**Kelly’s Quest**

*by [The\_Technician](http://www.sexstories.com/profile780131/The_Technician)*

**Kelly’s Quest - Part 1 of 4**

My name is Kelly. I am 28 years old, brunette, about 5' 6" tall, and I weigh 132 lbs. I have some curves, but I think I am closer to skinny than voluptuous. I wanted to post my story on line, but when it comes to writing, I really suck. So I am telling my story to my friend W, and he is putting in all the right words and stuff and will post it for me. How I met him is a story all to itself, but I think I will let him tell that one some other day.

I was tempted to begin like so many of these stories begin by saying, “I first tired self-bondage when I was ...” or “I have known that I was a bondage pain slut since I was ...” but that isn’t true. I have always known that there was something different about me, but I really didn’t know what it was until I started figuring out who I was compared to the rest of the world. I guess that wasn’t until my senior year of high school.

I wasn’t a forty-year-old virgin. I wasn’t even an eighteen-year-old virgin, though I was 18 when it happened. I don’t mean losing my virginity, I mean first finding my golden cocoon. What happened wasn’t even really sexual. Well, OK, at that age, almost anything is sexual, but my boyfriend and I were totally clothed when it happened.

We were goofing around and one thing led to another. I don’t remember what I did or what actually led up to it, but he said “You deserve a spanking for that,” and pulled me over his knee.

I think he was just going to give me a couple of quick swats on the butt, but I started laughing at him and said I couldn’t even feel it. That made him smack me all the harder. I don’t know why, but I kept egging him on until he finally totally lost it. He really whaled away on my ass, and even through the denim of my jeans, I could totally feel each smack of his hand.

Actually, I could feel more than that. I could feel something else that didn’t come from his hand. It came from within me. As he spanked and spanked, harder and harder, I was totally enveloped in a strange warmth that I couldn’t understand or describe. It was a totally wonderful warmth that was almost overwhelmingly pleasurable and so peaceful. It enveloped my whole body and made me feel like I was in some wonderful, far away place. In my diary that night, I called it a golden cocoon.

The next day I tried to ask my older sister, Tracey, about it, but she didn’t understand. I thought maybe it was something that all women feel as they get older and she could explain it to me. At first, she didn’t understand at all what I was asking. When she finally realized what I was trying to say, she just rolled her eyes at me and said, “Kelly, you are just too weird.”

After that I didn’t say anything to anyone, but I started thinking more carefully about what had happened. I didn’t have enough life experience to analyze things like an true adult, but this much I did figure out. Being spanked hurt. I didn’t like being spanked. I screamed and yelled when my boyfriend lost control because it hurt. I got no pleasure at all out of actually being spanked– at first. But the spanking was worth it as the pain melted away and I was drawn into that wonderful, peaceful place and afterwards as I luxuriated in that strange warm cocoon.

The problem was that I couldn’t figure out for sure how that happened. For an almost adult young girl that was very disturbing. It had something to do with being spanked, but I didn’t want to be spanked– at least, I don’t think I did. What I wanted was my warm cocoon.

I always laughed at those hokey public service warnings about this or that drug that told me to never try it because, “One hit and you’re hooked.” But I guess in my case they were telling the truth. One hit and I was hooked. I had only experienced it once, but I wanted my golden cocoon. I needed my golden cocoon. I craved my golden cocoon. Thus began my quest to find what truly caused it and to bring it back.

Questing opportunities are pretty limited in a small town, so it wasn’t until I went away to college that my quest to find the source of that gentle warmth kicked into high gear. I tried self-spanking - with my hand, with hair brushes, with a belt and with about anything else I could think of, but that didn’t work at all. I even tried a “spanking machine,” that someone brought to a party kind of as a joke. They left it in a basement storeroom and I borrowed it afterwards– with the owner’s permission. Although I could make it really hurt with the machine, it didn’t send me to my golden cocoon.

I decided that whatever it was, if it came from a spanking you couldn’t do it to yourself. Maybe it was like not being able to tickle yourself. So I decided that if I couldn’t do it to myself and cause the warmth, I would have to have someone else spank me.

It is amazingly easy to talk a college boy - or girl - into spanking you. There are also an almost unbelievable number of different ways to spank someone - over the knee, over the sofa, over the log, on the floor, against the wall, fully clothed, in a swimsuit, fully naked, even fully naked while standing upside down on your head– that one got a little weird. But no matter what I tried, it didn’t help. I could be spanked by a boy or a girl, fully clothed or in panties or naked and it didn’t make any difference. The elusive warm cocoon eluded me.

I even set it up at a party one night that the loser of a game of strip poker got spanked by everyone else there. Everybody thought it ironic that I was the ultimate loser and ended up subject to my own suggested punishment. One of the boys said, “Maybe you will learn to keep your ideas to yourself.”

The only thing I learned from that night is that it is very embarrassing, not to mention painful to be lie naked across that back of a couch in front of twenty-some people and get swatted on the ass by all of them using everything from bare hands to a plastic spatula from the kitchen. Someone took some pictures that ended up on the internet, but lucky for me although my ass and pussy and every red stripe was visible, my head was on the other side of the couch pillows and my face couldn’t be seen.

I finally decided that spanking, alone, wasn’t the key. Evidently neither was embarrassment and humiliation. So I turned to bondage. I read a bunch of stories online to see what could be done. I had one of my boyfriends tie me up, tickle me, tease me, everything he or I could think of and several things from stories on the internet. Nothing.

I almost got caught when I accidently used the wrong credit card to order something on line. It was one that Mom had given me in case of an emergency. I realized my mistake when she asked what I had purchased from Linda’s Rubber Boutique. I told her it was some stuff for the kitchen. Somehow, I don’t think she believed me, but she didn’t ask any further and only said that I needed to make sure that my roommates helped share expenses.

I tried self-bondage in many different forms, but nothing happened. I even arranged for my sister to “discover me” while I was home at Easter time. I was sort of hoping that she would do something while I was helpless– maybe that would be the path to the cocoon, but after retrieving the key from the corner where it had “fallen” out of my reach, she handed it to me with the comment, “Kelly, you get weirder every year.”

If she only knew. Then she added, “If you get any weirder, you will be as weird as Uncle Jack.”

She looked very surprised when I said, “Thank you.”

She didn’t understand at all. But I really did mean “Thank you.” She had given me a clue for my quest which, at that moment, took a new turn. Uncle Jack was mom’s brother and still lived back on the ranch in Arizona. If he was weird... and I was weird... then maybe he would understand what was happening to me, or what it was that had happened to me, or what it was that I wanted to happen to me again. Perhaps Uncle Jack had the key to the elusive golden cocoon.

I decided that night that I had to visit Uncle Jack. The question was how I could do that. After all, no matter how weird I was, I wasn’t about to travel across several states, walk up to a man twenty-five years older than me, and ask him to help me find my warm after-spanking, golden cocoon. I’m not that weird... or at least I didn’t used to be.

I needed an excuse to go visit Uncle Jack, maybe for a week or two so I could work my questions into a conversation. I now knew that Uncle Jack had the answer. The problem was that I couldn’t see myself calmly asking him across the dinner table, “By the way, Uncle Jack, what does someone have to do differently when they spank me to caused me to find my warm cocoon afterwards?” This was going to take some thought and some planning.

I always laughed at those Kung Fu movies when the wise old teacher would say, “When the student is ready, the master will appear,” but that is exactly what happened. Uncle Jack didn’t appear, my parents disappeared– sort of. Dad’s company merged with a company in Europe and he was transferred to Germany for a year to help with the transition. Mom would be with him most of the time, and Tracey was going with them for the summer to do some studying there– she’s an art major. They didn’t want me on my own over the summer, so they suggested that I spend the summer with Uncle Jack.

Uncle Jack lived on “the family ranch” way out in the country near a small town in Arizona. Mom grew up there, but most of the land had been sold off to other farmers and ranchers. I was never sure just what it was that Jack did for a living, but he worked from his house and seemed to have more than enough money.

He came out to my parents to visit and to talk about arrangements. When I pointed out that I really needed to find a job for the summer, he said that he normally had a housekeeper, but she had recently left. Also, he might need some minor office work. I could catch up his files, etc. over the summer. Problem solved, I would work for him.

The student was ready; the master had arrived; school ended for the year; and I moved into Uncle Jack’s ranch house for the summer. It was immediately apparent that he was a writer of some sort although he didn’t seem to want to talk about what he had written. One of the things that needed done, however, was filing old manuscripts and other writings for him. I soon figured out that he had written hundreds, if not thousands, of erotic stories and books under a variety of names. I also noticed that the file section for bondage books seemed to be a little larger than any of the others. Uncle Jack was my kind of weird.

I “borrowed” some of the manuscripts for personal reading. Uncle Jack was a good writer. He really got my juices going, and as I read some of his bondage scenarios I could almost feel the warm cocoon beginning to form around me. Maybe bondage was the key. Maybe I just hadn’t done it properly. I would have to try again using one of the scenarios from Uncle Jack’s book.

The opportunity to do this came about sooner than I thought. Uncle Jack told me that he had to go to a writer’s conference and I would have to “keep the office open” for a few days. The next days before Jack left were a just a blur. He needed a variety of stories printed out and bound in manuscript form as well as transferred to CD and memory stick, and I needed to get my bondage preparations ready. I knew that there was a room in the upstairs loft of Jack’s barn which had a wide variety of items that could be used for bondage.

The barn didn’t seem to be used for anything except a couple of horse stalls. All of the equipment and stuff like that needed for the ranch was in a big metal shed– at least, I think it was. Uncle Jack kept that building locked all the time. In any case, the upstairs of the barn was empty and perfect for my use. As I gathered together ropes and pulleys and various leather contraptions, I began to think that this was all way too convenient. Maybe the room and the whole barn was intended for bondage.

If that was so, what did my mother know about all this? And if she knows about all this, what don’t I know about my mother?

Uncle Jack left on a Thursday night and wasn’t supposed to be home until Sunday night. The answering machine in his office indicated that the office was open from 9 to 4 Monday through Friday. No one expected me to be in the office over the weekend, so I would have everything to myself. I decided that I would put myself into bondage for eight hours beginning at noon Saturday. If that didn’t do it, then my quest had come to an end.

Thursday night after Jack left, I put the release mechanisms into the freezer. I had downloaded the plans from the internet. Basically they were plastic pipes filled with ice which held a short length of chain until the ice melted. Based on the size of the pipe, the warmth of the room, etc. they should take at least 8 to 10 hours to melt and pull open.

Saturday morning I took a long, hot bath and removed all my body hair. I had purchased one of those shaver-like plucking things which I used to trim things up down there, but this was the first time I used it everywhere. From my neck down there wasn’t even the hint of a wisp of hair. I was ready.

I stopped in the kitchen and retrieved my release mechanisms from the freezer. Then I walked out to the barn. The sun felt warm on my bare skin and I thought that Tracey would truly think I was weird if she could see me now, walking out to Uncle Jack’s barn in the middle of the day naked as the day I was born, carrying chains frozen into ice.

I went up the ladder into the loft. There were several bales of hay and three old beams propped up against one wall of the barn. I pushed the beams together against each other so they formed a ramp about three feet wide and six or so feet long. Luckily they were already almost next to each other because they were heavy and hard to move. Then I attached a pulley to an eye bolt that was located on the wall above my makeshift ramp.

That eye bolt seemed awfully convenient. So did the board nailed to the floor which kept the beams from sliding away from the walls. There were also more eye bolts all over the walls of this storeroom. As I looked around the room I wondered less and less about what use room had been put to in the past. Maybe I would have to ask Uncle Jack about that some day, too.

There were holes drilled through the bottoms of each of the beams, so I attached some short lengths of rope to the bottom of the ramp. I didn’t tie my ankles yet. I had to make sure everything was set up just right. We were pretty far out of town and no one knew what I was up to, so I wasn’t taking any chances. The rope on my hands would have two different release mechanisms. One held the pulley to the eyebolt, the other attached the rope to the weight which would stretch me tight– in this case two bales of straw. If the weights didn’t release, the pulley would and the rope would go slack and I would be able to release my hands.

I pushed two bales of straw over to the edge of a large door at the end of the loft. There was a pulley on an iron beam above the door. I ran my rope through the pulley above the door and attached it to the two bales. Both bales sat on the edge of the loft door with about half of the bale hanging over the edge. Then I ran the rope back across the room to the pulley I had attached to the wall and then down to the top of the ramp. Once the rope went through the pulley, I attached it to the middle of a short length of chain. On each end of the chain was a padded leather cuff which could be closed with a padlock.

The plan was simple. I would put the key to the cuffs on the floor too far from me to reach. Then I would tie my ankles to the beams, clamp the cuffs on my wrists, and pull on the rope to get the bales rocking. It would only take a minute or so of rocking until the bales fell off the edge of the opening.

I lay back for a while to get up the nerve for what I needed to do next. After a moment or two, I began pulling on the rope in a rhythmic fashion. I imagined I was trying to work my car out of a snowdrift. The bales began to rock more and more with each tug on the rope and then suddenly they swung clear of the floor of the loft and my hands snapped above me. The chain slammed against the pulley above my head. I was now drawn tight until the ice melted.

It is amazing what you can hear when you are tied up tight alone in a barn fifty miles from nowhere. The barn creaked. Bugs and some larger things scurried across the floor. A bird flew into the barn and scared me so much I almost wet myself. I started thinking that maybe I should have used a vibrator or something, but I wasn’t seeking an orgasm. I was seeking that elusive warm cocoon that had evaded me since my last spanking over 3 years ago.

But nothing happened. The sun went down and nothing happened. Around midnight, I could feel water dripping onto my body from the release mechanism above my head. It was the larger one, the back up. The release mechanism on the bales should have already released hours ago, but it hadn’t. I was starting to get worried. Something was wrong. What if the secondary release mechanism also failed. I could be here until Uncle Jack got back. That would definitely open up the conversation about my quest, but I didn’t think I wanted that.

I heard the chain in the release mechanism move slightly. My backup plan was going to work. I would be free soon. No cocoon, but no embarrassing rescue by Uncle Jack.

There is this thing called “Murphy’s Law.” If it can go wrong, it will. The release mechanism let go just like it was supposed to, but the rope didn’t drop slack like intended. Instead, the pulley flew across the room toward the beam above the door. I was suddenly pulled forward until my front slammed against the floor. The rope pulled tighter and I was lifted up toward the overhead beam.

There was a painful tugging on my legs and the beams that made up the ramp slowly slid away from the wall. I continued to be pulled upward and out into the darkness. I was afraid that if the beams were dragged out the opening and fell from the loft I would be pulled in half. Then I finally stopped moving. I had no idea what had happened, but I was now hanging about two feet outside the barn.

The beams from the ramp were still tied to my ankles, and they had been pulled partially out the opening. Only about a foot or so of them extended beyond the floor of the loft. I was able to almost stand on the beams, but I had to keep some of my weight on the cuffs because every time I put my full weight on the beams, they rocked slightly like they were going to tip. I didn’t know what was going to happen when the release mechanism on the ropes to the bales finally let go, but I was afraid that when my full weight was dropped onto the beams, they would fall to the ground below.

I kept trying to remember exactly what was beneath me. I think the barn yard was clear. I wouldn’t be falling on any sharp equipment or fences. There was a double row of hay bales stacked against the side of the barn and then in a curve at a right angle for a little ways out from the wall so that it formed a wind break for horses or whatever. Maybe I could drop onto those if I had to, but since it was dark I couldn’t see where they were. Up until now, I was hoping the ropes would release. Now I was hoping nothing let go until after sunrise.

The pain in my arms was tremendous, but the pain that I would feel if I fell twenty feet to the ground with the beams following me all the way down would be even greater. I kept imagining myself like that coyote who is always chasing the road runner– falling into the bottom of the canyon only to have the safe and the anvil and everything else land on top of me.

For the rest of the night, each sound, each little movement of the barn, each gust of wind made me think that my drop to the ground was at hand. Finally the sun came up. I could see below me, but in the gray shadows of dawn, nothing made sense. The ground seemed to be too close and it didn’t look level. As it got lighter I could see that there was a huge pile of hay bales beneath me. I was only four or five feet from the top bale. I looked in amazement and suddenly I knew what had happened. When the bales fell from the loft, either they hit the stacked bales or maybe swung into the bales alongside the wall. In any case, the entire thin stack of bales fell in a pile in the barnyard burying the two bales I had used for weights. They were also pressing on the ropes and trapping it so it couldn’t release. When the pulley released from the wall, the pile of bales must have finished their collapse and pulled the rest of the rope downward, dragging me along with it.

I let my weight down totally on the two beams beneath my feet. I now knew that if I fell, it would only be a couple of feet and it would be onto hay bales. The beams teetered and tottered, but they didn’t fall. I began to relax. Everything would be OK once Uncle Jack got home.

And then it happened. I could feel it start down at my toes and at the top of my head at the same time. It is almost impossible to describe to anyone else. It is like being wrapped in a soft warm blanket, only more so. It is like floating on warm water - no warm oil, only more so. It is like being enclosed in beautiful, safe, warm cocoon. It wasn’t near as intense as I remembered, but I had found it.

I was standing with my eyes closed trying to wrap myself up in my own special warmth when I suddenly heard from beneath me, “Kelly Lynn, what in the hell have you been up to?” Uncle Jack was home early. I guess it was time for me to talk to him about the quest for my cocoon.

**Kelly’s Quest - Part 2 of 4**

Since I came to stay with uncle Jack for the summer, I had been waiting for an opportunity to ask him about my special cocoon. But as I stared down at him from my precarious perch high above the barnyard, all I could say was, “I think I can explain this, uncle Jack.”

He laughed and replied, “There’s no need to explain, Kelly. Your mother and I suspected that you had inherited the yearning. Let me come up there and see what you have done.”

A few minutes later he was in the loft standing behind me. “I see you didn’t use a gag. That was good. Alone out here, if your nose blocked up you could suffocate. But you didn’t use a hood, which left your face exposed. If someone had come by and taken pictures, your face would be all over the internet. Speaking of pictures, I think your mother will want some record of this.”

Suddenly there were a couple of bright flashes from behind me. Uncle Jack was taking pictures of me. I twisted my face around to see him and was momentarily blinded by the bright flash. After my eyes cleared, I could see that he was inspecting the room. He soon found part of the release mechanism for the pulley that had been above my head still attached to the wall. It was supposed to be my safety. I had assumed that with the pulley released from the wall, the rope would go slack and I would be able to release the cuffs. I hadn’t figured on being dragged out the loft door by a huge pile of fallen hay bales.

“What did you try to do, make a ramp rack with the beams? I assume there is some type of ice release mechanism buried under all that hay out there. Pretty inventive for an amateur, but I don’t think you thought everything trough or you wouldn’t be hanging around waiting for me to get a good look at your boobs and ass. Well let’s get things stabilized a bit.”

Then he dragged the remaining beam over to the loft door and placed is sideways across the end of the two beams I was tied to and standing on. He added a couple of hay bales to the beam and then walked up beside me. He patted me on my bare ass and said, “Now you won’t be going anywhere for a while. I’ve got some hay to stack.”

I sputtered in surprise, “Uncle Jack, aren’t you going to release me?”

“Well, you evidently wanted this,” he answered. “You wanted to put yourself on display. You wanted to cause yourself pain and embarrassment. I’m not going to interrupt that. You might as well just stay there while I clean things up. Hopefully I can get this done by myself and won’t have to call over any of the neighbors to help.”

With that, he left the barn and walked up to the house. A few minutes later he returned and began re-stacking the hay bales in the pile below me. “I guess I will have stack these more safely,” he yelled up to me, “but then I wasn’t figuring on someone using two bales for bondage weights and rocking them out the door so that they would swing into my hay bale windbreaker. You know it is a good thing that you used the leather cuffs. They aren’t nearly as likely to cut off circulation. I am surprised that you didn’t use a dildo or butt plug, though. Your mother used to enjoy sexual stimulation while she was doing her pain bondage.”

For a moment my mouth just opened and closed in shock. What uncle Jack said surprised me for two reasons. My prim, proper and reserved mother did pain bondage? And just how did uncle Jack know that I had used two bales of hay for my weights?

“I see you’ve got some questions,” he said as he worked. “Yes, your mother is a pain slut. She went a little too far with it when she was younger and now she stays totally away from it– most of the time. She says it is like being an alcoholic, only worse. Once she starts, she just can’t stop, so she doesn’t even start anymore except on special occasions. Oh, and the reason I know that you used two bales of hay is that I checked the security tapes while I was in the house. I probably should have told you that there are cameras all over this ranch. There are two on you right now. One from the front up there on that light pole, and one from the back in the loft. The other three cameras in the loft point the other way, so they don’t show you right now, but there are some interesting images from last night.”

The pile of hay bales beneath me was getting smaller as uncle Jack re-stacked the jumbled bales back along side the barn. I was staring out across the ranch thinking about what he has just told me when I felt a tugging on my wrists. Uncle Jack was moving some of the bales which held the ropes from which my wrists hung.

I was hoping that meant I would soon be free, but then he said, “Can’t have you falling from up there, can we? I will just re-secure this here on the barn.” He then tied the rope to something on the side of the barn and continued stacking hay bales.

It took him another hour or so to finish and then he again came up to the loft. He walked over to the wall of the room in the loft and inserted something between two of the boards. A door I hadn’t seen opened in the wall and he entered what looked like a large closet. When he came back out, he was carrying several items I didn’t recognize and a couple that I did. I wasn’t sure what all the leather straps were, but he was definitely holding a large, jet black dildo and a smaller, but just as black, butt plug.

“Well, Kelly. I’m not sure whether this is punishing you for what you have done or testing you to see if you are truly the pain slut your mother thinks you are.”

“Please uncle Jack, just release me and we can go up to the house to talk.”

“No need for talking right now, Kelly. We will talk in the morning when your mother and sister get here.” With that, he reached out and wrapped something around my face.

“Open wide,” he said as he slid what was evidently a ball gag in my mouth. It looked a lot like a horse’s bridle except rather than a metal bit, it had a large red ball supported on a plastic rod of some sort.

“I don’t know if ‘open wide,’ is the right thing as I insert this,” he said with a laugh, “but don’t fight this or it will hurt.” With that, he slowly pushed the lubricated butt plug into my ass, twisting it back and forth slightly as it entered. I didn’t fight him. I don’t know why I didn’t, but I did nothing. Maybe I realized that I wanted it in me. It hurt a lot going in, and it hurt a little just being in there, but I wanted it in me.

“I guess I don’t need to lubricate this one. You are already more than lubricated.” He said as he slid the dildo into my cunt. “We’re going to need this or that will slide right back out of there.” He added as he held some very thin leather straps up in front of me. They looked a little like a garter belt, but were different somehow. He attached the belt portion above my hips and closed it with some type of velcro overlap. He then reached between my legs to pull the other strap through. It was about a 1/4 inch wide and pulled tightly into my cracks - both front and back. “This will hold things in place. Can’t have things slipping out, can we?” He then did something with the dildo and butt plug. Evidently they attached somehow to the strap. I didn’t hear the click of a snap, so maybe they also had some sort of velcro attachment on them. He then opened a small case and took out three small, black clamps. I thought I knew where two of those were going, and my suspicions were confirmed when he began to roll one of my nipples in his fingers. My nipples were already sticking straight out, but got even harder under his touch. I cried out as the clamp closed on first one nipple, then the other. I then cried out in surprise and pain as the third clamp closed on my clit. “That one often falls off,” he said. “But this strap helps keep it in place.” He then evidently attached it to the strap between my legs.

Uncle Jack went back into the closet and returned with a small box with a bunch of wires hanging from it. “This is a very specialized piece of equipment,” he said as he began attaching wires to the clamps and dildo and butt plug. There were even wires which attached to the sides of the ball gag.

After a while he said, “Almost finished, but before I blindfold you and leave you here for the night, I need to insert the control pieces.” With that, he opened another small box and took out what looked like two hearing aids.

“These are communications devices,” he explained. They are basically two-way radios. Anything you say will be transmitted to the control box. And you will be able to hear anything I, or the control box, says to you. You actually only need one to make this work, but using two gives us a backup. Let’s put these in and calibrate them.”

He put both items in my ears and picked up something that looked like a small cell phone. “The control box needs to be calibrated to your voice. Say the word ‘pain.’”

“aain” was all that came out through the ball gag.

“Say that again.”

“aain”

“Now say more.”

We went through a series of words - pain, pleasure, more, less, stop, and oleo. “Oleo,” explained uncle Jack is your emergency word. “If you say it three times, the control box will shut down everything and trigger alarms in the house and on my cell phone. You are in control. If you say ‘pain,’ you get pain. If you say ‘pleasure,’ you get pleasure. More, less and stop do exactly that. Right now, I’m going to test things manually so you know what to expect..”

“This is pleasure,” he said and the dildo and butt plug began to vibrate within me.

“This is pain.” Small electric shocks hit me from the clamps on my nipples, the clamp on my clit, the ball gag, and surprisingly from the dildo and butt plug. “Those don’t always come on at the same time,” he explained.

“Now it is time for the hood,” he said as he held up something made of soft, black leather. “This hood has two purposes. First, it blinds you and removes any sound except what you hear through the control earpieces. And secondly, it hides your face. As soon as I get back to the house, the camera feeds which are focused on you are going live on the internet. I will send out some invitations to a few selected sites and within a few hours, thousands, if not millions of people will be watching you writhing in pleasure and in pain.”

Uncle Jack pulled the hood over my face and strapped it in place. Then I heard him walking away. How long was he going to keep me like this? I tried to yell for help. It came out more like “ellb” with the ball gag in place. Then a soft mechanical voice spoke in my earpieces, “Command not understood. Please say pleasure, pain, more, less, or stop. If emergency release is required, please say oleo.”

What the hell...., “eathur” The dildo and butt plug came alive.

“orrr” They became stronger.

“orrr” Stronger still, and the dildo somehow began to move and wiggle.

“ainn”

The mechanical voice replied, “Are you sure? Please repeat command to verify”

“ainn”

Sharp stings of electricity jolted my mouth, my ass, my nipples and my pussy all at the same time. Then at random intervals the stings came to one or the other or all at the same time. I had never mixed pleasure and pain before. My mind was fogging. My body was in turmoil. The dildo and butt plug drove me upward toward orgasm, but the shocks kept me from peaking.

“orrr”

“Please specify pleasure or pain”

“orr ain” I screamed into the gag as again everything jolted at once. I knew that I was thrashing wildly in my bonds. I wasn’t sure that even with the extra weight on the beams, they wouldn’t rock off the loft floor and pull terribly on my ankles and legs - but I didn’t care anymore.

A soft voice that I recognized as my uncle Jack’s spoke quietly in my ears. “The hit counter indicates over a thousand and climbing. You are very popular.”

A thousand people watching me! I felt myself suddenly rushing toward a tremendous orgasm. He continued, “Oh, and Tracey says you are definitely weirder than me. She also said that even knowing its her weird little sister she is watching, you are turning her on something fierce.”

With that I exploded. I lost track of time and space. I didn’t care how lewdly I was thrashing. I didn’t care how many people were watching. I totally let myself go into the most powerful orgasm I had ever experienced. And then, on the other side of the orgasm, I could see..., or was it hear..., or was it feel..., my precious golden cocoon waiting for me.

But I couldn’t reach it.

Even in the midst of the most intensive orgasm I had ever experienced, I wasn’t quite there yet. I began screaming, “orr ain” “orr ain” “orr eathur” “orr eathur” “orr ain” “orr ain”

The combination of pain, pleasure– orgasm and electric shock seemed to drive me almost out of my mind and even out of my body. I was floating somewhere in darkness. I didn’t know where I was, but at last, I was almost there.

“orr ain” “orr ain” “orr ain” “orr ain”

I thought I could feel urine running down my leg. I knew that I looked like a totally wanton slut and I knew that my mother and my sister were among the thousands who were watching me. My body continued to twitch and dance from the electrical onslaught, but it was worth it. I knew that the pain was the price of admission to the warm, golden cloud that was descending around me.

From miles away a familiar mechanical voice spoke. “Recommended safety threshold exceeded. Program shutting down. Emergency notification alarm activated.”

Everything stopped. No pleasure. No pain. But I didn’t care. I was already there.

I knew that I was hanging by my arms naked for all the world to see, but I didn’t care. I knew that my sister and my mother and thousands of horny men and women masturbating in front of their computer screens knew that I was a total pain slut. But I didn’t care. I had found my golden cocoon at last.

**Kelly’s Quest - Part 3 of 4**

“Kelly? Kelly? Can you hear me?”

I thought I was hearing my uncle’s voice through the control earpieces of the machine. The last thing I could remember I was hanging high above the barnyard calling for more pain, more pain. But now my hands were at my side. I was in a bed. There was no hood over my face. The hearing aid-like control devices were no longer in my ears.

I opened my eyes and uncle Jack was standing beside the bed. My mother and Tracey, my older sister, were standing with him.

“You didn’t want to come back,” mom said. “I think you have the yearning even stronger than I do. I understand the draw of the calm place, but it is very dangerous. You need to be taught how to control the yearning, or it will destroy you.”

Uncle Jack held up the control box for his machine. “You know, when I designed this, I put in the overload protocols only because I thought they needed to be there in case the machine malfunctioned. I never dreamed anyone would willingly exceed safe levels by voice command alone. We definitely need to talk about how to help you stay in control.”

“OK,” I said weakly, “But first answer one question for me. Why did I find the golden cocoon when my boyfriend spanked me, but not other times... until tonight?”

Mom smiled at me and began to explain, “It all depends on control and giving over control. In order for me to find my calm place - what you call your golden cocoon - the pain has to be inevitable and beyond my control, but at the same time, I have to ultimately cause it or control it. Otherwise, it is just pain and the calm place eludes me.

If you ultimately are in control of the pain... if you choose the pain, the calm place awaits. If you did not give over control... if you did not choose the pain... if you cannot go into the pain and meet it where it begins... then it is only pain. If you are in control, but have given over that control, then you find the calm place. It is how your body and mind is wired.”

“But what about Tracey?” I asked.

“I’m not weird like you, little sister,” Tracey replied. “Pain is just pain to me, and I don’t want anyone, including myself to tie me up and hurt me. Although... after watching you last night, I find that I am a bit envious of your weirdness, or yearning, or whatever it is.”

“So what do I do now?”

Uncle Jack answered me. “You stay here with me for the rest of the summer while your sister and your parents go to Europe. You explore your yearnings and your cocoon, but do it safely.”

He looked down at me and said very sternly, “You must always have a safety backup– that is someone you can trust, like me, who knows where you are and what you are doing, and who will come rescue you if something goes wrong. I think after last night you recognize that things which no one can foresee can go wrong with very dire consequences. Any other questions?”

I grinned up and him and asked, “Yes, what other interesting things do you have hidden in secret rooms up in the barn?”

“I think I’d better give you the tour tomorrow,” my mom answered. “But for now, you need to rest. Get some sleep and in the morning we will go exploring in grandma’s playroom.”

When she saw the shocked look on my face she added, “You don’t think the yearning began with me do you? You look as shocked as I was when mom told me about her mother.”

The next morning mom and I walked across the barnyard to the barn and went up to the hayloft. I tried to imagine her making this trip naked carrying special release chains, but that image still didn’t fit my memories of her.

Once we were up in the loft, she took what looked like a small saw down from a hook on the wall and then inserted it between two of the boards. She lifted up with the handle and a secret door opened inward. Then stepping a few feet to the left, she again inserted the saw and a second door opened just like the first. “I think you already saw part of this storeroom, let me show you the whole setup.”

The storeroom was about the size of a large walk-in closet. One wall was lined with shelves on which was arranged a variety of dildos, plugs, gags, and small control boxes like I had seen the day before. Another wall was covered with wooded hooks from which hung a variety of leather harnesses and hoods and strange, long sleeved gloves which seemed to be one piece, rather than two separate gloves.

In the middle of the room were several devices which looked like stocks, some were wood, some were metal, one was even clear plastic. “All this was designed and made by your uncle Jack. That is part of what he does for a living. The workshop is in the big shed. Most of the really interesting custom work is kept there or in another room up here.”

Mom walked to the doorway of the second room and I followed her. There was nothing on the walls of this room except mirrors. There were mirrors everywhere - walls, floor, ceiling. Some of them, or perhaps all of them must be one way mirrors because mom pointed through the door to one wall and said, “There is a gallery behind that wall, but you have to come up a separate stairway.” Then she said, “Wave to your uncle, Kelly, he is probably watching us on the cameras.”

She had pointed at a spot just inside the room near the ceiling. I felt silly doing it, but I waved and said, “Hi uncle Jack.”

A disembodied voice replied, “Hello Kelly.” Then after a pause, it said, “Catherine, remember the rules of the room.”

Mom’s face went white and her eyes widened. She stopped and stood still in the doorway.

“Tell her the rules, Catherine,” the voice said.

She slowly turned toward me and said softly. “No clothing is allowed inside the mirrored room.”

“Louder, Catherine.” Uncle Jack urged. “Tell her she has to be naked to go into the room.”

“You have to be naked to go into the room,” mom repeated.

“Aren’t you going to demonstrate the equipment, Catherine?”

Mom looked straight ahead into the room and said, “Take off your clothes, Kelly.”

She then began removing her clothing and hung it on a wooden peg just outside the doorway. I noticed that there were 6 wooden pegs in a row. I put my clothing on the second peg and stood beside my now naked mother.

“Are you ready?” she asked. When I replied, “Yes,” she stepped into the room and beckoned me to follow. There were three items in the room. One was a large metal, articulated X that was mounted on a thick metal base. “This is a poser cross. It can be programmed for automatic movement or can be controlled remotely.”

Mom stood in front of it with her arms against the upper portion of the cross and her legs spread to match the shape of the lower portion of the X. She explained, “You stand like this facing either toward the cross or away from it.”

Uncle Jack’s voice again came over the speakers, “Face the cross, Catherine, and we will give Kelly a little demonstration.”

Mom turned and faced the cross. She pressed her body against the metal. There was a sudden clang as metal cuffs snapped around her wrists and ankles. Another clang, deeper in tone, rang out as a band encircled her waist. A mechanical voice, very similar to the one in the control earpieces last night suddenly announced, “Beginning sequence Catherine 01.”

With that, the cross began to lift off the ground. It tilted until it was horizontal and then began to slowly spin. It wasn’t moving very fast, but after a moment it began to once again tilt and to rotate as well as spin. The effect was almost as if mom were on a large wheel that was rolling along the ground.

There was a slight hissing noise, and four arm-like mechanisms descended from the ceiling. One held a multi-strand whip. One held a solid paddle. One held a long thin rod. And one did not appear to be able to hold anything at all. Instead of a hand or clamp or anything to grip with, it ended with a long, rounded metal rod.

As the wheel rotated past, the arm with the whip suddenly snapped downward. The timing was exact and the whip struck mom exactly between her legs. A few more rotations and the arm with the thin rod snapped. Again the timing was perfect, but this time the thin rod raised a deep red stripe across mom’s ass cheeks. She yelped in pain. For the next few minutes the X wheel continued to slowly rotate as the three whips struck at random intervals. Twice the metal rod went forward, but I couldn’t tell what it did.

Evidently it did something because mom struggled against it when it touched her. After about four minutes, the mechanical voice announced, “Program terminated by remote user,” and the wheel came to a stop.

“Any questions?” asked uncle Jack.

“What does the metal rod do?” I asked.

“Let me show you,” he replied.

Mom suddenly began struggling against the steel bands which held her to the cross. “Notice that the rod appears to be wet,” he said. “It is lubricating itself for one of its functions.”

The arm with the rod moved over the X and slowly descended between mom’s legs. She gasped and grunted as it slowly entered her rear. “I have things stopped so you can see exactly what is happening,” he explained, “but it can do this while the frame is turning.”

The rod moved slowly in and out a few times. “It can vibrate,” mom groaned, “or deliver an electric shock,” mom yelped, “ranging in intensity from mild to severe.” Mom screamed and thrashed against the X. “Of course it can also enter other bodily orifices or just rub across the surface of the skin with or without vibration or voltage.”

The rod pulled slowly out of mom’s ass and began to trail along the muscles of her leg. It was evidently alternating between vibration and voltage because she would relax for a moment and then thrash against her bonds. “We will program the Ferris Cross later for your exact sequence if you want to try it,” he offered.

The X tilted and rotated until mom was standing upright on the floor and then there was a loud clang as all of the bands released. “Catherine, you can play on the cross later, if you want,” he said quietly. “For now, let’s show Kelly Edison’s Iron Maiden.”

Mom’s eyes went very wide. “No, Catherine, you don’t have to get into it unless you want to. Neither does Kelly,” uncle Jack said in a very comforting voice. “Let her decide if she wants to put herself in Mr. Edison’s grip.”

Mom pressed a button on the wall and a panel opened. A large iron statue slid out into the room. It looked vaguely like a naked woman standing with her legs slightly spread, but there was no detail at all in the iron. There was a whir and a pop and suddenly the front of the statue opened from the middle like two french doors swinging outward.

The inside of the statue seemed to be covered with small shiny dots, some appeared to be just pin heads and none was larger than the size of a pencil eraser. Mom pushed a button on the side of the statue and two small platforms rose slightly in each leg.

“Step in, if you want,” she said, and I turned around and backed into the opening, stepping up slightly to get onto the platforms. The familiar mechanical voice said, “Adjusting height,” and the platforms descended slightly until I could feel the tiny dots begin to press against my pussy. Then the doors began to swing closed. For a moment I almost panicked, but except for being totally dark, it was not uncomfortable with the doors closed.

The mechanical voice said, “Please say ‘pain.’”

This sounded familiar. I repeated “pain, pleasure, more, less, stop,” and of course, “oleo.”

At first I wondered why the computer that controlled this couldn’t just use what I said last night, but then I remembered that the last time I used those phrases, my mouth was filled with an electrified ball gag.

“Are you ready to begin?” it asked. “Say ‘yes’ or ‘no.’”

I said “Yes,” and slowly it was like a balloon was blowing up all around me. Each of the thousands of tiny bright dots was pressing more and more firmly against my skin. Although there wasn’t much pressure from any one dot, I was soon held firmly in place. The only places on my body that was not touched by the dots were my eyes and the area immediately around my mouth. I was just starting to think to myself, “Boring!” when the program began.

Waves of electricity flowed over my body. It was more than a tickle, but much, much less than pain. The dots were electrical contacts and each fired in a sequence controlled by the computer program. At the moment, everything was flowing toward my clitoris. What I mean is that the sensations would start at my feet and at the top of my head and would meet exactly at my clit. It was a very weird sensation. After just a bit, the program changed and everything flowed toward my right nipple. I was almost like getting a massage from a thousand tiny fingers.

“Let’s try this out,” I said out loud.

My uncle’s voice answered, “You’re in control. Just remember the control words, and please don’t blow out the circuitry on this one.”

I laughed softly and said, “Pleasure.”

Whoa! That wasn’t electricity. Something definitely pulled on my nipples and rubbed my crotch. Those little contact thingies can move and work together to pull, pinch or whatever.

“Pain.”

Yipes! That was electricity. It popped across both my buttocks as the same time and felt almost like a leather paddle coming down on my ass. I could really get to like this machine.

“Sorry to end your session early,” my uncle’s voice cut in, “but your mother has a plane to catch and there is one more thing I want you to see on your tour.”

There was a hiss and a whirr and a click and suddenly the doors to the statue popped open and I was looking straight at my mother. Her hand was between her thighs and her face had that far away look of sexual excitement. It took her a moment to realize the statue was open, and when she did, she turned very crimson and looked away from me.

“I really shouldn’t be here,” she said softly and looked at the ground. “It brings back too many memories or what I have given up. I can loose control too easily in here.”

I wasn’t sure what to say, but it didn’t matter because Uncle Jack’s voice interrupted us, “Catherine, show Kelly my masterpiece.”

He laughed softly and continued, “Kelly, I call this my mind fucker.”

We walked back out into the main room and mom again used her strange key to open another room. This room was a odd shade of green and was very brightly lit. In the center of the room two beams hung from the ceiling. Mom went back to the equipment closet and came back with two hoods and the collection of straps and control wires which I recognized from last night.

“Put these on, except for the hood.” she said.

There were no ankle cuffs, and the wrist cuffs appeared to close with velcro. There was a large ring attached to each cuff. After I had everything in place, including the clamps on nipples and clit, mom told me to stand under one of the beams. With the whir of an electric motor, the beam slowly lowered until it was approximately level with my shoulders.

“Put the controllers in your ears and then link your cuffs to the beam by latching your rings on the hooks.” I did all that, and after I slipped the second ring into its hook, the hooks retracted into the beam. I was now trapped until the beam released me. I let my arms relax and hang from the beam. Mom came over to me and slipped the hood over my head. The hood had some weird sort of eyepieces attached to it, and I noticed that she attached some wires from it to the beam above me before she slipped it over my head. I could hear her closing the door to the room and then moving about doing something.

I heard the whir of the other beam lowering and then the click of the hooks retracting. I assumed that she had secured herself in the other beam. I was wondering what might happened next when my thoughts were interrupted by the now familiar mechanical voice, “Say pleasure.”

We went through the whole list of words once again plus three new words. It asked for “up,” “down, “ and “open” - probably so I could have control over the beam. Then my uncle’s voice asked, “Everyone comfy? You might want to close your eyes for a moment, this is sometimes a little bright when it first turns on.”

I was trying to figure out what he meant when suddenly the eyepieces of the hood opened up. What I saw before me at first made me think I was hallucinating. Then I realized that I was watching some sort of video. Evidently there were small screens in front of my eyes that were set up so that it looked like I was seeing through my hood. I could see my mom hanging from the other beam.

I knew enough about television to now know why the room was a uniform shade of green. One moment she was standing on a beach with people walking all around her, and the next minute she was in middle of a busy downtown street. The scene changed and she was standing on a cloud, and then it finally stopped with her standing in the middle of a large grassy field. “I think I like the meadow best,” said my uncle.

“Kelly, have you figured out yet why I call this my mind fuck machine?” he asked.

I answered “No,” and uncle Jack replied, “You think you see your mother in front of you, don’t you Kelly?”

I answered “Yes?” I mean, who else could it be?

“Try this,” he said. “Nod your head up and down and see how the scene changes.” I nodded my head, but nothing changed.

“Catherine, turn your head from side to side.” The figure I was watching did not turn her head, but the image moved from side to side.

I thought I knew what was going on. I closed both my hands into fists and noted that the figure I was watching did the same. “Everything’s reversed,” I said.

“More than you realize,” answered uncle Jack. “I am going to leave you two to enjoy yourself now. I think you will figure out how everything works.”

I wasn’t exactly sure what uncle Jack meant by that, but I figured I might as well get things started. I really wanted my arms higher in the air, so I said, “Up.”

Nothing happened. I repeated “Up,” and again nothing happened - or did it. If everything was reversed, were the commands also reversed or was I perhaps controlling the other beam? I tried “pain,” and I heard my mother yelp. Yes, everything was reversed.

Suddenly I felt a tug at my wrists. The beam was rasing. It raised again, and then again. My feet were barely on the ground. Again it raised and then again so that I was hanging from my wrists. Tingling shocks fired through the clamps and then the voltage increased.

“Pleasure,” I shouted. “More pleasure.”

“Down”

Mom must have understood and I was lowered back two levels and the vibrators sprang to life. It is strange what will trigger memories. I suddenly could remember that as I was growing up, my mom was continually telling me to always give back twice as much as you are given.

That wasn’t just something about returning kindnesses to people. I had raised her up twice, she raised me up four times. I had jolted her with pain, she jolted me twice. Whatever I did to her, she would do twice to me.

Suddenly I felt the clamps electrical bite on my clit and nipples. I could see myself writhe as the current flowed through me. Did that mean that mom wanted pain? I gave the command, ‘Pain - More Pain.” And in response my vibrators moved up a notch.

I understood why uncle Jack called this his mind fuck machine. I was in control, but not in control. And I was watching myself from outside my body. I was now hanging in a room full of snakes - it looked an awful lot like that scene in one of the Indiana Jones movies. I gave and I received pain and pleasure and was pulled off my feet and forced almost down to the ground. Finally the pain and pleasure were at a maximum and I was standing on my tiptoes. I could see the sweat shining on my body. I was now standing among the stars somewhere out in space.

Suddenly everything went dark and the beams moved to their original positions. Soft music played in the earpieces. I could dimly see myself standing in almost total blackness. Then the video and sound faded away and I was left in the deep, dark, warmth of my golden cocoon.

**Kelly’s Quest - Part 4 of 4**

I have already told you how I realized I was different when after a spanking by my boyfriend my senior year in high school, I was enveloped in a warm cocoon. My first year in college I began a quest to recapture that wonderful, warm feeling. Three years later, I finally found my cocoon once again with the help of my uncle and his wonderful self-controlled, bondage pain and pleasure machines. I also learned that the secret was that the pain or humiliation had to be inevitable, but I had to ultimately cause it or control it. In other words, I learned that I was a self-bondage pain slut.

I didn’t yet realize just how addicting my yearning for the golden cocoon actually was and what would eventually be needed to control that addiction. This final part is the story of how I discovered my addiction, and what would control it.

My uncle had designed a variety of computer controlled self-bondage devices and I studied his designs and tried to figure out how to modify the controller for my own use. I would often sunbathe out on the patio behind the ranch house. Since there was no one for miles and miles, I would often sunbathe completely nude. I could only stay out there for a short while because I burn easily, but one afternoon, lying out in the sun in a giant, naked X, an idea began to gnaw at the back of my mind.

All I had to do was stay too long out on the patio and the pain would be inevitable, and I would have caused it. I thought about that for a while, but it didn’t seem to cause any stirrings toward my cocoon. Maybe if I added bondage? Maybe if I added bondage and humiliation? Maybe if I added bondage and humiliation in a public place?

The sudden wetness between my legs told me that my body was starting to agree with my mind.
If I could somehow hang myself out in the sun for everyone to see, it would take me to my cocoon. Hanging there naked would be the humiliation. And since I am pretty fair skinned, a few hours in the sun would result in a pretty intense sun burn. That would be the pain. The question was where to do it, and how to make it inevitable, and how to string myself up for a long period of time without permanently hurting my arms, wrists and shoulders?

OK, maybe I should have asked my uncle how to do it, he was, after all, the one who designed and built all these strange bondage machines. But I was pretty far into the “I have to ultimately control it,” aspect of self-bondage. I was going to figure this out on my own. Besides, lying in the sun each afternoon and thinking about what I might do gave me mini-fixes of almost being in my cocoon.

Strangely enough, I found the answer to my questions on the cable History Channel. There was supposed to be a “History of Sex” special that I wanted to watch, but the programming was screwed up and I had to suffer through the ending of a really boring program on building skyscrapers or something like that before my program began. I was only half paying attention when they showed a crane start to lift a big beam into place. Suddenly they had my full attention.

The cable from the crane came down to a smaller beam, and then two chains came from the ends to the small beam down to the big beam. A worker attached the chains to the big beam, but then rather than stepping back away from the beams, he stepped onto the beam. He held on to the two chains where they attached to the small upper beam and put his feet near where the chains attached to the lower beam. Then the crane hoisted the beam a gazillion feet up to the top of the building.

As I watched the man rise to the top of the building, his silhouette against the sky looked like someone bound to a display cross. The cable was taut above him and the tremendous weight of the beam pulled the chains tight, but there was no significant strain on his arms or wrists. It was no different than standing bound against a wall. It was the perfect display bondage thousands of feet in the air and exactly what I was looking for. But how could I duplicate it?

I roamed around the ranch and barn for a couple of days thinking about what I could use when suddenly I saw what I needed. Uncle Jack has several water tanks and there was a hoist beam for each of them so you could lift them up into the bed of a pickup truck or onto a utility trailer. The winch connected to the tank just like the crane connected to the beams on the cable channel. There was a short beam on the end of the winch with two chains that connected to the tank. If I put two of those beams above the tank, one above the other, I would have my hanging display bondage. And I knew exactly where I could use it.

My uncle has a cabin up on a really high bluff overlooking the interstate. He calls it his retreat. You can get up there with a four wheel drive vehicle if you are really careful and take you time, but usually we park the Jeep at the bottom of the trail and walk up. The only time we took the Jeep up to the top was when we needed to bring water up to the top for the cabin’s cistern.

Uncle Jack had a unique way of bringing water to the top. He would tow a water tank in a trailer to the base of the bluff, directly below the cabin. Then he would drive the Jeep to the top, anchor it’s back bumper to a steel beam driven into the ground, and lower a long cable down to the beam connected to the tank. There was a rounded section of the edge of the bluff that the cable would ride over as it dragged the water tank to the top. When the top of the tank was just a little below the level of the cabin, uncle Jack would drop a hose into the open hatch at the top of the tank and use a portable pump powered from the Jeep to pump the water into the cabin’s permanent tank. He said he used to have a pump system at the bottom with piping to the top, but after it was stolen twice, he started hauling the tank to the top. “Nothing left here to steal,” was his explanation.

I asked why he didn’t just tow the tank to the top and he replied, “Tried it once. Made it up. Almost made it back down. Lost the tank. Lost the Jeep. Walked home. You can only be that lucky once or twice in your life.”

I felt I was once-in-my-life lucky to have this ready-made solution for my plans. All I had to do was use an extra hoist beam or two and separate them by the right length of chain. After a little thought, I figured out that I would also have to add longer chains so that the display beams were farther above the tank. That would put the beams on the ground well away from the edge when I started. Uncle Jack was going to be away again over the weekend so I decided that would be when I would put my plan into action.

On Saturday morning I put the extra hoist beams and longer chains in the trailer and filled the water tank. After I towed it out to the cabin, I went up on the bluff and lowered the cable from the Jeep. It was a 15 minute walk back down to attach the cable properly. I then used a remote control which tied into uncle Jack’s self-bondage computer controller to activate the winch on the Jeep.

By the time I had returned to the top, the tank was almost there. A few minutes later I stopped the tank and checked my display area. I had measured the chains very carefully. They were just a little bit longer than I could reach when stretched out in an X fashion. I lay down on my back on the dirt between the beams and stretched out my hands. Everything was perfect.

I really wanted to try it out immediately, but I had to make sure that it would work reliably. I didn’t want a replay of my episode in the barn when uncle Jack found me hanging out of the upper hay loft door naked and in real trouble. This time I would make absolutely sure nothing could go wrong.

I activated the winch to lower the tank. I had programmed it to play out cable at 6" per minute. This would mean it would take over three hours for the tank to reach the bottom. I went back to the bottom and watched the tank slowly descend. I imagined myself strapped into the space between the beams about ten feet above the tank. I then repeated the process.

Everything worked exactly as it was supposed to work, but it was now late in the day. I was ready. Tomorrow would be showtime. The next day I again took the water tank out to the cabin and hoisted it up to the edge of the bluff. This time, however, I didn’t just imagine strapping myself in place, I did so.

I was using leather cuffs of my uncle’s design. They had special latches on them that were what he called “timed pop-releases.” They had a built in timer, and once the timer had reached zero, all you had to do to release the cuff was push a large square button on the side of the cuff. You could press it against almost anything and it would release. This allowed someone who was attached to a spreader bar or something like that to release their own cuffs if the bar itself was free to move.

I figured I would set the timer for one hour so that I couldn’t release the cuffs before the cable went over the side of the bluff. Then when I finally got to the bottom, I could hit the cuffs against the tank or trailer or something and release myself. I would have to climb back up to the top of the bluff barefoot and naked to retrieve the Jeep, but that was all part of the planned humiliation.

I put on the control wires and harness as well as the electric ball gag, dildo and butt plug. That might have been a little bit of overkill, but I figured I might as well go for broke. After the hood was in place, the controller asked its series of questions. Since the hood totally covered my face and eyes, and the cuffs covered a couple inches of my wrists and ankles, I could only imagine the strange “tan lines” I was soon going to have. Everything else was exposed to the burning Arizona sun.

After a few moments I was ready. The only thing I was worried about was whether or not I might scrape my ass and back as I slid over the rounded edge of the bluff, but I had carefully watched the cable go over the bluff twice and it looked like it wouldn’t be that bad. It wasn’t like it was solid rock, there was some softer sand and dirt covering the edge. I told the controller, “pleasure” and the dildo began to vibrate. Then I said “down” and the cable started to play out. I called for “more pleasure” before starting a little bit of pain. The controller asked its customary verification questions when I asked for pain, and soon the gag, dildo and plug were sending their random biting shocks through my body.

This was going to be wonderful. I would be in pleasure and pain and hanging for all the world to see. The interstate was a couple of miles away. From there most people would only see a white something being lowered down from the bluff, but I would know that they were watching my naked body.

Some of the truckers might get out binoculars or even telephoto cameras to see what was going on. The thought of that sent shivers through my body. “Yes, uncle Jack, I am wearing a hood so my face isn’t going to end up on the internet.”

After about fifteen minutes, despite all my careful planning, something went wrong– terribly, terribly wrong. All of the equipment was working perfectly, I had seen to that. But I hadn’t anticipated visitors– visitors alien to Arizona.

At the first touch, I knew who– or should I say what they were, but they weren’t supposed to be this far north. Somewhere here on the bluff was a nest of red fire ants. If you have ever been stung by a fire ant, you know what true pain is and you also know why they call them “fire” ants. I was now burning in a dozen different spots.

Luckily the beams had not brushed across the nest or I would have been swarmed and bitten thousands of times. That would have most likely been fatal. I was also lucky that the air holes in the mask were too small to allow the ants into my nose or mouth. As it was I was being stung again and again and again.

There was a safety system in my uncle’s controller that would notify him that I was in trouble, but if I triggered it, it might stop the cable and leave me in the middle of the ants. All I could do was to endure the stings until I got over the edge. I had calculated that it would take approximately 30 minutes to lower me over the edge. I only had to hold on for another 15 minutes. That quarter of an hour seemed like an eternity. I started counting the bites, but lost track somewhere around 150.

Finally I was hanging free. I shook my body violently and the few ants still on me fell away from my skin. I could still feel one ant walking on my leg very near the top. It reached the top of my leg and started across my groin. I bucked and twisted trying to shake it loose. It was coming dangerously close to my pussy. What if it stung me there? I gyrated even more furiously as I felt its little legs start to cross the top of my cleft. I don’t know if it was my strong shaking or perhaps some wetness from previous excitement, but it started to slip. It finally fell, but not before imparting one last sting in a very, very sensitive place on my body. I screamed and screamed and screamed into my gag. The biting had finally stopped, but the burning continued. It was like I had hundreds of heated pins driven into my skin.

I screamed the safety word into the hood - “Oleo, oleo, oleo” - and the strange computer voice replied with “emergency override activated. Emergency notifications sent.” Then I passed out. When I came to, I was still hanging from the side of the bluff. I was right about one thing. When I sent the emergency message, the program stopped and the winch stopped lowering. I was stuck until uncle jack came and rescued me. As I hung there, I began thinking about what people would think when they found me. I also began “going into the pain” so that I could be in control of it. It was terrible, but I had endured worse. I had even inflicted worse upon myself.

Suddenly I heard my uncle’s voice in my ears, “Where are you, Kelly? I got an emergency notification on my cell phone. I sent someone out to the ranch, but you are not in the barn.”

Shit, my safety message wouldn’t email for another couple of hours. Uncle Jack didn’t know where I was. I screamed into the gag, “Cabin, cabin, cabin.”

It came out sort of like “abin,” but uncle Jack replied, “Are you at the cabin?” and I screamed, “Yes!”

“Kelly, it will take an hour or so to get there. Hang on. Hopefully you haven’t gotten yourself too deeply into trouble. Can you hang on until then or do I have to send emergency help?”

I wondered what the local fire rescue people would think having to bring a bound naked young woman down from the side of the cliff. I figured I could wait for uncle Jack, “I ‘an ‘ang on,” I said into my gag.

“Be there soon,” replied uncle Jack. Help was on the way. All I could do now was “hang around” and wait. I decided to see if the computer would take commands from me. “Down,” I said, but nothing happened. Maybe other commands would work. I tried “pleasure,” and the dildo again began vibrating. I didn’t need any pain from the machine, the stings supplied more pain than I would ever ask for, but I did ask for “more pleasure, more pleasure, more pleasure.” I could feel the vibrations building in my cunt and in my ass. I knew that I was on the verge of a tremendous orgasm. I had created pain, humiliation and pleasure just as I planned. The pain was much more than I had bargained for, and the humiliation of having to be rescued naked by uncle Jack again hadn’t been part of my plan, but it was inevitable and I had caused it.

The vibrations continued to build and build and build within me. Suddenly the pain and the pleasure became one. In my mind I could see lines of trucks and cars pulled over on the interstate watching me writhe a hundred feet in the air in a combination of pain and pleasure.

Suddenly I exploded as I had never done before. The world turned black and then it turned golden. I had found my ultimate golden cocoon at last. When I awoke, I was in a hospital bed and uncle Jack was sitting next to the bed. My mother and sister were also in the room.

“How long was I out,” I asked. I knew it had to have been a long time because Mom and Tracey had to have flown back from Europe.

Uncle Jack replied, “Two days. The doctors said you had over 200 fire ant stings. You are lucky to be alive. We have a lot to talk about when you get back to the ranch.”

They released me from the hospital a couple of days later and I went back out to the ranch with uncle Jack, my mother, Catherine, and my sister, Tracey. Things were pretty quiet for most of the day, but when we had finished supper and Mom and Tracey had cleared everything off the table, uncle Jack pushed his chair back and said, “Kelly, we have to talk.”

He stood up and faced me. Mom and Tracey were sitting in chairs alongside him. “Consider this an intervention,” he said. “You are addicted to your pursuit of your golden cocoon as surely as if you were addicted to alcohol or heroin. And you need to control your addiction or it will destroy you.”

I remained silent but slowly nodded my head. What else could I do? He was right.

“Your mother is also an addict,” he said, “but like her mother before her and many before her, she has found a way to control it, haven’t you Catherine?”

My mother looked down and the floor and said softly, “Yes, master.”

“Catherine doesn’t have enough control to keep her from destroying her life and herself with her addiction, do you Catherine?”

“No, master.”

“So Catherine has turned control over to me, haven’t you Catherine?”

“Yes, master.”

“What do you mean, ‘control’?” I asked.

Uncle Jack explained. “Catherine has turned control of her life over to me. She has made the decision to obey my every command and to not seek pleasure in pain and bondage unless I tell her it is OK. When I say that she must obey my every command, I mean my every command, don’t I Catherine?”

“Yes, master.”

“Catherine, remove all your clothing and show Kelly your brands.”

Mother blushed and stammered something about Tracey being there, but uncle Jack said, “Now!” and she jumped up from her chair and began to take off her clothes.

When she was totally naked, uncle Jack said, “Over the chair,” and she turned the chair around and draped herself over the back of the chair with her hands on the seat. On the inside of her left leg, just below her ass cheek was a small brand, “JS.” It was repeated on the right leg with a line drawn above it, making it “Bar JS.”

“What do those brands mean, Catherine?” asked uncle Jack.

Mom stifled a hiccupped sob and said softly, “They mean that I have made the permanent and irrevocable decision that you are my Master. You have taken on the responsibility of controlling my addiction. ‘JS’ stands for Jack’s Slave. The ‘JS’ and ‘Bar JS’ mean that you have the responsibility to tell me ‘Yes’ and ‘No’ to keep me from destroying my life or myself in my quest for my quiet place.”

Uncle Jack looked at me and spoke softly. “While your father was alive, I transferred control to him, but after his death, it returned to me. Catherine is still allowed to pursue her quest for her quiet place. She just has to clear everything with me first. I have to know what she is planning to do and where so that if something goes wrong, she will be safe, or at least rescued.”

His voice became very stern, “I told you to tell me if you were going to do something, but you chose to ignore me and to put yourself in danger alone. I know you couldn’t foresee a nest of fire ants, but there are many things in this world which we cannot foresee. Tracey has agreed to take on the responsibility of controlling your addiction for you until you find a permanent mate who is willing to take on the task.”

Uncle Jack held up two small utensils that looked like strangely shaped fondue forks except that they had electric cords coming out of the handles. He continued, “This is a ‘TS’ brand and this is a ‘Bar TS’ brand. If you are willing to accept the help that your sister is offering you, remove your clothing and drape yourself over your chair like your mother has done. I looked over at my sister, Tracey, and she just shrugged her shoulders and arched her eyebrows.

“Is this the only way?” I asked. My mother, still draped over her chair, sobbed slightly and answered, “Yes.”

I slowly stood up and dropped my shorts to the ground. I removed my top and bra and then lowered my panties. I set everything in a neat pile on the table. Jack plugged in the two branding irons and they began to glow a dull red. I decided I didn’t want to watch them heating up so I turned and leaned over the chair and grasped the seat with both hands.

My sister came up behind me and softly said, “Kelly, you have to be ready for this, so I am going to get you ready.” With that she began to slowly rub my pussy and clit. The thought of my sister masturbating me caused me to turn beet red, but my body soon responded. I was starting to groan softly when she quietly said, “Kelly, do you turn your life over to me so that I can protect you from your addiction to self-pleasure and self-pain?”

As I answered, “Yes,” I felt the fire of the first brand touch my leg. I would have jumped up, but uncle Jack had moved into position beside me and held me firmly in place.

“Kelly, do you promise to obey whatever I tell you to do from this day forward?”

As I again answered, “Yes,” the second brand burned into my flesh.

“Kelly, my first command to you is permission for you to add pleasure to the pain which you are currently feeling. Lay back on the table and pleasure yourself to completion.” I couldn’t believe what my sister was telling me to do, but I slowly straightened up and then lay back on the table.

“Spread you legs so we can see your brands,” ordered Tracey, and I did. Soon my hands were working faster and faster. I no longer cared who was in the room.

Vaguely I heard my uncle’s voice, “Catherine, you may join your daughter on the table if you want.” I was soon aware of my mother’s moans beside me. In a few moments, she was in her quiet place and I was in my golden cocoon.

My quest was complete.