



# PROJECT 237

By  
GORD

Illustrated by  
STARGRAVES



# PROJECT

## 237

by  
**GORD**



*A genuine House of Gord publication*

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## PROJECT 237

### New ARRIVAL

“Soammes and Blackett for transfer to Holloway Prison. Williamson’s up in front of the parole board; not much chance of parole though. Oh! and two new arrivals, er! Jones and Cordell.”

Wilma, head warder, waited patiently for the governor to look up.

“Cordell?” Bill suddenly took more than a cursory interest.

“Yes Sir, Diane Cordell,” her voice dropped an octave. “Project 238 if you recall.”

“Yes quite! I thought the name rang a bell, but it took so long to arrange this time, I’d almost forgotten she was due. I suppose the Jones woman is of no use?” Wilma shook her head.

“No sir. Short term, simple robbery, not much shape, and anyway, she wasn’t prepped’ by the acquisition team. I’ll get her transferred to Holloway within the week before she has time to see too much. Meantime, I’ll keep her in solitary to keep her out of the way.”

Bill nodded approval and slid the Jones file to one side before opening the file marked H.M.Prisoner / 88646 Cordell. D.

Briefly he ran his eye over the charge and verdict sheets, smiling grimly as he imagined the indignant wrath of the woman.

Found guilty of a massive fraud scam by hacking the computers at her bank, Diane Cordell, first woman director of the American merchant bank Glasco-Pentland Incorporated, although completely innocent, had collected a fifteen year sentence for her non-participation. On the face of it, it seemed a heavy sentence for fraud, but given the fact that presiding Judges at both trial and appeal courts were part of the organisation, she’d had no real chance of leniency. The convenient death of a

senior bank executive investigating the discrepancies had dovetailed nicely into the charges. Victim of a drunk hit and run driver, the director died instantly. It was hinted by prosecution that this could well have been arranged by the defendant, and whilst there was no hard evidence to link her to the death, it sowed the seeds of doubt in the Jury's minds. Meanwhile, the organisation had not only gained a new potential recruit, but also managed to cream off a nice \$84,000,000 as a bonus. Cordell throughout, swore her innocence, and obviously, as she wasn't actually involved, found it impossible to reveal the whereabouts of the missing funds.

Bill rose from his desk and filed the Cordell folder in his 'Projects' drawer, then, as an afterthought, retrieved the Jones file to drop into the bulging 'Standard Inmates' drawer. Wilma was already on her way out when he swung around and fired another question at her.

"By the way, how is Project 237 going?" Wilma paused halfway through the door and turned back.

"We've got her in lock-down for a minor infringement. She's been in there for eight days now, so give it a day or two and she should be ready for the next stage." Bill nodded thoughtfully.

Project 237, now into its sixth month, appeared to be bearing fruit at last. It was a long process, but then the end product was worth it. Project 237, a beautiful woman fitted up with a multiple murder she hadn't done, had suffered hell at the hands of the warders. Since first setting foot in the prison, Helen Watermann - H.M.P / 88342, had been fitted with waist and cuff chains that held her hands close to her body, and walking chains designed to reduce any movement to a slow shuffle. Any excuse was immediately seized on by the staff of selected warders to earn her punishments. In addition, her somewhat disabled condition made her easy meat for the plethora of butch dykes infesting the prison, and warders would watch with amusement as they dragged her away for their own lustful purposes. Just to keep it all kosher in the event of an investigation into charges of discrimination, other

inmates suffered the indignity of body chains at random, but only for limited periods. As often as not she was stripped of clothes as punishment. Freezing cold hose baths whilst manacled to a hoist chain were her only means of hygiene. Solitary confinement, ice-cold hosing, and lock-down played a large role in any 'Project' prisoner's life.

Bill glanced at the wall clock. Ten to nine. In ten minutes 237 would be taking her early morning bath.

Lock-down was a fearsome punishment that consisted of being chained naked and spread-eagled in a standing position inside a special steel cabinet. With the doors closed and locked, the incarcerated prisoner was less than a foot from the doors, secured in total darkness.

For the entire duration of punishment, the doors never opened. Feeding was by a small hatch set high in the door, through which the prisoner was fed bread and water. Bathing was automatic. No one wanted to open those doors to clean out, due mainly to the fact that all the body wastes accumulated in the bottom of the cabinet over each twenty four hours. At nine sharp, a multitude of powerful shower heads built into the cupboard would blast the pinioned female with ice cold water, 'surging down her body, and eventually after half an hour, wash away most of the previous day's mess into a large drain hole. Some always managed to remain and add its stench to the fetid dankness of that terrible box.

Project 237 had been in lock-down for eight days now. That on top of her previous treatment would make her very malleable when it came to suggestions that might bring her six month horror to an end. It was Wednesday now, so Bill marked his calendar for Friday. A simple number 237 written in the corner meant nothing to anyone other than the select few who ran the prison, but it would remind him that 237 was due for review.

A movement on one of the security video monitors caught his eye, and seeing the prisoner transport vehicle entering the gates, he sat down to watch. Two women were escorted out, and at a glance he could distinguish Project 238 even from the high angle of the wall-mounted camera. She was tall, and shapely despite the rather bad fit of her remand prison clothing. But there was no mistaking the haughty look of a highly indignant woman of class.

Bill followed the progress through basic induction, and watched with interest as they were both stripped showered and issued new prison clothes. Wilma had as usual guessed the woman's sizes to perfection, and whilst Jones donned an ill fitting loosely hanging one piece dress, Diane Cordell struggled to ease a secretly tailored version over her flaring womanly hips. Smoothing out the dress, she glared at Wilma who had entered the camera angle from the left. Wilma simply walked around her studying the taut rounded rump of the well filled dress, and nodding to herself in a sort of mental back patting at getting it right. Jones was led away, and Wilma motioned other warders forward.

At first Diane rebelled, fiercely resisting attempts to chain her, all the time voicing loud protests at the treatment she had been singled out for. Wilma walked forward and gave her a stinging slap across the face.

"Quiet Cordell! Or I'll have you gagged!" Diane stood still, her body frozen with shock, hardly noticing as the hobbling and wrist shackling progressed. An evil looking leather covered device was swinging suggestively from a warder's hand, and she looked keen to use it.

"In here you do as you're told and nothing more. Any disobedience will be punished most severely. Now that you've been told once, you will not be warned again. Do I make myself clear?"

Dumbly, Diane nodded as the full impact of her fall from power came home to

roost. Almost subconsciously she tugged ineffectually at the chains holding her wrists snugged in to the waist. Then, as a none-too-gentle shove urged her forward, she shuffled out of the room and into the main cell block hallway. Instantly a series of catcalls and jeers filled the air.

“Not such a snooty bitch now are we?” The inmates loved the arrival of former high flyers, especially when they were reduced to such humiliating restraints. 237 had been out of circulation for a long time and they were all looking forward to the introduction of some new material. A warder slipped a steel collar around her neck as 238 nervously surveyed the three stories of prisoner lined catwalks. Pushing her into the middle of the hall, her tormentor clipped a lead chain to the collar and left it dangling invitingly for the other inmates.

Diane was completely bewildered. How could this be happening in a 20th century English jail, and above all, how could, it be happening to her?

The inmates gathered around, taunting and touching, then suddenly falling silent. A corridor opened in the crush, and fearfully Diane turned to watch as a huge Amazonian woman sauntered arrogantly through the throng. The Queen bitch of Fallworth Prison had arrived to claim her latest plaything.

At first she just strolled around the new arrival sizing up her firm curves and ample breasts, whilst Diane shivered in uncontrollable dread. A hand reached out and took up her lead, and the shackled woman found herself being pulled towards the queen dyke. At first she resisted, but the Amazon jerked her in savagely, lifting her onto tiptoe as another unseen hand mauled her defenceless boobs and burrowed into her crotch. Steely mocking eyes challenged her to resist further, but Diane, sensing the sadistic nature of this bull dyke, declined to give her more enjoyment. Scornful contempt flickered across the leering face, then without further warning, the dyke turned and jerked her prize after her. Stumbling awkwardly in her hobbles, wrists working fruitlessly at her body chains, Diane was forced to follow as tears welled up in her eyes. The catcalls, ribald whistles and jeering restarted and continued in an endless mocking symphony as the dyke took her prize back to the lair. Everyone there knew exactly what was going to happen to a chained and



helpless prisoner in the clutches of the prison dyke.

Bill watched the retreating rump of the staggering Diane with some interest; a smile creasing his face as he visualised the new tricks she would be learning once inside Greta's cave of lust. The big butch German had been there a long time. And without doubt would continue to grace Fallworth for the foreseeable future. As an ex gangland boss with a series of murders to her credit, the sentence was life without remission on eight consecutive counts, Greta would end her days in this place, and that certain knowledge had made her a perfect recruit for the organisation.

Even the powerful organisation couldn't engineer her release without raising a public furore. She was too high profile. But they could ensure that as a member she would always enjoy new playmates and any amount of equipment required to further her personal sexual tastes. It was a recipe for complete loyalty to the cause. Fallworth was a top security prison for dangerous female convicts, that also boasted an unblemished record for holding the inmates secure. There were no escapes. It followed that once a woman vanished into the impressive Elizabethan steel studded oak doors, she was safely out of the way as far as the public was concerned. Interest quickly died, and another dangerous woman was soon forgotten as the state system swallowed her forever, unless something brought their attention back to her, which the organisation was careful to avoid. The rest of the inmates were in much the same boat as the Amazon, but given the meager cast-offs from the queen bitch's lair, they were quite content to go along with the strange goings on at Fallworth. Diane Cordell had just become such a vanishing forgotten woman. And like her predecessor, Project 237, was about to discover a whole new range of sexual deviation at first hand. The cell door slammed shut, and Bill leaned back in the sumptuously upholstered chair. One of the bonuses of being a top security prison was that any requests for new restraint equipment were simply processed and expedited without question. No one even raised an eyebrow at the complexity of experimental devices forwarded to workshops. As a result, Greta had all manner of interesting ways to play with the new toy at her disposal.

He had no doubt that Project 238 would soon be sampling her latest acquisition, a pedestal stand. It was a simple device that held the prisoner in a folded compressed kneeling format, folded legs pulled sideways to rest alongside the torso, chin crushed down to lie between knees. It ensured a naked, widely spread, and tautly stretched rear region, easily available for torment or punishment, or any other usage Greta might find enjoyable. Being poised some two and half feet above the floor whilst held in this position was hardly going to instill a sense of security and confidence in the latest edition to Fallworth. Bill had no doubt that the height of that offered rear-end, strap-on dildo height for an Amazon like Greta, was no accident. He made a mental note to visit Greta's cell in an hour or two. The timing should be just about right to be treated to a demonstration as the trussed society bitch pulsing impotently to the thrusting demands of a sadistic dildo-equipped Amazon. Greta would be intent on ruthlessly pumping the helpless captive's body full of hard dildo if she ran true to form. It was a crotch warming event to look forward to, given the configuration of the new device and its tortuously cinched occupant.

Four and a half years were a long time to wait for payment from the organisation, but it had been his choice. In all that time they had processed and delivered two hundred and thirty six selected targets, of which he could have taken his pick. But he had chosen to wait as others snatched up the morsels on offer.

Now he had the ones he wanted. 237 would soon be on her way to finishing school as he referred to it, and 238 would be following her some six to eight months later. At first he had been troubled that by framing 237, the real woman killer would go free, but the organisation took care of that. That animal was by now some two hundred feet below the rubble being used to fill an abandoned mine shaft in North Wales. His killing days were long gone, and with him, any evidence that could ever be used to clear Project 237 of wrong doing. In the eyes of the public she was a monster who was safely out of commission.

## Chapter 2 Helen – Projekt 237

“Okay! Wilma, you can leave us now thank you.”

It was two days on, and lounging at his desk, Bill allowed his eyes to wander over the naked nubile beauty shackled before him. His mind wandered back to recently savoured visions of bound femininity. 238 had provided some interim enjoyment. As expected, his return to view what was going on in Greta’s cell revealed a new inmate well gagged with an immense ball gag and cinched down tight on Greta’s new stand. Powerless to resist whilst cuffed and chained, the poor woman had proved to be an easy conquest as she was remorselessly forced into position by the tough Amazon and welded down with a multitude of powerful straps. The resultant pathetically compacted bundle of sobbing frightened womanhood Bill saw, proved most becoming as she pulsed powerfully in her cinches with each thrusting insertion. Scarlet faced, cheeks bulging, eyes frantically seeking non-existent help, she was continuously giving vent to muffled protests at each powerful injection of Greta’s strap-on appendage. The powerful Amazon hadn’t been kind in her tightening of the hold-down straps, and the frenzied struggles of the chain hampered conquest only served to solicit the maximum reduction in movement that could be achieved. 238 was reduced to a series of bulging naked curvatures that defied description as she helplessly absorbed the plunging dildo. Once contained by the basic compression straps, the prison shackles had been removed to allow more refined and powerfully contorted wrist and ankle bondage.

Bill was pleased with his choice, and even more pleased when Greta asked permission to keep her new toy ‘as she was’ for three or four days. He eagerly agreed, with a caution that the tightly bound woman must be fed and tended carefully during that time. A few days as a twenty-four hour, easily available, pole mounted, personal fucking facility would do 238 a world of good, providing she wasn’t damaged through negligence. He studied the scarlet expanded cheeks, flaring nostrils, and bulging eyeballs of the prisoner at length, then left the savagely compressed and accessibly parcelled woman to the tender mercies of Greta. The poor woman was clearly suffering a massive cultural shock as she jerked and snorted

helplessly with each powerful thrust thumping into her offered nether regions. Greta was pumping away at her toy like a woman possessed, and the power of her thrusts were such that the buttocks of 238 were flattening out like sponge rubber as the giant German dyke slammed into her. It was so satisfying to see how her defenceless pussy stretched and absorbed the dildo, and all the time, her mind was struggling valiantly to accept her rapid descent from debutante socialite to a trussed and easily fuckable item. A sex toy that could be used anytime the urge took her Amazonian cell mate. Only a short time before, she would never have dreamed what lay in store for her as she entered the impressive gates of Fullworth prison. The trussed woman huffed, puffed, snorted and expanded delightfully as the Amazon pumped her like an inflatable doll. Greta was ignoring the fact that her helpless



conquest was bulging and straining with what could only be frantic attempts to escape the crushing bonds holding her fuck-toy so helplessly offered. a

Now, 237 had finally emerged from lock-down to add even more pleasure to his week. Her skin was still a rosy pink as a result of a hurried hosing and scrubbing to remove the grime and filth accrued during her long stay in that claustrophobic metal box, but it gave her a sort of virginal quality that Bill liked. Although she was no longer a virgin, at twenty-eight, she was a woman in full bloom. Appreciatively he allowed his gaze to drink in the thrusting orbs of her breasts, and mentally made a note to commend Wilma on the new body shackle arrangement. As was standard, her wrists were manacled to the waist cinching steel chain, but an

added pair of cuffs cinching elbows tightly into contact behind her back did wonders for figure enhancement. The ankle chains chinked softly, and glancing down, Bill checked that her ankle fetters were securely locked to the ringbolt set centrally before his desk. There had been one occasion when a less than happy project had launched her shackled form at him, but a quick ring-bolt installation removed any future replay of that incident. 237 was destined to stand where she was for as long as he desired.

His eyes swept up to her face, and taking his time he studied her at length. There were still faint marks radiating from the corners of her mouth, visible proof that she had spent her time in lock-down with a cruel mouth filling brank gag. Those leather covered pear gags, fully expanded, were a salutary experience that few forgot in a hurry. That was gone now, but 237 knew better than to speak without permission. She had learned the hard way. Memories of her mouth being stretched to an agonising gape as the screw turned and pear halves jacked her oral cavity open were still fresh in her mind.

The eyes looked back at him briefly, for a while mirroring the residual anger and defiance in her. But then they dropped as she came to terms with the inescapable truth that she was beaten. They could do anything they liked to her and she had no rights of appeal.

“Well Watermann, you do seem to be having problems settling in here.” Bill picked up the punishment sheet and made as if to peruse it. There was no need. He was fully aware of every detail of Helen’s punishment history. He made a few thoughtful Hmms and Arrhs! then looked back to the statuesque woman.

“It would seem that you having something more than a strong aversion to prison life Watermann. In fact I would go as far as to say that perhaps you could do with a little psychiatric help in order to adjust.” He glanced up and caught the fleeting look of fear in the woman’s eyes, but she resisted the urge to speak. Bill allowed \_ that to churn around in her mind for a moment or two and then rose and walked around the desk. Placing himself squarely in front of the shackled woman, he locked eyes as he spoke. -

“Not what you may think Watermann. ... Not at all what you may think.” The eyes registered puzzlement. -

“You may have realised by now that Fallworth is not the normal run of the mill high security prison, and of course you would be right. In fact, we er—! Shall we say divert resources to people who can pay well, or work within the organisation. You are one of those resources. Or at least could be,” he hastened to add. “The choice is yours really. I can have you committed to a mental institution for investigation, or you can opt to go of your own free will.” He paused to allow that to sink in.

“Now, you may be asking yourself why you should opt to go voluntarily when you know that you’re perfectly sane. Maybe I should explain more clearly. If you refuse, the treatment you have been getting for the last six months just continues. As I said I could commit you anyway, but if I do that, you will be going to a state mental home, and I will have to call in two independent psychiatrists in order to

have you certified. You will appreciate that course of action will expose us to a lot of risk. However, if you choose to go of your own volition, I can place you in a special facility, and we don't need strangers around to question the decision."

Helen's lips started to move as she voiced a question, but her voice was stilled at his caution. "No, don't speak now. Just think about it for a while. I have a few \_ things to do, and then when I get back I'll answer any questions and then ask you for a decision. In the meantime, I'll just leave you to enjoy a reminder whilst you mull it over."

His hand rose and one of those dreadful expander gags forced its way into her reluctant mouth. But she knew better than to resist.

Helen's lips re-formed into an enforced silence as the screw turned, but she refused to give him the satisfaction of seeing her discomfort as the pear stretched her mouth to breaking point. He smiled and left her to suffer. Twisting her body, she watched as he exited the office and left her anchored in place. Conscious of the other inmates awaiting the Governor's pleasure, peering through the glass office door and sniggering, she felt her blatantly exposed buttocks quivering uncontrollably as she tried to sort out the turmoil of her thoughts.

The governor finally returned half an hour later, yet busying himself with papers on the desk, he seemed in no hurry to return to his unwilling audience. Eventually he raised his eyes to an impatient Helen, then remembering that she was fully gagged, he rose and moved over to remove her silencer. .

"T've no doubt you have a few questions Watermann?" Helen nodded as she exercised her aching jaw, and upon receiving a wave that indicated she should continue, she put her first concern into words.

"How long will I have to stay at this place?"

Bill smiled.

"Forever my dear. Forever!" Helen registered shock, then recovering with admirable strength of mind she pressed on. There was a decision to be made and she needed all the answers before making it. Z

"But what will they do to me. Who wants me? Why me?"

Bill rose from the desk and moved round so as to sit on the edge nearest to her.

"In the first instance, life won't be a lot different from Fallworth. You'll have to be trained, and that means a lot of time in restraints. But I would add that they will be a different kind of restraint to the ones you're used to here. They'll be much more confining, but shaped and carefully manufactured for a specific purpose. In answer to the second and third questions, I want you. I chose you from thousands of other possible contenders."

Bill waited in silence as his revelations sank in, aware that she was carefully studying his own form and passing her own mental judgement. He was forty-five years old, but a solid well formed forty-five with all his hair. She seemed to accept that.

"So what will you do with me if I agree, if I do all this training?" It was obvious from her manner that his answer would only be confirmation of her own conclusions.

Bill smiled broadly again as he answered.

“You'll be my sex slave of course, my personal tie-up toy girl. I'll do what the hell I like with you.”

Helen pursed her lips as she considered all the options; new questions forming as the scenario of her possible future as an object to be used at will took form.

“Does that mean I go home with you one day?”

Bill, dashed her hopes of an escape instantly.

“No Watermann, it does not. You will always be kept at the center, but in my private suite. I'll come and go as I please, but you will always be there whenever I feel the need to use you. If you've pleased me, you might be allowed to live in relative comfort. If not, there are many ways to store a sex toy, and none of them are comfortable.”

Helen's worse fears were realised. She would still be nothing more than a prisoner, albeit one used for sex by a man instead of a butch dyke. The instant retort that would suggest he should move away in jerky sexual movements froze on her lips as he held up a hand and continued.

“However, unlike Fallworth, you will normally be living in an executive suite with all the luxuries of a five star hotel. You'll be free to do as you please within the

grounds and buildings as long as I don't need you. Providing you've pleased me. I might add that you would also have company after a while. 238 is being processed now and should be joining you within eight months. I would also add that you are one of the lucky ones. Most of the other members don't have suites. They have to book the main facility suite before they can enjoy their pets. Which of course means that whilst not in use, their tie-up toys are kept either in cells, cages, or some other storage arrangement.” ; -

“238?” Helen's forehead wrinkled in puzzlement.

“Yes! 238. You're 237, or at least you will be if you make the right decision. Otherwise it's Fallworth for the duration, or the certainty of spending the rest of your life in a strait-jacket, living in a rubber room at the state mental hospital. I hear the male nurses have a lot of fun with strait-jacketed inmates. It seems that the crotch strap can be dropped real easy, whilst the rest stays on.”

He glanced at a desk monitor thoughtfully and then selected a security tape replay. It was turned away from her, so after rewinding to a particular spot, he spun it towards her. :

“238! Your future partner.” Helen stared down at the screen and saw a statuesque woman undergoing the same humiliating induction and body chaining she had

endured herself so many months ago. Bill returned to his chair and leaned back to await her reply.

Helen stood silent and thoughtful as all the ramifications of her choice ran through her mind. If she stayed, life would be hell for the rest of her life, and first

hand experience of straitjackets had taught her that tough canvas clothing was definitely hard on sensitive female skin. However, if she took the offer, there was at least a chance of a more comfortable existence. What difference was there to a male intruder in her pussy when for the past months she had regularly been subjected to having a dyke's dildo shoved into her. It took some five minutes for her to come to terms with the limited range of options, but finally after taking a deep breath, she spoke out.

"Okay! I'll take the offer. I have no real choice do I you bastard." Bill smirked to himself. At least she'd retained her fighting spirit, and that was important to him. He had chosen his target well. Not for him the subservient, slavish female. He wanted a fiery recalcitrant feline for his toy. All the more fun to bind and take such a woman. He pressed the call button, and Wilma entered a few minutes later.

"237 has decided to take our offer Wilma, please be so kind as to release her wrists and arms so that she can sign the release for voluntary mental assessment at the Cairndhu facility." Wilma swung up the key bunch swinging from her belt and quickly unlocked the various cuffs and links. Glowering at both of them, Helen eased the cramps in her limbs and then took the offered pad with the release form. For a second or two she hesitated, then seeing Wilma almost willing her to refuse, she scrawled her signature and consigned herself to a life as a concubine. Wilma clearly showed dismay at this loss of a plaything. She herself had enjoyed Helen on more than one occasion and she would miss her. But then again, 238 would be coming on line soon. Just as soon as the queen dyke in cell 87 had finished with her.

Bill just watched as Wilma went through a practiced routine that would prepare the new conscript for shipment to the special facility. The wrist and elbow cuffs went back on, noticeably tighter as Wilma expressed her displeasure at the loss. Then some street clothes appeared from a closet. First there was hold-up stockings, and with one ankle released at a time, Helen stood on one leg as they were smoothed on. A pair of relatively high stilettos came next. High, but not high enough to be - considered odd in everyday street wear. The hobble chain was replaced with a slightly longer version, and its center link lifted and connected via another chain to the cuffs straining her elbows back. :

The next item had Helen shrinking back as far as her floor shackled ankles would allow. It was a double pronged steel crotch strap that was obviously designed to connect to her waist chains. She shook her head in disbelief, but the governor gave her reason to question a refusal. ;

"Not all of our employees are trustworthy when it comes to women who are incapable of retaliation Waterman. We do our best to select them carefully but then the lure of what you have on offer would corrupt a saint. Wilma here suggested the idea; .. and I urge you to accept the chastity strap as a matter of common sense, seeing as you are going to be in transit with at least one man for a number of hours."

Helen thought it over, and then reluctantly stood still as Wilma slid the device

between her trembling thighs and eased the monstrous orifice fillers into place. The front one wasn't so bad, but her bottom hole was relatively virgin and untrained in permanent dilation. At first the pain was extreme, but then as her sphincter muscle grew to accept the inevitability of the violation, she felt the pain ebbing away. A loud snicking noise advised her that the double crotch filler was there to stay, held firmly in place by locks of some sort.

A final item was a drop-over cape that reached down to the mid calf. The clerical style neck hid the steel collar, and hands poking from the slot pocket holes gave Helen the appearance of an off duty nurse. It was obvious that she was manacled beneath her garb. But then a woman being escorted by two prison officers would raise no eyebrows if she were seen to be restrained. - i =

With a breezy 'see you later' from the governor, Helen was taken out and parked in the main hall to wait for the hospital transport that would take her to the special facility. Realising that this would be their last chance to torment the chained woman, the other inmates took the opportunity to give her a thorough mauling.

Across the way, an open cell door supplied the pitiful image of a well-used 238 still on the pole stand. Greta had left the door open deliberately, and rotated the poled woman to face any lookers on. With her gagged face drawn forcibly upward by the gag strap secured behind her hair drawn into a tight pigtail and used to supplement the straining position, 238 presented the audience with her tear streaked face. She could do nothing other than to perform a continuous display of Mmmppping scarlet cheeks and wildly ranging eyeballs as she endured the never ending pussy pumping action of Greta's largest ribbed strap-on in her other end. The gathering throng prevented Helen from seeing more as Diane Cordell continued the woman's traumatic introduction to her future role in life. It was clear that there was no escape for the powerfully bound woman, and given time, Greta could avail herself of all of the three openings presented to her by a woman secured in this manner. She had all the time in the world and 238 couldn't move a muscle in her own defence as she was ruthlessly pumped and plundered in the succulent opening of Greta's first choice. That was just how Greta liked her unwilling playthings. Offered, and completely helpless.

Helen knew she would eventually tire of the sport, and then 238 would host three powerfully expanded pump up plugs in her openings and no doubt be carried and out to the center hall of the cell gallery and exhibited so as to serve as an example of Greta's craft. ;

Helen considered herself lucky. Her somewhat less contorted initiation had terminated with her inflated to bursting point by the pneumatic plugs, and then \_  
Greta simply pushed her out of the cell in her prison chains and left her to be tormented by the other inmates.

Tearfully, ankle shackled to another ring-bolt and her mind replaying the events leading up to her present situation, Helen endured as her cape was lifted up and tied above her head. Her vulnerable tightly chained body was immediately subjected to all manner of finger abuse and tit squeezing. All the time, unseen and yet clearly



heard through the cloth were the sounds of an ordeal that could just as easily be hers if her new owner Bill Nealy chose to have her mounted on a similar device. Helen mentally thought herself lucky that the new stand hadn't been available for her induction. Diane Cordell was suffering far more public abuse than she ever had. ;

Helen's body jerked convulsively. Someone outside the cloying dark confine of that cape had found a long length of rubber or elastic, and amidst the cheering encouragement of others, was stretching it and allowing the twanging end to lash wickedly at her naked bottom.

In an effort to drown out the noise, pain, and humiliation, Helen allowed her mind to wander back to a time ten months previous. A time when she had enjoyed the attentions of high roller diplomats and prospective rich husbands vying for her hand in marriage. As personal assistant to the Bolivian Ambassador, life had been good. Life as a bank executive was even better. But those days of personal power and esteem were long gone.

The stinging elastic nipped at her bottom for the umpteenth time, and as it broke into her thoughts, she heard the voice of Wilma calling off the hounds. Her ankles were unshackled. Stumbling in her dark world, Helen felt herself being led forward towards the double door security exit system. Behind her, the explosive muffled gasps of pole mounted Project 238 faded as Greta pumped madly at her captive for the tenth time that day.

Helen's thoughts returned to her own plight. Wilma would be enjoying having her so blatantly exposed, yet strangely for some reason the tenseness caused by her humiliation caused her bottom to mince more than she would have liked. Or could it just be that it felt that way because she was so horribly vulnerable?

They entered the first door and the smooth click of a well oiled lock told Helen that they were between two locked exits. Wilma's hands suddenly gripped her bottom, and for a second time that morning, the helpless ex debutante stood impotently as ; lecherous hands explored her nubile body.

"I'll miss you 237, but not to worry. 239 has already been selected, and she's mine. I'll have her in here within the month." There was a pause as the hands enjoyed a ' last grope.

"Time to go." The busy fingers left her body and Helen felt the cape being \_ unfastened. Seconds later bright light blinded her momentarily as the cape was smoothed down and her ruffled hair rearranged by her jailer. Wilma gave her bottom a last pinch, and unlocked the outer door with a piece of uncharacteristic parting advice.

"Do as you're told 237, and you'll have a reasonably good life. Believe me. You're well out of this place, and to be honest I didn't enjoy some of things we had put you through. Now go, before I get all sentimental or something."

Helen stared at the tough warder in amazement, and for second saw not a vicious bitch who she would like to throttle, but a woman who understood and felt compassion. She wasn't allowed to dwell on it as Wilma spun her shackled form and pushed her forward.

### Chapter 3 Transported

Walking forward, 237 hesitantly approached two white-coated officers waiting patiently by the open doors of an ominous looking van with barred windows and darkened glass. One was a man, the other a hard faced woman. The leering looks left her in no doubt that they were in on the whole deal and fully aware of her hidden bound nakedness. There was no point in even bothering to search for help from that quarter. Helen felt some relief as the ever present hugeness inhabiting her lower openings reminded her that she was safe from being used whilst in transit, but had no doubts that a third body mauling was par for the course. Suddenly her thrusting boobs felt very vulnerable despite the concealing cape. :

Unable to mount the steps due to her hobbles, Helen was cradled by the two officers \_ and lifted into the van. Working quickly with a practiced ease, they ushered her to one of the austere unpadded stool seats positioned centrally in the van and sat her down. There was no back rest, merely a round flat disc to rest her butt on that was poised atop a round steel central support column bolted to the floor. The elbow cuffs gained another chain connection as a permanent stool attachment prevented her from rising, and another link at the base of the shaft locked to her ankles pulling them back under her seat. Then the cape was allowed to drop and hide her immobilised form. Any hope of an escape during transit had been swiftly nipped in the bud.

Miserably Helen sat perched uncomfortably as the van crew moved forward and took up the seats at the front. The van lurched out of the yard, and swivelling her head, Helen watched as the massive gates of Fallworth closed behind her. There was a mixed feeling of relief and fear as the home that she had endured for half a year said its good-bye. Her attention was snapped back to the van crew as the woman rose and moved back in her direction with a look that was something less than charitable. :

“I think a little on-route entertainment is in order here, don’t you Jim?” The driver laughed and nodded as he surveyed the rear view in an internal mirror. Leering at her pleading face, the female co-driver fished a handkerchief from her smock pocket and prised open the prisoner’s mouth. Gleefully she packed Helen’s face to bursting, and then reaching down, lifted the hanging cape. At first she merely scooped it up and left it arranged around the neck in loose folds, busying herself by dragging her prisoner’s long hair up into a pony tail that sprouted from the top of her head. Helen watched helplessly as another forage into her pocket produced a short length of cord. She placed the cord in her teeth to free both hands, and then bringing up the cape, gathered both hair and cape into a single tight column above the top of her head. Helen could feel her twisting it, and yelped through the wadding in her mouth as both hair and cloth became a single entity. A few jerks told her that the cord was being used to secure the resultant mass into one unit close to her scalp. More movement followed, but Helen wasn’t sure at first what was going on. It was only when her cape hooded head was jerked upward that she realised that the whole cape had been twisted into a cloth rope and fastened to some overhead fixing. There was a sound of tearing nearby, and as a tight band clamped down over her

lips, she recognised it for the sound of a roll of sticky tape. Ruthlessly, the co-driver applied several turns, cinching the head enveloping cape into her cheeks and crushing the wadded handkerchief deeply into her mouth. -

“What do you reckon Jim?” Helen heard her assailant call out to the driver. There was a brief silence as the other obviously considered her revealed and helpless form. :

“Nah! Make a job of it Rachel, use that new cord in the glove box.” Helen could hear Rachel rummaging, then felt her presence nearby as she returned.

Unable to move or voice a complaint, Helen could only squirm as Rachel went to work with what could only be described as copious amounts of thin strong nylon cord. The woman was an artist, and worst of all, endowed with a female intuition as to what would be most effective in completing the humiliation of her captive modelling subject. An hour passed before the hard working Rachel spoke again, other than a steady succession of grunts as she heaved cinches tight

“How’s that Jim? That more to your taste?” Helen heard a whistle of approval. “Great! Hey! Rachel you’re really getting good at this.” His voice trailed off and Helen could feel the unseen eyes studying Rachel’s masterpiece.

Starting at the ankles, she had enveloped the seated woman in a series of flesh biting cinches that progressed from feet to the tip of the cape suspension; she had created a veritable macramé masterpiece of trussed womanhood. The marching rise of two-inch spaced cinches had only faltered twice in their advance. Once to allow Rachel to ease each cord under the seated thighs adding extra tightness to the ballooning curvature of Helen’s stool compressed buttocks, eased backwards so as to allow most of the taut stretched lobes to hang over the back of the stool. Super tight thigh cords would ensure that she couldn’t move forward. The other delay was upon reaching the ample swelling orbs of her thrusting breasts.

A series of root cinches and some extra wound on turns converted those normally coned protuberances into painful spherical aberrations. But Rachel had quickly reduced the bulbous interruption of bodyline by returning to her liking for body encircling cinches, and adding two extras, one just above, and one just below the daggering nipples. Heaving on the cords, she cinched the blood-pressurised tits into crushed bisected blobs of abused femininity.

The cords then marched onward, covering the throat in a giraffe woman series of coils, then over the cape covered head in a neat weave of webbed nylon cinches that welded the covering cloth to a perfect facial profile. Six or seven turns around the hair yanking closure at the top of the head and then up the twisted cape-hair hybrid rope to finish at the roof fixing.

But Rachel didn’t finish there. She affixed long cords to the waist secured wrists, and running them across the palms, taped both cord and hands into a single

homogenous unit on each side of the fettered woman. The cord extensions were then taken outwards and secured to either side of the van, bending Helen's wrists back painfully against the cuffs and forcing her sheathed hands to point sideways from the cinched effigy of her captive form.

Rachel gave the bulging lobes of Helen's bottom overhang some hearty slaps, then turned her attention to the cruelly cinched tits. As a final check she produced a cattle prod and studied the reflex result as Helen jerked spasmodically to the stabbing bite in her exposed rump. Rachel had done a good job. Despite her titanic muscle contractions, Helen simply pulsed violently in the rope cocoon holding her captive. "Not a twitch Jim! Not bad Eh?" Jim apparently agreed as the prisoner exhibited only a rather exciting writhing that availed her nothing in the way of relief or escape. Jim suddenly paused and turned up the radio.

"Hey listen a second Rachel." Both of the crew listened intently, and despite her own predicament, Helen was able to overhear as well. Apparently a bad crash on the M74 North of Carlisle had blocked the motorway. AA and Police were advising all northbound traffic to divert to other routes.

"But were still hours away from that Jim, won't they clear it before we get there?" The listening prisoner gleaned from the conversation that they were heading up to Scotland. Her heart sank as she envisaged several more hours at the mercy of this crew. Jim's voice interrupted her thoughts and dealt her a shattering blow. "Probably, but then we have the perfect excuse for taking the scenic route don't we Rachel. I mean who can blame us if we turn off early and commit ourselves to the long route?" Helen heard Rachel giggle as a reply.

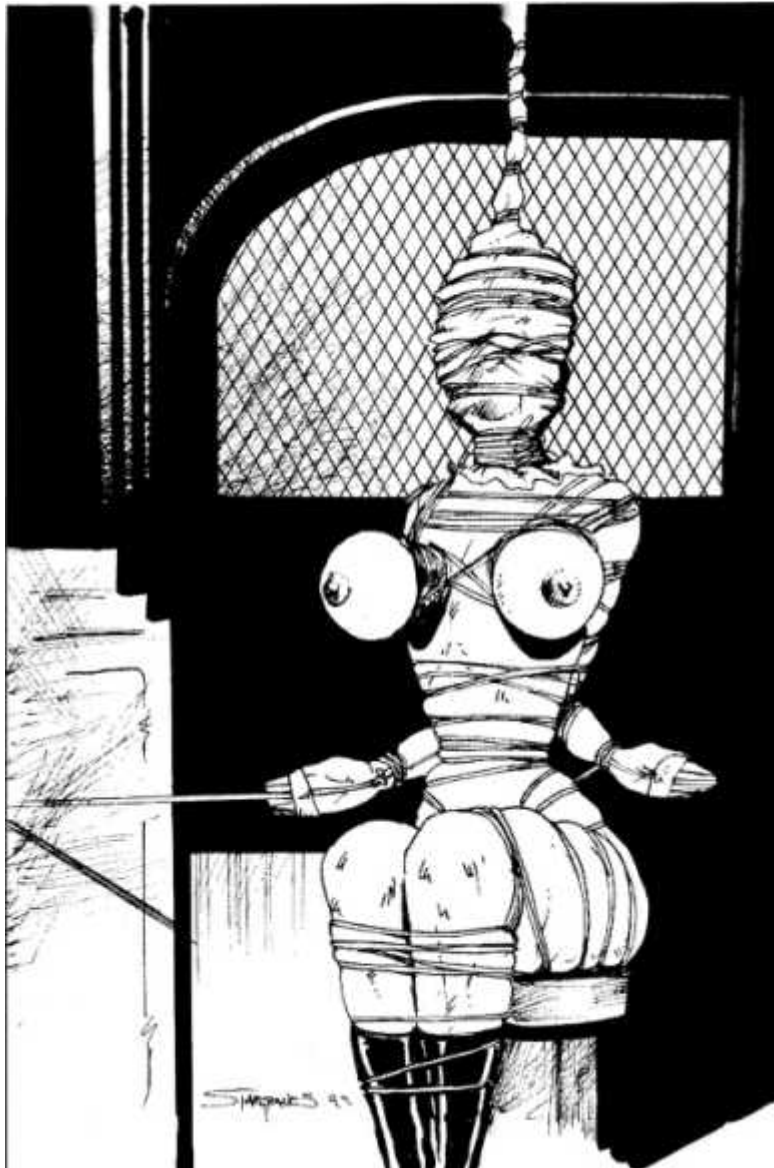
"Sounds good to me Jim. How much longer?"

"Oh! I reckon six hours at least with this old banger before we even reach Mallaig, then there's the ferry to Rhum; at a guess I'd say we'll be at the institute in about twelve hours."

"Better and better. Looks like this trip could turn out to be one of the better ones after all." Helen felt the woman close to her and felt a hand clasp and squeeze her right boob maliciously. She could feel the tremble of excitement in the marauding fingers as the sadistic woman contemplated a six hour bonus in which to torment her helpless captive.

"Hear that sweet cheeks? We get to look at you for a whole twelve hours, all neatly packaged up like a Christmas turkey and nowhere to go." Rachel jabbed with the prod and chuckled as Helen jerked and convulsed in her bonds.

Although it was December the 20th, Helen didn't feel in the festive mood at all, and even less enthused at being the decoration in a van crewed by lusting bondage nutcases. Her stifled mewing calls for mercy fell on deaf ears as Rachel moved back to her comfortable front seat and adjusted a second mirror so to savour the



diabolically uncomfortable creature in the back without getting a cricked neck. Rachel nudged her driver mate, motioning silently to the back with her head, and Jim looking up to his own mirror was treated to an excellent display of writhing superbly trussed prisoner. Helen was testing her bonds, but with no success at all. Rachel had certainly done a job on her. She looked so pathetically helpless, perched up there like a naked secretary on a typing stool, and despite the movement of the van, she was rigidly contained by the savage bite of her bonds. =

“What was she before they convicted her Jim?” Jim shook his head indicating that he didn’t know. Reaching down into the door pocket he withdrew the prisoner’s documents and handed them over. at R

“Have a look yourself, it’s all in there. I doubt anyone at Cairdhu will worry about the seal being broken.” Rachel lapsed into silence as she broke open the envelope and read, occasionally passing snippets to her mate. 1 mt ss

“Oh! Great, one of those society bitches, and a real high flyer according to this. Engaged to Lord Wittingham-Wendell before her fall from grace. Not so high and mighty now are we sweet cheeks.” Rachel had swivelled her head so as to ensure that the tightly bound prisoner could hear. “Wonder what Lord Whatsit-Wendell would think if he could see you now all done up like an oven ready turkey. I

reckon we should take some pictures Jim, I'm sure the Lord would like to see what happened to his nearest and dearest."

The silent 237 responded by going a deeper shade of pink as she flushed with the crushing humiliation of her plight. Rachel laughed loudly as her ineffectual straining merely produced a delightful creaking sound from the prisoner's over-stressed bonds "And to think that you're completely innocent sweet cheeks. That must be the hardest cross of all to bear. Little Miss Perfect all trussed up and on her way to being converted into a sex toy. I've heard about what they do at Cairndhu, and this little bondage prank is nothing to the things they're going to do to you there. You'll be nothing but a bundle of cinched-up female holes to fuck once the doctor gets his hands on you. We had to transport 193 to her new owner. Or rather we carried a pre-cast square block of trussed woman that only had her folded butt showing. We had a lot of fun with the prod and some dildos that day. Seeing as she was destined to be kept like that on a permanent basis there was no way she could ever tell anyone." A groan of appreciation came from the driver as he remembered fucking the disembodied female butt to his heart's content. 237's mewling grew a little louder and continued until Jim drew in to the Preston services.

Jim shifted his position and tried to re-arrange the stiffy that was growing rapidly in his trousers. ns .

"Time for a bite to eat I think. I'll get the motorway patrol to keep an eye on the vehicle whilst we're away. Curly and Mike are on duty now and they're expecting us."

Curly and Mike were actually waiting for them as they drew to a stop in the restaurant car park.

"Hi guys, got a nice little package for you to look after. Rachel's been having a bit of fun but I'm sure you'll find something to interest you." The two burly coppers needed no second bidding and were half into the van as Mike threw a question at Jim. -

"What project number is this then?"

"237. Why?"

"I was just wondering when ours was due. We chose her last spring so she's all booked up and the frame up is ready. Trouble is, if we start using the computer to scan arrest records; somebody might get suspicious." Jim nodded in understanding. "What's yours booked in as?"

"284. A school teacher, single, just out of training college." Curly fished out a well-worn photo of a young nubile woman in a shower, obviously taken secretly at some gymnasium or other. "She does aerobics and Yoga, you should see the positions she can get into. After we saw that solid block project you transported, we decided to have the Doc compress ours into a really small package before casting to make her easy to carry around." Rachel took the photo and studied it. Her crotch immediately started to moisten as she imagined the shapely prim and proper schoolteacher cinched and contorted into a ball of fuckability and then cast into a solid block of resin. The woman in the picture looked so fresh and innocent and could have no idea what lay ahead for her.

“Hmm! Reckon you’ll get her sometime next year. Ours is due before yours and she’s only just going to appeal court. The next one through is 238, and she’s already booked as the governor’s spare. Greedy bastard took two by all accounts, but then I suppose he’s waited long enough and he’s earned it. This one is his number one, so don’t fuck around with her too much.” Mike grinned and waved before eagerly vanishing into the van.

An hour later the van crew returned, refreshed and full of coffee and a hearty meal. The coppers seemed reluctant to leave, and on finally getting rid of them and entering the van, they could see why. The boys in blue had been having a lot of fun.

237’s bottom was scarlet, and in some places actually showed finger wealds as a result of some heavy handed spanking. Her breath was coming in wheezes, the well cinched bosom heaving from recent exertions to escape from the horror of her transport mode and the horribly unwelcome attentions of her temporary minders. The bursting cord bisected tits also bore all the hallmarks of extreme mauling; wet turgid nipples told of some seriously embarrassing suckling. Rachel noticed that not only had her own rope work been tightened up, but some additional cross cinching between the upper arms and back had drawn the shoulders even further back so that Helen’s prominent strained shoulder blades were almost touching.

“T see the lads looked after you then sweet cheeks. You can always rely on the law to help a lady in distress.” Her tone was mocking as she ran her hands over the rigid tightly parcelled prisoner. “Ah well I suppose we’d better get moving there’s a couple of snow covered mountain ranges to get over yet.”

Unseen by the bound woman, she tossed Jim a warm parka jacket and then donned one herself as he grinned wickedly at her. The van rocked into motion and Helen was unable to suppress a shiver as a blast of cold air hit her. The bastards had wound the windows down and were sniggering at the prospects of higher altitudes. At 2300 feet the crew were really having fun as they looked back at the violently shivering blue tinged naked prisoner. Parked in a desolate spot high in the Grampian mountains, they had thrown open the back doors and were having a cup of coffee as they stood and admired the view. She looked so helpless with all those cinched bulge’s bedecked with goose bumps and quivering delightfully. But Rachel wasn’t the cruel heartless bitch she made out to be, and she relented by taking a leather paddle into the back of the van and warming her prisoner by a novel method. Bill stood out in the snow sipping his coffee and watching the rear view of the tightly corded prisoner as she jerked with each splatting impact.

Buttock cheeks glowing, and hot from the struggles of her own ineffectual straining, Helen could no longer feel the cold as she was left to endure the rest of the road journey as an enjoyably novel decoration. Physically they left her alone, but Rachel took her full measure of enjoyment from humiliating the prisoner by constantly remarking on her plight or how ridiculous she looked in her present turkey trussed predicament. Even without a mirror, and sightless due to the head-covering cape, Helen was made fully aware of the intricate nature of her bindings and the visual effect on all who saw her. Rachel took great delight in describing each and every feature of her tightly bound anatomy in great detail. She enjoyed watching the results as the cinched secretarial figurine squirmed with crushing embarrassment.

## Chapter 4 CAIRNDHU HOUSE

The ferry crossing proved to be uneventful, and after a short drive a very relieved and extremely stiff and cramped 237 was finally removed from the van, but not until Rachel had invited all the on duty staff to come and admire her handiwork. Seething with anger and embarrassment, Helen remained stiffly presented as the van rocked with a steady stream of voyeuristic admirers. Unable to respond in any way, she could only endure in silence as the multitude of voices discussed her like a piece of meat, prodding, squeezing, and slapping to their heart's content. Eventually Rachel ran out of newcomers to display her handiwork to, and with some reluctance she removed the cruel cinching cords and dropped the cape. Helen strained against the body chains still holding her in check and spat out the handkerchief.

"You bitch! You lousy rotten bitch! If I ever get my hands on you I'll——!"

She left the rest unsaid as her tormentor continued to release her from the stool. But Rachel didn't intend to let her get away with that outburst without having the last word.

"You never will Miss High and Mighty. In a few weeks you will be fully converted into a grovelling shag for the governor. Your days of doing anything to anyone are over." She jerked her prisoner upright by the lead chain and dragged her hobbled form from the van. There was no lifting this time. Helen had to hop down and just hope she landed right.

Trailing behind her temporary keeper, the prisoner shuffled across the wide gravelled turning bay in front of the main entrance doors, her gaze taking in the surrounding grounds with an eye to any future escape.

Cairndhu House had been an experimental psychiatric institution for some years now, and locals kept well away. That, and the high surrounding walls made it a natural venue for the clandestine usage it ran as a sideline. Based on an island and set in some 200 acres of prime rural grassland, there was plenty of room for an expanding business. As with most large estates of that period, it was completely encircled by a massive wall. Beyond the forbidding eight-foot fortification, Helen could see that it was set within a forested area. No doubt that was the reason for her cape. Any nosy news-hawk with a long lens would be able to get some interesting pictures from the security of those trees.

She wasn't to know that at this very instant, a belt of woodlands a mile deep had just been purchased by the organisation and would soon be ringed by high security fences, camera surveyed and dog patrolled twenty-four hours a day. That, plus the fact that it was surrounded by some of the most dangerous waters off the British mainland made it a pretty escape proof place.

They entered the main hallway, her stilettos echoing loudly on the highly polished oak floor, in stark contrast to the squeak of her transport crew's soft-soled sneakers. Jim pressed a bell push on a solidly secure barred barrier, and after a few minutes a short bespectacled porter appeared. ;

"237 for Doctor Zarkof." The weaselly little guy took the offered file through the bars and scribbled on the release note before handing it back. Fishing a huge bunch



of keys from his smock, he opened the massive barred gate and motioned for them to pass the prisoner through.

Rachel gave Helen a shove, and as she moved forward, threw a parting taunt. “Thanks for the show 237, we enjoyed it immensely.” Helen glared back at her tormentors, and then was jerked clear by the neck chain as the door swung shut. The clang of closing sounded like a death knell as the last road to her freedom vanished forever.

The van crew watched her being led away by the porter, then left, no doubt each eagerly looking forward to the day when their own selection passed through that barred gate on her way to training.

The halls and stairways seemed endless to a woman who was hobbled, and weasel face took every opportunity to slip his hand in/one of the pocket slots of her cape and have a good grope as she shuffled along. He particularly enjoyed groping her ass as she struggled to mount staircases, obviously aroused by the feel of a hard working female butt. For the second time since being stuffed full of dildos, Helen felt relieved that his exploring fingers were prevented from doing more than wandering across her external nakedness. She owed Wilma the head warden for that bit of foresight. Perhaps the battleaxe wasn’t such a bad type after all.

At the end of what must have been the tenth hallway, they arrived at a heavily studded door marked ‘dressing room.’ The weasel opened it and ushered her in. Almost before she realised, the door had closed behind her and he had gone. For a while she stood alone, unsure as to what was required of her, so she took the time to study her surroundings. It was instantly clear that this room offered no avenue of escape. Heavy bars at the window and electronically operated numerical number pad locks ensured that all exits were secure. Apart from that there was little to take her attention. The entire room was lined with tall lockers, and the only other object was a flat plate like thing hanging on four chains from the ceiling.

Her attention was diverted as a sound behind a second door alerted her to the arrival of a newcomer, and she watched with trepidation as two female orderlies entered. Whilst one went straight to the lockers, the other steered Helen over to the hanging plate. On closer inspection it became obvious that it was designed to split into two equal halves, and she stayed silent as the orderly unclipped retainers and allowed the thing to hinge open from one side. A tug on the lead drew her closer, and lifting the opened plate, her new antagonist placed it around her neck and closed the two halves. There was a click, and Helen found herself pilloried by the hanging device. “What are you going to do—?” Helen’s voice trailed off as the orderly faced her and put a finger to her lips. It was only then that she realised that like herself they were probably unwilling residents at Cairndhu House. Both of the women had their mouths sealed by laces. Pierced lips and eyelet inserts provided the means to lace them up tight and preclude any form of speech. Tiny locks through the bifurcated ends of the laces prevented them from simply undoing them. Somewhere behind her the other muted orderly operated a hidden winch and the pillory rose until Helen was held erect and impotent. At last the body shackles started to come off. For the first time in weeks, Helen luxuriated in the feel of freedom, albeit a somewhat limited variety given the neck pillory.

She stood still and unresisting as her ankles were unfettered. Already she had mentally conditioned herself to compliance with these two women. They were apparently just as much prisoners as she was, so there was no point in taking out

her anger and frustration on them. Besides, it would be a pointless gesture in the circumstances. As well as she could, given the obscured downward view from a neck pillory, she stood silently as her new clothing was brought closer, eyes widening as she saw the nature of the garments. Boots, basque, and collar, plus another two items she couldn't recognise. But that wasn't the reason for her amazement, it was the material of the apparel that was unusual.

Without exception they were all designed in a pre-formed flexible transparent acrylic material, probably mass-produced on an extruder press. At a guess they were a quarter of an inch thick; and obviously could exert powerful compression, thus

shaping a woman to the desired contour.

The basque went on first, and Helen gasped out loud as it drew her in with vice like certainty. It was a full basque in that it reached up to cup and enclosed her ample breasts, but as it drew in, she became aware that an unseen area of each thrusting boob was unconfined. It would seem that the powerful garment had at least four-inch diameter holes over each boob.

She was still pondering the visual effects of that revelation as they fitted the boots. Calf length, and unlike her travel shoes, endowed with heels that would test her balance skills to the limit. She estimated from the feel and a slackening of the pillory's upward pull that they had raised her some six inches from a flat foot stance.

One of the unrecognisable items turned out to be an armsheath; and with a sigh of resignation, Helen surrendered her short period of arm freedom to the grasp of complete upper limb control. The cinched cords of her travel mode had been quite severe, but this device yanked her shoulders back to an excruciatingly torsioned extreme. Helen was convinced that one more tug on the laces and her jutting profiled shoulder blades would meet in the middle of her back.

The pillory yoke eased down, and after removing it, one of the orderlies fitted her collar. Not a straight edged Fallworth type security collar whose sole purpose was to restrain. This moulded neck stiffener was more in line with a hospital neck support, minus the comfortable padding. Helen found herself forced to hold her head erect and still due to the strict confining profile of the encircling shaper. Of all the transparent clothing, this was the only item to have its see through qualities substantially impaired. The basque had a small black square, that after fitting, she assumed would be positioned somewhere at the base of her spine. A thin almost invisible wire ran the full length from that square to the upper edge. But the collar appeared to be endowed with a series of thin wires embedded in the inner surface and a small metal box attached to the front below her arrogantly thrusting chin. The second unrecognisable item turned out to be a helmet, although after first fitting it was removed and replaced with a smaller size. Helen, towering in her new footwear could see the orderlies struggling to fit the thing, and with some understanding of their own unwillingness in the whole affair, she obligingly bent forward to make their task easier. There was no avoiding the inevitable, so she felt she may as well assist these other reluctant participants and make their lives a little easier. The one facing her flashed a look of appreciation, then moved out of sight to complete the lacing.

Staring down at her booted legs, Helen grimaced as the plastic head cocoon drew crushingly inwards, reshaping her features to a predetermined shape that was the facsimile of some long forgotten model. It came as some surprise to find that her mouth was unadorned with any speech stifling device, but her relief was short lived as a matching transparent expanding pear gag was dangled on a loop from her neck. It seemed she was to remain vocally active for the present, but that ancillary addition appraised her of the fact that it may only be a temporary condition.

The orderlies backed off and checked her over. Swivelling her body, Helen was able to survey the results herself as a six foot wall mirror came into view. Despite the crushing humiliation of her plight, she was still curious as to her image.

It was a shock to say the least. She was fully clothed, and yet at the same time, naked as a Jaybird. Every detail of her powerfully sculpted figure was on display. In a way it was worse than being naked. Crushed and moulded into an hourglass shape, tit extremities extruded through the cunning apertures, balanced on high heels and calves sculpted to perfection; she was a blatant sexual beacon of desire. 'She turned her body to appraise the side view and was shocked by the exaggerated extravagance of her jutting bottom. The cut of the basque was superbly crafted to frame and enhance her juicy rump in a most provocative way. The basque and fittings converted her into a lewdly exhibited, helpless sex object. The pear gag dangled ominously under her chin. Clearly she was soon to be a silent sex object. Secretly she had to admit that the devilishly uncomfortable collar and helmet added a haughty look to the complete ensemble. Overall, had the circumstances been a little different, she would have approved of her overall appeal to the opposite sex. Perhaps the shoulder dislocating armsheath was a bit overkill, but given her present status as an unwilling trainee sex slave, the designer might be forgiven for pandering to that extravagance in restraint. She had to admit, from a male point of view her entire front region was blatantly offered and completely defenceless with her arms so effectively out of action. Her eyes caught sight of the little box under her chin, and for a second or two she pondered its function.

A click interrupted her thoughts. Turning, she saw the door open and one of the two orderlies motioning for her to leave. The other vanished, and Helen resigning herself to whatever was awaiting her, obediently walked out into the passage. The orderly led the way, and a little self-conscious at first, 237 blushed as passing staff stopped to stare.

It was a feeling that soon passed. The ribald jibes that had been her lot on first arrival were replaced by hushed tones of appreciation. Slowly she became aware of a reverent awe as they surveyed her new image and despite the fact that she was stringently bound and completely helpless; Helen felt a sort of power in her bearing. She began to strut arrogantly, experiencing a strange pleasure in the fact that the male staff was agog with lustful feelings. The missing orderly reappeared, and took up station on her other side. His mouth was unlaced, and Helen suspected she had been to see Zarkof to receive new orders. Without warning, Helen felt tentative hand caressing her flexing left buttock. Awkwardly she swivelled her body to stare at the offending owner, and was surprised to see a look of embarrassment that she had been tempted. For a second they stopped, and trying to analyse some complex feelings of her own, Helen suddenly smiled.

“Help yourself! Looks like we all have to take any pleasure we can around here ‘whenever the opportunity arises.” The blushing orderly looked relieved. As they continued, Helen felt both of them taking up her offer, and secretly she was amazed to discover that she liked the sensation of benevolent female hands on her body. The hands gripped tightly on her exposed buttock lobes, and Helen had to admit it was a novel and not unpleasant feeling to be led around by her undulating ass cheeks. One hand grew adventurous and the fingers ventured to her pouting ass ring. At that Helen drew the line and pulled away. The unlaced orderly grinned. “Perhaps later then 237. When you’re not in any position to object.” The inference was clear. Once she was completely incapacitated they could, and probably would, molest her at will.

The orderlies pulled her to a halt as they turned into a long grandiose hallway with huge ornate double doors at the far end. One of them lifted the expando gag from her neck and offered it up to her mouth with a beseeching look. At first Helen refused the invitation to take the device in, but the persistence of imploring looks got the message over. Against the rules, these two orderlies had allowed her to remain ungagged until the last minute. Now it was time for them to pass her on and she had to be in the full designated dress mode. Reluctantly, she opened her -generous mouth and allowed the insertion, grimacing slightly as the turning of the outer handle expanded the device to awesome dimensions that stretched and filled her mouth completely. The orderly cast an apologetic look at her and added a few final turns, then reached up and caressed a thrusting unconfined boob cone. The hand withdrew and an over-strap completed the silencing of her forcibly filled mouth, crushing and sealing her lips with awesome finality under a flexible transparent lower face cowl.

Helen gasped involuntarily; the sound exhausted as a snort from her nostrils as the unsolicited hand returned, covered a hard jutting nipple and sent vibrantly stimulating sensations through her body. This was not the brutal demanding grasp of a butch dyke. It was something different that Helen found herself unable to equate it with her normal heterosexual preferences. With something akin to shock, the fettered woman found herself enjoying the tentative manipulation of her wantonly offered boobs. It was exciting to be so stiffly presented and powerfully contained, vulnerable to any assault the women cared to vent on her body. All too soon the hand moved away, and she was urged towards the ominous doors. There was a nervous knock by her attendants, and smoothly the great portals swung inwards. Helen felt a last departing pat on her bottom and then she was inside and the doors closing behind her.

She found herself confronted by a white-coated figure seated behind a massive mahogany desk, seemingly intent on several graph sheets that he was comparing with a monitor to one side. As if suddenly noticing her presence, the hunched figure looked up.

## Chapter 5 ZARKOF

Helen was pleasantly surprised. Somehow it seemed a benevolent face, creased with laughter lines and obviously a face of extensive experience in life. Half-eye

specs rested on a prominent nose ridge, and a shock of unruly hair gave the man all the appearances of an eccentric professor. As it turned out, it was a shrewd and accurate appraisal.

“Come my dear, come over here and let’s have a look at you.” There was a heavy accent and Helen by virtue of her diplomatic experiences instantly placed it as a Russian or at least Baltic State accent. There was something vaguely familiar about the man, and yet she was sure they had never met.

Suddenly, the accent and name connected. Doctor Zarkof, head of KGB interrogation medical unit. Basically, in western terms that meant brainwashing department. His expertise at mentally crushing and then rebuilding captured agents was legendary and had been the topic of conversation at many diplomatic functions. Rumour had it that Zarkof had rebelled against his work and after some hectic and dangerous brushes with the Russian hierarchy, had vanished from the face of the Earth, presumed terminated with extreme prejudice by the KGB.

It now seemed that they were all wrong. Helen started from her reverie, as she perceived the professor studying her intently.

“It would appear that my fame has preceded me Miss Watermann.” Helen nodded as much as the collar would allow her. “Well don’t let that worry you. Times change, and so do personal views. My past experience is of great use to me, but for entirely different reasons now.” He paused and rose from the desk, his eyes studying her superbly displayed contours with unashamed appreciation. “Excellent! Excellent! I must compliment you on your exquisite shape Miss Watermann.” His eyes strayed to her face and fixed on the gag. “Oh! I’m so sorry about that, but I am afraid you must be silenced for now. Besides, I find it enjoyable to see a woman of bearing robbed of her voice. That in collusion with the removal of freedom and personal privacy is all part of your training.” His eyes moved purposefully downward to emphasise the availability of her exposed mons. A hand vanished from view and Helen felt her lush pubic hairs being stroked. “And that must go as well.”

A feeling of complete helplessness welled up in Helen’s body as she contemplated the removal of her last vestige of privacy. With her pussy denuded, she had nothing left to disguise the vulnerability of her charms. The professor was speaking again. “Now Miss Watermann, I have much to tell you, but first I must attend to more pressing matters. Perhaps you would be good enough to entertain me whilst I work.” Helen stared at him with uncomprehending eyes.

“I want you to go over there and put your back to the wall, march across to the other opposite wall and then return. You will continue to do that until I tell you to stop.” He looked her straight in the eye and Helen just stood still and made it obvious that he could go to hell. A split second later searing pain surged through her body and she staggered, nostrils flaring and screamed into the gag. The professor held up a tiny remote controller that had been concealed by his other hand. Instantly Helen understood the items that marred the completely transparent format of her costume. There was some sort of shock device in the box at her throat, and the pad on her

spine was an opposite electrode. A simple press of the button on that controller and excruciating current would surge from her neck to the base of her spine. It was a diabolical device that used all the potential of her spinal nervous canal to exact maximum punitive effect. Her eyes widened and sent beseeching messages, but received no messages of benevolence in return.

For a second or two her eyes flicked frantically to and fro seeking an avenue of escape. There was none, and she steeled herself to accept the inevitable, maintaining her refusal with a falsely projected look of bravado. The professor's thumb notched a knurled wheel around and the thumb jabbed down again. -

Helen gasped, her breasts heaving, only after several breaths realising that she was on her knees. The blinding flash of pain had robbed her of support. Every muscle in her body was gripped by massive cramping sensations. In effect, the current passing through her central nervous system scrambled the brain's control and pitted muscle against muscle in a powerful overall contraction. The current abated and Helen slumped in her bonds. She glared upward as the steely-faced tormentor showed her another six settings on the controller.

"Your first lesson in obedience 237. I would prefer that I don't have to use it too often. I don't like inflicting pain on women." He mused quietly to himself as an afterthought. "Maybe a little discomfort and torment, but not pain."

Helen felt an icy chill pass through her. The benevolence was completely gone. Zarkof was an expert in human psychology, and he'd sucked her in as easily as reeling in a hooked trout. His voice was hard, completely free of any hint of compassion despite his mumbling, and Helen knew that if she didn't obey he would subject her to intense pain until she did. 7

Raising herself with some difficulty and standing on wobbling legs, Helen tried to regain her composure, and then moved over to the wall as ordered. Standing back to the wall, she hesitated, but a warning loaded with menace from her tormentor urged her on.

Zarkof watched for awhile and then modified her reciprocating route with some precise instructions.

"Come to a halt at the end of each walk 237. Stand to attention for a couple of seconds, then about face, wait, and then commence the return march. I'm sure you've watched the guards at Buckingham Palace, so emulate them."

Helen complied as best she could, but Zarkof was insistent that it was done right. He stayed with her and corrected each mistake until she was perfect, then returned to his desk and left her to the parade endlessly back and forth. Occasionally he would look up, and with his hand resting on the controller for emphasis, adjust any slacking in her performance with sharp commands.

"Push those tits out 237, straighten your back, and get the knees up. That's better, now point your toes out slightly as you march I want to see those buttocks rolling."

It wasn't so much a march he wanted as a blatantly sexual swagger.

Once she was order to stop. But the relief was short and humiliating. Zarkof

merely wanted to oil her buttocks so as to enhance the erotic display. With buttocks cheeks slithering sensuously together, her ordeal recommenced as Zarkof nodded his approval.

The morning dragged endlessly on, and tired to the point of exhaustion after her overnight travelling, Helen found herself desperately needing rest. The ferry trip had been the only section of the trip that had afforded her any sleep, albeit a somewhat restless sleep due to being trussed like a turkey. Now the loss of rest was beginning to tell. Wearily she marched on, not even allowed to stop when the friendly orderly entered with the professor's morning coffee. She caught the eye of the passing woman on one of her endless laps and saw compassion and pity. Zarkof must have caught the look as well. He called her back and handed the frightened woman a riding crop. "

"You know the rules 102, no fraternising with new recruits. Now 237 can suffer for your failure to observe the rules. Two dozen strokes as she marches and don't spare her or you go back into the tank for a retraining session yourself." He turned to the prancing figure of Helen and issued a second warning. "Don't falter 237 or I increase that to four dozen."

The orderly positioned herself midway across the room and as Helen approached she could see moist eyes. The girl wasn't going to enjoy this any more than she was. She passed the waiting figure and caught the rise of her arm in her peripheral vision. A split second later a line of fire burned across her left buttock. She keened through the expando gag, but continued onward despite the crippling throb in her abused rump. The return trip added a second fiery stripe to her jostling right lobe. And so it went on. It was a calculated and highly effective chastisement that made full use of the intervening time of her continued march, then built expectant dread as she marched back towards the deliverance of the next stroke.

Jerking and jostling with each addition to the burning fire in her cavorting backside, Helen somehow managed to struggle through. After twelve strokes she lost count, but Zarkof's voice appraised her of the fact that the full quota had been administered after an interminable period of lashing pain. "You may leave 102, but leave the crop in the usual place before you go and report for a grade 2 punishment session."

102 matched the marching woman's pace and with a shaft of pain lancing through her tight butt hole, Helen absorbed the powerfully thrusting whip handle into the protesting sanctum of her asshole. The orderly left without daring to meet her eyes, and Helen pranced on, whip waving from her mincing ass cheeks as Zarkof leaned back to enjoy the view. Her tear streaked face seemed to excite him even more.

He was obviously enjoying the spectacle she was providing, but it wasn't until he returned from lunch that she was able to consider her demise for herself. A button somewhere on the desk activated two wall panels at opposite ends of her patrol, and suddenly she was confronted by huge mirrors at each end of her march. A clever misalignment allowed her to not only see the front view as she approached the mirror in front, but also to appraise her own animated rear as a reflection from the far mirror.

The tears flooded her eyes as the undeniable evidence of her humiliating performance

confronted her. The basque was squeezing her generous boob extremities outwards in provocative taut globes, nipples thrusting and purpled by the pressure, and her wasped waist added even more flare to her already shapely hip line. Her fleshy hip curvature and shapely upper thighs were exploding outward in an impossible feminine caricature of absurdity. The rear view was even worse. Supplemented by the whip impaled peaches of a pronounced well oiled glistening bottom extrusion that cavorted and minced provocatively as a result of her instructions to exaggerate the roll. Zarkof seemed to read her mind. > : -

“Get those hips swaying 237. I want to see you walking like a bitch on heat.”

Helen accelerated the hip rolling, buttock-mincing gait as instructed, and watched as he crossed to the doors and locked them. Fearfully her eyes flicked to the reflected image of her own rear, afraid that she may not be producing the wanton whore image he was requesting. Shocked at her own success in such unladylike carriage, she saw her own rear almost beckoning to any one who would take up the offer. Like a bitch on heat her super animated rump was sending clear messages that offered her for a thorough screwing. Mesmerised by the sheer poetry of mobile rounded curves, she concentrated on perfecting her slut like prance to a fine art. Zarkof moved a chair forward and placing it slightly to one side of her path, sat himself down. Helen tensed herself, fully expecting to feel the whip retracted prior to another dose of whipping. Her next turn revealed a sight that crushed her spirit to dust. Zarkof was sitting with a massive erection sprouting from his open fly, calmly wanking himself as he watched the display. The bastard was using her as an instrument of masturbation and she could do nothing other than to perform or suffer the consequences. The controller was clearly visible in his free hand, and





she had no doubt that he would use it if she dared to object.

“Tits out 237! Tits right out! Swing the hips; I want to see you trying to crack walnuts with that ass. Cease the static turns, do a mark time turn. And get those knees up as you do it.”

Tears rolling down her cheeks, Helen performed as ordered until a curt wheezing command ordered her to halt in front of his chair.

“Run on the spot 237, knees high, and rotate slowly as you go.” Helen complied, slowly rotating so as to afford him an all round view of her flexing helpless body and the humiliating springy shaft wagging in her rump. On the fifth turn she suddenly felt her mincing bottom cheeks lubricated by a hot oily substance and was revolted by the thought that he had actually ejaculated on her body. He seemed to have aimed for her mincing buttock cleft and scored a direct hit.

“Keep going 237. Let’s see you rub that in.” Helen shuddered as she was ordered to anoint and massage herself with his sperm. The revulsion quickly waned as she

prayed that his spent lust might mean an end to her ordeal.

“Halt 237! Excellent! You have promise!” Breathlessly, Helen brought her aching body to a standstill and stood with chest heaving as he stuffed his dwindling shaft into his trousers and rounded on her. She could feel his excess seed running down the cleft of her bottom and felt the first drip splash onto her anklebone.

The benevolent face was back, but Helen had no illusions as to the real nature of this man. He had what he wanted for now, but when he required more she would be made to supply whatever lecherous fantasies that he requested.

Zarkof seemed to become businesslike and sitting down at his desk he beckoned her forward and had her stand stiffly at attention in front of him. As soon as he was satisfied he began to enlighten her as to some of the forthcoming events in her predetermined and unavoidable future.

“For the next two weeks you’ll be undergoing a series of measuring and fitting sessions,” he glanced at a sheet in the folder and raised eyebrows. “Extensive sessions by all accounts. Our friend Mr Nealy, or should I say, your new owner, would appear to have a vivid imagination and some rather bizarre tastes in the arrangement of his women folk for his sexual preferences. Unfortunately, you are going to be the one who has to bring his fantasies to life.”

He glanced up at her with a smirk.

“Lucky you 237. However, as I said, there is a lot of specialised equipment and clothing required, but in between fitting sessions we’ll be toning you up and getting you ready for training proper. I have you scheduled for the 18th of January in my department, so there is plenty of time to get you in shape and our Miss Bulstrode is an excellent physical training instructor. The training you will be undertaking is quite harrowing; it’s essential that you be in peak condition before you attempt my special sessions. I can assure you that if you co-operate we’ll do our best to get you through with the minimum trauma. At the end of that, if the conversion is successful you will find life a whole lot easier with plenty of time to yourself. Unless of course Mr Nealy’s demands are heavy at the outset.” The leering eyes reappraised her virtually naked form. ‘Given your superb body, no-one could blame him for pigging out on a good thing. At least until the novelty wears off.’

Helen hardly heard the last bit. Her mind got stuck at the bit mentioning ‘conversion.’ It had an ominous ring, given her knowledge of Zarkof’s expertise in the field of mind bending. Her mind came back into focus as he continued.

“But first perhaps we should show you your new home. That at least should give you something to look forward to. You’ll be staying there until my training starts, and then we’ll be taking you down into the holding cells. I like my subjects to be completely controlled, and dare I say it, all resistance ruthlessly crushed. I’ll have you kept and kennelled like a dog, and for my personal enjoyment, I’m afraid you’ll be spending most of the time trussed into the most delightfully revealing configurations between processes. But don’t take it personally, its all part of your reprogramming. 102 and 144 have been assigned as your permanent assistants, and if there is punishment due, they are the administrators of that too. But don’t be too hard on them for that. They have no choice. As loyal assistants their

indoctrination is far more testing and indeed painful than yours will be. They have a lot to fear for disobedience. In fact 102 is paying for her earlier lapse right now.” He spun the swivel mounted desk monitor around and Helen recoiled at the distant scene of punishment.

Obviously, each and every female in the place had her own personal form fitting wardrobe, and punishment equipment for indentured assistants who erred was included. 102 was naked and completely immobilised in a contour hugging transparent full body casque. Unlike Helen’s costume this one appeared to be manufactured in a non-flexible acrylic Perspex that must have been vacuum formed.

The entire torso and head was sealed inside a crushing inescapable case that demanded a full back prayered arm format in order to contain the entire upper body. Both legs were similarly contained in integral Perspex sheaths. It was the manner in which they were configured that took Helen’s breath away. From pointed toe to pointed toe, 102’s arrow straight limbs were arranged to a diametrically opposed 180 degree spread and held firmly in place by the inflexible transparent case. The only area of the woman to be uncovered were the rising mounds of her bottom and the central crotch region that reveal six inches of sensitive inner thigh and her horribly vulnerable cleft region. The all encompassing casque appeared to be locked into a framework that held the unfortunate woman two feet from the ground in a face down mode that was angled downward at some ten or fifteen degrees.

With an obvious flare for architectural excellence the designer had created a frame that supported her by two needle sharp points that interconnected with her pointing toes. A third more substantial point of support that was a huge phallic gag, penetrating the mask of her facial containment and vanishing deep into her throat. Behind this Perspex crucifixion was a diabolical machine equipped with three whippy canes, two arranged for a downward tandem strike on the unprotected rump, and the third positioned for upward operation that would impact the tender flesh of her mons and cleft.

As Helen watched, the machine slowly reset as the canes drew back, and then at a predetermined tension simultaneously unleashed searing retribution on three vulnerable and completely defenceless areas of her womanhood. Even from the distant view provided by the camera, 102’s impotent frantic squirming could be clearly seen through the stiffening medium of her appalling containment. She was prevented from achieving the minutest level of relief due the stupendously rigid encapsulation of her body. Her nether regions were unable to move even a millimeter and were superbly tautened by her configuration to a level that ensured exquisitely enhanced sensitivity.

Zarkof flipped views and they were instantly treated to a close up facial view. 102’s eyes were bulging out; her face scarlet with the pounding blood as her body tried to cope with unbearable levels of pain. Mentally timing the explosive cheek expansion and eye popping reaction to each triple blow, she reckoned that 102 was taking a strike once every ten seconds. Another switch of channels gave them a technicolour view of a massively swollen pussy and two jerking buttocks that were painted with livid welts. The strain of 102’s leg configuration was immense, as was clearly depicted by the strumming sinews of her inner thighs and the gaping mouth of her abused pussy. Even the normally tight puckering rosebud of her bottom hole was elongated into a horizontal oval by the sheer strain of the position. The exposed region was a mass of violently reacting muscle exertion that availed

the offered woman not one iota of relief from her punishment.

Helen turned her eyes away as the defenceless offered buttocks reacted to the next strike, exploding into frenzy of demonic activity as the poor women sought to escape from the searing bite of her punishment. Every inch of the transparent containment was a flurry of insanely thrashing effort, but 102 couldn't even twitch in her defence. Zarkof smiled to himself. ; .

"Don't worry 237. It's her first offence and I've ordered that she only have the machine on for twelve hours. Normally she would receive a full twenty four hours, but in this instance we'll leave her to think about it for the remaining time."

Helen couldn't hide the shocked look in her eyes. Twenty-four hours encased in that diabolical mould? Zarkof saw her disbelief and confirmed that it was the case, at the same time turning up the sound. A muffled sobbing wail permeated the room, but it was obvious that long before the first twelve hours were up, 102 would lose her voice. Already her gagged screams showed signs of cracking as the vocal cords rebelled at this unprecedented use. It was pretty clear that the last six hours of caning would be silent mouthed futile pleas for mercy.

"Of course this is just for a rule broken whilst you are training my dear. Once that is over 102 and her partner will be yours to do with as you wish. I noticed a certain affinity between you, and I'm sure you will benefit from each other whilst you are not actually required for services." Helen mentally vowed to repay the woman with her affection once she got the chance, and again experienced a strange glow at the thought.

Zarkof clicked the monitor off, and Helen inwardly heaved a sigh of relief as the sounds of torment were curtailed. It was bad enough knowing what was happening to 102 without hearing the agonising recital of inescapable punishment. Zarkof indicted the door, then gave her a sharp warning. -

"You're a tart 237, a classy tart. Do you understand? I'll be right behind you and if I don't see that ass performing you know what to expect. And remember, your tits are public property around here so keep them out on display."

## Chaper 6 DENUDED

Without bothering to look at him or acknowledge the commands, Helen commenced her buttock mincing hip rolling gait and headed out of the doors in the direction he indicated. The recent coating of well-worked male fluid had become tacky and was dragging at her performing bottom. Zarkof halted her and applied more oil, then ordered the glistening bottom mincing cock raiser back into motion. Staff dotted around the place sniggered as boob thrusting female gyrated her way past and offered congratulations to the Doctor.

"Nice one Doc!"

"Not bad for the first day."

"Can't wait to see her fully trained!"

Zarkof bathed in the compliments and repeatedly ordered Helen to march on the spot whilst the staff were invited to grope and squeeze her performing rump or oil

- herup again as she became dry.

All the comments were pretty much the same, and Helen found her earlier thoughts of power over the staff slipping away. In a few short hours the Russian had reduced her to a chauvinistic male concept of a tart submissive fantasy woman, and she was powerless to object. The tears returned as she swaggered along with her slithering sliding display of rump flesh. It was just as well dogs didn't understand humans; otherwise they would feel exactly how she did in the face of those comments. Zarkof called a halt as they came to a side door and peered in.

"Mr Williams, just thought I'd see if you could fit one in for a shave seeing as we were passing."

Helen stared past him into what appeared to be a barbers shop, and saw a row of seated male members of staff waiting, one seated in the chair having his hair cut. Mr Williams paused in his work and glanced around.

"I've got a few to do, but if you leave her I'll do her as soon as this lot is finished."

Zarkof nodded and led her in. Helen stood trembling with trepidation as Zarkof brought her to a halt at the center of a room filled with staff. Some helpers came forward, and they immediately began to strip her out of the acrylic costume and replace it with calf-boots, hood, and an armsheath. Zarkof watched the procedure and then took her leash of her once they were finished.

"I've got a couple of things to do as well, so I'll call back for her later. Shall I put her on the shaving bar?" Williams nodded.

"If you would Doc, I can carry on here then." He turned back to his clipping and Zarkof led his charge over to a bar that was situated directly in front of the waiting men and positioned Helen with her back to the avid audience. An inverted square cornered 'U' shape of chrome steel tube rose from the floor and provided a horizontal top bar at waist height. Helen was forced to move close up to it.

He nudged her legs apart with his foot, and as she achieved a spread of some three or four feet, reached down and snapped on ankle cuffs situated at the base of each steel leg. Moving to the front, he gripped a ring set into the top of her helmet and pulled her down over the bar, only relenting as she achieved a full hairpin fold.

There was a loud snap and Helen found her helmet-encapsulated head securely connected to a ring bolt situated centrally between the legs of the 'U'. A ratcheting sound and an awesome pull on her head appraised of the anchor's adjustment qualities as she was pulled tautly down with her hip fold biting into the bar.

Before she could react, even if it were remotely possible, the palm mated tip of her -armsheath was pulled up and connected to another fixing somewhere above. Helen gasped as her arms were pulled away from her body and shoulders creaked under the strain. Zarkof patted her quivering, taut, upward thrusting rump and then she saw his legs vanish from sight as he left her for shaving.

Staring between her legs, she could see the flushed faces of the seated men studying her hugely displayed crotch, and she steeled herself to the humiliation of a long exposed wait as Williams worked his way through the queue. For a while she strained at her bonds, but relented when it only succeeded in raising a forest of erections in the watchers. Stiff dicks were hardly a good thing to have around when she was fastened in such a vulnerable position. 7

"Beats reading a magazine while we wait," remarked one. The others laughed loudly at the joke. The bulging eyeballs were suddenly distracted, and beyond her field of vision she heard the other customer rising from the chair. -

"Next!"

Williams turned ready to start on his next customer.

"Ladies first Bert, where's your manners? We can wait."

Williams shrugged. It made no difference to him when the woman was shaved. She was there until the Doc collected her anyway.

Helen inwardly died as the impact of the rescheduling dawned upon her. Not only did she have to suffer the eyes of the waiting men in this most undignified position, but also they would now all be able to watch as she was denuded of her final furry barrier of privacy. In addition she would have the ignominy of her blatant display further enhanced by the freshly shaven nudity of her thrusting pussy.

Cringing with embarrassment, Helen flinched and then squirmed as Williams set about the task of lathering her up. Working with a flourish he used the foaming brush to great effect, obviously enjoying the freedom to work it into such a



prestigious society pussy and titillate the jutting clitoral trigger of her womanhood. The final insult came as he upended the brush and plugged the fine bone handle into her ass ring. That raised a laugh amongst the spectators.

The barber moved around into her field of vision, obviously he wanted her to see him stropping the open razor, and he grinned widely at her as she trembled with apprehension. —

“Now then young lady, let’s see what you’ve got hiding in the bushes there.” Helen

tensed involuntarily as the razor descended and she felt a harsh rasping feeling on her sensitive mons. The razor reappeared in her vision as she could see the barber wiping the first trimmings of her luscious bush on to a white towel. Helen strained against her bonds, but finally gave up as Williams administered a sharp slap to her : thrusting bottom and warned her to keep still. :

Rasp! Wipe! Rasp! Wipe! Inch by inch her totally vulnerable sex mouth was being shorn of the silky down, steadily revealing the pristine pinkness of a woman just into full maturity; a woman in full bloom and ripe for the picking. Williams grabbed her slippery clitoris and stretching it out he used it to apply surface tension to the outer edges of her pussy as the razor did its work. The watching males were reduced to mouth gaping eye popping silence as the full glory of her tight smooth peach-like love lips were revealed. Helen's was one of those rare wondrously perfect smooth edged slits that just begged to be bulldozed apart by a stiff marauding male invader. But then neither 237 nor the newly incarcerated 238 back at Fallworth knew that their selection had been partly because they both owned such delights. Hidden cameras secreted behind hotel bathroom mirrors had produced clear shots of them both at some time or another as they bent to dry feet or whatever after a refreshing shower; neither aware that they were being filmed as they bared all to a voyeuristic camera lens. It was all in the prisoners' folders. At least twenty still shots of both of Bill's new pussies. 238 had even been caught using a vibrator on herself. It was all there, a most thorough dossier of all their most intimate secrets. Had they known it, 238 was at that very moment face to face with the vibrator shot that had been pinned to the prison notice board for the enjoyment of the others. Williams finally stepped back, and Helen felt the cool breeze created by his movement fan her love lips with a new super sensitive awareness. She couldn't control the unsolicited twitch, and the men were entranced as her pouting pussy blew them a kiss.

"Hey! Bert, do you think the Doc would mind if we had a quick dip?" Williams frowned and admonished them.

"You could try, but remember this shop is on security video and she's a Gold Star Project. You know what that means. Women only. No men to dip their wick.

That pussy is the personal property of Bill Nealy and don't you forget it. Besides, the whole contingent of duty staff will be watching this on the monitors, so there's not much chance of you snatching a crafty poke is there?" -

Helen died as she overheard the fact that hundreds of eyes had watched her depilation.

"Can we just touch then?"

Bert shrugged. "I suppose that's okay, but no finger reaming; this is a reputable establishment." He reached out and plucked his brush from the stretched butt hole, and instantly a dozen hands battled to stroke and pet the tremulously pouting pussy. Unable to move a muscle or voice any kind of protest, Helen endured as her ultra sensitised denuded crotch was explored with searching fingers. Someone gently gripped her resilient labial mounds and eased her open. Gasps of appreciation rose from the admiring throng as they stared deeply into her love shaft.

"Wow! Look at that Ted. That's the most crimson pussy lining I've ever seen, and look at her clit. Have you ever seen such a hard clit? That bloody thing is like a rivet."

The inspection went on, and unable to control her natural protective urges, Helen felt a muscle spasm attempting to close her most private region to public scrutiny.

The reactive convulsive effort translated as a bottom clenching contraction.

“Hey look at her asshole. Did you see that, it winked at me? How would you like to shaft that little darling then?” The exploration moved sites and centered on her frantically clamping anal ring as fingers traced and prodded the puckered iris of her - most private portal. In despair she gave up and finally relaxed as they lusted after something they were banned from having. The strange feeling of power was somewhat resurrected. She had something they would give an arm to sample, and yet they were prevented by the rules from ever realising that dream. The bottom stroking and squeezing continued, the hands changing as one or the other was called to the barber’s chair. But at no time was the pinioned denuded rear left unattended until the Doc returned.

Released from her folded stance Helen straightened stiffly, and stood stoically as she was re-dressed in the acrylic uniform. If anything, the male helpers managed to draw the basque even tighter. She struggled to cope with the increased compression, but the Doc gave her no respite and prodded her into action after re-oiling her bottom with some shaving lotion offered by the barber.

— “Come on 237 move yourself, and don’t forget to get the tits right out and the ass wagging. Now that you’re a proper tart with a shaved pussy, it should come easy.” Helen minced her way out of the salon amidst ribald laughter as her scintillating rump sent shards of light flashing from the glistening animated mounds of her desirable rear.

The trip to her quarters was a long and humiliating trek, but finally they arrived, and with some surprise, Helen found herself in a spacious multi roomed suite of luxurious taste. Things were looking up. This was a definite improvement on her cell at Fallworth. She crossed to the window, but was sharply reminded that even here she was required to move in the manner dictated. Annoyed, but fearful of the pain a refusal would entail, she switched on her motorised ass routine for his benefit. A view from the French window revealed a large private walled garden, well tended and beautifully planned. Well if this was to be her residence for life, she could do alot worse. Returning to the suite itself, she was somewhat perturbed by the plethora of rings and fixing points in every room. But that was to be expected given the role she was going to be trained in. Her only hope was that she could learn to live with the demands that such arrangements might place on her form. Zarkof intruded on her thoughts.

“] think you are pleased are you not 237?” Helen nodded curtly. “Well then I must leave you now. I’ll be back in the morning and we can take you down to start measuring up and exercising, but for tonight you have the evening to yourself. Make good use of it and relax, because tomorrow is a busy day.” Helen raised her eyebrows and Mmmphed through the gag, at the same time raising the sheathed arms behind her back. The inference was clear. Surely you’re not going to leave me like this?

“Sorry! I haven’t got the time. Your other orderly will be in later, she’s allowed to ungag you but the rest stays until morning. However, I will turn the television on to give you some entertainment in the meantime.” He used the remote, and instantly the room filled with the sounds of suffering. Helen spun around to see 102 still under punishment, and by the time she had turned back, Zarkof had gone, and the remote had gone with him. Helen was committed to a program of salutary warning as she watched 102 receive something she could well end up experiencing herself if she failed to perform as ordered. Zarkof was truly a bastard. She started to walk



towards the bathroom and was halted by a shattering impulse of retribution from the built in punishment device. A voice rang out from hidden speakers. Oo “Tits out, ass into gear 237.” It wasn’t Zarkof, but another male voice. Helen staggered to her feet with the realisation that she was being monitored at all times. Zarkof had warned her not to be lax so she only had herself to blame. Thrusting out her sculpted boobs she minced over to the bathroom, at the same time wondering if they would be watching her have a pee. Another consideration was the act of peeing. It would be the first time she had attempted it alone and whilst bound in the stringently posture forming attire. No doubt the watchful staff would get a big kick out of seeing her stiffly erect and postured whilst sitting and peeing. Helen considered waiting, but the forces of nature refused to be delayed. Ten or minutes later she was listening to the ribald comments of her unseen voyeurs as she ; squatted over the crotch-washing device and let the machine perform a standard hygiene routine. : \_

Much later, the screaming 102 ended her twelve hour chastisement. The sounds of her distress ebbed to a distraught whimpering as she began the long haul to morning in her excruciating strained format. Relieved of the perpetual sounds of suffering, Helen flopped to the massive sumptuously upholstered bed and settled down. The punishment device sent a bolt of energy through her.

“On your face and ass up in the air 237. Remember you’re a bitch on heat and we want to see you flaunting that butt and your nice shaved pussy on show at all times. We want to see it all on offer and you begging for a for a good fucking.” Her secret admirer was still watching. ; ; ‘

Muttering dire threats behind her gag, Helen rolled over and after some wriggling and foreshortening of her form, managed to achieve a format that left her rump sticking up. The humming speaker clicked off and within minutes, despite her unorthodox posture she was fast asleep, long before the orderly arrived to un gag her,

Seeing that she was out for the count, 144 decided not to disturb her and left her as she was. Instead she merely treated herself to a secretive crotch rubbing as she studied the hillock of Helen’s mandatory bottom display. Carefully she blocked the slumbering form into position with pillows each side, and thrust a rolled one under the raised hips. It was a kindness really. If Helen rolled over in her sleep she would be awakened by the punishment device and ordered to reassume the position. Unable to resist, 144 leaned forward and, nuzzling into the rump cleft with her nose, she extended her tongue and gently caressed the smooth peaches of Helen’s denuded mons. The sleeping woman moaned softly, and 144 smiled. She reached for the oil and massaged a heavy dose into the offered bottom. Then reluctantly, she obeyed instructions and eased an anal prod deep into the presented bottom, pushing in until the ring on its end was flush with her taut opening. The slumbering woman moaned softly as her subconscious rebelled at the invasion. 144 paused until she settled back into deep sleep then connected the armsheath to the prod with an adjuster and tightened up. Helen had no choice but to maintain her arched back, bottom thrusting pose, even if she woke up. The sleeping woman groaned as the effects of tensioning penetrated her deep sleep, but 144 just smiled and left Helen to the dream she had just initiated with her sensuous slithering touch. Pausing at the door she indulged in a little crotch rubbing of her own ‘V’ as the rump thrusting spectacle of the superbly helpless Project 237 impinged on her lustful thoughts. It was only just starting. The trauma suffered so far by that captive woman would soon pale into insignificance as her training moved on.

## Chapter 7 A TESTING TIME-

Helen awoke early and was amazed to find that she had slept soundly regardless of the encumbrance of her tight revealing costume. She wriggled to shift the body-blocking pillows and rolled off the bed and rose stiffly. She found herself subconsciously straining against the armsheath as a compromise to a normal morning stretch, then noticed the dull ache of a well-filled and stretched butt hole. For a second or two she contemplated forcing the dildo out, but then decided that it might be messy. Besides, it was probably fastened into place and impossible to remove. Seeing the sunlight streaming through the windows she began to move over for a look outside. Instantly she jerked stiffly erect as a bolt of energy passed through her body. She cursed, glared around in search of the hidden camera and then minced 7 across the room with a swaggering gait. The door opened and 144 entered. Helen noticed at once that her lips were unlaced, and was surprised to hear her speak. "You must come with me 237. Doctor Zarkof wants you to perform a little task before breakfast." Helen shrugged, and followed as she led the way out, only realising after they had passed along the first hallway that she had automatically adopted the required tarty swagger. Zarkof's training was already conditioning her. 144 led her to a large room in the east wing. Upon entering, Helen stopped dead in her tracks as she came face to face with the spectacle of 102, still ensconced in the punishment casque.

"She's due for release in an hour, and Doctor Zarkof has ordered that you service her with your tongue whilst we prepare breakfast." 144 looked her straight in the eye and then indicated that she should get on with it. "Best you do as instructed 237, or you know what to expect."

Helen remembered the ever vigilant cameras and the built-in punishment device incorporated in her restraints. Her eyes went back to the massive swollen half melon that was the abused pussy of the whimpering captive. The least she could do was supply a little soothing to that horribly tormented mound. It wasn't as if she hadn't done it before. The Queen Dyke at Fallworth had insisted that she learned quickly. 144 reached up and wound the expando gag closed then retracted it and hung it around her neck. Helen gratefully exercised her jaw, then moved over, knelt behind the offered crotch and lowered her face towards the scarlet whip striped bottom. Her tongue snaked out, and tentatively she dragged it down the tight swollen cleft, relieved to hear a soft moan of appreciation instead of pain. 102 liked the soothing touch. Reassured, she began lapping away at her task, occasionally worming her wriggling tongue into a rapidly moistening love slot and working the diabolically captivated woman into a writhing mass of responding arousal. 144 nodded her approval.

"You're good at this sort of thing. Do me a favour. If I end up like her at some time, make sure you get a chance to do the same for me will you?" Helen paused in her work.

"Tf I can, it'll be a pleasure." The insistent buttock flexing contractions in front of her face demanded a return to work. Helen smiled as 144 turned to go, then dipped her tongue back into the juice dripping cleft of 102.

102 was duly released, and Helen taken for ablutions and breakfast. Bathing was a pleasure. Zarkof had decreed that the armsheath stayed on for the present and so her luxurious foam bath was attended by 144, now with her lips re-laced, but still capable of some very interesting techniques with a sponge. Helen lay back as the busy woman massaged her body with soap suds, washed her hair, and finally towelled her down with a soft fluffy bath towel. Life at Cairndhu House seemed a mite better than Fallworth, so far. Breakfast arrived on a tray, and with 144 watching silently, a ravenous Helen tucked into the excellent fare with gusto. The coffee was fresh ground and piping hot. It was a far cry from the mush that passed for food at the prison.

Helen was feeling good for the first time in months. She sat quite contented as 144 groomed her hair and then applied make-up as she sat at the well equipped vanity table. The style was hardly to her liking, but she refrained from mentioning it. 144 probably under instructions from Zarkof, so it was natural for her to be made up cheap and tarty. Gaudy lipstick and an overkill of eyeliner and shadow were tools of the promiscuous woman. Then it was time to go. The gag went back in, but Helen was relieved of the armsheath and equipped with a full set of body fetters. Wrists tucked into her waist and shackled, elbows clamped together behind her back, she rose and followed her orderly, again falling straight into the required walk, despite the fact that she had been stripped of that diabolical punishment device. Catcalls and ribald comments followed their progress, but she found she was getting used to that. Besides, she was now confident in the knowledge that they could touch but not sample the goods. It made her feel good to know that she was raising a whole plethora of cocks and yet still be regarded as the untouchable, with the exception of a grope and squeeze here and there.

Her pussy still felt naked without its fur, but even that sensation was diminishing now. In fact she only remembered when a jaw gaping male stood rooted to the spot with his distended eyeballs fixed on her mincing crotch. For the first time since arriving at Cairndhu, Helen found herself thinking that she might actually be able to come to terms with her new role in life. That didn't mean she would like it, but it might just be bearable. She dismissed the musing of her mind. It was academic what she felt. The die was cast and Helen Watermann was now sex object 237 whether she liked it or not. :

144 ushered her into a room occupied by several non-indentured staff, obviously these were organisation members. They wasted no time in getting to work and led her directly to a massive square frame set in the middle of the room.

Her body shackles were removed, and new padded clamps affixed to ankles and wrists. These were in turn connected to wire ropes dangling from all four corners of the square. A winch whined somewhere in the background and Helen found herself being pulled out into a perfect spread-eagle. The staff not concerned with her initial preparation simply stood around chatting, as if the sight of a beautiful naked woman being opened up for viewing was an everyday occurrence. The whining continued, and more than a little concerned that no-one was paying attention, Helen found herself being lifted clear of the floor and tensioned into a vibrant star of stretched womanhood. Just short of her arms coming out of the sockets, the winch stopped.

It was as if the switching off of the winch triggered the waiting team into action. They all moved forward together and in a well practised routine began to take measurements of every single millimeter of her body. The strange thing was that they continued with everyday office chitchat in between calling out sizes to a

; clipboard wielding supervisor. Helen felt like a shop dummy hanging there. She gasped into the gag as two relatively large phallic devices were inserted into the vulnerable holes displayed by her wide spread crotch. With amazement she listened as measurements were taken to determine the distances from hole to hole, ass to waist, pussy to waist and so on. Such precise dimensions didn't bode well for her future and she wondered just what sort of equipment her ex-prison governor had decreed would be her wardrobe.

Suddenly the pussy plundering insert began to expand; steadily inexorably she was being stretched open as the thing increased its girth. Her gagged cry rose in a proportional manner, as did her frantic straining against the unyielding wires holding her stringently starved.

"That's about maximum," advised a voice close by. Obviously the level of her objections was used as a guide to determine the maximum size her relatively virgin pussy could take before it tore her straight up the middle. Helen's relief was short lived as her butt hole underwent the same scream test. :

Aching with fatigue and groaning through the gag, Helen hung miserably as the bustle of activity went on. Mouldings using special mould boxes had been taken from her limbs torso, and head. She endured as her mouth was relieved of the gag, only to have a mould bag stuffed in, and then have it pumped full of quick setting flexible foam.

These people were thorough. Apparently, even her oral cavity was to be fitted with customised hardware.

At lunchtime she was simply left as she was. The crew vanished, and their subject left ready for resumption in the afternoon. 144 put in an appearance and after removing the expando gag that had been replaced, she fed her with some welcome snacks. Helen asked if she could ease the strain on the winch, but the girl apologetically shook her head, and with an impish smirk, used the control to tighten Helen up even more. She didn't speak although the mouth was unlaced again. It was more than she dare do to lower the tension whilst measuring and fitting was underway. If things didn't fit as a result, she would end up doing a double act with 102. With the feeding finished, 144 reinserted the gag and wound it tight. Her fear of doing a double act with 102 resulted in her giving the gag an extra turn that even the men had felt was over the top. Helen could do nothing as her mouth filled to explosion point with the unyielding fully expanded pear gag.

"Perhaps now I can touch your precious little ass ring, 237, without you objecting." Helen clenched her bottom as best she could and grunted past the expando gag, but was powerless to prevent the delicate fingering of her puckered rear orifice. Quivering with effort she fought against the pull of the winch, but it was hopeless. Again she protested as loudly she could, but 144 ignored the muffled admonishment and played to her heart's content. For a quarter of an hour, she traced around the flinching ring, teasing, pressing so as to give the impression that penetration was imminent, but never actually progressing to the point of insertion.

Zarkof arrived shortly after she had finished her game, and if Helen had considered 144's activities a liberty, it would be hard to find words to describe Zarkof's actions. His hands were everywhere at once, and Helen struggled ineffectually as she was given an extensive all-over grope. After a while he paused and ordered the silently watching 144 to her knees with her back to the spread-eagled woman. Helen looked on with horror as he flipped out a massive erection. 144 knew what to do and took the throbbing beast into her mouth. 237 couldn't avoid the show, and watched

appalled as the hard working head bobbed away, suckling and swallowing on his manhood. But Zarkof ignored her look of disgust and concentrated on the lustful view of herself. Helen's spread-eagled body was supplying the fuel for his voyeuristic enjoyment.

"Tense your pussy 237. Let me see you trying to entice me to fuck you." Mindful that she would soon be back in her transparent punishment rig, Helen did her best to pout her pussy, offering herself as best she could by arching forward in the tight restraints. Zarkof leered lustfully as he exploded into the busy mouth working diligently on his dick. It would seem that Helen's resentful look whilst performing a blatant offering of her body had fanned the fires of his arousal to an inferno. 144's head bobbing ceased, but dutifully she remained still with his waning manhood buried in her mouth. Zarkof glanced down as if only just realising that she was there, and after a thoughtful look, he prodded her up and pointed to the starred 237. "Get under her and service her until the team come back. And no slacking, I'll be watching on the monitor."

Without bothering to rise, 144 shuffled across on her knees and positioned herself below the smooth shaven crotch. The height was perfect and with her head tilted back she laid into the task with a zealous enthusiasm.

Helen bit back the instant swooning response orchestrated by the flickering tongue, and glared back defiantly at the grinning Zarkof. He just smirked. Already the body was betraying her as her skin flushed and the jutting nipples on her breasts hardened and swelled with arousal. No matter how hard she tried, her lower body conspired to react to the stimulation with uncontrollable muscle contractions. Zarkof laughed and left them to it.

Forgetting that cameras were still observing her, Helen succumbed to the raging heat in her crotch. She could feel her love lips drooling with the secretions of desire and had no illusions that the luckless 144 was awash with her sticky outpouring. She consoled herself with the thoughts that she too would soon be suffering such tribulations and allowed her body to respond. 144 sensed that her fettered target was near a climax, and reaching up through the spread legs, she cupped both madly clenching buttock cheeks in her hands and drew the straining 237 tightly onto her busy mouth. The sensuously trained mouth closed on Helen's clitoris and began sucking it like a kiddie's lollipop, occasionally diverting to jam a reaching tongue deep into the leaking love cleft.

Helen bucked and writhed in her bonds as the effects of a massive orgasm racked her form with cataclysmic shudders, but the tongue continued its work. From one orgasm to the next 144 maintained the punishing tongue lashing, in mortal fear of what failure might entail.

Helen was still erupting when the team returned, and almost screaming with frustration she felt 144 instantly cease her task and leave her halfway into her next muscle-tearing convulsion. Sobbing uncontrollably, 237 hung tear faced as the team resumed without giving her a second look.

The evening arrived, and with it 144 and a very sorry looking 102. Her punishment had resulted in a pussy so sore that she was walking bow legged. They busied themselves fitting the original transparent rig back on the hanging 237, then lowered

her down and slipped the armsheath back into place.

As she stood, body tensing against the pulling of tightening laces, Helen took the ungagged opportunity to speak to her orderlies. A remark by the team earlier had appraised her of the fact that the fitting room security camera was temporarily out of commission. At least for the moment they were safe to have a few words without fear of punishment.

"I'm so sorry for that beating you took 102, I hope you don't blame me. I didn't know."

The girl shook her head, unable to answer with her lips tightly laced. 144 spoke for her.

"No she doesn't blame you, and by the way, what I did for you this afternoon was in repayment for you giving her some pleasure earlier. We've become very close, 102 and I. We look after each other whenever we can, so I appreciated you doing what you could to help whilst I was unable."

"But I was ordered to do it," Helen remarked. 144 nodded in understanding. :

"TI know, but there is a lot of difference between the service rendered to order, and one freely given as a gift. I suspect you found that out this afternoon when you half drowned me."

Helen grinned as she remembered the event with a warm sensation in her crotch.

"Hmmm! I thought you were going a bit over the top for a regulation job." They locked eyes in mutual understanding.

"Glad to be of service. Unfortunately you're on your own next week once you go in for conditioning; and God help you." She left it at that and offered up the expando 'gag.

"Time to gag you up and get you back to the suite. I'll be laced up again by then so 'we won't be able to talk again for a while. Now remember, when we leave this room we are back on camera, so ignore anything I do. I have my orders to keep you working on perfecting the walk." Helen nodded, hoping that 144 didn't take her job too seriously. 144 gave her a last check over, easing the armsheath laces a little tighter, and giving the expando gag another half turn just for good measure. She 'seemed satisfied and gave 237 a pat on the rump as a signal to get moving.

'Mincing her way out, Helen jumped as a riding crop nipped painfully at her bum and turned angry eyes at her orderlies. But 144, despite the insistence that she pep up her butt rolling, gave away her real feelings with mirth showing in her eyes. She was playing to the cameras. 237 went along with it and complied.

"Come on 237, you look like a back-street whore on an LSD trip." 144 pulled her to a halt and yanked the basque laces in until Helen thought her sides would surely meet in the middle. She could hardly breathe and knew without sighting in a mirror that her rump must be extruded into a pair of half footballs. The crop sliced across the quivering taut lobe of her left buttock.

"Get going tart. Now let's see what you can do. These men have no idea how to lace a woman up properly." 237 moved off with 144 close behind, the crop adding forceful persuasion to the regular deportment adjustments as 144 added instructions.

"That's it, now swing those hips from side to side. Clench your ass a bit and let's see it mincing." Helen felt the whip thrust longitudinally into her bottom cleft.

"Now grip that and carry on. If you drop it I'll give you ten strokes." Helen clenched

her ass tight and carried on, surprised that the addition of something to hold helped in her mastery of this evocative walk. She could imagine what it looked like to see her tight extruded bottom in motion and had no doubt that the muscle clenching would add even more profile to its curvature.

“A bit more side to side swing, and more rolling hip gyration: Perfect! Now maintain that at all times.” They entered a quite section of corridor and 144 sidled up alongside and spoke from the corner of her mouth. oe

“Wow! 237! You’ve really got me on the boil. I bet that lot in the control room are wanking themselves stupid. With that make-up job and your new walk you look terrific. I think I’ll lipstick your nipples tomorrow as well.” Helen cast an admonishing look at 144, but the woman just grinned. “ But after we’ve got you all trussed up I think. I’m going back behind again now, I don’t want to let 102 see all the action.” She vanished from sight and for some inexplicable reason, Helen suddenly felt very self-conscious with the thought that two women were watching her performing ass. The crop was removed from her bottom clamp and nipped at - herona regular basis before it was returned to her care, and Helen couldn’t help feeling that 144 was enjoying herself.

## Chapter 8 FITTING ROOMS AND THE GYMNASIUM

True to her promise 144 lipsticked Helen’s nipples, and even managed to gain another inch of waist reduction on the basque. But seemingly, it was the last time she would wear this one. After the previous day’s traumatic measuring, she was advised that today was fitting day for her own personal version. The mould shop had worked overnight by all accounts.

Overall it looked the same once they had fitted it, although this moulded version took into account her rib cage structure and various other parameters that allowed her waist to be reduced still further. Despite the awesome compression it felt more comfortable than the off-the-peg induction basque. Other innovations were the fact that both collar and helmet were moulded at the same time so that her whole upper body was enclosed in a single form-fitting see through unit. The boots had also gained an inch in heel size, but an experimental stroll around the fitting room



surprised Helen in that her required deportment came more easily. The next moulding was less well received, and a half-hour later, 237 found herself testing her own personally crafted punishment casque. Her legs were twin columns of fire as her relatively unstretched sinews struggled to cope with a full sideways splits, and as she had surmised when sighting the unfortunate 102, there was absolutely no movement possible once the casque closed around her. Even her mightiest effort failed to produce even the smallest degree of movement.

Fearfully she contemplated the vulnerability of her crotch and bottom region as the team fussed around behind her. The head-down mode made it all the worse.

Inverted, and with her most sensitive parts thrusting upward, Helen felt the full impact of complete helplessness as two inserts were shoved in to check orifice division measurements with her legs at full sideways stretch.

“Hmm! The side stress has reduced her separation by an inch to my reckoning. Make sure you correct that on the B2 design, and also the A6 device. They’ll probably produce the same effect.” Fuming inwardly as the team discussed her like a chunk of machinery, she was relieved to hear someone actually make a personal remark that classified her as human.

“She’s got a superb pussy this one. Look at that. Even at full stretch this thing is



resilient and pretty tight.” The intruding measuring probe was worked in and out several times. Fingers squeezed and poked at her fleshy mons, and one even tweaked her jutting clit. Then someone noticed that their attentions were having an effect.

“Oops! We’d better stop that she’s getting rather moist.”

Unable to make the slightest sound with her massively plugged mouth, Helen tried to pass on the message that they were welcome to continue. As long as she was in this extremely testing position, Helen felt she might as well attempt to glean some enjoyment from the experience. She tensed her pussy and managed to cause the probe to move through a slight arc and then tried some bottom clenching against the pole jutting from her ass.

“Now look what you’ve done Malcolm, the bitch is on heat and asking for more. Leave her alone a while and let her cool off. In fact, let’s take a quick coffee break.”

Furiously, Helen used the only morsel of her body capable of any movement. The two deeply implanted measuring probes waggled and beckoned as she urged her crotch and bottom muscles to respond. But to no avail. The team just sat down and watched, discussing her monstrously effective constraints with typically detached appraisal.

“Nice stuff that Acrylic Ultra 2. Look at her go. It really shows off all the slithering movement as if she was nude, and yet she can’t even twitch. Look! See how her tits are all moulded and pulsing as she breathes, and there go her toes. If you watch carefully you can just about see a movement inside the acrylic. If it wasn’t for her ass and pussy twitching you’d never know it was a live woman in there would you? I’m glad we downsized the original size estimates. The squeezing really looks good and it enhances the bulging effect in her butt and pussy.”

Someone agreed, and Helen found herself getting hotter and hotter as every intimate detail of her encapsulated form was discussed at length. She fought the containment with maniacal strength, but Ultra 2 was up to the task of holding her exactly as she was. There was no escape. 237 would remain as a contorted completely controlled sex object until someone out there released her. '

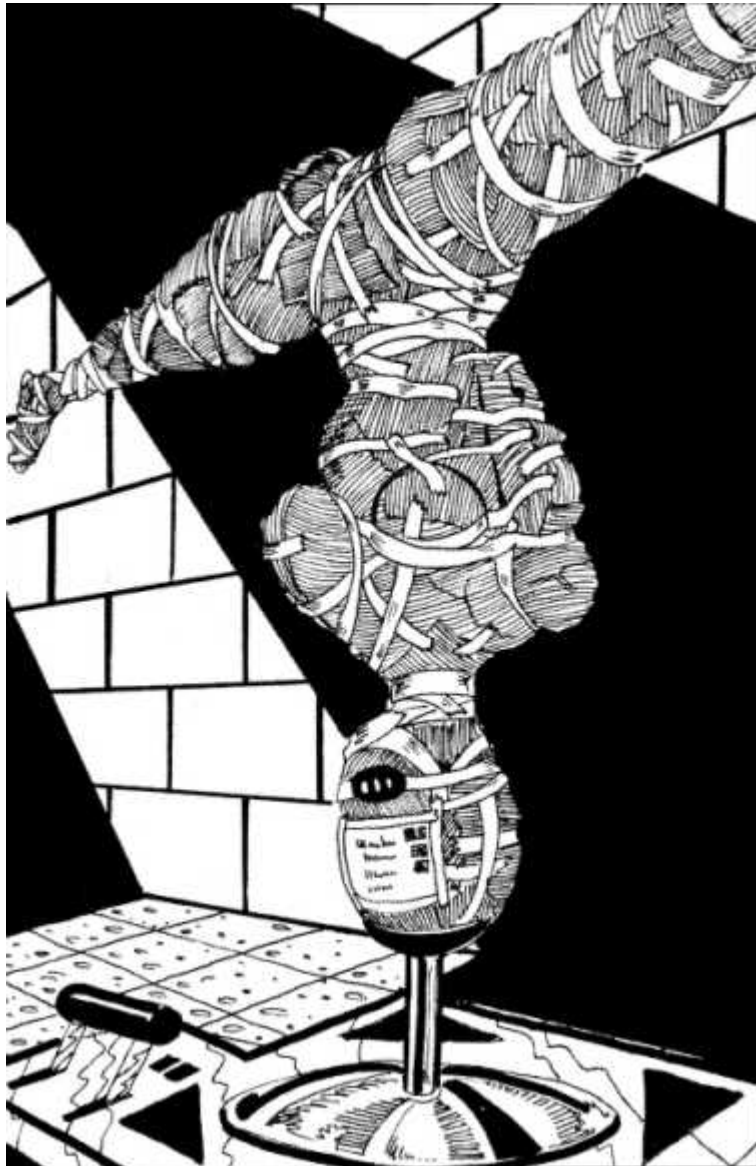
A buzzing vibration travelled through the tough acrylic, and Helen found herself being re-aligned as someone had the test rig swing her around. After much discussion about the best view, 237 ended up head to the floor, torso vertically upward, and her legs horizontal to the floor. That seemed to please everyone. As she was slowly pirouetted on her head, the team was able to discuss all her neatly arranged acrylic moulded profiles at great length.

Helen just got hotter and hotter as the incredible humiliation of her impossible plight was remorselessly pressed home. Her boiling pussy was leaking streamers. of love juice that were running down and streaking the acrylic to the amusement of her tormentors.

“We’d best cool the bitch down.” Helen felt her form lifted, the teasing inserts. removed, and then was deposited on a floor mounted rod that located in a socket on her head encapsulation. There was a rustle of paper, and in no time at large sheets. of brown wrapping paper were being wrapped around her outer casing. Cellotape dispensers were squeaking all around and steadily her entire encapsulated form — was wrapped and banded.

“That should cool her off with nothing to see.”

Like a huge parcelled letter 'T' 237 was left silent and incapable of any form of movement or means of communication with the outside world. The voices faded, and in a fit of total despair, Helen realised that she was alone in the room. For two hours the neatly packaged woman waited, a silent and completely immobilised ready wrapped gift package for some lucky male. It was with some relief she heard them return. The experience served admirably to give her a salutary lesson in total control. Had she seen the stamps and scrawled address that some joker had added



to the packaging she would have been even more aware of her complete conversion to a parcelled object of pleasure. She wasn't to know that it was far from a joke, as she would one day find out. ; mh

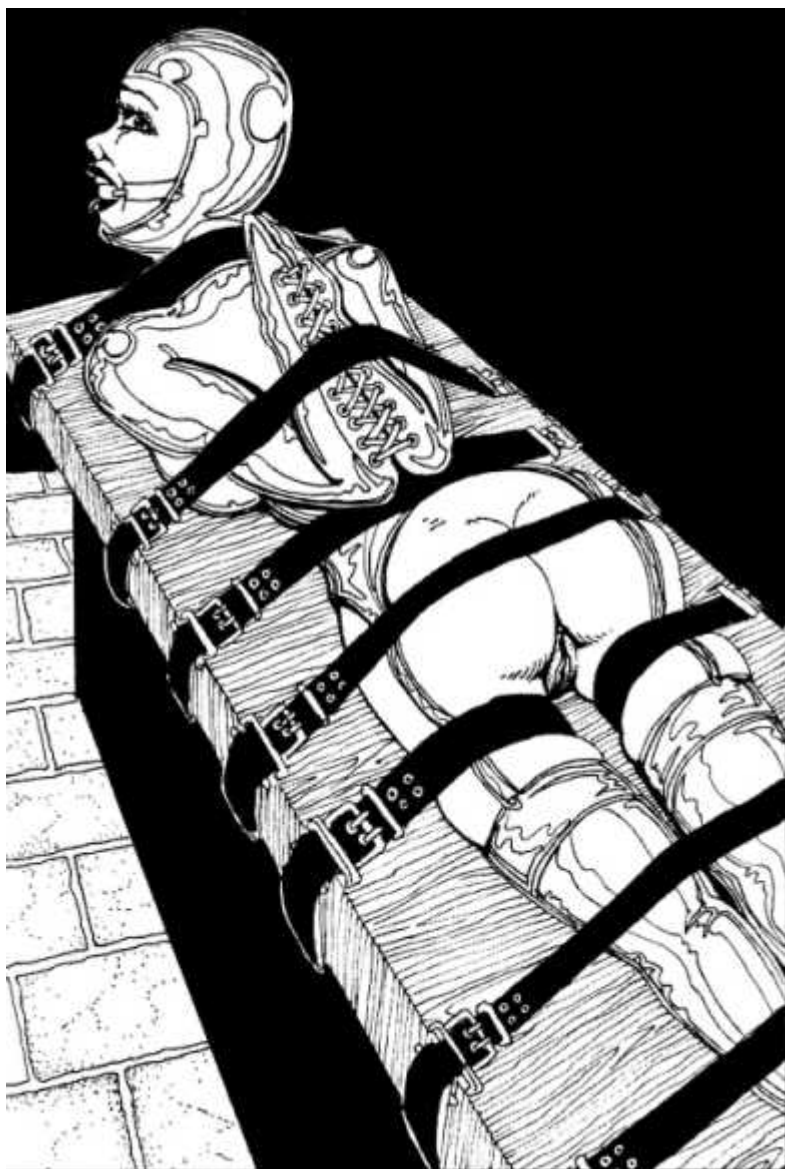
The day dragged on as she was tested with various mouldings, some that defied fathoming, and were probably part of a more complex device. Others like the new sleeping couch she would start to use that night, were easy to work out. However, it would seem her walking trainer rig and the couch were all that she would use until emerging from Doctor Zarkof's lair. The rest of the moulds and all her new clothing were reserved for the sole use of her new master as soon as he took

possession of the remodelled 237. Until that time 237 simply had to live with her ideas of what these things could do to her until the time came to find out the truth. Fitting was finalised the next day. Now it was the turn of Miss Bulstrode and her physical fitness program. Exercise had always been on Helen's itinerary in the past, so in a way she was looking forward to that. Given the night she had just spent on her new bed, it would be a welcome relief to be allowed to get the kinks out of her body.

The bed had turned out to be a diabolically uncomfortable padded bench affair that hardly fitted into any ideas Slumberland may have had on orthopaedic posture control. It was the work of a genius in the art of presenting a woman for use at all times, but bore no resemblance to any comfortable sleeping arrangement Helen had ever seen.

Strapped face down in her walking rig, Helen discovered that her butt was raised high by the elevated centre section, and tightly compressing straps over her upper thighs and waists ensured that her back was arched and hips flaring in a most provocative manner. The thigh straps, unlike all the others that simply passed straight over her body, disappeared between her thighs and met at a central anchor point. Once tightened, they had a dual effect of pulling her down, and at the same time crushing her thighs outward, thus opening her crotch cleft for viewing; and any other pastime that came to mind. Her new owner had deliberately requested the legs together format as opposed to a more normal spread wide type. Bill like to feel the woman tight and resisting as he drove into her, and this configuration ensured that Helen would provide the correct feeling, whilst the strap gaping thighs ensured that she wouldn't be able to actual prevent entry. Besides, a woman's buttocks formed more of a rounded sumptuous cushion when thrust upwards as a closely mated partnership.

But obviously the males of modern times were getting lazy. A pussy that was



perfectly presented but still dry was out of the question. 20th century man wanted everything ready to go without all the hassle of daubing her with lubricants.

Holes in the bench beneath her tits supplied the remedy. Once she was securely strapped down and her basque extruded boobs projecting through the apertures, Helen felt the soft caress of something like rabbit fur on her nipples. That was bad enough. But when a small motor hummed quietly into life and began brushing her throbbing turrets, she quickly found that her dry pussy became well oiled.

That was how she had spent the night. Half aroused, tormented by ceaseless wet dreams that never actually got to climax, and strapped solidly down in a pose that had only one purpose, other than to administer a sound spanking. The strapping prevented any movement at all, and despite her best efforts to work against the crotch spreading thigh straps, Helen failed to reach a conclusion in the throbbing needs that the busy rabbit fur pads generated.

Bill Nealy had decreed that she should be ready for action any time of day or night, and that meant a woman slick with juice and craving sexual release. Once he was in residence, she would always be there, waiting, ready and lubed, should he awaken with a stiffy that needed deflating. Best of all she would be only too eager to let him plunge into her body. In the meantime, she was even denied that small

consolation. Until training was over, that was all she would be, a ready oiled panting pussy with no one to service her. Still it gave the night staff something to look at on their security cameras. The only real drawback was the hourly testing to see if she had achieved any freedom. A two-second jolt with her built in punishment electrodes proved her restraints were adequate and at best only produced a delightful quivering convulsion in the visible bottom.

One other thing that worried her but remained an unresolved puzzle, was the box-like cabinet below the bench. 102 had deemed to inform her it was a tool box that went with the bed. She had declined to offer a description of the tools, but merely smirked and added that all would be revealed in good time. Helen was hardly reassured by the sly wink she gave 144.

With 237 strutting her provocative, and by now well rehearsed rump rolling walk, the orderlies indulged their licentious thoughts as they drove her onward toward the gymnasium.

Helen had come to accept 144's crop slicing goads as part of the training she was required to enforce, unaware that Zarkof was already completely happy with her performance without striving for more. Both 102 and 144 were having a field day at her expense, and given the generally boring routine of their existence, forcing a helpless trainee to exhibit herself like this was a welcome relaxation that gave them both nice warm vibes in their crotches. They both knew that the time would come when 237 was left in their care, fully trained and often at their mercy due to be left secured in one form or another. It was therefore exciting to watch the superb bottom that would one day be theirs to use as they wished. But first they had to get this woman through training, and if that meant helping a bit, it would all be to their advantage in the end. 237 minced onwards, completely unaware of the lustful contemplation being generated by her gyrating ass. She was also in not cognizant of the fact that her minders had gone way beyond any parameters of torso shaping required by Zarkof. 104, unbeknown to the technicians producing her acrylic basque, had altered the measurements to a size three inches less than that deemed possible by men. Both women were very pleased with the result. 237's hips and butt were an explosion of female curves below a wasp waist that was almost surreal. Helen simply accepted it as yet another Zarkof overkill that she would one day become accustomed to.

They reached the gym after some five minutes of walking through the sprawling expanse of Cairndhu House, and with the usual pat on the ass, 237 was ushered in and left to the mercy of new tormentor. She eyed the approaching Bulstrode with some trepidation. An ox of a woman with a no nonsense glare that boded ill for the future.

She came to a halt before her newest unwilling recruit, and after eyeing Helen up and down, pulled her over to the treadmill.

"A little warm up first I think, get those thighs in tone and get your circulation going."

Stiffly controlled by her new personal walker training rig, 237 had no choice but to mount the flat rolling road as instructed. Bulstrode quickly dropped a bar down

that extended from the front of the device and snapped a waist-cinching clamp around the basque. There were no other connections. They would have been \_ superfluous anyway. With sidewalls on both sides, Helen had no chance of stepping off.

The belt wound up and she found herself walking fast to keep herself from stumbling, and a sharp slap across her buttocks reminded her that the ass-rolling walk was to be maintained even in the gym. At first it was difficult to get her rump moving with such alacrity, but finally she got the measure of it. Bulstrode nodded with approval. "Right ten minutes at that to warm you up and then we'll get you up to a run." She turned on heel and headed back to the office leaving 237 to her own devices. Helen



thought about the predicament of being forcibly walked and then decided that it would do her no harm. Given what she had to face in the future, exercise would be a welcome relief from the enforced immobility of restraints.

Bulstrode returned just as Helen was getting a nice sweat on, and after a quick appraisal of the striding woman, she wound the belt up. Helen found herself at a . pretty fast run before she really knew what was happening, and with the added handicap of high heels and a crushed waist, decided that perhaps she had been a bit hasty in her acceptance of the exercise.

She was kept at it for another five minutes, and as she struggled to cope, Bulstrode's \_ face took on a deeper hue as she flushed with arousal. Helen's heart sank. Another sex mad bondage freak that would be sure to extract maximum pleasure from her trauma with little thought to the cost to her. | 7

The treadmill as it turned out was a minor event. Bulstrode had watched her rump rolling activities on security video and was searching for new and more interesting pursuits for this shapely female. A workout weight contraption seemed to provide what she was looking for.

The orderlies were called back in and Bulstrode had 237 stripped of her transparent acrylic rig. Whilst they were doing it, she disappeared to select a sweat suit for the event, returning with a thick neoprene garment that sported a single leg sheath, open butt, and attached mittened sleeves designed to hold her arms tightly to her side. Loops arranged around the body of the thing promised additional external strapping to ensure her continued enclosure.

It took Bulstrode and both orderlies another half-hour to get her into the thing, and Bulstrode contemptuously rejected 102's suggestion that she had chosen a size or two too small. Finally after much stretching and packing, 237 was squeezed into : the crushing confines of the suit and the laces drawn tight. They were already taut with the cocoon suit still gaping two inches at the rear, but Bulstrode insisted that : the gap should be closed. The straps were added and teetering on the single heel of a double foot stiletto, Helen wheezed and gasped as the two orderlies strained at the laces and reduced her down to a taut rigid parcel of rubber contained female. The straps took a while longer as Bulstrode demanded that they be seen to be tight. The tension required to produce indented proof of tightness in an already compressed female form took some doing; but finally they managed it. :

Bulstrode walked around the column of rubberised woman inspecting everything minutely, and reaching up, added three more notches to the strap over Helen's mouth. 237 looked as if her bisected cheeks were about to explode over the tight leather band. The mewling protest was scornfully brushed aside.

"Quiet women, this is nothing compared to some of the outfits you will be wearing after training." She pointed to the upper thigh and waist straps. "Three more notches at least on those 144." Ten more minutes and the two sweating orderlies finally managed to achieve what was demanded. :

"Excellent! First class!" Helen felt Bulstrode testing the resilient extrusion of her naked backside, and judging by the way the exploring hand slid around the sumptuously sculpted curves, she could visualise a projection that so far had been a unattainable. 7 = 7

"Right! Get her on to the apparatus and we'll get her working." The orderlies picked up the stiff compressed package and carried her horizontally to the bench of the workout gadget. She was placed face down with the end of the bench at her waist and mated legs jutting out between the two shining vertical weight sliders. Flexible steel bands descended over her upper torso, and Helen groaned as they were tightened down, compressing her crushed boobs and welding her to the bench. \_ There was some fiddling going on down by her legs, and then a sliding sensation

that travelled from ankles to thighs, first at front, then the sides, and finally up the back of both legs as far as the opening at her bottom. With some surprise she realised that her legs had become stiff rigid columns as a result of steel rods that had been inserted into guide pockets in the rubber enclosure. There was more fiddling, the clank of weights, and Bulstrode instructing 50 pounds to be loaded. "That should be enough for the first day. Now connect her up and we'll get started." Helen felt a steel clamp going around her ankles and grimaced as it was ratcheted tight. The orderlies stepped back and she could see Bulstrode's feet as she checked over the gear.

"Right 237, lift your legs."

Helen strained to move her mated legs upward but only managed a few inches before the weights dragged them back down with a crash bending her at the waist and pulling her legs down to 45 degrees. :

"Seems we need a little inducement here. Listen carefully 237. I'm going to switch on the machine here. You have 10 seconds to lift your legs to 10 degrees above horizontal and trip a limit switch or else suffer the consequences. Once you get there you hold it for ten seconds and then lower. Any infringement of timing rules earns you punishment. Got that? Ten second to get up, ten seconds hold, and then down. Oh! One other thing, down slowly. Drop the weights and you trigger the





punishment if the impact is too great. I'm switching on now."

There was a click.

Helen strained with all her might and finally got the weights moving. She had already sampled 'the consequences' of her walking rig, and had no illusions about Bulstrode's being any less painful.

Buttcks quivering, back arching against the steel retainer bands, Helen managed to hit the top limit, she gritted her teeth and held on, but eight seconds later succumbed to gravity and let the load drop.

Instantly, her exposed bottom exploded with a fiery burn as two canes whistled down and impacted on quivering nates. At the same time her breasts sizzled with searing agony as metal strips inside the bust of the sweat suit fed high frequency, low amperage current through her encapsulated tits. She screamed against the gagging strap and forced her body to respond as she powered the weights up again. This time she held it, and then lowered. The bite of retribution was withheld and Bulstrode commended her.

"Well done 237, keep it up." She waved the orderlies away.

“You can go now. I’ll call you if I need you.”

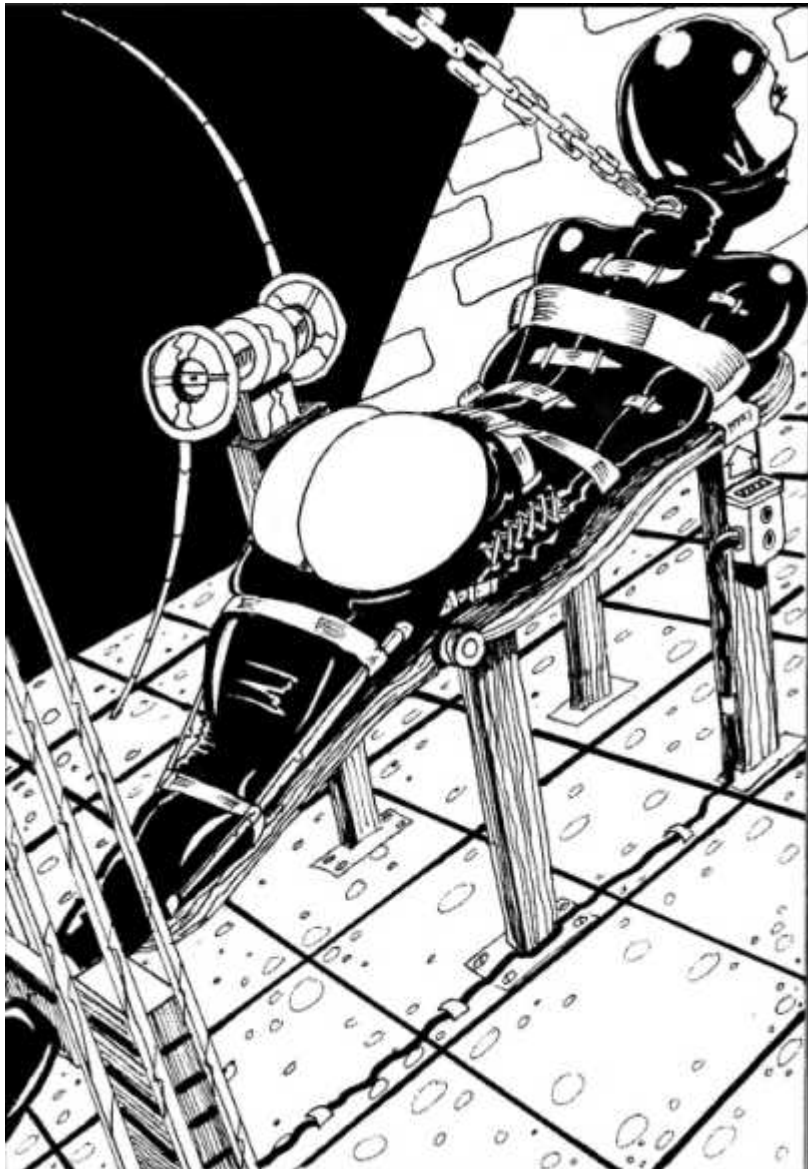
Bulstrode watched them leave and then turned back to 237 who was by now getting into a muscle burning rhythm. Alone with the spectacle of Helen’s muscle cracking rump exertion, she slipped her hand down inside her tracksuit and began to play with her leaking mons. It was so enjoyable to see such a superb specimen of womanhood crushed into inescapable confinement and then animated to provide such exotic contortions. She quickened the probing fingers in her crotch and reached out to a timer with her other hand.

“I’m speeding you up 237. I think we’ll go to 5 seconds.” 7 “

Helen keened loudly through the gag strap but mentally readjusted her timing to comply with the new demand. Bulstrode groaned and spasmed as the flexing backside attained new heights of muscle tensing exertion. Like a sleek black seal, 237 was flexing and straining most delightfully. Meanwhile, Bulstrode just watched and treated herself to another two orgasms before addressing the straining prisoner again.

“Tea time 237. I’ll be back in half an hour to see how you are doing.” The begging sounds rose to an all time high. ;

“NNNNNrrrr! MMMMMMrrrr! EEEEEsssss! NNNrr!” But the superbly



contained female form continued to perform without faltering despite Helen's desperate pleas for mercy. Despite colossal efforts to escape the merciless cinching constraints, Helen finally had to accept that she must perform or suffer.

"Don't be a big baby 237. It'll do that lovely bum a world of good to get some real muscle into it."

Helen cried and begged through the gag, but to no avail. The feet turned and vanished from her limited view. She could hear the footsteps receding across the huge gym as she strained and flexed, and then to her utter despair heard the squeak of a door as she was left on her own and at the mercy of an unfeeling, uncaring machine. For a second the crushing realisation caused her to lose concentration and she paid the price as pain lanced through her straining body. She recovered and managed to get her rhythm back, almost forgetting that it was a five second setting not ten. 7

Jerking and flexing like a demonic ductile black sausage, Helen struggled to maintain her task. Above and out of her sight Bulstrode leaned back in her chair, feet on

desk as she sipped her tea. The elevated gymnasium office gave her a perfect view of the events below, and putting down the cup she began massaging her clitoris as the superbly working bottom performed below. The fact that 237 was alone with her diabolical plight added spice to the scene. \_ ae

Sweating profusely, crushed by the overwhelming elasticity of the suit, and banded to excruciating levels of constraint, Helen battled on. She was oblivious to the fact that her exercises were all going to be carefully orchestrated to give her tormentor maximum lustful enjoyment from the sight of her bound and helpless form. Zarkof had given Bulstrode a free hand, despite the fact that he was well aware of her leanings towards the sadistic domination of other women. It was a carefully considered move that he hoped would help to prepare 237 for the immensely difficult task he had been commissioned to train her for. He had already received a prospectus from Bulstrode and approved of every exercise she recommended, much to the surprise of Bulstrode. She had fully expected most if not all of her proposals to be either turned down flat or modified. But Zarkof figured 237 was going to need all the help she could get in the way of preparation.

102 and 144 were allowed to return after their tasks were done. Bulstrode had exhausted her own immediate sexual demands and didn't mind them watching the tormented woman in action.

Standing directly behind the rubberised form they were able to fully enjoy the magnificent view of 237's enforced erotic display. They were powerless to intervene, so they felt they might as well enjoy the spectacle. Bulstrode spotted — them indulging in their own crotch rubbing and chose to ignore it. She could hardly blame them for succumbing to the magnificent sights and sounds of a beautiful bound woman placed under such fiendishly contrived duress.

Bulstrode called the orderlies over, and producing a special pressure sensor, she fitted the device between Helen's madly clenching buttocks. It was positioned by a thin probe that slid into her secretive anal orifice and pressure pads that nestled between the pulsing walls of Helen's traumatised buttocks. The dial gauge facing outwards leapt to an indicated 6 pounds as 237 involuntarily squeezed it with her next uplift. Bulstrode turned on the watching orderlies.

"Make yourselves useful. Keep adding weights, 5 pounds at a time, fifteen minutes in between each addition. When the gauge reaches 16 pounds pressure we'll keep her at it for half an hour, but come and call me. Got it?"

Both of the girls nodded and watched as Bulstrode ignored the explosive pleas for mercy as 237 overheard the extent of her torment, as she turned up the electro shock and cane impact strength with an almost gleeful intent.

"NNNNNNNNNNRRRRRRRRRRRR! \_EEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSS!  
MMMMMRRRR!"

Helen's face grew scarlet as she ineffectually pleaded and begged, then the clank and jerk of another weight pushed her frenzied pleas even higher. The pressure gauge notched up to 8 pounds and stabilised at that. 144 stole a glance at the retreating Bulstrode figure and then treated herself to a feel of the rapturously — powerful sensation of a captive bottom that was pulsing and lifting 55 pounds every 5 seconds.

It took one hour fifteen minutes, and an all-up weight of 75 pounds for the gauge to top 16 pounds, and to be honest, both orderlies had enjoyed the task of adding weights and watching the curving rump achieve even more staggering profile with each addition. Moving to the front they had apologised for what they had to do, but immediately nipped back to the rear and grinned as they stacked more weights onto Helen's fettered ankles.

Bulstrode popped back in to watch progress at 60 pounds, and after cinching the gag strap even tighter to keep noise levels down, she attached a chain to the top of the helmeted head and drew Helen's head back to a neck breaking angle. Instead of being face down to the bench, 237 found herself staring straight ahead.

“That’s better. Now we can see you enjoying yourself.”

What she really meant was that she could get a better view of Helen's suffering. For some reason the vision of those powerfully cinched cheeks and her wildly : pleading eyes painted a lurid picture of completely controlled and helpless torment that was hard to match.

A clank heralded the load stepping up to 65 pounds and Bulstrode almost creamed her knickers as the sounds of pleading became one continuous wail.

MMMMMMMMMMMMnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn!

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMrrrrrrrrrr!

Added to the constant chink of moving weights and creaking overstressed banding straps, 237's exercise all added up to an excellent spectator sport. Bulstrode dallied a while, and savoured the shiny glittering animation of the rubber sheath. It fed her lust to imagine the trauma of a powerfully contained woman as the motive force. Somehow there was nothing quite so satisfying as to see rubber in motion whilst wrapped around such an exquisitely shaped suffering form, and Helen's task mistress enjoyed herself by stroking and squeezing every straining inch of her sleek rippling form. Occasionally she would find a hold down strap or suit binder that was a fraction loose and ruthlessly tightened them up.

Bulstrode completely lost control as the flexing black cocoon suddenly faltered, then stiffened and convulsed as canes lashed down and electrons surged through the concealed tits.

Gasping and almost staggering with loss of leg control, Bulstrode steadied herself against the apparatus as her orgasm ran amok. 237's eyes were bugging out, her body quivering with electrically induced muscle paralysis, and her cheeks expanding as she made a desperate attempt to escape the torment. But the containment held her with ease. The current switched off and Helen instantly urged her form back to a steady bottom straining cycle. The pressure gauge was reading 12 pounds. She was doing well.

Bulstrode returned when she was informed that 237 had reached and maintained 16 pounds. After confirming that for herself by watching the horrendously clamping bottom muscles over the specified half-hour, she sent the orderlies away. -

“Okay! You’ve had your fun, you can go. I’ll wind her down.” Both orderlies showed a flash of disbelief, but they obeyed anyway. .

As soon as they were gone Bulstrode turned back to the massively straining 237 and bridging her cinched down torso, she sat straddle legged across the convulsively active woman, instantly feeling the blowtorch heat of lust in her crotch as the titanic writhing struggles massaged her superheated pussy. Reaching out she placed both hands on the humping buttocks. It was a dream come true. Since the day this superb specimen had arrived she had fantasised over the images of her rump on the monitor screens. Now they were hers to work and feel as she saw fit. For another fifteen minutes Bulstrode just sat and absorbed the pulsing glory of those magnificent straining ass cheeks through her finger tips, then reluctantly rose as she sensed that 237 was finally reaching breaking point

| “Right 237! One last supreme effort and then you’re finished. I’m turning the punishment to full just to give you incentive, then we are upping the weights 20 pounds in one go for a short burst.”

Helen screamed and begged against the gag as Bulstrode ratcheted her down tighter for good measure. She could do nothing as the controls were increased. An incredible 20 lbs more thumped onto her ankle connection.

MMMMMMMMRRRRRRRR! NNNNNNNNNRRRRRR! NNNNNNNRR!

The restraining straps groaned with overload as Helen thrashed and fought to escape the torment. Every fettered inch of her rubber-sheathed form was alive with - Herculean efforts to escape even as she worked at maintaining the rhythm of her 5 task. The buttocks leapt into massive profile as she struggled to avoid the crippling punishment of failure, and the bottom gauge flicked to an incredible 26 pounds buttock gripping pressure as a result. But Bulstrode hardly noticed. Having unshipped her ponderous tits from the tracksuit, she bent forward and whipped the gauge away before lowering her turgid nipples into the clenching vice of Helen’s pumping bottom cleft. Her hand reached out to the timer control.

“Timing going down to 3 seconds 237.”

“NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNRRRRRR! MMMMMMMRRRRRR!

The apparatus began to shake and vibrate, but Helen’s muffled screams for mercy fell on deaf ears as she was powered up to a demoniac level of activity. Bulstrode’s rubber sheathed toy was bucking and flexing beautifully, and all notion of the effects : on the human content were swept aside as her blood pounding boobs were pummelled and pounded by vibrating frantically working buttock lobes. It was sheer heaven to hold such power over this superb woman. Turning her glazed eyes forwards, Bulstrode saw the black ovoid of Helen’s head, the upper section almost a separate entity bursting upwards from the cruelly cinched confines of her broad gag strap. The head was moving slightly despite the massive constraints and arched neck, and without thinking of the effect, Bulstrode gripped the chain holding 237’s head upward and pulled it back until the movement was completely eradicated. It was perfect. Now 237 couldn’t move anything other than magnificent fleshy pulsing hemispheres that were working hard on her demanding tits. She could feel the woman straining at her head leash, but the tormented captive was powerless do anything other than fulfil the task Bulstrode had set for her.

Fortunately she was so close to climax, 237 had only completed thirty Herculean

lifts before the gasping Bulstrode exploded with volcanic ferocity. Helen could feel her forcing the monstrous orbs into her flexing bottom crevice but could nothing

as she was utilised like an unfeeling massage machine. Powerless to doing anything ; other than perform, she strained mightily and felt her buttocks crushing and mashing

the boobs like soft putty. But her strength was failing rapidly. »  
Drained and incapable of any further effort, she dropped the weights a final time. Bulstrode heard the crash and moving at great speed, dragged her bulk out of the

path of the descending canes. Unfortunately, still breathless from her explosive climax, she was a little slower in reaching the off switch, and 237 had already : endured fourteen cane strokes and an equal number of searing energy bolts before

the punishment was removed. The sight of Helen's punishment triggered another - massive orgasm in Bulstrode as she watched the quivering electrically stiffened

form absorbing the bite of the canes. Contracted into humped tremulous muscle tension, the recently exercised bottom was a delicious sight as it twitched and convulsed under the onslaught. For a second Bulstrode stayed her hand on the switch, then relented and watched as the quivering form collapsed into her bonds. Bulstrode moved back to a very grateful gasping prisoner and patted her affectionately on the bare rump.

“Terrific effort 237! Magnificent! I really enjoyed that.”

Helen was too far gone to appreciate her compliments, although the following comment that she would find something even better for the next day stirred some unpleasant thoughts in her exhausted form. But Bulstrode was in a teasing mode,

and leaning down she stroked the bulging cheeks with her finger, taunting her captive maliciously

“I think we'll give you five minutes rest and then get you working again shall we?

Like that would you?”

237 keened through the gag and cast beseeching eyes at her tormentor's fingers;

they were toying with the controller switch. Desperately she watched as the switch

toggle moved halfway, moved back, then went a bit further with each tease. She

knew that Bulstrode was in a position to do anything she wanted. It was obvious ; she wanted to throw the switch and reanimate her bound girl toy, but seemed



undecided about the long-term effects. The relief was indescribable when Bulstrode finally let go the switch and began to disengage the hold down clamps. Once they were all off she called for the orderlies. ; ;

“Leave her in the suit for the rest of the day, and overnight. Just strap her down over the sleep bench and let her sweat a few pounds off.” ;

237 mewled weakly, but offered no resistance as she was born away like a black Egyptian mummy.

## Chapter 9 EXIT BULSTRODE – Enter the Duo

Helen spent a restless and uncomfortable twenty hours, sweating profusely inside the sheath, and terrified by the prospect of another day in the gym. Morning, when



it finally came, brought a gloriously welcome release as the orderlies arrived to remove her from the sleeping bench. But they seemed in no rush and treated themselves to a finger reaming session in her offered pussy. They proved to be experts, and soon had her humping against the securing bands, frustrated to the point of madness and dripping with copious secretions of love juice. Then, they left her hanging on the precipice of orgasmic relief.

“Better get used to being used like this 237, because your new owner will be using you for his pleasure whenever and wherever he pleases, and he won’t care whether you made it to orgasm or not, so long as he did.”

The rubber sheath and its attendant leather strapping took a while to strip off, but finally an exhausted Helen lay naked on the floor. They carried her to a hot tub, and as she languished in the soothing waters tended by her helpers, the spectre of Bulstrode returned to haunt her. She turned to the girls and saw that for a change their lips were unlaced. .

“My God! What will that bitch do to me today?” 102 looked at her partner and shrugged.

“Not a lot I should think. She had an accident last night.” Helen sat bolt upright in the tub and then groaned as her sore muscles taught her to take care.

“An accident? What sort of accident?”

fleeting instant during the meal she toyed with the idea of making a break for it whilst still free, but the spectre of a few days in that horrendously traumatic Tee shaped punishment casque quickly quelled that notion. Somehow she had the distinct feeling that the day would be testing, but might even be enjoyable, in a funny sort of strenuous way. How wrong she was.

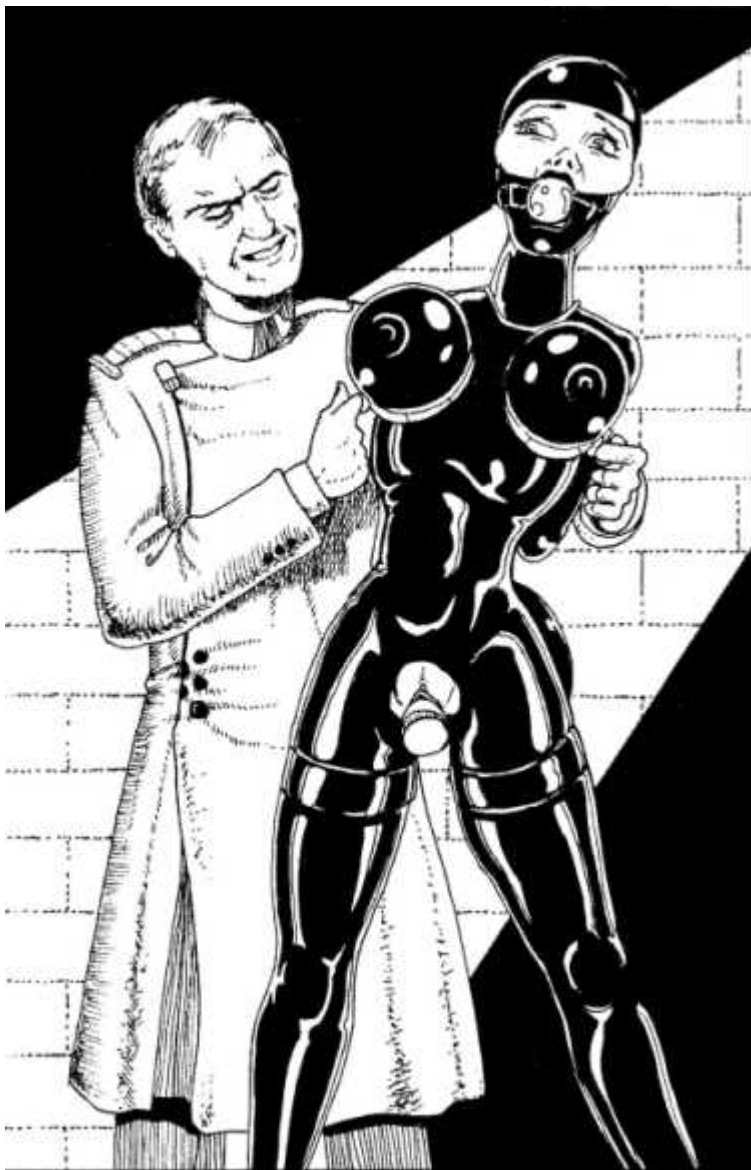
By 9 a.m., Helen had ceased to exist and in her place was a tightly bound and gagged Project 237. As had become standard, the converted sex toy was tarted up with gaudy lipstick, rouged cheeks, overkill eye shadow. The leashed apparition was wearing a new rig as she swaggered her way towards the gym. Helen knew that several rigs had been produced from her original fitting sessions, so it came as no surprise. At a glance it just looked like the original she had been fitted for, albeit a different colour. This preformed plastic moulded body shaper was black, as was the under-suit of ultra tight latex that was custom made and for all intents and purposes a second

The new stiff pre-formed torso section continued down to a point some two inches below the top of her thigh-buttock line. A cutout at the rear ensured that her curvaceous rump was still exposed. The fact that her butt was latex sheathed offered little protection and certainly no increased modesty. Strangely, tight latex seemed to have the effect of making her feel even more vulnerable and exhibited.

237 moved in the direction indicated by her keepers, but the smooth hip rolling, rump gyrating gait she had perfected so painstakingly over several days, was somewhat impaired by stiff buttock muscles. Nevertheless 102 advised her to try, despite the fact that the electrical goad of previous days was missing from her new rig.

102 helped her to make the effort with several stinging blows of a crop and the assurance that although it may be painful at first, it would wear off once her muscles got moving. Helen found that even the short distance travelled from her quarters had proved her correct. The aching burn was easing the more she forced herself to move. Even the fact that 144 had been extremely unforgiving in her tightening of the butt cinching seemed of little consequence. With the opening of the new torso cincher reduced to produce an effect 20 percent tighter than the previous rig's under-butt strapping, Helen understood the diabolical nature of the butterfly fasteners. Her posterior was positively exploding outward from the tough reinforced plastic corset in a surreal display of taut curvaceous rubber encased extravagance. As it later transpired, her keepers were acting under instructions.

Zarkof spotted them as they passed his open office, and ventured out to see why



Helen's normal rolling butt mode was less than that decreed by her training. As he was about to chastise her for the lapse in her required mode of locomotion, he surprisingly backed off when 144 explained the reason. Zarkof accepted her

explanation and after inspecting the erupting rump of the prisoner he instructed 144 to reduce the aperture a further 5 percent. Helen groaned as her butt was forcibly extruded even further into a hardened jutting profile of available bottom flesh. It was so demeaning to be forced to stand so provocatively and have someone reshape her own anatomy like a piece of play-dough. Zarkof was ruthlessly converting her into an obscenely exhibited fuckable fetish sex object. Tears formed in her eyes as her body was reshaped to a new and even more lustfully wanton profile. ; 7 .

Zarkof studied the results of his alterations with prodding fingers, and administered a few heavy slaps to her jutting rump. Apparently the extruded tautness and resistance to impact was satisfactory. Helen's buttocks juddered slightly and produced an almost synthetic sound as his hand slammed down. She sensed him kneeling behind her and felt each lobe of her bottom gripped, pulled apart, then released. He was checking the compression by watching to see how fast the two rubber sheathed humps slapped back together. But it was more than just testing. He was mauling the taut curvatures as if they were sponge rubber squeeze balls. Helen continued to endure in silence as he enjoyed himself slapping the massively extruded cheeks from side to side; alternately burrowing the blade of his hand into her rump cleft, and commenting on the jouncing performance to the watching keepers.

"Excellent! Now increase tit base compression another 10 percent and extend the posture collar another inch. She's shaping up nicely, so we can start with the permanent stature control."

Helen whimpered, but stood stoically, unable to resist in any way as she was discussed and her body resculpting was taken to new heights of lecherously erotic excess. The ratchet extenders clicked loudly as her collar jacked up and her neck was stretched to dislocation point. When complete her head was forced to a jaunty angle. There was more clicking as her tits were inexorably squeezed into hard rubberised balls of throbbing spherical torment as the iris-like clamps built into her stiff corset arrangement tightened around the root of each breast. A mirror opposite afforded her a brief glimpse of jutting nipples that looked set to pierce the latex tightly stretched over her breast-balls, then Zarkof's frame blocked her view as he moved around to inspect the new format. The tits received the same side to side slapping test and 237 grimaced as the resilient spherical orbs bounced and rebounded



violently.

He nodded approval as his breast-flicking finger thunked against taut female filled rubber with a dull sound, then squeezed her tits and butt alternately. Her tormentor seemed satisfied that all her straining extruded erotic protuberances were compacted to equal density. Reaching up Zarkof adjusted the expando gag and its over-banding retainer strap. = ; 7 7

Helen's face inflated into the gagging band until her cheeks were deeply indented and erupting over the top. The gag was Zarkof's personal design. Unlike medieval and other later designs based on the pear design, a thick covering of high-density foam surrounded the expanding components at the core of the device. It was an innovation made possible by modern honeycomb urethane products that ensured that the subject's mouth was not only prised wide open, but that every nook and cranny was filled to bursting point. i :

Zarkof continued to adjust until her cheeks were filled with compacted foam and her silencing was total. 237's face was scarlet with trauma and humiliation. The faint mewling sounds she was able to achieve merely seemed to spur Zarkof to

greater effort. It was obvious that he liked women gagged to cheek bulging excess and any coherent means of expressing disapproval effectively eradicated.

Due to her concentration on the distress caused by having her face alternately expanded by the expando gag, and then cinched and crushed by the over-banding, Helen didn't notice that 102 had been instructed to alter a hitherto unknown facility built into the skyscraper boots. A small turnbuckle adjuster between the inner faces of the heels and her soles could be foreshortened. It had a dual effect in that it not only pulled the toe region closer to her heel, but also telescoped the heel proportionally to height that matched her downward pointing toes.

Suddenly the fact that she was rising caused 237's attention to move downward, away from the cruel internal pressure of the expando gag as the new and potentially more devastating foot configuration altered her already desperate situation. She keened loudly into the gag as her feet were forcibly curved until her toes pointed straight down. See

When 102 eventually straightened from the task, Helen found herself teetering and struggling to maintain balance. She had grown some two inches in height. The heels were jacked up to a full staggering 7 inches and the boot adjusters locked so that she was perched painfully on full tiptoe. The result was a permanent ballerina stance that tautened and accentuated calf muscles, thereby enhancing her surreal rump curvature even further. This was quite apart from the disabling effect that



made her even more helpless and manageable.

Zarkof instructed that the hobble should be shortened and Helen could do nothing as yet another morsel of her bodily control was ruthlessly removed. As one of the keepers worked on the hobble, Zarkof attended to her armsheath. Already the tough pouch holding her arms in a painful back-prayer was super tight, but Zarkof felt that the over-banding needed some extra attention. Each of the three powerful straps were ratcheted still tighter until each was indented almost an inch into the thick flexy-moulded pouch. Wide-eyed, nostrils flaring, Helen moaned through the gag as her arms were crushed and cinched into virtual non-existence.

Finally, after a long inspection, and a few minor adjustments to her pussy stretching expando plug, Zarkof seemed satisfied. He was obviously enthralled by the sight of a pussy stretched and reformed to a perfect four-inch circle., Helen's pussy lips were dilated to a point where they were taut and shiny, and the head of the monstrous insert clearly demonstrated the fact that she was achingly filled and invaded.

The fact that 237, was a living woman, powerfully re-sculpted into an outrageously

provocative and diabolically uncomfortable mode seemed of little consequence to Zarkof. He had his orders from her eventual owner. Unfortunately the future owner of 237 required that she be trained, kept, and used in the most fetishly satisfying and embarrassing way possible. If her current format seemed the ultimate goal, Helen was in for a few more unwelcome surprises. This was only the start of her training. If she passed final exams, it would be as the most dehumanised and fuckable fetish object ever seen by man. 237's final role in life was to be a completely useable sex object. That much she had guessed. But the extent of her outward conversion and the tortuous manner by which she would be controlled would only become her worst nightmare at some time in the future.

“Walk!”

Zarkof's tone left no room for argument. Mewing pitifully, the gleaming rubberised effigy moved forward. It was almost a disastrous move as a radically shortened hobble snapped taut allowing her only four inches of foot travel. Zarkof smiled wickedly as she cast alarmed eyes in his direction and struggled to stay upright. “Get used to it 237, because from now on this is the only way you will move around between training sessions, and even those sessions are by and large, designed to be carried out without need to remove this outfit. From today you stay in this format, or one very similar. This is your life from now on. Each day either your keepers or I will increase the level of your training. Now WALK!”

He emphasised the command with a slashing blow of the crop to her extruded



‘bottom lobes, and 237 virtually jumped into action.

Zarkof had her traverse the long corridor back and forth at least ten times, all the time shouting instructions to wiggle her ass more or get more bounce into her tits. ‘Helen did her best to animate the tight thrusting lobes of her ass, and deliberately added a spring to the short stepping shuffle that bounced her pressurised tits painfully. ‘Twice she was brought to a stop and her buttock extrusion increased until she felt that the strummily taut lobes of her rubberised rump were sure to burst. Finally Zarkof gave a nod of approval and instructed the two keepers to continue as he walked away.

102 and 144 watched his retreating back then turned to Helen with a sort of pitying look that thinly disguised their glee. They had no choice. There was nothing they could do to help her. 102 prodded her into motion; then, unable to contain herself, made comment as 237 began her ridiculous short stepping travel.

“T have to admit 237, you do look fabulously fuckable like that, with those tight tits bouncing and your butt looking fit to explode. It makes me hot just to see you all



squeezed and sheathed in that tight rubber, all trussed and cinched up like a chicken. I don't think there is a guy alive who wouldn't get a stiffy watching you. I mean, just look at you. You're a dream toy come true. Anyone can do anything they like with you and you can't do a thing about it, can you?"

A finger wormed its way into her mincing, tightly compressed buttock cleft. Helen snorted her disapproval and growled angrily through the expando gag in an attempt to gain some morsel of respect as the searching finger found the hidden iris in her under-suit and wormed through into the orifice of her clenching butt hole. She attempted to stop and squeeze the finger out as it hooked and wriggled into her, but 102 had complete control of her with a single digit. A slight lifting of the crooked finger destroyed her precarious balance and threatened to pitch the shuffling 237 on her face. It was a case of obey, or bounce on the resilient spherical balls that were her painfully cinched tits. 237 continued forward, her movement massaging the finger powerfully between her cinched latex sheathed bottom cheeks. The rest of 102's palm was meanwhile savouring the scintillating sensation of a super tight female bottom in motion. The rubber parcelled, super-cinched 237 felt superbly smooth, firm, and compacted, and-it was really good to savour her helpless form. Both women took full advantage of her condition and availed themselves of every inch of shaped, sheathed, and compacted curve.

Helen's desperate entreaties were wasted effort. Zarkof was a master at his craft. He had taken her beyond the realms of being a mere prisoner now, and he knew that the image he had sculpted her into was simply too much from her keepers to resist. They were highly aroused by her plight and could take refuge from the feelings of guilt they would normally have felt by hiding behind Zarkof's orders to keep her thoroughly bound and gagged. It was an excuse they both could use to their advantage. Helen knew her cause was lost as the attentions of the two women became ever more constant while she struggled to move. A slashing cane across her bottom reminded her to keep the pretentious hip roll going at all times. On several occasions when staff came to watch her progress, the two keepers seemed only too pleased to oblige requests to have her perform in circles whilst they mocked her new format. They even had her obey a request to hop. 237 resisted at first, so they coupled her ankle clamps tightly together and then used goad and cane to produce the required effect.

Balled mega-taut tits jouncing, extruded bottom jiggling and flexing, Helen mewed pleadingly as she tottered around on her tiptoes, hopping madly. Tears formed in her eyes as her one time benevolent keepers temporarily succumbed to the arousal of their sadistic natures. é

More often than not, these enforced displays were with the whip stuck up her butt hole just to add insult to injury. Dozens of hands groped, squeezed, and slapped her bulging rump. Others took great delight in jiggling the ball-like breasts. It was total humiliation. The rubberised 237 sex-toy-thing had no choice but to strut or hop stiffly with all her sexual equipment blatantly displayed and sculpted to a fetish overkill that no-one seemed able to resist.

As she circled in an ordered strutting mode, Helen caught many different views of herself from the plethora of security mirrors that festooned Cairdhu's corridors. Adapting to the reality that the absurd reflection was her own wasn't easy. Her

bottom had been converted into two hugely enhanced, bulbous black, animated half melons of luxuriant male fantasy proportions, whilst her tits resembled a matched pair of shining half-sized footballs. She appeared to be armless, and her torso was reduced to a ridiculous waspish dimension. The massive waist reduction served admirably to enhance the curving flare of a female hipline and ballooning rump in a surreal display of gleaming smooth rubber, whilst her upper body seemed to explode outward into an armless inverted cone bedecked with two preposterously jiggling tit spheres. As if that wasn't enough, her encapsulated head and bulging cheeks, oddly distorted by the tight cinching gag over-band, topped the entire ensemble. The effect of 237's head gear was of course further enhanced by the flared snorting nostrils and wide pleading eyes of a thoroughly silenced woman who was desperately trying to plead for mercy.

More than once she caught sight of her keepers fondling themselves as they viewed her absurdly shaped form with lustful eyes. 102 more so than her co-conspirator 144, who apparently derived extreme pleasure from polishing the rubberized woman with a latex polish. Three times Helen was halted and polished to an ever-increasing gloss until every captivated and ultra-sculpted curve of her form glistened and glittered when she was ordered to reanimate herself.

## Chapter 10 THE TOUR

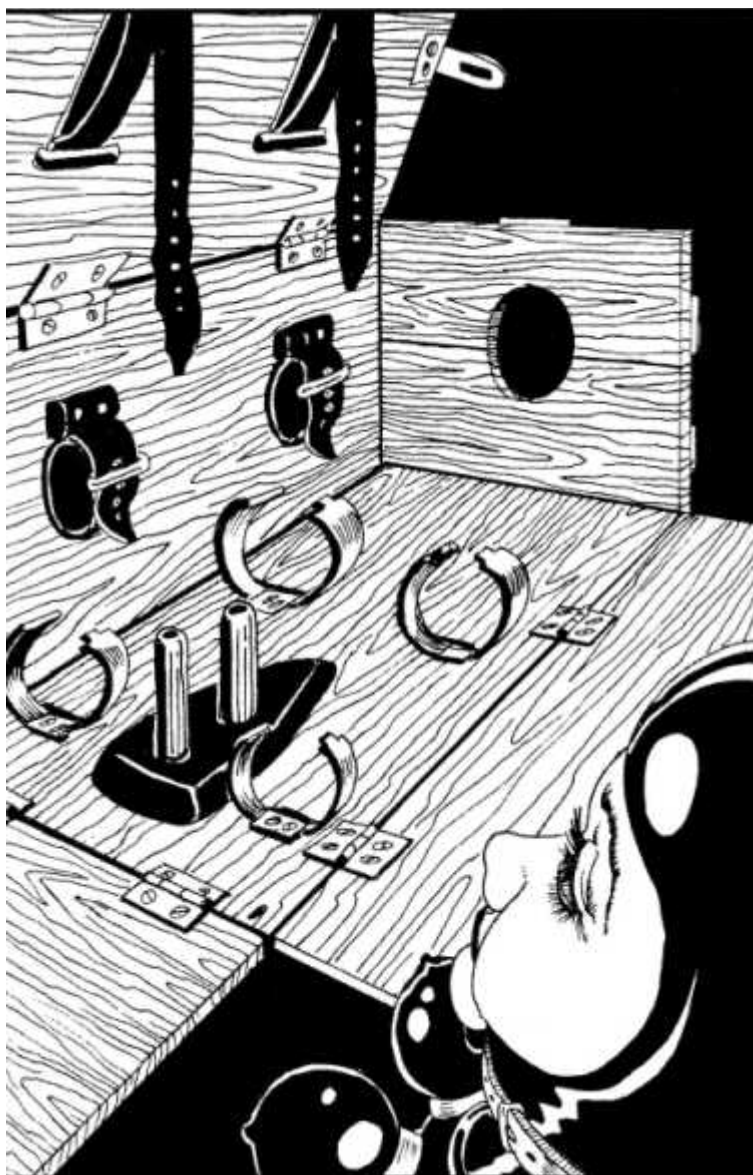
As it happened, they made a detour that morning to fetch some papers for the Doc. No doubt they could have done it anytime, but her keepers seized on yet another excuse to keep her on the move and in their care. The detour entailed passing through Zarkof's personal domain, a sombre forbidding place that formed the labyrinth layout of Cairndhu's basement. It also contained the storage facility for women who were even worse off than herself. Helen felt a chill run through her as they entered a corridor lined by steel cell doors. Each door had a number that was a lower denomination than her own and obviously housed her predecessors. Some were open and revealed austere empty interiors. She was informed that these occupants had since been shipped to oversea facilities for special psychiatric treatment. Roughly translated, it was a cover story to disguise the fact that they belonged to foreign members of the organisation. Cells 102 and 144 were also empty, and as Helen peered in, one of her keepers spoke

"Thanks to you 237, these would still be our homes if you hadn't come onto the scene. Zarkof's instructions for your training requires you getting twenty-four hour attention, and that's where we come in."

102 led her into what had been her previous abode and showed her a small crate-like container. Opened up it revealed complex interior restraints.

"I was in that thing for months on end before you arrived," She said.

Helen twisted stiffly and leaned her body forward to look down as she eyed the box and two phallic shaped columns rising from its base. It was clear that 102 could only occupy that space if she were compressed into a ball and secured tightly down, the jutting prongs buried deeply into her lower body. Hollow cores and sensors on



the outside of the phalluses informed her that they performed many tasks, waste disposal, titillation, and no doubt, punishment, at the discretion of the jailer.

“I was in one too!” 144 was standing behind her looking at the crate with some trepidation and giving her rump another polish as she spoke. Helen felt a shudder through the latex cladding of her bottom as recollections of a time as a stored object flooded back and transmitted the emotion through the hand toying with her rump. “But let’s not get all gloomy 237. Not all of the girls are crated. Some have a very interesting time whilst they await the pleasure of their owners. Come! I’ll show you a few on the way to Zarkof’s day office.” The hand finished polishing and squeezed a buttock cheek hard as she was urged forward.

Seconds later 144 halted the tottering rubber clad figurine and cast searching eyes around. Seeing no staff in the passage, she removed Helen’s expando gag. 237 made an agonised sound of relief and after working her jaw and drawing in unhampered breaths, she turned to her benefactor.

“Thanks 144. I appreciate the risk you’re taking, but can you ease off the clamps around my tits and lower the heels a bit?” Fully expecting her request to be accepted,

she offered the firm balls of her latex sheathed tits to her keeper.

144 shook her head. If Zarkof, or anyone else for that matter, saw that she had removed the gag, she would spend a week in a Tee punishment casque. To interfere with any other of the adjustments Zarkof ordered to be made would be to invite an immediate and permanent return to the crate in the cell. a

“Not a chance 237. Besides I won’t always be around, so it’s best you get used to these things now.”

Of course there was another unspoken consideration. 144 was enjoying extremely pleasant sensations as a result of the vision 237 provided. Not to mention the sadistic glee derived from the fact that she had orders to keep this fabulous woman tightly bound, provocatively sculpted, and available for any amount of personal pleasure she wanted to extract from the woman’s helplessly presented body. There was something deeply satisfying about being the keeper of such a shapely woman when she was so helpless, so completely encapsulated, tightly sheathed, powerfully cinched, and so thoroughly useable.

Sullenly Helen followed her out, and peered through the peephole indicated by 144 in the door of the next cell. Her eyes widened in recognition as she saw the occupant, and 102 confirmed her obvious recognition of the famous incarcerated female.

“Bernadette Kellin, the terrorist who bombed the shopping centre and killed five people. A judge owns her, and although she’s his pet, he has given instructions that she serves her sentence in a suitably uncomfortable manner. In fact she’s the only one in this section who wasn’t fitted up with a false criminal charge.” -

Helen stared boggle eyed at the awesome spectacle of 101’s sentence. Hanging by her ankles and hair, the ex-terrorist had been arranged to receive a punishment that matched the crime. In effect she was folded double, but her legs were spread wide and attached to a suspension bar that doubled as a spreader. Her long black hair, drawn into a single tail sprouting from the top of her head, was utilised as a secondary albeit quite painful lift point. Her arms, mated in a single sheath glove were pulled through the ‘V’ of her legs and secured to a single point in front. Chains drawn taut by turnbuckles connected a powerful waist-cinching belt to points on the floor. It was a most effective restraint that left her well positioned for the punishment side of her ordeal.

Apart from ominous wires that led to breasts, neck, and something buried in her extremely vulnerable butt hole, there was a huge mechanised cane poised and aimed . at her wide spread crotch. Gagged to mouth bursting levels with a massive ball, 101 was staring at the cane with morbid fascination.

Even outside the cell they could, all hear a loud ticking, and Helen turned to 102 seeking an explanation.

“Don’t you get it? A punishment for the crime. That thing resets itself, then goes off at random. She has to listen to the ticking all day long, never knowing when it will go off. Sometimes she gets it three or four times a day, sometimes ten times. It’s completely random. Of course she gets her ass and tits fried by the electric shock at the same time. That lasts about five minutes, then the whole thing resets and she has to suffer the wait all over again.” 102 grimaced as she described the punishment. “I’m glad I only had a light pussy whacking. Compared to the speed of that pussy cane mine was ——!”

THWACK!

Helen jumped back as the cane suddenly released with a ferocity that defied description. By the time she had clapped her eye to the peephole again, the audible sounds of punishment were penetrating the thick door. The woman was thrashing violently as she suffered the massive searing burn of her caned pussy and endured body jolting shocks through her most tender areas. The cane only made a single stroke, but the severity of the blow was more than sufficient to make up for the absence of repeated strokes. 144 expanded on Helen's knowledge of the terrorist Kellin.



“She only comes down for feeding and toileting, then they put her back up. As it happens the Judge is on holiday now, so she hasn't had a break for over a month.” For a few moments, they studied the traumatised woman, and then 144 snapped a leash to her captive and jerked her forward.

They were nearing the end of the corridor, and 144 reached up and reinserted the expando gag before they left the privacy of Zarkof's dungeon. Helen was just about to speak and her mouth was already open. Even before she saw it coming,

the devilish expando gag was already halfway inserted. She grunted as 144 shoved it deeply into her mouth and tried to shake her head, but 144 was determined to ensure that the mouth jacking and over-banding was just as tight and effective when 237 re-appeared, as when they had entered. 237 tried to turn away, but 102 decided to give her partner a hand. The finger returned to her butt hole and lifted. Like a hooked fish, Helen ceased her struggling and accepted the inevitable. Ignoring the diminishing protests of a mouth rapidly filling with expanding pear gag, 144 cranked the adjuster and watched with an experienced eye as Helen's jaw was forced apart and her cheeks filled. The over-band lip compression cinch was applied, and a final twist of the external adjuster bulged the internal section yet more and compressed Helen's lips and lower face tightly into the confining strap retainer.

\_ Bug eyed and cheeks bulging fit to burst, 237 shook her head violently, at the same time wriggling pitifully on the hooked finger that was threatening to dump her on her tits. It was a wasted effort. 144 simply waited until her partner withdrew and laid the cane across 237's exposed butt as she urged her forward. Helen felt her world disintegrating around her as she perceived a steadily increasing level of sadistic control from the women she had come to look upon as possible saviors. Each time they returned her to a silenced bound toy status, the level of restriction stepped up a notch.

Helen cast admonishing eyes at the keepers. It was then that 102 seemed to make a mental decision and spoke.

"Look 237, there's nothing we can do to help you, so we might as well enjoy you while we can. There's absolutely nothing you can do to stop us, and it's not often anyone gets the chance to play with something like you. They're going to turn you into a controllable sex doll no matter how much you resist. There's no going back. The moment you signed that form at the prison you sealed your own fate. Sooner or later you will be converted into whatever they have in mind for you, and anything we do is neither here nor there. Besides, if the rumours about what your new owner is going to do with you are correct, you'd best look on all this as a holiday."



She didn't enlighten Helen as to the rumours, and instead she drew closer to the glistening rubberised woman, her hands sliding everywhere at once as she savoured the sensation of total power over a ruthlessly re-shaped and bound female. A moist-eyed Helen tried to pull away, and 144 callously tightened her tit clamps even more as a warning.

237 snorted loudly through flaring nostrils and strained against the posture collar in order to look down at the resultant rock-hard spherical balls of her latex sheathed breasts. The two keepers merely smiled wickedly and 102 slapped the bursting rubberised orbs from side to side like a pair of punch balls.

"Getting the message 237?" Helen's head moved in the minutest of nods. Anything else was impossible whilst bound and sculpted as ruthlessly as she was.

"Then perhaps now is the time to tell you that Zarkof has given us permission to butt-fuck you any time we want. That's why your replacement rig has a nice little opening. We don't even have to release you and risk you putting up a fight. We can bend you over a bench, strap you down, and fuck your brains out anytime we

want.”

Helen sensed a new awareness of her plight. Her lewdly reshaped butt, and in fact her whole body, seemed to take on a whole new conscious level of vulnerability. Rubber sheathed, polished, squeezed, displayed, tightly bound, and gagged, she knew that a horny keeper with a strap-on dildo could do as she wished with her. The reality that she was helplessly displayed in manner calculated to nurture instant arousal in any that looked upon her didn't help. She was little more than a lust generator. : |

As the stiffened super-sculpted statuette of womanhood was led painfully away, the sounds of muffled sobbing and a loud ticking permeated the door. It would seem that the tough Bernadette had met her match as the time to her next installment of pain ticked away. However, that was Bernadette's problem, Helen had her own plight to consider as she came face to face with the apparatus that was to be her next ordeal.

## Chapter 11 THE BELLOWS

237 stopped dead in her tracks and attempted to back up against the finger still buried in her butt hole. But 102 held firm and spoke in her ear. :

“We call it ‘The Bellows,’ 237. Zarkof developed it as an all purpose exerciser and body toner. You'll love it Helen. Well, maybe not, but then there isn't a lot you can do about that is there?” ;

Helen made some pleading noises, but neither of her keepers seemed to notice. Instead they pushed her over to the fiendish device that resembled a circular heap of black reinforced rubber situated between two shining steel columns. Helen resisted as best she could when they indicated she should step into the center, but it was a futile gesture and a hooked butt hole finger urged her forward.

102 stooped and close-coupled her ankle hobbles using a built-in facility that converted them to an effective pair of ankle stocks. This in turn was connected via two turnbuckle adjusters to the floor on either side.

Trembling with fear, 237 strained at her bonds as 144 busied herself with a strange two-piece circular neck yoke, hinged at one side so as to open and allow Helen's agonisingly stretched and postured neck into the center, and fit snugly once closed. Surprisingly it seemed to be padded with a tubular silicone seal on the inner edge, and although it gripped her neck with what later turned out to be a hermetic seal, it was comfortable. Helen was under no delusion that it might be a design feature for her benefit.

She felt pressure at her knees, and it dawned on her that some sort of steel banding clamp was being added to complete the welding of her legs into a single mermaid - style appendage. A moment later, there was the sensation of something being connected to the massive dildo in her pussy. In fact it was a telescopic, spring-loaded pole that was mounted on the base. She felt the dildo slide out and then become firmly fixed with the first inch stretching her pussy lips. Helen was still trying to work out how this would affect her when she realised that both her keepers were beginning to lift the circle of rubber.

As it rose around her, Helen could see by looking across to the mirror-tiled wall of





the gym that it was in fact a huge tube. In addition, as the rubber unfolded it revealed a series of steel bands attached at intervals to its outer surface. The bands had two opposite sliders that run on the steel columns, and as it rose, they slide smoothly upward until equally spaced up the length of her body.

The yoke collar now made sense. It was a special hermetic clamp to seal the top of the rubber tube. 102 was busily feeding the beaded edge of the tube into a groove around the circumference as 144 waited, her hand on a small lever built into the collar.

As soon as all the rubber was fed in and they were satisfied that it was evenly arranged, 144 snapped the lever down, and the beaded edge was clamped tightly, sealing the straining body of 237 into a column of strong hermetically sealed rubber. Helen mewed and protested with her eyes as they busied themselves adding a strange hood type device with pipes attached. As the straps drew the thing tight over her face, she could smell the pungency of the air that had been drawn through rubber. Clearly her only air supply was passing through the tube leading to her face.

102 grinned as she saw the look of realisation in the captive's eyes, a look that grew more profound as 144 opened a valve somewhere behind. There was a hiss of air, and Helen felt the surrounding all encompassing tube stir and begin to fill. It took only seconds for the rubber to fill and become taut, and a panic-stricken look across to the mirrored wall revealed that her sculpted form had yet again been endowed with a new silhouette. Instead of the surreal fetish outline of an impossible hourglass figure, 237 had been converted into a tall indented tubular sausage. The pressure increased until it was having a noticeable effect on her breathing effort, but mercifully 144 deemed that was enough and closed the valve.

Neither of the women had said anything for a minute or two as they checked over the entire arrangement.

Suddenly 144 was standing in front of her, and 237 looked questioningly into her eyes.

“Okay 237. This is how it works. In a minute I'll set this valve,” she pointed to a small square valve mounted in Helen's breather line. Concentrating on the device, — Helen could see that the large breather tube passed straight through it. In addition a — smaller tube ran from the side and down to the base of her cylindrical rubber confinement.

“It's a servo valve. In other words it will stay closed until pressure in the small pipe allows it to open. I can adjust that pressure, and for now it is set fairly low. But once you get warmed up we can alter that.”



Helen was in a state of panic. The only part that had registered in her brain was that the valve would rob her of the means to breathe. However, the rational part of her brain was telling her that suffocation wasn't on the itinerary. The organisation and Zarkof had put far too much into her procurement and training to simply snuff her out. ; ' :

"In order to open the valve, all you have to do is squat. That will increase the pressure in the bellows and open the valve. Simple, isn't it?" 144 paused to allow 237 time to absorb that, and then flipped the servo valve control lever over. Instinctively, Helen held her breath. For almost a minute she strained and heaved, but eventually her breath whooshed from the one-way vent valve in the face mask. Instantly her struggles became demoniacal as the natural desire to breathe in was thwarted by a firmly closed servo valve. Her face went scarlet as she battled to breathe, and then the rational part of her thinking took over and processed 144's words.

Bending her legs, Helen found that if she exerted extreme effort she could squat down. It was a move that met increasing resistance as the cylinder of rubber

pressurised even more, but suddenly her starved lungs received a rush of life giving air as the servo valve reacted and snapped open. Helen gratefully allowed the pressure of the cylinder to lift and straighten her again. It was only then that the full impact of Zarkof's evil design became apparent. Unless she maintained a repetitive squat and straighten cycle, she couldn't breathe. Staying squatted was not an option as the compressed cylinder of air quickly overcame her strength. But there was another problem.

As she squatted, the spring pressure of the telescopic pole shoved the dildo deep into her pussy. Then, as she continued downward, the pole telescoped, compressing the spring and increasing the powerful burying force of the dildo considerably, jamming the flared base of the thing tightly into her crotch, squashing her clitoris and flattening the fleshy lobes of her love lips.

So she could breathe, but at the cost of continually fucking herself on a gigantic pussy stretching dildo. Helen gasped and screamed silently into the expando gag as she impaled and filled herself for the third time. A dry pussy and an oversize dildo wasn't her idea of fun, especially when the friction was forcing her labial lips inwards, and then dragging them out in a huge pout with each reversal of direction. 102 and 144 stood back and watched as the black rubber sausage bellows began to pump up and down with rhythmical timing, stretching to full height, and then expanding into a series of bulging curves as the squatting motion foreshortened the



rubber cylinder that resembled a giant phallic accordion. Helen was getting the hang of it. But then as her perception of the effort required to maintain her breathing became apparent, her muffled cries for mercy increased accordingly.

102 glanced at 144 and spoke. -  
“Time for the silencer helmet I think.” 144 nodded.

237’s eyes widened with fear as a heavy glass bell jar was lifted and lowered over her head, and as she pumped up and down, Helen could feel the thing being screwed down onto a thread on the neck yoke. Through the slight green hue of thick heavy glass, she could see the distorted image of two smiling keepers.

Outside Helen’s world of glass encapsulation and her own loud protesting pleas, the gym was filled with only the sounds of creaking rubber and a steady pssst! pssst! of air hissing through a valve. With her head sealed inside the bell jar, Helen’s last vestige of complaint was effectively removed.

The keepers watched for a few moments to ensure that 237 was operating smoothly,

and then 102 opened the feed valve and bled more air into the main bellows container. The rhythm of the device slowed for a second or two as Helen struggled to adjust herself to the extra effort it now required to work against the increased pressure, then the motion resumed its constant rhythm.

“Time for breakfast 102?” It was more of a suggestion than a question. “I think we can leave 237 to exercise and fuck herself now don’t you?” 102 nodded, and to the horror of the female phallic accordion called 237, they walked out of the gym. Terror flooded through 237 as the full impact of her predicament blossomed in her mind. The previous day’s events were traumatic, but not life threatening. This device was a whole different and sinister escalation of Zarkof’s training. Already her thighs and calves were aching. The heat was building inside the relatively static air of the bellows, and her body was sweating profusely inside the clinging tightness of her rubber under-suit. In addition, her pussy was lubricating as a result of the enforced stimulation. That had its good points and bad points. Lubrication eased the friction, but it also made the sensation so much more erotic. 237 was already on the verge of a massive, horribly unwanted orgasm as she helplessly pumped her pussy on the huge intruder.

Another session of crazed desperate effort flooded through Helen’s form, and for several minutes she wasted precious energy straining and heaving against her bonds. Twice she forgot to squat, and twice the means to breathe in was taken away from her. Then, the first of many orgasms struck, robbing her limbs of strength and



freezing her at the top of her cycle in a column of quivering orgasmic fervor. She was robbed of the means to breathe by her own bodily betrayal.

The rubber of the bellows shivered and even seemed to expand as a result of her titanic convulsions. A mixture of orgasmic thrashing and the futile straining effort to escape as her own deeply hidden masochistic arousal fuelled the orgasm to cataclysmic levels and engineered her own self suffocation. Cheeks bulging, face scarlet with exertion, eyes bugging out, 237 fought desperately to regain control of her body.

Eventually the orgasm waned. Only then was she able to compose herself and settle down to the task of staying alive.

In a distant study Zarkof smiled and leaned back from the monitor feeding her image to his desktop. With a deft foot action he swung the pivoted leather bound chair and faced the two other occupants of the room.

Nice job girls. Now I have to go out for a few hours, so I'll leave you two to keep an eye on 237.

102 and 144 strained their eyes sideways and cast worried eyes at each other. Neither could speak nor move as both were tightly ensconced in 'Pichard' cages. Zarkof had intercepted them on their way to breakfast. Unfortunately he was a fan of the French bondage artist and many of the inmates had a distant Frenchman to thank for the many devices they found themselves in. The Pichard cage was one of the most feared and diabolically uncomfortable of them all, and Zarkof had decided to put two of them to use. Part of the conversation between 237 and her keepers had been caught on a video soundtrack and handed to him by security. It was enough to breed doubt as to the so called 'accident' Bulstrode had encountered. Until such time as he had time to investigate, 102 and 144 were to be 'deactivated.'

Stuffed in all three orifices with immovable dildos that were an integral part of each cage, and boxed inside heavy steel bars that held them compressed and folded, the two keepers under suspicion had no chance of taking pity and possibly releasing the woman encapsulated in the bellows. All they could do was watch and hope that





Zarkof returned soon. They had a vested interest in the pumping effigy 237, assuming she survived. Zarkof had promise to let them strap her down and butt fuck her to their hearts content as soon as she finished her exercise period in the bellows. Also assuming of course that he was unable to prove they had something to do with Bulstrode's accident. In that event, they would probably never leave the Pichard cages and would be sold as-is to some distant third world brothel.

But being the benevolent chap he was, and purporting to be a supporter of the concept of innocent until proven guilty, Zarkof had even had their cages pedestal mounted at desk top level so as to enable them to watch the progress of their captive charge. Of course there was an ulterior motive. Desk height was also cock height. 144 felt the massive dildo in her pussy being unscrewed and withdrawn. Seconds later Zarkof's rigid dick ploughed into her vulnerable pussy. She mmmphed around the dildo gag, partly from the shock of absorbing a massive violent influx of male pole, and partly from the pain her natural reflex created. Her protesting butt hole was still deeply impaled on the unyielding second dildo. As she jerked in response to his forceful entry, the stiff peg in her bottom reminded her that she was firmly and painfully affixed between two remaining locators, one in her ass, and one in

her mouth.

Zarkof fucked her unmercifully. No doubt the rampant bar-stiff erection was as a result of watching 237 in the bellows. Whatever the cause, 144 could only wait and hope for a short session as he used her like a masturbatory aid. As it transpired, Zarkof wanted to prolong the pleasure, and several times at the point of ejaculation, he partially withdrew and allowed the surging rise of orgasm to subside.

102 meanwhile was treated to a symphony of humphing gasps as Zarkof pumped and reamed the caged woman with fiendish abandon. 144 was reduced to little more than a caged block of warm female, with a hole in it. The cages were no more than 3 feet long and 18 inches square, a dimension that required three assistants to help Zarkof pack them in and get the doors shut.

Eventually Zarkof must have lost it, because 102 heard her partner's hummphs take on a much more distressed level of explosive force as he slammed into her powerfully for the final strokes. Out of the corner of her eye, 102 could see the crimson hued face, and a reflection on the screen of the monitor even relayed a vision of a cubic woman expanding and bulging through the bars of her confinement. ; That was the limit of her movement as Zarkof rutted away in the vulnerable rear end of her folded form.

Without a word, he withdrew, screwed the massive dildo back into 144, locked it into position and left the two pitifully occupied Pichard cages perched on their pedestals. Both women knew better than to make any sound aimed at gaining sympathy. Whatever they did, they knew that Zarkof would keep them caged and use them in any way he wanted, and there was nothing they could do about it. Movement in a Pichard cage was absolutely impossible. The compression of heavy steel bars and configuration of the invading spikes buried deeply into the three orifices of their bodies ensured that they would remain motionless and completely imprisoned. The deep holes in a woman's body were sometimes a curse, and this was one of those times. They made perfect dowel holes to insert shafts that would prevent even the slightest movement without pain.

The women resigned themselves to a long and extremely uncomfortable wait. It was Wednesday, and Zarkof never missed his mid-week all-day golfing appointment. If they were lucky he might skip the usual evening booze up at the clubhouse and return to deal with the inquiry. If not, they would remain be caged until he arrived back late in the evening. Given that he usually arrived back half drunk, the chances were that he would leave them caged until morning sooner than bother himself with minor matters before going to bed. The women had little to do other than watch the screen of the monitor and hope that they were found innocent. The other scenario didn't even bear thinking about. A guilty verdict would entail them remaining compressed, cubed, and caged for a long time whilst Zarkof allowed the entire staff full usage of their available forms prior to their shipping.

Three floors below, the bellows device pumped monotonously. Vented air pulsing from the breather tubes, and the rubber cylinder foreshortened and bulged obscenely with each squatting cycle. Unlike the initial movements, 237 had learned to complete a full stroke with each cycle. Zarkof had paid the struggling bellows a visit and switched to a new valve arrangement. The pressure operated servo was still the same, but another valve that vented Helen's breathing to the atmosphere required

that she return to a full straight position before it switched over. Failure to reach that position resulted in the air being vented into the cylindrical containment each time she breathed out. In effect she was increasing the pressure she had to work against herself, and it rapidly became clear to Helen that if it increased much more, she would never have the strength to squat against the pressure of the bellows.

Accordingly, she would suffocate.

Inside the seemingly innocent telescoping cylinder of rubber, a sweating straining hell existed. Apart from the pleading face in that glass dome, nothing other than a silently oscillating column and smoothly sliding column guides gave any impression to reveal it was anything other than a piece of machinery. -

Zarkof had been kind. After adding the programming that required a full stroke, he had oiled her slides. However the effect on Helen was less than helpful. Zarkof's lack of compassion, the image of an engineer oiling a steam engine, and the sudden easing of a rasping slider as he dripped oil onto his invention. It all conspired to produce a devastating masochistic reaction in the human core of the oscillating device as she was relegated to a piece of inanimate machinery.

Several minutes of fiddling with adjustments to valves until his pulsing female-powered bellows achieved a smooth running cycle simply added to that realisation. All the pleading looks and desperate straining at her bonds were wasted on Zarkof. Besides he couldn't even hear her pitiful mewing pleas through the thick glass. Three times Helen treated Zarkof to an orgasmic demonstration, made all the more powerful by Zarkof's presence and the fact that he was calmly tuning her to achieve maximum performance. His evil leering face appeared before her glass encased head, taunting her. He was adding more drops of oil to her sliders so as to make it easier for her to fuck herself to orgasm in a self-renewing masochistic loop of cause and event.

Adjusted to perfection, the bellows were left to function. 237 either performed or suffered the consequences. In addition, Helen knew that she could expect no help from her normal keepers. Another monitor placed nearby relayed their current boxed condition, and the constant automatic switching of cameras to display different angles on a two minute cycle appraised her of their incredibly tight cage confinement. Zoomed views of buttocks, creased and indented by bars were replaced by visions of impaled orifices, or alternatively scarlet strained faces and stretched lips suckling on deep-throated steel dildo gags. A pre-programmed zoom-out revealed the diabolically small nature of the box like prisons. Helen knew she could expect no help from that quarter. Neither of those women could move as much as a millimeter. For a while the urge to try and break free from her nightmare returned. She strained, writhed, heaved, and struggled against the unyielding cinches and compression of her personal custom designed body bondage, but eventually, realising the hopelessness of escape, Helen settled down to a steady beat.

The corset-like body former didn't help at all. Its extra length robbed her of some flexibility. But then flexibility was hardly its design function. Converting her torso into a creditable wasp like facsimile, squeezing her tits and butt into outrageous profile was. The all over rubber sheath of the under-suit merely served to seal in massive amounts of body heat. As a result, 237 was swimming in a sea of her own sweat. It was a devilish device that not only exercised her to destruction and bounced her tits painfully with each reversal, but had all the added benefits of a sauna bath. For the umpteenth time, the bulldozing dildo forced its way into her consciousness

as it pumped her lower body full of lustful sensation. Despite her best efforts to ignore the constant stimulating effect of having her pussy stuffed and stretched on a regular basis, she stiffened and orgasmed powerfully, her body convulsing against the cinching restraints. It was going to be a long one, and 237 steeled herself to withstand the unavoidable loss of her breathing facility as the paroxysms of pleasure ran their course.

It was getting worse. Each successive orgasm held her longer in its grasp as the day wore on. For a full fifty seconds the current sexual betrayal stilled the pumping female accordion until the face in the bell jar was purple and bug-eyed. Unseen within the confines of the bellows, the tightly cinched and sculpted body quivered and strained in the grip of an uncontrollable tidal wave of masochistic energy. Helen was powerless once again in orgasm, as her muscles quivered and froze in a paroxysm of pleasure. Pumping the bellows was an impossibility. Her spherical tits heaved and grew harder still, nipples took on the properties of rock, and arms

strained pitifully against the sheath device that held them immovably positioned and deeply indented where the powerful over-banding straps crushed them against her back. But the orgasms refused to be denied.

Twelve miles away, Zarkof consulted his watch as they completed the eighteenth hole. Colleagues urged him to join them in the clubhouse, and after a brief prompting, Zarkof shrugged and agreed. It was 5 p.m. The staff at Cairndhu would be finished by now, and besides, the three he was personally supervising today, 237, 144, and 102 were all taken care of, locked either in his private study or training room, and is none of them could do anything to alter their status. :

. 237 would be nearing the end of her physical tolerance, but that hardly mattered. At 5:30 the safety device would cut in and pulses of electricity between the connections on her ankles and neck would ensure that Project 237 maintained her pumping action until he had time to switch her off. She would have no choice as the carefully calibrated reversing current took control of her beleaguered muscles. Zarkof grinned to himself as he imagined the effect on 237 at the moment the device took charge and the first totally unexpected bolts of electricity jerked her upright then jackknifed her in quick succession. The same electrical devices would also operate a valve in her massive dildo. Until now, the pussy-filling monolith had been a dormant device. Once the electronic muscle control took over it would come to life. A small valve in the outer cap would open, and each time 237 squatted and increased the bellows pressure, air would rush in and pump the thing to almost twice its current size. It was an evil device of his own design. The bellow's pressure wasn't sufficient to achieve the required effect. But a system of miniature pneumatic intensifiers would quadruple the pressure of the in-rushing air. The more 237 squatted down, the bigger it got so that it was growing inside her, even as she was being forced down upon it by the irresistible current.

Reclining in a soft, luxuriously comfortable chair in the club's bar Zarkof raised his glass in a toast to the victor of the day's round of golf. As he did so his eyes strayed to the wall clock as the minute hand flipped from 5:30 to 5:31. He felt a surge of warmth in his crotch as the distant 237 became the most controlled and well fucked female at Cairndhu.

When Zarkof eventually strolled into the training room at Cairndhu later that night, it was almost 11:45. As he opened the door, and even before he sighted 237, he knew by the steady pulsing hiss that all was as it should be.

At first the glazed eyes inside that glass dome didn't register his presence as he circled the bellows. Then as he stood facing pumping cylinder of torment, Helen finally became aware that she had company. Bloodshot pleading eyes locked with his own, but he just smiled in response. 237 faltered slightly, and a savage bolt of electricity quickly jerked her down on the next stroke. For almost 12 hours she had been pumping her pussy on that monstrous dildo, and it wasn't getting any less traumatic.

Despite her best pleading looks to glean a morsel of mercy from the smirking Zarkof, he kept her pumping for another five minutes before reaching forward to disengage the electro-muscle control. He was obviously enjoying the spectacle, and a booze dulled perception blinded him to the fact that 237 was dangerously near to total collapse.

With a sigh, 237 came to a stop. Without the electro stimulation her limbs were already far beyond the ability to produce any movement. The glass encased face steadily assumed a deeper shade of purple as Zarkof fumbled with the complex dome seal. With her body at an exhausted standstill, Helen's air supply was effectively cut off.

He lifted it clear, and the air filled with desperate sounds as Helen fought to draw breath past the closed valves in her mouth and nose sealing gag.

Zarkof released the straps and jerked the tubular oral device and its cheek sealing surrounds clear. 237 gasped loudly as she thankfully dragged unhampered air into her oxygen starved lungs, for the first time in hours unhampered by various methods of control.

The relief was short lived. Within seconds Zarkof stuffed her mouth with a standard pear gag leaving her with snorting flared nostrils as the only means to continue catching up on denied breathing.

Any hopes of an early release from the bellows were snuffed by the sound of pressurised air hissing through hoses. The bellows sprang up to full height, stretching her body, and then commenced to harden as the pressure increased.

Keening past the gag, Helen strained and struggled as she was drawn taut and vibrantly stiffened by the powerful cylinder of high pressure air.

Zarkof finally grunted approval as she reached a point just prior to her head being ripped off. A few punches directed at the ballooned rubber of the bellow's satisfied his requirements. It was hard to the touch. There was no way 237 could achieve even a minute amount of flexing.

With a quick smirk at her strained face he was gone. To his thinking, there was time enough to extricate 237 in the morning.

Helen moved the only thing she could and swivelled her eyes to the mirror tiles on the wall to her left. The flexible bellows had ceased to exist. In its place was a stiff column of rubber that resembled a black metal cylinder more than a medium constructed of pliable rubber. Meanwhile, inside the tube, her toes had left the ground and were now poised uselessly a quarter-inch from Mother Earth. The immense stretching power of the tube was lifting her trussed form and stretching her taut between steel fettered ankles and her yoked neck. The lifting force acting on her chin was enormous.

It was going to be a long night, and all she had to look forward to was yet more trauma in whatever form Zarkof chose to be her next training session.

Zarkof settled back into his luxurious bed and smiled to himself as his mind ran over events of the past few days. The training of 237 was progressing rapidly. Already she was a master at the art of erotic movement, and without doubt, the planned resculpting to a surreal fetish object had gone well. Her tortuously

compressed and reshaped body was rapidly adapting to the new demands. Only six : days had passed since the prisoner arrived at Cairndhu, and in that short time she had become an erotic rubber sheathed plaything that was at that very moment stored and ready for whatever use her owners desired. As an alcohol induced sleep crept over him, Zarkof's thoughts wandered to the two Pichard cages in his study. He doubted that there would be any evidence forthcoming to prove guilt in the matter of Bulstrode's fractured skull. But that didn't prevent him exacting some sort of punishment on the grounds of suspicion. To hell with the concept of innocent until proven guilty. 102 and 144 looked so diabolically controlled and : uncomfortable. He had a mind to keep them caged and tightly cubed for the rest of : the week just for the hell of it. His mind was made up. They would stay caged until the end of the week and then perhaps two days in the 'T' moulds for good measure. An idea using all three of the currently traumatised females of the day was forming in his mind, and it required that all three be ensconced in the terribly strained 'T' format.

## Chapter 13 CHANGE OF PLAN

As it turned out, Zarkof's ideas became fact for another reason, albeit somewhat modified. When the post arrived next morning. Bill Nealy, current owner of 237, had sold out to none other than Sheik Ben Halliman Sulliman, the III. 7 Sulliman, having obtained pictures and videos of 237, made an offer Bill simply couldn't refuse. \$6,000,000 for a woman was a world record. But then Sulliman's oil rich empire earned him more than \$70 million a day, so a mere \$6 million was pocket change to him. Bill reasoned that he could finance the procurement of at least ten women to replace 237 with that sort of money.

Zarkof felt a shudder run through him as he envisaged 237's future. Sulliman's . tastes and the methods he used in keeping his collection of females was well known within the select circle of owners. Sulliman was a rare breed of bondage sadist who's sole pleasure was derived from binding women into the most contorted and excruciating formats, or placing them in devices of extreme torment for long periods of time. It was rumoured that he was impotent, and that his only form of gratification came from simply looking at the unfortunate bound women littering his palace. People with first hand knowledge who had actually visited Sulliman's home spoke of literally dozens of such exhibits at any given time. Any who were not in use were kept in a vault. Rows of small safes that could only accommodate a female form if it were folded and compressed lined both sides of the vault. There was no escape and no movement for a bound woman locked inside. These personal prisons had three-inch thick reinforced steel walls and a combination lock. The only aperture was a small breather hole, which was vented through a sound absorbing filter. In most cases it took the combined strength of two or three people to pack and cram the folded female into her storage facility. The vault itself was truly a bank vault with a huge twelve-inch thick door, and a timer lock. It pleased Sulliman to think of his women stored in safety deposit boxes like valuable possessions rather than actual people.

Maintenance was of course fully automatic. Feeding and waste removal was done by machine, and each safe was connected via tubes to either vacuum or pumping mechanisms. Inside those silent steel boxes, Sulliman's embryonically stored possessions were serviced, sometimes for weeks on end without ever seeing the

light of day. Each safety deposit box had a picture of the occupant on the front, -and it was common knowledge that Sulliman visited the vault to inspect each and every safe once a day to remind himself of the compacted curvaceous contents. A frown creased Zarkof's forehead as he re-read the letter. It wasn't confined to the purchase of one item. 144 and 102 were also visible in a video that was general release version to the members of the group that had been filmed in Bulstrode's gymnasium. Sulliman had contacted each owner with an offer of \$1,500,000 for each of them. Both owners leapt at the offer. After all, with that sort of cash, they could have the organisation supply two or three new toys each. Zarkof turned to the tightly caged pair on the opposite side of the desk and felt pangs of pity for them. Their current predicament was relatively luxurious to the one he now had no choice but to consign them both to. Sulliman's instructions were clear. Training started immediately, delivery was expected within two months.

His mandate was simple. He was to convert all three purchases into living bundles of subservient female tissue, capable of withstanding almost unbelievable hardship and trauma, yet still retaining usability and beauty. Sulliman usually kept his toys in useable condition for up to ten years before archiving them in his cryogenically preserved collection. The Sulliman gallery was world renowned amongst aficionados of bound females.

Zarkof sighed. For some odd reason the three women in question had nurtured a weird fondness in him. Normally he never allowed himself to become emotionally attached to a subject under training. Yet it peeved him to think of these three nubile curvaceous forms one day being bound into an excruciating format and then frozen solid for permanent display. His hand reached out to pat the taut curvature of 102's caged rump, and it seemed odd to imagine such a superb piece of human engineering frozen so hard that she would shatter like glass if dropped.

His finger reamed the tight pink anal orifice and the cage-cubed female squirmed slightly. Her curvaceous folded form bulged delightfully through the tight compressive bar structure of her confinement, but that was the only sign of dissent. In seconds Zarkof developed a massive erection that needed urgent relief. It took him but a few seconds to rise from his chair and remove the huge dildo blocking his intended target. Dropping his trousers he thrust the throbbing pole of his manhood deeply into the cube of helpless female and heard a sharp intake of breath as her tender pussy was stretched massively by his intrusion. For several minutes he rutted away, savouring the arousing sounds of mmmpphing disapproval from the cramped aching form, but her complaints only served to inflate his plundering shaft to even greater levels of expansion. The compacted, steel-contained sex toy couldn't move a muscle to avoid the ravishment of her offered openings, but it was nice to feel her trying.

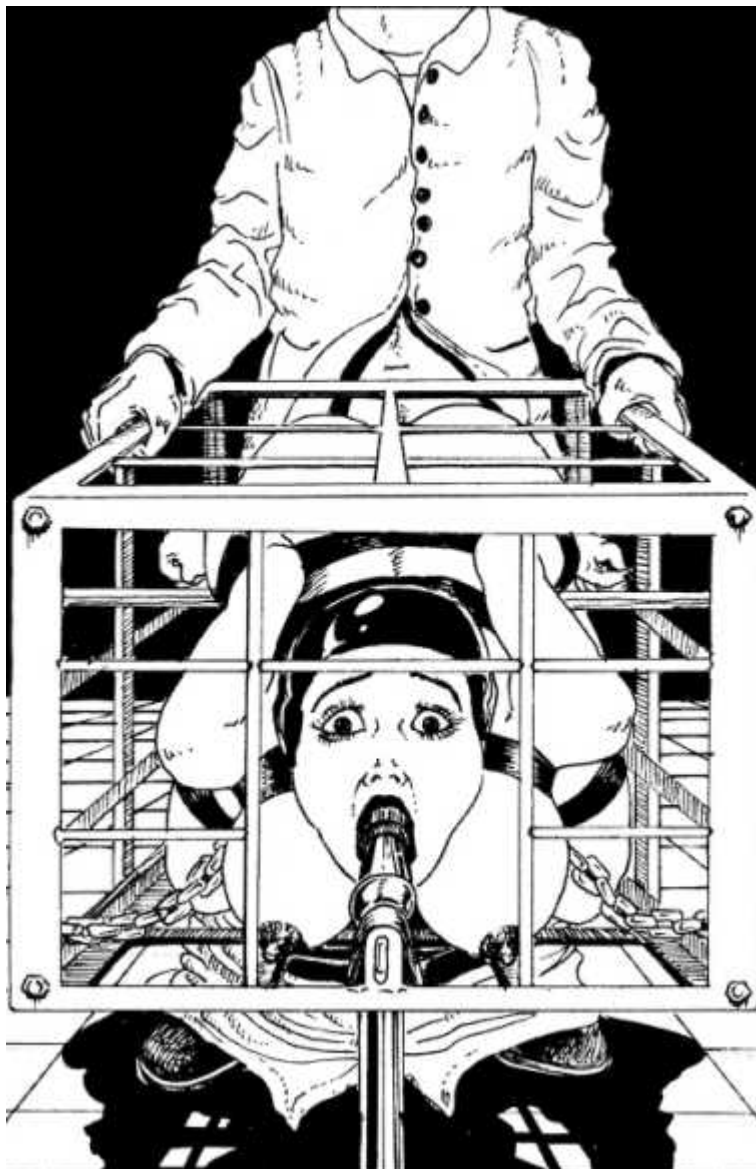
Zarkof eased the rapid power-thrusting tempo and looked down. It was fun to fuck the caged woman slowly and deliberately, and even more fun to watch his lubricated glistening shaft sliding deeply into the defenceless pussy. The taut folded rump bulged and writhed in futile effort, and the invaded pussy swelled and pouted as it was stretched and filled. Offered in total surrender it had no choice but to suckle his manhood. He could see her toes curling as she fought to escape the tight crushing restrictions of the cage. It was all wasted effort. On all sides the steel bars were deeply indented into her compressed body. There simply was no room to move even a millimeter to avoid the plundering male shaft. She was a warm pulsing female hole to masturbate himself in.

102's mmmpphing protests grew in volume as the usage continued unabated. She

was stiff and sore from her all night incarceration, and having to suffer a prolonged : and powerful fucking whilst still confined hardly eased her trauma. Desperately she tried to move her head and escape the inch-thick dildo stuffed into her mouth, but the fact that it penetrated some four inches into her throat merely added to her : helpless plight by holding her neck stiff and unyielding. 102 was effectively spitted between her butt hole and gag dildos. The dual effects of spitting and caged compression ensured that her beleaguered pussy remained firmly positioned at all times.

Zarkof exploded into the compacted bundle of womanhood with a series of violently thrusting strokes that penetrated to her core. Then pausing whilst buried to the hilt, he stiffened and savoured the exquisite sensations of her hot writhing rump against his pubic bone.

A desperately unwanted symbiotic orgasm ripped through the caged woman, and



Zarkof grinned to himself as the grasping pussy contracted powerfully on his waning



dick. The form of 102 swelled as if about to explode and her crushed body bulged obscenely through the bars as titanic convulsions of orgasmic power lent strength to her struggles to escape the confines of the diabolical Pichard cage. For almost five minutes the tight cube of femininity pulsed and strained as the internal eruption slowly waned.

It seemed a shame to part with such a desirable piece of fuckable female, but no matter what Zarkof felt personally towards 102, he was a true professional. Training would start within a few hours. The equipment for stage one of Sulliman's training schedule was already arriving by the truckload. Some had even arrived overnight, and was at this moment being put together down in the courtyard. Zarkof withdrew and left the caged woman to drain. Exhausted and wobbly legged he sat down heavily and swivelled the chair back to the desk as he flicked a monitor on. A second later the screen filled with an image and the monstrosity at the center of the yard swam into view. It was almost completed. Time to start getting the women ready.

237 would need to be installed first, and seeing as the section intended for her was already completed, Zarkof gave instructions to have her removed from the overnight embrace of the bellows for toilet servicing and feeding, then be prepared for her new style training.

He rose and was about to leave the study when an afterthought reminded him that 102 was still only spitted in two holes. Selecting a four-inch diameter dildo from the toolkits that accompanied each Pichard cage, he engaged the monster into the thread of the cage locator and began to screw it in. Ponderously the monster spiralled through the thread and onward into the defenceless pussy.

102's sex portal resisted valiantly, then admitted defeat. The fleshy lips stretched and spread as the monster bored inexorably inwards. Zarkof continued to wind the screw until a full nine inches had vanished into the writhing block of cubed woman. In addition, a further adjustment of the butt dildo added another three inches of deep insertion to her rear reaming. The garbled mmmmmphing protests rose to an all time high, but that only succeeded in earning the caged woman full length usage of her oral shaft insertion.

Zarkof left as 102 tried to come to terms with a full ten inches of gag dildo screwed deep into her throat. The beast was almost certainly penetrating almost to the branch of her trachea, with a result that any attempt at speech was reduced to a Tasping whistle of breath. Only the fact that the dildo was hollow prevented suffocation.

By her side, 144 blamed 102's noisy protests for the fact that she immediately suffered a similar upgrading of her orifice insertions. How long they would remain so incredibly demobilised neither could guess. But then neither could guess that this was only the start of their new training schedule, and was mild in comparison to what they would have to learn to endure in the near future.

An hour later, Zarkof viewed the completed device in the courtyard. 237 was already installed, and at this very moment, two very thankful women were being released from their cage cubes and prepared for their own part in what was to be a triple display, destined one day to grace the huge entrance hall of Sulliman's palace.

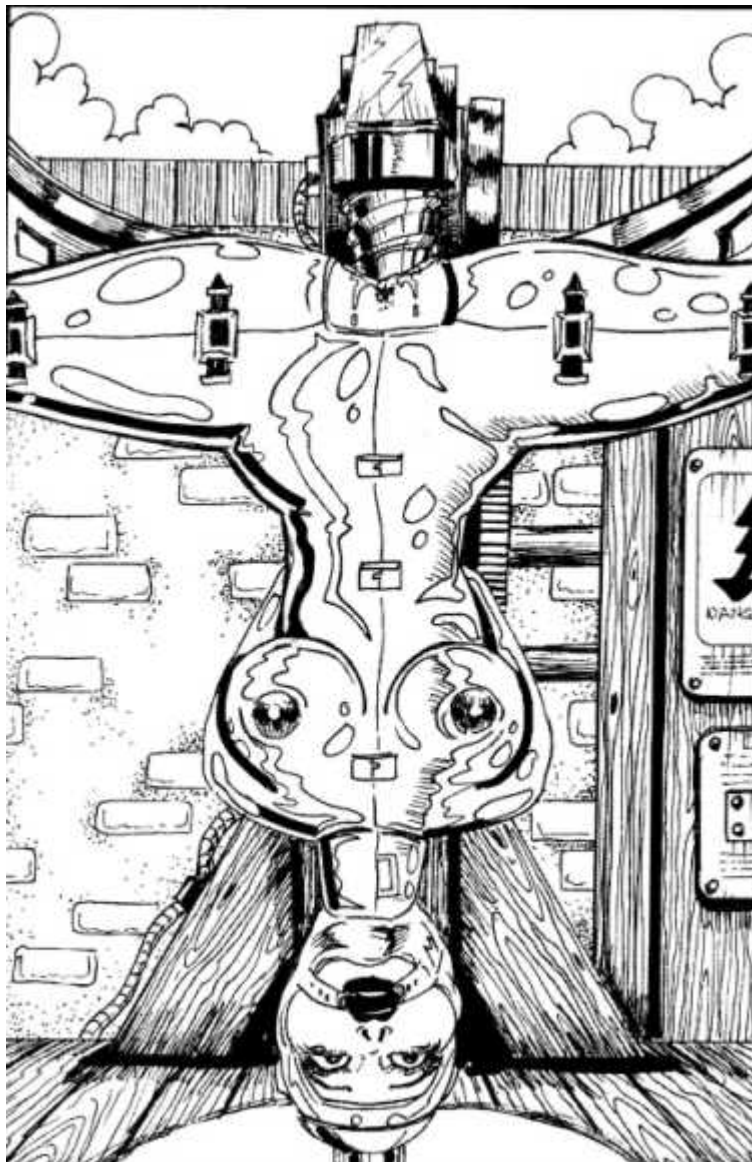
## Chapter 14 THE DISTRIBUTOR

237 was ensconced in a 'T' casque, inverted, and her head clamped into a geared wheel. Despite the trauma of being held stiffly in a painful sideways splits and

sealed into a tight inflexible casing, the massive six-inch spiral fluted dildo poised ominously above her pussy proved to be of far more fearsome intent to the luckless Helen. But then she only knew a fraction of the potential for torment inherent in the design. Sulliman's concept for the grand hallway display was that of three women demonstrating the effects of exquisite torment on a prolonged and inescapable basis. Unlike any of Zarkof's carefully orchestrated training techniques, Sulliman had no qualms about placing his captives in life threatening situations. For two of the participants, that was going to be a very real threat. However, that was the intent. Given that failure to comply would cost them their lives, neither 102 nor 144 would be able to show any compassion for 237.

The plot was simple. 102 and 144 were going to have no choice but to subject 237 to non-stop torment in order to preserve their own lives.

Zarkof checked the inverted figure closely, noting the frantic squirming struggles within the all-encompassing acrylic casque. Helen Watermann, having had a clear view of the massive dildo as they assembled her, was under no illusions as to the final placement of that monstrosity. He ran his eye over the massive wheel like treadmills situated on either side of her form. It was a diabolical device that even



staggered his penchant for traumatised females.

A sound behind him caused Zarkof to swing around. He was just in time to see 102 being pushed into the courtyard, closely followed by 144. It took a second or two for their eyes to become accustomed to the glare, then both balked as they saw the huge contraption.

Warders pushed them forward, and there was little they could do to resist. Both were clad in super tight black latex suits, helmeted, and their arms welded into a painfully enforced back prayer by a strong powerful pouch and tightly cinched overbanding. As they walked, brief flashes of sunlight glinting from their crotch regions left no doubt as to the fact they were fully plugged with huge steel dildos. Similar flashes from the lower facial area drew Zarkof's attention to massively expanded oral filling devices. The gleam of metal at throat level accounted for heads that were held stiffly erect. But Zarkof knew that these were rather more than mere posture collars. They were in fact cleverly designed reduction collars, fashioned from flexible stainless steel.

Each side, the collars displayed small levers jutting out sideways that terminated in ring fittings. If the levers were pulled upward, a series of tiny gears operated and the collar reduced dramatically in size. oo -

As he watched, both women were pushed into the massive drive wheels, and dangling chains were snapped to the collars. For a while, both women looked confused. They knew that something diabolical was planned, but neither seemed able to figure it out. 237's 'T' shaped format did little to help in solving the quandary.

The warders prodded them forward, forcing each to walk up the inner slope of their respective wheels, and then shortened the neck chains to ensure that they couldn't reverse back down. What they couldn't see were the cables being connected to their deeply implanted butt plugs. It didn't matter, they would find out about that very soon.

So far it didn't seem so bad after all, and Zarkof saw one of the women looking slightly relieved. A second later the look of relief became one of horror as the brakes were removed on the wheels.

Ponderously the huge tread-wheels began to move around as the weight of the women moved back towards bottom dead centre. For a few milliseconds they struggled as the chains tugged upward, and the fiendish levers cranked the collars to a size two inches smaller. Then the obvious solution to strangulation dawned on them.



For a few moments there was a frantic scrambling to regain a foothold on the slowly accelerating track of the wheel, and during that time both women felt the powerful collars crushing their throats as their own body weight operated the levers. But finally they managed to get a grip, and as the wheel built momentum, they were able to match the speed.

For both women it was a relief to realise that they had an alternative to being garroted. It was a short-lived relief as muted sounds of terror sounded from the inverted 'T' that was 237.

As the ponderous wheels rotated, they in turn moved shafts and gears. The acrylic coated 'T' was being rotated by the head gear, and in addition, that huge spiralled dildo was forcing downwards into the defenceless crotch. Already it was several inches into the woman, and it was quickly apparent that a half turn of the treadwheels would bury the thing fully. A continued turning would retract it as a system of gears engineered a reciprocating motion. So for every turn of the drive wheels they were forced to tread, 237 would be screwed and impaled as the monster was augured in and out of her slowly rotating form. But that was only a minor event compared to other innovations that only became apparent as the pitiful 237 completed her first half of a full rotation. The steel tips to her pointed toes were a modification

that suddenly took effect as she completed the first half turn. The toe tips lined up with two stationary steel points mounted just an inch clear of the rotating 'T's circumference.

Instantly there was a crackle of electricity and 237 gave out an ungodly sound as her painfully spread legs became the conductor in a circuit. High voltage current surged through her legs in a short pulse, and immediately the two women walking the wheels jerked and writhed. Zarkof shook his head in disbelief at the extent of Sulliman's sadism. 237 was little more than the rotor arm in a high voltage distributor. It was an exact match for any common automobile ignition system. 102 and 144 were simply the spark plugs. The human spark plugs danced and jerked like demented marionettes, lost footing and dangled from the crushing collars. Their black sheathed forms thrashed and spasmed as the raging bolt of anal electricity surged through them, until mercifully the impetus of the wheels carried 237's toe tips past the point where the arc could be maintained.

Bug-eyed and purple faced, the wheel-walkers struggled to regain their footing, and a few seconds later had managed to ease the pressure on their throats as they started to trudge the wheel. There was no escape for any of them. Only 237 could survive if they stopped, but neither of the other women seemed inclined to be garroted



as the price of her comfort and survival.

The dildo screwed on, and 237 rotated. On the second circuit, knowing what was to come, the wheel-walking motivators managed to endure the lashing bolts of electricity and maintain a semblance of forward movement. It was jerky and punctuated by high pitched keening for mercy, but they did manage to sustain their balance without a repeat performance of hanging themselves.

Without doubt Sulliman had invented perpetual motion, or more accurately, perpetual torment. Zarkof watched as the acrylic sheathed 237 went berserk inside the inescapable casing. The entire surface of the transparent 'T' shaped cocoon was a sea of straining muscle movement as the monstrous dildo bored and reamed, stretching the offered pussy lips with effortless ease, ponderously screwing itself deeply into the fettered woman. Then, as it reached full insertion, the outstretched legs and pointing toes lined up with the stationary electrodes and electricity crackled. In an instant all three women were joined in a circuit of mutual torment. 237's pussy seemed to leap into a surreal profile as her buttock muscles contracted violently. Whether she liked it or not, her pubic muscles were clamping the fluted dildo tightly as she was spun around its girth.

Zarkof moved his attention back to the struggling wheel walkers. He had to admit they looked superb. With their latex outer sheaths polished to a high gloss, the tight membrane of rubber was adding a surreal quality to their curvaceous bodies. The rigs, closely aligned with 237's normal day rig, looked just as good in black. With waists crushed to a minuscule and seemingly impossible dimension, they were exhibiting those same erupting buttock features that looked so deliciously wanton when in motion. There was something very special about the way a female bottom juddered and flexed when encased in tight rubber. It was especially exciting when latex sheathed hard working buttock cheeks were mincing and suckling on a massive anal dildo. His eyes moved upward to savour the tightly cinched ball tits and he was pleased to see that his staff had managed to achieve the same hard spherical qualities that 237 had so recently exhibited. If anything, 144, who had slightly larger tits, looked even more impossibly reshaped, and the new armsheath design enhance the forward thrust to a new level of licentious excess. The over-banding of the armsheaths looked even more pronounced in black. In fact the entire ensemble looked fabulous as the two ebony figurines squirmed and strained in an effort to escape the inevitability of their torment. The rippling black latex was alive with desperate muscle movement that sent shards of light dancing across the polished surface.

At that moment 237's toes connected and 102 was caught off guard. The power of : the electrical bolt jerked her off her feet, and as he watched she performed a crazy wriggling dance, suspended only by her neck.

It was almost her undoing. The frantic gyrations of a woman basically being throttled caused her body to rotate, winding the neck chains and also preventing her from regaining her footing. Zarkof almost intervened, but managed to hold himself back with the thought that she had to learn. Sulliman wouldn't be so concerned. These women had to learn and endure before Sulliman installed them as an unattended, self-motivated feature in his hallway. There would be no more compassion extended

to these women than he would extend to a marble statue or a piece of sculpture. - The most likely scenario was that they would be spending dawn until dusk in this format. That was the best case scenario. Zarkof had no doubt that at times there would be no overnight rest. If they were lucky the wheels would be braked and they would spend the night as they were, albeit stationary.

\_ His eyes strayed to the circumference of vacant electrode holders surrounding 237's toe-pointing circle of operation. Currently, only two had the shiny arc caps fitted. If all were fitted there would be thirty-two connection points. Sulliman often held western style discos for his guests, and 237 was destined to be the circuit selector for the many flashing strobe lights. With neons stuffed into her butt hole, affixed to her gag, and dangling from her nipples, she would become a flashing addition to the display. The beauty of neon lights was that they didn't actually have to be a part of the circuit to glow. Neons only had to be in close proximity to high energy and they would light up.

Almost without realising, Zarkof found himself studying the rotating dildo-fucked central item of the display. A strange reaction to the full insertion of that massive dildo was that the delightful squirming movement of flesh against the acrylic containment seemed to stop. It was only after considering this for a while that he realised why. 237 was absorbing a huge mass of incompressible steel as the dildo penetrated and bored deep into her body. Something had to change to allow that. The laws of physics decreed that you couldn't get a quart into a pint pot. Ineffect her entire lower body was expanding to accept the intruder, which resulted in her buttocks and lower abdomen expanding tightly into the casque. Even as he watched the dildo bulldozed into her yet again and Zarkof witnessed the rapid cessation of squirming rump movement as her lower body expanded inexorably to fill every morsel of spare space inside the casque. A fleeting glimpse of her inverted rotating face revealed that 237 was not a happy woman. Even her worst nightmare scenario when she'd accepted the option to prison hadn't prepared her for this. Her face was crimson, cheeks erupting over the tight facial cinching of the casque's gagging section, and eyes bugging out as the dildo screwed into her nether regions in a never ending cycle of torment. His concentration was broken as someone called to him.

Zarkof responded to the warders queries and waved them away. All was in order and they had other things to do, other inmates to tend to. He gave the tormented trio a last look, and then followed the departing staff back into the building. As he walked he cast his mind back to the original taped interview between 237 and Bill Nealy. Without a doubt 237 would dearly love to be able to reverse that monumentally stupid decision. Life at the prison as a sex slave to the butch German amazon was clearly a better choice than the one she now found herself in.

He checked his watch. The first training session was scheduled for three hours. That left him just enough time to welcome the incoming new recruit.

Project 238, who would normally have spent another three or four months at the prison, was being rushed though as 237's replacement for Bill Nealy's personal gratification. After attending to her arrival it would be time to escalate 237 to a new level of torment and add all the contact points to her circle of operation.

Zarkof already knew of the many formats Sulliman had planned for this particular hallway display, and apart from their usage as a disco feature, they would spend many days as the human distributor of retribution to a ring of bound female ornaments. Thirty two in all, clamped, gagged, and stiffened so that thrusting nipple

capped breasts were offered in a jiggling circle of torment. Connections at neck and ankles would ensure that each of the luckless women formed a through-body circuit as 237 served the contact points surrounding her circle of operation. Helen Watermann's endless rotation was intended to provide a constant wave of electrical convulsion in the gathering as she turned and energised each in succession. The future looked bleak for all three women, and Zarkof had his doubts as to how long they could endure such torment before being relegated to Sulliman's frozen archives. As it happened, the future of the three women was about to take a dramatic turn. Whether it would be for better or worse remained to be seen. A communication from Sulliman the very next morning put a hold on the delivery of 237 and her unwilling co-workers. Action by women's rights groups worldwide was causing Sulliman's own government to put pressure on him to cease and desist his blatant display of tormented captive females.

It was a forlorn hope, seeing as basically the entire government was his paid puppets. Each and every one of them owed their election to public office to his money and manipulation. But they had to do something. Trade sanctions were looming, and that could even damage Sulliman's vast income from oil revenues. If Sulliman's income was damaged, then obviously their payoffs would suffer. It was a catch-22 situation for the majority of corrupt officials. -

Sulliman's answer to the pressure was probably not what the activists envisaged, : but then they weren't to know the details. The only visible sign of a result was that Sulliman's palatial mansion became devoid of any signs of slave girls or tormented bound female ornaments.

What the activists could not possibly know, was that Sulliman, in a fit of pique, ordered that the entire current household stock of enslaved females was to be placed in their steel storage boxes, and frozen in his private cryogenic storage unit. Maybe at some time in the distant future, technology would provide a means to resurrect them. Until then they were condemned to remain frozen solid. To unfreeze them

before the technology existed would mean certain death, and to move or use them in their current form could just as easily end up with these beautiful women shattering like glass.

Zarkof read the letter over again, and strangely, felt relieved that 237, 102, and 144 had not been delivered earlier, otherwise they would almost certainly be just another three frozen female sculptures by now. Sulliman was instructing him to basically use his own judgement in how he handled the unplanned extension of their training

period. Thoughtfully he walked over to the window and studied the diabolical arrangement in the courtyard. Already the three women had been working hard since 6 a.m. that morning. At least two had been working hard. Project 237 was simply rotating and being perpetually fucked with mechanical thoroughness as she preformed her other task as a living rotor arm in a distributor of electrical pain.

Zarkof watched with a degree of detachment as the massive dildo bulldozed its way back into the wide stretched pussy of 237, then glanced down at the communication again. The instructions were clear.

Dr Zarkof,

Please delay delivery of the three new purchases until further notice and continue



their training in any way that you see fit.  
Signed Sulliman

‘He looked back to the courtyard display in time to see the dildo filled pussy of 237 convulsing madly as Helen’s pointed toes passed the conductor points. At this



moment in rotation her entire lower region became the conductor of powerful electrical currents. Instantly the motivators of the whole array went into paroxysms and performed a rabid sort of dance routine as they twitched and jerked on their neck tethers. It was an immensely pleasurable sight to see those tightly bound latex sheathed females, rippling and writhing with helpless fury as the current surged through them. Their straining powerfully sheathed arms, twitching convulsing bottoms, and heaving outward thrusting females breasts were such joys to behold for a man like Zarkof. Women were made to be balanced on ridiculous heels, sheathed in super-tight second skins of shiny material, bound, gagged, and forced to exhibit their curvaceous charms for the pleasure of males in the most provocative

and often humiliating way, and of course, be available for fucking whenever needed. Zarkof was truly a man of the old school. Women's Lib was still an obscene phrase in his vocabulary.

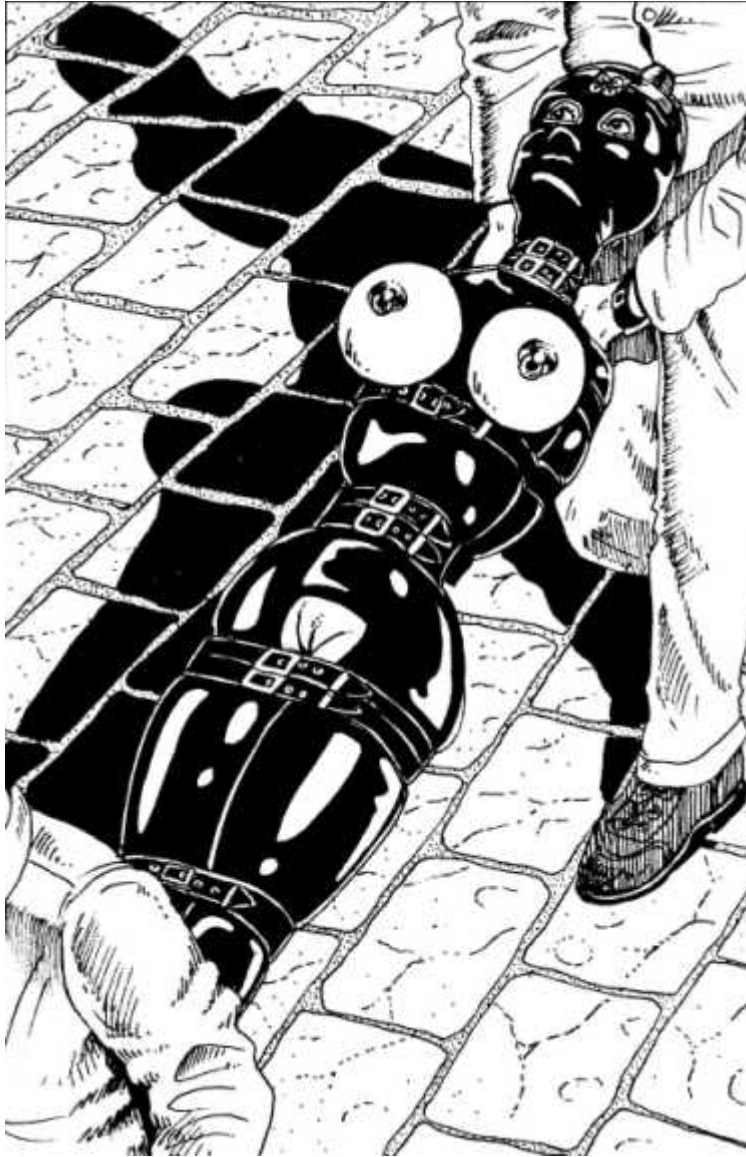
Zarkof rubbed his chin thoughtfully as he watched and mused. He was due a vacation, and it was his intention to take a fishing trip at his own hideaway; a remote stone mini-castle situated on an island in the middle of a privately owned loch. He was of a mind to take along Sulliman's recently purchased pets to pass the evenings. After all, Glenfada had its own well equipped facilities. It was some 280 miles north to Glenfada but that hardly posed a problem. In fact it raised the possibility to test out his new transport correction idea. Zarkof made his decision and summoned a warder. ‘

“Strip those three out of that rig and prepare them for a long trip. A full clean out and some high-energy food. I won't have time to feed or toilet them, I'll be driving.” He grinned and spoke softly to himself, “and they'll be busy assessing my new idea.”

Zarkof turned away, and then, as an afterthought, he turned back to call after the retreating warder. . a - 4

“Make sure research and development have Grade-1 moulded back frames in storage for all of them.” The warder nodded understanding and vanished.

Two hours later, Zarkof walked out to the graveled driveway where a one ton refrigerated box van was waiting. He checked in the back, saw it was still empty, and was about to enquire what the delay was when a group of figures emerged from the main doors of Cairndhu. Pairs of warders were carrying stiffened figurines, and as they got closer, the straining silenced forms of the three from the courtyard were clearly discernible. Sulliman's new purchases were well bound and ready for their next testing trauma.



The group approached and Zarkof moved to intercept. As they drew close he brought the column to a halt and walked around nodding approval. Each woman was banded tightly to a rigid moulded back frame of her own personal sculpted shape. There was no margin for any movement with this type of personalised frame.

Zarkof felt his crotch growing warm with a stirring of anticipatory manhood as he checked them out. Anything that held a female so tightly, so utterly helpless and available, so completely useable, caused the blood to pound in his veins. As a past \_ master of torture and interrogation in his KGB capacity, the state work had gone some way towards serving his needs. But now it was different. It was pure and untainted by the thoughts that sooner or later any women who fell into KGB hands for questioning invariably ended up dead or physically and mentally destroyed. 'Now he could torment and use these women in any way he chose, with the knowledge that his prime directive was to keep them well and fit so that they could serve their masters longer. He loved to torment and test them to the limits of their tolerance.

He lusted after the sight of their writhing female forms when bound, cinched, and held in some form of super tight restraint. But deep down Zarkof didn't really wish them real harm. Brushing aside his silent musing, he turned his attention back to ; the women.

Prior to their banding to the frames, they had been sheathed in ultra tight black latex catsuits. However, these varied from the normal total enclosure type in that they had cutaway crotches, exposed buttocks, and thrusting tits bulging from the apertures at the front. : - Se

The frames were also modified versions. The first noticeable difference was the extra length of moulding that continued up the neck, past the back of the skull and curved over to form a shaped skull cap atop the head where a strange gimballed fixture was attached to the crown. At the foot end, an extension tube jutted beyond the level of their excruciatingly preformed ballerina toes, and was clearly designed to accept some sort of attachment. The only other concession to total full length coverage was the cutaway rump aperture that revealed a tightly squeezed butt cleft and the twin moons of buttocks that were slightly extruded through the gap by the pressure of the cinching holding the women to the frames.

The women were all hooded and gagged with ultra tight-laced hoods, but their eyes were still uncovered and able to flash pleading messages of fear. Zarkof noted - their futile efforts to escape whatever fate was in store for them. Even the greatest straining efforts afforded them little more than a slight surface rippling and a delightful bulging of female flesh between the deeply embedded cinches of the banding. He motioned the warders forward and stood back as they moved past and loaded the tightly bound women into the van. \_ i -

One by one, the stiffened figures were located head down, the gimballed headpiece locking into a pre-installed locator on the van floor. As a warder held each vertically inverted, the others prepared to add the means to hold them balanced on their heads in this diabolically controlled format. The means to stabilise and hold them was a masterpiece of fiendish cunning. = =

Helen, or Project 237, to give her the correct title, was the first to undergo stabilisation. A large hook that terminated in a dildo was forced between the exposed and frantically clenching nates of her bottom, and without further ado, hooked deeply into her rectal orifice. The thin steel cable attached to it was then led down at an angle and snapped into a floor mounted ring bolt. A similarly hooked dildo, albeit a larger diameter version, bulldozed into her pussy moments later, and was also connected down to a floor ring on the opposite side of her cinched form.

Adjusters were tightened, and as the frontal and rear dildo hooks were drawn apart, 237's protesting orifices took up the strain and held her form erect.

Zarkof called a halt before the other two women could be similarly positioned and walked around the writhing column of traumatized femininity. It was a stirring sight to see such a curvaceous woman stiffly controlled, balanced on her head, and vertically maintained by her own openings. What a wonderful design females were. : Those body holes were such useful orifices for all manner of things. Zarkof ordered the warders to increase the tensioning and watched as the dildos were drawn down tight and deep. The tightening continued despite Helen's loud keening pleas, and | Zarkof only called a halt when the dildo hooks had completely vanished from sight into the clench of each of her female clefts. He gave further instructions.

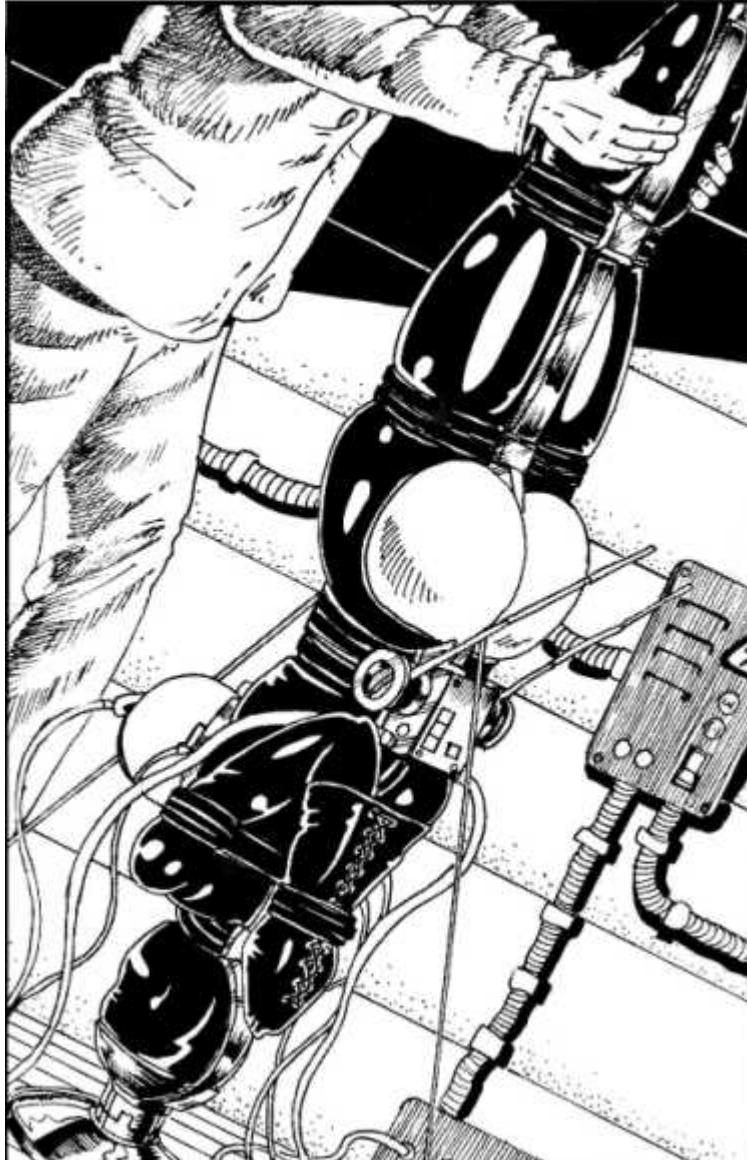
"Finish 237 off completely and let the others watch. It'll do them good to see what

they have coming.”

102 and 144 were removed from their head locators, turned right way up and propped stiffly against the van wall where they could see all that was happening to Helen.

Then the warders returned to their original task. 1,

First they added tit cinchers to her jutting boobs. These were steel bands that, when placed around the root of each tit and adjusted, extruded the abused female orbs into hard spherical balls. A wire trailed from each root cinch, and these were connected to junction boxes at each side of the van. Nipple clamps added more trauma, and again wires trailing from the items joined the others in a growing mass of wire connecting to the ominous boxes. Already the steel wires tensioning the



dildo hooks had connections of their own. ;

There was a lull in the activity around 237 as the team prepared more equipment, and Zarkof took the opportunity to move closer and test the effectiveness of the inverted alignment technique. By pushing forcefully against the column of her bound calves, he was able to move the stiffened woman a few degrees out of vertical alignment, but at the same time soliciting a series of high pitched keening pleas as her tender butt hole was stretched and elongated by the deeply buried anal dildo

hook. A push the other way produced slightly more movement as her elastic pussy elongated even more. Zarkof pursed his lips, released the tension and watched with amusement as the women sprang back to a vertical position, courtesy of her own internal elasticity. He motioned the warders who were now waiting to continue and stood back to watch the final additions. 7 7

First there was a motorised cane unit which was quickly bolted to the rear of the frame assembly. The motor drive unit was virtually hidden from view behind the single glove mass of Helen's armsheathed hand and forearms. Protruding from either side was the main drive shaft and two short, but ominous canes. The canes were poised over the exposed and fleshy nates of Helen's bottom. More cables joined the control boxes as the drive motors were connected to the system. In effect, the addition of the cane motor completed the electrical side of things.

All that remained was the inertial retribution system. Zarkof's eyes gleamed with anticipation.

It was a simple device that belied its potential for escalating the torment to be inflicted on the helpless women once the journey started. Wide eyed, 102 and 144 watched as a large plastic water cooler container was affixed above the feet of the inverted 237. The warders screwed the thing tightly down onto the foot spigot so that it stood firmly mounted and laden with evil portent above the terrified woman. At the moment it was empty, and therefore weighed less than a pound. But a second full container was quickly suspended from the van roof, and a connecting \_ tube with an adjustable tap left no doubt that, sooner or later, the water from the upper bottle would be transferred to the lower one attached to 237's feet.

It didn't take a degree in rocket engineering to figure that a full bottle weighing in at somewhere around 40 pounds was going to add a whole new dimension to Helen's vertical retention devices once this van got on the move. The additional leverage imparted to the rigidly stiffened column of womanhood by that amount of top weight was going to require a lot more orifice tension before the stress balanced out and her abused openings could pull her back to the upright mode.

Zarkof's eyes gleamed as he studied the thin steel wires vanishing between Helen's clenching buttocks and the quivering lips of her pussy. The tight compressive cinching of her form squeezed thighs tightly together and the awesome dildo hooks were completely hidden from view. Given the thigh clamping and the downward angled pull on the wires, the dildos were firmly implanted and there was no chance of 237 being able to work them out. Besides, there was a full eight inches of steel reinforced plastic buried in each hole.

A lustfully uplifting image flashed into Zarkof's brain as he imagined the effect of applying the brakes sharply, and his throbbing manhood almost exploded at the thought. But it wasn't just the added stress on her abused butt hole that the extra weight created. The resultant increase in forward shift created by the huge top weight would automatically electrify the deeply buried dildo hook by a proportional amount. The more violent the swing, the stronger the electrical charge. Acceleration

and gear shifting would produce an equal and opposite effect in her pussy anchor. The cane motor, however, was designed to remain in operation as long as his foot was on the brake, and with some relish Zarkof remembered the long hills he would have to descend on the way to Glenfada. In addition, there were three main towns

to travel through, and that meant extensive use of the indicators. His eyes wandered

to the purple throbbing tit-balls and the connecting cables. Turning left would send pulses through one tit, and right would do the same to the other.

The whole thing was a diabolical attempt to produce a training method that was totally random in timing, effect, and severity. Previous experience had proved to Zarkof that women were a tough breed. Invariably they became accustomed to timed and predictable punishment and were able to absorb the salutary effect. In his opinion and that of many colleagues at Cairndhu, this latest monstrously traumatic idea fulfilled all the requirements.

Carefully he explained the whole concept to the fearfully watching women, making sure that his voice carried to Helen, who was already installed. The effect was a joy to behold, as the inverted mummified woman became a pillar of frantic straining effort. Her performance was instantly mimicked as the warders lifted the second woman and prepared to add her to the assembly.

Within twenty minutes, despite all the frantic effort to escape the frames or plead

for mercy, all three were installed and connected. After tightening the ratchet cinchers on all the women at Zarkof's bidding, the warders vacated the van. Zarkof stood at the rear surveying the pitifully writhing row of inverted, rubberised, female shapes. It was a stunning spectacle of rippling, straining, ultra cinched femininity, and the muted keening entreaties emanating from all was a joy to behold. Zarkof dallied a second or two longer and drank in the plight of the nearest woman, who, as it happened, was 144. The tightness of her cinches reduced her to a series of bulging curvatures that seemed to explode from the crushing confines of each band. Each curve was firm and warm to the touch and seemed to pulse with power as the woman struggled. Super tightened upper thigh and waistbands particularly emphasised the effect as the extreme cinch pressure sculpted the rump region into an eruption of bulging rubberised buttock and enhanced the thrusting bisected curve of her mound of Venus. Out of that lustfully curvaceous area of womanhood, came the evil steel wires that were holding her poised for torment. The thigh bands were essential as they compressed each woman tightly around the dildos. There was simply no way they could ever extrude them with muscle effort. Zarkof just loved

the look of those wires appearing out of the clamp of each woman's femininity. Placing a hand on the squeezed pout of her pussy, he twanged the wire with his other hand and felt her delicate sex portal vibrate viciously. Twanging the rear wire produced an even more pronounced vibration in the fleshy lobes of her ass cheeks. He felt the woman straining at her bonds, and for the hell of it added another two clicks to all of her ratchet cinchers. 144's muted pleas fell on deaf ears, and he pulled the ankles powerfully until she was some five degrees out of vertical, and her pussy region was stretching and distending as the hidden dildo reshaped her. After savouring the sight for a second or two, he let go. Instantly 144 sprang back from the angle he'd forced her over to and rocked to a stop as her orifices reached equilibrium. The stiffened rod of womanhood couldn't flex at all, but her bottom and pussy extrusions performed an exotic reshaping as they brought

her oscillating form back under control.

Zarkof could only guess at the internal effects of that display of flexing female flesh. Next he pushed her forward and tested the butt hole retainer. It was amazing to see her buttocks slowly peeling apart and the puckered clenching ring of her

sphincter appearing as it suckled the invader. In effect her own involuntary reaction to the abuse simply caused her ass to grip the dildo tighter. Zarkof studied the taut : shiny tension imparted to the skin between her two crotch orifices as the anal tract was forced to the rear by the diabolical butt-hook dildo. He continued to push until her butt cleft was almost leveled out, so great was the tensioning effect. Once ; again he let her go. Instantly her bottom cleft reformed as she rocked back into alignment. It was magical to watch the reformation engulfing her visible butt hole and the deeply buried dildo as her bottom resumed its normal curvaceous swell. Zarkof reckoned that each time he braked these women would move to that sort of level. It was a deliciously uplifting thought.

His gaze moved upward to the thighs and legs. They were stacked neatly in a tapering column of womanhood that also exhibited the curvaceous bulging phenomenon created by super tight cinching. The armsheath welded her lower arms into a single elbow clamped limb, and the over-banding that clamped the ; armsheath to her body gave the fleshier upper arms a strange quilted effect as the multiple straps cut deeply into her straining latex covered flesh. He could see the muscles of her arms twitching and flexing as she fought, and her crushed fingers fought to be free of the laced glove. It was a forlorn hope doomed to failure. Simultaneously her powerful leg and buttock muscles were working in unison to engineer a magnificent and totally ineffective attempt to break free. He could see the woman's balled breasts heaving with effort, but no matter what she did, the frame and her super-tight banding held her firmly like a huge pulsing chrysalis of womanhood.

With a sigh of contentment, he instructed the van to be closed up, and watched as the thick insulated door swung and thudded closed. Refrigerated vans made excellent soundproofed transport vehicles. Despite the fact that it contained three loudly keening women desperately pleading for some sort of mercy, not a single sound escaped. The beauty of it was that the refrigerator unit was still fully operational,

and at any time during the trip Zarkof could raise and lower the temperature within from his position up front. Cold shivering bottoms tended to feel lashing canes all the more.

Zarkof checked his watch. He couldn't leave for an hour as he was expecting an important call. Time enough to give the helpless cargo a taste of things to come. | Moving around to the refrigeration unit, he started the small petrol engine and set the thermostat to 30 degrees fahrenheit. Minus 2 degrees of frost should be enough for now. He estimated that the inside of the van would just about reach that by the time he was ready to leave. Smirking to himself Zarkof walked away without so \_ much as a backward glance as the van noisily set about the training of three super controlled females.

An hour later Zarkof returned and switched off the refrigeration motor. He liked his ladies chilled, not frozen to death. A quick look in the back appraised him of the fact that he had estimated it dead right. The three inverted latex sheathed forms were glistening with a faint sparkle of frost that was made all the more lustfully exciting by the continual rippling writhing attempts the women were making to escape the forthcoming ordeal. An uncontrollable shivering simply added to the effect. Zarkof laughed at their desperate plight. The core temperature of the women was still an acceptable 98.6 degrees, but the skin and latex sheath was considerably lower due to the rapid cooling effect of the refrigeration unit . Moisture laden Scottish air trapped in the van instantly seized on the chance to alight on any cooled



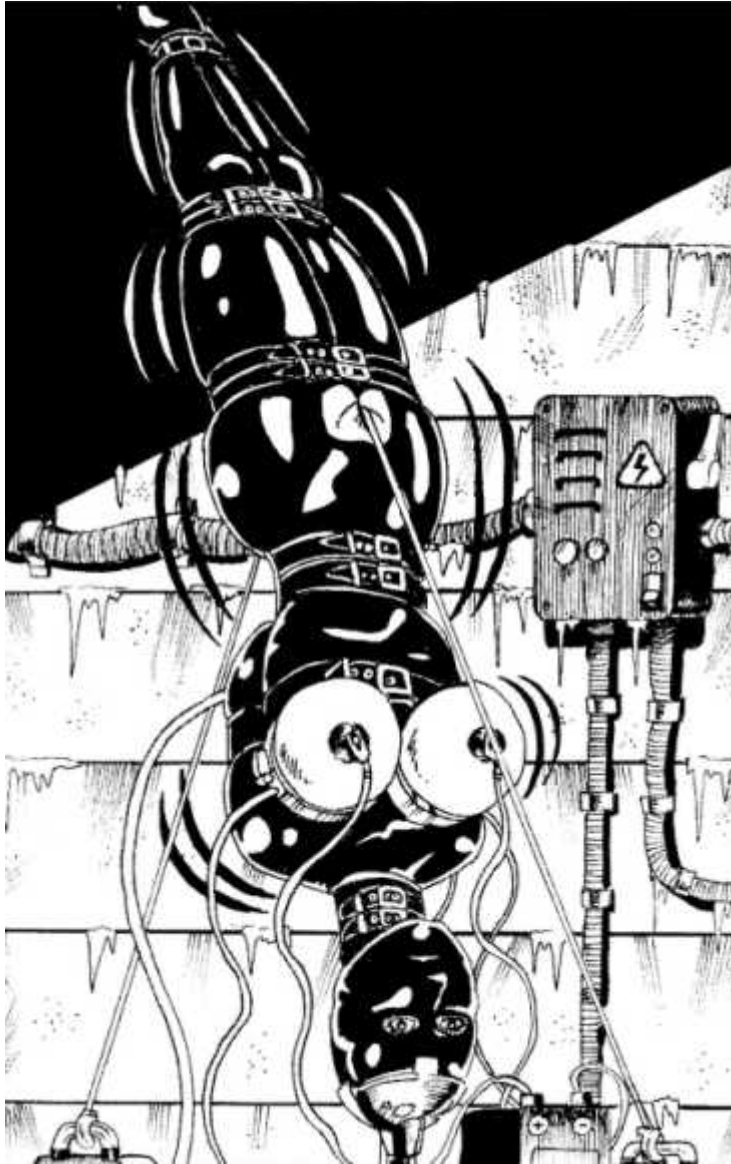
surface under those conditions. The van was basically sealed. As the air cooled it had to shed moisture. Three cold, latex sheathed women were an ideal surface to condense onto. no a a kt Toe

“Well now! What have we here? Three female ‘popsicles’ all nicely cooled and ready for training.” re an

The inverted shapes mewled and writhed, and Zarkof grinned as the latex body sheathing crackled and shed thin slivers of ice. The ominous steel anchor wires were already coated with heavy frost, and the conductivity of the metal was almost certainly carrying the chilling effect deep into their clefts. All of the spherical balled tits were showing a pronounced shade of blue, partly from the pressure, but mainly from cold. Again Zarkof felt that huge surge of pleasure as his power over these females and their well-being came sharply into focus. They had struggled and strained to the utmost of their ability, and it availed them nothing. They were his to either freeze solid, or whatever. Zarkof took pity on them and exercised his power to decide their fate.

“Okay ladies, time to warm you up again now.” He slammed the door and dropped a lock through the hasp. Seconds later the engine rumbled into life and three powerfully gagged females made a frenzied last attempt to escape the inescapable. The curvaceous tapering columns of inverted womanhood swayed slightly due the titanic efforts to escape, but the dildo anchors held firm, and they remained stiffly cinched and tightly compacted figurines awaiting punishment. There was no escape. Zarkof slipped the van into gear and deliberately let the clutch drop rather fiercely. As the vehicle surged forward he could visualize three stiffened forms tilting backwards in perfect unison as their pussies took the strain. A savagely applied brake at the gateway to Cairndhu mansion produced a similar mental image of butt abuse going on behind him as they absorbed the deceleration. A tractor trundling along the road with a large cart delayed the pull-out, and gleefully Zarkof kept his foot on the brake pedal, mindful of the fact that three cold ultra receptive bottoms were suffering the stinging strokes of motorised canes for as long as the pedal was depressed.

He flipped the radio on, and then selected the channel recommended by his warders. Channel 10 was wired to the microphones in the back. Instantly the cab filled with



the sounds of traumatised females and the sharp snicking sounds of canes hitting jostling, clenching, bottom flesh. Zarkof smiled, and seeing the road was now clear, he fed in the clutch and began the long journey north. Channel 10 continued to supply him the sounds of torment with every passing mile. Each gear shift, every brake, every turn signal produced renewed sounds of suffering from the rear, and it was a marvelously uplifting thought to imagine the helpless, swaying pillars of inverted womanhood as they were yanked back and forth by their orifices and subjected to constant electrical correction currents.

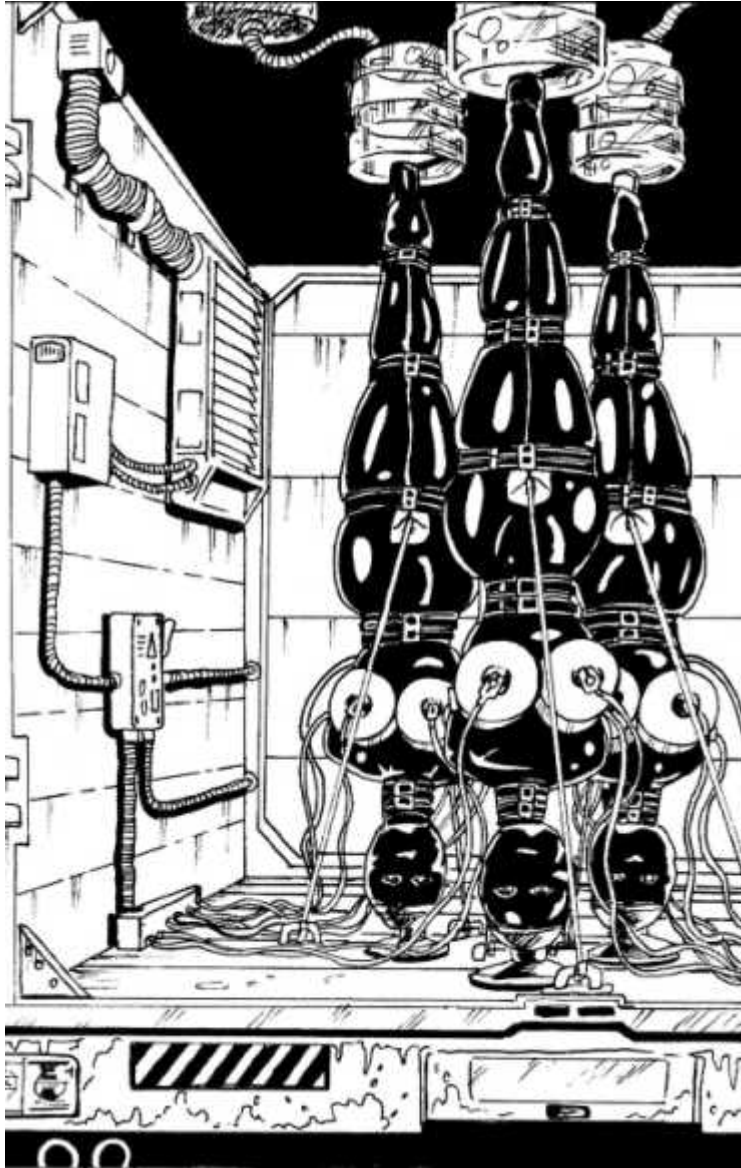
An hour later, Zarkof restarted the refrigeration unit and froze them up again during the ferry crossing. Idly he sat in the upper deck lounge staring down at the van on the vehicle deck as he enjoyed a stiff drink. Truckers were standing close to the vehicle, and one was even leaning on the side of the van, but with no idea that only a few feet away, three gorgeous tightly bound women were being converted to living popsicles as they balanced on their heads and strained continually at impossibly tight cinches and bands.

The ferry trip only took forty-five minutes, so Zarkof left the refrigeration on as he drove off the ferry onto the mainland. Let them think he had forgotten. He grinned and turned the temperature control to add another 2 degrees of frost. At 4 degrees

below freezing, those bottoms were going to be very painful. He finished the temperature adjustment, and then flicked a switch on another box.

Behind him three desperate women begged and screamed into their gags as a buzzer sounded. Zarkof had been very careful to make sure they knew what the sound of \_ that buzzer meant. The taps to the upper water containers were opening and allowing the lower water containers screwed onto their frames above their feet to begin filling at a slow predetermined rate. Zarkof had already told them that the flow valves were set to completely fill the lower bottles in one hour. Unfortunately for them, Zarkof had foreseen a slight problem with low temperatures and water. The water was dosed with antifreeze, so there was no possibility of a freeze up gaining them a release from that planned event.

The inverted columnised females became a sea of maniacal effort as they tilted and swayed in unison with every vehicle movement, each knowing that every second was adding more inertia to their top-weight. Even after ten minutes the increasing upper weight was inflicting a noticeably increased force into their beleaguered orifices. In addition, the resultant violence of the swings was rapidly stepping up the power of the electrical jolts searing through the dildo clenching tunnels of their lower bodies. In a way it was a blessing in disguise. The violent muscle contractions created by the bolts of electricity were helping to maintain body heat by exertion as



the air temperature dropped to 28 degrees fahrenheit. In the dim glow of the van's container lights three whitened sparkling columns of femininity jerked and writhed in an orgy of sadistically orchestrated excess. The design was a masterpiece of diabolically contrived random torment.

Meanwhile, Zarkof was enjoying the thoughts of their plight.

Suddenly a car appeared ahead, trying to overtake a long semi trailer truck pounding its way up the hill. Zarkof gasped and orgasmed powerfully as he attempted to brake violently. At the time the van was travelling fast down a long straight incline. As he stood on the brakes. Zarkof heard the muted screams of fury and trauma from channel 10 and envisioned all three women canted forward at an absurdly painful angle. The water bottles above them were half full. Such heavy braking was stretching their beleaguered butt holes powerfully and sending super-powerful electrical jolts into their bodies. In addition half-frozen super cooled bottoms were juddering under the impact of sustained canes. Zarkof saw all this in a mental image, then in an effort to warn the oncoming car driver, Zarkof flicked on the hazard flashers. It wasn't really necessary. The car driver was already fully aware of his presence, but Zarkof liked the idea of having an excuse to pile the torment onto the straining, screaming, abused popsicles in the back. All three women were

instantly subjected to simultaneous electrification of both tits as a result.

The inverted rubber columns bulged and pulsed with the immense power of their titanic efforts to escape the torment, but the cinching held firm and unyielding. There was no escape for the sparkling frost coated females. They could only endure and scream into their gags as they were caned, butt stretched and tit shocked. Then as suddenly as it began, the immense butt hole tension vanished as Zarkof took his foot from the brake.

Instantly their elastic sphincter muscles yanked the leaning columns of womanhood violently back to the vertical, and an over-swing reaction took them the other way. For a few seconds the three women endured as they oscillated back and forth with the water above sloshing and exaggerating the sway, shifting the emphasis of torment from front to rear. There was nothing they could do. Stiffened and helpless, they endured as the water ballasting tortured them with savage tidal movement, and the reversing motion pussy and ass yanked them alternately. It was a bonus that even Zarkof had not planned for in his design concept.

## Chapter 15 GLENFADA

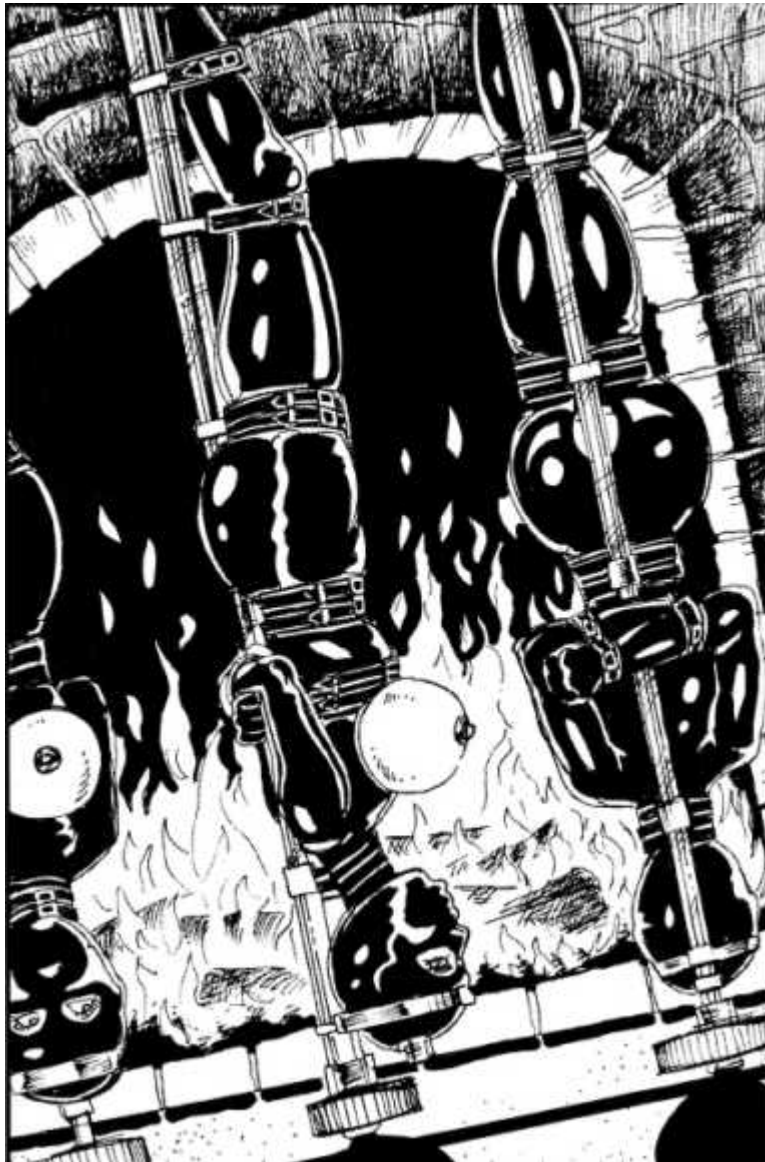
The drive to Glenfada took nine hours. Traffic was kind to the suffering trio on the van. Zarkof wasn't. He'd frozen them up and then thawed them out seven times before the van finally swung through the gates of Glenfada House. On arrival, it appeared that he'd beaten the staff. Nobody was there to take charge of the prisoners whilst he rested from the trip. Zarkof was angry, and as a result the tormented women took the full brunt of his displeasure.

As it happened, the van was parked on an extremely steep incline, and Zarkof decided to leave it there until the warders turned up. The fact that such a steep incline left all three women angled sharply due to the top weight of full containers on their feet, and consequently, their butt holes taking the full retaining weight, was immaterial. He set the refrigeration to an all-time low of 26 degrees fahrenheit, then flicked on the hazard flashers. As he walked away from the van there was no outward sign that three women were at that very moment suffering pulsed electrical charges through their tits, whilst their butt holes took constant electrical jolts, and buttocks quivered under the impact of lashing canes. Inexorably the throbbing refrigeration unit slowly began to convert them back to supersensitive female popsicles of glistening frosted latex and traumatised womanhood.

It was an hour and half before the warders arrived. A breakdown in a remote location had caused the delay. But as soon as they arrived, Zarkof set them to the task of unloading his precious cargo. He had used the waiting time to good effect. The violently shuddering, half frozen, stiffened females were already booked for a new device that would reverse their current status in a voyeuristically pleasing manner. Zarkof turned from warming his hands at the roaring log fire as the three women were carried in, still mounted and completely helpless on their back frames. "Welcome to Glenfada ladies." He chuckled as the frost on their bodies twinkled in the flickering light cast by the fire. "You look a mite chilly there. Allow me to extend the hospitality of Glenfada and warm you up." He motioned the warders forward to the waiting equipment.

It took but a few minutes to install the women on equipment Zarkof had arranged,

and less than ten minutes later the half frozen figurines were slowly rotating on



individual turntables before the roaring log fire. No doubt at this point they were all welcoming the radiant heat on their bodies, but for how long?

An hour later a dozing Zarkof woke to the insistent mewing of traumatized femininity. He shifted in the comfortable leather armchair and looked over to the source of the sound.

Three inverted latex sheathed figurines were still faithfully rotating, but with a minor difference. The sparkling frost encrusted forms were now clearly a lot warmer. He reached out and then quickly snatched back the exploring hand as his skin contacted super hot latex. Clearly the heat of the roaring log fire was slowly barbecuing the three women. It was an observation that was enhanced by the almost maniacal frenzied straining and writhing the women were exerting against their inescapable bonds.

Zarkof sat back and savoured the stunning image of three rubberised female hot-dogs undergoing some serious torment. Finally, somewhat reluctantly, he relented and called in his helpers.

144 and 102 were to be given the night off. He had them removed to the cells already prepared and personally oversaw the mounting that was to be their format

for the night. Spread-legged and mounted on narrow horse rider frames promised to make it an uncomfortable night for both. Zarkof watched as the hydraulic jacks were pumped vigorously and heard the sharp intake of breath from each woman as she was lifted on the semi sharp edge of the crotch plates. In effect, the device was simply a modern sophisticated 'V' block torture device. Although the method of operation was 20th century, the principle was the same as its ancestors back in medieval times.

An hour at spread suspension just to tenderise the women, and then warders would return, remove the spreader bars and strap their legs tight to the main column. After that a few more pumps would tension the women between their abused crotches and stretched legs. It was a salutary and extremely stressful way to spend a night \_ and Zarkof fully expected them to be begging for mercy by morning. s In the meantime he had an even more diabolically traumatic night planned for Project 237. The research and development lab had finally perfected an idea he envisioned some ten years earlier. It was an idea partially tested by the KGB in years gone by : as a particularly nasty way to terminate the opposition. Usually it had been used as a demonstration to dissuade possible opposition to their operation. It involved a pill administered without the subject knowing. In some urgent cases requiring instant effect, a capsule was injected into the leg by a special device hidden in an umbrella. It was an operation that could be carried out in a public place, as was the case of one well documented execution on London Bridge in the 1980s. That particular usage of the delivery method used a slow acting poison however, not the one Zarkof subsequently worked on.

The effect of Zarkof's pill or capsule was to cause body fat cells to expand 300 percent. In effect, the subject would swell up and literally burst in the short period of one hour. Zarkof saw other potential in the technique, if it could be controlled. His personal input to the research department was to develop a version that could be adjusted so as to regulate the amount of expansion and, in addition, to target only the special fat cells that were accumulated in the outer layer of the human body. Not the other fatty tissues essential for life. Even the slimmest person carries fatty tissue cells in the outer layer, and 237 despite her superbly trim shape, was no exception. But the KGB were hardly interested in his modified version, so the formula was sort of lost in the archives. Until now, that is. Other additional innovations envisaged by Zarkof, that complimented the same ideal of expanding a woman, were not left unexplored. As a result, Helen was also scheduled to test a new style gag.

237 had been fed by the time he returned, yet she was completely unaware of the fact that her food had also contained a fiendishly engineered substance. As Zarkof entered the room she was in the process of being inserted into a flexible steel wire cage that held her compressed into a tight hog-tied bundle. The orderlies were rushing to complete the task. They knew that within minutes the substance would start to take effect. Adjusters whirled and Zarkof smiled as the pathetic hog-tied female mewed pitifully as she was compressed and compacted with ruthless efficiency.

The orderlies seemed satisfied that she was as tight as possible. Zarkof barked an order and they carried her captive form to his room and dumped her on the bed. A woman appeared from the store with yet more equipment, and 237 was powerless to resist as her mouth was packed with strangely shaped rubber. It appeared to be some sort of pump-up gag, albeit in three sections. There was the familiar central

bladder that filled her oral cavity and rested on her tongue, but then there were two weird side wings that the orderlies packed down each side of her mouth so as to rest between the outside of her teeth and her cheeks. She had no time to ponder the final configuration further as her lips were forced into a pucker and clamped into ring like format that encircled a valve. A closer inspection revealed that it was indeed a tyre valve. 237 mewed pitifully. It was painful to have her lips stretched and basically clamped by a thin hose clip device, and already the extruded outer section of lips that were beyond the clamp were throbbing with pressurized blood. Zarkof readied himself for bed, and a half-hour later, he lay down beside the steel trussed woman and relaxed. The tightly bundled 237 was a mass of ineffectual writhing and frantic mewling pleas. Zarkof smiled. The substance was making its presence known. 237 clearly had no idea what was happening or what was causing it. All she knew was that her body appeared to be swelling ever tighter into the unstretchable confines of her steel mesh hog-tie cocoon.

Wide eyed and terrified, Helen strained and heaved at her bonds, but to no avail. Zarkof merely propped himself up on an elbow and lay smirking at her as the visible effects of her expanding fat cells increased dramatically. There was simply no more space within the cocoon of wire for her inexorably expanding form to use. Her bloated skin was already bulging past the wire confines as she grew and grew. For a while Zarkof was concerned that he had miscalculated on the dosage that produced a cell expansion of 15 percent. But as the process slowed, he grinned widely at the result. He had judged it dead right by all appearances. Helen had grown into a taut bloated Michelin Man facsimile. All that remained to complete the image was the manual touch.

Zarkof clipped a hand pump to the valve jutting from her pouted lips, and pumped. The only part of 237 that could register complaint was her eyes. Bug-eyed, she pleaded silently as her lower face swelled with pressure and her cheeks formed into two tight apples of expanded flesh. Zarkof relented about two pumps before her face seemed about to explode and disconnected the pump. Reaching out he rocked the rock-solid package of womanhood back and forth, and was pleased to note that she remained a solid bundle of silent unmoving tissue no matter what he did. The new gag basically eradicated even the slightest sound, and the pressure of her expansion into the steel mesh erased any chance of even the minutest movement. Zarkof rolled her over onto her side and studied the pussy. A wide grin creased his face as he viewed the results of tissue expansion. 7

Pussy lips apparently contained a high level of fatty tissue. As a result, 237's pussy mound had ballooned into two surreal cushion-like peaches of inviting softness. He toyed with the spongy love lips a while, then, reaching for a tube of lubricant, he greased up the bloated sex portal. She was going to be tight, and he needed all the help he could get to affect an entrance. The inflated female rolled her eyes as he positioned himself, but that was all she could manage. Zarkof lodged his throbbing pole into her cleft and pushed hard.





She was tight! Really tight! Zarkof groaned out loud as he bulldozed into the swollen, gripping channel of her pussy. The bundle of femininity rocked with the force of his attack, but otherwise remained motionless and infinitely fuckable.. -

Finally, Zarkof was fully buried into the depths of the inflated 237. Her super swollen tits were now rock hard balloons of expanded female luxury that pressed hard against his chest. He thrust powerfully at the bloated helpless sex toy, and savoured the vibrant feeling of her torment. It was akin to the vibrancy one would feel in any over expanded medium, something akin to a party balloon. She was so tight it was almost a surprise to find that she didn't squeak as he fucked her.

Maintaining his deep penetration, he rolled the hog-tied bundle onto her back and lay on top of her. For almost a half hour Zarkof simply used her as a spongy female mattress, his hands roaming over the taut bloated curvatures of her expanded body, his eyes fixed avidly on the inflated face close to his own. He was pleased with the results. Occasionally he would kneel up and fuck the taut hog-tied female as if riding a saddle. It was a good arrangement as it allowed him to squeeze and pummel the bursting upward thrusting orbs of her inflated breasts. Apparently tits also had a high proportion of fatty tissue. - a

Normally such a fantastically disabled female would only have to twitch to cause

him to lose control. But 237 couldn't even do that. She was expanded so tightly into the unyielding wire cage of her bondage that all internal movement was eradicated by the pressure. ee fee

Zarkof bounced on the bloated form and fucked her at his leisure. Regularly he stopped and lay still. He was pacing himself and waiting until the rising surge of orgasm subsided so as to prolong his game. Even with no movement it proved difficult and took all his powers of self-control. Helen felt so diabolically controlled and abused it was almost sufficient to trigger the surge simply by thinking about her plight. a ae ae Bee Be ,

For almost an hour Zarkof played the cat and mouse game with his deeply buried erection. Then almost before he knew what had happened, a particularly frantic rolling of the pleading eyes triggered the explosive release of his carnal lust. Powerfully he bounced up and down on the silent cushion of expanded womanhood, thrusting deeply and savouring the super-tight grip of Helen's pulsing pussy as he milked himself dry in her helpless form. Helen was making the only sound she could, and that was not actually her choice. Zarkof's pounding thrusts and body bouncing antics was sending huffing blasts of air from her flaring nostrils as his antics pumped her body like a human bellows.

Exhausted, he finally collapsed onto the bound female bundle, and almost immediately began to drowse off. Sleepily, Zarkof rolled off her, but his erect dick was still buried in her and gripped tightly. The inflated woman had no choice but to roll with him as his dick levered her over like a log. Grinning, Zarkof looked into the scarlet, straining, pumped up face as he drifted into a deep sleep. 237 was going nowhere. The fatty expansion substance coursing through her system still had around eight hours to run before its effects were reversed by Helen's natural body chemistry. Zarkof savoured the bulbous thrusting tit-orbs jammed against his chest and then sank into the abyss of an untroubled sleep.

He awoke some six hours later, to find they were still attached at the crotch. No doubt his manhood had waned during the night, but the powerful grip of her inflated pussy tissue had been sufficient to maintain the link. Now the raging stiffness of a monster morning stiffy was stretching her taut bloated pussy tissue yet again. Surely Helen had felt the beast swelling within her for some time, but was powerless to do anything about it as she was inexorably porked by the growing shaft of hard male flesh.

He rolled her onto her back and pumped at the bundle like a man with a mission. This time there was no attempt to lengthen the duration of his pleasure. Zarkof merely used the bloated sex toy as a method of relief and within thirty seconds was exploding into her beleaguered form.

Already the reversal of tissue expansion was starting to take effect. A subtle softening of the straining, bulging curvatures of extruded body flesh was manifesting itself all over the hog-tied bundle. Within an hour now, Helen would be back to normal, and still no wiser as to what had actually happened to her. As a result she would probably not even have second thoughts when she ate her evening meal that day. A meal spiked with Zarkof's new mix of enhanced substance.

15 percent had proved to be a good base to start from, so tonight Helen would unknowing be consuming a dosage designed to produce a 20 percent expansion. Zarkof calculated that if the same mesh cocoon were used, the resultant increase in expansion would give her inflated form a much harder feel, and probably even a sheen of tautness. As it happened, he would choose a steel band cage for the next session. The only question in his mind was whether or not he would be able to penetrate a pussy portal expanded to that level, and so incredibly tight inside.

Rolling to one side, and extracting his waning manhood with some difficulty from the grasping pussy, Zarkof flicked the hard bladder inflated cheeks playfully and then left the helpless bundle of womanhood to slowly deflate as her body returned to normal. The new gag was a success, and he decided that Helen could continue to wear it for the rest of the day. Somehow, her puckering clamped lips and exploding cheek expansions looked so uplifting to a man of Zarkof's persuasions. As he walked away, Zarkof mused over the fact that 237's facial torment was a direct result of a pet hamster. The idea had come as he saw one of these small rodents with food packed cheeks, and it occurred to him that a woman endowed with side panel expandable air bladders could mimic the rodent. The new gag would later become famous and be known as the Zarkof pannier gag. Although some were less formal and called it the hamster gag.

It was a long day for 237. Although Zarkof was seemingly allowing her to rest in a mild form of bondage, Helen still had the painful facial expansion to contend with. Her cheeks ached terribly, but there was no way she could plead for a removal of the mouth stretching pannier gag.

237 spent most of the day on his bed, her body slowly returning to normal and the immense pressure subsiding as she shrank back to her original trim form. Around 3 p.m. orderlies arrived to service and toilet her. It was a great relief to feel the tight wire hog-tie cocoon fall away, and after a short period of intense muscle cramps as her circulation resumed normal flow, Helen was marched to the service room below the main house. ;

Surprisingly, she was treated well. A Jacuzzi followed by extensive salon activities, nail manicure, hair care, body salves and beauty treatment were the norm. She was fed with a light lunch and even allowed to be ungagged for a while when not being fed.

The rest of the day she was basically left alone, albeit manacled, hobbled, and neck \_ shackled to a ring bolt set in the wall of the hallway. Staff occasionally paused to discuss her naked form, or even sample the smooth resilience of her peace-like skin. Helen hardly showed any concern. She had grown accustomed to being regarded as some sort of pet. A sex object as opposed to a woman with feelings. The lengthening shadows of approaching nightfall were encroaching in the hallway when her orderlies came to fetch her. As they walked her to the servicing room, 237 heard them laughing and remarking on her two absent companions 102 and 144. Apparently Zarkof had devised some, as yet, unknown trauma of epic proportions for them. But Helen had her own immediate future to consider, without worrying about them. She was unnerved by the uncharacteristic treatment, and stood nonplussed as she was stripped of restraints and dressed in an exquisite crushed velvet evening gown. It was a full-length clinging affair, with built in bodice. Clearly it had been chosen to display and enhance the natural beauty of her curvaceous figure.

The fetters were replaced. Or at least some fetters were replaced. The heavy steel cuffs and hobbles of the earlier part of the day were replaced by strong, yet classic manacles, fashioned in what appeared to be gold. The chains were unusually heavy, and this strengthened her thought that the ensemble was indeed manufactured from a gold alloy at the very least. Leashed, but mercifully still ungagged, she was led from the room and along a long corridor to what transpired to be the dining room. It was an ornately decorated place with high ceilings that would not be out of place in the home of royalty, or a palace. Zarkof was waiting, and without speaking he motioned for her to take seat at the huge oak table.

Helen shuffled forward, and allowed an orderly to fuss around her arranging the hobble chain so that she could sit. Once seated, she was urged to lean forward, and she felt her shackled wrists fall free. 237 brought her hands from behind her back and glanced up at Zarkof. His face was devoid of any clue as to what was intended, and Helen found herself allowing her wrists to be re-shackled in front. A longer chain was added and this was locked on to a strong ring bolt set into the ornate tabletop. Her bondage was light and relatively comfortable, but nonetheless effective and inescapable. The orderlies tugged at the manacles and all her locked fixings to ensure that she was secure, and then left. Helen swung her look away from their departing backs and fixed Zarkof with a questioning look. He obviously sensed that she was about to speak and put a warning finger to his lips. The words froze on 237's lips as he looked purposefully at the Pannier gag lying on the table to one side. His meaning was crystal clear. Silence was the rule, either voluntary or by enforced methods.

In silence they sat as servants appeared and laid out the meal. Zarkof indicated that Helen may speak to the staff in choosing her preferred food, but warned her sternly that any other speech would result in instant gagging. It was infuriating to sit ungagged and yet still be unable to voice all her condemnation, her fears, and to ask questions about her future. But Helen finally sensed that this was just another manifestation of Zarkof's sadism. She sat quietly and seethed as she processed all the various thoughts. But as the meal progressed she found herself relaxing as the superb meal awakened her jaded taste buds with a vengeance. Prison food and the mush they had forcibly pumped into her at Cairndhu hardly qualified as food. This was a whole new ball game. 237 knew that Zarkof was playing some sort of cat and mouse game, but she also knew that whatever it was, she could not avoid the outcome. Her reasoning was therefore to enjoy what she had whilst she had it and not to look a gift horse in the mouth.

As each course came and was devoured, Zarkof would use the interval between the next course arriving to move around to her side of the table and toy with her breasts. Sometimes he would place a finger under her chin and lift her gaze to his eyes. She could see that he was enjoying some sort of secret joke, and had a feeling that she was soon to find out what it was, but nothing around her gave any clue as to what it could be.

Zarkof returned to his seat and watched as the last course arrived. Helen's eyes widened and she looked over to him searchingly.

"Yes my dear. Your favourite dish I believe. I do try to ensure that my intelligence reports on sex toys is comprehensive and thorough."

Helen stared down at the most sumptuous gulab Jaman she had ever laid eyes on. It was an Indian sweet that had been her favourite since as early as she could remember. For a second or two she suspected that this had something to do with Zarkof's joke, but his face remained annoyingly unreadable as she began to eat. Only as she finished the last mouthful did Helen detect a slight look of triumph on his features. She had no time to dwell on the reason. A hidden bell push allowed Zarkof to summon the orderlies, and before Helen could even react, she found herself being removed from the table and stripped. Five minutes later she found herself straining and squirming ineffectually against a new style containment that mimicked the previous wire cocoon. In this case her containment was constructed of much sturdier rigid steel barring that formed her tightly into a stringent hog-tie format yet again. As with the night before, 237 felt that same unexplainable sensation of swelling as her body began to expand the fatty tissue. Only then did the truth hit her. The

gulab jaman! Whatever Zarkof was doing to her body was being introduced through her food.

Zarkof appeared in her limited field of vision as the orderlies completed the re-installation of her pannier gag, and she made a last defiant screech of anger before the lip clamp cinched her puckering mouth into a sealed pout. Zarkof affixed the pump and a few seconds later her face was exploding with the highest level of pressure he had used to date.

“Last night I used 15 percent 237. Tonight you ate a 20 percent expansion mix. It should be an interesting night I think.” A toe prodded her rapidly swelling form. Then the orderlies lifted her up onto the table. Zarkof watched for a while as her futile struggles and frantic straining grew less, then he left her to complete the expansion in the silence of an empty dining room.

Eyes bugging out, face growing more scarlet by the second, her nubile body swelling and extruding cinched curves of taut skin out past the unyielding steel, Helen could only endure as her body inexorably self-inflated into a female shaped balloon of abused and totally helpless fuckable femininity.

For over an hour the process continued. During that time several of the staff came to watch and mock her plight. They seemed to take pleasure in rolling her around, poking and prodding the steadily tautening bulges festooning her steel caged form, and testing the tightness of her pussy by jamming fingers deep into her frontal orifice. Tit squeezing the enormously expanded orbs of her chest hardware seemed to be a favourite pastime. Especially where the men were concerned. Meanwhile, as the unfortunate, vibrantly quivering 237 continued her unstoppable expansion, -Zarkof was busying himself with the torment of two other females.

102 and 144 were pandering to the sadistic whims of Zarkof and his assistants. Both of them were sheathed in super tight latex, which in itself was nothing unusual. The fact that they were each immersed in cylindrical tanks of water was. 102 was anchored by her feet and stretched towards the surface by a floatation collar, thus ensuring that she was in a constant state of tension created by the buoyancy. 144 \_ was slightly less fortunate in that she was inverted. Anchored by the head, she floated upside down in her tube. Again, that in itself was hardly a test of their ‘mettle whichever orientation they were subjected to. Unfortunately Zarkof and friends wanted them animated. Bound, rubber sheathed mermaids cavorting and dancing in water were a particularly uplifting sight.

The motion was achieved by breath control. Both women were fitted with tight ‘fitting skull hugging helmets, and the breather tubes extended outside the tank to a variety of flow control devices. At the moment, the breathing controls were set to manual, and Zarkof was demonstrating the effects of reducing 102’s intake to the bare minimum required for life, albeit on the verge of unconsciousness. The nubile form twisted and turned and performed an exotic underwater dance on her tether as she struggled for breath. Occasionally Zarkof closed the valve entirely, and she would accelerate her performance to demoniac levels of animation as the minutes ticked by. But Zarkof never allowed her oxygen denial to reach fatal proportions. Just when it seemed her lungs would burst he would open the valve fully and watch the rubber sheathed tits heave and stretch inside their latex covering as her chest dragged in life giving air. 102 was eventually switched to auto and left on a pre-determined sequence of breathing denial that would keep her twitching and writhing for the enjoyment of the onlookers.



144 looked even more attractive and Zarkof tended to maintain her with a completely closed air supply for longer periods whilst he had her on manual control. The inverted nature of her ordeal somehow seemed to enhance the spectacle of her superb buttocks as the powerful muscles convulsed and writhed with her attempts to escape.

Tropical fish were introduced into the tanks, and as the next stages of controlled respiration were started, the guest were treated to a spectacular marine show as both fish and the rubberised females effigies performed a constant aquatic dance. Finally Zarkof tired of the sport and returned to the dining room. Humming cheerfully to himself he swung open the door and entered. The humming ceased and Zarkof came to a dead stop as his jaw sagged once Project 237 came into view. 20 percent enlargement of her fatty tissue seemed like it might be too much despite his careful calculations. The result was hardly a proportional increase from 15 percent.

A huge purple skinned plum-like thing rested on the table. 237 barely resembled a woman. Her entire body was a suffused glow of raised blood pressure for a variety

of reasons, not least of which was the fact that Helen's skin was stretched to a shiny tautness. She was literally a human bomb on the point of bursting.

Zarkof circled the bloated female and looked into her eyes. The usual pleading for mercy was gone. In its place was a look of pure fury, made all the more ferocious as a result of the powerfully bloated cheeks and scarlet colouring. Project 237 was mightily pissed off. The facial valve wiggled furiously and her facial features distorted and rippled in anger, but Zarkof, having recovered from his initial incredulous disbelief, swiftly connected the pump and callously pumped the angrily working face into quivering rock solid, eye popping tautness.

Phht! Phht! Phht! Phht! Phht! Phht! Phht! Phht! Phht! Phht! Phht!

It was an amazing sight to see the mounting fury in her eyes as her lower face was literally inflated to bursting point and all means to express any emotions stretched out and eradicated by the awesome pressure of her cheek bladders. He noticed that 'the massive oral pressure was slowly pulling her lips through the lip cinch ring, The extruded pout was vanishing and he realised that if her lips slid free, she would 'be able to force out the inflated bladders that were expanding her face. A few 'quick twists of the clamp screw solved the problem. Helen's lips went blue with pressure as the clamp tightened. Then Zarkof took up the pump again Pheep! Pheep! Pheep! Pheep! The increasing pressure began to alter the sound of the valve clamped into her enforced lip pout. The helpless woman's eyes seemed to bug out a little further with each stroke of the pump and the scarlet hue of her face darkened even more. If looks could kill, he would already be dead. Zarkof ignored the venomous glare and finished off by expanding her cheeks to a shiny hardness that denied any expression other than that of a person about to physically explode. His finger flicked at the bulging face and he was rewarded by the wooden thumping sound reminiscent of something at maximum elasticity. :

Satisfied that his captive was now as diabolically controlled and prepared as she could ever be, Zarkof took the time to roll her around and test each and every scintillating curvature of her fattened, steel banded form. He was amazed at the resilient hardness produced by this new level of expansion and the total lack of any sign of movement, or for that matter indication that she was actually alive. Only the accusing eyes following his every move told the story of a very angry woman trapped inside an inflated atrocity of herself.

Helen was normally around 150 pounds. But her current expanded body size was that of a 400lb woman, although only in bulk, not actual weight. The increased fatty molecules still weighed the same, they just took up more room. Unfortunately her restraining cage was sized and a tight fit for an unexpanded 150 pound woman. The resultant vibrant, bulging, caged, female atrocity was balanced on her knees as Zarkof squeezed and mashed the extruded hard balls of her massively expanded tits, then to her horror he simply let her go and watched as she fell forward and bounced on the sensitive orbs. It was interesting to note that she fell with all the movement of a log. Fortunately the soft bed absorbed the impact and it was more about the trauma of falling and being unable to prevent it, than any actual harm. With the steel cage containing the fearsome expansion of her body, she was condemned to being a solid unmoving object until the drug wore off. Finally Zarkof tired with playing and took his pleasure. In fact he took it seven times that night and screwed the bloated woman in every conceivable mode that his

lustful mind could conjure up. She was fucked standing on her head, hanging from the ceiling, propped against the wall. Zarkof even lay beneath her and spent a while rotating her hog-tied form on his rampant dick. It was a task made easy by the fact that she was powerfully arched with her thrusting bloated pussy lips at the point of contact, and ease of rotation aided by a liberal application of some sort of lubricant of his belly. The cage surrounding her body afforded no protection from his plundering machinations, but Zarkof was protected from any contact with the actual metal by the bulging extrusions of her body. The steel was deeply embedded in her cinched form and no threat at all to his comfort. Helen suffered in angry



silence as his massive throbbing dick rotated and routed inside her. The angle of his hard throbbing dick was constantly changing as she was turned on the bearing created by her own pussy. If anything the scarlet hue to her features deepened as she desperately tried to escape the diabolical plight she found herself in.

Zarkof's final act before falling asleep was to add even more torment. Using the hoist positioned over the bed, he hoisted Helen to a position that left her dangling face down and horizontal above the bed, and then she was stuffed in both lower

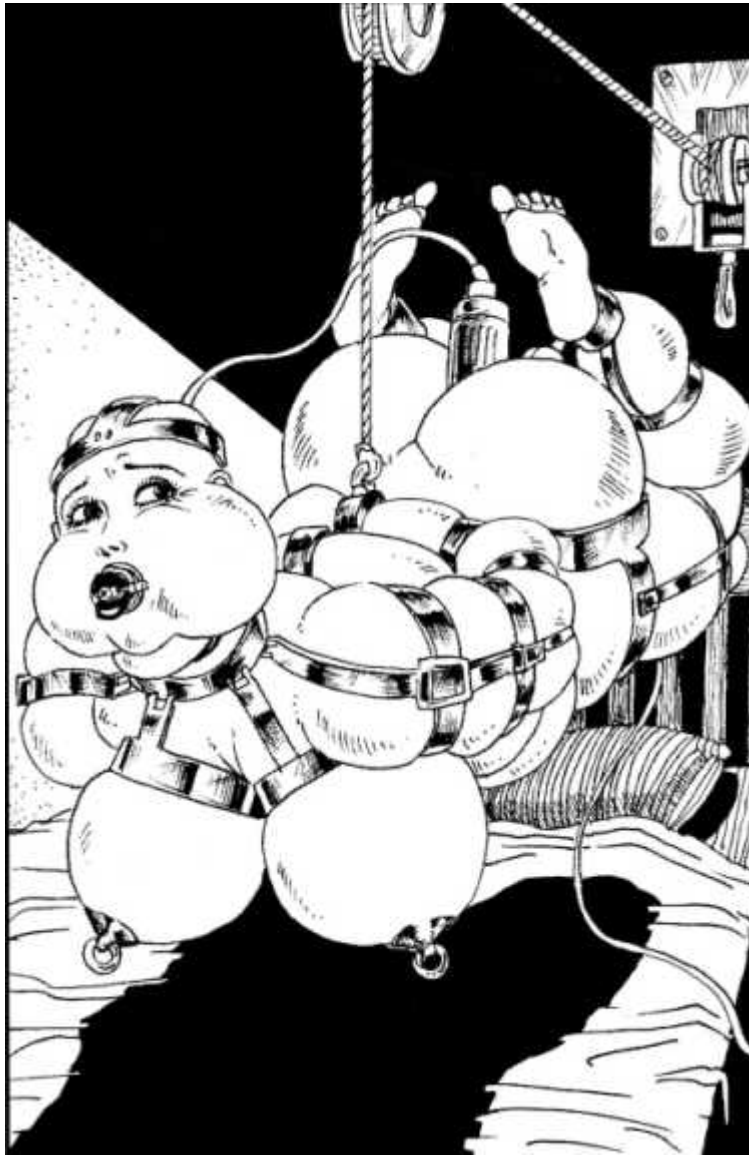


orifices with two huge 110 volt powered vibrators. Neither of the trench diggers were designed for subtle sensation enhancement. They were far too powerful to be enjoyed, at least by the suffering hostess. For Zarkof however, the spectacle of blurred vibrating buttocks and pussy coupled with the snarling sound of powerful motors deep within her inflated form was pure magic. Given the massive restrictive pressure created by her bodily expansion within the cage confines, the vibrations were in fact dissipating over her entire body, which was acting like a sounding board. Zarkof reached up and upon grasping a breast was treated to a handful of violently vibrating tit tissue.

But that wasn't the end of her preparation for a long night vigil. The vibrators had expandable outer sheaths, which Zarkof took great delight in pumping to outrageous size.

The Phht! Phht! Phht! Phht quickly changed to Pheep! Pheep! Pheep! Pheep as the phallic monoliths expanded and reached high pressure. No other sound emanated from the suffering 237 as her delicate orifices were massively filled and stretched to aching fullness. Finally Helen was ready for the night. Inflated, filled, stuffed, cinched, silenced, vibrated, and well used. The once free and nubile woman could only hang like a huge ripe plum until Zarkof decided her next ordeal.

For a while he just lay there and played with his new toy. Although she was probably already at 95 percent of her final expansion, she was still expanding very slowly. The tormented, tumescent woman could do nothing as he prodded and petted her inexorably tautening curves and flicked at the humiliating bulges of her pumped up face. Even a severe tit slapping session that bounced the bulbously expanded orbs of womanhood painfully from side to side failed to produce even a modicum of visible response. He mused about the outcome, should he decide to inject her with a dose that would create a 30 percent expansion. The dangling expanded female showed no reaction to that voiced threat, but he had no doubt that she was screaming and begging for him not to even try. It was an indication of how effectively her entire being was controlled.



Inwardly, Zarkof cursed the stupidity of the old defunct KGB regime. How many people had they simply exterminated with an overdose of this stuff, when they \_ could have developing it along the lines he had pursued? How many shapely Russian women who had been considered a threat to the Soviet Union had been expanded to bursting point and left to explode in slow motion by the hit squads, when they could have so easily converted them into diabolically deactivated sex toys like the one he had now? Even the most active and aggressive female anti-Communist dissident was hardly any threat when inflated into a taut fuckable sex object that \_ couldn't move a muscle or make any sound. His mind scrolled back to a particularly statuesque blonde amazon of second generation Scandinavian extraction they had arrested for suspected subversive activities. At the time he had only been a junior, and many times he had watched as they returned her to her cell. It was normal practice with a woman like that to cuff her spread-eagled to the bars of her cell, facing outwards, and then festoon her body with rope so that she was immovably cinched to the bars. It made it easy to fuck her from outside the cell, and basically she was left for the use of the many male trustees in the cellblock. One particular night guard always had her facing inwards, butt to the bars. Whenever he was on duty she was assured of a good butt fucking.

Zarkof day-dreamed about how she would have looked, hog-tied and infused with a 15 percent mix of his new formula. She would certainly have been a super tight fuck once she was expanded. Helga, as he remembered her name to be, was a formidable woman who was never broken by the KGB. In the end she was sent to Siberia where she probably served as the guards' plaything for the rest of her life. Such power, such anger, such venom towards her captors. It would have been so delightful to watch as she expanded into a bloated seething fuckable female sex toy. What a joy it would have been to have her here now and watch her steadily swelling and tautening into the confines of an inescapable hog-tie cage. Totally content with life in general, Zarkof rolled over and dozed off beneath the humming, expanded, ceiling atrocity that was Project 237. The 20 percent level of her tissue expanding infusion was liable to take a full twenty-four hours to dissipate, so there was plenty of time to play before she resumed her normal body mass. Zarkof estimated she would remain tightly expanded into her cage for at least another fourteen hours.

'Helen watched as he fell asleep. Her cheeks ached terribly. Her entire body was an immovable, highly uncomfortable mass of overstressed skin, and her entire crotch region and buttocks a tingling sea of agonizing muscle contraction as involuntary orgasmic convulsions erupted in quick succession. There was no denying the insistence of those vibrators or the carnal effect of having her entire sex region stuffed and expanded to over capacity. Her neural transmitters simply refused to ignore the devastating sensations.

Ruthlessly silenced and totally helpless, the dangling female sex toy pulsed and prayed with only the frantic flexing of unfettered fingers and rolling eyeballs to reveal the fact that was in fact a living woman. It seemed she had finally been reduced to the ultimate sex object and reached an all-time high in the level of control that could be exacted on a living woman. How wrong she was. Her past training and current assignment was a mild preview of her future.

237 pulsed and seemed to expand fractionally on a regular basis as orgasms ripped into her. Faint muted Mmmmpths! escaped the steel caged parcel of inflated horror and the hard expanded cheeks glowed and bulged with the internal forces of effort as Helen struggled to come to terms with the trauma and inescapability of her predicament.

The hours ticked inexorably by, and 237 felt a lessening of the pressure as the expanded fat cells in her body slowly reverted. Steadily she resumed her normal trim shape. With a mixture of dread and relief, Helen thought over Zarkof's last comment when he had visited to view her progress. Apparently he'd tired of the expansion torment game, at least for now, and it seemed he had a new game to play as soon as she was back to normal.

## Chapter 16 A CHANGE OF STATUS

That evening 237 found herself in a relatively low-level mode of restraint. It seemed Zarkof was entertaining for dinner and she was commanded to appear again, as a sort of semi-willing guest. The attire chosen for her evening wear was somewhat

unorthodox, in that she had been crammed into the basic transparent butt extruding basque of her training days at Cairndhu. Zarkof, however, relented on the gag and armsheath, and for the first time in many months she had use of her speech facilities and relatively free use of hands. Short chains allowing her use of her arms in a controlled manner that would facilitate feeding herself, was a feature of the rig.

Led by a warder and strutting her best rump rolling technique on six-inch heels, Helen was led into the main lounge. An elderly distinguished looking man was with Zarkof, and they both turned as she entered. The distinguished guy almost dropped the thick cigar he was puffing as his eyes plundered her fantastically shaped form. With his jaw dropped, the man studied her at length, and a bulge in his crotch revealed that he liked what he saw.

Zarkof said nothing but indicated that she should treat the guest to a demonstration of her rump-rolling walk. She completed three circuits of the room before Zarkof motioned 237 to a place at the table. The warder was waived away and she let her leash hang and left.

“Drink 237- -?”

Zarkof half turned as he spoke and pressed a bell set into the tabletop. Then it was -Helen’s turn to suffer a dropped jaw as the wine waitress appeared.

The twin doors of a nearby cabinet slid open and a stiffened figure with waist ‘mounted tray appeared. It was an apparition from hell. Without any form of bodily movement, a woman was sliding smoothly towards the table. Helen tore her eyes from the figurine, and looking down, saw a barely visible slot that hid a monorail system from view. The wine waiter stopped close to the table and began to rotate ‘slowly so that all the bottles on her circular waist tray came to hand.

‘Helen was dumbstruck at the horrific plight of the woman, apparently of oriental origins if the almond eyes were anything to go by. Her naked olive skinned body ‘seemed to confirm that observation.

‘She was balanced on a point formed by her steel encased toes; a cone of unyielding burnished metal that then sprouted thin high tensile steel bars in the form of a body cage. Obviously the containment had been manufactured on a personal basis due to the excruciating tightness of fit. The woman was literally compressed into a rigid statuette with her entire body ridged by the biting steel. Polished flat steel forgings built into the web of metal bars formed disk-like surrounds at the root of each of her small firm breasts, another encircled the neck in a high collar. Two of the riser bars connected to the breastplates at their lowest point, then continued upwards, curving out in twin swan necks before finally terminating on each nipple. Another passing over the front of the collar performed a similar under chin curve before flaring out and then looping to inwards to vanish into the puckered circular lips of her mouth. Her lips in fact appeared to be forced through the small circular opening in the oral disk, and then due to the forcible insertion of the bar, they were expanded tightly into the orifice so as to be intractable and forged into a permanent pout.

Others bars disappeared into the cleft of her bottom, and at front, between the naked shaven mounds of her mons. But it was only after detailed scrutiny Helen realised that in fact the cage was made of micro-bore steel tubing, but the design purpose of that revelation would only come later.

“White or red 237?” In the red I have a nice Merlot, or there’s a Shiraz, and in white I have a South African Chardonnay that is most excellent. Helen started from her reverie as she realised that Zarkof was speaking to her.

“Oh! White please.” Zarkof reached out and set up the glasses, pouring himself a white, and the Judge a Merlot. He replaced the decanters on the slowly rotating tray and served the drinks to his guests.

“Perhaps I should introduce you two. This is Judge Robert Fordham, a friend of mine and a member of the organisation.” Helen nodded politely in the direction of the man, then returned her attention to the waiter. Zarkof sipped his wine and allowed her to study the woman a while longer before commenting.

“Well, what do you think of our dumb waiter 237?” He flashed her a dangerous smile as she looked up. That could be you if you give me too much trouble.”  
‘Helen looked back to the pirouetting figurine and shuddered.

“It’s appalling. How could you possibly do something like that to a woman?” Zarkof made as if to answer, but the distinguished looking guest beat him to it. “Perhaps I should explain. We acquire females by many methods. Some deserving what they get, and some, like yourself, merely selected on a whim of male lust. He smiled as Helen’s face momentarily showed a tearful expression at the idea of her plight being merely a lustful whim. But the Judge ignored it and continued. “Miss ‘Wong is a terrorist whom the organisation acquired from a Bangkok jail. She was convicted of atrocities. In fact, as we now know, she was the top interrogator for the Khmer Rouge. This lovely looking thing is probably the most evil sadistic woman you will ever have the misfortune to meet. Although we will probably never know how many people she actually tortured to death, the figures we can confirm include over three hundred women and children. She’s one of two we have here, although the other was slightly damaged when she blew herself up with her own terrorist bomb. You’ll see her later.” The Judge paused to take a sip of the Merlot, first savouring the nose and then allowing the liquid to assault his taste buds before swallowing.

“The Thai government was about to execute both of them by machine gun, but we felt that would be too kind for such nasty pieces of garbage. Besides, this one was desirable raw material, body wise. As was the other; for some, that is. So we brought them here. This is to be the rest of this woman’s life sentence, designed I might add, by one of our guests who is a hydraulics engineer. We’ve added a few of our own innovations as well. Mainly along the lines of her own torture methods, but carefully designed not be lethal like her own efforts.” The Judge retrieved a \_\_\_ riding crop hanging under the waist encircling table and administered some waspish strokes to the pert firm buttocks as they came into range. There was no visible response in the tortuously contained body save for a spasmodic jerk in the abused ‘rump, and muted gasps of pain. It was a damning testament to the severity of the woman’s bondage.

“Miss Wong here will spend many years suffering the same torment as her innocent victims. Poetic justice you might say.” Judge Fordham sipped at his wine again as he continued to view the suffering figure with a look of contempt and loathing.

“But how can you be sure she’s guilty? Just suppose she’s innocent, look what -you’ve done to her.” The Judge turned back to face Helen.

“No doubt my dear. Miss Wong posed for photos alongside her victims as she was working on them, and those pictures were recovered when she was arrested. This sadistic evil bitch kept an album of her most memorable torture sessions. There is ‘no doubt at all.” a

A look of revulsion grew on Helen’s face as the full horror of this woman’s crimes

permeated her brain, and unbeknown to her, Zarkof was studying her reaction with interest.

“Perhaps you'd like to add a little to her discomfort 237.” Zarkof slid a remote controller over to her. “I suggest you try the green button first.” Helen retrieved the ominous plastic oblong and looked up to the rotating figure. The eyes were venomous, but not a single sound escaped to convey any of the impotent wrath of ‘the safely deactivated monster. She hesitated for a second or two, then as the images of suffering victims grew in her mind, Helen pressed her thumb down savagely.

“Suffer Bitch!” She didn’t know if the woman spoke English, but her expression as she pressed the button was the equivalent of a universal language that the woman was sure to understand. For a second her eyes lost the venom and registered fear. At first nothing happened, and it was only after several rotations of the figure that she became aware of the subtle changes she had set in motion. The hollow mini tubes were pumping the captive female full of an inert oil. Her body was expanding, buttocks extending through the bars, pussy bulging outward, cheeks inflating and ‘growing taut with tension. But most noticeable of all were the small cone breasts



expanding and rounding out to huge quivering half melons. Only then did Helen realise that her breasts were in fact hollow and had been surgically implanted with inflatable bladders.

The angry eyes changed and were frantically pleading and begging with each rotation, but the hidden pumps inexorably inflated her body to a strumming tautness that could only be diabolically traumatic. Zarkof seemed to sense Helen's puzzlement at the almost total silence save for faint muted throat sounds. Even a gagged woman could make considerable noise when in pain.

"She can't make a sound 237. Even without having her mouth sealed, she's dumb. When she was captured she took a bullet in the throat. Later, in prison, she fell foul

of the inmates and they cut her tongue out. Unfortunately for her, and fortunately for us, the warders got there before they could kill her. I suspect Miss Wong is ruing the fact that we rescued her right now." ;

Helen had no doubt of that. Her own experience of expansion gave her an exceptionally informed insight into the trauma of being inflated. She had no doubt that the enforced inflation of Wong by pressurised fluid, unlike her own recent outer layer fatty tissue expansion, was a whole lot more painful. Unlike Helen's expansion mode, Wong retained the hour glass shape enforced by her cage, and expansion was more recognisable by a slight quilting effect and the texture of her skin becoming shiny with tension.

Zarkof allowed her to watch a while longer as Wong steadily expanded and hardened into a taut pressurised statue of agony, then encouraged her to try the red button. ; Helen's thumb carried out his bidding, and instantly the bottles on the tray began to vibrate with an almost imperceptible tremor. Wong seemed to jerk and stiffen, her whole body knotted up with rigid quivering muscle exertion, veins standing out on her forehead in stark relief. Obviously the button had instigated a terrible retribution

of one kind or another that was not immediately apparent, but the incredibly bound woman was in no position to enlighten them as to its nature.

"Another of Miss Wong's favourite interrogation methods was to pass electric currents through her victims, especially the women. So we decided she should experience it for herself. She's wired from toes to breasts, mouth to butt, neck to pussy, but not enduring anything like a lethal dose. Very painful, but not lethal. Same with the pump-up treatment. Wong used a hose pipe in the body orifices, but we're a little more sophisticated here." Zarkof's hand reached out to a knob set into her controls, and Helen watched agog as the knob turning was translated into a muscle knotted stiffness in the tormented Wong. There was nothing she could do other than respond as the hand simply turned her electrical torment up and stiffened her into a quivering effigy of tortured female flesh.

For a while they all sat in silence as the dumb waiter slowly performed her pirouette of torment, watching enthusiastically as the pressurisation reached a pre-set level

and held her at a painfully bloated inflation. Unlike Helen's containment during

expansion, this comprehensive overall cage enclosure allowed a much higher internal pressure without fear of the woman bursting. Zarkof's technicians had worked the whole thing out to ensure that no vital organs came under stress that could create a fatal situation. There was no way Wong could escape the retribution for her previous life. Even the oblivion of death was denied her. Despite her earlier misgivings, Helen couldn't help but feel that Wong's punishment was justified, now that she knew the whole story.

Eventually the pneumatic figure of the suffering woman was temporarily forgotten and she was left to suffer in quivering electrically paralysed silence as the first course arrived.

Four superb women entered the room pushing serving carts. Like Helen, they were attired in basques and thigh boots. Unlike 237's moulded acrylic attire, the boots and basques were of unyielding steel. As was standard around Zarkof, they were all shaven crotched and the basques were designed to stop short of affording them any modesty; although they did have a thin bar passing through the crotch that sealed the entrance to their sex and rectums as it bisected their pussy lips and rounded buttock lobes. All were expando gagged, and their heads smooth and denuded of hair. Yet despite the fact that they were hobbled and manacled to the carts, their demeanour seemed relatively mild when compared to Wong. This time Judge Fordham explained.

"Ah! The four musketeers. These four have opted to stay here 237. We gave them the choice of returning to prison or serving time here. None of them are murderers or anything like that. But they are all guilty of complicity in a particularly callous computer fraud that stripped people of pensions. Genuine convictions I might add. They admitted guilt then opted to serve the ten years sentences here, which I might add, we have seen fit to shorten to five in repayment for co-operation and good behavior. We'll provide them with a new identity, and they can live in a variety of countries where we have contacts once their sentences are served out. Obviously, the UK legal system will still be looking for them, so they can't stay here. But given the option of freedom five years sooner, they don't seem to mind that they can never return."

As he was speaking, Zarkof reached out to a trolley maid who had stopped nearby and fondled her bottom. The girl stood silent and un-protesting as his marauding hands ran amok on her curvaceous rear end. The wrist manacles locked onto the cart ensured that she stayed bent forward slightly, thus enhancing the availability of her bottom. Zarkof grinned at Helen and impishly pried the buttocks apart to reveal a huge rectal insert, and deeper through the cleft of her crotch an even larger insert in her mons.

"Rather a salubrious ass this one. Jean Breton, financial director and architect of the whole scam." He gripped the short handle on the rectal dildo and wiggled it vigorously. The statuesque beauty gasped but endured and Helen watched her delicate bum hole distorting as it suckled on the invading anus stretcher. Even though her face was turned away from her, she could see the flush of humiliation and embarrassment rising up Jean's neck and reddening the visible side of her cheek.

"Have they all got the same fittings?" Helen found herself warming to the idea of mildly punishing these women, not to mention the humiliation angle. It was more ; tormenting than torturing, and that was something she felt she could indulge in, especially when the victim couldn't complain. Besides, if the roles were reversed, she had no doubt that like her own minders, these women would enjoy using her if she was bound and couldn't resist. The Judge seemed to read her thoughts and



turned to the nearest trolley maid who had an even larger insertion showing.

“Patricia, go over to 237, she wants to play with you I think.”

Patricia backed up and placed her curvaceous rump within range of the guest’s chained reach. Tentatively, Helen stretched out her hand and placed it on the offered bottom. Instantly she felt the fire of arousal in her groin. It was the first time she had ever touched another woman, other than when she was bound to them, and it felt good. Patricia felt soft, warm, sensuous. And even more importantly, unable to repel her advances, probably unwilling to even try if she could, lest she earn a more salutary method of employment. In an instant, 237 understood the lure of controlling another woman, and a shiver went through her body as she realised that the same applied to her in the hands of her captors. But it was a thought that was easily put to the back of her mind under the current circumstances, where she wasn’t the victim for a change.

Helen wriggled her gloved fingers into the cleft of the offered bottom and gripped the short handle, noting as she did that it was in fact secured in place by the thin band running through the crotch. The neck of the handle actually ran through the



band, but an oversizing in the hole allowed the anal dildo to be moved within the ; woman as if gimballled. It was as if she had been fitted with a joystick, although joy was probably not the correct term for having a long, ass stretching, dildo moved \_ around in the deep recesses of her body. BS 7

Helen experimented, moving the handle left to right, then yanked it longitudinally in the bottom cleft. Patricia's tight ring distorted to try and absorb the stretching forces, and the woman grunted through her gag as her tightly gripping butt hole followed the movement faithfully. Her sumptuous buttocks clenched involuntarily and the firmly muscled orbs gripped the fingers of Helen's hand in a delightfully sensuous buttock vice. She could feel the tremulous grudging acceptance from the woman, but apart from that there was no sign of dissent. She allowed Patricia to move away and shifted her attention to Jean who was now in range.

"Amazing! How come she doesn't even try to resist?" me

Zarkof explained. ; : age 8

"If she makes any sign of discontent she'll spend a week in the box, or else on the bench." Helen's interest was instantly aroused.

"The bench? Is that a punishment of some sort for when she refuses to co-operate?"

"In general yes, but any of the inmates can be consigned to any piece of apparatus or punishment by guests or staff whether they did anything wrong or not. They all have to do anything you ask day or night, just like yourself. Try it! Ask Jean to do \_ something for you." Helen felt the bottom trembling against her hand and felt an excitement in her own body at being handed such power over another woman.

"Spread your legs Jean." Instantly the forward bending figure shuffled her feet outward until the hobble chain drew taut and Helen studied the result for a second or two before readjusting her stance. "Now arch your back." The offered ramp reared as she complied, and then Helen saw a wet spot splash onto the polished cover of the Tureen on the trolley. Jean was weeping silently as she was ordered to display herself so lewdly. As a woman, Helen knew exactly what she was doing when she ordered this particular position. It was the equivalent of a bitch on heat offering herself to any takers.

Reaching forward through the fully visible crotch region, Helen grasped the revealed pussy handle and gave the frontal orifice a thorough work out.

"So if I ask for her to be put on the bench, or boxed she'd have no choice then?"

The trembling sensation in the bottom grew stronger as Jean listened helplessly to her unfolding fate.

"Oh! But of course. You only have to ask 237. We've given you guest status basically, at least for the time being." Helen felt that familiar shudder of impending doom as she was once again reminded that her current position was merely another game to these people. She resigned herself to an eventual return to the status of bound sex toy and then decided to enjoy her freedom whilst she could. There may never be another chance like this. She looked back to the fearfully waiting Patricia and decided to test their word.

"Then perhaps Jean here can demonstrate the bench thing for me tomorrow." The two men glanced at each other with expressions of mild surprise, then Zarkof nodded.

"Your wish is her command 237." He looked across to the hapless trolley maid.

"Report for benching immediately after role call in the morning Breton. Our guest wants to see you under maximum restraint, and whilst we are at it, you other three can be benched so that Helen can see what all that is about."

Helen felt the woman she was molesting shudder through the handle of the pussy joystick. Obviously Jean's intimate knowledge of the rigours of the bench was far more informed than that of the woman who had just condemned her to its clutches on a whim. The prisoner could only pray that Helen took pity once she saw what she had ordained for her.

"It's your night off 237. Feel free to move around and inspect the girls if you like. You can have any of them set up in any of the grade 4 equipment." Helen glanced at Zarkof and he confirmed that she had heard correctly with a hand motion. The trolley maid followed Helen with her eyes as she rose. Zarkof disconnected her

ornamental chains when he saw that she intended to inspect the wine waiter, and then stood back as she almost casually sauntered around to the suffering Wong. The Asian woman, still rigid and suffering, endured in silence as Helen tested the hardness of her form and turned the control dial still higher. She was unaware that at these higher levels, both modes of correction were raised simultaneously. Judge Fordham smiled quietly to himself. Trust a woman to extract levels of retribution far higher than anything a man would consider safe or endurable. Contemptuously, 'Helen pressed the stow button and watched as the pirouetting pillar of agony slid back along her rail and vanished, to continue her punishment in the Stygian darkness of her stowage cupboard.

Attention was drawn from the departing Wong woman as the waitresses appeared. 'Unlike the manacled four, these women were completely unrestrained. Clad in latex tights, high heeled calf length boots, and with a waist nipper, the upper bodies were naked save for a wire bra that did little to hide the luscious breast fruits of the women, and did a whole lot to enhance and shape the thrusting orbs. Zarkof explained that these were trustees who had earned the privilege of freedom for most of their stay. One of those perks was that they could only be awarded punishment for transgressions of the rules. Only gagging could be applied for a whim, and as it seemed from these three, Zarkof liked to indulge his available options.

"Of course, it takes some years for them to rise to this status. Amanda here spent many weeks on the bench or in some other form of punishment in her earlier days. Most hot-tempered women do. But in the end we won her over to our way. Didn't we Amanda- -?"

He reached up and twiddled her nipple ring as she bent over to serve the broccoli. Amanda merely nodded, a nose ring dancing against her upper lip with the movement of her head.

"Do they all have rings?" Helen was staring at the pendulous ringed breasts of another server.

"No! It's not mandatory with these low level recruits, unless they try to escape that is. They find it difficult to try a second time with a permanent steel ball and chain attached to each nipple. Most of them are ringed at the requests of our guests. Those two were by request, but Amanda there tried to escape. She's lucky. The Judge wanted her serving, so we relented and let her have the balls and chains removed. She spent six months nose ringed to the exercise yard pole during daylight hours for that minor infringement of rules, and slept face down with her nipples

and clitoris padlocked to the bed at nights as an additional punishment for insolence. That was in addition to having the balls attached at a later date. It's not so bad if they have hands free to carry the balls, but most of the time they have to drag them with their nipples due to hands being out of operation."

"So if I want, I can have Jean ringed?" Zarkof looked at her in amazement.

"If you want, certainly you can. In fact benching them is much more fun if they're ringed. However, if you want that done you'll have to wait a week to see her benched. We have to give the piercing time to heal."

Helen's licentious excitement was running amok. For the first time in her life she was experiencing the joys of having the ultimate power to decide another person's fate. The fact that it was a beautiful shapely woman seemed to double the effect. Her mons was awash with the juices of her sexual arousal.

"I can wait. Let's have Jean ringed. In fact why not do all four. They seem to work so well together they may as well demonstrate the bench together if you have more than one."

The heat in 237's crotch rose considerably as the trolley women facing her way displayed silent pleas for mercy. Meanwhile, the Judge eyed her thoughtfully as she gazed at the condemned women with undisguised lusting intent.

Neither of the men had even considered Helen as a recruit for either guest status or staff, and both fully expected her to reject any of the options to torment others. Yet it seemed that this superb woman had all the makings of a useful addition to the team in either role. Already she had succumbed to the temptations of ultimate power, and they had no doubts that her agile and inventive mind would rapidly begin to pay dividends in new ideas.

"You want them all to have a full set 237?" Helen nodded enthusiastically.

"Tongues as well- -?" At that, she turned back to the men and stared wide eyed.

"Tongues?"

"Oh! Yes, a full set includes tongue eyelets; very useful for all manner of things."

Helen's eyes strayed the shocked faces of the serving women, and she enjoyed making the decision.

"Yes, a full set then."

The serving was completed, and rather irked that she had to relinquish the pussy joystick, Helen allowed the servers to usher the empty trolley pushing prisoners

away. It had been most enjoyable to tease and torment the luckless Jean whilst they talked. The women cast imploring eyes at her whenever the chance arose, and finally Helen spoke directly to her.

“Sorry Jean, but I just can’t resist having you ringed, and I’m sure you’ll look so nice when you’re benched or whatever. I mean, it’s the chance of a lifetime, to have a woman like you under my control. I just can’t resist the temptation.”

Jean didn’t seem all that impressed, but dutifully obeyed as she was ordered away from the table.

Wistfully, she watched the superb rump gyrating away from her, and then turned her attention to the magnificent meal. For a second or two she hesitated as thoughts of Zarkof’s diabolical fatty tissue enhancer flashed back into mind, but Zarkof allayed her fears with a direct look and an almost imperceptible shake of the head.

As they ate, Helen swung the conversation increasingly towards methods of various punishments. Bemused by this turn of events, and her undeniable interest, the hosts gladly explained as a hitherto unsuspected side to this woman increasingly came to the fore. It proved to be an interesting meal, after which Zarkof reverted to form and had a shocked 237 placed back in the full training rig, armsheathed and helmeted, then clamped down in a stringent butt rearing fashion in the guest room. The speed of her fall from debutante with power to project 237 was staggeringly traumatic. But she contented herself with thoughts of things to come in less than a week.

An hour later Helen’s tightly contained form was still hummphing and straining as : the Judge made the best of Zarkof’s gift for the night and fucked her every which way imaginable. For an old guy he was something else. His stamina was beyond belief, and a scarlet popeyed 237 could only endure as he jammed a massive erection between her buttock cheeks for the second time and butt fucked her with a vengeance. Her pussy had already been reamed twice. The Judge for his part was experiencing erections, the like of which had been sadly lacking for years. The sight of a woman slithering and straining inside a transparent sheath as her sweat lubricated body moved like a tongue on glass may have had something to do with his lustful revival. Without doubt, the fact that she was rigidly held and unable to do anything other than lewdly offer herself for fucking was also a factor. But eventually, even the supercharged Judge ran out of sexual steam. Orderlies were called, Helen was released from the bed, her casque and sheaths tightened still more, and her lower orifices filled with electronic moles.

The Judge, armed with a remote control then had her perform for hours on end in her marching butt rolling mode. He was an inventive old fart. No sooner had he tired of seeing her march, than he had her ankle clamped and under threat of even more powerful shocks through her butt hole, she was made to hop around the room. It proved to be his favourite mode. 237’s spherical bouncing tits and flexing butt appealed to his libido.

The evening ended with her in the same mode, her ankles still clamped, and the clamp in turn connected to a floor ringbolt beside the bed. The Judge then had her

perform endless squats as he drifted off to sleep with the vision of her flexing bottom fresh in his mind. Later in the night he woke and visited the bathroom. As an afterthought he had 237 squat whilst still ankle chained to the floor, and connected her nipple rings to the same eyebolt. Balanced awkwardly on her super high heels, and chained securely into a humiliating squat, Helen endured the rest of the night as the Judge snored contentedly.

For the first part of the week, Helen was kept in her cell, and her nights were spent chained into a squat. The Judge, although departed, had asked that she be kept like that each night until the benching day dawned. It pleased him to think of her ordeal wherever he may be. Later in the week, Zarkof moved her to another room where she had a TV and video monitor, not to mention a huge wardrobe of clothes. For most of the time she watched tapes supplied by Bailey, a warder she was becoming semi-friendly with. The rest of time she spent trying various outfits from the closet. But her mind was once again in turmoil. This uncharacteristic benevolence from Zarkof didn't bode well for her future. The calm before the storm was probably a good example of how she felt. The tapes gave graphic accounts of punishments on prisoners both past and present, all depicting either extreme restraints, gruelling exertion; and in most cases both traumas simultaneously. All without exception exposed the inmates to a crushing level of humiliation that was designed to reduce their self-esteem to a manageable, malleable level.

It was early on the Friday that warder Bailey arrived with news that her selected women were benched and ready for inspection. Bailey left with a parting remark. "Two trustees are coming down soon to get you dressed. I advise that you don't give them any trouble 237."

Footsteps sounded outside the door, and as it swung open she was confronted by two very serious looking trustees from the maximum security block. Between them they were carrying a double handled holdall which was unceremoniously dumped on the nearest table. Without even bothering to look at 237, they rolled the thing open like a tool kit and revealed a mass of heavy duty items that suddenly sent her knees into tremble mode. Nervously she reached out and lifted the main item, the red corset, and immediately its weight surprised her. The thing must have weighed thirty pounds or more. It was clearly a sort of laminated rubber, inside jet black, and outside polished red. But there was something else, probably a layer of nylon reinforcing set into the layers. In addition were thin steel stiffeners that hadn't been noticeable in the video, and the stubby hard rubber cones covering every inch of the inside.

"YOU! 237! Put that down, get over there and strip." For a second Helen found stood still, both marvelling at the fact that she had actually managed to absorb the massive dildos, and enjoying the almost painful feel of her lower body being completely filled by their mass. She wasn't given long to savour the sensation as her antagonists added a security harness. It was little more than a belt with a crotch band. Overall, the device was nothing more than inch wide super strength reinforced rubber, and once added it jammed the dildo heads tightly into her openings and precluded any chance of them sliding out to give a modicum of relief. The tights would have stopped anything more than a half-inch at best, but now even that amount of extrusion was denied.

The trustees ignored her obvious trepidation as the costume assumed a more sinister level than she had ever envisaged, and they busied themselves for half an hour fitting five-inch heeled lace up thigh boots that clung tightly to her legs. They were \_

so tight that even her lithe fit rubber sheathed thighs bulged over the tops with the compression. Again, it was the same reinforced rubber, yet despite the strength, the careful and methodical lacing managed to produce a stretch that threatened to crush her legs as the laces finally met. \_

Next came the helmet. In that at least there were no surprises. The videos she had seen on this arrangement appraised her of the fact that it incorporated a gag, so she was fully expecting it.

“Any last words 237?” It was a cruel jibe. She had no real choice over any of the events taking place. Helen stayed silent as the helmet descended on her head.

It took some time to fit the tight helmet, but by the time they had finished, the crown of the helmet was snugged tightly to her skull and her head was crushed \_ within the confines of the constricting rubber. The rest of the device was stretched and smoothed around her features, dildo gag prising open her jaws and filling the oral cavity to a choking fullness. Laces drew taut, and the casque of rubber inexorably increased the pressure that held her head in a vice like grip.

Helen watched silently as the awesome corset was brought over. It was hardly a corset. More of a three-quarter length rubber coated iron maiden stretching from under the chin to mid thigh. Even though it was rubber, it was also liberally laced with spring steel shaping bars that were unlikely to enhance flexibility. :

Even as the thing wrapped around her on the initial fitting, she was already painfully aware of what was to come. Stubby hard rubber spikes were daggering into her soft sensitive body wherever it touched. Only the neck region was free. But where the built in posture collar flared out to cup her head the spikes continued thus tormenting the tender underside of her chin. 7

Tugging and heaving, one trustee holding, the other pulling laces with all her might, they began the long task of reducing Helen’s body down to a size that could be fully encompassed by a corset that was fully closed at the rear. It seemed of no consequence to them that it was probably undersized even by Zarkof’s standards. Prison rules demanded closed lace openings, and sooner or later, whatever the cost in discomfort, Helen’s body was destined to meet the required format.

- Fear lanced through her as the breath was crushed from her body, and still the stiffening embrace continued to squeeze and mould her with overwhelming force.

7 Never before had she managed a waist smaller than twenty-one inches, and yet it was already down to nineteen and there was still a way to go.

Helen could feel her bottom ballooning from the heart shaped rear aperture, extruded by the immense pressure sculpting her entire lower form. Then as the advancing crush of tightening laces marched up her torso, she experienced a similar outgrowth ; of her fulsome breasts as they expanded into the wire cages of the melon shaped cups. Relief from the ever-increasing compression was short. In fact, just long enough to allow one of the women to locate her nipples through the disc centerpieces of the built-in bar cage, and then it was business as usual.

Taking a last glance down before the neck-sculpting collar robbed her of head movement, Helen stared boggle eyed at the segmented protuberances of her breasts. The immense pressure was forcing them into the cages and bulging the restrained sections through into stark relief. ;

Another five minutes passed, and the final laces were tied off behind her head.

Only the hanging strap on the chin section remained undone. A trustee lifted it up

and took it over the crown of the helmeted head and back down a connection behind her head. Helen gasped as the strap tightened down, bracketing her nose with a prearranged triangle aperture, and then crushed her amorphously contained head tightly into the posture forming stiffness of the chin cup as it became a single band running over her gagged lips. It was a salutary moment as Helen felt the full extent of her rubber entombment. Yet it seemed there was more.

Mystified, she stood uncomprehending as a split aluminium yoke was lifted and dropped onto her shoulders. Even though it was made of the lightest metal readily available, it still weighed ponderously on her strictly controlled form. The two halves met and butterfly screws swung over to connect and tighten the two pieces into a single unit. In effect, her already stiffly encased neck received an additional covering that flared out and formed a neat cover to each shoulder. As it happened, she didn't really have time to consider the options before her arms were forced : upwards, bent at the elbows and folded tightly together in what would normally be a finger clasped neck supporting position. Metal bands on the yoke were swiftly slipped over her doubled arms, and before she could even react, there was the rasp of adjustable clasps as they were yanked tight.

By now Helen was really beginning to feel frightened. The simple act of looking down to see what they were doing with her ankles was denied. Only the vice-like sensation of heavy hobble cuffs gave her an insight into the final fitments.

'Both women rose and stood facing her, then reaching forward, one snapped a short heavy chain to a ring at the crown of her headgear and allowed the other end to hang down. 237 eyed the hanging end with huge misgivings as she saw a suspension ring welded into the end link. The ring swung ominously in front of Helen's face, and she had little doubt as to the purpose. It didn't bode well for her comfort over the next few hours, or however long these two chose to keep her contained.

"Right 237! Time to take you down to the benching compound. Oh! By the way, Jean, the girl you had benched, is a friend of mine." Helen felt the blood drain from her body as the words sank in, but she had little time to consider the consequences.

"Move 237!" A cane sliced across her naked extruded bottom making her jump and almost lose balance. The corset was so tight around her thighs as to limit leg movement above the knees to almost zero. Then, as she attempted to move to the door, the hobble added an even more diabolical constraint as the chain snapped taut at a step of little more than six inches.

Helen tried to scream and object, but the cane simply added another fiery line to the throbbing target area of her vulnerable bottom. Shuffling awkwardly, exposed buttocks mincing absurdly, she made for the door. There was no option but to comply, and whilst that scared the hell out of her, Helen found herself experiencing a glowing flush of arousal in her nether regions. The jerky crushed thigh locomotion was working her compressed labial lips powerfully against the pussy-filling dildo. In addition, buttocks pressed into forceful contact by the reinforced edging of her heart shaped rump display were working her tightly stretched anal ring provocatively around the slick shaft in her rear opening. It was a completely new sensation that easily surpassed the pain of virginal tightness guaranteed by an un-violated bottom hole, or at least one that had only been reamed recently.

Helen felt the wire bra tightening as her libido gained momentum. Pounding blood engorged the captive orbs, pumping them to a throbbing urgency as she passed through the doorway and into a public domain.



Only her eyes were visible through the holes in her helmet, and yet still she felt that the staring staff could see every inch of her humiliating demise.

Thwack! The tottering figurine jumped visibly as her herders urged her onward.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

The biting sting of the cane came in quick succession.

“Move it 237!” Helen strove to show her discontent, but her cries were stifled by the mouth filling dildo and all efforts to turn away from the buttock tormenting blows were easily absorbed by the crushing rigidly enforced confinement of her costume. The ringed chain swung back and forth in front of her eyes; a salutary reminder that her troubles had only just started. But despite the fear, there was the undeniable masochistic arousal that was becoming more of a problem with every day she passed in this God forsaken place.

Hot love juice was filling the impermeable sheath of her rubber tights, leaking copiously down the sides of her pussy plug as enforced movement distorted and worked her super aroused love lips, invaded and plugged like a gagged mouth. The viscous fluid insidiously worked its way around, converting the whole of her latex encased mid-section into a slithering morass of stimulating inescapable sensation. Suddenly her suffering paled into insignificance as the benches and their occupants came into view.

## Chapter 17 THE BENCHES

Helen hesitated as the enormity of the benched women’s plight became clear. The pause earned her another stinging stripe on her bottom.

Bench was rather inadequate as a description for these terrible devices. In fact they were narrow horizontal beams arranged to form a ‘Y’ shape, perched on legs that held the occupant three feet above the ground. Each naked woman was strapped face down, arms bent behind her and formed into a back prayer that placed palm to palm behind the neck. The severity of the strapping was immediately obvious even from a distance due to the deep furrows in the captive bodies. The split of the ‘Y’ was centered beneath each crotch, and legs wide spread excruciatingly strapped down to each arm so as to present the vulnerable crotch region for whatever uses anyone had in mind. In addition, a hard wood block ensured that each bottom was elevated and supremely offered in the best traditions of voyeuristic extravagance and complete availability.

As they approached from the rear, Helen took in the door frame device straddling each fettered form, positioned so that the cross member traversed the pinioned woman at the upper thigh. The top cross piece however was formed by a tubular pivoted shaft, a support for a huge mallet that was seemingly set by some sort of trigger mechanism and poised high in the air. Her eyes followed the perceived arc

they would prescribe and arrived at the centerpiece of the whole thing. - Positioned between each set of spread legs was a single column rising from the ground, its top adorned with a cross tube that was aligned with the puckering bottom holes of each trussed female. Fitted within the tube, and obviously designed to slide, were the most enormous dildos she had ever seen. Each measured at least two feet in length if one included the slider section inside the guide tube, and the free length at the rear was probably ten inches. Given that they were at least three inches in diameter, Helen cringed at the thought of trying to accommodate one of those monsters in her love nest. Yet as she moved closer, the full desperate plight of the women made itself clear. The evil head of each dildo was poised an inch from each trembling tight clenched rectal entrance. The gleam of grease on nervously puckering sphincters and the polished heads of the dildos left no doubt that none of the women would be able to resist the plundering dildo poles if they were to move forward with anything more than a slight pressure. Suddenly the huge mallet took on a new and sinister potential. A falling mallet would produce considerably more than slight pressure if it were to impact on those poised dildos.

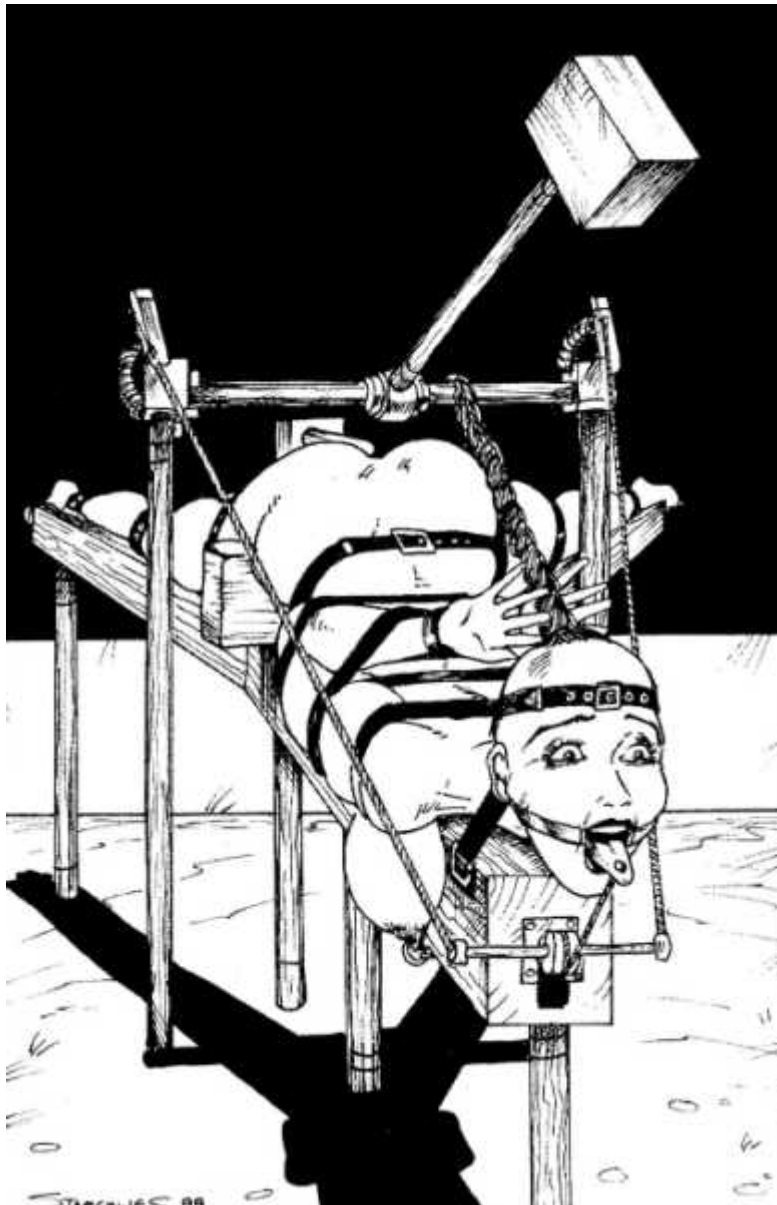
By now she was alongside the pinioned girls, and her heart sank as she saw the terrible predicament her lustful weaknesses had brought down on the women. They had been ringed all right. Both nipples were joined below the crossbar of the bench and drawn excruciatingly together. Yet that paled into insignificance when the tongue eyeletting came into view. -

Each tongue was drawn out and bolted down. A washer on the head of each bolt precluded any possibility of the women easing their tongues over the bolt head. And even if they should try, the result would almost certainly be catastrophic. They were bolted to the top of a lever that was clearly the release mechanism for the poised mallets. Any attempt to withdraw the tongue or move it in any way would send the huge mallet hurtling down towards the sighted anal dildos.

As if that wasn't enough, the hair of each terribly tormented woman was plaited into a pigtail like her own and stretched tautly upwards to the pivoted cross bar. If the mallet swung down, the tube would wind a half turn of hair onto its rotating surface and tension the woman even more as it pitted hair against tongue.

Her trustee keepers allowed Helen to halt and survey the pitiful plight she had ordered, although in this case, only four were her doing. The other was a woman under punishment.

"I hope you're satisfied with what you did 237?" Helen shuffled her body around



to face the grim wardress. As best she could, she made eyes to indicate her shame at the thoughtless self indulgence in the pursuit of lustful sensation; a luxury that was being painfully paid for by these women.

“Just to make sure you get the full satisfaction, we’ve decided you can stay here all day and watch them suffer. Perhaps you won’t be so keen to order punishment for no reason in the future. Come on, get yourself over to the drum.” Helen awkwardly turned again and searched for the object designated.

As it transpired, it was a diabolic device set dead center of the crescent shaped bench layout. Most of it was below ground level, but at least twelve inches of the curvature of a huge circular treadmill was still visible above ground. Poised over it was a gibbet, and it was towards this that the stinging cane urged her. \_

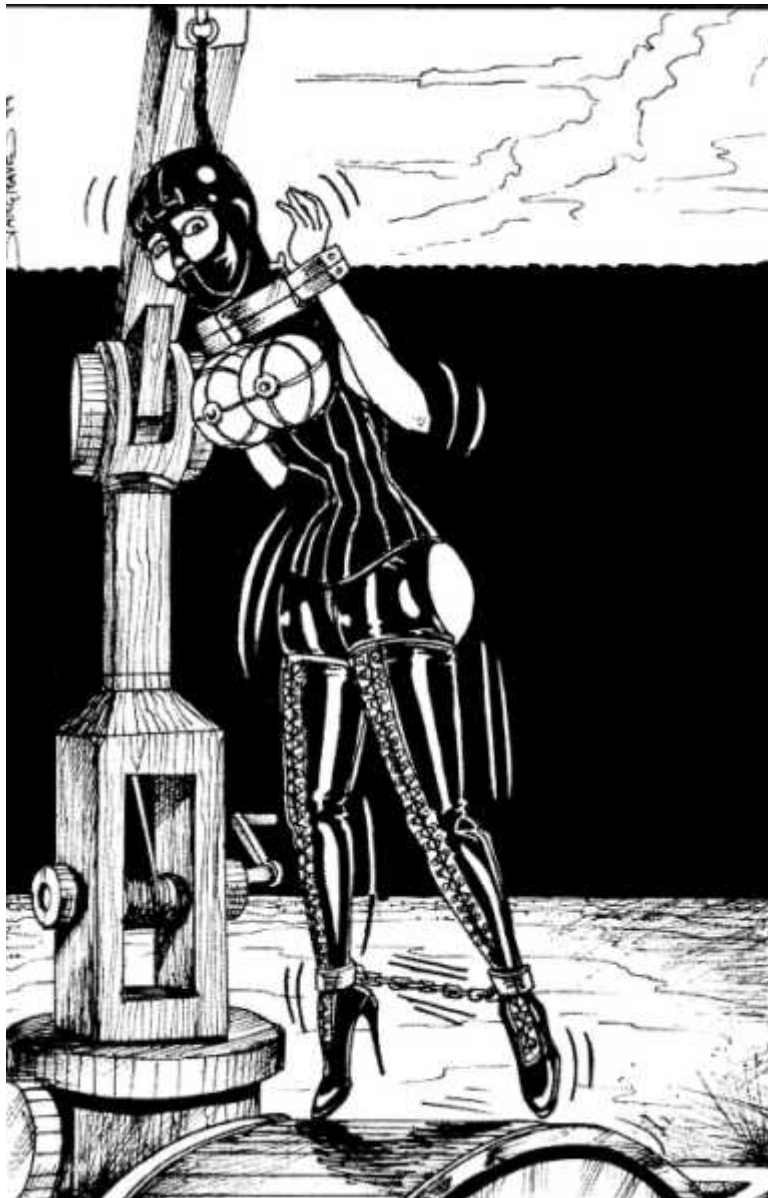
They had to help her mount the curved wheel. Then, as she balanced precariously on top, the ringed helmet suddenly took on ominous potential. Before she even realised what was happening, the chain and ring was jerked upward by a rope pulley

on the gibbet and Helen found herself standing on tiptoe to ease the strain on her neck. The helmet prevented any restriction of the throat and she was in no danger of suffocation, but the lifting force was hoisting her by the under-chin and the back of her neck. A trustee appeared in her peripheral vision, and with a sinking heart she saw a hand

close over a large lever. There was a creak as the mill brake came off.

For a second or two nothing happened. Then, because she was arranged slightly off top-dead-center, Helen felt her weight starting to rotate the ponderous wheel. Instinctively she found herself walking up the curving slope to maintain position at the crown of the wheel, thus easing the tension on her helmeted head. But the wheel simply rotated more.

‘Soon she was up to the maximum short stepping gait the hobble length decreed, and with a feeling of despair, she saw the trustees sneering looks as they left her to perform. Futile pleas for mercy keened through the gag. For the first half-hour, Helen barely noticed the captive audience, who themselves were preoccupied with straining trauma to avoid the forcible impalement of their targeted butt holes. All Helen’s concentration was centered on maintaining a steady trudging exertion that would keep her head from being pulled clean off, or so it seemed. A couple of times she had missed her footing, skidded off the wheel and swung freely on the chain suspension as she screamed pitifully into the stifling fullness of her packed oral cavity. Surprisingly, she realised that although it felt like she was being hung, the helmet supported her weight easily. It was clearly a clever design that shared



the body weight with her neck muscles and made the whole thing bearable and safe.

Feet flailing insanely, she had after several arcs managed to regain her footing and continue. Now she found herself getting into the rhythm and her attention started to search for things to occupy her mind and blank out the torment she had brought on herself.

The five tongue-stretched, suffering faces came into focus, and it was immediately obvious that each tormented woman was really enjoying seeing her suffer. Helen tried to imagine what she looked like to them. Rigidly stiffened, caged tits bursting through the confines of her wire bra, cruelly handicapped by the tight thigh grip of the corset and her ultra short hobbles. Obviously they would be aware that she was stuffed to bursting with dildos front and back. No doubt they themselves had experienced the posture corset at some time in the past.

Five women savouring her torment inexplicably smothered the trauma of her own

plight in an instant as a blow torch heat seared into her crotch. Unable to alter her demise in any way, trussed and corsetted to mannequin stiffness, Helen's deep rooted masochistic instincts came gushing forth as the enormity of her humiliating exposure sank in. Hot fluid was coursing down the inside of her slithering rubber tights, lubricating her legs from pussy lips to ankles. The enforced movement and flexing latex conspired to pump excess liquid up around her mincing rubber sheathed buttocks and add even more slithering arousal as she helplessly massaged herself in a sea of her own love juices. Meanwhile, the rubber spikes were digging and poking hundreds of tormenting fingers into her labouring body, ruthlessly probing and grinding into her nubile form as she marched on.

Fear blossomed in her brain as Helen saw five pairs of gleefully anticipating eyes watching. They knew what was happening to her, and they were waiting for the unavoidable conclusion. Helen had no idea what the effect of an orgasm would be : in her present condition.

The realisation that she could no longer avoid a cataclysmic climax simply served to accelerate the process as she realised that all five would be witness her capitulation to the boiling lust in her body. She felt her breasts swelling and hardening to unprecedented pounding firmness, and had no doubt that they were all enjoying the veined purpling of her bursting boobs and daggering rock hard nipples. The ever present pressure of the crotch strap, squeezing against tights, lubricated to almost zero friction, directed all its elasticity into crushing the huge implants deep into her mincing passageways, stretching and plundering as she struggled to subdue the tidal wave of burgeoning sensation flooding her whole being. It was useless. Already her body was experiencing the first tentative convulsions of a massive eruption. With staring bloodshot eyes she looked down at the benched women and saw their mocking triumphant stares despite their horrendous torment. They were really enjoying her helpless demise, and Helen felt as if the corset and its devilish accessories were publicly raping her. :

Tits heaving madly, breath snorting from flaring nostrils, Helen screamed into the gag as a second more powerful spasm wracked her locomotive form. Vaguely she saw one of the benched women wink, and a second later the gibbet swung sideways without warning, snatching her from the supporting surface of the rolling wheel and dangling her convulsing body by the helmet suspension. There was no pain. Her raging eruption had neutralized all pain centres.

'Something caught her thrashing hobbles and then dragged her ankles powerfully down, and in a millisecond, Helen realised that the trustees were still there and stood out of sight behind her. The benched woman who had a clear view of her ; frontal area had given them the warning that she was in orgasmic torment, and the trustees had reacted instantly to a prearranged signal.

In mid eruption, Helen found herself stretched taut twixt hair and hobbles as practised hands secured the hobble snatching hook-line down to a ground shackle; then two canes began to lash her convulsing bottom from either side.

Bucking and twisting, screaming and begging, she fought her rigid unyielding bonds as the cataclysmic event exploded into a ferocity that surpassed anything she had thought was possible. Watched by five gleeful women, she tried to fight the masochistic pleasure of being stringently trussed and publicly caned unmercifully as she endured a never ending succession of explosive body convulsing eruptions. The captive figurine jerked and arched impotently as the trustees laid on the punishment with fervour. Helen could feel her pussy pumping madly on the stretching immensity of her frontal invader, but was powerless to override the

instinctive paroxysms of runaway lust.

Then, as the seething pleasure began to wane, the pain returned to torment lustfully anaesthetised nerves in her bottom. It lasted but a few seconds as her trauma was quelled by other events.

Helen heard an ungodly sound from the benched women. They were laughing, or at least as close as they could get with their tongues stretched out. Then the woman named Diane lost concentration in her joyous contemplation of Helen's plight. A fractional twitch in her tongue as she laughed proved too much for the trigger.



Shock and fear suffused her face, and Helen saw the mallet start to move. Slowly at first, but rapidly gathering momentum, the massive cudgel hurtled downwards as Diane's struggles assumed demonic proportions. Her garbled scream of fearful anticipation rose to an all time high. Then a loud flat whack sounded clearly across the compound as speeding mallet face met stationary dildo end.

Diane's whole body jerked in a massive expulsion of shock. Her bottom seemed to

explode as her vulnerable rump absorbed an instantaneous infusion of pucker-stretching steel, somewhere in the region of eighty-four cubic inches of unyielding dildo. Her face went purple, eyes almost popped from their sockets, and the securely strapped form went ballistic within the crushing confines of her bonds. Diane's scream battered at the eardrums of all present. Unfortunately it was so loud it unnerved the other suffering women nearby. Four more mallets plummeted, and almost simultaneously a quadruple bottom explosion added to the verbal assault on her ears.

Helen's fickle nature swung full circle. In an instant her sadistic enjoyment swamped out the pain of reality and her own masochistic leanings as she savoured the image of the dildo riveted women. Now she was laughing behind the gag as her body exploded into sadistic carnal eruption at the reversal of torment. The canes lashed down as she cavorted and jinked on her helmet suspension, yet she could feel nothing but pleasure as her deliciously sadistic thoughts greedily fed on the sight of those massively impaled women. It was so exquisitely pleasurable to see their beautiful rising bottoms skewered with such breathtaking force, to witness the sensuous buttocks jolting sideways as they were ploughed apart. The insane straining and caterwauling as a result of ponderously dilated sphincter rings was something else. Minutes passed, and finally she hung exhausted. The gibbet swung her back to the treadmill wheel as unseen trustees operated levers. Then they came into view, and it all started again as the mallets were reset, and dildos painfully extracted from the horribly abused bottoms holes.

This time it was different. Helen knew what was coming, and the knowledge only served to speed up her next performance. However, her benched audience wasn't laughing any more, and Helen found herself providing a solo performance as she twitched and writhed on her hair tether.

Zarkof lowered the binoculars and turned a dumbstruck face to Judge Fordham. "Holy Moses, Judge. What the hell have we got there? I've never seen anything like it. That woman can swing to either persuasion at the drop of a hat. After the training she's had, it is amazing that she has the sexual drive to inflict the same on others when she has such an insider experience of what it is like." Judge just shook his head in bewilderment. ;

"I've never witnessed anything like that either, I can assure you. The thing is how can we use a role switcher like this?" Zarkof was thoughtful for a second as he studied the distant jerking puppet.

"Perhaps we can use this opportunity to see which is her true persuasion." He reached out and picked up a phone. In the distance Judge saw one of the trustees answer a mobile as his call went through. ak

"Connors! Set the mallets to trigger on the rev counter. Make the setting just a bit higher than the speed 237 has attained so far, and then tell her what you've done. On second thoughts, tell all of them what you've done. Oh! And fit the larger size dildos to the benched women."

They both raised glasses to witness Helen's next performance and watched avidly. Helen was toying with the fearfully watching women, easing up the wheel speed and then letting it drop back. She was deliberately using their plight to wind up her



own libido. The beseeching looks and a crotch searing feeling of power over other women was driving her willfully towards higher levels of arousal with every second. A colossal climax was almost upon her, and driving her feet to maximum effort Helen stared down at the writhing helpless forms as they sensed the time was upon them and tried to escape the inevitable. It was butt riveting time again. Driving her fettered feet to maximum, Helen eyed the pitifully inadequate defensive clenching of the offered bottoms, clearly visible even from her angle due to the starkly re-profiled curves of tensed muscle.

Even though helplessly trussed and tormented to excruciating levels, she still held the power of inescapable retribution over the five women. It was a marvellous feeling.

Two distant male voyeurs sucked in breath as five mallets dropped almost as synchronised units.

“I think we’ve just invented perpetual motion down there Zarkof.”

Zarkof grunted agreement, but didn’t take his eyes from the swinging stiffened figure as the wardresses swapped canes for whips. With her feet unfettered this time, Helen was performing a most delightful pirouetting performance as she spun and jerked with the power of her orgasm. 7

“My God! Did you see that? She damned near went ballistic when the mallets dropped, and that was only seconds after the last orgasm.” Unable to believe what they were witnessing, the men savoured that distant powerfully sculpted hour glass 7 figurine as it virtually self destructed in an orgy of colossal rigidly contained convulsions.

Spotlights illuminated the five regularly impaled rumps, and nearby an orgasmic dancing puppet figure jerked madly on her head chain. Nightfall had arrived some; three hours before, and still Helen was deriving pleasure from both her own plight, and that of her helpless bottom stretched charges. No matter how hard the eyes pleaded, she mercilessly continued to subject them to the explosive impalment of the mallet-powered dildos. It was so delightfully arousing to see those massive shafts simply vanish into the soft sensuous targets, and to watch the thrusting bottoms’ explosive expansion, jerking and quivering like demented jellies with the spreading shock waves of penetration,

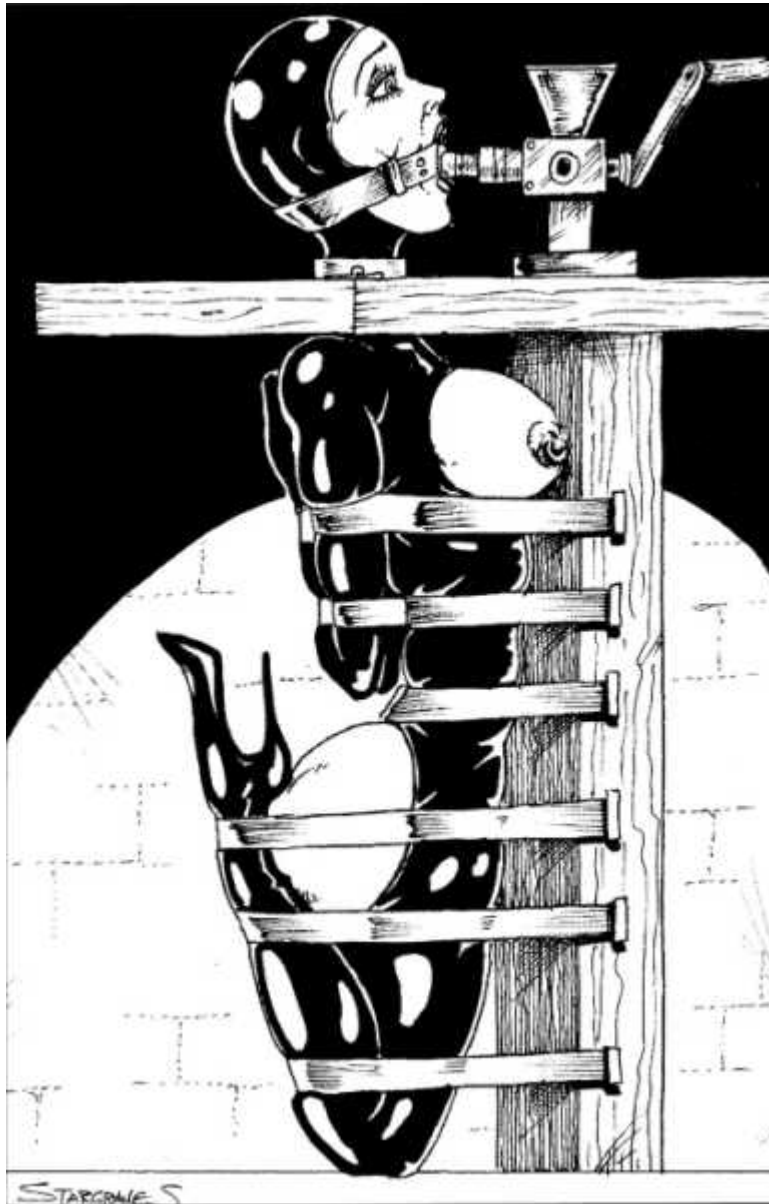
Finally 237 was lowered, and after being transported to the guest wing whilst suspended on the derrick of a 4 x 4 recovery vehicle, she was hung in the staff dining room. The benched women were left fully impaled for the night. If they were lucky Helen would relent once she was released from the corset and allow them to be removed from the benches. Diane on the other hand, the woman on punishment detail, had served her seven day penance. Her aching body was unstrapped, and removed to a cell where she was manacled to the bed, fuming and silently swearing vengeance on the woman who had been instrumental in producing a very sore asshole. Unfortunately, unbeknown to her, Zarkof’s plans for her would ; require a postponement of her planned revenge. She was scheduled for a new duty starting the very next day. One day she would learn to control her vitriolic tongue, but until then, the words ‘piss off’ directed to a warden enquiring if she had learned her lesson would earn her a salutary and fitting punishment.

Helen was released from her ordeal just before midnight. Bathed and refreshed,

she was installed into a black version of the moulded butt extruding costume, complete with matching armsheath and helmet. The helmet varied from the normal variety on that it had a mouth spreader device that left her oral cavity jacked open and defenceless. Not exactly evening wear, and more suited to torturer's dungeon. But it was the best she was going to get it seemed.

Zarkof arranged a late meal, and together they ate in silence in the prestigious guest hall. To be more accurate, Zarkof ate whilst Helen was forcibly stuffed like a Christmas turkey.

Helen, currently relegated to her 237 status, had been forced to kneel under Zarkof's table, at the far end and facing him. Her head was put through a hole in the top, and



then clamped in place by means of a pre-formed helmet that fitted her head tightly, forming a strong unbending neck encasement that clamped into the tabletop. The helmet casque was basically open fronted. Below the table she was rigidly contained, her heels drawn up and compressed into her buttocks, arms still restricted by the armsheath, but now further contained by over-bands passing over the sheath. The entire length of her body was banded to some sort of vertical pillar. In effect she

was balanced on her knees and unable to move a muscle. Wide eyed, Helen tried to focus at close range as a warder moved close and began to attach some sort of device to the front of her helmet. Cool steel touched her lips, and after a little exploration with her tongue Helen made out the profile of a tube projecting into her mouth that flattened her tongue and reached almost to her throat. She had no time to ponder the device further as trustees brought in the meal. Zarkof grinned widely at her, and began to eat.

Helen also began to eat, albeit not in a way she found pleasant. Frantically she began to strain as the full impact of her plight became clear. The warder was dumping food into a small hopper that was a part of the facial device. Then, when it was full to the brim, she began to turn a handle at the front. An auger screw immediately began to chew up the food and force it along the tube into Helen's" mouth after forcing it thorough a mill.

"Mmmmmmmmmurrrrrr!" Shock registered on the face as the full impact of her plight was realised. :

Helen's cheeks bulged and her eyes popped as her face was forcibly packed with food. Zarkof's design allowed for the fact that 237 would be unable to chew, and a grill in the bottom of the hopper emulsified the food as it was forced through. Helen gagged and strained mightily at her bonds as food reduced to baby food mush pumped her cheeks full. She was forced to swallow quickly as the next load exploded into her mouth and threatened to burst her face.

Huuuuuummmmmmmph!

The warder was neither gentle nor kind, and seemed to take great pleasure in cranking the handle as quickly as she could. Helen's throat worked frantically as she tried to absorb the massive input, and her hidden body became a mass of frenzied efforts as she fought to escape the diabolical feeding arrangement. :

Huuuuuummmmmmmph!

Huuuuuummmmmmmph! :

"Mmmmmuuuuuummmmmmmph!"



Nonchalantly Zarkof sat back and enjoyed his meal as he watched the feeding of the disembodied head at the far end of the table. The appetizer course was over, and Zarkof passed the plates with scraps to the warder who tipped them into the hopper and resumed the cranking.  
“Huuuummmmmmmph!”

A second later 237, the human garbage disposal unit, had consumed Zarkof’s leftovers.

Zarkof began the leisurely task of consuming his second course as Helen resumed the intake of her own meal. Clearly he enjoyed the view of her bulging face, now purple with effort as she strained to escape the forcible injections of food. Helen’s eyes were desperately pleading for mercy, but none was forthcoming.

“Mmmmmuuuummmmmmmph! Huuummmmmmmmmph!”

Helen disposed of Zarkof’s second course leftovers with a few turns of the auger crank. The fact that leftovers consisted of fish bones and other non-edible parts of

the meal was overlooked. Fortunately the screw action of forcing the garbage through the mill broke the bones into minute pieces. It may have made them safer to ingest; it sure as hell didn't make them taste any better. a

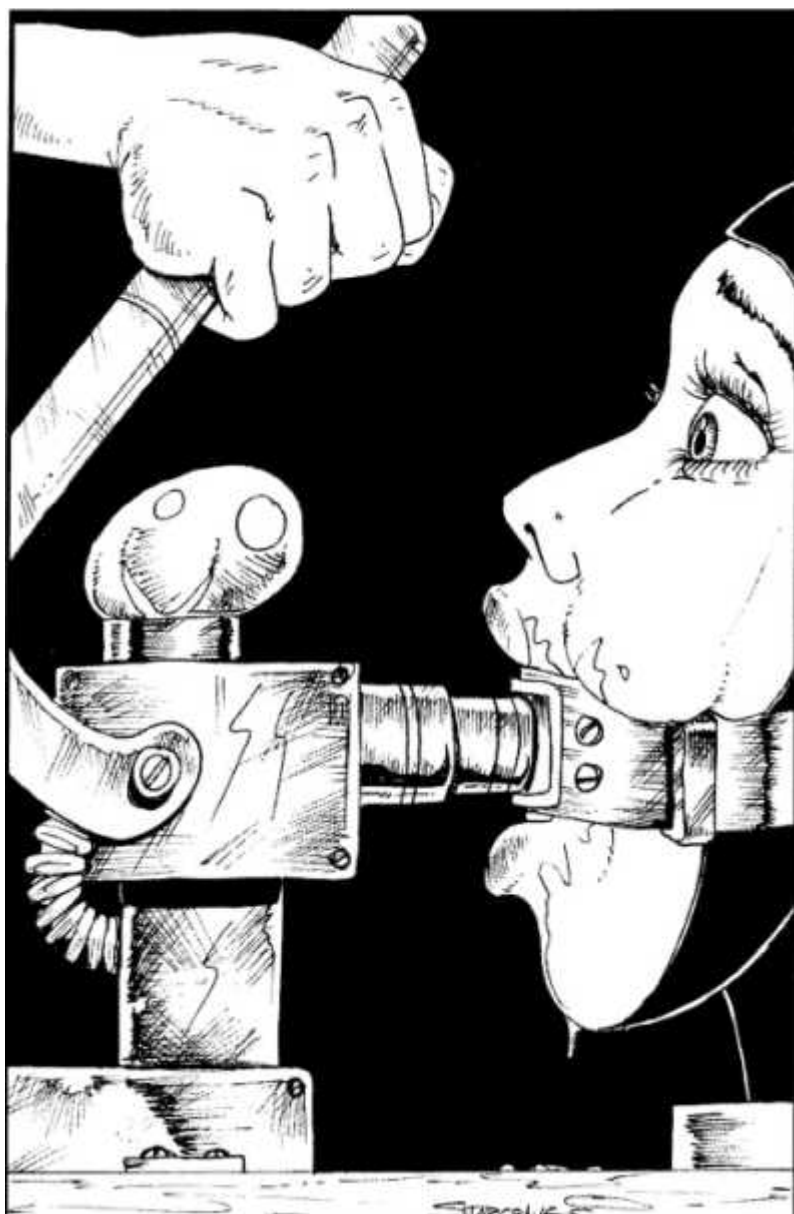
Zarkof was enjoying himself immensely. It was fun to play switching games with 237's status, so that from one minute to the next she never knew what her role would be. Zarkof caught the warder's attention.

"Best see if the staff has finished and get rid of the leftovers. Recycling is politically correct these days."

The head remained rigidly held as a dozen plates were carried in and dumped on the table and the mewling pleas escaping through the hopper of the force-feeder took on a whole new urgency. But they were quickly quelled as the mouth packer went back into action.

"Mmmmmuuuuummmmmmmph! HUUUUUMMMRRRRRRph! 'As  
UUUUuullpp! ![HUUUUUMMMMMMMmmph!  
HUUUUUMMMMMMMmmph! '  
Mmmmmuuuuummmmmmmph! HUUUUUMMMMMMMmmph!"

A half glass of wine, tea, and tea bags, half empty cups of coffee, chocolate cake, fish bones, potato skins, it all went in; even the paper coffee cup one staff member had been using. Helen's eyes bulged as the warder ruthlessly packed her full with the remnants of a meal that nobody wanted. Although the head didn't move, a



quick look below the table was enough to supply Zarkof with a satisfying view of a bound female body frenziedly trying to escape the deeply cinched bands that were holding her offered as a garbage disposal unit. He noted with some pleasure the taut bulging belly that was filled to bursting point. Even as he raised his head above the table, the belly stretched and ballooned even more. The warder had just jam-packed the head of the garbage unit with the last of the scraps. Zarkof smiled and threw his napkin into the hopper. Then as an afterthought, he emptied the salt and pepper pots and a half bottle of ketchup into the mix to add flavour. It took less than two minutes for Helen to absorb the shredded napkin and goop created by the ketchup. 237 inwardly thanked the gods that it was over as the warder took the filter mill out of the base of the hopper. To Helen it seemed that the device was being dismantled. The auger was removed and the hopper disconnected. As it happened, Zarkof, rising from the table caught her eye and she missed the next object being inserted into the mouth tube. Nor did she notice the addition of another device, and lever that was being added to the tube. The warder exerted enormous pressure on a lever, and after a pause, it suddenly moved.

“HUUUUUUUURRRRMMMMMMMPHHHH#!”

Helen’s mouth was suddenly filled with expanding rubber. A huge ball, far bigger than anything that would normally pass her teeth, was reduced by the hopper intake neck and compressed to a third of its normal size. Operating the lever forced it through the tube, and then as it exited the tube inside her mouth, the ball exploded back to its normal size. So immense was the pressure that Helen could not even bite down on the thing. Her oral cavity was packed to bursting and any sound was effectively bottled in by the huge plug.

Now the device and the hopper was removed, leaving Helen’s hooded head fully visible with her packed and filled mouth open for all to see. An hour later she was back in her cell, tightly squeezed and compacted into her standard acrylic uniform, and squat-chained for the night. 237 strained at her arm bondage, but held no real hope of escaping to avoid the rigours of another day at the hands of Zarkof. His departing jibe about a human piston pump hung ominously over her shackled form. Using the small amount of vertical movement available to her without ripping her tits off, Helen eased herself gently up and down on the huge floor mounted dildos and tried to coax her stretched pussy into pleasurable sensations. Anything was better than simply waiting for the inevitable.

+ + + + + + +

The End



# PROJECT 237

By  
**GORD**

Illustrated by **STARGRAVES**

Helen Waterman, former company exec, framed and sent to prison for a crime she didn't commit, finds herself incarcerated in a strange prison. Only then does she discover that her wrongful verdict was no accident. Fallworth Prison is the product of a corrupt penal system run by the old boys network of the Judiciary. The prison is nothing more than a recruitment center for rich clients who require sex slaves. After six months of torment exacted by the inmates and staff, she agrees to accept another option offered by the governor.

She is removed from Fallworth and transported to a remote private Scottish island where she is placed in the care of Zarkof, a former KGB interrogator, turned slave trainer after the demise of Russia's communist regime.

Zarkof proves to be an inspired genius bordering on madness when it comes to devising ways to train, torment and convert females into fetish sex objects of incredible allure.

Helen is quickly reduced to a subservient, bound, gagged, strutting sex object, known as Project 237. Only then does Zarkof start to unleash the full potential of his warped inventions on the helpless Project 237.



A Genuine House of Gord Publication



