

All Tied Up & Nowhere To Go

Description

I wasn't planning on posting again so soon, but there is one question that I was asked that I have been unable to stop thinking about, so I figured, what the hell?

As I mentioned in a previous post, I had a PJ party at my house last month, and I asked my friends to anonymously write down questions and/or suggestions for my blog. While the majority of them were of a more serious tone, some were not, and the following question I was asked kind of fits into both categories.

How do you feel about handcuffs, or being tied up, in general?

Well... we can look at this from a number of standpoints, so let's begin, shall we?

First, I would like to ask if you've ever been handcuffed or tied up, in general, was it by choice? If the answer is NO, then you either did something really, really bad, OR to quote Whoopi, "You in danger, girl." But if you're reading this post, I'm going to assume you somehow got away, so good for you!

Now, I can say with about 80% certainty that I've never been tied up. I say 80%, because college somehow tends to erase parts of your memory, and I think that this happens as soon as the Dean hands you your diploma. It's just a theory, but then again, so is Area 51.

When I imagine being tied up, my mind immediately jumps to my 3 c-sections. If you've ever had or witnessed a c-section, then you know that your arms are locked down for your own protection. But the SECOND I am unable to move my arms, random parts of my body start to itch, simultaneously, and the worst is my face. There I am, lying on an operating table, trying desperately to relieve the itching I feel on my nose, between my eyes, my upper lip, under my chin, my neck, hell even my ARMS. And I look like an idiot, because I'm trying to actually move my hands towards my face, as if I'm about to unleash some Hulk-like superpower that will somehow successfully break through the METAL straps. When I start to itch, I don't even care if the baby is literally being pulled out of my uterus. I'm BOSSING my poor husband to scratch every spot until I'm satisfied. "Fuck the new baby!!!! My nose itches! We'll have an entire lifetime with her. She can wait an extra minute. I'M ITCHY!!!!!!"

This would lead me to the conclusion that, if you ARE being tied up, voluntarily, of course, doesn't your body start to itch? If I imagine it in my mind, HELL YES it would!!!! How sexy is that???? Oh yeah, baby. I love that. Oh wait can you please scratch my eye? Great. Oh yeah, I like that. oh shit. Can you please scratch behind my neck? Ooooooh, that feels so good. Now who's been a bad girl? Shit! Honey, can you get my legs, please? And also, my big toe? Oh, and my eye is itching again. You see my point. How fucking NOT sexy is that???? If you can manage to be tied up and NOT have every inch of your body NOT itch, than it would appear, in my opinion, that YOU have an untapped superpower.

Now, let's assume you are tied up, there's no itchiness factor, and you're enjoying yourself. To me, this sounds like a nightmare. One of the WORST feelings in the world for me is feeling trapped or unable to break free of something. Even when my kids dog-pile me, it's only a matter of seconds before I need to get up and take a deep breath to calm my anxiety. And sometimes my husband will be laying on the couch, and I'll lay on top of him to cuddle, he'll simply wrap his arms around me, and I start freaking out and jump off. Poor guy. So what if you're lying there, you start panicking, and then your partner tells you, "I'll be right back." I'm just going to stop right there. If your partner leaves you for a few minutes, what's the proper etiquette? Should they put on the TV and give you the remote? Should they untie one of your hands, just in case you have to use the restroom, or SCRATCH your neck? Should they specify how long they'll be gone? Maybe they'll be gone long enough for you to check your emails or play a quick game of Candy Crush! There needs to be clear and concise communication. I can imagine that next to nothing kills the mood like being strapped to a bed, alone, in pure silence, and you start quietly calling out your partner's name! It's like a page straight out of Llama Llama, Red Pajama!

Finally, let's assume that none of the above applies, and you love to be tied up. I can TOTALLY see the appeal in a sexual setting. It's hot, kinky, but not over-the-top, and as long as it's consensual, why not? To each his own. I have no doubt that it's extremely enjoyable. But for me, I know that the instant I'm unable to move, I'll itch all over, start having a panic attack, and will then have the huge and immediate urge to pee, and NONE of that sounds sexy. Handcuffs - metal or fuzzy, handkerchiefs, belts, ties, wire hangers, copper wiring, piano strings, pantyhose, jump rope, sheets, tape, or whatever your bondage of choice may be, for ME, would HAVE to have a quick-release option or FORGET it. I'm too controlling, and my anxiety is too intense. In fact, this is great information for any creep out there who decides to kidnap me and hold me against my will. You're welcome. NOT.

I guess I don't really have a good answer for the question, because I don't see the appeal, from MY end. HOWEVER! I DO see A LOT of appeal for the "binder" in the equation. You can literally do ANYTHING you want to the other person, and they had better trust you, or they are Fuuuuuuuuucked. My advice? If you have ANY trust issues with your partner, DON'T LET THEM TIE YOU UP. Maybe they just found out you have been cheating and it's all a set-up. Now you're tied up and here come the cigarettes and scissors!!! Maybe they've been grooming you for the past year, because you have been picked as the sacrificial lamb for your partner's secret cult. Well now you're tied up!.. that sucks. There are a plethora of scenarios I could use to scare off any potential "bindees", but let me just conclude with a little poem I'm writing on the fly:

If you find yourself tied up someplace,
And you're unable to reach your own face,
You may start feeling itchy and awkward and bitchy,
And your heart may start to race.
Now this may or may not be for you,
And what I say may or may not be true.

But either way, I really must say,
That I'm feeling itchy, aren't you?

Category

1. Uncategorized

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