



Burping Frog Publishing

LESSONS IN BONDAGE
R.G. BARGY

AN EROTIC NOVEL OF BONDAGE AND SUBMISSION

Lessons In Self-Restraint

It was her worst nightmare, or maybe it was her ultimate fantasy. After years of self bondage games Francesca had finally succeeded in tying herself in such a way that she could not escape. To make matters worse, she had not left a convenient knife or a pair of scissors within her reach. No, she was completely helpless, bound by her own ingenuity.

Francesca did not live alone so it was only a matter of time before help would arrive, but there was a problem. Matt, her husband, knew nothing about her little bondage games. He did not know that before they met she had spent many hours tied up on the bed or on the floor, fantasizing about being kidnapped, or abducted. The details of the story varied but she would always end up naked and tied up awaiting her fate from the man or men who had abducted her. It was only fantasy of course, there was no danger. The ropes were real enough but she could free herself at any time with just a quick twist of the wrist. Once they were married she had felt no need for such games. Matt had been vibrant and sexy and had fulfilled her every need. That was then.

As the marriage progressed they had drifted apart. Matt worked hard, to keep her in the manner that she had become accustomed to and she stayed at home. The family they had dreamed about had never come to fruition. She worked part time at the supermarket, to get her out of the house, and to give Matt some space at home. The job involved shifts and today she was not working.

Then as the intimacy of the marriage dissolved she had reverted back to her fantasies. It was not that she was unhappy, or that Matt was particularly inattentive, he even made sure she reached orgasm when ever they made love, but there was no spark any more. So when she was alone, as now, she had reverted back to her fantasies. She never used hand cuffs or chains, only rope. It was easy to hide and there were no keys to lose, or locks to get stuck, besides, she preferred the feel of rope. She was naked, so there would be little doubt about her intentions.

In her fantasies she would usually escape before her captors returned, often she would have an orgasm before getting free. She had found various ways to stimulate herself whilst bound. She had several different vibrators and had even tried nipple clamps. She was thankful that these items of self torture were still hidden innocently in her jewelry box, they could get painful after a while and she would not have been able to release them. This time she had strapped on the butterfly with the control held in the small of her back. Ironically the position her hands were now in she could not reach the controls so the vibrator remained silent but its presence only emphasised why she was there. The ropes around her chest were very revealing too. She had taken several turns of rope around her, going over and under each breast. It was all part of the fantasy: erotic stimulation and restriction. The rope was well used and its whiteness faded to a dull grey. There could be little doubt that this was not her first attempt at such an activity and therefore not just an embarrassing experiment. If discovered she would have to admit to a long time fascination, even addiction to bondage.

Francesca struggled to look at the clock. It was still only three in the afternoon. Matt was not due home until five so she still had two hours to either free herself or rehearse her confession. She struggled valiantly for a while spurred on by the thought of being discovered, but the knots held tight. Matt was going to find a surprise package when he arrived home.

She was naked, hog-tied, and had even treated herself to a mouth filling gag. She was in the middle of the bed free to roll left

or right, but if she tried to roll onto the floor, in the position she was in, she would probably break her back. Her feet were almost touching her hands and her back was bent to accommodate this unnatural position. There was no part of her straining body that could cushion a fall of several feet from the bed to the floor. The scissors were in the dressing table drawer, out of reach, even if she was able to cover the agonisingly short distance between her and it. There was no escape, no convenient sharp object. Even the bedside cabinet was made of finely sanded and immaculately finished wood. No corners to rub and besides the rope was at least half an inch thick. Success! Or failure? It was just a matter of perspective.

One hour, fifty five minutes, give or take a few, then all would be revealed. She shivered at the thought. Even after so many years of marriage, she had no idea what Matt would say or do if he found her like this. Would he shout? Would he free her? Maybe he would leave her? Maybe he would join in the spirit of things and take her bound and naked as she was. That seemed unlikely, especially with the vibrator blocking his entrance and announcing her self gratification. She was sure that nothing good could come out of this. She had been secretive, dishonest even, hiding her desires from him, but how do you tell someone that you want to be tied up and fucked? How do you explain that despite all his care and attention, Matt had not fully satisfied her for several years now? How do you explain that it is not just the orgasm but the getting there that matters? She had been puzzling this out for a very long time and never found the answers. Now all would be revealed and both questions and answers found. Time was running out and all she could do was lie there straining, sweating and helpless. Only her mind was unfettered and that was racing wildly trying to come to terms with the impossible situation she was now in.

How had it happened? The trick was the slip knot. When she had first tired to tie herself up Francesca had decided that a slip knot would be needed to tighten the last rope. She had tried various methods of pulling the knot tight. Spread eagle on

the bed she had pulled against the ropes to tighten them, but, although the ropes tightened around her wrists there was too much slack in the tethers, giving her more freedom than her fantasies desired. She had nearly got stuck this way before but the slip knot could be loosened once she allowed the slack to return in the two ropes stretched out from the bed posts. She had tried using the door jam, a door handle, even hanging over the bannister. Yes, it had pulled tight, and her weight kept it there, but eventually the downward pressure pulled her hands free. That had been a painful experience having her full weight on her arms and her skin was rubbed raw from the friction of pulling herself free. Not one to be repeated.

Today she had hit on the idea of a hog-tie to use her own body as the pull to tighten the ropes. She started her routine as usual, retrieving the ropes from their hiding place, inside her vanity case, no longer necessary except for the annual holiday. Each rope was lovingly wound and knotted so that there would be no annoying tangles. She laid each one on the bed along with the vibrator and a clean tea towel fetched from the airing cupboard. Then she undressed slowly, savouring the moment. Her heart racing slightly in anticipation of what was to come. Her clothes were folded neatly on the chair. In her mind she went through the steps necessary to achieve the position. A brief gulp of breath, and then to work.

She had bound her breasts first to give her a feeling of restriction. She had full breasts. Her bra was a 'D' cup so there was plenty for the ropes to go round. It had taken several trials in the past to achieve the look and feel she wanted, but now she could almost do it in her sleep, the ropes sitting snugly and finishing with a neat bow in her cleavage. The vibrator was next, but of course she did not switch it on, that was for later. She had pushed the control through the ropes at her back, smoothing the wire so that it would not interfere with the rest of the bindings. She then tied her feet together side by side, not crossed. She did not like the feeling of crossing her ankles. She added some extra ropes at the knees and thighs. This kept the vibrator firmly in

place and made it impossible to loosen her ankles by moving her legs up and down like you would running on the spot. This part of the bondage was inescapable, only her hands were impossible to secure completely, or so she had thought. The next stage was a gag. She did not always do this, only for special occasions. Why today? She was not sure, but it had been some time since she had silenced herself. She had once used sticking plaster but that had been very painful to remove. She had never dared buy a manufactured device in case it was found, besides, there was no need. She made the gag by filling her mouth with a knotted tea towel it was not elegant, but then again no one else was supposed to see it. It may not silence her completely but it would be more than sufficient to prevent her summoning help and enough to make explanation difficult when she was eventually discovered.

The final part was to secure her hands. First, she made a slip knot in the end of a rope and attached the other end to her bound ankles. Next she took a second rope and tied it around her left wrist leaving a few inches which she tied inside the slip knot leaving an inviting loop for her other hand. She had to do this with her hand behind her that made quite a contortion. The long end then went twice around her waist then squeeze it inside her wrist tie then loop it on itself to tie it off. Her legs were now doubled against themselves, that was necessary for the final manoeuvre. Her left hand was now fixed behind her back, her right hand slipped inside the waiting loop and she then straightened her legs enough to pull it tight. Her mistake, or was it deliberate? Which ever, the success or failure of the manoeuvre was to only allow a few inches between her legs and her hands. The pull on her wrists took out any slack from the ropes around her middle, and the slip knot pulled tight on her wrist. She was forced into a tight arch by the pressure from her legs to her hands, tighter than she had imagined. There was no slack anywhere, nothing to ease the tension, and no way to squeeze her hand free. She had used too many turns round her left hand for that to be released and her legs had tightened her right wrist tie so that it was like iron. For the first time in her life she was completely bound and

helpless.

She had revelled in the restrictions and the challenge of reaching the vibrator controls and in her struggling pulled the knots very tight. It was amazing. Up until now she had always had to be careful not to accidentally free herself by making the wrong movement. This knowledge of how to free herself had been the one drawback to the whole activity, but it seemed she had beaten it. There was freedom in bondage, freedom to try and move anywhere, and freedom to fight against the ropes. When she had finally admitted defeat, the vibrator was out of reach and she was getting tired the truth had dawned: she was stuck, unable to free herself. Suddenly it was no longer fun. The rope was too short between her legs and her hands for her to be able to relax enough and release the pressure. She was held in a tight bow, and her back would not bend any further. The slip knot was pulled tight and she could not free it. Her left hand was also held firm and her stomach muscles could not expand to loosen anything. She had rested a while to regain her strength but during that time her legs had involuntarily tried to straighten only tightening the ropes still further. She was now held firm, hands tight to her back and legs pulled to her hands while locked firmly together. The knots were out of reach of her clawing fingers and her natural need to straighten her body kept tension on the ropes holding them securely in place.

It had still taken a while to realise the full consequences of what she had done. The bondage was fantastic and even now she was still enjoying the feel of it. She was completely helpless and could struggle as much as she liked. She did not have to avoid any motion, in fact it was quite the opposite, she was able to struggle every which way to try and free herself. It was exhilarating. It was disappointing not to be able to reach the vibrator, but the pressure on her breasts and between her legs was almost enough to do the job. She was aroused as never before, but frustrated beyond belief. This was what bondage was all about. She had even tried to rub herself to orgasm against the bed, but the vibrator did not protrude into her enough and her bondage was too restrictive

for her hips to get any real movement. She could congratulate herself for devising such a secure and frustrating scenario, but it was a hollow victory. Now, having realised what she had done, trapped and erotically displayed herself for anyone to see, panic set in. She had struggled wildly but to no avail. It would need someone to find her before she could be released. Her bondage games would no longer be a private affair.

Once the initial shock of being totally helpless had passed she had then considered the consequences of her actions. She could not cry out, besides who would hear? Did she really want a stranger to see her like this? Matt at least was her husband so had seen her naked body. A stranger walking in might have other things to consider before deciding to help her. And what if it was a woman? The embarrassment was unthinkable. And if this woman decided to stroke and caress her? Francesca decided not to pursue this train of thought any further. It was unthinkable, and besides it was unlikely to happen. She was in her own home with doors locked and windows shut. Only Matt had a key so it would be Matt that found her. He would then have to release the gag before she could explain anything, and what could she say? That she tied herself up for kicks? It sounded so pathetic, so kinky, even crazy. As the minutes ticked by Francesca's struggles became more and more desperate, she sweated, and gasped for air through the gag. All thoughts of sex were gone. She was scared.

The phone ringing made her jump. She had left the answering machine on in case any call was important, and with the volume turned up she could monitor the message as it recorded.

"Hi love. Just to let you know that I will be an hour late tonight. Got an emergency meeting."

Francesca did not know whether to laugh or cry. She had longer to get free but on the other hand it could be just delaying the inevitable.

"I'm sending Paul round for my suit."

Francesca gasped.

"He's got a key if you are not in when he gets there."

The rest of the message was lost to her. Her struggles became

more frantic. Paul! She racked her memory to picture him. Paul! She had a crush on him when they had met. He was dashing, and masculine, and strong. She would have fucked him in a second had the opportunity arisen, and now here he was coming to her house to would find her like this. Whether she would have tried to seduce him was academic. He would find her and heaven knows what might happen. He might be overcome with lust and rape her. He might be embarrassed and run out of the house and leave her. Of course he might just free her but he and Matt had become good friends working closely together and sharing interests outside work. If he did not rape her then he would almost certainly tell Matt about her bondage games. If he did have his way then her secret might be safe, but at what cost. This was one fantasy that she did not want to become reality. Her mind was a whirl of conflicting thoughts and images.

The sound of the doorbell was like an alarm clock. She was still unable to free herself. She wondered whether she could somehow bury herself under the bedclothes. That had worked as a child. When her mother disturbed her little games she had often managed to slip into bed with her feet still tied together. Whether her mother actually knew what Francesca was doing never emerged. She was lying now on top of the duvet, a little forethought and she may have been able to roll to the top of the bed and burrow underneath but now it was too late. She heard a key in the front door and Paul calling in the distance.

Should she start struggling so that it looked like she had been attacked? It would work initially but once he saw the vibrator the game would be up. Perhaps if she lay perfectly still he would think her asleep and not notice?

Paul's voice was getting closer and his calling less urgent. He was asking if she was in the bathroom, the only logical place from which she would not be able to welcome him. His figure was framed in the doorway. Clean cut and shaven with an immaculately groomed head of dark hair. He was wearing a suit and tie and casually swinging the front door key in his right hand. The sight of Francesca had obviously made him stop in surprise.

Look for these other erotic ebooks from Burping Frog Publishing:

A Packaged Holiday	Christine is Cherished
Black in White	Shadow of Doubt
Into My Life Book Two	Daddy Helps Out
One for the Road	Yule Tied
Dark Desire	Under The Bridge
Confessions of a Cheating Wife	A New Haunt
My Minotaur	Come For Dinner
A Kink in the Marriage	Gentle Persuasion
The Summer Project	The Hazing
She Made Me Do It	Ethan & Carrie
The Education of Richard	South Carolina for the Summer
Lost and Found	The Third Pact Part 1
Family Ties	The Third Pact Part 2
Into My Life	Blood of the First Night Part 1
Confessions of a Size Queen	Two Thirds Virgin Part 1
Dans le Murs Part 1	The Lust Factor
Dans le Murs Part 2	Molly's Little Sister
Dans le Murs Part 3	Dad's Camcorder Part 1
Dans le Murs Part 4	Good Girl Bad Girl
Culture Shock	Girls Not Named Mary
Lessons In Bondage	Desire & Regret Part 1
Confessions of a Cunt	Desire & Regret Part 2
Sexcapades	Desire & Regret Part 3
The Disturbing Tale of	Grant's Big Day Part 1
Michelle and Bryce	The Bigger They Are
Dominique	Black Panther Part 1
A Night In Jasmy'n's Garden	Thumper's Friend Part 1
Home Sweet Home	Trouble Maker
Den of Iniquity	

Available only from Burping Frog eBooks: burpingfrogebooks.blogspot.com

A Proper Baptist Part 1
Fucked on Sight Part 1

Also look for these mystery novels by from Burping Frog Publishing:

The Viper's Son
Change of Heart
An Innocent Among Them
Widow of Calcutta
The Lennox Conspiracy
Breathe of the Flesh

Please contact Burping Frog Publishing to receive sample chapters and to place an order for any ebook.

Burping Frog Publishing
burpingfrogbooks@yahoo.com
www.burpingfrog.com