**Ariana's Ordeal**

by[mollycactus](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1435382&page=submissions)©

Ariana Steele -- Arin, to her friends -- had a stressful job, which she loved. Her brilliant mind was responsible for her being third in her class when she graduated from Harvard Law School. She found Cambridge to be a wonderful place to learn, and she wanted to stay near it. So, it was no surprise when she accepted a job at a prestigious Boston law firm, and rose rapidly in the ranks.

She was also pleased to find that if she went west past the I-95 beltway, the countryside took on a rural, almost bucolic, appearance. The house she bought was isolated, and that was perfect for giving her the peace and quiet to unwind.

But the stress of her job couldn't just be dissipated completely by passivity. Arin tried partying, going to clubs, and 'dancing her ass off' as they say. The frantic activity freed her mind and let her use her body to express herself. To say Arin was good looking was a gross understatement. She was a knockout! If she stared at herself in a mirror, she saw the myriad 'faults' that any female feels when perusing her own body.

But an objective observer, if they were lucky enough to be permitted such a scrutiny, would have reported things about Arin differently. Starting at the top, they'd mention soft, luxurious, long brown hair that fell in gentle curls well past her shoulders, if it was let down. Then they'd talk about her deep brown eyes, radiating intelligence, her pert, kissable nose, and her luscious lips, quick to smile when she was happy.

If the observer could take the liberty to brush back Arin's hair, her delicate ears would appear, and her sensuous neck, so full of erogenous zones, especially her nape. But not only her neck responded to kisses and caresses -- her collarbones and 38 C breasts, with their quarter-sized areolae, had special spots which, when discovered, could drive her into ecstasy. Even stroking or kissing her tummy could arouse her, especially if a tongue was dipped into her navel, and lingered.

Of course her pussy was a fantastic erogenous zone. That almost goes without saying. But so were her thighs, knees -- especially their backs, her calves, and feet -- especially the toes. In short, Arin's body was an orgasmic minefield, that many men, and women, if truth be told, had tiptoed through during her life. She'd started in high school by giving her first handjob. Some of the guy's emission ended up on her hand, threatening to drizzle onto her skirt. Without thinking, she licked her hand clean quickly, and tasted cum for the first time. It was a strange, not unpleasant taste, she found.

The next time she gave a handjob, she held her face closer to the guy's dick as she pumped, and 'accidentally' let some of his first spurt hit her lips. Sure enough, this second sampling of semen tasted good enough that Arin graduated to blowjobs, sucking the guy's cock until he ejaculated, and swallowing his cum. Needless to say, she was popular. She even found that sucking on her own nipples when studying could help her keep alert. This came in handy when she experimented sexually with her female friends. She ultimately had sex with members of both sexes, and found pros and cons to each. She loved the passion of having her cunt stretched while a guy pounded her out. But she loved perhaps a bit more the delicate, sensuous touches of a woman's hand and tongue.

So now, firmly ensconced in her career, Arin was decidedly bisexual, but job stresses left her little time for a personal life, and therefore horny. Her job often took her out of town on extended trips, when she was called upon to act as a defense attorney for their clients. Once the trial was over, Arin might linger in that far away city for a day or two, blowing off steam by finding no-strings-attached bedmates, and having herself fucked and sucked silly.

Sometimes their clients were brought into court handcuffed, if they were considered a flight risk. If the client was considered dangerous, they might even be brought in wearing body shackles, with a chain around their waist, attached by chains to wrist cuffs and chains to ankle cuffs. Arin noted how this restricted the client's movements -- they had to shuffled to move, and the chains clanked with each step. Arin pitied these people -- men and women -- being treated in such a manner, little knowing how these images were working their way into her psyche.

A turning point occurred when she was visiting an old boyfriend far across the country. In the years since she'd last shared his bed, he'd gone on to experiment with a swinging lifestyle, so he took Arin to a party of like-minded people. In addition to the visual stimulation afforded by a group of nude bodies of various shapes, colors, sizes, and ages, both male and female, freely engaging in sex acts while others watched, Arin tried a few new things. She performed cunnilingus while being fucked doggy style. She performed fellatio while two women sucked on her tits. She learned that their version of 'rotisserie sex' meant being mouth fucked at the same time that another guy fucked her pussy. She even experienced her first double penetration, being fucked simultaneously in her cunt and ass.

But the most novel thing occurred near the end of that party. Since she trusted her former boyfriend, and there were a lot of witnesses present, she consented to being tied spreadeagled on a bed, while her boyfriend fucked her, and everyone else watched. It was the most overt act of sexuality that she ever performed before a large group of people, most of whom were virtually strangers. The ropes at her wrists and ankles prevented her limbs from moving very much. But she could still writhe and squirm and buck her hips as he reamed her cunt with his dick, using a basic missionary style position. He kept his upper torso braced up off of hers, which caused her to focus a lot on the point of contact between their bodies, where their pelvises were slapping together. It also gave the onlookers a better view of her torso as she sweated and strained.

Arin had her first experience of multiple orgasms during this act. She came so hard and so often that she was dazed when they'd finished.

The next day, as she flew home in first class, she analyzed that experience, wondering what triggered that sequence of orgasms. She'd never cum in sequence like that before, and certainly not that intensely. She was slumped in her plane seat, fully relaxed, and somewhat bemused and starry-eyed, still feeling the effects. Her immediate thought was that it really just couldn't have been sex with her former boyfriend. Certainly the sex with him had been good in the past, but never that good.

Was it the accumulation of all those dual and even triple couplings during the party? She didn't think so, because there had been a period of respite and cuddling before that final event. Was it performing in front of so many people? Being the center of attention? No, it really couldn't have been that. Arin knew herself well enough that she knew that exhibitionism wasn't really her thing. In the courtroom, she had to put aside her normal tendency toward introversion, because she had to perform in her client's interests. Her choice of an isolated home was further proof in her mind that she was more introvert than extrovert.

Something nagged at her at that moment. Something about court. Being in court. And a new thought surfaced. "Oh, no. It can't be that!" she chided herself mentally, shaking her head. But her analytical mind processed and processed, trying to disprove the hypothesis, and could not. "I was tied to the bed," she thought. "I'd never been tied up like that during sex." She stroked her chin, thoughtfully. "I remember straining at the ropes -- how helpless I felt. How vulnerable. Unable to do much but struggle, and not even much of that."

She gasped aloud. So loudly that a flight attendant walking by looked concerned. "Are you all right, Miss? Do you need a glass of water or something?"

"No, I'm fine, thank you," Arin replied, blushing delicately. "I just remembered something important I forgot to do. I'll make a note of it, and handle it when I get home," she offered as an excuse.

As the flight attendant smiled and walked away, Arin continued her train of thought -- the realization that made her gasp. "Tied up like that, I had to cede my control. My whole life has really been about control. My job demands it. And as much as I love my job, all that stress of being in control has taken its toll. It wasn't the onlookers. It wasn't really being on display. It wasn't really the fucking in and of itself, although that certainly helped. It was losing control! Since I couldn't control what was happening, I could only let go, submit, and experience it! And wow! Did I ever experience it!" She smiled and felt goosebumps ripple along her arms, remembering that firecracker string of climaxes that seemed to go on and on and on.

Even the thought of being tied up like that again made her body react viscerally. Her nipples stiffened, pressing against her blouse so firmly that her breasts ached slightly. She felt dampness near the joining of her thighs, and hoped the pungency coming from her stirring pussy wouldn't carry too far. She decided to visit the plane's restroom to blot her pussy dry, lest the leaks stain her skirt.

Inside the secured restroom, she hiked her skirt up to her waist, and pulled her panties partway down her thighs. She grabbed some paper towels, intending to wipe herself. But the scent from her gently swollen labia wafted into the air around her as her pussy was exposed to the air. That aroma prompted her to touch a hand to her wetness, and lick her essence off that hand. Her familiar taste triggered her libido, so she straddled the toilet, and started fingering herself. It felt wonderful, as usual, to masturbate, even in that cramped little room. She knew she couldn't take long in there, even if she was flying first class, so she was trying to hurry. Just then it occurred to her to imagine being tied to that bed again. She was shocked at how quickly her orgasm rocked her body, just by holding that image in her mind. An intense, satisfying climax claimed her, as her cunt juices rained into the toilet bowl.

Panting, she rested a minute or two, then wiped her pussy thoroughly, and resolved to stop mulling this over until she was safely home. All of her spare panties were in her checked baggage, after all. When she got back to her seat, she buried her mind in the mystery novel she'd bought before boarding the plane.

Back home again, Arin pondered her dilemma. She wanted to recapture that feeling, but it was impractical to replicate what had happened. She didn't know any swingers. She didn't have a boyfriend, or girlfriend for that matter, who could tie her to her bed. Nor did she really want someone invading the solitude of her home. She tabled the matter for the moment, choosing to let her subconscious mind mull it over.

Weeks later, one of her defendants was again brought into court in handcuffs. When Arin saw those cuffs, her heart skipped a beat, as 'loss of control' echoed through her mind, seeing that. Would handcuffs do what she needed? She knew she could easily purchase a pair of them. The problem was, she didn't know enough about how they worked. Could she put them on herself? And more importantly, could she get back out of them when she needed to do so? She had to put those thoughts aside, and focus on the trial.

Afterward, Internet searches about the use of handcuffs and escaping from them looked too confusing. The presenters were either terrible instructors, or too glib, or used very complicated devices and language. Arin went so far as to purchase a pair of professional police handcuffs, but after taking them out of their box, was too frightened to test them. She put them into one of her drawers.

A week or two later, she was at a bar and grill, having a drink, and a couple of guys got rowdy with each other, and were mouthing off. As it escalated, the bartender quietly called the cops, and two of them must've been patrolling nearby, because they walked in within about two minutes of the call. Arin recognized one of them, a policewoman named Barbara Sanders. She watched as Barbara determined that the men weren't drunk, and overheard her say, "You can both disperse peacefully, and spend the night in your own homes, or we can slap the cuffs on you, and you can spend the night in jail." As she said this, she brandished her set of cuffs for emphasis. The men, chastened, wisely chose to disperse. But Arin's eyes were fixated on the cuffs, before Barbara stowed them away again.

Apparently, it was time for the officers to take a dinner break, so they called in their location, and prepared to order food. Barbara saw Ariana, and waved hello at her because their dealings in the past had always been amicable. In fact, Barbara came over and said, "Hi Ariana. Do you mind if I join you for a chat as I eat? I'm always eating with my partner, Joe, and he and I could use a little quiet time apart, on occasion."

"I don't mind it at all Barbara," Arin answered with a smile. "Please join me. I'm glad you were here so quickly to de-escalate that situation before it got out of hand." Arin was thinking to herself, "Here's a handcuff expert. Maybe she can tell me what I need to know... But how can I steer the subject that direction?"

After some polite chatter, Arin had an inspiration. "Barbara, seeing you threaten those men with your handcuffs reminded me of something I've been meaning to ask. When my clients are brought into court wearing them, I'm worried that they'll trip and land on the cuffs and get their wrists squeezed off or something. Is that a legitimate fear?"

Barbara smiled. "Not at all, if the officer that secures them knows what they're doing. Let me show you." She brought out the cuffs and closed it partway on her own left wrist. "See? So far its locked, and can't open." She tugged on it. "But it can still ratchet tighter." She pushed and it notched farther in. "But see this little stud here?" She pointed. "That's for doing what's called 'double locking' the cuffs. I use the pointy nose of the cuff key, and press that stud in." She showed how that was done, using her key. "Now the cuff still can't open, but it also can't close any farther." She pressed hard, and nothing happened.

"That's a relief," Arin said with a sincere smile. "And once they're cuffed, they can't free themselves?" she asked with what she hoped was a tone of innocent curiosity.

"Well, if they got their hands on the cuff key, or any thin piece of metal like a paperclip, they sure could, which is why we have to search them thoroughly," Barbara answered. "Here, I'll show you, if you'll help me double lock these." She seemed happy to show off her knowledge and skills to an appreciative audience.

"Okay, what do I do?" Arin asked.

Barbara easily snapped the cuffs onto both her wrists. "Okay, Ariana. Take the key, and push in the studs on both of these cuffs for me." After Arin did so, Barbara continued, "Now leave the key on the table." Once Arin did, Barbara scooped it up and, turning her wrists, easily inserted the key into the cuff on her left wrist. "See, first I twist it gently this direction, to make the stud pop out again, and then I twist it the other direction, and the cuff pops open." It did, like magic. "Now that one wrist is freed, even though I'm right handed, I can repeat that trick well enough with my left hand to free my right wrist." She demonstrated, and was completely free again.

Arin almost applauded. "What a neat trick! Thanks for showing me."

"My pleasure." Barbara took a bite of her sandwich. After chewing and swallowing, she said, almost as an afterthought, "Cuffs are easy. I guess that's why people that are into self bondage rely on them so much."

"Self bondage? I've never heard that term," Arin said, confused.

"Well, it's a kink, I guess. People come up with ways to tie themselves up for some period of time, using things like ropes or handcuffs. I'm not sure why they do it, but it's legal, and harmless if they're careful."

"Gee, I learn something new every day," Arin said, giggling. She and Barbara talked about other things, taking their mind off the law for a while, until Joe signaled that it was time to get back on patrol.

After they left, Arin rushed home, eager to try out what she'd seen and learned. She wanted to do it while things were clear in her mind. Pulling out the handcuffs, she looked for and found that double locking stud. Attaching the cuff to her left wrist, she adjusted its tightness, and pressed in the stud. Sure enough, the cuff was now immobilized, neither opening or closing. Next, she inserted the key, and twisted it slowly, watching the stud. With a 'click' sound, it popped out. Turning the key the other way, she opened the cuff and watched it fall free.

Heart racing, and feeling a little giddy, Arin cuffed her left wrist again, and then, almost fainting from excitement and fright, closed the cuff on her right wrist. She had to put the key in her mouth to use its tip to double lock the right wrist cuff. Carefully placing the key on top of a table, she tested the cuffs. She was restrained! She actually felt a little helpless, with her hands pinioned together like this. Now, could she free herself?

Picking up the key with her right hand, she twisted her wrists and managed to get the key into the left cuff. But when she turned it a little, the stud didn't pop out! "Oh shit!" she thought. She took a deep breath. She tried turning it the other way, and was gratified to see the stud emerge. Her hands were shaking slightly as she turned the key the other direction. But the cuff opened, like it was supposed to do. Seconds later, her wrists were free again. Her journey into self bondage had begun.

She had to see what it felt like to be naked and cuffed. Removing every stitch of clothing, Arin snapped the cuffs on her wrists with more assurance this time. The exposure of being naked, with her hands restrained caused goosebumps of excitement that spread from her arms to her torso. The goosebumps rippled up the flesh of her breasts, and as they reached the peaks, her areolae crinkled into a reddish-brown pebbled surface, and her nipples surged forward in roseate splendor. Arin brushed her forearms across her nipples and felt a surge of blood flood into her labia! It amazed her how much this was turning her on.

Padding barefoot into her bedroom, Arin raised her bound wrists high above her head, thrusting her tits forward as she move to one of her bedposts. She pressed her crotch against that cool, gleaming white cylinder, and her hips instinctively started a slow hump and grind action. Soon the bedpost had become slippery, receiving a glazing of her cunt juice. She pressed harder against that slime, and humped faster, abandoning herself to the sensations. She began sweating from her efforts. A scream bottled up inside her as her increasingly wild gyrations against the post made her tits bob, weaving strange patterns through the air and smacking wetly against one another.

She released the scream as she came. She came hard, her orgasmic shudders making her clit vibrate on the white wood. The bedpost streamed with her cum fluids. As she sank to the floor on buckling knees, the chain connecting her cuffs passed behind the top of the bedpost, and she ended up kneeling on the floor, virtually cuffed to the bedpost, with her face resting against the still warm cum bathing it. Instinctively, she began licking and sucking her cum off its surface, and that cum tasted more delicious than she could ever remember.

She started searching the internet for ideas about self bondage, and she was astonished by what she found. People had all sorts of ingenious ideas about how to restrain themselves, hopefully safely, for varying periods of time. Prudently, she secreted a spare key to the handcuffs in the bottom of a jug of used motor oil in her garage. It would have to be an emergency for her to smash that and dig through the mess for the key.

To add to her feeling of vulnerability, Arin was always naked now when cuffed. Her skin crawled with excited goosebumps every time the cuffs closed on her wrists. She also learned to cuff her wrists behind her back, and when it came time to free herself, had to open them purely by touch. Her hands often shook as she did so, since so many things could go wrong. But once the cuffs were off, she was usually so excited that she'd masturbate herself to a lovely climax, right where she stood, whether inside or outside.

The handcuffs did give her the sensation of loss of control, but not fully, since she could uncuff her wrists whenever she wished. Then she read about having the key trapped in ice, making it unavailable until the ice melted. Even more loss of control! Wonderful! When she did this, she truly became helpless -- stuck until she could get at the key. Chilling thoughts came into her mind. "What if someone comes to my door? What if someone breaks in?" Her delightful fears made her focus on every noise around her, and made her wonder what that sound meant. This freed her from her workplace cares for hours.

One warm day Arin was naked, out in her yard, hands cuffed behind her, waiting for the ice to melt. She froze as she heard the sound of a truck on the road, coming closer. Her heart almost stopped when she heard the crunch of tires on her gravel driveway, down by the street. Arin was desperately seeking cover, when a UPS truck came up her long driveway. She'd forgotten it was the expected date for the delivery of something she'd ordered. She dove behind a bush, praying the driver hadn't seen her. Her heart was pounding so hard and fast that it sounded like a drum beat -- would the driver hear it, and investigate?

Luckily, she didn't have to sign for the package. She waited breathlessly while he stood on her porch a minute or two, ringing the bell, then left the package and drove off. She was so excited that she got onto her belly on the grass and humped it until she came. That evening it took a long tub soak, followed by a shower using a loofah, to scrub off the grass stains from the front of her body. Ironically, the package being delivered was a complete set of steel body shackles, like those used for the more violent prisoners.

Those same shackles came into play on a day when Arin had an inspiration of how to give up even more control. During the morning, fully dressed, she strolled down her driveway and placed the key to the shackle locks near the base of her mailbox. Returning to her house, she stripped bare and locked herself into the shackles. She was now stuck like that until it could get dark enough for her to sneak to the mailbox. She did the normal things, like vacuuming, cooking, dishes and laundry, but the shackles made her almost helpless and were very restricting, which constantly reminded her of her loss of control.

Finally, when she judged it was dark enough, she started the arduous journey down the grass beside her driveway, since she didn't want to walk on the gravel with bare feet. The ankle chains prevented her from taking normal strides, and they tended to snag on twigs and taller grass, almost tripping her. The air was cool, and Arin's nipples hardened like diamonds in reaction. She had to bend over to reach them with her chained hands to give them a few pleasureful tweaks.

But she couldn't dawdle, since every minute that passed increased her chances of being discovered. She couldn't believe how much traffic went along her road. Perhaps it was a normal amount, but now she was hyperaware of their passing. Car after car went by on the roadway, their headlights flashing briefly across her lawn. She crouched low every time she heard a car coming, and hoped that the steel wouldn't glint in their lights and attract attention. It was scary and thrilling.

Her fright skyrocketed when she started searching blindly around the mailbox and didn't find the key right away! Had she forgotten exactly where she put it? If a car came by now, its headlights would be on her like a spotlight! There was no place to hide, and she would surely be discovered! Thoughts flashed through her mind, powered by her fertile imagination. She imagined being spotted. The driver stopping. A man getting out. Seeing her chained and naked. Gagging her and dragging her into his car. Taking her someplace, maybe deep in the woods, or maybe to his home. Using her sexually over and over. Maybe inviting his buddies to come and have her too. She was almost fainting as these thoughts flooded her mind. But her body was reacting viscerally, with her pussy lips puffing and her cunt lubricating. As scary as that scenario was, it was also obscenely arousing, since she'd have ceded all control to that stranger!

She had to find that key! Taking a calming couple of breaths, she mentally envisioned herself placing the key, noting its position relative to the base of the mailbox. Her hands slowly swept the grass there... and... found the key! Shaking with relief, Arin considered uncuffing herself right there, and racing back into her house. But now that she had the key, she decided to retrace her shackled journey slowly back to the house, enjoying the heady sensations that her fright had stirred up in her depths. When she was safely back in her house, and had removed the chains, she took two dildos and used them to penetrate both her cunt and ass. Watching herself in a full length mirror, she fucked herself to one orgasm after another, until she was exhausted.

So Arin learned something new that night. Being restrained was exciting, but her arousal was multiplied immensely when risk was involved. Risk added powerfully to her experiences, so she sought ways to add more risks.

For instance, she worked out a method with ropes attached to the bottom feet of her bed. Those ropes had loops that she could slip over her ankles to hold her legs spreadeagled. She could loop the chain between her handcuffs through a hook on the bed's headboard, immobilizing herself fairly well. The handcuff key was held by an electromagnet over her head, and the power to that magnet was on a timer. She did keep a cell phone she could reach for an emergency, but a rescuer would have to break down the door, and would find her naked, bound like this. As she laid there, awash with excitement, she wondered, "Did I lock all the doors and windows? What if someone calls me, who knows I must be home? What if someone comes to my door? What if I can't get the key, because I miss it when it drops?"

The last fear proved prophetic. The timer expired. The key dropped. She missed it! It bounced off her hand, and went just out of reach, even with her sliding the handcuff chain as far as she could across the hook! Panicking, Arin squirmed on the bed. She was panicked, yes, but also unbelievably turned on. Soon a stream of cunt juices weeping out of her sex slit was puddled under her ass. Would she really have to dial for help?

During her struggles, one of her ankle loops had slipped down her foot. Wriggling her toes and foot, she managed to free that leg. She used those toes to push the ankle loop down and off her other foot. With both legs free, she bent herself, working her toes up near her hands. Straining, and after several attempts, she managed to bump the key within reach. Sobbing with relief, she undid the cuffs. But with that relief came a powerful need for sexual release. Her hand went to her sopping, slobbering pussy, and for the first time, Arin worked her entire fist into her cunt. She fisted herself, while using her other hand to pluck at her nipples and clit. The resultant orgasm was magnificent, causing her to briefly lose consciousness! When she regained awareness, her fist was still wedged inside her vaginal tunnel!

Now Arin knew she craved not only restraints and risk -- she also craved fucking and even physical chastisement. Both of those elements would add to the feelings of loss of control that she sought. So she got more creative with machines that incorporated timers and solenoids. She bought a fucking machine, which she could set to activate during the last 15 minutes of her 'captivity' on her bed. This machine would ravish her pussy, and it wouldn't stop, even if she was shrieking with multiple orgasms, until its timer expired. That was heavenly.

Similarly, she bought a spanking machine, that had electrical solenoids that controlled special, built-in handcuffs on a timer. These handcuffs immobilized her, face down, bent over a padded bench. The other part of the machine had digital timers that she set so that it paddled her rather harshly for 10 minutes on her bare ass, after which it would stop, and automatically send a signal to release the handcuffs as well. But the paddling didn't start immediately. She could set another timer that would choose a random time -- she set the parameters for at least 10 minutes but no more than 25 minutes. That random time made her wait, quivering, unsure of when it would activate. That period of anticipation was hellish. Her main thought was, "What would people think if they found me like this?" It seemed to cause time to slow down, and let her wonder if she'd made a mistake, doing this. But as she tugged at the handcuffs while the machine swatted her ass cheeks to cherry redness, she climaxed, feeling like a slut undergoing a punishment that she richly deserved.

These thrills acted like a drug to Arin. She needed just a little more, each time. Since fear, added to restraints and risks, increased her pleasure, she examined her fears. She settled on the main one -- being afraid to share her secret life with anyone. Thus she started toying with the idea of the ultimate risk in her self bondage ordeals... discovery. How could she flirt with that danger? She put her mind to the task, looking at the devices she already had, how the timers and solenoids worked, and so on. She made a few more purchases, planning for her biggest challenge yet.

She ended up with an idea for a computer driven task. She'd found a game that presented you with random images that were cut up into squares and scrambled. A person clicks on two of the squares to swap their positions. When all the pieces were in their proper location, the puzzle was solved. Arin played the game many times, starting with 16 pieces (a 4 by 4 grid), then 25 (a 5 by 5 grid) and finally played it with 36 pieces, noting carefully how long it usually took her to solve this most complex version. As she sat at her desk, playing this game, she practiced with a trackball, because she knew that she wouldn't be able to use a regular computer mouse for what she was planning. The trackball turned out to be very easy to use, rolling it with her thumb, and clicking with her index finger.

She had a lock box with a 4 digit combination lock that could be set remotely via Bluetooth. This sophisticated computer game could transmit a random code to the lock, and, once its puzzle was solved, would then display that code on the computer screen, allowing Arin to unlock and open the box. Of course, she planned to have the key to her cuffs in that box. As an added failsafe, 10 minutes after that game was solved, or even showed no user activity, it would automatically set the lock code to all zeroes, and pop open the box.

That completed the setup of the challenge. Now to address the risk factor. Arin set up 3 high quality webcams near her bed. One was attached to the ceiling, looking straight down. Another was next to the bed, giving a side view. Next to that camera was the computer screen. At the foot of the bed, she placed the fucking machine, with the third camera slightly above it, looking down the rod that terminated in the phallic dildo at its tip. She added a bank of lights that pointed at one of her white bedroom walls. When those lights came on, the room lit up like a movie set.

She took the concept of the solenoid driven cuffs and bolted two near the bottom sides of her bed, placed so she could secure her ankles in them, forcing her thighs to stay wide apart. She attached her wireless trackball to the bed's headboard, close to where her hands would be. For her wrists, she wasn't going to use standard handcuffs this time. These cuffs were independent of each other, locking onto a wrist, and each attached by a cable to a wheel on either side of her bed up near the headboard.

As a finishing touch, Arin programmed times into a master controller which could handle the devices like the lights, webcams and the fucking machine. To give herself a safety margin, she programmed one of the master controller timers with three whole minutes longer than her longest time spent solving the puzzle. She felt she was ready. As she undressed to get onto her bed, her heart was fluttering, and her breathing was shallow but fast. Her panties were completely soaked as she slipped them off. She knew what she was risking, and she'd never been so aroused in her life.

Naked, she closed the cuffs at her ankles, securing them until either she solved the puzzle, or the failsafe kicked in. Resting on her back, she closed the cuff on her left wrist, and then hesitated. Currently, the computer screen showed the word 'ABORT" in large red letters. If Arin clicked that now, before securing her right wrist, all locks would open and the game wouldn't launch. Once she closed the cuff on her right wrist, the game would start, and there would be no turning back.

Her heart was now pounding so fast and hard that her nipples were visibly vibrating from its actions. She was scared, but she'd also never felt so alive. She closed the right cuff. The timers started, and the 36 piece scrambled image appeared. She took a second to guess what the unscrambled image probably looked like. Her hand went to the trackball, and started rolling it. The cursor on the screen went awry. "Oh my god! What's going on?" Arin said aloud. It took her precious minutes to realize that the trackball, suspended above and behind her head was actually upside down from the way it'd been on her desk. Her instinctive hand motions kept moving it the opposite direction from the way she'd intended!

More precious minutes passed. Arin was gradually compensating for the inverted position, teaching herself how she now had to move her thumb, but it was taking much longer than she'd planned. Too long. She was sweating now, concentrating hard. The puzzle was only about half solved when the first 'warning' of sorts occurred. The bank of lights brightened, lighting up the room! Arin groaned, realizing that she'd have to work faster.

She had perhaps three fourths of the puzzle solved, when the fucking machine sprang into life, activated, like the lights, by the timers in the master controller. Arin really began to panic now, as the fucking machine dildo slid forward, stretching her pussy as it entered her, and then began its relentless in and out strokes. Arin knew she was almost out of time! Being fucked vigorously was also threatening to break her concentration. She actually moved two correctly placed sections of the image out of position, and had to quickly put them back.

Finally, she only had the last two pieces to swap and the puzzle would be solved. She clicked on the first piece, when she heard a sound that chilled her blood. A motor activating. The two wheels near the top of her bed began rotating, reeling in the cables, and Arin's hand was dragged off the trackball! Sobbing with frustration, she felt her wrists dragged sideways until she ended up spreadeagled, the dildo churning inside her cunt.

To her horror, Arin saw the indicator on one of the webcams light up! It was transmitting. That meant that her pre-programmed Email was being sent out. That message went out to her relatives and friends, and it had instructions for how to access her cameras. She prayed that no one was at their computer at that very moment. Maybe no one would get the message until it was too late. Once the failsafe kicked in, Arin would be able to free herself and turn off the power to the cameras. She looked at the computer screen, seeing the view from her webcams displayed there, slowly cycling from one view to the next. That same screen showed a visitor counter, which still had a '0' glowing, indicating no one was looking at her webcams yet.

Arin struggled, trying desperately to get free, but it was hopeless. The stretched out position the cuffs held her in made it difficult to do much more than writhe her torso, and the dildo reaming her cunt made even movement at her pelvis difficult. That's when the visitor counter silently displayed a '1' -- someone was actively looking at her camera feed! She tried to avert her face, which was a waste of time, because, as an added risk, she had her name and phone number scrolling continuously along the bottom of the screen. At her next quick glance, the counter displayed '2' in glowing green.

Knowing that two people were now looking at her, she whimpered, and thrashed on the bed. That may have been a bad idea, because the contraction of her muscles caused her to experience a breathtaking orgasm. The piston motion of the phallus pressed her glistening cum juices out to gleam wetly on her thighs in a lewd display, caught perfectly by the camera at the foot of the bed.

Her eyes closed as she rode the wave of orgasm. When she opened them again, and refocused on the screen, she saw '10' on its display! As she watched, transfixed, that number rapidly climbed until it reached '47' and paused there. She certainly hadn't sent out that many messages!

Thereafter, she watched the numbers climb rapidly, her mind reeling. She had to imagine that viewers were calling or texting their friends, frantically telling them to go to her webcams. Probably telling them that they won't believe what a show this bitch is putting on, live, unless they see for themselves.

Caught up in the moment, Arin didn't realize it right then, but she was experiencing what she sought the most -- complete loss of control. The restraints held her in their unrelenting grip. The fucking machine reamed her cunt ceaselessly. The number of onlookers was climbing so fast that she stopped looking at the dizzying update. She'd lost control of who was being allowed to learn her secret. Of who was allowed to see her naked body in the throes of orgasm. Because as she started cumming again, she looked at the computer screen and saw her cunt spewing, splashing her nectar out onto the base of the plunging phallus. The overhead view showed her nude, spreadeagled body, with a spreading wet stain originating at her crotch. The side view showed her sweaty tits weaving and bouncing, surely dragging some attention away from her cunt.

Her breathing was getting ragged, as one climax was quickly followed by another, since the fucking machine never paused, and her swollen clit was being directly stimulated by contact with the raised fake blood vessels decorating the sides of the phallus. Arin surrendered. Any struggles her body was doing now were purely reflexive. There was absolutely nothing she could do but let go and experience her bodily sensations and her emotions. She was not really thinking now. She was a series of orgasms.

When the master controller deemed time was up, the fucking machine stopped and withdrew the phallus, leaving a gaping, raw looking red cunt tunnel in view. Arin's fully engorged clit was clearly visible until the light bank dimmed, and the room returned to normal lighting levels. The cables at her wrist went slack, and the lock box popped open, the failsafe having released the key. The webcams went dark. As Arin unlocked her wrists, she glanced at the computer screen. Stunned, she saw the number '1834' as the final count of viewers! She was wearily unlocking her ankles, when her phone started to ring.