

DEVASTATION

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Synopsis: A story of abject subjugation and extreme fetishism chillingly described through the eyes of the sadistic lesbian Dr Sabirah Najwa, a clinical and behavioral psychologist. Also, in part told through the eyes of the victim.... the attractive, statuesque City high-flyer Petra. A single mother with a 'perfect' life, plucked from her normal, privileged world. Her sexuality exploited, twisted, enhanced and used to ensure her trip down into the Vortex is one-way only.

"DEVASTATION"

Part 1 - A Perfect Life No More

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Dr Sabirah Najwa

My name is Sabirah Najwa. I'm a 49 year old clinical and behavioral psychologist resident in London though Arabic in origin. In Arabic, Sabirah means "patient" and Najwa means "confidential talk, secret conversation."

I am a lesbian Sadist. And also a Fetishist. I must add, I am neither a Sadist, nor a Fetishist in the common misconceptions of the words. I will say only at this point that normal cliched conventions of BDSM and Fetishism bore me. They don't interest me. They never have, and never will. I choose a very different path to very different and totally devastating ends.

Forword by Dr Sabirah Najwa

If I were to 'label' this story, or indeed any of my written works, first and foremost it would be 'Fantasy'. Psycho-Sexual. Psycho-Fetish are also labels that could apply, since deeper feminine issues are explored. Always fiction of course, despite the level of realism applied and levels of

inspiration gained from real-life. Sometimes verging on the taboo. Always exploring the edges of limits. Peering over the edges into the darkness where others are afraid to venture. Some less open minded individuals could apply the label 'Horror' to my stories certainly 'Perverse', since for my 'victims', usually there is only a one-way trip down into a vortex that is really, bottomless.

Come.... be immersed in "My" world....

ONE - Petra

It's probably once only in a Sadist's lifetime that her ideal 'subject' will come along. That is if she is lucky. Once, where all the boxes are ticked. Everything comes together into a perfect 'package'. The age of the subject. Her physical attributes. Her domestic situation. Her career status and circumstances. Her character and personality. The strengths, the weaknesses and the traits. Every single box ticked. Everything right so that the hairs on the back of the Sadist's neck stand upright, erect.

I met Petra by pure chance for the first time at a corporate, fund raising function. She was the PA of a Chief Executive of a City finance group. I was representing my own private clinic attempting to raise funds into research of the extremities of human behavior. Quite ironic really given how things were to develop.

Obviously certain boxes were ticked immediately. Striking, stunning looks and vital statistics I was to later find out were a height of 5'10" and curves measuring 38d-25-35. Long thick, luscious hair a shade darker than flame red and huge pools of hazel eyes with naturally thick, curled lashes. Her lips. full and delicately shaped and with a natural pout. Her complexion, pale, slightly freckled across her nose and under her eyes. With the addition of impossibly long legs, tapered and shaped in all the right places, Petra caught my eye immediately.

Then there was her sense of style, and dress which quite simply flattered her elegance to the extreme. Featuring designer dresses and suits that enhanced her best attributes. Indeed not a lady of the shy retiring type. A woman who knows how good she looks, and enjoys that. One who knows her best attributes and how to subtly draw attention to them. And yet also, not overtly sexual either. Better described as subtle, mature, and matching her thirty three years to perfection. I am usually quite good at guessing ages of other women and indeed correctly guessed Petra's age as early thirties.

Petra, before even a word had been exchanged between us, had captured my attention to the fullest. There was a natural grace to her. The way she moved. The way she carried herself. I liked that. I liked that very much. More than that though, there was a confidence. A self assurance. A self gratification that suggested that Petra was pleased, and content with the life she had. I especially liked that.

Also, there was more than a hint of arrogance. From a distance it was difficult to finger the source of the arrogance. Just in her stance. The way she appeared to talk to others. The way she looked at others in her presence. Petra was a delight to study from a distance. Any woman capable of such overt arrogance had also to be highly intelligent. Intelligence in a woman, for me, is very desirable. An intelligent woman is a woman who would understand what she was going through. Understand and 'feel' the journey she is taken on, maximizing the effect. Maximizing her suffering.

There were more boxes to be ticked once the inevitable introduction had been made. Petra's first words to me tripped from her immaculately glossed lips effortlessly.

"Oh.... so you are the head-doctor? I'm SOOO pleased to meet you."

With those words came a massive, wide lipstick smile. Her accent very English. Very educated. Very sophisticated. As I've said, intelligent. Very delicious. Her chosen words, and tone quite, and purposely so, derisive, dismissive even. Falling short of 'rude' and yet barely doing so. Instead settling on patronizing and with her infectious smile and big eyes lingering it was as though it was the effect she had intended, and desired. And an effect that she was well practiced at. Well used to obtaining. A thrill down my own spine. Had I found my 'ideal' subject?

"Pleased to meet you too Petra, truly."

My own accent, perfectly measured English and yet with a slightly less than thick Arabic accent. The tone an octave lower, slightly broken, almost, but not quite, husky. My smile very sincere. Very real and completely, expertly camouflaging my deep and meaningful thoughts about this woman. I like women content with their life. I like women who are confident, and arrogant. Confidence, Arrogance and Contentment. A delicious combination. Like that of Beauty, Intelligence and Aloofness. All of the ingredients of a perfect subject. Indeed in the flesh and up close, Petra was a vision to behold. She certainly deserved further investigation.

I waited for the crowd to diminish, having already succeeded in securing a sizeable donation from Petra's bosses. Buying Petra a drink, suggesting we move to the quiet tables at the back of the bar, much more relaxing. Much easier to talk. All the time studying her. The way she moved. The way she carried herself. All of particular interest to me in my pursuits. Sliding into the quiet tables set out in little semi circular booths at the back of the bar. Breaking the ice, directly and with no prejudice.

“Ok Petra, I have to come clean, I am a lesbian, but I promise I am not hitting on you ok.”

I smile wide. Even allow a little chuckle. And Petra breaks out in a quite raucous laughter that melts any new-meeting tension.

“Oh.... so, you’re not hitting on me then. I’m disappointed, really I am.”

She keeps a dead straight face for all of two seconds before her stunningly attractive features break into a wide, wide grin. Another display of her intelligence. And some sense of humor.

“Its ok, really Sabirah, I have quite a few lesbians in my circle of friends. I prefer female company to male any ways. No worries. Really I mean that.”

I nod, all the time checking out this delicious woman. The purring in my throat audible only to me.

“Well maybe I should say, not hitting on you ‘yet’.”

Another laugh, another re-cross of the legs required by both of us. Once my initial interest is grabbed, I like to check out women in greater detail. Petra really is a stunning woman . In all respects. If a woman spends time on her appearance it always stands up to close scrutiny. Her lips, perfect and she ensures they are always made up thus. Careful lining. Careful color. Careful gloss. The same with the eyes. Absolute attention to the detail. The minutest of detail from brush stroke direction, to thickness of mascara applied. Looking as good as Petra did didn’t happen straight out of bed. Her makeup was applied with a relaxed, yet practiced expertise and highlighted the best features of her face. Her lips and her eyes, and her delicately high cheekbones. Her nails, manicured, perfectly and matching her lips.

Her style of dress, impeccable. The fitted pants suit in the most expensive of silks just oozing a class and education of style and elegance. The jacket perfectly fitted over her flared hips and the silk top underneath, just a tease of sexiness. The pants, silk, wide. They flowed elegantly when she walked. Her high heels more or less covered by the hems of these pants and created almost an effortless ‘glide’ when she walked. Very tall on her own merits but it was obvious she favored the higher heels. It didn’t take that much imagination to see that Petra had the longest of legs under those silky pants. Pity I couldn’t see those legs on this first occasion. But I had quite enough to be getting on with. Another secret purrrrr to myself.

Her hair, pulled back tight, quite severely from her face... that striking flame red plume and secured back in a high, tight pony tail. Barely a loose, wayward hair to be seen. So neat, so perfect. She looked the consummate professional, and was. This had been a business meeting and she had been representing her company so her power-dressing was appropriate. Effective and seemingly effortless.

“So tell me a bit about yourself Petra. have you been with the company long? You seem to have the measure of things.”

I make casual chit chat with wide sincere smiles. Totally off the cuff.

“HmMMM well, actually yes. I moved to London about nine years ago and got a break with the company. I’ve been so lucky. They were so understanding, even when my daughter came along. My daughter is 16 now but in the early years the company provided childcare. Everything, the works. Even now I can get her looked after if I need to. I feel my life is right about now. Just about perfect. A place for everything, everything in its place.”

I smile, nod as she speaks. taking it all in. watching her mouth as she talks. Such a delicious mouth. There is no greater pleasure for a woman of my ‘interests’, than to hear another woman speak of her happiness. How content with life she is. Just those basic things telling me already that this woman is so happy with her life. Just the reflection in her voice, so obvious that she wouldn’t want to lose all that. And at the same time obvious that she would be destroyed, and devastated if she did lose, even a little of it. Thank her lucky stars even though she doesn’t have anything to thank them for.

“Oh.. so you have a daughter? How old is she?”

I chit chat as I sip my wine, and watch as Petra sips her own. So content with life. She has a daughter! I barely can contain the excitement in my voice, having to clear my throat before I speak.

“Yes, yes I do. Stefani is sixteen, just. She really is the most beautiful thing in my world. I couldn’t ever imagine anything taking the place of the importance she holds in my life...”

Her voice drenched with love and adoration for her daughter. I liked that attachment. That pure mother love.

“Awwww that is so sweet. So cute... She must be heading for those dreaded exams, as well as all the other things teenage girls go through?”

My voice in no way patronizing - just oozing sincerity and a genuine well practiced curiosity.

“Oh yes, tell me about it. Terrible teens. But I just love having her around. So vibrant and full of life. Everything to look forward to.”

The adoration in her voice almost sickly sweet.

“Dad isnt around then I take it?”

Petra nearly chokes mid gulp of her chilled Chardonnay.

“Ooooooh noooooooo no dad. I have to say that Stefani was a ‘mistake’. A one night stand that shouldn’t really have happened. But I wouldn’t be without her now. Not for anything. But her dad has never been on the scene, ever. Doesn’t even know she exists. Didn’t even know I was pregnant... just the way I like it...”

For the first time, a slight hint of emotion in her voice. I just lean forward tap her lightly on her knee.

“Its quite ok sweetie, I understand completely. We all need ‘something’ in our lives, but a man definitely isn’t one of those things...”

She regains her composure very quickly. Almost instantly and smiles.

“I’m sorry. I get a little touchy where Stefani is concerned. A lot of people draw conclusions about me because I am a single mother. And because I had her when I was so young myself. It doesn’t get to me like it used to though. So its cool. Besides I have been so lucky. fallen on my feet as it were. I have my own house in the country that is bought and paid for. Mostly from bonuses paid by my company. I have exclusive use of a company penthouse when in London so.... I just feel so content, so complete. I don’t know.. its hard to find the right words sometimes.”

Her voice trails of. Has regained some of its aloof, even arrogant self gratified edge. All the time I am making mental notes. This woman definitely deserved more of my time. I looked at her jewelry. Mostly gold, all expensive and dripping from all the right bits of her person.

“Well.... you don’t need to worry about me drawing wrong conclusions. I take people as i find them. Or how they want to be found. I don’t judge and I don’t draw conclusions only fact. I do know that Stefani is extremely lucky to have such an intelligent, beautiful mother as you. And that you have absolutely her own best interests at heart always. Its a joy to meet you really it is.”

Again infectious smiles exchanged between us. Her smile is glowing with self pride as she becomes relaxed, and not so guarded in my presence.

“Anyway.... enough about me... what about you Sabirah. What’s your story.”

Petra has a way of ‘flirting’ that wouldn’t be obvious to everyone. Just a way of using her eyes and her facial expressions. They linger longer than normal. Her eyes pierce deeper than normal. And always with a slight curl of her wide mouth into an ‘almost’ there smile. Petra, a woman used to playing games. Getting her own way. Using her femininity, even sexuality in subtle ways to get it.

“Hmmm well. Not much to tell. I moved to London 20 years ago. Daddy was an oil rich Arab. He put me through college and then set me up in my own practice when I got here. I expanded in a short space of time and now have the clinic. Its a private clinic and that in turn funds a lot of the research we do.”

Petra listening intently always sipping on the wine. Nodding seeming deeply interested.

“Oh wow.... so what is the research all about?”

I sip casually coming to the end of my wine.

“Mainly mental health issues. Although we are running a program now studying human behaviors. But all linked to mental health. Or to be precise extremities of human behavior... and the darker sides to mental health. All a little deep, but very good for the profile of the clinic. I am also personally studying hypnotism, and something called auto-suggestion in association with hypnotism.”

If Petra faked the interest, she did it well. Very well.

“Wow.... I’m impressed. You’ll have to show me around some day. I would be very interested. Do you know, I’m due a three month leave period which I can take any time I like. Maybe I should put that on my ‘to do’ list?”

Her self invite was doing no harm what-so-ever. And yet more information pouring from her. I liked Petra more and more with each passing minute.

“Oh... a three month leave. How lucky are you? Did you plan on doing anything special? I mean don't get me wrong, I am happy to show you around the clinic of course but I cant imagine a gorgeously hot thing like you wouldn't have immense plans?”

Petra finishes up her wine with an exaggerated smack of her lips.

“I hadn't 'planned' anything at all. I did want to go traveling and could. Organizing care for Stefani whilst I was away would be easy. Not that she needs that much looking after at sixteen. But... like I said nothing planned. Its why I have so much vacation time owed. I never actually plan to do anything so it all just mounts up.”

My mind was beginning to work overtime. A plan. But certain wheels had to be put into motion. Petra, every time she opened her mouth, moved a muscle, flicked her hair, or flirted with me with those huge pool like eyes, was becoming more and more perfect. However, it was time to bring this initial chat to a close. I had my own checks to initiate. A little more ground work to complete.

“Well, look... why don't you book the time off work and you can come to stay with me as my guest at the clinic for a few days. Just a suggestion. You can take a good look round. Give all good reports back to the bosses as to how their money is being spent, hahahaha..... but seriously, in the mean time, I have to go. I'm already late for an appointment, so captivating have you been. And I mean that, really.”

Petra takes the opportunity to flirt with her eyes again. And I seemingly play back.

“Awwwwwww well... if you MUST go.... but yes that sounds like a plan. I like plans. Why don't we take each others cell phone numbers, and meet again soon and we can discuss further?”

“That sounds like a plan too Petra yeah! We can do a drink or something, less formal than today, maybe in a week or so?”

We agree, exchange numbers and I give Petra a hug as I leave. It doesn't escape me that she hugs me back close, pressing her substantial breasts into me and extending her deep red lips into a pout

as she air kisses each of my cheeks. Another of her flirty characteristics. I let her leave ahead of me. I want to see the pure elegance of walk as she glides out. She doesn't disappoint.

TWO - Seeds Planted

I ran a few checks on Petra. She was who she said she was. No alarm bells ringing. Impeccable credit records, served obviously by her perfect life. A lucky woman in many respects. And yet, due to her looks, her life, her luck, life was closer to dealing her a devastating hand. A cruel cruel blow. Lucky, perfect Petra was soon to become poor, poor Petra.

I received a text message from Petra the day following that first meeting.

"Sabirah, it was so good talking to you last night. I'm looking forward to our less formal drink in a few days... Petra xxx"

I smiled as I read it. Three little kisses at the end. Almost juvenile in their inclusion in the message. Except I knew that in Petra's case, it was her little way of continuing the flirt with my lesbianism. I'm not the world's greatest 'texter'. In fact, I do it more under duress than as a normal way of life. In Petra's case though, I made an exception.

"Petra. Yes me too. Be sure to dress to impress. I'd love to see those yummy long legs of yours... :) Sabirah xxx PS - not coming on to you of course:)"

Petra liked games, I gleaned that much from her. This was a game I liked. A game which served a higher purpose. A game which would draw her closer to me. A few days later another text.

"How does Friday evening sound? The new wine bar just off Canary Wharf 7pm? Legs and killer heels, just for you :) Petra xxx"

Just that simple text told me so much about her. "Legs and killer heels". She knew, appreciated the appeal of her legs. And of heels that accentuated them more. I liked her more and more. Poor, poor Petra!

"That sounds divine Petra. I cant wait to see you, you tease :) Sabirah xxx"

Just a play along, with her flirt. Even a little encouraging it. Teasing it. Coaxing it. It all helps the process. I could almost 'taste' Petra already. I clenched my thighs. The second meeting was set. I couldn't wait. Wheels were in motion.

If the tiniest thought had crossed my mind that Petra might not 'make the effort' on our second meeting. It was quickly dispelled. Not just quickly dispelled but absolutely and without question. This was a woman who knew how to look her best in work suits. For an early evening meeting however, with a friend in a stylish city wine bar, she excelled. More than excelled. But she knew that.

Petra wore a shimmering gold dress made mostly of silk, with sequins. But around the low cut front it was edged with delicate gold lace that framed the uplift of her heavy, succulent breasts to perfection, making her orbs partly obscured, and yet teasingly not. The flesh could be seen to move and roll through the silk, through the lace edging and also the bare flesh above the dress material. The dress also had a low cut back that plummeted down in a gradual "V" from her shoulders and the narrowest point ending up just above her tail bone. Delightfully tantalizing. A perfect back, with a natural spinal curve. The dress, a cross between a cocktail and party dress, was short. Above mid thighs but delicate gold tassels hung in a fringe all the way round them hem. These tassels swirled and danced in time to whatever movement she was performing at the time. And which gave teasing little glimpses of upper leg. A totally astounding sight were Petra's legs and deliciously extended by her shoes. Legs so long, so perfectly shaped and tapered and enhanced more with those 'killer heels'. Calves well shaped, taught from the high heels. Gold court shoes, with stilettos of at least five and half inches. Absolute killer heels that at the same time, contrasted and blended in with the sheer, silky dark brown hose that sheathed the seemingly endless legs. My secret purr resonated in my throat when I saw her.

When she entered the bar I was already there. I intended that. I wanted to see her entrance. I had a feeling that this woman liked to make entrances and I was so right. A woman who could turn heads, absolutely with no problem what so ever.

Her make up was just perfect. Even to the eye shadow with gold glitters matching her dress. Striking, almost trademark deep red lips, lined hard for effect. Not smooth gloss though. Slightly textured, glittery lipstick which just went with her overall dress, totally. And her striking red hair. Looser than the first time we met. Looser that is around the back and sides and yet some of the hair gathered from high at the back of her head and banded into a little, high pony tail. This added to her grace and elegance. Even to her height. Drawing attention to it, highlighting it.

As she walked in, looking around for me. Heads just turned towards her, taking her in. She was used to this. Liked it. Practically wallowed in such adoration. I didn't let her see me at first. Just dodging behind a pillar so I could watch her move. Watch her smile at the men who poured their eyes over her. At their women who seethed through gritted teeth at her. Some of those women would be in total glee at what would be in eventual store for Petra. If they knew. Or maybe not! She loved it.

Knew how to dress. Knew how to make the best of her best attributes. Knew how to impress. Indeed I was impressed. I eventually waved through to her and she saw me. A beaming smile across her wide, full lipped mouth.

“Petra..... my god, you look totally out there girl. I am impressed.”

Exaggerating my Arabic accent a little. Moving in for a hug and true to form she presses herself right into me, crushing her breasts and hugging, then kissing my cheeks, just to the side, but very close to my mouth so that I can feel, and all but taste her hot breath. I feel my own breath quicken. Taken away. But I keep it in check. Regulate it again. Respond to her tease with a wry smile.

“Why thank you Sabirah. Its so good to see you again, really it is. And you are looking better every time I see you.”

The same smile. I am dressed a little more conservatively having come direct from a business meeting. Fitted suit, jacket, blouse, hose and heels. My own five feet six inches only moderately boosted with four inch heels.

“Awwwww Petra, you’re too kind..... why don’t we get a booth down here. We can talk.”

I point and Petra is only too happy to lead the way knowing that my eyes are all over her from behind as she walks. Heels forcing something of a strut, her bottom slip-sliding and moving inside the silk of the dress. The back view of her amazingly long legs as spectacular as the front and side views. We order a bottle of white on ice and slide into the plush velvet seating.

“Mmmmmm so Petra, what have you been up to? And have you thought any more about that three month vacation period?”

I see no point in delaying the important questions. Petra checks her makeup in a little mirror. At the same time she is nodding slightly, acknowledging what I am saying to her and what I am asking her.

“Oh absolutely I have. I’m doing another week and a bit. Do a little hand over to my stand in.... and well, the world’s my oyster s it were.”

She smiles that infectious, gorgeous, still flirty smile and we spend the next half hour exchanging pleasantries. All the time I am watching her, studying her. I cant help that. Not only am lesbian with a penchant for statuesque women, but I am also a psychological professional, with an interest in

what makes people tick. Its the deeper aspect of what makes people tick that appeals to a particular side of my lesbianism. I let her lead the conversation. Knowing that she wants to.

“Sooooo tell me, about this Hypno stuff you’re into then? I’m fascinated truly. I always said that I could never be hypnotized. I’m too self centered, too self obsessed. If I am honest I never believed that anyone could actually, truly be ‘hypnotized’. No offense like.”

She grins believing her own words. I just take a sip of wine, nod showing that I hear what she’s saying.

“Nahhhhhh Petra, it’s the self obsessed, self centered ones that make the best subjects. Trust me, I know. But hey I applaud you for your honesty and no offense taken really.”

She giggles kind of mischievously. I know she’s just teasing me. Kind of refreshing, even endearing in a mature woman. Obviously one who only really lets her hair down away from the office. Thats good I respect her professionalism.

“Look, I’ll show you. I wont put you right ‘under’ here. But I can partially trance you. Just sub-trance you. You’ll feel relaxed, chilled but aware of everything. Then I’ll take you out of it as quickly as I put you into it. Up for it? Hmmmmm?”

I look directly at Petra. See her smile fade slightly. But still a fascination, almost too strong to resist. My direct prodding at what really is an inherent fear of being taken out of her comfort zone, obvious, glaring.

“Awwwwwww I don’t know.. sounds a little freaky to me....”

“Ok, it doesn’t matter. No harm done. Just wanted to show you that you could actually be tranced.”

I don’t force the issue at all. I don’t need to. I know I don’t. We sip a few more mouthfuls in silence and then Petra speaks again.

“Ok.... what do I have to do? ... and not all the way under right?”

I take a long slow sip of the wine. Don’t answer straight away as I sense the anticipation in her voice. Let it linger. Let it dwell. I slowly, finger a large ring on my middle finger of my right hand.

“You don’t have to do anything Petra. Just watch my ring here. Focus on it and focus on my voice. Block everything else out. Just focus on the ring and my voice. Nothing else... ok? Just totally relax. Chill. Focus.”

I look at her, and her at me for a split second before she looks down at my ring.

“W-well, ok then...”

The ring is a clear cut crystal. A large stone that reflects and refracts light in all directions and in all colors. It isn’t a ‘magic ring’. Just a point of focus. Something to hold the focus whilst my voice filters in.

“Just relax. Look at the ring. See only that and hear just my voice...”

My voice changes from the ‘friendly lesbian’ to a more professional, slightly sterner voice. But softly so. Not forcing itself. Just gently filtering in with stronger more direct undertones.

“You’ll feel slightly sleepy but your eyes wont close. Just relax. Listen watch the ring. Listen to my voice. Watch and listen. Watch and listen. Watch listen. Listen watch.....”

I’m right so right and can see the signs as she sinks into a void, halfway between reality and another place. Its not hard. It never is with women who have Petra’s outgoing, confident personality. In truth, most of her sort, want control taken from them to differing degrees. I continue to hold her gaze. Watch her eyes focussing on the ring.

“Ok Petra, you are there... no dramas... no pain... just there in that good place, yes? You feel good right? Chilled. Relaxed. Good, yes?”

My voice almost like liquid silk and it pours into her psyche.

“Mmmmmm yeah, i do feel good actually, yes.”

She smiles a little dreamily. But still acutely aware. She feels ‘good’ because that is what I have ‘suggested; she feels. She’s sub-trance and very vulnerable to manipulation.

I lean forward, gently at my hips, keeping my own legs crossed, and place one hand on Petra's upper most thigh. My first touch of her spectacular legs, Then so very gently I bend one finger and use the nail to 'scritch' against the sheer nylon.

Scritch Scritch Scritch.

"Mmmmm thats good Petra. Really good. Now can you feel that scritch scritch scritch sound? Hmmmmm can you? And can you feel it... ever so gentle scritchng... soooo gentle?"

I'm watching her face all the time. I recognize the part trance in her. No-one else would. People in the wine bar, just walking by, taking no notice. Nothing strange going on. Just two grown women having a deep conversation. Could be lesbian, Who cares in this part of the city? No-one cares.

"Okkkk.... whenever you feel that scritch Petra, you'll automatically sink into this part trance. Do you understand?"

She still has that dreamy smile on her face. Not a care or concern in the world.

"Mmmmmmm yes ok..... scritch scritch scritch."

"Yesssss thats right. Scritch scritch scritch..... The scritch can be through stockings, hose, skirt, pants, or bare flesh. But it will always be a scritch on your leg. Maybe your thigh. Your knee. Your calf. Always a scritch scritch scritch. Do you understand Petra?"

My voice low, calming, soothing. Hypnotic.

"It can either put you into or trance. Or take you out if you are already there. Ok?"

I scritch once more before removing my fingers and hand from her leg.

"Yeah, yeah I got that....."

“Good girl. The next time you feel that scritch you will wake up but remember everything as though its normal. Ok Petra?”

She smiles wide and nods again. She fully understands and now the trigger to trance is fully planted in her head.

I sit back again now, totally confident, totally knowing that Petra is one hundred percent focused on what I am saying. The gentle hum and buzz of the bar around us had faded to grey for her.

In her psyche. I have used my quite vast and deep experience to render her susceptible in next to no time. Quickly, precisely.

“I have an idea Petra, a suggestion. I thought, maybe it would be a good idea for you to take part in my program. My program on human behaviors. I think you could benefit from this Petra. What do you think hmmmmm?”

Petra lets the words filter in but is nodding in agreement even before I have finished speaking.

“Uhhhhh yesssss. yes if you think that would be a good idea, then, then so do I Sabirah.”

I smile encouragingly at her as I reach into my leather bag, taking out a document.

“Yes, well I do think its a good idea Petra. You will need to sign this consent form. It simply puts you into our care for the time of your inclusion in our program. Any trials or research is strictly governed. Just details really. Quite boring legal stuff Petra. Its not like anything ever goes ‘wrong’. This is just a safeguard, for you and for us. You wouldn’t have any objection to signing the consent Petra, no?”

“Oh, no, no of course not Sabirah. I’m all to aware of ticking the boxes and keeping the right paperwork.”

I smile as I slip the form in front of her and lay a pen across the top of it. She’s saying all the things she would in her normal day to day life, except with added incentive of the planted seeds. Responding to auto-suggestions.

“Good girl. You just sign on the dotted line then sweetie and I’ll fix us up with some more wine.”

I give her a little 'wink' which serves to massage her mind a little more. I nod to a passing tender, for another bottle of wine. Petra leans forward at her waist. Her breasts heaving under the lace edging of the dress, threatening to spill out as she picks up the pen and scrawls a well practiced signature across the dotted line. I look directly at the shifting breasts, and the nylon sheathed crossed legs, and the shifting silk dress with the tassles falling away to show more of her upper legs. My silent purr tickling my throat.

"You really are a delicious woman Petra, aren't you?"

Without a seconds thought and agreeing immediately with my 'suggestion'.

"HmMMM yes I am."

I smile.

"Thats right, you are. Tell me Petra what do you think are your best attributes? Tell me what you like about yourself. What other people like about you?"

She thinks. Pushes her lips out with her tongue and then answers precisely.

"My legs, breasts, my bottom.... my hair, eyes, lips.....I like them, everybody likes them."

She shrugs as she hears herself reeling off her best attributes. And she giggles as well holding up one hand to her mouth in an almost adolescent way.

"I'm sorry that sounds awful, but it's true. Really it is."

"Noooo Petra, not at all. I agree with you. Totally. Those and probably more we may find out at some point."

She shifts on her seat, totally at ease now totally relaxed totally in the good place, re-crossing her legs, shifting her torso inside the silk dress slightly and a wide smile on her gorgeous mouth. This part of the conversation seeming to gratify her, please her greatly. Something that I take careful mental notes on as I take the consent form and slip it back into a folder and back into my bag.

“You wont discuss your plans or intentions for your period of vacation, with anyone. Is that clear Petra.”

She looks quite casual quite calm even with my direct, sterner voice.

“Ok, yes sure...”

“When you leave work on your last day, just go straight back to your apartment and wait. A car will pick you up.”

She’s nodding, agreeing taking it all in as her throat rolls with another swallow of wine.

“You wont need to pick up, or meet Stefani. I will take care of that, ok Petra?”

Again the casual nod, a complete agreement. Complete trust. The seeds in her growing and growing.

“Also you wont need to pack any bags, or change of clothes. Just wait, as you are and the car will pick you up. OK?”

Careful to get confirmation she understands. That my suggestions are registering. Once she has acknowledged and agreed, these suggestions are firmly in her head and will be adhered to.

“Good girl.....”

I lean forward again, and just gently scritch one nail against the nylon sheathed calf of her casually bouncing leg.

“You’ll come back down now, and out of trance. But everything will be normal and you’ll remember absolutely everything we’ve discussed. You wont be concerned about anything and you will be quite looking forward to your vacation period.....”

There’s an almost imperceptible blink of her huge, gorgeous eyes and Petra is back with me. Fully aware. I lean back, smiling.

“You know what Petra, I think you are going to be an ideal subject for my programme. Maybe we’ll all learn something.”

My smile is wide, sincere. My tone back to that friendly, off duty tone.

“Oh god, you know Sabirah.... me too. I’m quite excited, really I am.”

Absolute sincerity in her voice. I liked that. We spend the rest of the evening small-talking. Girls talk. A chance for me to find out more and more about this woman. Her penchant for high heels for instance. And indications that she is a quite highly sexed individual and how she has worked hard over the years to disguise that. Hide it due to her public, high profile life. I liked that to. Her almost dripping shame at this admission palpable and failing to make her look into my eyes. I simply nod sympathetically. Understandingly and she looks partly relieved she has got that off her not inconsiderable chest. Mental notes and more mental notes.

We hug closely at the end of the evening. Now a bond between us and her flirt quite natural to me. An accepted part of her character.

“We’ll talk soon Petra.....”

She turns back, waves and is gone. The click click of her heels seeming amplified.

THREE - The Clinic and Stage One

With the trigger and suggestions installed into Petra, I didn’t need to do any close follow up on arrangements from her side. And wheels had already been placed in motion from my side. Over the next week or so, I exchanged a few text messages with Petra. Feeding her and encouraging her. Nurturing her. As usual her messages were flirty. I smiled as I read them. Flirted back, deliberately. Deliberate in a clinical sense that is.

On the day of Petra’s arrival at the clinic, I met her myself on the steps. My personal driver, a tall lithe platinum blonde, by the name of Esther, had picked her up and whisked her into the country. Petra’s ability to stun with her ‘vision’ didn’t diminish even with her ‘ordinary’ work clothes. She arrived in just what she wore to work that day. A tight skirted suit. The skirt black, almost pencil in design practically hobbling her just above the knees. Sheer black nylon encasing her delicious legs

and the stiletto court shoes patent, shiny and black. A stylish silky top under her black jacket and her hair, striking, almost metallic red in the late afternoon sunlight. The hair quite blinding and yet tied up high and tight in her trademark work style pony tail. The pony tail sourced high on her head and seeming to erupt from her crown. The tail itself swinging across her back as she walked. Her make up perfect, slightly over done in the vain of city workers who, quite frankly were usually just that, 'vain'.

"Petra.... welcome to my humble abode."

Not that it was actually where I chose to 'live'. But it was a good welcoming line. Petra had established quite a few 'trademarks' for herself, it seemed, over the years. Her perfect look. The gliding striding strut when she walked, even in tight skirts, Her high tight pony tail. Her emphasized lips, and eyes. And then her 'hug'. Her flirting, almost obscene hug in which she presses her torso in, squeezes her breasts into whoever she is hugging. On this occasion me. Trademark of a perfect women in a perfect life. Comfortable with herself. Confident with herself and within herself.

"Mmmmmmm its good to be here. God this place is so impressive...."

She broke away from the hug, referring to the huge secluded building in acres and acres of its own grounds. Some wooded and some with extensive lawns. The central part of the building led into a huge old stately house but it was at the rear that building works had converted and extended the building into what it was today.

"Why thank you Petra... come now, lets get you inside. Its chilly out here."

I walked her into the clinic arm in arm, chatting to her like we were old established friends. A few faces appeared at the office admin windows above the entrance, curious to see who the new inclusion into the program was. Those faces appearing then disappearing. Others taking their place then fading back out of sight. Petra smiled in her own infectious way at the ones she saw, or caught sight of. There were no smiles back though. Just long studious looks at her. I took her in. Talking to her all the time.

"As usual you look fabulous sweetie."

She liked compliments. lapped them up. She smiled puckering her lips and blowing a kiss in thanks. I took her out to the rear of the building on ground level and then to a lift marked, "Authorized Personnel Only".

“The research program takes place in the sub-level of the building, away from the main clinic. Its quite important that its separated from every day life.”

She nods, understanding totally what I’m saying as we enter the lift. The doors slide close and it begins its descent.

“Of course, yes I understand. My god, I feel a little nervous all of a sudden.”

She tries to shrug it off with a soft laugh and a giggle. Not very convincing though as I move in close to Petra, nodding sympathetically.

SCRITCH SCRITCH SCRITCH

My finger nail scraping her upper thigh lightly, through the tightness of her skirt and then a split second. A nano-second even where her eyes glaze and she slips into that partial trance. I recognize it immediately. She needs to feel good in these very early stages. That is of utmost importance.

“There.... is that better Petra. Just relax. Although it is good to feel apprehensive. Thats a desired feeling Petra, do you understand? Apprehension is good... very good.”

Another seed firmly planted. My tone of voice changed. The hypnotic voice back again, working in conjunction with the scritch, and the auto suggestions. Her face has changed. The apprehension across such a beautiful face almost painted on like a mask. She nods, nibbles her bottom lip slightly as the lift descends into the uppermost floor of the sub levels.

“Y-yes, yes I understand yes....”

The lift opens out into a reception area. First impressions would be that the reception area is like that in an up-market boutique hotel. Plush, very expensively furnished and rather than a reception desk, a normal low level desk with flat screen pc monitors sunk in and tilted at a viewable angle. Another striking thing, for any newcomers is the lack of sound coming from the upper floors. Or from the outside. The lack of any sound at all. The vacuum effect is such that others visitors have experienced ‘popped ears’ on the way down in the lift. There was no immediate evidence that it had occurred in Petra though.

Behind the reception desk an attractive, petite girl, in her early twenties. She is dressed in a pseudo medical-come nurse uniform. But her face is made up, and striking in attention to detail, just as Petra's always is. She smiles at me.

"Good evening Miss Najwa. Its so good to see you again."

Her tone and manner is perfectly, even overly polite. I nod and smile at her as she flicks her eyes across and looks Petra up and down very slowly very deliberately. The smile fading.

"Alyson.... this is Petra. Our latest volunteer. She will be staying with us for a little while."

The introduction very short. Very curt. My friendly manner and tone fading now. The detachment and professionalism now taking its place. Alyson doesn't even acknowledge Petra directly.

"She looks perfect Miss Najwa. Absolutely perfect."

Again that almost insipid politeness, born out of a total respect for me. And the non acknowledgment of Petra. It wont have escaped Petra. She will have been used to being introduced to people at the highest level. Here though, practically a complete brush-off by some sort of receptionist-nurse. And the casual remarks about her as though she weren't even present. Oh, yes that would not have escaped Petra. It will have sunk into her psyche, very delicately and rested there. Just to the side of the apprehension I had planted earlier.

"I'm sure she will be just that Alyson..... Shall we get Petra signed in now?"

It was my little prompt to Alyson to get her little clipboard with the signing in sheet for all visitors. She got it out, placed a pen across it and barely looking at Petra spoke,

"Print name, date of birth and sign..... do you think you could do that for me sweetie?"

I laughed inwardly. Alyson thought everyone with long legs and large breasts was a bimbo. Her tone was curt, patronizing. Petra would eat her alive in the intelligence stakes but I didn't intervene. Just watched, listened. Enjoyed. The apprehension quite palpable now over Petra's face.

"U-uhhh yes, yes I think I can manage that."

Alyson a little taken aback at the educated, obvious smartness that came from the 'volunteer's' mouth. I laugh, secretly inwardly again as Petra signs in with Alyson looking on all open mouthed. With her all signed in I led Petra round and into a long corridor. The plushness of the reception fades into a stark clinical white. White walls, ceilings and floors with bright strip lights down the centre. Doors either side at regular intervals. We stop at one door, on the right, labeled "ISO 1" and I swipe my key-card, the door clicking, then sliding open.

Inside the room is bare. Brilliant white, tiled floor. No windows. Just strip lighting in the centre of the ceiling. A solitary low stool in the middle of the room and a fitted toilet in one corner. Not closed into a cubicle just open in one corner and diagonally placed facing the centre of the room. And an empty plastic container placed next to the stool. Not unlike a packing box for ring binders. The lid standing inside it on its short edge. The walls of the room bare, whitewashed, almost blindingly so. The door slides and closes as we enter. The electronic lock emitting a little 'click' and 'buzz' as it re-seals.

"Well Petra this is the first stop on your little journey. I know, I really do know, its not much but you will be in here, for quite some time. The object is that you are taken out of your comfort zone. Out of your normal world... are you with me so far?"

Petra steps in looks around, just puzzlement over her face as she takes it in but then nods that she understands.

"Uhhh yessss yes really its fine. I'll survive. I'm a survivor."

Her attempt at dismissive humor falls a little flat. My expression remains straight, curt even. And my tone even more so.

"Good girl. Now... we also have to take all of your personal belongings from you. Your bag, watch, jewelry, cell phone, purse.... everything. Its ok, it will be all in our safe, locked up securely. Its just a requirement of the program that all things from the outside world are stripped back, and taken away. It makes observation more precise. Obviously this applies to all volunteers. Still with me?"

The requirements all filtering in and taking the shape of auto-suggestions to Petra in her semi trance state. This part of the research had always been so difficult, with previous subjects, until we introduced the semi-trance. There had always been resistance and in some cases we had lost a couple of subjects who had freaked out completely as the requirements unfolded. No such result with Petra. I watch as she computes the words and then responds.

“Uhhhh yes... it seems to be pretty clear to me. I just didn't realize this was all so deep.”

I continue to talk.

“That's what I like to hear honey. And oh yes, this is a really quite scientific study. Very detailed. Very searching..... So why don't we start here? Just throw your bag into the container there. And your jewelry. Watch, rings.. etc etc.”

Even as I speak Petra begins to remove items and place them in the container. Bit by bit her jewelry coming off until it is all placed in the container with her bag, cell phone and watch. Every so often the apprehension across her face stark. I like to watch that. It interests me. Petra without her accouterments was like a thoroughbred race horse without its tack. Such a simple thing, and yet to someone like Petra, so disturbing.

“Now, you will be in here for quite some time. But before we move you to the next stage you will need to be naked. Its part of the stripping back process but there is no pressure immediately. Why don't you just remove your skirt, jacket and top for now. You can keep on your hose, heels and panties. Just for now. Later we can get you naked before we move on. Is that ok Petra?”

My voice all the time encouraging, yet more detached now. And with a professional edge to make progress. Me knowing that the semi trance state, and my suggestions all being computed by Petra and yet in no way diluting her apprehension. This time she doesn't say anything just nods and begins removing the garments I have suggested. First her jacket, the delicious orbs of her breasts clearly defined through the thin silk as they press outwards against it. Then her skirt. For the first time, the full length of those stunning legs displayed and accentuated with her heels. She wore expensive lace top stocking that were self supporting and clung to her fleshy upper thighs right at the top, almost where the inner thigh met her crotch area. A tiny and I mean tiny thong pulled up tight between her legs and bottom cheeks, the tiny triangle covering her most intimate area. Then her top and the full glory of her thirty eight D cup breasts. Perfectly formed. Perfectly pert and with dark speckled aureolas with quite wide diameter button like nipples in the centre. Quite casually I lick my lips as Petra folds and places the items in the container. Her stance, a well practiced confident stance. But here she was at her most vulnerable so far and the apprehension dripped from her face. Her face had flushed a little to. An acute embarrassment at her slow, dripping away of control. Petra being taken skillfully out of her comfort zone.

“There Petra.. we're all girls here together so don't be too concerned.”

I step back look at her. My own lips almost trembling with the excitement of finding such a 'perfect subject'.

“There’s a toilet in the corner, if the call of nature should get the better of you, and a stool for you to sit on. I know, I know not at all comfortable. But hopefully you will understand the need for the starkness of it all. The absolute need for the very basics only to be retained...”

My voice trails off as I take in the view again. She has taken a few steps still in her high heels, stockings and thong. Even in this environment she moves with a dignified grace and allure. The apprehension on her face belies the naturally arrogant steps and moves in her high heels.

“Ohhh I’ll be alright Sabirah.... j-just a bit of a shock to the system thats all, really.”

“Well thats understandable... so I am going to leave you for a while now. There are other preparations to make and you need to settle. Zone-in as it were...”

I smile, but recoil from a hug she tries to give me by holding a hand up, as though holding her away. Keeping her at a distance.

“Ahhh Petra, no.. not here. This is professional and not personal or emotional in any way. Ok? We wouldn’t want anyone to think that we were closer than we should be now would we?”

She feels stupid. I can see it over her face and she stands rubbing her arm with one hand, a hip jutting to one side. Long long legs tapered and akimbo slightly.

“N-no, no of course not. I’m sorry.”

I smile at her, tilt my head sympathetically and with that I leave her, alone, the door sliding then clicking locked. The period of isolation beginning.

The thing about the effects of isolation is that they creep in on the isolated and then settle in delicate folds on the psyche. At first, these folds, or layers have air between them and it feels a little cosy. All warm and bearable. At first its just the loss of the sense of time that becomes all too apparent. Then its the silence. The silence except that is the, for the beating of the heart. And in Petra’s case the click of her heels as she ‘stalks’ around the room. That silence... nothing out, nothing in, is palpable, quite deafening. Deafening silence is always the worse kind. Her pacing of the room becoming more of a lazy, hip rolling strut as she slowly begins to forget about her posture and stance. No-one to impress or show off in front of in here.

Then the mind just slowly begins to play tricks and ask questions. 'Have they forgotten me?' 'Has something happened and everyone left?' 'Who is EVERYONE anyway?' Its just a matter of time before Petra tries the door. Of course she does. Its locked. The hypnotic inducement of apprehension doesn't help. Neither does her state of almost complete undress. Stockings. High heels that enforce an almost swaggering arrogant strut, and lazy breast roll when she is on her feet, and when on the deliberately low stool, force her knees so high that her long long legs are almost folded, and awkward. Its the reason she cant sit for long. Or walk for long. One of those rare times she would gladly enjoy a cigarette, if she had any. She didn't have any.

After the mind questions, the exhaustion. Its mental exhaustion more than anything. Trying to work out how long she has been there. How long she might be there. The complete lack of any home comforts. Or any comforts at all. All designed to slowly subdue her. It works every time. Physical exhaustion also plays a part in that she cannot get comfortable. There is nothing for her to get comfortable on or with. Comfort just isn't on the menu in any form.

At one point I watch her, go to the toilet, thumbing the thong down to just above her knees and sitting on the bare toilet bowl. No seat or cover just the bare open bowl. She sits with her stockinged knees clamped together, stiletto'd feet splayed, feet turned toes pointing in to each other. There isn't any toilet paper. She lets herself drip dry and then pulls up the thong tight between her legs and bottom cheeks. I'm pleased to see she's smooth between the legs. Hairless. Yes I liked that.

Of course there are cameras, tiny ones watching her every move. Recording her every facial expression. Every little mumble that tumbles from those gorgeous lips as time goes on and on. The isolation continuing. Petra trying to cope with it but finding it increasingly difficult. No day or night. Light or dark. Everything the same. Same light. Same temperature. Same silence. Same loneliness.

I watch her succulent breasts, heavy, mature roll and sway as she moves around the room. She really is the complete package. The "One" I have been waiting for for so many years of my life as a sadist. Her long plume of ponytailed hair swinging across her bare back, just about caressing her tail bone as it swings across. Her movements becoming less confident, more unsure as a nervousness invades her. A terrible terrible jangling of her nerves as they begin to become shot. Its written across her face of course. Strikingly so. I recognize the signs and lick my lips.

By the time I enter the room again almost thirty six hours have passed. She doesn't know that of course. There's just a grateful, absolute look of gratitude as I slip back inside. She approaches me to give me a hug. I know it isn't one of her trademark, flirty hugs she wants to give me but rather just a relieved, joyous hug for just seeing a familiar face. Any face. I hold my hand up with the flat palm towards her to stop her.

“No Petra. Remember what I said. This is professional and nothing else. I just came to take the rest of your things. Its time to leave this room now.... take your shoes, stockings and panties off now Petra and put them in the container.. ok”

She looks visibly, almost hurt at the rejection, and the ice coldness of my voice. And the reminder of her position as a ‘volunteer’. She just nods, exhaling a sigh as she slips off her shoes with each opposite foot. Then peels down each stocking, folding each several times round one of her hands before placing them in the container. Then placing the shoes in. Then thumbing the thong down and lifting each foot as she steps out of it leaving herself totally naked. A renewed blush, and a dabbing at the corner of her mouth with the tip of her tongue. Slightly distended labia clearly exposed and just peeling apart slightly as she moves her legs and feet.

I watch her every move. Make sure she ‘feels’ me watching her every move.

“There, all set Petra. I know it feels a little strange for you. But well. Just try to settle try to relax and everything will be fine.”

I lead Petra out of the isolation room “ISO 1”. The corridor is empty and its silent. Everything on this level is silent.

“It must be a little strange for you walking without heels on Petra? I mean, you adore heels don’t you?”

She smiles, her breasts swaying in front of her.

“Oh yes I do. I really do adore high heels. But then this experience is completely strange to me. Out of my comfort zone is a slight understatement.”

I just lead her gently by the elbow towards the further end of the corridor.

“Oh well, you know, you wont be out of high heels for long, trust me Petra. Get this next stage over with, and see where it goes. You’ll be in high heels again before you know it.”

I smile and so does she. Hope in her eyes. And then a spark, as though she remembered something.

“O-oh... did you meet up with Stefani.... You said you would..... g-god I forgot all about that?”

Like an awful shock crossing her face. For a split second, delicious , awful despair. My response is considered. Precise and calculated.

"Its ok Petra..... Stefani is fine. There was a bit of a drama, but, well everything is fine. And she is fine. No need for you to worry at all....."

My voice trails off. Petra looks to me, for more information. A bit of a drama? But none is forthcoming and that is something else that settles uneasily in her psyche. We pass a few more doors with various labels on them, eventually stopping at the one named "RIG 1" and go inside.

FOUR - Stage Two and Restraint

The word 'bondage' would never be used. At least not this early stage. That word would imply sexual deviance and would detract from the micro-path Petra would be taken down. The initial 'restraint' for Petra is simple in its design and yet acutely effective in its application. Her sub trance state, along with her time in preparation, and isolation meant that Petra was very receptive to the idea of mild 'restraint'.

"The point is Petra, as I have said, that you are taken out of the normal world and its every day machinations. Your mind needs to be clear and you don't need, or want to be concerned with what do do with your hands, legs or feet. This mild restraint helps that process. If your limbs are gently disabled, then you don't need to worry about what to do with them...."

Petra simply stood nodding. Still very lucid and understanding and yet the period of isolation together with the semi hypnotic state had ensured her relative docility. Her usual, very confident persona had been just slightly curtailed and wound back in. Subdued. Her susceptibility to suggestion was amplified now. In these early days, of the utmost importance. Eventually, she would be taken out of trance. But not yet. The time wasn't anywhere near for that, yet.

"Oh completely, yes I understand. I signed up for this so whatever it takes, I guess is fine...."

I could tell, still at least slightly that Stefani was on her mind. Another creeping effect of the last thirty six hours was dryness of the mouth resulting in continuous sips of water. That and a continuous movement of the lips. In Petra's case, and for me, a joy to watch. Her lips so full and mouth so deliciously wide.

"Of course Petra.. this is a completely confidential research program. Results are not made public. Nor any details about it. And besides, if you feel uncomfortable at any time we can stop. The restraint can be modified, altered or whatever. Its there just as an aid and not to make you feel uncomfortable in any way."

My manner with Petra remained cool, calm, professional. Very doctorly. Very bedside manner, which serves as a comfort to her. Albeit a distant comfort.

"Oh.... really its fine. I'm totally fascinated. You certainly sold it to me that night in the bar. Extremities of human behavior, hypnosis the works.... wow."

Keeping a brave face was second nature to Petra. She did it, but it was becoming less convincing. Not to her, but anyone around her. Anyone who knew her. Me. Petra smacking her lips together between sips of water. Captivating to watch. But also that subdued, reigned in personality. Almost a hobbled personality.

"And, the same applies to the nakedness. Its about removing everything from your normal life. I guess you could call it 'stripping you bare'. It applies to the physicality, as well as the mentality. I didn't want you to think I wanted you naked just so I could feast my eyes on you. Although Petra I have to admit you are very beautiful, very gorgeous. I could eat you up for sure."

This time I deliberately purr so she can hear me. I laugh softly, head tilted to one side negating any doubts she could have as much as possible in the circumstances. Petra laughs too. Already fully knowing of my lesbianism, but also having that knowledge negated by my dismissal of any thoughts of coming on to her. Petra's laugh still infectious even if a little more subdued than normal laugh. The flirting not there any more either. That has been wound in too. She wants to hug me. Maybe cry a little. She knows she cant do the former and the latter she wouldn't allow herself to do, Still plenty of fight left under those folds of issolative despair yet.

"ohhhhh no.. its fine really. I'm proud of my body. I work hard to keep it in this shape. And besides we are all girls together. I'm only too happy to be part of this program, honestly."

Again that brave face. I nod in agreement. Again so calm, so reassuring. All the time silently, expertly assessing Petra.

"Mmmmm I know all these things Petra. I know also that we can all benefit from your inclusion in this program.... for sure..."

My voice trails off as Petra's mouth fights with a dry tongue and even drier lips. She takes another sip of water and I watch her throat as it rolls and swallows.

This room is identical to the first. Almost, and at first sight. Clinical bright white. White walls, white ceiling, white floor. This time though, the floor slightly sloped from all four walls into the centre. In the centre of the floor a black enamel drain cover. No windows in the room. No sound from the outside. Neither could any sound escape the room. Bright, high powered strip light in the centre of the ceiling provides a constant light. This room very much identical to the isolation room. Except with added equipment and functionality. Most of this added functionality hidden from view and very much existing on a need-to-know basis. Subjects brought to this room didn't need to know 'everything'.

In the dead centre of the room the restraint rig. Very simple in its appearance. In no way intended to frighten the subject. Quite to the contrary. For ease of use and application this rig begins in the vertical position. Once the subject is secured, the whole stainless steel structure can then be tilted, or turned to any angle.

The naked Petra is secured with her knees eighteen inches apart. The knees are secured via wide, strong, velcro straps. Then the ankles, exactly the same - eighteen inches apart but with the feet over hanging the padding. Arms raised and parted either side of the head. and secured at the wrists, eighteen inches apart. Elbows, again, the same eighteen inches apart. Everything precise, everything parallel. A bar at her hips just presses her backside back a little. Just gently so when the rig is tilted forward, her bottom will be raised slightly. Her breasts hang forward and slide between two parallel bars. Again, when the rig is tilted forward, her breasts will hang under her... Mature, and heavy. Very exposed. Like the privacies between her legs, I make light of as the 'restraint' is completed.

"Hey Petra, I am verrrry impressed with the smoothness down there. Hairless from the neck down. I like that very much....."

I laugh softly, Just flirting a little, chilling her more and more. She laughs to.... her breasts jiggling between the bars of the rig. Her response equally jovial. Her mind already adapting to the restriction. No overtly sexual comments or insinuations. Just little intimate jokey comments that any women could share. She swallows quite noisily.

"Ohhhhhh I'm so glad you approve.....Oh God, I'm so freaking pleased that Stefani cant see me now."

I laugh with her again. She says it light heartedly but I know that such a thought will be heavy on her mind. Her laugh is forced somewhat and tinged with that apprehension. Not the sexual kind. Its how the process always begins. Just the start.

"Awwwwww well thats not going to happen. Stefani is happy where she is and you are happy to be assisting us here. I just know you are..... So don't be thinking of things like that ok? I'm going to tilt you forward Petra. You'll feel some motion. Just go with it ok. You're in safe hands.... ok?"

"uhmmmm y-yes, yes ok... I'm fine really.... j-just do what you have to do."

She adjusts her gorgeous lips as I move to the side of the room, and pick up a small wireless remote control unit. Staying in Petra's line of sight is deliberate at this point. Firstly she will be always and further reassured being able to see me. Also... even at this very early stage she will have the sense that she is in the hands of the 'lady in the white coat' I press one button on the remote and she tilts forward very slowly.

"Your weight will move off your knees Petra. The bar at your hips will take some of it. But in any case your weight will be better distributed. Much better suited to a longer period....."

Petra gasps slightly at the first motion. But nods as she is tilted so that the floor comes into her field of view. The whole volume of her breast orbs slide down between the bars, and are left hanging below her. The bar pressing into her hips, just gently coaxing her rear to jut into the air and back a bit. With this jutting, and leg spread her sexuality becomes viewable and exposed. I tilt her until she is just below the 45 degrees. Just a little too much for her to look ahead. And just enough that she can only drop her eyes to look at the floor. Everything so precise.

I move in front of her. If she could look up she would see all of me. As it is, all she sees are my feet arched into black, patent stiletto pumps. And, the almost opaque blackness of the nylon sheathing my feet, ankles and lower legs. Quite a stark contrast to the absolute high intensity whiteness of the rest of the room. I slowly circle her then, moving out of her field of view.

"Well Petra, thats you more or less all set..... do you feel comfortable?"

I let my voice drip into her ears from behind. I am experienced enough to know that by now she will be very conscious, very knowing of her position. Her vulnerability even if this 'restraint' is of the extremely mild though secure kind. The semi-trance will be feeding her apprehension and this shows on her face. Apprehensive, yes, of course! I even hear her dry swallow and the smacking of her lips together before she answers in a low barely audible tone.

"Y-yes.... yes this feels ok. A little strange.. but ok....."

Again my voice dripping out, thickly Arabic in accent,

"Gooooood.... now let me just check these restraints and we're all done...."

Still out of her field of view but ever so gently running my fingers up and down one arm very lightly.... stopping at the wrist, then the elbow. Verrrry gently and smiling as I watch her loose, free-to-move fingers curl then stretch open again at the lightness of my touch. Moving to the other side. Checking the other arm.

"Mmmmmm these are just perfect...."

Her fingers curling again as I move to the other end. Running my fingers over one foot, to her ankle, checking the velcro fastening. Then slowly dragging the same fingers up her lower leg, over the calf and to the velcro restraint just above her knee. Whilst I do that, and the other leg taking a long, long lingering look at her delicately pouting sex lips... protruding back between her thighs. Not making any comment, but knowing Petra will be able to "feel" my eyes running over her. I allow myself a little smile of satisfaction as when checking the last restraint, just above the knee of her other leg, I rest my finger tips lightly on the flesh of her lower thigh, and feel a definite shudder, a little twitch of flesh that seems to run the entire length of her legs and spine. And the toes, of both feet, curling up. And yet still nothing overtly sexual from me. Not even hint of sexuality. Spoken or unspoken. Anything she feels, or senses coming from her own mind. Completely, totally from her own mind.

"Well thats just about perfect Petra....."

I move back in front of her, crouch down onto my own heels so I can talk directly into her face. She's flushed up slightly. Part of that due to her position. But part also due to a vulnerability she now feels.

"You'll be monitored constantly so don't worry. All of your vital signs, obs etc etc are monitored from within this room. So there is absolutely no need for you to worry at all, ok?"

I smile as I look directly into her eyes. Ever so gently I stroke one cheek as I speak. Reassure her constantly. There is some humility in her eyes at this point. The trance is still working, except serving to magnify all of her natural emotions. More profound. She doesn't say anything, she just nods.

Presses those luscious full lips together. Rolls them in before nodding again, a slight twitchy smile stretching her lips slightly.

"That's right ... no need to worry about anything here Petra... all girls together here..... I know a little undignified, maybe. But then no worse than those ghastly smear tests we have to go through every year."

Everything I say making complete sense. Appealing to Petra's logic, and intelligence and the susceptibility to suggestion that is now established. Another little squeeze of the jaw and chin as I stand up, and move behind her again. This time talking to her out of view.

"This is likely to be quite a long session Petra. Quite intense even. Unfortunately there can't be a toilet break. I mean you have taken in some water. But that's ok, whenever you need to relieve yourself... just let it go. It will drain away under you, no worries..... is that ok Petra..."

As I finish talking, I am back in front of her, again crouching on my own heels. Again looking directly into her eyes. A soft smile across my lips.

"Uhhhh god.. I didn't even think of that... b-but yes, yes if you think that's ok..... it's fine."

The subdued, agreeable tone. One of a slow, approaching realization. Again an underlying humility creeping in. I stand back. Look at the vision that is Petra. A little shiver through my own insides. Again that secret purring in my throat. Barely able to believe my own luck. I keep my voice neutral professional.

"Ok then. May the research begin! I'm going to leave you now for a while Petra. You will feel alone. You will feel isolated but rest assured that you are being monitored and watched. We'll talk again soon.. ok? Just try to relax. Try to focus ok?"

"Y-yes... yes ok....."

All the time reassuring her, getting her responses. Again her sweet voice with a hint of bemusement trails off as my high heels recede, and out of the room. The door sliding closed, sealing.

Silence. Dead silence except for her own heartbeat. Her own pulse. Her own thoughts. Isolation with restraint. Relentless isolation continues, this time she is restrained.

I can monitor Petra (or any subject) from a myriad of hidden cameras. These cameras are absolutely unknown to Petra. Absolutely hidden to any visitor, or onlooker. I always insist on a close-up of my subject's face. Close up, screen filling. Every blink. Every twitch of the nostril. Every nuance, of every emotion she will feel, relayed to me in vivid high definition. And all recorded on hard disk servers for any future use. As well, many and varying camera angles infinitely adjustable according to application and requirement. The digital age ensures that keeping such vivid recordings is a relative breeze.

This particular room at my Facility looks very simple. Whitewashed, windowless and just the simple restraint rig in the centre, above the drain in the gently sloped floor. It doesn't just secretly hide cameras. The technology also hidden is state of the art, and far reaching. The rig looks simply roughly placed. Wheeled in and left. In actual fact its positioning is very precise. Minutely fixed. Micro adjusted. Also, the restrained subject, looks quite casually, if securely positioned. But in fact ultra-precise also. The rig and restraint points very accurately, minutely designed to hold the subject, in this case Petra, in a very specific position for a very specific reason. The reasoning behind such micro-accuracy only becomes apparent with further explanation.

The floor, walls and ceilings contain many laser emitting diodes. Not science fiction. Science fact. Each diode miniscule in size and practically invisible to the naked eye. This invisibility aided by the overall bright whiteness of the room. Each diode slightly recessed into whichever surface it is housed to protect it. Each diode comparable in size to a pin point. The lasers these diodes produce developed, and refined over many years. Perfected, and re-perfected. Each diode infinitely adjustable in miniscule amounts according to its application. So many diodes, for so many applications and so many reasons. Very rarely would many of these diodes be in use at any one time.

It is beyond the scope, or need of this story to go into the deeper science behind laser diodes. Just a little information though. Of the number of types of diodes in existence, we chose the Double Heterostructure type.

The advantage of a DH laser is that the region where free electrons and holes exist simultaneously—the active region—is confined to the thin middle layer. This means that many more of the electron-hole pairs can contribute to amplification—not so many are left out in the poorly amplifying periphery. In addition, light is reflected from the heterojunction; hence, the light is confined to the region where the amplification takes place. These DH type lasers proved much more suitable for our applications. And proved further more adaptable with greater tolerances to what we wanted to achieve.

I digress. The laser diodes, in my Facility have been infinitely developed, and yet further refined. I hasten to add, NOT into deeply penetrating tissue destroying implements of torture. But rather,

deeply penetrating, tissue sensitizing, tissue enhancing, tissue teasing, tissues manipulating, invisible beams of creeping addiction. The beams move and stimulate the tissue as opposed to destroying it. Nerve endings are gently coaxed to stand on end, erect and exposed. The 'torture', in the main is a slow sexual stimulation, one with devastating psychological effects. A deeply instilled Hell that is inescapable. The sort of torture and hell, that I as a sadist enjoy inflicting on a long term basis.

In Petra's case just three of the diodes, housed in the floor, would be used over an extended period of time. One each for her nipples and aureolas. Once for her genitalia region, concentrating expressly on her clitoris. Three in total. Petra would be totally unaware of these lasers. Blissfully unaware. Absolutely completely ignorant of their existence. These lasers intimately gradual in their effect. The nipple laser for example would track, and trace the aureolas puffing them up slightly. And the shaft of each nipple gently erecting them. Thickening them. Elongating them. The lasers would NEVER caress the very tips of the nipples. This would cause orgasm and this wasn't the point of this particular exercise. Rather the opposite in denying the orgasm

Over time, the lasers sensitize each nipple to the extreme ensuring the fullest erection and instilling the deepest of 'throbs' into the nipple base. The 'throb' would instill itself so gradually in the pit base of the nipple that it would at first be imperceptible. So gradual would this process be. So very slow and with such teeny increasing increments that the resulting breakdown would happen without realization. Remember, Petra is taking part in a research program. Nothing sexual. A bit of a laugh for her. A bit of an adventure, even if a little more involved than she had at first thought.

The laser on her clitoris would be concentrated on the area around the clitoris shaft and again NEVER caressing the cum-inducing tip. The tip of the clitoris, like the tip of nipples, in women is capable of producing intensely focused orgasms. With expert, laser manipulation intense, absolute orgasms result. Unlike anything produced via normal sexual activity. The tissue becomes hyper-sensitized and after extended periods, this becomes irreversible. The objective in this early instant is to create the desire, the need, the desperation for orgasm. The control of the orgasm, or not, is not with Petra. Nor would it ever be. Petra would actually never be the same person again, ever.

From her position on the rig, to the stark whiteness of the room, the miniscule shafts of concentrated light are all but invisible. Very occasionally a spec of dust will flit through the lights and spark like a tiny shooting star. Whenever I see this fed through to my monitors, I smile to myself. A shooting star indeed.

At first, Petra looks comfortable. Dare I say, content even. The first time probably for many years that she didn't have to 'think' about anything. Taken out of her fast city lifestyle. Still color in her cheeks. Her full, deep red lips catch the overhead strip lighting and bounce the light back. Her earlier tiny excursions with humility have faded. I re-assured her. Relaxed her. She's adapted to the

restraint. Got used to it even. Undignified of course. But this is all hush hush. Her high profile position with her company. The mere fact that she is a single mother. Of course she wouldn't be shouting from the roof tops about this little adventure.

All the time, the three laser beams, pre-programmed, track and trace the little movements the rig allows. Never relenting, working the aureolas, and teasing the hood of her clitoris. Eventually the clitoris hood would be persuaded to peel back, bringing the clitoris out of its hidey hole. But this would be so gradual. So slow. Petra would never imagine she were being manipulated when the throbs eventually became obvious to her. Of course, by that time she would have lost even more sense of time. And more than some sense of logic. The slow creeping disorientation, kind of taking the place of her normal, lucid persona.

That would be a long time away. First, the problem of her pressurized bladder. Her dignity not wanting her to relieve herself. She would hold that for as long as she could. Until she couldn't hold it any longer in fact. I study the full face screen. I know what she is going through. God she wants to pee! The odd bite of her lip. Narrowing of her gorgeous eyes. A blow out of her lips. A swallow. The way her throat moves. Rolls as she swallows. Oooohhh so desperate to pee.

Close up views of her nipples. Just slowly being caressed by the beams. And her clitoris. Not yet unpeeled from the hood. But a slight show of wetness on her labia. She wouldn't be aware of that yet, despite the 6 hours or so that have passed.

Of course. The silence and isolation will have had yet more effect on her. Its six hours since she saw me. And before that she was alone in the waiting room, for a further thirty six hours before I re-appeared. During this time, stripped of her personal belongings, then her clothing. All in the cause of research of course! Its time I went to see Petra. To talk to her help her along a little in the process.

She seemed a little startled, at first to see me crouched in front of her. Her eyes had been closed but she wasn't asleep. Her vital signs would have told me if she were asleep. Her eyes were closed, as though she were concentrating. Rising to this strange challenge. I like my subjects to rise to the challenge. Yes she looked a little tired. A little drained. Normal signs. Her eyes sprung open, and there was me. Then that infectious smile of hers. Genuinely pleased to see me. Relieved even.

"How are you baring up Petra?"

My voice soft and soothing. My smile genuine. Only I know what she is beginning to go through. Only I know that even as I maintain eye contact with her, the laser beams are working her most delicate, and intimate flesh. Petra lets out a tiny groan.

“Mmmmmmm I’m dying to go for a pee. Cant I just go to the toilet quickly.... and come back?”

Her full lips more than a little dry. Her tongue also. Not making speaking that easy. Obviously feeling the indignity letting go of her bladder contents would mean. Her intelligence and dignity getting the better of her of course. What I liked was that it was a genuine, quite softly spoken ‘request’. As opposed to an ‘announcement’ that thats what she was wanting to do. A respect for her commitment to the program. A respect for me, as controller of the program. Controller of her.

“Ohhhhhhhh Petra, honey... if we let you do that, we’ll have to start all over. Such a waste of valuable time don’t you agree?”

I just cup her chin lightly, look directly into her eyes as I talk. Ever so slightly nodding my head to her..... a strange thing, knowing that as my head almost imperceptibly nods, so does hers, agreeing.

“Uhhhhh y-yes, yes I guess so.....I’m sorry. Its just I’ll feel so dirty, doing it here.”

Her voice trails off, accepting that if she is to urinate, it will be from the position she is in. Her head still nodding in that tiny way.

“Just let it go here Petra. You’ll feel a lot more comfortable. And be able to rise to this challenge a lot easier... don’t you think sweetie?”

Again my sincere, bedside manner smile. Very proficient. Very professional. Never disagreeing with her own assessment of herself should she pee there and then. Again my ever so slightly nodding head coaxing her to do the same. To agree.

“Mmmmmmm ok.....”

The tone of voice obviously giving away her slight discomfort at this level of intimate exposure. But the sub-trance state helping her through that a great deal. Had she been anywhere near aware of what was in store for her, she wouldn’t have signed the consent form. She most certainly would not have given up even a day of her three month vacation in this way. In fact, I think it safe to say she wouldn’t have come within a mile of my good self. So it was good that she didn’t know. or have any inclination at all.

“OK Petra honey, let it go. I promise I wont look. Do it now and you’ll feel much more comfortable ok?”

My smile doesn't diminish. Neither does my ever so slight grip on her chin. Holding her head up and holding her gaze looking right into her eyes. The first trickle of urine hits the drain cover. A few initial squirts, and then a constant gush as Petra evacuates the contents of her bladder. The swirl and gurgle as the pee drains away. All the time I am looking into her eyes. She looks away, and then back to my eyes a number of times through the gush of urine. I know she is feeling the humility. Its not just in her eyes but in the almost hang-dog sulky expression on her face. Across those delicious lips. Its as though she believes she is 'above' this indignity. But she wont give up. She signed up for the challenge and once its over, its over. She thinks.

"There... it wasn't that bad was it?"

I speak as I stand and make towards the back of Petra. The gush has ebbed to a trickle and i know that as her bladder emptied, she will have become just slightly aware of the little irritation around her clitoral area. I say 'irritation' because she wont have associated, nor would she, just yet, with any form of sexual arousal. The 'throb' wont be there yet. Not quite. And the clitoris hood wont be peeled all the way back just yet. Even when the throb begins, she wont be aware of it straight away. And now I am watching her finish her pee. She knows I am watching. She closes her eyes, nibbles on her bottom lip as the trickle becomes a drip.

"Hmmm Petra.. you're looking a little red down there. Nothing to worry about. Its not uncommon. I'll keep an eye on it sweetie....."

My words, verrrry professional filtering in. Instilling now, the knowledge of her reddening sexuality. Focussing her mind on it. With her mind, all but empty of the more mundane, everyday things, focussing on this area of 'irritation' would be an aid to the constant incessant work of the laser beams. Already the fleshy clitoris hood part peeled back, the deeper red bareness of the clitoris itself, just beginning to poke through. Peel out all red and slippery.

"Ohhhhhh y-yes... yes I do feel a little strange down there. Uhhhh, I will be ok, wont I? I mean there's nothing to worry about?"

I'm back now crouching on my own high heels. Petra's chin cupped gently again, rising her head so she's looking at me.

"I promise, You'll be fine. Absolutely fine. This does happen occasionally. But it passes, usually. You're in good hands I promise...."

My smile settling her. Her indignity settling back also. I let her head go forward again. Her red hair cascaded around her face and hanging long. I shift on my heels slightly, tilt my head to one side and peer under her, to her hanging breasts. She can see me. She knows I am looking. She is watching me. Knowing I am looking at her breasts. Her eyes peeling open wider as I let out an extended slightly puzzled sigh.

“HmMMMMMMMMMMMM..... ok.....”

“W-what is it... e-everything is ok isn't it?”

I don't answer straight away. Just concentrate my focus on her hanging breasts. Eventually, still looking I answer.

“Welllllll, there is a little puffiness of the aureolas.... and thickening of the nipples..... but.. its ok. Once again, occasionally we do come across this. Admittedly its not often. But it has happened. And with you its happened. We'll deal with it Petra, not problem really, no problem.”

Bringing my head back up, smiling, looking her straight in the eye. There's concern in her eyes now. A worry over her stunningly attractive face. Her mind's focus now on her reddened clitoral area, and her nipples. I know now her mind wouldn't be able to think about anything else. Over the course of many hours, she had been taken out of the normal world and denied any contact with it. No sense of time. No sense of a view of the outside world and her mind slowly receding back, becoming increasingly unable to think logically.

“I a-am, going to be ok, aren't I?”

Almost a childlike vulnerability to her voice. Genuine concern. Faint worry lines across the tops of her brows.

“I told you Petra. You will be fine. This reaction whilst unusual, is not unknown. It can be dealt with. You're in my care and I will take care of you.”

I watch her swallow, and nod again, reassured by my calm, almost soothing words. Listening to me now. Hanging on to my words. Petra was becoming focussed now. I liked that. Another sign of progress on a long long journey. A single delicious focus. Pinpoint focus.

“I will need to change your positioning slightly Petra. Given these slight irritations. You’ll be just a tad less comfortable than you have been. But over a period of time, it should reverse the effects on your nipples, and your clitoris...”

I introduced the word ‘clitoris’ deliberately and directly for the first time at this point focussing Petra, knowing that just a single seed of guilt will have been planted. A distant thought in her head that somehow, it was her fault that this ‘reaction’ had occurred. The delightful sight for the first time of her face flushing up, slightly embarrassed about this ‘unexpected’ development. I smile, but not in a triumphant way. Tilting my head slightly, the tiniest hint of similarity in the way a mother might cast her eyes over her sickly child. Petra, already thinking that her abnormal sexual appetite was to blame for this. Yet another source of worry.

“Ohhhhhh its ok Petra, I know you’re a little embarrassed. There’s no need to be. I’m a professional remember. And above all, we’re all girls together. Lets get you readjusted. The sooner we can reverse this the better, ok honey?”

My genuine, professional, sincere smile again. The blush across Petra’s face from the neck up, fading slightly.

“Y-yes... please yes lets do that.”

FIVE - Creeping Addiction

I speak to Petra softly as I work. Working quickly, efficiently.

“I’m going to have to change these velcro restraints Petra. More for safety than anything. Once I change your position you’ll be under a little more physical strain and so the velcro wont be sufficient. I’m going to change the velcro for, stronger, leather buckled straps ok sweetie?”

My same voice. Calm, soothing as though I’m prescribing paracetamol or something. Petra’s head nodding taking it all in. Now she knows I am helping her over an unexpected, and difficult period. I change each strap, one at a time, ensuring each now is buckled more tightly than the velcro could be. All the time I am speaking to Petra.

“I do have to add two straps Petra. To your upper thighs. These will help once you’ve been repositioned on this rig... is that ok?”

I watch intently for her response. Her mind is wandering now more than slightly worried. But she nods anyway.

“Y-yes, yes of course... whatever you think...”

I smile as I wrap one leather strap around the very top of her upper thigh and pull it tight, buckling it. Denting the soft thigh flesh. Then the other. The activity around her thighs, very near her new focus help maintain that focus. My fingers tips just dragging slowly around the thigh flesh and then down as I finish up. Another delightful slight as I see her thigh flesh twitch, every so slightly sending ripples across and down the pale white flesh.

“I usually ask a couple of questions around this time Petra, just observational questions. Just as an indication of the state of your mind.... is that ok sweetie?”

She just nods as I see her limbs, and sense her mind adjusting to the increased tightness of the replaced restraints.

“Do you know how long you have been here?”

Her voice is dry, almost expressionless in its tone, in response to each question. I can see her desperately trying to think before she answers.

“Uhhhh... I’m sorry, I have no idea.....”

“Thats ok.... its very normal to lose complete track of time. Do you know what day of the week it is?”

“Uhhmmmm, I came in on Tuesday... no, Wednesday.... or was it.... Thursday.... uhhhhh god... I don’t know. I really don’t know. I’m sorry.”

An incredulity in her voice that she cant remember. But the isolation, the restraint, the over all gentle denial of basic human rights were taking their toll. And now, the enforced focus on the developments of her intimacies.

“Petra, really.. its fine. This is not abnormal. Its part of the process of separating you from your normal world. These are completely expected responses. In fact I would be slightly concerned if you responded in any other way. So relax.”

My Arabic drenched voice only raising slightly an octave as I counter her alarm. And then back to normal. Neutral in tone. Matter of fact in content.

“OK, now you’ll feel some movement as the rig is adjusted. Don’t resist the way it pulls you. Just go with it. Relax and you’ll adapt to the new position more easily... ok honey?”

I move round to the front of Petra to look for a direct response. As it happens just in time to see her tongue swipe, slightly dryly across her lips side to side. Although I don’t show it, I am quite taken aback at the length, volume and width of her tongue. The first time my attention has been drawn to it. Inwardly I smile as I pick up the restraint rig’s remote control unit. There’s a distant whirring sound. Like humming of motors. But its very distant. More noticeable is the gasp, and slight increase in Petra’s breathing as she is re-adjusted.

“Its ok Petra I’m here just relax.”

Deliberately i stay out of sight, watching as the rig tilts and moves and changes its general shape. Her arms straightened at the elbows and brought down slightly, then back, forcing the shoulders back. Not too much to cause pain. Just that gasp. And to ensure the breasts are thrust to their maximum volume through the bars, taughtening the flesh and tightening the already puffed aureolas and nipples.

Her knees slightly bent, the lower legs brought slightly back and raised. At the same time, opened wider, spread at the knees and ankles. Not eighteen inches any longer, but thirty inches. The spread just enough of a strain, without any pain. Spread to expose her genitalia a little more. A complete joy to me when I watch her labia peeling open as her legs are spread. The bar at her hips pressing in a little more. And the introduction of a new bar. Right as the small of her back, forcing a dip, enhancing the upward thrust of her bottom, and the backward pout of her sexuality. Accentuating the “S” shape.

“Uhhhhhhhhh goddddd.....”

The long sigh of exclamation loud.. filling the room.

“Yes.. i know Petra it feels a little awkward. You’ll get used to that though. Just try not to fight it and you’ll be fine.”

Petra swallows, her tongue fighting with her dry lips as she nods....

“Y-yes.. ok, ok.”

I stand back, in front of her, admire my handy work. Such is the intricacy and accuracy of the rig and laser diodes, that their points of focus have not moved at all. The lasers throughout the adjustment track and caress the clitoral hood and the nipples. An incessant, constant gentle working of a woman’s most sensitive and intimate flesh.

A wry smile on my face as I pull on a pair of surgical latex gloves that I have retrieved from my white coat pocket.

I’m going to apply some medicated moisturizer to the affected areas Petra. With that, and the air circulating more freely, they should settle... ok honey?”

I watch her visibly swallow some of that indignity again. But maintain my smile. There’s also the tone in her voice. Almost apologetic that she is inconveniencing me. A sure sign that she is baring some guilt now. Thats a good sign, She sighs, keeps looking down, at the floor from her newly adjusted position.

“Yessssss, yes, I’m sorry.... for this.”

“Sssssshhhh Petra... its ok, really its ok.”

At no point do I tell her, its not her fault. I let her apologize. Let her feeling of being a burden deepen and work on her mind.

The moisturizer doesn’t have any affect on the laser beams. It wont have any affect good or bad at all. Its application is just in essence, a ploy to, for the first time, physically manipulate Petra’s intimacies. NEVER stroking the very tips of her nipples. NEVER stroking the very tip of the clitoris. Just squeezing the puffed aureolas and nipples slightly and applying a gentle twist, ensuring the slippery moisturizer rides through my latexed thumb and forefinger. I watch her gasping at the sensation. Knowing its sexual, but completely acting against that. Professional at all times. Then down to her clitoris. Massaging the moisturizer into the clitoral hood and against the sides of the

clitoris shaft that can be seen. Never the tip. Tips of nipples and clitorises are so orgasmic. The areas and sides surrounding the tips simply feed a need. Feed the mind. Feed the most base need. Petra gasps, swallows and blushes again.

“Awwwwww sensitive Petra?”

She nods, but her bottom lip is quivering slightly. And she is blushing this time deeply.

“I know.. its ok.... we’ll have you sorted out in no time... just relax now Petra.”

Standing removing the gloves. Peeling them off. Running my eyes over Petra. Her position is no longer gently held. Its a very unnatural one. Although not extreme. For a start she is off the floor. She cannot feel solid floor under her. Just the tight leather straps holding her. Her femininity enhanced and yet a measure of her natural grace and elegance taken away from her. She’s aware of that. But she has the new focus now. And a troubled face as I discard the latex gloves.

“I have to leave you again for a little while Petra. We have this little hurdle, this little problem that we have to get over. But you understand that. You’ll be fine. I’ll come back in a little while and we’ll check progress. Give the moisturizer and the air a little time to circulate around you. I’m sure it wont be too long before we can lessen the strain on the restraints.”

I’ve moved around to her front, crouching again on my high heels. Cupping her chin lifting it. Her eyes reluctant to look into mine and there’s a little quiver of her deliciously glossed bottom lip.

“Awww. I know honey this isn’t what you were expecting. Well me neither. But we’ll get over it... ok?”

My smile drawing her eyes to mine. Definitely a woman now being drawn out, plucked out of her comfort zone. Teased and coaxed out of her perfect, and contented life. Such intelligence in those eyes. But that was good. I so like intelligence in my subjects. That way, she feels every nuance, of every microscopic fibre of what is happening to her. A gentle squeeze on the chin as I let her head forward again and stand up.

“I’ll leave you to your thoughts Petra. Try not to dwell too hard sweetheart.”

She nods and I know she will in fact dwell very much. Huge eyes looking a little teary and yet none have spilled. Too early for that. My high heels click the floor, the echo loud as I exit, the sliding door sealing back into place again once I am out.

I know now that the intensity of the existing laser will have been microscopically increased as per the program. And another two beams introduced. The newly introduced lasers, one each scanning, and working up and down the length of Petra's labia. These will have the gradual effect of puffing up the flesh and sensitizing it. Whilst this is happening, the existing lasers will continue to peel back her clitoral hood, drawing out the clitoris. By the time the clitoris pops out it will be a very deep red/purple color and very swollen. Very sensitive and yet still untouched at the very, very tip.

Her aureolas will have been puffed up and sensitized to almost catastrophic levels. The nipples themselves will have been coaxed, and drawn into teat like sizes. Again very filled, very stretched, heavy. And that deep red/purple color. Almost 'angry' and yet necessary to feed the very basic need that will be growing inside of her.

But once again I digress. Long before the above state is reached, there will be that 'throb'. And there will be a constant production and dripping of sexual discharge. Love juice as men often call it. Peasants!

At first she won't even be sure that she can feel a throb, so distant will it be. Three 'throbs' in all. One each for the nipples. And one for the clitoris. It's difficult to describe these throbs... even for an expert like me. The throbs emanate from the centers of the nipples and clitoris. But from deep at the very core of the base of each nipple and clitoris and traveling up towards the tip but fading short of the tip. Petra desperate for each throb to reach the tip but it never does. Not without the tips being caressed. These sensations are very alien to Petra. She has never experienced this ever. or anything like it despite her relatively high sexual appetite and experience.

Each throb is continuous. Un-abating. And causes a deep deep irritation, like a deeply focused itch that just cannot be scratched. Cannot be sated. That itch becomes pure sexual need. Pure desperation. By their very nature, the throbs create a sexual need. A basic, core need. Even a greed. An addiction. During an orgasm, these throbs are intensified and fed through the clitoris tip. All orgasms when controlled in this way are clitoral focussed. Pin point focus on the very tip of the clitoris. The resulting orgasm is a hyper-sensitized 'explosion' of undiluted pleasure.

Knowing that the 'throb' exists is the only given. The only definite result of using the lasers. What can never be predicted, or ever be the same from subject to subject, is the overall effect of the throb. Or the end result. Each 'subject' needs to be micro managed in every single way.

sensitivity would be feeding the throb and the need in the base of her clitoris. Petra would now be very sensitive to what was happening in and around her genitalia. Not least the collection of slippery discharge emanating from inside her, collecting around the shaft of clitoris that had formed with its increase in size... and down the length of each labia. Of added interest to me was the actual amount of discharge being produced' Copious amounts, collecting into two little drip points. Juices dripping from the base of the clitoris and also a stream of juice running down each labia, collecting at the bottom into a bigger drip onto the drain cover under Petra. Each pool of juice finding its own way over the edges of the drain cover, like thick mucous worms wiggling away. Petra was becoming an increasingly obscene sight. A highly desired sight.

Such amounts of discharge usually an indication of high sexuality. Partly known already of course due to her admission at our earlier meeting. A high sexual dependency. Mature women, like Petra, in normal life would keep such a trait well hidden. And Petra did. Well camouflaged within their perfect lives. Only the chosen ones would ever normally get to find out how 'hot' such women really are. I liked discoveries like this.

I watched this close up for quite some time. Mesmerized by it. It looked very much like the reddened, stimulated flesh was pulsating. Moving, as though it were alive. Indeed it was all moving. Petra's inner musculature, tensing, relaxing trying to adapt to the stimulation she was feeling. Trying to absorb it. Even at this point she wouldn't be able to think, or focus on anything except this stimulation. Only occasionally would a frustration show through. Mostly in inaudible mumbles, but then also in very lucid, groaning questions,

"Whhhhhhhhhhatsssssss happening to me? Godddddd help me!"

The restraint now holding her rigid, tethered and any form of escape from the torment was absolutely out of the question. I would enlighten her at some point that God wouldn't be able to help her in this place. That she was actually beyond his help. But that little snippet could wait. I flicked to other views. Two HD close ups of her nipples. I liked what I saw. Each nipple now looked almost black but in actuality a deep blood purple. The membrane stretched to the maximum. The nipple sacks heavy, grape like. Each nipple almost bursting. The surrounding aureolas, also puffed and raised above the level of breast flesh. These areas would also be feeding the clitoral throb with throbs of their own. That invisible string that all women have between nipples and clitoris.

At no time is Petra aware she is being manipulated in this way. This is the deception. This is the infliction of that deception, that guilt that something is wrong with her and it's nobody's fault but her own. And she increasingly thinks something is wrong with her. And because its sexual the guilt attached is palpable. Increasingly so. Add to the mix, the isolation, the restraint. All making the whole process go smoother. Time now had taken its toll on Petra. Nothing could be further from her mind now, than the normal, outside world. Her focus is singular and absolute. The throbs. The constant stimulation. The growing inability to think straight or logically. And yet her above average

intelligence making her aware. Making her know, making her feel everything she is going through. Expressions on her face telling a story of slow decline. Slow withdrawal to an inner world.

Petra wasn't far from her future defining moment. She didn't know that of course. Wasn't aware really, of anything but that constant throb that deep, deep stimulation. She was aware that she could be possible going mad. And in that she was partly correct. Partly mad, but never completely over the edge. When I swept back into the room, my walk was purposeful. Long stiletto strides. The metal stiletto tips echoing in the eery silence. As I walked in, directly in front of Petra, she lifted her head a little. Our eyes met very briefly, but then her head dropped again as she let out a low, long groan.

“Mmmmmmmuuuuuuuuuggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

I kept my own tone its usual neutral, professional erring toward an accent of pity. As I spoke I pulled on a newly opened pair of surgical latex gloves.

“Ohhhhh Petra. We have a problem. I thought a few hours, and your little ‘problem’ would be cleared up. I think you know it hasn't?”

I emphasize ‘her problem’ deliberately. Instill the fact that it is her problem. She nods her hanging head. Manages a response of sorts.

“I knowwww.... w-whats w-wrong with me.... p-please tell me?”

I don't answer immediately. I stand in front of her. Adjust the gloves, make sure they snap around my wrists.

“Myself and my colleagues are not actually sure what's wrong with you Petra. Obviously, something is wrong with you and we do need to deal with it. And we will deal with it I assure you.”

The introduction into our secret conversations, of my colleagues at this point is deliberate and psychological. Up to now, Petra had thought it was just her and me. Slowly it dawns on her that others are involved, as indeed they are. My facility is genuine, legitimate and above board. A private clinic facility with many staff members. Some of these staff members of course have filtered through to the ‘inner sanctum’ as I like to call it. My most trusted, and talented friends. Indeed, most of my ‘work’ here would not be possible were it not for these trusted people. As realization dawns, between the throbs, and between her muscular twitches, she emits a noise. Its not really a moan. Or a cry. or a sob. Its kind of an amalgamation of all of them. A delicious concerto.

“Mmmmmmmmmwwwwwwaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.....”

My voice remains totally calm, totally neutral, totally matter-of-fact.

“Sssssshhhhhh Petra. I know. I know. Be assured honey, my team are verrry proficient in dealing with issues that arise during research. I mean.... this problem with you is verrrry unusual. Very strange. But, we have located the source. Or the reason behind this strange reaction to a simple research program. So, we can deal with it. It can be fixed Petra. It will just take a little longer. And it does change things slightly..... but we will get there sweety. Really we will.....”

My voice trails off as I make to the back of her. Already she thinks she senses a light at the end of a the tunnel and her head lifts.. even though she cant see me, she speaks in broken, slight husky tones that drip with a sexual urge.

“Y-you said y-you’ve located the source... so... it can be put right... m-made better. Pleeese tell me it can be made better. Put right?”

“Yes, yes thats right Petra. We know the source. We know the basic reasons. And we know how to deal with it....”

Petra’s head hangs again as she seems to let out a sigh of relief. I continue to speak.

“... just relax a second honey. You’ll feel my fingers just touching you down there, slightly. Just a second or two. I want to show you something. Hopefully make you understand. Is that ok Petra?”

Still my oh-so professional voice. And her almost sighing whimper in response.

“Yes.... yes ok.”

“Good girl. Just relax now.”

I just draw the middle and index finger of one latexed hand down between the distended, slightly parted labia. Down the whole length, then back up again, ensuring that I scoop an amount of

Her plea was genuine. Very sincere in tone. As though the thought had come to her in a flash. A distant split second flash of self preservation. I look at her directly. Tilt my head, press my lips together before wording the answer.

“Ohhhhh Petra. That cant happen. Do you remember when you signed the consent form to be part of this? Well, that consent form also places you in my care. It states that if issues or side effects arise, you are to be taken care of by me, here, until the issues are cleared up...”

I watch her taking in my words. The hope draining from her as my words filter in. The nod. The agreement. the understanding. But also, the humiliation. Not something a woman of her standing is used to. But the whole experience now, melting her mind.

“..But thats all good Petra. It covers you and it covers us here. It does mean your stay here will be extended slightly, but thank god for your three-month vacation from your work. It gives me and my team the time we need to correct the issues. So that is all good isnt it?”

At that precise point, her eyes open wide, bulge. And her lips part, ready to speak. Like a massive realization, or memory has hit her.

“My daughter... w-what about my daughter... c-can I see her?”

My response is measured. Precise and spoken slowly so she can hear and understand.

“Petra, Stefani is fine. Perfectly fine. You remember, when we arranged your visit here, Stefani would stay with me. And be looked after. And she will. And yesssss of course you can see her. I will have to arrange it, but leave that with me, just for now ok? Remember you did say you were pleased that she couldn't see you like this, and that was before you reached this 'state'?”

Accompanying my voice, a huge sincere smile at the same time as I remove the latex gloves and discard them. Petra nods, her eyes briefly lighting up again at the thought of being able to see her sixteen year old daughter. But then that sparkle fading back again as the laser beams, and the throbs continue their work. Continue unabated.

I know, even at this point that Petra wants to orgasm. Needs to orgasm. Is desperate to orgasm. But she wont talk about that. Wont mention it. And the laser beams wont allow it. Because the laser beams wont caress the tip of her clitoris. or the tips of her nipples. Just the simplest of caresses would make her orgasm. But that wont happen. Not because she wants it anyway.

“We’re going to give you a little longer here Petra. Just to see if there is a reversal in this reddening and discharge. Just to see if maybe we have been wrong in any way. That’s probably the fairest way to treat you, for now. Does that sound right to you hmmm?”

Petra not really capable of articulate conversation will be taking in just the important bits and filtering them. That she will stay like this for some more time. How much time? She didn’t know. Time didn’t mean anything to her now. Then nodding, mumbling her agreements as the deep deep throbs continue, and continue and continue. Grateful for being treated ‘fairly’.

“That’s a good girl. You try to relax now. Ride this ‘thing’ out. I will start to make arrangements for Stefani to come visit you sometime soon. I’m sure she wants to see Mum. All girls in their mid teens need their Mums. So that will be good for both of you.”

I give Petra a distant hope.... where really i know there is no hope. At least no hope of obtaining what she wants, in the way she wants.

I never stop watching Petra as I talk. The sexuality seeping from her every pore as her most sensitive flesh is manipulated by the laser beams. The clitoris gradually being coaxed out, made thicker, fatter, longer. The labia sensitized, puffed. The sparkle gone from her eyes, replace by a hunger. Her most sensuous, deep red lips parted, hanging in an almost pornographic pout. The constant stimulation does that to my women. Just one, selfish focus now. That throb. That need for orgasm. Such a deep desperate need.

“Just a couple of questions again... again observational, before I go Petra, ok?”

She nods agreement but isn’t really taking anything in.

“Stefani’s date of birth Petra, what is it?”

Petra lets out a sigh. It sounds like a sigh of impatience. But she answers immediately.

“..uhhh I don’t know... I cant think of that right now...”

How dare I bother her with trivial questions about her daughter when she is focussing, deep deep focussing on these throbs inside her! ?? I smile.

“Its ok Petra its not important.... just one more question.... give me one or two presents you gave to Stefani for last Christmas?”

Petra lets out a deep, deep sigh that vibrates her lips as a particular throb feeds a growing addiction. She seems to take a second to think before answering....

“Oh Godddddd, I don’t know.... d-do I have to remember now?”

“No, no not at all Petra.... its fine really. I’ll leave you to it for a while.

I slide the door closed after one last look at the tethered, immobilized Petra. Wallowing in her new focus. Nothing else mattering. Nothing else even on her radar. Except the throb. The throb. The throb. Not even her daughter right now, at this particular moment in time, is as important as those throbs.

I watch and study Petra for another four or five hours. It would be safe, and fair to say that at the end of this time Petra’s state of mind had deteriorated immensely. Her deterioration is my progress. Close up studies of her genitalia reveal a much thicker, longer clitoris protruding. Much like its own organ. Her labia, also larger.... and to all intents and purposes, extensions to the clitoris since their stimulation by laser, feed right back through the nerve endings, right back to the pit of her clitoris. The central throb.

A magnified look on the clitoris - easily achievable via high definition zoom on the camera, reveals it to be trembling. A constant, quivering accompanied by a constant ever present dripping of her sexual discharge. A quite startling, almost alien appearance also apparent from the bottom ends of her labia.

Drip Drip Drip.

The drip also dribbling, and drizzling down the very thin membranous piece of flesh between her vagina and rose but anus. The whole sexual region moving, pulsing, reacting to the deep deep throbs. Alive. Hungry. Addiction setting in. Settling.

Full screen of Petra's face reveal probably the truer state of her mental health. She is firstly covered in a thin film of sweat. Her hair has become tangled, and matted. In places it sticks to her face. Her eyes have become permanently narrowed, and glazed. Very distant. Nothing coherent coming from her eyes. Her cheeks expand and contract almost maniacally in time with how she takes deep breaths between the throbs. Her lips, very much like her clitoris, are trembling, quivering. Periodically she will suck her lower lip into her mouth, before any of the copious amount of drool can dribble over. Often she swallows the drool, her sweating, dripping throat rolling gently with the swallow. I purr as I watch. Delicious.

For long periods there is only the sound of her breathing. Not normal breathing, but a little vocal. As though her vocal chords are quivering with the rest of her. Occasionally though she will let out an amplified moan followed by sometimes incoherent mumbles, or indeed very lucid, very coherent ones.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH..... PLEASSSSSSSSSEEEEEEE GOD HELPPPPP ME."

I tend to clench my own thighs at those coherent pleadings. Those ones are from the soul. The very pit of her being. If she were asked if she wanted to be released, or have an orgasm. Her choice would be immediate. "Orgasm". Every single time, Orgasm. Such is the efficiency of the developed technology at my facility.

Underneath, her breasts hang heavy. They also quiver. The delicate pale flesh quivering in time with the rest of her. And little beads of sweat, collected on the tips of those massively engorged nipples. Deliciously sensitive. Deliciously Large. Thick. Elongated. The membrane over each nipple stretched so thin that it is practically transparent. Little veins visible. And the blood. Its almost possible such is the transparency to see the dark red blood inside the nipples. As though they are little blood sacks. Except in this case, hyper-sensitive blood sacks. The most delicate, and private feminine flesh pieces hyper-vulnerable. The nerve endings bare. The doorway to the soul.

I study her for a little longer. Laugh softly to myself at my own ability to show some humor. In front of me is a panel housing a huge array of controls for amongst other things, the laser beams. One of the buttons is red. A stark contrasting red compared to the grayness of all other buttons. The button is labeled *Cum Button". I caress it with a finger tip at the same time laughing again softly to myself. The simplicity of the button, and its label hides the absolute technology behind what it does. Once depressed, the button microscopically adjusts all active laser beams. Spreads the beams very slightly so that they caress the tips. In this case, the tips of Petra's nipples, and clitoris. The labia's beams would spread and intensify thus feeding the clitoris more.

To give you some idea of the effectiveness of this 'treatment'. By simply caressing one nipple tip, gently, with a fingertip, with no other contact to the second nipple or clitoris, is sufficient to give an intense, shattering orgasm. If both nipples, the clitoris and labia are caressed by laser beams

Pitiful sounds. Her torso dripping with sweat. Her face barely recognizable as the same Petra from the perfect life. Lips quivering eyes wide as wave after wave of intense orgasm courses through her..... then..... NOTHING! As I press the button again. The orgasm stopped immediately in its tracks as the lasers revert to normal operation. Petra panting, crying. Limp on the rig.

The thing about such intense orgasms is that often, in their aftermath remains a seething, invasive guilt. Especially orgasms given by me. To my chosen ones.

Petra sobbing. Pitiful sobs as she comes down. The sobs only intensifying the further she comes down. Not the other way round. That will be the guilt setting in. Pure, almost putrid guilt. And shame. There is an amount of time between coming down from such an orgasm and when once again that deep deep throb begins again. The cycle restarting. A vicious circle. In that time the absolute guilt will do its work, reducing her even more.

By the time I re-enter the room, Petra's sobs have ebbed a little. There are still wracking, heaving sobs. She will have never experienced a depth of despair like this one. Although, little does she know the depths to which she will be taken either.

I have taken off my white medical coat. For Petra, her part in my 'research' is over. I am in an expensive designer, fitted suit with heels, hose and distinctive perfume that will come as a welcome reminder of the outside world to Petra. But in complete, utter contrast, there is a slight change in my tone of voice. More formal. More detached. When Petra needs desperately to hear a friendly voice. A sympathetic voice, when she needs to see an encouraging smile, she wont.

But I don't speak to her immediately. My heels click the floor so she knows I am there. Her head is hanging. Exhaustion plays a big part. Her breaths are deep, wheezing from her chest. Just about now, the re-emergence of those distant, distant throbs. I look at her tethered flesh, satisfied with what I see.

"You are an intelligent woman Petra. I don't need to tell you that there is a big problem here. You do know that, don't you?"

My voice clear, with a stern, professional edge. Completely a different tone to the one previously used. Petra manages to nod her head. Lifting it slightly, then lowering it.

"Yesssss... I don't know what's the matter with me. I'm sorry, I just don't know."

Another sob racks her as she finishes talking.

“With immediate effect, I am removing you from this research program.”

As my words sink in, she raises her head. Face a mess. Mascara streaks down her cheeks. Lipstick cracked and chipped away by her teeth in her most desperate moments of need and despair.

“Can I g-go home... t-to my daughter... my b-beautiful daughter?”

Genuine, deep, soul searching pleading in her eyes. My face remains expressionless. Totally unfeeling. Yet my eyes piercing hers, looking deep into her.

“Look at you Petra. Look at the state of you. You’ve turned my research program into a sexual trip for yourself. You’ve made an obscene ‘mess’ all over my floor. You’ve used my facility and this program to obtain sexual gratification in the most, depraved, obscene way. At least that’s the way it looks. Our equipment measured a two-minute long, intense orgasm for gods sakes! Two minutes of solid absolute orgasm! There is most definitely an underlying problem that has been exposed by my research. I remind you, I still have a duty of care to you. Issues that are exposed during the program have to be dealt with. Resolved. I simply cannot let you go like this. It just is not going to happen.”

Her eyes glaze over as I talk to her. Back into that despair state. The blame filtering into her psyche, and resting there. The application of guilt, progressing apace. And those re-emerging throbs. Very important to her now. Helping to soften the hit of guilt and shame a little.

“Let me just ask you something Petra. Tell me, what you think your best physical attributes are? Just tell me, off the top of your head....”

She lifts her head again. Closes her eyes, blows her lips out as she feels another throb travel from the pit of her clitoris and up, just falling short of the tip. The all important tip.

“I h-have good legs... breasts.... bottom. I like my lips too.....”

Her voice has a broken, but husky edge to it. I just look at her, nodding my head with each attribute she mentions. In her eyes, genuine interest in divulging this information driven by that exposed sexuality and need.

“Yes Petra, yes, I agree with all those things. And there are probably more besides. But now tell me..... Your daughter’s date of birth? Your last Christmas present to her? Who is her class teacher? What is her favorite color. Her favorite pop band?.....”

The blankness over her face. A palpable realization, a knowledge that she doesn’t know the answer to the questions. Renewed shame. Not just shame, but deep palpable shame. Another stream of tears spill from both eyes. Its not her fault she cant remember, but she doesn’t know that. She doesn’t realize that her single focus, that single focus that throb... and that intense beautiful, chaotic orgasm are her life from here on in. She cant answer me. Her head just moves slowly side to side before hanging down again. Another groan. Another throb.

“You see Petra, I also have a duty of care to your daughter. Yes your ‘beautiful’ daughter. Questions exist, at least in the immediate future of your fitness to be a mother. Your ability to answer simple questions about your own daughter appears to be non existent. I simply cannot allow you any contact with Stefani until your issues have been dealt with.”

Her head remains hanging but she cries out in despair. A deep, gut wrenching cry. I like that sound. A grown, mature, intelligent woman crying so bitterly in despair that the hairs on the back of my neck spring to life.

“Y-you cant d-do this to me. T-this has to be illegal. Against the law.”

She doesn't really believe what she is saying. The throbs are taking over again.

“Oh but, yes I can Petra. The law is very much on my side. My research programs are very much operated within the law. As are the measures in place for side effects, issues found and uncovered during the research. The consent form is a legal document. A binding one. You need help Petra. Serious professional help. You are now my problem and I intend to solve that problem.”

My tone unfeeling, cold all the way through.

“C-can I see Stefani.... p-please just a short visit.”

Once again that desperate, guttural pleading that I liked so much. I don’t immediately reply. Leaving it for what must seem like an age.

“Once you have been moved to the other place. Once I can see your willingness to accept you have a problem. Once I can see your willingness to cooperate. Once I can see progress in your rehabilitation, then, yes I will arrange for you to ‘see’ Stefani. You wont be able to speak to her. Or her to you. Or touch her. Or have any contact at all, but I will arrange for you to ‘see’ her. Do you understand Petra. Do you understand what i am saying to you?”

Her eyes brighten again, with that little bit of hope. Any hope in between those throbs. Any slight light of hope in that pit of despair.

“Yes... yes... yes thank you so much, yes I understand...”

Genuine gratitude in a broken voice. There’s nothing like a mother’s love. A wonderful tool to create devastation in that same mothers life.

“... b-but what other place do I have to be moved to? I d-don’t understand...”

“Just details Petra, just details. You cannot stay in this area of the clinic. Its not equipped to house someone like you. In the first place I have to Section you under the Mental Health Act and you will be moved to the secure area of the clinic where you can be taken care of and rehabilitated.”

Another cry of despair as what i am saying filters in. I let that sink in, let her respond.

“I’m being ‘locked up’? B-but what about my house..... my life?”

Such gradual, deep shocks to the system often incur flashbacks. Memories. In this case Petra’s memories of her former, perfect life. Sincere bemusement in her voice punctuated by gasps every time a throb rippled through her. My voice a little sterner.

“You have issues Petra. Problems. You cant seriously expect to mix with ‘normal’ people surely? Regarding your ‘life’ - legalities will be taken care of in due course. That just ensures your finances and property are taken care of. Also a letter of resignation from your position with the company that employed you. This way it can be done quietly with no fuss. This is to save you from the embarrassment of doing it publicly. It also saves the company from the embarrassment. Everything hush hush. So much better for everyone.”

Petra struggling to take it in. Finding it hard to focus as the throbs increase in volume and intensity again. Her lips blow out as she tries to absorb it. Inside herself hoping that just one of those throbs

makes its way, all the way to the tip of her clitoris. She finds if she focuses, just on the throb, she can get the tiniest micro-shots of pleasure that remind her of that mind-blowing orgasm. Yes that's what she felt she had to do. What she must do. Focus.

".... One other thing. A letter of consent to the placement of your daughter into my care for an unlimited time. You need to sign this. Obviously its for an undisclosed time simply because we do not know how long your rehabilitation will take. It ensures that Stefani is properly looked after. Taken care of at least until she is of adult age. I assure you, my credentials are impeccable on teen-care."

I watch the words filter in, taking longer than normal due to her pre-occupation with the throbs.

"Do you understand Petra. This is just legal requirements. Nothing for you to worry about ok?"

She blows those gorgeous full lips out again before hanging her head.

"Yessssss for gods sakes yessssss yes I understand."

For the first time, a greedy impatience over her exhausted, weary face.

"Oh there is no god here Petra. Only I can help you in here."

I cant help but smile at my own little joke even if it is coldly, cruelly delivered,

SIX - Beyond The Point Of Return

The changes applied to intimacies during my laser 'treatment' is irreversible. Petra's clitoris will remain 3.0 cm long and 1.0 cm in diameter. Quite a catastrophic, and visible change from its normal discreet, hooded existence. Her nipples will remain 3.5 cm long and 2 cm in diameter at the tip. Between the tips and the bases of the nipples they are bulbous, fat and dark purple, grape like. Likewise, the labia fattening, distending also a permanent feature of Petra now. Also irreversible is the hyper-sensitivity applied to these organs. That will not go away. Either with time, or body clock intervention. The 'throb', also now a distinct, important and permanent focus in Petra's life. Guilt, and shame also a creeping, and increasing hell for Petra. The 'focus' the guilt and shame would eventually shift, but remain palpable. Almost putrid on her psyche. At the moment that guilt

concentrated on the losing of her daughter, and the intense pleasure of orgasm. All in the mix. All working to soul destroying effect. I liked that!

“Petra. I’m going to have to take you off this rig now. But it will have to be done slowly so that your circulation can return to normal. Also..... there have been unexpected changes, to your intimacies during your time here. The changes are unexpected and unexplainable which adds to the issues we have to resolve. You need to see what’s happened to you. You will probably be shocked by what you see. But you need to see, to understand that the problems we have to resolve are complex..... do you understand Petra?”

I am in front of her crouched down, on my heels again. I know those distant throbs will be two or three seconds apart and I know her focus will be on them. But she will hear my voice and understand the words. An example of the multitasking women are good at. It doesn’t escape my notice, the way Petra’s impressive tongue slides out, across her lips and the way her eyes linger on my arched feet in high heels. Pour over the sheer, silky smooth nylon sheathing my own, not badly shaped lower legs. I don’t comment on it at all. Or even give away that I have noted it. I simply stay in position a little longer. Let the vision feed into Petra’s psyche.

“Yes... yes I understand.”

“Just relax as you feel the rig move. I will readjust you bit by bit. I will then be stopping to adjust the restraint. Effectively as of..... two hours ago, you have been Sectioned. You are in effect a person with mental health issues, so you have to remain restrained. But you do understand that.... don’t you?”

Pouring the despair and hopelessness into her. Piling it on top of the guilt, the shame. And all the time that ever increasing, ever important focus. The throbs... all being fed into the very deep base of her quivering distended clitoris. There’s a groan, or something like a groan, from the pit of her stomach as my words filter in.

“Yyyyyyes.....”

“Good girl. Its important you understand the processes you are going through. Everything thats happening to you. It cant be easy, losing your beautiful daughter this way. She has been asking about you, you know?”

I watch carefully, study Petra’s reaction. She absorbs the throbs focuses on them. And yet my own ‘understanding’ and ‘concern’ just a mask for the deliberate psychological torture I apply with a

chilling expertise. She wracks a sob, as much as the restraint allows. And a noise comes from her. Dripping with despair, almost like a 'grieving'.

"Its ok though. I told her you'd gone away for a while and would be back, eventually."

And then 'hope'. False hope. The noise in response to that a little more uplifted with the hope. She absorbs throb after throb focussing trying to get the most from it. Always falling just short of that earth moving orgasm.

"B-buttttt I d-do g-get to see her.... r-right?"

Her lips puffing out. Eyes still pouring over my legs and shoes.

"Ohhhhhh yes Petra. I told you... if I see progress, if I see cooperation you will be able to see Stefani. Absolutely I promise that."

Sincerity and authority in my voice. I stand slowly letting Petra's hungry eyes follow the line of my legs under the tightness of my skirt. I turn to one of the invisible cameras and do the "cut" sign across my throat, indicating that the laser beams can now be turned off. Their work has been done. At least for the time being. This part of the deception is all but complete.

I relieve the restraint via remote control. First the strain on her body. The slight concave arch in her back. The bar at the base of her spine lifted a little. A gasp of relief from her lips. The arms allowed to come more forward relieving that strain. Another gasp. The breasts becoming slightly less stretched, more hanging. The legs slightly less bent but kept spread wide. Another gasp of relief. The the whole rig being brought more upright and Petra into a more naturally upright position. Her striking red hair slightly matted and now her whole expression a complete stark, almost frightening change from the attractive, aloof beautiful composure of how she used to be in her perfect life.

"There, that must be a little better for you Petra?"

I can see the continued focus on the throbs as she nods almost vacantly. The focus is there in her eyes,

"Mmmmm yes.... yes, thank you."

The thanks pouring from her lips very sincere, heartfelt and yet her focus, her true focus never changing. The throb. Three throbs mingling into one deeper throb. In the very deep base of her clitoris. She cant see herself at this point. Bars and restraint prevent that. But I am not ready for her to see herself just yet.

“I have to put a body belt on you Petra, so that I can take your arms down and secure them to the belt ok?”

She knows the word ‘cooperation’ and the word ‘progress’. These are fresh in her mind. She is also still part-tranced so this too is aiding her cooperation. At the same time the part trance will be cushioning, just a little, the actual despair she is suffering. Soon I will de-trance her. Take her out of it and watch as she sinks those extra notches.

“Y-yes, yes I understand.”

“Good girl. I’m going to put the body belt on first and then release each arm one at a time. Just your wrists will be secured to the body belt ok?”

I spot that glaze in her eyes as her focus is concentrated on yet another throb.

“Mmmmmmmmm yesssss yes ok.”

“Gooooood girl.”

My voice for once dropping slightly, to an encouraging, crooning syrupy Arabic thickness.

I work meticulously. Sliding the wide, soft leather body belt around her middle and securing it with double buckles. The belt has the deliberate effect of cinching the waist and flaring the hips. The wrist restraints, just single stainless steel hoops are located slightly behind each hip, and high which results in the wrists being placed back to the restraint and the elbows bent, shoulders back making her 38d cup breasts prominent. I make a slight adjustment to her legs, spreading them wider via the remote.

Petra wallows in her throbs as with the same remote control, I bring down huge mirrors from the ceiling. The mirrors are magnification mirrors. Manufactured to exacting standards. She’s not really

aware. Not really compus-mentus about what is happening in effect right in front of her eyes. The angle of the sexual discharge drips altered now. The drip from a single point. From the shaft of her distended clitoris and down into the drain beneath her.

Drip Drip Drip.

I make sure the mirrors are correctly aligned and placed before I break into her world with my voice.

“Petra, I want you to look at yourself. Just look directly in front at yourself...ok.”

There’s possibly two or three seconds where her eyes become lucid and they focus on the mirrors. Flitting over the surface taking in the vision she eventually realizes is herself. I watch carefully, every reaction every nuance. The eyes settling on her nipples. First one then the other. Huge purpled nipples. Raised reddened aureolas. Then down, to her exposed sexuality. A section of the mirror super magnified so the minute detail cannot escape her. Extended clitoris. Thick, long, protruding and dripping with her own thick, copiously produced juices. Her fattened, distended labia also thickly coated with her own self produced ooze. Its just a frozen moment in time. Maybe three seconds. Maybe four as she takes it in, realizes it is herself she is looking at and then visibly, recoils in the horror of what she sees. Her face a mask of disgust, and revulsion. Her lips parting, peeling from whatever is left of gloss on gloss.

“...w-w-what has happened to me... w-what ISSSSS happening to me.”

The self revulsion, the self loathing dripping from her broken voice. The wrist restraint ringlets chinking together as she tenses, tries to move her arms to no avail. Her eyes roaming up to her thick, long, teat like nipples, eyes opening wider, starker as she takes them into her psyche.

“I know Petra. I wish you didn’t have to be shocked like this. But it couldn’t be avoided. You had to see what you have become. In answer to your question... I don’t know. We don’t know. Its obvious you are not normal. Its obvious we cant just release you. Even more obvious that you cannot be reunited with your daughter at this moment in time.....”

My voice trails off. She is hearing what I am saying. Every word. Every meaning, but her eyes are fixed on her dripping sex. So crude. So obscene. And that part understanding now, of those throbs inside her. She can see the musculature movement making it seem like her sex is alive. The roll of the flesh. The pulsating as each throb winds its way through inside her intimacies.

“I’m disgusting.... obscene..... worse.”

All the time her eyes don't leave the visions in the mirrors. Its like she cannot take her eyes away. What she says she truly feels and yet she also feels the need of the throb. The hunger. And the guilt and the shame. At this time,

Scratch Scratch Scratch

on her tethered wide upper thigh, bringing her down out of the part trance. No words to acknowledge that. Just the widening of her eyes as a deeper shock and despair set in. All the time my voice neutral, filtering in.

“Good girl. And yes, yes you are disgusting. You are obscene. Probably more besides. But, like I told you, our intention is to fix that. Fix you. Everyyyyyyything will be ok Petra, everything.”

My own voice dripping into her. Agreeing with her own assessment of herself and yet caressing her also. The shock of seeing herself has taken something else out her. The shock is evident, palpable across her face. But also, something else, another tiny little bit of who she was has been taken away. As I retract the mirrors back into the ceiling, I see her focus return to the throbs. Her fleshy tongue lashing across her full lips.

Focus Focus Focus. Throb Throb Throb.

Trying to get the most from them. Greedily doing so. I step back, enjoy this effect for some time before I break into her world again.

“Petra, I have to get you ready for moving to the secure unit. That means we have to leave this room and go to another. We have to get you covered up, made a little more presentable for the hand-over. Do you understand?”

My language now deliberately altering... referring to, pointing more towards her ‘incarceration’ than a clinical environment. This is designed to feed her psyche. Destroy a little more of her old self. I know she will be taking in every word, computing it simply because she is the ideal, perfect ‘subject’. Intelligence as well as Beauty. The ability to know and understand perfectly, everything that is happening to her despite her diminishing mental state. And now, no part trance to cushion these psychological blows. The sadist in me loving that.

“Yes... yes I understand.”

A delicious acceptance in her voice. Acceptance dripping with a self loathing and guilt. And in the background always that

Throb Throb Throb!

SEVEN - Rubbered

There was a soft, utter bemusement in Petra's voice as she looked at herself in the mirror.

"B-but, why do I have to have, this on..... why?"

She had been taken to the preparation room. Another basically isolated room used for this very purpose. The whole of one wall was a mirror. A curtain existed for whenever required. In this instance that wasn't the case. Petra could see herself, and the process being carried out. I wanted that very much to be the case.

She had been taken from the abject horror of the rig room, to the preparation room still cinched at the waist. Wrists secured to the back of her hips to the body belt. At first she had been barely able to stand and had stumbled like a long legged bambi trying to readjust her footing. Just getting used to standing again. Her stance and gait had been altered a little by the changes between her legs. Once in the prep-room the body belt had been removed and discarded. Its work had been done.

I had fitted her with a one piece transparent latex body and head suit. Slightly thicker latex than that used in surgical gloves. The suit designed to be a tight second skin fit. One that once fitted, bonded to the skin effectively becoming the skin. Completely encasing feet, legs, hips, torso and up over the neck and shoulders. Encasing her head but with her plume of red hair erupting from a tight hole in the crown. The edge of the latex just rimmed above her eyebrows and circling her face and around. Flattening the ears to the sides of her head and with just two small ear holes to allow each to maintain a reduced hearing capacity. The latex then wrapping down around her jaws, around her chin edging just in the dimple of her chin. Her face framed, bizarrely in glossy see-through rubber.

Arms completely covered except for her hands. The latex sealed to her wrists just above her hands. This latex suit, a permanent "under-seal", as it were. The one and only seam running up her back, but sealed and closed smooth. The whole fit, totally skin tight giving her complexion a strangely glossy sheen and with her face exposed, stark and pale. Vulnerable even.

Indeed the sight of herself in this under-suit would create bemusement. Not least because of the reinforced holes, at the nipples through which, each of her distended swollen teats had been prized and gently pulled until they popped out into the open air. The circumference of the holes deliberately smaller than that of the nipple base so that it was constricted, squeezed ever so tightly. A further feed for the nipple throbs. The transparent latex settling then, pressing to the raised aureolas emphasizing them more.

And between the legs. The suit which had appeared sealed but which in fact was slit, from the area just above the crotch right round to her anal rose. This slit prized open and her labia gently squeezed through, pulled so the very bases were constricted by the closing of the skin tight reinforced crotch latex and left to hang under her. And finally, the clitoris.... ever so gently prized through, pulled and tweaked through so that it protruded, erect. And again the latex settling, constricting the genitalia out. Pressing into her flesh and the extended, fleshy bits outside, exposed. The clitoris and labia the most alarmingly obscene sights as they continually dripped Petra's juices.

Drip Drip Drip

Throb Throb Throb

"HMMMMMM, Petra... this is part of the diagnosis and treatment. Its a little complex to go into fully. Basically though its about sealing everything thats good inside. That is inside the latex...."

I run my finger tip over her smooth latexed tummy as an illustration to her that she isn't all bad, or wrong. A very soft, almost tender run of the finger.

"....And everything thats bad is kept outside so that it can be dealt with.....Can you see what I mean Petra?"

To illustrate that I run one single finger around the sides of one of her fattened, thick nipples, amplifying the throb she feels from there. Her pretty face, distressed face, partly framed in latex wincing. Lips puffed out. The use of the word 'bad', planting another seed in her head that this sexuality, the sexuality she is replacing all her focus on now, that IS all her focus, is bad and needs to be exposed in order to be dealt with. She hangs her head slightly, but nods as well, that she understands.

"Good girl Petra. Its always much much better if you understand. Besides this is just the under-seal. This under-suit will stay on you, keeping you 'fresh', like a shrink wrapping, for your whole stay here. Petra, you do want to cooperate don't you?...."

Cooperation is already ingrained into her substantially deteriorating mind. Cooperation means that she will at the very least 'see' her beautiful daughter. Even her receding mind, ever focussing on that 'throbbing', wont let go of the mother in her. Motherly love. The maternal instinct. Something like basic animal instinct. And yet something also able to create a soul destroying despair so palpable that it drains that very spark from what were once bright, huge pools of eyes. My voice caressing again. Justifying the bizarre look and feel.

"Mmmmmm y-yessss, yes I 'have' to cooperate, have to."

I smile, stroke her tummy again. All smooth and latexed. Just under the glossy orbs of her breasts, sheathed in skin like latex, and with those deep, angry looking purple nipples. All big fat and throbbing. All the time throbbing and exposed. No latex shrink wrapping for them. And a glance down, between her long, long shapely legs. Labia distended, fat, hanging, red puffy, very sensitive. Feeding, always feeding the clitoris. Her clitoris also protruding, erect, purple... the same purple as her nipples and the membrane so stretched that its almost transparent. No latex shrink wrapping for her down there either. The centre point of her focus. The centre of her focus. Ever increasingly so. All her bad bits exposed. Left out of the comforting latex shrink wrapping, and dripping.

Drip Drip Drip

"Yes thats right Petra. You 'have to'. you have to cooperate. So lets finish getting you ready. The secure unit already knows you're coming....."

My smile to her is sincere. Although it is a sincere smile in that I am sincerely elated to be witnessing the breakdown of a mature, intelligent woman. A mother. I clench my thighs but this doesn't register on my face at all.

Approximately one hour later, Petra was ready for the transfer. The hand-over to the secure unit. Her new home. The vision now changed. Complete.

Totally sheathed in smooth, shiny black latex. The second layer stretched over the first forming a total outer skin. A seal. This hooded cat suit complete with hands and individual fingers. The latex so tight, so fitting over each finger that the wrinkles of flesh over each knuckle clearly defined, compressed through the shiny blackness of the latex. The suit fitting every contour, every curve of

Petra's statuesque form. And ending in a wide, double latex collar that is fitted tightly around her neck.

Her 'bad' extremities still protrude, exposed. A genuinely unsettling sight. Three points in an otherwise smooth, shiny, perfect package, from which such desperately sensitive, stretched, almost transparent, erect, intimate pieces of flesh protrude. Bad flesh! The nipple holes and crotch areas of the latex suit, designed and engineered in such a way that the protrusions are maximized. Totally exposed. Totally vulnerable.

Petra wasn't really recognizable as Petra any more. The second part of the suit, a full head and face hood, secured to the collar of the main cat suit via a delicate zip, secured with a tiny gold padlock at the back of her neck. The hood tight fitting to the head and face. Ears sealed flat to her head. Tiny holes only for further impaired hearing. Her hair again protruding, erupting from the crown, the stark redness a complete contrast to the shiny glossy blackness of the suit. Slightly in front of the hair eruption, towards the front of her head, a fixed gold threaded nipple. Like something that something else could be screwed to. A strange sight. Almost alien.

The black latex hugging and settling into all of Petra's facial contours and features. There were eye holes. reinforced in the same way as the nipple and crotch areas, so that the rubber pressed into her face surrounding the eyes, making them seem like they bulged out, big, stark. And her eye lashes, thick and curled. Batting up and down very quickly as she attempted to adapt and absorb these new sensations. Any communication through her eyes amplified. Accentuated. Little securing points in the rubber surrounding her eyes, for the addition of blanking rubber pads, or differing degrees of transparent latex film in order to debilitate, or deny any sight. The latex compressed over her nose. Two tiny nostril holes that housed little nipples inserted into the nostrils to aid her breathing. The hood shaped around her mouth, allowing her full, attractive lips to protrude out exposed. Again the rubber pressing into the area around her mouth making the lips pout in a more exaggerated fashion. Full, pouting, 'bad' lips.

The perfect, line of Petra's long, long legs had not been spoiled at all by the inclusion of the boots. Far from it, they had been enhanced and extended by the tight fitting, lace up boots which edged tightly to just on, or minutely below the knees. The boots, with seven inch heels, forced her feet to arch. The arch, maximized since there was no platform sole to lessen it. The heels very thin, metal tipped forcing a careful balance and the height such that her weight was shifted, and forced forward to the balls of her feet. The stance of the boots ensured an accentuated arch of the back, a splay of the magnificently long tapered legs as she tried to adjust and get used to them and a delicious 'thrust back' of her bottom.

Her task of adjustment was not made easier. A reinforced latex body belt, much like the one she wore earlier had been fitted around her middle, except more subtle, more organic. Acting as an over corset, cinching her waist, and also housing the rings to the rear of her hips, to which her wrists had been secured via clips in the wrists of her cat suit. These securing points ensured her elbows bent

and pointed backwards, her shoulders forced back, heavy latexed breasts thrust forward. I had covered the mirror for this fitting, choosing for the reveal so that her view of herself would create a further shock to her system.

Correct hand-over apparel. Head to toe latex. Hooded. Extreme heels and restraints. There was a further requirement which I had decided to leave out for her trip to the secure unit. It had been agreed that ankles would be hobbled via a chain to restrict the steps taken. This would re-enforce the restraint psychologically. My idea actually. But in Petra's case, well, I had decided to leave this out for reasons to be revealed.

"O-oh..... my god! L-look at me!

The shock was instant, palpable. A slight miss-step on the heels. I steady her by holding one elbow firmly. 5'10" In bare feet, 6'5" in seven inch heels, Petra dwarfed my relatively diminutive height even in my own heels. The difference was Petra was in the descendancy. I in the ascendancy.

"Yes Petra.... look at you indeed. In my secure unit, this is how 'sexual offenders' are dressed and presented...."

I talk slowly letting my words and tone filter in. Petra is no longer a 'volunteer' and she has been sectioned under the mental health act. I had re-glossed her lips and so their movement in contrast to the surrounding black latex is highlighted.

"B-but.... I'm n-not a sexual offender....."

Her voice trails off in agonizing despair.

"Well Petra, you haven't committed any sexual offenses that we are aware of. But, your problem is sexual. Clearly sexual and its how you'll be treated until we get to the bottom of all this. Like an offender. A sexual offender. The sooner you understand. The sooner rehabilitation can progress."

She lets out a little guttural cry of despair as I continue to speak.

“Take a look at yourself Petra. Your femininity enhanced to the maximum. Shrink wrapped in a latex double skin.... all of your good bits accentuated and sealed in. All of your bad bits also accentuated but left exposed so they can be dealt with...”

Petra just takes the vision of herself in. The boots enforcing a splayed leg stance due to the sheer height of the thin stiletto heels. Those same boots so accentuating her long shapely legs. The overall vision, like something from another world. A creature even. Every so often this ‘creature’ dripping from between the legs. That dripping and the sheer slippery wetness of her exposed genitalia a permanent feature. Her voice broken, like that of her personality.

“Y-yes, yes of course.”

She cant take her eyes off herself in the mirror. Even sliding out her tongue, across her lips side to side as another now familiar, welcome, needed throb works its way through her.

“Come Petra, its time for your transfer to the secure unit.”

The secure unit was housed on the lower of the sub level floors. A short walk to the elevator from the preparation room and then down two levels. I had deliberately left the hobble chain between Petra’s ankles off. The reason for this clear. It took a little while for her to get used to the seven inch heels, but apart from that, with the lack of hobble, and with no restrictions in her steps, it was possible for her to discover the ‘friction’ her labia and clitoris gained and she would search for that friction with every step. Every little bit of friction, emphasizing the throbs. Dripping labia rubbing together feeding up into the base of the clitoris. The clitoris itself moving with every step, the blood pumped to its tip with every step taken. Her latexed breasts shrink wrapped and yet moving slightly, sending every small vibration up into the base of her nipples.

My point being... after she adapted to the heels, and became used to her steps, her strutting, swaggering walk, wrists pinned to her hips, made her look like a hungry sexual predator. She wouldn’t be able to help that. She would be quite at the mercy of her own enhanced sexuality. Quite obscene when the expressions on her face accentuated this also. Lips moving, parting. Tongue sliding out and across her deep red lips every time she felt that throb, accentuated with friction. It amused me. It speeded up the drip drip drip from her sexuality. And a little, dirty groan from deep inside the pit of her stomach.

“mmmmmmnnnnnnngggggggggggggggg.”

“Good girl.... see I told you you would be back in high heels before you knew it. AND, you are so good in them, a natural. My little treat for you. I never break a promise you know.”

I spoke as we made our way to the lift. Quite an imposing sight. This tall, tethered, latexed wrapped woman, making her way with long, deliberate strides. Me gently holding her by the elbow. Supporting her as she made her predatory way with long purposeful strides. Her basest, latent sexuality on display.

“Mmmmm these heels are so high....I never thought I’d be able to walk in heels this high.”

Her voice is more a lazy, sex dripping groan than a definite tone. I laugh softly.

“Awwwww Petra, its surprising what can be achieved with the right inspiration. You look absolutely stunning... even as a sexual offender....”

My voice trails off and we reach the elevator. We wait a few seconds then into it and down the two further levels. Really, down to the bowels of the building. Petra falls quiet, the sexual offender tag just massaging her psyche, and her despair. Just the odd creak and squeak of the latex and click of the metal tipped heels of her boots.

The lift opens directly into the reception area of the secure unit. This doesn’t resemble a boutique hotel like the research floor. Far from it. This is a secure unit in the truest, basest sense of the word. A solitary wooden desk and high backed chair, in front of floor to ceiling bars that sliced the corridor in two. The space in front of the barred area a basic reception. And then the area behind the bars. A dank foreboding area very dimly lit and with lower than normal ceiling clearance making the vacuum inside seem more foreboding.

No white walls down here. All black and with exposed pipe-work and electric cables running down the length of the ceiling. The vacuum more palpable down here. More acute. The hustle and bustle of the main public clinic seeming so far away. Even the silent but bright research area, seeming like its a different building far away. A different planet even. It might as well be.

Shuffling Petra into the reception areas, she would have felt it all close in around herself. The deep, deep intimidating presence of something resembling ‘evil’. It was meant to feel like that. Its a heavy, acute thing, that closes in around anyone who comes down here. I personally don’t spend much time here. My staff here are experts at what they do. I pay them well to do what they do. What they do down here is not described anywhere in the Geneva Convention.

At first there is no-one behind the desk. After a few minutes the sound of heels, coming back up from the gloom the other side of the bars. Emerging out of the shadows, a lady older than myself,

approaching sixty. Very slight in build. Pale in complexion. A simple white coat covers her normal day-wear. She unlocks the barred door, very slowly very methodically with her electronic key. Opens the door. Comes through it and turns and swipes the key again locking the door. Its the procedure. All doors are locked and none are left open.

“Long time no see Sabirah..... and what, prey tell have you brought me today.”

Her voice is a very thick Austrian in accent. Almost erring towards stark German. Its also the tone of a wise woman, experienced in life. Experienced in things normal people are not usually experienced in. Her eyes swing from me over to Petra and then they roam over Petra. From head to toe. Her ‘normal’ appearance makes Petra seem all the more bizarre.

“My God.... this one is special. I can tell just to look at her. Those legs go on forever. Those breasts wow.”

She licks her lips. Petra shudders, shifts her heels. Her first contact with another person since her ‘problems’ have been exposed. I can see her delicious lips quivering. And I can see in her eyes as she absorbs another ‘throb’.

“HmMMM yes Debra, it indeed is a long time no see. And well..... this was a ‘volunteer’, but we discovered some ‘issues’, hence her little visit to you.”

Our conversation slightly coded. Debra, a lifelong friend knew that a volunteer who ended up with her had been ‘selected’, well in advance. And it would be kind of a one way trip for her. The conversation was all for Petra’s benefit since Debra had received Petra’s file, many many days before.

“Welllll Sabirah.... you know I don’t pre-judge down here. Although, by the looks of this one, she needs some ‘special’ help. And I will do my best to give her that special help. Just confirm for me, two layers of latex. The under-one sealed?”

A hint of a knowing smile between us. The non inclusion of Petra in the conversation deliberate. A further sign of her detachment.

“Debra I have complete confidence in you and yes absolutely two layers. All the good sealed in, all the bad exposed and left out. A clinic Standard! Petra here wants to cooperate, totally. She knows she has issues that need to be dealt with.....”

My voice trails off as Debra feeds her eyes over the shrink wrapped latexed mother again. I can see the delight there, in Debra's eyes. But also something much much darker.

"I have some things to see too so I must leave you both. Petra knows that any visits with her daughter, and / or her eventual release from here are all dependent on her cooperation. She understands. Actually she is very intelligent, so your work should hold some special significance for both you, and her."

Debra smiles. Eyes bright and again roaming over the enhanced form of Petra.

"Be good Petra... I will be kept informed at all times....."

My voice curt. Short. My smile wide then as I bid farewell to Debra. She silently blows a kiss to me as I get into the elevator.

EIGHT - Incarceration

Petra, takes up the story in her own words from here;

I didn't know what was happening to me. If I was losing my mind, or not! Deep inside I felt grateful to Sabirah for exposing my 'problem' and then offering to help me with it. I was tearing apart inside not being able to be with Stefani, my daughter. But that despair was in between the 'thrumming' deep sensations that really were sending me out of my mind. There was something very wrong with me. Very twisted and I knew it had to be dealt with. Issues needed to be solved. Sabirah had been so kind to me, so understanding, so willing to help me. I had her to thank for all this. All of it. I felt, even between my fits of despair for my daughter, and fits of despair for this 'thrumming' or 'throbbing' pang of sorrow, like a loss, as Sabirah left me with Debra in the secure unit of her clinic.

Even as the hum of the ascending lift with Sabirah in it, faded into the upper levels of a world that seemed normal, a terrible, terrible sense of dread, and stomach churning feeling of imposing doom poured over me. My feet shifted. The heels clicked on a bare stone floor but apart from that it was silent. Dead silent.

Debra didn't speak, or talk for what seemed an eternity. She didn't even look at me, or acknowledge me at all. She had sat behind that wooden desk, pouring over the contents of a folder full of files. I

began to feel like I didn't exist. The smoothness. The warm fuzzy smoothness of the latex caressing my flesh, but somehow diminishing me. And those god awful, fucking delicious thrummings. Making my protruding, deep red lips quiver. And a noise, something like a 'whimper' as I tried desperately to coax the thrumming, the throbs further towards the tips of my obscene, exposed extremities. The silence and the dread was breaking my mind down as I stood in front of the desk. My latexed wrists clipped, secured to my own hips. Eventually..... very eventually, Debra took in a deep breath. She didn't look up at me, she just spoke as she poured over another page.

"So you were a woman and mother, called Petra?"

The question was simple. Straightforward. But it deeply troubled me. I absorbed another thrumming sensation from deep. Shifted on the impossibly high heels and finding some saliva, spoke. But my voice was low, broken. It told of a rising torment. of a depleting mind.

"B-but.... I'm still Petra.... still a mother to my beautiful daughter...."

My voice trailed off. The emotion seeing tears spill from my wide, latex rimmed eyes. And the sound, of Debra letting out a deep sigh of impatience. Then she let her cold, narrow eyes wander up me from my severely arched feet in the boots, all the way up my tightly latexed legs and hips. Torso, breasts. Letting her eyes idle for what seemed an age on my protruding, teat and grape like nipples... then over my latexed breast mounds and up to my face, resting, unsettling me, deeply on my eyes.

"I know Sabirah will have let you see yourself, as you are now. Never mind what you feel like inside. But what you 'look' like. You cannot be seriously expecting me to think, that you think you are a suitable mother? Or even that same woman... Petra.... as you were before your issues were exposed?"

Her voice was as cold as her eyes. The simplest of words from her cut me to ribbons. I knew what I looked like. But more than that I knew what I felt like. Inside. The deepest, deepest despair. And that thrumming. Throbbing. My increasing concentration on that intense sexual pleasure.

"Well? I asked you a question."

Her voice so cold. Like this place so cold. Hard. Unfeeling.

"I'm s-sorry... y-yes yes you're right I am sorry."

“And your, uhmmmm ‘offspring’.... what would she think if she could see you now hmmm? I don’t say your daughter. That would suggest you are her mother and that clearly is not the case.”

My lips quiver as I lift one stiletto just a little. Another thrumming resonating through my deeper femininity. At the same time, the hurt..... god forbid Stefani ever see me like this. But that wouldn’t happen. I am going to be made well again.... I had to believe that.

“Ohhhhhhh, s-she couldn’t see m-me.. not like this.... not like this....”

My voice trailing off. broken. A stream of tears cascading down shiny black latex cheeks. Debra getting up from the desk coming around to me at the front.

“I’m going to unclip your wrists. Let your blood circulate for a while. We’re going to talk. Or correction I am going to do most of the talking, you are going to listen, and learn. Do you understand?”

She unclips my wrists which immediately relieves the ache. I seem to dwarf her. Tiny in comparison to me in my accentuated state.

“Y-yes... yes thank you. Thank you.....”

“Do NOT let your fingers anywhere near your extremities. Those obscene ‘things’ hanging out of your latex. Do you understand? If you do... well.....”

Her voice trails off in a half finished sentence leaving me to think the worse if I went against her wishes.

“Y-yes.. yes I understand.”

Debra goes behind me, to retrieve a stainless steel medical container on wheels. At least that is what it looks like to me as another THRUMMMMMMMMMMING vibrates through me. making me ‘want’ to run my finger over nipple tips, and down over saturated labias, and clitoris tip. I had been so shocked when I saw myself in Sabirah’s mirror. Those things that used to be called nipples. Those things that used to be called labia. That ‘thing’ that used to be my clitoris. And always dripping. Grotesque now.

Drip Drip Drip

“Good, good. You know I’ve been reading over your public profile. Very impressive. Successful city woman who has entertained most of who is anyone in the city. And even tea at the Palace.....more than once!’

She talked as she placed the container.

“Like I said I am impressed. Even more impressed because of what you have ‘become’ now. How great has been the fall. How greater will be the continuing fall? Its probably best if we get the ground rules out of the way.....”

That coldness to her voice. And my nodding agreeing. Her seeing my agreement before she continues.

“Here, you are nothing. Less than nothing. Here, that you allowed to ‘live’ is a privilege. Even the most basic of human rights here is a privilege. Any of the most basic human rights are strictly controlled. Your intake of nutrition will be strictly controlled. Your bodily functions will be controlled. Bladder controlled. Bowels controlled. If you are to be rehabilitated control of any form what-so-ever has to be removed from you....”

Her voice matter-of-fact. A shiver down my spine. My lips peeling apart, a gasp as she speaks so coldly. unfeeling.

“What you have become is a disgrace to the female gender. Worse, a disgrace to your offspring. There is no evidence of you committing any sexual offenses, yet. And yet, you are a sexual offender. And, I have to say, one of the worse kind.”

I try to relieve and stretch my arms and wrists but that only seems to exacerbate the thrumming. Speeding up the flow of thrums. Still her words cutting through, debilitating me more and more.

“Yes, yes I’m sorry, truly sorry.”

Biting my full, lower lip as another thrumming resonates through me deep. The guilt now being heaped on me.

Debra then standing on tip toes again to attach my wrists to the D rings either side of the posture collar. Arms folded at the elbows and clipped, pulse side of the wrists to the smooth, stiff latex of the collar.

“Catching my breath as I listen to Debra. her voice so matter-of-fact. Catching my breath a second time. this time more acutely as I realize Debra has reached between my legs. gripped the thing that is my clitoris and is squeezing and pulling the sides. Using the natural lubricant to rub and rub the sides between her thumb and forefinger and at the same time pull and tug on the clitoris as though milking it. My back extended its arch exaggerating it a little, pushing my pelvis forward in order for Debra to be able to manipulate my clitoris with no hindrance.

“Yessssss yessssss yessssss that is clear... yessssssssssss.”

My heels scraping the floor as the throbs are amplified and coaxed ever towards the clitoral tip. The accentuated thrummings delicious to me, making me want them more and more.?

“Of course I can be verrrrrrry nice to you. Make your time here verrrrrrrrry nice.”

She manipulates my clitoris expertly like she has done it hundreds if not thousands of times before. Tugging it, milking it and rubbing the sides. Never touching the tip just sending me to madness as she does it. I lick my lips, grunt.

“MMMMMMMMNNNNGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.”

Pure sexual pleasure filling every nuance of my being.

“Yes thats right. You like that don’t you? Mmmmmmmm yes... well go on SO-401, why don’t you orgasm to your hearts content..... go on go for it.”

As she speaks she very gently taps the tip of my clitoris with the index finger of her other hand. The all important clitoris tip. The key to the ultimate hyper-pleasure.

Tap Tap Tap

And the orgasm is instant. A ten fold increase in intensity to what I experienced in the research isolation rig room. The orgasm the most precious thing in my life as it screams through me making the whole length of me tremble, and vibrate. Debra pulling, rubbing and

Tap Tap Tap

“HHNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGNNNNNNNNGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.”

The wash through me intense never abating. As long as Debra rubs, pulls and taps I keep cumming

“HHNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGNNNNNNNNGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGNNNNNNNNGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGNNNNNNNNGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
NNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGNNNNNNNNGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGNNNNNNNNGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGNNNNNNNNGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.”

Ahhhh fuckkkkkk that feeeeeels so goooooooodddddd..... so fucking goooooood.”

The obscenities heartfelt. My neck strained in the posture collar. But the release so wanted. So needed. So hungered for.

“MMMMMM yesssss thats good... keep cumming SO-401.. I want you to know how kind I can be.”

Tap Tap Tap

“HHNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGNNNNNNNNGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGNNNNNNNNGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGNNNNNNNNGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
NNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGNNNNNNNNGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGNNNNNNNNGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGNNNNNNNNGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.”

Me shrieking as my latexed legs almost give out. And then

NOTHING.

Debra withdraws her fingers, stopping the orgasm in its tracks. Me panting, desperate so absolutely loving the intense orgasm. She moves into my line of sight, smiling. This little old lady. Just smiling as my distended labia and clitoris dripped, and dripped sexual discharge.

“See? See how kind I can be? I can be cruel to, but I don’t want to display that. You haven’t been here very long.... but rest assured I can be cruel. This is just about you learning. Basic learning skills for you.”

Her voice said it all. She didn’t need to emphasize it. Me panting, almost drooling. A dreamy, orgasmic smile on my face. A lascivious lick of the lips. Almost obscene. definitely pornographic such was the addictive properties of that multiple orgasm. I was learning. Yes I was learning. Learning very quickly.

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM OOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWWW
MMMMMMMMMM AAAAAAAAAA RRRRRRRRRRRR GGGGGGGGGG
AAAAAAAAAAA RRRRRRRRRRRR AAAAAAAAAAAAAA”

They were my own cries I was hearing. Except they were like, detached from myself. And they weren’t really cries at all. If I had heard cries like this, before my ‘problem’, I would have thought someone was having their soul ripped out... slowly. Over an amount of time. Time... what is that anyway?

Debra had worked on me slowly, and yet with precision. De-mobilizing me. Immobilizing me. Dehumanizing me really. I had never really thought of the word dehumanizing before. Firstly in reception and with my wrists still clipped to the collar of my extended neck, tubes slid into my nostrils, up into my nose and then down into my stomach. A few inches of tube left dangling from my nose to which other tubes could be attached in order to feed me. Or apply medication, as or if required. Only one tube had been used at this time. A clear medibag hanging high on the wheeled stand feeding liquid into my stomach slowly on a drip. The other tube just hanging redundant at this time.

“This is a cocktail of medication. One of the results is that your periods will be stopped. The thought that a creature like ‘you’ could give birth is an horrendous one. No periods. Or no periods of fertility for you. At least for the time being.”

Debra’s words mortifying me. These things that were being done to me so mentally debilitating. I felt truly guilty. Guilty and ashamed of what I had become. I blinked and two tears, one from each eye, squeezed out and poured down my black latex cheeks.

An inflatable catheter had been slowly but precisely fed into my bladder through my pee hole. Once the catheter had touched the lining of the bottom of the bladder it had been inflated and closed off. This meant it wasn’t up to my body any longer, when I evacuated my urine. Quite ironic really that in the research department of the clinic, I could just relax and pee on the floor. That had horrified me. This mortified me even more and the continuous presence of the catheter gave a distinct sensation, a distinct feeling of the need to pee. The need to pee seeming to add to the intensity of the ‘thrumming’ that vibrated deep inside of me. My senses were being annihilated from all directions and to all extremes. And it was all my fault.

Something inflatable had been slipped with lubricated ease into my bottom. It wasn’t overly large, or thick. Just bulbous ended, and thick enough for my rose to cling to it. Chew on it. Suck on it as it was fed inside me. I had gasped, and cried out feeling my hole opened and stretched beyond its norm. The cry out more with indignation than pain as Debra had encouraged me.

“Push out. Help me here. Go on push your bum hole out... thats right.. there easy isn’t it?”

So much indignation as I push my hole out, against Debra’s pushing of the smooth thing up inside me. Clenching my thighs hard and pushing my anal muscles back so the ring pops out backwards.

And then a gasp, as the thing was inflated with a hand bulb. Just enough to close off my back passage. Feeling it getting bigger inside me. Pressing against my inside walls. Then that being stopped off by the twisting of a valve. Debra talking to me, explaining. The sensation of me having been ‘changed’ down in my intimate regions so much, amplified, Accentuated.

“This one is temporary. There will be work required sooner or later...”

My lips, blowing out, trying to adapt physically, and mentally to these additions. My top lip, just used as a rest for the nasal tubes. One of the nasal tubes hanging redundant. And throughout this, an increasing terrible feeling of despair, and hopelessness starting to creep over me in short, but intense increments. Flashbacks to my beautiful daughter, Stefani, fill my head but then fade as

another “Thrumming” resonates through me, refocussing me. Altering my attention. Reminding me of a growing priority. Another soul searching cry from the pit of my stomach.

This cry was fading as Debra attached a hobble chain between my ankles, severely restricting the steps I would be able to take.

I thought Debra was being kind to me. Letting one of my wrists loose from the collar. I guess in a way she was. But the purpose of the partial release, so that I could be brought into the secure unit proper, and wheel my own equipment stand with my free hand. The resulting walk so hard. So much working against me. The thrumms, the throbs. The searching for friction of my exposed swollen intimacies. A friction that no longer existed due to the hobble chain.

The inflatable inside my bottom, slowing my progress as it shifted inside me, altered angles slightly with each excruciating step. Each step so difficult in such pencil thin, extremely high heeled boots. The pulling of the tubes inside me as I moved. So so hard was the short journey to the other side of those bars. Progress slow, humiliating. The noises from me less and less identifiable as those from a human being. The only comfort, the smooth caressing feel of the latex I was shrink wrapped in.

The room I ended up in dripped with a despair so thick and putrid that I felt the hairs on the back of my neck, prickle and shift inside their latex encasement. I wheeled my equipment stand through the main part of the secure unit and through some massively thick lead lined doors into a back section. In this section, just what can only be described as a number of individual ‘cells’. Cells, is the only word that adequately describes these rooms. Cell, simply because, it seemed that one was to be my new ‘home’. Except it was a cell, or a home without comforts. or even basic human rights. No bed. No toilet. Nothing. A bare stark black and thick atmosphere of inhuman dread.

There was no creature comforts because there didn’t need to be. There was no basic human rights here because it wasn’t a prison, in the truest sense of the word. If it was a prison I would have those rights. Here I knew I had no rights and was convinced that this was my own fault. All my own fault. The knowledge that this was all my fault feeding a guilt, and a recognition, an acceptance that I would need to suffer for it.

My arms had first been pulled behind me and cinched just above the elbows. Then tightened until the elbows themselves touched. I had gasped first. Then screamed with that initial pain. A sharp darting pain across the shoulders and down each arm.

“AAAAAAAHHHHH FOR GODSSSSS SAKES IS THIS NECESSARY.”

It had been a stupid question. I know deep down that I was guilty and in deep shame because of this problem of mine. Obviously an incredibly stupid question since Debra chose not to even acknowledge let alone answer the question.

My arms below the elbows cinches had been left to dangle awkwardly, loosely. That is until the tight latex sheath had been brought up over both arms. A V shaped sheath that brought my hands together, fingers knitted into a little ball. This sheath then strapped in placed around the upper arms and around my shoulders to prevent the whole thing slipping off. Quite simply, my arms and hands had been immobilized. Rendered useless and dangling as a single entity behind me. And their position, so cruel and painful, saw my latexed breasts thrust out... exposed teated nipples angry, feeling like they were visibly throbbing out on front of me. Shoulders immediately aching. Shoulder blades all but touching behind me. The posture collar secured around and extending my neck, continuing to do so.

I had been secured to the floor, standing in the middle of the room. Just a bare concrete floor. My feet secured to it about twenty four inches apart, via heavy duty packaging straps around ankles and stiletto'd feet then pulled tight to floor rings until moving my feet was impossible. Above my knees, a spreader had been attached. Spreading my knees the same twenty four inches as my feet. This in itself, and the bound tethered arms created an extended spinal curve, and a spread leg squat that together with the high heels, began, almost immediately to cause an intense discomfort. An ache first in the base of the spine.

The most true, absolute agony and discomfort was to follow though. A vertical hydraulic pole had been pulled down, from directly above me out of the blackness. The end of this pole was screwed into the nipple attached into the crown of the black latex hood, just in front of my erupting pony tail. This had the immediate effect of holding me rigid still in position. But more than that, as Debra adjusted the pole, it was lengthened, pushing me down. Forcing me into a semi squat. My spine forced into an enhanced "S" shape, the downward force of the pole straight down, through the centre of the "S" and forcing an absolute grotesque stress on my spine and the backs of my taught thighs. The bends in my knees. My calves, trembling, quivering in the latex. And my feet, forced to arch severely in the heels and forced to support the downward pressure of the vertical pole coming from above.

"MMMMMMNNGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHSSSSSHHHHHHHHH."

Debra seeming to know exactly and precisely how far to make me semi squat, just by the pitch of distressed scream I let out.

"There.... perfect. Thats you just about installed. Your new home."

She spoke with a 'delight' in her voice as I was descending into hell. But even through my hell, there were the "thrummings" emitting from my exposed intimacies that now found no friction. No additional encouragement to send those throbs to their tips. Just teasing, addictive thrummings. Throbs. My sexuality dripping. I could feel it. It wouldn't drip for long though.

Another medical bag, this time strapped with latex straps to my upper thigh. The protruding tubes, transparent, fixed into another device, somehow leeching to my labias and clitoris but without providing additional stimulation. This device collected my leaking, oozing juices into the bag. I could hear those leaking gurgling and bubbling up the tubes and into the bag in between my cries of anguish. And my screams of pain and despair. My mind and body desperately trying to adjust to this new hell. The pain truly was hell, and yet all the way through that pain, my focus, always my true focus was on the thrumming throbs and the thought, the knowledge the hope, the prayer that Debra might treat me to another one of those fucking incredible orgasms. I needed one of those just to help me through this. Just to get me through it. Just to help me survive. Please God I would get more of Debra's kindness.

I could hear a drip drip drip from somewhere. Between my sighs, cries and squeals of anxiety. Liquid medication fed into my bladder. but I couldn't evacuate that. My bottom squeezing and sucking on its invasion. My full red lips, stretched into despair as Debra made her final checks before dimming down the already subdued lighting.

She didn't say anything to me before she left. She just left. The door clanging shut. An almost ear popping vacuum being created. Then silence. Except for my own noises. Those constant noises. inhuman noises.

Words fail me. I cannot describe the amount of pain I was in. Or how utterly impossible it was to escape the total pit of despair I was sinking into. Despair caused by my continued isolation. Despair caused by the inescapable pain and discomfort of the inhuman position I had been secured into for what was an immeasurable amount of time. Despair, that even through all the nagging, intense pain and discomfort the "thrummings" the "throbbing" still penetrated. Still made me focus so much, still make me try with my mind alone, to coax them to the tips of my nipples and clitoris just to gain some sexual pleasure. It could only be with my mind I tried since I couldn't 'use' any other part of my body. I needed an orgasm so badly. Always, always needing the orgasm. The memories of that intense sexual pleasure keeping me alive. Keeping me ticking.

Despair also, because of the fading memories of my life before my 'problems' had been identified. I tried to remember, I really did. What company did I work for? Where did I live? How old was I? Is it Autumn or Winter? Am I going mad? Insane? Worse? Actually I feared it was the 'worse'.

Utter despair that my entire focus was on the thrummings, the throbbing and not on my daughter Stefani. Desperate despair that even memories of her were fading. And yet when they did turn up in flashback, they were lucid, almost like I could touch her face peering up at me out of a mist. It was then I suffered the most terrible, soul destroying guilt and shame. I was beginning to know, to accept that it was 'my' fault I was here. No-one else's fault. Just mine. My fault. Everyone, Sabirah, Debra... were helping me. Helping me overcome this problem. This creeping hell that was slowly thrumming away at the base of my clitoris and nipples, breaking me down. Ever down.

NINE - Devastation

Sabirah narrates from here

"The seeds have been laid and obviously 'rehabilitation' is not an option. The laser treatment did its job. She has a very desperate need there now. That won't go away. She believes truly it's her problem and the guilt and shame is practically breaking her as it is. She is more than beginning to feel at 'home' in the smoothness and the warmth of the latex. All hardly emotions of a completely sane, well balanced woman."

Debra stops talking and both her and Sabirah exchange gratified smiles. Then Debra continues.

"We need her to believe, very soon, that rehab for her isn't going to happen and that other options must be explored. Almost immediately she needs another deep, deep emotional shock to her system..... How is progress with Stefani coming along?"

Both ladies sit back, cross nylon sheathed legs before Sabirah replies.

"HMMMMM, Stefani and myself are getting along famously. I don't foresee any problems with her what-so-ever and, I think the time is right for Mum to see her offspring again. Just a little jolt for her. A blast from the past. Although frankly I suspect what she sees will all but tip her over the edge."

Both ladies smile again quite casually as they discuss the utter destruction of an attractive, innocent mother. Debra cuts in,

“Welllll isnt that just about the result we want? Not quite mad since we WANT her to KNOW and FEEL what she is suffering. And not quite sane, because, well..... her complete sanity wont help her either way. Kind of sane enough to know how insane she has become.”

“HmMMMM yes and besides, she is the most gorgeous creature. It was fate that she would suffer in this way.”

As they talk, SO-401, previously known as Petra lets out a full-cry. Her partly silhouetted partly spotlighted, bondage form striking a lone, quivering figure in her semi squat, latexed state. The transparent collection bag strapped to her upper thigh, almost full now of her own sexual discharges. That would need to be changed soon. Very soon.

“MNNNNNNNGGGHHHHHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAHHHHHHGGGGGGHHHH”

Sexual Offender 401 narrates from here

I couldn't help making the noises I made. I didn't used to make them, before my problem had been discovered. Just so much discomfort, and pain. And so much focus on the thrumming. The throbbing. The noises I made were constant and came from the pit of my stomach. Or even deeper than that. I was just so grateful to Sabirah, and Debra, for helping me. I just knew they had my best interests at heart. Everything was for my own good. Even the removal of my own name. It was the right thing to do. I didn't deserve an ordinary name. I wasn't 'ordinary', I knew that now.

I don't know how long I was kept in that "black room". Forever as far as I could tell. I know that whenever Debra came to see me, check on me, in person, I felt lifted inside. Even grateful. When eventually, very eventually both Sabirah and Debra came together, I felt very 'special'. Like I hadn't been forgotten and was very much in both their thoughts. The sound of their high heels, coming into the room was loud.. and sent a shiver down my enhanced S shaped spine.

“Is it is much pain.”

It was Sabirah asking Debra. I knew I was the 'it'. I just accepted that. I felt like an 'it'. The thrummings, the throb, the need and greed. And the pain, discomfort and creeping hell was down to my sexuality. My abnormal, sick sexuality.

“Intense and constant. Its the pole screwed into the head nipple of its hood. Forces it down into the squat, and then the spine to bend. Absolutely murders the spine, the thighs, knees and calfs in agony. But nothing deadens the throbs it feels. Actually, its just the focus on the throbs that gets it through the pain. Its a case of being cruel to be kind. Basic training really... basic training.”

The words filtering in weren't spoken to me. But I computed them. Understood them. Even agreed with them. Sabirah coming round to the front of me, looking up at my pained, stressed face.

“Can you here me? Are you with me?”

I nod, blink even as those noises emanate from me.

“I can see you have been cooperating... and progressing. I told you if you did that you could see your offspring. Would you like that?”

I blink a tear, nod.....

“Yesssssssss pleasssssssssseeeee.”

Sabirah's tone not like she knows me now. Or knew me. Rather that I am just a part of her working day. I am on her 'rounds' But also something deeper than that. Darker, more sinister that I cant finger. Cant finger because of these thrummings. A growling purrrrrr escapes my throat.

“Well I have arranged that. But, also something extra for you. I think we can see ourselves clear to letting you have an orgasm or two... would you like that?”

Almost whinnying with joy.... the chance to have both of the things I dearly want to have most in the world. I groan from the deep deep down.

“Yesssssssssss pleasssssssssssse.”

Sabirah's voice again, neutral cold.

“What is it to be first.... the orgasms, or seeing your offspring, hmmmmm which is it to be?”

My desperation for an orgasm was so great. All that time with just the thrumming, never reaching the tips of my nipples or clitoris. I needed it so badly soooo badly. An the groan and gasp rising from deep and then gurgling in my throat as I feel fingers lightly pinch my exposed clitoris and tug. Rub and tug. Rubs and tug.

RUB AND TUG.

“ORGASMMMMMMMMMM PLEASSSSSE ORGASMMMMMMMMMM PLEASSSSSE.”

At the same time, other fingers, lightly pinching both nipples, rubbing the sides, and tugging them stretching them teasing the throbs, and the thrummings towards the very tips. The very important tips. Sabirah and Debra working on me together.

“Well now thats gooooooooood. Just focus now on the orgasm.... just let it all go, ok?”

Even before Sabirah’s words are out, due to the duel working of her’s and Debra’s fingers I am exploding in an all in one multiple orgasm that is fed from both my nipples and clitoris bases into the very tip of the clitoris. That then erupting into an intense earth shattering orgasm that has surpassed all others. I can feel myself squirting juices into the tube that is fed into the bag strapped to my thigh. Its more like a gush as orgasm after orgasm all mould into one. My tethered, latexed body can only quiver. It cant move. Most of the result can only erupt and explode from my mouth in a gurgling, drooling full-cry as wave after wave of undiluted sexual intensity rides through me.

“MMMMNNNGGHHHHHHHHBBBBHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGG
MMMMNNNGGHHHHHHHHBBBBHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGG
MMMMNNNGGHHHHHHHHBBBBHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGG
MMMMNNNGGHHHHHHHHBBBBHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGG
MMMMNNNGGHHHHHHHHBBBBHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGG
MMMMNNNGGHHHHHHHHBBBBHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGG
MMMMNNNGGHHHHHHHHBBBBHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGG.”

“Thats right let it all out... let it all out..... mmmmmm thats so good isn’t it soooooo good? Mmmmm yes more important than anything... feeeeeels so so good doesn’t it.”

“YESSSS YESSSS THANK YOUUUU SOOOOO MUCH YESSSSSSSSSS.”

Debra’s voice massaging my mind. My own voice seeping in desperation, greed and hunger. Time after time I am taking to the limit. There and there again and there again as the two ladies tug and pull and tap and rub the tips of my teats and clitoris.

Then they bring me down but only eventually. Very slowly, the orgasms becoming less and less intense. Moving their fingers to the outer edges of the tips, and then to the sides until they are once again only feeding the thrummings and the throbs. Slowly, rubbing and tugging and rubbing. Orgasms slowly fading back. Squirts of juices into the tube becoming less and less. Returning to the steady drip drip. A sweat film making the latex slide, smoothly over me. Warming me. Comforting me.

With that come-down, the guilt. The pure undiluted guilt. And the shame. I chose the orgasms before my own daughter! What ‘mother’ would do that? Debra and Sabirah were right about me. Right to get me sectioned. Right to have Stefani placed in care. That guilt like a tight wrap around my mind. I was just so grateful for the warm, smooth caress of the latex. I could see the logic of the latex now. It all made sense. Or, at least it felt like it made some kind of sense in my diminishing mind. The only comfort as despair weighed down heavily. And then weighed down some more.

That same guilt and shame lingered. Even as the downward pole was loosened and risen allowing me to come slowly out of my enforced squat, the guilt and shame lingered, chewed at me. A grunting groaning sigh of relief as my spine and legs are partly relieved.

“AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH GODDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD.”

My sigh of relief deep, from the belly. My body so aching, so filled with stress and distress. Sabirah had gone, to prepare for me seeing Stefani. Debra unlocked my feet from the floor. removed the spreader between my knees relieving me a little more. I was able to gently lift one stiletto boot, replace then lift the other. All the time the skin tight latex creaking in the blackened, dim silence. It seemed like so long ago since I did that. Lifted my feet. Such relief. Grateful relief.

But she left my arms secured behind me. Tethered at the elbows, so that the elbows touched inside the tight latex shoulder length mitten. This still forced me to bend slightly at the waist. My breasts heavy in the latex shrink wrapping. The teats exposed, thick, angry looking. But me being able to

stand a little more upright, My eyes narrowed just divulging a permanent distress as well as a deep seated hunger from those thrummings. Still those thrummings, Those throbs. Even through them the guilt and shame pouring through.

I knew I couldn't talk to Stefani. Or touch her. Or even be in the same room as her. God forbid she see her mother in the state I was in. But just seeing her. Remembering her would be enough for me.

The tortuous walk to another part of the secure unit proved an ordeal. Hobbled steps in such feet arching boots. Arms and shoulders still forced back, enforced a somewhat crouched, stunted walk. Slow and cumbersome through corridors. Every so often a door opened and someone would peer out, looking for the source of the short stiletto'd steps. They would see me - mostly administration staff within the 'inner sanctum', Sabirah's inner sanctum - and they would stop, to watch me pass them. Looking me up and down. Some with pity. Some with disgust. Some with a knowing, almost mocking smile. The freak of nature. The former volunteer. The former high powered PA in the city. Now the sectioned, detainee known as "SO-401".

Eventually reaching the door through which we would go. Inside a viewing room. One wall a full one way mirror. I would be able to see into the adjoining room, but anyone in there would not be able to see into the room I was in. At first there were electronic blinds covering the see-through mirror, so nothing could be seen either way. I hobbled in. Groaning, and crying as ever. My usually full glossy lips, dry, cracked with big bits of gloss missing, chipped away. Guided slowly, ever patiently by Debra towards the centre of the room, facing the mirror. Placed carefully. My long latex legs able to splay only as much as the hobble chain would allow. Discomfort and pain now part of my life. Did I ever know anything else?

When the electronic blinds into the other room opened, it was 'instant' as though someone had turned on a bright light in there. I tried to focus, and did wanting to see my beautiful daughter so much. She was my only real link to the past now. Everything else had faded. Almost gone.

I took in the view of the other room and for what seemed like an age there wasn't a sound. But as the view registered I was aware of a noise. One that a distressed animal would make. It was only after this noise had been happening for some time that I realized the noise was coming from me. Sabirah was in there. And so was Stefani. Except it wasn't the Stefani I remembered. What numbed me so much was the bizarre, mock-up of my old school uniform she was wearing. It was identical, even down to the tie colors. Except the whole uniform was made out of skin tight ultra latex and hugged the form of my sixteen year old daughter, like my own latex hugged me. A blast from my deeper past and Stefani a mirror image of my younger self.

"NNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO....."

Just the one solitary word that kept pouring out of my mouth. My eyes wide fixed staring through the one-way mirror into the other room. The blouse was transparent latex and her still developing (current 36 c-cup) breasts could be clearly seen. Right down to her nipples that pressed and distorted against the latex. The tie. Even the tie I could see was the sheen and gloss of latex. The skirt, the same color green as my old school uniform, but it was micro short barely covering Stefani's bottom. Her legs were glossy transparent latex. Even the knee socks were latex. Black latex.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.....”

I could feel my own heartbeat. My own pulse. And through everything the thrumming and the throbbing ever present as the juices from my genitalia were sucked into the bag still attached to my upper thigh.

It had often been said that Stefani was a younger version of me. Just a little shorter at five feet eight inches. But she still had some growing to do. A final spurt.

In that room her heavy makeup made her look even more so like me. And her slightly darker red hair pulled up into its own pony tail. She didn't have a hood. Her face and head were totally uncovered, but the sparkle was gone from her eyes. Even though her eyes were still huge, saucer like, the sparkle wasn't there. The high heels she had on definitely weren't from my school uniform, I would never have got away with heels like that. Patent court shoes. Shiny and with spiked stiletto heels at least six inches in height.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.....”

Stefani was sitting on a chair, her long gangly legs crossed, facing me through the mirror. She didn't know that. Sabirah was sitting next to her on another chair, very close. She was talking to her. Softly. Very softly. At the same time she was stroking her cheek. Delicate strokes with the back of her index finger.

“You remember, I told you... your mother has gone away and wont be back for some time?”

Stefani not really answering. Just nodding her head. Her tongue from time to time slipping from her mouth and across her thickly reddened lips.

“Well.... the truth is that she is sick. A very sick woman and wont be back for some time and so you have to stay with me. You do understand don't you?”

Again the almost complete vacant nod of the head.

“Good girl..... Obviously we have discovered that you could possibly be ill like your mother and so we need to deal with that....”

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.....”

My own voice. My own noises of despair and yet Stefani sitting so calm. Almost an arrogant reflection of my younger years. Sabirah drops her stroking finger down to Stefani's latexed thigh and prompts her.

“Uncross and open sweetie. Open wide, let Aunty Sabirah see...”

Stefani uncrosses her legs, and opens wide. My noises of torment and distress magnify as clearly, her sex had been relieved of any hair. Its smooth, and glistening through a tight slit in the latex hose. But more than that, her labia are swollen, distended like mine. So is her clitoris. Wet, swollen, dripping to the floor of the room. My world finally falls apart in its entirety. My eyes fixed.

“You know you have the same problem as your mum. At least the beginnings of the same problem. Its actually her fault that you are this way. But its ok. She's under lock and key now and we can deal with this.”

More vacant nodding then as Sabirah runs her fingers to Stefani's labia and begins to stroke, and pull gently. The tiny little gasps from Stefani. The hunger and greed in her eyes. The guilt raging through me. Destroying me molecule by molecule. My heels shifting. The hobble chain just chinking slightly. My latex now the only source of comfort. Hugging me. Keeping me safe inside. Stefani then screaming her own orgasm as Sabirah taps the very tip of her clitoris.

TAP TAP TAP

Stefani cumming and cumming in front of me. Nothing I could do. Out of my control as my own thrummings and throbs resonate through me.

“MUMMMMMMMMMSSSSSSSSSS FAULT.. ALLLLLL HER FAULTTTTTTTT.”

Stefani spitting, drooling between waves of her orgasm and then her eyes flickering blinking increasingly slowly as she is brought back down by Sabirah. Just rubs and pulls of the thickly engorged clitoris at its shaft. Sabirah just peeling up the skirt slightly, to her very upper thigh and looking at me through the mirror because she knows I am there. Then looking up at a camera. Debra draws my attention to a small monitor under the mirror glass and I see a close up of her thigh. A tattoo. Just simple in thick black ink.

“SO-402”

And again my world sinks deeper. The electronic blind snaps shut. Instantly. I no longer see Stefani. This new knowledge this new hell sinking into my already tortured mind as I am led back to the black room. Terrible, terrible squatting, debilitating bondage re-applied. Except the vertical pole, screwed into my latex hood, this time adjusted a little more. My squat lower. More intense. The pain and discomfort more intense. The throbs and the thrumming more intense. And the knowledge that somewhere in the building, Stefani was beginning to suffer too.

Sabirah’s voice dripped into me. Even through all I was suffering, every word was lucid. Every word clear.

“I think rehabilitation for you, is out of the question, don’t you?”

I answer with my eyes. Nodding eyes. Since I cant move any other part of me.

“So we will need to discuss other ‘options’, wont we?”

Again the nod of my eyes. The receding noise of Sabirah’s high heels and the sealing of the door as it closes. Left with my thoughts. At least those, at this moment, I was capable of having.

THRUMMMMMMMMM

THROBBBBBBBB

THRUMMMMMMMMM

THROBBBBBBBB

And my noises..... those noises. An addiction growing.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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“DEVASTATION”

Part 2 - The Suffering

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Forword

A reader of Devastation Part 1 asked me, was this story a tragedy, or was it a horror? The question took me aback a little. I hadn't thought of it as either of those. To me it was simply a study in (unrealistic and yet believable) extreme distress, extreme addiction and in extreme evil. Yes and extreme fetish. Basically a Fantasy.

To me, it was a story that had been washing around my mind for ages. One that I needed to get down in black and white before it faded. One that I needed to share. The story turned me on, and yet unsettled me at the same time. Writing parts of it unsettled me a great deal. I really am a single mother and so I guess I truly felt and lived in my mind what I was writing. Felt it to the core. Very powerful. So much of Petra, Sabirah and Stefani all rolled into me maybe. In a split second of inspiration I decided to go with the flow. This is the result.

Please do email me your thoughts. If you haven't already, please read Devastation Pt 1 - A Normal Life No More, BEFORE you read this for background, buildup and a fuller, more lucid picture.

THE STORY SO FAR

Knowing it is just once in a lifetime that her ideal subject will come along, the sadistic, lesbian fetishist, Dr Sabirah Najwa grasps the opportunity with both hands when she meets the stunning City executive secretary, and single mother Petra.

Sabirah puts an elaborate, complex deception into motion in which Petra thinks she is taking part in a program on extremes of human behavior at the clinical psychologist's private clinic. In reality her mind, body and sexuality are being manipulated and twisted beyond repair by Sabirah's state-of-the-art technology.

This results in a guilt, shame and sexual addiction fest that reduces Petra to little more than a drooling, dribbling animal convinced she is sick and that it is all her own fault. The deception continues as Petra is incarcerated in the clinic's "secure unit". Separated from her beloved, striking, teenage daughter. Even the slightest chance of rehabilitation diminishing all the time. Petra's state of mind in a rapid downward spiral of latex addiction, and intense sexual focus.

Part one ends with Petra, a different person. Having seen her daughter only through a one way glass partition, and convinced that she too, has the same 'illness' as herself. All her fault. All mom's fault. And with rehabilitation now out of the question, Petra has only one direction to go in... all with Sabirah's help of course.... down and down further into the darkness.

ONE - Stefani

At precisely the same time that Dr Sabirah Najwa was greeting Petra on the front steps of her clinic, an associate of the clinical psychologist was meeting Petra's stunning sixteen year old daughter Stefani, from the private college she attended. There was nothing untoward about this. Stefani knew she was being picked up and kind of "semi-looked after" for a few days, whilst her mom was away.

What Stefani didn't know, or couldn't know, at that point was that her mother, the stunningly attractive city high-flyer was being led into the bowels of what amounted to a sanitarium from which she would never emerge. At least, she would never emerge the same person.

Sabirah's associate was forty year old Selena. A mother herself. Very smart, attractive. articulate and yet with hidden issues of her own. A former volunteer at the clinic. Although a volunteer who had enjoyed some form of success in rehabilitation. Her rehabilitation relied on the constant feed of Sabirah's partial hypnosis. I guess the best way to explain it, is that the hypnosis acted like the drugs would in someone with various personality disorders. Or psychosis.

Selena could almost be 'the mother next door'. Attractive but not in a stunning way. Her own five feet six inches considerably shorter than Petra's five feet ten, and Stefani's five feet nine. And yet a full, buxom cleavage that was both uplifted, and firm. Even saying that, you could walk past Selena in the street without a second glance. Unless that is you were particularly fond of high heels. She wore them all the time. Dangerously high heels. Spiked heels. Boots or shoes. Night or day. Selena needed her high heels, the same way that we all 'needed' 'something'. Oh yes, Selena had deep deep issues of her own. Her issues had been brought to the fore, been exposed, had been made her focus, in a broadly similar way to Petra's issues. Admittedly, Petra's treatment by Sabirah had been way advanced in comparison. Outwardly, Selena was a well rounded, content individual. Inside though... inside was where Sabirah's work had been concentrated. Inside was where the focus had been concentrated and fine tuned.

It was the last day of the summer term. Selena met Stefani outside the college gates. She blended in with all the other moms perfectly. She even exchanged small talk with one or two of them, clearing

her throat, and a hidden inner smile at comments passed of teenage girls and their troubles. Hormones all awry and delinquent boys seeming to becoming a bigger part of their particular daughter's lives. One mother echoed Selena's thoughts exactly.

"Well, what can you do? They have to grow up. They have to spread their wings. We can't wrap them in cotton wool all their lives can we?"

There was a certain irony in what the woman was saying. A certain 'acceptance' that sooner or later the wicked ways of the world won over and their offspring would be swallowed up in debauchery and wickedness. Selena nodding thoughtfully at the woman's comments before answering.

"Hmmm, well I guess so. Gotta let them grow up and blossom I guess. All we can do is nurture, guide and advise on the way. Try to make sure the 'right' path is taken."

Her voice trails off, the other woman nodding almost over-eagerly at what Selena was saying. Selena's understanding and empathy well practiced and well displayed for the benefit of all the moms within earshot.

Selena spotted Stefani immediately. She had seen photographs and a college video of her. Neither mediums did the girl justice. She was striking. Impossibly pretty and an exact, although younger replica of her mother Petra. Despite Stefani's blossoming maturity, her face was fresh, wide eyed with a naivety pouring out. Selena smiled, again inwardly, and wickedly to herself.

Selena already had one over on Stefani in that she knew in the crowd who she was looking for. Stefani just knew that 'someone' other than her mother was picking her up. She spotted Stefani and then moved towards her through the usual college gate throng. She touched her on the arm as Stefani stood wide eyed looking round for the person who was to meet her.

"Hi honey... I'm Selena. Your mom sent me to meet you."

Selena's voice was deliberately sickly sweet and with a wide wide smile that drew the young girl in. Stefani visibly relaxed and broke into a wide smile of her own. Her smile though was infectious. A pure smile of innocence. Bright white teeth and stretched, supple, fleshy lips.

"Hi Selena... this is really good of you. Mom does tend to wander off on a whim sometimes. But I'm used to that now."

Her accent perfect, educated english. The private college tuition fees obviously paying off. Stefani moving in close to Selena to offer polite light kisses on either cheek. A trait inherited from her mother. Not the light almost 'air-kisses' but the moving in close, and then the slight pressing in so that breasts gently collide and then crush together throughout the whole motion. In Stefani's case though, wholly innocent. Or apparently so. Selena's nostrils flare, and there is the briefest of seconds where 'something' flashes in her eyes as she takes in the scent of naive innocence that practically drips from Stefani. In her heels, Selena is much the same height as Stefani who is in regulation college uniform shoes and she can rest her jaw lightly on the girl's shoulder, looking back behind her. Stefani sees neither the flaring of the nostrils nor that 'flash' in the eyes. No-one sees that. Or picks it up. If they did, a chilling of the spine would in all probability result.

"Mmmmm ... welllll Stefani its a pleasure to meet you and I cannot get over how much like your mother you are."

Selena breaks the hug and just holds the girl at arms length. Stefani does the eye-roll up so effectively. Like she has to do it a hundred times a day.

“Awwwwwww everybody... and I mean EVERYBODY says that. I guess I should be grateful for that because mom sure is stunning. I mean everyone says she is and I happen to agree. Mom is hot... so I should be grateful.”

Stefani laughs. The full blown laugh even more infectious than her smile. The two share small talk on the way back to the car park.

“I just need to make sure you get home safe and sound. I can stay for a while if you like. Do some girl talk. Get some food. Then I can either stay over, or go home and check on you tomorrow. We can just see how things pan out. How does that sound hun?”

Stefani nods agreeing with the almost-there, but-not-quite, plan that teens seem to live by in this day and age.

“Sure... I have nothing planned and am just taking it as it comes. Its the last day of term and all of the holidays to do..... just what I like.”

She speaks with that wide infectious smile again. Selena smiles back and they half walk, half almost skip to the car park like ‘old-new’ friends. As though they have known each other for a long long time. Like they have grown up together despite the age gap. Selena has that talent. To endear herself to someone very quickly. To gain trust, and confidence. It was something she had to do. A seed planted in her head.

“How DO you walk in those heels?”

Stefani’s question almost incredulous in its tone.

“Ohhhhh honey... maybe you’ll get to learn this difficult skill in time...”

Her answer trails off as they reach the car in apparent fits of laughter.

The thing about shock is that its effects on a person can be wide and varied. What dictates the effect more is the knowledge, or fear that accompanies the shock. The lack of knowledge about what is to follow the initial shock.

Selena had taken Stefani back to the City apartment she lived at when her mom worked in town. They had coffee, talked, and almost wiled away an hour or two. Selena had made sure that the girl was completely at ease with her. Completely nonchalant at her presence. They had been discussing, in fine detail, makeup. Or in particular how best to enhance the lips. Selena had been telling the girl what she thought almost with a soft growl in her throat at the succulence and fullness the Stefani’s lips.

Stefani hadn’t noticed Selena go to her medium sized handbag and slip out something. She was just sitting on a kitchen bar-stool, yapping away as the older woman moved behind her. She didn’t even seem to move as the transparent latex hood was slipped over her head. There seemed to be an age between application and realization. The realization that there were no holes through which to breath through the latex. Worse then.... a feeling of intense heat. Selena holding the hood in place with one hand, picking up a modern, powerful hairdryer just placed so on the kitchen top surface and switching on, directing the hot air onto the latex, softening it but at the same time shrinking it. Making it fit to all the contours of Stefani’s face, sealing her face to the inside of the hood.

She couldn't breathe and a realization that she could die slowly dawning on her strangely shiny face through the latex. A draining of her natural color. A widening of her eyes. But more than that... the shock. The terrible terrible shock paralyzing her to the stool. Making her arms go limp at her sides. Making her unable to offer any resistance. The heat from the drier sealing the latex to her face. Selena arranging the neck band of the hood expertly with one hand at the same time as directing the hot air, then securing the hood around the throat of the young girl via broad velcro straps. Finishing off the shrink wrapping with the drier, all the time Stefani's eyes becoming less and less alive. Cheeks bulging as her natural instinct was to try to breathe. Sucking in the latex to her own full lips. The lips distorting against the inside of the hood. Like a rude slightly obscene kiss. Parting then closing. Eyes widening, but slowly draining of their natural sparkle.

Selena knew, from experience how much time she had before the girl died. She worked in a chillingly calm manner. Letting Stefani see her through the film of latex. Letting her believe this older woman was just going to let her suffocate and die like this. Then letting her see her pick up a small pair of kitchen scissors. All the time holding the girl steady, making sure she didn't topple off the stool. With one easy, swift almost silent movement she sliced the point of the scissors through the latex and between the girl's lips. Not quite the full width of her mouth. Just enough for her to desperately suck in breath. Selena allowed the girl to breathe. Allowed her to gratefully breathe, bending forward, holding one ear almost next to the girl's latexed face so she could hear the hisses of breath being sucked in then let out. She waited for the hisses to become less and less urgent before she spoke. The shock was all the bondage that Selena needed to ensure the girl stayed put.

"There are only two outcomes to this. You live, or you die. Do I make myself clear?"

Selena's tone wasn't the same as she when she had been befriending the girl. Gaining her confidence. It was almost a venomous hiss into the latexed ear of the terrified girl. Stefani's head just nodding, quickly, continuously.... her eyes strangely shiny from the thin film of latex covering them, wide, bulging.

"Good Girl... Now just stand up off the stool for a second... carefully... I'm holding you so you don't fall."

Selena worked with frightening precision as she moved in front of Stefani, in close, then wrapping her arms around her middle and sliding her forward off the stool. The strength of Stefani's long legs almost betraying her and leaving her but accepting the older woman's help, then standing with just the slightest of stumbles as Selena slid her hands down over her skirted hip, down to the hem, hooking her finger under the hem and peeling it slowly up. The hem of the regulation college skirt sliding up easily over her thighs and hips. The skirt staying put, gathered around her waist.

"I'm just going to pull your panties down... then you can sit back on the stool. Do you understand?"

Stefani still getting used to the idea that she might not die after all, nodding her head, still breathing deeply through the gash in the latex shrink wrapped around her face. Selena thumbing down the barely there thong. Peeling it away from the girl's intimacies until it was stretched between her knees, and then guiding her back up, sliding her back up onto the tall stool. All the time the hissing of Stefani's breath the gash in the latex.

"Good Girl. Now just spread your legs honey. Spread them nice and wide for me. It's better you just do it... ok honey? I don't want to kill you but I will."

Stefani had no doubt that the woman meant what she was saying. It was in the tone of her voice. It was in her big staring eyes. Stefani could see even through the film of latex.. those eyes. Almost

manic in their stare through to her. A stare matching the tone of voice. Stefani truly fearful for her life as she slowly sat and spread her legs wide. Her whole body now trembling. Limp arms quivering as her pale fleshed thighs spread wide.

Stefani wasn't hairless down there. Neither was she endowed with a thick mat of hair. Rather a thin spread of 'fluffy' down either side and just over the top of her slit. Chubby lips just visible. Just about folding back to reveal their inner pinkness. She just sat, legs splayed, exposing herself, thong panties stretched between her knees as Selena calmly, coolly lubricated one forefinger and index finger with a clear substance from a jar in her bag. Even more coolly replacing the screw top back onto the jar and replacing it into her bag.

Selena liked this. Unlike Stefani's mother who would have to be broken slowly and all within the massive deception of being made to believe she was somehow sick, ill or guilty - or a mixture of all three - the same wasn't true of Stefani. No slow creeping breaking for her. She had to be reduced very quickly, very precisely. Its why Selena was chosen for this particular task. She was good at it. She preferred young girls. Not quite young enough to be innocent and yet still young enough to be naive.

She didn't even say anything to the girl as she walked between her spread legs. She took a few split seconds out to study the petrified eyes staring out at her from the other side of the latex shrink wrapping. There was a little shriek, muffled, but a shriek none the less as Selena's two fingers slipped easily between Stefani's sex lips. There was just a cursory stroke of the outer lips... down then back up and then in one movement the glide of the fingers, past the first knuckle then the second and all the way up to the third. Stefani's eyes wide, bulging. Again the desperate hisses of air as she tried to regulate her breathing without much success. Selena manipulating her two fingers inside the girl. Turning them and then hooking backward, at the top of her slit until her fingertips were pressing out, from the inside. Selena stroking her delicate inner walls looking for something. looking for the G spot. Slow deliberate raking of her fingertips and nails down then back up. Pressing out from inside. Only other women really know about these areas. Or how to find them. Only another, experienced woman can find it with the ease that Selena does.

She knows when she has found the G spot. She can tell by looking into Stefani's eyes. There is just a miniscule change. A slight spark.... just at that time when the finger tip run over that G spot then she knows she's found it and can rub it and rub it and rub it. She knows even more with the readjustment of Stefani's breathing. Slow deep breaths. It doesn't matter how frightened she is. Or how bizarre, or life threatened she feels. She cannot fight against the attentions to her G spot. That becomes even more impossible as Selena brings her thumb into play. Gently stroking up around her clitoris. Her partly hooded clitoris situated in front of the G spot that she is stroking. Little light rubs of the tip of her thumb over the tip of the clitoris making Stefani sit bolt upright and groan from inside her latex hood.

"MMMMMMMMNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGGGGG..."

A very exact, a very precise tone that Selena recognizes. One she always recognizes.

"Good Girl.... see honey I can be nice..... or I can be nasty..."

All the time caressing her G spot from the inside and rubbing her clitoris on the outside. Gently expertly. Stefani blowing, hissing.. her thighs spreading wider and wider, mostly against her will and yet a will that was subsiding due to the intense pleasure being forced on her by Selena. Selena hissing, right up close to the girl's face

“You’re going to cum girl. Wether you like it or not you are going to cum. Just go with it. Ride it out. Enjoy it. Enjoy it while you can.”

As she hisses she is increasing the pressure and intensity of the stroking. Pressing down on the now slippery self lubricating clitoris as she rubs it with her thumb and pressing and stroking her G spot harder from the inside. The orgasm approaching in inescapable waves as Stefani begins to tremble..... then an almighty shriek as she feels an intensity she has never felt before. Like all teenagers she thought she knew it all. Thought she had experienced all there was to experience in orgasms. She had no clue as wave after wave rushed through her making her developing sexuality squelch and slip all over the stool.

“MMMMNNNNNGGGGGGGGGGGH

MMMMMMNNNNNGGGGGGHHHHH

MMMMMMMMNNNNNGGGGGGGGGG.”

Wave after wave and Selena’s stroking and pressing not diminishing, not letting up. Making wave after wave of cum more intense that the last.

“MMMMMMMMNNNNNGGGGGGGGHHHH

MMMMMMMMNNNGGGGGGGGGGG

NNNNNNNGGGGMMMMMMMMMMMM.”

Only eventually letting off a little. Letting the girl come down slowly. Very slowly letting the intense waves fade back slowly until she had to all but support the young girl on the stool.

“Goooood Girllllllllllll.”

Selena’s tone dripping with sexuality as she brings Stefani down. Selena sliding her two fingers out of the young girl. Looking at them, letting Stefani see them dripping and saturated with her own juices before she idly wipes the fingers down one of the young girl’s thighs.

“Mmmm most definitely you are your mother’s daughter darling.”

That almost huskily whispered statement accompanied by a wide grin as Salena takes out a cell-phone from her bag and speed dials one of her stored numbers. In just a few seconds she is speaking into the phone.

“She’ll be all bagged up here in a couple of hours. Just come to the underground car park and buzz the penthouse to let me know you’re here. I’ll take the service lift down and see you there..... Yeah yeah, everything is cool. Putty in my hands.... bye.....”

The other thing about shock, or more importantly, a near death experience, is that you never get over it. Not really. Selena would have figured that in her pre-planning. Allowed for the fact that Stefani wouldn’t be capable of giving her any trouble as she completed her work at the apartment. Knowing that the young girl’s mind would be in turmoil. Incapable of logical thought. Even less capable of rational thought and impossible to, even in the murkiest depths of what she was experiencing right now, think of, let alone execute an escape plan.

“B-but.... w-why? W-why me. W-what did I do?”

Stefani's voice, stuttering, escaping through the sliced latex between hisses of breath. Selena listening, even enjoying the purest form of dread that was dripping from the young girl's voice. Dread and uncertainty as to where this day was going to end for her. She could still die? Or worse. How could anything be worse? Little did Stefani know. Little did she realize that death would be a release. Little did she know how sorry she would become for not choosing the death option. Little did she, could she, know that her life from this point would be.... a nightmare. A living nightmare. How COULD a teenager know that. or even comprehend it?

"Oh, this is nothing personal honey. You have your mom to thank for this. But I figure you'll get to thank your mom in person at some point. Don't be too hard on her though. Even she didn't 'do' anything wrong. Petra, is Petra... and you are, well 'you'.

Selena's voice trails off as she continues her work. Stefani's arms, each bent at the elbows, doubled and brought together tightly, her wrists secured to corresponding upper arms just below the shoulders using heavier duty, broad latex straps. Such simple bondage applied leaves the arms useless. In effect, flailing stumps. Comparable possibly to having the arms amputated at the elbows. The same then, for her deliciously long legs. Stefani laid carefully, almost lovingly on the floor as one at a time her legs were bent at the knees, brought back up behind each thigh, tightly then secured, ankle to very upper thigh. The latex straps just brushing the delicate flesh where thighs meet crotch area. Selena allowing herself a little smile... the slick wetness, still leaking a little from Stefani's sex. The little quiverings of the girl's flesh partly due to her fright and her fear but also partly due to the intense orgasm she had enforcibly received at the fingers, and thumb of her captor.

Selena standing up slowly and back. Taking a look at her work. A naked, imobalized and pretty helpless young girl at her stiletto'd feet. Something quite adolescent, quite infant like in the way Stefani moves her 'stumps' of arms and legs. Rolling onto her side, the plumpness of her still developing, yet even now large breasts rolling with her. Selena clenching her thighs at the sight. The latex hood still in tact. Clinging to, and secured to the pretty contours of her face and head. The only slight imperfection in the vision, her long red hair now slightly matted and emerging from the back of the tight neck collar of the hood. But another clench of the thighs, in the knowledge that Stefani would indeed be 'perfected' at some point in the future. For now the imperfection adding to that naivety that dripped from every pore, and every orifice of the helpless teenager.

"I have to go get something from my car. You wont go anywhere now... will you?"

Stefani shaking her head, agreeing that she wouldn't be going anywhere. The dryness of her own joke didn't escape Selena as she headed out of the door towards the service lift. Using the service lift lessened the chances of being seen by anyone else in the block of luxury apartments that Petra's company owned.

An hour later Stefani had been secured into a loose, heavy duty latex body bag. The package resembled a bag of laundry. Indeed, if anyone were to see Selena plus bag on her way to the service lift on the way down to the waiting van, thats what they would think. A private laundry company. A discreet change of clothes for Selena to reflect that. A work suit - a boiler suit with the badge of a non-existent laundry company embroidered onto the breast pocket. OK OK the high heels stayed, but they wouldn't be noticed in a passing, fleeting moment. Neither would the tiny tube emerging from the uppermost end of the bag either. The breathing tube, clenched gratefully between Stefani's teeth and lips, and just emerging into the open air allowing her to continue to breath. And the threat, the chilling threat just before the bag was sealed.

“Don’t move. Don’t make a sound. Or I will make your death a slow, very slow, painful one.... understand?”

The threat, almost making Stefani lose control of her bladder but not quite. A nod of the eyes. A blink also of her latex covered eyes. She understood. Understood completely.

The buzzer sounded. The transport had arrived. Selena dragged the bag to the service lift. She didn’t see anyone. Didn’t pass anyone in the corridor or in the lift. She exchanged polite pleasantries with the two fearsome men in the blacked out van as the bag containing Stefani was lifted and bundled in. The van was locked secured and left the building first. Selena stripped off the boiler suit. She hated it. Then left in her own car. mission accomplished!

TWO - Petra.

That was then. A lot of water has passed under the bridge between then and now...

The secure unit was so detached, so secluded in its existence and in its relationship with the main clinic that the effects on ‘inmates’ was all but guaranteed just by being placed there. Housed in the sub-basement levels and deliberately dark and stark. Any form of contact from outside was a no-no. A deathly, insipid dread was always the first thing that crept up on Sabirah’s victims. That and the lack of any contact with anyone except Debra - the little old lady who ran the unit. And of course Sabirah herself during her infrequent visits.

In Petra’s case, she had all of that and some more. The clinical psychologist had made extra special provisions for Petra. She was her special subject. She was The One. The former mother, the former city whiz-girl was already convinced that she was being held completely legally and above-board. That she was all but a sexual offender that needed to be held in a secure unit for her own good. And for the good of others. She already thought she was so terribly sick because of her high sexuality and that the ‘illness’ had been passed on to her own daughter, her own offspring... How could a mother do that to her child? Did she deserve to be a mother at all? In her head, already a definite no to that question. That in itself had been a major contribution to her mental breakdown. The guilt. The terrible terrible creeping all consuming guilt. And the shame. The paralyzing soul destroying shame.

But through all that... the awful, ‘obscene’ changes that had happened to her intimacies whilst at the gradual, creeping mercy of Sabirah’s state-of-the-art laser systems. Not tissue destroying laser beams. But tissue enhancing, tissue sensitizing beams that cajoled and massaged the molecules of Petra’s most sensitive feminine flesh into almost bare intense orgasm producing, nerve endings. Enlarged... permanently dripping clitoris, all thick and quivering like it had a drooling, dribbling life of its own. Swollen, and filled, its membrane sack stretched to its limit. Always quivering in that obscene way.

Thick, distended labia... all enlarged, extra sensitive, feeding the clitoris more. Perma-wet and slippery, its sensitivity causing it to produce its own thick juices constantly. Feeding it with those throbs, and thrums. Permanent hyper-sensitivity fed by those constant tortuous throbs.

“.....Oh god, those throb!....”

if only they would make their way all the way to the tip of her clitoris. So she could orgasm. For an orgasm, the tip had to be touched. had to be pressed, caressed. But that wasn’t her call. Just like her teat like nipples. Swollen, heavy and with throbs of their own emanating from the inner bases. Like itches that couldn’t be scratched. Deep deep itches. Mind numbing itches that never abate. Tugging

at those invisible strings between nipples and clitoris. The tips of her nipples, and, or her clitoris had to be touched, caressed or pressed in order for her to orgasm. No contact with the tips, no orgasm. Just the throbs. The throbs that always, but always fell short of the mind numbing orgasms.

“.....Oh God those throbs.... please God those throbs!.....”

The always there, nagging, deep seated throbs that teased and denied orgasms all at the same time, constantly, all of the time. Making her focus, even through her guilt. Even through her shame. Through everything, making them, the throbs, the little constant tingles of pleasure the second most important feelings in her ever diminishing world. Second only to the super-intense, absolute mega-nerve-shattering orgasms that she was sometimes, occasionally treated to. It cannot have escaped her that, in all this... her daughter, her offspring had been demoted to third place in her list of priorities. But... she was always there. Always. Her beloved daughter, the gorgeous, impossibly pretty Stefani who after one of the super-orgasms, nagged and nagged and fed the guilt deep deep inside her.

Petra knew that Stefani, was already housed, somewhere, somehow in the same establishment as herself. And that she was going her own form of hell. She had seen her through that one-way glass. Poor poor Stefani. Sabirah had played an ace card with the latex mock-up of her old school uniform for Stefani to wear. The turmoil in Petra's head. The recognition of the uniform and harking back to the time when she had been caught, by another teacher, sucking the cock of her English teacher. That hadn't been long after Petra had been introduced to her own G spot by her own sisters. That, another story. All now linked and servicing a deep seated guilt inside Petra.

“So we agree, that rehabilitation for you, cannot happen. Whatever is wrong with you, has gone too far. You're not the same person you were. Quite frankly I think you are beyond any kind of help... and this kind of narrows down the options somewhat...”

Sabirah spoke to Petra slowly. Deliberately slowly ensuring each word dripped into her psyche, and stayed there. The former city executive was in a secured state. That was a way of life for her these days. Unable to move, barely a muscle and in excruciating restraint that both exposed her, and continued to break her, just that little more with every passing minute.

She was in a seated position. On a low wooden stool but her stiletto'd, booted feet had been pulled back, right back, off the floor and each ankle secured to each corresponding thigh. Consequently her thighs were wide apart, knees pointing down floor-wards. Her arms were behind her. This way her full weight was focused on her tail bone, and her intimacies which were pressed into the wooden seat of the stool. Far from subduing the constant throbs down there, this position contained and yet focussed them intensely, even more. With even the slightest muscle twitch came an even slighter friction. The friction caused an enhanced throb. Maybe coaxing it a little closer to the clitoris tip. But never quite all the way there. Always but always falling just a little short. A little short of that erupting volcano.

Her elbows had been secured, touching together rigidly forcing her shoulders right back not quite touching. From the tight, inescapable wrist bands a length of bungee elastic pulling the wrists down behind her, and then secured to an eye in the floor. Just the tiniest of movement available, if it was really needed, or wanted, but always followed by an elasticized 'snap' back into position. The effort required not making it a desirable movement at all.

The deep red plume that was her hair had been plaited and intertwined also with some bungee cord. This cord, complete with plaited hair had been pulled directly upwards. It had been fixed into the hook of a pulley system and then pulled upwards until tight. Taught. Forcing Petra to sit on the stool bolt upright. Her neck stretched, still inside its organic-like, tight fitting neck corset. Shoulders back, and D cup, shrink wrapped breasts forced to thrust out in front of her. As though in themselves, begging for attention.

A bizarre sight. Even in such a gratuitously fucked-up position, an inner beauty, an inner radiance still exuded from the depleted, almost insane woman. She still wore the transparent latex under-suit. She still wore the all in one shiny black latex catsuit too. And still, her grotesquely enlarged, engorged nipples protruded, exposed. And her clitoris, and labia, also exposed and in hard pressing contact with the wood of the stool. The attached hood allowing her full, always deep red lips to protrude. Mostly trembling, deliciously so. The eyes, rimmed with distorting latex rims, bulging, open wide staring, stark. On this occasion, her eyes partly inhibited by the films of latex secured via the velcro sealing point above, below and to either side of each eye. Limited vision was better, marginally than if a completed blindfold were fitted. Her nose, invisible except for the two tiny holes in the rubber hood. Nostrils held open by little inserted nipples. And then there was the two feeding tubes...redundant for this particular episode in Petra's life, just dangling loosely, one from each nostril, the end of each resting on her permanently pouting top lip.

The sight of Petra was bizarre. Shocking even. But she was even more accentuated, even more enhanced in the dimly lit gloom, and starkness of the bare room. The thick, firm latex neck corset-come-brace making it look all the more harsh. Just the stool she was 'rested' on. A table a little way in front of her and a chair behind that table for Sabirah. Sometimes Sabirah sat, other times she stood and circled the girl. In sight. Out of sight. Round and back in front of her. She spent a lot of time studying Petra. Enjoying the sight of this former carefree woman now experiencing the kind of Hell that cannot even be imagined in someone's worse nightmares.

"Y-yesssss, y-yesssss w-we a-agree."

Petra's full lips barely moved as she acknowledged that any form of rehabilitation was out of the question for her. It was strange to hear such a well educated woman, so very used to speaking clearly and distinctly to other people on all levels, reduced to practically a dribbling, drooling 'hiss' like whispering. Her tongue slipped out and swiped across the width of her mouth as another of those constant, deep throbs washed through the deeper of her intimacies.

"Good Girl. So we have to decide a way ahead.."

The 49 year old clinical psychologist had got off her chair and was pacing the room side to side in full, if a little restricted view of Petra. The clip-clop of her high heels on the bare tiled floor, created quite a sharp, distinct sound that cut through the hissing of breath through Petra's nasal cavities.

"Actually letting you go... back into the 'normal' world is really not an option. I couldn't do that. You need to understand that?"

Sabirah waited for an acknowledgment

"Y-yesssss yes I understand..."

"Good Girl... So, I have to think of how best to use this situation. This predicament that we have here now. I think... well, I know that we can come up with something that suits both myself, and you. How would you like that Petra?"

Again, Sabirah spoke slowly, very clearly so that she could be sure it was all sinking in to the mind in turmoil that was Petra's.

"Mmmmm y-yesss yesssss please."

Sabirah liked the tones of gratitude that came from Petra quite regularly these days.

"Ok... well... You are already out of the circulation of the 'normal' population. And out of the minds of the people you used to be associated with. I see no reason to change that. Indeed, I doubt that any of the people in your other life, before your 'problems' became evident would want to be associated with you now... what do you think? Do you think I am right Petra? Hmmmm?"

A deep intake of breath by Petra, then a blow out of her famously gorgeous lips as she exhaled.

"Y-yesssss, y-yes y-you are right. T-they wouldn't want to know me.... t-they would be disgusted with me... totally...Y-you always know what is best for me.... y-you always know..."

There was just a desolate, acceptance and defeat in her voice. It dripped with melancholy and was followed by another hiss through her nostrils as the throbs continued from the base of her nipples and clitoris.

"That's right Petra. I do know what's best for you. I know all too well. Sooooo... I suggest instead of trying to rehabilitating you, back into 'normal' society, with 'normal' people... we go in the other direction.... Instead of trying to 'fix' this sexual 'illness' you have... Instead of trying to 'repair' you... we 'accept' that you will never be the same again and that we simply make 'use' of you.... and your 'illness'.... take you to a different level. Focus entirely on your 'twisted' 'perverted' 'sexuality'. Really, let you exist for no other reason..."

Sabirah deliberately emphasizing certain words so the helplessness, and enormity of Petra's situation is highlighted. Petra sitting, secured painfully, listening, letting every word sink in. Every word resting on her psyche. Always deliberately kept just on the side of sane so that she can understand everything that is happening. Everything that is happening to her and everything that is being explained to her. Would this mean she would get more pleasure.... more orgasms? Those fucking beautiful, nerve shattering orgasms? Would all she have to think about was those throbings.... and those orgasms....?

"W-what about.... m-my d-daughter... Stefani...?"

Her question was kind of open ended. Another bolt of guilt had reminded her of her daughter. Oh god, yes her daughter!

"Well... if you agree that this is the way ahead... I see no reason why yourself and Stefani cannot be reunited at some point. Of course... she has issues as well. Very similar to yours so, our agreement must encompass Stefani as well. But most definitely I see you both being reunited some time in the future. In one form or another."

For the first time in a long long time, the hint of a smile across Petra's full, luscious lips, despite her bondage. A shaky, non-confident smile, but a smile none-the-less as once again motherly love shone through. Sabirah saw no point in continuing with the "Sexual Offender SO-401" tag and premise any longer. That had served its purpose. Events were moving on. Although, Sabirah wouldn't allow the grip of guilt and shame to diminish or lessen. A major part of Sabirah's sadistic makeup, was the psychological torture, linked with the physical.

"Well Petra... good... good girl. I take it from that smile that you approve of this direction?"

“Y-yesssss yesssss... t-thank y-you so much... yesssssss.”

Genuine gratitude. Genuine humbleness that Sabirah liked. Liked a lot.

“Well.. thats good Petra, truly it is. I have to say though that this other ‘direction’ would not be acceptable in the ‘normal’ world. I mean, you are not ‘normal’ are you? But, more than that... your illness and... ‘sexual greed, and need’ would not be acceptable in the normal world either. This other ‘direction’ we are going to travel in, involves you ‘suffering’ as well as some gratification of your sexuality. The thing is that... the ‘suffering’ you will experience wouldn’t be acceptable in the normal world either. I mean.... you do agree, and accept that you deserve to ‘suffer’ don’t you Petra?”

Again the slow almost monotonous tone as Sabirah spelt out Petra’s future with well chosen, not too detailed words. Petra’s tongue sliding across her lower lip as another throb tingles the inner depths of her clitoris.

“Y-yesssss yes I s-should suffer... it’s only right that I suffer... y-you know w-what best for me yesssssss.”

Sabirah smiles right into Petra’s eyes. A wide, beaming smile. At the same time she just reaches forward, and caresses around the underside of Petra’s latexed, right breast. Ever so softly. Just gently denting the latex skin. Letting Petra feel a tenderness there.

“Yes Petra, yes I do know what is best for you. I always will. But... we have to decide how best to take yourself, and Stefani out of permanent circulation. I mean, all officially of course.”

Sabirah lets the words sink in slowly as she returns to her table to a folder and removes two documents from it. Checks over the contents carefully before moving back towards and directly in front of Petra. She holds up the two pieces of A4 paper on a landscape format. Only one is visible since the other is behind it. Sabirah holds them up at eye level, about two feet or so from Petra’s eyes. She knows her eyesight is limited. She knows also that she will be able to make out the two words in an antique scroll font. In a kind of semi arch across the width of the page.

“DEATH CERTIFICATE”

It takes a couple of seconds for it to sink in. In that time Sabirah has slid the other document from behind the first. That one also reads

“DEATH CERTIFICATE”

Petra hears herself suck in breath and whimper before Sabirah does. All the psychologist sees are Petra’s gorgeous lips parting. Words forming but not coming out. At least not in any audible form. Not straight away anyway. Then just a solitary word, muttered over and over and over.

“No... no... no... no... no... no... no... no... no...”

Sabirah moving in closer so the second line can be read. The second line in a straight type. Easier to read and yet a smaller font in bold letters. Under the words Death Certificate, on one document

Petra Harding

On the other document

Stefani Harding

The same word coming out of Petra's hyperventilating mouth time after time after time

"No... no... no... no... no... no... no... no... no..."

Until Sabirah's voice cuts through the monotony.

"Yes Petra. Yes... both yours and Stefani's Death Certificates. They state 'accidental death' as the cause of death. Once these have been issued, both you and Stefani will cease to exist. Both of you will be nothing. Any trace of you wiped out. The story that accompanies these death certificates, is that you were both wiped out, in a car accident whilst traveling around South America. Both bodies so badly burned so as to be unrecognizable. And yet the remains positively identified as those of yourself and Stefani via dental records. Such a shame too. After being released from my care, you had apparently decided to travel with your daughter and it came to this awful.... horrible end...but not the end at all.... rather the beginning..."

Sabirah's voice held the same tone throughout.. Every angle covered. Every eventuality allowed for. If Petra could have rocked in her horror on the stool she would have. The bondage didn't allow for that though. At least not without snapping her back into position courtesy of the bungee cords. Her lips still make the 'no.. no..' shapes but no sound coming out.

"On the plus side Petra... with the two of you officially 'dead'... then absolutely any direction can be taken with you both. What I mean to say is... that you agree you deserve to 'suffer'... and so, well there will be no amount of suffering that can be out of bounds, or not acceptable because quite simply.... yourself and Stefani are non-entities. Non-entities without rights. Nothings that can be taken down so many roads of suffering. I mean... you do still agree that you deserve to suffer don't you?"

Sabirah returning the certificates to the folder as she speaks. Allowing the little pause for Petra to gather what little thoughts she is capable of.

"Y-yesss yes... I need to suffer. Deserve to suffer... yesssss."

Music to Sabirah's ears. A sadist of the advanced, complex variety. Not a lover of senseless beatings. Rather a molester of the mind, and a controller of the body with some hideously imaginative tortures thrown in for good measure.

"Gooood Girl... and so... this is the road we must travel..."

Petra still trying to come to terms with what was being said. That neither her nor Stefani would exist any more. No-one to say what was happening to her was wrong... or indeed right. Another soul drenching whimper and a sob. Another nerve end tingling throb through the bases of her nipples and clitoris. That was it, the focus on her sexuality. Her illness. Instead of trying to fight it. Harness it. Use it to its best advantages. More and more convinced that Sabirah's way was the right way.

"I'll put this into motion immediately... and well, who knows maybe I can arrange a suitably moving joint funeral for both you and Stefani...just to make it absolutely convincing to the outside world."

Sabirah lets a little gurgle of laughter escape her throat as she reaches out and traces Petra's both lips with her index finger. Lovely succulent soft lip flesh. And then down glancing over her nipple tips. First one then the other. All at once the immediate hyper-intense orgasm rushing through Petra, making her rock this time... rock and then snap back into place thanks to the bungee cords.

"MMMMMMNNNNNGGNNNNNGNGNNGNGNNGN

MMMMMMNNNNNGGNNNNNGNGNNGNGNNGN

MMMMMMNNNNNGGNNNNNGNGNNGNGNNGN

MMMMMMNNNNNGGNNNNNGNGNNGNGNNGN

MMMMMMNNNNNGGNNNNNGNGNNGNGNNGN

MMMMMMNNNNNGGNNNNNGNGNNGNGNNGN.”

Wave after wave of intense, juice squirting orgasm, her lips in an extended pout as she sounds off her pleasure. And then down again. Down and down into that paralyzing guilt and shame. Panting. Puffing blowing out her lips. Breathing deeply, latex enhanced breasts heaving and expanding with her breaths, falling as she exhales.

“B-but... Stefani... s-she w-wont suffer to... will she... just me... j-just me yes?”

Petra’s question, even in its tone alone, held only the most distant hope that her daughter would not suffer as well. The demenour of her mouth, lipglossed, but sullen, all but said that any such hope was slim to say the least. Even that slim hope disappeared with Sabirah’s considered reply.

“Ohhhh well Petra... I’m afraid on this road... on this little journey we are going to go on together, Stefani will suffer as well. Its just a simple fact that she is not really any different to you... not simply just in looks, but also this ‘affliction’ you have. This illness that you have seemingly passed on to her. There is no real other option for Stefani either. She must suffer also. I mean... that she must suffer dreadfully... the same as you will.”

Tears pour out of Petra eyes steaming up the inside of the latex covering the eye holes in the hood. She sobs in an almost grieving way. Even as she feels Sabirah’s fingers walking between her legs, feeling her distended, obscene labia before sliding up through her own slippery slime oozing from her sexuality, and up towards her clitoris where a single finger tip dances then presses onto the very tip making her orgasm again. Even more intense than the last. The waves longer, deeper more hyper-intense making her quiver. Making her cunt squirt.

“MMMMMMNNNNNGGNNNNNGNGNNGNGNNGN

MMMMMMNNNNNGGNNNNNGNGNNGNGNNGN

MMMMMMNNNNNGGNNNNNGNGNNGNGNNGN

MMMMMMNNNNNGGNNNNNGNGNNGNGNNGN

MMMMMMNNNNNGGNNNNNGNGNNGNGNNGN.”

Sabirah’s voice caressing her mind also.

“But I figured with your new focus. Your new priorities, that, well, you wouldn’t be too bothered about Stefani suffering a little... was I right to figure that Petra, hmmmmm?”

Sabirah’s fingers dancing and playing the clitoris keeping Petra in fully hyper-intense orgasmic state, answering between clenched teeth

“Mmmmmm y-yessssss yes you were right of course..... mmmmmm Stefani can suffer to yessssss yessssss....”

And the fingers 'gone' from the clitoris. the orgasm immediately and quickly subsiding to be replaced by that all consuming guilt. This time a deeper guilt at the apparent betrayal by herself of her only daughter."

"Gooooood girllllllllllll."

Petra's heart rending sobs. Heaving. Quivering as she is held on the stool. Sabirah's voice fading as she leaves the room. Leaves Petra wallowing in her guilt, and swimming in her own juices.

"Good Girl....."

THREE - Stefani.

Unlike Petra, Stefani was kind of born with a silver spoon in her mouth. She had everything from conception on. She had the best of everything and wanted for nothing. Sabirah hadn't really figured Petra's daughter into the equation, other than as a casual tool to inflict more suffering on mommy. Hormonally charged mini-adults weren't normally the Doctor's thing. That is, she hadn't figured Stefani into the equation, until she had seen her. During her pre-checks and research on Petra, Sabirah had started to take more interest in Stefani. She looked delicious. A little younger than one of her normal projects. But still everything to lose. Everything to take away. Stefani grew on Sabirah even though Petra was more established, more complete, and with so much more to lose. So much more to have taken away. Much much more essence to demolish. Much more for a sadist to feed on. And yet there was Stefani, very much a part of that feed.

Selecting Selena to 'meet and greet' the delicious college girl was the right decision. Selena was a woman with issues who wasn't swayed by tears, or emotion. Stefani had to be taken out quickly and precisely. Sabirah knew that Selena was the one. She knew also that Selena's favored method was the hairdryer-shrink wrapped latex bag over the head and face. She knew Stefani wouldn't provide much trouble after that. Indeed, wouldn't provide any trouble at all. She knew that by the time the girl had been transported to the clinic, she would already be in a subdued state of decline.

Transported in a latex body bag, with just a breathing tube clung perilously between quivering, frightened lips. Her mind in a complete whirl. Complete utter confusion. Disorientation. Turmoil. Still reeling from the enforced orgasm that Selena had so casually, easily enforced on her. G Spot found, caressed, teased... and clitoris rubbed... gently rubbed and tapped and her struggle to breath through the latex gash in her mouth. A shuddering, intense orgasm that had weakened her resolve more than a little.

In one way, Petra was lucky. I guess it depended which way one looked at it. She was taken out of the normal world slowly. Gradually. Broken down bit by bit... thus adapting bit by bit. Mind adapting, body adapting slowly... readjusting to her new surroundings. New environment. Her diminishing control ever diminishing. Of course that was only one way of looking at it. The ultimate cruelty was undeniable, regardless of how quickly, or slowly it was applied.

Stefani didn't have the 'luxury' of a slow, timed decline into Sabirah's world. Hers was practically instant. It's funny how the human mind, and body 'knows' that cataclysmic change is about to occur. The basest survival instincts kick in. Even the most privileged person will dig deep, mentally and physically in order to survive. Stefani's basest instinct had kicked in just seconds after that latex bag had been pulled over her head. At about the time when the hairdryer's hot air had been directed at the hood, at her face. When she felt the latex tightening around her features. When she knew she

couldn't breath any more. When, eventually she was allowed to breath she had been so grateful... that she just didn't want to die and would do anything she could in order to stay alive. THAT, probably was the only flaw in base human nature. The willingness to sink to any level in order to survive. Had she known what was in store for her, maybe death at the hands of Selena would have been the better option. Well, most certainly it would have been better.

Stefani had been taken straight down to the sub-sub levels of the clinic. No front steps meeting for her. There was no point. Stefani already knew she was in deep deep shit. It was pointless to tramp her through all the shallow stuff first. The van was taken around to the rear of the building and Stefani had been taken out and loaded into an external lift that only went in one direction. Down.

At about the time when her mother, Petra was a little way through her initial isolation period, Stefani was being secured to a rig several levels below her. Not a gentle rig like mom would be secured to during the next phase of her breaking. Stefani's rig was stark, simple. A single legged rig secured to a floor that sloped gently inwards from all four sides. On top of that single, adjustable height leg was a platform, deeply padded with leather. It would be wrong to call this platform a bench. It was too short for that. Much too short for an average human length, although wide enough.

Stefani had been secured to this bench on her back. Her arms, and legs remained secured and doubled up. The kind of semi-amputated bondage she had been placed in for the journey from home to 'home'. Her legs overshot the end of the bench such was its short length. As did her head at the other end. Broad, supple yet strong latex straps held her to the rig. One across her waist, the other across her shoulder just above her breasts. Very tight, very secure and with the height of the platform up to about the waist of an averaged height human being.

Her long, doubled up legs had also been spread wide. Extremely wide.... a bar-stop placed between her knees to stop them closing. Her knees then forced pointing down and secured to the floor with bungee cord. Her arms, forced out at right angles to her torso, and then forced down as far as they could physically go and secured again with the much favored bungee cord. This bungee cord was a very effective very deceptive, and yet simple piece of equipment. Depending on the grade and elasticity used, it afforded 'some' movement. But not a permanent movement. Or movement that allowed any 'relief'. The secured person could strain to move... but it require a lot of effort. At the end of that effort, once the effort had been released, the limbs were sprung back to the original position.

"TWANG!"

In Stefani's case, the discomfort and effort was several fold since her arms and legs were doubled. Wrists secured to upper arms. Ankles to upper thighs. This was the kind of debilitating bondage that Stefani would have to get used to on a long term basis. She was arched... terribly arched backwards with only a certain proportion of her supported by the padded platform. The intention was to cause untold agonies, and it did. But the bondage held a bonus, a visual bonus in that Stefani resembled a work of art in that setting. A dark work of art but a work of art no less.

At the time when her mother, could have still, theoretically bailed out of the 'volunteer' program, Stefani's fate had been sealed. On that rig, latex bag now cut from her head and face, the laser beams did their work on the sixteen year old. They worked her slit first. Enlarging, fattening the labia. Both sides. Up then down. Continuously. Single beams working the entire length of her slit. Not slowly. Not a gradual treatment. A more swift, affair. Measured in relatively short hours. She

VERY NICE TO YOU.. GIVING YOU PLEASURE... YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL FOR THAT... YOU DONT WANT ME TO BE UNKIND TO YOU.... DO YOU?....”

Stefani’s mind still in a deep deep turmoil at the orgasm. Understanding fully the pure pleasure of the orgasm despite the agonies of the bondage.

“MMMMM YESSSSSS I’M SORRY.... S-S-S-SORRYYYYYYYYY.”

A genuine remorse in her tone. Sabirah liked that.

“GOOD GIRL.”

Somewhere else in the building, several floor above, Petra’s psyche was just beginning to be massaged and cajoled by the isolation. And the relieving of her personal effects, and over clothes. At about the time when Petra was pacing the floor, in just her heels, and hose... her daughter, way below her was howling, and panting her way through the first Sabirah induced orgasm. Very different timelines for mother and daughter. Both blissfully unaware that each other existed in such close proximity to each other at that point. Both blissfully unaware of what the future really, truly held for them.

Sabirah’s receding high heels. Then nothing. Stillness. Quiet. Just Stefani’s own panting, and groans to keep her company as the change in her continued and moved forward.

FOUR - Petra.

I guess, to fully appreciate where Petra was going, one would need to know something about where she had been. Where she came from. What she had achieved. What she had in life before meeting Sabirah. What she didn’t have. What she earned. What she was, what she became used to and what, exactly she had to lose.

There were almost certainly a few very early markers placed, which would later in life, lead Petra in a certain direction. She wasn’t born with a silver spoon in her mouth like her daughter. Far from it. She was the fifth (of six) daughter of Irish immigrants who moved to the British mainland during the early seventies. A hint there as to the origin of her flame red hair. Irish to the core. Her father worked in construction. Her mother, not a very nice piece of work at all, didn’t do very much... except encourage her offspring to use their bodies in order to earn money. Petra didn’t suffer that particular fate. She had ‘escaped’ before she could be put ‘on the game’. Perhaps fate knew all to well that there was a very different future in store for her.

But before that, way before that she had been bullied on a constant basis by her older sisters for being the ‘prettiest one’. She was always the taller, leggier one. And unlike her older siblings, had stunning looks that just blossomed and blossomed with every year of age she gained. She, quite innocently, brought out jealousies of immense proportions from her own sisters. Often the jealousy was masked. Made to look like something else. Such as the ‘help’ Petra received in dressing up. Introduction to intimate wear usually worn by adults. Stockings. Figure hugging corsets. High heels. And the use of makeup. Of course Petra loved all this. What teenager doesn’t love to dress up like her older sisters? The intention of the elder two sisters all the time to make her look like a slut. It worked. it worked every time.

The later losing of her virginity, courtesy of one of her sisters boyfriends wasn’t a particularly pleasant affair. Her sister, casually smoking a cigarette as her boyfriend cajoled Petra into the doggy

position for the fullest of penetration. Then afterwards sliding his cock into her mouth for her to clean off for him. She would always remember that taste. Always remember the sensation of the thick shaft of cock reaming her mouth open, and the foreskin peeling back to release trapped semen and her own juices into her mouth. And of that sliding, slippery swallow of those juices, and thick semen down her throat. An experience that would never ever really leave her.

It never left her to the extent that she 'liked' it. She liked it to the extent that she had regular private sessions with her English lecturer, sucking his cock until he came into her mouth and until her knickers were a saturated mess. Little early experiences all working together, coming together to form that advanced sexuality that would later form the basis of her downfall.

Then there was the drunken night, Petra being persuaded, by the same two older sisters, to let them find her 'mythical' G spot. Plied with drink first... and then quite casually positioned so the two could slide their fingers into her. Oh they found her G spot. They found it, and rubbed. Rubbed until she experienced her first orgasm. An intense, wet slippery affair that she would later be made to feel ultra-guilty for. Another early experience that would stay right with her. That particular orgasm serving again to feed a deep latent sexual need in Petra.... or so it turned out. So yes... early seeds sewn. An understanding possibly of how, or why Petra in later life would seek to conceal her sexuality. Even more, an understanding of exactly where her self-confessed high sexuality came from.

HOWEVER - She broke away from all that. Like an inner voice, an inner guardian whispering to her to get the fuck out of there. As far away as possible. Still in her teens, she just left home in the clothes she stood in, and all but penniless she made her way to London.

Almost immediately her fortunes changed. She was given a very junior position with the company she was to stay with right throughout. Petra had left school with no qualifications. Rather she had left even falling short of the basic education. Barely able to read, or write if the truth be known. Exactly how she had managed to secure the position of 'filing clerk' is not really clear. What is clear is that the company, or more precisely her boss saw 'something' in her and having been given the opportunity she didn't intend to squander it. This was her new life, her new start.

Petra didn't rise particularly quickly through the ranks at first, but rise she did. Self learning skills required on the way. Into the typing pool. Then supervising in that same typing pool. Where she had to gain qualifications and certificates on professional levels she did just that. The move away from a dysfunctional, and in some ways abusive home life proved to be just the re-start she needed, and revealed in.

A slight hiccup in her progress then as she became pregnant with Stefani. That was the test. A stupid one-night fling at an office party resulting in her pregnancy. The company stayed loyal to her. Supported her. It could be said that it was during her pregnancy and after it that the meteoric rise occurred. The boss didn't want to lose her. Did absolutely everything to keep her. I guess he had kind of taken her under his wing. She worked right up until full term. Took some maternity leave but then returned to work. The offer of inbuilt child-care... and as much help as she wanted, or needed was snapped up by Petra. She rose further... as far up the administration ladder as it was possible to go. Out of the typing pool and through the ranks of Personal Assistants and Executive Secretaries. All the way up until she became the PA/ES to the company CEO himself. In the City Of London financial district this was no mean feat. Petra had risen against all the odds and she was beginning to get something of a reputation in the City.. It was at this time that the inevitable change in her began.

Petra was never unlikable. Quite to the contrary, she was infectious. It was just that as she became seen as 'spoilt' by some in the company, so attitudes changed towards her. But she was, really, quite untouchable... such had been her rise. Probably due to these attitude changes, she herself fended off this by becoming more aloof. More abrupt in her manner and personality. Apparent arrogance... even an alarming way of dismissing people she no longer wanted to speak to, or work with. Part of the problem due to her inexperience at dealing with situations she found herself in.

The added issues for Petra, were her stunning, to-die-for looks. Men flocked around her in droves. Women, although smiling to her face, seethed between gritted teeth. Jealousy leaking from every pore. In many ways a return to the jealousies she had suffered at home. Although now, unlike then, she was aware of it. And dealt with it in the only ways she really knew how. Any human being puts up defenses, and guards that are often misconceived by others. Far from becoming less aloof, less arrogant... the sometimes masked hostility she came across, fed the aloofness and the arrogance more and more. She knew she hadn't been born with a silver spoon in her mouth so...she had worked hard to get where she was... so why should she kowtow to the jealousies? 'Fuck Them All'... was a favored saying of Petra. The word 'fuck' literally dripping from a lipstick enhanced snarl.

Basically, Petra's like-ability had become limited by default. At the time she met Dr Sabirah Najwa, she had everything. She had risen above all the obstacles. She was enjoying this life she had. She was content... one million percent with her life. She was enjoying working and socializing in the highest of circles. She enjoyed a massive salary, very little of which she used or spent since her country house had been bought and paid for by massive bonuses that the company earned and of which she enjoyed a huge share. She had exclusive use of a city penthouse during her time in London and Stefani had been enjoying the best in private education. Petra wanted for nothing. She was the complete, content woman. Against all the odds. And she was enjoying it. Enjoying it to the fullest and by the time her future was being mapped out, somewhat out of her control, she didn't give a flying fuck who was upset by her success, her position or her looks. In a way she was sticking a middle finger up to the lot of them. And, whoever chose to swivel on that middle finger, could do just that.

Maybe it was fate then that... a diabolical fate that brought Petra to the attentions of Dr Sabirah Najwa. Who knows?

FIVE - Petra.

Petra had sobbed a lot over this recent time, and during this 'change' in her lifestyle. It had been a very natural, a very understandable reaction to her changing fortunes, and increased anxiety levels. But this latest sobbing was different. Very different. It was a pitiful, continuous sob that dripped into the heaviness of the dead, still air in this particular room. It wasn't a loud sob. Or an ear piercing, screaming sob. Rather, it was a low sob, that originated in the very pit of her stomach and rose in gurgling sounds up through her throat and then just poured from between slightly parted, quivering, deep red lips and drenched into the dead, quiet, still air around her, thickening the atmosphere somewhat.

The change in sob could be explained with ease. She was naked except for a pair of tightly laced, knee length ballet boots that forced her onto her very tip toes. Part of the change could have been put down to those boots. Definitely a step up from the comparatively 'normal' six inched stilettos she had been wearing. But no... the heart wrenching sob was because she had been taken out of what had become a comfort zone of double layered latex cat-suits. To be replaced only with the

ballet boots. Nothing else. Over this recent time, her time with Dr Sabirah Najwa, she had come to find comfort inside the latex. The only comfort she had found in a rapidly diminishing world that was fading to grey around her. The latex caressed her. Soothed her. Kept her warm almost like a womb. Those horrible bits, her teat like nipples, her labia and her god-forsaken clitoris had been kept out. Those were her bad bits. The good bits had been kept inside. Shrink wrapped tightly. She had come to like the latex. She had come to need it. Need it badly. Much like a junkie needs a fix from time to time.

Sabirah had said she would suffer. And suffering she was. Without the latex she was in a deep, deep pit of despair. Quite a heart wrenching sight. A woman in latex withdrawal. Any onlooker would be able to 'feel' that withdrawal, that insipid desperation and every pang of the withdrawal with every sucked in breath that Petra took. There weren't any onlookers though. At the moment, just Petra, all alone with her muddled, confused, tortured thoughts.

Yes, naked except for the feet distorting ballet boots. But apart from that... the bondage. Yes the bondage. It was ok to use the word 'bondage' now. Because Petra had been moved on. Moved down several layers to where it was a single, simple focus on her depravity. Not fixing her. Not repairing her. Just focussing on her 'illness'. Her 'condition'. It was fine to use that word now - bondage. Almost an obscene depravity in itself. Bondage!

She was standing on her tip toes and had been bent forward at the waist so that her torso was at an almost exact right angle to her vertical, beautifully elongated legs. Just the slightest dip in her back. A dip then the slight rise back to her ass which thrust backwards. Pressed into her stomach, across her lower stomach and hips was a bare metal bar. This ensured the right angle was maintained. Quite bizarrely Sabirah had removed Petra's hood and insisted that she renew her makeup, perfectly before continuing. So despite the tell tale shadows of distress surrounding her huge eyes, Petra's face was fully made up, quite exotically, quite perfectly so that her journey into the deeper reaches of despair could continue. Renewed, re-enhanced lips served only to highlight her plight since the quivering, trembling lip-flesh simply glistened every time a dripped sob emerged.

Petra's arms had been pulled out. Outstretched from her sides. Pulled up level, outstretched, then stretched just a little more. Each secured in the leveled position via heavy, elasticized bungee cords to eyes in opposite walls of this room. Oh... I guess there would be 'some' movement. Some play in these cords. But very minimal. Very hard to achieve. And if movement was achieved, it would be almost instantaneously followed by that severe 'snap' back into the original position.

In this position, her heavy, mature D cup breasts hung, and swung under her. The full weight of her breasts pressing down behind her huge, teats of nipples adding another dimension to the permanently instilled throbs that pulsed from deep inside the nipple bases.

Her feet, and legs were secured together with latex strapping above the knees and at her ankles. The strapping holding her long, long legs together was very tight, and not yielding in any way. The broad strap above her knees pressed into her bare flesh, making the flesh itself bulge and ripple over slightly, above and below the strap. The strap around her booted ankles, likewise very tight and in no way yielding to even the slightest muscle twitch. Such muscle twitches made even more difficult, almost impossible actually, because further strapping attached to the ankle straps, secured Petra to the floor, both in front of her feet and behind her heels. The severe arch forced by the ballet boots was palpable to see. Enhanced agony!

Petra's weight concentrated on those very tips of her toes. And yet made absolutely more excruciating by the right angle of her torso. And the weight of her breasts under her. And yet,

another distortion to make her time in this room even less bearable... if that were possible. Her hair. Her long, delicious flame red hair, super-braided into bungee cord, and once again pulled above her and back. High and tight, making another right angle, this time of her neck and head, forcing her to look directly ahead of her. Making the sinews in her throat taught and strain. Making the musculature in her perfectly made up face, distort and twitch.

In the dim, yet spotlighted atmosphere of the room, shadows were thrown across her face that seemed to enhance her distress. Eyes super wide. Bulging. Every so often, dribbles of drool escaping her deliciously full lips, running over her lower jaw, and stretching to the floor under her. Such was the rigidity of the hair bungee cord... and Petra's remaining strength, it was doubtful that any movement was possible in her head without a hugely concerted effort. Even in a moment of absolute anguish, such as intense pain, the slightest movement would only be followed by that 'snap' back into position.

SNAP !!!

Given the reason for Petra being in this room, it would be understandable if she were effectively gagged. This was not the case though. This room was in the sub-sub bowels of the building. Even more secluded and deeper than the secure unit in which she had been housed previously. The room was completely sound proofed. Nothing leaking out. Nothing leaking in. In effect it was a gateway to Hell. Or a place deeper than Hell. And such was Sabirah's sadism... she didn't want to prevent her 'special one' from screaming. Far from that. She wanted to hear every gurgling, drooling, dribbling nuance of distress that she caused through the stunningly gorgeous mouth of Petra.

For the moment, Petra was alone. And it was relatively quiet except for the constant, pitiful sobbing. With her legs secured together, her perma swollen labia, and grotesquely enlarged clitoris, quivering and dripping were exposed and thrust back between her rounded cheeks and her upper thighs. Both labia and clitoris visibly quivered and were thickly coated in juices that constantly, dripped...non-stop. Petra produced the juices, in waves almost in unison to those throbs. It wasn't something she couldn't get away from. Those throbs were part of her now. Just like the perma leaking, thick slippery juices.

For the first time, attention had been given to Petra's rectum. A thick, bulbous ended rubber appendage had been lubricated and then slipped into her. Yes... oh yes she had screamed when that bulbous end had slipped past her sphincter. The volume and pitch of the scream had been an eye-opener even for Sabirah. That scream had faded into heaving grunts as the appendage had been pushed all the way in, until the only thing that stopped it was Petra's colon. The pure girth of the thing's shaft, and the hugeness of the bulbous end was really sufficient to ensure that Petra couldn't expel it. But added security were the two straps around the very upper parts of her thighs. Tight, non-elastic straps that simply clipped to two metal eyes at the appendage's base holding it firmly, fully embedded inside her.

The inclusion of this invasion to Petra's privacy saw her anal ring stretch and cling, and chew the huge rubber thing inside her. This whole thing was bad enough, but not the whole story. A compressed airline had been pulled down from the ceiling of the room and screwed into a nipple in the base of the rubber thing. A simple controller regulated the amount of air, and the amount of expansion of the bulb and shaft inside Petra. A simple squeeze and the scream was instantaneous and earsplitting. The scream was her only outlet. She couldn't move in order to express her pain, and horror. All she could do was scream as the thing inside her back passage was inflated, a little at a

time. Little small increments, renewing the spasms that tightened her musculature around the appendage.

“EEEEEEAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH GODDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD.”

Tears squirting from her eyes. Face twisted. Eyes bulging. Between the little increments of inflation, Sabirah’s cool, calming voice.

“Sssshhhh sssshhhhhh honey this is just preparation. Preparation for some real suffering. Just a few more squeezes.. just a little bigger inside you and we’ll be all done for now. But do me a favor honey.... when you feel the pain again.. when you feel the thing inside you getting bigger, just push back with your bottom. Push your hole back from the inside... and out... ok honey can you do that for me... hmmmmmmmm?”

Sabirah bending forward a little, her ear right to Petra’s trembling mouth. Waiting for acknowledgment. Waiting for an understanding of what she had to do.

“Y-yesssssssssss... yesssssssssssssss.”

A thicker, elasticized ribbon of drool dripping to the floor under Petra’s face as she expelled the word twice. Eyes almost bursting. Then that searing, deep, intimate pain again as the sound of compressed air being released into the appendage was heard. Another deep, soul searching scream. A gritting of her teeth as the thing expanded inside her again. This time, through the scream and gritted teeth, she pushed back against the expansion... pushing her hole out, leaving the stretched rim of her anus exposed... and visibly twitching, visibly chewing the huge, expanded rubber shaft inside her. Deep inside the bulbous end had stretched her insides even more. Pressing into her colon, causing a deeper even more intimate despair than she had suffered so far.

Sabirah knew... knew through vast experience how much she could inflate the appendage without causing a death resulting internal injury. And it was purposely just short of this limit that she stopped. Then stood back to admire her handy work. Deliciously obscene. A work of preparatory art. She waited for Petra’s screaming to subside. Waited for her to adapt to the addition inside her. Waited and watched Petra’s intimacies in all their grotesque glory. In all their dripping, quivering wetness before moving round and talking to her.

“There... all set. I’m going to leave you for a little while now. You need to settle... get used to this room... the bondage. You ought to be more than a little concerned at what is going to happen to you in here. I said you would suffer. That was an understatement. The idea is that by the time I return, you will be a broken, nervous wreck... completely... before I actually begin work on you.”

Sabirah’s tone, the words she chose all deliberate. Very deliberate. She disconnected the air line, letting it recede back up into the blackness in the room beyond the spotlight. It was the pure, undiluted sadist inside Sabirah that made the taunting, and the psychological torture of Petra such an intrinsic part of the process. Petra could only whimper, and suck in air between gritted teeth as Sabirah left the room and as the spasms in her anal muscles became less and less as her rectum adapted to its new occupant. Again she was left with her thoughts. And her increasingly intense fears.

This room, like most rooms in Sabirah’s establishment had hidden treasures. Hidden technologies. State-of-the-art devices to help, assist and make easier the total, irreversible breaking of a woman. This particular room housed the laser technology that Petra had unbeknowningly been introduced to

She could feel her anus pulsating with each throb. Wet, slippery pulses as her raised distended ring chewed, and sucked at the rubber insert. Indeed, there were sucking sounds clearly defined in between gut wrenching screams. Her ass was sucking hungrily on the appendage as her ring was being made more and more part of her sexuality. The sight from behind her, quite an eye opener. Quite a sight indeed. Her vaginal region, and her extended labia always quivered, always seemed to have a life of their own. But now this 'life' was joined by her anus. It pulsating in and out. In and out and the swollen ring quivered and glistened, thickly coated with its own produce. It was Petra's musculature pushing her ring out then sucking it back in as the throbs became more and more intense. Her reaction to her own deepening crisis.

Sabirah, in normal, every day mode had the capacity to chill a person to the bone. Just in her 'ordinariness'. To beg the question from anyone 'in the know'... anyone with the slightest bit of knowledge about lesbianism, about fetishism and about sadism... "how could a woman... especially a woman with her professional status, be so out-and-out cruel to another woman?" It was a fair question. Anyone non-knowledgeable wouldn't be able to place Dr Sabirah Najwa in such a place. At least not immediately anyway. Only after some time in her presence does 'something' grate onto the very inner nerve endings... sending that chill deep into the core of the spine.

Sabirah, in her interests, her 'hobbies', worked very much on a 'less is more' ethic. Her sadism and fetish interests were a way of life for her. But only very occasionally... very rarely does she get into a 'zone' where the very core roots... the very base, very origins of cruelty are reached, and massaged.

When Sabirah came back into the room, she wasn't at all recognizable as Dr Sabirah Najwa. From head to toe, she was coated... completely coated in supple, tight fitting black leather. The cat-suit enhanced her in a way that her 'ordinary' self could never do. It actually showed, that for a woman of forty nine, she was in, incredible shape. The addition of laced up, knee length boots with extreme heels, boosted her as well. Enhanced the length, and shape of her legs. And increased her otherwise average height. A tight belt cinched her waist, just gently digging into the top of the roll of her hips. And shaped, formed breast cups kept her mature breasts uplifted and separated with just the tiniest hint of poke through of her nipples.

Of immediate impact was the hood, zipped to the collar-less neck of the catsuit. No mouth holes. Just two tiny nostril holes. Inside these, two tube nipples inserted just into the nostril to facilitate breathing. Sabirah was well practiced, very capable of regulating her breathing thus. There were eye holes, but these were covered with a deep red film that gave her a heart stopping appearance. The devil incarnate. She could see clearly through this film. As though it were daylight. But it was impossible to see her eyes from the outside. The leather hood fitted the contours of her face, but was thick enough to render her unidentifiable. Ears pressed to the sides of her head, with just a cluster of pin holes so situated that her hearing wasn't impaired. Her hair was pulled through a reinforced hole in the crown of the hood. Not pulled into pony tail... but left to erupt and banded at the roots, and for three or four inches above, and then let to 'flower' on all sides. This 'flower' bobbed and bounced and swung in unison with her every movement. Otherwise, her head was a completely smooth, completely tight fitted leather and unrecognizable package. Sabirah in her entirety completely shrouded in leather. Even down to her hands... completely encased in finger hugging, very soft supple leather.

One could be forgiven, on first sight... on first reflection, for comparing this Sabirah with one of those psychopathic, deranged, perverse serial killers featured so heavily in horror films of the

modern era. But ONLY in that, in her mode of dress she was absolutely unidentifiable, and so sealed into her outfit that there would never be any of her own DNA left at a scene of.... lets say.... a crime! It was easy to place 'this' Sabirah in one of those flickering, shaky, taunting videos sent to police as they rushed against a diminishing clock, to find the victim before something unmentionable or indescribable happened to them.

Best not to dwell on such thoughts though.

It was the way she moved on the extreme heels. So fluently. So expert. It was how she moved, how she 'wore' this outfit that chilled even deeper. This wasn't a doctor... and clinical psychologist... a professional, respected woman at the very height of her career. This Sabirah was a prowling, predatorial sadist at the height of her sadistic powers. Confident that every angle was covered. Every eventuality taken care of. Not a care in the world as to what was going on in the outside world at that precise time. Just one focus. One absolute priority. Petra. And the absolute best ways of inflicting the purest epicenter of suffering on this former, stunning woman. Innocent woman. Loving mother. Self made woman.

The metallic clip-clop of Sabirah heels cut through even the rawest, gurgling screams of Petra as the laser beams did their work and as the culmination of all those throbs fed into the base of her clitoris. Sabirah carried an implement as well. It couldn't be called a 'cane'. But neither could it be called a 'whip'. It didn't quite have the flexibility of a whip. Nor the length. And yet, neither did it have the rigidity of a cane. But at the same time it was a little longer than a cane would be. Sabirah had her 'equipment', always specially hand made, to order. Most often, made in another country and imported. As a sadist, she knew, always knew, what was required to cause the maximum effect. Its better we call this particular implement, just that, an 'implement'. A tapered high tensile steel core, not quite describable as 'flexible' and covered with delicate braids of thin, tightly woven leather. At the extreme tip, this implement was wire thin, and yet very strong. From that extreme end, the bare steel of the core peeked out... and there was what looked like a little, solid stainless steel ball attached to the very tip. The handle end very decorative, and yet designed in such a way that holding it, brandishing it was easy... and made to measure for Sabirah's hands, and fingers. She carried this implement with accomplished, almost blase ease. Another facet of this other Sabirah. Chilling, truly chilling.

It has already been said that Sabirah was not the type of sadist who uses senseless beatings as a method. Such a statement could not be truer. Could not be more appropriate. With Sabirah, everything had a reason. Everything had a place. A beating alone could not break a woman. A beating alone couldn't even scratch the surface of the psyche that makes up a woman. Sabirah hated the term 'beating' anyway. It conjured up images of overweight, sweating so-called Dominatrixes also known as 'prostitutes' in their dingy, back alley bed-sits with equally overweight businessmen over their knee receiving their 'beatings' on their way home to their non-understanding wives. Quite an obscene vision in the truest sense of the word.

Sabirah didn't 'beat' her victims. She simply used her 'implement' to further the suffering. Take it to a new level. Using her implement wasn't the means to the end. It was just a step along a very long path. A long journey. Sabirah didn't break sweat using her implement. Its design, and her expertise ensured that. Her use of the implement was all but effortless. Graceful and sublime given the absolute misery that could be inflicted with it. Almost surreal given its purpose. The vision of Sabirah, sheathed in leather, and casually carrying her implement, would on its own, be sufficient to produce tears... and a deep deep fear.

Petra was already screaming, and squirting tears. Her despair, and anxiety were already at the bottom of the pit. If there was a bottom of the pit. Oh how she needed to be back inside her latex shroud. She hadn't realized how much she would miss that comfort until it wasn't there any more. Now she missed it so badly. Its smell. Its caress. But even through all that despair... that latex withdrawal, that intense throb in the base of her clitoris being fed from her nipples, her labia and now her swollen, raised anal ring... she was aware of the re-appearance of Sabirah. At least in her turmoil, she thought it could be Sabirah. Her heightened senses picking up the aroma of leather. The metallic click of the heels as Sabirah circled her slowly, cat like in her shiny supple leather, breaking through her desperate intakes of breath as her entire, most intimate feminine areas pulsed and dripped. The bondage holding her perfectly in position. Perfectly, helplessly in position.

"So Petra... the suffering begins..."

Sabirah's voice, not her voice at all. An echoey computerized, robotic voice filling the whole room. Sabirah speaking into a tiny microphone built inside her mouth-less hood. The voice then wirelessly transmitted to the amplification system, and through the hidden speakers into the room. And now, unlike previously, video cameras recording the proceedings from all angles and from all zoom levels. A coincidence that Sabirah was unidentifiable both the vision, and the voice. Possibly a coincidence, but unlikely to be so. Every angle covered. Every eventuality taken care of given the level of cruelty and suffering that was to be inflicted from here on in.

"MMMMMMNNNNGGGHHHHHHHHHHGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH."

Petra's noises, very organic, dripping in genuine emotion. Genuine misery. Very base in comparison to the computerized Sabirah. Sabirah circling, slowly, deliberately taking in the delicious sight that was once a career woman at the height of her powers.

"I'm going to hurt you Petra. I'm going to hurt you very badly. You know you need to suffer. And I want you to suffer. Those throbs that you feel all the time. Those beautiful, earth moving orgasms you are given from time to time have to be paid for Petra. Paid for in suffering..."

The voice filling the room, sinking in to Petra's psyche despite what she was already suffering. Still a base intelligence enough to question the implication that the throbs, the orgasms, the need and greed weren't suffering at all... that they were privileges that had to be paid for with suffering. Suffering being paid for by a deeper suffering. Petra finally coming to terms with the fact that she was in a lose-lose position. Yes those throbs were addictive, and the orgasms even more so, but they fed a far deeper self loathing, They fed the greed. The need. The guilt. The shame.

"... whilst you are 'paying', with suffering, just focus, concentrate on the throbs. The orgasms. Your sexuality. After all, that's what this is all about isn't it? Your illness. Your condition. Just focus.... focus.... focus."

The similarity to Sabirah's computerized voice, its tone and content, to a psychotic maniac, wasn't entirely coincidental either. All very deliberate. All feeding the fear so deeply instilled in Petra that it remained irreversible. Sabirah didn't really expect an answer to her question. The question was rhetorical.

When the first slash of the implement landed across Petra's two buttocks just above the raised newly throbbing ring of her rectum there was just a split second before there was any noise at all from Petra. A split second of absolute silence. First there had been just the slightest 'whoosh' and a

The third slash landing just below the second, almost but not quite in the fold of flesh between the buttocks and the very upper thigh. Much more fleshy here. More sensitive flesh for the bare steel and the stainless steel ball to sink into. Much more pain to feel. The fourth slash was saved for that actual fold of flesh between buttocks and thighs.

“The sweet spot”.

A pain so intense. So absolute that it in turn fed the throbbing in the base of Petra’s clitoris. In between strokes, the extended, distended sexuality quivering and where the implement caught each ‘organ’ the mark of the welt could be clearly seen. These slashes were not a caress... the type of caress required to cause orgasm. Rather this contact with her enhanced sexuality, served also as an amplifier for the pain. If it were possible to make that pain worse... then this was the time at which it was done.

“MMMMMMPPPHHHGGGGGGGGGGFFFGGGGGGGGGGGDDDDDD.”

Effortlessly, time after time Sabirah brought the implement down through the air, almost but never quite silently. It wasn’t a systematic beating. It wasn’t a beating at all. It was a deliverance of suffering. Not equally timed between slashes. But not deliberately irregular either. The pure poetry of a lesbian sadist going about her task. Her work. Her life. And of Petra, complete in her suffering. Complete in her most intense, most pure misery. Her heavy, teat laden breasts underneath her, jiggling, rippling, swinging as each slash landed, and as the effects of each slash coursed and raced through the helpless... pitiful woman.

Between lashes, the throbs, and the pulsating sexuality. Drips and dribbles of thick lubricating discharge flying in various direction as the flesh was tortured. Sabirah marveled at how the anus pushed out obscenely... still clinging to the massive, inflated appendage inside her. Pushed out, straining at the thigh straps holding it in place. She marveled even more at the way the stretched anus, and the hyper-worked ring sucked, and chewed at the thick shaft inside her.

Petra... every so often forced her head, and arms to move against the bungee cords... but always this was followed by the immediate snap back of her limbs or head. The attempting of movement, of escape in this way was natural... but always, such an attempt served to amplify the agonies inflicted. Of course, her ballet-booted feet couldn’t move and her severely arched feet and taughened leg muscles suffered terribly, in their own way. So many ways, in this Hell, of amplifying pain. Making misery worse, and worse yet again. And yet this, although was ‘absolute’ as far as Petra had suffered so far. It wasn’t absolute in infinite terms. That journey to absolution to infinitum was a long long one. Actually a never ending one.

At the end of an indeterminate amount of time, Sabirah stopped her effortless application of suffering. If Petra could have collapsed in a semi-conscious mess on the floor, she would have. The bondage didn’t allow for such a luxury though. She was held rigid in her agony. She had long since stopped screaming. The screaming had stopped a little less than half way through the period. To be replaced simply by sharp intakes of breath every time the implement came into contact with her flesh. The pain didn’t lessen with each lash. Far from that. And far from the myth of BDSM... she didn’t ‘numb’ to the pain. She simply absorbed it. Each and every single lash, absorbed by her flesh and by her mind. She stopped screaming only as she sank into a ‘zone’... not quite compus-mentus but not quite not, either.

The area from just below her tail-bone, to the back of her knees, just above the ballet boots was criss crossed with angry, angry welts. Each welt tipped with a bloodless, deep gash. And those

gashes in turn tipped with a wider, spread wound caused by the ball bearing tip. The whole area surrounding the welts, red, angry where the pain and fire had spread. She quivered. Yes the whole of her quivered. Her sexuality still leaked. Still throbbed and still dripped. That didn't go away it never went away. Never would. The pain now another facet of her suffering. There was the guilt. The shame. And there were the throbs. The incessant throbs and those hyper-intense orgasms she increasingly craved. And now the pain for which there was no description. No description or expletive that can do justice to such a huge, huge amount of intense pain all applied with one, seemingly leisurely stroke of an implement that was neither a cane, nor a whip.

Sabirah hadn't chosen this particular area of flesh in order to fit in with the cliché of BDSM. Sabirah could work any area of flesh with the desired results. Indeed, she would, in due course work on all areas of Petra, both obvious and not so obvious areas, internal as well as external. On this occasion she had chosen this rear flesh, simply because she adored the view of Petra that the bondage offered. And it did tie in with the necessary task of the work undertaken on her anal ring. Work now complete and irreversible.

The leather clad clinical psychologist had applied the last stroke and then quite leisurely, quite casually, had brought the implement up long ways, gently between Petra's quivering labia, in order to scoop up some of the dripping juices. Dragging the length of the implement up through the length of Petra's saturated, pulsating sexuality. Then she had brought the implement up, under her leathery nose holes in order to take a deep, deep inhale of breath. A deep whiff of Petra's aroma. The aroma of juices released under the utmost of suffering. The aroma of a distressed, tortured woman. Fresh meat. If she could have tasted it, she would have. Again the imprint of Sabirah's tongue through the leather as she inhaled deeply once more before placing the implement on the desk.

Sabirah's last, most casual action before leaving Petra to wallow further in that room, was to reach beneath her, to one of her untouched, swollen teats. A little caress of the hanging breast and then a single stroke over the nipple's tip sending Petra into an immediate, intense hyper orgasm. Just a simple, single, casual stroke of the nipple tip was all it took. And a thirty second, screaming orgasm that drained the girl more....

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMM.... GODDDDDDDDDDD YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
NNNGGGGGGHHHHHHH GGGGGGHHHHHHH SSSSHHHHHHNNNGGGGGG
MMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHH NNNNGGGGGGGGGGGG.”

Then nothing. No comforting. No sounds. Nothing. Just Petra's panting, and whimpering. And a seething, unmerciful guilt as the throbs started again from deep. All she had to cope with. Contend with. And now, the intense pain... her rear end, her thighs seemingly on fire. Her thoughts. Her knowledge that she deserved and needed to suffer like this.

SIX - Stefani & Petra.

Sabirah didn't house a 'training facility' in the bowels of her respectable clinic. She wasn't in the business of 'training' other women. She had no interest in making other women 'bark'. Or 'sit' or beg. The women unfortunate enough to be taken to this inner sanctum weren't 'animals'. At least not in that sense of the word. Oh there had been a few women over the years... taken to sub-human level. Taken to a place beyond misery. But it was a simple fact that women taken here,

housed here, kept here, would suffer in ways beyond the imagination. That's what Sabirah did. Inflict suffering. Whether it was in the form of immense pain, mental anguish or guilt. Or a combination of all three. Begging, barking, doing tricks, didn't come into it. Sabirah was quite single minded in that respect. She most definitely wasn't a sadist in the most common misconception of the word. She didn't simply want her victim to suffer on one level. But ALL levels and to degrees that don't exist in the 'normal' world. Indeed it was the plucking out of her victim(s) from that 'normal' world that formed the very basis of their suffering. It was quite simply another fact, that it was impossible for Sabirah's 'victim' to suffer enough, in a quick-fix type situation. Quick fixes didn't do it for Dr Sabirah Najwa. It had to be a sustained, prolonged and endless nightmare for the victim. A life changing experience and an irreversible process. Hence the exotic, and extreme measures she went to in secreting her most advanced facilities in the sub-sub basement of her private and secluded clinic.

Dr Sabirah Najwa was, when all said and done, a lesbian. She wasn't a man hating lesbian. Far from it. But she did love other women in ways she could never love men. It would be impossible for Sabirah to have a 'normal' 'loving' relationship with another woman. Any woman attracted to her, or vice versa would suffer. Suffer terribly. Any attraction where it became clear that that was impossible, would simply be ended, whatever hurt caused to the other party. This is why, in Sabirah's own words, it is really only once in a sadist's life time that an ideal 'subject' comes along. And when that happens, the opportunity must be grasped with open arms and embraced.

When that ideal subject does present itself. It isn't a case of 'training' her. Or teaching her to do tricks, like begging, or barking, or sitting exposed. It's a case of careful preparation. Absolute attention to the most infinite detail. Tiny details taken care of... situations, and circumstances taken into consideration before the victim is 'taken out' of circulation. And before that 'throb' is instilled. That throb, that 'need' is the epicenter of Sabirah's method. It is not by pure chance that the victim is turned into a drooling, dribbling orgasm craving, orgasm starved sub-human with enhanced sexual and feminine organs. That is a very deliberate, very precise part of the whole process. The very basis of the suffering. Once the victim is turned into the 'addict'. This almost pathetic, pitiful being... normal conventions of lesbianism, and of fetishism and BDSM fade to grey and become irrelevant. Begging doesn't matter. Pleading doesn't matter. Tricks don't matter. Oh all of these parameters and more 'could' take place and quite often do. They take place mostly because, again deliberately, Sabirah never lets anyone mentally break down altogether, or completely. There is always enough left... just enough, for them to realize and understand what is happening to them. But that begging, pleading and those 'tricks' don't matter. Nor do they have any effect on outcome. That path ahead for them is simple... and pure. So pure as to be organic. It is simply a path of immense suffering.... physical, and mental. Absolute relentless suffering with no let-ups. Once the path had been stepped upon... it becomes one-way. Usually down and for 'the one' usually into a bottomless pit, a vortex of darkness and despair.

So for Petra, her fate became her destiny when she first met Sabirah at that corporate fund raising event. Little did she know that her little flirts with the 'head doctor' were leading her through a one-way door. Little did she know that it was her stunning looks initially and then her personal circumstances that she would eventually learn were the reason that she would suffer immeasurably. Or that the existence of her beautiful daughter Stefani would add to the mix. Become yet another tool with which to deepen her suffering.

It wasn't an accident that Sabirah's clinically clean, subterranean facility dripped with a palpable dread, and doom. It was designed like that. Sabirah designed it like that. Just like she designed the

very specific, nano-specifications of her laser technology. The detachment from the real world. The seclusion... the vacuum created was intended. Absolutely it was meant to be. Quite simply... for anyone housed here... anyone unfortunate enough to be a 'guest' of Sabirah, the overwhelming feeling that their suffering would never end... or that there was no way out of there. No way back to the normal world.. had to be the most base of feelings here. An acceptance of the suffering, along with an acceptance that there would be no way out... ever. Period!

This particular room was a stark, striking contrast to the others. Rather than a deliberate, spotlight surrounded by and caressed by blackness, the whole room was in a very bright high-key white. An almost blinding white. Still clinically clean. Still existing in a vacuum that sucked out and kept out anything from the outside and yet... what was in remained in. Sealed in. The whole room was bathed in the most lucid, crystal clear of white light that bounced evenly off pure white surfaces. Visibility in this room was not a problem. Indeed, it appeared that visibility in this room had been made a priority. Visibility and viewing, it appeared was not to be hampered in any way. Were it not for the present occupants of the room, the question could be begged as to why on earth there had to be such good visibility in a single room that measured no more than eight meters long by five wide.

White tiled ceiling, white tiled walls and white tiled floor made it difficult to see the seams in a room that was completely bathed in a balanced white light from ceiling length strip lighting that was fixed down its middle, and either side of the eight meter length. There were no shadows cast. Just everything in crystal clear clarity. The only similarity between this room and other others was that the floor had to slope inwards and downwards, slightly, from the sides to a central drainage cover. It made the cleansing very easy. And helped make proceedings in the room as fluid as possible.

The only real reference points in this room, if it were otherwise empty, were that secured to the opposite walls at either end of the eight meter length were sixty inch plasma flat screens. These screens, with no visible wires, had been fixed quite high on the walls and slightly tilted downwards. Each screen easily visible from either end of the room. The stark blackness of the currently inactive screens and surrounding black frames was indeed a high focal point. The only real chance to get a bearing and keep that bearing. If anyone in here was a 'guest' or a 'victim' of Sabirah... these screens were the ONLY point of focus. The ONLY means of keeping a bearing. Keeping a grip on reality. Even then, only if permitted.

Like the other rooms in Sabirah's facility, this one contained almost invisible technology that made work here practically effortless for the user. This was an extreme bondage room. Bondage applied here could only be instigated, or 'started' by a human being. It could only be set up. The victim placed into position and then loosely secured in what would be roughly her eventual position. The real, final position and absolute tightness of the bondage could never be completed, or finished by a human being. Even a strong determined one. Final bondage here was very much a micro-machined affair.

Bondage here was eventually polished off by the pressing of a single button and then the magic of micro circuitry and micro-motors kicked in. Then everything tightened. Everything clicked into place. Those little motors whirred electronically, only just audible. A little creaking as things clicked and snapped and stretched into place. Those electrical and micro mechanical noises were only really audible before the groans, and the screams of the victim overtook them in volume. Eventually the whole room was filled with that constant soul draining screaming that only diminished slightly as the body of the victim, and her mind, adapted.... absorbed as much as possible the excruciating bondage. In this room, the noises from the victim never really, I mean never REALLY fell of at all. There was a constant noise, at whatever pitch and whatever volume.

The bondage itself was a torture. But it wasn't THE torture.

In this room, suffering was taken very much to another level. In this room, where previously there would have been a shuffling of ballet booted feet as the victim was taken in side... there would be only a soul searching screech of sorts... but before that... an insipid dread on first view of the room and its contents. The pure simplicity of the room in itself, enough to cause that deeply instilled dread and fear to rise in a victim. To the victim, that stark simplicity, as she would have discovered before was a reason to fear. Deeply fear what was going to happen here.

There were two identical rigs in this room. One for Mom. And one for her little girl Stefani. Her beloved daughter and mirror image. Each rig was secured roughly two and a half meters in from the end walls making roughly three meters of space separating them in the center of the room. The occupants of the rigs faced each other towards the center of the room. Each had a clear view of the plasma screen behind and above the opposite person on the opposite rig. Each had a clear unrestricted view of each other. Or had such a view as long as it was permitted. Permissions here weren't always assured and weren't always allowed by ways and means necessarily expected by the victim.

Mommy Petra had been taken in first. Shuffled in, re-shrunk wrapped in her latex skins. The outer skin shiny, black. The wounds inflicted by Sabirah's implement just healing and just being caressed by that inner, transparent latex skin. All over her rear end. Thighs. Buttocks. Caressed as they healed and with just a teasing 'tingle' remaining. In many ways, that teasing tingling sensation another facet, another source which fed those incessant throbs. The crotch of the latex skins opening extended slightly, and widened to allow the raised, hyper-sensitive ring of her anus to protrude obscenely.

Another bad bit exposed.

The ballet boots almost impossible to walk in. Designed to enhance and yet restrict at the same time. They produced that 'shuffling' unconfident walk that was deliberately shortened by the hobble chain between her ankles. This chain prevented that all important friction from occurring with her labia, clitoris and anal enhancement. The shuffle enhanced the throbs. The hobble chain prevented the friction furthering the throbs. Simple. Delightfully maddening! The rest of her nasty bad bits... well, they remain out too. All grotesque and dripping. Quivering masses of sexuality continually dripping the most slippery, deeply produced juices. If she was moving she dripped. If she stayed still she dripped. The drip was continuous, unabated during her waking and sleeping states. Her teat like nipples, hard, rubbery.... like black grapes. Ripe ones ready to burst. All nasty bits protruding, exposed from the smooth, perfectly smooth confines of her now much needed, much loved 'womb' of latex.

It was clear to see the decline in Petra. She was still attractive. Very attractive. And yet something was missing. A spark in the eyes staring out from the latex holes of the hood. Her features... very latex wrapped and yet so tightly so that it was plain to see her cheeks were somewhat sunken, withdrawn. And her full, fleshy, sensuous lips had a droop. A sullen sulk about them and they protruded from the latex in the same way that her bad bits did which suggested, very casually that those gorgeous lips were also bad.

BAD RED LIPS.

Petra was allowed to shuffle into the room herself. Although she had uniformed female assistants either side of her in case her deliciously long legs gave way, or some other such incident occurred.

The absolute agony of the arch in her feet apparent with every shortened step as her lips stretched into a grimace... and yet another throb saw the overspill of drool to the floor. That together with overspill of 'drool' from her sexuality, and enhanced rectal ring, provided a very bizarre, almost alien sight. So far from the sophisticated, empowered City Woman. So far from that. So very far.

She was then guided by hands on either arm, backwards to sit on the padded small 'seat' of the rig. Effortlessly as she lowered her full weight onto the seat, appendages slid up inside her. Not especially thick appendages, at least not in this first instance. And not especially long ones. Just thick and long enough to be absorbed by her enhanced rectum and vagina. Just the quivering, blow out of her deep red glossed lips as she sat her full weight on these appendages. She seemed truly grateful for the penetration. So easily absorbed, and so hungry was she now on a permanent basis that she was left wanting more. Always wanting more and yet more again. How sorry would she be that she wanted more. More was a thing that was plentiful in this establishment.

For now, she was simply secured to the rig loosely. Arms behind her. Wrists together and looped with thin high tensile wire. Similar around her arms just above the elbows. Another wire pulled down from above... screwed into the nipple that protruded from the front of the crown of the smooth latex hood. Still that gorgeous mane of flame red hair erupted into a strict pony-tail from the very crown of the hood and cascaded down across her latex covered back. This redness creating a striking contrast in the otherwise high key room.

Petra was so used to being exposed, and was so addicted to her own enhanced sexuality now that she naturally allowed her legs to casually splay open exposing her dripping sex. Now an intrinsic part of her altered state. Now, again loosely, wires looped over the arch of her feet and around her ankles. Those wires disappeared into the floor. Just securing her feet wide apart. The seat of the rig low enough, her heels extreme and high enough to ensure her weight was fully on the seat, fully on the appendages inside her, and that her latex knees were high. Her thighs sloping back towards her hips. Wires looped around her knees, and faded from view in the brightness of the light of the room to either side of her. Their weight creating a slight dip as the wires faded into this brightness.

Between her legs a clear flexi-tube has been slid up over her distended quivering clitoris and sucked up over its base and held there under its own vacuum. Disturbingly, from the very tip of her clitoris, a micro thin wire emerged. She had simply grunted, then groaned as the needle thin wire had been fed deep into her clitoris. The perfect alignment, the perfect symmetry of the wire down inside the dead center of the clear flexi-tube clinging to the outer base of Petra's clitoris was chilling. Very disturbing. It was both simple enough, and micro-accurate enough to tell that terrible terrible things could be done with them. Both wire and flexi-tube disappeared down between her wide spread legs and into the floor. Still those throbs emanated from deep within her clitoris... but now resonated along the needle thin wire inside her most private feminine parts. Utterly disturbing was the sight, through the flexi-tube of her clitoris, visibly quivering, like it was a live, living 'creature', or something. The drips from the tip simply running down and into the floor with the tube. And yet despite that live quivering of the clitoris, the central wire remaining taut, remaining still.

How Petra had screamed, and screamed and screamed again when Sabirah had, as if by magic, caused the end of the needle, the end inside the base of her clitoris to bend and 'barb' whilst inside her. Bend and barb in such a way as to prevent it slipping back out. The bend and barb pointing backwards so that it pulled back on itself piercing her inner flesh. First the bend, then the bite back caused an absolute agony that grated through Petra. Pin sharp pain inflicted in the very depths of her femininity.

they were even more enlarged even more engorged than her mother's although this could simply because of her altogether, slighter build. As she came through the door, slowly step by step, the pure light from the room bounced off her reddened, enhanced extremities and caught the drip drip from between the legs beautifully as they fell to the floor.

It was Petra who made the first sound,

“MAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH BBBBBBABYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY.”

The cry was from the soul as her eyes lifted to see her daughter. For those few seconds, everything else faded from her priorities. Pure mother love broke through the chaos and to the surface in a heart rending, almost animal like rendition. A pitiful, long drone of a cry that was similar to a mother losing a new born baby. Or who was seeing her daughter buried. It was like grief. Or something like grief. At that precise moment it all became clear. Lucid. So clear so lucid. The cold stark reality of what was happening. Her eyes simply poured right over her daughter... the feelings through her like a hot knife through butter.

“MUMMMMMMMMMM.. WHAT HAVE YOU D-DONE TO USSSSSS? HOWWWW COULD YOU....LETTT TTTT THISSSS HAPPENNNNNNNN.”

Stefani's voice was a broken stuttering sound. The words were clear. Crystal clear to Petra. Stefani was broken... and her tone was undeniably accusatory which fed a palpable guilt straight into the core of her mother's being. Petra couldn't answer. She just watched, as the throbs slowly returned to the core of her clitoris, as her daughter was brought to the opposite rig. Just watched. Sobbing. Throbbing.

“MMMMMMNNNNNNNNNNNGGGGGG GODDDDDDDDD NOOOOOOOO.”

Another quite distressing, quite distressed sob as Petra watches her daughter slowly sink onto the two obscenely erect appendages protruding from the soft padding of the small seat. Her sixteen year old daughter being impaled. Helped to sit all the way down on these rubber appendages. But not just that... also, Petra through her own throbs, her own twitches, and dribbling, watching as Stefani herself swipes her wet tongue across her lips, absorbing the thick, long things inside her. But also, absorbing her own throbs. Her own hunger. Stefani then, blowing out her own full red lips as though in gratification. Petra had never seen Stefani with lipstick on before. At least not the deep red, hyper-enhancing variety. The shades reserved especially for girls with 'bad lips'. Stefani had 'bad red lips' like mom. So bad, so very bad.

BAD RED LIPS !!!

Stefani's own neck corset was removed and in its place, looped nooses of wires were slipped over and around her throat. Two nooses to be precise. The nooses were built into the centre of the high tensile wires. One slipped over her head, the wires and the nooses still loose, and trailing off diagonally to the corner and side of the room. The second noose also slid over her smooth latex head this time running off still dipping with the looseness to opposing corner and side. Two nooses ready to be tightened around the neck of the distraught young girl. But not yet. Her wrists released from the hips of her cat-suit and brought behind her. Identically to the arms of her mother. Wrists loosely secured. Elbows likewise. Always the entrails of wires disappearing into the high key whiteness of the sides or ends of the rooms. Into floors. Into walls. Looped wires around her knees, just like mom. But instead of one set of wires around her ankles and feet that would anchor the ballet boots to the floor, there were two sets. Both sets when loose allowed some movement of the

feet, even some lifting. Of course, eventual, final movement would not be possible. And the feet would be as though suspended off the floor... an yet still rigid tight

Petra mewled as she watched her daughter being immobilized. The mewling sound was new. It was like a distressed, confused sound of a mother not able to concentrate on one thing or another due to opposites. The throbs. How she so wanted to concentrate and encourage those throbs. Or the plight of her beautiful daughter. Petra was becoming more and more damaged all the time. THIS... this witnessing of her own daughter's demise was as much part of Sabirah's sadism as the excruciating bondage, and beating she had suffered. This was worse. Far worse.

In a control room, somewhere else, Sabirah watched the proceedings. Clenched her thighs as she watched Petra suffer. As she watched her despair. Her anxiety and her sexuality dripping from between her latexed legs. Flicking her eyes across to the daughter. Sweet sixteen and her whole life in front of her. Except not the kind of life she had been expecting. Nor the kind of life that her mother would have wanted for her. Sabirah clenched her thighs again, even allowed herself a rub of her leathered crotch before casually rubbing a finger tip over a touch sensitive button.

“MMMMMMNNNGGGGGG NOOOOOOOOOOOO GODDDDDD.”

Petra's eyes lighting up. Stark wide. The pupils heavily dilated as the two appendages in her are inflated. Not fully. Just enough. Just enough to remind her. To let her know that two similar appendages are buried deep inside her daughter to. Another soul destroying cry out as her inner walls expand absorbing the stretch. Yet another cry as she looks directly in front of her at her daughter, herself distressed, hungrily licking her lips, at the moment blissfully unaware of what can happen inside her. And yet at the same time looking through tears at her mother wondering why she is crying out so.

A furthering of the suffering. Taking it to new levels. Progressing it. It's what Sabirah loved. She liked to see progress. Even she hadn't been lucky enough, before now, to have such 'tools' with which to create suffering. A beautiful successful woman, plus her offspring, equally as beautiful. Equally as striking. Oh, God, did Sabirah only too well know that there was much much more to Sadism than a whip, than a cane, than even her own 'implement'. The feminine mind. The feminine body. Deeper and deeper femininity all held hidden treasures and unexplored avenues for the determined, and committed sadist. And then there was that mother love. And that torment of the throbs versus her daughter. Petra's living hell. Not even hell. Deeper than hell. Dr Sabirah Najwa ran her middle finger over another of her buttons.

“MMMMMMNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGG UHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.”

Petra again. Feeling the movement of wires, and rig in unison. Securing her just a little tighter. Not to the maximum, not just yet. Sabirah wanted Mom to see fully what was about to happen to her daughter without the duress of bondage, for now. She suspected that given the levels of Hell capable in this particular room, the distress and mother love would break through even the addiction of the sexual throbs that Petra felt. She didn't want any sudden movements on the rig, where it was possible that she hurt herself. It was important that any hurt inflicted, was inflicted by her, and not by means of accident. No accidental suffering here. Just deliberate, palpable suffering. Petra's arms behind her just a little tighter. Knees spread just a little more. A little less movement in her severely arched feet. Head held a little straighter, more upright so that she can only look in front of herself at her offspring. Another cry out

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHH GODDDDDDDDDDD.....”

Sabirah feeding an enhanced throb into the base of the dripping clitoris just before she stands, brushing down her leather cat-suit and joins mother and daughter in the high key white room.

Stefani’s eyes are bulging as she watches her mother. Part puzzled at the cries, part trying to absorb her own throbs. There is no mouth-less hood this time. Sabirah made up, heavily so. Strikingly so. Her thick lush, deep black hair pulled back tight off her face and back into a tail. Her deep, huge pools of eyes enhanced with liner and mascara, and shadow. Full lips, very soft very luscious, the deepest shade of red possible and contrasting with the Arabic olive of her skin color. Almost an emotionless expression on her face. Seeing this Sabirah, in the flesh as it were, it was possible to see, and believe that she were capable of something way beyond a little ‘meanness’. She carried a remote control with her, and her heels clicked the tiled floor with purpose. Accompanying the click of her heels the subtle creak of the leather of the cat suit as she moved, expertly on her high heeled, knee length boots.

“Ladies, I’m truly, truly happy that you could be here together today. It has always been my intention to re-unite mother and daughter. And so here we are, re-united.”

Sabirah’s tone with just a hint of an invisible smile in it. Stefani the first to whimper. A pure reaction to the entry of Sabirah. A visible shudder as the older woman walks around the back of her and then to the front so that she is standing in between her two victims and with ease able to just turn her head in either direction to look directly at either of them.

“W-whyyyyy are you d-doing this t-toooo us.”

Stefani’s voice is quite slight, almost childlike in its quality and tone. Its followed by an ear splitting scream from the same mouth as Sabirah caresses the remote control making the two rubber appendages inside Stefani increase in girth and length.

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.”

A simple look at her face told of the agony inside her most feminine, and her most private parts. Sabirah now talking, but more in the form of a narrative. She turned to Petra, talked to her but not in a conversational way. She didn’t want a conversation, and said as much.

“It is pointless trying to converse with someone who in a few minutes will be unable to, well, converse.”

She caresses the remote again which is followed by another high pitched scream from the sixteen year old as the appendages inside her expand again, stretching her inner walls.

“UUUUGGHHHHHHHHH GODDDDDDDDDDD MOMMMMM H-HELP ME.”

The pleading no mother would want to hear ever. The pleading of her offspring for help. Help that she cannot give. A deep, sobbing cry from Mom. The pity, the sorrow the guilt pouring from the drained expression on her face as she witnesses what was happening in full high key technicolor.

“PLEASE S-SABIRAH... PLEASE... DONT HURT HER ANY MORE.... H-HURT ME INSTEAD... PLEASE PLEASE.”

If ever a begging was real. If ever it was heartfelt and sincere, it was now. Sincerity poured from Petra as she begged to take the suffering instead of Stefani. But, even at this point, if one were to look deep into those eyes, there was that need and hunger as yet another throb welled up, then faded just short of her clitoris tip. Sabirah, didn't even acknowledge the request. She simply spoke again.

"A question. A question for you Petra. Tell me again remind me will you... what are your best attributes, hmmm?"

Another caress of the remote, another enhanced throb of the clitoris to encourage the older of the two victims.

"MMMMMMMMMMNNGGGGG ASSSS, LEGSSSS, TITSSSS, LIPSSSS... MMMMMMMMMMMMM."

Swallowing noisily the drool that collects between throbs, and then slashing her tongue across her full red lips. Sabirah watching. Just standing watching as Petra reels off what she considers her best attributes before inflicting a cruel jolt of guilt.

"Well you know I agree about all those things Petra. And really just watching your tongue I think we could also add that to the list. But, well, did you not think to place your own daughter at the top of your best attribute list. Is she not the best attribute you have ever had, hmmm?"

The question was really again rhetorical. It didn't require an answer. She knew what she said would instill a deep psychological hurt in that came out in a blubbing guilt sodden sob.

'YESSSSS, YESSSS WHAT WAS I THINKINGGGGGGG GODDDDDDD?'

Stefani having absorbed the expansion inside her watching, listening. Witnessing her mother's pure lust, listing her own attributes as her best ones.

"Oh I know what you were thinking. We don't need to go there "mommy". But anyway, now we have established that your daughter is not on your list of best attributes, your best assets I personally see no reason for her not to, 'suffer'... or for you not to witness her suffering fully, before your own is moved forward."

There was no glee in Sabirah's voice. She spoke coolly calmly, matter-of-factly. Chillingly in fact. Petra not saying anything, just staring ahead, just able to see the expression change ever so slightly on Stefani's face as another throb courses up from the core of her own enlarged, dripping clitoris. Petra now knowing that her daughter is more than sexually aware. Very aware.

"Besides, I digress. I want you both to see something before I continue working on Stefani."

Sabirah caresses the remote again and both plasma screens flicker to life. Both in as crystal clear clarity as the room itself. The color drains from both mother and daughter's distressed faces as they take in what they are seeing.

The first images on the screens are stills. Newspaper front page headlines and stories. The London Evening Standard... "CITY WORKER AND DAUGHTER DIE IN SOUTH AMERICAN CAR CRASH." The free london papers carry similar headlines... The Metro... "TRAGEDY AS MOTHER AND DAUGHTER WIPED OUT IN HORROR SMASH." TheLondonPaper... "CITY MOM AND ONLY DAUGHTER KILLED IN ROAD CARNAGE."

Petra's lips quiver as she watches over the top of Stefani's head, the screen revealing it's images. Stefani doing the same. Both screens showing identical images. All newspaper reports carrying full

details plus photographs of both Petra and Stefani. A jolt of reality from what seems a distant, out of reach real world. Except that Petra knows more than Stefani. She saw the death certificates. Agreed that it was the direction to go in. She was in fact part of the massive deception and it was all her own fault. More guilt. More shame.

But still, this reality, reducing her to a low droning sob, much like that of her daughter as she herself realizes what she is reading and seeing. That the stories are in fact about herself and her mother. Each story tailed with full horrific details of the 'accident' in which both of them, named fully, have seemingly died. And how Mom had battled to save her daughter from the flames that eventually engulf them both. Quite an irony in there, that isn't missed within the turmoil of hell that is Petra's present existence. She had reportedly battled to save her daughter after that 'car crash'. Just as she was pleading to save her from suffering once again here. Unable to save her in either case.

Those images stayed on the screen for some time before fading off. Full vivid. Neither mother nor daughter could take their eyes away from their respective screen. The occasional sob, and snuffle broken only by the click of Sabirah's heels as she paced from side to side of the room between mother and daughter. Watching each of her victims take in the images, fully before moving on with another stroke of the remote control. Stefani screams as the things inside her expand a little more. Stretching her inner walls, making the membrane between anal and vaginal tubes thinner. The vaginal intrusion, lengthening and nudging and sliding up towards her cervix.

"MMMMMMNNNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGG...."

Reports of her death, mixing with the sharp bursts of pain that accompany each little expansion of her intrusions inside her. That fear of death again. Like when she had that latex bag sealed and shrunk over her head and was unable to breath. This was different though. Intimately painful. Petra watching, some drool escaping, tipping over her bottom lip, as her daughter cries out. Sabirah waiting. Patiently waiting for the young girl to absorb the expansion, waiting for her cries to subside before she strokes the remote control again.

The newspaper images fade, slowly. Moving pictures take their place. This time, local news reports. LONDON TONIGHT. THE SOUTH EAST TODAY. Digitally recorded live pictures covering Petra's and Stefani's funerals. This time the stark shock of reality biting home to the core. Flashbacks to their former life as they recognize in Petra's case, her boss, and former colleagues attending the service and then the grave side as mother and daughter are buried together in the same grave. Together forever. In Stefani's case her college friends who think she has truly died making her cry bitterly as her impalements settle inside her. Petra just staring. Then letting out a sob which sees additional drool spill from the corner of her red lips. Bad lips. The horror of what they were watching, the full realization, the full implications dawning on both mother and daughter almost at exactly the same time. The horror adding to the sadism.

In the outside world they were gone. No-one would ever be looking for them. No-one would know ever what they were going through. Seeing the pictures had a treble effect. It brought memories back. Reminded each of their former lives. It added to their present tortures and would to their future sufferings. And also the base knowledge that there would be no way out of this... unless via death. Sabirah watching. watching closely as mother and daughter each, take a turn for the worse. Intermittent sobs, and cries from each rig. A darkness descending so black, so thick, so palpable that it didn't so much 'drip' as 'crawl, enveloping both mother and daughter.

To describe Stefani's scream would be difficult. It wasn't a 'mature' scream like her mother's would be later. Rather it was a very base, adolescent scream. It would be true to say that Stefani had been mature beyond her years both physically, and mentally. But somehow, when faced with life changing, life threatening, pure undiluted sadism, she had regressed somewhat. More or less back to childhood. Or much much earlier. Taken back to a time very early, even as early as when she was in the womb. That time when she absolutely needed her mother so badly. And yet, here and now she knew her mother couldn't help her. But she still had that feeling of helpless despair. Utter despair. It dripped even from her drool as she screamed, it dripped.

All of these things. All of these emotions and screeching desperation and fear came across in her scream as Sabirah stroked one button on the remote so that all of the bondage, all of the agonies, snapped and whirred into place. All within a few seconds. Everything tight, solid inescapable. All the formerly loose wires that had been dipped, and loose, now tight and taught. Solid and producing a weird web of wires that disappeared in various directions, up and down, backwards front wards and sideways leaving this poor, poor girl in the centre of the web. The fly in the spider's web.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHGGGGHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAGG
GGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGGGGGGGAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO MOMMYYYYYYYYY PLEASSSSEEEEE HELP
MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE."

Stefani's arms had been pulled up behind her so they protruded back level and held there by the wrist wire until the arms were at right angles to her back. The wrist wire disappeared back into the wall behind her. Her elbows were pulled together in one

S N A P !!!

until they were touching. The intricacies of that wire, looped and then running down the center of her lower arms between her tightly looped wrists and back through the same hole in the wall behind. At the same time, a stainless steel pole had come sliding out of the same wall, padded at the end but not sparing any agonies as it pushed under her raised arms and into the area just below where her shoulder blades almost touched forcing her into an extreme breast thrust situation. Her back arched.

SNAP !!!

The wire from the crown of her hood snapped and whirred tightly, forcing the head up straight. Neck extended. The two wires around her throat snapped tight, squeezing her neck, squeezing her throat and persuading her that even if she could move, even a muscle, it would be probably better if she didn't. The throat wires crinkled and dented the latex in such a way that any onlooker could see that her wind pipe was constricted, restricting her breathing. Her eyes bulged and mouth peeled open.

SNAP !!!

In the split seconds it took for the bondage to happen, for everything to tighten and click into place, the two appendages inside her also inflated and expanded more. Not small increments this time. One, burst of expansion to the absolute limit before death occurring injuries would be caused. Total pain to the most intimate, most private, most feminine of internal flesh. The drool, catapulted from Stefani's mouth in big long ribbons. Petra looked on, in abject shock and horror as her daughter suffered immeasurably.

SNAP !!!

“MMMMMMMMNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
EEEEEEEEEOOOOAAARRHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.”

The wire around her knees whirred and snapped tight before spreading her knees wide. Then wider. Impossibly wide so that her thighs were parallel to her hips and pelvis. This forced her exposed enhanced intimacies both forward and down onto their respective intrusions. These wires also lifted her knees slightly so that her ballet boot feet came off the floor. The wires around her feet simultaneously snapped tight, both anchoring her dangling feet to the floor, and yet leaving them still suspended such was the complexity of the wire web. The second wire snapping tight, in a split second preventing any movement what so ever. These wires twanged off to the side walls, higher than parallel to allow for the lift in her knees and feet. Stefani’s only points of contact, on which her entire weight rested, was her tail bone, her sexuality and her enhanced swollen rectal ring onto the padded, but still firm area that was quite frankly too small to be called a seat. The fly in the spider’s web. Poor Poor Stefani.

SNAP !!!

Sabirah, now due to the web of wires to the sides and behind Stefani, had her own movements restricted to the area between mother and daughter. Quite casually she moved, studying Stefani all the time. Letting the young girl’s torment slither into her. Sabirah pressed her lips together, rolled them in, purring to herself deep in her throat as she tested a couple of the wires. Nice and tight. Nice and Taught. Tightness that was impossible to have been achieved by hands alone. A tightness that was ‘machined’. A tightness that was so complete that ‘any’ movement was an impossibility. It was possible to ‘think’ of movement. To want it. To be desperate for it. But achieving it, impossible.

The cruelty belied the way Sabirah then moved in front, just slightly to the side of the tormented, screaming girl and bent forward. The creaking of her supple soft leather lost in the sea of screaming agony. And then the stroking of Stefani’s latexed cheek. Just with the back of one of her forefingers. A tender, gentle stroking of the cheek even as the screams came out one after the other. Often in a single, seemingly endless deluge. So tender were the strokes. Strokes through the skin tight latex covering her cheeks. Her head held, motionless and yet so much noise coming from such a pretty mouth.

“Ssssshhhhhhh little one... it’s only just begun... at least thats what I suspect.”

A simple sentence casually, softly spoken as Stefani stopped screaming, and panted for breath before another lengthy, shrill, adolescent scream.

“AAAAAHHHHHHGGGGHHHHHHAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHAAAAAAGG
GGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGGGGGAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO MOMMYYYYYYYY PLEASSSSSEEEEE HELP
MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE.”

Again that deep soul searching pleading for her mother to help her. Something that Petra couldn’t do. Something that she was desperate to do, even as the throbs raced through her. Her clitoris quivering inside the suction flexi-tube.

“S-sabirah... p-please d-dont hurt her anymore. Please. Y-you can do anything to me. b-but please, please not her... please...”

Petra's request was alarmingly clear, calm, and well thought out, despite her distress. One would suspect the result of the basic survivalist coming to the fore. Someone at the absolute end of her tether. Or someone who 'thought' she was at the end of her tether. making a final, final absolute pleading for her daughter to be saved from further misery.

Sabirah had long since lost that warmness towards Petra. The warmness and flirtatiousness that she had showed and indeed responded to in the early days. The preparatory days. In reality there was no warmness, or closeness. Not in that way. The apparent warmness and closeness was simply a means to an end. Now she looked at the mother differently. Not really like she was a human being at all. It was difficult to finger. That look. As though she were nothing, absolutely nothing, except a source of deep deep pleasure for Sabirah. Sabirah the sadist. She moved slowly, cat like over to Petra. How expertly she moved on those extreme heels. A chilling expertise. Like her own chilling calm. Bending down to Mom, to whisper into her ear as Stefani screams again, and again and again.

"Like I couldn't do anything to you anyway? Like I couldn't just torture your little one, and THEN torture you as well? As though this is some sort of bargaining point for you? Do you really think that is the case?"

Sabirah didn't really expect an answer. Didn't even wait for one. Petra didn't really think any of those listed questions could be answered to her positive. Or Stefani's benefit. She just simply moved her head as little as she could side to side. Nibbled on her bottom lip gloss. And then it was her turn to scream, then scream again and again as her bondage was tightened.

SNAP !!!

Another couple of split seconds of sadistic poetry as the wires taughtened, tightened and as her body was pulled into excruciatingly unnatural positions. Her feet anchored to the floor. No suspension there. But anchored tightly, heels and toes planted, as though ready for shipping. Her knees spread the same as Stefani's. Very wide, parallel also to her hips and pelvis. A requirement obviously of Sabirah's victims is that they should be flexible. And she had gained a bonus with mom and daughter. The scream intensifying, if that were possible, as her arms were brought up behind her, again at right angles to her back. And her elbows snapped together, touching. The pole emerging and pushing into her back in order to maximize the breast thrust and spinal curve. The appendages inside her inflating in one go, and lengthening. Stretching her to the maximum possible just before death occurred. The head of the vaginal appendage up tight against her cervix.

SNAP !!!

"AAAAAAHHHHHH GODDDDDDDDD NOOOO GODDDDDDDDDDD AAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHH
HHHHHHGGGGGGGAAAAA HHHHHHHHHNNNNNNNNN NNNNNNNNGGGGGGGG."

A desperate soul searching scream and yet one that was slightly more coherent than that of her daughter. A more considered, educated scream. One that saw beyond the immediate pain. One that only slightly hinted of a deeper knowledge or suspicion of what the future held for her. And a scream, that displayed, even in this time of utter distress, skills from her former life. Skills of negotiating pressure and anxiety. Her head snapped up suspended now totally unable to move. Only being possible to look ahead, at Stefani as she suffered then suffered some more. Stefani still screaming, except slightly less so as the subtlety in her body, tried, and succeeded to some extent to absorb the acute position she was in. That scream never faded completely of course.

Sabirah waited. She waited patiently for Mom's screams to subside. And they did subside but only really out of exhaustion rather than anything else. Sabirah bent down, held her head to the thirty

three year old woman's quivering red lips. That always amazed Sabirah. How a little gurgle of noise. A little whimpering bubbling cry came from the back of the throat or deeper, as the body... the internal bone structures and organs tried to re-adapt themselves to the torture. Tried to move and reposition themselves into places they weren't meant to be. Sabirah like that noise. She rubbed her leathered crotch and purred to herself before speaking into Petra's ear.

"Remember the focus Petra. Remember the focus on your bad bits. The reason for moving on. Not trying to fix you. Not trying to repair you but focussing on you instead. Just pure pure focus on your 'illness'... and Stefani's illness. On your bad bits. Those disgusting, obscene bits."

Sabirah's voice almost a soothing caressing whisper into the ear. Stefani's utter screams fading to grey in the background. Sabirah thumbing the remote control. This time, the suction in the nipple tubes, and the clitoral tube increased so as to intensify the throbbings that had never really left her even through her screams. Now her screams had subsided, the throbs were back with interest. Stimulating the bases of her nipples and the base of her clitoris. In addition, some resonation sent along the needle thin wire and right into the very inside of the base of the clitoris. The epicenter of Petra's world.

"Mmmmmmm yesssss, yessss the focus.. yesssssss."

The change in her eyes startling. Oh the pain was still there. But also that added pleasure. that inescapable pleasure being fed from deep deep in her femininity. But the tearing, sheer anxiety too, as she opened her eyes wide, of her daughter, looking through her own tears, through her own absolute agonies as her mother was pleased. That guilt produced a deep guttural groan of utter despair.

"Good girl Petra. Remember we also spoke about you having to suffer. Having to pay for the pleasure. You remember that don't you?"

"Y-yesssssss suffering yes I remember yessssss."

"Good girl. Well, did you think that the suffering was just about pain, and addiction? Did you not think that I meant also that you would suffer a mental pain, a mental anguish that you would never... will never recover from?"

Petra didn't answer this time her eyes said it all. Darting to the side at Sabirah and then back in front of herself at her daughter.

"Good girl I can see you understand me. And I want you to know Petra that the point of focus is you. It isn't Stefani. It's YOU. Stefani is nothing to me. If she suffers it's just in order to make you suffer. Actually, Stefani is expendable. Very much so. if I thought that your suffering would be maximized by her death, then I could, and would kill her in the most inventive of ways, right in front of your eyes."

Sabirah's tone just a monotony sinking into Petra. Petra's color draining again as she understood what Sabirah was saying. Her full luscious lips quivering with a pre-death grief as though she were actually living that very nightmare that Sabirah was describing.

"But Petra. That is not the way it will be. At least not right now because I think that your maximum suffering would then be very short lived. And I want your suffering to go on for a very very long time. Endless. Infinitum in fact. As long as you are suffering indescribably, so Stefani will live. I must add though, if you cease to be entertaining for me, I will simply discard the both of you, without a second thought. You will both be dead for real."

Sabirah stands up at the precise time she strokes another button on the remote. Petra's shrill, groaning, extended orgasm hits her immediately. Resonating through the nipple and clitoral wires and feeding into the very bases of the grotesquely enlarged organs. Her squelchy wet dripping vagina clinging and sucking onto the invasion inside her. And her anal ring doing the same.

"OHHHH GODDDDDDD YESSSSSSS YESSSSS YESSSSSSSSS."

An intense, absolute 30 second orgasm that is relayed through her stark staring eyes and her deeply quivering red lips. The tongue emerging, swiping her lips, Sucking back the drool and playing with that in her mouth before she swallows it. A seething absorption of the purest of deep feminine pleasure. Such an orgasm never achievable under normal circumstances. An enhanced orgasm that fed an addiction. AND THEN NOTHING! Petra left panting. Groaning at the disappearance of that intense pleasure she needed so much. Even though her facial features were covered in second skin latex, the crude dirty look of a nasty girl shone through. Together with the exposed drooling, snarl that made up her delicious lips.

"Mmmmm you liked that Petra. Such good good focus mmmmmmm?"

Stefani continued to scream. Although it was in broken spurts now. Interspersed only by a groaning and a whimpering. Petra came down slowly.... and as usual that insipid, grating guilt even more palpable with her daughter directly in front of her and before the throbs returned to their naggingly addictive state.

"Mmmmm yessssss yessss thank you yessssss."

"Good girl. Would you like another Petra? But a longer, even better one."

Petra's eyes widening and her mouth dribbling at the prospect of another of those glorious, beautiful orgasms.

"YESSSSSSSSS YESSSSSSSSS PLEASEEEEEEEEEEE."

"Good girl. But well you KNOW it has to be paid for in suffering don't you? Like we discussed?"

"YESSSSSS SUFFERING YESSSSSSSSS."

Petra in almost demented madness at the prospect of another orgasm and not in the slightest bit concerned that she might have to suffer for it. Well she was wrong in her demented thinking. At least in one way. Oh she would suffer alright but not in the way she thought.

"Well that's good Petra. I am going hurt Stefani very badly for your orgasm. Very badly do you understand?"

The confusion in Petra's eyes immediate. The implication immediate also. The realization sinking in.

"It's your choice Petra. Your orgasm followed by Stefani's hurt. Or no orgasm and Stefani saved that particular torture. It's a simple choice.. what is it to be, hmmmm?"

The cruelty of the choice was almost as bad as the cruelty of the tortures inflicted here. Stefani sobbed and yet her own throbs had returned so her sobs were punctuated with gasps, and a rather dirty licking of her lips. Petra cried. She cried bitterly but she knew what she was going to say. There was no choice really, the pure addiction that had taken hold of her saw to that.

"O-ORGASMMMMMM, PLEASE ORGASMMMMMM I N-NEED IT... ORGASM."

For the first time Sabirah smiled. The resonation already building in the bases of Petra's clitoris and nipples and building, building. The throbs making their way to the tips and to that all important, all vital eruption of orgasm.

When that orgasm finally hit, the shrill, gasping, breathy noises that came from Petra were... well they were inhuman really. There was no 'thanks' for the orgasm at least not in audible words. Just a shrill, shriek of a gasping noise that erupted from her mouth in the same way the orgasm erupted from the tip of her clitoris. The needle wire and the suction tube working in unison to make her orgasm time after time after time. Petra was in never-land as she came and came. Couldn't even see her own daughter watching through her own agonies as her mother was turned into a sexual monster. Her vagina and her anus gripping and sucking on the two monstrosities inside her. And even despite those monstrosities her juices squirting some from around the top edge just under the clitoral tube, and several feet from the rig splashing the floor at Sabirah's feet. And further at the tightly suspended feet of her daughter. Sabirah smiling, running a finger tip over one of her own leather covered nipples. Positioning herself just so. Just so she can flick her eyes across from mother to daughter and then back again. Even in her screaming existence, Stefani stopping, holding her breath long enough to just watch and listen as her mother experiences a pleasure so intense, and so pure that some might swear it could not be of this world. And then that screaming again. The scream piercing through Petra's intense gasps, and guttural, obscene noises.

Petra orgasms for a full three minutes. But even then she comes down very slowly. Very very slowly the intense waves subsiding making her come down and down. The reality though, that as that mega-tsunami of an orgasm fades away, so a palpable thick dirge of absolute guilt invades her. A guilt as thick and all consuming as the orgasm was intense and addictive. The orgasm fading and Petra's panting, and drooling slowly giving way to a whimpering, a whining of despair as she looks across at her daughter, still suffering due to the extreme bondage she is in. She isn't screaming at the top of her voice any more. Just groaning, and sobbing. It seems her whole body hurts, and aches for release of all descriptions. Her own throbs washing through her at regular intervals.

Sabirah, has pulled down two of the clear flexi-tubes from above. And she has pulled the needle wire core of these tubes out and is checking then re-checking them as Petra watches from the other side in a completely broken and miserable state.

"Time to pay up Petra. I knowwww you enjoyed that orgasm, and now... well... now it's time to pay up."

Again Sabirah's voice was matter-of-fact. Very calm. Chillingly calm given what she was capable of. Petra's gurgle, and whimper, and drool of guilt emerge in bubbles from her mouth as she slashes her tongue across her lips. Any sign of the immense dignity, and poise long since drained away from this stunning woman.

"Oh yes... Petra, you can watch also via the screen behind Stefani's head. All very clever, all very state-of-the-art."

Just a throw away comment really as Petra's eyes flick up to the plasma screen above and behind her daughter's rig. The plasma gases warm up and flicker to life again. The screen then showing very a very different image. In the place of the television and newspaper reports, the full screen, crystal clear live 3D MRI scan of Stefani. Magnetic Resonance Imaging has been around since the early eighties. But leaps and bounds in technology had made live 3D views of patients internals possible. Almost a photographic quality, and live view which could take in the full length, or just specific points. In the medical field, obviously the benefits of such clarity was obvious in spotting

early stages of various diseases and conditions. In this particular field - the world of Dr Sabirah Najwa, the crystal clear clarity of her victim's inner suffering could be seen, could be shown, zoomed in on and enhanced for the pleasure of Sabirah herself, or indeed, for the fullest blown infliction of despair on Petra as the screen showed Stefani, and what was happening 'inside' her at any given time.

The technology in this room, like in all other rooms was invisible of course. The 3D MRI image showed Stefani, in her bonded state. Strained skeleton and repositioned and strained organs. Petra still whimpered, still gurgled in her dread. Even more so when Stefani gasped,

"MMMMMOM WHY ARE Y-YOU LETTING H-HER DO THESE THINGS T-TO ME.... MOM FOR GODSSS SAKES....."

Her gasping question fades off as another throb rides through her, and as another spasm of pain grips her. She sucks in air, expels it as Sabirah comes to her and as Petra sobs at her daughter's faded question. Sabirah doesn't acknowledge the question. Or doesn't even acknowledge the girl herself. Somehow that adds to the ultra-cruelty of what is happening. Sabirah gently, almost too gently placing one of her leather gloved hands under Stefani's latexed, right breast and lifts, just a little. Taking the weight, feeling the shrink wrapped, still developing flesh. Mature breasts for the age of the girl. The exposed, engorged nipple quivering, almost baying for attention. Sabirah uses her other hand, brings up her thumb and forefinger and just gently strokes and grips the sides of the thick, long teat before removing the hand under the breast. With no announcement, or any fuss, Sabirah sinks the needle end of the thin wire into the dead centre of the nipple. She just pushes it in. Down the very core of the nipple and into the very base, and some way beyond.

Petra sits... her lips quivering. Her eyes darting from the screen to Stefani, and then back again. The guilt reaching its height and yet her own throbs still there in the background. She looks at the screen, and can clearly see the needle entering, then sliding deep into the nipple flesh. Stefani, gasping, and letting out a low guttural moan as she feels the needle sinking into her sensitive feminine flesh.

"UHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH, NOOOOOOOOOO P-PLEASSSSSSSE NOOOO."

She 'feels' the needle entering, but that doesn't really hurt, as such. Its just, once the needle has been pushed all the way it, as far as it needs to go, Sabirah caresses her remote control again. The button she strokes sends a special resonance through the wire, and, live on screen, Petra can see the end of the wire curl into a barb, beyond the base of her nipple. The barb curling and cutting into the inner flesh preventing the wire from slipping back out. That bit hurt. It hurt like nothing the girl had ever experienced, or imagined. Petra just watched the live MRI feed on the plasma screen. Watched the needle curl into a barb and could only imagine the pain. She had felt it herself earlier. Petra's own cry out at the suffering of her daughter coincided with Stefani's gut-wrenching scream as she felt the barb bite back behind the nipple base.

"MMMMMMMMMAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH EEEEEEOOWWWWWWWWWWWWWW."

She couldn't move, or avoid the pain, such was her bondage. Neither could she prevent, or suspend her gasping pain long enough to beg Sabirah not to take her other breast, and sink the other needle into the core of her teat. Petra watching, her, then the scream as Sabirah pushed the needle all the way in, before caressing that button again.

"MMMMMMMMMAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH EEEEEEOOWWWWWWWWWWWWWW."

Again that blood curdling scream from Stefani as the needle tip barbed and bit back into her. Sabirah studying the girl's face in its agony. Even tilting her head somewhat maniacally, as though studying her from different weird angles to get a different rush between her own legs. Then turning to look at Petra. Mother love in its most distressed state. Sabirah running her own tongue over her own lips. A sure sign, the way in which she did this, that she was liking what she was seeing. Liked it very much. Mom, just staring, stark, eyes wide, absolute. Bulging as she was witnessing her own offspring's suffering. Sabirah talking over the various noises of despair and torture as she then slides the suction tubes over each nipple. Making sure the clear flexi-tubes suck right around the bases, touching the aureolas, and marveling herself at the complete perfect symmetry of the wire and tube. Perfect.

"You know about these wires and tubes Petra, don't you? I can give real good pleasure through them can't I? But I can also give real real torment. A pain that is indescribable by sending heat through the wires. All the way to that barb inside. Or electric shock. Whatever. The torture, is really... well, let me just say that from my point of view, it is 'delicious'."

Sabirah's spoken words as tortuous as as the methods of physical torture that she used.

"Sooooooo... a three minute orgasm, which is what you have just received, in return for a one minute electric shock through both nipple wires. How does that sound? Very fair I think. Three minutes in return for one minute. You got a bargain."

Sabirah's voice just eerily matter-of-fact. The way she discussed the torture of the young girl. The discussion more with herself than anything because she didn't really want an answer from the mother. She spoke for effect. Added effect. Petra simply sank a little deeper. Her mind diminishing a little more at right about the same time as those electric shock ripped through the wire, inside the nipples and to the barbs. A slight change. A slight thickening of the image of the wire on the MRI pictures. Almost a 'glow' as electricity surged through them. Stefani's expression, and her noises quite inhuman. Unable to move so all the expression, all of that deep penetrating hurt exploding from her mouth and squirting from her bulging eyes in the form of tears.

"AAAAAAAHHHHHHHGGGGGHHHH NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO NNGGGGGGGG
GODDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD NOOOOOOOOOO."

Again those childlike qualities from the young blossoming woman. For a full minute the continuous electric feed torturing the hyper-sensitive inner nipple flesh. Very acutely directed electric shocks. Pin point. Hyper-accurate. Petra's own throbs, own hunger returning unavoidably so. The drip from her sexuality more like a continuous stream. The returning throbs themselves feeding the guilt that was at its most palpable, at its most soul destroying. Petra was entering a deep dark world.

The torture of Stefani was relentless over an indeterminate amount of time. The intense pleasure of Mom being paid for by the equally intense and abject pain of her offspring. Sabirah had worked calmly, efficiently. The way she worked caused hairs on backs of necks to raise and tingle. Her ability to cause so much physical and mental distress was so accomplished, so polished, so complete that the question had to be asked as to how, or why such a successful woman, could be so cruel to others of her gender. The answer was simple, she was a sadist. A sadist of the hyper-advanced variety. A sadist who sought out, predatorily, her victims and ensured that both physically, and mentally, they never recovered from their bottomless pit of an ordeal. It was her 'thing'. Her 'buzz' in life. A thing

and a buzz that had become a way of life. Pure and simple. A way of life. Just like the change of the way of life for her victims. An irreversible change in ways of life.

Sabirah had licked her lips as she pushed the needle wire into the tip of Stefani's clitoris. Mother now in a highly charged, yet completely helpless state of distress and anxiety at the suffering of her only daughter. The needle tip sliding into the core of the clitoris and then passing its throbbing inner base with ease before that remote control was caressed by leathered gloves again. The screaming, absolute deluge of noise coming from the girl's mouth was instant as the wire curled into the barb and sank back preventing it sliding back out.

"MMMMMMMMMAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH EEEEEEOOWWWWWWWWWWWWWW."

The scream followed by an immense and fixed bulging of the eyes. A stare into the space in front of herself. Not even a stare across at her mother. She couldn't see that far. Her pain and distress were so focussed. So intense that she was wrapped in herself. Oh, she was aware that she was suffering because of her mother. And that her mother was experiencing pleasure at her expense. But that added to Stefani's break down. Her torture every bit as mental as her mother's. She had the added, terrible terrible pain deep inside her femininity.

Another three minute orgasm for Petra was paid for by a continuous two minute electric shock through Stefani's clitoris. Again the glowing image of the inserted wire as the current coursed through the girl. Looking at the MRI image, which had been zoomed to her pelvic and sexual areas, it was clear to see the two embedded appendages inside her. The vaginal one, nestled up against, and nudging her cervix. The cervix itself showing up as an organic, white object. The cervix itself, a source of the single most intimate, and most intense personal pain known to woman. The possibilities with the cervix were, well, completely endless. But Stefani didn't know that. How could she. Or Petra. How could she possibly know what hidden treasures the cervix held.

"AAAAAHHHHHHGGGGHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGG
GGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGGGGGAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO MOMMYYYYYYYY PLEASSSSSEEEEE HELP
MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE."

Stefani's scream and the attached begging for her mother to help her were shrill, animalistic noises that filled the room in its entirety. Petra had by this time become a mumbling wreck of a thing, not used to the sheer, core intensity of her own hyper-orgasms. The guilt was still there, nagging even during the height of the orgasms and yet raged after that orgasm subsided. But the hunger soon returned. Every time she chose orgasm as opposed to relieving her daughter of any more suffering. In fact being given the choice during the latter stages was canceling itself out. There was no other answer than the dribbling, begging pleading for yet another orgasm. Her mind and body being ripped apart from the inside out. A torture for mom that left no scars. At least no visible scars. Even the internal torture to Stefani left no visible scars. Deliciously cruel and yet, traceless to the casual eye.

Sabirah worked calmly throughout. Even as she applied the dental device to Stefani. Just a clamp really, that inserted into the girl's mouth, and at the same time kept it open. Wide open. It was in fact a dental device. Adjustable for different mouths and mainly used for children who always but always remained reluctant to 'open up' in order to be dentally checked. No such problem with

Stefani. The clamp offered to her mouth and her mouth peeling open without request. As before stated... Sabirah wasn't in the business of running a 'training establishment'. She didn't 'train' her victims. She didn't need to 'train' her victims.

The clamp inserted and screwed into place so that the whole thing attached to her back gums and teeth. The mouth of the pretty girl stretched and held open. Deep red lips kind of enhanced and stretched at the same time. Jaws prized and held so. Such a facial bondage didn't allow such luxuries as the sucking back of drool back into her mouth. So the result was an almost continuous flow of thick, bubbly drool from the corners of the girls clamped mouth.

Sabirah didn't communicate with Stefani at all. It made the whole process so much more chilling. She was just an object of Petra's suffering. She had no need to make conversation with her. Or communicate at all. Unless that is there was a need. In this case there was a need. There was a need for the girl to slip out her tongue so that another clamp could be attached. It wasn't an encouraging, warm request. And absolutely not a conversation at all. Just a single word, hissed into the girl's ear by Sabirah as she bent down near to her.

"TONGUE."

Just the single word. Nothing else. Sabirah staying put right by Stefani's ear. Stefani immediately, without delay, sliding out her tongue. All fleshy and dripping with her own drool. Sabirah impressed by it length and volume.

No training needed in this establishment!

Why would Sabirah need to 'train'. Training suggested that the trainee could prevent herself from suffering if she reached the required standard of training. That didn't apply here - suffering was the reason - the inescapable reason that Sabirah's subjects existed. Hence, no training required. Victims eventually did what was required simply because there was nothing else they could do. It was like an acceptance. Or a basic instinct of survival. What would Sabirah have done, had the girl not slipped out her tongue. Or worse, not understood that simple one word command? Maybe the insipid fear of not knowing the outcome of such a refusal, the dread, pure undiluted anxiety of such an outcome made her comply without thought.

Training without being trained!

The clamp was made of of two hard rubber blocks. One slipped under the tongue the other over the top. The two blocks were fixed as one unit and were spring loaded. The spring closing the clamp down and around the tongue. Little forward facing needles, pierced the tongue which provided the added security in that it could not slip off. Much the same as the barbs in the nipple and clitoral wires. Except there were lots of them, in a row across the top, and under the tongue. Stefani had shrieked, first when the spring loaded blocks had compressed her tongue and then when the little popping sounds filled her head as the little barbs pierced and clung into the top and bottom of her tongue flesh.

"UUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPHHHHHHHH."

It was just a drooled soaked, wide eyed shriek of panic really. First the compression then the piercing of a lot of tiny, sharp pointed needles. These weren't the source of the torture. They were just the means. The clamp when fitted was slid a few centimeters in from the tip of Stefani's tongue. Indeed those last few centimeters of wet pink tongue flesh were left protruding from the blackness of the

clamp blocks, and it curled, twisted and dripped depending on Stefani's levels of distress. The clamp meant that she couldn't retract her tongue back into her mouth.

But there was a beauty to this clamp. Clipped to the outer facing blocks was another length of the high tensile steel wire. Sabirah calmly fitted the clamp, sighing to herself at the sound of the 'popping' as those little needles pierced and clung to the protruding tongue. Then she ran one of her gloved hands up the length of the wire, until the end rose off the floor and she held it. Then the sound of her heels, clicking on the floor in amongst the sounds of distress and suffering as she made her way across to Petra. Just enough loose in the wire for her to clip the end into one steel ringlet, fixed in the front of Petra's neck corset. Such minute accuracy with the rig placement in this room. Such absolute total accuracy. That added a little weight to the wire, pulling the tongue further out of Stefani's mouth. Neither mother nor daughter could move their respective heads. It was similar to securing the one end of wire to a solid object, ie Petra's neck. The only thing that gave way to the pull, slightly was the Stefani's tongue. The pull was just one way, out.

There was a further beauty to this tongue clamp and the attached wire. In the middle of the length of wire between mom and daughter there was a miniscule micro-electric motor and gearing box attached. It was as though the wire passed through this micro-motor from Stefani to Petra and vice versa. So when Sabirah caressed the remote control yet again. The shrieking hell was all one sided. The slight dip, or slack in the wire was taken up, taught against the eye at Petra's neck. The only possible give as the wire effectively shortened was in the tongue of the young girl.

"MMMMMPPPHHHHHHHHHH EEEEEEEOWWWWWWWWWGGGRRRRHHH."

Again a spitting drooling noise that emanated from a grotesquely distorted mouth. And now the tongue being pulled out... all the way out. It's fuller length being exposed, all dripping and drooling. That few centimeters of tongue tip flailing and curling wildly as the rest of the thick, fleshy wet tongue was pulled from its owners mouth.

Petra held her breath as she watched her daughter suffering. She couldn't escape the maddening throbs that, ever since these most recent hyper-orgasms, had seemed to be even more intense, and yet even seeming to come from deeper in her femininity. Petra held her breath, taking in her daughter's suffering. Whilst absorbing the suffering and guilt of her own. Deep down inside there was a little voice telling her that she should do more, should do anything to save her little girl from suffering any more. But she knew she couldn't. Knew that her addiction was so instilled, so extensive, so part of her, that if ever an orgasm was offered, no matter what the price she would take it. Absolutely without a hesitation. She needed that intense pleasure as much as she needed the caress of the latex she was wrapped in. But that knowledge didn't help her guilt. That guilt that she was letting her daughter down in the worse, worse way possible, grated at another part of Petra's deeper being. That guilt served as another step down the slippery slope.

The clamp wire was micro adjusted and then some more. Enough to pull the girl's tongue out, just enough, just short of ripping it right out of her throat. Stefani's scream a quite bizarre affair both to hear and watch. Hindered by the clamp keeping her mouth open, and also by the clamp pulling out her tongue... it wasn't a scream really, at all. It was drool drenched and it was shrill. But it was a shrill of pure, undiluted fear, and discomfort. Possibly the cruelest twist to this was that, the clamp itself, the extraction of the tongue, was not the torture at all. It was merely an enhancement to the bondage. Petra received no pleasure for that. And even, deep within her own suffering, the hungry, needy, greedy Petra was galled at that. That her daughter had suffered a little more and with no pleasure given to her, her mother! An opportunity to experience that beautiful orgasm lost. Gone

forever despite Stefani's additional suffering. To Petra's ever twisting mind that was so unfair. So unjust.

Sabirah saved the best until last. In true sadistic style it was the "Grande Finale". Or maybe not 'the' Grande Finale, but most certainly one of the Finales that both Petra and Stefani would suffer along this particular path.

The MRI image on the screen was adjusted again. Brought in closer to the pelvic regions. The two appendages inside Stefani. Solidly inside her. Her anal tract and her vaginal tubes stretched to the maximum and yet, quivering, and sucking onto their respective intruders. The blackness of the objects kind of enhanced the thickness of them, and the length also. But on adjusting the screen slightly via remote control, it became clear that the very tips of both intrusions were coated with a thin latex. But under that latex a shaped metallic plate covering the entire 'bell end' of the intrusions. The very tip that nudged Stefani's still developing cervix was some kind of metal. The exact build could not be seen from the MRI... only that metal was involved. Also down the shaft of the appendages, little metal plates running down the entire length of the shafts. Again under a thin skin of latex. Interchangeable latex, like condoms that are used then discarded. Even in such an acute environment as this tortuous hell, there was such a thing as 'safe sex'. Or 'safe penetration'. How ironically amusing! Sabirah adjusts the screen just so. Just so the clarity was as its best. Just so Mom could see the expanded, impaled innards of her daughter.

"Look Petra. A new view of your beloved daughter. The very essence of her femininity. Isn't it beautiful? Isn't that just the most glorious sight? Go on take a look Petra take a good long look. Then we'll see if we cant persuade you to accept, another, even better orgasm. How does that sound Petra, hmmm?"

Petra was mumbling nothings as another set of throbs resonated through her making her wish upon wish for another orgasm. She looked through half closed eyes at her daughter, then up at the screen as Sabirah's words filtered into her. Her lips drooled, and hung in a filthy pout. it was as though she couldn't be bothered to suck back the drool into her mouth.

"Mmmmmmm y-yessss s-sheeeee I-lookssss glorious... yessss glorious."

It was a sex drenched voice. Her addiction taken that step further. She looked at the MRI images of her daughter. Clear. Crystal clear.

"Another orgasm Petra? Hmmm a nice long, steady orgasm so you can wallow in it for some minutes. Hmmm would you like that?"

Stefani's protruding, clamped stretched tongue was dripping with drool. Her eyes were wide. Every nuance of agony she was feeling was relayed through her eyes. They bulged, almost popped. But also the spark of the sixteen year old had been extinguished. In many ways. Many many ways Stefani would suffer a journey far far worse than her mother. Her mother had orgasms and suffering. Stefani had pain and suffering despite the cravings her own enlarged, sensitized sexuality produced. Her own orgasms would be less, maybe never, than her own mother would experience. The whole dynamics were changing. Mother love and daughter love was changing. A resentment beginning to nag at the very base of the two women's souls. A resentment for each other. A jealousy. Insidious jealousy. And yet, still that unconditional love. A love that never went away. A love that was magnified through duress. Through life changing experiences. Like the life changing experiences that mother and daughter were going through now.

“MMMMM YESSSSSSSS PLEASSSSSE YESSSSSSSSSSSS.”

Her drooling, hissing answer had barely escaped her red lips and into the dead air of the room than the orgasm was riding through her. Another one, like the last one. Multiple orgasms of slow building, explosive erupting orgasm that made her shiver all the way through, and then spit ribbons of drool as she became unable to control her facial features, or what came out of her mouth.

“MMMMMGGGGGGGODDDDDYESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS..... FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKK YESSSSSSSSSGODYESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS.”

Repeated time after time after time as she pulsed and spasmed in her bondage. The throbs seeming to erupt from her nipples first, then attach themselves to the throbs beginning to rise in her clitoris. When they erupted into actual orgasm, Petra’s eyes bulged and her tongue swiped. A filthy dirty snarl over her lips and showing through the thin latex covering her facial features. Just a head and shoulders shot of her would label her ‘disgraceful’. But then any watcher of such an image wouldn’t know really what she was going through lower. or higher in her mind. Then she became ‘poor poor Petra’.

All pleasure for Petra. Big hyper-pleasure. But no torture for Stefani. Not just yet. Not until mummy came down from her orgasm. Not until she was approaching the gut wrenching, intense-absolute of grief ridden guilt. When she was at that stage, then the torture of her daughter would begin again. Petra treated to 30 minutes of pure orgasm. Each multiple orgasm blending into the next and into the last. The orgasms exhausting her, draining her, melting her mind. In normal circumstances such intensity would make a woman pass out. But such was Petra’s situation. Such was her conditioning that the deeper baser self that was now her, wouldn’t allow her to pass out. Only after thirty minutes was she brought down again. Slowly. Another fifteen minutes of bringing her down. Ever so slowly and at the same time letting that all important guilt begin to wrack up inside her. Thick, stomach churning guilt. The type, that couldn’t be described with any ease. It was just easy for Sabirah to ‘see’ and to recognize in her victims eyes, and in the noises she made.

“Nice orgasm Petra? Nice feeling isn’t it. That beautiful pleasure.... so nice... and yet such a need to be paid for.....”

The spoke verbal reminder that Stefani was opposite witnessing everything through her own despair and pain. And with coming down of her mother from her seemingly endless orgasm, the knowledge, the recognition that she would now have to suffer. Probably suffer immeasurably. Such recognition altered the noises coming from her own deformed mouth and dripped with the drool off her tongue. Stefani was learning. Not being trained but ‘learning’. That learning always adding to her suffering.

“Watch the screen Petra. Watch the screen.”

Sabirah’s voice hissing into Petra’s ear. The two impalements deep inside Stefani, clear, and lucid from the live MRI scan. Stefani bracing herself for more of the shattering electric shocks. It was clear to see her muscles tensing, into spasm even before any electric shock was applied. EXCEPT... it wasn’t an electric shock. Petra’s eyes just gawked, wide open as she saw, from the shafts of both appendages inside her daughter, dozens, upon dozens of tiny needles erupting from the whole length of the shafts of both appendages and into the delicate, very intimate feminine flesh inside the girl. Not overlong needles. Just an inch or so. Maybe a little less. Each needle piercing the delicate inner flesh of Stefani causing a deep deep burning sensation.

There was a ripple of her latex as her body tried to absorb something unrecognizable inside her. But then there was the most maddening, sharp, burning hurt inside her most private places. Instead of

relaxing the inner muscles, the pain caused her to tense and thus aid the piercing in dozens of places of her inner walls. Petra sobbing

“OHHHHHHH NOOOOOOOOO.... NOOOOOOOOOO STEFANI... HONEYYYYYY NOOOOO MOMMY’S SORRY... SOOOOO SORRRRRYYYYYYYY.”

Her words only just audible. The soul destroying remorse palpable as it dripped from a constantly drooling mouth. Stefani’s shrill, noise reached new levels. Sabirah took this all in. Her eyes flicking from one to the other. Then a little massage of the remote control as the DC current was turned on again. This time, as well as from the tip of the appendages, through the tiny needles also and into the sensitive side walls of both her most private tubes. What was free of Stefani’s face, which wasn’t much, was twisted and contorted into absolute agonies. Absolute horrors. The strain on her protruding, stretched tongue plain to see as the tip, simply curled up, defenseless and fetal like. Petra just staring at the screen, at all of those needles, erupting from the shafts and into the inner walls of her baby. Stefani had always been her baby despite her maturity. She was her only child and thus her baby.

There was no blood. The appendages absorbed the initial trickle. And such was the cleanliness, the suddenness of the piercing inside her, there was no flow of blood. Just a pain. A fire as the messages reached her brain.

Pain Pain Pain.

Her ‘noises’ subhuman. Pitifully subhuman.

For one hour the electric shocks were applied to the girl. Those together with the constantly contorting, spasming muscles around the intrusions, tightening on the needles made the torture absolute. A complete, invasive torture that served only to reduce the girl even more.

Sabirah, watched. Studied. Took in mother’s suffering. Mother love. And offspring terror, and pain. She took it all in, absorbed it all into her own sadistic makeup. Even rubbed herself before moving to the young girl, looking into her eyes before massaging the remote control again. This time though no intense pain. Just pleasure as the clitoral wire and tube were manipulated, giving her an orgasm like she had never felt before. Pure orgasm. Thus setting the seeds of a different kind of addiction in the young girl, to that instilled in her mother. So much pain and yet so much pleasure would forever be linked in the girls diminishing psyche. She dribbled and drooled through the orgasm, and squirted from the area just below the clitoral tube and wire. At the same time her vaginal and anal muscles gripped and sucked and chewed on the needled appendages inside her.

Petra watched her daughter come. At the same time she repeatedly slashed her tongue across her lips.

The screams, and the moans and groans went on, and on and on in that room. On and on and on.....

EPILOGUE

Sabirah hadn’t been back to this particular wine bar since that delightful meeting with Petra all that time ago. She looked around now with a slight smile remembering that night and the stunning vision that was Petra. That Petra didn’t exist any more. Here and now Sabirah was, once again, the impeccable, professional Dr Sabirah Najwa. This time sitting opposite her was her most trusted, longest standing friend and confidante Victoria.

“Sabirah, I don’t think I ever saw you looking so well, and so content. I take it, your ‘project’ is progressing according to plan?”

Sabirah laughed, re-crossed her legs and flicked imaginary dust off her skirt hem. She took a lengthy sip of the chilled white wine before answering.

“I didn’t think it was possible to bring another woman down to such levels... and hold her there existing in such a pure level of misery... I’m actually elated beyond words. I feel utter contentment inside. I really do.”

Victoria, a professional woman in her late thirties listened intently, smiling at her friend as she got what she was being told. The chilling, matter-of-fact way the destruction of another woman was being discussed was not lost in this setting.

“HmMMMM yes, yes I can see that. But you know... your own pleasure, and her suffering can be even greater... quite easily.”

Victoria’s perfect english tone was slightly teasing. Slightly eyebrow raising. Sabirah smiling again... a slight puzzled, quizical look on her face for Victoria to tell her more. Victoria, teasingly again, making Sabirah wait. Taking a sip of her own wine, exaggerating her own poise and importance.

“Do tell Victoria. Do tell?”

Both women laughing out loud before Victoria leans forward, and in hushed tones speaks.

“Give her a period of respite. Let her think her ordeal has ended. Give her to me for a few weeks whilst you work on her daughter some more. Let Petra ‘get better’. Let her recover a little. Let her think it’s all behind her.... and then BANG.... bring her right back in. Whatever levels you have achieved now, will be trebled... or more. I guarantee you.”

Victoria finishes speaking and sits back, re-crossing her legs. Her tongue pushing out her lips, and a wry grin as she watches her words sink into Sabirah. Ever so slowly a smile starts to dawn on Sabirah’s full sensuous lips and without further words on that particular subject, a silent agreement is made.

Victoria watches Sabirah go to the bar to get fresh drinks. Her eyes scan the entire length of the clinical psychologist. She sucks her teeth, a very different smile crossing her lips. Something about that smile. Something behind the smile and the way her eyes narrow, just slightly.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN PART 3

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“DEVASTATION”

Part 3 - The Breeding

by drkfetyshnyghts © 2009

FOREWORD

There really are no bounds to the cruelty that can be applied by one, or more women, onto another. And it remains a simple fact that, only women really KNOW which buttons to press. Which nerves to twist in order to maximize the suffering of their gender.

THE STORY SO FAR

The nightmare continues for Petra as her daughter is delivered to the Clinic by Sabirah's associate Selena. Totally unbeknown to Petra, her daughter has been suffering a similar fate BEFORE she does. The timelines are explored with a lot of focus on Stefani's journey. The Suffering was a nightmarish exploration of emotional and physical excesses. The laser alterations now extended to Petra's and Stefani's anal rings making them part of their extended addicted sexualities.

The timelines eventually merge... Petra agreeing that she can never again be released into the 'normal world' and that she must suffer for her illness'. An illness that actually does not exist. Agreeing also that neither can Stefani be released and that she too must suffer terribly. Being faced with their own death certificates and media reports of their funerals, kind of seals a nightmare future for Petra. Alters it from surreal to very real. Any possibility of escape, or release simply fading to nothing.

The inclusion of Petra's bio giving the reader some empathy with her..... Sympathy even. Thus ensuring a more intensive and disturbing read. We actually get to know Petra. Even admire her. But all to no avail as her journey into Hell continues at breakneck speed.

The eventual bringing together of Mother and daughter. Absolutely and totally bonded in the same despair dripping subterranean room, and Petra forced to choose intense hyper-orgasms in return for Stefani's suffering of indescribable torture is deeply troubling, and yet compulsive reading. Needing to choose, having to choose the orgasms because her addiction dictates it. And those very choices time after time feeding her guilt and downfall even more.

At the end of Part 2, a trusted friend of Dr Sabirah Najwa is introduced. Victoria offers up a plan that would see Petra's suffering deepen and intensify yet more. If that were possible... But there is something about Victoria... just 'something' deeply unsettling about her. And so here, in The Breeding, the story reaches a conclusion, although not an end.

ONE - Before It All Began 1.

It was very early in the day. Just after 6 am. A beautiful autumn morning. Crisp, cold and clear outside with the sun reflecting and refracting off the skyscrapers of Docklands. Petra could see the super modern buildings from her own seventeenth floor office suite in the square mile just off Upper Thames Street and up towards Poultry. She had always marveled at the sight. Especially at this time of the morning. It seemed those buildings were made solely of glass. They weren't of course. She knew that. Her own building, owned by the company she worked for was the same. Floor to ceiling glass you could see out of clearly despite the sunglasses type filter. And then anyone on the outside could see in, but only just. From the outside what looked like a single sheet of reflective glass with minimum penetration, from pavement level right up the entire twenty one floors, seemingly held together with a web of tubular metalwork, that looked too spindly, too thin to be able to hold together so much glass. Not to mention keep out all the elements of the great British weather. That wasn't the case. There were concrete foundations. Invisible steel beams and a construction that was clever. It just made the building appear the way it was. Very clever. Very clean. Very modern. A totally weatherproofed, air-conditioned environment. An uncluttered vision that belied the technology and know how that went into holding it all together. A sure example if ever there was one, that things are not always as they seem.

Petra was more than a yummy mummy. She had risen against all odds. Risen beyond adversity to a place where there was mutual respect. Admiration. Even some fear amongst the City Elite. A woman who had arrived in London as a teenager, nothing more than a girl. She had then been given an opportunity and had grasped that opportunity with both hands. Taken the opportunity, rung its neck and then worked it to her own best advantage. The girl becoming a Woman. It must be said, a pretty, startling, redheaded girl becoming an astute, stunningly attractive Woman of means.

Petra was semi silhouetted against the huge, east facing sheet of glass that was her office window. It was angled slightly downwards which meant she could see the pavement seventeen floors below. Glancing just to the left was the iconic 30 St Mary Axe, otherwise known as the Gherkin. That also, nothing more than a silhouette in the crisp morning light. Little sparkles of sunlight catching the edges of the angled glass plates that made up that particular building. Then across slightly to the right, further away the skyline was dominated by 1 Canada Square aka Canary Wharf, in Docklands, currently the UK's tallest building. Also in the same super modern cluster the Citigroup building at 8 Canada Square. These buildings seemed somewhat surreal when viewed from inside another soundproofed, weather proofed building like Petra's. Huge, silent shapes existing in the hustle and bustle of one of the world's most cosmopolitan and cultural cities.

From a far view, say a helicopter hovering overhead, such an huge expanse of sheet glass would render Petra a solitary small object. Quite tiny. Like an insect even. But, if one were to zoom in

closer, the semi-silhouette gave the ideal medium with which to display her overall beauty. At five feet ten inches without her much favored stilettos she was in fact almost Amazonian in stature. The arch of her feet in patent leather, hand made court shoes, for any woman, would be severe, uncomfortable even. Especially for a long day at work in which quite a lot of it would be spent on those same feet. But for Petra she seemed able with ease to carry the arch. Impossibly fantastically shaped long legs were sheathed in expensive, shimmering almost black nylon which served quite easily to accentuate the shapely taught calfs. The legs in their entirety were an almost endless taper of sublime perfection.

A pinstriped, fitted, jacketed power suit enhanced Petra even more. The jacket tight and holding her thirty eight D cups snugly inside. The shimmering, shiny silk of a red blouse underneath just about, tantalizingly so, giving away the bulge of those breasts. Mature breasts that appeared to roll, and wave within their confines. The skirt, very tight to her hips and thighs and hemmed equally tight just above her knees. This skirt gave the impression that it should create a hobble, such was its tightness around the knees. But it didn't. Somehow, the vision that was Petra, seemed to glide with ease on those spiked heels. And yet, at the same time, the shoes, the skirt, the jacket all worked in unison to enhance that femininity. Enhance the astute, confident manner that Petra always displayed. Create the strut, and shorten the long purposeful strides that would normally occur with such long, long legs. Most women would be jealous of the way she moved on those heels. The way she always seemed to carry it off. Ah well, Petra brought out jealousies for all sorts of reasons. She always had. Ever since she was a little girl. Even her sisters had been jealous of Petra. Just the way it had always been.

Petra paced, from side to side of the huge window. Her striking red hair, held, in a high tight pony tail, swung from side to side as she strutted. That flame redness had been dulled by the smoked glass of her building, but that added to the surreality of the vision that was Petra in this environment. She was talking on an iPhone. Her long, elegant fingers almost caressing it as she held it in front of her, with it on speakerphone. Even through that zoom into the building it was clear to see her full, smooth lips moving, and animated in what she was saying.

"Look, its quite simple. If my boss isn't happy. Then neither am I. In fact, I would go one further than that. If the boss isn't happy, and I am not happy, then someone's head has to roll. That girl has to go. I gave her a chance and she fucked up again. Once again she's fucked up. Now do you want to fire her, or shall I?"

Petra's tone was one of not being amused. It wasn't a raised voice. But it was firm and confident. Her heels clicked the marble floor and seemed to make her words even more acute. When she used the F word, it seemed to literally pour from her deliciously full red lips. It was as though she ENJOYED saying that word. Not that she would use it at any given opportunity, but that when she did find it a fitting way of getting her point across, she used it, and accentuated it to the expert best of her feminine ability. When she said 'fuck' or 'fucked', the word had purpose. It had meaning and it just dripped, casually and yet with venom from her gorgeous mouth. Usually, any listener, or onlooker's eyes would be attracted to, and fixed to her lips as she said it. Such was its effect, such

was Petra's effect that as soon as the full word had slipped from her sensual mouth, their eyes would roll down, towards the floor and be accompanied by a flush, or a blush. That always, but always amused Petra. She would smile inwardly... even occasionally openly at the reaction. More especially so if the person, or persons in close proximity she despised, or disliked. Petra could be a Bitch. No doubt about it. Super Bitch even.

"Get rid of her and find a replacement. And... oh yes, if the next one doesn't work out, it will be your head on the chopping block. Do I make myself clear?"

She spoke to her PA like she meant it. She did mean it. Her position as PA and Executive Secretary to the CEO meant that she herself needed a PA. In this case a little blonde thing in her late twenties and taking the same ride up the ladder that Petra herself had taken. Petra wasn't a bitch on a daily, permanent basis. Just when need dictated. Petra was actually likable. Very fanciable, even by other women, but especially so by men. Described as sex-on-legs amongst other things. She quietly liked that tag. It amused her and didn't offend her in the slightest. There was a slight pause as the girl on the other end of the line spoke to Petra. Then Petra snapped back.

"Good."

She pressed the touch sensitive button on the iPhone to hang up the call and then sat behind her minimal desk. Swinging her chair round as though in thought. Looking out across a city that in a few hours would be in full swing. She crossed her impossibly long legs, the rasp of nylon on nylon filling the still, quiet air of the empty office suite. In those few hours, the place would be busy busy busy. She tilted back the chair, and just, ever so casually fingered the hem of the tight skirt that had ridden up a little, exposing something more of her nylon encased thighs.

In the silence, the dead silence another look crossed Petra's face. Just in an instant, and just for a split micro-second, she looked like a little girl. It wasn't just that she looked younger in that instant. It was that she looked troubled. Vulnerable even. A look of uncertainty came across her well made up face. A face that normally looked super confident. Happy even. Content. This was one of those solitary moments. Just in the blink of an eye, some of the color drained away from her cheeks. This in turn made the contrast of her deep red lips an even more striking one. The thing was that, even after that split second had passed by her face didn't return to normal. There was a deep, thoughtfulness, as well as a retention of some of the 'trouble'. She took a big, heaving sigh, during which her not inconsiderable chest expanded, then deflated inside her jacket. Getting off the deep leather executive swivel chair she took off the jacket, hung it over the back of the chair. Brushed down her blouse. Her breasts rippled and rolled under the blouse. Delicious breasts. Full, heavy, fleshy. Picking up her bag she left the office and headed down a corridor to the ultra-modern rest rooms. High heels clicking with purpose.

Ultra modern super-duper glass palaces were springing up all round the City. Buildings that cost almost as much during the design stage as they did in their construction. And then there were the executive rest rooms in Petra's building. Petra's building in the loosest sense of course. It belonged to the company she worked for, although she could pass for its owner any day. She practically ran the finance division herself and just ensured that her boss was kept informed on a daily basis. Even at weekends when necessary.

The rest rooms were spacious and where the rest of the building was very clean straight lines, cut glass and mirror like aluminum, the rest rooms deliberately returned to an air of homely opulence. Tall rooms that echoed the sounds of numerous pairs of stilettos attached to power dressed women during the day. But at night were eerily quiet, and yet even the slightest sound would bounce, and ricochet off the marble floors and around the mirrored wall even up along the intricately designed ceilings. There were curves in these rest rooms. Still clean lines. Lines that flowed from the huge hand basins and seemed to blend in with the wall size mirrors behind them making the seams all but invisible. Even the mirrored walls were etched with intricate, swirly designs that kind of separated the row of hand basins into their own individual compartments. They created that 'homely' feel. Whereas the office suites and visitor areas were unmistakably corporate in their design and identity.

Along the opposite wall to the wash basins down its whole length were the cubicles. Wider than usual cubicles and each furnished with its own padded chair, clothes hangers, as well as the toilet itself. More room equalling to more luxury. Each cubicle individually air conditioned. Each cubicle walled floor to ceiling. In effect each cubicle a room of its own.

At this time of the day, the raspy heavy breathing of Petra could be clearly heard coming from one of the cubicles. The door wasn't closed completely and so the sound kind of poured out and into the main section of the restroom. It was a raspy throaty sound that was broken every so often with another sound. Just the barest hint of a whimper. It could have been mistaken for a sob. But it wasn't a sob. The raspiness of the breathing, the slight gurgle in the throat and then the whimper were too regular, too distinct, too controlled for it to be sounds of any form of distress.

Petra was kind of sitting on the toilet seat. That is sitting in the draped sense of the word. She was draped in an obscene fashion. Yes that is a appropriate description, obscene. The hinged seat cover itself was down and bared Petra's complete weight. She wasn't relieving herself in the toilet sense. She was leaning back against the wall. Her skirt had been hiked up and was being held high by the roll of her hips. She had raised her knees high, pulled them back and opened them wide. Knowing she had sublimely long shapely legs was one thing. Seeing them in the flesh, as it were, brought the fact home like a freight train. The silky, sheer nylon that sheathed them seemed to sparkle and shimmy in the even lighting. The delicate lace tops of the self supporting stockings clung to her very upper thighs denting the pale flesh slightly. She hated garter belts. They always spoil the lines of skirts and that just was not acceptable. Her legs were so wide apart that she had wedged each of her knees and lower legs high on the side walls of the cubicle as an aid to keep them spread. She wasn't quite, on her back. Just at a forty five degree angle and being held up by the back wall behind the toilet itself. Her stiletto'd feet dangled both foot arches held perfectly, tippy toes pointing down

towards the floor. It was as though she were trying her very best to be appealing to the eye of an invisible voyeur.

There was a distant look in her eyes. Not dissimilar to one of abandonment and she stroked down between her legs. Her tiny silk thong had been pulled to one side leaving her fleshy, meaty labia exposed. She was masturbating crudely. Dragging her long manicured finger nails up the length of her slit. Bottom to top. Just parting the labia and dipping in a little. Her finger nails were painted and glossed the same color as her lips, as always. This deep red contrasted quite starkly with the slight reddening of the labia. The finger nails trawling through the increasing collection of juices which then overspilled the scoop of the nail and back into the valley of vaginal flesh. The tiny crotch of the thong, red silk to match the blouse was clearly saturated, and stained with her produce.

It was clear to see that she was producing copious amounts of juice. As she stroked herself, up then down, the trickles of juices were plain to see. Running down the slit and collecting in a slippery pool between her bottom cheeks on the toilet cover. She expertly stroked with one finger and with another finger of the same hand she rubbed and pressed the hood of her clitoris which was just nestled out of sight, at first. The more she rubbed her clitoris, the more into view it came. Like a little hard nub, a button that was coated, almost dripping with glistening juices. She teased the clitoris out and circled it's periphery as she stroked longer and deeper with her other finger. Any onlooker would conclude that Petra was capable of acrobatics with those long slender fingers. Every so often, the little whimper, the little mewling sound came to the fore. Just as she held her breath. Like she was deliberately holding her breath to magnify the tiny spasms of pleasure she was giving herself.

Petra's other hand was wrapped under one cheek of her fleshy bottom. She had used this hand to pull the cheek apart from the other, exposing the rosebud of her rear hole. With the forefinger of that hand she was rimming the very edge of her bum hole. Round and round. Round and round. Very gently, very delicately. Just rimming her bum hole. Tickling it with her deep red nail. In doing this she was enhancing the little spasms to her vaginal area. Or more to the point enhancing the little bursts of pleasure to her clitoral area.

Quite obviously, this kind of activity was one that Petra indulged in on a regular basis. She was very experienced at it. Her positioning and the practiced way she used the finger of both hands in unison was almost an art form. Her red, pure silk blouse was disheveled and partly open. Three or four buttons were undone and hanging out of one side was one of her thirty eight Ds in its entirety. The other was still covered in silk. Teasingly so. But what Petra was doing as she masturbated, was, that every so often she would bring the hand up from her bottom, and use the same finger that had been rimming her bum hole to circle and rub across the tip of her exposed nipple. The nipple was stiff. Thick. Rubbery. Hard. And it was this action that was causing her to whimper. It was that very action, as she brought her hand up, and fingered the nipple, that made that sob like sound emit from between her deep red lips. Not a sob at all but a cry of lust. Pure lust.

“mmmmm mmmmmm mmmmm mmmmmm mmmmmmm nnnnnngggggg.”

For that invisible voyeur who might have been lucky enough to witness such a sight, there would have been a conflict of interest. Does he, or she, watch what is going on between Petra's fabulously long, disgustingly spread legs, or, does he or she watch, and study the look of increasing abandon that is playing around her face? Its true to say that at times, people are not as attractive as at other times. For instance, when people get angry, or lose it for whatever reason, they lose their attractiveness. If ever there was a time when such an attractive, amazonian beauty as Petra should lose her attractiveness it was here, and now. But this wasn't the case. The vision was quite obscene. Disgustingly so. And yet she lost none of her beauty. it could be said that she radiated it even more. Her already full, sensuous lips had slightly swollen and become even more pouted with the lust she was feeding herself. Every so often the tip of her wet tongue would slide out into one corner, or the other of her delicious mouth. The sparkle in her eyes was intensified. Her huge eyes, wider, almost maddeningly staring into the space directly in front of her. The space occupied by that non existent voyeur. It was almost embarrassing for the voyeur to be intruding on the very intimate, private time of an impossibly stunning, mature woman in the throws of pleasuring herself.

The longer and more intensely that Petra pleased herself, the messier she became between her legs. The whole of her vaginal region was saturated with thick slippery juices. The more vigorous her finger work became, these juices spilled over and coated the toilet seat and swirled there. It became an endless cascade. Slow but continuous until her buttock flesh slid and skidded some making her need to adjust herself continuously. Despite this continuous readjustment of herself, she made sure it didn't destroy her rythm. The juices also coated her inner thighs making them as slippery as her sexuality, and the toilet seat. There was an associated, slushy, bubbling noise and the occasional expel of air from her vagina. And the crotch of the disheveled, saturated thong twisted and became a thin string like piece of material, extremely slippery and useful only for being hooked by one of Petra's free fingers and pulling sharply between her sex lips as she worked herself adding an extra welcome source of friction for her.

As Petra brought herself closer to orgasm, she rubbed directly over the tip of her clitoris. And also the finger rimming her bottom occasionally slipped inside and was feeding an increasing need for her bottom to suck on the finger. To chew it. The tightness this created intensified the feeling of the need to orgasm. That tightness was a slippery tightness. Almost a virginal tightness and a link to her glowing clitoris. Virginal tightness in the willing sense of the word.

Petra fed her own head with fantasies as she approached orgasm. In this particular one, a somewhat large black man was feeding his thick, long, brutal cock into her stretched mouth and she was sucking it hungrily. Using her tongue to wrap around the shaft, then tightening the wrap of her tongue as it slid up over the massive bell end ensuring she scooped up pre-cum and leaking from the monstrous cock. As her own clitoris erupted into orgasm, so the black man erupted in Petra's mouth. First just a high pressure jet of pre-cum in the back of her throat and then the main jet of thick, creamy, gluggy semen filling her mouth. Her swallowing, then the second mouth full. The swallow, then the third mouth full which she is unable to keep up with as it overfills her red lips

and down her cleavage coating her mammaries. The one bared breast coated in a thick wave of cum, the other breasts still inside the red slick blouse saturated and stuck to the sensuous material. Its just at that time that Petra erupts in that toilet cubicle. A long long continuous wave of orgasm that seems to emanate from the very tip of her clitoris.

“mmmmmmgoddddddddddd mmmmmmmmmnnngoddddddddddd.”

Petra panting and mewling through what up until then is one of the most intense orgasms she has ever experienced. Her fingers working vigorously feeding the orgasm until it begins to subside. The flow of juices, thick and creamy at their height as she reaches the peak of intensity. Flooding the seat, flooding the valley between her bottom cheeks and her forefinger slipping in and out of her anus.

Petra comes down slowly. The come down is accompanied by a low, rumbling groan.

“noooooooooo noooooooooo noooooooooo.”

She doesn't recognize that deep seated nag in the pit of her stomach as guilt at this point. To her, its just a slight dread. Shame even. But not guilt, not yet. As she slips her dripping fingers into her delicious mouth and sucks them clean she unfolds herself, slides to her knees on the marble tiled floor of the cubicle and begins to lick at her own spilled juices on the toilet cover. The sight is almost wretched. This mature, high power woman reduced this way, by a need she can barely contain. Her wet tongue, long and thick, dripping with its own saliva, sliding over the toilet cover and scooping up the juices and secretions her sexuality have produced. Her full, pouty lips sliding through the wetness also. There is an urgency to her actions. Like she doesn't want to miss any. Like she doesn't want to waste any. Or more like she doesn't want to leave any trace of her DNA for any one else to find, for anyone else to discover. Or that 'secret' that terrible 'flaw' in her will be found out and exposed. If that were to happen her world, as she knew it would be shattered. In a way, she felt, she would be finished.

Petra knew she was highly sexed. She didn't know why. She just knew that she had to keep it in check. Under control. Keep it very much to herself. She could do that. She had been very successful at it. Every so often, she needed to relieve herself. And she did. She couldn't help that. It was a need that built up inside her that she could do nothing about except relieve herself. Occasionally, with carefully chosen partners she would indulge in full graphic and often seedy sex. She couldn't help it. She had to. She had considered therapy but that would mean confiding in someone. She couldn't do that. She found it difficult if not impossible to trust anyone. There wasn't one single person that she could consider a friend. A true friend. In lots and lots of ways she was a loner. But her issues, her flaws were so well concealed that no-body but no-body ever penetrated her smooth and polished exterior. As she cleaned up the cubicle, wiped down, readjusted herself. Reapplied her make up,

checked herself in the huge mirrors she was back to professional, absolute power woman. Impeccable. Immaculate.

Just as she was leaving the rest room, so the early morning cleaners were beginning their day. She smiled and nodded curtly at one overweight negress as she passed in the corridor. Maybe it was her husband, or her son that Petra had just fantasized about. Who knows? In another hour or so her colleagues would start arriving. She took out her iPhone as she flopped back into her office chair, fingered the touch screen and speed dialed one number.

“Hi honey, its me.. yessssss, your personal wake up call..... You have a good day and I’ll catch up to you tonight once I’m done here.....ok.....bye.”

She sat thoughtfully as she hung up the call to her daughter Stefani. The rasp of nylon against nylon distinct as she crossed her legs slowly. Another day beginning.

TWO - Petra & Victoria

Sabirah’s subterranean facilities had been designed, and built by her with a single premise in mind. That is that one day, she would find The One. Her ideal subject. The One who she would slowly, and deliberately dissect, molecule by molecule via intense, and complete utter inhumane torture and psychosis.

The world below her clinic, and below the facilities where she ran her research programs in itself was an intrinsic part of the terrible torture. A treatment so inhumane of another human being that words alone cannot describe it. It is impossible to overstate the cleverness involved in creating a world that simply drips with despair at every turn, and every level. The ability to exclude the outside world in its entirety, a feat in itself. But at the same time to keep that outside world existing, in a faded grey inside the victim’s head, testament to Dr Sabirah Najwa’s skill and determination in inflicting the very worse, the very pit of torture and despair on the mind of the victim. The victim knowing that the normal world exists but getting to it, or any hope of getting to it so distant, so utterly hopeless that the misery just piles on top of misery.

A very simple and precise rule; once the mind is taken, the body will follow. Sabirah worked the mind and the body of her victims at the same time because she could. Because she knew how. Keeping another woman JUST on the side of sane was a very fine balancing act. A balancing act that Sabirah was an expert at. She was a clinical psychologist, a consummate professional and yet committing the cardinal sin. Likened to a martial artist using her skills outside of competition, or training or tournament. She was a medical, clinical and psychological professional utterly abusing

her skills for her own gain. That is the gratification, or at least in search of the gratification of her advanced sadism.

There was only one place beyond those bondage and torture rooms below Sabirah's clinic. Well, another place plus one, but that is for a future chapter. For this one, one place beyond where the most absolute of tortures takes place. That place is the Storage Facility. A further level below even the hell visited so far and yet even more secluded. Yet more detached from the outside world. A rubber world. Pod like cells of pure latex. In effect padded cells. That is windowless pods, padded with pure latex. The stench of latex so strong that it is inescapable. An atmosphere dripping with pure latex. Each 'pod' no more than a human kennel. And yet not one that the occupant can leave and enter at will. Locked and sealed pods. Absolute exclusion from a normal existence. A latex vacuum seal. Sound proof. Air tight. Escape proof. Despair proof. That is, sealing the despair in with nothing leaking out. The latex a feed. A trigger that would forever be associated with the misery and torture of this place. And yet also associated with the warm comforting confines of the womb. Mixed messages. Mixed signs. Confusing signs feeding the confusion washing around the head of the unfortunate one. Feeding also the addiction and sexuality of the unfortunate occupant.

By its very nature the Storage Facility is larger, more intense than actually required. Designed for The One, and yet giving the impression that many such victims could be placed into isolative latex storage. Indeed, this section could house up to twenty unfortunate people. Not really a deception at all. Part of the creation of a place that can only be labeled Hell, and yet is so much further beyond hell. Nothing really for the occupants to do here. Prevented from doing anything of their own free will. Just existing. Breathing and existing in this latex place. The Storage Facility.

By the time the occupant reaches this area of Sabirah's facility, she is far from the person she once was. Of course, Petra had ceased to be that a long long time before she reached here. The confident personality gone. The sparkle gone. The control gone. The power gone. Qualities taken away, and replaced with a shell. A hyper accentuated piece of femininity just about holding onto reality. Just about permitted to keep those memories of her former life inside her very diminished mind. Those memories feeding her despair. And her latex pod, her padded latex cell feeding an already established addiction for the latex she so adores. So needs. Her double latex catsuit and hood, the padded latex walls, and floor and ceiling, so close to her and closing in all the time, making her feel like she is back in the womb. Back safe in the womb. But this place... this place so dripping with her own misery. Her own despair dripping from the latex walls, and ceiling like a condensation, and soaking back into her to start the whole cycle, the whole process starting all over again.

It is in here, in Petra's storage pod that she can just about curl up into the fetal position. Relatively free of the agonizing bondage. Only relatively free of course. Ankles remaining hobbled with short chain and the knees also hobbled to stop them from opening wider than the nine inches or so of the chain length. Or attempting to create any friction which would lead to a pleasure that she herself was creating. That would be a no no. Petra being allowed to pleasure herself. Or accentuate the pleasure already being fed to her by those ever present throbs fed into the base of her clitoris.

Likewise, her wrists, just attached, clipped to the steel rings at her hips. If her wrists weren't secured like this, she would slip her hands, and her long slender fingers between her legs, and pleasure herself this way. It wouldn't be that it was her fault. It would be a natural, absolute reaction to her deep seated, and established addiction. But such self pleasuring was not permitted. This maddening, this denial caused, was very much desired by Dr Sabirah Najwa. She liked this easy way of inflicting the basest of torment.

Turmoil in an already tortured mind. Deeper feminine turmoil and the knowledge that it was being caused, that it had been created by another woman. And then, also, the highly inflated appendages remained inside both of Petra's most intimate holes. The vaginal appendage stretching her inner walls to the maximum making her musculature tight, taught and with the occasional spasm making her wince, and twitch even in her partial sleeping state. It was only ever a partial sleeping state. Petra hadn't slept properly since she arrived at the clinic. Even more so since she was taken down level by level. The vaginal intrudence having grown in girth and length as it was inflated with a feed of compressed air, then nudging up against her cervix. Pressing into it ensuring the discomfort was permanent and a constant reminder of her deeper intimate femininity. The anal appendage fully inserted, then inflated, elongated, thickened inside her. Stretching her and nudging deep then deeper against her colon. A discomfort yes, but also a feed. A sexual feed to her clitoris. That nudge and spasm into her colon a most definite sexual feed into the base of her clitoris and those ever hungry ever present throbs.

Petra wasn't gagged. Sabirah liked all of noises and sounds to escape that delicious mouth. Even in the womb like confines of the pod, she liked to hear the little gasps, and whimpers and mewling of her victim as she tried, always unsuccessfully to sleep and adapt to her ever changing state. Her mind in a constant absolute whirl. Her body the same. She would never absolutely totally adapt to her state, or her status. It was part of the torture. Part of the permanent turmoil created deliberately by the Sadist. And besides all of that, Petra's 'bad red lips' had to protrude and be exposed through the rubber hood. Deliciously exposed, free to communicate her distress to her captor. Or at least try to communicate it. Bizarre, such an attractive, educated woman who had previously been able with ease to communicate on all levels. Always choosing the right words. Always conveying the tone, the emotion. And yet here, the real communication coming from the empty pool like eyes. The lips, just another 'bad' bit of herself. Even in the rubber womb, the pod, such a vision did not escape Dr Sabirah Najwa. Such gratification for such a complex sadist.

So, Petra's ability to curl up into the fetal position was hampered. Restricted by default. And yet, after saying that, seeing her curled up, pressed into the smooth rubber corner of the pod was an almost wretched sight. Heart rending. Rubberized head pressed into the corner and hobbled legs pulled up, almost doubled, and back arched concavely. Almost certainly the appendages inside her pressed right into her internal organs and her muscles clinging to them, chewing them, sucking on them as the throbs continuously reminded her of her 'illness'. Of her addiction. Elbows protruding back, since her wrists are secured to her hips. Head back. Long eyelashes fluttering in her partial sleeping state. Maybe dreams of her past life. Maybe dreams of that big black man feeding his thick, vein ridden cock into her mouth once again. Or nightmares of her new life. Chest expanding and contracting with her breathing. Lips parting, then closing. The deep red gloss visibly peeling apart as

her mouth moves. Maybe uttering words of despair to herself. Her tongue, pink and wet just touching the corner of her mouth every few breaths or so.

Petra didn't move as Victoria swung open the pod door. She remained in her semi-sleep state. Victoria didn't want to startle what was already a wreck of a woman. A wreck shrink wrapped in latex and almost mindless except for her addictive needs and her latent dripping sexuality. Victoria just opened the door and looked at Petra inside. In her folded, fetal state it was hard to comprehend exactly how tall Petra was. Even with her lower legs extended more by the the knee high, impossibly high heeled ballet boots, she seemed small, fragile. Her feet, her toes arched and pointed and kind of rigid. A further accentuation of her deliciously shapely legs. She was on her side, her extended sexuality and anal ring pouting back, exposed from the latex wrapped shape of her bottom cheeks and thighs. Even in this bizarre latex-light her sexuality dripped constantly. Victoria watched, very closely as that same sexuality twitched. Anal ring pushing out, then sucking back in. The same for Petra's labia. Victoria cocking her head ever so slightly to one side, listening. Listening to Petra's deep, slow, irregular breathing. In between breaths, the noises her sexuality was making. Wet noises, slippery noises. Seemingly breathing organs with a life of their own.

Victoria is a thirty eight year old cardio-thoracic surgeon and Sabirah's most trusted, and longest standing friend. At one time they had been lovers. Very close lovers. Victoria had no mental health, or emotional issues what-so-ever for. In fact very much like Sabirah in her natural attraction to the fetish scene. An attraction born out of genuine interest, genuine desire to explore the darker regions as opposed to submitting to those darker regions. Very level headed. Very English. Very attractive, and yet attractive in an understated way. Now very happily married and with children, twins actually, of her own just about to enter the high school phase of their young lives.

In lots of ways, Victoria is more chilling than Sabirah. She exists and thrives in the absolute normal world. The hands she uses to feed and dress and look after her offspring are the same hands she uses, very skillfully in her fetishistic hobbies. It was always possible, after a short period of time, with Sabirah, to feel that chill down the back of the spine, for some incomprehensible reason. Just something about her that told of a deeper self. A hidden self. But with Victoria. Nothing. Not the slightest inclination that this woman had hobbies and past-times beyond the normal. A woman, like Sabirah who was at the top of her profession and one of the best in her field. It was always possible with medical and psychological professionals to make excuses, and explain that they needed an escape, a release from their very high pressure daily lives. The thing about Victoria is that she never showed any signs of this pressure. At all. Cool and calm under all circumstances and with no exception. It was only after meeting Victoria, after discovering her interests outside of her profession that a chill could form in the core of the spine and then travel up then down, ensuring the hairs on the backs of necks were pricked and raised.

Victoria, dressed in skin tight leather pants and a tight waist coat that appeared two sizes too small to contain her 38dd breasts, stepped into the pod. Her stilettos sinking into the soft latex of the pod's floor. Petra stirred a little but didn't wake from her semi-sleeping state. Victoria moved in close and then got down, perched on her own heels. On her haunches as she caressed a leather gloved hand up over the arch of Petra latexed hip. A very gentle smoothing caress. Victoria's tongue ran out and across her own thin lips.

"Petra... Petra... wake up honey."

Her voice was very low, very gentle again so not to cause Petra to startle. Petra groaned. It was a long groan. Like a groan of demonstration. A groan very much of dread of being woken from this partial sleeping world, her only place of escape. Even then it was only partial escape. But a least some form of escape. A groan of exhaustion, a groan of utter distress that she was being brought back into her new real world. A world which, in the normal world, would be classed as a nightmare. For Petra this was a living nightmare.

"Petra... wake up sweetie, wake up."

Petra slowly unfolding her fetal position. The groans becoming little whimpers and her state of mind thus that she immediately rolls over. Immediately makes herself available for the voice that's waking her. In her mind, her tortured mind, she thinks maybe, just maybe she is going to be allowed to orgasm. On the other hand, she could also be being woken to be taken to some other form of immense torture. Some other immense source of despair and anxiety. Her eyes flicker open. Long curled eyelashes thick with mascara. Very slowly, with more soft, throaty groans she focuses on a woman who is not Sabirah, or one of her helpers. There is a moment of her being startled. Not recognizing this woman. Just a few seconds of confusion in her own mind. Her eyes open wide and a look, very animalistic, frightened, crosses her face.

"It's ok Petra. It's ok. My name is Victoria. I'm taking you out of here. Its all over honey. I'm going to make you better. You're going to get well again. As well as I can make you."

Victoria's hand just gently on Petra's shoulder as though consoling her. Her voice is soft and sweet. Almost musical in it's quality. It's like a voice that is reassuring a frightened puppy. Or an abused pet. Victoria's voice is one that in the first instance has to calm and reassure a woman who is in the depths of emotional turmoil. Petra has mostly lost the skill of conversation so she can only whimper as she adjusts herself as much as the hobble chains and her clipped wrists allow. Victoria helps her into the sitting position. At the same time she lets her eyes casually roam over the latexed breast mounds, and the exposed, swollen, grape like nipples.

“It’s ok Petra. it’s all going to be ok. I’m taking you out of here. No more torture. No more cruelty for you. It’s all over Petra. All over.”

Always such a reassuring voice. Soft soothing and actually talking too Petra directly. A direct contact with someone seemingly from the real, normal world and someone wanting to communicate directly with her. Even help her. Immediately questions forming in Petra’s head. Is she dreaming? Is this some kind of cruel nightmare? It slowly dawning on her that neither is actually the case. Her head tilts as she focuses on Victoria. Her full, luscious red lips so unused to forming words lately and now struggling to do so.

“O-over... a-all o-over?”

Like a very young child learning to talk the words coming slowly. Broken. Stuttered. Victoria’s leather covered hand moving up and caressing the rubberized cheeks of Petra.

“Yes.. thats right all over. I need to get you out of here so I can fix you up. Get you better. Oh we won’t be able to get you totally well. But instead of punishing your sexuality, and the way you are I want to make you proud of yourself again. Proud of what you are. And that is a beautiful woman but with problems. But we wont focus on the problems. Rather on your best points. Make you proud of what you are. Do you understand Petra. I’m going to take you out of this place. Back up into the normal world. Yes?”

All the time Victoria’s voice very low, soothing, calm and Petra visibly relaxing bodily. And yet her eyes, the windows to her soul so full of puzzlement. So full of questions. And at the same time so full of confusion and wretchedness. Victoria just caressing Petra’s face, and then down over her shoulders.

“M-my d-daughter... w-what about my d-daughter?”

Stefani had never left Petra’s mind. Never would. Mother love, even through this nightmare had always shone through. Again Petra’s broken voice. Pitiful, an almost broken begging for her only daughter not to be forgotten. Her question prompting tears to pour from both eyes and down her latex enhanced cheeks.

“Sssshh sssshhh Petra. It’s ok. It’s ok I haven’t forgotten about Stefani. She is going to help me with another project for a little while. But yes she will be leaving here eventually as well. It’s ok Petra. Trust me this nightmare is over for you, truly. And for Stefani very soon to”.

Victoria spent two hours with Petra in the pod. Talking to her. Reassuring her. Stroking her. Treating her completely differently to what she had become used to. Talking to her like she were a human being as opposed to not being one. Albeit a retarded human being. It becoming clear that she could never return to her old life. Or her old status. Officially both her and Stefani were dead. That wouldn't change. That she would remain 'in service' in some form or another was another clear point. That she would be taken out of this Hell-hole was also clear. That as long as she were a good girl, her sexuality would be rewarded was a point that sunk into Petra's psyche and stayed there. Her sexuality, enhanced and as fucked-up as it was was foremost in her mind. The single biggest priority in her life. Like an animal using base instincts to survive she was plotting to be a very good girl. A very very good girl indeed.

"It's all about making you proud again Petra. Showing off and enhancing your femininity. Giving others pleasure in the way you look. But not only in the way you look, but also you providing sexual pleasure to others. In whatever ways required. And you being proud of the way you look. That pride remaining as you pleasure other people. Head held high. Do you understand Petra?"

Petra listening to the words. Taking them all in. That one little piece of sanity left in her finally clicking on to the fact that once again she had a future. A ladder to climb. Her latexed head nodding. Understanding. Understanding that she had a sexual ladder to climb. Like a career in sexual pleasure. The sexual pleasure of others. Her own pleasure a perk of this career.

"Y-yes, yes I can't thank you enough. Really I can't...."

Her voice still broken, but her eyes showing a spark of hope in there.

"You can thank me by being a good girl Petra. That's all I ask. No more. No less. I just want Petra to be a good girl. Do you think you can do that for me Petra?"

Victoria's voice almost hypnotic in its quality. As she spoke she was unclipping Petra's wrists. Freeing her from the bondage she had endured since she had come to this place. Not that she could really remember how, or when, or why she had come to this place. All she knew for sure is that she had suffered immeasurably and now, at last there was hope. Pure relief over her perfectly made up face as she was allowed to flex her freed wrists. The little creaking sounds the latex made, strangely making her smile. The first genuinely untroubled smile she had shown for a long long time. Not completely untroubled, but partially so and a definite improvement. Something of her old spark back in her eyes, and the color of her cheeks.

"Oh, yes, yes I can be a good girl. I can be whatever you want me to be, yes."

Victoria smiling as she released first the ankle hobble chain to allow the feet to instantly splay, pointed toes pointing inwards. Then the knee chain. Her impossibly long, skin-tight latexed legs unfolding properly. Flexing. Opening. Her taking a little gasp as the friction of her movement plays in with the extended lips and clitoris of her sexuality. And the knowledge that she wouldn't have to pay for that little bit of pleasure by suffering. The smile of Victoria. The knowing smile. Knowing she had just received that spasm of pleasure created by the friction of her free movement.

"It's ok Petra. It's ok to feel the pleasure."

Petra moving again. Gasping again. Using her now free hands to feel and stroke over her own latex wrapping.

"C-can I keep the latex? Please? Please can i keep the latex?"

A genuine, almost dripping pleading in her request. As though having the latex taken off her would be worse than losing her daughter. Victoria smiling at the same time as she is very casually, very gently helping Petra to her feet.

"Oh Petra. Of course you can keep the latex. I have a complete wardrobe of latex for you. Just waiting for you. And do you know something else Petra?..."

Her voice trails off slightly as Petra manages to unfold herself and then stand tippy-toe on the ballet boots. Understandably her delicious legs a little weak. But the weakness counteracted to a point by the fact that she could stand with her legs parted. And by the fact that she could take corrective steps to avoid the stumbling.

"..... most of your new wardrobe hides away your bad bits, We don't need to keep those out now do we? Those bits can just be a secret. Between you and I. And possibly between some of the people you must pleasure. How does that sound Petra?"

Petra rediscovering her long legs. And for the first time feeling the extreme arch in her feet. But not disliking that feel. Another gasp as the inflated appendages inside her move and nudge inside her. The heels further helping those things move and tease inside her. Her enhanced sexuality gripping those appendages, hungry not for them to be removed but for them to remain where they are. She took a few steps watched by a smiling, encouraging Victoria. Petra speaking. Speaking as she continues to move. Her steps becoming more confident all the time. Her in complete wonderment as a dark mist seems to rise from her.

“I can’t believe I am getting out of this place. And a whole wardrobe of latex! Oh my god! Yes thank you so much. So much. My b-bad bits, covered? Please, yes. I don’t know how I can repay you...”

Her voice trailing off again. A hint of the old Petra in that rediscovered voice. But also a hint of the child in Petra. So much to take in. A removal of the bondage. Being allowed movement. Standing up. Taking free steps. Stretching and relieving all those aches and pains the bondage and torture had caused. Feeling free pleasure that she could enhance herself which served to feed that hunger in her. That need. Now also an added need. To be very much a good girl for Victoria. Not let her down. Not disappoint her. That was another thing being born out of Petra right at this time. A very deep intrinsic need to satisfy Victoria in everything required. A base need the same as the base needs of her sexuality. Being spoken to like a human being again. All of this was overwhelming for Petra and tears freely flowed down her cheeks as inside her mind Victoria becomes something of a surrogate mother to her. Someone who is going to look after her from now on.

“It’s ok Petra. It’s ok. The thanks are you being a good girl. And, before you ask, YES, you can keep the high heels. They suit you and I think you are going to become an expert at moving in them. Using them to enhance yourself more for certain people. There are lots more pairs of high heels waiting with your new wardrobe Petra.”

Victoria speaks to Petra with a huge, genuine wide lipstick grin across her mouth. All the time she is watching Petra looking at her studying her facial expressions and reactions to what she is being told. Even Victoria can’t help but look on in some awe at a woman who is five feet ten inches without heels. In eight inch ballet boots this height boosted to six feet six inches. Amazonian. And yet an Amazonian in service. Petra looking down at her feet. Her boots. Now taking a deliberate decision to take steps. Out of the pod onto the firmer surface of the deeper level flooring. At first gangly, unsure steps. The clicks of the heels giving away the insecurity of the footing. But this insecurity fading away with each step. Her latex shrink wrapping squeaking slightly as she moves. Her stature improving with every step. The natural concave arch returning to her back enhancing the thrust of her breasts. Her bad bits still exposed. But to a point she is used to these disgusting organs now. Especially now more so in the knowledge that she will be able to cover them up soon. Victoria watching closely as Petra comes out of her shell more and more. A shell created by Dr Sabirah Najwa. And yet maybe, just maybe a shell that was required, in order to make Petra what she was here and now. A shell very much required to make Petra what Victoria now wanted her to be. Petra just smiling, like a child, looking down at the tightly laced ballet boots, twisting one foot slightly to look. Then the other to look at that. Craning her neck slightly to try to see the pencil-thin heel. The arch so much adding to the length of already incredible legs. Her then looking back up at Victoria, her full deliciously red lips just mouthing the words

“Thank You.”

Almost exactly one hour later, Victoria was driving away from the clinic with Petra sitting next to her in the passenger seat. It was the absolute dead of night. The very early hours of the morning. No sign of life anywhere. Apart that is from a first floor window at the front of the main clinic building, Dr

Sabirah Najwa watching, and smiling gently as the blacked out Mercedes made its way up the long drive and out onto the main road.

THREE - Sabirah & Stefani

With Petra away from the Clinic for an indeterminate amount of time, Sabirah was able to put definite and concerted effort into Stefani. An unhurried, intense focus on bringing the teenager to a new level. A level several below those she had already visited.

Stefani had been just a tool for Sabirah. A tool with which to magnify her mother's suffering. And this remained the case. But the clinical psychologist was gaining something of a fondness for the young girl. This was understandable given that she was so much like her mother. So similar in so many ways. From appearance, through to the little intimate sounds of distress that she made when under severe duress.

And so, far from being something that should be embraced by Stefani, Sabirah's growing fondness for her was something that should emphasize and deepen the fear, and dread already implanted in her young head and body. Sabirah's way, her only way of displaying such a growing fondness for an individual was to increase the Hell in which she existed. Stefani's Hell was going to increase several fold in her mother's absence. It could be said, even suggested to Stefani that this increase in focus on her, was her mother's fault. All Petra's fault!

With what Sabirah had in mind, she could have opted for a simple, less tortuous bondage. Simple never did seem to do it for Sabirah though. Simply applied bondage yes. Simply excruciating bondage yes. Barely scraping by as death defying bondage yes. She quite liked the knowledge that her 'girl' would have to fight to stay alive. Not through the torture that was being inflicted but because of the bondage applied with deadly accuracy and ease.

Stefani's ballet booted feet had been strapped tightly to the base of the adjustable platform, about twenty inches apart. She had then been lowered into a semi sitting position. I say the term 'sitting position' loosely. There was no seat, as such. As she had been brought back into the position, her extended enhanced ass had been slipped over a thick, bulbous ended pole. And with her torso in the upright position, she had been fully impaled on that pole. One didn't need to be a medical professional to know, that had her full weight been applied to the impalation, then very serious internal injuries would have occurred, most probably death.

The only thing preventing such an outcome was that her arms had been brought behind her and bound at the wrists and elbows. The elbows so tightly that they touched causing yet another form of

agony. From the wrists then, the correct weight and strength of bungee cord which disappeared up into a pulley system hanging just below the ceiling. This minute elasticity, plus the flexibility of her shoulders were the sole suspending force, preventing her from going down fully on the anal impalation. So, she had the extreme, obscene thickness of the thing inside her. She had the absolute stress put on her delicious calves from the ballet boots, and the bend of her knees to her thighs. Her thighs in a continuous state of trembling. Her torso at right angles to her thighs on a gravity defying basis with that resulting weight supported by her bonded arms. And so her arms had 'just' some give in them due to the bungee cord. This in turn meant that it took concerted and constant effort, and concentration on Stefani's part to keep that balance. Keep that very delicate tippy-toe and anus splitting poise from turning into a sure death slide.

Absolute agony. Absolute torture. Delicious for Sabirah to watch.

Except it wasn't 'the' torture. Although, saying that. Perhaps that is unfair to Dr Sabirah Najwa. Her objects of attention in this instance were Stefani's quite delicious, still developing and yet already heavy succulent breasts. Her intentions were to 'enhance' and 'decorate' the breasts. Making them look even more delicious. Even more desirable. If that were possible! It was simply that in doing so, some pain and discomfort would result. It was just the way it had to be.

Sabirah needed to be working on Stefani's breasts at a comfortable height so she raised the platform slightly so that she could work in a natural, and standing position. When she didn't need to stand, or when there was something particularly intricate she needed to do, she had a tall stool placed just so she could slide her own bottom onto it for comfort.

For pure amusement, apart from the ballet boots, Sabirah had got her assistants to dress Stefani back into the the schoolgirl outfit. Tight latex and accentuating all the right bits. Even though Stefani was too old to be in school uniform. It did kind of aid the appearance of vulnerability. More so in that the latex tunic had been opened up fully, and her breasts scooped out into the open air. All exposed and easy to work on. The tunic's tightness under the weight of the breasts used to keep the breasts high and relatively stable.

In a particularly cruel twist of humor, Sabirah also entered this torture room in full, exaggerated school uniform. Very tight, very micro mini and showing off her deliciously mature curves to the fullest. The sight of such a mature, grown up woman squeezed into such an obviously designed school uniform made of latex was not just bizarre, but also extremely erotic. Her legs sheathed in dark brown nylons, and yet long socks pulled over her knees and her feet arched into stiletto court shoes that sported six inch heels. Her thick, luscious hair pulled into tight pigtailed that sprouted high, from either side of her head. A thin black tie that hung perfectly between mature lush breasts. Those breasts visible through a transparent latex blouse which added a sexy gloss to them. Stuck on the blouse, just over the top of one breast a badge which read

'PREFECT aka SCHOOL BULLY'

It was just another 'touch'. An ironic touch that Sabirah liked to apply. The school bully with her victim absolutely and completely at her mercy. She liked that. She smiled to herself as she whispered into Stefani's ear.

"Were you ever bullied at school, hmmm? Or Mom? Do you think Mom was ever bullied at school, hmmm?"

She didn't expect an answer. The questions were rhetorical. Stefani was in far too great an amount of distress to form an answer. Trying her best to concentrate. Even the slightest movement causing her stretched rectum, her sphincter and her deeper femininity inside untold agony as she tried to maintain that delicate balance.

"Never mind. This isn't school. Although, you are learning ALL the time, isn't that right honey?"

Again a rhetorical question. As though Sabirah was talking to herself. Slightly mad. Maybe more than slightly so. Her cool, mad tone just about heard above the constant whimpering, and intermittent loud sobs and cries from between Stefani's enhanced red lips as the toll on her body and mind progressed.

The sight of the School Prefect aka The School Bully, pulling on a pair of surgical latex gloves was not an encouraging one for the diminishing fortunes of Stefani. Her face was already a mask of twisted duress, stress and extreme discomfort. Her attractive, full and yet wrinkle free lips every so often blew outwards as she tried to self-regulate herself. She had to stop any more of her weight going down onto the impalation inside her. And also she had to prevent any more stress on her arms that remained in agony throughout. Baring the brunt of her stress were her thighs, and her calfs. And although the arch in her back was a natural one. The stress throughout, both mental and physical took its toll also on her spine. A very delicate balancing act indeed.

It was a plain matter of fact that Stefani couldn't literally fill the room with piercing screams. That would take too much effort. Or rather too much effort would be spent resulting in too much movement. One could not afford to much uncontrolled desperate movement or the relatively minor pain and distress her breasts were suffering would pale into insignificance when compared to the unsurpassed and absolute pain that would result deep inside her rectal tube, and deeper insides. Rather, the noise coming from the delicious lips of the teenager was like a continuous droning. A guttural moan that was sourced in the pit of her stomach and then made its way up and just slithered out of her mouth, sometimes accompanied by a trickle of drool.

“Mmmmmaaaaaaannngggggggghhhhhhhmnnnnnnnnnnnnnn.”

Yes a quite indecipherable noise, not really an attempt at communication. But rather a clear attempt to prevent even a hint of that deeper pain that could result. It was as though she had learnt about that deeper pain. Had received a hint of it and was making a continuous concerted effort for that not to happen. Sabirah liked effort like that. She truly did. Every so often, the continuous droning moan was broken and a different sound would pour from the gorgeous mouth of Stefani. Like a high pitched, but ‘quiet’ squeal. Not loud and not strenuous enough to cause any movement, or for her to forget her priorities in sinking down on the appendage inside her back passage. Just like a controlled, a very controlled scream. Almost a silent scream but not quite.

“Aaaaghh aaaaaaagh aaaaaaagh agghhhhhh.”

Just short bursts like that and then the continuous drone would begin all over again and remain at exact pitch until the next burst of ‘silent screams’. The communication of the pain and distress she was in came across in her facial expression more than the noise. Her pretty, attractive face twisted and distorted. Eyes screwed up then open wide. Eyes always pouring with tears. Those full delicious lips stretched, then contorted. Perfect white teeth visible, and at the heights of her duress, her gums bared. Then her blowing out her lips trying to absorb it all. All the time aware what would happen if she lost it completely and in that awareness ensuring that she didn’t ‘lose it’.

Sabirah’s intention was to decorate Stefani’s breasts. Adorn them, as it were. As she proceeded to do just that, she didn’t work on one breast at a time, rather she worked a little on one, then the other. This way the pain was spread over a larger area. And an irregular area. Even before Sabirah had begun she had pulled up the stool, right next to the droning moaning Stefani and had studied the breasts at close quarters. Taking the weight of one breast, just kneading it lightly with her latexed fingers. Ever so lightly. Cupping under it. Feeling the weight. Feeling the delicious texture of the creamy flesh. Watching Stefani’s face as any form of touching, or weighting of either breast meant that the throbs deep inside the base of her nipples would be fed and enhanced. All adding to the reason for that continuous droning moan.

“Mmmmmaaaaaaannngggggggghhhhhhhmnnnnnnnnnnnnnn.”

Sabirah checking out the other breast. Holding it up, leaning forward then cruelly flicking her fleshy wet tongue over the grotesquely enlarged nipple causing just a slight rise in volume of that droning moan.

“Mmmmmmm Stefani, as delicious if not more so than Mother.”

The school bully, Sabirah thinking aloud more than anything else as she lowered the breast carefully and then began the piercing process.

The piercing process was not a piercing in the 'normal' sense of the word. In that normal cliché'd sense of the world, a ring would be placed through the base of each nipple. Maybe a heavy ring, soldered into place and used for future training and torment. No need for training in this establishment as we know. Stefani was doing exceptionally well without training. She knew what she had to do, what she had to maintain in order not to suffer any more than was the intention. Oh how Sabirah hated that word 'training'.

Stefani's breast piercings took the shape of many, many piercings and insertion of studs. The first of these applied to the dead center of the engorged nipples. Thick pinned studs, applied with what amounted to a medical stud gun. The breast held from under delicately with one hand by Sabirah, fingers worked gently to the base of the nipples, one at a time then held, then the stud 'shot' into the nipple. The pin long, and the shooting process powerful enough to bury the gold tipped stud right up to its hilt. And so, nipples enhanced and decorated with these studs. The nipple ending with a stud down the length of its core. The stud pin was its core. It was in the application of these studs, and the numerous following studs that caused that break in Stefani's moaning and droning.

"Aaaaghh aaaaaaagh aaaaaaagh agghhhhhh."

Sabirah taking all that in. Leaning in close feeling the girl's expelled breath on the side of her own face. Taking deep breaths smelling the breath that was expelled under duress. Almost tasting the soul of Petra's daughter.

Smaller studs were used to circle the base of each nipple. Five studs in all, around the very base of each nipple. White gold studs, shot into the ultra-sensitive feminine nipple flesh at the point where the nipples ended and the aureolas began. Sabirah not rushing. Working the girl slowly, very slowly very deliberately. Alternating between one breast, then the other. The click of the stud gun piercing the continuous drone, and the other sounds that Stefani made

CLICK

Just one, quite loud, loaded CLICK as each stud was impaled. Each stud slightly shaped at its piercing end, to prevent it coming back out. Each stud sufficiently long in its stem length to ensure the resulting pain was deeply instilled into each breast.

Another row of traditional gold studs then, around the middle of the aureola areas. This time nine studs. With the completion of these circles, a very neat, distinct symmetrical pattern emerging. Decoration was the right word. The color draining more and more from Stefani's face the further along this piercing process went. The deep sharp individual points of pain with each stud being applied emerging into one and the area spreading. Those deep sharp points of pain, and the larger spreading of that pain all serving to feed the constant throbs caused, and instilled by the process of enlarging her nipples. The 'drip drip drip' from between the girl's legs forming a puddle. A crude slippery puddle.

A further circle then, this time white gold again, around the outer edge of the aureolas. twelve studs making up this circle. Sabirah just dabbing out pin-points of blood where they occurred with a medicated wipe. Sabirah coolly calmly loading the stud gun magazine with the required studs between each circle. Working one breast then the other. Enjoying her work savoring the girl's predicament and distress.

CLICK

CLICK

CLICK

CLICK

A final circle then, of traditional gold studs, about a centimeter outside the last white gold circle and into the delicate creamy flesh of Stefani's breasts. Quite bizarrely this final circle had the effect of enlarging the aureola areas. The overall decoration of the girl's breasts seeming to please Sabirah greatly. Hyper enhancement.

"Good Girl. I am pleased with you, do you know that?"

Again not really a question she was expecting an answer to such was the stress and distress and pain that Stefani was dealing with. And, she was dealing with it. Maintaining the pose to perfection. The school bully's victim. Totally at the mercy of the school bully. A little jittery at times. Her whole self trembling at other times. Sabirah dabbing the blood spots away before prepping the next stage of Stefani's decorative enhancements.

FOUR - Victoria & Petra

There was one word, a practiced word that poured out of Petra's perfectly glossed lips time after time.

“Immaculate... Immaculate.”

She had been invited by Victoria to look at herself in a full length mirror. There had been an audible gasp from Petra. And then her huge pools of eyes, eyes that had regained their old depth, and pool like qualities, had just fixed on herself. Scanning the length of herself from head, to toe and then back up again. That word dripping from her full, deep red lips. Sometimes audible. Other times just the silent word.

“Yes Petra, that’s right. Immaculate. That’s a word I adore. That’s a word I like to attach to my girls. I like my girls to be immaculate Petra. You do want to be one of my girls Petra don’t you?”

There wasn’t a second’s hesitation in Petra’s response. At this point, this early engage with Victoria, and Petra’s deeper basic instinct to want out of Sabirah’s clinic alone ensured the response to the positive. Not even Petra’s basic instinct could tell here and now that her addictions were being fed and nurtured more and more. In many ways, Petra was being taken out of a frying pan and into the fire.

“Oh, y-yes, yes please.”

Her voice did reflect still, a melancholy and the turmoil of her time spent at the clinic. But even she could now see the tiniest light at the end of the long, narrow, claustrophobic tunnel. She didn’t know, or couldn’t work out, in her diminished mind what was beyond that little chink of light. But she was drawn to it. And Victoria was the key to that chink of light.

“And you know what you have to be, in order to be one of my girls Petra, yes?”

Petra’s eyes staying on the mirror, scanning herself and yet focussing on Victoria who was just behind her, with her hands on her shoulder, every time she spoke. It was like she was reluctant to pull the focus of her eyes away from herself but that, she had to. She had to focus on the woman who had taken her out of Sabirah’s hell-hole. She had to focus of Victoria.

“I h-have to be a Good Girl, and I have to be Immaculate.”

Her words didn’t come easy, at all. A slight retardation due to the treatment she had received over such an extended period of time. She was almost like a child learning to speak again. Every word considered. Odd words stuttered or hesitant. Except those three emphasized words. Good Girl. And Immaculate. Victoria just gently squeezing Petra’s shoulders, like encouragement, and reward for her answer.

“That’s right Petra. You need to be a Good Girl and you need to be Immaculate. And tell me Petra... what are your other thoughts when you look at yourself in the mirror? You immediate thoughts? You look at yourself, what do you see what do you think hmmm?”

Petra’s deliciously long, volumous wet tongue sliding out and across the width of her mouth before she answers, just a hint of a smile across those same lips. Just a fleeting hint. But there none-the-less.

“I w-want to have sex with myself Miss Victoria.....”

Her answer trailing off again. Victoria’s own smile broad and distinct. Again the little squeeze of Petra’s shoulders. At some point between being taken from the clinic, and now, Petra having been instructed in how to address Victoria. Miss Victoria. A very unmistakable line drawn in the status between the two. Miss Victoria the superior. Petra, the inferior being. In Petra’s tortured mind though, being allowed to address Victoria at all, was like a gift from God. And, even in the slight retardation she was showing, a recall of her communicative and educated skills was like a breath of fresh air. A breath of life.

“That’s a good answer from a good girl Petra. But what else? What else is more important than you having sex with yourself hmmmm?”

There’s a little shift of Petra’s extreme heels on the floor. Still for Petra a relief that she can move her extraordinary long legs, and feet, of her own free will. Relief that they were no longer held in rigid absolute bondage. Another little squeeze of her shoulders. But this time more of a caress. A caress that compliments the throbs that are always there within Petra.

“G-giving pleasure to other people. Whatever pleasure is, I must provide.”

The caress from Victoria this time more like a definitive caress, making Petra’s lips blow out, all full and droopy.

“That’s so right Petra. Those are important thing to remember Petra. Very important things. That you are a Good Girl. That you are always Immaculate and that you MUST provide Pleasure to others. Whatever required.”

Petra hearing the words. Nodding eagerly. Understanding completely. Her past life, as that successful City woman becoming lucid again, but knowing that she would never return to that way of life ever. That was the only thing about the future she was sure of. She scanned herself again. This time more slowly, more hungrily as Victoria caressed and gently squeezed her shoulders. Rubbing and kneading with delicate expert finger tips.

What Petra wore was an outfit of latex and it was most definitely immaculate. But also it was most definitely uniform in its appearance. Its design, and implementation deliberately uniform. Somewhere between schoolgirl, college girl and office girl. That Petra was a thirty five year old, mature mother gave added impact to the 'uniform'. Not so much a bizarre sight and appearance but rather, a highly polished, exceptionally erotic sight. And one that screamed out, just as much as Petra in Sabirah's semi-squatted bondage positions, that she was being controlled in a complex, total way.

A perfect white latex blouse that was buttoned low on her throat. Most of her neck and throat were uncovered above the line of the collar. The blouse wasn't totally transparent, but semi-transparent. It wasn't skin tight. Just tight enough that between the wrinkles of latex caused by natural movement, the hint of flesh color could be seen. This was more apparently so over the breasts. The huge otherwise unbra'd bulges obvious and the extended, engorged poke through of her unnatural nipples very much to the fore. The darkness of the grape like nipples, and surrounding aureolas just about recognizable through the thinness of the latex. The caress of silky smooth, cool latex across those nipple tips an ever present feed to the ever present throbs. Every one of Petra movements, no matter how small, how insignificant emphasized those throbs, and fed the central throb deep in the base of her clitoris. This latex, very much taking over where Sabirah's double skinned bondage cat-suits left off. Except now her 'bad bits' were covered. Kept inside. Strangely, Petra felt grateful to Victoria for that. So very grateful.

Hanging from her neck, a perfect, thin black latex tie which rested and hung down between the bulges of her breasts and giving that impeccable immaculate appearance. Only just shaped into a long narrow diamond, the tip of which just tucked into the waistband of her skirt. It was this tie that emphasized the 'uniform' appearance. Without the tie it would have been simply a white blouse and black skirt that apart from the latex aspect could have been worn in any professional environment. With the addition of what appeared to be a regulation tie. The appearance became stricter. Regimented.

The waistband of Petra's skirt fitted her trim waist like a second skin. It was a slightly higher waist than normal and her blouse was tucked, neatly, very neatly inside it but showed no sign of bulges, or wrinkles because of that. Immaculate. The skirt itself then flared out slightly from her hips and ended just, maybe an inch above her knees. The skirt was loose and its design such that the latex gathered in almost completely symmetrical rolls around its circumference. It was the flare of the skirt, the way it gathered in those rolls that gave it the 'schoolgirl' like qualities. Not necessarily the way a mature mother of a teenage daughter would 'choose' to dress. And yet, not a way such a stunningly attractive long legged woman like Petra would shy away from either. She had always, but

ALWAYS enjoyed drawing attention to her legs. And this skirt did it. Emphasized those glorious, spectacular legs. Just by exposing the knees, and a hint of lower thigh, and then the swirl of the skirt with even the slightest movement or re-adjustment of her extreme heels to bring attention to the shapely, long tautness of her calves. Her legs were enhanced, their effect maximized with ease. The muscles of the calves tight and with the roundness gentle and fading into the shape of her slim ankles from the side. And yet that gradual, deliciously long extended taper from the ankles up the lower legs over her knees and disappearing under her skirt. This outfit absolutely, without doubt, meant to have Petra inside it. Even if it did juvenilize her. Even if it were designed to have something of a regression effect on her appearance, and also her mind. It did all of that with interest, but it also was meant to have Petra inside of it. It was just totally meant to have her inside it.

Sheathing her stunning legs was a sheer, a very sheer silky nylon that added a sheen to the flesh. It wasn't such a high gloss sheen that the blouse latex brought to her torso and breast area. Nor the shiny gloss that emphasized her skirted lower half. The nylon was black, but a transparent black. Like a film of black that clung skin like to the flesh beneath it. The sheen was an understated one that drew some of the voyeur's attention to the legs. Not all of the attention just some of it. But that bit of attention most definitely resulted in the appreciation of such remarkable legs.

Petra's feet were arched into patented, shiny black stiletto court shoes. The heels a pencil thin seven inches. The fact that the shoes did not have platforms to relieve that heel height, meant that the arch of her feet and the bend of her toes inside the pointed toes of the shoes were maximized. A delicate teetering exercise and yet one that Petra seemed able with ease to perfect since she was not hobbled any more. Nor was she in any kind of tortuous distress. Her movements were like an enhanced, strutting 'glide'. Legs forced into akimbo, and careful placing of her feet, due to her extraordinary height. Hips with a natural roll, and breasts with a natural, organic ride and movement underneath the latex blouse.

The throbs were still there. They were always there. But she absorbed those. Concentrated on them, and to some extent she was able to manipulate them herself. Petra would be distraught if ever those throbs were taken away from her. Not that they could be. Although, she was always aware after her stay with Sabirah, that those throbs could be used in terrible, terrible ways against her. She was damaged goods. Even she herself knew that and her deeper base instinct for survival told her, massaged her mind with the knowledge that she MUST be a Good Girl, an Immaculate girl for Victoria, at all times.

Petra's hair, pulled high and tight into a pony tail. None of it shielding the striking features of her face. High cheekbones, deliciously pale complexion perfectly made up. Full deep red lips. And yet the stark flame red color of her hair creating yet another intense focus for that invisible voyeur yet again.

Invisible under the skirt were the latex pants. These were not bikini thongs but, full waisted panties. The waistband gripped tightly just below the slightly higher waist of the skirt so it remained invisible.

Such a tight, perfect fit were these pants that there was no line visible. Even of the skirt had been skin tight to hips, bottom and thighs, no line would have been visible. Also invisible, the re-enforced gusset of the pants. Re-enforced because this gusset housed inbuilt inflatables that were deeply buried inside both of Petra's most private and intimate holes. Such was the depth of these intrusions, and so tight the fit of the pants, a casual lifting of the skirt, and a peek, would not divulge that anything at all was impaling Petra. Only a slightly closer look by someone knowing, a careful examination of Petra's crotch area would reveal the slight indented circles of the two inflatables inside her. Even the single nipple to which the air hose would be attached in order to inflate the appendages was cleverly concealed within the natural wrinkles and crevices within the latex crotch. These appendages were another source of Petra's gratitude. She was able to squeeze and twist her musculature around these inflated rubber things in order to give herself little darting, fleeting moments of intense pleasure. She was so so grateful to Victoria. So very grateful. Oh she had to, very seriously had to be a Good Immaculate girl for Victoria. She just had to.

"Yes Miss Victoria. I do understand I really do."

Petra just shifting on her heels slightly and a silent gasp as another pinpoint sharp split second of intense pleasure as she squeezes on those things inside her again. Victoria continuing the shoulder rub and massage with one hand whilst with the other, from behind her she produces a long black velvet box with gold hinges.

"I have something for you Petra. I don't give these lightly. I very rarely give them at all. I just give them to girls who I think will 'excel' at every task I give. That's another word for you to learn Petra. Excel. Do you understand?"

Victoria talking, just gently as she lifts her other hand off Petra's shoulder in order to open the box. Petra's eyes opening wider all the time watching herself and Victoria in the mirror. Scanning herself, the whole vision and then focussing behind her as Victoria produces the box, and opens it. Huge eyes opening even wider as Victoria reaches up and around her neck to secure a tight, wide latex band. On the front of the band, indented in gold the words

"VICTORIA'S PET"

Petra taking a deep breath as she deciphers the words backward reflection in the mirror. An intense feeling of euphoria rushing through her. The feeling of being 'special' to Miss Victoria as the spoken words slide into her psyche. A solitary tear running down an immaculately made up cheek. The tear riding over tear proof makeup and her tongue just flicking out and catching it as it tickles the corner of her deep red mouth on its journey down. The roll of her throat as she swallows the tear. The roll of her throat riding under the tightness of the latex collar that Victoria had placed and secured around her throat.

Just the solitary clear spoken word by Victoria. Loud enough to pierce Petra's euphoric, intense orgasm. Her eyes immediately clearing as she stopped herself orgasming instantly. That in itself an amazing feat of self control. But one she had to do. She had been taught to cum and stop on command. Also her mind had been conditioned to not cum unless she had permission. No permission, or instruction to do so, meant no orgasm. Permission meant immediate intense orgasm that had to be curtailed on the STOP instruction.

"Good Girl."

Petra, panting. Cheeks flushed. Lips swollen as the orgasm subsides and fades inside her.

"T-thank you Miss Victoria."

Another wide smile from Victoria as she fades from behind Petra in the mirror.

FOUR - Before It All Began 2,

Petra picked up the invitation envelope. Another invitation to another event. If only she could sell these invitations second hand she would make a fortune. Idly, quite nonchalantly she thumbed open the invite and read it.

"DR SABIRAH NAJWA

INVITES THE EXECUTIVE SECRETARY OF THE CEO

TO A VERY SPECIAL FUND RAISER"

Blah blah blah. Petra had heard that name. Dr Sabirah Najwa. Some kind of psychologist, or 'head doctor'. Or something like that. And by all accounts, a lesbian. Petra liked that - a girl's girl. She liked that name, Sabirah. Obviously middle eastern. Arabic. The invitation was quality. It oozed quality. One of the few Petra would accept. Why not? She hadn't been on free night out for ages and ages. She smiled to herself. Making a few definite decisions as she did so. She would flirt outrageously with this Dr Sabirah Najwa. She hadn't flirted with another girl for such a long time. Although she wasn't lesbian, as far as she knew, she did get a bit of a buzz out of getting other women's attentions. Petra could do that... get the attention of women, and men alike. She radiated something, like an air of 'adventure'. Just something about her that gained and held attentions. An edge. A daring and all emphasized in her personality, and her appearance. When Petra flirted, it didn't go unnoticed. She placed the RSVP to the invite into the envelope and ran her wet tongue tip

across the flap before sealing it and placing it into the internal mail envelope. That envelope would be en-route to Dr Sabirah Najwa within the hour.

In the week between sending off the RSVP and the event itself, Petra made it a mission, to set out to impress the good doctor. Everything, from choosing her outfit for effect, to getting into that 'flirt zone', Petra had covered all angles. The day of the event came, and that 'zone' was entered by Petra. I repeat, when Petra flirted, it didn't go unnoticed. This particular flirt session would mark the beginning of the change of Petra's life forever.

SIX - Sabirah & Stefani

The almost light mewling that was dripping from Stefani's lips quite belied the discomfort she MUST have been in. Her newly decorated breasts were hanging under her as she knelt with her legs parted as wide as they would physically go and secured rigid. She was then bent forward over a padded bar which pressed back into her lower abdomen and pelvis so that her bottom was thrust back.

She still wore the pseudo-school uniform but her breasts remained scooped out and they literally 'swung' under her. Even still in the stage of growing they had like a pendulous swing to them. Normally that swing, and their weight would have fed the throbs to her distended engorged nipples and this in turn would have been the control for the tap that was her sexual discharge between her legs. Actually that was still very much the case. But with the added sensation of the pain of the piercings that Sabirah had lovingly applied, that throb, the throb that remained in the base of her nipples and fed, via that invisible string to her clitoris was also a constant source of pain for Stefani. One that confused her senses. The throbs equalled pleasure. The pain fed that pleasure. Perhaps it was the confusion that was the cause of the mewling as opposed to the pain. Who knows?

"OOHHHHH OHHHHH OHHHHHH OHHHHHHH OHHHHHH."

The pain amplified the the throbs. That much was sure. But why did she then still have the desire to orgasm so much? The pain in her pendulous, swinging breasts was awful. And yet the throbs seemed so much more intense. It made the leak of her discharge so much thicker. So much more slippery. Even as her arms were then brought up behind her, again secured at the wrist and touching at the elbows then hoisted high to keep them out of the way, she screamed. Oh yes she screamed the place down as that initial pain in her shoulders and elbows had been absorbed by the rest of her teenage self.

'EEEEEGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHAAAAAARRRRRGHHHHHHHHHHHH.'

It had been a long time since any decipherable words had slipped from between her gorgeously full, smooth red lips. Sabirah did sometimes miss the signs of early dissent that Stefani had shown. The rebellion. The disbelief that she could be treated in this evil despicable way. Ah well, just a slight, a very slight downside to what she did to her victims. That the fight and will to rebel against what was happening to them was soon, very soon, ripped from them. Stefani was already like a girl regressed. Withdrawn and in mental turmoil.

The point of this particular position of bondage was simple. To make available, and expose fully the distended anal ring for the extended attentions of the latexed gloved hands of Dr Sabirah Najwa. Sabirah hadn't rushed the application of the bondage. Quite the contrary. She had observed from her control room as two assistants had very slowly and very meticulously, immobilized the young girl, enjoying very much the various angles and visions presented as the platform on which was placed was turned, and tilted, and raised and lowered in order to make the application of the bondage much much easier. The final touch were the arms pulled back and up. Oh that scream had sent little tingles of pleasure into the base of Sabirah's own clitoris.

'EEEEEEGGGHHHHHHHHAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHMMMMMMMMGGGGHHHHH.'

There was something about that less mature scream that Sabirah liked very much. She had liked it earlier when Stefani had cried and screamed for her mother. She didn't do that any more. Another sad fact since Sabirah had liked that very much too. But what could not be taken away was the almost adolescent tone at core of the scream. The pure tone of it. A tone of naivety yes. But also a tone of disbelief that another, older woman could be making her suffer so much. That scream, the one that had erupted when her arms had been so bonded was still pouring into the confines of this room even as "The School Bully" re-entered.

"Sssshhhh sssshhhhhhhh just try to relax... sssshhhhhh."

Sabirah very rarely used Stefani's name. It was another psychological slant. A detachment and adding to the known result of the teenager feeling as though she had been abandoned in this place. This hell hole. Eventually that scream did subside and morph into that almost 'soft' mewling. And so yes, the soft almost cooing mewling that did drip from Stefani's mouth seemed quite out of place here.

Sabirah played with that mewling a little as she ran a gloved finger around the raised, distended anal ring. Just lightly. Very lightly and yet such was the hyper-sensitized nature of the extended ring, even the lightest touch caused the mewl to turn into a moan, and for the organic hole that was her bottom to dilate, push out and then suck back in. And beneath her a little pool of swirling juices collected.

“HmMMM well, as delicious as your ‘ring’ looks, It does need some decoration also girl. Don’t you think? A little adornment? Some enhancement? HmMMMMMM? After all, you are becoming something of a showpiece. I may decide to ‘show’ you to selected audiences. Wouldn’t you like that? HmMMMM?”

Sabirah’s tone was neutral and the string of questions all rhetorical. On first contact one could think that this woman had lost her marbles. Well, in a way she had of course. But no, her madness wasn’t in the shape of losing her mind at all. She remained in full control of her faculties. Her little conversations, apparently with herself and in the form of rhetorical questions to her victims were simply yet another means by which she could inflict the most serious of psychological distress. Letting the victim know, subtly what was about to happen to her. What was going to happen to her in the immediate future. When put in the form of a question, it gave a little chink of hope, a little chink of light to Stefani, that she could maybe disagree, reason with Sabirah, and be spared that particular torture. Except that she couldn’t disagree, or argue her case. Her own mind had been so far retarded that reasoning, or even the ability to ‘beg’ was not there any more. It was just an acceptance that existed there now. Even if from the dimming grayness of her mind, a little spark of a memory of how she should reason and argue came back to her, all that would emit from her mouth was a dribbling drool. Another mewling sound accompanied by the overflow of drool. Nothing comprehensible. Her sanity remaining JUST. She just about held onto a sanity that allowed her full knowledge, full feeling, full emotions that came with everything that was happening to her.

The piercings to Stefani’s anal ring would be identical to those applied to her breasts. Identical in that, yes the flesh would be pierced. But unlike piercings to say the ears, nose, or navel areas in the normal outside world, there would be no ‘exit’ of the piercing. Long, thin tapered studs were used that pierced and embedded themselves deeply in the flesh. The end of the studs were slightly shaped so that they could not slip or pull back on themselves in order to slip out. Thus the piercing remained permanent and part of the organ to which they were attached.

Sabirah played idly with the pushing, pulling, sucking ring before beginning the application of the studs via her stud gun. She quite enjoyed the intimate, and minute attention to the girl’s ring. Never forgetting that the ring, since its manipulation via her laser system, was also and actually an extension of her sexuality. An added sexual organ. An added piece of very intimate, very sensitive girl flesh that she could use in order to manipulate Stefani’s mind, and body just a little more. Sabirah enjoyed tickling, and pressing and rubbing the ring a little in order to get the different little tones from the girl’s delicious mouth. And that organic movement. The pushing out, the dilation and the sucking sounds the anus produced hungrily. MmmMMMM yes she loved the little nuances of this girl. Even the aroma of pure sex that emanated from the girl’s sexuality. So true to say that Stefani had brought a new meaning to Sabirah’s sadism. Not diminishing it at all. Rather the contrary. Bringing it home like a freight train. Having mother and daughter exactly where and how she wanted them fed an even deeper sadism inside her.

Around the base of the raised anal ring, nine studs. Equally spaced. Equally angled. Each equally, soul destroyingly painful in its application. By the time the last of the nine studs had been powered into the deeply intimate, feminine flesh, the ring was in a continuous state of convulsion. Pushing, pulling, dilating and sucking on the tube as Petra's mind tried to come to terms with what was happening down there. Of course, the mind never came to terms with it. That was just it. That was the point of the delicate teetering act of keeping her just on the edge of sanity. That was the very essence, the very base reason. That she experienced all of the pain, the emotion, the sexuality of it, and at the same time remained powerless - totally absolutely helpless to do anything about it. Just accept. She screamed and screamed as those piercings fed the throbs, right back into her clitoris. The pain feeding the throbs, amplifying them. The amplified throbs feeding the need, the hunger the desperation for her to orgasm. The orgasm always but always cruelly denied.

It was interesting. A case for close study for Sabirah as Stefani was released from that particular bondage, in readiness for the next. Sabirah observed from several angles from inside her control room, as Stefani was helped to her feet. The pained expression on her face quite obvious. Distress yes. But a distant distress. One that drained her pretty, still made up features. Made her appear gaunt, withdrawn, and yet her enhanced, decorated breasts still hanging out of the uniform tunic. And the latex peeled up over her buttocks and hips and the decorated pierced ring of her anus, protruding from between and holding her bottom cheeks slightly open. Bizarre and yet delicious as well. And even more bizarre with the tube hanging and waving like a tail from the hole itself. Bizarre yet more with the pout of her enhanced sexual lips, and clitoris, backward and as yet undecorated. But dripping always dripping.

But of more interest to Sabirah, how the effects of the distended organs and the piercing altered her gate and stance. A slight bow to the long gangly legs. More care in how she placed her extremely heeled feet. Probably subconscious efforts to adapt to the alterations of her most feminine flesh. Quite animalistic in the way she moved her weight from one of the ballet heels to the other. A closer study of the face. So full of abandonment. How Sabirah wished she could read, exactly, that mind. What, exactly, was going through it. Oh she was experienced enough to know 'roughly' of the turmoil inside that young head. But as she zoomed in on the eyes, all tear dripping, and glazed, how she wished she could read EXACTLY what was going through her mind. If she could do that, her sadism would be fed to the extremes. Sabirah allowed Stefani to moved around for a little while, enjoying the view she presented before moving on to the next stage.

In order to work on the vaginal and clitoral areas of Stefani's sexuality, she needed to be in a gynecological chair. Knees wide apart and held thus in stirrups. In the normal world such a chair exists. Of course it does. In the normal world she wouldn't need to be secured. This wasn't the normal world though this was Sabirah's world. This was hell on earth. This gynae chair had adaptations and additions. Yes the knees were wide apart, and high. Very crude. The knees hooked into the stirrups but the ballet booted ankles pulled down and secured to the floor via stainless steel wires clipped to rings in the ankles on the boots. Her feet pulled down and secured so rigidly that her back almost arched off the soft leather padding of the chair. But that was its design. It was designed to ensure the victim could not move. But more than that it was designed so that the pelvic region, and the crotch and all associated sexuality was thrust up and unhindered. So that it was

readily accessible and so there was not a continuous need to spread the legs, peel back thighs and all of the rest of the inconveniences an advanced sadist like Sabirah just didn't want to be bothered with.

A broad, sturdy thick latex strap held Stefani into the chair by being secured across her middle. No special care was taken not to dishevel the uniform. Sabirah quite liked that messed up look. It certainly emphasized Stefani's distress and discomfort. Even more so as the exposed decorated breasts spilled out of the tunic and over the latex of the strap and just over flowed slightly with her semi seated position. That strap fought against the arch in her back and yet was required in order to keep her from lifting, or even attempting to lift herself out of the chair. Or release the pressure from the downward pulling and securing of her feet and lower legs. The biggest pressure came with her arms being pulled out from the sides of the chair and then individually being pulled down and secured in the same manner as her feet, to eyes in the floor. This bondage was rigid. Severe and her arms held dead straight and bent down only at the shoulders.

As she used her micro-motored marvels to tighten and finish off all the bondage, Sabirah could tell the great distress that Stefani was under. By the end of it, by the time all wires and straps had snapped and whirred into place the teenager was a panting, mewling wreck of a girl. Her breasts enhanced and decorated strangely, bizarrely made her look stunning. A glance between her legs, and down between her bottom cheeks, one could also see, totally exposed, totally enhanced and decorated, the extended, distended raised flesh of her anal ring. From the centre of that, the tube, with the inflated end still in place. From the as yet, undecorated area of her sexuality - her bulbous clitoris, and swollen raised labia that faded into the raised section of her anal ring, juices leaked, and dripped. These juices were relentless in their flow. The throbs never stopping their work on the girl's body and mind. Those throbs as much a part of Stefani's priority as were the throbs of her mother's, her priority.

The work on Stefani's labia was slightly different. Slightly more complex and more deliciously obscene and cruel. A similar instrument, or tool inserted into the vaginal tunnel, the end inflated and then tugged back against the inside of the sexuality pulling it out, making it more available to be worked on. This caused somewhat more emotional turmoil in that it pulled back against the G spot. Pressed into it and so was a constant reminder, that was added to all the other constants in Stefani's new world.

"EEEEEEEEGGGGGGGTTTTTTTHHHHHHHHHMMMMMMMMGGGGGGGG."

The teenager's squealing, squawking bellow, rising from her mouth, bouncing off the ceilings, around the walls and finally back down to the floor. So lucid and clear and loud and desperate were the screams that one could practically follow their path around the room's flat surfaces.

way beyond the throb area. It sank into, through and way beyond that THROB center. That hyper center. When Sabirah applied that stud the screaming, gut wrenching squeal made even Sabirah wince. Not so much at the pain that her victim was suffering but due to the damage the scream did on her own ear drums. Still, that was minor compared to the eye opening joy that the Sadist was experiencing at putting this young girl through a set of paces she could not in her worst nightmares think existed.

‘MMMMMMMAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGSSSSSSHHHHHHHGGG
GGGGGGGGGGGGKKKKKKKMMMMMMPPPPPHHHHHHHH.’”

The total wall of noise bouncing off every flat surface available and then holding its volume in the centre of the room. Sabirah, standing back, watching, wallowing in the young girl’s absolute Hell.

Another little piece of this work of art complete. The project on going.

SEVEN - Victoria & Petra

To an outsider, someone from the normal world, Petra should have been thanking her lucky stars for being taken from the Clinic by Victoria. Oh, its true, she had been taken back up into the world. The outside, albeit in a pseudo-twilight sense, since she could not again be mingled into society as such. Neither would she ever move in the circles she once moved since officially she was dead. So, she wasn’t really ‘free’. She would never be free. Having been broken, and subjugated to sub level status, her mind was damaged. Irreversibly damaged. Those deep deep rooms under that clinic dripping with her despair. Filled with her screams. Her’s and Stefani’s. Screams that defied humanity. Her sexuality extended, expanded, manipulated. Her mind twisted. Fucked around with. And yet her sanity, just about in tact. I say just about because it was indeed a delicate teetering act. As delicate a teetering act actually as the wearing of the tortuous ballet heels that had become an ever present part of her life now. A finely balanced, expertly applied piece of never ending sadism. Sabirah gaining the desired results after years, and years of research, experience and practice. Petra didn’t stand a chance, she never did. Not even as much chance as that fly in the spider’s web. Knowledge of Petra’s descent into hell, must surely encourage all to look at those around us in different ways.

Petra was chosen because of her success in the outside world. Because of her rampage through the professional world. The City world. Sabirah could have easily scoured the seedier existences of prostitutes, drug addicts and porn stars for her likely subject. But that would have been too easy. It would have been too easy to ‘disappear’ a weekend hooker. Or a down and out drug addict who had next to nothing to lose anyway. Oh no, Sabirah wanted her ‘One’ to be very special. Very special indeed. She had to tick all the boxes not just in the looks department. There were other boxes that had to be ticked. She had to be successful. She had to be arrogant. Confident. She had to be content

and happy in her life. Happy WITH life. She had to have EVERYTHING to LOSE. With Petra all the boxes were ticked with interest. Each box ticked with a little extra. Looks more than expected. Success more than expected. Arrogance in abundance. Confidence dripping from her. And then there was the little added extra of Petra's daughter Stefani. The mirror image. Oh yes every box ticked deliciously. Sabirah could only apply a little extra with Petra in order to reach the goals that had eluded her for so so long. She was indeed happy to apply that little extra.

So, by the time Victoria's input into the plan, had been put into action, Petra was little more than a shell of her former self. Everything had been taken from her. Everything. She didn't even control her own sexuality. Or her own mind. Her days, and nights consisted of nothing more than her constantly suffering in some way or other. Whether it was in physical, absolute bondage and torture, or, whether it was in some other form of torture such as a relentless mental and psychological distress that diminished her mind and ability to function on an ever decreasing scale. Or enforced, multi-orgasms. Addictive yes, but clouding the sanity that remained at the same time. There was what was being done to her. And what was being done to Stefani. The effects on Petra, profound and disturbing. For Dr Sabirah Najwa, very gratifying.

Victoria's plan had been a masterstroke. Let Petra think it was all over... and then take her right back in. The crushing despair several fold worse than that she had experienced so far. Sabirah like that thought. Clenched her thighs at that thought.

And so, yes that little chink of light existed. The one where Victoria's almost hypnotic voice dripped into Petra's psyche, and cajoled and coaxed her. Made her feel that there was hope for her. And for Stefani. Of course she was going to be taken from the Clinic. Of course her mind would recover to a certain extent. And of bigger priority to Petra, of course her sexuality would be encouraged and developed to sublime levels. Hyper-Orgasms galore! Victoria didn't lie. All Petra had to do was be a good, good girl. All she had to do was provide pleasures to others. All she had to do was be Victoria's good girl, and then she would never have to go back to that Hell Clinic again ever. So yes, I suppose, she should have been grateful for that at least. I guess it's like an abused animal really. The dog beaten on a daily basis is so grateful for even the smallest act of kindness towards it. Petra, grateful on a sickening level, for being taken out of that hell-hole. Kindness yes, but in microscopic amounts, in comparison to the volumes of hell she had been subjected to thus far. Disguised kindness. False kindness. Part of Sabirah's plan. Part of Victoria's plan. A pawn in a game.

It is true, the colossal global downturn in the economy, a fact of life. Boom, then bust. These very much the bust years. And yet, the march for equality in women's pay, conditions, status and recognition marches on. The equilibrium farther reaching than the boardroom alone. Successful women demanding facility and function to match that of their male colleagues. The up swing of Ladies Only Private Clubs a move against the tide of economic uncertainty. The wives of the super powerful, and super wealthy bankers and CEO's paying thousands upon thousands of pounds per-year membership to these private clubs whilst their spouses very often go on to have nervous breakdowns, heart attacks, or lose their marbles completely, as well as their jobs. Their downfall

even more so had they known, in some cases what their better halves were up to during their Ladies Only nights away from home. More importantly though, the self made women, able to cope with pressure better than their male counterparts, able to multi-task with ease, and enjoying their success going on to form these little niche clubs, associations and institutes. Making them Ladies Only ventures so that they can indulge in the feminine equivalent of the obscene excesses that had always been confined to the, high ceilinged, wood paneled side rooms of exclusive male only private members clubs.

One such Ladies Only venture you would not see advertised in *The Tatler*, or *Vogue*, or *Cosmopolitan*. Nor would it be spotlighted or promoted in any public way. The Pink Velvet Bud Society. A select, closed group of wealthy and powerful ladies from the upper reaches of society. Founded by a lesbian city trader, now retired to organize full time the activities of the Society. Five figure annual membership fee and a closed circle so tight that its members may indulge in any activity, no matter how questionable, without fear of exposure or threat. Complete and utter secrecy and discretion the like of which, only women are capable of creating and maintaining. Each member only recorded and known under a pseudonym, or nick-name. All records, financial and where-else required to be kept, secured and secreted in an off-shore facility. Each member guaranteed to have attained only the highest status in London's elite. The term VIP doesn't begin to cover PVBS membership list. Celebrity. Royalty. "Ladies" in the grandest form. And yet something much looser in the moral sense.

There had been a gasp, then a refined round of applause as Victoria had brought Petra into the dining room. It was just an intimate little gathering of six members of the PVBS's inner most circle. There were two wives of prominent politicians. Three very high profile business ladies, and one member of the outer royal family. The ages ranged from between very early thirties to late fifties. Fine dining evenings such as this were always a reason to bring on the finery. Very formally dressed and dripping with the most expensive jewelry. Over the top yes probably, but it was an accepted, and very much enjoyed indulgence in excess.

The click of Petra's heels were pin point and sharp as the applause died down. She was gleaming in shiny black latex. A skin tight micro mini dress that flared out ever so lightly from the roll of her hips and bottom. If truth be known, the hem of the dress barely covered the butt cheeks. It did, but really only just. The front of the dress was extremely low cut and squeezed together the volume of Petra's breasts and uplifted them affording a very obvious and very deep cleavage of bared flesh. The back was an equally deep, low cut V and the high tight, flame red hair of the pony tail that erupted from the crown of her head, then cascaded and swished across the pale bare flesh of her back.

Such was the tightness of the latex, and the fit, that the poke-through of Petra's altered nipples was quite obvious. Quite startling. Even obscene. When taken into consideration with the overall and overtly sexual image that was Petra, the contrast of her, in this dining room, with all the finery, the formality and the high calibre dining guests, was stunning. Something like a jaw-dropping. She literally dripped sexuality from every nuance of herself.

Petra's legs were encased in a transparent latex giving her a bizarre doll-like sheen. And it was just to below the knees that the ballet boots were tightly laced. The round of applause had been initially for the striking image that she presented. But there had been a second ripple of applause for the apparent ease with which she moved on the heels. Her long, shapely legs able to adapt, and adjust as required in order to keep her poise, together with an amount of elegance. Her 'training' since being taken from the clinic by Victoria, focussed on her pride and stature. Unlike Sabirah, Victoria 'trained' her girls in deportment, and poise. The point of Petra's training was to re-instill the pride that had been ripped away during her time with Sabirah. Victoria's training worked on the logic that Petra should be proud of herself and show it, despite the somewhat lower status she now existed in. And despite the roll she was expected to fill. Petra a good girl. An immaculate girl.

"Bravo, Bravo. What a delightful 'creature'. Well done Victoria. You have surpassed yourself yet again."

It had been one of the political wives, Lady Grey (pseudonym, not real name) who had spoken first, through the dying applause. A not inconsiderably sized woman in her fifties who had deliberately poured her eyes over Petra from head to toe and then licked her pudgy, pinkened lips as she had reached out, just to finger-tip touch the latex of the dress hem,

"Mmmmmmm why, oh why 'rubber'? As delicious as it is, why 'rubber'?"

The word rubber almost spat from her mouth like she was disgusted. It was another of the women, Scarlett (pseudonym), an attractive younger woman in her thirties, who replied whilst looking directly into Petra's eyes.

"Latex is easier to clean Lady Grey. 'Creatures' like this tend to be very prevalent in their production of bodily fluids and juices. Very messy. And latex is much more suitable."

She answered whilst looking directly at Petra. Eyes piercing holding the stare. She spoke in a way that she knew Petra understood. Petra's deep red lips peeled apart as the words sank in. It was one thing she hadn't had to contend with at the Clinic. Humiliation. Degradation from others. There it didn't matter. Once she had got passed the initial breaking, then the degradation and humiliation didn't matter any more. Here though, and now, it was a new experience. She was a public exhibition, and subject to the closest scrutiny by ladies that in her old life would have been considered to be equal. She let her tongue run across her bottom lip as a familiar and deep throb emanated from the base of her latex-shrink-wrapped clitoris. Scarlett continued as Victoria had wrapped the pure white latex apron around Petra's waist and tied it off at the back.

“And then of course, there’s what latex says about a girl. The signals it gives out. Latex drips sexuality almost as much, as the girl undoubtedly drips herself. Some women were just ‘made’ to wear latex. And I think... no, I’m sure that we have one of those women right here, right now.”

The rest of the group had fallen dead silent listening to the younger woman speaking. Marveling at her insight into such matters. Their eyes flicking from Petra, to the speaker and then back again. Obviously most impressed with the Scarlett’s education regarding the merits and otherwise of latex and the creatures that wear it. Again Scarlett’s eyes drilled into Petra. Petra stood, felt the apron being secured. Her first duty of this evening was to serve the sumptuous five course meal. Never had Petra waited on tables. Not even when she had first arrived in London all those years ago had she waited on tables. It was Victoria who spoke next.

“Scarlett is quite right Ladies, in every respect. When you look here, at my pet, you can see without a shadow of a doubt that she is here to serve in absolutely any way required and without exception. Latex sells this fact. Spells it out that the ‘creature’ is very much on a sub-level. That ‘it’ exists for one purpose. And one purpose alone. The gratification of others. So as you Ladies enjoy your evening, just remember that please, and feel free to take advantage of what is on offer in any way you see fit. Permission to use is not required or sought.”

Victoria steps back as another ripple of applause echoes round the private dining room. Deep deep disturbances inside Petra’s head as she is spoken about, and discussed as though she weren’t a living, intelligent thing at all. The fact being, there was no need to converse with her at any level. By the very fact she was in this place at this time, spoke volumes about her understanding of why she were there. What more reason was there to include her in any conversation?

“The creature... the creature... looks familiar... YES YES, I know.... she looks like that City girl. The one that was killed, with her daughter. Is that her, is it?”

Victoria knew that at some point or other, Petra would be recognized. Even in her altered and shrink wrapped state, her striking features could never be disguised not really. But this was not a recognition in the street. Rather it was one within very much a tightly closed circle. The woman, Succubus, was another of the political wives. She sat back with a gratified smiles across her full lips.

“Correct Succubus! Correct indeed! I’m afraid reports of Petra Harding’s death were GREATLY exaggerated. Rather, she had been selected. Specially selected I might add for this very reason. And here you see the results of the labour.”

There was yet another round of applause. A chill travelled Petra’s spine from top to bottom then back up as one of the as yet unheard voices spoke up.

“How the mighty have fallen! And so... maybe we can look forward to the delights of the daughter at some point then Miss Victoria?”

It was Demoness who spoke. She spoke with a lipstick gashed smile, but she was not jesting in what she suggested. And there was more than a hint of menace in her slightly husky voice. Victoria waited for the ripples of laughter to die down before giving her most considered response.

“Hmmmmm, well Demoness, creature’s daughter is currently being intensively trained to required standards. But yes, absolutely at some point in the near future she will be available for one or more of your little get togethers. Maybe mom and offspring together? The possibilities are endless not to mention mouth watering.”

Another, this time louder round of applause and hoots of

“Bravo Bravo”,

as the group take in the suggested possibilities, plus let a few of their own wash around their psyches. Petra stands mortified as a range of emotions wash through her. The stark, ice cold reminders of her past life, of her daughter Stefani making her swallow a whimper. Just the teeniest nibble of her bottom lip as she readies to serve the meal. Her pencil thin heels shifting on the floor. Just little swallows, little sobs that go unheard as Petra, grasps the reality, from deep inside that her trip to this point. Her trip through the hell-hole clinic, and to this place had been part of a bigger, intricate plan all the time. That she had been selected. The knowledge of all of this sinks in then fades as another raft of deep throbs rush through her, at deeper feminine level.

Dinner progressed ultra smoothly. All five courses. Petra’s serving skill was to the highest possible standard. Surely a nod towards Victoria’s carrot and stick training methods. That is, if Petra is a good girl, then she gets lots and lots of her most addictive fix. The soul shaking, nerve end mashing, hyper orgasms. Of course she would be a good girl, and learn how to serve correctly, and properly. Serving each course from the correct side. Serving wine also. The correct wine for the course being served. Clearing away before the next course is served and slashing her fleshy tongue across her deep red lips as fingers and hands often disappeared up inside her dress for a feel, and a grope. All the time Petra remaining professional and yet accommodating to the gropes. It was whilst carefully placing the heavily creamed peach melba sweet in front of each guest that Demoness placed her own hand over Petra’s, kind of gently coaxing her to stay in the leaned over position as she whispered into her ear.

“You fired my daughter some months ago. Just a kid, fired from your typing pool. It’s ok though. I just wanted you to know. Just wanted to let you know how small a world it is actually. There you were, just those few months ago, at the height of your career and powers. Firing little girls because they had made some minor cock-up or other. And now, well now here you are. Its a strange old world isn’t it? Once dinner is over... well, we’ll have a little get together, a little tete-a-tete, is that clear?”

The whisper would have gone totally unnoticed by the group who were in their own various modes of conversation in pairs or whatever. Demoness gently smoothed her hand over the back of Petra’s, then dropped it so that her fingers could languidly travel down the length of Petra’s latexed, upper thighs.

“Yes, yes Madam Demoness. Yes of course.”

The response from Petra polished, precise and in no way exposing the shivering wreck of nerves that the Demoness woman had turned her into. Of course she remembered firing the girl from the pool. It came back to her as lucidly, and freight train like, as could be. She pressed her deep red lips together, rolled them in as she completed the course and cleaned away. The girl had been an imbecile and totally incompetent. Her replacement had worked out much much better. But then she would, or Petra’s own PA would have been in for the high jump. All that seemed an age ago now. A different life.

Fifteen minutes later Petra was draped over Demoness’s lap. Sitting languidly with her latex covered legs spread wide. One knee slightly raised. The tiny, tight dress rolled up over her hips exposing the fact the the transparent latex in fact made up crotch-less pantihose. Demoness was toying with the leach like slugs that were Petra’s labia. Every so often her fingers would dip right into the sex. Up past the first knuckles, then the second and up to the third. She would keep her finger buried there. Wriggling them inside the Petra, teasing her G spot. Petra cuddled in close to this woman. On the outside, Demoness, a pillar of society. Here though, dipping her fingers in. Whispering obscenities into Petra’s ear.

“Purrrrrrrrrrr..... and what a delicious SLUT you are, mmmmmmmmm.”

Sliding her fingers out of the sex and then gently playing them around Petra’s full red lips. Petra’s tongue snaking out and searching for the juice dripping fingers. Demoness toying with her, making her move her head and follow the fingers and then smiling cruelly as she slid those same fingers into her own mouth enjoying the taste of the bitch who had fired her daughter.

One time out of three, the dipped fingers would end up in Petra’s own mouth. Demoness making sure she dipped the fingers in deep scooping up all of the juices in her long nails. making sure the

shafts of her fingers were fully coated before offering them to Petra's mouth. Petra's lips trembling as her head followed the fingers, the lips then hungrily seizing on the fingers sucking them noisily making absolutely filthy obscene noises as her tongue and lips worked. Petra's throbs, being manipulated, and maximized during this time. Demoness obviously no stranger to such bizarre sights. The way she handled Petra's femininity. Unshocked, and unphased by the sight and addictive behavior of Petra. From ultra professional, to ultra sex addict.

"Good girl... good girl. I just can't wait to meet your lil-girl.. I truly cannot wait."

Demoness whispering hoarsely just before sealing her own lips to Petra's for the long, wet filthy kiss. And it was a filthy kiss. The difference between Petra and a performing whore who could have been brought in from any number of escort agencies, was that Petra was fully immersed in the sexuality. The addiction and the feeling. The magic of the moment. She had lots of encouragement. Not least those throbs that had to be fed. Then there was the fact that she didn't, couldn't be sent back to the clinic. Back to Sabirah. At lastly there was her daughter Stefani. Just hoping upon hope that they would be reunited again. Even if it were just for a short time. She wanted that so very much. So her whole being, her whole soul was in providing pleasure for these women. And not having them have any cause for complaint.

The evening progressed with aplomb. Petra being passed round the group and her being teased mercilessly with Victoria looking on, smiling. Women wanting nice wet filthy kisses. Wanting to feel and touch the parts of Petra that had been altered, and parts that hadn't. One or two of the group totally shocked at the sight. But enjoying touching, and feeling none-the-less. Each one of them, at one time or more, dipping their fingers inside her and playing with her G spot. All the time the wave building up inside Petra. Building up and yet just stopping short of the clitoris tip. Just stopping short of the all-erupting intensity that Petra craved so much.

Petra's commitment could not be questioned or put to task. At one point, the rather large Lady Grey had Petra kneeling between her spread legs, and quite hungrily eating her out. Lady Grey shrieking with delight as Petra's long searching, probing tongue slide and trawled between her own not inconsiderable sex lips, in order to scoop and consume the juices there. And then back down to trawl the flesh looking for the hard clitoris nub. The button. Once found then circling it with her tongue. pressing it and making Lady Grey squeal in delight.

"Youuuuu are one dirty dirty DIRTY girl."

Lady Grey feigning shock horror but at the same time pulling Petra's head in by the pony tail, tight to her crotch so she could be eaten deeper and harder. Of course, all of this sexual activity doing everything to seal and deeply root Petra's addiction. Her enjoying the servitude. Living for it. Craving it. As opposed to a whore, who would be going through the motions. Faking it. Petra wasn't faking it. In any way shape or form. Every groan, every moan was for real. Nothing fake. One look at her

Demoness purring as she tugged and pulled and gently squeezed the clitoris. She knew the secret of that clitoris. She had to. The way she tugged it. Squeezed it. Milked it. Oh yes she knew alright. She pulled rubbed and stretched it glancing a finger tip over the tip but not enough to make Petra come. Tugged it again making it drip more. Letting juices run over her fingers and down her wrists. Every so often raising her wrists and licking the juices off. A first hand taste of the former city high flyer's most intimate, most private of feminine juices. Then returning her hand, and her fingers to the clitoris. Dancing over it before letting it slip between the thumb and forefinger again.

“Mmmmmmmmmngghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

Noisy swallows and lip smacking from Petra the more the clitoris manipulations went on. Lady Grey, and Succubus, along with another Lady, Blackeyes, going down to the genitalia end of Petra and taking a close close look at the seemingly independently alive sexual organs as they pulsed, and tried to suck at the fingers. The anal ring pushing out, sucking in. The vaginal areas of this mass of sexuality rolling and seeming to pulsate. And that oh so maddening 'throb throb throb' from the base of the clitoris. And the constant, 'drip drip drip' of her juices. Demoness's fingers dancing and pinching lightly. And tugging.

The little gathering enthralled gob-smacked at the sight and at the show and when Victoria, casually suggested that maybe Petra should be allowed to cum, there was a far more raucous round of applause and quite startling wolf-whistles from the group. But did Petra cum. Oh yes she came and came and came. Each wave of intensity peaking with a little squirt back from the area just below her clitoris. The multiple orgasms fading into the next one in line and each peaking at exactly the same nano-second that the musculature of the sexuality sucked in, then pushed out, projecting a stream of the thick slippery juice several feet way beyond the coffee table she was on all fours upon.

“MMMMMMNNNGGGGHHHHHHH
GGGGHHHHHHHHGGGGHHHHHHH
MMMMMMMMMMMMGGGGGNNNN
MMMMMMMMPPPPHHHHHHHHHHH.”

Petra shrieked, as Demoness pulled and tugged, but not as loudly as the group who were pretty nifty on their feet in avoiding getting splattered by Petra's most intimate of fluids. Hoots of laughter, rounds of applause all but drowning out the desperate panting, and sobbing of Petra as she came and came and came. Squirted and squirting. As she squirted she moaned and groaned from the pit of her stomach. And then Demoness, lessening the intensity of her tugs and rubs. Bringing Petra down slowly. Very slowly. Making the orgasms less intense. Making the fade between them less and less apparent and yet leaning forward and gently, teasingly flicking the curled end of her tongue over the clitoris tip. The room falling silent, as the long guttural moans morphed into a heaving sob. Petra

exhausted. Panting. Sucking in breath hard. Demoness coaxing, and milking every last bit of orgasm out of Petra, encouraging her and her husky, demonic voice whispering up

“Good good girl. Good good pet. I can't wait to meet your daughter. Mmmmm you fired my daughter. But I have something extra special in mind for yours.”

The taunting, timed perfectly to coincide with the onslaught of that guilt trip Petra always took after an orgasm. Deep deep guilt. Deep deep, soul grating guilt. She was still sobbing even as Victoria was taking a sizable cash payment for providing the evening entertainment. Only the very casual, very gentle tap on her butt, was the cue to pull herself together in readiness to leave that place.

EIGHT - Sabirah & Stefani

Taking Stefani off and out of that gynae chair after the application of the decorative piercings was a revelation for Sabirah. It was like watching someone learn to walk again. Or watching someone learn to walk for the first time. The long gangly legs taking on the amazing shape of her mother's own pins. If anything was certain, it was the fact that in the time she had been with Sabirah, Stefani's legs had become toned, and stronger in definition. That was due to the physicality of her imprisonment really. A base need for them to be strong. Some of the bondage needed her legs, and mind to be strong, just to ensure she stayed alive. And yet here those same long, long legs not knowing what to do with themselves. It was as though she didn't know what to do with them without them being in bondage of some sort. The tippy toe stance of the ballet boots emphasizing the delicate teeter and with every placing of either foot, no matter how careful, and pre-judged, resulting in a renewed whimper pouring from Stefani's delicious mouth. The slight flare of the hips, seemed even more so. The arch of her back even more so. The back thrust of her butt exaggerated, highlighting the buttock shape and fleshiness.

That could have been true. That she had spent so long in bondage, that she didn't really know how to manage her own limbs, or more especially, her own glorious legs, without some form of restraint or other. It probably was true to an extent. But in this case it was the pain, and the discomfort of the piercings. All of her sexuality, deeply pierced and decorated. The pain between her legs, and between her butt-cheeks was intense. So much so that it served to alter her overall shape. Served to change her entire stature and stance. She was forced almost into that obscene semi squat. Not able, or willing to close those legs, or place them in such a way to cause her intimacies any more discomfort than need be. Again that base instinct in her. The stances and shapes she produced then proving gratifying visions for a sadist of Sabirah's standing. It didn't matter which poise she produced. The pain was still there. The pain existing side by side with the throbs. And yet the intensity of the throbs increased twenty fold, or more. Again the stance she was forced to change slightly every few seconds didn't help the discomfort in her startingly decorated breasts. The throbs in the inner base of her nipples also increased twenty fold, and those throbs feeding right through her system to the base of her clitoris. The throbs and the pain and discomfort all existing together.

All feeding Stefani's mind and body. All feeding that epicenter - the very depth of the very core of her femininity, her clitoris. And all of this producing the whimpers, and gasps and the drip drip drip of her constantly produced juices.

Sabirah could have watched Stefani in that state for hours. Just watching her moving freely, and dripping freely. The delicate little 'clicks' as the heels were place in the floor then replaced. And the gasps, and whimpers as she moved her weight from one leg to the other. A deliciously cunt watering sight. But alas she needed to progress. Needed to work some more on the girl. Needed to deepen her suffering and servitude. Stefani, and Petra needed those throbs, needed the pleasure of hyper-orgasms. Sabirah needed the suffering to deepen. Never standing still. Never reaching a level and holding it there. Always but always seeking to further it. Deepen it. Intensify it. She needed that. Needed that progress and that move forward. Always needed to know, and feel that her victim was on a downward journey. A downward spiral. Always needed to know that her victim knew that the existence in hell would never lessen, or even level off and that it was always, but always an onward journey in the downward direction.

The deep heaving sobs were in part due to the bondage that had been applied. But not totally. They were also a result of the psychological turmoil. The reminder of the day, that she had been taken from the city apartment by Selena. The day that the woman had made her cum so easily, and so copiously that the 'drip' from her sexuality hadn't abated since. However long ago that day was. She didn't know. She had sobbed back then when her arms and legs had been doubled up, and secured like that. As though her lower limbs had been amputated. It was as though her legs below her knees had been cut off. And as though her arms below her elbows had been cut off. They hadn't of course. Both legs and both arms simply bent, doubled up and very tightly, very expertly secured. Lower legs to corresponding thighs. Lower arms to upper arms. Squeezed together then banded with a special machine. Similar to an industrial packaging machine. Such a machine employed simply to ensure a tightness, and security that mere human hands could not achieve. Once this had been achieved, an otherwise naked, whimpering Stefani had been laid out carefully on a bench for the remainder of the shrink wrapping process.

Quite simply, she was coated in high gloss black latex. From neck down. Once the layer of latex had been applied, it really did look like she was without the lower parts of her limbs. And that just the 'stumps' moved independently. These limbs were not further imobalized. On the contrary it would be on these 'stumps' that she would eventually be able to move around. Not just on her knees, but also on her elbows. On all-fours like a dog. The latex outfit, complete with paw like pads build in to where Stefani's elbows and knees were. These pads increasing her height on all fours, and providing a cushion for her to be able to move around on. It was a revelation, to see Stefani learn to control four shortened limbs like this. Stumbling a little at first but then learning with every mis-step how to move around on her all fours. The latex clinging to all of her curves and crevices. A bizarre and yet highly erotic sight.

The only bits of her exposed through the latex, were the globes of her pierced and studded breasts, which hung pendulous underneath her. The numerous studs catching the light, emphasizing the globes and drawing immediate stark attention to the massive, bloated nipples. Always behind those nipples, deep inside the nipple bases, was that throb. With the weight of her breast orbs on top of the throb, Stefani's tongue would constantly swipe out across her lips.

Down between her legs and butt-cheeks, also exposed her raised, pierced and studded anal ring. This seemed to be always pushing out, and dilating against the throbs that were constantly there. And the wet, slippery wet redness, the pinkness of the flesh, together with the white and yellow gold of the studs was a blinding, almost alarming contrast to the high gloss black of the latex. Further down, between the bottom part of her cheeks and her upper thighs, her vaginal sexuality thrust back exposed and pulsating as though with that life of its own. The chubby, enhanced labia pulled back, peeled open and studded so that the very inner labia were exposed to the fresh air. A permanent pool of slick, thick juice existing in amongst the folds of exposed pink flesh. The pool seeming to emanate from the dark, almost black tunnel of her cunt. With each gasp, the pool of juices moving, and bubbling.

And hanging there, as well, the glorious sight of the extended, engorged clitoris. Fat and long and capped with the clit-tip stud. That stud, piercing the very core of the clit-flesh, all the way down, way past the throb center. That stud ensuring that an amount of rigidity remained. That stud acting as a conductor to the throbs. Each throb resonating up the gold core and to the stud head outside the flesh. But never, never allowing the throb to massage, or caress the clit-tip in the way required to create the orgasm Stefani so much craved. The little circle of studs around its base, emphasizing the clitoris further. Making it stand out. Very red. Very wet, and always dripping against the shiny black of the latex. That circle of studs further feeding those deep throbs. Feeding them to a maddening level. To a level that induced madness. Or at the very least a teetering on the brink of sanity, and almost, very nearly into the tight inescapable grips of insanity.

When viewed as a whole, the sexuality of the girl alive, pulsating and so wet. Each wave of movement coinciding with the gasps, and the whimpers from her smooth deep red lips. She whimpered a little more as the hood was pulled over her head. But, maybe not so strangely there was a sigh, like one of gratification as the hood found the contours of her face and head and then clung to it. Attaching itself like the second skin it was. Those gratified sighs reminiscent of those her mother dripped from red lips as her latex addiction was taking shape and forming. Her red hair pulled through and providing that stark contrast again to the shiny latex. Pulled through and tied tightly into that erupting, cascading pony tail from the crown of the hood. The eye holes in the hood, cleverly re-enforced, pressing into the sockets ensuring the eyes bulged outwards. Upper and lower lids peeled back a little. The look, the stare, permanent and fixed. Just the odd flicker of a blink, or the irregular dilation of the pupils gave away the vital life signs behind that stare. Oh, yes, those things plus the tears. Every so often a solitary tear would break loose and glide down the latexed cheek. Hmmm yes a delicious sight to say the least.

Sabirah had enjoyed the sight of her assistants preparing Stefani. Getting her latexed up, and nicely installed onto her all-fours. God she loved the almost 'innocent' way she tentatively moved around on those 'paws' of her. It was the ultimate kink. Such a young girl, animalised in this way. But Sabirah wanted to apply the finishing touches herself. She wanted to get down, all the way down so that her face could feel the hot breath of the girl as it gasped from between her deep red lips. The deep red lips that protruded from the blackness of the hood, like yet more living organisms of their own. Full rubbery lips, the mirror image of her mother's. Just younger, smoother and with none of the tell-tale lines yet, of maturity.

"I'm going to leash you Stefani. A collar and a leash for my bitch. Is that ok, sweetie?"

It was bizarre the way Sabirah appeared to ask these questions. Rhetorical questions. Questions not requiring a reply. Not wanting a reply. Her way of inflicting a little more torment on one so helpless and powerless already. Stefani far more focussed on the throbs, and the undulations of her sexuality as the throbs, and the piercings worked tirelessly on her mind and body.

"Mmmmmm yesssss, yes... c-collar and leash...mmmm yesssssss b-bitch.. bitch."

She answered any way. Although it was a broken, stuttered mumbling and one that was accompanied by a bubbling dribble of drool from one corner of her mouth. A dribble that was just about lapped back by her wet, slippery tongue. That in turn was accompanied by a sloppy sucking back of the drool. Sabirah smiled, stroked the girl's smooth, shiny, latex head.

"Awwwwwwww. I just knew you wouldn't mind."

Sabirah's tone quite patronizing. Even taunting as the broad heavy duty latex collar was secured around Stefani's neck. The collar tight, and constricting and with a straightening, deportment effect that, together with her all-fours movement, turned her into something of a bizarre, fetish Poodle. The long, straight hair, red erupting from the crown of the hood and cascading over her back. Her delicate, decorated intimacies, hanging under her in the form of her breasts and behind her in the form of her anal ring, and enhanced sexuality. Her movement slow, not cumbersome, being careful, and considered due to the hyper-sexuality she was feeling.

Sabirah walked with her 'Poodle'... out of the room, and down the corridor outside. Just little creaks of latex. And gasps, and some moans from Stefani as she fought with her throbs and yet at the same time concentrating on keeping step with four half limbs instead of two full legs. This wasn't a training exercise. Sabirah didn't do training. This was just light relief, a time-out that she was going to enjoy whilst Petra was away. Sabirah hadn't orgasmed for such a long time. She needed one and would experience one, in just a short while.

When she did orgasm, Stefani was still 'Poodled' up and her long, thick and wet tongue was reamed up inside Sabirah's bottom. She had slid the tongue in on instruction, and then felt her own tongue licking the inside walls of Sabirah's anus. She swirled her tongue and scraped the tip down one wall then the other. Sabirah held a violet wand to her own clitoris and applied little shock after little shock to the button like bud. She built it up slowly whilst at the same time riding her ass on the tongue. Built it up slowly, very slowly very expertly. All of that pent up sexuality ready to erupt after all these months of watching the development of mother and daughter. Unlike mother and daughter's orgasms, Sabirah's were very controlled. Very intense yes. But not screaming, dribbling orgasms. Her breathing regulated, and controlled as she was always controlled. A very expertly applied milking of the orgasm from herself. Her focus entirely on the intensity riding through her. Using the violet wand, and Stefani's tongue simply as tools to heighten her own pleasure. It was the same way that she always used others to gratify herself. The wand was charged and ready to go and would be used to the maximum. Stefani wasn't a human being to her. She was just a source of pleasure and she too would be used to the maximum. Perhaps this answered the question as to why she had dehumanized the girl. Turned her into a Poodle. A latex Poodle Pooch whose tongue was deeply embedded in her ass and being used to gratify. She panted her multiple orgasm whilst flooding Stefani's face. Stefani so sexed up within her own tortuous mind and body that she licked the ass deep. Then deeper again. Sabirah shuddered one orgasm into the next and Stefani let her mouth be flooded with Sabirah's juices, and grunted and groaned with gratitude as she did so.

Half an hour later, Sabirah was walking her 'poodle' to the lift. She wanted to show her, the 'ultimate torture chamber'. She didn't have to show her. Didn't need to show her. But she wanted to. Wanted her to be forewarned and therefore in deep deep states of distress before she even got there. This chamber hadn't been used ever before. Stefani would be the first. And later when Petra was taken back in, she would experience it. Oh how Sabirah looked forward to working on Stefani. But even more so looking forward to when mommy came back in. Thinking she had escaped the Clinic for good only to be brought to an even more terrible place than she had been in before. Sabirah clenched her thighs as she walked Stefani to the lift.

NINE - The Clinic... Twelve Months Later

On the outside it was pitch black. The darkest part of the night. The very early hours of the morning, around two o'clock. The grounds of the clinic were in absolute darkness. A very very careful eye into the blackness would have revealed the tops of trees, just, that were blowing in a moderate wind. There no floodlights, nor sounds of guard dogs marauding. In actual fact, the place looked deserted.

The clinic couldn't be seen from the main road a couple of miles away. But even if it could be seen, in this part of the country, large stately type mansions were the norm. Listed buildings, like the clinic's main above ground structure were dotted all round the landscape. It was even common to

have a listed building incorporated into modern extensions which had been knitted into the main structure to provide modern imposing accommodation. Most such buildings had been turned into country house hotels. Some were retained by families. Some families had occupied these grande homes for centuries. Their owners having equally grande titles. This was a part of the country where the sting of the credit crunch of 2009 barely raised an eyebrow. Outbuildings converted into air conditioned housing for classic car collections. And not so 'classic' but equally as exotic car collections.

The Clinic was more secluded than most. Sabirah had chosen this particular property in the main for its seclusive properties. Most importantly, the house and the various outbuilding were right in the middle of extensive wooded grounds. The nearest neighbors were five miles away. The nearest road over two miles away. The inside didn't matter so much since the clinical psychologist knew, that apart from retaining and restoring the listed features of the main building, in accordance with the purchase contract, there would be extensive works carried out inside. Sabirah knew, even as 'daddy' was putting his signature to legal documents for the purchase of the property, that a lot of the work, most of the work in fact, would be carried out at subterranean levels.

Sabirah knew also that her clinical work, the legitimate side of her business was little more than a front for her other all-consuming hobbies in the BDSM and Fetish world. It was a money making business for sure. It made lots of money. And yet all proceeds were ploughed back into the Clinic at its sub-ground levels. The 'private' facilities of the main business, along with the glossy city fundraisers made up the entire finance solution of Sabirah's sadistic pursuits. Sabirah, really, could only thank god for the legitimate side to her business. After all it was through this that her path had crossed with Petra. Part of Petra's suffering, and Stefani's could be directly attributed to the proceeds of donation supplied by Petra's company. More importantly, more profoundly though, it had been due to Petra's feedback to her Company, on the merits of Dr Sabirah Najwa and her research program that a substantial donation had been made. In effect, and ironically, Petra had been a massive part in securing funding for her own suffering. And the suffering of her only daughter Stefani. That fact, that basic, cruel fact, had never escaped Sabirah. That fact had made her smile. Made her smile and fed the sadism inside her. The bubbling, intensifying sadism that gripped her and drove her on.

The sound of the wind rushing through leafless tree branches signaled the onset of winter. The definite chill in the air nothing like the one that had existed in the spine cores of mother and daughter since their inception into the clinic, all that time ago, However long ago that was. Inside the Clinic, or more importantly, inside the sub-levels, the non-public levels, it didn't matter what season it was outside. A constant climate, and constant temperature was maintained by the technology. To the incarcerated, seasons, wind, trees, rain, snow were such a distant grey memory that, the normal world didn't really exist any more, except in distant, tortured memories. Mostly flashback memories. Mostly fleeting, split second flashback that were there, and then gone.

Down three levels, and along a long, dead-straight corridor to another lift and down a further level there was just one more room. This was Sabirah's ultimate torture-chamber into which the lift opened directly. Down under the English countryside, this deep, it was cold. Especially at this time of year. With climate control the temperature had been brought up a little. Only a little though. It was still cold enough to be a meat storage facility. If truth be told, it was little more than a meat storage facility. The thing about this room is that it was apart from the main rooms. Secluded even from the secluded. It was soundproofed, and despair proof like all the other rooms in that hell-hole. But this was different. Oh so different. There was a palpable, thick, all consuming air of utter despair in that room. That atmosphere, that 'darkness' had a personality of its own. It existed whether there was an occupant in the room or not. The chill down the spine of anyone entering that room would cause them to gasp, at the very least. The room, with a ceiling height of barely just over three meters was five meters by five meters in floor space. And yet this room was 'single occupancy' only. This room was where the unfortunate victim, whoever that may be, would probably, at some time or other, at least once, think that they wouldn't be leaving there alive. And they would not have the benefit of another occupant, suffering in the same way as themselves. They would never, ever have felt so alone and desolate. There was nothing to remind them of the outside. Obviously no windows. Obviously no sound. No odour, not anything to remind them that there was a normal world outside. All that existed was that immediate area of the room. That relatively small five by five meters and with the ceiling just three meters above. And just that occlusive, all consuming, chill inducing thick air.

Lighting could be adjusted to suit. It could be bright, startlingly bright. Or, it could be subdued to an almost sickly, deathly level. A level suited to the storage of 'meat'. At this time, the lighting was eerily low, with a red glow that almost pulsated. It was like a slow heartbeat. At its brightest, the redness applied that strange color spotlight to the unfortunate victim in the dead centre of the room. At its dimmest it rendered the figure an eery, silhouette with a ghostly red glow surrounding it.

The bonded position was simple. It was a hark back, to that original base 'squat'. The agonizing squat that rendered the victim helpless. Ballet booted feet fixed around twenty inches apart. Secured to the slightly raised platform rigidly. The rigid hydraulically adjustable rod coming down from the ceiling and screwed into the steel nipple built into the crown of the tight latex hood. The rod adjusted, lengthened to force a bending of the knees which formed the squat. Back arched, knees bent. The central force of the rod, right down the core center on the victim. The rod likewise preventing an easing of the squat. Rather holding it rigid, but at the same time forcing the victim to take all of the strain. All of the spine hurting, leg straining agony.

The latex hood was slightly different in that it was double skinned, and the lamination between skins had been inflated to create a vacuum and a tight compress to the face and head. This lamination creating a cushion or a layer of air about half-an-inch thick which which served to enlarge, bizarrely, the features of the wearer. This vacuum also creating a seal to the ears, and the nose and whilst the mouth and eyes were left exposed, they could as easily be closed off in varied ways by means of additions and enhancements to the hood. A double tube disappeared in through the nasal cavity of the hood. One tube was to assist breathing if necessary, and the other to feed nutrients into the

stomach, as and when required. The addition of the feeding tube alone was an indication that the stay here would be considerable at least. Indefinite at most.

There were 'sounds', of sorts coming from the bonded form. Mostly the sounds were little grunts. Stuttering little grunts that formed part of the breathing process. Just natural sounds really, of distress and anxiety. Even these sounds didn't come easily. The reason being simple. The tongue had been pulled from the mouth, and stretched to its limit and secured with one of those rigid wires to the electro-motor system that finalized all bondage. In this instance, the tongue had been modified in three places along its length. It would be too simple to call these modifications 'piercings'. They were more than that. The piercing had been applied with a special instrument that not only applied a piercing, but which took a complete hole of flesh out of the tongue and then lined this hole with a 'grommet'. Each grommet a different size. The back hole was the biggest about a centimeter the next hole in the middle of the tongue towards the tip about half a centimeter and the third a quarter of a centimeter and nearest the tongue tip. The holes all placed just off center of the tongue so that the line looked a little crooked. It would have been nice to have kept this line of steel walled holes perfectly straight, but impossible since the very center line of the tongue carried a nerve and a vein which if damaged would cause the victim some paralysis and even, to bleed to death. Death at least this early on was not an option.

The hook attached to the tongue had been clipped in to the hole nearest the tip. Mostly this meant that all drool then dripped through the other two holes and to the floor beneath. These piercings hadn't been done on this night. They had been completed a considerable time ago so that the tongue flesh itself had healed and sealed around the steel grommets making them permanent, and irreversible.

The all sealing catsuit was ultra shiny black latex. It covered the flesh in its entirety. Even the heavy pregnancy. That is, the latex was shrink wrapped to most of the flesh. A latex wrapped, pregnant lump was a bizarre, bizarre sight. That and the squat, provided the invisible voyeur the most intense insight into female on female cruelty. There were exposed bits of course. The altered nipples, now looped and stretched from breasts that were producing milk due to the pregnancy. Already large breasts were fuller now, heavier and this was plain to see even in their latex shrink wrapping. From the tips of the nipples, the occasional drip of liquid. Not quite pure milk. Like a clear, pre-milk. Nature taking its course where it was allowed to. It becoming more clear now more understandable now, those sounds of distress, and anxiety. This position, most unnatural even for a normal, healthy fit woman. For one in advanced stages of pregnancy, the physical and mental turmoil must have been complete. Utter devastation.

It wasn't a devastation that had an immediate end though. Or an end at all. From between her legs, her enlarged slug like labia had been stretched. Painfully stretched. Not simply tugged out and down. But similarly pierced with grommets and then stretched down to their limit, like the tongue, but towards the floor. Little wires attached and clipped to micro-motored pulley systems and pulled down. Making the labia appear like 'flaps' then and the wires disappearing into the floor sufficiently wide apart to allow the sexuality to be 'opened' wide. The inner labia treated much the same.

Grommeted, clipped and then pulled out. That more delicate flesh, those pink, wet dripping inner labia were more pliable, more elastic than the cajoled altered outer ones and so they stretched more, and longer. This provided the illusion, or maybe not such an illusion that the very insides of the feminine flesh were being tugged and pulled inside out. Four high tensile steel wires clipped to very feminine, very private woman flesh, in turn attached to the pulley system and maximized. EXCEPT, there were five wires. The fifth wire from the clitoris. The extended, fattened, thick, long clitoris had been likewise grommeted and tugged, then PULLED to stretch that little bit of flesh to its limit. All those wires had simply 'tugged' their respective bits when applied. That had caused a 'gasp' from the poor victim. But once the whirring and humming of the electric motors had stopped, that tug had become an absolute stretch and with sensors, simply stopping the pull before the bits were pulled right off.

"GGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHMMMMMMMMPPPPPPHHHHHHHHH".

The scream had been incredulous. Not a fully formed scream due to the grommeted, stretched tongue. But a dripping soul searching scream with ribbons of drool pouring through the holes in the tongue flesh and stretching to the floor of the slightly raised platform.

That scream though paled into insignificance when compared to the one that filled the room as her anus had been invaded, then stretched by the inflatable. In its normal deflated state it had slipped up inside her with ease, and nestled nicely up against the colon.

Bizarrely, the anal addition gave the impression that she were 'sitting' on it due to her semi squat and the fact that the rigid tube disappeared into the floor as a fixture. Even in her heavily pregnant state, the lubricated rubber tubing had slid up inside easily. Her altered, enhanced rectum chewing and sucking hungrily as it made its way up into her deeper insides. It was common for pregnant women to be more highly sexed than usual during pregnancy. So it can only be imagined that with nature taking its course, plus the fucking, maddening, insanity inducing throbs that were always, WOULD always be there, the torture would be as intense as it would ever be despite the physical nature of the bonded and grommeted extremities.

That scream when that anal tube had been inflated was 'inhuman'. Yes inhuman is a good word to describe that. It had been Victoria watching from the control room. Miss Victoria. And she had never heard anything like that before. Her eye brows raised and she was forced to re-cross her legs, clench her thighs as that scream had come through the audio feed. The anal tube thickening, and elongating inside the most intimate of femininity. Stretching her insides, and altering positions and stresses that were already under duress from an advanced pregnancy. The head of the tube expanding against the colon the most. Fattening, and stretching and pressing into the delicate colonial flesh.

"EEEEEEGGGGGGGGGGLLLLLLLLLLGGGMMMMPPPPPPPPPP".

It was a drenched scream due to the drool flinging out, or dripping through the holes in her tongue. Victoria liked that. She liked the sound of high heels entering the room too. Very precise well practiced steps in ultra high heels. Expert, confident steps. And then a deliciously dressed Stefani coming into view via the video feed. Not a latex cat suit now. But a leather one. Supple black leather that fitted her developing frame like a second skin. No feature disguising hood either. Her head free of any hood. Just her face heavily made up and her red hair in the trademark, high tight pony tail. The eruption of red hair from her crown adding an odd splash of 'warmth' to this deathly cold room. Actually, the trademark pony tail wasn't her trademark at all. It was Petra's her mother's. That was her trademark.

Stefani circled the bonded form like a predatorial cat. She had suffered terribly, terribly until recently. There was a distance in her eyes, a chilling expression on her face that was enhanced by the makeup, that told of awful things having gone on in the past. She blamed her mother. In the first instance she had blamed her mother for those awful terrible things that she had had to endure. Oh god how she had wanted her mother to suffer ten times more than she had. But then Victoria had come along. Miss Victoria. And it was Miss Victoria that had put it all into perspective for her. It was Miss Victoria who had taught Stefani to make sense of it all, and focus her priorities in other directions.

And so, it was a pregnant, tortured Dr Sabirah Najwa who trembled as much as her bondage would allow as Stefani circled her. The deliciously enhanced clinical psychologist in a depths of despair and torture the likes of which she had wished for her victims. Her full, arabic lips puffing out, and trying to form words which proved an impossibility due to her tongue stretching. Actually, without the stretching, her tongue had ceased to be able to function properly due to the holes. Her tongue was more a 'tool' than a functioning organ.

"So bitch.... what more can we do with you?"

Stefani's voiced hissed into Sabirah's ear. In the control room, Petra was draped across Victoria's lap and she was kissing her owner's mouth deeply. A well practiced, super sealed, wet slippery kiss. The audio and video feed from the room feeding deep deep addictive desires in both women. Miss Victoria coolly calmly absorbing the kiss, encouraging, always encouraging Petra. And every so often just brushing a finger tip across her nipples, or her clitoris. Petra mewling, and cooing as those intense throbs inside her were fed by Victoria. Her mewlings and cooing ones of gratitude as well as addictive lust. She was indeed like a pet that needed to be petted.

Sabirah's tone of anxiety and despair rising the closer Stefani got to her. Not able to answer. But she knew, she knew she was finished. At least finished in the form she had known for so long. Her all time best friend and most trusted confidante Miss Victoria had betrayed her. Taken everything from her. That night, the night it had all come to an end was but a grey distant memory now. Like the grey distant memories of Petra and Stefani of their old, normal lives. Normal lives now gone forever.

That night, just a casual smile on Victoria's face as she had sunk the hypodermic needle into Sabirah's hip. Sabirah knowing even before the drug had taken effect, that it was over for her. just one word forming on her delicious lips,

"Why?"

Then her slowly sinking into oblivion. Eventually waking up to the horror of her own devices. Her suffering just beginning. And it was just the beginning. Despair, anxiety, distress and suffering way beyond even she had inflicted on Petra and Stefani awaited her. Miss Victoria, a softer centre but with imagination that didn't really belong in this world. She had simply answered Sabirah that night

"Because I can....."

Her reply trailing off as Sabirah had fallen unconscious.

Stefani circled again, then came back to Sabirah's side. Sabirah's huge eyes, bulging, darting side to side. Stefani reaching out, caressing the pregnancy. Caressing it very gently and yet that gentle caress causing Sabirah to mewl. It was only a mewling that she could manage. But it was meant to be a cry, a sob of utter distress as the young girl tormented her.

"Ten months pregnant and counting... maybe another month and I'll suggest to Miss Victoria its time to have your babies.... MAYBE."

Her voice hissed. Absolutely drenched with venom. And a hint in that venom of the pure undiluted hell the birth of three, overdue offspring would be. Sabirah wailed as much as her stretched, altered tongue would allow. Then Petra's voice, crystal clear and digital, cutting through Sabirah's mewlings over the audio system.

"Let her cum honey. Let her cum a nice big one...."

The voice trailing off as little giggles are heard and as Petra resumes the deep passionate kissing of her new owner. Her tone to her daughter one that told that they had been reunited. Reunited in more ways than one. Stefani reaching for the clitoris stretched between Dr Sabirah Najwa's legs, then just tapping the tip very lightly. Sabirah's tone altering as the hyper-intense mega orgasm rushes through her. Stefani, watching, studying, already with aspirations towards becoming a career sadist.

