**Self Bondage**

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**Self Bondage Pt. 01**

The pressure - the need - was getting too strong for Rina. Long addicted to self bondage, she felt it'd been too long since she'd really challenged herself. At that moment, her wrists were handcuffed in front of her, and she was looking at her nude body in her bedroom's full length mirror. She saw a woman with dark brown hair, which fell straight to just above her shoulders, framing a face with dark brown eyes, a cute, slightly freckled nose, and slightly pouty lips. Her 38D breasts, with their vertically oval dusky brown areolae peaked by nipples that resembled pink pencil erasers, were framed by her arms. Her mound displayed the discrete triangular trimmed brown carpet that she favored, which left her labia clean and visible.

The handcuffs, which used to be thrilling years ago, when she'd started doing self bondage, were like old friends now - comfortable, but familiar. She needed to do something new with them. She'd been using Google to search for ideas, often stories from other people into self bondage, and images of devices they'd devised.

Reading about things a person could do with a gel cell battery started giving her ideas. She began to plan. Planning the self bondage experience was almost as engaging as actually doing it, because she felt each planning step viscerally, from the shopping to the reconnoitering, scouting for the perfect place.

Weeks later, she felt she was ready, and the weekend weather was going to be perfect.

Early Saturday morning, she drove out to the isolated area she'd selected. She parked her car in a secluded location. "Thank goodness this car has off-road capabilities," she murmured to herself as she climbed out.

First things first. The simple, primitive lean-to shelter that she'd set up the week before was undisturbed. She covered its roof with some fresh leafy branches. It would provide shelter, if the weather changed unexpectedly. She next distributed her food supplies - some in a bowl on the ground, and more dangling on strings from tree branches. She had a bowl of water on the ground, as well, but she expected to drink from water bottles with straws that she wedged in bushes and tree branches. There was no large or dangerous wildlife to speak of in this region, so she had no fear that the food would attract anything.

As a safety measure, she taped a fully charged cell phone at a reasonable height against a tree trunk. She checked its reception, which was fine. She'd practiced, and knew she could power it on with her nose and hit the speed dial button for 911 if an emergency arose. She taped her watch next to it.

Popping open her car trunk, she pulled out the 'backpack' she'd created. It was small. It was more like a modified fanny pack with shoulder straps. When worn on her back, its lower edge didn't quite reach the bottom of her shoulder blades. Inside it was the gel cell battery. Rina'd tested it, and it could deliver its power for about 20 hours total, but its force weakened near the end of its charge. It was connected to a large electromagnet, which was nestled in the bottom of the pack. The only other noticeable thing was a toggle switch that protruded from the bottom of the pack, near its right side.

This toggle looked strange, because Rina had attached a metal tab of steel to the switch, using a 'cold weld' epoxy. She'd also used that same welding epoxy to attach a slightly larger steel disc to the chain links of the pair of steel handcuffs she now pulled out of her car trunk. She placed the keys to the handcuffs on the flat rear floor behind the passenger seat, after moving it forward, to make room in the back. From that same floor, she picked up a small nail, a brad, whose diameter was similar to the double lock tip found on the handcuff keys, and held it between her teeth, before thinking better of it, and placing it carefully on the ground on a bare patch of earth near the trunk.

Leaving the trunk open, she locked her car doors and placed her car keys carefully atop its rear tire on the driver's side. She took a last minute mental inventory. "Is everything in place? Cuff keys - check. Car keys - check. Shelter - check. Food and water - check. Cell phone - check."

It was now about ten am. It was time to begin.

She pulled off her T-shirt, folding it, and placing it on the clean sheet with which she'd lined her trunk. She paused. She'd never stood around, displaying her upper torso dressed with a bra in a quasi-public place like this. She looked around, scanning if anyone was in sight. If she did see someone, which was highly unlikely, she could pretend that she was just changing her clothes. At that point, she wished she'd thought of having a change of clothes stowed in the trunk, to give credence to such a story.

But there was no one about. So, gritting her teeth a little, she stepped out of her shoes, and slid her slacks down her legs. Stepping out of those slacks, and placing them in the trunk, she now stood wearing just a bra and panties. She knew her silky pink set of underwear looked fabulous on her, but still it seemed strange to be standing outdoors wearing only that. "Bra next? Or panties?" she asked herself. Instinctively delaying the exposure of her most intimate area, her hands reached behind her back.

Undoing the bra's hooks, she slipped its straps off her shoulders, coyly holding its front panels in place over her tits. Taking a deep breath, she pulled the material away, and warm air and sunshine kissed her bare breasts. After lowering the bra into the car's trunk, she raised her hands up to her tits, perhaps intending to cover them modestly for a moment. But once her palms covered her areolae and nipples, she began kneading and caressing her sensitive flesh. Her nipples hardened, and her areolae crinkled up with delight, a pleasurable warmth radiating from those locations. As she played with her breasts, Rina knew that if what she'd been planning worked, it would be quite some time before her hands could touch them again.

A spot of moisture appeared at the bottom of her panties, and a familiar scent wafted into her nostrils. Her pussy was reacting, opening and lubricating. She didn't want her panties to get sopping wet, so the appearance of those fluids gave her the impetus to quickly strip them off her body, regardless of being outdoors at the moment. The panties were laid out separately on the trunk's sheet, to let them dry easily.

As the realization hit that she was now completely naked, Rina drew one arm across her chest to cover her breasts, while the hand on her other arm covered her sex, with her thighs pressed together. She might be thrilled about self bondage, but she wasn't an exhibitionist. She had a healthy libido, though, and before long, the hand at her pussy started caressing her delicate folds, and smearing her wetness on them, and eventually her fingers got busy.

She'd never pleasured herself outdoors before, and it felt quite naughty to be doing so. The naughtiness enhanced her arousal in a way that caught her by surprise. Aware that she'd be denying herself orgasmic release very soon, she gave her excitement free rein, and was quickly using both her hands as she fingered her cunt, and stroked and pressed her labia and clit. Her generous breasts bobbed up and down as her torso took on a humping, thrusting action against her hands and fingers.

Her arousal built and built, and normally she'd be howling aloud with excitement. But, not knowing how far her sounds might carry in the open air, she kept her grunts and whimpers at a quiet level. Perversely, having to stifle herself in this manner seemed to build her level of stimulation to a peak she'd seldom experienced. Finally, she had to lean on the car's fender with one hand to support herself, since her legs went weak as her climax crashed through her body.

She was almost out of breath, leaning there, savoring the feel and aroma of her glowing body. Recovering some normalcy after a good five minutes, she wiped the sweat off her body with a towel from the trunk. Once her skin was dry again, she applied a long lasting insect repellent to all her exposed surfaces. "Don't want to be worried about needing to swat bugs," she whispered to herself.

With that accomplished, she slammed the car's trunk shut. Naked, she put on the small backpack, threading her arms through its shoulder straps. The fronts of the shoulder straps had short horizontal straps attached - these ended in the two parts of a plastic side release buckle. She snapped the buckle closed over the center of her sternum, which dragged the shoulder straps close to it, those straps now separating her tits from each other. Somehow, having each breast now thrusting forward through what was actually the armhole of each shoulder strap felt extra lewd to her. She blushed.

Taking the brad from where she'd left it, she held it carefully in her fingers. With her wrists behind her, with practiced ease, she snapped the cuffs onto her left wrist, and then her right. By touch, using the brad, she poked the double locking studs on the cuffs, which would prevent them from closing any more tightly on her wrists, should she happen to roll her weight onto the cuffs.

This was the moment of truth, and Rina's heart was pounding fast in her chest. Adrenaline was pumping through her system, and she was almost panting with a mixture of apprehension and excitement. She felt the hairs on her arms rippling erect in the ingrained 'fight or flight' response of a trapped animal. Because with her wrists secured behind her, she was exposed and helpless. And she was about to make herself even more helpless.

Savoring the sensations, feeling the rush of anticipation, she paused with her finger tip on the toggle switch. She was almost dizzy from hyperventilating, knowing what was going to happen.

Her finger pressed the toggle to its 'on' position.

The electromagnet, powered by the gel battery, caused two things to happen. Its field grabbed the metal tab on the toggle, preventing it from being able to move to the 'off' position as long as the battery provided current. But more importantly, that same field grabbed the plate welded to the handcuff chain, and dragged Rina's wrists up against the underside of the backpack! She tried lowering her wrists, but the magnetic force was too powerful.

At first, she thought, "I did it! I did it! Oh my god, I did it! I'm trapped! Bound like this until the battery dies!" She panted some more, her breasts heaving up and down. The pull of the magnet was inexorable! "Almost 20 hours of bondage - naked and alone out here in these natural surroundings." It was at the same time the scariest thing she'd ever done, and also the most delicious. Her excitement was made manifest as her pussy lips engorged, and, swelling, parted. The smell of her cunt juices wafted up into her nostrils as some of those fluids trickled onto her bare thighs and evaporated.

Rina strolled around inside her little domain, enjoying the feel of air and sun on her skin. She rolled her shoulders from time to time to keep up circulation in her arms, but, on the whole, her pose wasn't too painful or irritating. Just confining, restraining her ability to use her hands. She had to kneel down very carefully, since kneeling was awkward, and then fold herself, squashing her tits against her lower thighs to try to eat food from her bowl. She had better luck nibbling some of the food she'd dangled from a string - but she still found she had to gnaw to hold it steady enough to get bites off it. Drinking water through the straw in one of the water bottles was much easier - she'd not get dehydrated.

In the heat of the sun at noon, she sought shelter under the trees, and found the air much cooler near a stream that wandered through the area. All was idyllic, until a nagging thought arose in her mind. "What if someone finds my car?" She knew the chance was infinitesimal, but even such tiny chances sometimes occur. She tried to dismiss it from her mind.

But instead of vacating her mind, the thought intruded more, and even expanded. She started to wonder, "What if someone takes my car keys? They could hide them, and I'd have no access to the handcuffs keys stored inside the car. Or my clothes in the trunk. I have my emergency phone, but I'd have to summon the police to remove these handcuffs, and they'd find me naked like this!" She visualized the humiliation that would cause. Unexpectedly, her cunt started lubricating even more, its juices trickling down her leg. Rina ultimately had to admit that the idea of such humiliation actually turned her on somewhat.

Still, if anyone found her car, and then its keys, they could drive off, stealing the car. She had to check. Stepping out into the waves of early afternoon heat, she hastened to the car, looking around carefully for any intruders, heart threatening to climb up into her throat. As she hastened, she had to be careful not to fall, because if she pitched forward, she'd have to twist her torso, and take the brunt of the impact on her shoulder. And with her arms pinned back as they were, her tits were forced forward farther than normal, influencing her balance. The jostling they were receiving due to her rushing was making them bounce around on her chest.

She reached the car, finding it as she'd left it. She had to kneel and bend over carefully to peer under the fender to see the top of the tire. Hissing with relief, she saw her car keys were undisturbed. Leaning against the car for leverage to climb back onto her feet, she pressed her face against the rear window, checking that the handcuff keys were still there, too.

Relieved, she walked slowly back into the shade, since the heat from the sun was making her sweat. Well, the heat, and the sweat generated by the fears about her car and keys. She sipped some more water from one of her water bottles. By now, the warmth of the day was making it tepid, even in the shade. Rina wandered down to the stream, and waded for a while in its cool embrace.

Catching herself from a slight stumble, her foot and leg made a shockingly loud splashing sound. It wasn't actually all that loud, but in the silence of the woods, it startled her a bit. Realizing that noises might draw someone to investigate, she wondered, "What if someone blunders into me?" Being honest with herself, she found that idea a little scary, but also delightfully exciting - her enforced nudity was beginning to develop a tiny streak of exhibitionism in her, after all. Still, she became very vigilant, listening to every rustle of the leaves, and other tiny splashes of the stream water traveling over the rocks in its bed.

She shrieked and almost toppled over when a rambunctious chipmunk burst into view and scampered through the leaves in a streak of brown, white and black. One moment he wasn't there, and the next he was - chattering at this strange intruder in his domain. The next moment, he vanished in a flash of movement. Startled, Rina prayed that she wouldn't encounter any animals bigger than that.

Newly aware of how truly helpless she was, Rina mentally asked herself, "Should I have told one of my girlfriends what I was planning? Given someone a map or something, and told them when to expect my call saying I was OK? If they hadn't heard from me by then, maybe they'd come and investigate, leaving the authorities out of the picture unless necessary."

Such speculation was fruitless. There was nothing she could do about that now, in any event. The electromagnet continued its hold on her cuffs. Perhaps trying to 'stuff down' her worries, she ate more of the food she'd left for herself, and had a good long drink of water, emptying one of her bottles. For some reason, her nose itched, so she had to rub it carefully against a tree with smooth bark. That itch was followed by an itch at her hip, and then by one at her calf. She rubbed them both on the same tree, and then willed herself to ignore any more itches, or she'd spend her whole time scraping her flesh on tree bark! Not having the use of your hands could be maddening at times.

By mid-afternoon, she wanted to check her car and its keys again, but she didn't want to go to it too often, lest she leave a visible trail in the grass and dirt. So she resisted that impulse, even though it nagged at her well into the early evening. The sun was getting low on the horizon, and Rina was eating and drinking the food and water she'd provided, when she encountered a problem for which she hadn't adequately prepared.

She'd forgotten about her bathroom needs.

Leaning back against a tree in a semi-squat, she found that peeing was OK. But her body also now demanded that she defecate. The same pose worked for that, but cleaning herself off afterward posed a considerable problem. After squatting and going, she tried walking bowlegged through tall grasses, hoping the action of their leaves and stems coursing along her butt crack would dislodge and clean her anal region.

Some of the grass plants had seed heads on stalks that looked like little scrub brushes. Those tickled a lot, but Rina guessed they were helping quite a bit, but she felt very embarrassed trying to scrape herself clean in this manner. And she suspected they weren't being thorough enough. She was going to have to spend the night, restrained as she was, and didn't want to be trying to do so without feeling clean back there. Finally, squatting in the creek's currents, she rubbed her butt on the submerged rocks, which seemed to work. At least she managed to visualize herself as clean now, as she stood and drip dried.

It was getting dark, so she moved on her knees under her lean-to, and carefully squirmed herself onto her side to sleep. She expected the gel battery to lose its charge around 6 am or so, if all went as planned. She slept, a little fitfully, at one point rolling onto her belly to turn onto her other arm for the remainder of the night.

The sun rose, and Rina yawned herself awake, wishing she could stretch as she normally did each morning. Inching her way out of the lean-to, she drank a good quantity of water, but decided not to eat any more food, hoping to avoid another bout of defecation. She leaned back against a tree and peed with minimal dribbling on her thighs. But she dipped her lower body into the stream anyway, and emerged feeling fresher.

Time dragged as the sun rose. It was well past 6 am and closer to 7 when the electromagnet weakened so much that the weight of Rina's arms dragged the handcuffs down away from the pack! Elation flooded her body as she was able to let her wrists down to her lower back! It was time to free herself.

She forced herself to walk slowly toward where she'd left the car, even though her body wanted to run. She was almost hyperventilating by the time she spotted it. Now it was a feeling of relief that flooded her body, seeing that the car was still here. As she walked the last few steps to the rear driver's side wheel, "Are it's keys where I left them?" went through her mind. She found herself holding her breath as she knelt down and looked. There they were! "Thank goodness," she whispered.

She turned her back and scooted carefully backward, feeling the tire edge with her fingertips. She had to lean forward to raise her tired arms up high enough to reach the top of the tire. But fatigue made her hands shake, and her fumbling attempt knocked the car keys off the top of the tire. They skittered over the rubber and into the grass/dirt mixture beneath the car!

Almost weeping, Rina got down onto her side and wormed her way backwards under the rear chassis, searching blindly for the keys. Her fingertips bumped them, and lost them again. She squirmed some more, and finally got hold of them. Grasping them tightly, she wiggled back out from under the car, getting rather filthy in the process.

Even more tired from exertion and fright, Rina levered herself up against the car fender, then fully up onto her feet, being careful not to scratch the keys against the car's paint. She backed into the door, poking gently, trying to find the key hole. Luckily, her car keys had no 'right side up' - they were symmetrical. All she had to do was make certain the key had no mud or dirt on it, and thread it into the hole. The tension in her body melted as she managed to snick the car lock open. She had to walk the door away from the car with her hands behind her back to swing it open, then reach in and click the automatic lock release for all its doors.

Walking wearily around to the rear passenger side door, she opened its door in the same manner - hands behind her back. She sat on the edge of the door frame and reached back along the carpet, feeling for the handcuff keys. They felt nothing but carpet. "Of course," she mumbled to herself, "they just had to be out of my reach. This has turned out to be a lot more of an ordeal than I'd imagined."

She laid herself onto her back on the carpet, and immediately felt the keys touching the nape of her neck. Bracing her feet on the grass, with her thighs lewdly splayed wide apart to stabilize herself, she pressed the back of her head into the carpet and arched her back. Levering her torso more into the car, the precious keys came into contact with her hands, and she grabbed them firmly.

As she was working her pelvis now back out of the car, she thought, "What an obscene sight somebody blundering by would get of my cunt when I'm wriggling like this." After laboriously working her way out of the car, she managed to sit on the ground. Easing the handcuff key into the lock, she gingerly gave it the twist to pop the double locking stud, and then its final twist. She was rewarded with a metallic sound as the cuff finally swung free.

Rina actually sobbed with relief as she was able to bring both hands in front of herself after over 20 hours of self-imposed restraint. The sensation of pins and needles in her flesh as full circulation returned to her shoulders was the most pleasant and welcome discomfort she'd ever experienced. She carefully unlocked the final cuff, and rubbed her wrists.

There was a thermos of cool water in the car, and some energy bars. She ignored her nudity and the fact that she was still filthy from crawling under the car, and sat in the open doorway and ate and drank, regaining her energy. The sensation of being free was making her giddy.

Once she'd pulled herself together, she popped open the trunk and got out her clothes and the towel. Almost skipping with joy, she moved back to the stream and bathed herself clean in the refreshing water. Aroused by what she'd accomplished, she found a small waterfall and positioned her cunt under its flow. The water splashed over her mound, sending its liquid vibrations into her flesh. She reached down and used her fingers to draw back her clit hood. Now the tiny cascade pounded gently against her exposed clit, making her gasp and arch her back. Her other hand teased and caressed her tits, pinching and rolling her nipples erotically.

After a few minutes of this luscious agony, she was getting close to cumming. Keeping her exposed clit in the pummeling vibrations, she plunged two fingers from her other hand deep inside her cunt. Her inner walls gripped those fingers as those muscles began their rhythmic contractions! Powered by the exciting recollection of her self bondage experience, she climaxed wildly, befitting her wild surroundings. Her whole body shook with the intensity of her orgasm.

Releasing her clit hood, she sat as she was, keeping her fingers inside her pussy, enjoying the feeling of stretch and fullness as her tunnel rippled with gentle aftershocks.

Calm again, she got up out of the stream and dried herself off, reveling in the use of her hands performing such simple functions again. She dressed, cleaned up her campsite, and packed up her car. On the drive home, she thought, "That was such a satisfying adventure! It was fantastic!" But by ten minutes later, she was thinking, "What am I going to try next? I want to be outdoors again, I'm sure. Certainly not some ordeal that takes 20 hours, though." Her eyes were twinkling with speculation as she pondered, remembering something she'd seen during her stroll along the edge of a meadow. "Now, what would be the most interesting way to use that?" she murmured. She was sure she'd come up with something.