her while the other hand pinched and pulled her clitoris, it was just so easy to grab now that it was swollen so large. I kept pushing and pushing and pulling and tugging as hard as I could without doing any damage. Before I knew it she was squirting all over the place. I'd thrust a couple of times with the dildo and pull it all the way out, her pussy would spray across the bed, then I'd thrust it back inside for another few good pushes.

It wasn't long before she was spent; she closed her legs and slowly opened her eyes. I could tell she wanted to smile at me. I grabbed the keys and began looking for the key to her gag. Finding it I removed the gag from her mouth, it appeared to be about a 3 inch cock like gag, no wonder she could barely mumble.

"Hi babe, glad to see you," she said as she turned her head to look at me.

"How long have you been like this?"

"When I went to bed last night I did it, around 11:30."

"WHAT? That's over twelve hours... I knew you were adventurous but this is crazy, what if I had gotten stuck, or worse, couldn't come?" I was almost scolding her now as I began unlocking the remaining restraints.

"Don't be made," she half pouted "but I really do have some bizarre fantasies and I really didn't know how to introduce you to them, so I thought this would be a good, easy, introduction.

"Introduction!?!? EASY!?!? Dear god, I can't wait to hear what other adventures you have in mind."

"Sweetie," she said "you have no idea how scary I can be."



## The Safe

It sat in the basement of the house since what seemed the dawn of time. The slightly worn safe was far older than she was. When she was a little girl she remembers spinning the tumbler on it but never seeing what was inside.

It stood about 36 inches high, was about 20 inches wide and another 20 inches deep, at least those were the measurements on the outside, inside was a little smaller due to the thick walls.

Years later, when she took over the home from her parents she was given the combination to the safe, she cleared it out and noticed that it was fairly spacious inside, for a safe that is. Every time she ventured into the basement for something she would walk by the safe and think of what she could do with it.

One day while cleaning out her basement she came up with the plan. She would seal herself into the safe... perhaps, even be rescued.



**Image 4: This beautiful creature will seal herself into this sold steel safe.**

Dropping all the cleaning she was doing she took off to the safe, spinning the tumbler she pulled the heavy door open. The door itself must have been a hundred pounds; the whole safe must have been over three hundred.

Whether it was by design or just dumb luck, the door of the safe would slowly swing shut, thus she had to push the door all the way back to keep it from closing on her; this was perfect.

The safe was already empty from being cleared out years ago, but it still needed a good wipe down. Its cold rough steel would polish quite nicely, much better than the outside appearance anyway. The two shelves inside were

easily removed allowing for a nice clear space for someone to cram into. She figured she could almost sit sideways with her head tucked down quite easily.

Now that the safe was all prepped and clean there was only one thing to check... was it airtight. Not much point to be sealed and have no time to enjoy the peril of the situation. How to test, she certainly didn't want to get in and find out the hard way, the solution was so simple... put a lit candle inside and lock it. If it's still burning after an hour or so, then air is definitely getting in somewhere.

She placed a tall, long burning candle inside and locked it... she would come back to check it in a couple of hours.

*Two hours later...*

She returned to the basement and opened the safe... she slowly pulled open the door intensely excited to see if the candle was still lit. There, sitting in the middle of the safe, was the still burning candle almost to its end. She was in luck, she knew by the weekend she would be sealed securely inside.

Blowing out the candle she returned upstairs to ponder the remaining challenges. First, how can she spin safes locking mechanism to seal her in, second, knowing I would be the one to let her free, how could she make it more daring then just simply giving me the combination. Thankfully she had a few days until Saturday to figure it all out.

*That Saturday...*

She called as usual to ensure I was coming out, I assured her I was and by this time in our relationship, I knew how vitally important it could be to get there since she would likely need my help, it was happily becoming our norm.

She had at least two hours to get herself sealed inside; it should be more than enough time. She grabbed her bag of goodies and headed to the basement. The basement, as most basements are, was relatively cold but certainly bearable, the goose bumps covered her arms. Her heart raced at the idea of being forever sealed in a steel tomb.

First things first... setting up the locking mechanism for the safe; the bolts had to slide into place or the full effect would be lost. She pondered long and hard on this one for a couple of days but came up with a pretty sound solution that she tested a numerous times and being successful about 75% of the time, rather good odds.

The plan was this. A weight would be laid on the top of the open door, from the top of the weight, heavy thread would be tied, and the other end of the thread would be attached to the spinning wheel. When the door was closed fast enough weight would fall to the floor, the string would pull down on the wheel causing it to spin hard, the thread wasn't strong enough to stay attached so it would break letting the wheel spin the half dozen times that it took to seal the safe. The trick to this whole plan was getting the door to close fast enough.

The next step required that the door be closed a little over half way. This meant that the weight of the door would cause it to swing closed rather than open and would build enough speed when closing to allow the bolts to swing into place. She propped the large block of wood from the shed in front of it to keep it from swinging. Once inside, she could shove the block out of the way and within about 3-4 seconds, the door would close, the weight would fall, the handle spins and the bolts lock her in place.

She was nearly ecstatic with excitement. She slipped out of her jeans and t-shirt and took a few deep breaths. Of course she knew she was crazy, but as usual, she questioned if this would be her last stunt. Nobody has luck that runs forever, and the thought of that thrilled her.

She sat on the small mat she laid out in front of the door and prepped the remaining toys. Obviously she would have no means of escaping the safe on her own, but that didn't mean she didn't want to be restrained in the safe. Bondage on top of more unnecessary bondage was a huge thrill for her.

She pulled two pairs of handcuffs from her bag. She began by locking the first pair around her ankles. The key, she laid on the top of the safe. There was only one more thing she could do from outside the safe to prepare herself, the dildo gag from our first meeting came out of the bag. She slipped it deep in her mouth and pulled the straps tight. She had to make sure that there was no way she could shout out the combination to me from inside the safe... quickly she locked the padlock on the back and again, the key went on top of the safe.

Trembling with excitement, she couldn't wait to get inside the steel box. She made sure the remaining locks and tools she needed were within reach of the safe and then turn back on and sat on the icy cold bottom. It made her gasp for breath, it was FREEZING. As she turned and arm, back and legs pressed against the sides of the safe the cold rushed through her body. It took a few minutes for the cold to stop stinging her skin.

Once composed she could really only use one arm to do anything. Her knees pressed to her chest and her head forced pushed down by the top, she had to tuck her right arm that was against the back under her legs and towards her pussy, which would work out quite well. With her free arm she picked up the couple of small toys she had brought, a small vibrator, anal beads, and an egg. While she might not be able to see anything, she figured she wouldn't have to feel around far to find toys or places to put them.

Finally, she grabbed the other pair of handcuffs, reaching under her legs she slowly slipped it on her wrist... the slow rhythmic clicking of the cuffs going on made her wild with anticipation, she could feel her pussy dripping into the bottom of the safe already.

The last step, push the block away from the door, tuck her arm in and once the door successfully sealed her in, lock the cuff on her free wrist.

"Uhh!" She said out loud, trying to say one with a mouth full of gag, as if someone was listening for a countdown.

"Uhh!" Sounding the same as the first...

"EEE!"

With a quick push she knocked the block away and quickly tucks in her arm and in the fleeting seconds watches the light disappear. WHAM! The safe closes. BANG! The weight hits almost at the same time. TIC TIC TIC TIC TIC... as the wheel spins, and all this in a split second.

Was her fate sealed? She pushes against the door, it's not budging, feeling in the darkness for the other end of the handcuffs, she quickly snaps it tight.

For a moment she just sits there, it's deathly silent; she can't hear anything, not even the furnace that normally rumbles in the background of the basement. Even if she could scream, the most someone on the outside would

hear would be a subtle squeak. Unless you were listening for it, you wouldn't know that sealed inside was a petit beautiful nude woman in bondage, awaiting her fate.

She had about an hour before I was scheduled to arrive, she left two notes, one on the bathroom mirror (because I usually had to go after the long drive) and a backup one on the fridge, two places I was bound to go within a few minutes of getting there.

The silence was almost deafening, all she could hear was the pounding of her heart in her ears. The fear of not being found and permanently trapped was exactly what she needed to push herself to her first powerful orgasm. Turning on her vibrator she pressed it tightly against her clit. She gushed onto the bottom of the safe in seconds; the warmth of her orgasm was a welcome treat against her ass and feet.

She rested for what seemed like forever. She had guessed she had been sealed inside for about an hour now. She imagined that I was pulling into the driveway and was about to find one of the notes. Then more minutes passed, then more and before long the fear of something gone wrong set in again. It was time to use this new found panic for another orgasm.

Fumbling in the darkness she found the egg, sitting in a pool of her own wetness. Her ass was sufficiently wet from her own pussy to push the egg inside, it was a little difficult to do with so little space to manoeuvre but once she started pushing it in, it pulls itself deep inside her, it wouldn't come out easily. Following the cord she found the remote and set it as high as it could go. It made her body shutter with excitement. Taking the vibrator again she held it tightly against her, she would hold out as long as she could for this orgasm.

*Meanwhile, outside in the free world...*

I had pulled into the driveway; I was running about thirty minutes late due to unforeseen delays with packing and traffic. I was exhausted; I called out to Tracey and got no reply. I did the usual, checked the bedrooms and a quick look around outside. I had no reason to believe she was locked in a safe below my feet. I stepped into the bathroom as she had predicted I would, washed my hands, looked in the mirror, and no note. Her mistake was in putting the note on the mirror shortly after she showered, the glass was damp and the note fell shortly after she put it on. I didn't see that it had fallen to the counter top among the various bottles of hairspray and soaps.

I headed back out to the living room and kicked back on the sofa. I figured she must have run out for a minute, so I turned on the TV and relaxed; it was 12:30.

Before I knew it I had nodded off, when I woke I looked at the clock on the wall and saw that it was 4:20, I had nodded off for almost 4 hours. I sit up quickly and notice that there is still no sign of Tracey. Something was horribly wrong, and knowing her, she had put herself in some predicament either needing my assistance or it failed as she had planned.

Just to be sure I thought I should call her cell phone, I had left mine in the car so I ran to the kitchen to use the phone, calling the number I hear her phone faintly ring in the distance, it was still in the bedroom. Just as I hang up the phone I spot the note on the fridge.

It reads...

"You'll find your precious treasure 'SAFE' and sound in the basement. Freedom is in the mail."

In a somewhat minor sense of relief and knowing she's at least in the house, but the note made no sense to me. I head downstairs and start peeking around calling out her name.

In the corner I see one of her gym bags and the typical signs of an "adventure" being played out. I then see the safe. There's no way she is inside, is she? I run to the corner of the room and pull on the handle, it doesn't budge.

"TRACEY!!! TRACEY!!!!" I scream. I can't hear anything, she can't be inside; I'd hear her I'm sure.

*Meanwhile, back inside her tomb...*

Tracey had was about to climax for the third time. The terror of being locked in for so long and in her mind she felt she knew she was finished. She explodes with her largest orgasm yet, this time flooding the bottom of the safe with the warm spray from her pussy. Her body tensed and shivered violently.

*Back Outside...*

I stand back staring at the safe, if she's in there; she's been in there since I got here about four hours ago. Then I see what looks like water trickling out the bottom of the safe door. I lean in closer to see if my eyes aren't fooling me. Then it hits me... she's still in there... at least she's cumming so she has to be somewhat fine. I stand up and lean against the safe putting my face in my hands... thank god she's ok. Then I think, how could she be ok, she's sealed in a huge steel box with no way out.

Knowing Tracey I figure, no need to rush too much now, she has this all planned out properly, she's smart. I remember what the note said, "...freedom is in the mail." I take my time and head out to the mailbox at the end of the lane. In the back is an envelope, and it's actually been through the mail, postage and all. I rip it open and inside appears to be the combination to the safe, scrawled on a scrap of paper.

It was now obvious what she had done to heighten her experience, to make it more perilous. Put the combination in the mail and pay for overnight delivery. Then take the chance that the mail gets lost, or doesn't arrive on time and she has to be sealed inside until the mail arrived on Monday, or worse yet, cut free by hired help. This woman was like a cat with nine lives, and each game she plays, she burns through at least one.

I head back to the house; it's about 5pm now. She's got at least five hours clocked confined in the steel coffin, but I figure, it was only a short while ago she was still enjoying things, I might as well relax. I head to the kitchen and begin making supper, a nice simple pasta dish, chicken alfredo, her favourite. I set the table and set the mood with some candles and head downstairs for her. It's now almost 6:30.

Inside the safe, Tracey is exhausted. She can cum no more and the panic has turned to horror. In her mind she keeps thinking about what she has done and what has gone wrong. How long can she last in here and is there ANY hope of being found.

I begin spinning the tumbler to try out the combination, the first two times I try and it doesn't open, is it possible she wrote it down wrong? Trying again



Image 5: The table, as I prepared it, for our late supper.

and... bingo, third time's a charm I guess. I can spin the wheel and free her. As I tug sharply on the heavy steel door the seal breaks. I peer inside, she is trying to look at me but the light is hurting her eyes and she is squinting, she starts mumbling fast and loud, she's obviously relieved to see me.

I stand back for a moment to view the scene. Her body covered in sweat, she shimmers beautifully. Her eyes adjust and with her head cramped against the room she wrenches her head further to look up at me. I know inside she's almost laughing.

I grab her ankles and spin her slowly to her side, I can still hear the egg vibrating inside her, what a fun girl. She's moaning in discomfort, her body must be rather sore from the ordeal. Taking a few minutes I remove the restraints and gag as she sits in the opening of the safe.

"WHERE THE FUCK WERE YOU!" She shouts with a hint of a laugh behind it.

"You're ok aren't you? Your plan worked right? I don't recall you writing a time on the post-it as to when you needed to be freed." I said half sarcastically.

"No but..."

"But nothing, now get upstairs."

"What time is it?" She timidly asked as she reached for her clothes.

I quickly grab them away from her and toss them aside.

"It's about 6:30."

"WHAT? I've been in there for over seven hours!"

"Really?" I said as if I was surprised. "I thought you were better than that, should have gotten you out on Monday."

"You'll need a more devious device than that if you are do something like that to me," she says with a grin.

"I won't do anything of the sort, you'll have to get to work devising a seriously long predicament, try 24 hours, 48 hours, fuck... try the week. Amateur." I give her a sly look; slap her ass hard, the juice of her pussy spatters when I hit it.

Letting out a little squeal she slowly makes her way over the stairs, still stiff from the ordeal but definitely pleased with the surprise outcome of today's adventure.

"You know what?" She pauses for a second and looks back at me. "You should know by now, that you NEVER should dare me to do anything."

She turns back and continues up the stairs, her soaking wet body and tight ass are spectacular. What an amazing start to the weekend.

## The Barn

The old barn was on a property adjacent to Tracey's home. You could see it over the small hill when looking from behind her shed.

The home and the accompanying barn on the property was a good ways away from the main road. The original owners of the property would come back about once or twice a summer to cut the grass but really didn't do any upkeep on the home. Not sure if it was to just keep it looking presentable or maybe they intended to sell it sometime. In either case, they had been out a week before to clean the place up, they weren't due back again for months, if not next year. She couldn't wait to get up there and play now that she knew there would be no interruptions.



**Image 6: The barn on the top of the hill behind her house; it may seem rough, but it's a great playground.**

A clean clear Thursday morning, the weather was great, she threw on her short shorts and bikini top and decided to scope out the old barn to ensure she had everything in order for her following days adventure.

The barn was in pretty solid shape considering it was about forty or fifty years old, it was regularly maintained until about ten years ago when the owners moved away. It was weather beaten but was still very sturdy. There was a large double door that you could fit a large truck through on both ends and they let quite a large amount of light in during the day. That, coupled with the couple of windows (lacking glass) and the occasional gap in the siding, it was far from dark dungeon.

Inside it was relatively bare. The barn was about twenty feet wide with about 8 feet of that being the door in the middle, and about 40 feet long. From floor to the peak in the ceiling was close on thirty feet. The timber frame was heavy and showed no signs of weakness.

A stack of about a half dozen empty blue plastic barrels sat against the front corner by the door. In the middle sat an old rusted tractor, she was unsure if it worked and had no intension of trying to use it, at least not to drive it, she did have plans for it though.



**Image 7: The old tractor, this would come in very handy later.**

The back half of the barn had two lofts that were the full width and almost reaching half way into the barn. The first loft was about ten feet above the ground level, and above the back doorway, a set of steps on the side led to that level. It was primarily used for storing grain and hay. It was barren with the exception of a few piles of boards stacked in one corner.

Another ten feet above that (almost 20 feet above the ground level) a second loft sat. She wasn't sure what this level was used for as there was nothing left up there only dusty floorboards. To get to that level you had to take a ladder.



**Image 8:** The view of the top loft, an aluminum ladder instead of the original flimsy wooden one is in frame.



**Image 9:** Believe it or not, she felt this was in great condition before she used it.

An old pulley was anchored almost dead center of the roof of the barn. There were originally two, one in the center and another about ten feet away from it towards the lofts. It was obviously designed so that heavy items could be lifted by someone on one of the lofts and they could hook or pull in whatever they lifted up. The second pulley, which was quite rusty compared to the newer one that still remained in the roof, must have broken carrying a load and nobody had the need to get up and replace it.

Now the lone pulley hung there, still with the hundred or so feet of heavy rope threaded through it and the ends tied to a beam on the side of the barn.

Ever since she first came exploring to the barn she was intrigued with it, her devious mind was always thinking of things she could do to herself with it. After almost a year after rummaging through the place and dozens of previous perilous adventures, she finally had concocted a feat requiring amazing courage and great risk.

*The next day...*

The weather was even warmer than the previous day, definitely shorts and bikini top weather (or less if you so desired). It was just shortly after 7am when she headed up over the hill with a wheelbarrow of stuff. By the time she got to the back of the old barn she was in a heavy sweat, the barn feels a mile away when you are pushing a fifty pound load of stuff over the hill.

Grabbing a bottle of water she had packed with her she stepped into the shade of the door of the barn and relaxed for a few minutes. She'd need all the strength she had to complete today's daring stunt.

She took the blanket that was on top of her wheelbarrow load and spread it out on the dusty floor. She emptied the wheelbarrow onto the floor; various toys, restraints and other gear were laid out, once they were all laid out she took care of the heavy stuff.

One old car battery, check. One electric winch with keychain remote, check.



**Image 10:** One winch... check... one old batter... check.



She carried the heavy winch over to the front of the old tractor, its rear was backed to the wall and already about half way into the barn, it would be the perfect place to mount it. The winch had a mounting bracket and bolts that allowed her to fairly easily secure it to the rusted thousand pound beast.

She connected the winch to the batter, the batter, when fully charged would work for about three or four hours before it started to die but would be more than adequate for today's needs. Grabbing the remote keychain for the winch she gave it a test... the slow whir of the motor, obviously not working at full speed because of the half dead battery, began to excite her. Not too much longer now and her death defying feat would be in motion.

Her adrenaline was surging at this point; she ran to the corner of the barn and began to drag one of the two plastic barrels she would need. The barrels had a hoisting harness on them, obviously for lifting to the loft above. The barrel and steel rack weighed about fifty pounds. She dragged the first barrel and placed it under the pulley. Returning to the stack of barrels she dragged over the second one. Each barrel had a chain with a hook on each end, one attached to the ring on the top of the barrel, the other free to attach to whatever she wanted.

Next, she untied one of the ends of the rope tied to the side of the barn, she left the other side tied on, she didn't want it to fly up through the old pulley since that would be tragic to her plans.

The old pulley on the roof creaked as she walked the end of rope over to the winch that she had bolted to the front of the old tractor. The winch was empty, the rope that it came with she had removed earlier. She placed the old rope into the feeder and locked it in place.

She ran back to the other end of rope, untied it from the post and temporarily secured it to the wheelbarrow.

From the blanket she picked up the longer of two spreader bars. The bar was four feet long and made of heavy steel. On each end was a large eye ring. She attached the hook that was part of the chains on the barrels to each ring. When she let the bar go it hung about half way down the side of the barrel.

Also to the rings she connected her ankle suspension harnesses. She stepped back and looked at what she had put together so far. Her heart raced and her hands began to tremble a bit in anticipation.

She grabbed the second of the two spreader bars from the blanket; this one was about three feet long but the exact same style as the longer one. She took the end of rope that she tied to the wheelbarrow and slipped it through the ring on one end, then pulled the rope down the length of the bar and back through the other ring. Then, she tied a VERY secure knot connecting the end of the rope to itself. When the heavy steel bar was let go it just hung there a couple of feet off the floor, the rope made a small triangle above the bar and didn't appear to have any chance of letting go.



Image 11: Here is one our carabineers, very helpful in the practice of self bondage.

From her blanket she retrieves two more suspension harnesses; these were smaller than the others but had carabineers to lock them onto the rings.

CLICK! CLICK! They both securely locked into place.

Now everything was finally ready. The sun was still rising and shining in the front of the open barn doors, the barn was normally quite cool in the shade but with the sun shining in it was getting pretty warm. She had hoped to get everything ready before noon so that she could clue up before it started getting dark.

She slowly pulled the string and released her bikini top and threw it in the wheelbarrow, then wheeled it out of the way to the side as if the top needed to be wheeled away because of its weight. She then unbuttoned her shorts and tosses them at the wheelbarrow; she didn't care if they made it in or not.

She only had a couple of her favourite sex toys with her but they would be perfect. With a generous helping of lube she covers her dual vibrating eggs, slips the first one in slowly, she holds her breath the whole time to enjoy it more. The second egg goes in faster and pushes the first one in deeper. The wire to the remote for the eggs dangles between her legs. She then picks up the long slender glass butt plug, again, with a generous helping of lube, begins to slide it in. Glass moves very easily though the tightest of asses and hers is no exception. The four inch toy glides in pushing the eggs deep inside. Slowly letting go of the plug it just barely stays in place, she'll fix that in a minute.



**Image 12: The exact model dual vibrator we use.**

Next, she picks up her dildo harness. Attached to it is a five inch silicone dong and built in vibrator, also with a remote. She slips on the harness like underwear, she needed no lube for this one, she was perfectly soaking wet already. Once she had this harness tightly in place she could relax her ass since there was no way she could push it out now.

She sat on the dusty floor slowly as the toys deep inside her made moving a little more complicated. She lay back on the cold boards and stared up at the pulley far up in the ceiling and pondered for a moment. What if the pulley breaks like the other? What if the rope is too old and doesn't hold? The small chance of the rope and/or pulley breaking was what created the sense of danger; it's what would make all of this worth it.



**Image 13: These are very similar to the barrels used to pull her apart.**

With the two barrels almost at her feet and the spreader bar with harnesses next to her she slipped her first foot into the restraint and tightened the straps. She struggled with the second one, she never had to lift herself half off the floor to put her foot in a spreader bar that was dangling off the top of a barrel before, not to mention it was four feet apart and almost made her do the splits, AND not to mention she was full of toys that made it hard to bend to begin with. After a few failed attempts she managed to get her foot through the harness and tighten it securely.

The only thing left within her reach now was the remote key chain for the winch and the other spreader bar dangling just above her head.

Taking the remote in her right hand she slipped her wrist through the harness, giving a slight tug made them pull tight. Reaching down between her legs she turns on both the dildo and eggs. Her body begins to feel electrified with excitement. Her mind is already beginning to become dazed. Her last free hand slid through the leather opening... with a final tug the restrained closed tight.

Like the harnesses around her ankles, these were designed to not continue to pull tight like a noose; they could only go so tight before they stopped. This was a good thing since she didn't want to lose all circulation.

So, this was it, once she began the winch and was lifted off the floor, she wouldn't have the leverage to release the carabineers and set herself free until she was lowered down and had the slack to do so.

She was shaking from head to toe; her body tingled as if she was about to orgasm. Pressing on the button on the remote began to raise her arms; the winch above screeching as if in pain.

The slow movement of the winch took about 30 seconds to raise her arms and begin to lift her bottom off the dusty floor. She had been suspended by her wrists a dozen times, she could last like this for days, she was sure of it, but there was more to come.

She pressed the button again; the screeching pulley held strong, her legs began to take up slack in the barrel chains. She hung there almost doing the splits, the excitement of her predicament surged through her body but the impending fear of a pulley breaking or a rope snapping kept the fear alive.

The next fear to conquer was heights. She was terrified of them. When she first explored the barn it took all her might to climb the ten foot ladder to the second loft, how far up could she take herself. The roof was a good 30 feet up, the remote in her hand was the only thing controlling that fear.

She double clicked the button on the wireless keychain twice; this set the winch to continuously run until she pressed the button again. Taking a deep breath, she tossed the keychain to the floor. Now there was no escape. Panic almost set in as she released the keychain, for this is the part of the perilous adventure that was very much theory rather than fact.

You see, what **SHOULD** happen, is that once the winch had pulled her to the very top it would continue to want to run. It wouldn't have the strength to pull the pulley from the roof, they slowly dying battery would be sure of that. Then once the battery died (hopefully in about 3-4 hours, the weight of her and her devices would pull against the winch and she would slowly return to the floor.

She began to think, she had no assurance this would work, it would be a good twenty four hours before I would make my way out to the country to see her nor did I know she was at the barn, she had no idea if she could last in the predicament that long, and a million other scenarios ran through her mind.

Just as she was thinking of the horrible possible scenarios the chains against the barrels pull tight. The winch lets out a deep whine, the pulley in the ceiling makes a deep "thunk" sound and the high pitched screech turns to a dull scraping sound. Along with that her body is pulled tight, she feels the muscles in her legs stretch to their limit, it pulls her apart making her stomach pull in tight; her ribs push out as her skin pulls as tight as ever across her thin frame.

The predicament isn't unbearable yet, but she begins to rethink her decision to suspend one hundred pounds of weight from her. She then realizes, no point to think about that now, what's done is done, now she focuses on will she survive this and enjoying every scary minute of it.

The barrels scrape along the floor and a few seconds later, she and the whole contraption are suspended above the floor. The first heavy orgasm hits, normally her body would convulse in pleasure but there was no slack this time, she couldn't even make herself swing if she tried. She is almost blinded with excitement.

The torrents of excitement continue to course through her body, before she knows it she's about her head is about fifteen feet off the floor. She no longer can see out the door very far but she can look across the first loft level.

She notices the heat is rising pretty quickly. The hot sun baking the roof of the barn is making it quite stuffy. If it's this warm here, what is it going to be like up there?

The sweat rolls down her face and across her body. Between the sweat and the heavy orgasm she just had that was running down her legs the few beams of light that shone through the cracks of the barn made her glimmer. She's been almost twenty minutes now and is just reaching passing the second loft. It's her first real good view of what is up there... nothing.

She looks down, the fear of heights hits her, then the sound of the even tightening rope reminds her of the dangers of it breaking, and now, finally she was getting close enough to see that the pulley above wasn't in as good of condition as she thought but it kept calling to her... creaking away. She was about twenty five feet from the floor when the second orgasm hit, and hit hard. Her body wanted so much to be released to enjoy it, but the orgasm still helped ease the increasing pain of being pulled apart by the additional weight.

By the time her head cleared she found she was in a virtual sauna, the heat was like a greenhouse in mid afternoon, it was thick and almost sickening. By the time she got her head straight she realized she was mere inches from the pulley, it was creeping along now at about an inch every 10 seconds. The battery was getting tired.

As the bar pulled against the pulley the winch, far off in the distance below made a final deep howl, the winch now essentially wanted to lift the tractor it was attached to, or pull the pulley and ceiling down. The beams of the old barn let out a deep moan. For the first time panic sets in, this is it, if the pulley is going to break, now is the time.

THUNK! THUNK!

The beam is moving somewhere... a slow deep moan echoes across the barn then stops. That's it. It held. She looked around at her situation, the fear of heights was definitely conquered, she could look around now and it would excite her knowing she was suspended this high. The sweat was literally running off of her, she could watch the drops of sweat fall into the distance below her.

She'd been suspended now for close on forty minutes or so she figured. The battery shouldn't last more than another couple of hours; she should be able to slip back to safety, hopefully. Knowing she could do nothing, at least for a couple of hours, she focused on her predicament and the feeling between her legs rather than the pain of her body being pulled apart by the barrels below.

About two hours pass, or so she thought... orgasms had coursed through her body numerous times but the pain of barrels pulling on her was getting rather intense, plus the toys had long since lost their touch and were just a faint humming sound coming from her belly at this point.

It was now she was hoping the battery would die and the winch would release her... but it never. Was the battery still working? She was sure it could only last a couple of hours. Was the winch stuck? According to the instructions, all of this weight should allow her to pull against it and lower. Was the pulley jammed? It seemed to work fine taking her up; then again, she never did check to see if it worked the other way to let her down.

It was getting later into the day, about three in the afternoon, the sun was starting to shine through the door on the other end of the barn. The pain of her taught body was almost getting numbing, which was a strange but welcome relief. Her hands were aching from the stretching, but weird enough, her legs could probably have taken much more.

Then it happened... a few moans of the beam above followed by a quiet creek of the pulley, just above her head. She was lowering down. It was happening far slower than her already slow ride going up, but she was in fact lowering. After some time she could no longer see the second loft level, then she began to pass the first loft level. It would be a matter of seconds now before the barrels would touch down and she could at get some relief on her body.

The barrels don't make a sound when the touch down but she can feel a small bit of relief already. She was looking forward to finally getting down from here. She needed water and rest, but there was something wrong. She wasn't lowering any further. She was still suspended, and pulled tight with little room to even twitch her knees. The winch did exactly what she hoped it would do, but now there wasn't enough weight to pull the winch further.

If she had the strength she could pull up her legs or pull down on the above spreader bar and possible get down but she had just spent almost three hours at the roof of this barn in a virtual sauna which left her weak as a kitten and to top it off, the stretching of her body certainly didn't help.

She was not much better off if she would have been still strung up to the rafters. At least she was out of the heat and had SOME relief from the weight of the barrels. Lowering her head, she wanted to rest for a minute before trying to come up with a plan of escape, she hadn't planned for this... but before she knew it, she had nodded off.

She woke up freezing cold, the sun had been down for a while now and the cooler night air along with the sweat on her body made her freezing cold. She hung there shivering.

"How the hell do I get out of this?" She said out loud, the only words she spoke all day.

With her new found energy from her rest she pulled with all she had, the pulley creaked and the winch gave up a few more inches of slack. After a few more minutes she found that she could "jump" (if you can call it that) by shaking herself up and down and the winch would give out more slack.

Finally her bottom as able to rest on the floor, with her hands numb she fumbled at the carabineer and managed to get one arm free. She sighed in relief, now she was excited again. Releasing her other arm she turned off the toys, released her legs, and lay on the floor for a minute.

Her body was far too shaky to walk back to the house yet. Taking off the harness and removing the toys, she shuttered in minor pleasure, and then wrapped herself in the blanket and rested for a while before strolling through the darkness back to the house, wrapped in her blanket.

*The next day...*

I got to her house as I usually do on Saturday, just before noon. Nobody greets me at the door, I let myself in; she's on the sofa wrapped in a dirty blanket, she is just waking up.

"Did you sleep on the sofa last night? And what's with the rotten blanket?" I said completely confused.

"I'll tell you later," she mumbled, let me grab a shower and I can explain it all to you later, when you help me up at the barn."

"Barn? What barn?"

The story shocked and amazed me, but once I made it to the barn to help clean things up, there was no doubt. She was a modern day Houdini.

## **The Well**

We'd had a number of amazing adventures at this point. Serious self bondage, suspension, breath play; you name it, she tried it. Sitting on the sofa one evening she began what would be the most extreme idea yet, the first one that I ever thought would be the LAST adventure.

"I want to do something that pushes every limit of safe and sane you can think of," she calmly said.

"Great, like none of the others have done that?" I was nervous for what she was about to say, though with many of her ideas, in the end, I would be incredibly fascinated and excited.

"I want to be buried alive..." an awkward silence came over us both.

"You mean, in a box, under ground... buried alive?"

"Sorta." She grabbed the popcorn off the coffee table and began munching and acted like she asked my opinion of the current weather.

"What do you mean 'sorta'?"

"Just do this, I'll make all the arrangements, but when I have everything ready, I want you to help me with going through with it. Deal?"

"Ah hell, why not." I said jokingly, never thinking she was serious.

"Thanks babe." She says as she returns to her popcorn.

Nothing more is said about it for the evening. We have a great weekend and I head back to the city.

*One week later...*

It's a beautiful summer day, no bad weather on the horizon, all should be fantastic. Perhaps she'll have some fun outdoor bondage planned I think to myself.

I pull in the driveway and she is standing on the front porch, she throws her arms around me and takes me inside to relax for a bit, it was a long drive. It's just before noon.

"So what is on the agenda today?" I ask playfully.

"The big one. You'll bury me alive today."

My heart almost leaps from my chest and a heavy nervous feeling comes over me.

"Oh really? I didn't see any holes dug"

"Do you remember the old well behind the shed?"

"Yeah... you don't mean..."



**Image 14: The innocent looking shed which housed all the devious plans.**

"You got it, it's about 20 feet deep and almost bone dry, it's been around for about 50 years but been dry for almost 10 since they filled most of it in."

"How the hell do you propose to do that? This is nuts... a box wouldn't barely fit down in that, it's only about 2 feet across."

"If you are ready to bury me alive, I'll take you out and show you."

We made our way to the shed, as she opened the door I

could see a long narrow acrylic box. It was made with 1" acrylic which would be significantly sturdy. It stretched about 8 feet long, 16 inches wide (barely the width of her

shoulders) and only about 10 inches deep. There was no doubt it was going to be a snug fit, but then again, if you have no means of escape you don't need to struggle. It straddled three work horses.

The lid was made of the same 1 inch thick acrylic. It was secured with a long heavy piano hinge on one side and an additional 8 latches requiring heaving padlocks. Overdoing it? Perhaps, but then again, we were about to lower her 20 feet down an abandoned well. I must be crazy.

I notice on one end she has a couple of small LED lights, those kinds that you put in a closet that has no lights. She obviously wanted to see herself lowered in. On the other... a large metal eye bolt obviously big enough to support a car engine; it threaded through the end of the box and was attached to what looks to be suspension sleeves that we had used on Tracey before, this would obviously restrain her legs and keep her bound to the box, or so I thought was the purpose.

"Here's what you are going to do to me. I'll climb into my box, you'll secure my feet to the suspension straps at that end, place the various other restraints I have laid out on me. You'll then lock the cover, hook the eye hook to that engine hoist in the corner and lift me up."

"But you'll be upside down!" I said... realizing how obvious that statement was but I had to say it.

"Of course," she said with a smile, recognizing how dumb the statement was, it made her almost laugh,



**Image 15: Inside the shed, or as Tracey calls it, her stage.**



**Image 16: An extra light that came in the three-pack she bought; two were placed in the bottom of the box.**



“once you have me suspended, just open the doors to the back of the shed and wheel me over the opening. Then, no matter what you hear me say or do, you are going lower me to the bottom and then follow the directions I have posted on the back of the shed. Even if I scream... you keep going. Promise?”

I had to sit down for a minute. She had really planned this out and was ready to go through with it. I was in shock. I looked at her as I trembled a little. Not sure if it was from fear or excitement.

“You promised” she said, almost whining like a child.

At that point she began to slip out of her clothes and toss it on the workbench. She jumped into the box and sat there looking at me. I was speechless. I never said a word but could only do as she had wished.

“K babe, let’s go. Secure my feet to the top of the box. Put the straps on nice and snug.”

I have to pull her up to the top of the box; she wiggles on her bum to inch her way up. I slip the ankle suspension harness around each foot and pull them tight. The large metal eyelet on the top of the box tightens on the inside and it’s the bottom of the eyelet that the harness is attached, smart girl, this way when she’s being lowered down her weight is taken by the winch and not the box.

“Now grab the arm binder, I’ve take the lace out of it and you’ll see about a dozen small padlocks that you’ll lock in their place. It’ll be really tight but it’s the only way I will fit in the box.”



Image 17: Suspension cuffs similar to the ones we used.

The long black sleeve is hanging on a hook behind the bench. She leans ahead and throws her arms behind her. I begin clicking the locks in place; each one makes her take a quick breath. Being a very mentally stimulated woman this is exactly what she wants. Just as I finish putting the last small padlock in place she lays back on her arms, she wiggles to fit into the box.

Her back arches and pushes her breasts up past the top of the box; she really is going to be in there snug. The box is just the width of her shoulders and with the arm-binder on, her breasts will be pressed hard into the cover of the box.

“Now I need you to turn on my lights and close the lid. Remember, no going back.” Don’t worry. I have a couple of holes in the cover that will allow me to breathe... for now.” She gives me a wink.

CLICK!

CLICK!

The light shone across her body, they weren’t too bright now but in the darkness she should be well illuminated.

The lid wouldn’t close all the way; her breasts were protruding above the edge of the box and were holding it open by about two inches. I leaned on the top of the box causing her breasts to be crushed against the lid. I closed over the first of the eight hasps and placed a padlock on it to hold it in place.

CLUNK!

The lock and clasps were huge. There was no chance I'd find lock cutters big enough to cut these off should I lose the keys. Speaking of which...

"Babe... where's the keys?"

"It doesn't matter," her muffled voice said, "just put on the padlocks and lock me in!"

I went around the box, locking each of the large Master locks, with each clunk I could see her breathing quicken. With the last lock in place, we were ready.

I leaned over the lid where the small holes for her to breath were located.

"Are you sure about this?"

"Umm, I dunno, it's getting pretty hot in here and I'm getting pretty scared... perhaps"

"Actually... never mind!" I cut her off, remembering that no matter what she said, I was to go through with it.

"Hun... HUN!!! I'm not so sure about this anymore. Really... NO JOKE!"



Image 18: Eight of these heavy locks would seal her in her tomb. Only the key would be able to set her free.



Image 19: The engine hoist that would help me transport her, suspended in her casket to the abandoned well. Might not look like much but quite handy when sending someone to their doom.

I wheeled over the engine hoist and connected the hook to the end of the box. To lift her up I just had to turn the crank for the piston to lift her. It should be able to suspend her and her new home just above the ground... with inches to spare. As I turn the crank her squeals are muffled by the box. Her breath is making the box steam up a little. I can sense the terror in her voice.

"BABE! BAAABE! LET ME OUT... I REALLY HAVE CHANGED MY MIND. I SWEAR I AM NOT KIDDING. PLEASE... PLEEEAAASE!"

With her feet just slightly elevated I life her head end down on the floor so that it doesn't drop and hit hard as I raise her up. With each turn of the crank now the box scratches across the concrete. The last crank lifts her off the floor... she's now bound and sealed upside down in a tomb of her own creation.

She's only squealing occasionally now... in between the constant repetition of "Oh god."

I open the door to the back of the shed, there, about 10 feet straight back from the door is the old well with a path of paving stones leading to it. It should be easy to wheel her out to it. The well lies flush to the ground; the old aluminum cover has

been removed for me. I literally just have to wheel her over and lower her down.

The old engine hoist squeaks as I slowly wheel her to her final destination. She tries to tilt her head to look down into the hold but she has to squint from the lights shining up at her. I can barely make out her face through the condensation on the glass.

“I know I told you not to listen to anything I said,” she says to me in an attempt to sound calm, “but I really need you to listen to me, I have changed my mind, please... don’t do this.”

I walk over to the hoist and just stand there... I look at her suspended there. The afternoon sun shining on the box, it must be getting unbearably hot in there. I have to wonder if I should really go ahead with it. A slight breeze makes the box slowly turn. As it does, I can’t help but notice that she appears to have one of her hands slipped in between her ass cheeks, she appears to be fingering her ass. That’s all I needed to see.

I grab the spool of chain that is hooked over the side of the hoist, there must be 50lbs of it, and lay it on the ground. I’ll have to slowly feed this through the pulley to let her down.

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK

I test her for the first few inches...

“oh god oh god oh god...” whispers faintly escape the box.

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK

It takes about 5 minutes to get her about half way down. I look down the hole and can see the lights shining up through the box. I can barely see the soles of her feet but her toes are curling, she’s either enjoying herself or nervously waiting her fate... in either case, she’s still moving.

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK

The chain finally slacks... she’s on the bottom. I quickly grab a flashlight from the shed and shine it down. The faint lights are still shining... I didn’t notice at first but the bottom is damp... lucking it’s not raining for I’m sure this would fill up quickly.

So now what? Oh yeah, the note on the shed. Pinned on the back of the shed is a manila envelope with my name on it. I pull it off the nail that is holding it there and read.

The note reads...

You’ve sealed me in a box. You’ve lowered me underground. You now have a choice. While it varies for most people, being suspended upside down for extended periods of time can be very dangerous. As



**Image 20:** This is the well, picture taken a couple of years previous to our adventure. Since then paving stones have been replaced around it to clean it up and properly cover it... except for the day we used it.

we've both learned, I can last about 2 hours before I start to blackout. After that, things go downhill quickly.

Next to the shed, under the tarp, is enough fine gravel fill me in. The gravel won't fit through the holes and should allow me to breathe, at least until I black out.

If you fill me in, there is no way you could pull me free with the winch and my fate is sealed. The other option is to leave me here until I've been suspended for close to 2 hours, then you can rescue me.

I place my fate in your hands.

Love always...

Tracey

I go to the tarp and pull it clear, there lies about 2 tonnes of finely crushed stone, though I quickly notice, no shovel. I've got it, she's been in control the whole time and she knew I wouldn't think of sealing her fate by covering her in. If she had intended to go through with it 100% she would have prepared for that.

Have I got a surprise for her? She's been suspended now for about 20 minutes. At this point she must be thinking I'm going to save her. Time to find a shovel. There isn't one in the house... I know just where to find one, by the back of the house by her garden. I run to get a the shovel and come back with a perfect spade to do the dirty work.

I fill the wheelbarrow and bring it to the end of the box... I throw just a shovel full down. I can hear it loudly ricochet off the box.

"Noooooooooooo... nooooooooooooooooooooo, Jesus nooooo, BAAAAABE.... NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!"

I can barely hear her muffled screams.

Next, I tip the wheelbarrow and the stone showers down on her. The sound in the box must be deafening.

Her screams are becoming fainter and fainter... I can still see a glimmer of light from below. It only takes about six loads to reach the top of the box as the box is almost the full width of the well.

I can no longer hear her scream but when I shine the flashlight down I can still see her feet twisting, she hasn't given up yet, funny how no matter how impossible the escape, people still struggle. One more load and she'll slip below the surface... time to finish what I had now planned for her.

*2 hours later...*

She lay in the box, unconscious in the mid afternoon sun; the acrylic box scratched up significantly and covered in dust.

I can see her breathing shallow but I have no way to set her free, she never did tell me where the locks were.

About an hour later her eyes slowly open, she stares at me in shock, amazed that she's still alive.

"Are you ok hun? Tell me where the keys are so I can get you out!" I shout through the lid.

"... they are in the... mail..." she says groggily.

"The mail?!?! What do you mean? The mailbox?" I said thinking she's hallucinating.

"... I sent them in... a parcel... in the mail. To be delivered today."

I run to the mailbox down the lane. Whipping the latch open, I am greeted with a plain brown paper wrapped parcel... I rip the paper clear of it and lo and behold, there, in the small cardboard box, were all the keys to the padlocks that we had used.

I run back to the back of the shed and begin rifling through the keys. It takes me about 5 minutes to figure out what key goes with what lock to open the lid. The lid popped open from the pressure of her breasts against it.

Her body was soaking wet and shone in the mid afternoon sun. I could quickly feel the rush of hot humid air escape the box, it was like a sauna. I let her lie there with the breeze blowing over her to cool her down.

"... how... how did you get me out?" She said in a dazed but relieved voice.

"I only covered you with enough gravel to cover the box. I could still easily hoist you out. By the time two hours had passed you had blacked out. I guess the enclosed space and heat did you in faster than we thought."

I slowly lifted her soaking wet body upright and began to unlock her arms, then released her ankles from the suspension gear. I scooped her out and brought her into the shade of the door of the shed and sat her in the old lawn chair that I sat and waited for her in while she was buried.

"You scared the shit out of me hun," she said with a half smile "but I never came so hard in all my life. Every time I came, I squirted all down my chest... I thought I was going to drown." She winked and half laughed.

I gave her a cold bottle of water and tossed her the shirt she had worn into the shed to dry herself off.

"Be careful who you play dangerous games with babe... hoists can break, toms can cave in, who knows what can go wrong." I smiled as I playfully gave her the warning I should have given her to begin with.

"Oh I know hun... next time, we'll have to use more locks, more restraints, and more toys... more everything. I think you found this one too easy."

I stood looking down on her in the chair... she came up with this crazy plan... I can only imagine how much more devious the next one could be.

## **The Hobart**

(As told by Tracey)

I've always loved watching magic shows (pretending I was Debbie McGee; Google her). Putting the sexy assistant into a box and making her disappear, or perhaps trapping her in a zigzag box and sliding a dozen blades through to shift her body into impossible positions. It always fascinated me and at a young age, I wanted to be that girl.

As I grew older I realized it was all just smoke and mirrors, while it still entertained me, it lost some of its charm, and perhaps it was that it lost the real feeling of a woman in peril, which is what made it so much fun.

It was some time later I stumbled across an illusion on YouTube. The illusion was of a woman restrained on a large steel table and suspended above her was some massive five foot wide rotating saw blade. The blade swung back and forth like the pendulum of a clock, an obvious take on the pit and the pendulum device from Edgar Allen Poe. As the blade dropped lower and lower it eventually ripped through her... as usual, the stage hands act panic stricken and feel the need to pull her apart to ensure the saw really did cut her in half. Then, magically, she's reconnected and walks away. For a moment it had merit and I quickly moved on... but then I stopped myself. There were some definite good ideas here (good, depending on your take of my fetish). My mind began churning away.



**Image 21: The Hobart (meat saw). The most dangerous toy ever devised for self bondage.**

My father, before he retired and left me the house, worked as a meat cutter for about fifteen years. Once he closed up shop he stored all the hardware in the basement, he intended to sell it, but ultimately left it to me to take care of ditching the gear. I never thought too much of it until today, you see, in the basement sat what my father referred to as, "The Hobart." A large, stainless steel, band saw, which was used for cutting large sections of beef (usually frozen) into more manageable chunks. As a child the machine scared me, but today, the machine seemed to be the source of a huge turn on for me, for today, I didn't look at the machine as a scary meat cutter but rather, the instrument that would possibly bring me to my fate. You see, soon, this huge steel monster would be threatening to shear me in half.

About a week later and my man (we're leaving his name out of all the stories to protect our identities) was home for a visit. I asked him if he could help me move the saw to the she out back, I wanted to free



up some space in the basement and was thinking of cleaning it up and selling it. I wouldn't dare tell him what I had in mind. The machine must have been close to three or four hundred pounds cause together we could really budge it. We recruited the help of one of the gentlemen down the road and his older son. Together, the four of us (really the three of them) moved the beast to the shed.

I had them place it dead center and line it up nice and proper to work with my plans later. They seemed rather confused why I would care so much as to its position but they never questioned me too much. I made sure to wear some tight yoga pants and top with no bra to ensure they were adequately compensated for the work and ultimately, wouldn't be in any rush to leave and would just do what I needed done.

I know they were all taking a few good looks at me, I don't claim to be the most gorgeous creature in the world but I know I can make them stare... men. :)

It wasn't until they were in through the doors and positioning the saw that I realized that the acrylic box that we used to place me in the well out back, was standing in the corner, on its own it might not have been such a big deal, but I had left the large padlocks with their keys in them in the latches. It was hard not to think it was used for something strange. I had hoped nobody would see it, but before they all left I could see the older gentleman look at it for about three seconds as he asked if there was anything else I needed done.

"No thanks, that's all good." I said very quickly as I was almost trying to usher them out.

He turned quickly away from looking at the box and gave me an awkward nod and half smile. He nudged his son out the door and they were off on their way.

The weekend passed with no real excitement, but I couldn't wait to be alone on Monday morning to start cleaning up the steel beast and get it ready for the craziest stunts I've ever come up with.



Image 22: The blade is almost new, it should devour me just fine... she says.

Monday came and I was out in the shed with all my cleaning gear, the saw was in almost new condition with very little wrong with it. A few shots of lubricant on the moving parts to make sure it's moving well and then to fire it up.

It squeaked a couple of times and then just hummed as the blade spun quietly through the wheels. The blade had VERY little wear and I was sure it

would cut through anything. If it could cut through a frozen side of meat, bone and all, it would have no trouble with what I was about to potentially put through it.

Next, I had to test to make sure that it could cut through 3/4 inch plywood. Why? You might ask. You'll find out soon. To my surprise it zipped through it like a hot knife through butter. I tried doubling up and placing two pieces on top of each other, ZING... again, right through, the blade didn't slow and the fine sawdust proved just how sharp and fast the blade was. Things were shaping up very well. The last thing was to remove the guard from the end of the sliding portion of the table (the guard stopped the frozen meat from sliding off the end), this would get in the way of what I had worked out. Then I just had to lock the sliding table and the saw was ready.

The next day I began to prep the shed, or as I like to refer to it, The Stage. I was getting ready to do perhaps the most dangerous stunt ever, sadly, with no audience. ;)

The shed was pretty much empty, it was something that was recently built and I had intended to move dad's old power tools into it but just hadn't gotten around to it yet. I had come to the conclusion that this would probably be my "stage" for many more shows to come so I had no intentions of filling it with "toys" I didn't need. The empty shed would be perfect stage for this daring escape... or gruesome disaster, whichever you prefer to call it.

The saw now sat dead center of the room... on the far end to the right when you came through the front door was a long bench... the other left wall when you came in was a large shed door to drive something in, the length was perfect.

On the left side I setup the table saw rollers from the basement. Dad had these for cutting long boards on his table saw. I adjusted it so it was the same height as the Hobart table. On the far right side of the shed on the workbench I secured the electric winch, the same one I used when I had suspended myself in the old barn if you read that story.



Image 23: Good old rollers; they should help deliver our willing victim.



Next, I plugged in the two devices to the power outlet by the back window. Unlike the other outlets in the shed, this one was connected to what is called a "Hanging Push Button Box". You probably have seen these sorts of things when people need to quickly shutoff power to large devices or when using an electric hoist. It was wired in as part of the electrical for the shed, since the contractor who built the shed built it with the idea that someone (not myself) would want to wire an electric hoist or something.

The push button box was the key to my release, more on how this worked later. I arranged the cable so that the box was suspended directly above the saw on the side closest to the roller wheels. Checking all of the connections I tested the power, turning them all on at once, and then using the drop I could turn them all on, and then turn them all off at once. Another day of work done, on to the next day...

The next morning I carried the two pieces of 3/4 inch plywood from the basement to the shed, they were three foot wide by eight foot long, and they weight a ton, at least for me.

I got them both up to the shed and laid one on top of the other on the roller wheels. Using about two dozen screws I attached one to the other making a thick one and a half inch think platform. If you are thinking about what I am doing, you have figured out that this board would be the device that would deliver me to my fate. It had to be thick enough for it to not buckle under my weight, and also be able to allow me to screw on the additional steel rings to restrain me, without coming through the bottom.



Image 24: Similar push button box used. On/off button below is slightly different.



Image 25: Eye rings. Hardware stores have the best restraints.

I had a number of steel eye bolt things (I don't know what to call them, see the picture), so I position two on the bottom two corners closest to the saw. These will hold my legs wide, as the saw passes between my ankles. The second pair of bolts I position just above where my knees will sit. Two third pair is screwed in place on the outside of my upper thighs. A fourth pair (as if the others weren't enough) were placed on each side of where my neck will be, then finally, at the very top middle, a final eye bolt is placed. For those who are creative you have already painted a good picture.

Next, from the bottom two rings on the board, I attach a rope that connects to the first one, and then loops around to the other side of the blade and back to the second ring. I then let out all of the rope on the winch, all 150 feet of it. By connecting the hook on the end of the winch to the rope I looped around the blade, I will now be able to evenly pulley the board (and me) through the blade and not get tangled with the ropes.

I now had to position the drop switch to cut off the power. I position the board so it's about an inch away from the blade, partially on the table and partly on the rollers, this would be my starting point. I lay in place as if I was restrained to it. I noticed that I could reach above my crotch by about 6 inches

and still be able to stop the blade in time from dissecting me. I adjust the height of the drop switch to the correct height. If the calculations are correct, by the time I grab the drop switch and power it off I should have about 6 inches between me and the blade.

That night, I spent hours going over the finer details (and the most important) of the escape. If my workings were wrong, it could be disastrous for me. If it works, it could be the most daring escape yet. I couldn't wait. I took care of the last few preparations and tried to get to bed. Not much luck of that, a few good orgasms and a few hours of dreaming of what may happen took up much of the night.

The next morning I packed my bag. It was a bit cooler than the weather had predicted, but to be honest I never even put much thought into it, it was still warm enough for shorts and a t-shirt. I wouldn't need any toys today, I wouldn't have the freedom to use them and besides, they could just get in the way of the Hobart doing its job to me. ;)

This adventure would get the video treatment, I grabbed the digital video camera, I went to the basement, gathered up all the short lengths of fine chain I would need, the eight padlocks, handcuffs oh... and of course... a trip to the freezer. Freezer you may ask? You'll see in a minute.

Making my way to the shed, I was glad to get inside from the cool wind. I lay out my lengths of chain and locks on the board, they would be partly in position for me to easily use and minimize the fumbling around of finding the right parts.

Next, from the rafters I attach a string... on the other end of this string is an ice cube, in the ice cube, the key to my handcuffs. This would be suspended, just out of the reach of my hands once I have put on the handcuffs. When the ice cube melts it would drop the key into my hand (hopefully with little to no ice on the key). Once the ice melts off the key, I can free my hands and turn off the saw once I reach it. The other keys to the locks are frozen in a larger block of ice that will sit in a bucket beside my head. This way, even if I do get myself loose, I'll have to remain chained here for at least another couple of hours before I can set myself free. The great thing about this situation is, no matter what, if my hands get free early, I still have to wait until I am dangerously close to the blade before I can turn it off. On the downside, if the winch starts before the key drops, I'm done for.

So now the keys are in place. Next, I had to setup the camera... I placed it high in the corner of the workshop, I set it to record and step back, it's got a great wide shot of the full operation and should make a wonderful memento, or least evidence if things go wrong.

I forgot one thing... a blindfold... there isn't much fun in all this if you can see things. I run back to the house and get the blindfold with the chin strap and lock on the back. I didn't want to be able to remove the blindfold until I was safely stopped. Plus, the idea of reaching around in the dark to find the stop button seemed much more exciting.



Image 26: This is the same style blindfold minus the gag.

Back to the shed I go. I toss the key to the blindfold into the bucket with the block of ice. Stripping off my jeans and sweater I hop up on the table. Let me tell you, it's the most insane feeling knowing you are about to do something to yourself this dangerous. Words cannot describe it. For some it's just crazy... but for me, in some twisted way, it makes my light up in a frenzy. It really makes me tremble in excitement rather than fear.

I spread my legs and wrap the chain around each ankle about three times each. SNAP! SNAP! On go the locks. Just having both ankles restrained makes it hard for me to even focus; I actually have to take a breather.

Once I gather my senses I do the chains just above my knees. About two loops this time. SNAP! SNAP! Just like before, my head goes fuzzy. My hands are trembling so much that I couldn't put on a padlock if I wanted to; time to calm down again.

The next chains would snugly fit against the top of my thigh. When I pull them up, they dig into the outside of my pussy, only one loop this time around my legs. SNAP! SNAP!

Well, this is it... if my calculations were correct; the winch at its slowest possible setting would pull in the rope in about 29 minutes and 20 seconds based on my testing. The ice cube, relatively small, would melt in about 30 minutes based on tests I did the previous day, I spent about ten minutes locking myself in, and I should have about 10 minutes give or take, of time to free myself; cutting it any closer than that would greatly increase the chances of this being a fatality.

I Lean over and can just reach the buttons, I press the power button and the blade begins its loud hum, on top of that I see the winch SLOWLY gather the rope, intended to pull me closer to the steel monster.

The next steps I would have to do in the dark, I slip the blindfold on, pull the strap under my chin, and secure the lock on the back of my head.

I lay back on the board, I loop the chain through both rings and pin my neck under the cold loops of steel. A single lock in the center of my neck holds my head down tight on my serving table. The final step, lock my hands into the handcuffs above my head. I have locked the chain of the cuffs to the ring with a padlock before I got in place, all I had to do now was click each wrist in place, keep my hands open and wait for the key to drop.

Reaching up, I click my left wrist in tightly. The clicking of the cuffs drives my mind wild... I can't even think straight, I figure about two or three minutes pass before I come back to my senses and realize I need to strap my other wrist in. The clicking of the cuff sends me spinning again.

Again, minutes pass, I have no idea how long I've been chained down at this point. I feel the cold water dripping slowly onto my right hand; I guess I know where the key will drop. The hard part now is staying focused enough to keep my hand open to catch the key. If I didn't catch the key my fate was certain.

What many people don't understand is how the sense of real peril drives me insane. It's like no drug I've ever experienced; it's greater than any orgasm. I guess its pure sexual stimulation powered by

adrenaline. While many might think it's easy to keep your hand open but almost naturally, my body wants to clench tight... I'm pulling against all my restraints, the chains dig in, my hips writhe at the sound of the saw and winch wanting to do me in.

I've got no idea how much time has passed, I know it must have been some time; my hand is quite wet from the key slowly freeing itself. I have no idea how much slack is gone on the rope. My heart is pounding now, I'm ready to explode, I know I've managed to have my pussy soak the board beneath me... I'm soaking wet and ready to explode.

Then it happens... the cube drops into my hand, sadly, it's still frozen in some ice, I can only feel part of the key. I grab it tight in my hand to help it melt, finally get the key freed from the ice, but instead of freeing myself I lay there enjoying things for just a few minutes more. Then I feel it...

TUG! "SCREEEEEEEEEE"

Panic hits and I tingle from head to toe in both a good and bad way, the saw has begun to pull me in. Perhaps I shouldn't have lay there for as long as I did. I had about 30 seconds until the saw would have its way with me. All I could imagine was the saw closing in on my gaping wet pussy... it was fantastic.

I manage to get the key in the cuffs and get my right hand free. Reaching down I can't feel the power box, was I missing where it was or did I have to wait to get close to it. I keep feeling around and finally, with what I know are only seconds left I find the box and kill the power.

The moment I hear the saw start to slow and the winch stops I press my hand on my pussy, it's covered in sawdust but my natural wetness takes care of keeping it smooth and silks. It only takes about five seconds for me to begin squirting across the blade; I scream like I've never screamed before and pull with all my might against the restraints, that's going to leave a mark.

After calming down I reach down to see if I can feel where the blade might be... not a word of a lie, the blade is about 4 or 5 inches away from me. I really had no time to spare. When reality hits me I can help but need to cum again. I press my fingers deep inside and again, it takes only a few seconds and I'm squirting again.

After that I release my other wrist and wait for the ice to melt and give me all my keys. Sometime later, I have freed my neck and blindfold. I look down between my legs and see the huge steel saw sitting between my legs; insane, absolutely 100% insane. I couldn't wait to watch the video with my man when he came home the following weekend.

The next day I cleaned everything up, when it was all done, the only thing remaining of the previous days adventure was the big stainless steel saw in the middle of the room. Since then I've planned out a number of other "shows" using the saw... perhaps I'll be lucky enough to write about them again. Or depending on how things go, my man may have to tell the tale. ;)

Cheers and thanks for reading.



*Coming soon...*

**The Limits: Volume 2**

- The Heat
- The Elements
- The Daggers
- The Shish Kabob
- The Heights
- The Stretch
- The Gallows
- The Artesian

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