



BONDAGE PALACE



LOCKLAN

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By
Bruce McLachlan

Condemned to the dark depths of the prison and the care of her cruel trainer, Lydia finds out the truth behind the country that has enslaved her. At its heart is a cartel of sadistic rulers who love nothing more than to spend their ample wealth and time training inmates like Lydia as bondage and sex slaves.

Transferred to a secret mansion, Lydia is forced through numerous ordeals of extreme rubber containment, fiendish technological torment, punishment and submissive servitude to the guests of the palace, and slowly, she begins to succumb to the seductive lure of enjoying her position as the personal trained pet of the mysterious president.

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Chapter One

The click of heels returned, and again, she listened to her fellow captive being tortured. The muted cries of the other captive suggested the gag and helmet were not Lydia's alone to endure.

Several times, Lydia had to fend off the desire to be under the lash. She was revolted to find herself dreamily soaking up the cruel signal of the weapon and the creak of shackles under straining limbs. The vision of her enslaver was constantly in the forefront of her mind, along with a driving lecherous need. Her insidious tutor had taught her a whole new catalogue of erotic fantasies to dwell upon, and they were all the more difficult to deny because of the assured prospect of their implementation.

The envy Lydia felt passed as the other prisoner was returned to the subterranean cell after long hours of exclusive attention. To her joy, the locks of her pit opened and her chain towed her out. The pull lifted her arms and strained them heartlessly.

"Come on, slave, out you go, it's time for some more lessons in obedience," said the woman with bland tones.

The jaws of the steel helm yawned and removed their burden from her head, letting her arms finally move back down. The limbs pounded with a galloping throb from the return of circulation and normality, making Lydia gurgle and whimper.

The straps of the gag parted, and as the bulb deflated with a hiss, her jaws found great delight in being able to close. She licked her parched lips and stretched her tongue. The corners of the hood were grabbed and the sheath of rubber peeled off, the latex sticking to the sheen of moisture she had generated in her prison.

The groaning sigh of the stretching material had Lydia wilting in awe, the sound glorious to her trained ears. The departure of the garment had allowed her to finally look up with light-starved eyes from her kneeling position and close her tenderized mouth. An almost angel-like haze surrounded the mistress and the dazzling quality of the light, which illuminated the towering latex ruler, enforced the divine quality of this dominant sadist. Lydia had stared solely into a featureless void for so long that this initial vision was a spellbinding affair, no less so than for her mistress' salacious apparel.

Lydia lifted her gaze across patent-leather thigh-high boots. The gloss material clung to her legs, following the weaving contours. Lydia's eyes moved next to the fishnet stockings stretched upon firm thighs and then slipped beneath the hem of a low-cut latex dress. The sight of the mistress' cleavage, held by this now-intoxicating fabric, had the prisoner wilting with desire. The stern visage glared down at her and made her feel even more insignificant and humble. In one latex-gloved hand, she held a crop while in the other a bowl of porridge. It was an offering that caused Lydia's stomach to instantly growl.

"Lick my legs, and you may eat, slave," commanded the mistress, adding further incentive to comply with her wishes.

Desperate for both meals, Lydia leant down and began to run her tongue across the smooth

panel of the pointed toes. To her astonishment and confusion, she was being aroused by this act of derogation, and while she lapped at the boots and lingered upon the heel, groveling before the mistress with her hands still tied behind her back, she found unexpected pleasure in her toil. She had been forced to do this for the guards in the prison above and had loathed every second. There had been a hint of pleasure but nothing as powerful and distinct as this. She enjoyed it, she relished being low before this glorious female; she wallowed like a beast at her mistress' heels and fawned over them.

"That will do, slave. You've earned your meal," the woman said. Satisfied with Lydia's performance, she set down the bowl and watched as her captive gulped down the thick, cold sludge. It only took moments for her to fully devour the food and it immediately restored her senses. It was a recuperation that left her with a bubbling nausea from the base spectacle she had made of herself, and from the eerie satisfaction she had found in her lowly worship.

Once she had licked the bowl clean, Lydia was dismayed to see the gag hanging in the mistress' grip. This time, though, when the implement was opened and pushed between her lips she merely opened her mouth and accepted the baleful tool without resistance or complaint. There was no fight because Lydia was using the application as a wondrous chance to peer closely at her mistress and gaze into her hovering cleavage.

"Now that we've filled this hungry little mouth, we'll ensure it stays that way," commented the woman.

The mistress locked the gag back onto Lydia's face, inflated it to the customary aching point and took rein on the shackles holding her hands behind her back.

"Come this way, slave," she ordered, drawing Lydia up by the restraints, taking the prisoner toward the wall and beneath two dangling hooks in the ceiling. These were two heavy loops spaced well apart. Lydia squeezed her jaws against the gag, the balloon forcing them against the straps, the corners already starting to throb once more.

"I've got wonderfully stern bondage for you to try, and you'll like it, won't you, slave? Because it'll please me to see you suffer?" she asked, making Lydia nod dramatically.

"Good slave," she replied and patted Lydia's gag, her face stretched into a muted freeze-frame wail by the implement.

The dominatrix removed a full set of restraints. The thick leather cuffs were methodically locked to her ankles and to her elbows. The jolly titter from the buckles set butterflies free in Lydia's stomach.

Taking hold of her already bound wrists, the joined cuffs were turned and raised back up her spine before being connected to the overhead ring on the left via a generous quantity of rope. A thin length of cord was applied to the free manacles above her elbows. The leather thong was then flipped across her chest, bisecting both breasts by the nipples and connecting to the opposite side, leaving the lengths of cord bisecting across the front of her torso and stretching from cuff to cuff.

Lydia's breathing quickened with concern as a long, woven length of rope was tied to her joined ankles and threaded through the other ring in the roof. Left facing the ring on the right, Lydia watched with appalled dread as the mistress took the opposite end of the rope and wound the slack about her latex-coated palms. The radiant woman looked to Lydia with dark glee and a smile broke upon the corners of her mouth as she started to back up, hauling Lydia's feet from the floor.

"Time to leave the ground, slave," she confirmed.



Lydia fell onto her restraints in a supine pose, her weight wrenching her limbs up her spine. The sudden extreme pull dragged out her elbows and made the cord, which was spread tight between them, drill into her breasts. Her flesh was garroted by her own suspended contortion.

Shrieking into her gag, throwing her head wildly to and fro, her body shuddering, Lydia was pulled up until she was slung between the two rings and the rope was fastened off at her feet. It turned her into an organic hammock. The keen pulse in her joints from this venomous suspension filled her ligaments with racking pains. She tried to alleviate her suffering, but there was no escape. She could only hang face up, stretched between the two anchors, her body alive with fiery pangs, every breath making the cord at her chest tighten.

“Hmm, such a comfy and inviting seat. Although I doubt the comfort I shall gain from my slave will be shared by her,” she mocked, and Lydia’s eyes bulged in alarm as the mistress swung a leg up amidst the murmur of latex and sat across Lydia’s stomach. Lydia’s gaze screwed up with her croaking wail when the weighty form settled across her body. The load felt as if it would rip Lydia’s limbs from their sockets or, at the very least, dislocate them.

Casting her head back and yowling, she wriggled as the mistress settled into a gratifying position. Her body was aloft on her imprisoned servant, her rubber skirt slid elegantly against Lydia’s skin.

“That’s much better. Isn’t it, slave?” she questioned. The mistress looked down impassively at Lydia, seemingly oblivious to her tear-filled eyes.

“Now to fluff my pillows,” uttered the woman, and rubber-sheathed fingers clasped at Lydia’s strangled breasts. The smooth digits appeared phallic to her indoctrinated eyes. Without delicacy, her assets were squeezed and kneaded.

Even while in the midst of suffering her physical mayhem, Lydia could not help but view her mistress with a licentious stare. She was as ruthless as she was beautiful. Her savage usage of Lydia’s body making it clear to the slave that she was property to be used and abused as the mistress saw fit.

Already, Lydia was eager to reach forward and simply place her hands on the gleaming latex-sheathed mounds. The tiny dimples that the woman’s nipples pushed out beckoned to be touched. The legs splayed across her torso, the skirt stretched taut by the wide split, letting the sight of fishnet flow into shadow before her sex could be spied. The warm rubber rear forced her down, hips teasing her eyes, all of it providing a mental torment to rival the bondage. Lydia ached to hold the rubber-bound frame, to let her hands drift across the dark surfaces and wallow in the woman’s power. She yearned to feel the total control she held over her, to lose herself in the aura of dominance.

But Lydia was restrained too effectively to even move, and the frustration became more of a source of annoyance than the ghastly suspension.

“I think it’s time for a little wax, hmm, slave?” Crooned the sadistic female.

The haze of wanton lust swiftly evaporated when the mistress lifted a black candle and leaned back to scratch a match across the wall, the head crackling and illuminating itself with a dancing flame.

A touch to the wick propagated a new flame, and as it grew, its creator was dispatched with an abrupt wave. The fire swiftly formed a molten midnight pool about itself and with a sinister gaiety, the mistress pivoted her hips and reached back to begin tilting the candle over Lydia’s helpless legs.

“Ready, slave? Here it comes,” promised the woman, and a cluster of splashes landed upon her inner thighs. The almost intangible droplets suddenly flung shockwaves of heat. The response of the soft skin to the fiery fluids made Lydia buck and jolt, her subdued howls emerging from the gag as gurgling purls.

“Hmm, so tender and susceptible. I think you need more, to toughen you up a bit,” considered the mistress as she continued her work.

The spasms spawned by the application of more wax caused Lydia to rock and increased the haul upon her limbs, elevating her suffering further. Tears rolled down her cheeks and onto the gag, her eyes flashing wide as she prayed for a way to escape this ordeal.

The mistress turned back and raised the candle over Lydia's breasts, tilting it gradually. Lydia whimpered, petitioning the woman not to break her. The woman held off her attack, savoring the angst in Lydia's eyes, making it clear to her slave that there was to be no reprieve. That no matter how much she begged or pleaded, the mistress would still do as she wished.

The wax hung on the lip of the candle, swelling against the solidified membrane until the flimsy dam broke and the wax rained upon Lydia's quivering flesh. The mistress steered the continuous flow across Lydia's cleavage, into her armpits and down her chest, causing the elevated slave to gnaw rabidly on the gag. Her eyes were screwed shut as she tried to fling her assets out from under the terrible molten monsoon. She wailed that she couldn't take it, that it was too much for her to bear. But heedless of the words, the woman above continued to sate her appetite for making her own gender suffer.



As the dominatrix continued to coat Lydia's torso with the opaque pools, the mistress leaned back a little. Letting her spare hand wander, her fingers slipped between the racked legs and

caressed the bald labia.

The sensation of having the mistress attend to her thus brought ecstatic joy to Lydia. She found the greatest bliss upon the all-too fleeting caress despite the torment that sought to negate it.

“You like that, slave?” inquired the woman, leaning forward to show her cleavage to Lydia’s tear-streaked gaze.

Lydia gave a weak nod, her senses startled by the abuse. With a steady wide-open smile, the other woman leaned back. The candle gathered a significant pool of wax as she started to roll her rubber-mummified finger against Lydia’s clit. The smooth tip swirled diligently, the gentleness an absolute contradiction to the cruelty of her confinement.

Shaking in her bonds, the influx of pleasure made the bondage an alluring discomfort. The stresses of it were enjoyed as an expert digit teased her.

Lydia saw the woman ferrying the candle over to the same region. She stiffened and whimpered for mercy, as the words were lost behind the impenetrable walls and mouth-swelling form of the gag.

The finger departed, giving way to the melting candle whose burning issue fell upon the flushed and erect flesh. The burning attack was able to fall without any obstruction of hair and formed dark icicles down the bald cleft as Lydia shrieked in response to this newly materialized tragedy. The rodeo ride she gave the mistress as her physique launched itself against its confines only assisted in jogging the woman’s hand, making her spill more wax onto Lydia’s inner thighs. Her own responses brought additional duress. Finally, though, she started to settle down, her sex pulsating, her body riveted with fatigue.

The flickering flame cast nebulous shadows across the stark countenance of the mistress, an effect that had Lydia all the more fearful because of the wicked rapture she displayed in making another person suffer. How could she be so heartless? Lydia was a woman, a human being. Was there no compassion? She had been broken, they had reformed her as a submissive harlot, and they weren’t through making her life hell.

Another dribble of wax was imparted; the lines spread across her inner thighs and through her crotch, the fiery effects making her tense and writhe against the trapping, torturing body of her oppressor.

“I think that will do for now,” the mistress offered. She set aside the candle and dismounted by swinging a luscious leg over then stepping away from the stretched, naked form.

When the woman picked up and opened the steel helmet, Lydia fought to resist, trying to fling her head out of the approaching jaws to display her unwillingness to have it back. If she made the application difficult enough then perhaps the mistress would simply give up and not bother.

The delaying action had nothing to do with the lack of comfort or the stealing of her mind; it was that she would not be able to review the goddess of latex and dominance while within the terrible shell. This, in itself, was a curse more ferocious than any level of infernal torture. Lydia needed to see her, and it was the only thing that allowed her to weather her training. The image of the woman was a reward that soothed even in the midst of the greatest distress.

The woman followed the motions but could not close the opened steel jaws.

“Be still, slave!” She hissed. Yet, despite Lydia’s wish to obey, the need to see her mistress was too great.

Snagging Lydia’s hair, the woman kept the rein tight, defeating all movements. Any attempt now caused stabbing riots of pain to spread throughout her scalp.

The eyes of the prisoner widened in awe as the mistress stepped forward and turned. The other woman’s abdomen passed over her hovering gaze, the woman stepping astride Lydia’s face.

She stared at a mountain range of latex fields, the belly and breasts rising far up, leading to the woman's merciless gaze. The fishnet-encased thighs clamped to either side of her throat, holding firm. The sight and feel of this action made all her troubles more than worthwhile. With her head trapped in this delightful grip, the helmet was closed into place. It left the bewitching image stamped firmly on Lydia's mind's eye, the woman's face lingered even as Lydia was plunged into inky blackness.

Closing the dome of metal upon Lydia's head, the mistress locked it once more into position. The weight made her head loll back to the limits of her neck. It was then that she realized this helmet was different. Two one-way panels allowed her to peer through tiny slits and the reflective glass made the helmet seem to be without aperture from the outside. The restricted and dulled sight was enough to let her see her owner, pleasing Lydia no end.

Her ankles were set loose and dropped to the floor, followed by her distorted arms. This last anchor caused her to crumble into a slack pile, all life having been drained from her frame by the abuses. But the mistress did not require exertion from her slaves, only their flesh.

Lydia shifted her arms forward to gain some slack and to release her breasts from the cord. The incoming tide of burning rushed back in. It left her quivering and also oblivious as her manacles were parted and re-secured in front of her. Fresh rope was applied to the cuffs and with the signal of woven threads flying over the iron ring, the mistress hauled her back into the air.

"Up you come, slave, we've still got things to do. No rest for the wicked," she smiled.

The first tug jerked her arms up. Another lifted her head and shoulders from the floor. Her abdomen and legs scraped forward loosely until she was hoisted fully off of the ground and held aloft by her wrists. Her arms were drawn out straight until her whole body was dangling from them. As she swung softly upon her last dregs of feeling, she closed her eyes and tried to rest in order to ready herself for what was to come.

She heard the shrill sound of a wooden pallet being dragged from the darkness and placed beneath her. A hole at the center accepted the pole that the mistress quickly screwed in. The metal shaft rose vertically and erect with fetters attached to the base by short chains, while the highest foot of the rod was adorned with savage, outward-facing studs.

"You'll enjoy this toy, my slave. I think it'll help you learn your lessons very quickly," she beamed, eager to see Lydia endure.



A converted battery was set to one side, the insulated cables reaching out to feed the conductive rod. A set of dials and switches on top allowed alteration of the frequency and intensity

of the voltage.

The merciless spire lay directly beneath her, ready to impale her the moment she was lowered. Her thighs brushed against the dull studs as she moved slightly and felt them touch her. Looking to the latex-clad form, Lydia eased her worry by marveling at the refraction of light upon the black skin. The fabric shifted with the efforts of the woman. Her deep, dark eyes filled with adoring malice, her knuckles pushing up against the taut gloves as she held the rope and readied herself to serve Lydia to her fate.

The towline began to pay out slack and the mistress guided Lydia's abdomen with her hand so that the rounded tip of the metal pole began to slide into her womb.

Lydia dropped her head back and released a groan of despair as the crooked teeth ran into her.

"That's it, slave, take it all the way in, swallow it," ordered the woman. And just after gaining entry, the descent stopped. On the verge of being skewered, Lydia felt the mistress draw up the fetters and apply them to her feebly resistant feet, their chains pulled taut by her elevation.

Secured between floor and ceiling, her drop onto the device recommenced, the links at her feet going slack with her passage down onto the pole. Lydia jerked and wailed as the barbed exterior grated at her insides. As it reached the limits of her ability to swallow the pole, the rope stopped and held fast, leaving a few moments of tense silence.

A short electrical burst ravaged the pole and poured into her womb, making her jolt and unleash a subdued yowl. The spasm of its bite made her throw herself against the vengeful fangs of the rod.

Clawing at her cuffs and wiggling her toes, her womb pounded from her reaction to the shock. As she wriggled her hindquarters, she could distinctly feel the myriad studs rubbing against her internal canal. The sensation was awful and unbearable.

"No sight for you, slave. You need to study in darkness, with no distractions," warned the mistress. She reached up and flipped something on her helmet, causing two panels to drop across her eye slits, cutting off the brief blessing of sight and plunging her back into oblivion.

The end of all movement and the clicking departure of the mistress from the room caused Lydia to comprehend her torment. Her choices were simple and grim. Either she chose to lay upon the rod and endure the voltage nips that made her jerk against the jagged teeth or haul herself up with her hands by lifting herself from the pole and have the voltages move to the current lesser electrified areas. She could not fully haul free because the restraints on her ankles would not permit it. But while she could hold herself aloft, the pain was gone. Mostly though, she was too feeble to get off the electrified areas, leaving her to endure the pain that grew to such an extent that she would somehow find the energy to lift herself up again.

The passage of her loins over the blunt spikes formed a despicable punishment with her every flight up and down the pole. But the worst moments came when she tried to lift herself up and failed. What a wasted exercise it had been as she sank back down onto the scepter of her torment.

Once more, her delirious condition held strong, for within total darkness, nothing could be discerned except the intense sensations of helplessness. Every moment seemed infinite and she felt her sanity dissolving with each fight to climb from the pole. When the tormented state of starvation and pain returned to haunt her so too did the effects of the electrical messages. The helmet was filling her as an empty vessel, reshaping her thoughts while they were locked upon the ordeal, and her resistance was at its weakest because of the diversion brought out by her pains.

Time and time again, she danced on the pole, her arms vibrating from exhaustion as she sought to hold herself up and ward off the effects of the electrical assault for just a few seconds more. The tissues of her womb felt frayed from the piston pump thrusts onto the rod, the studs

having scratched and chafed horribly and making her more sensitive to their passage with each rise and fall. The fact that she could not get off the dildo was the worst infliction of all, and often she wailed and wrenched herself against it, trying to break free. The frustrating madness of its presence and her inability to get away made Lydia berserk with fury.

Chapter Two

When the mistress returned after what seemed like an eternity, Lydia was barely conscious. Her thoughts were polluted with alien fantasies concerning her tormentor. She hung limp, her arms torpid, leaving her slotted deep onto the pole. Her abdomen convulsed as the voltage bites mindlessly ate at her.

“Lift yourself up, slave,” the dominatrix softly demanded.

Lydia tensed and tried to pull, but her muscles were far too enfeebled to aid her. A stripe of pain drew across her flank, as a cane slashed into her.

“Come on, you can make it, slave, unless you want to stay on there longer? Is that it? Perhaps I should leave you here,” threatened the mistress.

Straining with all her might, she squeaked as the ragged teeth chewed on her womb. The shocks made her spasm while the cane continued to mercilessly drive her onward. Blow after blow fell, the attacks depriving her of vitality and causing her to drop back into position with an anguished cry of pain and desperation.

The lambasting continued without mercy, and again, she tried, only to fail once more as her lips cleared the last few spines. With a reckless plummet, she fell harshly back into place, the rod jamming home and the whiplash snap of her drop almost made her faint. On her third attempt, she drew on all her resolve and the suffering of her trial granted her a fleeting adrenal surge.

“There, I knew you could do it. Good slave,” purred the woman and patted her with fondness. “Now, stay there while I unfasten these.”

With Lydia holding herself up, the mistress leaned in and unfastened her ankles.

She let her acquire the last few centimeters needed to be free of the rod.

“You can come down now, slave,” she permitted.

Her arms gave out suddenly and she hung despondent and drained. Wheezing softly, her body was awash with residual distress.

“Time for some attire, I think,” pondered the woman. “You’ve been naked for long enough.”

The helmet was not removed and no food was given to her. Instead, the mistress drew a latex catsuit onto the inert prisoner, the sweat of her hardship easing the application. Dragging the garment on and then releasing her arms to finish the task, she zipped up the back and then locked it to the helmet. The tight-fitting garment incorporated gloves and socks, leaving her no inch of bare skin. Her body was lost within a cocoon that left her skin without sensation.

“There, now back you go into the pit to consider your slavery to me. You’ve done well so you may have a study aid with you,” said the mistress, and again, Lydia was cast back into her pit. This time, something was thrown in with her before the lid was closed. Lost within the dark, she groped with senseless digits, fearful of what she might find. Searching the floor, her fingers closed around a vibrator.

Puzzled, she made a quick check to her sex, where she found a tiny aperture, ready and able to permit the toy's entry. Her musings concerning this act were interrupted as the mistress stepped onto the lid with the bright tone of a rapier heel. Then, she began to thread something through a breathing hole. Investigation found it to be a small tube, one through which water could be drawn. Through prolonged and desperate experimentation, she found that the only means to ingest anything was by sucking it through her nose in tiny measures and then swallowing before it entered her lungs. It was a difficult and often excruciating chore, but it, at least, allowed her to drink whenever she wished. But it also promised a longer stay within the pit than ever before.

How was she to survive this dreadful fate? Already the programming was gathering strength at a phenomenal rate, the dark psychic cancer spreading throughout her mind, changing her orientation and making her obey. The rigors of the prison already seemed like a faint dream, a half-remembered product of her sleep that slipped slowly into forgotten depths. Engravings of her ordinary life were even fainter. All trace of normal existence kicked from her synapses, the eviction of the memories was made by the invading indoctrination. How long would it be before the original Lydia was gone and the new one remained unopposed without any recollection that she had once possessed an ordinary and bland existence?

Hidden from view, she could not fend off temptation any longer. The audible buzz of the toy might reveal embarrassing use, so at first, she only used it as a solid phallus. She rocked it back and forth, her tensed legs pressing her feet and back to either side of the pit as she moaned onto the gag. The dissolute thoughts amounted only to submission to the mistress.

Lydia tried to turn her thoughts away from her programming, but it was useless. Whenever she stroked herself, the conjured images of her dominant would appear. She could have refused to give in, but all she had known here was pain and the chance for a little ecstasy was too alluring. As she masturbated and dreamed of abuses and subjugation, of performing this act at her mistress' feet, she could feel herself quickening the process. Every orgasm reinforced the programming, and soon, she was letting the toy hum with life, taking herself to new levels of euphoric bliss.



Lydia caressed her second skin, squirming within it and feeling its tight folds stretch across the contours of her body. The interior was slick with her sweat, the moisture unable to escape the

mummifying shell.

Was her comrade in bondage performing thusly? Was she diligently attuning her own mind in a similar manner, thinking only of the mistress?

Lydia found that she wanted the torture; she wanted the pain more than anything. It was unbearable at the time, but as soon as it passed, it became a thing to be craved, and a return to the dizzying heights of agony was all she could think about. Everything she had endured was now a treasured moment, removed from her nightmares and placed in the secure trophy case of her mind.

Jealousy coiled in her stomach like an angry serpent as the sounds of the mistress selecting her fellow unknown captive for torture filled her ears. As the anonymous woman squealed under the lash and the mysterious tortures thereafter, Lydia held the vibrator closer and clamped her thighs together. Her hips rocked while her hands squeezed her breasts and pinched her nipples until they hurt. The vibrator thrummed against her clitoris, dissolving her with rapture.

Eventually, the sounds passed and the clang of a lid being dropped declared an end to the other woman's ordeal. So as hers passed, Lydia's became due.

Chapter Three

The metal ceiling of her cell lifted and her entombed body was drawn onto the stone. Lydia was eager for the next period of castigation.

“Out you come, slave,” the dominatrix said. The zipper of the catsuit was set free and hauled down, letting cool air descend upon her dampened skin, the flesh pruned from days spent in the wet environment.

The suit crackled and stuck to her as it was drawn free, her body instantly starting to shiver when the cumulative warmth of her self-abuse was stripped away. Naked once more, her helmet was taken from her, leaving her gagged but at least able to see the grim deity responsible for converting her to a pitiless new faith of reckless hedonism.

The mistress towered over her, set atop patent-leather ankle boots with latex coating her legs from ankle to waist. A latex leotard lay over her top, drawing her curves distinctly and presenting her cleavage for further adoration. In her latex-gloved hands, she held the enema kit and several coils of rope; the implements were ready for use as her eyes sparkled with malevolence.

“Time for some internal cleansing, slave,” announced the dominatrix.

Setting aside the bag, she took Lydia’s ankles and bent them back to her thighs, tying them there and snagging her wrists in the same comprehensive mesh to hog-tie her. Lydia was rolled onto her front, the nozzle was imbedded into her rear and secured with tape before jugs of water flooded into her.

The sensation was not much different from the previous times she’d been *cleansed*. This time, she knew what to expect as her stomach began to groan and twitch under the punishing muscle pain of the strain and chilling pressure. Although familiar with the experience, it was no more acceptable and she burbled her pleas for an end to the session, wasting her efforts on the defiant gag.

“Come on, slave. Take it all, we’ve plenty of room in here and I want you properly flushed out,” ordered the woman, watching until Lydia complied.

With the cold water bag drained and the transference complete, the nozzle was tugged free and she was tipped over onto her back. Her limbs were pinned beneath her torso, her belly and breasts held high and ready for any attention.

“Good slave,” added the woman.

The gag was deflated with a soft hiss and removed, sliding from her listless jaws. Lydia closed her eyes and savored her ability to exercise her mouth, closing her eyes and trying to make the muscles obey her. Suddenly, a smooth plastic pipe was shoved into her mouth. Having skipped past her teeth before she could react, she retched and writhed. As it was pushed onward, the tip gliding down her throat, the tract flew into terrified spasm. Her eyes bulged at the sensation and she fought to force out the nauseating violator. But she lost her concentration, causing the enema to begin its escape until she clenched tightly. This distraction allowed the intruder to reach its goal

unopposed.

With the pipe sheathed by her gullet, it was secured with tape upon her cheeks. The wider and opposite end was shoved suddenly into her rear, its vastness threw her wide open and created an effective seal. Lydia gurgled with horror at the prospect, straining to keep back the tide for it would be channeled straight into her belly. The mistress stood up, admiring her handiwork, and drew joy from her angst-ridden slave. Taking up a cat-o-nine, the heavy pole of black steel flung out a cascade of leather strands, and combing her fingers through them, she readied the instrument for use.

“Now it’s time to get those little belly muscles working, to churn up that water and ensure you’re all clean inside,” asserted the dominatrix.

Swaying the long woven tendrils to further separate them, the mistress put a heel to Lydia’s belly and began to apply soft shoves, making her engorged stomach respond with outrage. An overhead arc brought a blizzard of zealous blows down onto her supine form. It caused Lydia to shriek and jerk under the dagger heel as she tried to eject the pipes before the whipping eroded her resolve and caused her barring of the flood to fail.

Previously, the enema had been inflicted to erode her mental defenses. Now that she was aware of its straits, it was less shocking. So a new method had been devised to break her will—the infliction of something even more repugnant was necessary in the quest to reconfigure Lydia’s mind.

With a look of utter fright, Lydia glanced at the tube with mortified eyes. The mistress stopped and stepped back as a grin of triumph bloomed upon her cruel lips from watching the waters flow along the transparent pipe.

“There, that’s it slave. See? There’s no point resisting me. Whatever I want to do, I can. When I want you to do something, you’ll do it, one way or another.”

The mistress left her with her self-loathing. The imminent ingestion of the enema reducing her mind to tatters, reeling from the horror of such a despicable act while her extremities throbbed from being pinned under her weight for the prolonged period. At the last moment, the woman grabbed the tube and tugged it from her mouth before connecting it to a rubber bladder she had covertly acquired. As the enema flowed into the bag, Lydia was all too ready to drop at her mistress’ feet in absolute gratitude for this act of mercy. Once all had been drained from her, the tube was completely removed and taken away.

When the dominatrix next stepped into Lydia’s limited field of vision, matters quickly worsened. For in the featureless rods of latex that were her fingers, she clutched a bundle of nettles, holding the caustic, healthy plants in the same manner as one would wield a whip.

“Ever been whipped with stinging nettles, slave? It’s an experience I think you need to have,” she said softly, stroking Lydia’s cheek with fondness. “Take this for me, slave?” she asked. Against all common sense, Lydia nodded.

Without any betrayal of emotion, the mistress stepped to the struggling slave’s side and reached out with the long, lush stems. The fresh green leaves seemed so innocent and harmless, but as they followed Lydia’s bucking torso and brushed the tips of her breasts, they stung with a ferocity that made her yelp with a mixture of pain and delight.

The light tickle was tom away and returned as a harsh lash. The nettles left small welts but their sting more than made up for their lack of discoloration.

Lydia wriggled and squirmed afresh under this assault, the pulsating throb deposited by the venomous plants making her delirious with a new breed of suffering. Fragments torn from the bundle by the mistress’ enthusiasm fell about her, settling on her skin until her frenzied convulsions cast them off.

Once her torso was a range of bumps and swollen ridges, the mistress knelt between her slave's parted legs. Trailing the pernicious stalks across her pudenda, Lydia jerked and wept, the bite of the poisonous plants causing her mind to stew in her skull.

"Shall I insert these? Would you thrill to such a deed?" she softly pondered, holding the stalks poised and ready to be plunged into the slave's moist canal.

Lydia's berserk writhing was a genuine display of her response and she hurled herself against her bonds, her body flipping up and down as she languished like a beetle upon its back. Craning her head up, her eyes streamed with tears as she shrieked into her gag, trying to defeat its sterling duty.

"Think of it, slave. The stinging lengths being stuffed into you until you are full, punishing your insides. I could add a chastity belt, with dildos attached to grind them in. The phallus and your womb would become a pestle and mortar to pulverize the plants. How does this sit with your mind?" she mocked.

Trying to close her folded legs and deny entry, Lydia found that the mistress proved an excellent leg spreader.

"Maybe next time. First, you deserve a treat," she laughed and tossed the caustic vegetation aside.

The mistress then slid her fingers into Lydia's sex and upon her clitoris, exhibiting a skill and capacity to bring intense pleasure that had Lydia squirming wildly in her hog-tied pose.

The pains of her ordeal were summarily forgotten as she lost herself to rapture a pleasure all the more intense from the closeness of the monstrous threat that was at last over with. Fear had indeed been an intense aphrodisiac.



“Oh, you definitely like this, huh, slave?” she smiled. “So let’s make sure you have all you want.”

With her most intimate tracts punished with fierce slivers of heaven, a small leather waspie belt was lifted up for the benefit of her water-filled gaze. The gleaming material embellished with a fixed strap to traverse between her legs and connect to three stout locks at the front. Upon this strap lay two fat dildos, and as the belt was secured about her waist, the twin rods were forced into her. The first entered in the wake of the enema and the second entered her humid sex. She erupted from both the pressure of its introduction and the bliss of its slide upon her erect and eager clit. But despite her eagerness to accept the toys, their dimensions were too immense for her. The initial pleasing touch changed into a storm of strain as they stretched her orifices, fighting to get in.

“Take it!” growled the mistress, rocking them with more force, educating her membranes with stern lessons. Lydia gurgled as they were used as battering rams, fighting the limits of her sex and rear, demanding entry.

“Come on, almost there!” commented the woman. Her voice was soft and purred at the sight of Lydia being forced to accept such massive partners.

“No clenching!” she snapped, and swatted her hand across Lydia’s breasts. The spank made the flesh ripple and encouraged her to release her sphincters. Relaxing as best she could, the steady shove of them began to burrow deeper, her innards finally loosening up.

Lydia arched her body upward and made the gag resonate with her drawn moan of violated ecstasy as they slid into her. The feel of the two massive rods gliding deep into her, hauling her open, choking her canals with their monstrous structures almost had her swoon.

“There, that’s it, good slave,” gritted the woman.

Soon they were all the way in, their tips leaning heavily against her deepest regions, the strip was locked into position and the waspie belt tightened until it was sure not to slip over her hips. The tight clinch kept the phalluses sheathed all the way in her. Two buckles across the front were sealed and also locked, imprisoning her with the internal weapons. No sooner had they entered than they sporadically began to vibrate, tickling her innards and causing her to gasp and choke back a renewed cry of ecstasy.

With her torso coated from the marks of the nettle’s touch, the mistress concluded the session with the application of the brainwashing metal hood. She hauled open the lid of the pit before shoving the grizzling prisoner back in and locking the ceiling down upon her.

Exhausted but not yet sated, Lydia relished the vibrations that began carrying her toward climax upon a warm, swelling tide. Relaxing onto the floor, readying to embrace her relief, she froze as they suddenly stopped. Lydia was left cavorting in denied rhapsody within her prison, wailing and fighting to exact the final motions that would grant her a final potent reward. Every move of her abdomen made the shafts tempt her, and the bliss being placed upon the throbbing nettle stings inflicted a powerful cocktail of pain and pleasure that was driving her mad with grief.

Once her imminent release had slipped through her fingers and vanished, the dildos recommenced their glorious fits of motion. Rubbing themselves fondly against her, they rekindled the warmth in her belly. The pleasure spread, seeping through her, making her jerk with the shuddering riots of bliss until once more on the verge of explosive release, she was denied.

Screaming her outrage, she pounded and fought her prison. The continuing frustration of her predicament was maddening. At least with torture there was relief when it ended. Even pleasure had been turned into a means to discipline and train her.

The duration spent languishing in her cell was difficult to ascertain. Her thoughts revolved around the ordeal as the back of her mind was slowly infected with the quiet encroaching indoctrination of her mistress. With her battle to get free of the teasing underwear and her gradually increasing sense of starvation of growing concern, these thoughts were constantly repeated. All the memories of this trial were identical, making any retrospective look upon how long she had been in here seem like mere moments—or years.

Deep metallic clatters from above signaled the removal of the lock and the lid arose before fingers played at the mechanism of her helmet. The black interior of the carved steel hood came away and revealed the glorious figure of her oppressor. Looking up with tear-filled eyes, she watched the woman in a sleeveless halter-neck top. She wore leggings of PVC with a mini skirt of the same laid over them, the short sheath laced at the sides. A studded leather belt with thin silver chains swung along the base and enclosed her waist. Patent-leather ankle boots lifted her further over the cowering slave via wicked heels. The extreme polish of the glossy material reflected the light and dazzled Lydia; the wrinkles and stretched panes mesmerizing her starved vision.

“Is my slave hungry?” she crooned.

Lydia snapped her gaze up and nodded frantically, her stomach grumbling audibly at the prospect of food.

In response, the mistress merely presented her foot, an offering Lydia instantly accepted, her conditioned mind now eager to perform such debasing acts. Dropping forward, she balanced herself and began to fawn over the polished sheets of darkness, slithering her tongue across the smooth material and fixating her attentions upon the heel.

Moving from one shoe to the other, she finished the humble devotions and continued to linger, finding an intense arousal from this act of self-derogation.

“That’s enough, slave,” the dominatrix purred and took out a can of dog food which she scooped into a bowl and presented as though it were the most succulent treat imaginable. “Go on then, it’s all yours, slave.”

Shuffling forward, Lydia hesitated for a moment and looked over the thick, gelatinous chunks. The rumble in her stomach disallowed refusal, and she closed her eyes in futility before putting her lips to the meal. Taking down the repulsive fare was made with maximum effort and keeping it down required all her self-control as she defeated her own instincts to regurgitate the meaty chunks and viscous gelatin casing.

“Good doggy,” she commented lightly, and as Lydia devoured, the mistress removed the belt, drawing free the dildos and making Lydia groan as she continued to gorge herself, unable to pause as she finally eased her famine.

Both of the mistress’ forefingers unexpectedly slid in and strained to part her womb. It made her whimper as her sex was rudely opened for visual scrutiny on some capricious intrigued whim. Satisfied with the cursory glance, the villain moved away and left her to eat in peace.

Once the meager contents of the bowl were emptied, she lapped the few dregs away and moved back, the tang of the sustenance lingering on her tongue. Its deep penetration of her taste buds refused to be dislodged.

The soft creak of stretching glossy fabric sounded and the mistress’ hands took hold of Lydia’s, lifting them up and sealing them in the stem cuffs that had been riveted to either end of a metal spreader pole. The interiors were lined with soft suede that seemed a negligible consideration for comfort and somewhat absurd considering the effects of lofty suspension.

With her arms spread wide and trapped, Lydia awaited on her knees as the woman strolled away to the wall, next to the poised mechanism of the winch that held her restraints. Cranking the device, the ropes drew back and hauled Lydia up to tiptoe, her arms straining against their trammels before another tug lifted her fully into the air. Her toes flexed as she was suspended and rendered helpless to her mistress’ desire yet again.

Locking the winch, the mistress took out a set of fetters and began to buckle the thick leather strips about her prisoner’s ankles. Taking up the ropes that were individually attached to them, she drew them out and threaded each coil through distant rings in the floor. The tightening of the lengths spread her legs wide and pinned them there, opening her fully into a stern mid-air spread-

eagle. Any struggle of her legs increased the rending pull at her arms. The ligaments of her inner thighs ached from the lewd split she was forced to retain.

As she dangled, she watched with a lustful glare as the woman prepared her abuses. The captivating sight of the shimmering form had Lydia breathing in low-drawn hisses, the discomfort of her confinement only made her desire even more potent.

A frame was set up beneath her. Its tripod mount slipped into accommodating floor slots to render it stable and immobile. The base held a hand drill within its plexus of struts, the metal frame gripping the cordless tool whose head pierced a long plastic pole. The shaft rose vertically atop it and was armed with a rounded tip. The top three inches were smooth, but the foot below was covered in stubby spikes that grew more drastic the lower they went.

As Lydia dangled, the winch paid out its slack and lowered her onto the device, the tip gliding into her sex and making her shudder sedately with covert bliss. The spikes kissed her lips and her feet settled onto the ground as the winch ceased all movement.

The mistress swiftly stole away the accumulated slack at her ankles. This ensured she could not rise from the penetrating implement and then continued lowering the pole that was still responsible for spreading her hands, allowing her to sink onto the rod but not escape it or interfere with it.

A squeeze to the drill set it running at a swift pace, the whirling rod dragging at her womb, making her gasp with shock at the sudden haul at her tissues. The whirling passage kindled a burning pain from the effects of friction until the stimulation it brought caused her to start excreting her own lubrication.

While Lydia shuddered under this delectable travail, she watched the mistress fetch metal weights and tie wire to the heavy burdens. The cables were then looped and clipped about her waist, wrapping around her middle and tightening to forge a gnawing cinch before the weights were set free to drag at her. The constriction demanded that she sink onto the pole.



Tracing the dark metal lines with her fingers, the mistress smiled and cupped Lydia's chin, lifting up her face for scrutiny and examining the soft glaze of sweat welling across her brow.

“Are you pleased with my rule, slave?” she asked.

Rather than speak, Lydia nodded upon the hand. She stared lovingly at her oppressor, her heart now besotted to the point of obsessive infatuation with the one whom she could never attain.

Snatching a massive ball gag, the mistress forced it into Lydia’s mouth, making her whimper as it nearly dislocated her jaws before it cleared her teeth and filled her maw. The buckle was tightened about her head and she leant her head back as lines of dribble started to stretch from her lower lip.

With a sharp turn on her tall heels, the dominatrix wandered away and retrieved a heavy collar from the depths of the shadows. Taking the thick metal band, she locked it at Lydia’s throat. This increased the amount of weight Lydia was being forced to bear, making the demand of going deeper onto the rod all the more clear and difficult to resist.

Lydia’s knees started to tremble, her thighs afflicted with a prickling heat from the fight to keep herself upright. When she started to sag, the sudden rip of the first level of revolving studs made her yelp and spring up, renewing her efforts to haul at her wrist restraints in a vain bid to get free.

The mistress snatched up clamps and flicked them open before catching Lydia’s nipples in the potent jaws, compressing them suddenly and making her squeak in shock. The thin chains at the end of the devices extended out and attached to the wall, the sound from the drag of the chains adding to her woes. The chains made the squeeze on her breasts all the more unendurable while also preventing her from toppling back or forward, effectively anchoring her to the spot.

Lydia’s breathing sped into the mode of rapid panting gasps; her breasts drawn to pointed peaks by the searing nips.

Lydia gurgled and fought to solicit her release, her eyes fixated upon the woman’s body as it sauntered within the plastic skin. Without a word, the mistress ran a hand down her slave’s shuddering flanks and then turned to stroll majestically from the room, hauling open the steel door and dragging it shut behind her.

The last residue of the echoing clang faded and Lydia closed her eyes to weep bitter tears, the renewed fight to deny herself pain beginning again.

As the hours dragged on, a few powerful orgasms were gained, but then, her sex became unbearably raw. The spinning device irritated the flesh, making it less of a pleasure and far more of a pain.

She plodded drearily through this harrowing encounter; her body failed her and made her suffer for its own weakness, her limbs condemned to imprisonment. The weaker she got, the deeper onto the pole she would sink, until the increase in the number of spines became too much and gave her the energy to straighten. After hours of this travail, she was hanging on the first lines of spines, unable to get higher, struggling just to stay on the first nodules rather than sink onto the more baleful regions below.

As she tumbled back into an exhausted fog, she heard the door open. She looked up to behold the return of her malefactor. The woman stepped into the light and revealed that her attire had changed radically.

The mistress of this dungeon now stood in imitation of the standard military apparel, except that it had been crafted with a fetishistic quality in mind that had Lydia’s indoctrinated lusts raging.

Her legs were sheathed in glistening latex; the tight embrace emphasized the flowing curves as they slipped into polished riding boots. A double-breasted tunic hugged her torso, presenting her breasts beneath a tight pane of rubber. The high collar was rimmed with studs. Her fingers were sealed within gloves of the same and a peaked cap smothered her eyes in shadow. Her utility belt was armed with an array of tools, far different from that of an ordinary soldier’s. The baton was a

phallic rod armed with a dense network of spikes and a line of acupuncture needles lay in neat slots like bullets. A crop resided within a holster and a set of clamps hung beside a pair of handcuffs in custom leather pockets.

The clamps were set loose, causing Lydia to rise up from the whirling pole as the tempest of anguish pumped back through her long-compressed teats.

A similar though less stern repeat was endured when the various weights were removed from the rest of her body. The loss of wire and weighty collar caused her to feel as light as a feather.

The drill came to a swift halt against her sex and she was allowed to free herself of the burning device. Once her hands were set free, she collapsed onto the floor, seizing the chance to lay dormant and recover at least some shred of vitality.

“This is your last chance to confess, slave,” announced the mistress after freeing Lydia, revealing the purpose behind this change of attire. It seemed that the age-old process of her interrogation was again imminent; only this time, she was ready to revel in it.

“Now, slave. Who are you, and who sent you?” she said without inflection. They were the words of a programmed litany, spoken without any real concern as to the answer. Then, she unfastened the ball gag. Lydia retched as she regurgitated the massive orb and she finally closed her jaws letting them recover while waiting for the next time she would be silenced. It was a guaranteed eventuality, because she was being methodically punished, and gags were an eternal part of that fate.

“No one, mistress. Please believe me, I wouldn’t lie to you, I swear it,” she implored, groveling at the woman’s boots, clasping them as tears welled in her eyes.

“Polish my boots with your sex and tell me the tale of your incarceration,” demanded the woman.

With no need for a repeat of the order, Lydia ducked forward and locked her limbs around her mistress’ leg. She clasped the taut fabric, the firm flesh beneath making her livid with desire. Slipping her belly onto the toe, she rode her abdomen back and forth, shivering with delight as she masturbated on the footwear of her oppressor. Slithering across the leather, she groaned and began to relate her tale between shuddering pants, telling of her flight and the mistake that had resulted in this injustice. Only now, her sense of bitterness had been washed away. Her love of her imprisonment was now a precious thing to her, an existence she would never know how deeply she could love and cherish.

Swapping to the other foot, she confessed everything about her confinement and led the woman through the catalogue of bullying and oppression that had brought her to their initial meeting.



“Now lick them clean,” she hissed as Lydia finished her story and the crop sprung free to deliver a biting weal of goading.

Slipping down, treasuring the sting of the stroke, Lydia lapped at the footwear. The sheen of moisture her pudenda had deposited filled her mouth and caused her hand to snake down between her legs and continue the stimulation.

“I actually believe you, slave,” she uttered with aloof tones.

“Thank you, mistress, I wouldn’t I...” she began, her words distorted by her worship and then quickly thrown out as a yelp when the scourge kissed her wiggling rear.

“Don’t talk with your mouth full, slave!” snarled the woman and paused to ensure Lydia was returning to her duty.

Slowly, Lydia retraced her steps, covering the routes her belly had made upon the hoots. She cleaned them meticulously with profound joy until, finally, the entire surface had been covered, and regrettably, her task was finished. Was her ordeal finally over? Her confession was believed and her status as a spy purged. Would they give her back her life? Did she want it? Could she merge back into the mundane world with all its base desires and carnal banality? She had been converted to a new creed of desire, and it was a faith that required constant and zealous indulgences or else kindle the most profound distress and mourning. She had to stay here now, for where else could she find the perpetual slavery she so desperately required? She could not afford to pay a professional for the duration of her needs, and finding a lifetime partner with the correct tastes would be even more laborious and infinitely more hazardous than the normal dating crusade.

Unwilling to stop, she started to continue along old areas, allowing her masturbation to covertly proceed under the pretense of having yet to finish the boot worship.

The mistress indulged her slave for a short while and then chose to bring an end to the obvious overlaps. The woman clipped a leash to her throat and drew Lydia back to her feet. A sharp tug brought her in the mistress’ wake, and wandering behind, she stared intently at her tyrant. The ripple of fabric across her rear entranced Lydia. The flicker of refracted light upon it had her heart pounding in her chest as the taut line between the cleft of her uncompromising buttocks stretched in oscillating ripples upon her every stride.

So preoccupied was she with this tantalizing view that she did not even notice that they were leaving the chamber in which she had been held for so long, the room that was the very place of a decadent rebirth.

Chapter Four

Diablo lit her cigarette and took a deep, long draft, the fulgent embers of the tip revealed her dour features before she blew the churning plume of gray in her victim's direction.

The woman was virtually unconscious and failed to detect the warm acrid tobacco scent as it flowed over her slack features. Suspended by her wrists, the weave of coarse rope spread her captive's arms wide. More coils splayed her legs. Her boots and leather gloves eased the chafing of the rough strands. Her tight Lycra leggings remained largely intact except for several slices in the fabric that Diablo's bullwhip had torn, opening the material and imparting a cruel slice to the skin beneath. Most of the welts she had bestowed were deep and agonizing but had failed to breach the fabric, hiding them beneath the smooth black second skin.

Leaving the cigarette hanging from her ruby lips, Diablo sauntered around the guard. Her body was completely naked except for a black satin thong and a set of heeled court shoes, a residual addiction from her time in the palace.

Flicking her long black hair over her shoulders, she ran her hands down the chest of the guard, the buttons of the shirt skipping against her nails. She wrenched apart the garment, sending buttons skipping into the darkness of the rough brick chamber.

Looking over the shapely assets of the woman, Diablo ran her hand along the satin cups of her black bra, the torn folds of the shirt hanging loose, exposing her goal.

In one swift step, she moved behind the woman and yanked down on the back of the shirt, ripping it from the guard, making her jolt from the rough treatment.

Tossing it aside, Diablo took the cigarette from her lips and caressed the firm buttocks of the guard with her spare hand. Prodding a few of the cuts, she made the woman mewl softly and tighten in her bonds, the leather of gloves and boots creaking.

Reaching around, Diablo took hold of the woman's nipples, massaging them with firm pinches. The flesh was hopelessly vulnerable to her wishes. Small wriggles emerged from the guard as she hung limp, her neck-length hair hanging over her face in damp, sweat-soaked strands.

Diablo's hands lowered further, reaching under the waist of the leggings and plunging deeper, her finger reaching out to rub against the woman's sex. The guard whimpered meekly and seemed to sag as her clit started to inadvertently respond to the touch. She looked for any hint of pleasure to distract her from the pain.

Diablo grinned as she felt moisture start to emerge, and then, she pinched at the sensitive nugget to have her captive squeal and spasm. Diablo followed her motions and kept pinching at her, making the guard sob afresh with desperation.

Chuckling malevolently to herself, Diablo walked away and grabbed a set of bootlaces. She then returned to the prisoner and formed them into two nooses. Pulling down the bra cups, she slipped them onto the guard's breasts, pushing the hoops to the base of each of the guard's assets and then yanking them tight.

The guard tensed and gave small struggles, trying to overcome her exhaustion. The flesh started to darken as the circulation was hampered, the breast bondage rigorous in its effects on the woman. Diablo let these effects settle in for a while.

As soon as the sensitivity in her breasts was suitably magnified and raw, Diablo started to flick her nipples, catching the very tips to make the guard jolt. Laughing callously, Diablo continued to abuse the points, making the guard whine as she tried to cope with her despair and the horror of her incarceration.

Wandering back, Diablo took her bullwhip from a nail in the wall and unleashed the coiled serpentine tongue with a flick.

The guard had confessed everything she knew long ago. Diablo was torturing her for fun now and for revenge. Guards like this had been responsible for sending her into the base of the prison for training by that harriidan mistress. Then, she had ended up in the palace, abused and tormented until she had managed to escape and flee into the jungle. The resistance had found her while she was starving and bewildered, tottering through the depths. It had not taken much to convince her to join their cause.

Her knowledge of pain from her own experiences made her an excellent interrogator. She sought the location of the president's private palace from those the rebellion captured and brought to her. Any coup was doomed to failure unless they located his private sanctum.

Diablo loved her work, loved to make others suffer as she had done. It was no longer really a vendetta against everything and everyone because she had developed an abiding love for seeing people grovel and beg for mercy. She loved to see them break before her eyes, knowing that it was she who had orchestrated their demise.

The guard before her was definitely attractive, even more so because of her bondage. Ambushed while off duty, she had been brought to Diablo in chains and had suffered severely. Under such purgatory, she had snapped after a relatively short time. It seemed that the guard could dish out agony and humiliation but not take any of her own medicine.



Looking across the alluring form of the humbled woman, Diablo privately vowed that this guard would know well of what she had once distributed to the prisoners. As she studied the

helpless form, pulling at her restraints, Diablo resolved herself to sparing this prisoner a richly deserved execution. Nor would she hand her over to the rest of the rebels who would no doubt torture her crudely, rape her and then shoot her.

Instead, she wanted this woman to wail and squirm, to endure bondage and degradation the likes of which no woman had ever known. She wanted to reform this officer into a drooling animal that licked her heels and did whatever she commanded.

Whirling the bullwhip, Diablo flung its slender tip forth to etch a vivid line in the guard's hindquarters. Her head jerked up and her scream filled the room. The shriek inspired Diablo to continue. Her expert marksmanship and practiced skill with the whip sent out stroke after stroke to carve into the woman's back and rear as she convulsed helplessly against her bondage.

The location of the president was known. The rebels were mustering for the final assault. It was only a matter of time.

Chapter Five

Lydia was shown a small door and found herself in a small room that appeared to be a laundry chamber. Several large industrial washing machines sat against the opposite wall beside tumble dryers. A cabinet with a glass front bore various large containers for the supply of washing liquids while a heavy chair with restraints was placed to one side. A set of hair clippers was hooked beside the plug that powered them and a dustpan and brush lay on the floor. The metal loop was filled with shorn hair from previous visitors.

“Take a seat, slave,” ordered the woman. She pushed Lydia onto the wood and then used the leather trammels riveted onto the legs and back to secure her. Lydia’s form was swallowed up by the firm grip of the leather strips, the chair pulling her into its stark embrace.

Grabbing the clippers, the mistress used the attached head to trim Lydia’s hair to a standard and universal cut, one even inch all over. She then removed the plastic prongs to have the bared teeth of the clippers attend the sides, leaving her with a spiky carpet of bristling black on top and smooth stubble along the sides.

Lydia watched without concern as the strands tumbled before her gaze. They dropped all around her as the mistress worked, removing the tangled and knotted strands, the hairs split and twisted from ill treatment and lack of attention.

When the restraints were unfastened and she was encouraged to rise, she felt considerably better. Her appearance was tended and altered by the one she adored.

Drawn over to one of the washing machines, the mistress opened the door and Lydia finally spied the interior, seeing that they were not for washing clothes but slaves. The inside drum appeared normal at a furtive glance, but then she saw that the steel bore numerous heavy rubber shackles riveted along the perforated metal.

“In you go, slave, on your belly. It’s time to clean you up,” demanded the mistress, taking in the compiled layers of sweat that had stained Lydia and the severed particles of hair that clung to her greasy skin.

With trepidation Lydia complied, unable to defy the will of the dominatrix due to her extensive education.

Lying on her stomach she felt the smoothed fingers of her owner start to take up the straps and secure them to her. A cross formation pressed her chest against the steel, her legs being spread and attached to fetters, stretching the limbs up and out into the air before they were connected to the drum.

Manacles connected her wrists behind her back and a chain was used to hoist them up, pressing her into the metal as her shoulders churned in pain from the pose. A lock captured them and held them high, leaving her open and vulnerable to the imminent flood.

“See you soon, slave,” smiled the dominatrix. She shut the door and locked it before adjusting the settings and pouring a full measure of washing liquid into the small tray beside the

controls.

Lydia trembled as she heard the machine start to fill its reservoirs with water and heat them to the preset temperature. Breathing softly in her small cell, filled with tense languor, she awaited the inevitable deluge. She recalled all the times she had stared at clothing being thrashed around within such a machine and wondered how she could hope to cope with a similar event.

Hot, soapy jets spat from the openings and the drum began to roll her. Lydia's face was thrust into the deepening pool at the bottom. It cut off her breath before she rose again, then she was flung overhead and back into the frothy lake, forcing her to close her eyes or risk getting soap in them.

Lydia was hard-pressed to judge when she was emerging from the waters or about to enter them. The machine rolled her through the pool with great speed until she was dizzy and nauseous.

Sometimes it reversed direction, thrashing her through the churning waters backward. On other occasions, it paused, leaving her submerged for a few moments as it awaited the commencement of another cycle. Holding her breath as best she could, she was tormented by the constant flood. Her breath was flecked with moisture as it entered her lungs, making her cough, splutter and retch, depriving her of the ability to ready for the next dunking. Again and again, she was spun around, the soapy waters replenishing constantly before warm water poured through the interior and washed away the suds, rinsing her sore anatomy.

A spin cycle hurled her round and round in a blur of motion, her scream filling the interior as she was beset by giddiness. Her mind was scrambled and tormented by the effects of the ordeal. Her body was forced against the steel by the centrifugal pressure. Her breasts were crushed beneath her body, her fingers barely able to claw at her restraints as her cheek was ground against the curved interior. The blood felt like it was being sucked from her limbs and injected into her body, filling it with struggling force as she wept and wailed, the air growing hot as the drying cycle continued.

Finally the drum slowed to a halt and did not move, but blasts of warm air were still filling the interior, buffeting her with a terrifying gale. Resting in the tidies of the sultry hurricane, she let her senses recover, the world still spilling over and over after her treatment. She prayed that it was the actual end and that another cycle not be due for an extra thorough cleansing of her form.

A whimpering gasp of relief spilled from her lips as the mistress opened the door and began to unfasten the restraints.

"There, a nice and sparkling fresh slave," she crooned.

She helped the dizzy Lydia from the machine and watched as she collapsed into a tight ball, holding herself, waiting while her mangled equilibrium returned. The world seemed to tilt and roll beneath her and she closed her eyes to try and recover, it was like being exceptionally drunk and trying to sleep, except that the intoxication she felt was from her submission. And it was a far more delightful alternative to ordinary excessiveness.

Chapter Six

After moving out of the laundry room and back into the passage, Lydia was led into a winding maze. Her destination unknown, her attention was fixed on her abuser rather than her route. A weighty door was drawn open to expose a diminutive cell; the interior was dark and swallowed by shadow and the smell of desperation. The low ceiling presented a deep-set ring that had the leash threaded through and tied off. It kept Lydia on her toes and her arms flailed until they were snagged and sealed behind her back in metal cuffs. The rattle of the teeth echoed throughout the small chamber.

Stepping into her captive's vision, the woman drew the crop with slow menace and flipped it through the air, declaring her intent to flagellate her slave.

"Do you want to be punished, slave?" asked the woman, gripping the crop near the head and handle, flexing it.

"Y-yes, Mistress," she replied softly.

"Why, slave?" questioned the woman, not to doubt Lydia's submission but to have it confirmed from her own lips.

"I...I need to be disciplined, Mistress," she muttered.

"Have you been bad then, slave?" asked the woman with a perked eyebrow.

"No, Mistress," she blurted quickly and then calmed her words. "I need the punishment to constantly remind me that I'm your property, Mistress."

"Good, slave. You see, you know you must be tortured and punished relentlessly to keep you aware of your position," she murmured, reaching out with the hooped lip to draw soft lines along Lydia's curves.

"Yes, Mistress," sighed Lydia as it started to caress her nipples, making them rise and stand up to the touch of the leather.

"Then say it again, slave. I want to hear it," she ordered.

"Mistress. Please whip me. Show me I am owned by you, Mistress," hissed Lydia, dancing on tiptoe as she was stroked.

A wide whack carried the rod onto her flank, making Lydia cry out and struggle in her bonds. The searing burn of the weapon ate into her upon a rapid volley of strikes. Each stroke was delivered with alacrity, depriving her of the chance to beg and implore her to stop. The mistress only left Lydia with breath enough to answer the awful sting of the crop as it searched out her most vulnerable areas. She assailed her rear then the backs of her thighs and finally her proffered breasts. Lydia released squalls of dismay as she was thoroughly chastised, her body yanking at the collar, her arms trying to reach up and unfasten it as she broke into gambados of response. Her mind roared with regret at having petitioned the beating, her instincts holding full control as she was abused.

The assault stopped and left her wheezing and exhausted. She hung limp in her collar, her legs weak beneath her, the lines of her new bruises stabbing at her.

The woman ran her gloved hand across the trapped form, gathering up the slick perspiration and rubbing it between her fingers with a victorious smile. Offering it to her bound and naked charge, Lydia engulfed the fingers and rolled her tongue upon them, tasting her own sweat and the heavy tang of the latex. The feeling of success and pride was exquisite in having been brutalized so diligently, her wails ignored, her chastisement implemented without consideration for her cries.

Without word, the mistress wheeled and strode from the room, closing the door behind her and plunging Lydia into swollen blackness. Her body throbbed in dozens of places.

Hanging in the void of her cell, she listened to the quiet. She strained against her bonds, trying to find a way out. But this did little more than to enlighten her as to how powerless she truly was.

When the door swung open, she expected to see the mistress, but to her shock, it revealed a man clad in an extravagant military uniform. He had many braids and medals adorning his apparel, testifying to a lofty rank.

Marching directly over to her, he paced around Lydia's suspended form, staring at her, assessing her body, making her feel the burden of her nakedness for the first time in many months. She flinched as his hands reached out and began to wander upon her. The intrusiveness of another into her private servitude left her torn with worries and shock.

With harsh fingers he began to grasp her flesh, squeezing and groping while she closed her eyes and stoically endured the fondling. His fingers brushed her sex and began to stroke. He located her orifice as she locked her thighs together and tried to draw away. Fingertips burrowed into her while she grimaced and gurgled, while the impassive face of her visitor stared at her cleavage. The sight of her quivering breasts inspired him to lean in and take one of Lydia's nipples in his mouth.

The tenderness made her shudder, his tongue flitting upon the morsel as it hardened between his lips. Her mouth opened in a silent howl, her panting breath issuing as he started to caress her sex and suckle. The fierce pleasure made her flex her muscles and strain against her confines. The delightful lap of the man's mouth transformed in an instant, his teeth snapping to the mammilla and grinding upon it, making her spasm and fight to get away from this brutal agony. Yet, any attempt only increased the trial for she was tethered to him by this bite.

The savage nip was released and he moved behind her, the lowering of a zip testifying to his prurient intentions. Rough fingers took her clenched buttocks and wrenched apart, opening her to a driving thrust that drilled into her rear and pushed her up onto tiptoe. Lydia snapped to a rigid pose, her mouth springing open as she unleashed a screeching howl. The bum of his sudden intrusion made her sway and shake as she adapted to the trespass, tears flowing down her cheeks.

The whimpering cries she gave as he rode himself into her anus settled into a more pleasurable answer to the ravishment, her sphincter finally accepting him.

With the obvious loss of her distress, his hands flashed around her body and grabbed her assets. Taking the flesh in each hand and compressing them with a stem grip he began to continue his molestation with a slow, savoring sloth; one designed to draw out his pleasure and extend her revulsion at being used so freely by another.

What was going on? Where was her mistress? Had she been handed over to this man as a piece of chattel, or was this a mere visitation to help degrade her even more? Was this fleeting violation an act to batter her psyche and further reinforce the teachings of her beloved enslavement?

In silence the man continued with his grinding attentions. The warmth of his sex glided in and out, making her shiver with unexpected relish, the attention of the officer something she was finally finding enjoyable. With his intense fixation on her form and her bound state, it was as

though she were some sort of sexual idol that he groveled at and ravished in adoration.

Upon a final shivering drive she felt his seed spill within her and she scowled with a burbling hiss at the final instance of desecration. The moment of her humbling served to spike her internal hidden sense of pleasure in such deflowering. Sliding free, he released his grips and left the room, leaving her ignorant as to what had just transpired. Was it an arbitrary and random attack, or had it been some sort of judgment? Was it a guard making use of her body one last time, knowing she was to be sent away or perhaps even disposed of? If they assumed they had her secrets, her life was forfeit. They could not release her with the knowledge of what they had done and were continuing to do. Yet still, she did not want to leave. Her time here was addictive and now she was a hopeless junkie.

They had purposely twisted her psyche to love what they did to her and now that the prospect of an end was drawing close she feared for the loss of this charmed existence. How many others could have found such heaven? This was a true state in which she could always reside. Lydia had no wish to leave it, only to return to the insipid fare of a trivial existence beyond this Stygian tropical pit. In the real world she was nobody, just another face in the crowd. Here she was someone's property - loved, adored, singled out for constant treatment and worthy of their time and effort to train her. She gave her owner pleasure; she was a treasure, what was normality compared to that?

What had changed her view to this extent? Had it been the abuses? The indoctrination? Perhaps the only way in which she could retain her sanity against the atrocities of these people was to find paradise in their acts. Perhaps, to save itself, her mind had subconsciously undertaken this reconfiguration without bothering to consult her.

Chapter Seven

The sound of the weighty clunk of the bolts being shuffled back seeped through the door as a warning of entry. The door squeaked back and the apparition of her enslaver presented itself in the dull light. Her uniform of fetishistic craving was stretched across her frame like a slick midnight skin. The crooked stance she held made Lydia sigh with wanton desire, the curled dressage whip in her hand promising the abuse Lydia so craved.

With a sedate stroll the woman wandered within and circled the suspended form, the issue of her molester still seeping from her. The marks of his rough handling were still apparent even over the welts spawned by the crop.

The General has found you appropriate, slave, and you are to be transferred to the president's own secret residence," she announced. "There you will serve the rulers of this country and attend their whims willingly and with enthusiasm," she continued. She grabbed Lydia's chin, holding it firmly so she might stare with intensity into her eyes.

"Failure to do so will be a slur against my work, slave," she attested with stem gravity. "Do you understand?"

"I...I think so, Mistress," stammered Lydia, unable to nod against the forceful hold.

Lydia was numb from the words. The fact that she was to be shipped out like a piece of merchandise to serve the desires of whatever mysterious forces controlled the newborn land was a frightening notion. The prospect of becoming little more than a sexual servile slave, incarcerated and abused at their whim, was foreboding because surely her lot would not be of mere carnal attendance. After her time here it was sure to be one of enforced sex and cruel bondage. The means of her training would assure her that she had been prepared to accept such gross maltreatment as a normal and everyday occurrence.

"I have enjoyed breaking you, my dear little slave, but time grows short and my task is done. Others await my ministrations and the process of retraining goes on. They will be here to take you away shortly. In the meantime I shall give you something to remember me by - a last fleeting legacy," she whispered to Lydia's ear. Her warm breath touched Lydia's neck and making her melt in her bonds. A lump was in her throat and tears were welling in her eyes as she grieved, her heart burning from the knowledge that this was the last time she would see this woman.

The mistress stepped back and unleashed the whip with a merry flick, the thin tentacle at the head spilling onto the floor, slithering like an evil serpent.

"I love you, Mistress," Lydia whispered softly, chill shudders of expectation running through her. Her flesh tensed and was ready to accept the final chapter in her tutelage under this enigmatic female torturess.

"I know you do, slave."

The woman slashed back with all her considerable strength and devastating marksmanship, hurling the whip at Lydia. The first withering slash made her shriek aloud. The fires being drawn

across her naked thighs caused her legs to spasm and dance as others followed the stroke; no moment was given to allow a dwindling of her pain. The added lashes increased the intolerable levels until she was a whirling mess of shivering abused flesh, filling the small cell with soul-shredding howls of woe. Spinning around at her throat, she sought to shelter herself with her hands or legs, successfully allowing the woman to apply her weapon anywhere she wished.

The dominatrix continued her relentless attack, striking swiftly. When the prison door was filled with the visage of two prison guards, Lydia barely noticed. Her mind whirled under the torrents of searing sensation that poured through her from the meticulous farewell gift of her enslaver. The whip ceased its angry passage and slipped to the floor, the woven strip damp from kissing her sweat-drenched frame.

Falling slack, Lydia hung by her throat. Her body pounded with a terrible pulse, her skin marked with an intricate pattern of weals as numerous beads of her perspiration winked in the soft light.

“Is she ready to go?” asked one of the attendants.

“Almost,” came a soft reply, as if her mistress was out of breath from her exertions. A final burning trench was deposited across her buttocks, this most stem of them all. Her mouth spilled open and she howled, breaking from her tensed and rigid pose into a sobbing fit of recovery.

“Thank you, Mistress,” wheezed Lydia, her body without life and her gratitude boundless.

The female paused and lifted her instrument of correction with a sated smile.

“There, she’s all yours now.”

Without word or any care for the fate of the slave, the woman left, her enticing gloss-coated curves walking free of the chamber and Lydia’s gaze forever. The total lack of attachment to the prisoner she had so mercilessly broken was wounding. Lydia had hoped that at least some shred of attachment or fondness had been formed. But it seemed that she had just been another subject to be shattered and reformed. Did the woman conduct this monstrous education so often and so regularly that the flow of servile simply became faceless possessions to be prepared and shipped off as though on a factory production line? The heartless cruelty of the woman seemed all the more stringent with the dispassionate attitude toward her victims revealed by her casual departure.



The guards closed in and untied the leash. One of them wrapped it about her hand and dragged Lydia in her wake as she marched from the cell and began the long route back toward the

surface.

The sudden dazzling flare of sunlight left her blind as she was tugged out into the day; her long imprisonment in the locked pit left her unprepared for such exposure. The sun pained her pale skin, the powerful kiss of the blazing orb roasting in its intensity caused her to sway as sweat dribbled from her pores, each breath heating her lungs from within.

A brief glimpse of a waiting vehicle was spied though her limited vision and she was shoved rudely forward, toppling and unable to cushion her fall because of her pinioned arms. As her bruised ribs protested at the rash entry, the hands of the women guards were upon her again. The trunk was fitted with numerous straps that had been riveted into the metal so as to contain the slaves that were placed within, and her cuffs were quickly removed so that she could be set into the waiting vehicle.

Positioned face down, lines of dense rubber were hauled onto her torso, running across the base of her spine, her middle and by her shoulders. Her arms were hauled down her sides and caught by more shackles at wrist and elbow, while bonds encircled her throat and brow, pinning her head tightly to the floor. Her legs were pulled apart and straps were used to secure the tops of her thighs and above her knees. Lydia then murmured in pain as her legs were bent back and new straps set over her rear, catching her ankles and pressing them into her buttocks. Rendered utterly immobile, she was deafened by the slamming closure of the trunk, the horrendous brilliance of the day dropping back into shadowy night.

The growl of the engine rose through her small prison and the chassis shuddered before lurching forward. The car drove from the compound and carried her off into the jungle. The rough road bounced her around, jolting her against the straps and making her yell and seek respite from the violence of her passage.

Hours seemed to trail past and the heat of her cramped sarcophagus started to drop toward a more tolerable level. The chill of the night seeped in and banished the fiery wrath of the day before letting light once more arise. Stretching her rubber straps, Lydia tried to wriggle free but found the task impossible. All she could do was dwell in her bondage and wait to see what happened to her.

The car stopped suddenly and slammed her harshly into the plexus of latex ribbons. Through the metal she could hear words being exchanged before a heavy gate cranked back on a mechanized growl.

A long ride ended with the crunch of gravel under the tires and the car doors opened, expelling the unknown passengers. The trunk was thrown open, her straps were swiftly set free and her collar snatched, a leash being employed to haul her out.

The lengthy duration of her harsh ride had pillaged her energy and without any strength in her legs she collapsed onto sharp pebbles. Her limbs fumbled and tried to give her support but the long hours of confinement had successfully robbed them of all vitality and there was no sign of immediate recovery. Hands snagged her wrists, bringing them back and once more adding handcuffs.

Through her squinting eyes, hints of her current location became evident. The vast sprawling grounds before her were preened and meticulously tended, the small orchards and gardens of rainbow blooms a sight of beauty. The radical contrast between this halcyon vision of cultivated delight and her dank prison environment was huge, making the image appear even more lush and colorful to her starved eyes.

A distant high wall surrounded the gardens, with coils of wire rolling upon the upper lip leaving no means of easy access (or escape) except by the fortified gate that was connected to the residence by a long, smooth road. It was a decorative route lined with ornate marble statues. Her first glance saw only rough shapes of women, their bodies coated with a layer of some equivalent to stone, locking them within its embrace and preventing even the slightest hint of movement. Their eyes were free to behold their fellows and the grounds. A pipe that slithered into their maws

prevented them from speaking and also fed them. The coil snaked down their entombed bodies, joining others that emerged from their other orifices and vanished into the plinth that supported them.

The house itself was a sprawling bastion of great and impressive proportions. Obviously some manner of forgotten monastery, it had been renovated and lavished with extensions and improvements to turn the baroque building into an opulent palace. A graveled road passed before the mansion, winding around a stone pool, the waters being fed by a voluminous fountain at the center, the sprinkling waters accompanied the background music of the distant jungle. More jets emerged from the bodies of hapless slave girls. The same granite skin that created the other statues petrified this tangled erotic display of women engaging in the most lewd and vivid acts of carnal excess. But the pipes that were part of the contorted eternal show not only fed and drained the slaves, but also had crystal torrents spew from their penetrated orifices. So precisely had the intricate display been orchestrated that the arched forms issued the waters from rear and womb, mouth and nipple.

Parked upon the layer of stones was a large black limousine, the trunk wide open, proving it to be the vehicle that had taken her from the prison.

The main doors of the palace beckoned at the top of a flight of stairs. Looking around to see who held her leash, she was startled to find it was a girl of perhaps eighteen or nineteen. Clearly a native of this land, she was tall and blessed with the sable hair and dusky skin of her people. Her exquisite young body was made even more glorious to Lydia's eyes by the application of latex hot pants. The small shorts were drawn tightly about her abdomen while her budding cleavage pushed at the rubber bra around her torso. Stilt heeled court shoes accentuated her height and a studded choker held her neck in a close embrace.

"Not bad," she commented. "You'll make a fine addition here, slave."

Without another word the girl gave a slight pull and drew Lydia forward and up the sunbaked stairs, her heels clattering upon the stone as the sight of this slender frame slinking within the intoxicating fabric seemed to hypnotize the prisoner currently at her command.

The portal swung open, the panels held by two women sealed within latex catsuits. The comprehensive layers incorporated them into the framework, the women standing at a rigid cruciform by the hinges of the door. Their feet vanished into the floor, a small metal plate accepting them and locking them at the ankles to ensure they could not find respite from their duty. Their arms reached out horizontally. A solid metal ball emerged near the center of each door and on the wall beside them, their hands trapped within the stem anchors to hold their arms apart.



By pulling and pushing their arms back and forth they opened and closed the doors; the women were rendered little more than organic hydraulic pumps by their bondage. What appeared to be

heavy black gasmasks were fitted onto their heads, the large transparent faceplate revealing that they were blinded by latex hoods underneath while tubes were sheathed into their nostrils and stretched maws. The filter of each gasmask had a corrugated tube that reached around and entered the wall, feeding them oxygen and sustenance while more tubes at their hidden loins pierced the latex and burrowed into the sex and anus to handle waste management. A stout collar and short locked chain were forcibly worn, keeping their heads against the hinges.

The women were committed to this singular duty, their bodies rippling under the new layer of polished skin as they obeyed their allotted humble position. The spasm of their abdomens showed that their orders to operate were given by voltage. Lydia guessed that there was a motion sensor above the door that activated the toys, operating them like any other automatic door.

The enslaved attendants held the door wide to reveal a large entry hall, a flight of wide marble stairs rising on either side to access the balcony of the second floor. Paintings and sculptures hung on walls or were presented in specially placed alcoves. The wealth of the owner was shown through such displays of pelf.

The girl walked boldly in and presented her feet to the figure lurking beside the doors. The woman was locked within the tight arms of a leather straitjacket, the ferocious coat holding her closely. An opening at her crotch allowed the ring piercing her clitoris to be locked to her ankles by short chains, confining her to a squatting pose. A collar held her to the wall near to the living hinge on the right, the long chain allowing her to sink forward and lick the girl's footwear.

"That's a good girl. A few more weeks of such devotion and I'll consider setting you free again," she commented. The servant attended the task with blank enthusiasm and skilled speed, cleaning the shoes and then slithering back to the wall.

"Okay, slave, come on, let's get you upstairs. I want to see what else you can do other than look good," smiled the girl, tugging on the leash.

With an envious glance to the condemned, Lydia was towed away and taken upstairs. She wouldn't have minded being one of them: stripped of responsibility, given endless purpose, controlled and used as a mere machine, her humanity extracted and her will replaced by electrified toys.

The lush corridors were as extravagantly rich as the rest of the abode, lined with works of art and pleasing scenes. The girl led her to a plain door. She opened it and hauled Lydia inside. The bedroom was large and furnished in the manner of this opulent place, the four poster bed wreathed with fine curtains, the dressing table and wardrobe intricately carved with swirling designs and detailed engravings.

The young girl moved to the bed and turned Lydia around. With a light shove to her shoulders she dropped back, the edge of the bed knocking her shins out from under her. Lydia's arms bore the brunt of her falling body, the soft mattress bouncing her to a halt as the girl looked down at her and then stepped astride her torso, kneeling onto the sheets and moving forward.

"I like my slaves with short hair," she commented, running her fingers along Lydia's spiked fuzz. "Nice breasts, too," she added, tracing a finger around Lydia's naked assets.

The feel of the warm latex settling across her belly made Lydia shiver and the girl folded up her legs, locking her pointed toes onto Lydia's inner thighs and forcing the supine captive to spread them wide.

"That's it, open yourself to me, slave. You're mine to do with as I wish," she purred licentiously. The young woman arched back, making Lydia whimper softly at the sight of her breasts straining against the gleaming fabric.

"You like, huh, slave?" she beamed, keeping the position to make Lydia pant her reply, each breath of the girl brought new shimmers of refraction upon the jet- mirrored peaks.

“Oh yes, Mistress, very much, you’re gorgeous,” she blurted, airing her thoughts without consideration.

“That’s the right attitude, I think you deserve a treat for that, slave,” she offered. Then she brushed Lydia’s sex, capturing the sheen of moisture her lust was exacting before bringing it up to her lips.

“Taste your arousal like a good slut,” she uttered, and with a somber countenance the youthful woman wiped her fingers across Lydia’s mouth, depositing the taste of her own sex.

Without word or hint of emotion upon her slender features the young woman caught Lydia’s nipples in a soft pinch and rolled the nuggets, making them stiffen in her grasp as she leaned in.

“You like that slave?” she asked softly, her gentle breath against Lydia’s cheek.

“Yes, Mistress, very much,” Lydia murmured.

“Kiss me, slave,” she ordered.

Lydia was suddenly riven with confusion, unsure of what to do. She had never willingly acted thus, but the girl was a sight of pulchritude and the treatment she was receiving at her hands was making her ache for some manner of satisfaction.

Remaining still, she accepted the girl’s lips and copied her as she parted them to extend her tongue. They met and flitted upon each other’s tips, reaching out and running along the other’s lips, tickling the sensitive skin. The fires of lust started to burn more fiercely and the passionate exchange grew in fervor. While nipping at her partner’s lips and tongue the latex-clad temptress continued to tease the peaks of Lydia’s assets. The indoctrinated captive was unable to respond, her hands cuffed, denying her the chance to paw and grope at the gleaming curves attending her.

Without warning the girl drew her mouth away and Lydia’s concern that she was to be deserted was banished as the girl arose and reversed her position.

“I think it’s time we stepped up our play. I think you should worship me, slave,” she demanded, lowering the zip of her hot pants. Her slit hovered just out of Lydia’s reach, the extreme clinch of the fabric opening the aperture wide.

Splaying her thighs over Lydia’s face, she held herself away from the prisoner to make her strain and rise, craning her neck forward and fight to access the opening.

“Come on slave. If you really want it, you’ll make the effort,” she chuckled, looking over her shoulder and down at Lydia’s flushed features.

Overcome with a tempestuous desire Lydia ignored the rending twinges in her overextended neck and burrowed her tongue into the warm sex. The girl was already wet from their foreplay. Pushing her organ deep, she filled her tongue with the taste of the warm tight tract and then withdrew to swirl her tongue against the woman’s clit. The flavor of her was like nectar and Lydia feasted with gusto.

“Oh, that’s it slave. Oh, good girl, that’s it, right there!” she hissed through clenched teeth, her body tensing in fits of response to the attention and squeezing Lydia’s tongue which burrowed in deeper.

With Lydia lapping and dancing upon the tender flesh, the youth slowly lowered and smothered Lydia with her pudenda. The teeth of the zip clawed at her tongue and the smell of the plastic overpowered her as she drowned in her submissive derogation.

“That’s it slave, smell me, taste me, fill your senses with me,” she smirked, wriggling her hindquarters on the supplicant face. “And now I’ll give you a little something as well.”

With a squeal into the muffling flesh Lydia felt the girl’s fingers paw at her sex. The lithe fingers savaged her, for while the girl had the benefit of exacting delight from Lydia’s playful

tongue, Lydia had her wants answered by painful scratches to her most tender regions.

“Sing for me, slave!” ordered the girl, eager to hear Lydia’s tunes of distress.

Squealing into the girl’s belly, her breath slipping between skintight gloss and nubile skin, Lydia jerked under the harsh caresses, reveling in her mild suffering, the churning blend of pain and pleasure making her head swim.

Increasing the stakes of their play, the girl ground herself lower, applying her body weight in full. She balanced on the trapped face and stifled Lydia’s air, suffocating her as she exalted upon the eager tongue.

“Come on slave! Get that tongue going! Oh that’s it! That’s just right, keep going, don’t stop. Please your Mistress! Show me how devoted you are.”

The cunnilingus wrought sudden gasps from the girl and while she groaned under the climaxes that Lydia induced, she began to increase the viciousness of her fingers, making Lydia scream and fight to get free as her tolerances were exceeded. Lydia’s hands clenched and clawed her fingernails into the lush sheets; her legs kicked and dragged at the material as she tried to crawl her way out, the intensity of the vulnerable state only increasing her delight.

With a reckless fling the girl cast herself aside onto the mattress, panting and shuddering softly while Lydia gulped down great lungfuls of unimpaired breath. Her face sparkled with the moisture of the girl’s womb.

“Umm, that was good. Such a skillful tongue. A most unexpected bonus,” muttered the girl from her relaxed sprawl.

Recovering from the bizarre encounter, Lydia maintained her silence and rolled herself onto her front side. Her cuffed arms had been rendered numb by the compression. Pins and needles washed through the flesh and she lay still, breathing into the covers, the luxury of the fabric smooth and teasing against her flesh.

Her belly was rolling with flickers of residual pleasure, the encounter was one of wondrous rhapsody - even without climax.

“But I’m not finished with you yet, slave. I think we can still have more fun, don’t you?” She quizzed.

“Yes, Mistress,” uttered Lydia.

Still tasting the girl on her tongue, Lydia felt her ankles being gripped and drawn apart, presenting her along the bed with legs splayed. The girl sat between her legs, facing her rear, the slender digits acting as manacles on her ankles and holding them apart as a single foot lifted up.

“Kiss it, slave,” she demanded, causing Lydia to instantly stretch her neck aside and lap at the footwear.

“Now spread your rear for me, slave, I’m going to shove this in you,” decreed the girl, making Lydia shiver with dread as her hands drifted back down and grabbed her buttocks, pulling them apart to create easy access.

The foot was put to Lydia’s buttocks and slowly pivoted, driving the heel forward to touch her sphincter, the thin shard scratching a passage before forcing an uncomfortable entry. With a gurgle of suffering Lydia snapped her teeth to the blanket, using the cloth as a bit to help her endure while she felt the rigid spine enter her.

“Come on, slave. Take it! Swallow my heel like the whore you are! You know you love it!” laughed the dominatrix as she worked it into her.

The weak movements her legs made against the girl’s pinning hands were merely a token undertaking to make her revel in her pseudo-helplessness. Sodomized by the rocking heel, Lydia

endured the mild ache and squirmed upon the intruder.

“You like that, slave? Being fucked by my heel?” She grinned, and briefly released a hand so she could slam her palm onto Lydia’s shivering buttocks.

“Yes, Mistress!” howled Lydia. The girl continued to grant random spanks, reviving the weals. She tried to close her legs a little to help shield her, but applause rang against her inner thighs, the tender skin detesting such abuse.

“Legs apart, slave!” growled the girl, twisting the heel and slapping her with more venom.

“Yes, Mistress! Of course, Mistress!” she cried, casting her legs wide so that the ligaments of her inner thighs ached.

“Wider! I want you nice and open to me, slave!” she continued, swinging backhanded swats into the exposed flesh.

Lydia fought to comply, stretching herself into as wide a splits as she could under the encouraging hand of the girl. A sharp shove made her yelp and spasm forward and the heel jolted free.

Curled on the bed, she held her battered anus, shaking slightly in recovery. The girl crawled forward like a feline to kneel beside Lydia and run her hands across her damp skin.

“So many welts. Were you a bad girl before you were brought here? Is that what these are for?” she questioned.

“They were a parting gift from my former Mistress, Mistress,” she replied, her cheek to the sheets, her eyes sparkling with tears of pleasure and pain.

“Hmmm, such generosity. Would you like a spanking from me, slave. A welcoming gift?” she asked.

“Oh yes, please, Mistress,” exclaimed Lydia with eagerness, the slaps of command having piqued her eagerness for more.

“Then come and sit across my lap, slave,” announced the girl, removing herself from the bed and sitting on the side, her legs placed together to create a bench of flesh for Lydia to prostrate herself on.

Clambering to her feet, Lydia dropped to her knees and lay across the thighs. The delicate young limbs against her belly were a wonderful and alluring feeling.

Lydia offered up her rear, her head hanging down as her cuffs grabbed at the chain and towed up her spine to create an open target.

“Is my slave ready?” she asked.

“Yes, Mistress,” came Lydia’s soft reply. She sighed with relish as the palm of the girl rubbed her rear with soft swirls, stroking the thin pelt in anticipation.

The hand rose up, making Lydia tighten her muscles as she braced for the stroke.

“Don’t tense, slave!” warned the girl, reaching back down and pinching one of Lydia’s more colorful weals to have her grimace and then fall obediently limp.

“That’s much more like it,” she added, prodding the slack rear and kneading the soft flesh to savor it before she punished it.

The girl swatted the cheeks with a swift flurry of claps, spanking with ferocious speed and strength, instilling prickly riots of heat in Lydia’s hindquarters and fueling a swelling sensation that left them pulsating internally. Lydia whimpered and croaked as the applause slowed to a more steady and even rhythm, the timed attacks drawing out the discomfort after the initial rabid barrage.

The small wriggles of worry between each stroke as Lydia tried to endure them met soft giggles of amusement, the mistress delighting in the agitated dance of the slave on her lap.

“Such a wriggler!” she laughed, and delivered her hand into the meeting between rear and thigh. The strike made Lydia’s back arch, lifting her up, her mouth wide as she released a startled sob.

“Oh, Mistress!” she mewled, turning her next words into a snorting gasp as another searing clap attacked the exact same spot. Lydia trailed back down, languid across the thighs, sobbing softly as another clap struck a cheek, the girl alternating from buttock to buttock.

A fresh strike on her most tender spot made her bounce back up, her head craned back, her face grimacing. The hand of the girl traced the furrows on her brow.

“Look at these crinkles,” she smiled. “Such a tender little thing.”

The girl applied another dozen or so swats of her hand, making Lydia mewl and spasm softly on the delightful thighs of the celestial beauty.

“Okay, that will do for now, little slave. Here, kiss my hand,” she offered, showing Lydia the palm that had been responsible for delivering her stresses.

Lydia fawned on it with gratitude, kissing it with passion before the girl took her from the smooth whipping stool of her legs and stood up.

Taking the leash, the girl curled it about her palm and returned Lydia to her feet. Hauling her onwards without a word, Lydia was lead back into the passages and deep into the heart of the building, the girl still not saying one syllable to her. Was she so ill-thought of that she was not worth addressing after their short and intense session? Maybe she did not want to be seen conversing with a slave, instead preferring to offer the outward image of derision to the servile caste.

Chapter Eight

Stopping sharply, the girl rapped upon a door and stepped back. The sound of movement issued from within and the portal swung open to reveal a woman of great beauty, the comely native dressed in a leather leotard with glossy thigh boots and a wide studded waspie belt. Her long hair was intricately woven into a stern plait, and her face was adorned with brooding saturnine shades to give her a fierce glower.

“A new arrival?” questioned the woman, her voice only slightly accented as though she had spent long hours trying to cover it up or erase it.

“Straight from the prison. She’s to be prepared for immediate service,” reported the girl, tugging down on the leash to have Lydia fold herself into a tight animal crouch at her side.

“Why the rush? Is there demand for her already?” quizzed the woman, moving her stare toward Lydia in assessment, seeking to detect that which was so alluring about her.

“I think Mister Talbert has heard of her arrival and is eager to meet her,” replied the girl.

“I shall make haste then. It would not do to keep him waiting.”

Taking the leash from the girl, the woman began to reel Lydia in, staring intently at her, inspecting the new arrival as she was drawn ever closer. The intensity of the scrutiny made Lydia distinctly uneasy for it was so clinical, like a doctor looking upon an intriguing scientific curio.

“I shall put her in his playroom in readiness,” she decreed.

With an absent and careless nod the girl acknowledged the woman and strolled away.

The leather-clad woman moved Lydia further inside on a short rein and shut the door. This bedchamber was not as spacious as the previous room but was still furnished with extravagance. A small interconnecting door bore her into an adjacent room, this one outfitted very differently to the bedroom.



The chamber was wall to wall with mirrored panes while a strange set of stocks rose at the center. The frame bore the confining slat horizontally, ready to trap a victim by the waist and hold

them while a beam below dragged their legs apart and stretched them wide and downward to connect to rings set far apart of steel.

The leather-adorned female shifted Lydia over and opened the wooden jaws of the Engine of Woe, indicating for her to step in. Presented to this site of restraint, rendered docile by her incarceration and intimidated by this new environment and the unknown machinations unfolding about her, she did nothing to resist. There were many questions demanding answers - the mystery of the girl, this woman, and her new location, the enigmatic Mister Talbert. All of it weighed heavily upon her mind, leaving her riven with anxiety and stress as she faced the future. How she wished to see the cruel visage of her enslaver again, the familiar countenance that testified she was secure and to be looked after, to be granted constant and mordant attention in the name of teaching and discipline.

The two wide planks closed gracefully and were locked with a padlocked bolt. The structure now appeared as a tall table, with Lydia emerging from its middle as some mode of centerpiece decoration. She ran her hands along the wood all around her, tracing the varnished smooth timbers and absently touching the lock that she had no way of defeating.

The woman moved below and took her ankles, yanking them apart and using a thin cord to lasso the joints and stretch them down and to the bottom beam, pinning her in place and confining her to this lewd split.

Striding over to the wall, the dominatrix opened a mirrored door while Lydia could only stand there and watch what the woman was doing, her body helpless.

The shelves within bore neatly arrayed piles of clothing and small collections of devices placed in revered poses. Grabbing a box of strip wax she returned to Lydia and began to remove the lengths, peeling off their coats and then smoothing them onto Lydia's legs. Once a full coating was in place, she returned to the start and with a sudden yank, tore one free. Lydia gave a yelp of shock as the flare of sharp pain peaked and then began to settle down into a less fervid pitch. Another strip was torn free, and another. The woman ripped her hair free and left her stretched legs bald. Having only ever shaven them, the unexpected ferocity of the suffering was more than she could take. The tearing suggested that skin was coming away too, and her inexperience refused to tell her that it was not so.

Throwing herself forward she tried to reach below the lip of the pillory and stop her tormentor, but the width of the wood denied her access. It was even more frustrating to have this allotment of movement, for she could fling herself to and fro, slam her fists to the wood and try and prize it apart, and claw at the lock - all to no effect. The promise of escape was dangled before her if she could just find it. But there was none to be found.

Once the entire complement was removed, more strips were added to extract what remained and finish the gaps the previous layer had missed.

With her legs left barren, Lydia fell limp in her bonds. She breathed in soft drawn hisses, the fires of her ordeal having exhausted her and her face lying on the wood. The drained stupor was torn aside by concern as she felt strips being smoothed across her loins. The woman applied them to her pubic hair and then took hold of the edge of a line. Lydia had already been mercilessly plucked, the slow process almost driving her mad. To have it all concentrated into one hideous blast was unthinkable. Her hair had grown back enough to be gripped by the wax and she had no wish to feel the effects again, but before Lydia could solicit a reprieve the woman wrenched aside and brought a nova flare of response from the afflicted roots.

Throwing her head back and spasming in her restraints, Lydia unleashed a wail of unprecedented levels. The sheer mayhem of such a barbarous shearing made her abdomen vanish amidst rolling clouds of caustic sensation. Another strip was grabbed and torn free. The snap of ripping hairs vanished amidst her howls.

In the moments between removals she begged for the woman to stop, her incoherent verbal strands of imploring being corrupted as another pane of the wax was torn from her.

The harsh shearing of her entire abdomen continued as the woman tore free the pelt across Lydia's buttocks, the hair of her rear and sex, and then stripped her inner thighs. The sensitive skin reacted with indignant wrath to such treatment.

Once the last of her follicles were robbed, she slumped into a mass of indolent wreckage, her skin flecked with a thin glaze of sweat, her torment pounding in her temples as her ears rang with the residue of her screams.

The delirium started to pass, her scrambled senses starting to distinguish her surroundings once more. The woman lifted her arms and closed manacles about her wrists; the restraints hanging from chains that had been lowered from an automated panel above her. Dazed, she had failed to notice anything.

After opening the jaws of the pillory to leave her stretched between fetters and cuffs, the woman removed a corset of white leather from the cupboard, the thick sheath reinforced with steel to make it a garment of ferocious power.

The cool touch of the leather slipped around her waist and the laces hauled in until it was pressed snugly to her flesh, the material running from beneath her breasts to her hips. The woman stepped astride her, locking her fingers around the lowest laces and dragging tighter, hauling the excess upward until she reached the top.

The experience was intensely erotic for Lydia: the feeling of being smothered up by the dense sleeve, every new degree of compression accentuating her submission, making her feel more controlled and servile to the whims of others.

After knotting the lengths she returned to the base and began to steal away even more. The form-controlling apparel hauled in at Lydia's waist and made her ribs ache, the tight fist restricting her breaths, the dregs of every inhale fighting the power of the leather.

The woman commenced the withering of Lydia's waist once more, this latest process crushing her torso, the pressure making her moan. As the two sides of the corset met and enforced an extreme hourglass figure, Lydia was left to endure its devastating grip.

Her head was light and swimming from the powerful effects of the corseting; her need for dominance curling through her, fueled by the arousing command of her torso.

The buckled collar of her leash was removed and a polished steel band closed about her throat before being padlocked into position. The lock was situated opposite a riveted ring that rose out to accept the leash at the front. It was strange to see the loss of her leather band. It had been part of her since her arrival at the prison and its fleeting loss made her neck feel strange. The steel version was much more distinct, the metal pressing to her skin and making it known with every movement of her head.

The woman removed the upper restraints and let her captive tumble to the floor, her back rigid and unable to defeat the steel boning. Lydia looked up from her lowly position and saw the woman standing over her. The creak of leather sounded as she bent over and started to free Lydia's ankles. The sight of the curvaceous legs adorned with glossy boots and the tight leather spread across the cleft of her semi-exposed buttocks had inspired Lydia's carnal lust.

The aftereffects of her torment gave way to a dark relish for the trial she had just endured and she was yearning for more.

Her ankles were set free and the view of a salacious rear was traded for a licentious peer into the woman's cleavage as she bent over to attend her.

The loss of her bonds still left Lydia deprived of movement, the rigors of her confinement

and the immobile corset having pilfered all capacity for motion. Sitting bolt upright, her legs crossed, her arms holding her tightly packed stomach, Lydia stared blankly at the radiant barber,

The female lifted up and moved back before rubbing the sole of a boot across the smooth human skin she had created. It was as though she could feel through this medium, the insensitive sole being her means to assess a satisfactory level of grooming.

“That should suffice,” uttered the woman, her foot moving inward to settle between Lydia’s legs and start to feel the level of plucking there. Lydia tightened her thigh muscles to try and deny ingress. The woman responded by turning her toe into the air and digging the stiletto into her inner thigh. Pushing aside, the sharp dagger forced her to spread her legs.

Sitting with her legs apart, unable to bend, Lydia’s breath quickened as the woman stepped into the splayed ‘v’ and nudged her toe into Lydia’s vulva, plowing a route through the moist lips with the point of her boot.

“Very smooth,” commented the woman, continuing the motion to make Lydia’s eyelids flutter. Her chest heaved against the corset as her arms clutched to herself, her fingers itching to caress the boot or her own nipples.

The warm pleasure being installed continued to grow, and as her eyes closed with rapture Lydia started to drape forward, her arms still entwined to herself as her lips brushed the boot. The vinyl under her kiss caused her mouth to open and her tongue to emerge, stealing a lap as she panted onto the gloss and continued to kiss it.

“I think you should see how smooth this is, slave,” announced the woman, pulling back to leave Lydia’s wanton kisses suckling at empty air.

Her eyes flipped open and she looked up to see the woman standing back, arms folded.

The need for relief was a pressing one that had a hand starting to snake down, but the opening of such a private and taboo act to public view was hampering her efforts to comply. She wanted to caress herself more than anything but could she do it while another watched?

“Come on, you can do it, slave,” goaded the female.

Taking a soft gasp of courage, Lydia closed her eyes to try and deny the presence of another person and let her fingers slide across her pudenda. She was startled to find how wet she was, her arousal revealed at a fulgent peak. Tracing small swirls on her clit she moaned softly and shuddered, her senses giddy from pleasure.

“Look at me as you do that, slave,” snapped the female, forcing Lydia to regard her oppressor. Now that she was committing her onanism, it was easier to surrender herself to being viewed; the influx of rhapsody from her masturbation eased her worries and embarrassment.

The woman maintained a lifeless observation. She watched like a cold statue of ice as Lydia squirmed and panted. She used the image of the woman to fan her passions. The visual stimulation accentuated the physical, and the scenario of forced masturbation magnified it even more.

“That’s it, you little slut. I want to see you come. Keep going,” purred the woman, increasing Lydia’s euphoria with verbal humiliation. “And make sure you ask for permission before you climax, or I’ll have you in a chastity belt for the rest of your life,” warned the female.

Could she do this? Had she that much authority here? Lydia wasn’t going to take the chance. The emphasis of complete control over her brought her closer to fulfillment in leaping bounds, and as explosive release beckoned she blurted her words. “Mistress! May I finish?”

“No! Slave, you may not!” she growled with a villainous smirk.

Lydia’s face warped into an imploring confounded expression and her hand slowed but could not stop, she was too close.

"If you finish without my permission, remember - you'll never have another orgasm again!" reminded the woman, and with a strain of will Lydia managed to stop, her fingers pausing in their manipulation.

"Please, mistress! Please let me finish?" she whimpered, her belly quaking as her sex screamed for more attention.

"No! We'll wait for a moment, slave. Control yourself you're far too wanton, you need to learn self-discipline," said the woman.

"Yes, mistress," sobbed Lydia, her breath slowing as the swelling pressure of imminent release started to ease and retreat.

After a few minutes of tense silence between them the woman spoke again.

"Continue, slave!"

Once more Lydia started her work, acting quickly, the frustration making her motions frenzied, the temptation to ignore any command to stop becoming more irresistible. Would this orgasm be worth eternal chastity? Of course it would not, but the more her animal lust took over, the more her commitment to obedience crumbled.

Gasping, her mouth agape, her eyes watering, her loins churning with sensation, Lydia wept her plea for permission, unsure whether she could deprive herself a second time. She made sure she spoke a little early, hoping that if denied, she could stop more easily, but the denial had increased her sensitivity and had fed on her submissive nature to make this second session of self-abuse even more intense.

"Please, mistress! Oh please, please, please let me finish! I'll do anything you want!" she howled.

"Anything, slave?" asked the woman, causing Lydia's eyes to snap up to meet her gaze and seize the offered chance.

"Yes, mistress! Of course! Anything! May I finish then, mistress?"

"No," came the soft but sharp reply.

"Oh please, no! Please let me climax, I can't... I...I—"

"I said no!" she repeated with tones that were more forceful.

With lines of sweat and tears adorning her face, Lydia moved her hand from her sex; her body convulsing as it stalled at the brink of orgasm. The temptation was like a monster within her, making her mind fight with utmost strength to hold back the act of finishing her masturbation. Words that spun her thoughts like cotton made her heedless of the consequences; words that demanded she finish, that lifelong chastity wouldn't be that bad, that the woman was probably bluffing. But the fear that she would never feel this sensation again had enough awful gravity to convince her to obey yet again.

Once she had calmed herself and thanked her own conviction to remain subservient and loyal to the woman's wishes, she was commanded to continue once more.

"You may begin again, slave. The same rules apply."

With funereal effort Lydia started to attend her sopping wet sex, a small pool of her juices beneath her. The moment she started to touch her hot belly, all resignation vanished and she sank into the warm comfort of her onanism.

"Good, slave. Keep going," added the woman upon seeing Lydia's obvious dismay.

She wanted to work slowly, to try and ease the decision to frustrate herself. But the sheer power of the exquisite ordeal soon made her speed her efforts, and she was respiring in pants once

more as she worked her way steadily toward orgasm.

Acting early, she tried to exaggerate her motions, offering the pretense that she was almost there.

“Please, mistress! Please! Please God! Let me finish! I’m losing my mind!” she wailed.

“Pardon, slave? Did you say something?” The woman asked absently, casually examining her nails as though distracted. The woman was on to her ruse, knowing that she would try such a ploy either from personal experience, knowledge of her own gender, or from having inflicted this torment many, many times before. “Mistress! Please! I need to finish! I have to!” Lydia groaned. Her body reached the level she had been trying to avoid by her trick; the woman’s deliberate delay in reply brought her into the zone where it was hardest to obey.

“Let me think...” She muttered, rubbing her chin with phony contemplation.

“Oh God! Mistress! Mistress! I’m...I,” she stammered, her body tightening in expectation. A few more swirls of her finger and she would be done.

“No, slave, you may not!” she growled sternly.

“No! Please!” she howled, her finger involuntarily pausing. Her soul was aflame with need, praying for a change of heart from the woman.

“You have my answer! It is no! Now stop!” she snapped. The severity in her voice made Lydia hesitantly give in and move her hand away. Her abdomen was jolting in convulsive fits, her body shocked and torn by denial, unable to cope with the reservoir of building energies within her. It felt like her sexual appetite was growing to such levels that she would detonate if she didn’t bleed it off. Could one die of frustration? Maybe it would be akin to spontaneous human combustion - she’d burst into flames and be consumed by her own ferocious libido? She clung to the notion to help distract her from the hunger and endure the cold turkey of withdrawal from personal paradise.

How could this woman be so cruel? She was a woman, she knew just how terrible this must be and yet she was continuing to exact her foul sadistic pleasure from Lydia’s travail. Yet this in itself helped her find new admiration for the mistress and sink deeper into her mire of masochistic relish in this unbearable rota of teasing.

“Time to begin again, slave,” she ordered, straightening her leotard and looking back to Lydia who had failed to comply, her hand unable to ferret into her sex again.

“I gave you an order, slave. If you don’t do it, you’ll earn the same fate as if you climaxed without my express permission,” she threatened, and with a sigh of exasperation Lydia trailed her hand back into place and began to work her sore but still ravenous clit.

The woman moved forward as she toiled and stopped right before Lydia’s face, the crotch of the leotard an inch from the nose of the diligently masturbating slave, the scent of leather spilling into her senses along with the aroma of intense prurience.

A finger hooked the thong and pulled it aside, revealing that the woman was flooded with her own desire. Lydia’s frustration had aroused her intensely.

“You may climax, slave, but only once I have,” she pronounced, and looked up with aloof disdain by way of a command to begin.

With maddened haste, Lydia buried her face into the hot rampant sex and fawned on it with every particle of skill and exuberance she could manage. The woman twitched as she was serviced, her spare hand drifting into Lydia’s short hair, clasping at it and pulling her deeper into her pudenda. Lydia had to slow her own efforts, the lascivious act of cunnilingus on this exemplary sexual tormentor making her succumb too quickly to her own touches.

As she worked, twice she had to pause and deliberately frustrate herself without order so she

could calm and continue, patiently waiting on the prescribed moment.

The woman panted softly, her chest heaving against the leather, her fingers pawing at Lydia as she worked.

“Good, slave, that’s it, keep going, I’m almost there,” she moaned.

Spilling the flat of her tongue against the woman, Lydia felt the succulent wet tracts spring with jerks of tension and the mistress began to rhythmically gasp. She was almost there, almost sated, and Lydia’s fingers danced upon her own sex with new zeal, conducting a sonnet of rapture.

“That’s it, slave. Service your mistress,” she said on an ululating breath.

With a muted cry the woman flashed with bursts of response, her body quaking as she clutched at Lydia, holding her in place, her form torn with bliss. The feel of the woman succumbing to orgasm broke Lydia into a long delayed and ultimately desired copy, her howls of rhapsody spent on the woman’s womb, singing her joy into the mistress’s sex. Her rear bounced on the ground, her legs kicked and strained out as she fought to continue her oral service, the woman lapping up the full measure of her relief from the slave’s tongue.

Sinking her fingers into the tufts of hair the mistress pulled Lydia out, her face wet with a cocktail of wanton fluids, her eyes flickering, her mouth agape and hissing with chaotic breaths as she followed in the wake of the woman into carnal nirvana. The mistress held Lydia’s head back and studied the orgasm she had permitted, the spikes of delicious sensation all the higher from the periods of deliberate deprivation.

“That’s what I wanted to see,” she murmured, revealing that she had intended to see an ultimate eruption of feminine release as well as to craft a session of servicing that was choked with diligent desperation and a consuming enthusiasm to satisfy so completely.

With a casual shove Lydia was dropped back to the floor, where her corseted form lay inert, giving rein to the odd flash of residual nervous spasm. The woman recovered her own senses for a moment and then grabbed the lead to help bring Lydia back to her feet. The corset stopped her from bending at the middle, making her awkward in the extreme as the metal bands refused to compromise and let her fold.

Towed forward, she was taken out of the room and back into the maze of the building’s interior. The passages grew steadily more opulent until she was brought out onto the balcony of a large hall. The far wall was an array of glass doors with stained glass windows rising above them. The massive intricate designs displayed religious motifs and doctrines and sunlight that streamed through the multi-colored glass, bathing the hall in a variety of wild shades.

The balcony stretched along both walls at the side, rows of doors in the walls accessing other portions of the palace. A set of spiral stairs lead down each corner to access the ground level. Through the door panes could be seen a broad patio, a massive outdoor swimming pool sprawling beyond, the ranks of loungers occupied by idle men and women. Maids clad in penurious attire, their uniforms scanty and designed to reveal rather than hide, served the guests. In strange contrast to these revealing vestments, their heads were locked in hoods of leather or latex that smothered their features and rendered them anonymous servants. They were virtually indistinguishable from each other.

Moved along the balcony, Lydia was presented to one of the doors and escorted in. The room was no place of easy comfort for it was a dark abode of torture and excess. Shelves were adorned with many assorted devices, both for sexual antics and horrendous assault with numerous tools to cause pain and pleasure in abundance. Assorted modes of restraint lay open and ready to snare a helpless body and leave it defenseless while a full complement of weapons were hung up and waiting to punish.

“You will wait here until you are to be made use of,” declared the woman. The words finally

caused Lydia to risk asking questions after taking a deep breath.

“May I speak, mistress?”

“You may,” she said, dragging up a chain from the wall and locking it to her collar to trap her in the chamber.

“What is going on?” asked Lydia humbly.

“You are at the personal residence of the president and are here to serve the whims and wants of his guests. Certain powerful dignitaries visit this sanctuary to sate their diverse desires, and those who have been allotted the fate of managing this goal, like you, will be their partners. Does that answer your question?” reported the female with a wicked smile, delighting in Lydia’s mortified expression, a look that inspired her to torment Lydia’s psyche all the more.

“Mister Talbert is a purveyor of arms and the president requires his aid. To acquire his faithful support in the face of outside pressure to stop dealing with the new regime, the pandering to his desire will convince him to continue shipping to our military. Many of the other guests are similarly here to sweeten their attitude to Guenerros, their vices being used to gain cooperation. They will use you in whatever way they wish. As a whore you will be forced into whatever lot they choose, and there are numerous roles awaiting you. Thus without reprieve you will be condemned to this existence for the rest of your days.”

“Forever?” Lydia muttered softly, her hands running up and down the dense walls of the corset, her eyes panning across the weapons and devices of the chamber.

“There is no escape, you’ll be here until you go insane or perish. After all, you are just a piece of property and have no worth, isn’t that so?” grinned the woman, seeking to terrify the new arrival with such threats and taking delight in her psychological ravaging.

“Yes, mistress. I am just property,” she softly replied. The ordeals in prison and the training of her mistress had roused a dark new side in her and she was powerless to stand against it. She was hopelessly addicted to her submission now. There was no going back. Her only option for happiness and peace was to surrender to it, and where better to do that than in this affluent palace full of depraved wealthy elite?

The woman saw her stroking the smooth silvery surfaces of her collar, her other hand attending the corset, relishing its impositions on her. Intending to defeat this acceptance she stepped in and grabbed Lydia’s short hair, pulling back, lifting her face up so she could stare into her eyes.

“These people will torture you terribly slave, and there’s nothing you can do about it, do you understand that. ... slave?” she spat gravely.

“Yes, mistress,” winced Lydia, the spikes of woe in her scalp bolstering her submission, banishing all notion of refusing this lot.

“When they finally break your sanity, you’ll be bound and used as an inanimate object, a decoration, a mummified husk that will never feel anything except pain,” she continued, tightening her hold by degrees until Lydia’s features were grimacing with strain.

“Yes, mistress, I understand,” she choked.

The woman turned on her heels with an exasperated hiss and strode from the room, leaving Lydia to ponder her fate. The prospect of service to the twisted wealthy elite was one that chilled and warmed her soul. That she was to be used and abused for the entertainment of others was daunting and exciting all at once. But wasn’t this what she now craved? She was torn between finding a powerful satisfaction in her new lot and being crippled with chagrin, alarm, and resentment.

There was no escape so perhaps surrendering herself to her wanton decadence was the only way to proceed. The act of fighting against her incarceration was futile and doomed to make her life

more miserable. Now that she was freed of the grip in her hair, doubts were once more manifesting. Her psyche lacked the full enforcement her submission provided. If she were kept perpetually bound and punished would such mental rebellions evaporate with time? Would Lydia's previous persona be slowly forced out in favor of this new configuration the more she was kept as a slave?

There was a war occurring in her psyche, the various factions of her makeup seeking control over her. When she was attended, all she had was submission, but in her isolated moments her conscience and longing for escape gathered a small voice to eat at her resolution to give up and let herself fall into the obliquity that this realm offered.

Chapter Nine

The door swung open and revealed a pale thin man with a ponytail of brown hair, his features drawn and feral and adorned with a preened goatee. His eyes were dark and wild, the malignant glint in them growing as he witnessed his subject.

Dressed only in garishly patterned tropical shorts he closed the door and sauntered over, watching as Lydia wilted before his stern glare like ice in the sun.

“Superb,” he commented, making Lydia swell with pride as her appearance and demeanor were found satisfactory.

Taking her collar, he set loose the chain and moved her to a vertical beam set near the wall, the thick pole running from floor to ceiling and armed with stout rings and a hinged strut of wood at knee height. The short piece of dangling wood was tipped with a ring and lined with nails that had been driven through to throw up ranks of vicious spikes. Amongst this prickly arm were two holes, their purpose unknown as her back was put to the timbers.

“Stand still,” he ordered, taking up a knotted cat and looking at it quizzically before capriciously throwing its strands into her belly, making her flinch and stifle a cry.

“Spread your legs,” he demanded. He added another blow, the stern flash of pain making her shuffle her feet apart and approach two wide set rings in the floor.

“Wider!” He spat, and swung up into her sex, the strength of his swipe causing a croaking murmur from her throat.

Straining her limbs out as far as possible, her muscles ached from their efforts and were further afflicted as another blow fell, marking her endeavor to fulfill his request. As her toes neared the rings he stopped and started to lace cord about her ankles, entwining it between ring and joint, trapping her in a most severe and lewd split.

Her hands were snared within a set of awaiting leather manacles. The restraints carried her arms high over her head and trapped them there as the coil of rope elevating them rose up and through a ring, the length reaching back down to grip another ring at her side.

Breathing heavily against her corset she watched as he took up a pair of oversized rods, the smooth phallic shafts long and fat, each with a small pole at their base and just large enough to slot into the beam between her legs. Without pause or care he inserted the two rods into her body, ramming them deep and making her stiffen and cry out as they were driven against the limits of her sex and rear.

Holding the sheathed devices in place, he lifted the hinged strut and slipped the phalluses into their accommodating anchors amongst the upraised nails. Swiftly unfastening the rope, he slipped it through the ring at the end of the strut and tightened it, lifting it upward and pushing the sharp spines to her loins. As he knotted the coil she discovered that any tug to her upraised arms caused the rods and nails to push deeper, punishing and teasing her simultaneously.

“I’m sure you’ll appreciate this predicament, slave. So now I’m going to beat your breasts

and let you try it out,” he sniggered, taking up the cat and wiggling the leather strands while Lydia stared at the device with wide eyes.

“Master, please, don’t!” She implored at the sight of the weapon and her naked and vulnerable breasts.

Lines of heat were etched into her assets as he slashed into her, the sudden attack making her jolt. Her arms spasmed downward to try and shield herself, causing her belly to erupt as the nails dug in and the phalluses slammed to her limits. With a croak of response she jerked her arms back up, her hindquarters tensing and wriggling as they worked the shafts back out as far as she could, stopping the nails from pressing to her most sensitive zones.

No sooner had she managed to gain some relief than the man continued with his attack, the woven thongs etching angry weals, making her seethe against the bondage, thereby afflicting herself with additional duress with every jolt. Her more sedate quivers caused the rods to shiver, stimulating and teasing, as the spines scratched, offering her violently oppositional sensations that made her thoughts chum.

Turning his attention lower her malefactor rained blows into her legs, the leather tongues lapping around her skin, causing her to tug against her restraints. The pain drove her mad with calamity as she begged for him to stop, howling with every stroke.

“Do you want me to stop?” he asked.

“Yes, yes! God! No more! Please!” she cried, wincing as he struck again. Lines of perspiration welled across her brow and sparkled like diamonds in her cleavage.

“You want me to do something else instead?” he said.

“Yes! Anythi ... “ she began, and the words fell into a choking gurgle with the application of another blow.

“You are sure? This is what you want?” he asked again as Lydia was left rigid and tense, fighting her way through the effects of the latest stroke as it continued to pulsate.

“Yes! Yes! Yes! Just please stop! I can’t take any more!” she yelled. Another three blows followed her words to end her response so he might address her over her croaking song.

“Have you no stamina? Are you as feeble as you appear? Or are you lying to me? Is that it? Are you lying to me?” he snarled, the facade of rage hiding his delight in her anguish.

“No! Never! I’m weak, I’m nothing, I’m a pathetic whore, just please stop,” she begged, the man still beating her as she tried to have him cease.

The delight he displayed in abusing her increased when he ceased the lambasting and set aside his weapon in favor of a box of acupuncture needles. Lifting one of the spines he slipped free its plastic cap and unveiled the silver spike, the point winking in the light as he turned it before her eyes. Lydia’s tear-streaked face piqued with dread as he presented it, her commitment to enduring the effects of the whip having left her oblivious of the new arrival until it was right before her gaze.

“You requested something new, you wanted me to stop the whipping and apply anything else. You asked for this didn’t you?” he mocked with darkness in his heart.

“No, I didn’t mean it, I’m sorry, whip me again,” she whimpered, the prospect of such travail worrying her greatly. At least she knew what a flogging could do. She was all too familiar with it and when it was over, she actually liked it. But the needles were something new and she was frightened.

He savored her sobbing requests for mercy and then rested the tip of the needle in her cleavage.

“Shh, you requested this. Do not try and deny that you want it, I know this is your true love.

Your mewling under the lash was to encourage severity. The whip is not enough for you, you want more!” he accused.

“No! It’s not true!” she blurted.

“You’re in love with pain, in being controlled and used. That’s okay, I don’t mind pandering to you, slave,” he chuckled, unaware that it was actually so. His words caused grief because Lydia still did not want to believe the truth about herself.

With a wandering swerve he carried the needle to the side of her breast and then pushed gently. It created a dimple briefly before slipping into her flesh, causing a prolonged wowl to pour from her lips and kill her protests to his words. The feel of cold metal sliding into her assets was more than she could stand, the white hot injection into her body making her shake violently as it took a few moments for her to accustom herself to the steady throbbing pound that marked the site of the needle.

Quivering, she was left horrified as another was taken up and inserted. The arms dealer slotted the tools in across her flesh, embellishing her breasts with dozens of the agonizing implants. Each addition made her squeal and sob. Without reserve she begged in the few seconds he gave her before another spike warranted a new session of screams. He was pushing her deeper than she had ever gone before, and she could feel her mind curdling, her body drop away, and the pain forcing her essence out, making her feel as though she were detached and flying, separated from her flesh.



The last needles were the worst, for he put them to her nipples and forced them through the teats, the drilling spears prompting her to wrench maniacally at her bonds. She strained her fingers

down to try and drag them out, but her loins were torn by the efforts of her arms, her vain struggles causing the phalluses and nails to work themselves dreadfully at her sex and rear.

Weeping in frustration she bumbled and screamed in outrage as he stepped away, the man studying her predicament and extracting rapture from what his toil had created. How could such implements be used so painlessly in medicine and be so terrible when taken from the realm of beneficial treatment?

The sight of her in such torment made his lust boil over and with trembling hands he started to unfasten the rope from the pole. Lydia thought he was going to show mercy as she squeezed her tracts and tried to force the dildos out. But then Talbert formed it as a noose about her neck. It changed the nature of her trial to make any haul of her arms restrict her breath, cutting it off as it constricted her throat, the band slipping over the limits of her collar.

Pushing down on the freed end of the rod he made her abdomen force outward. A prolonged wail escaped her lips as the rods pivoted more and more and eventually they were pulled out, the infernal strut clacking against the beam.

No sooner had her belly been freed of one trespasser than another was guided in. The man dropped his shorts and guided his erect member into her sodden sex. Clawing at her back with perfectly manicured nails he commenced his violation with a slow glee, relishing her distress as he continued. The feel of this penetration was strangely satisfying for Lydia, the loss of at least some of her pain brought relief and a sense of delight as she was used as an object of carnal worship. The man used her for his own pleasure, heedless of her will or opinion.

Without warning he climaxed. The sensation of the tyrant filling her sex caused her to shudder in happiness and achieve her own heights of joy: the feel of her bonds, the excruciating throb in her breasts, the memory of flagellation making her own orgasms powerful and long. Lydia bucked more violently from the intensity of her climax than she had under any of his torments.

Holding to Lydia with a firm embrace, he kissed the base of her neck, placing his lips to her skin and pecking in small circles. Following her throat he slowly scavenged for the last dregs of his ecstasy. His length operated in random shuffles, her hyper-tender tracts erupting with flares of new ecstasy. Sated, he slowly slipped his member from her belly, crippling her with ghost sensations, a shadow sensation that loitered in her pudenda.

"Divine," he uttered to himself, not as a compliment, but as a certificate for his own memory.

Lifting his shorts back into place, he patted her shoulder fondly and with a wide grin ambled from the room, drunk on his own enjoyment.

Hanging in her restraints, she closed her eyes and listened to her own speeding breath, a cold chill creeping across her skin as the perspiration of her encounter evaporated. The cold was not her only bane, not by far, for the pins were still within her. The intrusion of these subtle tormentors remained as fixed and gnawing sites. She started to shake her cleavage, trying to fling them out, but the tight grasp of the fleshy tunnels were not eager to relinquish the trespassers and despite some vigorous oscillation of her torso, not one of the punishing shards came loose.

The implanted effects were hard to endure, her bondage frustrating, as she was forced to bear it alone. Closing her eyes she pictured the mistress, summoning up the woman's glorious image and pretending that she was present and orchestrating this. Lydia's response instantly altered as arousal set in.

Lydia filled her mind with fantasies of the woman standing before her, clad in wicked rubber skin as she staidly observed Lydia's anguish. The dreams eased her distress and even made her start to enjoy herself under the effects of the position and the torments.

Chapter Ten

It was not long before her meditation was interrupted when the door opened to reveal a shapely female clad in salacious lingerie of pale pinks. The woman roamed around to her side, showing no reaction to the sight of Lydia in restraint or the marks of harsh attention.

As though tidying some inanimate object she began to casually remove the needles, slipping them out and setting them aside—the rapid removal done without care as to the effects on their bearer.

Lydia squealed with each flight, the flesh having grown fond of the inserted fangs and resenting their departure. The last of the lucid knives came away and the woman turned to unfastening the restraints before clipping a lead to her collar. Without a word she tugged Lydia into a swift walk.

Leading her out of the room and down the corridor, Lydia walked quietly, the movement of her body against the corset and her aching breasts leaving her staring at the woman before her with a stem sense of carnal hunger.

Keeping herself purposely mute until she was more aware of the rules and consequences of transgression in this place, she was taken to another chamber that was wall to wall with mirrors, several of them with handles to be used as portals.

Opening one of the reflective doors to expose shelves laden with clothing, the woman removed a pile and presented it to Lydia.

“Take off your corset and put these on,” said the woman, setting the garments down and opening another door to sift through an array of shoes.

Immediately Lydia started to unlace the corset, setting open the taut strings and feeling a little weak as the hold about her chest was slowly relinquished.

Refusing to pause she drew on the black suspender belt and affixed the fishnet stockings to it, straightening the seam at the back before drawing on the rest of the uniform. The clinging latex dress stretched itself tightly over her body, the short skirt and plunging neckline embellished with a white frill and a small apron that was adorned with a large bow at the back. The neck offered up her cleavage and held it to a perfected shape while the skirt hung just over the tips of her stockings, revealing most of her thighs and the subtlest hint of the suspenders. As she laid her breasts within the cups, she whimpered and held closely to herself for support as the punctures were pressed upon by the squeeze of the divine material. The dress took a moment to acclimate to because of its tight folds on her wounds and a testing tug to the hem confirmed that it would go no lower and that she was to be on such flagrant display.

The ruling assistant handed her some ankle boots. The stiletto-heeled footwear incorporated padlocked buckles to prevent removal. Once these were laced into place and sealed, a latex hood was taken up and gathered in before being presented to her.

“Get on your knees,” said the woman, changing her grip slightly to gain a better hold.

“Is that really necessary?” asked Lydia, concerned about such entrapment, especially if she was to serve people as a maid.

“It is part of your required uniform, slave. Now get down or I will be forced to punish you first,” the woman snapped, the tone holding no patience, causing Lydia to concede and succumb to the dress code. Sinking down onto her knees she watched as the woman dragged the tight rubber sack over her head, sealing her within a dark sheath whose tiny eyeholes and mouth slit greatly restricted her senses. The smell of latex spilled through her nose and she opened her lips to take a lick at the interior. Tasting the material, the banquet of fetishistic indulgence greatly soothed any doubts she had about the hood.

A strange gag was removed from the cabinets and forced into her mouth before she could gain a good look at it. It seemed like an oval ball gag that pressed to the back of her throat. The interior of the solid teardrop bore a slender tube to grant her access to air. The oval sprouted from a dense rubber plate that pressed tightly to her face, creating a near airtight seal as the straps affixed to it were set in place. One ran around the base of her skull, while two went along either side of her nose, crossed between her eyes and then rode over her skull to grab the horizontal strip. Another under her chin clamped her jaws to the orb, which was strangely small for an effective gag.

An inflator bulb was applied to the outside nozzle of the plate and the girl started to crush it in her fist, pumping up the hidden facets of the gag. On each side of the orb emerged a rubber balloon. The thick bladder stretched out into her cheeks, pressing to the inner surface of her mouth, making her cheeks expand outward against the compressing efforts of the hood and straps. The girl continued to inflate, making her jaws and cheeks pound with stress. Lydia started to resist, her hands rising to try and stop the girl, but she merely quickly increased the rate of inflation and tugged off the bulb. Lydia dropped back from the sudden blast.

Lydia clawed at the device but she found that the nozzle was subdued, preventing her fingers from reaching in and depressing the tiny metal pin that would deflate the cheek-bursting orbs.

Spinning around she dropped forward and pawed at the woman’s legs, her eyes filling with tears as she tried to get her to remove the nightmarish instrument.

“I’m sorry, it’s part of your uniform. You’ll eventually get used to it,” asserted the girl and patted the smooth dome of Lydia’s head. Lydia pulled away with a shudder of temper, her fingers clawing at the straps, trying to find a way in which to lessen her pains. Her face felt ready to burst.

“If you keep that up, I’ll have to restrain you!” Warned the girl. Lydia ignored her, her activities ruled by the need to be free of the terrible gag as she wheezed weakly through the slender vent.

Hands grabbed and shoved Lydia drastically, causing her to spill onto the floor.

Before she could recover, a burden dropped onto her back, crushing her and sending her breath out as a startled croak. The woman had jumped on Lydia as she lay procumbent on the floor.

Lydia’s arms were at her sides. The strong calves of the woman crushed them to her as her rear weighed down into Lydia’s spine, preventing her from moving. Fighting to breathe, Lydia started to become dizzy, her exertions demanding more oxygen than the breathing tube permitted. Trying to regulate her breath lest she pass out, her fingers clawed at the floor, her legs kicked and she battled to get the woman off her but there was nothing she could do.

“Are we finished yet?” asked the girl, sitting comfortably on Lydia, watching as she slowly gave up and went limp, striving to recover her breath.

“Good. Now, I think you deserve a punishment for such insolence,” murmured the girl, and Lydia screamed silently against the gag as she saw the inflator bulb bobbing before her eyes.

“Yes, that’s right, a little more inflation might be in order,” she mocked.

Lydia recommenced her attempt to get loose, unable to do any better. Muted murmurs and purls of woe emerged from the gag, the sounds almost inaudible.

“Cry all you want, it won’t do any good,” laughed the girl and clapped a hand to Lydia’s brow, bending her head back so that the nozzle was offered up for easy use. Lydia strove to shake her head free to deny the girl access to the nozzle, but with her neck being contorted backward all she could do was watch with horror as the bulb was screwed into place.

“Ready?” Asked the girl with menace, caressing the black orb that was going to make Lydia suffer so much more.

Ignoring the extended wails for clemency the girl squeezed slowly, gently pumping up the orbs. Lydia screeched in her own mind, her convulsive fight to get the girl off continued as she felt the rubber bladders swell until they were like zeppelins in her mouth, each sac about to tear her mouth apart. The terrible distress was more than she could take and yet the girl continued.

“There, that should do it. Now are you going to be a good girl? Or shall I continue?” She mused, enclosing her hand to the orb again. Lydia squealed her affirmation, her face aflame, her senses unable to cope with the current level of inflation let alone endure any more of the excruciating growth of the balloons.

“Then let’s get going, you have duties to perform,” sneered the girl, removing the bulb and getting off of Lydia. Cradling her mouth, her cheeks were drum-tight under the hood, the skin burning from within. The sight of Lydia’s absurdly puffed out cheeks was seen in the mirrors and she grizzled in dismay. What monster had conjured this device?

Taking the leash, the woman took her directly to the pool area, Lydia’s walk now full of dreary gaiety as the uniform stretched and hauled at her. When she caught vague images reflected in mirrors, the sight of herself in such attire should have left her full of titillated jubilation but the gag was a source of too much dismay to permit such happiness. Breathing slowly through the tube, the deep penetrating ache in her maw grew less harsh as her face accustomed slightly to its new configuration. The pain didn’t diminish; she got used to it.

When the spiteful assistant drew aside the glass doors Lydia felt a wash of heat pour through and envelope her, causing it to feel instantly slick under the latex dress. Lydia was moved from the shade and into the sun, the fierce rays making her shudder as it cooked her pale hide. Her long captivity in the depths of the dominatrix’s lair left her unprepared for any outdoor exposure, and certainly not the ferocity of tropical heat.

The pool was wreathed by a dense wall of trees and bushes. It blocked a view to the rest of the compound and gave it a sense of seclusion. Escorted along the pool side Lydia followed in the woman’s leisurely stride, the heels giving her significant problems while she was taken to a small bar where a naked captive tended the orders. She had been barefoot for so long that it was hard to adapt back to wearing shoes, especially ones with such towering heels. The last few minutes were a little help but the rough terrain of the pool and the grass added new problems to her efforts.

“Do as you are told,” was the woman’s only instruction before leaving, deserting Lydia to the duties of her new lot.

The bar woman was pierced with rings of silver, the large bands transfixing nipple, septum, navel and clitoris. Her black locks were held in twin bunches and the customary steel band collar marked her as a true slave. She was finishing the preparation of a cocktail, slipping in some segments of fruit to the rainbow concoction and placing it on a silver tray with a small dish of tiny sponge cakes.

“Take this to the man at the pool side - the one with the black vest,” she said as she pointed out the muscular form of a tanned male. He sat upon the lip of the waters, his eyes hidden by rounded sunglasses, his feet flipping in the crystal waters of the pool.

Tottering upon the heels, unused to the awkward footwear, Lydia moved slowly to ensure she did not spill her charge.

When she arrived and bent over to present him with his drink, she noticed for the first time that the occupants of the waters were far from normal swimmers. The view she gained made her sway with shock, but she grabbed the tray before she dropped it from sheer surprise.

Six women swam within; traveling amongst the normal occupants, their bodies encased in a skintight sheath of rubber from the navel down, the material compressing their legs into a single stem whose tip sprouted a rigid flipper. The mermaid garment was tightened about their waist with a stern, wide belt, preventing them from wriggling out of it. Unable to escape the attire they swam within the pool, their naked skin rippling as they prowled. Unable to exit, rising occasionally for breath because of the difficulty in treading water, their inhumane apparel hampered everything except forward motion. The mermaids were constantly being teased by the mundane patrons of the pool who pawed at them and occasionally caught one to caress or kiss.



The man removed his drink, took a testing sip and then set it aside. Noticing that Lydia was not of the standard Guenerros visage, he guessed that she was a new arrival and ran his opaque gaze

across her body. His hand clapped to her outstretched wrist, preventing her from rising.

“Well, well, well, a new specimen,” he purred. “And a fine filly at that. I shall look forward to making use of you,” he reported, releasing her wrist and tossing one of the cakes into the water. The mermaids congregated swiftly, seeking to beat their competitors to the morsel of food. There was a flash of tanned skin and black latex and a frantic flailing of limbs as they fought for the scrap while it bobbed on chopped waters. One broke free and fled, devouring the cake as she shrugged off the pursuit. With the source of contention gone, they swam around the man’s feet, moving as a shoal, their eyes fixed and ready for the next piece.

Taking up another he made a false throw, casting his arm over but declining to release the quarry. Two of them jerked free and had made it several meters across the pool before they noticed the trick. As they returned he launched the cake high into the air, the nugget landing on the far side of the spacious pool. The mermaids broke and stormed for the distant object, their prolonged captivity in this aquarium making them swift swimmers within their attire.

Rising up, Lydia began to pace steadily away, moving with care and trying to forget the frightening sight she had just borne witness too.

Returning to the bar she stepped aside into the shade and watched the scene, the heat of the day prickling her skin, the latex hood drawing forth a heavy sweat that lay trapped between the impermeable shell and her own hide.

Leaning against the bar she sought to relax herself, the temperature making her giddy. The other maids were far more used to the demands of their native lands and moved about tending the needs of the wealthy and powerful. They were exemplary servants, each readily attending both the ordinary activities such as smoothing lotion across the guests, feeding them, fanning their idle bodies, and they also served the more esoteric needs.

Maids were curled up as footstools, they were being used as pillows and plates upon which food was arrayed and removed with small cocktail sticks that jabbed the doomed servant to ensure they were always reminded of their place. Other maids patrolled steadily, ready to be stopped and given commands by their customers. Having cooled herself a little, Lydia returned to the area, following randomly, mimicking the actions of the others, no one having troubled themselves with her tutoring in how to perform.

A woman beckoned Lydia over as she lay posed upon a sun lounger. The female wore nothing, fully exposing her exceptional physique to the sun. Her body was near perfect, too perfect to be completely the work of nature. But having the financial means to be a visitor to this hedonistic bastion, she made use of cosmetic surgery.

The woman turned over and exposed her back.

“Apply lotion, slave,” she murmured sternly.

Glancing down, Lydia saw an awaiting bottle and knelt down beside the woman. Taking it up, she unscrewed the cap and squeezed a measure onto her hands. Her fingers were trembling, the exciting prospect and the trepidation of this task made her heart quiver.

Spreading it across the bare back she started to smooth it up and down the elegant spine, coating shoulders and neck and then hesitantly working onto legs and buttocks. Closing her eyes, Lydia savored the feel of the firm flesh passing under her fingers. Locking her legs together, she ached for fulfillment, the temptation of indulgence rising with every lubricated caress she bestowed on the sultry beauty.

“Work it into my rear,” ordered the woman with absent severity as though such a request were ordinary and commonplace.

Closing her fist upon the bottle, Lydia squeezed another line across the fingers of her right hand and put them to the rounded cheeks. Swallowing to gain courage she eased her digits through

the cleft, brushing the orifice and sliding them gently in. The woman murmured and tensed, relishing the feel of the slave as she drew her fingers back and forth, rocking them across the loose opening. With a covert motion Lydia drew her hand down under the hem of her short skirt, trying to keep her masturbation hidden from the eyes of others.

The woman tightened her grip on the fingers, letting herself feel them all the more distinctly as she exhaled in long shuddering gasps.

“Move lower,” she commanded.

Putting the nozzle of the bottle to the cleft of her rear. Lydia applied a squirt, the fluid trickling down through her loins, the feel of it running through the valley between her legs causing the woman to vent a soft groan.

Moving her fingers lower, Lydia brushed the woman’s vulva and wriggled between to gain entry. She moved her fingers in circular sweeps, making the female lock her thighs together as she rode the storm of stern pleasure.

Lydia’s attentions upon the woman had her in rapture for she attended herself in the most pleasing manners and applied the same method to her partner, using her own actions as the guide.

The slow delicate swirl of a gentle fingertip on the two clits had Lydia breathing softly, her eyes fixated on the image of the nubile woman stretching and tensing under her touch. The warmth of orgasm began to spread through her, tensing her frame, making her finger operate them both with more speed.

“That’s enough,” mumbled the female and she turned over, slipping free of Lydia’s digits.

The rejection was infuriating because she wanted to continue her own secret caresses and now that she had been dismissed she would be left more frustrated.

Cursing her ill fortune she arose and moved off, straightening her skirt and continuing the banality of serving drinks as she sweltered within her latex prison. Her face throbbed from the gag that distorted and swelled her smothered features.

It was not long before the powerful physique of her initial customer arose before her. Stopping her in her tracks, he hooked a finger through the ring of her collar and brought her closer to him. Her towering footwear brought her near his eye level.

“Come with me, slave whore,” he uttered, emphasizing the words to indicate his contempt for her. These people traded and used other people’s lives to suit their corporate needs, why then would they have any respect for the women they had trained to serve without complaint?



Keeping her fixed to him by her collar he wandered into the barrier of greenery, slipping through the interlocked arms of the flowers and trees and losing the two of them amidst the

splendor of the majestic grounds.

Stopping suddenly, he whirled and grabbed her with rough strength, slamming her against a low tree branch, the horizontal stem catching her in the small of her back. Announcing the impact with a croak of pain, she felt him push his body to hers and bend her backward. His frame anchored her lower body, preventing her from flipping over as he twisted her over the beam. Her arms flailed and clawed at him as he pushed even more sternly, her back pounding and threatening to snap should he not immediately stop.

Snatching her skirt he hoisted it up and threw down his shorts before snagging the wild limbs. Trapping her wrists, he turned them and stretched them out, the arm locks leaving her helpless. With practiced expertise he slipped into her womb, impaling her on a rigid length and lifted her upward. With Lydia twisted upon the branch, he drove into her with increasing severity, making her gasp and squeal at the callous treatment, all sound destroyed by the hideous gag.

Unable to defeat his potency she could only languish upon the branch as she was brutally used, the ferocity of his coitus feeding Lydia's masochism and allowing her to meet it with exaltation while still giving her enough resentment to force her into struggling against him. Of course, the struggles were useless and proved her vulnerability, which in turn fed her submission.

He seemed to find the act of his assault more pleasurable than the intercourse and he continued to pause and change his grip, letting his lust subside until he could commence once more, denying himself climax while he savored the feel of the girl who was suffering under his desire. Lydia hid her euphoria well lest it terminate his ravishment for failing to meet his demands.

Against all reason she was exacting a thin veneer of ecstasy from this attack. The pounding thrust of his penis and her powerless pose rendered her to the return of savoring her submissiveness.

Parting her thighs, Lydia locked her legs around his body. He detected her subtle pleasure, causing him to stab more savagely and pull at her all the more maliciously. Trying to banish her delight and make her pain excite him once more, the increase in her duress only caused a greater delight. One she found harder and harder to suppress and conceal from view.

Withdrawing suddenly, he yanked her off the branch and spun her around before shoving into her shoulders and slamming her back onto the bark. The landing knocked the wind from her lungs and almost tipped her over the horizontal barrier. Before she lost balance he jumped between her legs, his hands tugging up her skirt and snatching her wrists from under the branch. Then he bent her elbows against the underside of the branch. Croaking in distress, she unleashed a gurgling hiss of a howl as he introduced himself to her rear, her own lubrication being used as he drilled into her sphincter.

The shock of initial trespass had her bucking and squealing sibilantly in dismay, but as he thrust into her and loosened the tissues, she started to once more find gladness in her defeat and her stem molestation.

With his fun stolen from him yet again by her masochism, his plunging rape brought him to ejaculation. As he broke into a rapid volley of culmination he stained her rear and crushed her in a merciless grip, his abdomen bucking as he endured a most critical orgasm.

Drawing free, he cast her aside onto the ground, her prolonged contortion leaving her momentarily disabled. Dropping to the lush carpet of grass she fell into a twisted sprawl and fought to straighten herself, her limbs flicking with tiny riots of pins and needles.

"So you have an appetite for pain, do you, slave?" he pondered, looking down at her as he refastened his shorts.

Lydia remained where she was and held to her silence as he stepped forward to stand over her face and glare down at her from above, the golden sunlight wreathing him as it streamed through the forest roof.

Slotting a foot under her side he rolled her over, her lack of resistance to his will left Lydia on her front. With the same foot he steered her arms out into a cruciform, her heart fluttering with malaise at the unknown act he was planning. She wanted him to punish her more than anything, the barbarism of their sex having kindled a need for more stringent play.

Dropping to his knees by her armpits, his shins fell on her biceps and his backside settled upon her head, squashing it into the ground under his massive weight. The unbearable pressure made her writhe and squeak in panic as smothering claustrophobia enveloped her.

Her bared cheeks suddenly lit up with a warm glow, his palm slapping them with verve. The spanking was delivered with maximum effort, the soft flesh rippling under the abuse and adopting a flushed shade.

Spasming under the slaps she pumped her legs wildly, the heels plowing grooves in the soil as she fought to get free. The abuse prompted escape and a glee in being humbled. The continuing hail of open-handed applause on her rear grew in levels of heat, the flesh being rendered more sensitive all the time, making the blows bum all the brighter.

Suddenly they stopped and no more followed. It took all her resolve to avoid finding a means to petition him into continuing.

“Did you enjoy that, you slut?” he rasped, out of breath from his strenuous toil.

“Well did you?” he said with greater clarity, hooking a finger between her buttocks. He slipped the crooked digit into her orifice and pulled, the wrench at the sphincter making her squawk against the gag and announce her desire.

“Damn it!” he cursed, and dredged amongst the grass before locating a small twig. “Aha! This will do nicely!”

Pressing the tiny strut into the nozzle of her gag the hiss of escaping air made her shiver with relief as the balloons started to shrivel. In seconds, they were deflated and she instantly cried out in pain as circulation galloped back into the tissues.

“Yes, please don’t stop, hurt me, give me more,” she burbled upon the solid oval that was all that remained of the gag. Lydia’s words were distorted almost to incoherence, all reservation and hint of dignity lost under her need for renewed attention.

There was a whistle of displaced air and a searing stripe bored into her rear. The thin branch rose and fell as a blur of movement, slamming into her already rosy hide, making her scream and fly into paroxysms. The weapon was thicker than any normal instrument of corporal punishment and rather than the usual burning weal the trauma was more penetrating and destructive. The rod instilled deep bruises that made her flesh go numb and give way to a throbbing pulse of agony.

Wailing, her arms slowly lost their vitality. The crimp on her circulation wrought by his legs deprived them of feeling, causing them to flop like dazed serpents pawing weakly at the soil. Despite her solicitation of this ill treatment, she now bitterly regretted her actions and all she wanted was to elude the harrowing encounter.

The heat of her woe started to subside as soon as he stopped. The latex of her hood slipped wetly against her face as he moved, the sweat an effective lubricant. Gasping for breath, the period of recovery caused her reviling of the scourge to melt and settle into a heady sense of rhapsody.

The libidinous tyrant lifted away from her and let the stabbing flow of feeling return to her arm and head. Casting away the branch, he snatched her collar and hoisted Lydia up. Her legs staggered and sought to place herself on steady platforms. When he released her she sagged slightly and swayed erratically, her heels doing little to aid her balance as she massaged her aching arms.

“I think it’s time we saw just what you can take, my sweet little slut,” he muttered, his eyes flickering across her form, marveling at her stamina and her enfeebled state. His respect for Lydia

increased greatly.

Towing her in his path, he led her back to the main house, taking her upstairs to one of the playrooms. His gait was swift with his need to exceed her tolerances. Via her enjoyment, she had set a challenge to him and victory was his only consideration.

The chamber was furnished sparsely and bore a broad rack; the metal surface polished to mirrored perfection, the engineered steel dense and impossibly secure. At each corner lay an automated winch, the thick chain emerging from a vent in the tabletop and leading into a thick restraint. The leather cuffs were lined with sheepskin and embellished with padlocks to condemn their victims to perpetual arrest.

Shown over to the table, she looked across it with a welling sense of fear. The severity of this mediaeval engine of suffering made her contemplate that the sadism of her captor might well cause severe harm. But it was this very sense of mortal jeopardy that piqued her excitement, and she was eager to subject herself to its monstrous grip, to see just how much she could take, to push the limits of her algolagnic thirst.

“Strip,” he snapped.

With celerity she removed her dress and slipped off the suspender belt. Her stockings, hood and gag had to remain for they were locked to her, just like her collar, which she stroked to remind herself of her state of slavery to this dark house.

“Get on,” growled the villain before snatching a crop from the wall and bringing it around and into her thighs, the mesh fabric doing little to absorb the impact. With a yelp she stiffened and clung to the side of the rack, deliberately delaying her obedience to inspire a few more strokes. This act of resistance was one she knew would cause the discipline she ached for.

“I told you to get on, slave,” he growled, and slammed the crop into her flesh again.

His hand clamped to the back of her neck, pinning her to the steel surface as he started to beat her rear and the backs of her legs with full and brutal swings. It made her shriek and spasm under his hold, fighting to evade the lambasting rod.

The beating ceased and Lydia held to the smooth surface. A sheen of fevered sweat having been drawn forth by the attack. His hand came away and with flagging energy she clawed her way onto the cold top.

Lying face down, her front side was chilled by the steel pane while her rear continued to hold onto the warmth that his frenetic scourging had imparted.

“Roll over,” he demanded and threw a malicious overhead hack down across her buttocks, making her yowl and flip herself over. She pressed her contused and pained cheeks to the metal, the pressure upon the weals making them revive their former refulgent character.

The locks of the gag were unfastened and the device pulled from her lips, granting final respite from the muting bane.

Fingers sank into her cheeks, forcing open her mouth and slotting the crop within lengthwise. The rictus was closed manually, leaving her holding the weapon as he drew out her limbs and sealed them within the awaiting manacles. The feeling of having her movement stolen away stoked her concupiscence and she closed her eyes to savor the theft of motion. The knowledge of letting him complete this act that would leave her vulnerable to terrible abuse served to increase her response.

Lapping at the thin rod of the crop, Lydia tasted the woven leather and delighted in her subjugation.

Tugging the scourge from her teeth, he grabbed the latex hood and ripped it from her head, exposing her features and letting the air cool off her accumulated sweat.

“A pretty little thing,” he commented after examining Lydia’s features now that they were exposed. He smiled and once more forced open her mouth, forcing in the gag, craning her jaws wide and then buckling it firmly in place to prevent ejection.

Swallowing with difficulty, she bit upon the gag, her jaw already starting to develop a deep ache as saliva slipped over her lips and trickled down her face.

“Now that makes you look even more delicious,” he admitted, running the back of his knuckles down her face. “But I think we can make you look even more sultry.”

Lydia wailed in despair as she saw him grab an inflator bulb and screw it on. Sobbing, she watched with dismay as he laughed and started to pump air into the internal bladders. Pulling against her bonds, Lydia jiggled and fought as the cheek-distending agony started to envelop her face once more, sealing up her mouth and leaving her torn with anguish.

“Now that looks much more attractive,” he mused. He ran a finger along the absurdly swollen cheeks; the flesh tight, pushed to the verge of splitting by his cruelty.

“But I think you could be inflated even more than this, huh, slave? Would you like that? I think you would, I know I will,” he commented and quickly retrieved another rubber balloon. Without delay he forcefully stuffed it into her anus and before she could use her muscles to eject it he was inflating it with a rapid volley of pumps. Lydia arched up and howled silently into the gag, the welling force in her rear starting to grow more intolerable. Spasming, she felt ready to burst, her fear that he would do damage allayed as he continued. With each and every pump she thought she would rupture, that she could take no more, but each pump was merely an intolerable precursor for another. She could do nothing as he continued to pump her up, her insides aflame as she tried to come to terms with the rectal torture.

“Is that enough?” he asked, patting her belly.

Lydia nodded wildly, her body becoming damp with sweat, her senses scrambled by the inner mayhem wrought by the balloon.

“I think a few more. Shall we say five more? Let’s count them off together, slave,” he announced.

“Five,” he said softly and crushed the inflator. Lydia’s head craned up, her tendons standing out, her veins rising against her flushed skin as she hissed into the gag, resonating the rubber with her screeching holler.

“Four,” he said, and Lydia dropped back. Her body jumped up and down against the rack, her anus flashing with unbearable suffering. She was going to burst, she couldn’t hold this much.

“Three,” he pronounced, and she bounced the back of her head to the table, her senses lost in a tempest of suffering.

“Two,” he said, and her hands were clawing at her bonds, her body jiggling, her awareness of her own body concentrated solely to her rear. She couldn’t feel or think about anything other than the mayhem in her anus.

“One. There, all done,” he aired, stepping back, leaving her at a terrible level of super-inflated horror. She couldn’t eject it; it was just too big to get past her sphincter, leaving her no option but to endure its horrible bloating presence.

“Perhaps a few more, slave?” he asked, rubbing her splayed thighs.

Inhuman screams sought to rip free of the gag as she howled for him not to follow through with his threat. Fortunately for Lydia, he was bluffing and with a merry titter he moved on with other diversions, thereby letting her take a few minutes to get used to the body-bursting rubber balls that now occupied her so acutely.

A control box was taken out from beneath the table. The metal case was linked to the mechanism by a dense insulated cable. A touch to the button had the machinery cranking into monotonous life and it started to methodically haul in the slack. The chains rattled loudly against the metal bed as they shuffled back, vanishing into the apertures and onto the toothed cogs of the winches.

Panic set in and she suddenly fought to get free, the imminent terrible travail eroding her blissful contentment.

“Too late for that my slave, far too late,” he chuckled.

Her limbs reached out to their maximum length and the slow retraction of the chain continued to haul at them, bringing a suffering that swelled in her joints like fire and afflicted her racked ligaments;

“Does that feel nice? Can you feel yourself starting to come apart?” He crooned, leaning over to study her body as it rippled with strain both internal and external.

Gasping for breath Lydia screwed up her features as she tried to endure, and when her resilience was eclipsed she vented a piercing shriek onto the gag.

“That’s what I wanted to hear,” he revealed, and the rack instantly ceased its motion, keeping her held at her current unbearable peak.

Unable to writhe because of the extreme pull at her body she could only throw her head around in wild circles to beat the air with her short hair. Through bleary tear-filled eyes she saw him bearing a fat candle, the wick already adorned with a bright flame that cast back the gloom of the chamber and revealed the malevolent smirk of her abuser.

“Look at this, and you can’t dodge it, move or do anything to stop me. Can you slave?” he mocked.

Reaching across, holding the candle terribly close, he gradually tilted the white rod until a spattering tumble of droplets fell onto her breast. The ethereal touch of the molten wax gave way to the expected blast of terrible heat, the burning fluid radiating its fierceness throughout her tender tissues. It made her wail escalate all the higher and into numerous new octaves. The man listened to her resounding near-extinguished shouts, while lines of her maniacal spit dribbled from the breathing tube. Her rabid response to his droplets sent the excess spittle up into the air as brief geyser-like coughs.

“Hmm, now you look so much more lovely,” he stated, sighing to himself with pleasure at seeing her thus.

More splashes fell upon her nipples, coating her in a patchwork of frozen splashes, the translucent liquids becoming opaque as they cooled, hiding the flushed pink hue of her torrid hide. Wandering down her torso he dripped across her belly, then into her inner thighs, the running trickles making her fight even more fervently, the soft flesh becoming filled with physical despair. Finally, his cruelest finale was the pouring of the wax into her bald pudenda, the cascade freezing her in a petrified wail. She was unable to inhale as her scream ran out of air, keeping her locked in this howling pose, the pain denying her ability to respire.

Only when the fiery molten wax began to cool did she manage to haul in her air through the small tube. Even then the momentary breath was thrown instantly forth as a stifled bellow of continuing outrage at this atrocious misuse the moment he applied more.

Unwilling to give her any respite from such a terrible assault he launched the crop into activity once more, striking across her body at random. The blows upon the frozen wax cracked the shells and kept Lydia a resident on plateaus of unbearable mayhem. Working his way down her body and legs he paused to unlock and remove her boots and then he applied blows to the soles of her feet. The long untouched and exceedingly tender flesh responded with waves of pain that were

more than she believed a human body could tolerate. Yet despite all her wishes to find shelter from the ocean of misery washing through her, no end came.

Bondage Palace



When he finally desisted, she was virtually unconscious. Her eyes flitted madly, her body dripped with sweat, the sound of her pulse and the soft background whine of her ringing ears the only thing gathered by her senses.

“Did you enjoy that?” he asked with jeering intent saturating his every syllable.

Still lost within the embrace of acute shock, she vaguely assimilated the words but could not respond.

A truculent slash into her thighs made her sob and gave her the energy and purpose to answer him with a frantic shaking of her head.

“You wanted pain and I gave it to you. Now did you enjoy that?” he spat and applied another trio of blows.

Changing her response she nodded in jerks, the welts he had drawn across her still stamping out a steady beat.

“So you want more then?” he proposed. This caused her to shake her skull wildly in denial, the response causing another trio of blows that had her shrieking through her gag.

“If you enjoyed it, surely you want more? So unless you were lying, you must want more. So do you?”

The complimentary trio of virulent hacks had her pleading for more abuse, tears rolling down her face in misery.

“As you wish,” he laughed, and flexing the crop in his grasp he began to apply it with merry enthusiasm.

“There, are you happy now?” he whispered, distinctly out of breath from his sadistic labors while he reached forward and brushed her damp strands of hair.

Lydia gurgled and nodded weakly, bringing a pleased grin to his lips.

“I’d like to keep giving you what you crave, but I have other things to do, so I’ll leave you to your bondage. Have fun, slave, I’ll check on you some time,” he chuckled, and immediately left the room, leaving her trapped within the unforgiving tentacles of the rack. Her body reverberated with the pain of her ordeals and the continuing unholy incarceration.

Hours seemed to trail lethargically by due to the lack of any contradictory stimuli. Her stomach growled and rumbled, the emptiness revealing just how long it had been since she had eaten properly. The moisture she had lost from her tortures weighed heavily against her with a drought and the ravenous gnaw of cramp through her limbs. The twisting tightening of her tissues accentuated an already unbearable ordeal. The time upon the rack appeared to last forever, yet when the door finally opened, the duration seemed as naught.

Chapter Eleven

Turning her head, Lydia regarded a silhouette that had her heart leaping, for it appeared as though her beloved oppressor had returned. Her semi-delirious state and the trick of the frugal light enforced the image on her.

The dark shape sauntered forward into the dim light of the room, revealing herself as a small woman, her thin figure sealed within a latex catsuit that was polished so perfectly it could have been mistaken for gloss by those not obsessed with such fabrics. Patent thigh boots flowed over the legs of the garment and matching vinyl opera gloves extended up over her sleeves. The high collar of the catsuit was smothered beneath a hood, the eyes acutely shaped, ascending to points and revealing the oriental nature of her latest dominatrix. The mouth slit opened to unveil blood red lips and a cascade of sable hair flew from an aperture at the back. Her ponytail swung as she closed the door and paced around Lydia's helpless frame, while she clutched a black briefcase in one hand.

Smoothed digits ran over her frame and the gentle touch made Lydia shudder, the passage of latex over her flesh a welcome old companion.

"Are you thirsty?" uttered the stranger, the accent fully betraying her eastern origin as she laid the case beside Lydia's hopelessly stretched physique.

Nodding dramatically, Lydia brought a beam of gladness to the woman's lips. The affirmation caused the female to carry her meandering fingers up to Lydia's features. The delicate hands delved into the inflation nozzle and with a steady hiss of release the suffering in her cheeks started to rise as circulation slipped back into the taut flesh. Lydia shook and whimpered, taking the havoc with glee for it meant she was finally going to be free of the baleful implement of silence. Panting, she lay against the rigid effects of her restraint. The woman worked the straps of her gag, loosening it so Lydia could use her long suppressed tongue to force it out. The implement hung upon her collar and she licked her parched lips, yawning to exercise her stiff jaws.

"Suck," purred the woman, pushing her forefinger to the lips of the bound slave.



Opening her mouth, Lydia accepted the digit and locked her lips to it with suction, dragging at the impervious fabric, delighting in its flavor.

“Harder, or you receive nothing,” she promised.

Mustering her dregs of energy Lydia rolled her tongue upon the intruding tip and slowly began to shuffle her head in oscillating motions. Performing fellatio with the finger, Lydia made the woman cock her head back and luxuriate in the display of dominance.

“Good slave,” she decreed, withdrawing the finger and petting Lydia’s head.

Turning from her victim she opened the case and removed a plastic contraption. The small frame was held up as her gag was removed in full, the oval portion finally slipping free of her.

The brief relief Lydia’s jaws had found in being able to close was lost when the woman forced open her mouth and slotted the new device within, her weary jaws unable to offer any resistance.

The brace slotted neatly onto her teeth, pinning them open and locking into position to prevent Lydia’s tongue from expelling it.

In the wake of this implement came a small funnel. Climbing up onto the table the woman sat upon Lydia’s raw cleavage, the feel of the latex-coated rear compressing her breasts a sensation Lydia found highly erotic. The enjoyment was intensified as the stranger’s thighs clamped to either side of her head, keeping her face upright and unable to move as the funnel was slotted into her mouth.

A flask emerged from the case, was unscrewed and lifted over the funnel before the woman started to pour. Cool water cascaded in and Lydia accepted them readily, gulping down the chill flow, sating her thirst as quickly as the waters entered. The glorious feeling of the icy flow slipping down her parched throat was magnified by the vision of the woman towering over her. Lydia’s libidinous gaze pondered upon the belly before her, the tight panes of latex, the subtle wrinkles catching the reflections of dim light as the sheet of polished fabric rolled over and held her breasts. The minute bulge of her nipples pressed against the material and added a tiny point to them. Her anonymous features glared down at Lydia, the smoothed contours of her face only opening to reveal dark eyes and a wicked ruby smile.

With one canister exhausted another was applied. The water was harder to ingest this time since her stomach had rashly devoured more than it should. The flow entered slowly, the weight forcing it down her throat, making her ingest it.

The pressure within her belly began to grow, choking her, causing her eyes to bulge with alarm as she strained and tried to throw her head free. But the woman’s thighs were pinning her in place.

The swash of water continued, building up within her, punishing her stomach as it swelled and rippled, fighting to get out as the constant influx forced it back down. The weight of the woman upon her chest increased the strain, hampering her digestion. To form a further act of spite she began to scratch at Lydia’s flanks with her heels, the dagger stilettos jabbing and clawing at her, making her cry and render her less able to deny ingress of the flood.

Gurgling for release or reprieve she struggled as another flask was held up and opened. The slow enforced ingestion made her close her eyes and pray for an end to this torture.

The water level of the funnel dropped, the last dregs dropping into Lydia and strengthening the restless sea within her.

Setting aside the flask, the female impassively removed the cage and lifted herself up. She reversed her position and presented her rear to Lydia’s eyes. The sight of the adorable ass painted with the fabric she so revered prompted her into forgetting her troubles as it stirred her longing.

The sheet of darkness started to lower and Lydia caught the overpowering scent of rubber before she was smothered by it. The woman settled into a comfortable pose. Lydia’s nose pushed

between her buttocks, her lips sealed by the material, and the impermeable skin cut off her breath.

Trying to suck in breath through the mask Lydia hauled at her bonds and suddenly felt fingers burrowing into her sex. The stranger slipped in and shuffled within her, probing wildly and with little care, causing Lydia to jolt and waste precious breath on pointless cries. The gag of her tyrant's rear let the air slip out through a brief tunnel that slammed shut to deny entry when she fought to inhale.

The abiding darkness of her vision developed flicking spots and a true void began to muster in her periphery as her lungs burned and her pudenda shook with the harsh rampages.

The pillow of flesh lifted up, Lydia's skin clung to it with fingers of sweat as she gulped down breath, the near asphyxiation leaving her dizzy and nauseous and the banquet of water rising once more.

"Lick," muttered the dominant, crooking her fingers like claws to make Lydia squeak from shock as she attacked the proffered hairless pudenda.

Craning her neck forward with all her might, she put her lips to the taut fabric and parted the dry boundaries to her mouth. Letting her tongue flop across the warm material the stinging flavor of it spread across her taste buds, causing the woman's caresses to become even more succulent.

Lapping freely she found bliss in her task, her vulnerability, her bondage and pains, the rough treatment of her loins, the lingering taste of latex on her mouth; all of it had her lost within a heady cloud of elation.

Hauling herself up, the slender female moved from the mordant tabletop and dropped to the floor, the strike of her heels upon the ground echoing loudly. Pacing to the wall, her contours sauntering gracefully against the black skin, she returned with a set of clamps.

The silver contraptions contrasted starkly with the jet fingers that held them. The nodule armed pads of the jaws chewed on the air as the woman brought them to Lydia on a lethargic swoop.

The clamps snapped to Lydia's nipples, instilling the familiar throb such implements always bestowed. There was hardly any time to inure to them, for a flock of pegs suddenly took flight from the case and descended on her body. The plastic birds took pecks all around her assets, snapping pinches of soft skin and holding tight, steadily wringing the sensation from them as the dark pulse of their mild crush started to gather like a storm.

The female leaned in and kissed her, the touch of her painted satin lips flushing new and powerful desire through Lydia. Their tongues met and coiled against each other, the passionate exchange rising in speed as their commitment to carnal appetite rose relentlessly. Lydia panted and groaned, the pain of her incarceration adding new eroticism to the kisses until the woman backed away, wiping the traces of shared saliva from her ruby lips.

"Do you like my clothes?" inquired woman, leaning over so that her concealed breasts hung over Lydia's face. The seductive purring of the stretch material rang in the forlorn prisoner's ears.

"Oh yes, mistress," Lydia rasped, closing her eyes as she once more found herself corrupted by the need to deviate, forgetting about any consequences and dedicating herself to being ruled by the will of another.

"Would you like a similar outfit?" questioned the woman.

The unprecedented offer snapped Lydia to attention and she responded with speed, scarcely able to credit her good fortune should this be a genuine offer.

"Yes I would, mistress. Please can I have one, I'll do anything you want," she blurted. The prospect of such glorious entrapment within a prison the size of her own skin rose to be her most pressing quest. It was sure that the woman would not simply dress her in latex, she would apply

bondage to it, turn her apparel into a prison and refuse her pleas when she begged to be set free of it.

“Excellent. Perhaps I shall turn you into one of the mummified wretches I have stored below. Would you like to be part of my Shadow Foundry? I shall encase you in rubber, layer upon layer, cocoon you, weighing you down, leaving you trapped within it. Would you like this?” she droned softly, letting her hand once more skip along Lydia’s racked form, assessing the taut skin she wished to doom within dour latex captivity.

“Yes,” Lydia hissed, overwhelmed by the prospect of such fetishistic detention. She knew she would hate it, she knew it would drive her mad with frustration when she was in it, but she needed it. Her depravity was wailing for her to accept without reservation, even though she knew full well that she would curse it during the worst parts of her imminent imprisonment.

“Then I shall do it. Just for you,” announced the villain. And with her featureless digits she began to snip away the pegs, each removal causing Lydia to stiffen or jolt, the predictable effects returning as they always did, yet just as hard to weather without movement or complaint.

She did not want to react so poorly in front of this woman. She wanted to remain strong in case she jeopardized her new allotment as the female’s rubber disciplined slave. It was a fate Lydia was eager to explore.

“No. I think we’ll leave these in place awhile longer,” pondered the adamant female. She stopped herself as she gingerly took hold of the silver clamps and readied to remove them. Strengthening her resolve, she decided to let them continue their work and have Lydia endure a far greater affliction when they finally fled her mashed teats.

Flicking the control box when the last implements were made to relinquish their holds, she caused the chains to payout a quantity of their hoarded stash of steel links.

An unexpected blast of intensified pain rocked Lydia’s limbs, the long stretch rendering them susceptible to a lightning strike of returning sensation. Her ribs were raw and tender as though made of paper rolls. And the sockets of her stretched form were sporadic in their responses to her demands, seeming to have grown used to their demeaned racking.

The mistress began to unbuckle the restraints, freeing Lydia’s apathetic limbs and taking hold of her collar to help draw her from the table. Walking was difficult and her body weak. The swallowed waters flooded her gut, leaving her feeling distinctly queasy.

The lithe form ushered her down into the depths of the building. She showed her onto a descending spiral staircase, a negative image of Lydia - a black wraith to contrast the pale, sunlight deprived form of her adoring captive.

Lydia’s breasts bobbed and made the forgotten clamps reveal their lingering presence with each step. It was a sore temptation to remove them but she had to try and obey. And so she followed with obsessed eyes locked to the rubber curves of the woman’s anatomy, especially the stretch of black skin across her pert rear. What wonderful pleasures awaited her at the end of this trip?

Chapter Twelve

The stairs delved down into a rough brick chamber where several shelves bore stacked boxes and a single low wattage bulb dangled above, supplying frugal lighting that emphasized the ragged nature of the walls. A heavy steel door was on the far wall, the vault-like structure heavy and adorned with many bolts and locks, the construction similar in most respects to the gateway that had carried her into the paradise of her lost mistress.

The woman looked over the fronts of the containers, glancing to Lydia, and selected the size most likely to accommodate her. Dragging out the chosen box, she strained to lift it and dropped it to the floor. The extreme burden it presented made Lydia suddenly wonder what she had unwittingly petitioned.

Flipping off the lid the dominatrix began to rummage inside and drew out a set of latex briefs. The underwear was adorned with two fat dildos whose entire jelly lengths were subtly ribbed. A touch to the exterior set them running. The semi-translucent purple phalluses extended and contracted at a slow shuffle, the ribs being the joints by which they gained motion. The surfaces of the penetrating rods buzzed softly, vibrating at a soft pitch while the garment was opened at the waist and Lydia was made to step within.

The humming restless toys were dragged up and inserted within her, making her stiffen and gasp. The woman straightened the tight garment and a slap to Lydia's rump announced a satisfied position before the grim tailor began to attend the other items.

A catsuit was drawn out and handed to her, the heavy fabric draping across the dominatrix's forearms in mockery of ceremonial decorum.

Lydia found concentration increasingly difficult with the trembling trespassers within her. Their steady shuffle caused a light glaze of perspiration to seep from her back, her hairs standing on end as flocks of goose bumps rode across her hide.

"Remove the clamps and put it on," ordered the woman, stepping back and dropping a hand to her covered loins. She sedately stroked herself as she watched Lydia take hold of the instruments.

Holding a breath of bravery before pinching the clamps and removing them, her face suddenly screwed up as sensitivity raged back into her crushed teats. Lydia shivered and cradled her assets to comfort them, salvaging some shade of normality prior to donning the suit.

Once recovered enough she released her bruised nipples and opened the back zip. Sliding her legs into the pre-powdered sheaths, Lydia hauled the firm clinch up and slotted her arms in, arching her back and causing the thick latex tubes to cover her. The density of the latex made it slither easily onto her, though it took effort, and the crushing hold upon her was far more than any ordinary rubber garment.

The clack of heels sounded and the woman came over, taking up the next stage as she approached and handed the new garments to her slave.

After relinquishing her charges the dominatrix zipped up the back of the suit and sealed

Lydia within the compressing shell, every breath making the tight embrace plain and distinct. Her teats throbbed from being pressed to her by the front of the catsuit.

Opera gloves were hauled up and stockings were slid onto her before a leotard was donned, the added grip making her flesh strain against the tighter confines. The crotch of her leotard forced the shafts inside her to vibrate with greater pressure.

Small digits gathered up the hood and forced it over Lydia's features as she swayed slightly from the intense pleasure being imparted on her belly. The arousal wrought by her steady engulfing of latex immurement the size of her own body made her succumb more readily to the teasing toys, their slow work bringing her relentlessly toward orgasm. The woman noticed her responses and ran a hand over her tight rear.

"Hold onto yourself, slave. Show control," she purred as the last portion of visible skin on Lydia vanished from view.

The mask had two tiny eyeholes and an aperture for her mouth. Another hood was added to increase the effects upon her head, this one adorned with a ball gag. The hollow core of which granted a breathing tube, but it had no eye slits and thus she was deprived of sight.

With the passage of this garment, the woman pushed Lydia down onto her back and then laid herself upon the supine slave. Her hands wandered over the trapped body, caressing its tight contours with alacrity.

Lydia responded with haste, carrying her own unfeeling fingers across the woman, blindly feeling her body and reveling in the pulsating twin shafts. Her pleasure grew as a hand clapped to their bases and ground them deeper into her. Cupping the dominatrix's breasts she folded her legs over the woman's hips, rubbing her body against hers. The squeak of latex resounded in the quiet, the only competition coming from their panting wanton breath.

Rolling upon the floor, the woman found pleasure in the mere act of fondling and reveling in the feel of latex upon attractive flesh. She suddenly decided that she wanted to apply more to her slave, to complete the transformation from naked slave girl to impossibly smothered rubber zombie.



A massive suit was hauled out, the rolls of material dense and heavy. Opening the back, Lydia was manually goaded into stepping in, her eyes wide against her personal blackness at the

prospect of losing herself within this upright nest.

The loose suit slipped into tight gloves and socks, anchoring it to her as the female zipped up the back and sealed it within a tight collar. The incorporated hood was also loose with a collection of breathing holes that gave her barely adequate respiration, the bag deflating and inflating with her exhales. The inside quickly grew hot and the frustration of having her breath crimped was more infuriating than she would have thought, but there was nothing she could do about it now. She had petitioned this fate and there was to be no retracting her former willingness.

Heavy restraints were locked to her wrists and ankles, leaving her unable to retreat into her heavy sack. The immense drag of the attire upon her frame almost brought her to her knees. The bonds were also adorned with close-fitting sheaths, the mittens denying her use of her fingers.

Lydia's recycled air started to grow hotter and more stagnant, laden with moisture that began to gather across the interior of the bag.

"Does it feel good? Do you still want to enter my Shadow Foundry?" She asked.

Against the screams of her rational mind that pleaded to retract, Lydia nodded, the movement almost lost within her hood as her voluptuous cravings relished the strange sense of detachment from herself. The woman grinned and stepped to the door, hauling back the bolts and turning the keys to free the portal.

Grabbing the handle, she pulled back with all her strength, the thick steel portal creaking on its hinges. Shoved forward the door slammed shut in her wake and she was lost within her oblivion. External hands far less constrained than hers ran across her hopelessly submerged form and the woman addressed her buried ears.

She whispered, "The sustenance to keep you alive lies within the Foundry, but you must find it. The other slaves will vie for possession of it and you will suffer greatly in this place. I'll think of you all, groveling and blind, lost in rubber, begging to be set free, cursing your bonds as you dwell impotent within them. Such thoughts will arouse me and I'll please myself as you crawl and suffer, unable to find the painless relief that I will find at the mere thought of your slavery here."

The sound of her heels departing testified her that the owner of this domain was leaving, deserting her latest recruit to the rigors of the Foundry.

Reaching tentatively forward Lydia staggered in crippled steps, groping for some clue as to her surroundings. Locating a roughly cut wall, the crudely hewn cave surface ran in both directions and headed back to the door she found the featureless portal sealed. By continuing onwards she found the door was the dead end to a wide corridor.

Afflicted with shudders as the vibrators started to elicit orgasm, she slid down and curled up, pressing her face to the floor and drowning in her pleasures while her body convulsed and she ground her teeth to the gag, gasping in humid, lifeless lungfuls of air.

For long minutes she squirmed on the ground, extracting her fierce rapture. Her fingerless hands ran across the dense panes of her prison, hauling at it as she arched and stretched her physique against the hold. The toys continued blindly onwards, making her shriek and try and get them out. Their effects grew painful as they continued to thrum against her womb, chafing the flesh terribly. Finally, after an allotted time had elapsed, the toys ceased their work, falling silent and letting Lydia lie still and recuperate a little.

The need to seek the food she had been offered became too pressing to resist anymore. So flipping over she crawled onward, her mittens scanning the floor in sweeps, seeking anything.

The passages began to divide, splitting up and offering random choices. Unable to see, the chance of her looping over her previous routes was virtually certain. Wheezing gently in her bondage, Lydia waddled onwards.

Her hands brushed something soft and as she reached up found another imprisoned wretch. The slave responded with sanguinary speed, slamming her hands into Lydia and throwing her down. Before she could move, the unseen servile landed atop her, pawing at her with thick mittens, searching for something. Fighting back, Lydia was given brutal treatment for her resistance. The woman pounded on her with rough fists and clapped a thigh over Lydia's face to cover her breathing holes. A knee pressed into her groin, driving the vibrators deep, their points pushing to the limits of her belly. The jabbing presence became a knife of pain. The woman used such tactics to disable her quarry until her examination was complete.

Assured that what she sought was gone she leapt away and shuffled off into obscurity before Lydia could mount a riposte.

With her access to air once more opened, Lydia wheezed and sought to recover from the sudden flurry of combat. Tensing her orifices she forced the toys out as far as she could, alleviating her distress somewhat while she re-gathered her breath.

Lifting up, she propped herself against the wall and wondered what had happened. What had motivated such barbarism? Just how many other rubber zombies lay in this unseen labyrinth? After a few moments of revival she started to follow the walls, continuing onward, groping through the rough tunnels in search of the elusive food she had been promised.

The heat that was building up within the suit was unbearable, her sweat forming a thin layer between her skin and the latex shells in which she was held captive.

The vibrators commenced again without warning, either automatically controlled or inspired to activity by deliberate command.

The rods thrust and hummed within her, tickling her rear, pleasuring her pudenda. The thrashing jelly lengths upon her clit and deep in her tracts made her sag onto the floor, unable to continue her quest.

Holding herself, writhing in her rubber cell, Lydia lay and simply delighted in the slow teasing escalation of her bliss. The toys continued on and on and once more she was writhing wildly on the floor, thrashing and flinging her hindquarters to and fro, her instincts seeking to pull herself away from that which was irretrievably within her. The overwhelming climax continued. The toys kept to their motions until she was beginning to squeal with discomfort and then pain as the preset time took her beyond orgasm and into the chaffing dregs. They had turned from being pleasing friends to dogged foes whose constant thrumming companionship imparted a grating bum to her tracts.

Lydia soon looked forward to their activity, the bliss being a diversion from the bland numbing servility of her containment. But she also dreaded it because she could not help but recall just how distressing the epilogue would be. When the toys began their work she wriggled lewdly on the ground, tracing her rubberized contours, forgetting her woes, submerged in fetishistic lust. The orgasms she gained were incredibly intense. Their savagery left her disabled as she was forced to trek through their effects and the anguish that would follow.

The soft clack of heels wandering grew in volume and she heard them pass nearby. The guest who had been responsible for this bizarre maze oversaw the plights of her slaves and found the sight of the struggling rubber puppets intensely gratifying.

How Lydia wished to be able to see and act properly. She wanted to revel in her flowing coffin of latex, but being denied sensitivity and now accursed by it to the extent that all she wanted was to get it off, all pleasure in her situation was vanishing. Also, she wanted to gaze upon her oppressor, her need to stare upon the luscious form that had trapped her being an important and driving one.

Rolling onto her front, Lydia continued her crusade for food, crawling on hands and knees, unwilling to stride upright lest she connect sharply with the walls of this place. And besides, the

quadruped stance helped ease the burden of her outfit that immensely weighted down her extremities.

Creeping through the squat corridors, she found that in addition to the higher passages of this warren, smaller tunnels existed. The small burrows led in winding intricate routes, connecting and intertwining like minor mazes, keeping the people within them in a confined crouch.

Within these tight confines she encountered others who were similarly vicious in their attack. They pinned her down and searched her thoroughly, defeating her with manic strength, their brutality indicative of desperation. But why? Starvation? Was there so little food that they were forced to fight for the scraps?

The longer she spent wandering the confined depths, the more potent her famine grew. Her stomach growled distinctly even through the smothering folds of her latex prison. Soon she undertook the quest with more zeal, pawing blindly, seeking the food source the woman had mentioned, or even someone to steal it from.

Her heavy wrists skipped across the floor, her exhaustion being fed by the immense weight of the suit and the weakness of her privation. Unexpectedly her hand brushed something metallic, the sudden difference to the usual rough passage over the stone snapped her to her senses. Slapping her palm about her, she located the object and found it to be a small canister. The metal container bore a small nozzle with a tap, the tube perfect to slot into her gag, which would of course block all access to breath.

Taking a deep inhale she held it and threaded the small pipe through a hole in her hood and into the center of her gag. Turning the tap, a slow flow began to slide into her mouth. A thick, creamy paste that she gulped down with alacrity as the effects of self-induced suffocation began to encroach. It was a sadistic torment - making a woman deny herself breath, to suffer from deprivation in order to end another form of deprivation.

The sounds of her eating gathered unwanted attention and without hint to the approach a heavy form slammed into her back. It made her gasp and break into racking coughs as her short inhale caused her to breathe in a shot of the sustenance.

Knees and hands ran over her, crushing her beneath them as the gathered scavengers sought the dropped canister. Wheezing and spluttering she fought to regulate her breathing and recover. The straining of her lungs left her crippled and unable to fight for her dropped meal. The battle moved on, one of the zombies rushing off with the captured prize, the others in close harrying pursuit, operating by sound alone.

Weeping in calamity, Lydia cuddled into a ball and wept within her cocoon, the savagery of other prisoners being a bane that seemed to constantly follow her wherever she went.

After crying herself to sleep, she dwelt within slumber for long hours. The small meal helped defeat the severity of her confinement and the slow teasing grind of the dildos as they commenced once more. Her dreams were indistinct and vague, corrupted by her mummification so that she arose only occasionally and slipped in and out of consciousness. Shattering climax once more brought her from sleep, before the rods finally fell passive and silent once more, poised until they would make her squirm and suffer yet again.

Occasionally hands would wander over her, the pressure of a search almost unfelt through the thick layers while she rested.

As she stirred, the dream-state of her mind seemed to linger into reality, filling her mind with a haze of sensory deprivation-induced confusion. It seemed she wandered through an instinct realm where she felt akin to a ghost, separated from anything corporeal; an ethereal presence doomed to haunt barren tunnels with the other ghosts of rubber damnation.

The mission to find food continued and the famine made her slip inexorably into a deranged

mist.

In this stupor she slept whenever tiredness beckoned, wandered constantly, and fought for the smallest sip of a bottle. She punched and kicked to gain access when the precious stashes were found, clamping them to her gag and guzzling what she could before being overcome and her treasure stolen. When she found one herself, she hogged all she could before the sounds of another rubber slave served to alert her enemies to her own feasting.

The waste from such meals never took form; the food, a nutrient-rich substance, which her body quaffed in entirety. The frugal amounts she gained were adequate to sustain her life, leaving nothing left over, a consideration she was grateful for because loitering in a second skin with her own excretions was unthinkable. Although she hated being kept on the verge of rabid starvation, she preferred this to proper feeding and the subsequent lack of sanitation.

The dildos constantly broke into activity and made her jolt and wail in pleasure before turning her joy into mordant distress. Their blind program affected all the women at preset intervals. She knew that she was not alone in bearing the intimate curses because occasionally she stumbled upon a fellow slave being torn with such effects, her body lurching against her latex bondage as the wagging rods worked her nerves with exemplary and cold-blooded skill.

The ongoing process of her elaborately and methodically controlled existence continued to roll by again and again. Weeks maybe months were passing. The pilfering of all clue as to her stay kept her ignorant of anything except the few token sensations she was bequeathed by the latex-obsessed Asian woman.

The mistress of this bleak realm wandered through on occasion. She dropped the meals for her pets to discover, savoring the scenes of their plight, reveling in the horror she had wrought upon the slaves and using their purgatory to stimulate her own dark pleasures.

Soon it seemed to Lydia that she had always been there, that anything else she had remembered was merely a dream, a fantasy she had concocted to soothe her in her most trying hours of captivity where she had failed to find any food for a prolonged period. She was truly the undead, a rubber zombie, lacking senses, wandering in disabled shuffles and seeking base sustenance - half-alive.

Chapter Thirteen

When the clack of her mistress' heels drew close, Lydia paid no attention. Her passage was no different to hundreds of other occasions. It merged into one bland category of indifference.

The shock Lydia felt when a lead was clipped to her and started to move her away was immense, causing her to consider that perhaps she was daydreaming again. She had believed herself being released numerous times in her more deranged moments, but this time the details were clear, forcing her heart to believe and leap with hope.

The woman drew her onwards and out of the dark labyrinth onto the smooth floors of the rest of the building. Lydia's mind's eye detailed the sights about her in the absence of true visions, ferreting in crooked memory for the images.

Taken into a room, the woman stepped back, moving away, and left Lydia to be attended by three new women. Their hands played upon her costume and the locks and straps that kept her irrevocably sealed within. There was a moment's apprehension, a fear of leaving the smothering tomb. It had seemingly been her life forever and she was worried about leaving its familiarity. At this moment of release she could better appreciate it. The Foundry had devolved her, turning her from a human into a purer, more primitive version of herself. Without any other concerns she sought food, a devoted hunter/gatherer, rummaging and fighting, adopting a simpler life as a creature of animal instinct. The shedding of all other burdens and obligations was a strange sense of freedom, of being distanced from sentience, turned into an animal, free of blame and responsibility and left solely with the most basic needs - the fundamental laws of nature.

The heavy garments were slowly removed, the weighty layers peeled away. Lydia felt like she was made of feathers, her body seeming to rise as she was freed of all encumbrances.

The first steps she took from the dropped folds rose high, her frame almost leaping into the air so used had she become to being weighed down by the unconscionable latex anchors.

The dildos were drawn free, finally freeing her of chafing stimulation. Her face was liberated from the masks and she yelped in shock. The light pained her eyes greatly because she had become totally used to blackness.

Keeping them screwed shut, Lydia languished blind and naked on the floor. Her skin felt as though it was made of sponge, the constant sweat having pruned her.

The women helped her up onto her feet and drew her aside. Her attempts at speech failed, her larynx having forgotten how to operate after its prolonged and enforced silence.

The women locked her limbs in the detached arms of a pillory. The solid steel jaws clamped to her wrists and neck, preventing her fingers from reaching her face.

The women gathered and grappled her form, immobilizing her. Lydia's mouth was then pried open by rough fingers. Suddenly something was plunged down her throat, a slippery tube rattling into her esophagus. Her weak resistance was easily contained by the women, her body able to do nothing to affect them as she retched and spluttered from the awful feeling of the pipe riding

down into her stomach.

One of the horrendous oval gags was the culmination of the pipe and it entered her mouth after forcing her jaws even wider. The rubber balloons started to quickly billow outward, slamming into her cheeks, stretching her jaws, filling her mouth to a nightmare extent. Mewling and bucking, Lydia tried to find a way to stop them, her fingers clawing at the air just millimeters short of the accursed device. At the familiar keen peak of inflation the instrument fell quiet, plugging her maw, the vast trespasser too big for her to spit out.

Two slim wires were pushed into her nostrils, the tubes plunging down her throat and with a steady rasping hiss they started to control her breath.

The rattle of chains sounded and a winch grabbed the four comers of her stocks, hauling her into the air. She wriggled and snorted, the weight of her body upon the steel excessively distressing. She couldn't be suspended like this, she'd suffer permanent damage if she was, and her panic started to make her more and more wild in her fight.

Hands grabbed her ankles and she started to descend, being lowered into some sort of tube. She kicked forward, yelling against the gag as she discovered how restrictive her new environment would be. The tome of dense plastic rang out with each strike and she found she was unable to bring her legs up to her chest, the pipe being too slim to permit it.

Fighting for adequate breath she heard something clang shut above her and a steady popping emerged beneath her dangling toes. Warm gelatinous liquid touched her feet and she tried to recoil, afraid of what it might be. The level of thick viscous sludge continued to rise, slowly filling the tube. The level cleared her knees, then her waist, easing the burden of her body on the pillory. Her breasts were submerged and then her neck, leaving her floating in a warm vat.

As the waters cleared the stocks, she gained just enough hesitant vision to see that she was in a translucent shaft of plastic. A solid metal lid had been closed above her, the chains vanishing through small holes.



A corrugated rubber hose emerged from the center and fed to her gag, granting her distended mouth access to food while the two hoses that ran up along the sides of it managed her air. Beyond the tube

she could just about make out the black form of the woman, flanked by naked slaves that blankly watched the flooding of her prison.

The fluid was thick and clinging, like treacle, to which her body found difficulty in moving against it. The blue tinted flow continued to rise, reaching over her face making her close her eyes as the pipe was filled to capacity.

Hanging in the viscid interior of the aquarium, Lydia breathed steadily, kept calm by automated respiration. She was unable to panic because of the reins the two nose tubes kept on her lungs. Moving meekly against the syrup, life started to return to her body. The boredom of her containment was negligible; her mind still lost in the dull haze of her sentence as a humbled rubber mannequin. Ordinarily, she would be mad with tedium, wriggling, fighting the tank. But in her current mental apathy she was indifferent and resigned to whatever treatment this tube was destined to deliver.

After an unknown duration in the shaft the lid opened and she was dragged from the syrup, her body running with stretching lines of clinging slime. Settling onto the floor as a contorted heap, the stocks were removed and the gag deflated. Lydia doubled up with a spluttering choke as the three tubes slithered from her tracts, her body breaking into convulsions.

Breathing unaided for the first time since being placed in the tube, she was picked up by the maids and drawn aside, her feet sliding against the floor.

A set of steps led into hot waters, the sunken pool of warmth rising to her waist as the women drew her deep into the center and started to bathe her. Still unable to even open her eyes, Lydia luxuriated in the feel of them as they applied soap and sponges to cleanse her of the medicated slime that had healed her skin. The waters were soothing and stole her dregs of strength through a strange osmosis, the process leaving her pliant and supple.

The attention lingered for a long time as she was stripped of the layers her various ordeals had imparted. Once satisfactorily clean she was led out and gently covered by a robe before being led to another chamber.

Once within, she was taken to a bed and laid down, her exhaustion allowing her to slip deep into sleep for the first time since she could remember. Her amnesia was still strong and crushed all other thoughts. The severity of her imprisonment was outshining any other engram as a vivid dream took hold, sinking its claws into her, using actual memory and events to make it clearer.

Chapter Fourteen

Sitting at a desk, Lydia looked over the terminal. The chaotic flow of data flicked back and forth, unattended by her. The boredom was making her mind numb.

With an irritated sigh she lifted herself from her chair and wandered through the maze of cubicles, her passage ignored by the army of data processors. Entering the toilets, the doors closed and cut off the cacophony from without. The dull hum of the neon light was now the only sound except the click of her heels as she walked to the mirror behind the line of sinks.

Looking at herself in the mirror she followed the rigid contours of her dark suit, the short skirt giving way to dark nylon before reaching her court shoes. Inflamed by the tedium of the day her libido was thrashing within her like a landed fish, her mind drifting to carnality after having constantly been dwelling on erotic thoughts. She couldn't hold them back any more; they were distracting her from work. She needed to attend her pent-up frustration so she could at least get through the rest of the day.

Moving into one of the chambers she closed the door and drew the latch shut. Taking a warm, succulent breath of the processed cool air she sat herself on the toilet seat. Her eyes fluttered shut, her mind was caught up in a hedonistic whirlwind.

Acting almost of their own volition, as though they were the arms of a shadowy lover, her hands opened her jacket and slid through her shirt and slithered under her satin bra to cup her breasts and thumb her nipples.

Clenching her jaw she murmured softly and continued to manipulate the stiffening nuggets. Temptation overcame the need for safety and she let the hands lower, rolling down the crisp white shirt and drawing up the form-hugging folds of her skirt. Creeping beneath, her fingers located her humid sex, her hosiery and matching panties moist from her long periods of diligent fantasizing. Her mouth dropped open and she arched slightly, her legs tensing as she covertly stroked herself and the material allowed sedate ripples of vibration.

The door to the toilets opened and someone entered.

"Lydia? You in here?" Asked a familiar voice. She was tempted to corrupt her voice and lie, but thought better of it.

"Yes!" she snapped angrily.

"The boss is looking for you, and it sounds urgent," she responded. Then she heard the sound of running water as the woman washed her hands to give the impression that she had entered the room for something other than summoning Lydia.

Grinding her teeth she snarled and straightened her garb. As her hand touched the latch she turned and remembered to flush before stepping out. Ignoring the employee she marched back to her desk, her frustration even more intense following the tease of interrupted masturbation.

"Miss Brooks, please come to my office," commanded her employer. The manager waved his hand in an irritating manner he always used. No one dared complain about it to his face, but they

all mercilessly mocked him in private.

Sliding her chair back she rose and wandered over, the office still resounding with the myriad clicks and tapping of dozens of keyboards being frantically pounded by busy fingertips.

Entering the small office she flicked her eye to the plaque, the words, "Mr. D. Bronson", were etched into the polished gold rectangle in black letters. The manager closed the door and he indicated her to the seat before his desk.

Lydia took a stride forward and suddenly his hands grabbed her from behind.

Before she could speak, he slammed her forward against the desk, her torso dropping onto the surface with a heavy thud. Pens and papers were sent flying, spilling from the edges and onto the carpet.

With a gasp of shock she felt him pin her down onto the surface. Her hands flicked back to try and claw him off, but he was situated in a position she could not easily reach.

Her wrists were snagged and hauled back, the weak joints being held together as he snatched the telephone cord and wound it round in tight loops. The cable bit into her flesh, causing her to mewl in calamity and then unleash a croak of distress as he folded them up her spine and quickly used the excess to ensnare her throat, crimping her breath. The mild strangulation served two purposes: first it made any pull of her arms to get free elevate their effects and stop her respiration entirely, and secondly it prevented her from screaming by subduing her breath enough to leave her softly wheezing just enough to stay alive.

Floundering on the desk, she felt him yank her skirt over her hips and sink his fingers into her tights. With a wrench of effort the delicate fabrics were parted, creating a wide slash so he could delve his fingers into her buttocks. Closing a fist to the rear of her panties he hauled back, shredding them at the front so they came away in his grasp.

Lydia's stifled howl of response as she was stripped was slain when he forced the underwear into her mouth, stuffing it in with harsh pokes, stretching her jaws and squashing her tongue the taste of her own moisture still powerful upon the fabric. The cord about her neck was removed and instead was used to drag around her head. It slipped into her maw, the numerous coils keeping the cloth gag in place. Wriggling, her wrists connected to the band around her head, she kicked and thrashed madly, but he was between her thighs and she could not reach him.

Strong hands snagged her ankles and she wailed as he bent her legs back and used more cord to attend her extremities. Winding it around the ankle and instep of her shoes, he forged a tight anchor and then applied the rest of the wire about her upper thighs.

Grabbing her at the shoulder and legs he started to move her, pulling her upright so that she was left kneeling away from him, her rear hovering on the edge of the table. Her legs were pinned beneath her, her arms folded up her spine and her head was craned back by the irresistible plexus of wire.

Like a living ornament on his desk, she shuffled and tried to escape him, but it was impossible.

Hands reached around to her front, opening her jacket and then tearing apart the front of her shirt sending buttons dancing across the surfaces and onto the floor.

The same fists sundered her bra, exposing her breasts to a forceful fondling. Hollering against the gag, she answered his rough caresses and then froze as she heard a zip descend.

Without delay he guided himself into her with testing stabs, locating her dripping sex and then plunging in with a ruthless plunge. Her yowl of indignation seeped through her gag and she shuddered upon him, his thrusting shaft drilling into her despite all her attempts to deny him

With his hot breath on the back of her neck, his hands kneading her breasts, she wrung her

fists. The jab of pain transformed into delightful pleasure, the gag becoming sodden with her spit as she knelt on the table and started to revel in her subjugation.

He dragged free and exploited the sheen of lubrication to force his passage into her rear, the flaring havoc of his pummeling entry making her fling herself to attention and cry out. The mayhem swiftly vanished to be replaced by the hesitant bliss of his pounding shaft. His impressive length driving deep into her, his fingers squeezing and turning her nipples.

Again he pulled free, changing his mind yet again, deciding to finish his ravishment in his initial area of trespass. Thrusting back into her womb, he accelerated swiftly, his hands becoming more spiteful to her helpless breasts as he neared climax.

Upon a shivering drive she felt his semen pour into her and she tensed with a squeal of her own ecstasy.

Withdrawing from her burning tracts, he dragged her from the table as though she was an inanimate piece of office furniture and laid her on her back, her limb twisted beneath her.

Placing a polished designer shoe onto her stomach, he applied weight to keep her suppressed and grabbed a long ruler. Lydia squealed in dismay as he cast it up over his head and then she broke into fits as he started to spank her breasts with the accursed instrument. The plastic rectangle swatted down again and again, sending quaking ripples through her assets, the loud clapping spans echoing in the room as she jerked under his controlling foot.

After treating her to a sound session of chastisement he pulled her up and with a shove installed her beneath his desk in the alcove between drawers where his chair was normally tucked.

Knelt in this small kennel, her back to the wooden pane beyond, Lydia watched him sit down and slide in. His hand unfastened the cord and snagged the nape of her neck. Once she spat free the cloth, he started to draw her down onto his still engorged length. With her arms still locked behind her back she closed her mouth onto the penis and began to suck at it, her tongue rolling around the tip and lips stretching wide, as she listened to him commence work without any clue as to her existence.

Closing her eyes she savored the taste of him, her own flavor still loitering on the skin of his shaft as she rolled her head back and forth, bound and controlled under the desk.

The door opened and she heard his lunch being delivered, the sweet smells wafting down as she continued the fellatio with attentive verve, eager to coax forth another salty snack for herself.

Chapter Fifteen

The smell of food stirred Lydia from sleep and at first she thought it was the lingering dream, but then she felt the absence of her cocoon and no desk about her.

She snapped upright, stretching to ensure there was nothing upon her or around her, and all she found was the bed on which she had been slumbering contentedly.

Her eyes had been gently exposed to the light that streamed in through the windows of the opulent bedchamber and now she felt she could risk opening them without fear that her retinas would be burned out.

Examining her surroundings through a cautious squint, Lydia looked across the bright room, the pale walls and white covers reflecting the golden rays that were divine after being condemned to the hellish depths below.

The scent of food still stoked her hunger and she sought out the origin. Moving quickly, her physique had been slimmed by malnourishment but maintained to a degree by the perpetual exercise in the Stigeian bowels of the palace.

A small tray atop a dressing table offered a plate of food and without pause she dropped onto the stool and started to shovel it in with speed, refusing use of utensils because they were not as quick nor adept as her fingers. The glorious flavors made her close her eyes and tilt her head back in rapture. The best feeling was swallowing the succulent morsels and the reveling in her vacant belly being filled with something more significant than frugal nutrient pastes.

With the plate cleared and licked clean she tried the door and found it locked. Rather than continuing to waste effort in finding an exit (after all, she no longer wanted escape), Lydia chose to flop back onto the bed, cradling her stomach like a treasure, delighting in her freedom.

Already she looked upon her grim situation with fond eyes, and if she had the chance, in a short while she would probably want to return there.

Staring blankly at the ceiling her hand snaked down between her legs, tickling her neglected sex. How Lydia enjoyed the nostalgic retrospective examination of her trial. She pictured once more the heady folds of latex enveloping her, the weight dragging her down as she was held a prisoner, the dildos alive within her as she was lost in darkness. Closing her eyes to simulate the same blindness, she stroked herself openly, gifting herself with pleasure as she dragged out the powerful memories of her prison.

Clawing at the blankets while she succumbed to onanistic delight, she abruptly stopped and flipped over when she heard the door open, the metallic click of the lock gave her warning to hide her furtive self-abuse before it was discovered.

Looking up as though from sleep she saw three women entering, their bodies naked except a metal chastity belt that encircled their abdomens and held them in enforced abstinence. Their heads were snared by metal hoods that flowed along their contours, granting them metal skin and a bald appearance with only two narrow eye slits and a long hole at the mouth.

Without word and with their expressions lost beneath their silver masks they helped Lydia from the bed and showed her to the wall where they opened the wardrobe. The interior was arrayed with dresses and other sultry clothing presented in a variety of soft and fetishistic fabrics.

A suspender belt of black satin was slipped around her waist. The suspenders gripped fine denier dark stockings, the soft sheen flowing into court shoes with an ankle strap adorned with a padlock to prevent removal. A satin Basque was applied, the soft material gently holding her breasts, accentuating their shape. The lingerie was a huge difference to the stringent fist of rubber that she had grown so accustomed to.

Only her metal collar remained from the previous vestments and as lace gloves were slipped onto her hands she was escorted out into the corridor and shown to a curtain. Words were irrelevant here; the slaves only needed to do and to feel, to experience the joys of their status. Speech was for their owners, used to order and command.

The velvet veil of red was drawn aside and she was presented to an alcove in the wall. A squat meter high pillar rose at the center and threw out four arms toward the floor in an "X" formation, the metal lengths adorned with stem straps.

The walls bore small hooks, each bearing a weapon of corporal punishment and several sexual toys. Taken over to the engine of restraint she was laid down upon it and her limbs drawn out to be sealed within the awaiting bonds. With the buckles tightened into place she was left helpless, her head lolling over the structure. Unsupported, her limbs held out, her torso at the middle and highest point of the cross, her sex facing into the corridor, inviting use. A gag was presented to her lips, the large ball being ruthlessly stuffed in and sealed into position, leaving her unable to voice any complaint.

After a furtive glance over their shoulders to confirm they were alone, one of the women knelt down between Lydia's splayed legs and placed soft kisses across the skin of her rear. The mixture of steel and flesh pecks meandered across the proffered flesh. Lydia stiffened against the leather straps that pinned her down, her head jerking up, her teeth biting to the gag as she unleashed a long heady moan.



The tongue flashed through the hole in the hood and into Lydia, riding deep. The woman's saliva a competent lubricant. Instantly her attentions became more devoted, her tongue spilling its

broadest area upon her clitoris, rolling against the nugget and bringing Lydia to shuddering fits of exquisite response. Sealed within the arms of her contorted pose, she felt utterly surrendered to the cunnilingus, a vulnerable state that immeasurably heightened her responses to it.

With a final gasping cry she was brought to orgasm, the fellow slave flicking with riots of satisfaction in seeing Lydia dance so fervently under her oral teachings.

Without any other exchange between them the attendants turned and deserted her, leaving Lydia alone. She was open and ready to be used for whatever purpose any other passing slave or guest had in mind. The attentions of the girl had shown her just how exposed she was to the will of others, not that Lydia minded, and in her thoughts there was a tingling sense of excitement as to what she was going to experience here. Her previous trials here were fairly singular, bestowed by an individual. Now she was open to -the masses and their whimsical favors and vices.

It was not long before such a visitor spotted her. The large man grabbed her hips and inserted himself, reaching forward and clawing at her breasts, pulling down the fabric of the Basque to expose them fully to his fondling. Pinching her nipples, he continued to sate his desire. Her body was held at just the right height for such acts of violation.

With a final jolt he flopped onto her, clutching her tightly as he quivered and jerked, his tiny drives extracting every joule of ecstasy. Withdrawing, he straightened up and moved away, trailing a hand upon her nylon smoothed thigh as a fleeting touch to assess the physique he had used.

Lydia lay loose within her formation, blood slowly running to her head, creating a straining presence within her skull. Occasionally she pulled at the bonds to remind herself that they were there, the feeling of bondage stoking her volcanic need for fulfillment. The sensation of being presented so openly was highly erotic her degraded pose, her restraint - all of it made the session one of remarkable satisfaction.

Soon after the man left, one of the maids passed her demeaned frame and paused. After looking both ways to check that all was clear and that she could act without reservation, the maid snatched a strap from the wall and threw it down at the prisoner's bare loins. The wide strip of leather met her sex with a shrill smack and continued with blows full of speed and strength. The maid arbitrarily disciplined Lydia while she gasped and shrieked into her gag, her drawn howl seeping around the rigid ball, the subdued murmur echoing slightly in the small alcove and rolling down the hallway.

Swerving her attention aside, the maid continued to flash blows to the splayed inner thighs. The pale flesh turned a flushed pink from the stinging attention. Lydia cast her head around wildly, straining against the restraints, trying to rip free and evade the savage bullying. Her muscles flickered, her tendons and veins rising as her face became a raging crimson and her eyes watered with the tearing mayhem.

The capricious assault ceased abruptly and the maid leant out to check for passers-by or signs that someone was coming to investigate the sounds of punishment. Spying no such threat to her privacy she set aside the strap and instead drew up a long, thick dildo set upon a short handle, the pink truncheon being held like a weapon.

Settling between the parted legs, the woman stroked the shaft through the valley of Lydia's sex, bringing quaking shudders from her hopelessly bound anatomy. Lydia burbled onto her gag, taking the chance to plead for mercy, the fierce scourging still making her head swim.

With a slow shove the woman breached Lydia's buttocks with a forceful drive. She plunged the rod into her rear, the dildo moving in on short jolts, the non-lubricated tissues dragging upon the dry plastic and making the entry all the more harsh and difficult to endure.

As the baton began to turn and rock, grinding and churning her anus with malicious intent, the maid leaned in and buried her tongue into Lydia's pudenda. The oral stimulation was corrupted by occasional bites to her clitoris. These most insufferable of nips made her spasm as her keening

cry poured freely through the gag, especially when the maid maintained her bite and spitefully ground her teeth upon the tender nugget of flesh.

The delight of the cunnilingus was meshed with the violation of the dildo and the occasional vicious nature of the servant. Writhing in her bonds, Lydia's body set free a haze of sweat, the dampness seeping into her lingerie, leaving it moist against her skin. It got so she didn't know whether to scream or groan, the contradictory sensations pummeling her mind in the magnificent manner to which she was now hopelessly addicted.

The tongue suddenly fled her belly and with a vicious twist and tug the dildo was ripped harshly from her, the sudden rending flight of the toy making her issue a brief squeal of pain. Setting aside her implements, the maid looked over the trapped and languid body one last time and left the alcove, proceeding as though nothing had happened.

For some time Lydia merely lay in the web of leather, mulling over the dwindling sensations of the encounter. She wished she could touch herself, tugging gently at the straps, feeling somehow titillated by the fact that she was prevented from such intimate access.

Footsteps brought her from her thoughts and she strained her head around to see who it was. The soft pad of feet came to a halt outside the alcove. Was someone just looking at her or were they deciding what they could do with her vulnerable body? She could just about catch an image of small bare feet on the carpet, the skin twinkling with jewels of moisture.

The soft chime of an iced drink being moved reached Lydia's ears and she jolted with surprise when an icy cold influx touched the skin of her stomach. A frozen cube of ice was drawn in a steady line, depositing a slick trail behind it as Lydia shivered and panted.

The cube rolled upon her, the corners were melted by the steady turn of it upon her warm belly. Then it started to travel closer toward her sex, sweeping nearer and nearer, illustrating precisely what was intended.

Gritting her teeth to the gag, Lydia closed her eyes and braced herself.

The orb was removed before reaching the exposed area and suddenly slammed against the puckered bud of her anus, the driving finger of its bearer throwing it through her sphincter. Lydia jolted against her trammels, unleashing a wail as the searing cold traveled in, making her tracts and the muscular ring bum from the extreme temperature change. Lydia clenched her abdomen, trying to excrete it, the severity of the freezing nugget being far too much for her to bear. But the finger that had thrust it into her remained in place, denying her any chance to expunge it, the digit wiggling slightly to tickle her internal membranes.

Wasting her burbling pleas on the gag she clawed at the leather, trying to get free, torn with instinctive panic as the icy presence started to travel deeper into her. Swallowed by her rectum, its location distinct within her as it voyaged into the twists and turns of her interior.

The finger started to withdraw and Lydia leveled her attempts on spitting it out, only to find that another was poised to be injected. Before she could clench her buttocks and try and deny ingress, the same fingers slapped another cube to her anus and breached her. Increasing the volume of her complaints, she bucked and fought to get free, unable to withstand such tempests of cold.

A third cube was taken up in the person's spare hand, their fingers still lodged in her, stopping her from ejecting the second. The trial continued as the ice was put to her buttocks and rolled around the smooth skin, etching watery swirls before applying itself to the crease of her rear.

Lydia clenched with all her might, her cheeks compressing the hand already between them. It was a dilemma. The woman would have to remove her hand to insert the next, giving Lydia a chance to eject the second, but allowing ease of access for the third. She tried to squeeze her abdomen to reject the second while keeping her rear defiant, but couldn't master the independent use of the muscles.

The choice was made for her as the anonymous assailant forced their hand back, dragging at her taut rear until the intruding appendage came free.

A thumb dug into her left cheek and pulled it aside, the nail painning her as it demanded that she allow access. It clearly didn't matter whether she complied because the cube leant itself to the valley of her rear with force. The wet morsel was already starting to worm its way through, slippery and sneaky, defeating her barricades.

Applying more strength, Lydia's face grew hot with strain as she tried to resist. The cube broke free of the fleshy cushions and jabbed through her sphincter. The shock of its insertion made her spasm, her rear going lax and causing the goading hand to thrust fingers deep into her, throwing their cargo into her depths.

The person arose and walked around to her, revealing herself to Lydia's water-filled eyes. Her belly was full of cramps as the ice continued to radiate winter in her belly.

The young girl that had greeted her arrival here was dressed in a black swimsuit, the high thigh garment casting thin cords over her shoulders and plunging at the back. The material shimmered from the wetness in it, her body laden with jewels of water; her hair tied back and hanging slick down her spine. Her mirrored sunglasses perched on her brow and her eyes full of mirth as she regarded Lydia. In her hands she held a tall glass that was now devoid of cubes and in the other she clutched a large bottle of elite spring water.

"It's nice to see you again, slave," she announced, unfastening Lydia's gag. "Now don't you dare eject any of those or I'll go and get a whole tray and make sure they're all in before I tape you shut!" warned the girl with stern tones.

Lydia shivered at the prospect, the horror of so many freezing entities in her rear made her hold her muscles in check and endure the paltry trio while they slowly melted in the warm nest of her anus.

The gag was drawn from her jaw and Lydia let her head hang loose. Lydia's eyes panned across the delicate curves of the girl, her body supple and silken, causing Lydia's arousal to bloat at the vision. The young woman was gorgeous, her cruelty and youth the most intense of aphrodisiacs. At that moment, Lydia would have said or done anything to be granted the honor of slowly licking every droplet of water from the girl's enticing body.

"I bet all the things that people have done to you have made you thirsty, huh slave?" crooned the girl, running a slender hand through Lydia's hair.

"Y ... yes, mistress," she stammered in response, knowing that she would either be force-fed the water or perhaps, with any luck, she would be allowed to service the girl and take her liquid from the juices of cunnilingus.

"You want some, slave?" she added, shaking the plastic bottle, her eyes winking with obliquity.

"Yes, mistress," repeated Lydia, her mind trying to fathom what the girl was intending.

With a merry skip she stepped over Lydia's face, looking down on the hanging head between her naked thighs. Grabbing Lydia's hair, she lowered and hauled her slave's face into her crotch, smothering her in the warm, wet fabric of the swimsuit.

Lydia's eyes were wide as she stared up across the divine physique of the girl, her position one that brought an intense lust to be used and abused.

Once more the girl's lithe digits combed through Lydia's hair and then her thighs tightened their grip, compressing her head, leaving her mouth forced against the material.

Unscrewing the lid of the bottle she cast the cap aside and held the container up. With a grin, she reached down with her spare hand and pinched Lydia's nose closed, leaving her wheezing softly

through the filter of the suit for a moment Lydia had to suck at the damp fabric, drawing the moisture from it and being forced to swallow it so she could hiss her inhales through the impairing veil.

“Here it comes, slave,” uttered the girl with a licentious hum as she arched her back. It caused Lydia to sigh with delight from watching the nubile breasts heave against the tight swimsuit.

With a steady pour she drooled the water onto the raised peaks, the chill causing her nipples to rise against the suit, making themselves distinct as the material darkened in a descending curtain while moisture flowed through it.

Lydia mewled as she saw what was coming, the deluge slowly creeping down through the suit toward her mouth.

Taking a deep breath she saw the girl cease the flow and lean back to watch the show. The warmed liquid crept in across her mouth, the curtain of moisture blocking access to air. Lydia could see that she would have to act to save herself and diligently began sucking the waters from the material, gulping them down, her face heating, her lungs starting to throb, her need for a new breath of air growing more demanding with every passing second.



The girl watched with glee as Lydia struggled, and as the tail end of the flow finally worked its way through the suit and to the crotch. Taking hesitant sighs of air, she coughed and spluttered,

the small intake of water still crippling her breaths.

Meanwhile, the water she had drunk was refusing easy digestion because of her incline. The measure of liquid kept stinging the back of her throat as a small trickle was regurgitated with acid, forcing her to drive it back and try to hold it in.

“Time for another drink, slave,” she divulged, and Lydia fought for air as she watched a sparkling cascade splattering onto the girl’s cleavage. It flowed down her chest, marching toward her as she gathered as much oxygen as she could before she was denied again.

Lydia sucked and struggled, making the girl grip her all the tighter, the feel of a thrashing mouth and a panicked vacuum on her sex spicing the waters with the taste of her lasciviousness.

“That’s it, slave, fight for your air,” she murmured, ceasing the flow and leaning back to observe Lydia’s travail.

Gasping and suckling she cleared the material and dragged her breaths through the crotch of the girl. Her body quaked against the bonds, her fight to get free growing more distinct. Her head ached, her temples throbbed and she felt dizzy from the battle to breathe.

“We’re not done yet, slave. There’s plenty more in the bottle,” warned the girl, and started a new flow, letting the sparkling font pour onto her for a bit longer.

As the water rolled down through the tight mesh, Lydia sobbed and offered begging whimpers, the words muffled into the girl’s sex.

“I wouldn’t waste my breath on pleading, slave. You’ll be needing that air very soon,” she smiled, and Lydia managed to gather a quick inhale before she was privately dunked.

Thrashing to get free, Lydia could do nothing as the girl held her tight, locking her between her powerful thighs. She watched with malicious joy as Lydia’s eyes rolled and bulged, her body fighting to clear the blockage of water so it could find air once more.

On the verge of swooning she took a rash gasp, careless of the consequences, desperate for air. Her convulsions gained new vigor as she choked and coughed, breaking into chaotic actions.

The girl watched impassively as Lydia fought to recover. The extreme jeopardy Lydia believed herself to be in pushed her deeper than she had gone before. She was consumed by the intensity of her demise; the animal response to drowning, the masochistic glee to enduring such water torture between a pitiless young woman’s seductive legs.

“Now for a shot of something special, slave,” she pronounced, and Lydia released a long droning dirge of misery at the awareness that she was going to be assaulted again.

“Here it comes, slave,” warned the girl.

Lydia saw her take a deep swig of the water before crooking her back and leaning over.

Taking a small gasp, Lydia watched the pursed lips of the girl start to open, letting the waters trickle out as a meager flow straight onto her crotch. The mouthful filled the fabric and Lydia gulped it down with submissive delight relishing her derogation, the fight for air a lot simpler this time.

“Do you want another, slave?” asked the girl, wiping her chin.

Lydia gave muffled acknowledgment through the swimsuit and the girl grinned before taking another deep draught. This time she washed it around her mouth and then repeated the deed, making Lydia drink from her waterfall and suckle the moisture from her mouth through the serving of her crotch. The taste of the girl filled Lydia’s palate, the subtle delicacy of her saliva mixed with the potent tang of her roused sex.

“One for the road?” she asked, and after Lydia agreed she added another spitting dribble

onto the subdued features of her prisoner.

Once this last one was devoured, she turned the bottle and started to pour the remainder directly onto her crotch, submerging Lydia yet again as splashes rained on her face.

Sucking frantically she battled to clear the waters, knowing that as soon as the material was cleared she could gain air, there being no long period of waiting while the rest trickled down from above.

But the girl poured slowly, drawing out the event, making Lydia gulp down everything. The waters grew in her throat, hanging there, creating a struggle between gravity and digestion.

“Almost there, slave,” said the girl, continuing to empty the contents.

Lydia thrashed madly to get free, livid until the bottle was drained and with a final sucking gulp she managed to gain damp breaths of air.

The girl patted her forehead and set the bottle aside before putting her hands on her hips and regarding Lydia as she recuperated. The domineering stance restored Lydia’s submission, soothing her resentment of such treatment and bringing a longing for more.

“You know what, slave? All this running water makes me want to go to the toilet. Shall we save me the effort of traveling and just continue our game with something a little less bland?” she announced, and laughed aloud at Lydia’s mortified expression.

“Only kidding, slave, maybe some other time. Right now, I want to feel that skillful tongue of yours between my legs,” she asserted, lifting up and stepping away. She drew the shoulder straps of the swimsuit off and pulled the tight sheath down her elegant form.

Stepping out of the damp material she reversed her position and straddled Lydia’s features, pulling her back into her pudenda. Lydia answered the position with instant compliance, letting her tongue rise up and delve deep into the girl, letting the flavor of her womb spill across every taste bud.

“Oh, yes!” cried the woman, shaking as she was impaled by Lydia’s overextended organ.

Drawing back, Lydia started to suckle and lap upon the erect clitoris of the torturess, her eyes fixated on the rear of the girl as it shook from the rapture of Lydia’s intimate kisses.

Pouring the flat of her tongue against the organ, her head craned back, her neck smarting, Lydia gave a groan of utter relief as she felt slender fingers start to run through her own vulva, tracing a path through the lips and locating her clit. The occasional pinch made her squeak, but only helped to serve her submissive rapture. Her tongue became wilder whenever the girl added a portion of pain to her pleasure.

The girl continued to beat swirls of motion on Lydia’s sex, filling her spread legs with tension and making her belly flutter as release beckoned. Suddenly the girl started to gasp and pant, jerking with the bursts of orgasm, devouring Lydia’s attentions.

When she could take no more, she jumped back, releasing Lydia’s dripping womb and wiping her fingers across Lydia’s hair.

“That’ll do, slave,” she grinned, and grabbed her swimsuit, stuffed the gag in and walked casually away. Lydia moaned and wriggled against her bondage, left at a keen level of wanton lust, deprived of release, her sexual hunger a tornado of fire within her. Despite this frustration she could not help but admire the girl for her sadism, the anguish of deprivation spiced with the dark seductive glee of her masochistic cravings.

As the day wore on, a steady stream of residents chose to attend her, some secretly, others because they were guests here and were already free to do whatever took their fancy. She was molested countless times and subjected to sporadic beatings from a variety of weapons. In addition

to these two basic attacks, she was tormented with clamps and needles, suffocating masks, and enforced oral sex. She was impaled upon numerous forearms as her spread body seductively whispered for such horrendous penetration.

Her body throbbed with the residual traces from her pains. The after effects of her many attendees left her weak and dazed, her mind in tatters, her sanity torn and ragged, causing her to giggle and mumble to herself for long periods in a bid to distract herself from the isolation and excruciating ache reverberating through her body.

Chapter Sixteen

Two maids emerged from the passage and began to unfasten Lydia's bonds, helping her out and then stripping off the lingerie with haste. They pulled her aside and Lydia crumbled onto the floor as a loose heap. Her limbs felt frail and unable to support her or even obey her commands. The imprints of the bonds were stem upon her skin, like the purple weals that had been etched into her and which still bore their own refulgent inner pulse.

Taken by the arms, the maids lifted Lydia up and drew her away, their duty clearly being to ferry her to a new locale of punishment.

Wide doors were pushed open, revealing a massive hall. The high-vaulted ceiling was adorned with faded ecclesiastical frescoes from when this abode was still a monastery. Carved pillars ran along the walls and the balconies draped the flags of Guenerros toward the floor. Huge crystal chandeliers illuminated the hall with hundreds of lights, the glittering gems reflecting fractured glints of light across the walls and ceiling. A long banquet table occupied the middle of the massive dining hall.

Hanging to one side, away from the chandeliers, were lines of golden cages, each held to the ceiling by a stout chain. Within these small prisons could be seen brightly colored forms. Clad in mockery of birds, they were human prisoners.

One of these cages had been lowered to the floor and the door stood open and ready to accept a new subject, and when Lydia saw a mound of latex garments beside it, she knew why she was there.

The two maids helped squeeze her into a snug-fitting catsuit of black latex, the contours of the garment clung to every portion of her frame, giving Lydia the sense of *deja vu*. There were no apertures for feet or hands. The single suit covered everything save her head and the considerations to attend her bodily functions - these accommodated by fat corrugated pipes that were tipped with pear shaped nozzles. Lubricant was smeared across the bulbous heads and they were slowly forced into her. It took a few minutes to work her sex and rear enough to allow them entry because the bulbs were large and not easily swallowed. Holding her down, the maids attended to the task with dull enthusiasm, operating the fellow slave as they themselves had been used countless times.

Lydia gurgled and mewled as they slid into place, the devices seeming to expand a little to ensure she could not squeeze waste around their vast dimensions.

The small openings of the catsuit gripped the pipes tightly and as they were fastened into position any hope of expelling them was lost. The storage bags at the end of the internal hoses were applied to her flanks and a leather harness brought out. The plexus of straps was tightened and snapped close to her, forcing Lydia into a kneeling position, keeping her in a squatting pose. Her arms were doubled over and her hands snared to her shoulders in imitation of stubby wings.

A brutal gag was applied to her head, the tentacles of leather grabbing her skull and holding a plate to her mouth. The large ball mounted upon it forced open her jaws and crushed her tongue. The hollow pipe through the core accessed a number of reeds, and when she exhaled through this

restricted vent, a stream of soft musical notes emerged in random sequences; a chaotic chirping guided by her breath.

With this bondage applied, she was positioned for the bird suit itself. The heavy garment was padded and sculpted to resemble some manner of large pink rubber bird, its feathers crafted from thick molded latex shapes, all meticulously glued to a dense skin.

Lydia's twisted arms were turned into true wings and a flare of bright feathers formed a tail plume. Her head was sculpted and lost within an aquiline visage, the beak that extended forth completing the outward image of her new bestial nature.

Unable to rise she was lifted up and placed within the gilded pen of gold. The birdcage was small, barely granting her space enough to extend her contorted arms. The small door was padlocked behind her and the chain supporting the private aviary was hauled in by a winch at the wall, dragging her upward toward the ceiling in short jumps. The dining hall fell away below her until her new home was fastened off, leaving her swinging gently amongst the other lofty prisons, indistinguishable from the other specimens of feminine latex devolution.

The coop was embellished with the standard trappings of such a creature, a single shuffling turn showing her everything she had to use and distract from her captivity. Small troughs were clipped to the side within reach of her beak and they were filled with seed or water. A plastic mirror proved a terrible mockery, for it displayed her visage and reminded her of how low she had been brought.

The twisted position into which she was condemned soon had her striving to find a means to escape it, the contortion driving her mad with the need to straighten her limbs. As the hours moved slowly by she started to cry out for assistance, her wails emerging as melodious chirping. It sounded like the song of the despairing bird losing all her anger and loathing of her confinement, and instead airing a sweet song that could not have been further from her true opinion.

The act of feeding was no easier than her imprisonment because the beak had a small opening that would only accept a tiny pinch. Once she gained it she had to throw it back by raising her head sharply and dropping the food down the core of the fluted gag, swallowing them like pills rather than food.



The other birds seemed more accustomed to their lot. Their long struggle within the restraining costumes proved to them just how futile continued battle was so they had since chosen

to remain unresponsive within their cocoons

The main doors opened and drew the attention of the dehumanized creatures, the arrival being a valued medium to distract them from their plight.

A fleet of maids marched through the aperture, bearing plates and collections of cutlery, the fine silver and bone china being arranged with napkins and crystal glassware. Punctiliously arranged bursts of bright flowers were added as embellishments while the birds chirped softly to their former fellows below.

The team of women failed to even glance up at the lofty prisoners as they obsessed with the perfect completion of their task. The threat of failure or displeasing their overseers and perhaps being condemned to join the ranks of the birds or some other equally distasteful fate loomed in the backs of their minds. After setting up everything for the large feast, the maids withdrew and the hall fell into an expectant quiet, awaiting the attendance of the dinner guests.

The diners began to wander sporadically in, clad in regal finery. Many wore tuxedos or extravagant gowns, the wealthy elite displaying their opulence via their clothes and jewelry. Others favored more fetishistic apparel-garments of leather and latex, made to custom order and just as expensive if not more so than the examples of more traditional formal wear. Amongst the civilians were military uniforms, many of them Guenerros upper hierarchy, laden with braids and medals.

A corpulent man in a jet-black uniform with silver adornments clearly represented the secret police, removed his hat to reveal a heavy brow and shaved head. This was the man behind Lydia's enslavement. His forces had denied her freedom and subjected her to the vigorous and complete training program of the prison. His very presence here suggested that the speed with which she had been condemned was no accident. The framing and quick judgment by the secret police produced new recruits to eventual dispatch to the palace, plucking innocent tourists and travelers from the flow of traffic through the country.

Also, she could see the man who had drawn her into the gardens and placed her on the rack. She saw the small Japanese woman who was undoubtedly the fanatical lover of rubber imprisonment, her true and attractive features spied for the first time.

The men and women took their seats, sitting down, talking with enthusiasm, swapping stories and ideas. The maids readily served them, either bringing or refilling drinks, or they were exploited as a footstool, ashtray or simple decoration. The shrill smack of a weapon upon flesh was a constant background sound as arbitrary discipline was meted out.

For a long time Lydia watched the assembled from afar, the heavy throne at the head of the table remaining unoccupied until the doors once more parted to reveal a small entourage.

A stem, robust form led the way, the man adorned with a white uniform, the extensive braids and medals upon it signifying extreme rank. At his side walked the young girl who had abused Lydia upon her arrival, her slender frame covered by a low-cut black dress, the simplicity of its design emphasizing her beauty. Two soldiers walked at his side, rifles cradled, testifying to the man's paranoia. Could this be the president, the mysterious leader whose very existence was in question? And who was the girl, his daughter? Maybe she was a mistress? The depravity of this sensuous sanctuary would not remove the possibility.

The assembled people arose as one and turned to regard their host, declining to seat themselves until he had settled into his throne. His young escort took the chair to his right - facing the head of the secret police.

No sooner had the scraping symphony of chairs moving back into position faded than the doors opened and new maids began to enter, bearing the platters and bowls of food that were the starter. The banquet was a magnificent spectacle and the sweet scents wafted up to attack the birds, the succulent smells making their mouths water profusely and their eyes to focus intently upon the feast with a longing that eclipsed their need for release.

As the dinner continued, the entertainment was brought in. Maids entered carrying devices of restraint, the crosses comprised of various configurations to spread and invert, twist and contort. Quaking prisoners were brought out, their heads sealed within the tight clinch of leather harnesses, the plexus of straps forcing strenuous gags into their mouths, silencing them totally, leaving their eyes wide to witness their fate.

Women clad in outfits of polished leather strolled forth, each of the shapely females dressed identically with their makeup and hairstyles matched to give them a totally cloned visage. They wore close-fitting thigh-high boots, the customary stilettos lifting them up over their subjects. Wicked spurs were fastened about their feet and their bodies were sealed within halter neck play suits, the high cut of the thighs reaching over their hips. Laced gauntlet gloves sheathed their arms, and their ebony painted fingernails were long and filed to points. Savage french plaits gathered up their hair and fastened it with a black bow and their morose shades of makeup gave them a perpetual glower.

The troupe of Mistresses began to restrain their victims. After sealing them within the bonds, the women began to torment their charges for the pleasure of the crowds, their displays being fixed to ruthless beatings, sexual torment with various toys, and minor torture with pegs, clamps, and pins. The struggles and soft subdued cries of the condemned provided a darkly melodious accompaniment to the meal. The chatter of the guests unperturbed or concerned with the agonies of the slaves and the staccato beat of the instruments of suffering as they pounded helpless female flesh.

Lydia studied the abuses being inflicted and projected herself into the place of the slaves, aching for some attention. Her long imprisonment had her more than eager to be the center of attention, even those of maltreatment. To be under the ministrations of one of the gorgeous females was her most pressing desire, and it was one that eclipsed the ravenous need for the food below or to break free of the suffocating folds of her costume. Her appetite had been diverted to other sources of sustenance rather than those of simple dietary nourishment. The fare she most favored was always of the darkest variety.

The ripple of flesh beneath the leather attire of the dominas and their flashing arms had Lydia mesmerized. The image of tanned bodies being painted with bright weals was one that had her weeping for release so she could enjoy such vices as well.



Frantic, she started to flap within her cage, fighting her bonds with rabid intent, trying to break free - her tolerance for this cramping squat at an end.

The sounds of agitation drew attention from below and the president leaned over to one of his guards.

“Una de las aves me parece descompuesta. Tranquilicela,” he muttered, the occurrence lost on Lydia as she continued her valiant struggle, the latex stretching but always snatching back what it gave.

A soldier shouldered his assault rifle, slipped a tranquilizer dart into the breach of his pistol, drew expert aim and fired. The soft whistle of the dart streaked through the air and Lydia felt a stab of sensation in her left shoulder. Flicking to the mirror she noticed the yellow plumed projectile wedged in her outfit just as waves of sluggish coercion started to drift through her mind, hazing her thoughts, making her sight waver and grow indistinct. With a thud she dropped against the bars and slouched onto her side, unable to acquire effort enough to move, only stare blankly, her body paralyzed by some insidious toxin.

“Good shot, that man,” congratulated the arms dealing Mister Talbert.

“That’s much better,” confirmed the leader of the palace and country, returning to the interrupted meal and conversation.

The feast continued for hours, the revelers enjoying their sumptuous affair and moving onto desserts and after-dinner drinks before they started to retire. Some selected a slave or mistress to accompany them; the uniformed dominant women about to have their whips turned on themselves by those who wanted to subjugate an assertive. Or the rigid authoritative figures were chosen by those who wanted to have these females reveal their skills upon their own flesh, to taste the pleasure of being controlled and abused by another. There was no judgment or prejudice here, only the consideration for sensual fulfillment in whatever form any guest wished.

Those slaves that had been exhausted by their trials had to be carried; the prospect of renewed attention for the evening leaving them despondent in their misery, their tenderized flesh unwilling to accept more. As she lay awake but unable to move, Lydia despised their lack of enthusiasm, for she would readily do anything to be in their position.

The hall cleared once again and the maids entered in force to clear away the refuse. The last of the maids did not attend the table, but instead took the chain supporting Lydia’s cage and lowered her to the floor. The door was opened and she was escorted out, the need for aid decreased since the effects of the tranquilizer had largely worn off. After removing the still inserted missile, the process of helping her out of her private prison began.

The accursed costume started to flee her frame, once more exposing her naked skin to the air. Her pruned, moisture-saturated hide sloughed off the layer, cooling her and making agonizing muscle pain wring her muscles and tendons.

Once stripped naked, Lydia was lifted up and carried, her legs having grown too used to laziness to bother listening to her mind’s commands so they simply dragged upon the floor.

Hauled up a set of spiral stairs, a large wing of bedrooms presented itself. The outward-facing corner of the monastery allowed windows to pour golden rays in through stained glass windows. Where was she being taken? What was to be her next bizarre session of rubber bondage? Or maybe she was going to be punished, tortured, ravished? Lydia didn’t care, she was a hopeless devotee now, and even if some of her straits were unbearable, she needed them, they were part of her. Even if she had a chance to leave this place she would come running back and cling to it, there was nowhere else for her to go. Nowhere that could offer her the total control and utter complete ownership she craved so deeply.

Chapter Seventeen

Lydia's route through the palace brought her to doors at the end of a hall. An armed soldier was on either side, watching the entourage with detachment as the group approached. Their fingers edging toward triggers, the troops were unusually fanatical in their post.

A knock on the door solicited the muffled permission to enter, the portal opened to present Lydia to another lavish bedchamber.

The large room granted generous space and a submerged wardrobe that stretched across a wall, its mirrored doors creating a huge view of the chamber, making it appear even larger. The bed itself sat atop a flight of three steps, elevating the sprawling mattress and intricately carved frame, its white silken sheets rippling in the light of the ornate chandeliers. The room was decorated and furnished in white or pale shades, the surgically pristine environment glowed, granting a dream-like quality to the room.

From an adjacent bathroom strolled the president, his uniform gone, leaving him dressed only in a loose gown of black satin that flashed upon his powerful physique.

Lydia could see his features properly for the first time, the gaunt quality that gave him a deep somber frown, his face chiseled into this configuration. He was undeniably handsome, the strength in his expression and anatomy serving to kindle Lydia's adoration.

"So you're the foreigner," he wondered aloud, looking over her body. "Leave us," he ordered, and the maids withdrew, returning them to privacy.

"My daughter informed me you were here. The first western female to enter my little palace of delights. How have you found it so far?" he quizzed, his eyes pouring across Lydia's bare form, the intensity of the valuation making self-consciousness nibble at her viscera.

There was no response to the question for there was none to give. How could she reveal the twisted contradictory emotions and opinions she bore? She should want to escape, to return to a normal life and although this existed to some extent, the desire to remain was just as pressing and far more corrosive to her reluctance.

"I trust my guests have found you pleasing? Your body has helped maintain loyalty and aid to my cause. I think I'll keep it for my own personal use from now on. You see, I've made sure that you've been through numerous castes here, that you've endured all kinds of uniforms, punishments, pleasures. You've been drawn through or at least seen a great deal, so now you can make an educated decision regarding your future here. Slave, I have wanted to create a puppy for myself, a loyal hound to accompany me about the palace. You will be perfect."

He moved closer to her, looking down into her eyes as she looked up into his, the slightest tremble betraying her nervousness.

"Would you like that? To be turned into a puppy, a lowly bitch at my heels, forever to be denied sentience and human thought or deed?"

Was she being given a true choice, or was she being teased with the possibility? Perhaps he

wanted to find out how hideous she thought this fate would be, so he could find greater relish in condemning her to it. The strange thing was she thought on such a fate in a warm light, the notion of such devolution being a pleasing concept. Had she been so severely corrupted by her time that she was willing to shed her humanity in favor of lowly servility? Yet here she was, giving it serious contemplation and actually stacking up her resolve in favor of agreeing to it.

“Yes. Yes I would, Master,” she uttered, defeated by her own powerful subliminal needs.

A smile flourished at the corners of his mouth and started to spread wider.

“Wonderful,” he commented softly, tracing his knuckles down the side of her upturned face.

Stepping away, he opened the wardrobe to reveal stacked drawers. Opening one, he removed a pile of latex clothing. It was the uniform of her derogation waiting for Lydia, measured and engineered for the decision he must have known she had no choice but to make. The choice was an illusion of free will. She was helpless to her impulses for slavery, whatever was offered to her she would accept with little hesitation. He had made her air it from her own lips so that she would recall her own agreement in the years to come.

He brought over the uniform and she realized this was the last few seconds in which she would ever be truly naked. After this, uniformed enslavement as a scampering puppy girl was her one true lot. Committing the feeling of her erect stance and nakedness to memory Lydia prepared herself for the inevitable.

A thick latex leotard was drawn onto her, the interior laden with one fat dildo that he inserted into her sex, the tightness of the garment pushing it deep into her. From the zone where the dildo’s base was molded to the garment, two fat straps were thrown free, the strips connecting to sturdy ankle restraints. The shortness of the latex ribbon confined her to a low squat. Any stretch against the cuffs would draw the dildo out against the force of the leotard.

Over this confining garment came a molded suit, one especially designed for transforming a hapless servile into a mock canine. The tight garment followed her contours perfectly and at her legs flared out to accommodate her squatting pose, giving her two stubby hind legs with a short tail flying from the base of her spine. Although the word fit better than any other, “catsuit” seemed somehow inappropriate to its purpose.

Paw-shaped socks were threaded onto her feet and hands, the canine extremities locking her own within them and denying her any manual dexterity. The sculpted mittens were fastened into position by the cuffs affixed into them and then her mask was applied. The close-fitting hood had a molded snout with canine ears and features, the interior pressing to her head, smothering her within it and submerging Lydia’s human visage. A covert vent by her chin would allow her to exploit the small slit accessing her mouth so she could eat and drink, cancelling any need to take the hood off.

The last portion was perhaps the most fitting; a thick and high collar laid over her own, a small identity disc swung from the front.

“Don’t you feel better? Now, bark for me, bark and I will feed you,” he promised, stepping back and clapping his thighs to goad her into the belittling behavior.

The woman called Lydia Brooks was gone. Of that benighted tourist there was not even the slightest trace left. And of the slave girl that had been crafted to banish this first incarnation only the tiniest dregs remained. She was now a hound, an animal, pet to the president.

With a soft bestial yelp she complied. “Again,” he demanded.

Once more she gave a meek yip, increasing the volume in solicitation of feeding. With a soft laugh he removed a small bowl from a drawer, the tin dish already laden with a pile of dog food. Having already been forced to ingest this substance before, Lydia’s hunger was strong enough to have her work around the conical, of her short snout. Guzzling the repulsive fare with speed, Lydia found the pulverized meaty nuggets far superior to the desiccated grain provided for her as a bird.

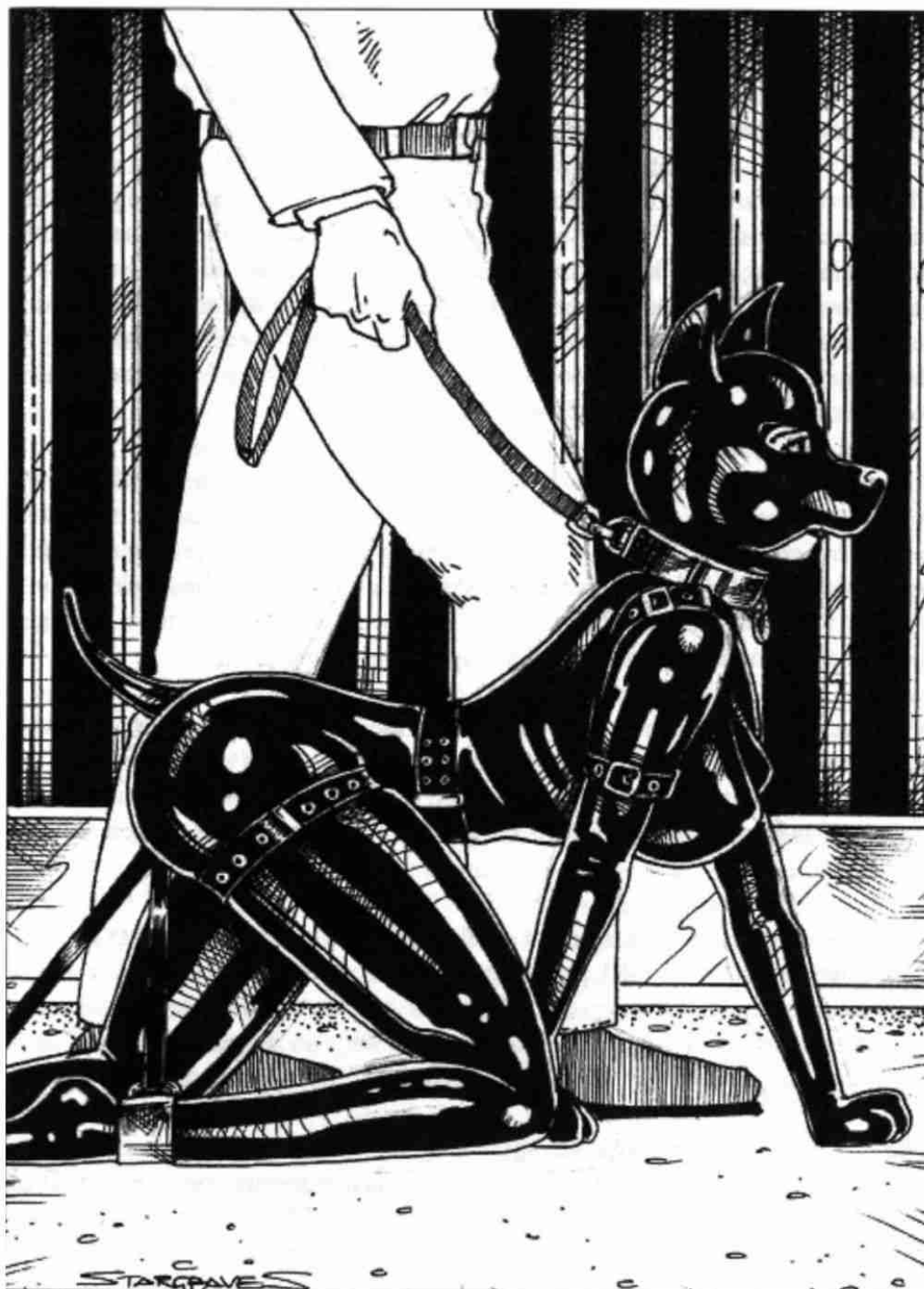
The sight of her, bent over, her rear swinging in the air, tail wagging, offering entry, proved too much for the wicked ruler to resist. She was too engrossed with filling her empty belly to detect his presence as he dropped down beside her and grabbed her hips. Slipping through an aperture at her rear he drilled into her suddenly, making her vent a croaking gasp of shock. Forcing up her hindquarters, the straps within the shell of rubber snapped taut and drew out the dildo. As she sank, the elasticity of the leotard drew it back in, making her quiver in rhapsody at the discovery of what she could gain for herself with movement.

Despite the violation, her ravenous appetite drove her to focus on her food, trying to quiet her ravenous stomach, trying not to allow herself to become distracted.

After finishing her dish she lapped at it. The feel of him continuing to grind himself into her was a wonderful sensation, his motions causing the inserted phallus to grant her more substantial pleasure, making her response to his sodomy all the more pronounced and energetic.

Turning from the dish, she laid her snout to the carpet, her eyes half-closed, her rear was hot from friction as he dove into her. Her own sex seeped with lust. Losing herself in the role, she gave soft whimpers and barks of encouragement and reply, answering his ravishing with the appropriate noises of a pup.

The sound of the acceptance of her role spurred him to new levels of passion, his dominating length becoming a piston in her rear, his hands fondling her smothered anatomy, squeezing her compressed breasts and running down the slick dome of her head.



Gripping her tightly, her owner started to swell within her at the approach of release and she felt an influx of fluid within her tracts. Arching her head up she howled into the air, the ululating

bay using an entire breath as she exhilarated in the stinging of her rear. The howl became a sharp bark as he drew free, the flight stealing her vitality, causing her to drop into a huddle, riding through the residual sensations that coursed through her penetrated anus.

Rising up, the man refastened his robe and rung a bell.

"I feel like a stroll. To walk my pet and take a trip to the zoo. Show her some of the other animals I keep in my menagerie," he muttered, his voice bloated with admiration and satiety.

The door opened and a pair of maids entered, moving in and taking out the clothes the president indicated, dressing him reverently.

Once clothed in an elegant suit, he clipped a leash to her and with a yank had her follow in his wake. Trailing obediently as they left the building and entered onto a garden road, the dildo shuffled sedately against her with every stride. It was not enough to bring her easily to orgasm but it proved a slow and constant temptation, a heady level of rhapsody that made her exceedingly pleased with her lot.

Led forward along the path, the dense banks of vegetation parted and revealed a sight of bizarre depravity. The path branched and looped around, carrying visitors about the sights. Numerous pens had been erected, the cages and sunken pits and pools placed for viewing ease.

This sprawling zoo was like no normal zoo. Instead it was an enforced gathering of human impostors. The first sight was a cage of lions, the women within trapped in a rough four-legged crouch, their extremities adorned with paws, their heads locked within snouted masks that gave them the apparition of felines. Some had the wild mane of a lion and had been embellished with phalluses so they might make use of the lionesses about them. The act of simulated coitus was the only diversion for the prowling beasts.

After the lions, came cages of wolves, deer, apes, and larger quadrupeds formed from two perpetually joined females - such as elephants, rhinoceros, and other typical zoo creatures. After these beasts, came a cage of birds, the many varieties providing a visual plethora of colors and shapes far greater than the single uniform used in the dining hall. The milling flocks were held within their aviaries, separated into mock breeds, their distraught song filling the air.

After the bird cages, came the reptile house, the females within held as lizards and as serpents, locked within tight-fitting patterned sheaths to deny them all but the most rudimentary actions. They basked under heat lamps that simulated the creatures' indigenous environment and proved a terrible bane upon their hapless frames.

The aquarium was perhaps the most cruel. The captives were doomed to fighting for air, rising as they needed, prowling below the surfaces in shoals. The slaves were unable to gain prolonged access to air because of the effort required in keeping to the surface. Unlike the mermaids they no longer had use of their arms, their single sheaths left the act of swimming a perpetual strain.

The scene was strange and arousing, the sight of such travail kindling a wish to be part of it, to be captured and encased in such rigorous confinement, even though she was already being held and prepared for life as a canine. This was why he was showing the zoo to her. These women were cursed to indifference, to be viewed and not used, to remain as mere rubber curios. Lydia, on the other hand, was a pet, a faithful hound at her owner's heels. One that would always be fondled, petted, punished and ravished as he saw fit. The lesson sank deep into her and made her swell with pride, a joy that, out of all the hundreds of women he had enslaved, she alone had been found worthy of lifetime companionship to him.

A long meandering walk carried her throughout the compound, the other guests greeting their enigmatic host and petting his puppy with fondness, congratulating him on the fine breed he possessed. The journey led her back to the palace where she was shown to the side of his bed and a newly crafted kennel. Her leash was clipped to the sturdy ring set beside the entrance and the water

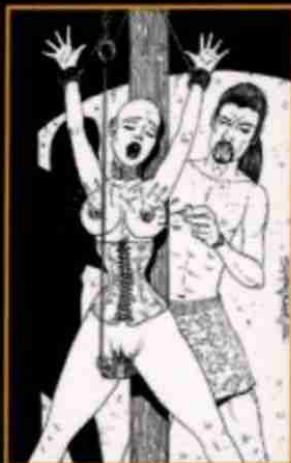
bowl. Stroking his hand down her slick skin, the president of the country looked down at her with satisfaction.

“You’ll be kenneled for now, my pet. After you’ve become accustomed to your new life, maybe you can sleep at the end of my bed,” he smiled, and bid her good night.

Crawling in, she found the floor of the interior soft and padded. She curled up and eased her limbs from the stress of the long voyage through the gardens, the sights branded into her memory.

Held in a tight ball, secure in her tight costume as its impermeable panes stretched across her back and rear from her posture, she laid down her head and closed her eyes. She was content and pleased with her lot and eager to experience the training for which he had made mention. It was remarkable how greatly her life had changed through the last chapter of her existence, and even more remarkable was how fortunate she was to have been dealt the twist of fate that granted her this new life. The future held no more terrors; she had found a peace more intense than any woman had ever known.

The END



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STARGRAVES

Condemned to the dark depths of the prison and the care of her cruel trainer, Lydia finds out the truth behind the country. At its heart is a cartel of sadistic rulers who love nothing more than to spend their ample wealth and time training inmates like Lydia as bondage and sex slaves.

Transferred to a secret mansion, Lydia is forced through numerous ordeals of extreme rubber containment, fiendish technological torment, punishment and submissive servitude to the guests of the palace, and slowly she begins to succumb to the seductive lure of enjoying her position as the personal trained pet of the President.



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About the Author

Born and raised in London, Bruce was a Royal Marine Cadet, has worked in demolition, rainforest preservation and for the Ministry of Defense, Harvey Nichols and Selfridges, but writing was always his one true passion. He encountered a wonderful Californian and after marrying, they moved to San Francisco in '98 where he worked and played in the S&M community before relocating to Seattle a few years later. He has written many books and illustrated a number for other publishers. Several works are under development into graphic novels and computer animated series/films.

