

The internet is a [marvelous](#) place for meeting people.

Whilst going through the motions of on-line dating one thing led to another and I was chatting with people in chat-rooms. That's where I met Kaye.

Being a straight up kind of girl, at [our](#) second date she started prying into sexual kinks. Before I knew, it she'd come back to my house one night after dinner and started prying about my 'toys.' After a marriage and a couple of relationships with women who really didn't get the kink thing, Kaye was a standout. Not only was she interested, she identified everything I owned and knew just what it was for. Had I met the perfect girl?

I'd been confined to self-practice with bondage and the like in the past due to a lack of interested partners. Kaye looked to have brought a new dimension to my life.

"I want to see how many of these items I can use simultaneously," she told me. "The only catch is that I will apply them and you will have no say in how and what I do with them."

What's a man to do? "When do we start?" I asked.

"Tonight" was the response I got with an excited, evil grin.

The day dragged on. It was hard to think clearly knowing, or thinking I knew, what was coming.

"OK," Kaye said after dinner. "Are you ready?"

"As ready as I'll ever be," I told her.

"Now, I want to start by tying your ankles and wrists. Then we'll apply a blindfold and [gag](#) so I can [work](#) in peace". She told me as she [unraveled](#) all my ropes. "Additionally, I don't want to have you too comfortable here, so we'll have you on the bathroom floor, thanks." I sat whilst Kaye commenced the binding of my legs with the bold purple rope. She had a way with this stuff that was superior to what I'd done before. I couldn't help notice that I had a raging erection which was just a bit distracting to both of us.

Once the ankles were tied she had my wrists behind my back and did the same. I was, [now](#) verging on helpless. This beautiful woman was a vision from the cold tile floor and looked wonderfully dominant looking up at her as I was. Next, she blindfolded me.

I could see just a hint of light, but that was it. Then she told me it was time to stop the conversation and I felt some material being stuffed into my mouth and a strap forced around my head to hold it.

"Now I can work better with the freedom of not wearing panties," she said. "It's so distracting having that wet cloth covering my pussy," she told me dismissively.

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Next I could feel her connecting up electrodes to my genitals and ass. I hoped she didn't do anything too strong with all this... electro-stimulation was in my experience best administered carefully and, up to now, always by me. The tingles started and yes, she was being gentle with me.

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Next she grabbed my inflatable enema plug and before I knew it, it was inside me and she was pumping the inflator bulb giving me a very over-full feeling. I hadn't expected an enema. I always took enemas knowing I was going to be able to expel it as soon as I needed. I wondered how long or how much liquid I was going to endure.

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Soon the hot water started flowing. It worked me from the inside, which was welcome after lying on the cold tiles for so long. Then came the clincher as she spoke.

"OK my little bitch," she said in a tone I'd not heard from her before. "I have connected you to a 4-quart enema on a very slow feed. It should take half an hour before you start getting near the end of it."

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"You will need to hold it, I have connected one e-stim box to your cock and, your ass cheeks. If you are lucky you might experience an orgasm before you get too uncomfortable with the enema," she told me. "If that happens though, maybe it won't be lucky, because I won't be here to turn it off and that delicious stimulation will just continue, and I am sure it will be unbearable for you."

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"Now the second phase is that with 4 quarts you are doubtlessly going to have an urge to expel it, messy or not. I am sure you can push that inflatable out if you get under enough pressure – sorry for the pun – but if you do you will find another problem," she told me, and I could tell she was grinning as she said it.

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"I have wired the second stim box to your balls. I have set a timerr on it so it will be active for the next two hours. I have also done this with a broken wire that won't actually see a connection until the towel behind you gets wet. Once it's wet, the current will flow to your balls. What I can't tell you is how high I have set the current. That would spoil the surprise now, wouldn't it?" she said. "It might be a gentle caress and you might think you are in heaven for the duration until I get back."

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I was stunned! Until she gets back? Where was she going?

Kaye laughed at my reaction. "So you do understand? Yes, I am going out for a while. I should be back in a few hours but if I'm not I'll make sure one of my girlfriends drops in on you. Now let me finish... it may be a gentle caress or it might be a gut wrenching shock to those big balls. So you have an incentive to hold it all in then don't you?" Kaye said with a chuckle. "If the towel stays dry your balls won't fry."

"You're kidding me" I thought whilst I grunted through her wet panties. I'd only once had a 4-quart enema and I held it for as long as it took to get from the floor to the toilet. How could I possibly hold it for hours? I'd never had stimulation whilst I took an enema either.

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What if I did orgasm from the e-stim? Would the involuntary contractions cause the enema to escape? That would be awful! I might be in the middle of cumming and my balls could suddenly be feeling like they are in a vice and ready to explode. I always wondered if I would ever meet the perfect woman... maybe I had.