

The Limits

or

Tracey's True Tales of Perilous Adventure

(VOLUME 2)

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



Contents

The Lady..... 3

The Elements..... 5

The Vic 11

The Hobart II 21

The Girls..... 25

The Lady

Welcome to volume 2 of The Limits where more of our fun adventures are documented. For more about Tracey read volume 1.



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

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.

If you are interested in reading volume 1, please email and we can send. The fee is only a good idea for perilous fun, or inspirational pictures. ☺

Enjoy the adventures...

The Elements

She stood in the small clearing behind the shed. It was a pretty blustery cold day out. The snow from the previous night dumped about 4-5 inches of snow on the ground. She stood there bundled in her winter jacket pondering things... somewhere around here was the work that she had done before the snowfall... all now covered over.

The day before the first big snow of the season, Tracey had made her way out to behind the she... it was well below freezing but she was dressed for success in her snowsuit and mitten. She started at work very early that morning, she picked a nice clear section of grass... now frosted over and placed a sheet of think plywood on the ground next to her and began shovelling, tossing all of the dirt evenly on the large plank of wood.

By noon she had the makings of a hole about 7 feet long, almost 2 feet wide and about 2 feet deep. She had much more to do. As the afternoon moved along she continued to make progress, by the end of the evening she had a hole dug about 5 feet deep... almost 12 hours of work and finally done.

As darkness set in she proceeded to setup the additional components of her devious device. Taking the old winch she chained it just inside the door of the she so that it was secure to the frame of the she door. From the winch she pulled the wire and hook over to connect to a large eye bolt that was on the plywood length furthest from the hole. Next, she drove two LONG steel spikes into the ground between the hold and the plywood, one at each end.



Figure 1: The hole before snowfall.

This would allow her to activate the winch that would pull on the bolt, because it won't now slide from the steel spikes in the ground it would then tip vertically thus dumping all of the dirty back into the hole. PERFECT.

Now, today... after last nights heavy snow, the hole is mostly filled in and the snow covers the dirt... no worries, that can stay... but the snow in the hole had to go... after clearing the hole, Tracey stood over it in wonder... what she was about to do would be her FIRST endurance test.

She strolled back into the she, it was still bitter cold but at least the wind wasn't howling. Inside she had her large, heavy duty acrylic box... along with that she had a hold drilled in the end of once side about 2 inches wide... next to that was a 6 foot piece of PVC pipe with a small elbow, it obviously was to plug into the hole at the end of the box. This would be how she would breath once locked inside. The very thought sent rockets of excitement through her body.

She dragged the box outside and drops the box into the bottom of the hole... standing up here looking down it's a good 3-4 feet of dirt above the box, this could be interesting, again, the rush of anticipation rushes through her body. She then slips down into the hole and attaches the large pipe to the head of the box, it rests against the end of the hole and is pretty firmly in place.

You may be wondering why not use a garden hose or something, ask someone who's dived before, if the snorkel is too long you suffocate. In this case, the hole is big enough to allow free flow of air and thus not suffocate... that's as long as it doesn't get blocked.

Heading back inside to the shed she begins to get ready... she strips off all of her clothes and stands naked on the floor of the shed... the cold concrete stings her feet. Laid across the table are 10 dog shock collars with remotes, some have some slight modifications. She straps the first one around her neck... the contacts are like two icy cold teeth pressing on her skin, they've been outside in the cold shed most of the day.



Figure 2: The Shock Collars

Next she straps one on each upper thigh, then one just below each knee. A sixth is then slightly modified so she can wrap it around her waist, the contact just above her belly button. Number 7 and 8 go around each upper arm. Finally 9 and 10 aren't on collars at all; these are removed from their collars. She opens a can of lube and smears them both. Leaning over the workbench she slowly inserts the first one deep inside her pussy, the last one... even more slowly, goes in her ass.

The remotes would be laid out on the bench... a note is simply placed on the bench for someone to find...

"Press me to call. All of me if necessary. :)"

She leaves the buttons in the open, there is no missing them. The next step is to head for the box and head on in... trotting through the snow leading up to the box it super cold. The lid is resting next to the box on it's side in the hole so she can jump right in, only not really... she has to slide down the snow on her bum to get close. As she settles into the middle of the box she has her bag of goodies. She get's started right away...

Step 1 - place the ribbon around the center of the lid... this ribbon would be thin enough to keep a good seal on the cover of the box but also helps her hold it in place for when the dirt starts coming. DONE

Step 2 - secure her ankles with the heavy handcuffs... all 4 pairs of then.

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK... the sound of each cuff closing shut makes her more and more wet.

Step 3 - Slide on the locking chastity belt to make sure that the shock collars inside can't come out. The three small padlocks hold that in place. The keys she tosses to the end of the box by her feet, no getting to them there once sealed in.

Step 4 - Running out of changes to back out of this... it's not too late yet; time to put on the handcuffs, 6 pairs... no keys down here for these so it would be tough to go back now.

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK... the last couple of pairs are harder to get on but she has them.

Step 5 - Take the wireless winch remote and hold it in one hand... pull up the lid so it fits into the grooves on the top of the box. As she pulls it on top she wiggles it in place. Inside the cold casket she shivers a little.

"God it better get warmer in here or it's gonna be bad."

Tracey lays there for a few minutes just looking up at the overcast sky... the sounds of the wind are greatly dulled being covered in the box. Her hand trembles as she hold down the lid tight and presses the remote button to start the soil falling. She faintly hear the whining as it pulls the board... then, as the tension takes up the board beings to tilt... first some snow falls on the cover of the box... it's staring slow... then with almost no warning all the snow shifts and flops onto the top of the box... it's almost pitch dark, she stops pressing the button.

She slowly gathers her breath and presses against the lid as best she can... the snow that was on the dirt was enough to hold the lid down tight... she's gone this far... no escape now. She presses the button and the dirt starts thumping outside the box... then sudden silence, no more sound of dirt and which sound is just a mummer in the distance through her air tube. It must be done by now she says to herself.

She tosses the remote to the side, nothing she can do now... her fate is sealed. As she thinks it over she is able to press the chastity belt against her pussy and work it back and forth... it drives her to orgasm hard... she feels the pool of pussy juice cover the bottom of the box. It's going to be a long three days.

That's right, three days, that's right... three days. It was now around Wednesday afternoon, 2pm... She would HOPEFULLY be found Saturday afternoon when I made my way out to see her.

She settled in quite easily... the restraints weren't really uncomfortable, and the collars you couldn't feel... except the one in her ass, that she felt teasing her.

As the day drew on she brought herself to orgasm a couple of more times then settled in for the night... she listed to the breeze whistle over the air pipe and focused on the long day tomorrow.

Day 2

When she woke she had NO idea what time it was, because the pipe had an elbow in it, it didn't let her see outside, she could feel a light touch of cool air on her face. The box had warmed up considerably; she was actually quite warm and at times sweating. There was a layer of sweat and pussy juice from the back of her head to her toes. In her mind she figured it was probably around 8 or 9am... that's when she would usually wake up on her own.

She spent the next couple of hours enjoying herself... fantasizing about what it will be like to be save, what it would be like to be forgotten... both gave her a different set of orgasms again, adding to the flood of fluids on the bottom of the box... being dirty always made her feel good anyway.

She figured it was getting close to mid afternoon when she really wanted to pee and her stomach was hungry for more food. The hunger she would have to stave off... the pains would subside after a while... the urge to pee... no so much... she had no choice but to just go. Strangely enough the extra heat that rolled across her back was unwanted... not because it was piss, but cause it was making her too warm... this box was getting to be a sweat box.

What she perceived as a few more hours passing she thought she'd call it a night... she could hear the wind howling outside the pipe now. Tonight would be the huge snowstorm they called for... this should cover her in at least another 10-12 inches of snow... that should cover and hide the "crime scene" really well... the rush of those thoughts... well... one more orgasm for good measure.

Day 3

The third day started much like the second. Urge to pee, though not much... and the hunger pains... they were brutal. She suffered through them for what seemed to be forever... as they finally subside she notices that her hands are trembling and the rest of her body is shaking... she doesn't have the urge to pee today... her head is splitting with a headache and she doesn't even bother trying to cum... she just keeps thing... one more night... I'm free in the morning... please god. The day drags, the cuffs on her wrists feel like 1000lb weights.

Day 4

I pull into the end of the driveway to the house; I can't get close cause of all the snow... I know she's home... I even know she's in some sort of predicament, so I know to expect something. I've been around long enough to know that I don't need to rush... or I just don't care to... I spend the next couple hours clearing out the driveway.

I head into the house, there is nothing odd around her other than it's pretty cold in here... strange to be so cold in here. Looking out through the porch window I see the she in the distance and what looks like the she door open and caught in the snow. Bundling up I head out.

There is a perfect blanket of snow on the ground... as I approach the she the door is half open and tons of snow has blown into the shed. I never noticed the black pipe tip sticking out of the snow.

On the floor lay her snowsuit, clothes and the note weighted down on the table "Press me to Call" I pick up the key ring with all the buttons on it. I look around... but I don't see anything. I look back to the key rings... and having no idea what they are for I press one and hold it for about 5 seconds.

Meanwhile, in the box... the pain rockets through her body as the collar around her neck goes off... it's so painful she can't even scream.

I wait for a few minutes to see what happens... nothing. I lay them all out on the bench in a row. Maybe I just press them all for a second and see what happens? I start randomly pressing buttons...

... in the box... her body convulses as she kicks and screams... the tears are streaming down her face, she feels them running into her ears. "What the fuck is he doing she thinks... maybe they all shorted out?"

Her shrill screams faintly make their way out of the tube... I hear something but not sure what. I take a couple of remotes and press one of the buttons again... now outside I can hear the shrill scream come from the tube. I run over and shout out... "Is that you babe?"

"FUCK, YES IT'S ME... what the fuck are you..." I press another button... the shrill scream comes from the box.

"Be nice now hun... you gave these to me... I don't know what they are doing but they seem to be pretty effective. That last one fired up deep in her ass.... the collar must have worked its way in pretty deep... feels like her guts are on fire she told me later.

"How long have you been down there?" I shout.

"Since Wednesday..."

"... yeah right... are you fucking serious?"

"Do you think all this snow was shoved on by me afterwards?"

"Hang on I'll be right back..." I head off to grab a shovel, when I come back I start digging... every now and then I reach into a pocket and push one of the buttons... the random shivers are great.

It takes me a solid 4 hours or so to finally get down to her... the bright light outside is making her squint. I kneel down on the box cover and look in at her... so you really want out? Fair enough.

I pop the lid... the wind is pretty cold... her soaking wet body is starting to shiver from the cold wind. I lift her up and toss her over my shoulder... "Hun, you aren't going to like this." I toss her into the frosty, powdery snow... she stiffens out and shrieks... "I can't get out with you on my shoulders... hang on."

I get out of the hole and drag her over my shoulders and walk back to the house with her. I make sure to take my time, giving her chilled ass a few good slaps along the way. I take her to the bedroom and flop her on the bed... put a blanket over her and get her something to snack on, crackers and juice.

"Aren't you going to unchain me?" She asks? Sure, when I find the keys... they must be in the shed. I head back... as I close the front door I begin hitting buttons again... she shrieks in pain in the distance. I come back with the keys... I see her sitting on the bed, pissed. "You ass." She smirks.

"I see you managed to take off the collars from your legs, waist, chest and neck... but I have two more that are unaccounted for... where are they? She looks at me terrified at first and a terrified grin comes over her. She doesn't say anything.

I look to her waist and see the chastity belt, I know exactly where it is... I start slowly taking out buttons and pressing them.

1st - nothing... toss to the floor

2nd - nothing... toss to the floor

3rd - nothing... toss to the floor

4th - "AAHHHHHHHHHHHHHAAAAHHHH JESUS... my fucking ass"

I stop and smile...

5th - nothing... toss to the floor

"Hun, you don't have to do that hun..." she says

6th - nothing... toss to the floor

"hun... HUN!!!"

7th - "AEEEEIIIIIIIIIAAAAAAAAAA FUCK ME... you prick."

"So, one in your ass, one in your pussy? Your sick. I think you should stay here and rest for the night... and get better." I take a couple lengths of rope from the night stand and tie her hands above her head to the bedrails... then I tie her feet to the footboard.

Before she can get a word out I slap on some duct tape. "So you went 72 hours... what's another 24 or 48 in the comfort of your own bed. I'm going to head out and watch the Celtics game... was thinking of a

little game. Whenever one team scores I use ONE button... whenever the other team scores... I use the other button. If its 1 point you get 1 second, 2 points you get 2 and 3 points, you get three seconds. This will be great.” She shakes her head savagely no... I just walk away.

I spend the next 20 minutes setting up my cozy spot on the sofa... the game is about to start... this is fantastic.

The game beings... and so does Tracey's... there is nothing like a woman screaming when watching the game.

Boston lost 106 to 98... But I still won. :)

The Vic

Her name was Victoria; she sent us an email after reading our stories online. She showed great interest in what Tracey was doing and had some very intriguing ideas for perilous situations. We exchanged emails regularly talking about ideas that Tracey could try and fantasies that Victoria had. It wasn't too long before it became apparent that her taste for the extreme was a little more on the dangerous side, if that was at all possible, and also dabbled in the humiliation realm.

Many of her ideas would result in the public humiliation of the subject as well as putting them in very dangerous situations, a hard mix to truly accomplish as well, while the danger part was definitely something Tracey was interested in, the humiliation part wasn't a huge turn on.

One fateful day Tracey asked me to see if Victoria was interested in fulfilling one of her ideas. Victoria was single and had no close friends that she would trust with her deepest, darkest secrets. If she trusted us enough perhaps she would let us put her in a perilous situation... and perhaps a little humiliation to boot.

The idea instantly took hold on Victoria, she was ecstatic about the idea. I asked her to send us some photos of herself and a listing of her dimensions so that we could prepare some devices and plan some things out, her address, and her limits. She lived about a four hour drive away from us, so it was more than within reach. She lived in the city in an apartment complex, so that too also created a new collection of challenges. Limits, she had none, her reply...

"I have none; you can do with me what you choose. You can put me in a situation that there will be no return from or you can save me for another day."

I showed Tracey the reply; I knew she was thinking that she could live out her most crazy fantasy and not worry about the outcome. I reminded Tracey that we still need limits, to which she replied... "Why? She doesn't care... this is a once in a lifetime opportunity, at least for her."

I shook off the comment as being a little silly but hey, let's go with it, for now.

The following email in my inbox included pictures, our first time viewing the woman who was submitting herself to such madness. She was 5'6", 150lbs. She was very cute from head to toe and as I like to say, had a little meat on the bone, which is fantastic for playing with. Double D bra size, size 7 shoe, short blond hair that was cut just above her jaw line. Her round face had big brown eyes and rosy red cheeks... at least in these pictures. She was 32 but looked much younger. In her earlier years she was heavily involved in swimming and even did synchronized swimming competitively but now just does swimming recreationally; spends most of her time teaching music and tutoring college students.



Figure 3: Vic self shot from Email

The pictures were all self portraits that she took recently just for us, taking pictures of herself wasn't exactly something she regularly did.



Figure 4: Second self shot from original Email

At this point Victoria had no idea really about us, only what she had read in the stories, yet she was willing to give us full access to her. To verify she was real we created a fake Facebook account and had her add us a friend so we could verify her "life" was real, it was, every bit. We hammered out the final details in email... we would not divulge any further information about ourselves, we also were not going to discuss anything personal with her as Tracey felt we shouldn't get attached to her, it will make it harder to do what was being planned for her.

Tracey spent the following days planning out what to do with Victoria, reading back over Victoria's original ideas, mixing in some of her own thoughts. I really had no idea what to expect. I spoke with Victoria in a few more emails to confirm that she really wanted to do this and that Tracey was a very dangerous woman when it came to this sort of stuff. She couldn't assure us more that she wanted to go ahead with things. She set the date, the second weekend in April, a great time of year to travel and it gave us about 3 weeks to prepare. I arranged for the time off work and originally planned to get us a hotel for the night. Tracey said "no, we're going to travel, do what we need to do, then come back immediately." Fair enough I thought.

The 2nd Weekend in May...

We packed up the car. Tracey had two large plastic tubs full of rope, locks, chains and everything else you could think of. Luckily the SUV we had had plenty of room cause she also wheeled along one of the large acrylic boxes we owned as well as the dolly to transport it. I slide the two in the back of the car and threw a blanket over it all. It was time to go.

With the directions from Google in hand we were on our way. We hit the road at about 6am so we could be there nice and early in the day. I asked a couple of times for Tracey to share with me what she had planned... but no way, she wouldn't budge. I could tell she was extremely excited for what was about to happen... me on the other hand, was a little nervous, though extremely excited at the same time.

We pulled up in front of the apartment building; she lived on the 4th floor. We figured before we unpacked everything we should check to make sure we were in the right place. We headed into the building and up the elevator... walking up to the apartment door we both stood nervously and took a deep breath. Tracey rang the buzzer.

The door swung open and standing before us in her shorts and t-shirt was Victoria, "You must be Tracey and 'the man'?"

Tracey extended her hand to shake, "Nice to meet you."



Figure 5: The apt. building Vic lived in. She's top left behind the tree.

We had agreed that we would not share many words; we were to just get right down to business. Tracey motioned for me to leave, my cue to head back to the car for the stuff we packed.

I ran back to the car... pulled out the trolley and loaded the acrylic box onto the cart. I stacked the two boxes of additional gear on top and made my way back to the elevator. I never noticed the first time but this time, carrying all this gear, I was a little more self-conscious about my environment. It was a pretty busy building, a lot of younger people here. I didn't see any kids, seemed more like a college dorm than a public apartment building.

It takes me about fifteen minutes from the time I left the apartment to the time I returned, I knock on the door and this time Tracey answers. "C'mon in hun."

As I enter the room backwards I rest the load against the wall. When I turn I see Victoria standing completely nude in the middle of the living room. Her skin looks smooth and a little rosy; perhaps it's all the blood surging through her body in anticipation. She just stares straight at me but her eyes follow Tracey as she walks closer to her stands behind her.

Tracey looks at me and whispers into Victoria's ear... "You ready?" Without a word Victoria smiles a huge smile and nods yes slowly. "Perfect, let's begin."

Tracey begins by dragging the large acrylic box to the middle of the room and laying it down by her feet. This is an older box that she had made, this one doesn't have any pretty hinges or attachments like the box we used before (The Well), rather, this one is a basic box, it's made of 3/4" acrylic and weights about 40lbs or so. It's 6 feet long and about 18" wide and about 12" deep. The top cover is designed to fit tight on the top and there are 10 latches for securing the lid, four down each long side and one on the top and bottom. I do however seen one new

addition, on one end there is a one inch hole that's been drilled. Victoria clasps her hands behind her back as she eyes the hardware, I don't think she knows just how serious Tracey can be.

I open the first tub that we brought along; I knew it contained most of the restraints. I lay out 10 of the large padlocks on the floor as Tracey starts gathering the keys places them in her shorts pocket.

The other box contains more intimate toys, in a row next to the box Tracey begins laying out the items that we'll use on Victoria over the next hour or so. First, a roll of duct tape, now the heavy stuff comes along... a large inflatable butt plug, this is big one, I don't even think Tracey has taken this one before, Victoria's eyes go wide. Next, a large dildo with clitoral vibrator (nice), this one makes Vic smile a little. Finally the restraints... 12 pairs of handcuffs, ready hold her down.

With all the hardware laid out we begin. Tracey takes all of the keys to the handcuffs and places them in a large rubber that she brought... "Ribbed for her Pleasure" I notice the irony. She ties off the end drops it in front of Victoria.

Tracey stands directly before Victoria... Vic's breasts pressing against Tracey, "Last chance to say no."

There is an unbroken silence; I hold my breath, even thinking to myself... "You might want to say NO right now Victoria." But the excitement of what was about to happen let me keep my mouth shut.

The first thing Tracey does is pick up the roll of duct tape and tears a piece off to put over Vic's mouth. It's a long piece; it almost goes from ear to ear. Tracey rubs it on smooth so that there is no chance of it coming loose.

"Bend over the back of your sofa and spread your cheeks please." Tracey grabs her and almost manhandles her; I was surprised about how assertive she could be. Victoria almost falls over the back of the sofa but without any hesitation spreads her ass.

Tracey breaks out the "good stuff" for lube and slathers it over the butt plug. She slowly begins to run it back and forth across Vics asshole. Vic moans slightly and tries to escape it by getting on her tip toes but there is no escape. Tracey takes her time and presses it slow and deep in her ass. It finally pulls itself in and Victoria lets out a long soft moan... her legs tremble as she finally comes down off her toes. Tracey helps her back to her feet and turns her around.

"Now spread your legs, we aren't done yet." Tracey grabs the condom full of keys and kneels before her. Victoria is dripping wet; there is no need for any lube here. Tracey stuffs the keys deep inside her. "You MIGHT need these later if you make it through this," she says with a smirk. You can see Victoria smile under the tape.

Next the large dildo with vibrator... again, no lube needed. "Put this in would you?" Tracey hands her the toy then goes to one of the tubs to get rope. Without a second hesitation Victoria has the 8 inch toy buried deep inside her, who knows how deep the keys to the cuffs are pushed now. Tracey wraps her arms around Victoria and begins making a simple crotch rope to hold the toys in. The rope digs deep into her soft chubby flesh, it looks fantastic.

"Now, let's get started shall we? Sit in the box... your head up here." She points to the end with the hole drilled in the top.

Victoria waddles over to the box and steps in, Tracey takes her hand and helps her lay back, with both holes filled it's a challenge to move easily. It doesn't take long for me to notice she'll have very little room to move.

Tracey gathers up a half dozen handcuffs, we all know how much she loves to overdo things. She begins adding them to Victoria's ankles, they only click one or two times before they are on. Tracey doesn't put them on too tight, I know why, she wants to stand the box on end and tight cuffs on ankles will make it impossible for her to stand, Victoria hasn't figured that part out yet.

As Tracey is applying the last pair of cuffs I look Victoria in the eyes, she's slowly rubbing her breasts, she's obviously enjoying it. I can tell by the look in her eyes she isn't scared... yet.

Grabbing the next six pairs of cuffs Tracey pulls Victoria's hands to her back... these she puts on snug... Victoria winces as they pinch a little tight. I stand at the foot of the box and keep looking into her eyes, she doesn't take them off me... I can see her smiling from time to time under the tape.

"That's almost it hun," says Tracey "I bet your still wondering where the peril comes in... soon." She helps Victoria lay back, it's a little uncomfortable with the cuffs but she does it.

Back to the boxes, Tracey takes out what looks to be a roll of thick tape, it actually is a rubber seal, and she has pre-measured the strips and lines the top of the box with it. It's about an inch wide and maybe a quarter inch thick, I know where this is going... poor Victoria doesn't know a thing. As she finished the rubber seal she switches on the vibrator... Victoria's eyes roll a little and a faint moan escapes her.



Figure 6: Pre-cut rubber seal

Next, Tracey lifts the cover onto the box and lines up the latches. The latches on one side slip over the eye easily... no locks needed yet. The other side, because of the rubber seal that was added, is not down tight. I lean on the lid as hard as I can to compress the rubber so Tracey can slip the latch tight. Click... Click... Click... Click. It takes a lot of force but the lid is almost on. The two end latches go much easier now that it's on pretty tight.

Tracey leans onto the glass... looking Victoria in the face and shouts... "This seal helps make the box AIR TIGHT... the only air coming in is in the HOLE ON TOP!" Tracey points up to the hole above Victoria's head. Vic tries to twist her head to look up, then quickly looks at both of us. NOW, she has a little fear in her... her breathing is visibly quickened and the box is steaming up a little. With each large padlock is placed on the box Victoria tries to look at each one. All the padlocks hang on the sides... except the one by her feet, which locks on top so the box can stand on end.



Figure 7: Ten of these seal her fate!

"Help me stand up the box." Tracey says to me.

I grab the end by her head and lift her vertical, her ass slides down a couple inches till she is standing on the bottom. She shuffles her feet around to find a comfortable position, her breasts press against the lid, she's definitely getting warm in there.

Tracey goes to the box and grabs something small... but very familiar. She stands in front of the box and knocks to get Victoria's attention (she's resting her head on the box with her eyes closed enjoying the good sensations I suspect). Victoria jumps to attention. Tracey waves and holds up a plug for a sink. "Hope you can still hold your breath like you did when you did synchronized swimming!" Reaching up she puts in the plug.

The box is now air tight... not sure how long she'll last, she can probably hold her breath for 3 or 4 minutes, if she's still good at that... the box probably only holds about another minute of air. This should be interesting.

We both sit back in the love seat and watch her... she writhes around a little, obviously enjoying the session. The box is covered in steam now; you can barely see her except where her body presses against the box. About three minutes in she begins to convulse, at first I think she's suffocating but Tracey knows better, she's having a hard orgasm. The vibrator keeps making her spasm... the orgasm passes.

We're at the four minute mark... Tracey walks over and taps on the box... "How we doing in there?" Victoria's eyes seem heavy, at least from what we can see through the foggy glass. She slowly nods yes.

As we close in on the 5 minute mark she begins to knock on the glass with her hands behind her back and tapping her head on the front... the box is wiggling a bit, we certainly don't want her to tip over. I grab the box and steady it... Tracey pulls the plug on the lid. Victoria tips her head back to take in the air... she's definitely gasping. We give her a few minutes to catch her breath. I put my hand on the top of the box and can feel the heat pouring out; she's sweating up a storm in there.

Tracey walks to the front of the box again... "Well," she shouts so Victoria can hear, "you passed the first test. Now it's time for us to say our goodbyes. But before we do... we need to put you in your perilous... oh yeah... and HUMILIATING predicament." Victoria instantly looked confused and scared.

Grabbing the plug that goes in the hole on top Tracey proceeds to slather fast drying epoxy glue around the plug, I know where this is going.

"Here's where I hope you have a great relationship with your neighbours." She throws the black bed sheet that she brought over the box Victoria is sealed in.

"Wheel her outside by her door in the hallway. I want her propped next to her door... keep her covered." Tracey tells me.

I tip the box back a little and hear a few moans from Victoria. I get the box outside her door... people pass by but pay no real attention to me... yet. There must be 2-3 people at any given time walking these halls. Tracey's comes out with a note and a baggie full of keys and reaches under the sheet to tape it to the top. Tracey wait's for nobody to be around and says loud enough for Victoria to hear... "hold your breath hun!"

She snatches off the sheet and presses the plug in place... it should be glued tight in about 10 seconds.

"What the fuck is she supposed to do now?" I say.

"She wanted to play by our rules... now she's playing by them."

We head down the hallway slowly as people start to gather around the box with Victoria sealed inside, people are knocking on the box and waving... as I keep looking back I see she's trying to hop and look up at the keys, she knows she only has a few minutes of air inside.

1:30 Sealed

People are knocking on doors telling people to come out and look, there must be a good 8 or 9 people watching... people are snapping pictures with their cell phones and finding it seriously entertaining. There are a couple of people towards the back debating if they should call the police or something... should they let her out?

3:00 Sealed

The hallway is now full... there must be about thirty people around; I can't even see much of the box, just the throngs of people. I look to Tracey and she just looks back and smiles at me. I know Tracey would NEVER submit herself to this kind of humiliation but as we stand at the end of the hall looking back, she's finding Victoria's humiliation to be quite the stimulating rush.

4:00 Sealed

Someone has reached up for the keys; I can't hear what people are saying very well, there is a lot of chatter in the hall. Someone shouts out "SHE PROBABLY CAN'T BREATHE IN THERE... LET HER OUT!!!" I can only assume she's starting to show signs of passing out. Tracey makes her way back down the hall to see what's going on, I follow.

4:30 Sealed

As Tracey makes her way through the crowd she gets close enough to see Victoria... and for a second... Victoria stops banging about in the box and stares, eyes locked on Tracey. Tracey just smiles.

The crowd is fumbling through the bag of keys to open the locks. They aren't numbered, it is trial and error.

5:00 Sealed

She's almost out now... she's burned up the oxygen pretty fast in the rush... she's eyes closed leaning against the side of the box... she's still fine, breathing slowly, smart girl.

5:30 Sealed

The first couple of locks come off... but not enough to get air in... people are getting a little frantic now.

6:00 Sealed

The next couple of locks come off and air can now get in... Victoria's eyes open and a sense of relief comes over her face. The box is finally opened.

With the door pulled open, two of the guys in the hallway help her out, one of the girls motions to carry her into her still open apartment door. Tracey looks in and watches them lay her on her sofa.

"You guys should go," says one of the girls, and motions for them to leave.

The guys quickly leave and the two girls remaining are obviously going to free her. Now for one last humiliation, cause if that bondage wasn't humiliating to her... the next part will be. The tape is pulled from her face. The door

still open a bit, Tracey stands listening, there is still a bit of a crowd snapping pictures of the box but the crowd is dispersing.

"Jesus as you ok?" says one girl; Tracey tells me she overhears fast, panic stricken talk from the girls.

Then Victoria can be heard, "I'm ok, I'm ok... don't call any cops or anything, it's all ok. Just please, help me out of this. This was my own entire fault."

"Where are the keys?

Here's the part Tracey has been waiting for...

"... .. can you just untie that rope?" Says Victoria calmly.

"Um... sure... sure. So where are the keys?" As she unties the rope the other girl is rummaging around looking for keys.

"They are... inside me."

Tracey peers in through the door slowly. She only sees the one girl sitting on the edge of the sofa; she is looking back at her other friend in shock as if to say... WHAT THE FUCK!"

"Hey, is there anyone else who can help you with that, friends or neighbours that you know. I really don't know you and..."

"No says Victoria, nobody."

The other girl steps over to the sofa, she's short and a little chubby but very cute. She motions for the other girl to get up.

"I'll do it."

Tracey can't really see what is going on but she can tell that the toy has been removed and hears a slight gasp from Victoria as the chubby girls hand digs deep inside her.

"I think I can feel them... I'm sorry if it hurts." Says the chubby one.

"I'm fine... thanks you..." Says Vic, her voice sounds weak as if it's feeling good for her.

"There." Chubby has found the keys, heads to the kitchen for a knife to cut open the condom.

Returning she dumps out the keys on the table... the taller girl who untied the ropes sits down and starts undoing the locks.

"I hope you don't mind me asking... but... what is this all about?" The taller girl pauses for a second, looks at Victoria and then goes back to the locks.

"Just some crazy fantasy stuff... it was all my own doing. That's all I think I want to say."

"Fair enough."

The last pair of cuffs come off and with that Victoria let's the girls know she's good from here and they can leave... and with that... so does Tracey and I.

"What about our gear?" I ask, "That box is pretty expensive."

"We'll get it back... all of it. I don't think this is the last we've seen of Victoria." She looks at me and smiles as we head back down the hall to go.

Three weeks later...

The two of us were sitting in front of the computer looking at buying some new hardware for future adventures, to confirm our order we jump to our email account. To our surprise we see an email from Victoria. My heart skips a beat... Tracey just looks at me. I click the email with no subject title.

"I can't believe you would do that to me. You have no idea what you've done to me and my life. I've had to move to a new apartment, the landlord kicked me out, and I've been receiving harassing emails and notes under my door for the last week I was living there. I've lost some of the people I tutor and the moving expenses were definitely not welcome.

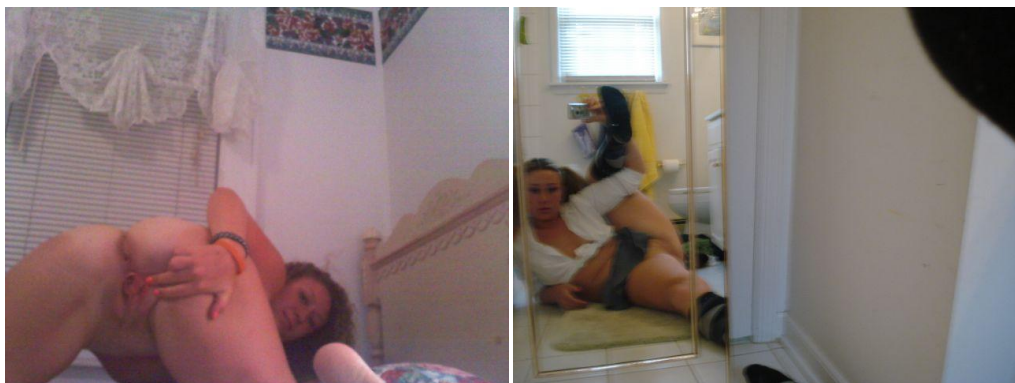
By the way, I have all your stuff you left here. I guess you think I'm going to send all this stuff back to you huh? You're sadly mistaken.

What you can do is... come pick it up at my new place (***address deleted for her protection in this story***) in person. Just send me an email in advance and I'll be sure to be here... alone... and waiting for your next adventure with me to begin.

Thank you for helping me discover myself... and realize how exciting life can be. I am yours. Enjoy the pictures attached. Love Vic"

Tracey looks at me with nothing more than a smile and "I told you."





The Hobart II

(As told by Tracey)

The following story is 100% fiction and is what I like to call a "Snuffle" a short story that leads to my (Tracey's) demise. Please enjoy my revisit to "The Hobart".

I've had tons of fun with the old Hobart (see "The Hobart" from Volume 1) and have constantly thought of many perils with the large steel "toy". Here's a short "snuffle" I like to call... "The Saw"!

The saw is still setup from my previous escape from the Hobart before. The remote winch is still bolted down to the bench on the other side of the room and I have the plywood board that I was restrained to the first time. The board still has the cut going about 2 feet into it from the first time; I will need to make a modification.

Using a jig saw I cut a 1 inch wide path about four feet into the board, this will allow the blade to pass at least that far into the makeshift table before it has to saw into the other half of the wood. It also prevents the board from separating and falling into two halves. I place the board in the starting position, lined directly up with the saw so that the channel I cut is lined up with the blade and it rests on the rollers. It's got about 3 feet from the bottom of the board and the blade.

I then need to connect the two eye hooks I have on the bottom of the board to the winch so that the wire to pull the board goes around each side of the blade, this ensures that the board is pulled straight into the path of the blade; I don't want to be delivered to the meat saw crookedly. ;)

Next I connect two ring hooks; one is placed on the far end of the board in the center opposite the blade facing side. The other is placed directly a few inches above the center of the one inch channel I cut into the board.



Figure 8: My Inspiration



Figure 9: The Hobart



Figure 10: The rollers for the board



Figure 11: The blade

Hopping on the board I straddle the one inch channel I cut in the doggie position, ass up. Each leg spreads wide as I can so I can clear the top of the saw, I'm almost doing the splits. I arrange myself so that my neck is directly above the first ring in the middle of the board. Stretching my arms out I can see where I need to have the handcuffs (you can see where this is going now I bet).

Using a pen I mark where my ankles and top of my calves are on the board... as well as where the handcuffs need to be positioned.

Next I lay out the tools necessary for my restraint and ultimate doom. Four custom steel pipe clamps, they will be used to fasten my legs to the board nice and wide... just how I like doggy style. ;) A cordless drill with screws to fasten my legs down, a short chain with two padlocks to lock around my neck and hold my head to the board, this should stop me from pulling ahead to escape the meat saw. I attach a chain, measured perfect in length to lock the handcuffs at the perfect, outstretched, position. The remote to start the winch is placed next to the handcuffs; battery is brand new, so no chance of it failing.

Finally... eight syringes of local anaesthetic that I "borrowed" from my dentist girlfriend (getting the stuff would be so easy, being such close friends I spend countless times in her office just talking after work, she'd only have to step away for a minute).

I turn on the saw, the quiet hum of the blade is hypnotizing, as it spins and shimmers in the light of the shed, one last modification, I remove the upper blade guard, and this will give me all the clearance I need. Hopping up on the makeshift bondage table I look around one last time, the thought of this ultimate self bondage sacrifice makes me feel on fire down below, I was soaking myself thinking of doing it; actually doing it would make me pour.

Kneeling up I spread my legs wide and place the first pipe clamp over my ankle, using the power drill and a magnetic head I lean back and screw the clamp in place, it's hard to arch back and get the screws in but after a few minutes both my ankles are tightly held in place. The next two on the top of my calves are a little easier... the restraints are a little snug and I can tell they are going to make my feet fall asleep... but we won't have to worry about that for long.



Now it's time for some needles... popping the top off the first needle I slam it into my, as close to my tailbone as possible, I don't want to feel the blade sheer me in half, I want to enjoy the rush of know it's going through me as long as possible. Within a minute things are getting pretty numb down there. The second needle goes just above my pubic bone, I can bare feel it go in, the freezing from the first needle is pretty effective.

Figure 12: The pipe clamps to hold me down.

Needle three goes just above my belly button, it's hard to sit up now so I lean over on my arms, and the fourth and fifth needle goes on the left and right side of the middle of my back... I'm now literally numb from a little over half way up my body down to my ass. I can still feel my legs; it's a very weird sensation.



Figure 13: A picture of me in the position I'd be screwed down in.

Each needle leaves no pain when I put it in, as the numbing from the needle

a little further down spread. Needle six and seven go in just over my shoulder... it's hard to keep my head up now. The final needle I bare get in at the bottom of my breastbone... there done. Only my head, arms, sides and legs are left unfrozen. I've got about 10 more minutes to reach maximum freeze and about an hour before it wears off.

I push the used needles and drill onto the floor, there is no escape now, I'd never reach the drill to free myself and nobody is coming to find me anytime soon. I wrap the chain around my neck and with each click of the padlock I feel the nervous burn of excitement run through my stomach. While I can't feel my pussy any more the rush is insane, my extremities feel like I'm cumming, the most bizarre sensation ever.

Finally, I stretch out to grab the cuffs... as they click around my wrists I realize this is it... fear grips me but excitement grips me harder... grabbing the wireless remote for the winch I count down...

5... 4... 3... 2... 1... CLICK. WHIIIIIRRRRRRRRR!!!!!!

The winch is in motion; I've put enough slack on the wire on the winch that it should take a couple of minutes to begin pulling me toward the blade. My heart is racing so hard that I can barely hear myself think. I toss the remote to the floor, now it's destiny... there is no escape, there is no way out, once this winch begin pulling it's a matter of seconds to the end.

My body is rocketing with orgasms and while I still can't feel it in my pussy the sensation is unreal... then it happens... the jerk of the board. Fear hits me again... it's happening... at the rate the board is being pulled my calculations say I should begin getting fed to the Hobart in about 30 seconds.

I'll know the blade has begun to devour me by the distinct "singing" sound the blade makes cutting into meat and bone. I rest my head and close my eyes... focus on the last exciting moments, being afraid now is a waste of the precious few seconds I have left.

I count it out in my head... the anticipation is killing me (no pun intended), then at the 34th second...

KRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

The Hobart has me... its razor sharp blade is gnawing its way through my soaking pussy like a hot knife through butter. I can feel the warm spray on my legs immediately as the blade shakes my ass cheeks and reverberates through my body.

The high pitched squeal starts getting lower; it's making its way to my "thicker" bits. It's easily 10 inches into me now; I'm surprised I'm still here. It's only a matter of another 30 seconds and I should be sheered in half. I haven't noticed that I can no longer feel my legs or ass... the adrenaline rush is almost too much to handle, my eyes roll into my head in excitement... the pleasure rush is almost too much to handle... almost.

It must be at my breastbone now, I can't breathe, it's like I'm holding my breath but it's where the blade has reached my diaphragm... I feel my breasts shaking violently, my nipples, one of the few things I can still feel, are rubbing against the board... it's fantastic.

Things are getting dim; the lack of blood is making me drowsy. As the saw nears the center of my chest it lights out for me... and seconds later the saw finishes its feast... two filets of me are all that remains.

The Girls

(As told by Tracey)

I've always had the fantasy of someone whisking me away in the night and do dastardly things to me. I think every girl has at some point, the idea of losing control and not knowing the outcome. This one follows one such fantasy... this "snuffle" I like to call, The Girls...

I frequent many dark message boards and I see people all the time posting for a "woman to play with" or guys looking for someone to have fun with... I think women like me are a rarity; women who want to do dastardly things to other women are also probably well hidden.

Posting a request on one of the message boards I am determined to find one... the post reads...

"Single, fit woman, looking for other women for perilous adventures and play, must be local or willing to travel. Contact traceyinperil@gmail.com"

Of course the regular flood of men wanting to join in and men posing as women are rampant... "What's your address...? I'm a chick into that stuff." Sure you are. ;) Of the hoard of emails I find about a half dozen that are likely women and I ask them to perform a test... write my name and email address across their chest and send me their picture. If they are who they say they are, this will surely confirm it.

Three of the six reply... I begin to email them to see what kinds of things they are into. Krista, Samantha and Kim provide me rather detailed profiles...



Krista - into bondage and domination of women. Her picture shows her as a bit of a plump woman with large breasts, 30 something, very intimidating woman. She lives about 120 miles away.

Samantha - into domination and torture; loves vore and snuff stories. Her picture shows an older woman, mid 40s and very slim. Very sultry. She's from England... quite a distance.

Kim - into bondage, slavery, and domination of women... anything goes. She's a younger woman... a little Goth, maybe 20 or so. She lives about 300 miles away.

Over the next few weeks I share my stories with them, they can hardly believe them. Once I build their trust I share with them a short clip of my video I took when I was facing the meat saw (see *The Hobart, The Perils Volume 1*). Now there's no doubt about my madness. ;)

Over the next few weeks I introduce them all to each other online and they share stories about what kinds of evil things and tortures they would put me through. Some are quite doable, others... complete fantasy. Finally, I spring it on them...

"Ladies, it's been incredibly fun talking about doing all of this stuff but I think it's time for end... and time to put your money where your mouth is. I want you all to think of the most evil things you could do to me... and do it... but here's the catch... it has to be creative and you have to do me in."

The replies are quick and I can imagine the look of shock on their faces.

Krista - "no way... for real? REALLY? I'm not 100% on that one toots."

Samantha - "I'M IN! I'll book my flight! Tell me when"

Kim - "sounds VERY interesting"

I tell them that they all have to agree, it's all or none. Krista is the only holdout, I watch Kim and Samantha talk it out with Krista, I'm sure they are emailing her on the side. Samantha has definitely taken the lead on this one. Finally I get the email from Sam and the other's are CC'd on it.

"Where in... tell us where and when!"

I tell them to take a week to spend here. It's quiet, nobody would even know they were staying with me; I wanted to spend some time showing them the resources I have available to them and strangely enough... get to know them a little before they have their way with me.

The date is finally set... mid June when the weather is typically really nice. Sam emails me her confirmation and Kim confirms that she's going to rent a car and



Figure 14: Sam

get Krista on the way. I can hardly wait for what's to come.

Sam arrives early Sunday morning; I pick her up at the airport. She's dressed very conservatively, not trumpy at all, looks like a very professional business woman. On the long drive home we chat up a storm, not about what's going to happen in a few days... but about her, her first time being here and just fun personal stuff.

We get to the house and we aren't there an hour when Krista and Kim pull into the driveway. They step out of the car and recognize me immediately... they haven't seen Sam before, so I introduce them. Everyone is a little excited for now they all get to meet.

"So girls..." says Sam with a smile... "Here she is... take in every minute... she's only here for a short time."

My heart pounds in my chest and I shy away a little, I bet I'm blushing. The other girls laugh nervously. We head inside and I give them the standard home style tour.

The first couple of days I share with them the countless stories of my peril filled adventures, explain some of my fantasies and my favourite places to "play" in town. We start building an immediate bond, they are great girls... it's hard to imagine that in another couple of days these women will turn on me and do unthinkable things. It's exhilarating.

With only a couple of days left I am starting to wonder what the girls have in mind for me. Today we make a trip to the hardware store, I stay in the car but the girls come out with a few bags of things, I have no idea what it is but my mind races to think of what devious fate they have planned.

This morning the girls drag me out of bed... it's shortly before 7am. I'm only in my panties and t-shirt and without giving me the opportunity to put anything else on, they drag me outside to the shed. The cool morning air gives me goose bumps but it's refreshing.

My mind is racing... are they going to do things early? I wasn't prepared for going this early. When I get to the shed I see they have laid out a stack of plywood, they are 4'x8' sheets, half in thick each... three of them, stacked on top of each other.

They have me lie out on the board, one of the girls grabs each wrist and stretches my arms across the top of the board and another girl grabs my ankles and spreads them wide to each bottom corner. I'm now spread eagle in the center of the plywood sheet.

Kim looks at me and smiles, then taking a marker, she marks various points around the board, one behind my neck, by each wrist, each elbow, shoulder, behind the my waist, behind the top of each thigh, each knee and finally each ankle.

Kim then helps me to my feet as the other girls begin drilling through the board where each mark was made. They leave a half inch hole in all 14 places. Kim then turns to me... "Thanks toots. Now head back to bed, we have some work to do." I then get a little slap on the bottom as the girls return to work.

The remainder of the day we all go about our business as if the morning's events never happened.

The day is finally here... I got no sleep last night and I don't think any of the girls did either. I lay in bed, masturbating, thinking about how this is the last time I'll get to do this... it makes me gush all over the sheets and my panties.

I finally here some commotion outside my door, it's the girls, the door opens slowly, we agree not to exchange any words... we'll just do what needs to be done.

I sit up at the side of the bed and slip off my panties and shirt, I knew I would need to be naked, it's what we agreed to. I slowly stand and follow them out the door, they lead me to the end of the driveway where the gate is to the back yard but they have removed the gate... the two fence posts remain. As I walk into the yard I notice that the plywood sheet is laying on the ground... they stand it upright against the fence posts and bolt it to them closing off the gate. Kim stays on the outside of the yard.

They back me up to the board and position me in the same manner that they positioned me the other day in the shed. Standing here naked with the sun beating down on me, I can only wonder how they plan to snuff me out. My pussy is dripping wet and aching to be touched.

Samantha stands before me with a handful of wire slip knots. The wire is rather fine but most certainly strong. The first slip knot wire is slipped over my head and around my neck, the long site (about 10 feet of it) is fed through the hole behind my neck, Kim is on the other end, I hear her say to the other girls "the bolt is in place", she must be wrapping it around a bolt or something to make sure I can't pull it back through and to keep me in place. The bolt isn't secured to anything cause I notice how she can pull on the wire and tighten it around my neck if she wants to.

Next is my wrists, the slip knots are pulled snug and again, secured by a wrapping the wire around a bolt. Following my wrists are my arms and shoulders... but why my shoulders? It doesn't matter really I guess... it's keeping me held tight to the board.

My waist is next... this one they pull really tight, the wire digs into my waist pretty deep... it hurts a little but with all the excitement it only makes my cum a little more.

Finally my legs... one slip knot around each upper thigh... I feel their hands brush against my pussy... it makes me cum HARD, they only smile at me. Then just above my knees and my ankles.

That's it... I'm secured tightly to the board... so now what in the world can they have planned for me... how is this going to seal my fate?

Samantha steps before me and places a large piece of duct tape over my mouth. "We don't want you screaming or checking out now do we." I shake my head no. "So here is the plan. Each of these slip knot wires are fed through the holes behind you. The end of each of those wires has a loop that slips over a large bolt so they are all joined at the end. That large bolt is then attached to a single heavier 30' wire that attaches to the back of your SUV hitch."

My eyes gape wide... I think I know where this is going... my heart skips a beat and I feel my pussy ache even more.

"The plan is simple, the girls and I will be getting into the care momentarily to head back home, but for you... as we drive down the lane nice and fast it will pull the slip knots tight, and of course they will need to go through the holes behind you... you of course... can't. With 14 slip knots around each of your joints and waist that means you... my sweet... will be instantly severed into 15 lovely little pieces."

My body begins to tremble, I can't believe it, I'll be sliced and diced in mere minutes... my eyes roll into my head in ecstasy. Krista steps up to me and places her hand on my pussy... it's soaking wet... with a few quick swishes of her hand and a couple of light swats she sends me over the top in excitement. I can't believe what is about to happen.

"Time to go ladies..." shouts Kim. The girls have to walk around the house to the other gate to get out. As they walk way they each kiss a cheek.

"It's been great getting to know you... even better getting to leave you." Samantha says... Katie just grabs a nipple and pulls it harshly before walking away.

I see them disappear behind the house... a minute later I hear the car start. OH JESUS, this is it... it seems to be just idling forever, they are torturing me. Then it happens... I hear the throwing of gravel as they hit the gas, my pussy gushes one final monstrous orgasm. I have only a couple of seconds before...

TUG... SNAP...

The Limits
Volume 2

All content is property of traceyinperil@gmail.com. Version 1.0, released this day 08/01/2011. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO DUPLICATE THE SITUATIONS PUBLISHED IN THIS DOCUMENT. THEY MAY LEAD TO SERIOUS HARM OR DEATH.

Volume 3 coming soon... unless a plan doesn't work out. ;)

Keep the ideas coming.