

**Desired  
Deep  
Ownership**

**JG-Leathers**

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## Chapter One

### Realization and Reward

My name is Julia and I am 23 years of age. I am a lifetime slave.

After living in my Mistress's home as her ward for two years and gaining some small appreciation of her more private pleasures, I decided that this, her slave, was truly what I wanted to become. From my earliest years, I'd always had dreams of being totally controlled, and the opportunity to actually do it had finally come close enough for me to grasp. At first, I was only mildly curious about Alexandra's past activities, for as young women in our society do, I and my friends discussed virtually all aspects of the world opening up to us, particularly the area of sexual pleasure. Other than the more mundane aspects of being a female, I gloried in my new found capability of enjoyment, but found after some experimentation, that I much preferred the company of other females in the sense of sexual adventure. Alexandra was of course aware of my curiosity and various experiments, but kept her own counsel, fearing she would bias my developing views on the ways and intricacies of sex. It was not something that she wanted to unduly influence she later told me and so left me free to find my own orientation and path.

During the second year of my stay with her though, I had a growing realization that I was in fact attracted to females on a more or less exclusive basis, and more mature ones than those of my own age of 19 at that time. Alexandra von Strassen, my Mistress, was to me, the ideal lover, or so I thought, and that view became more and more apparent the longer I was with her. I took to staying at home, much more so than my contemporaries did with their parents; truly enjoying her company and respecting her views on the world, and becoming more infatuated with her. Although we grew closer by the day, she had not yet disclosed her proclivities to me, steadfastly maintaining her privacy.

Then, one evening I went to her door and knocked hesitantly on it. Of course, she knew it could be none other than I, and so bade me enter. I slipped into her darkened room, dressed demurely in my robe and upon seeing her reclining there so voluptuous, I immediately began crying. Alexandra leapt from under the covers, deeply concerned, but I was nearly incoherent in torrents of tears and so she took me to her bed, laid me down and covered my shivering body with her scented satin sheets and the comforter. I'd shrugged from my robe when I got into her bed, then she slipped in beside me and I clung to her desperately, my naked body shaking with a turmoil of emotion. She held and talked to me over the next hours, until finally, the root cause of my problems poured forth. I delineated the feelings and sensations I was experiencing, and had lived with in private misery for the past year, telling her that the realization of my lesbian nature deeply distressed me, but then came the admission I was so terrified of making: my desperate need to be firmly and securely controlled, and this in a manner that none of my friends would ever be able to comprehend as being 'normal'. Since the simultaneous death of my parents, two and a half years previously, I'd keenly felt the loss of the guidelines my family environment had provided and desperately craved a structured, permanent arrangement for my life. The balance of the night passed with me held in her arms, but still she did not reveal her inclinations.

The next day I was somewhat more composed, then at the dinner table that evening I stated that I wished to become her possession, as I found out much later, to her great delight. She said nothing for the longest time, eyeing me speculatively, then quietly asked why.

"Dearest Alexandra," I whispered tentatively, "I know a little of your other life, or what you did before you returned to town and took me in," I stated with a shy smile. "But some of the girls even whisper that you were a Dominatrix!"

"Julia?" she smiled slowly, "I've made no big secret of my previous life, but I've not allowed it to tinge our relationship in any way. I could not, in all good conscience as

your Guardian do so. However, now that you've informed me you're aware of it, there's much more you should know."

From there she told her more about herself and recent life, and finally, got to the point of revealing that she had a long held dream of possessing a slave girl of her very own. During her discourse, I remained seated in quiet, rapt attention to her words and story, then when she'd finished, continued looking at her, utterly fascinated, and wanting to be that girl. Without a word, I got slowly to my feet and came to stand before her, then knelt beside her chair and looked intently up into those deeply luminous green eyes.

"Alexandra, I want to be her," I stated, deeply serious, revealing myself. "Please?"

"Julia," she said quietly, "I don't think you fully understand the depth and seriousness of what I want, but, if we both agree to this happening, and there is some considerable doubt in my mind about its legality, then I want you to think very hard about the commitment you would make. It will be for the rest of your life. There will be no going back once the proper documents have been signed."

"Oh, Alexandra!" I whispered, eyes shining, "I already know I want to belong to you."

"Julia, that's all very well, now that you've become aware of the possibility ... but I want you to think really hard about this for the rest of the week. Next Thursday, after dinner, we'll talk about this again, but until then, we'll not speak further of it."

"Very well, Alexandra," I agreed with a small dampening of enthusiasm, although I knew my eyes shone with a brilliance and desire that was hard to ignore.

Over the next seven days, I seemed to float around the house and down the road when I went to my so boring classes at the local college. True to my word, I did not mention the topic at all. Yes, I knew I was good looking and had a figure that caused heads to turn whenever I walked along the street, and I took great care with my grooming. My hair was a shining helmet around my face and I suppose I had an innate

style and grace of movement that was difficult to ignore or define, it seeming to have sprung from my genes while I matured. I had no doubt that I was reasonably attractive, intelligent, and curious, and it was this last quality that undoubtedly got me to where I am now. Coming in at the top of the class in my studies was no great effort. Other than preferring the company of women, I hoped that I was a vivacious and charming person.

The week flashed by and Alexandra was deeply involved with her substantial stock portfolio and investments, as well as consulting with her architects and the various contractors about the construction of her new home. I believe she spent the evenings creating the Contract that I would soon live by, if my resolve remained unchanged. The new house was to be her life long residence and she wanted it to provide both privacy and seclusion from the world. She'd purchased a 200 acre site to ensure her isolation, it being some 50 miles distant in the gently rolling prairie to the west of town. However, she had not just bought a simple piece of open land. The 200 acres was, in fact, a decommissioned missile site that had been taken out of service a couple of years previously. The subterranean complex had, of course, been gutted of all its military machinery, but the capacious, reinforced concrete bunker remained fully intact, complete with its electrical, plumbing, and other mechanical systems in proper, efficiently-maintained operation. Alexandra had purchased the property and its complex for a veritable song, then began the process of modifying it to suit her own needs. The first thing she had done was to raze all the surface structures that indicated the presence of the underground chambers: covering them with metres of earth, then planting trees in random patterns. From that point, she'd moved on to designing her above-ground home, and modifying the structures buried beneath.

There was more than enough money, and so she had the entire periphery of the property fenced by three metre high, stone walls; these capped with another metre of razor wire. Perhaps this was a little over the top by most standards, but she wanted total freedom to act as she wished within her domain and so her privacy was assured by the fencing alone.

The new house was an elaborate construction containing many of the features she'd found admirable in some of the establishments she'd worked in as a Dominatrix, and now, it was nearing completion. She told me that she'd spent entirely too much time driving between it and our present home and wanted to move in as soon as possible.

When I knocked gently on the frame of the door and stuck my head around it she was relaxing at the desk in her office with a glass of white wine close to one of her beautifully-manicured hands.

"Alexandra? May I come in?"

"Of course," she smiled gently, "I assume you'd like to continue our discussion of last week?"

"Oh, yes!" I asked breathlessly.

"Very well," she smiled at me again. "Please, sit down."

I moved quickly to the chair before her desk and sat quietly, my hands clasped nervously in my lap and looked at her, awaiting permission to speak further.

"Julia, have you thought hard about what we discussed?" she asked with great seriousness.

"Yes ma'am, I have," I replied quietly. "I still want to be your possession. In all possible ways!"

"This isn't something you can undertake lightly Julia, then say later that you want out, you know?" she asked, preparing to lay out the rest of my life. "If you accept, there'll be no going back, I assure you."

"Oh, Alexandra!" I suddenly began to snifle, "I-I need to have you as my owner! I just feel lost so much of the time."

"Julia, honey, I want you to feel loved, protected, and cared for ... as much as you need it, but you must be aware that there are several conditions and areas of which you have no comprehension yet."

"Please, Alexandra!" I wailed in near desolation, thinking that she was about to refuse my heart's desire.

“Okay, Julia,” she said gently walking around the desk to where I sat with my legs curled under me, hunched over and weeping quietly with my face in my hands. “I have a number of quite serious and absolutely non-negotiable conditions that you must agree to, before anything at all happens.

“Take these papers to your room and read them thoroughly. Then, I want you to re-read them and underline all of the areas you find troublesome, okay?”

She handed me a thick file folder. Its title page was emblazoned only with the word “Contract”. I stared at it for a moment, then clutched it to my chest and stood shakily before her. I knew that if I raised any objections to any of her conditions, she would not grant my wishes.

“Thank you. Thank you!” I leaned over and kissed her on the cheek, then ran to my bedroom.

The long document had taken the full week of evenings to create, and between the covers, laid out in the starkest terms possible, were all of the conditions I’d be required to accept, should I become her property, rather than just her ward. She’d listed then refined them, sparing no detail in her descriptions, and I wondered if I would be able to live within the strict terms she required. I spent the rest of that evening poring over the document and did not see her until late the next afternoon, when I again knocked gently on the door of her office, and asked to come in.

As usual I was dressed in a pair of snug fitting jeans, a loose top, and sneakers. Alexandra’s green eyes watched me closely when I entered, holding the file folder almost fearfully in my long fingers, then sat and waited in front of her desk. I laid the papers quietly on the empty surface between us and at last, with a noticeable gulp, began.

“Alexandra? Is it true that you would want me to be kept that way ... all of the time?”

“Yes, Julia. I was quite clear I believe, about how you will be looked after for the rest of your life, even after I die. I’ve made provisions for that too, to ensure that your slavery and bondage will continue until your own death.”

“Do I really have to get all of my hair and eyebrows permanently removed?” I asked with trembling yet anticipatory terror.

“Yes,” she said simply, offering no explanation or salvation.

“And ... and you’d keep me locked in that metal restraint harness and that chastity belt thing all the time?”

“That’s what it says, Julia.”

“W-would you ever let me out and m-make love to me?”

“That’ll happen occasionally, Julia, but only when I feel the need. Your desires will have no bearing on when you are freed from your enforced chastity. When I want you, I’ll want you so starved for sex that you’ll be almost crazy.”

“O-Okay,” I gulped, shivering with delicious terror at what she’d just said. How I wish, now, that I had turned and left right then and there! “Those p-p-piercings you’ve listed are pretty wild!” I gulped once more, trembling at the thought that thick steel needles would be forced through my flesh, then irremovable steel jewellery would be locked into the holes that had been created. Certainly, I’d fantasized about being pierced and wearing some nice jewellery, but to this point had not even had my ears done. What she had listed was utterly incredible, and terrifying to think that it would be done to me, and then, to top it all off, know that I’d be unable to remove the so-called jewellery, once it had been mounted in my flesh!

“Yes, they are,” she stated flatly, “But, if you truly want to be my slave girl, they’re a necessary part of your being equipped as my playmate ... and property,” she smiled serenely.

“You...you said that I’ll have my own c-cell at the new house?” I was shaking noticeably now.

“Again, correct,” she said with little emphasis. “For the most part though, at first, you’ll seldom see its inside, for you’ll stay with me in my room. Of course, you’ll always be kept on a leash, even inside the house, but most importantly,

whenever you're taken off the property. Those occasions will be few, once you've been fully ... ah ... equipped."

"Oooohh, wow!" was all I managed for a moment before speaking again. "It says that I'll also have to wear specially made rubber and leather clothing?"

"That's correct. I have contacts who make the clothing and the other equipment I've mentioned. In effect, what you'd wear would be additional means of keeping you restrained. All will be custom-made, if you accept the agreement."

"You wrote that there'll be other things you'll have done to me?" I gulped again.

"Yes," she looked at me intently. "You probably won't like them at all, but if you sign the contract to become my slave girl, they will happen, so you'd better think long and hard about that as well. Whatever I feel like having done to you, will happen, no matter how much you may object. There will be no 'safe words' for you, Julia, once the Contract becomes official. I want to make that quite clear, right now, okay?"

"Very well," I gulped, making my decision. "This is so much more than I expected, but I'm sure it's what I really and truly want."

"Julia, even if that's the case right now, I still want you to think about this for another week, alright? If, next Friday night, you still want to go through with becoming my slave, and after having read through the Contract again two or three more times, then we'll sign a preliminary agreement, okay? The actual signing will be carefully witnessed, and recorded on video the following Monday."

"O-Okay," I whispered, eyes gleaming, then jumped to my feet and came around the desk and hugged her hard. "But I want to sign it right now!"

"No, Julia," she said firmly and gently, returning my hug with a smile. "I want you to be very sure about this commitment. Once it's completed at the Lawyer's Office, there'll be no going back ... ever."

“Alexandra?” I stood back and bent my head then spoke with quiet determination, “I’ve wanted this to happen for years. It’s the culmination of my dreams.”

“Well, they can come true for you, Julia, but for now, you scoot off to bed and we’ll talk of this again next week, okay?”

“Yes ma’am!” I bent down and kissed her cheek, smiled quickly at her, then turned and walked shakily down the hall to my bedroom. Once inside and undressed, I lay on the bed and masturbated frenziedly, eyes clenched closed and imagining what it would feel like to be fastened into an irremovable steel harness and know that the restraints fastened around my limbs and body could not and would not be removed. What would it be like to feel the inescapable and irresistible tug of steel rings embedded in my flesh? I shivered convulsively to the soft caress of my fingers on nipple and clitoris, finally climaxing in a wild rolling surge on the bed. My life would be so great!

During the following seven days I could hardly keep my thoughts on anything other than signing Alexandra’s Contract, but a week later I initialled the Temporary Agreement of Ownership, in effect becoming her property and slave. Alexandra made no immediate plans or moves to enact the coming removal of my freedom, but in the background, her lawyer had drawn up an iron clad agreement (as much as could be done, given the laws of the land), and so on Monday we went to his office and the formal signing away of my life was completed. Events had proceeded swiftly and a month after I first breached the topic in her bed late at night, I legally gave my life over to her in the presence of a lawyer, two witnesses, and the camera man there to make a permanent video record of the proceedings.

## Chapter Two

### The First Steps

The next week Alexandra had a detailed set of my measurements taken by a local seamstress, and these, I assume, were forwarded to her contacts to have the various articles of my new clothing as well as the other equipment created. I was also taken to her doctor for a complete physical, then to her dentist and oral surgeon, where my dental work was brought completely up to date as well as having full impressions made of my mouth and teeth. Of course, I didn't question any of these procedures, being confident in the reasons for them, or so I thought at the time. She also arranged appointments for me at the local aesthetics salon, and three times a week for the month that followed, she drove me there and waited while they did their work. My hair was permanently removed by means of the newest laser technique, and all of it came off: legs, pubic area, armpits, and body hair. After each session, I felt that I had been changed more and more into her possession, for the evidence of my vulnerability was reinforced by my growing lack of hair. On my fifth visit, they began removing the hair from my head in a graduated process Alexandra had specified; beginning at the nape of my neck, and eradicating it in 5 cm wide swathes, progressing forward from the nape of my neck, over the skull with each ensuing visit. After the fourth appointment for this portion of hair removal, Alexandra took me to a wig shop and had me fitted with a human hair wig. It was the only hair I'd ever have from then on, but would not be worn once we'd moved to the new house.

The last hair to be removed from my head was the band remaining at the front of my skull, and all of my eyebrows and eyelashes. That day was to be a long one and so she delivered me to the salon at 10:00, then ran other errands for the remainder, while I suffered the misery and depersonalization of becoming utterly bald. When she picked me up that evening my face looked almost sexless and my head and face hurt with a dull, burning itch. My eyes were still swollen, red from the

tears of having the hair lasered, then plucked from my flesh, and when I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror after they were done, I discovered that I looked even younger than my 19 years with it removed. The salon gave me some soothing ointments after each session, but it was more than the innocuous treatment it seemed. The cream contained a hormonal component that acted to kill the roots of the hair also, although I was never told about that.

Two days later, again early in the morning, Alexandra took me to yet another local salon and there I was first pierced then fitted with nearly the full complement of my new body jewellery; although there were still a considerable number of pieces yet to be locked into my flesh, as I found to my dismay much later.

It too was a long, stressful, and painful process, taking most of the day to complete, and again she picked me up at the shop at 5:00 in the afternoon. I could barely walk, so intense were the sensations from the new metal fastened between my legs. Even though no one could see what had been fastened into my body under my skirt, all of it was embarrassing and humiliating, and I waited as long as I dared before leaving the shop's doorway to dart across the wide sidewalk to her van.

I emerged from the salon with my head bent and gloved right hand held over my lower face while I scurried quickly to the vehicle and climbed in. Still looking down, I pulled the seat belt around myself and locked it, then spent a moment brushing the long, snug leather skirt down over my knees and tightly-booted legs. She had insisted that when in public I wear only laced up, platform-soled thigh boots, complete with a 10 cm heel, these acting to both enhance my sensation of restriction and inhibit any rapid movement. When I at last raised my head, tears of embarrassment and humiliation still trickled down my cheeks and the reason for most of these was the heavy, steel U shackle hanging from out of my nostrils onto my upper lip and its attendant 50 cm light and gleaming chain. As well my nose bore two small rings at the ends of the shaft that fully transfixed my nose. The arrangement was a permanent one, and I knew just from the amount of time and the complexity of it being fastened: to say nothing of the pain

I'd suffered while it was affixed in my flesh. The piercer had had some considerable difficulty mounting this particular piece in my nose, for the cross-piercing was high up and had been made through the cartilage, rather than the fleshy part of my septum. The worst thing about this piece though, was the 50 cm long, thin but strong chain that swung from the shackle, its last link welded closed around it. I sat with head bent, shivering and staring down along the length of chain until she wordlessly reached over and grasped the dangling links gently, then tugged. I couldn't stop my wail of misery and humiliation and my hands rose automatically to try and remove hers from the awful tether.

“Aarrhhhh! Please!”

“Put your hands in your lap, Julia!” she snapped. “You are forbidden to touch this chain, or to try to remove it! You will address me as ‘Mistress’ from now on!”

My hands dropped to my leather-covered lap and I kept my head bent, staring at the potent, fine, yet sturdy tether that could so easily be used to control me. A few seconds later she released it to swing freely from my nose, tugging weightily with every movement of my head. I sat quietly, still sniffing with humiliation.

Upon signing the Ownership Document, Alexandra required from that point on that I always dress in distinctly feminine attire, insisting on either skirts or dresses. To ensure that I did, one night she took all of my slacks and pants and burned them in the fire place while I watched. She also ordered that I was to henceforward wear heels of some sort, and although initially reluctant, I had no choice in the matter. My pre-slavery, regular undergarments were also destroyed in the hungry flames, then, the day following, she had taken me to a local lingerie shop to be completely refitted in garments she deemed more appropriate to my new station in life. I'd never worn a firmly-controlling, under-wired bra to this point for it was a garment style and design I'd shunned with distaste, despite being well endowed. Actually I really didn't need to wear a bra at all, having all the resilience and beauty of my youth, however, she told me that I was being prepared for the

control I would soon find myself under. The strict, almost clinical foundation garments she'd selected for me were anything but sexy or attractive. She'd also demanded that I wear compressing, support type stockings all of the time: not pantyhose, and these were to be held up by means of 'institutional' appearing garter belts, as compared to the frilly and lacy ones I'd first selected. In addition, covering the garter belt, she insisted I wear a very tight, long-legged panty girdle with the stockings gartered to it also! Needless to say, I was unhappy with the ensemble and the constant, oppressive control it exerted on my body, but despite my moaning about having to wear the whole enveloping, controlling harness, her requirements and commands could not be ignored. The confining foundation garments were, in effect, only very mild training for what was to come.

That evening after my extended appointment at the piercing salon, I now wore just as permanent and substantial shackles under my inner clothing as the one embedded in my nose! All were set deeply into my flesh, and had been actually been welded closed! That part of the process had been the most frightening to me in a couple of ways and I'd almost bolted then and there. The electrode had been attached to the first piece, then the technician had fitted me with a blindfold and cautioned that I was not to look at the point where the weld was to be made. I heard the machine's hum suddenly deepen, then had come a sizzling crackling that seemed to go on forever, but in reality lasted for perhaps two seconds. My nose shackle grew very warm for a moment, then the noise died away almost instantly. I was told to remain still and it happened again on the other side. The remainder of my 'jewellery' was similarly dealt with: very quickly and efficiently, then a much longer time was spent grinding and polishing the welds to a mirror finish. The second reason for my terror was the realization that indeed the equipment now fitted to me had become absolutely irremovable.

My new adornments consisted of thick, dull finished, stainless steel U-shackles, deeply inset into the bases of the nipples, seven in each of my labia, one through my clitoris and one in each of my ear lobes. All were very plain with no

decorative presence at all, for they had a purpose other than adornment, as I knew from the detailed descriptions she'd written in the Contract.

Occasionally, I shifted position on the seat, whimpering quietly while trying to accommodate myself to the cruel steel devices that had been affixed in my crotch. Oh God, they were incredible and awful! Every time I tensed the muscles of my lower belly against the constriction of the girdle, I felt their uncomfortable and disconcerting tug and pull. Alexandra didn't interrupt my tumultuous thoughts, but just drove sedately home, quietly humming with happiness. The thing between my legs was the most trying article I had to bear. It consisted of a wide, thick, steel 'donut' mounted on and into my body by the seven piercings through each of my outer labia. Alexandra had informed me that this device had been locked into my flesh to constantly remind me of my vulnerability, my status of being owned, and of my very femininity. Once it had been fitted, it kept my vaginal opening dilated embarrassingly, even though hidden and contained under the tight panty girdle.

The 'donut' was a sandwich of two smooth steel ovals: my flesh being the filling between the inner and outer layers and held in place, both inside the vaginal lips and outside them by means of the aforementioned thick pins passing through each labia. These rose from the outward facing, flattened surface of the inner 'donut' piece within my vagina, through the holes punched in the flesh, then slipped into matching receiver holes on the flat, inner surface of the exterior part of the sandwich. Once placed, the metal ovals had been pressed together until separated by only four mm, compressing my flesh uncomfortably; this to the point that sensitizing blood kept them in a state of constant swollen, sensitive arousal. The notched ends of the pins had locked themselves into the undersized holes and become virtually non-removable, thus keeping my compressed and inflamed flesh secured. She'd had this particular piece created the week before, then delivered to the salon yesterday, and for the moment I wore it with only a temporary cap locked into the six cm diameter, central, circular aperture.

After her demonstration and reprimand, I said nothing more during the drive back to the box-filled house; only sitting in my seat and continuing to snuffle quietly with embarrassment and the residual pain from my many other piercings. I didn't look out the window at the passing scenery but kept my head bent, so that other drivers wouldn't see the humiliating leash to my nose.

## Chapter Three

### The New Uniform

Two weeks after the movers had come and cleaned out the house, we were relaxing in the living room of the new place, far away from the world and secure behind the locked gates of the high perimeter fence. I sat silently on the floor beside Alexandra while she reclined on the couch staring pensively into the flames of the fire, her hand loosely holding my nasal leash. It was a cold September night and a patina of frost shone on the limp grass with the promise of a cold Autumn and Winter to come, but I'd not see it in all of its fury and cold. My fingers unthinkingly entwined themselves while I thought about and felt my deepening slavery, idly fingering with the weighty links that led over my shoulder from the heavy ring at the back of my steel-tubed neck. They were cool in spots, and hot in others from soaking up heat from the fire, but their intent was unavoidable. From my shoulder, they fell in a cascade to puddle in the steel lap the of my tight and uncomfortable chastity belt, then, from there, led to a heavy ring set into the wall beside the hearth. My Restraint Harness was everything she'd written it would be, but now that I wore it, much, much more than I had anticipated. It was extremely restrictive and quite unpleasant no matter how I attempted to adjust myself to its enclosure, making my now discarded and burned foundation garments seem as though they'd been made of the loosest silk and satin. The steel garments, if they could be called that, were unforgiving and very tight, and I knew I'd not escape them no matter what I tried. Every few moments I shifted my weight and position, trying to find some small comfort; small shuddering sighs rising from my soul. My eyes were closed while I gently tugged on the chain that held me captive and I tried to imagine how I'd feel after five years on a leash, wearing my incredible restraints ... on a permanent basis. It was inconceivable, and I would only be 24 years of age, with the remainder of my life to come, kept always on a chain! My thoughts whirled almost to incoherence with the sensations my harness evoked, and a small, burgeoning horror

stirred at the back of my mind. Slow, uncalled for tears slid over my cheeks while I contemplated more deeply what I had done to myself.

Alexandra looked down at me once or twice and saw my tears but said nothing, only tugging occasionally on my chain to remind me of its control. I had achieved what I wanted, in spades, having become her slave girl in virtually all respects, and now, wearing the Restraint Harness she'd told me I would have to assume, I found that I really didn't like it! Although I had initially been aroused by the concept of being kept a prisoner, the fact that Alexandra had said that it was truly permanent frightened me a great deal.

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The day after the moving company had done its work, Alexandra took me to Brunswick Precision Machinery, the hi-tech manufacturing company that had created my jewellery and metal ensemble, for she'd decided to start our stay at the new house, and my full slavery at the same time. Of course, being her possession, I was given no choice in the matter and so, once dressed in my leather suit that morning, she'd wrapped then locked a waist chain on me.

“Hands behind, Julia!”

“Y-y-yes Mistress,” I whispered, trembling all over with a barely suppressed mix of terror and arousal at what was to come.

In a moment, both of my tightly-gloved hands had been locked behind my back, then she applied a set of shackles to my ankles, these having only a 50 cm chain between them. Hooking her finger through the end ring of my nose chain she led me out to the garage and assisted me into the van. When I was seated on the soft leather of the passenger seat, she fastened its belts tightly and although I was uncomfortable with my arms partially behind my back, it was nothing I couldn't bear.

“No talking today, Julia,” she commanded when she seated herself behind the wheel. “You’ll only respond to questions, and only then with my approval. Clear?”

“Y-y-yes, Ma’am.”

The trip took nearly an hour and a half, but at last we arrived at the nondescript, yet clean and modern building housing the enterprise that had created my restraints. Before we walked from the visitor’s parking area, Alexandra had me stand beside the van, then threw an ankle length cape over my shoulders and fastened its clasps. My face flushed scarlet when I realized that she wasn’t going to take off my hobbling chain and ankle cuffs, and that they’d easily be seen and heard when I walked. She again hooked her finger through the ring at the end of my nose chain and I couldn’t stop the moan that rose from my soul, but managed to hold my tongue when the tether snapped tight and I had to follow her across the black top of the parking lot. My high heeled boots tapped imperiously with every pace, in counterpoint to the jingling of my ankle chain being snapped tight. Even though my hobble didn’t impede walking too badly, it definitely prevented me from any kind of rapid locomotion.

We entered the building to find ourselves in a modern reception area and there an efficient looking woman had us wait while she notified the owner of our arrival. My face flamed anew with embarrassment when she looked up and inspected me, her eyes widening when she saw my facial jewellery, then my humiliating leash. I suppose the gleaming, smooth leather of my long cape alone was an attractant, but the steel that had been fastened into my nose was in brilliant contrast and could not be ignored. I tried to turn away from her stare, but Alexandra kept a firm tension on the chain and so I had to stand there, waiting at the end of the looping chain. It was the first time I had been kept exhibited in public, so visibly under control and I began to get some idea of the feelings I’d experience as Alexandra’s possession. It seemed to take forever, but about two minutes later the owner emerged from a side door and walked over to where we waited. He was a man of medium height and build, actually quite handsome,

and I imagined about 45 years of age. Alexandra greeted him warmly, shaking his hand, then turned to me.

“Mr. Jensen, this is Julia. We’re both ready to proceed with her fitting.”

He turned and gave me a smiling inspection, although his face froze with momentary shock when he saw my nose fitting and its leash.

“Uh, pleased to meet you Ms ... uh ... Julia,” he said with a low, pleasant voice, continuing to stare.

I smiled tremulously at him, remembering Alexandra’s admonition about not speaking, wanting to sink through the floor.

“She’s been ordered to respond only to direct questions,” Alexandra told him while I lowered my gaze to the grey carpet, my face once more colouring into a brilliant red.

“Uh, okay,” he turned, smiling at Alexandra. “Shall we go to the conference room? I’ve got all the ...ah ... devices and required tools set up there. It’s quite private.”

“Certainly!” she replied, “Let’s get to it.”

I bit back a gasp when my nose leash snapped tight and followed them to the broad staircase leading to the second floor, then up the carpeted steps. My hidden hobble chain clinked with a musical clatter when I passed the staring receptionist, but I didn’t notice her astounded look for I was too busy in a vortex of disjointed thought. The stairs were easy enough to manage, even wearing the 10 cm high heeled boots and ankle chain, and two minutes later I was drawn through a deep brown, cherry wood door into a modern, wood-panelled room. The long, central table was lit with a subdued, yet pervasive illumination and along its length, concealed by a grey cotton cover sheet, were ominous tents that concealed my steel garments. It was time to begin my new life; wearing the accoutrements Alexandra had had created for me. He preceded us to the table, then stood waiting while Alexandra slowly inspected the humped covering.

“Miss von Strassen,” he said gravely to her, ignoring me, “the jobs have been done as you requested, in the material you specified. You’ll pardon me for saying it, ma’am, but that grade of stainless you chose is probably the worst stuff in the world to work with. It’s almost impossible to machine and form, and cutting it is nigh impossible.”

“Yes,” she acknowledged, “it’s a real bear, I know. However, that’s the reason I wanted all of Julia’s jewellery and equipment to be made of it.”

“Well, anyway,” he continued, “the designs were pretty straight forward, and we’ve made all the joints ‘close-once-only’ types, as you requested. It took a little time and some proto-types to get the lock design down to a completely secure and self-tightening one, but now, once they’ve been mated together, that’ll be the end of the ball game. Short of a stick of dynamite, those joints will remain tightly and securely closed until Hell freezes over. There’s no way to open any of them once they’ve been joined, short of cutting them off and that’s gonna be damned near impossible, given the designs and the material you specified.”

“Yes. I’m well aware of that,” Alexandra said complacently. “It’s precisely what I want for my young lady.”

During the conversation I remained silent, keeping my head bowed so that the hair of my long wig swung forward to partially conceal my face and its steel adornments. She retained her grasp on my leash however. She’d seen me turning slightly from side to side, surveying the sheet-covered equipment underneath. He looked at me directly.

“Miss? I know you’re aware of the permanence of these things, but are you sure you want to wear them?” he asked, puzzled that such an obviously youthful and attractive woman would consent to being, quite literally, imprisoned by what lay still hidden.

“Y-Yes, sir,” I whispered, staring down.

Alexandra grasped the sheet with her free hand and whisked it off the table, then slung it over the back of a nearby chair. I couldn’t help my unconscious gasp, then recoil from

the array of revealed, bright-finished, silvery, steel machinery (for that is what it most assuredly was!) on the gleaming, brown, wood surface. A low moan of part-horror, part-anticipation hissed from my mouth when I saw what was about to be fastened onto me, and I backed to the end of my leash, my eyes beginning to brim with tears of mushrooming terror.

“Are you sure you want to wear it? All of it?” he asked with concern when he saw my fearful reaction and impending tears. “You’re not being pressured in any way to do this, are you?”

“No, sir!” I stated emphatically, lifting my head to look him straight in the eye, forcing myself to move closer to the table. “I-I want to wear it all, even though it scares me terribly. Can we get it done quickly?”

He stared at me for a long moment, a little shocked I suppose, by seeing my face and nose jewellery close up, then shrugged.

“Very well. If that’s what you want, then of course we’ll proceed. Ms von Strassen, would you free her please? Ms Julia will have to disrobe completely, as you know. Her clothing can go on one of the chairs.”

Alexandra produced a set of keys from her purse, together with a long chain that matched my nose leash, and seconds later, my wrists, waist, and ankle restraints were removed. I stood quietly with head bowed submissively when she connected the chain from her purse to my nose leash, then let it hang in a long loop to the floor, its large end ring grasped firmly in her leather gloved fingers.

“Take off your clothes, Julia,” she ordered in a quiet, authoritative voice. My nose leash ensured I would obey, and, of course, at the same time be unable to flee from what was about to occur.

I stared at her, licking my lips nervously. It was the first time I’d ever undressed in front of a man. She nodded briskly and I slowly shrugged from my cape, then the tight jacket. I raised and bent my arms to behind my neck. The buttons at the

back of the blouse were small and difficult to undo, but were soon freed and I slowly pulled the blouse over my head. It was deeply embarrassing for me to have him stare at my severe underwear, but I proceeded, reluctantly. The clips of the wide, compressing, chest band of my uncomfortable bra popped open with some difficulty, then I pulled it off with a sigh of relief from its grip. I'd soon long to wear it again, instead of what was going to be fitted! When Alexandra took it from me, my large, brown-nippled breasts sprang forth, bouncing and joggling slightly with each trembling breath I took. For a moment he drank in the sight of my bounteous femininity, each nipple accentuated by its gleaming steel U shackle. Again, I felt my face flush a deep scarlet, then reached behind and released the button and zipper that secured my long leather skirt. A moment later it too was folded over the back of the chair, then I sat and unlaced my boots. My panty girdle, garter belt, and stockings followed immediately, joining the growing pile, then I stood utterly naked but for my body jewellery, bare foot and waiting with head bowed, staring down the length of the glittering chain from my nose.

I suppose he couldn't help but stare; his eyes drawn to the silvery, steel adornments set into the flesh of my nipples, and at the gleaming donut surrounding my vagina at the centre of my hairless crotch. It obviously fascinated him.

"Ah!" he muttered, "So that's where those pieces were designed to go!" He looked up at me speculatively, then over at Alexandra. "Are we ready?"

"Yes," she said with an easy smile. "Please proceed immediately."

"Th-thank you, Alexandra," I whispered.

"Okay. What do you want to have put on her first?" he asked turning to the table and equipment of my Restraint Harness.

"The collar, of course," she stated positively, then turned to me. "Remove your wig also, Julia!"

"I sorta thought that was going to be it," he picked up a thick, brightly shining, half oval and moved close to my back.

“Now, hold still while I fit this, okay?”

“Y-Y-Yes, sir,” I whispered.

What could I do? Leashed as I was, I had no choice but to submit. Being only 140 cm tall, with him at about 180 cm, I felt like a helpless little doll next to Alexandra in her heels. He slipped the formed, back half of the thick, high collar onto the nape of my neck, then held it in place with one hand while reaching to the table for the front portion. I shivered like a new-born colt, then raised my chin when it was brought up. He moved it forward slowly and cautiously until it came into firm contact with the entire front of my throat and when its cold touched my flushed skin, I made a small hiss of indrawn breath and closed my eyes while a shiver shook me. Feeling the steel against my flushed skin for the first time was an incredible experience, and I thought the moment of truth had arrived then, but was so very wrong. Once the two halves were joined I knew that the collar could not be removed, but none of us said anything while he pressed them closer and closer together. My quivering wouldn't stop and I shook as though doused with freezing water when the collar's halves began to squeeze more snugly around my throat. There were a couple of small, almost inaudible, doubled clicks from within it, just behind and under each of my ears and he stepped back.

My neck had been tubed in a thick, gleaming, apparently seamless, steel encasement. A sturdy, four cm diameter ring dangled from its front under my chin, as well as a two cm one under each of my ears. At the back, two others, also four cm in diameter clinked noisily when I moved.

“Ooohhh, Mistress!” I gasped, my hands flying up to try and alleviate the weight of the rapidly warming steel. When they encountered the collar, a gasp of some unknowable emotion came from my throat, and I closed my eyes, then shuddered violently. I hadn't seen them, but set into the upper and lower edges of the thick collar were a number of deep slots. These would soon all be filled when inter-connecting links were fitted.

“Oh ... my ... Goddd!” I whispered; more to myself than them.

“Wrist and elbow cuffs next!” Alexandra instructed with precision.

“Very well,” he said quietly, staring at the resulting appearance of the collar. “Miss? Please come over here.”

I walked quietly behind him to stand at the spot on the floor he indicated, no longer blushing at my nakedness.

“Please kneel and place your wrist in the half cuff,” he ordered, gesturing at the partial-oval laid within the jaws of a large, portable vice.

I did as instructed, and a moment later he’d positioned my flesh inside the cuff half so that it wouldn’t be pinched when it was joined to its mate. The rounded edge shape was 5 cm wide, a half cm thick and equipped with U-shaped staples welded into the cuff at what seemed odd positions: opposite each other at the narrowest apex of its curve, at mid-point. It only took him a second to carefully situate the matching half around my wrist, then he spent a moment pressing my skin away from the almost-touching, hinge-type jaws, continuing to hold the sides close to each other. Once satisfied with its placement in the vice, he spun the handle until the halves mated to each other with a series of solid, mechanical, and very final-sounding clicks. The oval-shaped cuff gently squeezed my wrist, all around, and the fact that it was formed so closely ensured that it would not rotate on my limb.

“Now the other one,” he ordered, all business.

The process was rapidly repeated, then my upper arms were similarly captured within their own gleaming steel bands. Ten minutes after that, my ankles also bore a set of the heavy cuffs, then it was time to be fitted with the waist cinch and primary shield of my chastity belt’s crotch piece.

“Are you sure you want to do this, ladies? It’s going to be absolutely permanent you know?” he asked, looking first at Alexandra, then at me.

“Y-yes, sir, please proceed,” I said in a quavering voice.

“Are you sure?” he asked again.

“Absolutely!” I almost snarled at him, then looked guiltily at Alexandra for being so peremptory.

“Yes, please do it,” she confirmed quietly.

“Okay! Your funeral!” he said resignedly. “Hold still while I fit the back part of the belt.”

The curved, formed wide band settled around my waist between the lower ribs and the upper bones of my pelvis, and he once more tucked the skin away from the joints, then brought up the front portion of the corset-like cinch. Its circumference appeared too small to allow the joints to meld together, but with some strong sucking in of my belly and additional compression by him, again the subtle clicks sounded in the otherwise silent room. The belt was subtly curved to ride easily over my pelvic bone structure and once more I gasped and moaned throatily, this time from the sensation of captivity by the six cm wide steel band compressing my waist, knowing it also could not be removed.

“Stand with your legs spread far apart, please!” he commanded, picking up the sculpted, U-shaped piece that would go between the front and back centre mounting sections projecting down from the bottom edge of the waist band.

I did as commanded and he knelt in front of my hairless, steel-adorned sex, then slowly raised the crotch piece U between my legs; carefully aligning its notched, thick, locking and positioning pins with their matching holes in the downward projecting portions of the belt. This piece also seemed too short for the distance it was to cover, but he persisted until it pressed firmly and deeply into my belly, and up between my quaking buttocks.

“Oh, Mistress!” I moaned, continuing to shiver violently while the primary shield pressed harder into me. I faintly heard the clicks when the pins locked into their holes, sealing the joins between the crotch cover and the waist belt almost invisibly, but permanently closed.

He sat back on his haunches for a moment, staring at my steel outlined and decorated sex. The primary shield was designed so that it left my steel endowed vaginal lips and

shackled clitoris free, as well as my anal passage, outlining them now in gleaming metal that could not be removed.

“Do you wish me to add the other portions of the crotch piece?” he asked, turning to look up at Alexandra

“No, thank you. I’ll do that,” she countered. “Please fit her with the upper body portions now.”

“Okay,” he replied, standing up and turning to the table for the next piece of my Restraint Harness.

I’ve always disliked wearing a bra, even though my breasts are large and sometimes embarrassingly unwieldy and so having to accept one of those miserably uncomfortable harnesses all the time was not my favourite idea. The shoulder straps had snared deeply into me and I’d always felt uncomfortable when I wore one because it exhibited my body and breasts so blatantly. Once Alexandra had become aware of this dislike, she’d made me wear a bra at all times, reaffirming that it was training for when I was to wear the Restraint Harness I was now being fitted with. Even the brief time I’d done so had only served to reinforce my dislike of the garment. Now though there was no further choice! What I was about to be imprisoned within was orders of magnitude beyond any sort of uncomfortable bra I had ever worn, although I had yet to find that out.

The back resembled the rear portion of a sports-type bra, and he slipped it into position between my shoulder blades; its wide chest band partially encircling my upper body and under my arms like a normal bra. He asked me to hold it in place while he picked up the front portion and this was a gleaming, substantial frame work, but for the moment without breast cups. This so-called bra was designed to hold out and emphasize my breasts; for as mentioned, I had, until the time of becoming Alexandra’s property, always tried to hide them by either not wearing a bra or slouching. I’d no longer be permitted either of those means of concealment, as I would soon discover.

“Please pardon my hands,” he muttered, “while I position you to fit into this part. Then, I’ll need you to lift your arms,

and, when I tell you, exhale fully.”

He raised it to my chest, then gently directed the masses of my shaking, goose-bumped breasts through the undersized apertures on the front. It felt strange to experience hands other than my own or Alexandra’s manipulating the sensitive, fleshy mounds, then he gently forced their bulk through the too-small openings. Each aperture was encircled by a three cm high rubber collar and almost immediately, their restriction and rubber rings caused my breasts to swell with blood, becoming larger and more and more sensitized. I shivered, then shook myself slightly, feeling this happen, embarrassed to see my nipples swell around the steel transfixing and dangling from them. The rubber collars were slowly garroting me, seeming to separate my bulging breasts from my chest! On his command, I exhaled fully and he immediately pressed the halves together until another set of the quiet clicks sounded and when I next tried to inhale, I immediately felt the tight, wide chest band clamp onto my ribs. He gave me no chance to try and wriggle the harness down my body, but quickly drew the two narrow, steel straps over my shoulders. These were designed and fitted so that I would be unable to slip them off to ease my confinement in the bra: at the front, rising from the tops of the breast-outlining steel harness, then going over my shoulders and slipping into locking adjusters on the back piece. In seconds they’d both been zipped through their ratchet fittings and had snared firmly into the soft flesh of my shoulders. Quite naturally, I tried to shrug and ease the sensation of being held captive, but the carefully designed harness permitted no freedom, trapping me firmly. At the top of the curves over my shoulders, the straps split into a slightly widened portion so that a loop passed forward under each armpit to fasten on the central back piece. He carefully fitted these and gestured silently that I raise my arms to the extent permitted by the tight shoulder straps, then to my horror, he tightened the under arm straps severely, pulling my shoulders back into an exaggerated ‘braced’ position, and locked them into their fittings!

“Oooooohhhh! That’s awful!” I moaned, hating how the arrangement made me display my breasts and how uncomfortable it made me.

“You’ll learn to live with it, Julia,” Alexandra stated unsympathetically.

“Okay. Time to join everything together.”

Without waiting for a response or comment, he began integrating the chest harness to the waist cinch. This was accomplished by means of flat-linked, chain joiners: two at the back and two at the front. Each of their ends was equipped with hardware that locked easily and quickly into mounting slots in the edges of the thick belt, the bra’s chest band, and finally, my collar; snapping into place with a series of sharp, metallic reports.

I remained silent during the process, continuing to shiver uncontrollably while I felt myself become ever more deeply a captive of the controlling web. He handed Alexandra the removable (only by her though!) cups and she clipped them into their hinge fittings on the chest band, beneath my breasts, for the moment leaving them to hang loosely. I licked my lips nervously, staring down what little I could at my prominently displayed, steel-endowed nipples, then looked to her while, behind me, he clipped the secondary shield for my crotch band to its mounting point on the primary crotch, over my coccyx. He stood and looked at Alexandra.

“There you are, Ms von Strassen.”

“Thank you,” she smiled happily at him. “I’ll finish her off.”

“Okay. I’ll see you out when you’re ready to leave.”

With a last inspecting stare at me he turned and left the room. I looked back at him with a mixture of fear and embarrassment. Certainly, I suppose, Alexandra could have placed me in the harness herself, at the house, but she’d obviously wanted me to experience being confined by someone I did not know and could not influence. She moved closer.

“This is another moment of truth for you, Julia,” she stated, looking deeply into my eyes. “Once I close the cups

and the secondary shield, you're mine in all respects. How does it feel?"

"M-Mistress? The whole thing is terribly uncomfortable, and very tight!"

"Good! That's the way it's supposed to be," she smiled. "Now, bend forward to let your breasts hang down while I close the cups."

I leant over, then she placed one hand on the apex of the right cup. She slowly lifted it to encompass my shuddering flesh, at the same time using the fingers of her left hand to rim the interior rubber donut/collar seal, and urge my bulging breast past this also constricting and sealing portion of the armouring cup. I moaned from the sensations of her fingers manipulating me, even though she was careful not to press too hard, then suddenly my breast popped past the collar inside the cup! She pressed it firmly onto my body and I heard the small clicks of the locks with something akin to horror. Inside the steel chamber, my flesh became even more tightly snared by the doubled, neoprene rubber collars, swelling out into tight contact with the rubber liner. A moment later she repeated the process on my left breast, then stood back to observe me when I straightened up, and felt the full effect of the awful garment.

I couldn't help the low, tremulous moans that came from me when I'd felt their cold interiors encompass my already fear-goose-bumped and swollen flesh. The edges of the cups had slipped into deep slots and so were now truly sealed. Fastened as they were, I could not touch myself at all! I straightened and brought my hands up to run over their smooth, hard surfaces and found that they didn't completely cover me ... yet. At the tip of each steel mound was an eight cm diameter hole and smaller, slotted, fitting-adorned caps hung on hinges beneath these. For the moment my rampant, steel-adorned nipples were still visible, bulging outwards and accessible. The main cups were actually a little too small, forcing my nipples to seek release through the apex small openings, and of course Alexandra had plans for them. With a pair of needle nosed pliers, she gently grasped the heavy steel U's through each of my nipples, then slowly drew them

outward. I desperately wanted to run or turn away, but there was no way to escape thanks to my nose leash, and so I stood as still as I could while she manipulated the pliers and U shackles. More shivers shook me while gently she tugged on the flesh they captured. When satisfied, she raised the right side cap, slipped my nipple shackle into the crossways slot, then snapped it closed with a horrendously final-sounding metallic click. A short, thick bolt speared through the partially revealed U, dragging firmly on it and the transfixed flesh within the cap, and locked solidly. I moaned frantically from the immediate burning sensation she'd intentionally created, but Alexandra ignored my misery and a moment later, repeated the process on my left breast. When its cap was secured, I writhed myself as much as I could, trying to escape the unending drag on my nipples and the sensations of intimate captivity I now felt so strongly. Below, I felt myself begin to get wet with an uncalled for arousal!

“Oooooohhhh, Mistress!!” I breathed, still attempting to twitch myself free within the tight metal frame and its web of chains to my belt and collar.

“Spread your legs, Julia,” she commanded unemotionally.

Reluctantly, I did as she commanded. It was the work of a second for her to slip the key into the locked-on cap in the ‘donut’ and remove it, then, reaching over to the table top she selected a plain, steel, six cm diameter by 15 cm long dildo and covered it with a slick lubricant. I watched with horrified fascination while she readied the intruder.

“P-Please, Mistress?” I stammered, but still maintained my stance.

“This is your ‘trainer’ version Julia,” she stated calmly, then looked up at my panicked face, “Soon, you’ll be fitted with others that will ... ah ... serve to entertain, stimulate, and best of all, to punish you,” she grinned evilly. “Now, hold still. This will take a little while to get used to.”

“No, please!” I begged in growing terror. I’d never been penetrated there by anything other than my or her fingers and tampons!

“Hold still, girl!” she snarled unsympathetically. “This one won’t hurt you, but the others I’m planning to make you wear in the future will!”

“Ooohhh! Pppllleeeaaassee!!” I wailed, nearly in tears from what was about to be done to me.

“Freeze!” she snapped.

The bulletted head slid through the hole in the donut and entered my body. I gasped convulsively and began a gentle panting while she pressed it inexorably up into my womanhood, all the while slowly twisting it to ease entry. A cry of pain and distress tore from me when the base plate of the dildo locked onto the donut. I was sealed.

She reached between my thighs and took hold of the ring on the end of the embedded dildo, then pulled slowly on it until I felt another series of small clicks. The exterior latches of the steel donut had locked into their fittings on the inside of the plate that covered my belly! Next, she grasped the secondary shield, quickly pulled it forward between my quivering thighs, and up over my steel-defined sex and locked it securely. When it was almost tight to my body, thick pins on its inner side, slid into matching holes in the ‘donut’ and pulled firmly upward on my vaginal lips! At the same time, this forced the shaft within my loins into a new, uncomfortable alignment, and another internal fitting snagged the steel shackle embedded in my clitoris! The sensitive nub was slowly pulled it out of its hood, even while the shield was closing and I writhed with discomfort, wailing quietly at feeling myself so strongly manipulated in such an intimate spot. At the same time, I knew that I’d be completely unable to relieve the sensation once the cover plate was closed and locked, then came a heavy, metallic snap! The secondary shield had been sealed and now I was unable in any way to touch myself or the device buried inside my body unless Alexandra permitted it. She left me to twist and shudder for a moment, the fingers of both my hands flying down to the plain expanse of gleaming steel that sealed my sex, desperate to ease the intimate tensions being inflicted upon me beneath its impenetrable, innocent looking metal covering. The only

breaks in the steel were the holes for drainage, washing, and the electrical jacks.

“Oooooohhhh! Uuuurrrgghh! Mistress! Please? Please can this be eased off?”

“No, Julia!” she said bluntly. “You’ll have to get used to it.”

“It-it’ll drive me crazy!” I wailed, my face growing pale while my fingernails scrabbled desperately on the blank steel between my legs. “Ooohhh, Mistress!” I shook with sudden emotion and the realization that my body belonged to me no longer, then started to cry quietly. My hands rose once more to the cups imprisoning my breasts, fluttering uselessly over their impervious surfaces while inside them, my tensioned nipples burned continually.

“You’d better get used to it all, Julia,” she stated unsympathetically. “This is just one more aspect of being my property and slave. Eventually you’ll be able to live with it, I suppose,” she said. “But now I want you to get dressed, then we’ll leave for home.”

“Y-Yes, Mistress,” I mumbled through my tears, then walked carefully to the chair for my skirt and blouse, conscious of the long chain to my nose.

The harness had a myriad of freely swinging restraint rings and all made an ominous, distinctive clinking and clicking when I moved. It was at this point I began to discover just how much my new garments limited my freedom of motion, for I had to fight against their implacable control with almost every motion I attempted while dressing myself. I found the experience to be one of subtle yet constant, insistent, and unavoidable control, as was intended by the design. Within five minutes, I was once again fully covered and wearing my boots, but she wasn’t done with me yet.

“Hold still while I adjust your skirt.” She approached, then fished all of the rings on my now-hidden belt through eyelets in its waist band. “Hands behind!”

I obeyed and she turned them so that my palms faced outward, then locked the wrist cuff's rings to a staple projecting through the skirt's waist band at the centre of my back. It was instinctual and pointless, but I tugged my arms against their restraint while she looked on with a satisfied smile. When she bent to chain my ankles once more I gave a small despairing wail and danced away to the end of my nasal leash. She tugged firmly on it and I returned to stand her with a moan of pain.

“Ppplllleeeaaasssse, Mistress? Please, don't hobble me again!”

“Of course you'll be hobbled, you silly little girl!” she admonished. “You came here wearing one, and I don't want you running all over the place like a chicken with its head cut off. Now hold still. The hobble's not going to hurt you.” More snuffles came when the locks snapped shut, but she ignored them and picked up my nose leash once more.

“Stand still. I'm going to arrange this, then we'll leave. You were told you'll always be kept on a tether of some kind, so you might as well get used to the idea right now.”

A second later she fitted the wig to my head and tugged it into place. I submitted willingly enough to this, but when she grasped my dangling nose chain again, I made another wordless wail of misery.

“Be still, Julia!” she commanded harshly.

Alexandra threaded my nose leash through the projecting front staple of my belt so that its end ring was at the level of my skirt-concealed knees, then reached into her purse and withdrew a gleaming, cylindrical, 100 gram, steel weight! She clipped it to the end of the chain so that it swung, fully revealed on the front of my leather skirt and this forced me to keep my head bent forward, almost choking on my high collar, my head now held in a posture of submission. I took a couple of hesitant small paces and the motions of my leather entubed legs made it bounce and swing back and forth, tugging firmly on my nose! I tried to lift my head, but the chain had a bar passed through it that bumped into the ring on my belt and so I

had to keep it bent! It was impossible for me to free myself of this humiliating addition with my hands fastened behind my back: my fingers clenched into fists of useless rebellion at being forced to accept this punishing addition. The other chain she'd used to control me while being fitted with the Restraint Uniform was also clipped to my nose ring, then she threw the cape over me and fastened its clasps. I stood quietly while she covered me; head bent and unable to raise it with humiliated tears trickling down my cheeks.

It was time to go.

“Stay behind me until your leash tightens, Julia, then keep it that way until we're at the van.”

I waited until the chain tightened, then walked slowly after her to the door. I wanted to resist the dragging sensation on my nose, but she snapped the chain, and I yelped with shock and pain, feeling the controlling power it exerted and realizing how dominated I had become. She retrieved my purse from where its strap was slung over the back of the chair, then snapped my tether again.

“Okay, time to leave.”

Under the cape, I pulled my hands against their fastenings feeling the snug and now permanent restriction and weight of my steel wrist bands, then turned and followed, urged on by her painful, authoritative tension on my leash. Small moans of discomfort hissed between my teeth when I felt the deeply constricting chastity belt and the crotch strap, for, under the shields, my sandwiched labia tugged firmly against their secure mounting to it and I could not escape the sensations emanating from the large intruder that transfixed my sex. We slowly descended the stairs to the foyer then waited until the owner came out and escorted us to the front door, where he said good bye. Alexandra tightened my tether again and I followed her across the parking lot with short, hobble chain-snubbed paces, wondering fearfully what was to come next.

## Chapter Four

### The Request

Now, I have pretty much come to accept my state of always being a prisoner within my uncomfortable, limiting, harness, and being kept constantly on a leash, but Alexandra had yet to take me down to my cell. That would come soon enough.

My first days of wearing my new restraint system were very difficult. I slowly became accustomed both to the physical sensations of the constant restriction imposed by my Restraint Uniform, as well as the knowledge that I was always going to be kept on some kind of inescapable tether. However, I accommodated myself to the dildo easily enough, although from time to time I unthinkingly clawed with frantic desperation at the steel that sealed my sex, or the cups imprisoning my breasts, trying anything to get at my locked-away flesh. Other than the daily cleaning regime I had to submit to, Alexandra only twice released the covers during those first two weeks and toyed with me, teasing me to orgasm. At all other times I was kept locked up and forcibly celibate, denied even the pleasure of masturbation to ease my stress. Of course this is precisely what she intended, for whenever she chose to pay attention to me, I was always in a state of desperate need. Alexandra was a stern Mistress though, and permitted me none of the bitchy, snotty attitudes I wanted to display while being so frustrated. I had to be polite always, obliging, and pleasant with her, no matter what I was feeling. The few times I did allow my emotions free reign were met with instant whippings, then solitary, gagged confinement in my room, short leashed and with my hands fastened behind me. Tears availed me not, and she'd left me there for three days each time, bored and helpless to work off my sentence.

I soon began to regret my rashness in becoming her slave, and over the following weeks had asked, then begged that she free me of my contract. Of course she had no intention of

doing so, for I had, quite legally consigned myself to be both her toy and lover for the rest of my life. She intended to keep me just as I was. My complaints, however, had begun to annoy her, and she decided that something needed to be done. What precisely, she wasn't sure, but then my own masochism supplied the solution.

Late one night, laying chained beside her in bed after our most recent love making, I foolishly whispered to her another deeply-buried fantasy; one I'd secretly harboured for years. For some strange reason, I'd always wanted to wear braces on my teeth, and for a long term! When I first told her of my dream and fascination, she didn't take the idea too seriously, but over the next days I kept repeating my dream until finally, I got up enough nerve to ask her to have it done for me. It was certainly an unusual request, even from me, but after some seemingly careful consideration, Alexandra said we would proceed to get it done. Actually, she'd gone onto the internet to locate sites that catered to this fetish and had amassed a large collection of images and stories about it. Along the way, she'd also discovered references to a musical comedy, *Little Shop of Horrors*, and there had discovered an implement of fearsome appearance and design. She bought the video, and one night played it for me, then ran and re-ran the sequence of the young girl being brought out of the doctor's fitting room, fully-equipped with a completely horrible appliance.

"You'll be fitted with something similar," she informed me quietly while I stared with horror at the slowly moving imagery on the large screen.

"Ooohhh my God!" I whimpered, "I-I-I didn't mean anything like that!"

"Too bad my little slave girl!" she smiled down at me. "It's actually pretty close to what you'll soon have to live with, and in."

And so with this, I knew that the project would be on her terms, not mine, using her designs for the oral equipment (or 'mouth jewellery', as she called it), but I had no idea of the intimate details of how it would be affixed. I was a little worried upon hearing that she would grant me this wish, but

then had to accept her provisos and with a tremulous smile hugged her gently, conscious of the rigid encasements she'd again fitted seal away my breasts.

“Thank you, Mistress,” I breathed, nuzzling my face into the hollow between her head and neck.

“You're welcome, Julia,” she replied stroking me lightly. “But you must know that the same conditions will apply to the wearing of your mouth jewellery as apply to your other restraints.”

“V-Very well, Mistress,” I sighed, unwittingly agreeing to being silenced, but there was much more to come.

I wouldn't like the results in the slightest.

## Chapter Five

### Tormented In Transit

During the following weeks my masochism flowered. I'd come to the point that I craved and at the same time hated my constant confinement, occasional lovemaking, and the frequent 'correctional treatment' Alexandra meted out, despite my growing reservations about living like this for the rest of my life.

I was only permitted to wear my Restraint Uniform and any additional chains she wanted, and sometimes, over the top of these, thick rubber or leather skirts or dresses. All of my clothing was hot and restrictive and my body fought constantly against this additional lessening of free movement. Occasionally she gagged me for a day and night, but I never got to wear anything else and soon grew accustomed to seeing myself in the many mirrors, clad only in leather or rubber. Too, I had grown used to the constant weight and annoyance of my nose leash, but I was still terribly afraid of how it was used to control and punish me. Most of the time she kept me doubly leashed in the house; always by a heavy chain from the back of my collar, this fastened to a sturdy floor ring in whatever room I was in, and sometimes too by the chain from my nose shackle, it locked to a ring at another location in the same room.

Alexandra wanted a secure means of transporting me from place to place, as well as to provide herself with another means of disciplining me and so as a consequence she decided to have her deluxe van converted to an elaborate 'prisoner transport vehicle'. The way matters turned out, the fitting of my mouth jewellery and the completion of work on the van came at virtually the same time.

The van had been taken to a body shop for the major modifications she required, and they'd needed to keep the vehicle for two weeks. While it was gone she still had to be in town every day attending to financial matters and making the final arrangements for getting me fitted with my mouth

jewellery, and I was, of course, left marooned at our remote home during this time; kept on a long leash, upstairs, but free of my nose leash being fastened. It wasn't a great deal of restriction as I'd become used to its limitation on my freedom, but naturally, being the bondage toy I'd been turned into, I wanted to enjoy the time as much as my situation permitted and so requested that she fit me with all of my favourite chains. What I ended up confined in was a simple but very effective combination. My wrists cuffs were joined by a 25 cm long chain and at its middle a vertical chain hung to my ankles, threaded through the front ring of my chastity belt's waist cinch. My ankle cuffs were connected with a 20 cm chain and the vertical chain was joined to the hobble's middle link. I'd be able to get to the bathroom when needed, but the ground floor was forbidden to me.

Late Friday night she drove the refurbished van home and parked it in the four car garage, then came upstairs and released my house leash.

"I've got the van," she grinned at me. "Want to see it?"

"Oh yes, please, Mistress!" I exclaimed with excitement and rose from the chair in front of the computer.

When I stood, the long, full, thick rubber skirt fell to the floor, completely covering my 10 cm heeled, tightly laced-on knee boots and chained ankles, the vertical one rising from under the front hem to my waist. I'd had it rucked above my knees in order to keep cool while sitting at the computer, for the heavy, impervious skirt kept in the heat. My upper body and its harnessing was also covered in rubber. I wore a tight jacket of similar thickness to the ankle length skirt, and it had a very tight belt that overlapped and locked to the skirt's waistband completely covering me from my neck to my booted toes. The jacket zipped up the back and locked at the nape of my neck, just below my collar, thus making it impossible for me to remove. She knew I didn't like the ensemble, but that didn't matter, I just had to wear it, comfort be damned.

"Okay. Come over here and let me change your leash."

Obediently, I walked closer, struggling to move my legs within the resistant, bulky envelope of the long skirt, then sank to my knees before her and bent my hairless head as much as my collar would permit. She required me to always kneel in her presence, and I accepted the command, deepening my submission to her both physically and psychologically, every time. Alexandra attached my walking leash to the ring under my chin and only then released my house leash. The lock snicked open and the long chain fell from the back of my neck with a heavy clatter.

“Thank you, Mistress,” I whispered.

“Come along, dear,” she commanded. I rose awkwardly to my feet, gathering the heavy folds of my skirt in my chained hands so I wouldn’t trip on them and she assisted me by maintaining a firm tension on my leash. Nearly strangling, I got as rapidly to my feet as I could.

She drew me downstairs, then out into the garage and even though it was only a short trip, I was soon perspiring freely under my clothing, struggling against my hobble every step of the way. Within the imprisonment of my skirt, as well as my hidden chastity belt, I was already wet with trembling anticipation, just from being kept captive, and now became even more so with the prospect of finally getting to see what she’d concocted for my future transportation requirements. Although the van looked the same on the outside, the changes that had been made to its rear compartment were substantial and expensive. In her mind I suppose it was worth it, for this was how she intended I would be transported from this point on whenever she took me off the property, as seldom as that was to be.

The full-sized van already had factory-installed, darkened glass windows, making it difficult to see into the shadowed interior, but she’d had yet another layer of tint added. I was drawn along the side to the back hatch, then stood quietly at the end of my looping leash while she slid the key into the lock. The door slowly hissed up to reveal something that immediately made me tremble with terror. Where before there had been all of the luxury appointments that the factory could

build in, the inside was now only a stark, grey painted, steel-lined compartment. However, the drastic change to the cabin was not what riveted my attention. What really did it, was the device mounted in its centre: a cross between a fighter aircraft's ejection seat, and the execution chair in the now unused Gas Chamber at San Quentin, this sitting high and alone on a thick, braced pedestal in the centre of the compartment. But it was more ... much more.

“Oh, Mistress Alexandra!” I whispered. “That’s something else!”

She permitted me to inspect the seat and new interior for a moment from where I stood, then spoke again.

“Well, let’s get you into it!” she smiled evilly at me. “Tomorrow morning, you’ll be fitted with your mouth jewellery, so the trip I’ve planned for this evening will be a nice little prelude.

“First though, I’ll have to get you undressed, as much as you can be. Turn your back,” she commanded firmly, moving around and for the moment cutting off my view of the seat that was soon to hold me prisoner.

She locked the end of my walking leash to a convenient wall ring, then quickly removed the chains and clothing I’d worn all day, leaving me clad only in my steel harness, facing away from the opened hatch. My outer, enveloping rubber coverings had come off easily enough, for her, although as the wearer, I’d been utterly unable to remove them. I stared at Alexandra in trembling arousal while she laid them on the side bench, then came back and turned me to face into the opened compartment once more. I stood petrified, staring, then she grasped my dangling nose leash, released the walking chain from my collar and stepped up to stand on the steel deck inside. I had to turn to the demand of the humiliating chain, and whined with the pain her uncaring tension caused. She knew I absolutely hated wearing the nose leash and being kept so horribly vulnerable to her control with it.

“Come, girl!” she demanded peremptorily. “No delay! Get up here!”

Despite my misgivings about the seat, the pain that the leash created forced me to climb quickly up into the steel compartment, then stand waiting before her. Two tears trickled down my cheeks and I snuffled in misery, all the while watching her hand holding the leash connected to my face. She turned to the right, lifted the end ring of the chain, and locked it to one high on the side, leaving me to stand staring up helplessly while she readied the chair. For a few moments I listened to metallic clicks and clatter, then she returned to me and released my tether.

“Climb up onto the foot rests and turn your back, Julia. Then, put your hands on the arm rests and hold onto them while you sit down. When I tell you to, lower yourself gently all the way onto the seat. Don’t stop until your buttocks are completely settled.”

I stared at her questioningly but stepped gingerly onto the foot rests, not wanting to see what protruded from the middle of the seat. I turned and put my hands behind me onto the thinly padded rests, then had to wait while she reached to the front of my chastity belt and released the secondary shield. It was removed completely and for the first time in almost a month she allowed my crotch to be completely freed of its sealing plate. I stood quivering while she inspected the cap that kept the dildo locked within my body, then it too was unlocked and the gleaming steel shaft of my ‘trainer’ dildo slid slowly out into her waiting hand. A vast sigh of relief was all I could manage.

“Okay. Sit now.”

While I began to lower myself, she adjusted the cold, lubricated phallus on the seat so that its head entered the aperture of the donut that imprisoned my sex and I looked up at her, startled and not a little fearfully.

“Sit down, Julia!” she commanded with great sternness, staring at me compellingly.

“Ooohhh, w-wow!” I gasped. My instinctual reaction was to try and push up and away from the rigid shaft and prevent myself from being re-penetrated, as any woman’s would have

been. “Uunnnnggghh! Aarrrr!” I grunted, almost swooning while it began to sink into my dripping, sensitized sex. For some foolish reason I thought I’d be free of being impaled, but it was her intention to keep my sex constantly filled.

“Never mind the dramatics, Julia, just do it.”

I let myself settle more, feeling the lubricated thickness of the phallus slide slowly up into my belly.

“God! How long is it?” I wailed breathlessly, a flush of arousal colouring my face. I wasn’t ready when suddenly, another, narrower, bulleted head began pressing into my anal sphincter!

“Oh Mistress!” I wailed in dismay. “I don’t think I can manage the two of them!”

“Quit complaining, Julia! They’ll both go all the way in with no physical damage. Now, sit down!”

Both dildos were moderately flexible, and the anal plug slipped into me with surprising ease. They seemed to be pressing against the bottoms of my lungs, when a minute later I was fully seated. For a moment I remained motionless, attempting to accustom myself to the double penetration and stuffed sensation; then while I sat panting, constricted my interior, vaginal muscles around the shaft buried in my loins, a thin film of perspiration sheened my face. Alexandra had not permitted any sexual activity, or access to my genitals and breasts for the longest time, and so relished my reactions to the devices that skewered me. At the same time, I also attempted to clamp my anal sphincter around the narrow neck of that shaft.

“God, Mistress! Wh-wh-what a wild sensation!” I gasped in wide-eyed, still-flushed arousal, staring up at her, then I suddenly changed tack. “If this is how I’m supposed to be taken to the doctor’s office tomorrow morning, how ... ?”

“No questions dear,” she interrupted me, “You know that. It’ll happen as it happens.”

“Y-Yes, Mistress,” I whimpered contritely, bowing my head submissively against the restriction of my high collar.

This was both frightening, and a huge turn-on for me.

“Well? What do you think so far?”

“Ooohhh!” was the most intelligent thing I could manage.

“Okay! Time to get you strapped in. Hold still!” she said, becoming an uncompromising Mistress once more.

I sat quietly while she flipped out locking turnbuckles, then clipped them to waiting steel loops on my chastity belt’s waist band. It took only short seconds to spin them down to a snug tension, then she flipped their locking levers, drawing me firmly into the seat when they snapped closed, their clicks sounding dreadfully final in the small compartment. I tried to surge up and off the things filling my lower body, but immediately discovered that I could only twitch! My plight would soon become far more restricted. At the front of the seat, between my spread thighs, she flipped up another glittering turnbuckle and clipped it to a central fitting on my waist cinch. When it closed, its small snap sounded like the knell of doom, acting to clamp my hips and entire lower body inescapably onto the seat and its evil dildos.

Then, it was time for the remainder of the chair’s restraints to be applied.

She reached under my arms and pulled out other locking clips, then fastened them to rings on my wide, steel chest band. They were quickly tightened and locked, pulling my back firmly against the chair’s thin padding while I stared at her beautiful face, licking my lips nervously. The steel cups of the bra harness already captured my breasts inescapably, but now it was time to ensure that they were tightened even further against my body. She moved back to my front, humming happily while drawing out wide, reinforced rubber straps from the back of the seat, behind my shoulders. One pair fastened to the secondary loops at the tops of the breast cups, and the other fed back under my armpits on top of the bracing straps of my bra. A moment later, she tightened them all and this resulted in the cups being pulled even more tightly against my body, forcing my breasts further into their containers, when the straps beneath my armpits drew my shoulders back into an

even more fully-braced posture. I knew there was more to come, and tried uselessly to fend her off, even as securely fastened as I was.

“Julia!” she snapped, “Keep still!”

I dropped my cuffed hands back onto the arm rests with a snuffle and she moved to stand beside the chair, then immediately fastened thick, wide, black rubber straps over my above-the-elbow cuffs, pulling my upper arms tightly onto their pads. My wrists were next, similarly clamped by the wide black straps, leaving me able only to flex my fingers. When I did, I felt a set of key pads under each hand.

“You’ll find out about those in a bit,” she said unconcernedly, flipping covering steel mitt devices over the ends of the chair’s arms, locking my fingers away under them.

My feet began a nervous tapping while I silently contemplated my deepening bondage and she moved quickly to fasten my lower limbs.

The seat’s leg rest was bifurcated and so my thighs were, of necessity, slightly spread to fit into shallow depressions. A wide strap was drawn tightly around the top of each thigh, then she cinched the next pair, just above my knees. The set following went just below the knee and the last ones covered my ankle cuffs, fully immobilizing my legs. It was time for the foot restraints. She adjusted their lengths until they were well below my bare soles, then I heard a pair of heavy clicks when something was fitted to them.

“Point your toes down as much as you can, Julia.”

Obedience came naturally, and when I did obey, what seemed to be a pair of highly arched shoes slid onto my feet, making me moan from the strained foot posture I had to adopt. The rests locked solidly, then she flipped a small lever on each. With a barely heard click, a series of wide loops hidden inside them, suddenly snared around each of my toes, fully restraining them too! I gasped from the strange feeling of not even being permitted to wriggle my toes, panting with unfocussed arousal, staring wildly at her. The ankle cuff straps alone would have been sufficient to capture my legs, but she

wanted me to feel truly trapped, and the four bands compressing each limb did this with admirable efficiency. She'd not told me any details about the bondage chair; having indicated only that it was being installed.

"Almost done!" She grinned at my startled expression, then lifted a huge gag pad to my strained face.

"M-Mistress!" I panted, for the moment enjoying all of the sensual feelings of being bound that I revelled in. "Th-this is fucking incredible!"

"If you think this is ... wait 'til we're out on the road!" She grinned at me. "Now, open! Can't have you screaming your brains out! Everyone will wonder what's going on."

"Y-yes, Mistress," I whispered and obediently opened my mouth as widely as I could.

The thick, custom-formed rubber pad slipped in easily, then she drew narrow, black rubber straps from behind on either side, around my head, snapping them onto the frontal plate of the mouth filler, then tightened them until they furrowed my bulging cheeks, causing me to emit small, futile squeaks of both arousal and discomfort. To add to my feeling of being truly confined, she tugged my nose leash gently, then cut it off the U shackle! It would be attached again within 24 hours. With the gag straps secured, she then brought up a device that has always frightened me: a helmeted, full-head-encapsulating gas mask. My fingers, the only parts of my body I could move now, spread and clenched in frantic, mute denial under their steel coverings and a desperate, terrified mewling sound hissed from my nose, but she casually ignored my obvious terror and relentlessly pulled the thick, tight rubber bag over my bald head, then zipped it from the crown, down the back, to the nape of my collared neck. When she did, it pulled an inner, contoured mask into firm contact with the entire surface of my heated facial skin, and at the same time mated the internal fitting for a watering hose into the hole in my gag. The all-over sensation of bondage served even more to reinforce my state of utter helplessness.

Two, thick, corrugated rubber air hoses were already attached to the mask as well as the water hose and these looped back over my shoulders to the regulator, filter packs, and drinking reservoir. I inhaled deeply to assure myself of the free flow of air, but began to feel more and more claustrophobic with each passing second of confinement, and prayed that she would relent and release me. Now, even my loudest screams would be stifled and contained within the thick rubber that encased my head and face. She disregarded the terror blooming in my eyes, under the fused quartz vision ports, while I stared out at her with wide-eyed pleading to be freed. Of course I could do nothing other than look mutely at the small world of my cell while she continued my installation in the chair. Another intended effect of the helmet was that it deafened me by means of the large, integrated, sound-deadening domes clamped over my ears; ensuring that my life was completely under her control. She could regulate everything about my existence, and I was very effectively prevented from protesting against all that would be done.

Alexandra moved to my neck and flipped another wide, black, rubber strap around it, covering my steel collar, then tightened this until my head was pulled back onto the support pads just behind my enclosed ears. These formed a cradle for my head and when she cinched the wide strap between them, passing it over my forehead, my entire body became thoroughly restrained. I shivered violently, gasping what little I could in deep consternation, inescapably gagged within the locked-on helmet and mask while she checked all of my fastenings.

She decided to take a short break and sat back on her haunches, staring at me. I was held immovable and erect in the chair, motionless except for the small shudders heaving my chest when I inhaled and exhaled. There was absolutely no way I'd be able to release myself from the confinement, and the only freedom of motion I had, now, was the ability to move my fingers over the keypads and move my eyes. I was utterly silent within the mask and helmet ... for the moment ... although I'd definitely attempt to change that state of affairs when we got out on the road.

The back cabin of the van was now separated and lined with 2 mm thick steel plate; this fastened over 10 cm of sound insulation. Inside, all of the windows had been fitted with heavy louvers that could be closed by remote control from the driver's seat and other than the numerous rings welded to the walls and the breaks for the window shutters it was an utterly featureless little cell. The rear hatch window bore a similar set of louvers, but for the moment they remained open.

It was time to finish.

She rose and approached me once more, looking down into my terror filled, tear-clouded eyes behind the thick vision ports of the mask/helmet. I stared out at her, blinking, pleading silently, desperate now to be released, but she only smiled then leant forward to connect hoses and cables to the cups clamped to my chest and crotch! All were connected with a doubled set of clicks, then the cables were clipped to their terminals. She stood back and inspected me briefly one more time before stepping out of the cabin and down onto the garage floor. Her last view before she closed the hatch was that of an eminently female body strapped securely onto a heavily framed steel chair, struggling minutely against her bonds. The door closed with a solid thud, locking me inside, then just to be certain I was invisible from the outside, she backed up until she stood against the garage door, some two metres away. The van appeared totally innocuous, for the windows were virtually opaque, even that close. However, inside, she knew I was able to see out. Alexandra wanted me to stew for a while, to stoke my terror even more, and so disappeared, turning out the lights in the garage and leaving me in total blackness; bound, silent, and scared brainless. It was about 7:00 pm when we'd come to the garage and I supposed was now somewhere around 8:00 o'clock. In an hour I'd be travelling to a place I barely knew existed, and as matters turned out, didn't want to ever be taken to again ... but would.

When Alexandra returned to the silent, darkened garage about 1,000 years later, she immediately climbed into the driver's seat and started the engine. I listened for a moment to the quiet hiss of static on the intercom.

“Good evening, Prisoner!” she said in her best Captain of the Skies, voice. “You are about to be transported to a place you’ve only dreamed about. I’m sure you’ll find your trip most entertaining!”

“Under your finger tips you will have noticed the keypads. Touching the keys will result in the seat doing certain things for and to you. A tap of your right index finger key will provide drinking water, but the others will require some experimentation on your part to assess their functions. Too, during the next hours you will be required to listen to various programs of instruction and conditioning, or, perhaps I’ll decide that you should hear nothing at all. This announcement will be the last you’ll hear from me until your trip is done. Enjoy!”

She said no more, turning the microphone off and activating the sound elimination system so that I could hear nothing other than the quiet susurrations of blood past my ears. The garage door opened and the transmission was slipped into ‘Reverse’ to back down the driveway, then there was a turn and we drove the two kilometres down the driveway to the road leading to the gate. As soon as she shifted gears, the seat rotated me onto my back, and at the same time spread my legs! Being strapped down so rigidly, this accentuated the sensations of the plugs residing within my belly, and I howled lustily into my gag with part-terror, part-arousal, able only to stare up at the gray steel of the cell’s ceiling. Of course, not a sound emerged from behind my gag, the tight mask, or the helmet, and Alexandra couldn’t hear my scream through the dividing wall and insulation. When the van attained a certain speed, the dildos both began to vibrate fiercely, forcing me to accept their unavoidable stimulation and I squirmed instinctually, against my tight bonds and harness, trying to escape what was being done to my body. I’d been kept chaste for so long that now even the slightest stimulation immediately began to drive me crazy with lust. A colour, TV surveillance camera was focussed on me, and it fed views to the on-board monitor in the driver’s compartment, showing my thighs being forcibly spread further apart by the seat’s mechanism. My muscles strained to prevent this from happening, but I could not resist

the force of the hydraulics! The seat slowly returned to the normal upright position, for the moment stopping all of the stimulation applications, and bringing my legs back together.

She accelerated and the next part of the program became active: a mild, teasing, low-level buzzing vibration against my clitoris that quickly had me moaning and trying to jerk away from its unstopping and unavoidable stimulation. It was no use! My immobilization was total and there was nothing I could do to avoid what was being done to my body and mind. She knew I was already lubricating with arousal, unable to stop myself, and so when she braked at the gate, waiting for it to open, the rippling series of electrical shocks that lanced through my buttocks, pressed into their seat depressions, came as a horrible surprise! Even with my head securely strapped, I jerked it frantically in its cradle, screaming with pain and plaintive dismay while she kept the brake pedal depressed. The high, double gates opened slowly, and when she flicked on the turn signal, my left breast was convulsed with a series of painful electrical shocks each time the indicator blinked! I was only a faceless, silenced apparition, strapped into the seat, while the monitor beside her displayed me writhing madly against my bonds, for despite the interior of the compartment being only dimly lit, the camera employed was one of the newest, low-light types.

Inside my mask and helmet I tried to scream for it to stop, but the attempts were entirely stifled by the gag and thick helmet. At last, she turned onto the secondary dirt road that ran past the estate and both sets of shocks stopped, leaving me a gasping wreck in the seat. Now, just the vibrations of the tires on the rutted and bumpy road fed through the dildos, building me toward a slow arousal while I stared out at the occasional receding tail lights of the few cars we passed, going in the opposite direction. I could barely see these through the louvers and dark tinted windows. My fingers clawed with frantic effort to be freed and I accidentally pressed a button on the keypad.

I shouldn't have!

The seat once more swung me onto my back, and this time spread my pinioned legs even more widely than it had

before! I was held much as I would be if in a gynaecological chair, and that position is probably the most humiliating and helpless one a woman can assume. I hated it passionately! Frantically, I pushed several more buttons in rapid succession, trying to get the chair to bring me upright again, but when I did, they immediately unleashed a sudden, harsh suction on my supersensitive nipples, crashing static in my ears, and fierce vibrations from the impaling plugs! I couldn't stop my long, gag-stifled scream, but frantically continued to stab at the buttons. Far worse things began happening! My ringed nipples were already being pulled painfully out of my breasts, then another carefully calculated and horrid series of electrical shocks pulsed through both fleshy mounds! From the back of the gag pad, cold water was automatically squirted down my raw throat, even while I attempted to howl again, jerking hysterically at my bonds. She stopped at a light and more rippling shocks fried my buttocks in a stinging, electrical flogging, even while I was on my back!

Finally, the seat re-oriented itself and I sat gasping and weeping with relief against my gag while we cruised out onto the freeway. As we drove along, I began to feel even more alone, strapped securely into the seat and unable to tell anyone of my plight. I thought I'd finally experienced all the seat could do, but when she engaged the cruise control, that activated the piston action of both dildos! They each began to thrust slowly and deeply, then withdraw almost their full lengths before plunging again into my body, each time squirting out a little lubricant! My arousal began to peak, but when she signalled an unnecessary lane change, my left breast again caught fire! The faster we went, the stronger and more rapid the shocks became! There was nothing behind us though, and so she remained in the high-speed lane with the signal still on. In the steel-lined compartment, I screamed hysterically from the pulsing energy that curdled my breast tissue every second. I wanted to die, or, failing that, to rip my blood-inflated, agonized, breast off my body, but I couldn't do a thing to protect myself, and just had to endure the severe discipline. Then, she switched the indicator to the right signal, even though it too was unneeded, and I howled anew! She hadn't finished with me yet, and after a moment, switched the

signal off and glanced at the monitor. I'd collapsed within my bonds; wanting only to cradle and hold my imprisoned, sensitive flesh, but of course any chance of that was totally impossible. A moment later she switched on the four-way flashers so that both of my breasts shuddered, erupting in agonizing bursts that made me writhe demonically against my restraints, screaming my brains out against the deep rubber plug in my mouth, then the seat once again swung onto its back and forcibly spread my thighs. All the while, the torments I was suffering continued without let up, then it began to assault me with every other talent it possessed!

Under the tight straps holding me down, my body seemed ready to explode, for deep in my crotch, the self-lubricating rubber monsters had begun to piston in and out in a frenzy, while at the same time my breasts were suckled and shocked! The clitoral vibrator kicked in, buzzing in syncopation with the thrusts of the dildos, then suddenly, both it and the pistoning shafts began to shock me! My surrounding womb was convulsed over and over, making my internal muscles clamp and attempt to grasp the shafts. In a second, wild, quavering screams of mindless hysteria exploded in my mind, fighting to escape the awful gag and tight mask. All the while the electrical impulses sizzled through my nipples, breasts, and clitoris and, unreachable, deep in my crotch, my pleasure bud, the interior walls of my sex, and my vaginal lips were subjected to an unending electrical torture that twitched and transfixed me with terrible pulses of sensation. At points of the program cycle, the shocks all hit at the same time, then, to make matters worse, my air supply suddenly disappeared! The heated, thick, impervious rubber of the mask sucked itself tightly against my flushed face and I stared out at what I thought was my impending death by suffocation; all the while being tortured by the merciless Punishment System! Insanity was only two breaths away.

It was not to be, of course, but no matter how insanely I pleaded into the gag to be freed from the chair and my mobile, locked, torture chamber, it didn't happen. All the while I continued to experience every shock and vibration with intense awareness. My masochism flared brightly and a titanic,

nameless sensation reared in my mind. Sensing this, Alexandra pulled over to the side of the road and watched intently while I climaxed time and time again with exploding shudders, held almost motionless by the seat's restraints. My fight to move added a witch's brew of endorphins to those already circulating through my bloodstream and I was unable to escape my own body's and mind's betrayal. Another and another and another of the stupendous orgasms washed through me, until at last I fainted from sensory overload.

Completely dead to the world, I was unaware that she had pulled back out onto the road to continue our evening drive. Trucks and cars pulled up behind then passed us, totally unaware that, sometime later, I was staring out at them: gagged, masked, and in deepest bondage imaginable.

## Chapter Six

### Dental Dances

When I finally returned to awareness we were back at the house and she'd opened the hatch. I was sitting upright once more, held motionless by the seat's restraints, and stared fearfully at her from inside the compressing mask and helmet. She turned on my hearing for a moment.

"Julia," she said quietly, "you'll stay fastened in your chair for the rest of the night, then early tomorrow morning you'll be taken to have your mouth jewellery affixed. The process is a long and involved one, but by this time tomorrow night, it'll be done ... and permanent. It's going to happen now whether you want it or not, dear. These new additions are not going to be very pleasant, as you've probably guessed, but, they're what you wanted, and so you shall have them.

"G'night dear," she whispered.

Her voice clicked off and I was left straining to hear something penetrate through the wall of nothingness. She turned and stepped from the compartment, leaving me immobilized in the dreadful, punishing chair, then the lights of the garage flicked out.

"Oh, please!" I mentally wailed to her from inside my rubber and steel imprisonment. "Please, please, please don't leave me in here!"

The hatch door swept down and locked solidly, then out of my sight she went to the driver's position, closed all the window louvers tightly, and rotated my seat to a forty-five degree angle so I'd be able to sleep more easily. I lay in the depthless blackness and utter silence, waiting in fearful anticipation, expecting to be disciplined and teased again, but nothing further was done to me during the night. As much as I wanted to, I could not touch any part of my body and so had to sit and just endure, thinking horrified thoughts about what was going to be done in just a few hours. Boredom and exhaustion

quickly overcame me and I drifted off, spending the rest of the night in the incredible seat.

It was not a pleasant one.

No matter how I struggled and prayed for even a small respite; nothing relieved my immobilization and when I finally did sleep, the night was done far too quickly. I remained precisely as she'd left me; completely unaware when the morning came, even after she'd stepped into the compartment, then came to stand beside me. Of course nothing had disturbed me while I lay there, eyes closed under the tightly clamped, uncomfortable inner rubber mask. Only the slow rise and fall of my chest when I inhaled and exhaled indicated I was alive and Alexandra had made sure that there was no danger, for she'd activated the on-board ventilator to ensure I kept breathing: it forcibly inflating and exhausting my lungs. Occasionally my hands and fingers had twitched restlessly under their steel covers when I struggled unconsciously to free them, but I'd remained as securely fastened as when she'd left me.

It was time to begin the next portion of my ever-increasing captivity and so without awakening me, she stepped from the prison compartment and locked it. Moments later the house had been secured, then she returned to the van. The garage door slid up with a dull rumble that I didn't hear and she started the engine then backed out onto the driveway and headed for the city. I was awakened by small trickles of water from my gag, and my fingers twitched convulsively when I came awake then the 90 minute ride into town during the darkness of the early morning was a quiet one. Alexandra pulled into the underground garage of the doctor's building and parked at about 6:20 am then a moment later, was back in my compartment and had closed the hatch. It didn't take her long to release me then lock the long, thick dildo back into my body, securing it to the donut. I submitted to its insertion with no sign of rebellion for she could so easily discipline me, and being lackadaisical with exhaustion, I sat in a daze, waiting for what was to come next.

“Good morning, Mistress,” I mumbled and began to come fully awake when she helped me step down onto the grey-painted cement, where in front of me she’d laid out my ankle length, thick rubber hobble skirt to form a large, glistening black puddle. I’d wear it both as a means of hindering free movement and as a cover for what was next to be added to my costume.

Alexandra wanted me to continue sensing the essence of my femininity, and picked up an ankle length Inhibitor Bar, then pushed my thighs apart and snapped it into the socket on the steel covering plate between them. This locked it securely into my chastity belt’s crotch piece, the vaginal cap underneath, and the dildo attached to it, making me mewl with dislike when the shaft in my belly twitched uncomfortably. Nevertheless, I stood still while she connected short hobble chains to the ring at the end of the ‘Bar then to my ankle cuffs to limit my freedom even more. I hated being compelled to be so totally aware of my sex and its captivity, but had to accept it and how the ‘Bar reinforced the mind set. Once my ankles were connected, she pulled me slowly into the central opening of the deployed skirt, grasped the thick waist band and drew it up my legs. There was some struggle to get it over my hips and bottom, but in a moment she’d zipped it closed then pulled the matching, tight jacket up my arms and over my shoulders then closed the zipper up my back. Another heavily-toothed zip went around the bottom edge, fastening it to my long skirt, then she perched a small hat on my head; this with attached, heavy veils that draped to mostly conceal my face and nasal jewellery. The hat was quickly secured to my wig with long bobby pins, as well as a tight, under-the-chin strap.

“It-it’s going to happen, isn’t it?” I asked with a trill of fear. She picked up each of my steel banded wrists, then locked their rings of their cuffs to the protruding front, centre ring of my belt. My last covering was a knee length, thick, gleaming rubber cape that was immediately fastened up the front, concealing my bondage.

“Yes, my kinky little slave girl, it is!” She grinned, clipping a leash between my trembling fingers then threading

it through an opening at my waist. “Just as you requested, and with some interesting additions.”

“M-Mistress?” I stammered in mushrooming terror, tugging my hands against their bonds. “I-I’m scared!”

“Of course you’re scared, you silly girl ... as you should be!” she said with a happy smile at my terror, then pulled me by my chain across the floor to the elevator. The only sounds in the cavernous underground garage were the tapping of our high heels on the grey concrete and the slightly muffled clinking of my hobble chains. “However, this is what you wanted, Julia! So I’m going to make sure your wishes are fulfilled, and then some!”

“I won’t be able to speak very well after I’m wearing the braces, will I?” I quavered, my resolve and desire to have the procedures done having evaporated now that the inevitability of it happening confronted me.

“That’s correct, Julia,” she confirmed, not telling me that speech was going to be a luxury I would seldom be granted from this afternoon on. I already knew that my mouth jewellery could not, and would not be removed, once it was affixed. “Your appliances will be quite a trial for the first couple of months, but you’ll eventually get used to them I’m sure.

“Now, come!” she commanded pulling on my leash to get through the opened door of the elevator.

Inside, mustering my nerve, I turned to her, then spoke in a trembling voice.

“M-Mistress? I-I don’t think I want to do this anymore!”

She turned and faced me, knowing this moment would come.

“Julia!” she stated forcefully, “I put up with weeks of your begging, then spent considerable time and effort to find a doctor who’d do the procedures with no questions asked, and finally, I’ve spent a lot of money to have all of the appliances custom-designed and created.

“You’re damned well going through with this, and I’ll hear no more bitching and whining! Do you understand?”

“Y-Yes, Mistress,” I whimpered, lowering my head submissively as much as my collar would allow.

“No more talking until we’re at the doctor’s!”

I shut up, only sniffing quietly with worry, and within two minutes we’d arrived at the oral surgeon’s offices. Inside, we were met by a stern, efficient looking nurse and immediately taken into the office where she handed Alexandra a clipboard.

“You’ll both need to sign the Consent Forms, please, before we can begin the procedures. Because what will be done today is extensive, quite severe, and cannot be undone, we require both of your written consents.”

“No problem.” Alexandra freed my right hand, leaving my left one still locked behind my waist, then signed the bottoms of five copies of the long document with a flourish. She held the clipboard for me and I stared fearfully at the densely typed page, knowing that once I’d put my name at the bottom next to hers on all of the pages, there would be no turning back. “Julia! Sign the Release Forms immediately!”

“V-v-very well, Mistress,” I whispered, then awkwardly but carefully printed my name and signed all five sets, my hand shaking with nervousness at what I’d just committed myself to.

The nurse witnessed my signatures while Alexandra re-locked my wrist to my waist cinch, making me her helpless, chained prisoner once more.

“Excellent!” she smiled and took a copy of the completed documents from the nurse.

With the paperwork completed, Alexandra and I were led through another door and into the dental surgery. Alexandra pulled me over to stand beside the gleaming steel strut work of the old-fashioned, skeletal dental chair, then locked the end of my leash to a ring on the back at the neck portion.

“Now, hold still while I undress you,” she ordered.

She first freed me of all my chains but the leash, then rapidly divested me of my outer garments. The nurse looked somewhat shocked upon seeing the evil length of the Inhibitor Bar between my legs, but said nothing while she assisted Alexandra to get me laid in the dental chair. Alexandra rapidly shortened my leash so that I was unable to sit up, then stood just as the doctor arrived. I was surprised to see that it was a woman and a very beautiful one to boot, but she was all business and ran an appraising eye over me and my costume while I lay waiting for what was to come. I remained silent, but when Alexandra turned to go, giving me one last glance, I looked up at her and spoke my final, unobstructed words.

“Please, Mistress?” I begged, surging against the short chain between the back of my collar and the chair, the first of many tears to come trickling down my cheeks.

“No!” she commanded. “It gets done, just as you wanted! As I’ve told you, there’ll be quite a few additions I want you to wear, so you’ll just have to get used to the whole ensemble. Now, do as you’re told!”

She turned and left the surgery accompanied by the doctor while I remained laying there, leashed securely to the chair, trying to mentally prepare myself for what was to come. I faintly heard the doctor speak again just before Alexandra left.

“These procedures, as you know, are long and involved, Ms. von Strassen. There’ll be no point in you returning until about 5:30 this afternoon.”

“Excellent, Doctor. I’ll be back to pick her up then.” was the last thing I heard her say before she walked down the hall to the elevator, anticipating seeing me fully outfitted. It was five minutes after 7:00 and a day I’d never forget was about to begin.

The doctor returned and closed the door and I stared up at the two women dressed in their starched white lab coats, eyes darting between them. Without a word being spoken they began to more fully attach me to the chair and at 7:15 they’d

finished, then, using a set of forceps, the doctor came to stand beside the chair.

“Open your mouth, young lady!” she commanded peremptorily.

With deep trepidation I obeyed her command and she reached into it, clamping the tool painfully into the flesh of my tongue, then drew it as far out as possible. No anaesthetic was to be employed at first, according to the detailed instructions from Alexandra.

When the first piercing was made I howled and grunted at the burning transfixion of the thrust she made into and through the stretched flesh. This first piercing was placed across the width of my tongue, close to the back of my mouth and a thick, stainless steel rod was quickly forced into and through the wound, making me utter a keening howl of distress when it became deeply embedded in the muscle, then small, sobbing explosions of panicky breath rose from my throat, swelling against its snug steel collar. The doctor paid my misery no attention whatsoever and continued her terrible work. Next, came the web piercing beneath, and another sobbing cry was torn from me while my heels tried to drum a staccato beat against the thin, black, rubber padding, but the series of tight, steel clamps capturing each of my legs prevented any such display of misery. My fingers clawed into the arms of the chair, trying to drive my nails into their pads, scraping frantically on them when the doctor lifted and pulled harder. The large diameter needle pierced the stretched and quivering triangle of soft flesh, and although her thrust was rapid, it hurt abominably. The heavy ring had been created to conform to the interior dimensions of my lower jaw and was quickly inserted, then locked into place. I knew instinctively that it would always be an uncomfortable addition, but that was not the doctor's concern.

She'd been commissioned to perform her tasks with no questions asked or answers expected. I was permitted to recover for two minutes, all the while with my tongue kept pulled from my mouth, then the next portion of my travail commenced.

Four thick posts were the next to be inserted in my tongue and these were to be positioned so they fit within the circumference and around the web ring. The doctor spent a minute carefully plotting their insertion points, marking each with an indelible pencil, then the actual piercings were quickly done. I made only small, soft, moans when each puncture was made and the short, thick shafts were inserted after each thrust of the needle. By that point I was panting and nearly hyperventilating, but she continued her work. A moment later large retaining balls were screwed onto the exposed threads of the short shafts, after having been coated with a thread locking adhesive. These she turned down very tightly until they pressed deeply into the sensitive, upper surface of my tongue; acting at the same time to pull the ones beneath into firm contact with its under-flesh.

Next, each side of the sensitive muscle was punctured four times in rapid succession, then the resultant holes were filled with thick steel rings. These were immediately clinched tight, having the effect of keeping my tongue constantly constrained, where they cruelly compressed it within their small diameters, then it was time for the tip of my tongue to receive its jewellery.

I screamed frantically when the doctor forced another thick needle horizontally through the flesh, across the width of the sensitive, now swollen flesh, one and a half centimetres behind its tip, then inserted yet another short, steel shaft through the wound: immediately securing it with another pair of retainer balls. The transverse, front and back shafts had an additional characteristic though; each being endowed with substantial, finely threaded holes at their mid-points. These were now hidden from view, buried deep within my tongue, but they'd not remain unoccupied for long! The doctor picked up a different set of forceps, hooked them around the ends of the short, newly added shaft at the front, and only then were the others released.

The final tongue piercing was going to hurt a lot, but the doctor resolutely continued without any concern or sympathy for my feelings, or the misery she was about to inflict. Holding my tongue under a strong tension, she positioned a thick-

gauged needle at its very tip, then slowly forced it lengthways into the flesh! A shuddering, strangled scream tore from me while the shiny, superbly-sharpened, steel shaft sank deeply into the muscle, then plunged through the hole in the middle of the front cross rod! I fainted, yet she continued to drive it yet further down the length of my writhing, stretched tongue until at last it found the mid-point hole in the rear one. The needle was slowly withdrawn, but immediately, she picked up a thick, shiny steel rod, then slowly and carefully pressed it into the wound. I writhed dementedly against my fastenings, coming awake and howling in an agony of inarticulate terror at what was being done. In seconds the threads at the buried end of the shaft had centred themselves in the deeper cross bar, and with two turns, the others near the front also engaged in the foremost one. She quickly screwed the lengthways shaft firmly into place, leaving its steel, ball-endowed end, pressed firmly into the tip of my tongue!

I had not requested any of this tongue ‘jewellery’, or even thought that something so horribly cruel and restricting could be created, but now I wore the awful arrangement fastened within my tongue and it nearly drove me mad! I’d only asked for dental braces!

My tongue was now incredibly restrained, but the next indignity to be inflicted came when the doctor took another thick U shackle from its place on the white cloth covering of the chair-side tray, and with a pair of heavy duty, reverse type pliers, spread its strongly sprung arms, then slipped them over the two slightly flattened surfaces of the protruding tip ball. Short, thick pins on the inner surfaces, at the ends of the U’s arms snapped into deep, mating holes in these flat surfaces when she released the pressure on the hand grips of the tool.

I stared up at my tormentress through eyes streaming with tears; struggling to get used to the incredible restriction I was now experiencing within my mouth when I tried to move my tongue or form a word. It had been fitted with the full complement of hardware Alexandra had designed, unknown to me, for my humiliation and control, and I was another step closer to a total and all enveloping enslavement, whether I wanted it or not.

“The only way any of these additions to your tongue can be removed,” the doctor said stated calmly, looking down unsympathetically into my streaming eyes, “will be to have them cut out of your flesh, or to have the flesh itself removed. Apparently, you will not be permitted either option young lady; so, in effect, the metal adornments for your tongue are quite permanent.

“Now, please open your mouth so I can fit the jaw spreader tool and lip retractors.”

“Aaauuuugghh ... Nnnngghh ...” were the only pitiful sounds I could manage, feeling the incredible, double, steel cross inside my tongue, stopping its every attempted movement, hurting all the while with a dull, throbbing pain.

When I fearfully opened my mouth, she slipped in something that fitted over my upper and lower teeth at the front, then squeezed the handles until my mouth was jacked open very widely. The lip retractor was next, and in a moment they were pulled out and away from all of my teeth.

The next part of the process was to be a protracted one.

First, my upper and lower jaws had to be anaesthetized for the tooth jackets to be fitted and attached and so she picked up one of a group of pre-loaded syringes, then began making the 20 injections required. I flinched from the mild pain with each of the first six she did, but the numbing agent was very fast-acting and I didn't even feel the last half dozen. She sat off to the side of the chair for five minutes, waiting for the anaesthesia to take full effect before beginning her work, then just before starting, she again looked down into my tear-pooled eyes.

“It's time to put the jackets on your teeth,” she stated unequivocally. “These too will be permanently mounted. You'll feel them being fitted, but there will be no pain, now that I've numbed everything. Once they're on, I'll secure them fully. Now, hold still.”

The devices keeping my mouth spread wide and my lips pulled away shone dully, covered with a thin film of frothy saliva, and she spent a moment removing the excess fluid from

my mouth before beginning. To my horror, she clipped a light chain to the U shackle at the tip of my tongue, then left it to hang out of the front of my mouth! My tongue lay quivering against its lateral and lengthways restriction, as well as the rings along its sides, for with the final injections it had turned seemingly into a piece of sensation-less wood. I knew it was there, but could no longer feel the pain of the freshly added hardware.

For the next two hours the doctor carefully fitted the thin, stainless steel coverings to every one of my teeth, gluing their inner surfaces so that there would be no possibility of an easy removal, short of the teeth themselves being extracted. This alone was not enough for Alexandra though, for she had further specified that the jackets also be mechanically affixed to each tooth, also! The doctor spent the following hour drilling small holes completely through each of my teeth, then slightly oversized retainer pins were screwed all the way into each hole, and the jackets. The ends of each of these were burnished to a high finish after being flattened into shallow depressions on the inner and outer sides of the jackets, thus permanently capping all of my teeth.

Each tooth's jacket had small, doubled, smoothly-humped brackets on their inner and outer surfaces; the uppermost ones for the narrow, flat wires that would join each tooth to its neighbour, while the lower, outer ones would receive the barbed fittings of the inner mouth bows. In addition, the jackets on my back, lower molars, as well as the opposing bicuspid in my lower jaw at the front, were equipped with additional, small brackets on their inner surfaces; these designed to lock onto the ends of the transverse tongue rods, thus fully immobilizing the muscle just by clipping the balls into the four brackets!

One final, external, piercing was to be made, this at the bridge of my nose, and, once it was done, another substantial steel rod was slipped into it, under the knot of muscle, then secured with the ubiquitous steel balls on its ends. Now, with every change in my facial expression, I felt its inescapable pull, unable to avoid the presence of the end balls as constant companions in my field of vision.

At that point, it was time for the doctor to have her lunch. She provided me with a long drink of cold water, then left me alone in the room, securely fastened to the chair. For the next hour I lay in silent misery, sensing the gradual return of feeling to my mouth, tongue, and teeth. The pain was not extreme, but caused me to whimper quietly from what I had so far been subjected to. Most of it was unexpected and swirling, horrified thoughts of how the appliances embedded in my mouth and tongue would be employed, flooded through my mind in mounting waves of terror. I knew Alexandra would not permit me to escape my fate and I already deeply hated the things that had been done.

“Oh God! Why did I ever want to do this?!” I raged to myself, glancing over to the wall to where my heavy rubber clothing hung on the back of the closed door.

Since becoming her slave, I had begun to intensely dislike being forced to wear the specialized garments she'd had made for me. Certainly, at first, I'd sometimes revelled in the sensations and feelings of being so closely controlled, but as my time being her property grew longer, I'd found the constant restrictions my new clothing enforced to be almost too much to bear. In my previous life, I'd enjoyed almost unlimited freedom to dress as I pleased, but since signing the Ownership Contract, those choices had evaporated like snow flakes on a hot stove.

The shiny, long, thick, black rubber skirt was not my choice by any means! It was hot and awkward to move in while being worn, ensuring I was always under a form of subtle restriction. Long and encumbering skirts were only a small portion of my wardrobe though, for after my first month in the Restraint Harness, Alexandra also began to require that I wear that truly horrible thing she called an 'Inhibitor Bar'. This newest part of my Restraint Harness was a 5 cm diameter shaft that locked onto an outer joint of my chastity belt's crotch piece, being anywhere between mid-thigh length to ankle length, depending upon her daily whim, and was somehow mechanically connected to the long, thick dildo I have to wear at all times too. Now I had to wear the awful combination at all times; even while I slept!

I was constantly embarrassed by its humiliating restriction of my movements and could never escape its alien, irritating, presence between my legs. Every time they brushed against it when I walked, especially while wearing a tight skirt, the rigid bar twitched back and forth, thus ensuring that the shaft moved within my loins! Mostly, I was required to wear an ankle length one, and so was prohibited from sitting down, and to add to my restriction, its end was equipped with a substantial ring by which Alexandra further limited my freedom by connecting 15 cm long chains from each ankle cuff, to ensure that it moved when I walked or tried to bend over!

That wasn't all though. She often leashed me by its tip ring, or threaded a length of chain from floor anchoring points through it. With this arrangement, there was no possible way for me to reach the running leash, and every time I walked along the length when fastened this way, the vibration of the links passing through the ring were fed upwards and into my sensation-starved sex, immediately driving me into a frenzy of unsatisfied desire and frustrated tears while my fingers clawed desperately at the steel that covered and sealed my crotch. I was kept constantly, uncomfortably aware of my femininity, no matter how much I wished not to be.

It was completely horrible and I hated being forced to wear the thing! It always made me feel vulnerable, helpless, and totally controlled and no matter how I tried to ignore it, I never could. I complained often to Alexandra how awful it was, but she just smiled and said that having to wear it was also a required part being her property, and she had no intention of changing her mind.

To me, the most terrible aspect of the entire assembly was the leash chain she employed to lead me about by ... even in public on the occasional times I was taken off the estate.

## Chapter Seven

### Caged Cranium

At 1:00 in the afternoon I still lay fastened into the dental chair, shivering against the tight, wide steel straps clamping me to its black rubber cushions. The day had started far too early and at this point in the complex procedures, I thought it would never end. But soon the doctor returned from her meal and stood ready to continue the incredibly detailed process of fitting me with my mouth jewellery.

She positioned herself on the right side of the chair, ignoring my small whimpers and the panicky heaving of my encased breasts, then concentrated on the preparation of the next set of glittering appliances that would, quite effectively, render me completely speechless. I wasn't yet aware of the enormity of the result of my wishes, knowing only that they were being granted by many orders of magnitude beyond what I'd asked for; whether I now wished them to be or not. Speech, unknown to me, had become an almost unattainable freedom and luxury.

The doctor's long, rubber-gloved fingers made an inspection, then minute adjustments to the smooth metal devices she held; doing so with the touch of a true artisan. She knew with certainty that I would not like my new dental appliances one little bit, even after just the first moments of them being placed within my mouth. I lay fastened securely before her in the sun-dappled, earth-toned room, staring up in terrified apprehension of what was to come, truly unwilling to continue, despite my earlier written acceptance when I'd arrived, but it was far too late now.

I tried to shift on the thin cushions, irritated by their stickiness and heat, but no matter how I wriggled and twitched against the tight metal straps, there was no escape. Only unintelligible moans came from my jacked-open mouth, and my tears again began in earnest, streaming down my cheeks from the corners of my dilated eyes while I waited for the next part of the procedures to commence. The first ones I'd shed

had certainly been sincere enough, coming as a result of the doctor's protracted ministrations of the morning past, and I could not stop looking up at the clinical, mechanical things being readied for attachment to my face, head, and mouth.

No matter how I tried to beg her that the awful process not be continued, only small, garbled, unformed wails burbled from my collared throat, for the tongue restraints worked efficiently to prevent me from properly forming words, and, being so new, they hurt abominably when I tried. The pain would soon disappear, but not the effects of the metal appliances embedded in the muscle.

"It's time to fit the wires to your tooth jackets, then I'll add the remainder of your appliances."

The doctor spent the next hour and a half carefully linking each tooth to its mates on either side, then it was time for the internal mouth bows to be fitted and locked in place.

"Nnnngghhaarr! Nnnnyyaaaa!" I feebly protested when she raised the formidable, gleaming steel U's into my sight.

With my mouth jacked open, she had no difficulty in slipping the arrangement far back within my cheeks, their small, smoothly-hinged but very strong joints on each side coming to rest in the fleshy pockets at the joins of my jaw. They were wriggled for a brief moment while she carefully positioned the upper and lower pieces, then settled firmly into place when she began the process of locking them onto my teeth. These steel U's conformed closely to the arrangements and shapes of my teeth and being made of a high strength, stainless steel, they were utterly rigid. Each one was highly polished and on the sides closest to my teeth, equipped with small hooks, that, once forced through their matching brackets on the teeth caps, could not be moved or released, unless cut off. That would not be an easy process, if it was ever attempted.

This portion of the process was complex and detailed in the extreme. The barbed hooks had to be carefully aligned with their matching tooth brackets, then thrust through small

apertures, ever increasing the rigidity of the steel U. The solid, small click of each hook being forced into its fitting, and the sensation of deepening captivity I felt, elicited a host of despairing moans at what was being done, but she was relentless and the process continued without pause while I lay quivering and helpless before her in the chair. It wasn't painful, just terribly more restrictive every time she connected it to a tooth jacket.

Thirty minutes later, the upper, inner face bow had been locked to all of its teeth, then the fitting of the lower one began and an hour later it too was fastened solidly in place. She released the mouth spreader and lip retractors, then sat back and looked on quizzically while I cautiously closed my mouth.

These inner portions of the multi-part appliance were formed so that the brackets on the teeth slid into mating depressions, yet left a smooth profile on their outer, cheek sides. They weren't exceedingly bulky, but pushed out my face and lips slightly in unusual shapes. Their severe restriction became immediately apparent when I closed my mouth for the first time and found that the hinged-together U's limited the motion of my jaw with mechanical precision. It was a minimal control for the moment, but they prohibited me from moving it sideways in any sort of grinding action, so that now I could only open and close my mouth in a parody of what had been permitted before they'd been fitted. There was worse to come though. More salty tears trailed down my cheeks, diluting the already exaggerated mascara lines flowing from the corners of my eyes.

"Now, young lady, it's time for the head cage and external face bows to be fitted.

"First, I'll fit the head cage portions and connect them to your collar, then the exterior face bows will be fastened to the interior, oral portions of the appliance. None of this will hurt, but you will feel uncomfortable and quite trapped by the entire ensemble."

I twisted my head in silent, pleading denial, attempting to indicate that I didn't want to wear any sort of humiliating and embarrassing metal head harness, but she wasn't concerned

with my feelings and desires. Her task was to ensure that all of the things she put on me could not possibly be removed by anyone other than a surgeon of considerable skill and determination. I would truly feel and be trapped within the devices. She began to execute her job with bone-chilling proficiency.

The process of fitting me with gleaming steel head cage proceeded rapidly; for the moment leaving the hinged U's on the small table beside the chair. Then, I saw the next piece of the appliance that would encompass my head. I'd not expected anything like the incredible bridle that was about to be locked around it and my face, and its appearance and addition came as a terrible shock!

It resembled a cross, with inverted Y's at the ends of the two sides' down-curving pieces; the Y's forming narrow apertures for my multiply pierced ears. The tails of these rose, curving tightly up over my skull to join at the crown in a 5 cm diameter, shallow cup, and at the centre of this was a thick, four cm diameter, universally mounted ring. Its purpose was blatantly obvious.

It was for a leash.

The forward strap of the cross-like arrangement was formed to come down over the curve of the skull to the middle of my forehead, at which point, it became an inverted T. The curved arms of this T would slip around the sides my head at the level of my temples, where they flowed into the tails of the Y's, just above my ears. The curved, back strap of the cross would also closely follow the contour of my hairless skull, and its end was fashioned to slip into another slot in my collar, between the lower, side strap's ends. When I saw this network of ensnaring metal and realized that it was soon to be locked permanently around my head and face, I started to wail wordlessly, struggling violently against my fastenings, desperate to avoid the dreadful thing. That, of course, was impossible, thanks to my strictness of my fastenings to the dental chair.

“Relax, girl!” the doctor snapped, “It won't hurt you! Now, hold still while I fit your appliance.”

Despite the doctor's reassurance, low moans of terror and desperation continued to emerge from my steel-encased throat while she lowered it onto my head and sharp, final sounding clicks came from the front and behind each ear when the arms of the Y slipped onto their posts. The doctor pressed firmly on the top cap, forcing it more snugly into place on the crown of my head, and with horror, I felt it slowly become more and more restricting while the ratchet fittings on the posts clicked softly. The front band slid slowly downward, until at last it stopped at its position in the middle of my forehead and I felt the shallow cup at the top come into contact with the thin, sensitive, hairless skin of my scalp. Along the sides, I also felt the cool metal straps slide past my temples and could not stop the ripples of shivers that shook my body. Another moan of horror at my increasing helplessness tore from my soul, but she continued fastening the confining cage. It took considerable effort for her to bend the springy steel strap from the rear hinge joint, then line it up with the central slot in the collar at the nape of my neck, but a moment later, a solid, mechanical click sounded in the surgery when the back-of-the-head band tightened, pulling the entire steel head cage an all-over, tight contact.

It sounded and felt like the end of the world to me, but the true horror of the steel web being attached to my head and face became even clearer when the crown strap tightened onto the top of my skull. I struggled to try and twist my head within the cloying web, only to find that now I was permitted just the smallest of movements.

Although the brightly finished, stainless steel, outer face bows were as smoothly finished as the ones within my mouth, both they and the straps that were now webbed around my head were of much more substantial construction. The thick, outer, closely fitting U's of the appliance were designed so that they followed the shape of my face closely, being hinged under my ears in a manner similar to a pair of common scissors, then from these joints, short, thick posts snapped into fittings on my head cage just below my ears and another set of posts connected to my collar!

These outer face bows were designed to mate securely to the U's already within my mouth, and together with the rest of the snaring metal straps, they'd almost fully immobilize my head. I would, in effect, wear a snugly-fitted bridle around my skull and over my face: one that neither I nor anyone else would be able to remove! In effect I'd be severely controlled by a device that was totally merciless and completely visible to all. At the corners of my mouth and along my slightly parted lips, on the top and on the bottom, a series of 4 small, smooth, but substantial flanges projected outward from the inner U's. These would soon be riveted to matching ones on the outer facial bows, in such a manner that the connections would be as permanent and secure as those that had been attached to my teeth. For the moment though, my lips were free to move as I desired.

Once the doctor was satisfied that the head cage had been properly and securely attached, she again moved her attention to my face and mouth, for it was time to begin connecting the inner and outer facial bows to each other. She stared down into my swimming eyes then picked the outer facial bow arrangement from the table and held it up for me to see.

"Part your lips, dear. This section of the process won't hurt either, but you won't like having to wear it," she said in a quiet voice with little compassion for the state of my facial and oral restrictions.

Tremulously, I did as she asked and she raised the gleaming, silvery steel U's of the face bows to my head and moved them slowly and carefully toward my head and face. I uselessly attempted to recoil and twist my head away, but the chair's restraints held my head firmly and so my steel bridle was pushed resolutely inward, pressing more firmly against my face and cheeks. I heard and felt the solid clicks when its mounting and securing posts snapped into their 'fasten once only' fittings beneath my ears on the head cage, then another set of the terrible clicks when they were also fastened to my collar. When she was satisfied that the connections were secure and snug, she began to connect the outer bows to those inside my mouth. Eight, small clicks sounded in rapid succession when she placed the small, tough, stainless steel

rivets, then, with a compound-levered, rivet setting tool, flattened their heads, making the joining of the bows quite permanent. I winced fearfully with each metallic crushing when the rivets were set.

“Now its time to attach the internal springs,” she murmured.

She deftly attached small devices to points on the external, facial ‘scissors’ just in front of my cheek bones, then rapidly turned their adjusting screws. Again, my jaws were spread wide apart. No matter how desperately I tried to resist, the mechanical advantage of the screws was far too great, and a moment later I again lay with my mouth gaping fully open. Grasping a pair of needle nosed pliers, she rapidly attached four short, small springs onto the inner, upper facial bow. Two went on each side at the back, then another pair at the mid-points, all fastened between my teeth and cheeks. Carefully, with small grunts of effort, each spring was drawn out, then clipped to its corresponding bracket on the lower, inner bow. Their lengths were such that even with my mouth fully closed, the springs would remain under considerable tension, thus acting to keep my jaws clamped tightly together. Certainly, I’d be able to open my mouth slightly for a few seconds, but the springs were far too strong for me to fight for any length of time, and so when I was to be fed or watered, the jacks would be needed. However, I could still make some small noises of protest or suffering and the next piece, although it would, very occasionally, not be used, was readied.

It was a gag pad.

Unlike the rest of the hardware, it was made of a slightly compressible black rubber, this formed into the exact shape of my palate, teeth, and tongue. The thick rubber was designed and shaped with a large diameter hole through its middle, and at the back, was curved down slightly so that it would partially descend into my throat. Underneath, it had a wide shallow trough for my tongue and its hardware. It wasn’t quite long enough to bring on a retching reflex, but would certainly be uncomfortable. However, the worst portion of this mouth-filler would be the feeding tube I’d have to accept for all of the long

terms Alexandra planned to enforce. This would pass entirely through the gag pad, then descend from its back, into my oesophagus, and finally, my stomach. For the moment, I wasn't aware that this would also be done and I would live most of my life to come as her mute slave girl. Alexandra, as matters turned out, planned to inflict this on me in the security of my cell where all of my despairing, wordless screams and begging would be completely unheard by any but her. Chained and harnessed as I would be, there was no possible way I'd be able to stop it from happening once my jaws had been spread, nor would I have the option of refusing it ... or removing it.

Clamped into the chair, I started dolefully up at the doctor through tear-filled eyes while she readied the silencer for insertion. Until this point, I'd been unaware that it would be fitted, but now, seeing it, I began to wail incoherently in denial when she approached with it held delicately in her fingers. I managed one last, wordless, despairing howl.

“Nnnnnnooooo! NNNaaarrggghhh-nnnnggghhh!!!!”

My cry was cut off at mid-point when she slipped the rubber horror between my lips then forced it fully into my jacked open mouth. Its hardware clicked into the mounts on the upper tooth jackets and my eyes bulged with discomfort and terror when these occurred and I surged hysterically against the bonds holding me in the chair, howling against the rubber stopper to have it removed, but of course, I could not halt what was being done.

A moment later, she loosened the adjusting screws of the spreaders and my jaws came slowly and firmly together. I was left with the steel web framing my head, lips slightly parted around the frontal feeding fitting and the flanges joining the inner and outer facial bows to each other. I twitched my face frantically within its steel imprisonment, then attempted to shake my head. Inside my mouth, the next awful thing occurred! My tongue became completely immobilized when the balls on its top clicked into fittings in the trough on the underside of the gag pad, then my lower teeth jackets! Now, not even a small scream could escape my mouth! Only a hissing whimper emerged from my ringed nose when I tried,

and it was then I began to realize some of the consequences of having the entire combination of devices affixed to my head, face and tongue. The sensations of total bondage that I began to experience at that point were extremely intense and my mind almost dissolved in hysterical screams that no one but me heard, while the doctor stood back and closely inspected her work once more. The full application of my mouth jewellery was designed to silence me quite thoroughly, as well as to vastly increase my sense of being controlled, just as my metal body harness did. It was another very long step towards the full realization of my dreams, now turned into the most awful nightmares I could have imagined.

However, she wasn't finished yet.

“It's time to fit you with some rather specialized ear plugs, young lady. First though, I have to make a couple of piercings in your ears' cartilage, then you'll be ready for them to be fitted.”

She walked to my right side and I felt something clamp around the little projection over my ear canal. There was a sharp snap and I jumped against my bonds when a thick piercing was made in its centre, then she grasped my ear and pulled it outward and there was another loud snap, making me jump again. My other ear was given the same treatment, then without a word, she pressed thick, lubricated plugs into each one and all sound disappeared. I was deaf! After seating the ear plugs fully, she next threaded a thick barbell through the hole in the right side Tagus, the loop on the end of the plug, then the back of my ear. A tightly screwed-on ball behind my ear ensured that the plug remained securely fastened in it and my other ear was similarly treated a moment later. She came to stand in front of me and I watched her mouth move, but heard absolutely nothing, until she raised and pressed a small control. Suddenly, her voice drilled into my brain.

“This is the hearing control that your Mistress requires you to wear. Now, your ability to hear anything at all is remotely controlled. Your Mistress has the capability of totally denying you any sound at all, or, if she desires, can be made to recognize only her voice. Of course she can select any kind of

noise or music also, but I doubt she'll do that too often. However, that's none of my concern.

“Well, there you are, young lady! I've only to connect your nose and ear rings to the appliance, and you're done.”

So saying she picked up an arrangement of small, gleaming metal joiners, this resembling an inverted Y; then rapidly clipped the mid-points of its 'arms' to the rings on the outer sides of my nostrils. These led down and out to the sides of the upper facial bow, just under my cheek bones, while their upper portions flowed up beside and framed my nose. At the joining of the arms and the tail of the inverted Y, two small U's on the inner side hooked around the ball-ended shaft at the bridge of my nose and the doctor pulled these tight, dragging uncomfortably on the now concealed bar-bell. Maintaining tension, she used a small set of needle-nosed pliers, and bent the four thin shafts inward to the short, central bolt. A second later, a small acorn nut was filled with thread-locking compound, then screwed firmly down, sealing them away. From this fixture, the tail of the 'Y' led up to the centre of my forehead to be fastened to its crossing strap and she pulled firmly on the whole assembly until its T end dropped into a locking fitting in its middle. I quivered with the dull, unceasing discomfort of having my nose also bound into the steel bridle, whimpering pitifully, for I could do nothing other than stare out around the defining linkage with a dismayed, horrified expression. To add even more to my control, the doctor fitted the end link of a new, 50 cm leash chain around my septum's U shackle, then clamped it tightly and more tears welled in my eyes, slipping down my cheeks when I felt the weight and restrictive tugging of the nasal tether once more.

Lastly, she moved to my right side and pulled down on the thick steel U embedded in my tender ear lobe, until there was a solid snap of it locking into a fitting on my collar, then quickly repeated the exercise on the left.

“For the moment, that's all you're to be fitted with in the way of jewellery. I can't say I envy you young lady. However, it is what you seemed to want. Now, hold still while I wipe your face, then you'll get dressed and be taken to wait for your

Mistress. She should be arriving within the hour. No more sound is permitted to you, until your Mistress permits it.”

My hearing snapped off and she solicitously wiped away my tears with a tissue, then I was rapidly freed from the restraints that had held me in the chair. It was time for me to be suitably covered once more.

Given my Inhibitor Bar and the short ankle hobble chains locked to its tip ring, I had to be assisted from the chair, weeping and completely speechless, in mushrooming horror of what had been done to me. My wrists remained fastened at my waist while she lengthened the leash to the chair’s back, permitting me to stand beside it, but there was no way to escape her control, nor the capability she had of instant discipline, thanks to my dangling nose chain. She bent down and pulled on my low-heeled boots, then zipped them closed over my ankle cuffs and around my hobble chains. My wrists were released one at a time and I had to accept being confined with my back fastening jacket. I slowly slipped my arms into the sleeves, then turned my back and she jerked the jacket the rest of the way onto my upper body with a series of harsh, quick tugs, then zipped it closed up my back and locked the tab at the top, just under my collar. The jacket was also designed to limit my freedom, for my arm motions were severely restricted by its tightness alone, and, the whole thing, being of thick, reinforced rubber, ensured I would quickly become uncomfortable, but unable to extricate myself from it. The doctor next took my ankle length, thick, black, rubber skirt from its hanger, laid it on the floor in front of me, then wordlessly gestured that I step into the opening at the centre. I dutifully obeyed and the bulky, heavy, and restricting envelope was pulled slowly up my legs to my waist. Its wide, reinforced waistband was immediately locked closed at the back and when the zipper was drawn up over my buttocks, I felt its inner girdle once more contract like a python around my hips and thighs, making me a prisoner within its restricting embrace. I was absurdly grateful for the concealment of my Inhibitor Bar from public view, despite the discomfort and restraint of the long skirt, but could not escape its sensations,

for it remained held threateningly between my legs for nearly their full length.

“There! Time to finish dressing.”

Taking my purse, the doctor looped its strap over my right shoulder then fastened the jacket’s epaulet to hold it in place. I had once more become a demurely although strangely clad young woman. Knowing it was unavoidable, I turned and held out my cuffed wrists, then submitted quietly when she crossed them against the back of my waist and slipped substantial locks through their inner rings, fastening my wrists on opposite sides of my body. She attached a long, thick, black leather strap to the front staple with a separate lock and tugged on it twice to ensure full closure.

Although I was now almost fully-covered, there were very obvious, jarring notes to my ensemble. The obviously thick, ankle length, rubber skirt and matching, restricting jacket were in themselves remarkable, but then there was the strange and snug steel contraption fastened about my head and onto my face. I could do nothing to hide it or my nose chain. The gleaming head cage was partially hidden a moment later when she lifted the wig from the side table, then pulled it over my skull and spent a couple of moments adjusting its fit. It already had an eyelet at its crown, and she took a moment to pull the thick ring at the top of the cage through it. When satisfied, she carefully combed the hair until the steel circlet was hidden within the golden strands. My hearing snapped on briefly.

“I suppose you’d like to see what you look like?” she asked.

Unable, now, to even nod or to speak in any way, I blinked my eyes rapidly in response and she tugged firmly on my short waist leash, turning me to face the wall behind the chair I’d been held a prisoner in for the past eight terrible hours. The full length mirror revealed the true depth of my slavery and I stared through tear-filled eyes at the partially-revealed metal web that bridled my head and face so totally. I was shocked by the obdurate, steel complexity and severity of the appliances I’d been fitted with, even though I’d known

today would end with a vision of myself looking something like this. That they were as permanent and strict as they were, I had not bargained on; thinking only that I'd have to endure a normal set of dental braces. Now though, my head was thoroughly imprisoned within a permanent metal harness! The whole thing was terribly clinical and institutional in appearance and fit and it came as a terrible shock to see myself thus held captive. Being forcibly and painfully silenced was too much and an unbidden scream of denial tried to force its way out of my soul and all I could think was, "NO! No! Nononono!!!" I twisted insanely against the hidden restriction of my body harness, jerking my chained wrists in mad futility against their subduing locks, wanting desperately to free myself and tear away the things fastened around my head and into my mouth, but of course, could do nothing to escape my plight, despite my hysterical struggling. Even if my hands had been free, I knew I'd be unable to remove the horrible appliances! After minutes of wild fighting I gave up and stood gasping for breath through my steel transfixed nose, futile tears flooding down my steel-delineated cheeks while sobs of despair shook my cruelly harnessed shoulders under the tight confinement of the rubber jacket.

I continued to look disbelievingly at my steel bridle, then peeled my lips away from my teeth to reveal the shiny jackets covering their once pristine whiteness. "I'll never get them off!" I wailed to myself, "No matter how I try!" Another silent, strangled howl shook my body and I attempted to open my mouth against the tension of the springs, uselessly trying to expel my awful gag pad. However, when I tried, my tongue was painfully dragged at by the anchoring studs clipped into the gag's underside and more tears of self-recrimination flooded down my face at what I had foolishly asked, then begged Alexandra to have done to me. The leash tugged strongly at my chastity belt's waist band, and I had to turn again to face the doctor.

"I have one additional means fastening that you'll no doubt soon come to hate, young lady," she said moving back to the side table for a moment. "Hold still!"

My eyes flicked down, trying to see what she was going to do, then I both heard and felt two distinct clicks just under my cheek bones. What happened next startled me with its controlling effect, for, when I turned to face the mirror once more, I saw that now, two narrow, thick leather straps dangled from sturdy rings on my lower, outer face bow! In effect they were reins, exactly as a horse would be fitted with! Another long, strangled wail of humiliation swelled my collared throat, but only a low, hissing moan emerged from my ringed nose. I bent forward, as much as my Restraint Harness and tight clothing permitted, writhing frantically in rebellion against my hidden, metal undergarments, unthinkingly attempting to escape the potent leather lines. At that point though, the doctor jerked harshly on the tethers, dragging my head around and up. I couldn't stop the shocked and horrified gasp when she demonstrated their directional demand, but as soon as I stood erect she released them for a moment to place the small hat on my head, then pinned it to my wig and its thick veils were allowed to fall forward. They were thick enough to conceal most of the embarrassing hardware fastened to my face, but the glinting metal appliances were not completely hidden from view. When finished, she flipped the veils back over my head then took a 10 cm, bent steel rod and fastened it to the reins, a little over 50 cm away from my face. At the centre of this was a small snap hook to which the end ring of my nasal leash was quickly attached.

Once more she grasped the long straps dangling from under the veil and with deliberate cruelty, pulled firmly on them. Immediately, my nose was subjected to a painful tension, then my face bows and head cage took up the strain! I clenched my eyes closed from the pain and bent forward, screaming wordlessly into my gag, but my attempted resistance was futile. The misery of the tension on my nose was far too great for me to bear for even the shortest time and so I turned quickly in the direction of the rein's demand. A moment later I again tried to resist, twisting like a hooked fish on the end of a line, in a fit of wild desperation to somehow escape or ease their tension, but it was a hopeless and useless attempt. With any tug on the chain and reins, I was immediately chastened, then compelled to follow their

demand! As a last covering, the doctor threw the long rubber cape over my clothing and fastened all of its clips. Discipline could be effected immediately and so I gave up my struggles, then, in humiliated sobs, walked slowly behind my captor out into the Waiting Room at the ends of my tethers, the leash from my waist dangling and swinging obviously on the front of my floor length rubber skirt.

The pleasant little room was empty of other patients, for which I was extremely grateful, but the Doctor pulled me over to the wall beside the door, then lifted my reins to a large ring and knotted them tightly. I could move only a little from side to side, kept facing the wall.

“You’ll stay here until your Mistress comes for you,” she said happily then without another word, my hearing disappeared once more and she turned and went to her office. I wasn’t alone in the waiting room, as the nurse/receptionist sat behind her counter at the other end of the room, working on her papers and completely ignoring me. Of course I was utterly silent but for the muted clinking of my hobble chains, but otherwise incredibly and efficiently silenced. Tear of misery at my situation continued to leak from my eyes and I closed them and tried to imagine how I’d feel after five years of wearing this horrible head and body restraint system. I don’t know how long I stood there, shifting frequently in misery and occasionally moving out to the limit of my reins, but at last the door opened and Alexandra entered and went to the receptionist. I heard nothing of this, of course, and remained facing the ring to which the doctor had tied my reins.

“Good afternoon. Is she ready?”

“Yes, Miss von Strassen. The doctor will be right out. Your ward is over there.”

Alexandra came up behind me and my hearing came back.

“Another step along your path, Julia.”

“Good afternoon!” the doctor said, entering the Waiting Room to greet Alexandra. “She’s all done for today and I’m sure you’ll be quite satisfied with the work.”

“Excellent!” Alexandra responded with a happy smile in her voice.

The doctor came up and untied my reins, then with a firm tug, turned me to face Alexandra and handed them to her. I couldn't look down or away anymore; able only to close my eyes in submission when Alexandra lifted my veils and touched my newest adornments.

“This is quite incredible doctor! That equipment looks even better than I imagined it would. Thank you for all of your work!” she smiled, lightly touching the elaborate steel web imprisoning my face.

“It was my pleasure. The process was a long and complex one, but I feel was well worth the effort.” the doctor smiled back. “One does what one can to fulfil the needs and desires of a client. You already have the care instructions for her, as well as her feeding and watering equipment, and so I'll say good day.”

“Thank you again, Doctor. Good bye.”

With that, she opened the door and Alexandra tugged firmly on my reins. With only the slightest resisting toss of my head I was easily drawn from the office and out into the public corridor. My throat swelled with protest under its high, thick collar for I desperately did not want to be seen in public restrained and dressed as I was. However, there was no choice open to me, and the painful, compelling drag of the head cage on my face and nose was inescapable. I was instantly deaf.

When we emerged, 2 women were walking past and, upon seeing us, both stopped in mid-stride to stare. The rubber outfit was definitely what first drew their eyes, but when they looked up to my veiled face, their mouths both opened in wide ‘O’s of horrified fascination when they saw the partially visible appliances fastened around my head and face. I suppose the leather rein straps, and, when they saw it, the long, gleaming chain leash dangling down the front of my rubber skirt from under the hem of the cape, were what truly shocked them. Alexandra allowed them only a brief glimpse, then I was drawn along behind her down the carpeted hallway. The small,

metallic clinks made by my hobble chains made them stare even harder while they stood in stunned amazement, watching us proceed to the bank of elevator doors, neither saying a word. I could feel their stares on my back, and it seemed an unending age to me while beneath the thick draperies of my veils, a red flush of humiliation and embarrassment covered my steel-framed face. Alexandra's firm tension on the punishing reins kept me moving.

The elevator doors sighed open and she tugged again on my combination tethers, forcing me to turn away from their inspection and walk into the car with small, severely-restricted paces. It was obvious I was unable to resist the tension on the straps leading up under the veil, but they didn't want to interfere with something they didn't understand and so just stood and watched. Inside my mouth, my tongue surged painfully, what little it could, against its restraints when I tried to protest my treatment and beg them for help, but of course it was an attempt doomed to failure. Alexandra moved me to stand at the back of the elevator, then turned me to face the doors when they stepped in after us. I looked out through my heavy veil, watching them while they continued to stare at me in fascination and shock. We descended without a word being spoken, accompanied only by the small clinks and clicks of my chains and hidden harness when I shifted position. At each subtle click or noise of my chains, they stared even harder and Alexandra teased them by making small tugs on my reins. When the doors slid apart they both gave me one last long inspection, then hustled out of the opened door.

Under the obscuring veils, more tears traced down my cheeks to fall on the slopes of my hidden, steel-encased breasts, then slide down the front of my cape.

## Chapter Eight

### Silenced Sexual Starvation

Three months passed while both Alexandra and I got used to new my mouth jewellery and I slowly, reluctantly, began to accept the loss of my ability to speak. I wasn't denied the ability to communicate, just the use of my voice. She knew I'd always been interested in computers and continued to encourage me, even after I became her possession. I began to learn more and more about my status, for she decided that I would spend much of my time fastened to my work station in the household office by both the leash to my nose shackle and the reins to my head cage. I was literally compelled to stare at the monitor displaying the work she required I perform for her, and she'd had a special chair made that allowed me to sit, even while wearing the long Inhibitor Bar. My house leash was now always attached to the tip of the Bar, even while I slept, and of course with every movement, it tugged disconcertingly and annoyingly, nearly driving me crazy with arousal and discomfort whenever I was free to move. When Alexandra wasn't present, I fought with increasing urgency and desperation to escape my restraints, harnessing, and clothing, but my efforts were, of course, unable to defeat the locks and my tethers, nor could I escape the horrid twitching of the dildo when the leash tugged on it. Many of my days were spent in tears for hours on end, hating what I had committed myself to. It was, of course, far too late to renege, and despite my regret and silenced pleading, Alexandra informed me over and over again that my commitment to a life of slavery was a permanent state of affairs, as were all the things I wore.

My communications to her were now only in the form of written messages, and when these were denied, by means of sign language, and the small noises my gag permitted me to make through and around my nasal jewellery.

I was her utter possession and she enjoyed me thoroughly.

For those first months, she took me to her bed; leashing me by my collar to it, and sometimes employing even more stringent means of restraint, so she could relish having me close and under her total control. Alexandra had no consuming hunger to enjoy me sexually, but when the urge struck, she'd easily release the removable portions of my metal Restraint Harness and have her way, uncaring of whether or not I was satisfied. Most of the time I was though, for the harness ensured that I was kept always in a state of smouldering arousal, desperate to get any sort of satisfaction. The cups and crotch coverings were always immediately and religiously replaced after every use she made of my body, despite my inarticulate whining, struggling, and tears to avoid being sealed again. I needed each such occurrence, for they were so few! My mouth filler was seldom removed, for she enjoyed the small, stifled cries I made when she used and teased me, and so I gradually resigned myself to being kept as her silenced slave.

My harness being specifically designed to make me totally controllable as well as to thwart sexual gratification, by either me or anyone else, maintained me in a constant state of need and so, given my age, lesbianism, and the increasing pressure my body and mind exerted to enjoy sexual contact of any kind I frequently became nearly crazed with lust.

This was precisely how she wanted me.

## Chapter Nine

### Examined and Aroused

After being fitted with my facial and oral jewellery, I was not taken off the estate for any reason although occasionally she took me from the house for a leashed walk around the grounds. I enjoyed getting out in the fresh air, despite being kept always leashed and left tethered to a ring out in the middle of one of the large lawns. However, she wished me to continue my schooling. I had an interest in history and anthropology, and she encouraged me to pursue these interests via the internet, but I had to use a system that did not permit me any outward communications capability without going through her computer. Her machine had extremely sensitive context and word association filters that denied me the ability to communicate with anyone about my state of enslavement, and all messages I wished to send had to be approved and censored before being sent. Those occasions were rare, and there was a price of discipline to pay for each one she permitted.

My schooling and lessons went pretty much as planned, in her view, then came the day I was to take my qualifying examination. To do this, I had to be physically present to write the tests and of course Alexandra had to accompany me so that she might keep me under observation while I completed them. With suitable pressure, the school consented to her being seated in a room next to mine and able to observe through a window, although the Administration seemed to find this a strange arrangement. She gave the explanation that I was a foreign student from a strict, Muslim, background, and, as my guardian, she was required to ensure that I remained 'pure'.

There was reluctant agreement to this requirement, as well as the ones she made that I would remain fully veiled, gowned, and gloved at all times. I could do nothing to object, of course, and anyway, was terrified of being seen wearing my head cage and restraints. It was difficult, but I accepted that

my bondage would not be eased, nor would I be permitted an opportunity to tell anyone of my situation.

At last the day came, and I was fastened once more into my prisoner transportation chair. Then she drove to the city that the University was located in, some 200 km away. The trip was not an easy one because Alexandra employed all of the seat's capabilities while we were en route, and I was constantly informed over the head phones of the dire penalties I faced for failure to excel. Upon our arrival at the University, she dressed me in my full, Saudi-style concealing robes, then we reported in. I was swathed completely from head to foot, but beneath I wore a full, restricting, rubber skirt and jacket, and under them, of course, my restraint harness. She'd permitted my hands enough freedom on their chains to be able to sit at a desk and write, but I also wore a short hobble without Inhibitor Bar, and all the while my head was kept submissively bowed by the thrumming, tight chain from my nose shackle to the front of my hidden chastity belt. The veils hid my head cage most effectively and so the only true indications of my restraints were the continual rattles and clinks of my chains.

Alexandra had dressed conservatively and led me from the van, along the walks and finally into the Administration Building. She attracted quite a few looks at her own attire, but I however, in my all-concealing, ground-brushing robes, got many more curious stares whilst scurrying along beside her, head bent and seeing little of the world around me. The veil acted to hide my face and the deeply-hooded head covering, together with the Tuareg style divider that stuck out from the front of my face over my nose, acted to limit my vision of it severely. I was terrified of having my state of restraint exposed and so made no attempts to attract more attention to myself than my costume already did, then when we entered the Admin. Building, I stood quietly behind her while we checked in at the front desk, my hearing having been returned just as we entered the building.

“Good afternoon,” Alexandra quietly greeted the receptionist. “My name is Alexandra von Strassen and I've made arrangements for my ward to take her examinations.”

“Oh! Good afternoon, Ms von Strassen.” the lady at the counter smiled, looking curiously at me. “I’m sorry for staring, but it’s just that we don’t see many costumes like that around here.”

“That’s quite alright.” Alexandra smiled at her. “I’m quite sure that Julia is used to it by now. Unfortunately she is mute, due to a birth defect, and so I shall have to speak for her.”

“Oh, that’s no problem, Ms von Strassen. If you’ll just complete these forms, you can go off to the rooms set aside for her exam.”

The pleasant, middle-aged woman presented a large manila envelope, then drew a wad of papers from it.

“As you can see, most of the areas have already been filled out, so I just need your and her signatures at the bottoms where I’ve made small X’s, okay?”

“That’s excellent, and thank you very much for your assistance.”

“It’s our pleasure, Ms von Strassen.”

She stood and watched while Alexandra signed, then presented the pen to me. I slipped my black, rubber-gloved hand out of a slit in the burqa and signed with a small clinking of my wrist chain, then pulled my hand back into the concealing gown. The counter lady looked a little startled upon hearing the metallic noises, but I suppose attributed it to unseen jewellery. When all had been completed, she gave directions to cross the campus to the Anthropology Building, then go to the second floor. Alexandra turned and I followed obediently, just like a pet, fearful for some stupid reason that she’d abandon me and my state of restraint would be discovered.

My appearance attracted plenty more strange looks from the students and staff we encountered while we moved sedately along the sidewalks, for compared to the other young women in their abbreviated and colourful clothing, I stood out like a black ghost. Eventually we arrived at the proper room and Alexandra took me inside to sit at the single desk that had

been provided. I'd spend the next four hours writing the test, and so to prevent the need for washroom breaks, she'd fitted me with a urine collection system, as well as a water reservoir attached to my gag.

A few moments after I'd been seated, the professor entered the room with my test papers in hand.

"Good afternoon ladies!" he greeted us jovially. "This is rather a long examination I'm afraid, and so if a washroom break is needed, please take it now."

"Good afternoon, Professor Hargreaves," Alexandra said with a smile. "This is my ward Julia; the one who has been studying so hard. We've already taken care of the necessity of any breaks being required, but thank you for mentioning it."

"Not at all, Ms. Von Strassen," he smiled back at her, then looked at me and my obscuring costume. "I see that the young lady is of the Muslim faith! It is a very strict religion, but one that we respect here. She, of course, follows the dress custom properly I see. Excellent!"

"Oh yes," Alexandra smiled at him again, "I am required to ensure that she observes the dictates of the faith very strictly while she is here in North America. As I mentioned at the Admin. Building, unfortunately she is a mute. However, she has all of her faculties, other than the ability to speak."

"Oh, she certainly does!" he smiled again at me. "Her essays and responses by email, as infrequent as they've been, have been most perceptive and interesting. Now, I have the test materials here. Miss, you are permitted four hours to complete the examination. I shall be back to check on you every half hour or so, and should you have any questions, please write them out, and I will do my best to clarify them for you." He placed the papers on the desk before me and turned again to Alexandra.

"Ms von Strassen, the room next door has been readied for you. Please come this way."

Next door, she looked through the large window into the my room, to see that I was already writing industriously in the

examination booklet. Obviously, my hands were restricted by the wrist cuff chains under my gown, these loosely connected to the waist band of my chastity belt, and so my efforts looked a little odd, but the professor seemed not to notice while he pointed out the books, magazines, coffee, and soft drinks. When he was satisfied we were both settled, he left for other duties. In the her room Alexandra opened her laptop and began to work on some projects she'd brought along to help pass the time; occasionally glancing up to see me struggling to get my answers down. I shifted constantly on the thinly cushioned chair, unable to avoid the discomfort of the wide steel band between my legs and the intruders buried in my belly, yet continued my writing.

As promised, the professor visited me every half hour or so and checked my progress. Once or twice I wrote short notes and he responded in low-voiced comments, then left me alone. At last I was done, and the professor escorted Alexandra into the room to take charge of me once more.

“Thank you for making the special arrangements for my ward, Professor Hargreaves.”

“It was my pleasure, I assure you,” he beamed at her “I shall mark the paper and e-mail the results to you within 48 hours.”

“That’s wonderful,” she smiled back at him. “I’ll bring her in for the other test, next month.”

“Excellent! Now, let me escort you to the front entrance.”

In ten short minutes, we were back at the van and she had me inside the cell in its back. I was immediately divested of my outer coverings, covered once more by only my Restraint Harness. Alexandra lost no time in fastening me to the chair.

The return drive to the house was pleasant and relaxed and she took her time, apparently having decided I needed some release after the tension of the test, and so she set the controls of the seat to drive me to a frenetic series of orgasms while on the way home. At the same time, she decided that tonight I’d be allowed to speak and so when we finally arrived and I had been leashed once more in her room, she removed

my gag and the inner springs for the first time in a month. I was unable to speak at all for long moments after it came out of my mouth with a soft sucking sound, then gradually began to open and close my jaws within the restricting frame of the face bows. It felt so wonderful to be freed of the horrid mouth block! However, I was soon again made aware of the restrictions of all of the interior mouth jewellery, and I had a great deal of difficulty forming any words at all. She had to strain to understand my attempts and rather than write them as they sounded, I have recorded the words as I intended them to be heard.

“Mistress?” I finally croaked, “Must I always be gagged?”

“That’s what I want. Yes,” she answered simply, watching my tongue writhing around the doubled arms of the steel cross that so severely limited its movement, and listening to my words being interrupted by the clicking of the balls on the ends of the cross bars, hitting the steel jackets of my teeth. Too, the heavy U-shackle at the tip also impeded my attempts to talk, and upon hearing my desperate, restricted words, fresh tears trickled down my steel-banded cheeks, for even though I could make noises, what emerged from me was speech in only its most basic form. That I would never be freed of what I wore fastened into my mouth and tongue, my head, face, and body was made plain yet again.

“Julia, I’ll occasionally allow you a chance to speak, such as this, but generally, yes, you will remain gagged for the rest of your life.”

“Oooooohhhh, please! Please, please, please Mistress!” I begged in terror of what lay before me.

“Julia! You wanted this in the worst way ... now, it has happened,” she stated simply. “It’s too late for you to go back, and you know it!”

“Ooohhh God, Mistress,” I wept in despair, “I didn’t think it would be so awful!”

“Well, it is, Julia,” she smiled grimly at me. “And it will get more intense as you become more thoroughly accustomed

to the harness and appliances you're already wearing. There are some additions that have yet to be made, and you've not visited your cell ... yet. That will happen soon."

"M-M-Mistress? I-I don't want to go down there!" I whimpered, writhing against my implacable harness and chains, struggling to sit up. The short leash to the back of my neck snapped tight and I collapsed back onto the bed, turning my head what little I could against the restriction of its bridle and my collar. Fresh tears streamed down my face when I thought about the horror of being locked in a cell, even though I had no idea of the horrors that awaited me there. She grasped my nose leash, then turned up onto her elbow and looked down into my brimming, lash-less, brow-less eyes and with a firm tug, pulled my head towards her, admiring the thoroughness of the tight steel devices that held me captive. I stared back at her, hiccupping with misery.

"It will happen, Julia!" she whispered softly, smiling.

"Nnnnnooooo!!! Pppllleeaassee!"

"Yes, Julia!"

She released my nasal chain, then with a set of small keys, freed my breast cups and crotch shield. A moment later, the cap locked into my vaginal donut was released and the huge dildo slid from the fleshy envelope of my loins. A huge sigh of relief hissed from me and I closed my eyes with relief, then brought my chained hands up to my trembling, freed breasts to gently massage them. She permitted this freedom, for I had been denied any personal access to my body since being encased in the Restraint Harness. My eyes remained shut, while by touch I slowly explored what had been done, then my fingers descended to my steel-rimmed sex. A quiver of sensation shook me when they slowly traced around the metal devices fastened there, then the steel chastity belt imprisoning my lower body. I longed to be freed of its constant compression and control and my abdominal muscles surged against the obdurate restriction of the thick metal.

"Ooohhh, God!" I whimpered with self-pity.

"Hands over your head!" she ordered.

I obeyed instantly, snapping taunt the chains between my wrist cuffs and the side rings of the waist band. She connected the two waiting ones from the upper steel frame to my cuff rings, making me helpless once more, and I knew then that she was going to play with me; yearning desperately for her touch. A moment later, my legs were also chained widespread, then she began to tease and caress me while I struggled briefly, only half-heartedly trying to avoid her busy fingers and mouth, but the attempted resistance was no match for my too-long-suppressed and wildly flaming lust. In seconds I succumbed to her tantalizing touching, but she took a long, long time, slowly spinning me into a vortex of unsated need, while at the same time stoking her own passion, gradually building us both towards orgasm. My desire was so much more urgent than hers though and I began to buck frantically against my restraints, howling unintelligibly through my dental jewellery while she continued to fondle me more intimately, enjoying the desperate cacophony of my frantic need and jerked-upon chains. Although my wild , almost despairing cries were garbled by my locked-on dental appliances, my almost insane need for a climax was so demanding that I wept erratically; every few seconds incoherently screaming out for her to satisfy me. Cruelly, she held off, watching my gyrations with satisfaction, for this was precisely what she wanted in the way of responses each time she decided to play with me. I was naught but her chained toy, now held forever under her power.

Her own libido was as demanding, and she had plans to satisfy her needs. I didn't know it, but she would soon begin looking to find other young women to imprison within the, until now, unvisited underground complex, making a harem for herself. Alexandra had modified the deepest level of the former missile site to create twelve, extremely high security cells, and although the cost had been substantial, in her view it had been worth the money to create the small prison, for that is what, in fact, it was.

All of the cells had been designed and equipped in exactly the same way so as to care automatically for their occupants once they'd been placed in their Restraint Uniforms. Other than getting the candidates to accept their initial bonds,

she would have little difficulty in looking after or maintaining them once they'd been incarcerated, for all of the prisoner maintenance systems were fully automated.

In the meantime, Alexandra savoured having me at her mercy and relentlessly drove me to orgasm after frantic, demanding orgasm. I flailed frenziedly against my bonds, attempting to escape the unceasing ministrations of her fingers and tongue, wailing, panting, and howling my need insensately, until at last I passed out in a titanic series of overwhelming, full-body releases. When I returned to awareness, it was to find that she had already done so, and lay staring silently at me.

“Ahhh, you're awake again, my little slave girl,” she whispered. “I'm going to enjoy your wonderfully restrained body much more tonight!”

“Ooohhh, Mistress,” I whispered back to her, tugging at my chains and writhing within my steel restraint harness.

Over the next hours she drove me again and again to wondrous explosions of sensual awareness, leaving me panting and desperate to be freed, but my paeans of pleasure resounded in the bedroom while she continued to drive me mad with pleasure. It would be my last for many months to come. Much later, I looked silently up at her for a moment, then she leant over and took some sanitary wipes from the drawer in the bedside table.

“Time to get you clean before you're locked up again, Julia.”

“M-M-Mistress?” I whimpered, “P-P-Please? Could I be left free with for a little longer?”

“Julia!” She stopped her ministrations. “You know better than to ask that sort of favour! Just for that, they go on for the next month, at the very least, and, you'll be kept fully gagged that long also.”

“Ooohhh, Mistress!” I wailed in misery at my coming cruel imprisonment and silencing, unaware that it was to be

much, much worse. “I’m sorry! I’m sorry! Please, please, please don’t lock me up and gag me for so long!”

“Too late, Julia!” she bared her teeth with happy malice. “It happens as I said, and to show you that there are other things worse than you have so far imagined, you’ll also be fitted with a stomach tube, catheter and a specialized anal plug.

“So far, you’ve not been to see your cell, and now it’s high time you got acquainted with it. As a matter of fact, I think it’s time you were taken there to live from now on. You may as well get used to the idea that it’s where you’ll spend about ninety-nine percent of the rest of your life, unless I decide to bring you up for entertainment at some point.

“You’ll have one more release from the estate for your next exam, then that’s it.”

And so, my sentence was passed ... just like that.

Alexandra readied my gag, then the other implements to be inserted into my body while she spoke and I could do nothing other than lay, spread vulnerably before her on the bed, shivering with misery at the realization that I would no longer sleep with her on a nightly basis: terrorized beyond belief that I would be kept in a cell from now on.

“Open your mouth, Julia,” she commanded in a low voice.

“Ooohhh Ggggoooddd!!” I began to scream, “I want to be free! Please, please! I want to be free again! Please take these awful things off me!”

She paused for a moment and looked deeply into my eyes, holding the gag pad just in front of my mouth.

“I can’t,” she said simply. “No one can, Julia. Now, open up!”

“No! Nononono!” I howled, then clamped my jaws together, compressing my lips around the brackets of my face bows.

“Very well!” she said dropping the gag to the dark blue satin sheet beside my head and reaching into the drawer for the clip-on mouth jacks. I couldn’t turn my head to avoid them, and with two small clicks they were affixed to my outer face bows. She turned their adjusters slowly and my jaws began to spread further and further apart, despite my resistance to it happening. I couldn’t stop the pitiful, despairing sobs that came from my steel collared throat and in seconds my mouth was wide spread once more, waiting, while she prepared to insert the gag. I stared at her in terror when she picked it up, then brought it toward my gaping mouth. Knowing that this was my last chance to protest, I wept harder than ever, howling incoherently and unintelligibly, that she not silence me, but she’d made up her mind. The pad slid slowly over my jacketed teeth a second later, cutting off my howls in mid-stream.

“Nnnnnrrraauuggghh..... !”

It latched onto my teeth jackets with unheard little snaps and she released the jacks. It took her a few minutes to affix the internal springs and when she did my jaws clamped closed on the huge rubber pad with a distinct, spring-loaded squelching noise. Inside my mouth, the transverse tongue bars were forced down, then rebounded, snapping into their brackets; locking them firmly to my teeth. The under-the-tongue web ring pressed very uncomfortably into the floor of my mouth, then the balls on its top slipped into their retaining brackets on the pad, eliminating all further tongue movement. I went into a paroxysm of fighting against my bonds when this occurred, but at last lay motionless, staring up at her through tear-filled eyes.

“Pretty awful, isn’t it?” she whispered to me with a happy smile. “Now, hold still while I fit your catheter. You won’t like it at all either.”

My steel-rimmed crotch pulsed within and against the restricting metal donut, then she slowly and carefully began to slide the sterilized tube up my urethra. Again, I surged against my chains and harness feeling the very intense sensation of this additional penetration of my body while more tears

coursed down my cheeks. A moment later I gave a small hissing scream when the tip of the catheter was forced past the resistance of my bladder sphincter. It hurt abominably! She left the remaining part of the tube to hang out of me while preparing the newest of my dildos. This version, although I wasn't aware of it at that time, was capable of providing me with occasional pleasure, if she desired me to experience it, but it could and would be used to discipline me ... and frequently for no other reason than that she wished to. It slipped far up into my body, guided by the device latched onto my sex, then locked securely in place while I panted and twitched to the incredible filling sensation I again was forced to experience. Although I tensed while she slowly inserted it, I slowly relaxed once its full length became resident within my body.

She loosened my bonds and rolled me onto my stomach, then a bolster went under my hips and she chained my legs far apart once more and began the process of fitting me with a colostomy/butt plug. Being fastened that way, it was impossible to avoid having it inserted, yet I fought the process with feverish resistance. The conical, bullet headed shaft pressed firmly against the delicate rose of my most intimate place, then began to slowly shoulder past the constricting ring of muscle. My animal-like, high, squealing screams, hissing through my nose, echoed in the bedroom until at last the 5 cm diameter neck of the plug was gripped hard by my sphincter. The tip collapsed when she released a small valve, then was withdrawn together with the core, through the central neck of the plug.

It was time to lock away my whole crotch.

Alexandra brought the newest version of my chastity cover over, then locked it to the fitting over my coccyx. I lay quietly on my side then was forced to raise one leg while she slipped the plate between my thighs. I'd given up any attempt at resistance, knowing now it was hopeless, and so only the quivering of my thigh muscles belied my terror at what was being done. The butt/colostomy fitting stuck obscenely out from between my steel divided buttocks, then snapped firmly into its circular mounting when the strap was clamped down,

forced slightly deeper into my bowel. Now, only its aperture was visible on the surface of the shiny cover plate. Alexandra spent a moment connecting my urine catheter to its fitting on the inner surface, then slowly drew the strap forward and up over the dilating donut fastened to my vaginal labia. The thick, inner pins clicked into place, changing its and the dildo's alignment slightly, and, as before, it snagged the shackle mounted in my clitoris, tugging on it slightly. At the same time, the cover plate made its electrical connections when the locks snapped closed, sealing away my sex. She sat up and looked at my face, but my eyes were closed; silent tears welling out from beneath my closed lids, while I shook my head what little its cage permitted.

It was time to lock up my breasts. She lifted and locked their cups a moment later, encasing my breasts within their armour. There were a few small chores to complete before she went to sleep and she executed them swiftly. The external, thin urinary drain hose had clicked onto the fitting on the front of my crotch strap, then came the thicker colostomy hose between my buttocks. The last connection was the drinking line and it snapped onto the fitting sprouting from between my pursed lips. She turned out the light and slipped into bed beside me; her silenced and chained slave girl.

“Good night, Julia,” she whispered into my captive ear, then closed her eyes, and my hearing disappeared once more, leaving me in a soundless void.

I lay beside her, silenced utterly, in growing terror that tomorrow she would take me to my cell in the underground complex, and there I'd be fitted with a stomach feeding and drinking tube. I could not stop it from happening, and this too would add to my experience of being her slave girl. She smiled at me once more through half-lidded eyes, then drifted off to sleep, anticipating the day to come. I, on the other hand, quietly tugged against my chains occasionally, sniffing and silently weeping with despair at what I'd done to my life.

Tomorrow, I'd learn just how deeply and securely I was to be held in captivity.

## Chapter Ten

### The High Security Cell

The next day dawned cold and wet with lowering gray clouds scudding over the gentle hills and patches of barren trees on the property. It was the day to take me to my new residence, in fact the prison she'd had prepared for me and the others that would soon become my 'harem' sisters. The gloomy and depressing weather was the perfect setting for me to be imprisoned in the only home I'd know from then on.

Within an hour of awakening she'd completed her morning ablutions and dressed, leaving me chained to the bed, but then it was my turn. I was freed quickly and half an hour later I too had been prepared for the day to come. I stood by the wall in the kitchen, kept in place by the short leash to the back of my collar, with the hose to the front of my face looping down from the elevated food reservoir and pump that I'd been fed with since beginning to wear the gag all the time. Beyond the wide, kitchen bay window the day worsened, with rain blasting in almost horizontal sheets across the wide lawns around the house. I sucked slowly on the gray sludge, my morning meal of porridge. It was to be the last one I'd ever eat here in the house and I'd soon discover it would become even worse.

Then ... it was time.

"Very well, Julia," Alexandra said quietly, putting her dishes in the sink then turning to me. I stared at her while she approached, then released my leash. "It's about time you learned all about your new living quarters. Now, come along with me, then hold still while I get you ready."

I jerked my wrists against their fastening at the back of my waist and tried to shake my head in negation, then recoiled from her to the length of the short leash. As a last fruitless resort, I turned away as much as I could, but her hand snapped out and around my body and she grasped my freely-swinging

nose leash and pulled firmly on it until I turned and had to stare into her laughing eyes.

“A little reluctant, are we?” she asked with an evil little grin crinkling the corners of her full lips. She attached the set of light leading chains to my face bows, then interconnected the nasal leash as her usual, cruel control.

I felt as though I was being led off to my execution and stood shivering, knowing only too well that this combination would ensure my obedience, and that she would use them without hesitation or pity. Only then did she release my feeding hose and leash and pull me unsympathetically down the corridor to the back door, where my reins were locked to another deeply-set fall ring. I had to follow her docilely and stand quietly while she dressed in a long, deeply-hooded and lined rain coat and boots. When it was my turn, she draped only a long, ground brushing rubber cloak over my restrained body, fastened its clasps down to my waist, then motioned me to slip my feet into a pair of heavy, platform-soled clogs. A second later she opened the inner door, then the outer one. When she stepped out into the pelting rain, I remained within the house for a few seconds, loath to leave its familiar warmth and for the most part, comfortable environment. Alexandra stared balefully back at me, then snapped my reins harshly, jerking firmly at my head cage and nose. Howling both in despair and pain, trying to deny and somehow forestall what was going to happen, I reluctantly stepped out into the blustering rain and frigid, gusting wind sweeping across the lawn. Only a thin, small scream hissed from my nostrils and I began to follow along behind her with a subdued jingling of my short ankle hobble chain.

The deep hood of the cloak protected my face from the worst of the weather, but the wind immediately got under the full, flowing cape and whipped it up and around my body, billowing wildly in the icy blasts. It was damply cold and utterly miserable and in seconds was shivering uncontrollably within my suddenly ice-cold steel harness, and from the almost paralysing fear of what was to come. She walked slowly out of the lee of the house into the full ferocity of the storm, while behind I struggled along, my cloak billowing

around my body, streaming out and away. To all intents and purposes, I might just as well not have been wearing it, for it did nothing to keep me warm. I was dry, yes, but in seconds was shaking within the penetrating, freezing grasp of the tight metal harness that imprisoned my head, body and limbs.

I didn't know what to expect, but was sure that it would not be what I'd wanted. How true that was, I had no idea. Desperately, I hoped that my incarceration was not going to really come to pass. Maybe she was only playing a mind game to frighten me and so even if she was, I prayed that my imprisonment would only be for short durations. I was horribly wrong on both counts.

To any observer we would have indeed made a bizarre sight: two women, wearing long, thick, shiny, black, rubber cloaks, walking in the rain, is not something that is ordinarily seen in conventional society, especially when one was so obviously a leashed prisoner of the other. I fought little against the drag of my controlling tethers, but their means of being fastened to my face was painfully efficient in making me go where she wanted. If I resisted, the agony she could and did inflict by means of my nasal leash quelled it instantly, and so I followed her meekly to the distant garden equipment shed. It had been built at the same time as the house, but was located a half kilometre away, and so during my slow, anxious, and freezing, chained walk to the entrance of my place of imprisonment, I had plenty of time to consider my future and my thoughts were chaotic.

Of course, the garden shed was more than what it actually appeared. The structure was a secure and fully weather-proofed building, complete with its own light, heat and power; designed to hold all of the implements for gardening that Alexandra's property required. She always kept it locked and supervised the removal and replacement of the assorted equipment when the hired ground's keepers came to do their work. It was the only entrance, now, to the underground complex.

At last we arrived at the sturdy door, still being lashed by the driving rain and all the while the frigid gusts continued to

blast up under my cape, super-cooling my restraint harness and cuffs; turning them into frigid, constricting, inescapable demons. I wanted desperately for her to take them off, or at the very least get me warm again, but she left me to stand, shivering violently, a prisoner at the ends of my reins, while taking her sweet time to open the shed's door. When it finally yawned wide I scurried up behind her and was just about to step inside, when the thought of where I was going stopped me in my tracks. I surged back against my leads, twisting and fighting their irresistible tension, in suddenly re-awakened horror of where I was being taken, but it was no use at all! Alexandra stood within the shed, staring out at me and a momentary evil smile curled her lips, then she viciously snapped and pulled on the reins. I screamed into my gag and mouth jewellery in complete despair, but the pain became too great to resist. A moment later I stumbled inside with the greatest reluctance and she slammed the door closed against the awful weather, flicked on the lights, then turned and grinned happily at me.

“It's getting closer, Julia!” she whispered, reaching out and slinging back the deeply cowed hood that had covered my head. I couldn't stop shivering from the cold, but eventually I recovered myself enough to notice that the cavernous interior had that same earthy and gasoline smells all garden sheds do. When she once more tightened the reins, I had to turn to her then move closer, trying to alleviate the pain radiating from my nose.

“Kick off your foot wear!” she snapped unsympathetically, “You'll not need it again where you're going, young lady!” When I'd obeyed she spoke again. “Looks innocent enough, doesn't it?” I nodded as much as my head fastenings would permit, jerking my hands against their chains under the cape. “Well, Julia, this is all that the rest of the world ever gets to see. Now, come!”

The shed was some 10 metres on a side, with a three metre ceiling. Its floor was a poured concrete base, 20 cm thick, with the central aisle covered by 5 cm, treaded steel plates. All of these, each a metre wide and three metres long, appeared to be bolted to the cement, but in fact the one at the

rear was a hatch to a hidden stairwell. That area of the shed was intentionally dimly lit and the equipment nearby seldom used, so that any casual observer would have a difficult time discerning that all was not as it appeared. Although there was no concrete beneath this particular plate, there was a substantial layer of reinforcing and sound insulation. The presence of the deep cavity beneath would be difficult to discover just by the sound of walking on it or by dropping something onto it. In fact, it was a remotely-controlled access hatch and she'd activated its lock from the house before bringing me here. Nevertheless it still had to be both electronically and physically unlocked from within the shed itself.

With a slow shuffle and the musical jingling of my hobble chain snapping tight, snubbing my every pace, she drew me along the line of icy, steel flooring plates toward the rear of the silent building. When we reached the back wall, Alexandra went to an innocuous switch box and unlocked it to reveal a spaghetti of multi-coloured wiring inside. Down in the bottom right corner was a small key hole and she selected the proper one from a ring she'd drawn from one of the capacious pockets of her, long, warm skirt. A moment later, the panel and its wiring swung to the side to reveal a digital key pad and the lock mechanism for the floor hatch. Another key went into its slot, then she tapped in an eight digit access code.

There was a heavy clank, then the low hum of a hidden motor and the end steel floor panel slowly rose to the vertical to reveal a gently-sloped staircase of wide, shallow steps. Hobbled by the short chain between my ankle cuffs, it would be difficult to negotiate them, but I'd be able to manage it with her insistence. Lights came on when the door had fully opened, revealing the white-painted walls, floors and ceiling of the stairwell.

“Neat, isn't it?” she asked rhetorically. “The stairs go down to ten metres below grade level.” The smell of ripening concrete and a tinge of fresh paint wafted up. “You'll seldom see this side of the door again, Julia.

“Now, it’s time for you to be taken to your new home, dear. Hold still while I remove your cape.”

I stared at her around my facial jewellery; eyes dilated with terror, attempting to shake my head while tears filled my eyes and I tried to back away from the opened, sinister maw of the stairwell. Small wails of denial of my fate hissed from my nose, but apparently she felt that she’d delayed our entrance long enough. My cape slipped off easily and she hung it on a nearby hook, then gave another firm tug on my reins. I closed my eyes from the pain, stumbling forward to the irresistible demand.

“Come along, Julia!” she ordered, starting down the stairs. “And don’t you dare think of falling! If you do, I’ll drag you along by your reins!”

I approached as slowly as I could, resisting my captivity, but drawn ever closer to the deep opening. At the head of the stairs she grasped my right arm firmly above its elbow cuff and frog-marched me onto the first step. No matter how I writhed within my harness, I was compelled to descend, both by her grip and strength and by her continual jerks on my tethers. The trip down seemed endless, but finally at the bottom landing we had to stop before a featureless, slab steel door. High up on the wall was another small panel and this she unlocked, then pressed a different series of numbers into the revealed key pad. The 5 cm thick steel plate hissed up within its frame, and we passed through into a short, two metre long corridor, blocked at its far end by another door, this one of gleaming, tightly-spaced bars. Behind us, the slab slid down and into its floor groove with a quiet hiss and reverberating thump. She had to use the key again to open another panel, this also located high on the wall, then tap in another set of numbers to get the inner, barred door to open. Once past this, it too sliding up into a slot in the ceiling then down again behind us, a 75 metre long, two metre wide corridor was revealed. There were no breaks in the walls save at its very end, where a large pair of doubled, sliding doors waited.

The featureless corridor was brightly lit and deathly silent, other than the sounds of my ankle chain’s clashing

while she drew me along to its other end. Five minutes later we stood before the double doors and they slid apart to the command of a key being turned in another of the high wall panels. Alexandra pulled me inside a surprisingly large elevator, for that is what it was, and the doors hissed closed. She had to open yet another locked panel and press more buttons to get the elevator moving, then closed and locked it again while we slowly descended.

“This place is incredibly secure, Julia. There’s no way to get out of it, other than by the way we came in, and as you can see, the arrangements for that are quite detailed and complex. I suppose you could call it security in depth. Fastened as you will soon be, even if you somehow manage to escape from your cell, you still won’t be able to reach high enough to get at these panels. And anyway, it would be useless, because you don’t have the keys to open any of them, nor do you know the codes,” she smirked happily at me.

“Your new home is on the bottom level of the complex. I’ve had the storage rooms down there modified into extremely secure cells, as you’ll see. Believe me, my little slave, there is absolutely no way for you to escape this place, even if you weren’t wearing your harness and other restraints.”

It seemed like five minutes passed before I sensed the elevator come to a stop, then its doors opened to reveal another long, barren, brightly lit corridor. This one though was different from the one we’d entered by. Its far end was also about 75 metres away and set into the glistening, white painted concrete, widely-spaced along each side, were six, obviously heavy, steel, slab doors. At the very end was another of the same type and behind this were the rooms that contained all of the mechanical support machinery, the computer room and the supply areas. I would only be told this years later. This particular door had even more exceptional security features than those we had so far encountered, for it was the very heart and soul of the prison. I, of course, didn’t have any idea of its significance. All I could see was the harshly-lit, featureless corridor before me.

“You are only the first to be brought here, Julia, but not the last,” she smiled. “As you can see, there are 12 doors along this corridor and each is the entrance to a cell identical to the one you will soon be confined in. Eventually, they’ll all be occupied by other young ladies, each wearing the same restraint harness and fittings that you do. In a couple of years I’ll have a complete, fully-controlled harem of beautiful, young and extremely horny young women to chose from. You’re just the first.”

I stared at her with desolation. I’d thought that I was to be her only slave and lover, but now the truth was finally revealed! In addition to the expression of discomfort and outright pain she elicited from me from being forced to wear my harness, a deep misery of spirit was writ large on my face. This was not what I’d bargained and begged for! When this realization sank in I began struggling hysterically, shaking and weeping with both desolation and extreme fear of what lay ahead at her hands. No matter what I attempted though, I couldn’t free myself, nor could I speak of my anger, terror, and misery ... only floods of tears told her of my feelings. She watched dispassionately for a moment, then quickly brought me back under control with a couple of sharp snaps of my reins. I stood before her, tears welling out onto my tightly, uncomfortably steel-webbed face. I couldn’t escape!

“That’s correct, Julia,” she continued relentlessly, sealing my fate, “You’re the first. Basically, you’re going into full confinement and isolation for a little while. You’ll spend the first two weeks or so down here in solitary, then I’ll begin visiting you and in perhaps three months or so, I’ll have my next girl. No one knows you’re here, and no one knows about this place, other than the contractors. They’ve been well paid to forget about their work and no plans exist at the Registry Office.

“In a couple of minutes, I’ll take you to where you’ll live the rest of your life, other than when I bring you to the house, but let me explain a little about the construction of your quarters. All the walls, floors, and ceilings are steel-reinforced and a minimum of 50 cm thick. The full range of functions of your living quarters are computer-controlled, and the whole

complex has its own power plant. I can, quite literally, lock the place up and walk away for anywhere up to six months and you'll be completely, automatically, taken care of in all ways, once you're connected to the system. Actually, you and the other girls will become the human elements of a large machine.

“Your feeding will occur automatically and your bodily functions, diet, and exercise will be comprehensively monitored, controlled, and adjusted as necessary by the computer. Too, it will discipline you frequently and without mercy on no particular schedule and also if the monitoring programs detect any discrepancies, or you don't perform as you should. Effectively, Julia, I could keep you here for the rest of your life and never have to see you or worry about you, ever again.”

I shuddered at the horror of this concept and began to struggle dementedly once more, flinging myself to the length of my reins, uncaring about the pain I subjected myself to when I did. As a last resort, I tried to fall to my knees before her, only to have my ankle length Inhibitor Bar smack into the floor, making me wail yet again with misery and fear. I had to remain standing, begging uselessly into my gag that it not happen, jerking my hands fruitlessly against their cuffs and chains. She ignored my tears, then with a harsh jerk on the reins, drew me along the corridor. I followed until we reached the door on the left at the far end, unable to resist the tugging on my face cage and the burning pain in my nose, to stand shaking before the door.

“I won't completely ignore you, Julia,” she said, looking back, “however you are going to be alone for a while to come. I don't want you to go crazy from the isolation though and so you'll be permitted to see a lot of TV and surf the Internet from your cell. Naturally, you'll not be permitted to send or receive messages, other than those I approve of and so it's not a complete loss of freedom, although it may seem like it.

“Okay! Time to get you into your new home!”

She drew out her key ring again to open another panel, it set like all the others high on the wall, a metre away from the

slab door. She punched a code into the keypad and the thick, featureless panel before us hissed up to reveal yet another two metre long corridor. This too was blocked by a barred door at its other end and only opened when the one we'd passed through had hissed down and locked behind us. Once we were past, the barred door also slid shut and I looked around at what lay before me.

The room was large; 12 metres wide, 15 metres long, and some three metres in height, subdivided by a wall of tightly-spaced, gleaming, stainless steel bars down its length. Every half metre of its height was crossed with a thick, flat steel brace. The space we stood in was a narrow anteroom that ran across the width, three metres wide. At the end furthest from the corridor we'd entered by, a portion of the barred wall had been swung up to lay flat against the ceiling, while below it in the floor of the opened section of bars was a deep, steel-rimmed slot. Alexandra pulled me along toward this opening and I once more desperately tried to hold back from being taken inside. I'd already seen some of what lay waiting for me. My new home was quite featureless, other than the restraint equipment and the other accessories it contained to ensure I was properly cared for as a prisoner. The only odd thing I saw was that at the middle of the cell, set smoothly into the floor was a large steel circle, split down the middle with a finely-machined seam. I could not for the life of me understand its purpose ... but I would eventually ... to my undying horror.

Inset into the back wall a metre and a half above the floor was a long steel rail. A bulky carriage slid along this, and to it were fastened three sturdy chain leashes, two of which terminated in professionally-finished, high security locks. One of the chains had a host of hoses and wires attached and the third terminated in the middle of a strange device of steel bars. On the floor next to this was a pair of strange, thick-soled, hoofed boots with a steel horse shoe as a sole! The chains were obviously leashes designed to be attached to my harness and it appeared that they were long enough to permit me to approach the bars, but too short to allow me, even at full stretch, to touch them, being kept a half metre away. We passed quickly through the opening and I was pulled toward

the linked, steel serpents that have so controlled my life since then.

For the moment, I didn't notice, but the ceiling contained a much more sophisticated track system than was apparent. Midway between the lattice of bars and the back wall of the cell, another slot ran full length, with a second carriage and dangling chains waiting. These hung from a metre long cross bar, one at each end, and one in the middle, and all led back to the centre where they disappeared into the carriage. My eyes flickered up to the device while she drew me towards the waiting wall leashes, then back down to stare at the pitiless chains that would govern my life. Oh God! I didn't want this! I unthinkingly tried to fall to my knees again, then stared at her, obviously trying to beg that I not be kept in here, but she'd decided that it was going to happen. More tears leaked onto my cheeks while she grasped the first of the wall leashes, then fastened it to the back of my collar with the heavy lock. The next, with all the hoses and wires, went to the back of my chastity belt's waist band, but for the moment the third was left to lay on the floor. She stood with me for a moment, then grasped the end chains from the overhead bar and locked them to side rings on my waist cinch. The middle one went to the ring at the crown of my head cage.

Only then did she release my reins and free my nasal leash from them; it however remained securely connected to my septum's U shackle. I watched fearfully while she took the reins out to the anteroom to be hung on a wall hook. A moment later she was back with a small remote unit grasped in her right hand. With the press of a pair of buttons on its face, a low hum came from overhead and the chains began to tighten, drawing me slowly but inexorably closer to the centre of the cell, then a minute later, into the air. It was time to be fitted the with the next portions of my restraint harness.

Alexandra let me dangle for a moment, slowly spinning while the chains unwound, then began the process of impairing my mobility even more than she already had. These next additions, in combination with my unique footwear would accomplish this goal admirably.

She first removed my Inhibitor Bar then fitted me with the thigh cuffs. These clamped snugly around my legs, mid-way between the knees and hips and as soon as the right one was placed, she slowly forced its jaws to meet until there was a subtle, double click, leaving the half cm thick, 5 cm wide steel band pressed deeply into my flesh, almost immovable it was so tight. The left one was fitted a moment later, then she joined them with a short, 10 cm long, steel bar connected to the universal joints facing each other on the cuffs. Each of the next pair resembled a fat rain drop. The tapered portion of the left one slipped around my leg just below the knee, then she brought the back portion up and pressed it into the fore part. Another double click sounded, and my leg bore three permanent cuffs: one at the ankle, one just below the knee and the last around mid-thigh. My other leg was as rapidly confined while I hung swaying slowly back and forth before her, attempting to accustom myself to the restricting sensations the cuffs enforced upon my legs. I bent and flexed them, then tried to close my thighs against their short separating bar, only to find that it wasn't possible. Alexandra removed my hobble chain, then picked up the steel bar device and approached with it held ready.

“Spread your legs as much as you can, Julia!” she commanded harshly, kneeling before me.

Helpless, uncomfortable, dangling in mid-air, I wanted to be let down soon and so with little thought of resistance, I did as she ordered.

Alexandra snapped the heavy, mechanical joints at the ends of the two separator bars into fittings on the cuffs. One went between my knee cuffs, then the other between my ankles. My ankle cuffs were now held apart by a 50 cm long, rigid steel bar, while above, my knees were kept apart by one of 30 cm length. Between the ankle and knee cuffs, on the inner sides of my legs, other thinner shafts rose to maintain their vertical separation. For a moment I didn't realize just how terrible this new arrangement was, then feeling this further limitation of my leg's ability to move freely, I tried to move them together. No matter what I tried, my legs were

always kept vulnerably spread and now I was connected to the wall carriage by three heavy chain leashes.

“Julia, the joints of these newest additions are, like the all of the other portions of your harness, ‘close-once-only’ types. They’ll never be taken off,” Alexandra smiled happily at me. “Now, it’s time for your new shoes,” she cooed. “You’ll find these very interesting. Here, let me show you.”

She held up one of the things that was to be fastened around each of my feet. The ‘boot’ was made of three machined steel pieces formed into a highly-arched wedge that descended into a semi-circular, cone shaped, platform sole. She rotated the so-called footwear in front of me and I saw that the three pieces were padded deeply on their inner sides, and appeared to be nearly a half cm thick; obviously very heavy. The uppers were hinged down their back sides over the heels and Achilles’ tendon area and their closure at the front was a series of other hinge halves. These too were of the ‘close once only’ type, and once fitted with them, I’d never be able to remove them! The conical platform sole portion was 5 cm thick, with the heel portion rising another 10 cm. Completely surrounding the edge of each lower half of the boot was a deep lip and this was designed to slip into the matching groove set into the upper rim of the platform sole. The under side of the sole of the boot was incredible, for it was a thick, stainless steel horse shoe!

She knelt out of my sight and I felt a series of vibrations on my ankle cuffs, then came a tension on them so that my legs were pulled straight down. Instinctually, I attempted to lift them, only to find that she had chained the ankle bar to the floor ring! She stood again.

“Each of your shoes weighs about two kilo’s, Julia. You’ll find them to be quite a trial I’m afraid and so you’ll have to be careful when you walk. The horse shoe sole will slip easily on the floor of the cell.”

Once more she sank from my sight.

Suddenly, I felt the sole portion of the boot pressed against my right foot and although I tried to swing my legs

away it was impossible with them restrained as they were. There was no hope of me avoiding being forced into the captivity of the weird footwear. Alexandra held it snugly in place, then raised and positioned the two upper side pieces so that they mated both to each other, the platform sole, and my ankle cuff! The resilient, interior padding bulged slightly outward, but she pressed everything firmly together until my foot was comfortably, snugly and inescapably held. The lower rims of the upper portions had slid into the grooves on the platform sole and at the same time the top rims mated into matching, machined slots on the lower edges of my ankle cuffs. Alexandra paused a moment, then with a grunt forced the two upper halves together and I hear the horrid little clicks that told me I would never again be freed of these things. Inside the locked-on hoof my foot was forced into an uncomfortable arch in order to accommodate the 10 cm heel height, held rigidly by the shape and padding. I moaned with discomfort, hissing plaintively in the silent cell while she similarly clad my other foot.

“Very well, Julia. It’s time to connect you to your control, discipline and life support system.”

I hung motionless in fearful silence while she attached then securely fastened all the hoses and wires, locking them securely to their connection points on my harness, then only small, plaintive hisses emerged from my nose while she completed the chore. For the moment she left the feeding hose unconnected for she had yet to fit me with the internal, long, slippery-looking tube. She extracted it from a large, sterilized bag.

“You’re not going to like this one little bit I’m afraid,” she said, looking me in the eye. “However, it’s necessary that you be fitted a stomach feeding tube to ensure that you receive proper nutrition, as well as all the vitamins and minerals needed to keep up your health. I don’t want you to try to stop eating and starve yourself and so this arrangement allows you no choice in the matter. You will be fed regular nutritious food and all the required liquids and medications. However, with this arrangement in operation you will never get to taste any of

it. All is automatic and you cannot escape it being done, of course.”

She pressed a button on the remote control and my feet dropped slowly to the floor. I staggered for a moment attempting to get used to the sensation of standing in the high-heeled, horse shoe shod boots, with my legs kept forcibly separated. It was anything but easy. The boots were heavy and with my feet and ankles held rigid by their integration to my ankle cuffs I had to lift my feet to move them at all. These attempts were resisted by the bar arrangement to the point that I would have to learn to walk all over again. I hated how the arrangement kept me from closing my legs together, but she didn't care.

“On your knees!”

I sank slowly and very awkwardly to the floor, then looked up into her implacable green eyes. She was going to do it to me!

Foolishly, I thought to resist by pressing my lips tightly together around the brackets sticking out from my inner mouth bows, but she was prepared for this and quickly brought out the small jacks and rapidly fitted them to my outer face bows, just under my cheek bones. Even knowing that it was pointless, I clenched my jaws tightly together, panting and screaming into my gag, pleading incoherently with her. It was no use! She turned the screws slowly and maliciously until my jaws and lips separated enough to reveal the fitting at the front of my gag pad. Its hole was just large enough to accept the feeding hose but she immediately took a spray bottle with a long thin nozzle and inserted it into the hole in the gag pad even as I frantically attempted to move my head and body away. A second later a mint-flavoured mist was sent into my throat and within seconds it had become quite numb. She waited for a minute while I continued to stare up at her, then she picked up the feeding and watering hose and moved to stand in front of me. The first 5 cm went into and through the gag pad with ease, then encountered the back of my throat. I gave a convulsive shudder and retching reaction, despite the mild numbing of my throat.

“Swallow as quickly as you can manage, Julia! It’ll be quite uncomfortable at first and I doubt that you’ll ever get used to having to wear a stomach tube, but that’s another part of the price you pay to be my slave girl. Now, start swallowing!”

The cold tip began to descend into my body and I stared up at her in hypnotized terror, shuddering with the automatic retching reflex, but swallowing desperately to quickly end the awful process. She smiled happily at my distress, for with my mouth jacked open, my steel clad teeth were useless to stop it. The slick rubber hose descended into my throat, even while I tried to howl for it to be withdrawn, but Alexandra was relentless, slowly and forcefully wriggling it and forcing it ever deeper inside my body! My chained hands instinctually sought to push her away; my steel-tubed throat swelling with frantic denial under the inescapable steel collar. Only distressed wailing hisses came from my nose, but at last the full length of the 30 cm long tube had passed through the gag pad. It was revolting! I’d now be fed like an experimental animal, with no control over what I’d get to eat, when I’d receive it, and worst of all, I’d never taste it. She stood and watched for the next minutes while my retching reaction gradually subsided, then locked the tube’s retaining ring onto its fitting on the front of the gag pad. Other small connecting links were fastened into the complex web of my inner face bows as well as being wired onto my teeth’s jackets, until it had become an integral part of my Restraint Harness. Only then did she release the jacks from the outer hardware imprisoning my face, and my jaws were snapped together by the springs, with my lips almost concealing the feeding fitting, pursed around it as though sucking a candy.

She grasped the external portions of the feeding hose, until now unconnected, then brought them up over my shoulders and screwed them firmly onto the T fitting peeping from between my lips. I could just see them looping away from the front of my face, but when I tried to reach up grasp either with my chained hands, I discovered that they were arranged in such a way that I couldn’t get at them! She stepped aside and I saw myself in the full length mirror mounted on

the wall behind its thick, protective plastic. Hoses and cables sprouted from all of the intimate areas of my steel harness, stuck to my body like evil leeches.

“I still have a number of additions, Julia,” she said quietly, staring into my eyes. “They’re nice little things that’ll keep you even more under control than you can imagine.”

She pressed the buttons on the remote and once more I was drawn into the air until my feet swung clear of the concrete floor. Alexandra turned away for a moment then swiftly turned back and attached a heavy, two cm thick, 50 cm long steel bar to my right wrist cuff! I was startled by what she’d done and hung motionless, trying to understand the reason for this addition. While I wondered what it was for and why, she reached out and grasped my left hand, then pulled it out until its cuff snapped into the fitting at the other end of the shaft! I stared stupidly at her for a moment, then, realizing that my hands were now going to be kept forcibly separated and virtually useless, I fought this newest restriction to my freedom furiously ... uselessly. Being already chained and suspended as I was, it was child’s play for her to make this terrible addition to my bonds. I gasped and panted through my nose in searing blasts, whining and crying pitiably all at the same time, but she’d locked the bar between my wrist cuffs, and now it couldn’t be removed. Alexandra watched with interest while the enormity of this additional restraint began to make itself clear to me and I fought to get my hands together again. Of course my struggling was pointless. I could only raise them to the lengths of the short chains between my wrist cuffs and chastity belt’s waist band. Twisting my arms what little I could against their other restricting chains, I could barely manage to touch the under slopes of my breast cups, but with only one hand at a time! There was no way I could reach any of the cables and hoses attached to my Harness, no matter what I tried! She was not yet finished though, for another layer of control was to be added to my ensemble.

“This next set of chains will be quite a trial for you, Julia, but you’ll eventually get used to them, I suppose. I just have to tighten you up a bit.”

She touched the remote unit again and I was once more drawn slowly upwards until the little slack in the chain from the floor ring to my ankle spreader bar snapped tight. I became motionless, stretched vertically in mid-air in front of her, then faintly heard the rattling of chain links and she squatted in front. In the mirror, I saw her fiddling with something on my right ankle cuff, then felt the heavy closure of a joining shackle on the ring on it, behind the mechanical joint of the spreader bar. She repeated the process on the left side and next I felt a vibration on my below-the-knee cuffs. On each side, two light, smooth, steel chains rose from my ankle cuffs and passed through large guide rings on the knee spreader. She stopped for a moment and arranged the two sets of rising chains so that they wouldn't tangle, then proceeded.

Again on the right side, she threaded one chain up and through a ring on the back side of the thigh cuff, through a loop on the right hip of my waist band, just behind the one for my vertical suspension chains, and temporarily clipped it to my wrist cuff. The matching left side chain was similarly routed, then she fed the other free lengths up and through the same rings on the thigh bands. These went up and through large rings on the back of my cinch, located just to the side of my leash ring.

“Now, tuck your elbows tightly in behind your back, dear,” she commanded in a low voice. “This is going to be uncomfortable, but in my view, the arrangement is needed to reinforce to you that you are a perfectly helpless slave. Now do as I said, please.”

Snuffling and still shuddering from the sensation of the tube down my throat, hoping for some sort of mercy, I did as she'd demanded. From there, she pulled the left side chain out and connected it to the welded loop on my right side, above-the-elbow cuff and a few seconds later she repeated the action on my left arm. I automatically tried to move my arms back to their normal position, but they only moved about a half cm before the chains snapped tight! I whined and shook my body, attempting to ease the restriction.

“Excellent!” she quietly enthused from behind me. “However, Julia, I’m not quite done back here yet.”

She somehow tightened the connections of the chains to my elbows and I felt them both being drawn in even further behind my back! A minute later I felt a series of vibrations, then came a pair of sharp, metallic reports. My arms remained pulled firmly behind, elbows almost touching, and no matter how I struggled, I couldn’t get them apart! Nothing I attempted made any difference!

“Now I’ll deal with your wrist chains.”

She took the still dangling two chains, led them out to my wrist cuffs, then made some adjustments that resulted in my wrist separator bar being pulled deeply into the U-mounts for it on the front of my waist band, fully immobilizing my arms and hands. I surged and writhed as much as my bondage would permit, but my arms and hands were forced out to the sides of my waist, totally useless, with my upper arms pulled in firmly behind my back. This awkward, flaunting posture required me to arch my upper body into the already punishing ‘braced’ posture I was forced to adopt by the horrid bra and so my breasts slid more deeply into their imprisoning cups, even while I tried to ease the uncomfortable strain. I struggled mightily, gasping and sobbing, to somehow escape this new and most horrible bondage and how it always punished me, but the only result was to make me twist slightly in my suspending chains. Nothing I did alleviated my situation in any way! Her last act before letting me down was to snap a short very thick Inhibitor Bar onto the crotch plate then waggle it to remind me of how securely I was sealed into my chastity belt.

“How do you like it?” she asked with a happy smile into my imprisoned face. “Be careful when I let you down. From now on, whenever you stand up, or your legs are straight, this is what will happen to your hands and arms. The only way you can get any freedom for them is to bend your legs, and even then, it won’t be very much. Kind of a neat, automatic self bondage arrangement, isn’t it?”

She touched the remote and I descended slowly to the floor. Kneeling quickly in front, she unlocked the chain from the floor ring to my ankle spreader bar while I stood silently.

“Walk!”

I took a tentative, awkward step. Immediately, my steel horse shoe hoof slipped on the concrete floor and teetered there, near to falling; my hands and arms completely useless for anything! I had to take the next step, but found I could only manage it by swinging my hips and confined left leg around the fulcrum of my right leg. Again, I nearly fell, and to add even more to my misery, I discovered when I swung my leg, the tip of my short Inhibitor Bar rubbed over the thigh-separating one and this resulted in it moving my deeply inserted dildo back and forth annoyingly and uncomfortably within my belly! I couldn't stop it from happening and so with my every step, I'd be forcibly and uncomfortably reminded of my femininity, my bondage, and my enforced state of punitive chastity. I took ten steps then halted in gasping shudders of misery.

Twinned sets of gartering chains were next and she quickly attached these to my cinch, then dropped them down my legs, fastening them first to my thigh cuffs, then the below-the-knee ones. The chains from the overhead carriage had been fed out until a long loop of slack formed in each, allowing me to shuffle to the limit of the wall chains, and attempt to get used to wearing my new footwear and leg restraints.

“Well, that's it! You're all fixed up, Julia. Time for me to go,” she smiled. “I'll be in touch in a while to explain the rest of the equipment, but before I go, that's where you'll sleep.” She pointed to a thin, dense, black mat glued to the floor, near the wall at the far end of the grim cell, then turned and walked to the swung-up section of bars. Fearing greatly to be left alone in here, I tried to follow her and of course she heard the clashing of my chains behind, then turned to watch while I struggled after her, mewling pitifully into my gag; my facial muscles straining against the spring-loaded mouth bows and hands jerking and clawing convulsively at the ends of their

separator bar. Although I fought to keep up with her, I was forced to move very slowly and awkwardly. The leashes looped behind me over to the carriage on the rail in the back wall, tightening gradually while I struggled toward the opened portion of the barred wall and the ones from the ceiling slid along easily ... for now. She stepped through the opening, then walked back down the outside of the bars to the high-set control panel near the door in the far corner. I remained facing the still open portion, leaning and straining at the ends of my leashes, frantic to get through it to the other side, but held securely a full half metre away. All the time, I wailed frantically into my gag, attempting to plead with her to take me out of this horrid room and bondage, but she touched the key pad delicately for a few seconds then the up-swung section of bars dropped slowly down from the ceiling until it hung with its bottom edge 5 cm above the steel-rimmed slot. Its bottom edge sank slowly into it then stopped with a metallic thud and a subtle vibration came through the floor when the cross bolts snapped through holes in the now hidden base portion. I looked on with horror overwhelming my mind to see that the barred wall had now become a virtually seamless barricade, with me securely leashed and imprisoned behind it!

In a storm of hysterical tears, I flailed frantically at the ends of my chains, still trying desperately to get near the barred wall, but even had my hands not been held wide-spread and useless out past my hips by their separator bar, my fingers would still be kept a full half metre away from the gleaming bars. The chains between my chastity belt's waist band and the wrist cuffs stretched fully forward to their limit would ensure that.

She pressed more buttons of the key pad, looked at me one last time, then with a last happy smile disappeared into the opened, short foyer between the door of bars and the still-closed slab of the outer steel one. It was the last time I'd see her for the next two months, although I had no idea she would abandon me for that long, at the time. The barred inner door slid down with a hiss of lubricated metal and I was left alone in the soundless, grim, white chamber. The only colours that

broke the white monotony of the walls, floor and ceiling were the black of the mattress, the polished silvery sheen of the steel bars and chains, and my Restraint Harness, and the small areas of my skin. Oh God! I didn't want to be here! For long minutes I stood staring at the grim, gleaming, tightly-spaced shafts of my cage, weeping with misery while they slowly and inexorably imprinted their message of imprisonment deeply into my mind. My fate as only one of Alexandra's slave girls was sealed now that I was locked deeply into my high security, secret cell and my thoughts were chaotic.

Foremost amongst them was that no one at all knew I held a prisoner down here. I was completely at her mercy, but even so, would only be cared for only by an uncaring machine. Somewhere in the recesses of my mind a tiny flame of malice flickered, reminding me that this is what I had wanted so desperately for so long, and now, it had happened in full measure.

The lighting in the cell would never dim and Alexandra had set it up this way so that I and the rest of her harem could always be kept under constant television surveillance. She'd have continual coverage of us on the monitors back at the house, but we'd always each be kept isolated in our cages and cells; cared for automatically by the computer. Of course she'd be able to speak to us (one way, voice only; from her to us) and we'd always be under her comprehensive control. Eventually, when the other girls were here, I'd be able to communicate with them, but only by monitored e-mail and web cams.

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My first day alone was probably the worst I've ever endured. When the realization struck me, after spending a long time standing staring at the barred wall, that I was helpless and could not escape my chains, harness or the cell, I collapsed to the floor in a writhing, screaming fit and fought my restrictions in maddened, thoughtless fury. Of course none of

my hysterical struggles had any effect at all. Finally, I recovered my senses a little and after a great deal of struggling, managed to regain my feet, then begin exploring the strict limits of my small freedom behind the barred wall.

My every movement forcibly reminded me of my restraints and the swinging weight of my chain leashes was a constant irritant, but could not be escaped. Just the mere act of walking soon drove me to near madness thanks to the disconcerting, forced movement of the dildo buried so deeply in my belly and innumerable times that day, I fell to the concrete to lay writhing and twisting in my harness, frantic to somehow get my hands and fingers even close to my steel-armoured breasts and crotch. I was kept nearly fully aroused by the movements of the horrid shaft in my loins, but utterly unable to stop its tantalizing shudders. No matter how I twisted my body or moved my legs, it only acted to increase my frustrated arousal and I was quickly reduced to wailing and gasping tears and strangled begging to be released.

Over the following week I slowly accommodated myself to the fact that I had become a life-term prisoner in Alexandra's soon-to-be expanded harem. My hope and desire that I would be her lifetime slave girl had certainly come true, but not as I wanted! Her stated intent that I was to be only one of a dozen girls she kept in her private prison was a corrosive and nearly mind-destroying emotional bomb shell that drove me into even other hour's long fits of struggle to escape my bonds, but of course nothing happened other than exhausting myself and eventually ending up in a huddled, crouching pile of silently weeping, steel-harnessed and chain-leashed womanhood. My emotional state was awful, but added to that was my ever growing sexual frustration and my desperation to be allowed even simple speech.

With every movement I made, I was constantly teased and tortured by my harness; its terrible dildos either shifting inside my loins, or my breasts shivering and twitching under their tight, armouring, steel domes. The harness acted precisely as it was intended, prohibiting me from sexually touching or stimulating myself in any way, and I became nearly crazed with the need for some sort of sexual release.

For short periods during my long and lonely hours, I lay on my thin mat, with knees bent back to my body in futile attempts to gain some small freedom for my separated hands, desperately clawing at the obdurate steel that sealed away my crotch and breasts, but nothing worked. I could use only one hand at a time and my trembling fingers only slipped ineffectually across the smooth steel, warmed from within. Beneath it, my body twitched and shivered in constant, desperate attempts to break free of the imprisonment, tugging continually against the things that penetrated my flesh. All that happened though was that the struggles increased my sensations of captivity and emphasized the denial of sexual fulfilment.

On that first day, I discovered immediately that there was no place in the cell for me to sit down. The only way I could, was in a 'saddle' set into the floor in front of the bolted-down keyboard and monitor, and doing so would prove to be a trial all on its own. This 'saddle' was not designed for the comfort of the prisoner occupying it, but as another means of enforcing discipline, even while relaxing as little as it permitted. The cell was equipped with a computer terminal/TV screen and they were my only portals to the outer world and Alexandra. She monitored and censored all of my activities on them even though I was permitted a fair amount of freedom to surf the internet and watch TV; cruelly permitting me to see and hear what was happening in the world beyond the bars of my cell ... one to which I would never be permitted to return.

My sleeping arrangements (and those for all of the other harem girls who would soon become my sister prisoners) were a bare minimum. For the most part, and only during rest periods, I was permitted to lay on the glued-down, 10 cm thick, one metre wide, two metre long, rubber mat made of a very high density foam, this covered by a thick skin of neoprene rubber. A short distance from one end was a formed, rubber 'pillow' into which my head and neck fit, while around the edges, six small, steel panels were set flush into the floor. For those first two months I tried to puzzle out what they were for, then when at last she began to visit me once more, I discovered to my horror why they were there. It was then that

she began to fully secure me each night; fastening me immovably in place.

At last she appeared on the other side of the barred wall, and I have never been so glad to see another face. The mirrored walls kept me constantly reminded of my bonds and imprisonment but I had been nearly driven crazy by loneliness. Alexandra had communicated with me by email only during the two initial months of my confinement, but here she was in the flesh and I was as happy as it was possible to be to see her again. As always she was elegantly dressed in a long flowing skirt and high-heeled boots. I stared at her through the wall of bars while she coolly surveyed me.

“Are you enjoying your captivity, slave girl?” she asked rhetorically, knowing of course I was unable to speak. I lifted my chained and separated hands in a series of quick jerks and she smiled. “It’s been a while since I last saw you, Julia, and I have decided that you will now learn even more of the nature of the control I intend to have over your life. The next step along your path of submission, if you like. But, enough of my idle chatter. It is time for you to sleep.”

Until this time, I’d simply fallen onto the matt and slept as best I could, but that was about to change in the worst possible way.

“Lay down on your mattress!” she snapped.

I struggled to it then did as she commanded, sinking first to my knees to get some slackness in my restrictor chains, then slowly bending forward until my bar-separated hands could touch the floor. From that point I had to topple myself over onto the mats until I fell with a jarring crash and rattle of tossed chain.

“Good!” she smiled down. “Now, stay as you are until I come in and get you settled.”

I lay unmoving on the matt, staring up at the ceiling and listening to the almost forgotten hum of the motor that moved the door. First the deeply buried bolts snapped out of the bottom portion, then it rose and finally swung up against the ceiling. She was by my side in seconds.

“You will remain quite still, Julia.” She pressed a button on her remote control.

The ten by 10 cm floor panels were located with two on either side, as well as one at the top and bottom of the mattress; covering small, deep compartments. Under these doors were long, curved, hook-ended arms and when activated by her or the computer, the top one sprang from its compartment and snapped onto my head cage’s crown ring, then slowly drew back into its hole as far as possible. Next, the two on either side of my waist snapped out of their recesses and clipped themselves to my cinch’s side rings and they two slowly drew back and tight. I was held down quite securely already, but the bottom door popped open and the last of the strong hooks snapped out and onto the ring at the centre of my ankle spreader bar, then partially withdrew into its recess. They’d stay locked until her command or the computer’s released them. In seconds I lay clamped to the floor in front of her, whining with misery at being further immobilized, for effectively, I was pinned to the thin rubber, barely be able to twitch.

“Very good, Julia,” she smiled down at me, towering over my recumbent body. “This is how you’ll spend most of your nights from now on. I have another type of night time restraint for you to try and you’ll find out about it soon.

It was awful! My arms were of course still pulled in behind me and I lay partially-arched on them, my breasts straining into their cups and with my hands widespread by the wrist cuff separator bar in helpless supplication. I was prohibited from moving my legs and utterly incapable of lifting my caged head. The only movements permitted to me were very small rolling motions, clenching my fingers or closing my eye lids! She was not finished speaking though.

“In the meantime,” she continued, “you remember how strongly you reacted to the electrical stimulation in the car? Well, slave girl, I’ve re-activated that program. From now on it’ll be used to enforce the commands either I or the computer issue. Disobey or be slow, and you’ll receive some quite nasty encouragement. I’m sure you’ll find it easier to follow the

directions you're going to be given, once you've experienced a few sessions of just the mildest punishment."

I stared up at her, panic exploding in my mind. I'd been terrorized far beyond fear after enduring those awful, intimately painful sessions and now I was to suffer them again if I didn't please her or obey exactly. Oh God! How I wished I'd never begged to be her slave!

"At any rate, Julia," she continued smiling gently down at me, "you're here now, so I'll leave you until tomorrow or the day after. The computer will release you in the morning and from now on you'd better pay attention to any command you get. G'night!"

It was the last I'd see of her for another two weeks.

All sound cut off, leaving me in a vast, deep silence. Tears pooled in my eyes while I stared up at the ceiling's concrete far above, shivering and fighting against my chains. I felt a subtle vibration and knew that the door of the barred wall had closed and locked leaving me alone, again, completely immobilized and helpless.

My time spent thus secured each night from then on was not enjoyable. Some time later, as she'd hinted, I was even further horrified to discover that this means of binding me was not the worst thing she could do when I was to be permitted rest. I wasn't aware of the scheduling of course, but many of my 'nights' would be spent in suspension, dangling in mid-air from the ceiling, gagged and helpless, while electrical pleasuring or discipline was visited upon me by the computer.

By the end of that next period of isolation, I'd very nearly become insane from the lack of human contact, silence, and loneliness. Somehow, I managed accommodate myself to my awful restraints, but soon things became immeasurably worse, for Alexandra began to employ all of the other, more sinister devices contained within my new, stark world, and enforce her demands by means of the electrical discipline capabilities of my restraint harness.

Every cell was equipped with identical, purpose-built treadmills and rowing machines, and, given the way I was

restrained, there was no way to escape from being forced to use them as she directed. Until now I'd avoided the machinery for I knew instinctively that it was all designed specifically to discipline and exercise me, or a combination of the two simultaneously, but Alexandra soon began to make me use them. Too, I could be easily suspended and required to complete any airborne evolutions she or the computer required, but it would be a while before I was to become aware of this facet of my schedule.

At times other than for rest, I was required to remain standing or walk around the cell as best I could, thus rendering myself helpless thanks to the chains she'd arranged for my wrists and elbows. The only other option left open to me was to sit in the vastly uncomfortable saddle. Pressure sensors built into my harnesses alerted the computer to the fact that I was laying down when not permitted to do so, and it kept an account of these transgressions ... all to be paid for.

Alexandra intended that her harem would be controlled utterly, disciplined thoroughly, and completely secure.

Being kept in isolation, sexually teased to the point of explosion and in constant terror of the automatic disciplining I'd eventually endure at her whim, I vowed I'd be totally compliant if she released me to her bedroom, when the time eventually came, if it ever did again. She wanted any one of us, when taken from her cell to the house to entertain, to be at the very peak of desire and obviously, each of us would do our utmost to please, desperate to escape being returned to our cells.

In the meantime, I was the sole occupant and would remain so for at least another two to four months until the next young woman became a resident. And so Alexandra left me completely alone to get used to the concept and sensations of my imprisonment, and to the hopelessness of even thinking about escape while she pursued her next acquisition.

She wasn't completely without heart though and eventually permitted a limited amount of communication between her prisoners by means of e-mail and web-cams, but always subject to her listening in. However, we would never

physically see one another, even though in close proximity, and we would always be incapable of speech by our mouth jewellery, feeding gags and stomach tubes. There would be no means for of us to free ourselves of our chastity equipment or any of our other restraints, but even that small measure of communication and the ability to commiserate with each other would help to keep us sane.

## Chapter Eleven

### Observation Of A Slave

Ten minutes after she'd left me fastened to the floor Alexandra had climbed the stairs into the equipment shed and closed the hidden hatch. Even though it was now late spring, some five months after I had been deposited in my cell, it was still quite chilly. It took only seconds to put on her own thick, insulated outer cloak, then she took the one I'd worn those many months past from its hook and stepped out into the growing dimness of the late afternoon, pulling the deep, cowled hood closer to her face as the still bitter wind and another driving rain storm lashed across the grass. Her walk back to the house was a slow one while she thought of the life she was creating, smiling to herself with happiness when she came to the house and went inside. An hour later, after changing into a long, comfortable robe, she'd made herself a tasty, small dinner, then settled into a chair in the entertainment room. With the click of a couple of buttons, the large digital screen lit up then split into four sections; each a view from one of the cell TV cameras that constantly monitored me. Assured that she could instantly see what I was doing, she switched to some of the more mundane channels being covered by the satellite dishes and for a couple of hours caught up on the latest news and world events. And so her schedule played out over the next months while below I continued to suffer through an awful acclimatization process.

Later in the evening she tired of the TV pablum that seemed to prevail and flipped back to check on me. Of course I'd not moved from my chained-down position on the mattress since being secured and it must have made pretty boring viewing. Two minutes later she turned out the lights and went to bed, but of course I knew nothing of these events and so lay stretched and chained in silence in the secure concrete prison cell, 180 metres below, weeping for my lost life and foolish desires. Eventually I too fell asleep.

The next day I was released from the mattress and required to stand with an order from the computer drilled into my ears from the cell's speakers. As always, I was stiff and sore from being almost completely immobilized for eight hours, and it took me nearly five minutes to regain my feet. When I at last stood, the computer fed me automatically, then forcibly flushed my bladder and gave me the unavoidable enema I received every day. No matter how I writhed within my harness, howling and struggling against my leashes, it happened without fail, or pity. Finally, my morning wake-up processes were completed and I was ordered to walk the ten circuits around the cell that was another part of my morning routine. For the remainder of the day, I alternated between walking and sitting in the saddle, bored beyond belief and in frequent bouts of angry, frustrated tears.

That evening in the house far above, Alexandra decided it was time to activate my Care Program. A few seconds later she sat before a large flat screen monitor and had called up the appropriate programs, then sat contemplating them with a cruel smile curving her lips. Making her decision, then sat back to watch me perform for her. At first nothing much happened. The cameras revealed me standing and staring out through the seamless wall of bars, occasionally shuffling along its length, always held in check by my chains. I turned toward the back wall, moving slowly and awkwardly to the carriage to which they were fastened, then attempted to bend forward against the restriction of my harness and inspect the connection. It, of course, acted as it was supposed to, gently yet forcefully choking me when I exceeded its designed-in limitations. At the ends of the separator bar, held tight to my waist and deep in its receivers by the chains to my ankle spreader, my fingers clawed and twitched with continual frustration. I turned my whole body to be able to grasp the chains with one hand, then jerked wildly at them, hoping against hope that maybe one of them would come free, but there wasn't a chance. Giving up on the always useless attempt, I again shuffled around the cell that was my entire world and inspected the various devices. I couldn't bear the heavy clip-clopping of my hooves though. Unbeknownst to me, Alexandra zoomed one of the cameras in to observe my

steel-webbed face until it filled the screen, showing the perfectly defined, dried tracks of my despairing tears.

It was time for me to lay down on my matt once more.

The sensitive microphones in the cell picked up my every small whimper and the clattering of my chains when I moved and even though I was kept in utter soundlessness, she could hear and see everything. Alexandra activated the microphone.

“Julia!” her disembodied voice called me to attention, filling my head from the ear plugs. It was changed and mechanized by the computer software, but I froze, staring through the wall of bars at the blank concrete wall beyond. “Proceed to your mattress and lay down! It is time for you to be fed, maintained, then sleep.”

I struggled reluctantly in my slow, legs-spread, steps to the forbidding, black mattress, and stood beside it. She had to prompt me to lay down, for I was obviously reluctant to do so again.

“As you’ve done before, you will kneel beside the mattress, positioned so that when you are prone, your head and neck will fit into the pillow. You will attain some small freedom for your arms and hands when you kneel, then you will bend further forward and place them on the floor under you. Only then will you roll onto your side, onto the mattress. You are permitted two minutes to do this. Once you are on your back, you may keep your knees bent to permit you to move into position. At the end of this time you will straighten them fully to immobilize your arms and hands.”

I complied with these usual instructions reluctantly, then slowly straightened my legs and of course when I did, my wrist separator bar was once more automatically pulled back into its holders on my waist band and at the same time my elbows were drawn in behind my back. I lay on the gleaming black mattress; helpless, bowed, chained, and harnessed, knowing what was to happen next. Small whimpers of self-pity and misery hissed from my steel-endowed nose and once more, tears of misery and discomfort trickled from my eyes. She pressed the button to activate the sleeping restraints and

around the mattress the arms popped out of their hatches, snagged themselves onto my harness, then were pulled firmly back toward their points of emergence. I had no chance to escape so quickly did they act and in seconds had been totally immobilized. A thin, keening wail of discomfort hissed from my nose, and I tried to writhe even the slightest, but it was too late. Again, I would stay precisely as I was ... for the next eight hours.

She focussed one of the cameras more closely upon my immobilized body then watched closely while the computer began the process of feeding me my evening meal. First, a trickle of water coursed along the clear plastic tube, then the grayish mass of my liquidized food slurry. This so-called food consisted of a mix of grains and vegetables, combined with a full-bodied beef broth and mixed into the mass was a complete selection of all the minerals, vitamins, and supplements that were needed to maintain my health. Its appearance was not the least bit appetizing, but didn't matter, for I couldn't see what was being pumped into my body anyway, nor could I taste it. The food went directly into my stomach along with the required amount of water and the only thing I could taste at any time now was the rubbery flavour of my gag pad. I hungered for her sweet mouth or body, but that was a delight I'd seldom be permitted again.

Over the next weeks of my more stringent confinement I tried to get used to my new life, but could never overcome the mental hurdle of being nothing more than a chained animal. Many times something deep within my psyche rebelled, and I fought mindlessly against my restraints, especially when I felt the stuff being forced into my stomach. My struggles continued until the whole process ended, some ten minutes later, then another slow pulse of water flowed along the hose, cleansing it. It was time for my maintenance.

I shuddered anew when the enema began. It started off with a warm soapy solution designed to clean me out thoroughly, pumped up into my bowels and slowly filling me until I thought I'd faint from the discomfort then slowly increasing pain. My hips bounced and twisted against the waist cinch, while my belly began to expand against the rigid

confinement of the crotch cover and waist cinch until I was filled by the two litres. It was left to work for five minutes, and only then allowed to exhaust itself through the sanitary hose fastened between my legs, but then another, larger enema was administered! This time, three litres of warmer water and cleanser was pumped into me and I was compelled to retain it for ten agonizing minutes.

The pain from holding it each time was intense and I could not help the tearing screams I began to make after just two minutes, but of course nothing happened until the computer released the captive fluid inside my body. Horribly, at the same time, my bladder was also inflated with a sterile rinse and my convulsive, frantic efforts to escape my harness and bondage redoubled. The entire process was anything but enjoyable and floods of tears streamed continually from my eyes while I lay and endured the automatic cleansing.

After my internal wash-outs, it was time for the more mundane washing and I felt a flood of water spring from vents on the dildo and wash my sex thoroughly, at the same time washing my hairless crotch under its steel covering and then supplying a soothing medicated cream. The vents on the rigid shaft had another use, for they would also be employed to supply lubricant for the dildo's future evolutions.

Finally, it stopped and I was left in peace for a few minutes. The lights didn't dim though and within the steel head cage and fixtures delineating my vision, my eyes flickered wildly about for long moments, desperate to find something to fix on, but I could see only the white painted concrete of the ceiling, three metres above. My fingers clenched and clawed uselessly at the ends of the wrist separator bar, while silenced, shuddering, sobs shook my body for many minutes after I'd been serviced by the machinery, but at last I fell asleep, exhausted. It was one of the few nights from that point on that I would be permitted the luxury of an uninterrupted sleep.

## Chapter Twelve

### Compelled To Sit

My days were, and still are, truth to tell, not very interesting.

At first, I found something to focus my thoughts upon, learning how strictly the harsh limitations of my chains restricted me. The novelty of finding myself so deeply imprisoned quickly disappeared, then quickly became an almost unbearable burden.

My cell, like all of the others, was equipped with an 80 cm, high definition, digital screen and monitor combination. This was suspended from the ceiling in a heavy cradle, allowing me a substantial window on the world via the internet and satellite TV, when I was permitted access. However, to do it, I had to sit in the vastly uncomfortable ‘saddle’, before the screen would activate. For every small pleasure in my confinement, there was a steep price of bondage or further discipline to be paid.

The ‘saddle’ was not truly a seat, but in fact only another means of disciplining me. It consisted of two, waist high, inverted L-shaped shafts with the top parts of the L’s separated by a full metre. These were positioned and centred front of the keyboard, this set on its own post in the floor, but how the arrangement was to be used was not evident at first. Alexandra instructed me by issuing her orders through my locked-in ear-plugs. I was to seat myself in the saddle as she directed, then she explained how to operate the various controls for the keyboard, monitor, and TV functions. These were one of her few verbal communications; now always with her voice modified and mechanized by the computer.

“Julia! Walk to stand between the two posts in front of the keyboard.”

I shuffled slowly and reluctantly to my assigned position, the leashing chains following my restricted movements with quiet clicks and clinks was prohibited from hearing.

“Raise your right side, until you feel the hook engage the ring of your waist cinch, then repeat the process on the other side.”

It took a couple of tries, but I felt the self-closing and locking hooks at the ends of the inverted L-shaped struts click onto the rings. I was not finished with being fully seated yet, but was securely held in place, unable to release myself.

“Now, bend you legs until your weight is fully supported by your chastity belt, then move them forward.”

I was reluctant to do this, for I knew when I did, the intruders in my lower body would make themselves even more intensely felt. Nevertheless, knowing there was no alternative, I did as she had commanded. When I moved my legs and their ankle spreader bar forward, it was grasped close to the cuffs by clamps on the ends of the arms of a Y-shaped fitting on the post supporting the keyboard. The latches snapped over, locking onto the spreader, then the whole arrangement was raised and moved forward until my horse shoe shod feet were held 30 cm above the floor! I became fully-suspended, sitting in my chastity belt, thus partially releasing the chains that restricted my arms and hands. This was the one of the few times I could free myself of the constant immobilization of my arms and hands, but the price for this freedom was a steep one. Within my loins I felt as though the dildo and butt plug were inserting themselves into my throat! Thus seated and restrained, I was now permitted a strictly limited access to the keyboard, but that wasn't the end of it. Above, now that I was seated, the chain to the top ring of my head cage slowly tightened, making me straighten my body until I sat fully erect with shoulders held firmly braced, and my encased breasts thrust forward, unable to look down so that I perforce had to stare straight to the front and slightly up at the monitor. The tension wasn't enough to ease my seated suspension, but prevented virtually all movement of my head, permitting me to move only my eyes. The restriction was awful!! All of the circuits were now completed and the large monitor flicked on. Words appeared on the screen:

“You are not permitted to see the keyboard. Now, you must log on. Enjoy your next four hours!”

Nothing more appeared. There were no instructions provided, nor any other information. I sat there in silence trying to figure out what to do next, until a small, low level series of shocks pulsed through my vaginal lips. Their advent was a painful reminder that I had to do something, and so my shaking fingers reached out to the keys while the strength of the shocks began to slowly escalate. I couldn't stop the automatic, instinctual screams that tried to tear from my throat, but typed my name, or what I thought was my name in a desperate attempt to end the torturing pulses of electricity. Immediately I began typing, they died back to a low but still disturbing level. Every time I attempted to log-on by hitting the “Enter” key, and not capitalizing my name, or having mistyped it, I'd be disciplined with other agonizing electrical shocks through my nipples and breasts. I thought I'd go mad from the cruelly efficient discipline, and to make matters worse, whatever I wrote did not appear on the screen! A series of built-in time-outs within the program ensured that I had to attempt to log-on every five minutes, and this was combined with a spelling and grammar checker that also elicited punishing shocks for each error I committed.

My first attempts were miserable failures.

I sat confined both within my harness and the saddle arrangement, forced to endure the minute long electrical torture; twitching and writhing frantically to escape what was being done to my body, but only my small, suppressed whimpers and screams echoed in the otherwise silent cell. For the next hours I was forced to torture myself, trying to sign-on, but slowly learning the parameters of the process. Eventually, the mail server program came up, then the browser program, then finally the TV guide. With each new program, I had to sign in again. I spent some time flipping through the multitude of channels available from the satellite system, stopping occasionally when I found something of interest, then, when I tired of that, I had to sign off to go back to the Internet. My

sign-on there now went much more quickly and I spent the balance of my allotted time in the saddle, surfing sites that were allowed to me. Perhaps permitting me to see the outer world was more of a punishment than a privilege, for I could view all of the things that I had so willingly demanded be taken from me.

Only my rest periods told me of the passing of time, for I had no way of knowing the exact hour, and so my daily sessions of staring at the monitor were my means of knowing the date and year. Otherwise, time ceased to exist for me and I suffered through an endless progression of days of incredible bondage and boredom.

Within the cell my days were always the same with no change in the light, temperature, the things I could see, or its silence. My pitiful little whimpers and the noises of my chains and restraints were the only things that challenged the oppressive silence, but I was denied even them! I spent much of my time either watching TV, surfing the net, or writing desperate, pleading letters to Alexandra, begging her to free me of my terrible bondage and slavery, or at the very least, to please come and see me. She occasionally replied by return email, that this was indeed to be my fate ... even though I'd not realized the depth of my slavery to come when I'd begged her to make me hers.

I slowly re-learned the art of walking with my new leg restraints and foot wear, shuffling awkwardly around the cell, trailed always by my chain leashes. Every few hours, and I could not stop myself from the attempts, I walked out to their ends, then surged against the chains as hard as I could; trying to get close to the wall of bars. Of course I could come no nearer than a full metre away, and after several minutes of struggling would turn back in defeat to face the grim, barren reality of my cell.

I had yet to experience being held suspended for the night, then tortured and teased to sexual explosion, but denied the release. That would come soon, and frequently, before she saw me again in person. Alexandra wanted me to be fully

ready for her sexual demands, if she eventually brought me back to the house.

## Chapter Thirteen

### Enforced Exercise

While she was confident in the automatic care system, she wanted to ensure it worked as per specification and so spent the two weeks after the beginning of my imprisonment, checking that everything functioned as it should. After that, although I never knew it, she began leaving the estate to run errands she'd been putting off, and also began to surf the internet, looking for just the right candidate to become her next harem girl. She found that there were literally thousands and thousands of submissive young women who wanted someone like her to take them in hand as slave girls, but obviously, the field needed to be narrowed substantially, and so she posted a series of discrete, yet tantalizing advertisements on various news groups, then sat back to await the response. What came back was a virtual Niagara of mail, and so to eliminate the chaff, she sent a blanket letter to the respondents, laying out some of the more severe aspects of what they would be required to accept, asking for a reply from each. This acted to winnow out more than 95%; and so she proceeded to the next letter, demanding full disclosure of all personal details and pictures of the most intimate and comprehensive sort. She ended up with nearly 2 dozen finalists, and so made arrangements to meet with each, over the next three months.

In the meantime, I continued to spend much of my life watching TV and surfing the internet, uncomfortable though it always was. It was a brief holiday, if that can be believed in this context, but came to an abrupt end when one morning when she decided it was time for me to begin exercising, as well as to return to my studies.

One day when I signed on to the internet, a new message from her arrived.

Slave Girl,

Your acclimatization period has been completed.

You are now required to begin exercising on the machinery provided. Exercise periods will consist of two, three hour periods, every day from this point on. These may not be avoided or shortened, and levels of fitness have been pre-established.

Verbal instructions will be given to assist you in attaching yourself to the machinery.

Failure to follow these instructions within the allotted time will result in severe and immediate discipline.

Alexandra

And so I nervously awaited this next phase of my life: exercising on the specialized machinery in my cell.

My days would be filled by the routine Alexandra had planned, but like most in the outer world, I would be permitted to spend my evenings how I chose. I was now always fastened to the mattress each night, and from her observations of me laying pinned there, she could see that sleep did not come easily nor quickly. Each night I'd instinctually fight my bonds for hours on end before finally subsiding in exhaustion and bitter tears at the futility of my efforts, and the stupidity of surrendering myself so inescapably to her ownership.

Other than the initial discipline I'd received while learning to sign-in to the computer, no more was delivered, for the moment. Neither had Alexandra permitted me any sort of sexual stimulation, but both would soon come; sometimes together and sometimes as separate events. Many of these sessions would occur while I was suspended or chained down on my matt, in order to reinforce to me the total lack of control I had over my body, mind, and life; as well as to demonstrate my utter helplessness to prevent it being done, as and when she desired. Many times I'd awaken in the middle of the night, to lay writhing and screaming within my bonds, fastened helplessly onto my mattress when the sessions came.

The first exercise machine I was to become acquainted with was the purpose-built treadmill, a mate to the others in every cell within the complex. Basically, it was a metre wide, thick, textured surface, rubber belt, mounted flush into the floor, being some three metres from end to end. It, like the rowing machine and saddle, was centred under the ceiling track, thus allowing the overhead leashes to forcibly drag me to it, then position me. The commanding drag of the upper chains came as a surprise, for I had not really considered their significance ... until now.

“Julia!” Alexandra’s disguised voice commanded from my ear plugs, addressing me directly for the first time in five days. “It is time to begin your regular routine.

“You will soon begin to exercise; a minimum of six hours per day, except for a one day rest, every ten days. Initially, you will start with shorter sessions, then these will gradually be extended until you reach the six hour mark. Each day, four hours will be spent at your studies, then free time may be made available to surf the net, or to watch TV. There are other areas of your life that will be more fully-controlled soon also.

“Now, you are to stand in place while your final attachments to the treadmill are made, then your exercise will commence.”

I turned to stare fearfully at the treadmill belt, but made no move towards it. Suddenly, the overhead chains tightened, then I was dragged, squalling and struggling against their tension to stand on the belt, centred between its ends. I waited there trembling, held in place by my head chain, while long robotic arms at either end of the treadmill’s belt rose from their niches in the floor, then reached unerringly for the tip ring of my short Inhibitor Bar! Their steel claws snapped onto it simultaneously, and I gave a small, stifled yelp when their grip moved the deeply-plunged dildo within my belly. Of course I could hear nothing, for the ear plugs had been turned off once more and so I stood, even though weeping into my terrible gag, silently in place, my tear-filled eyes staring beseechingly up into the lens of the camera that I thought she had focussed

on my face. The chains from the overhead carriage loosened silently until there were shallow loops of slack in their links.

At the end of the treadmill, to my front, another robotic arm rose and reached toward my face! I tried instinctively to recoil from the slowly approaching mechanical talon, but the still-tight chain leash to the top of my head forbade any escape! I heard the distinct, doubled click when reins were connected to my face bows, then the arm moved down and loosely clasped my still freely swinging nasal leash, then slowly receded, reeling out the reins until my nasal tether tightened slightly, eliciting another howling moan from me. Rising slightly, it dragged at the painfully intimate connection to my face and snapped the nose leash to a fixed rod between the reins. With a deliberate, slow motion, it then came fully perpendicular to the floor at its hinge and stopped, leaving the two lines to my face bows as well as the nasal leash to hang in shallow curves. At this point, the chain to the top of my head cage slackened slightly and I twisted it as much as my reins and nose line permitted: eyes staring wildly around the silent, stark, grim cell.

I was ready to begin, like it or not.

Without warning, the treadmill's belt began sliding away under my hoofed feet. Only for a second did I stand motionless before my nose leash then the reins to my punishing head cage snapped tight! I was drawn backwards by the belt, but the tension on my nose and face bows was not the only thing I experienced! When I was moved back, the positioning tension on my Inhibitor Bar didn't change, and so it made the external portion move forward between my legs! As a consequence, the dildo within my loins pivoted in its ball joint in the crotch piece, moving startingly and uncomfortably backward, but the sudden twung of the links to my face springing tight immediately brought forth a stifled scream and I began to move my legs awkwardly, fighting against the harsh restriction of the spreaders between them, forced to lift each in an horribly humiliating prancing motion.

Alexandra knew it was extremely difficult for me to move at any speed because of the severe restriction of the bar-

separated bands clamped around my lower limbs, but I had to struggle forward, regardless of the difficulty, frantic to ease the burning tension on my nose and the discomfort in my belly. The only noises within the cell were the continual dull impact of my steel shod feet on the rubber and the clatter and clicking of my chains while I struggled to gain some slack in my painful facial tethers, but I heard nothing. In counterpoint, behind my back, the three chains from my harness, together with the umbilical of hoses and wires, swung heavily back and forth, also clashing in tune with my walking. My head was kept facing forward thanks to the tension on the reins and nasal leash and so I pranced slowly along for the first minutes.

What really distressed me about my whole costume was the lack of freedom of my arms and hands, unless I sat in the saddle. Even while I struggled to walk on the treadmill, my arms were kept pulled in tight and behind my back and my wrist separator bar was kept clamped into the U-shaped mounts on my chastity belt's waist band. This, of course, kept my hands spread wide to either side, fingers clenching and grasping in useless supplication in mid-air.

With every jerk on the nose chain, my eyes filled with tears of pain and it wasn't long before I lost my rhythm and stumbled. Although the suspending chains to my waistband supported me, the toes of my steel shoes dragged along the still-moving belt. The overhead chains were positioned so that I swung back and down slightly until my reins and nose leash snapped tight, again and all the while the chain from the top ring of the head cage also pulled my head back! This increased the tension on the deep and securely-mounted jewellery and agonized wails surged up my throat, only to be stopped by the deeply-plunged and securely-attached gag pad. With great difficulty, I struggled to my feet and resumed my endless walking; all the while gasping, sobbing and hiccupping with misery and terror that I was to be kept at this incredibly difficult exercise without any release possible, and mercy non-existent.

There was no possible way I could refuse to walk for the design of the machine was truly diabolical. After the first ten minutes, the motor ceased to act as the impelling force, and

switched to being a regulator. If I failed to keep the belt moving at the correct speed, the computer sensed the drop in performance, then began disciplining me with increasingly painful shocks until I sped my pace! This awful arrangement became apparent when I slowed slightly, for within their imprisoning cups, my breasts and nipples suddenly caught fire; curdling with pulsing bursts of electricity! In horror, I continued to stumble along, twisting my entrammelled body wildly, nearly hysterical to escape the awful, painful needling sensations transfixing my supersensitive breasts. I instinctually continued to attempt to jerk my hands and arms free of their separator bar and somehow try to get them to my chest, but all of these attempts were doomed to certain failure and no matter what I tried, the thick bar remained clamped deeply into the brackets on my waist band. The only way it would come free was for me to bend my legs to loosen the restrictor chains, but the ones from overhead were tight enough that I could not sink down far enough to get enough slack! I tried, even while walking along, but the chain from the top of my head cage jerked harshly and the collar began to choke me!

It was awful!

Alexandra had created a diabolical, pain-laced predicament and I had to accept my discipline and continue walking, for it was my only escape from the automatic discipline. Even if I had somehow managed to get the separator bar free of my waist band, the chains between it and the wrist cuffs were far too short to permit me to do anything more than touch the under slopes of my breast containers.

Suddenly, I again lost my footing and swung backwards on the overhead suspending chains, my steel shod toes dragging along the moving belt and once more the punishing shocks grew in strength and duration. Their message was clear: I must get to my feet and resume walking. The faster I walked, the milder the shocks became until they stopped altogether when I was once more moving at the speed I'd started off at. Of course it was hard, very hard, and this was only the first session of the exercise I would have to do ... every day!

Finally, when I slowed down, hissing with exhaustion ... nothing happened. I was being permitted one of my ten minute rest periods and stood trembling in the silent cell; my gasping breaths whistling through and around my nose jewellery. I wasn't aware of it, but the computer pumped a half litre of water into my stomach to maintain my fluid and electrolyte levels at their optimum. The entire arrangement was horribly efficient, for no matter how I struggled within my harness, I could not escape. The belt soon began moving once more, forcing me into motion. However, this time it sped up. Not much, but enough that I knew it almost immediately and within a minute I stumbled, unleashing another agonizing cascade of shocks through my imprisoned, untouchable breasts and nipples, driving me into a screaming frenzy to get at my chest. Of course, I couldn't.

The program permitted me to stumble only three times during each exercise period, then the next stage of my 'encouragement' was revealed. The fourth time, I hung screaming and twisting mindlessly, all the while trying to regain my footing, a new series of zipping, agonizing, electrical discharges was driven through the nexus of my supersensitive clitoris! I attempted to lift my legs, instinctually and automatically trying to curl into a foetal, protective ball, but this, as before, resulted in an immediate swing backwards, jerking agonizingly on my nose chain! My feet kicked mindlessly against their restraints, but the system of clamps and steel bars prohibited me from closing or crossing my legs protectively and I screamed and screamed with the horror of my awful vulnerability. The overhead, side chains to my waist kept me centred on the treadmill belt and so I hung, writhing and howling mindlessly while my sex and breasts were repeatedly transfixed by the calculated, severe, electrical disciplining. An endless two minutes later, the shocks finally died away to a semi-bearable level, leaving me still semi-suspended in gasping, strained misery until the pain from my nose and mouth jewellery became too much to bear. I staggered to my feet and once more began walking mindlessly until the belt stopped for another rest period, weeping with despair at how my world had changed from just a year in the

past. I was only 20 years old, and this was how I'd spend the rest of my life!!!

It was only my first hour on the treadmill.

Alexandra had designed the system with care and thoroughness, and it was mindlessly efficient in compelling me to exercise, but the worst thing was to realize that there was virtually no point to all of the effort and tears I expended. The only thing I could hope for was to lessen the sessions of unavoidable punishment and prevent the leashes from pulling harshly on my poor, abused nose and face.

At last my introductory session to the treadmill came to an end.

With surprising speed and delicacy, I was freed of the bonds that had kept me in place and permitted to stagger off to the saddle, for it, uncomfortable as it was, was the only way I could get off my feet. Once I was released from the mattress, the overhead chains were shortened to the point that I was unable to sink to the floor. If I tried to sit, the tension on them immediately released more pulsing waves of electrical discipline from my dildo! My moans and suppressed sobs echoed in the silence of the featureless, steel-barred, concrete container of the cell while I moved slowly into place between the two posts, then was bound once more by its own automatic machinery. For five minutes I sat there gasping, held nearly immobile, until the next series of electrical commands forced me to activate the monitor.

I would learn soon that this exercise was not the worst thing that would happen, for I had yet to experience the rowing machine, as well as all the other terrible delights Alexandra had planned.

## Chapter Fourteen

### A Sister In Slavery

Alexandra recorded every hour of my existence while I was in the cell and even though she was not present for my first exercising, she soon saw it on tape.

By this point she'd already interviewed the first batch of candidates who'd applied to be the next members of her 'harem' and was absent from the estate for a full three days, but of course I wasn't aware that she had left me totally alone in the care of the merciless computer. During that time she met a half dozen young women in a luxurious hotel suite, hired specifically for the occasion, but always cautious and desiring anonymity and security, she'd had a lawyer arrange for its use, and stayed at a different hotel entirely. She never told me much about the candidates she interviewed, and I only met the first one she eventually selected, Karen Summerfield, when a new message arrived in my e-mail and web-cam imagery showed up on the monitor some months after I'd begun exercising.

I was a shock to suddenly see a message from someone other than Alexandra appear in my 'In' basket, but I read it avidly, thirsting for some sort of human contact and sympathy, other than the little from my Mistress.

Dear Julia,

My name is Karen Summerfield and I have become the second member of Mistress Alexandra's harem.

I am held in a terrible cell, fastened into an incredibly awful Restraint Harness, and she keeps me leashed to the wall and ceiling. I cannot believe that I am here, and that I gave up my life for this!

Mistress has told me that I am to provide the following URL, so that you may see that I am here with you and not fibbing.

<http://www.alexandrasharem/KarenS/cellcam.org>

Please write to me!!

Please tell me that this is a bad dream, because I'm going to go crazy if it isn't!

Karen S.

I entered the URL, and sure enough, there she was. To see a face other than my own steel-caged one, or Alexandra's, was the most wonderful thing! For months on end I'd had only the TV and internet to view anything other than the sterile interior of my cell and had felt madness creeping in on me. I thought I'd surely go crazy with not seeing even my Mistress during that time, as she never even sent live pictures of herself. On the screen in front of me, tear-filled blue eyes stared out from within a head cage and dental restraints exactly the same as I wore, then the screen split to reveal a side view of her, chain leashed and harnessed precisely as me, sitting fastened into her saddle.

Another aspect of seeing her shocked me. Although completely hairless like me, she was heavily made up! On closer inspection though, I saw that what, initially, appeared to be make-up, was, in fact, a deeply set and strongly coloured set of tattoos! What she wore as facial paint could never be removed and the show-girl garishness made me cringe with sympathy.

I could see that her new life and bondage troubled Karen greatly, for her facial muscles writhed and twitched, still in rebellion against their strict confinement. In the split image screen I saw her attempt to raise her hands to the keyboard and type, but, as did I, she made mistakes while she entered the words of her tale and when this happened, the computer automatically disciplined her. Karen suddenly stiffened and her separated hands jerked at the ends of their wrist separating bar, pulling frantically at the chains to get near her encased breasts. I knew what was being done to her and shuddered with sympathy, but could do nothing at all to help her escape

the cruel and automatic punishment being administered to her hapless body and mind.

The computer's programming is mindlessly efficient for each of us. We are not allowed more than five minutes of inactivity before it goes into stand-by mode, then we have to complete the whole laborious and painful process of signing-in again. This resulted in our communicating in only short bursts, but her story eventually became clear.

As had I, she'd wanted desperately to become a full time slave girl to a firm and demanding Mistress, but had not realized the depth and terror of her situation until she found herself in the cell. Karen's descent into this Hell on Earth had been a much more rapid and traumatic one than my own, for, once she'd accepted Alexandra's seemingly innocent contract, thinking she was fully aware of what she was committing herself to, the two of them had gone out for a night of celebration then happy love-making. Sleep and exhaustion had come early after the following evening of bliss, but she had awakened many days later to find herself wearing the entire set of mouth jewellery, her steel restraint harness and locked within her cell, fastened down on her mattress. At the same time, Alexandra, catering to Karen's desire to wear the heavy make up she liked, had had it tattooed in place! Alexandra had been there when she regained consciousness and eased her re-entry to the world she now lived in, talking her slowly through the things she was experiencing.

At first, madness had loomed close for Karen, but Alexandra was there with her, and so Karen reluctantly began to accept that she was going to be kept as a prisoner for a long time to come, realizing some time soon thereafter though that this was to be how she would spend the rest of her life. At first, this realization only touched the surface of her mind, but as the weeks of her isolation and restraint grew longer, the true intensity of her restrictions made themselves fully felt and her sub-conscious mind absorbed the enormity of the horrid truth of her plight. She came to understand, just from looking at herself in the cell's large mirrors and feeling the sensations that her harness and jewellery created, that truly, she would never be freed of what she wore, nor from the cell she in

which she now lived ... except when Alexandra wanted her. It was then that her second crisis came, for there was the corollary fact that she would spend months confined and alone before seeing Alexandra again. Then, the fact that all the while the implacable computer would ensure that she was kept alive, properly fed and exercised, and would discipline and torture her unmercifully, also made itself evident.

This was not what she thought in her dreams of becoming a slave girl, but now it was far, far too late to go back. The only thing that kept us sane, was that we were able to communicate with each other, and thus to share our terrible fate. 'Misery loves company,' is the old cliché, and we certainly proved that in spades. In many of our communications and web cam views of each other we could each see the other suffering for her mistakes. It was a very hard time accepting the finality of our situation as well as the discomfort and pain that was so mercilessly meted out by the computer, but there was nothing we could do to change it.

## Chapter Fifteen

### Suspended Sexual Arousal

Time was something that had little relevance for me now and so I don't know how much of it passed before I was forced to experience the first of many sessions of suspended sexual 'training' and frustration. Alexandra had programmed the computer to administer these sessions to each of us, every three 'nights' and we were kept at it for 12 hour stretches at a time.

It was late in my 'day' after I'd been exercised on the treadmill, then done some surfing on the net; when, for a reason that soon became apparent, the system shut down early and I was released from the saddle. There was no choice for me other than to stand and walk around the cell, struggling as always against the drag of my leashes and the incredible restriction of my restraints. I panted for long moments after my release to re-oxygenate my blood, hiccupping and wanting to weep with the depth of my incarceration, but I seemed to have cried myself out. The cell remained as silent as always, other than the clattering of my leashes, but I couldn't hear them anyway. Slowly, I felt a tension come on my waist side chains, as well as the one at the top of my head, and to keep from falling on my back, I shuffled slowly backwards. I'd fallen this way a couple of times and it was anything but pleasant. The falls had not only knocked the wind out of me, but it had taken me long and uncomfortable minutes to regain my feet, for the harness reinforced my state of utter helplessness and controllability. I realized that the overhead carriage was pulling at me and quivered with fear of what was about to happen next, as this was the first time I'd experienced this sort of controlling tension. Alexandra had said absolutely nothing about it, or what it could and would do. Useless though I knew the attempt to be, I began to plead wordlessly, intensely feeling my interior mouth jewellery tug painfully at my tongue once more, but continued to be drawn backwards until I stood directly beneath the overhead carriage. There was no respite granted and it immediately began to tighten the side

and top-of-the-head chains. I watched them in the mirror, then was slowly drawn high into the air! I don't know precisely how far above the floor my hooped feet were, but it felt like a mile. Finally, I hung there fully suspended, deeply impaled by the plugs of my chastity belt. Pitiful whines were my only defence while I dangled, slowly swinging back and forth, jerking my hands and arms against their restricting bar and chains. I stopped quickly, for my always futile attempts to free myself only resulted in making me swing back and forth more erratically and when I closed my eyes, the sensation of vertigo became even worse.

I bent my knees, pulling my legs up, and found that my hands and arms were released so that I could move them with some freedom. For as long as I could, I struggled to get my hands near to my suspending chains ... why, I don't know, but my legs tired, and, thanks to the considerable weight of the restraints and my steel footwear, they fell straight again. Naturally, this resulted in my elbows being jerked in behind my back, forcing me to arch my body and stick my breasts out deeper into their cups and at the same time my wrist separator bar was snapped back into its holders with a solid, metallic, clank automatically making me helpless, again. For long minutes I struggled, completing this awkward exercising and for brief moments managed to gain a small amount of freedom for my upper limbs, but it was extremely tiring, and soon I could do no more. My legs refused to obey my mind's commands, trembling and aching from the harsh exercise and so I dangled there in silence, more slow tears trickling down my steel-webbed face, waiting for what was to come.

The chain to the top of my head cage seemed to have a small amount of slack in it and so I could look around with difficulty, but nothing changed. My crotch cover pressed firmly, yet not uncomfortably up between my trembling thighs, and I could feel all of the other cuffs and clamps that served to immobilize me with greater than ever awareness. "Oh why? Why, Why? Why had I ever wanted to be a slave girl?" I asked myself for the 10,000th time.

Then, it began.

I felt a slow tickle of teasing electricity through my clitoris and twisted and writhed desultorily to escape it, but it acted as intended and I slowly became aroused, then struggled even harder, attempting to enhance the sensations I had been so long denied. My fingers clenched and clawed at the ends of the wrist separator bar; desperate to get at my steel-covered crotch, but of course, remained precisely where they were held forcibly out beside my waist. The shocks soon began to escalate in titillating waves and I closed my eyes, imagining that it was the soft tantalizing caresses of my Mistress, while within their steel trap my legs shivered again in unconscious attempts to move without hinderment, jerking fractionally upwards in convulsive effort for short seconds before being drawn down again by the weight of their restraints. Within the snug boots my feet arched against the tight padding, my toes curling into tight knots while the teasing influences made me start swinging slowly again. I closed my eyes, only to snap them open and stare in wide-eyed horror at the barred wall when it oscillated across my field of view. Stifled moans and wails hissed through my impaled nostrils, for the intensity of the electro-stimulus kept increasing and my hips began to pump instinctually while I tried to fling my head about at the end of its short restraining chain. For long moments the caressing shocks to my pleasure centre kept me in a state of Nirvana and I could feel myself begin to ascend the peak to orgasm, every muscle of my body quivering and shaking like a plucked violin string while orgasm crept closer and closer!

It stopped ... completely.

By this point I was swinging wildly back and forth at the ends of my suspending chains, legs jerking up to my chest, hands fighting in frantic need and desperation against their restraints, but when the teasing stopped everything fell back to the normal, suspended alignment and I became immobilized once more! I couldn't stop my shivering or despairing tears and wails of frustration tried to tear themselves from my soul, but the computer didn't care. At last I hung quiescent, still weeping with shuddering gasps, but it was time for the next part of my arousal and frustration to begin.

Feathery light touches of electricity touched my ballooned, supersensitive breasts and I gasped with the delicacy of the shivering that convulsed each, and again instinctually tried to reach up and touch their encased tenderness, only to be brought to frustrated awareness that it was impossible, even if my hands had been free. My breasts became even more swollen with passion and once more my movements made me swing and jerk maniacally in my suspending chains. The violent motion made them hurt within their steel cups and the increasing shocks began to drive me to distraction while my traitorous body again ascended towards orgasm. A scream of dismay and desolation pulsed my throat when everything again shut down. I wanted that orgasm with every fibre of my being, but was left to hang twitching, shuddering, and silently howling for long moments before anything else happened. I was forced to realize how much I missed the release of my sexual tensions and clenched my vaginal muscles and sphincters around the girths of the dildos that invaded my lower body. I suppose that the actions triggered the next phase of my arousal/frustration process, for both of them began to vibrate in slow, escalating waves of arousal; churning and twisting within my steel-imprisoned belly. My legs automatically attempted to jerk closed against this unexpected invasion, but the steel harness confined them firmly, keeping me vulnerably spread and available, unable to close or scissor them protectively. Again, I began to pant and fight my bonds, frantic to somehow escape the unending stimulation ... and the next phase began!

The clitoral stimulator and breast electrodes became active simultaneously, and this time my ascent towards the release of orgasm was very fast, but just as quickly, the sensations stopped, and I went utterly insane with the need to feel that release! I screamed and begged, weeping for the impersonal machine to let me have what I so desperately needed, but my efforts were no use at all. Mindlessly, I struggled against the implacable steel that confined and controlled me so thoroughly, once more swinging erratically in my chains within the silent cell. I don't know how long I twisted and fought in mid-air, but at last exhaustion claimed me and I slowed to a standstill, able only to sob quietly into

my gag while my fingers trembled as though with malaria. This time, the computer left me untouched for a long time, until my body had returned almost to a normal level of sensitivity, but then it began the whole evil process once more! Nothing stopped it, and over the next uncountable hours I at times descended into madness while trying to alleviate the inescapable demands of the sexual teasing and frustration that engulfed my body and mind. No matter what I did, I couldn't escape it! At last I could take no more and collapsed into my harness, still suspended and swinging gently in the middle of the silent cell.

I awakened briefly to feel that I was being fed, then hung shivering while the maintenance routine was imposed. When the uncomfortable, humiliating processes were completed, I fell immediately back to sleep and stayed that way until many hours later when Alexandra's voice crackled mechanically into my ear plugs.

"Wakey-wakey, little slave girl! Time to return to your world again."

I fought briefly against the restriction of my harness, then a moment later was lowered to stand on the floor. The overhead chains continued to feed down until I could move anywhere in the cell; yet I was still restricted by the lengths of my horizontal leashes. My new day had begun. Of course there was nothing for me to see, and so I wandered around for a time, feeling my belly slowly filled by the automatic feeding and watering process. Oh Damn, but I wanted to taste real food again! After feeding, I stood quietly while once more being put through the twice-daily maintenance processes. It was a grossly uncomfortable set of sensations to endure whenever they were done.

My ears filled with meaningless noise, then Alexandra's voice instructed me to go to the saddle for my daily session. Long hours of uncomfortable sitting followed, until I was released for my next exercise program, but this time it was to be on the other device ... the rowing machine.

## Chapter Sixteen

### Only A Faceless Slave Girl

Alexandra had yet more items to add to my restraint harness, but she never told me of what was to come. My head webbing steel cage already was equipped with the mounts for the next article and so when she appeared in the cell one day with a small bag in one hand I thought little of it ... but only for a few minutes, until she had entered then forced me to sit in my saddle, fully helpless and waiting.

“Hello, Julia,” she smiled enigmatically. “I’ve a little surprise for you, my dear. Unfortunately it isn’t one that you will like at all, but it won’t hurt you ... at least too much.”

I could only stare straight ahead and wait for what she was about to do and although I thought at this point that I was far beyond further tears, my eyes filled and soon they trickled down my face.

“Ah, Julia,” she cooed evilly, “you are so pretty when you are fastened like that. I quite enjoy torturing and teasing you until you are mad with desire. And too, I like to see you crying like that, not knowing what is to come next, but that is a small pleasure I shall have to forego, unfortunately.”

My ensnared shoulders shook with gagged wails and attempts to beg her not to do anything more to me. I didn’t think I could bear any more than I already was suffering, but she was intent on drawing out the suspense of revealing what she was going to do.

“Your little neighbour Karen has already been fitted with her new appliance and hates it quite thoroughly. As a matter of fact, she’s been wearing it now for the past month and now it’s your turn. Just hold still while I fit you with it, okay?”

I had no choice! I couldn’t move anything other than my fingers! She reached to my face with a small wrench and unfastened the feeding and watering hoses, then a second later I heard a zipper sound when she bent and opened the small

black leather bag. She came to stand in front of me with one hand behind her back, smiling happily.

“And you thought I was finished retraining you, didn’t you? Silly girl! Of course there’s more!” She laughed happily then suddenly her hand moved to her front below my field of vision, but I caught a fleeting glimpse of something silver and black.

“Now, hold still! This will only take a second or two. Look at this!”

She held out a curved panel, then turned it so that I could inspect the device closely. The upper part looked sort of like a pair of very wide, modern sunglasses, but was made of gleaming stainless steel, although it extended upward in a wide domed surface that would cover my forehead and at the middle was a large raised, black-painted, number ‘1’. The inner side was coated in thick, dull black rubber and had two slightly-separated soft cups. With sudden horror I knew that this was to go over my face! The only flesh that would then be seen would be my nose, for the lower half was already covered by the formed steel gag panel and chin cup of my head cage. I shook and trembled in frantic protest to try and beg her not to add the terrible thing to my Uniform.

“Oh, Julia! Don’t be such a wuss about this! It won’t hurt you! It’s just designed to limit your vision and conceal your eyes. Look here,” her index finger indicated, “you can see that there are vision slits, so you will be able to see, but just not as freely as you do now.” She turned the outer side of the panel to me, and I saw that, yes, there were indeed two very fine, short slits in the blank steel, over where my eyes would be.

I didn’t want to wear the awful thing!

“Well, I didn’t think you’d like it, but that’s too bad, Julia. You will wear it from now on. As I mentioned, I find the begging expressions and the tears of you girls to be a disturbing element and that’s the primary reason for you all having to wear them, but too, none of you will be able to see each other’s eyes either and that I feel is a good thing. The

only identification you'll have will be this number here between the vision slits."

Torrents of forlorn tears flowed from my staring eyes while she moved closer to me. I couldn't look up at her, thanks to the restriction of my collar/head cage restraint.

"Hold still for a few seconds," she commanded implacably, then brought the curved plate to my already steel-webbed face.

I couldn't even twist away when she carefully aligned the panel, then momentarily withdrew it and spoke again.

"Well, I suppose this is good bye to your beautiful face for a very long while. You won't see it again, and neither will anyone else. Hold still!"

I shrieked while she again lined it up with my head cage then slowly pushed it forward. Blackness quickly engulfed my vision, then I felt the two inner cups pressed gently against the sensitive flesh surrounding my eyes and felt a pair of sharp clicks through the head cage when the panel was locked into place. I'd closed my eyes in fear when she fitted the panel, but now I opened them to stare out of the fine slits a centimetre away from them. My eyes snapped open only to see a thin slit in front! It was awful! The slits were less than half a millimetre in width and only about two cm long and being that far from my eyes, would severely limit my ability to see anything! All I could see, now, were two, very small areas of her black leather skirt, then, when she stepped back a few paces and spoke again, I could see a little more in my very narrow arcs of vision. Oh God!! What had she done to me?

"There! That's much better!" she said with a satisfied smirk in her voice. "Now no one can see your face or eyes. Eventually you'll get used to it I suppose."

I saw her hand reach out, then it disappeared in the blank spot. She grasped my nose leash and tugged on it.

"Don't forget your nice nose leash, Slave Girl Number One!" she smiled.

My nose suddenly turned into a sea of fire and I howled with misery, struggling in the saddle against the restriction of my ensemble and implacable restraints. I finally subsided while she still held the tether, my shoulders shaking against the tight bracing of my chest harness, then stared out through the slits again. She stood a short distance in front of me and when I tried to turn and see some other part of the cell, she tugged the chain to keep me looking at her. Under the obdurate concealing steel facial veil my face contorted with the pain of her uncaring tension, but with no feed back from my expression to guide her, she pulled even harder. I screamed and shuddered in my bonds until with a happy chuckle she released her grasp and left the chain to swing freely.

Your tears are ... ah ... disturbing, and so you now wear the facial veil/mask. All of the other girls here have been outfitted with this from the first.”

“You will always look at me when I’m with you. By the way, your name has been taken away. Now, SGN-1 is how you will be known. Remember that! I am going to release you from your saddle then will walk you around the cell for a few minutes.

The connections that held me in place were quickly released and I stood before her until the leash to my nose snapped tight. I had to follow her and with a gagged shriek began the awkward motions that were forced upon me by my leg bonds, clip-clopping with each pace. It was horrible to be under such a comprehensive control! I could not object to her treatment of me nor could I resist the pain that she so easily and mercilessly inflicted if I failed to obey her smallest command. At last, she tired of torturing me and dropped the leash, but before doing so she threaded it through the front ring of my waistband, then added a half kilogram bell to its end ring!

“That’s to keep you behaving properly,” she said simply. “You now wear a very nice steel face veil, Julia,” she informed me with a gloating smile. “I’ve always liked to see those Arabian women wearing their veils and so had a set made up especially for my own little harem. Effectively, little slave, you

have been turned into a faceless person ... almost a robot now. Unlike the remainder of your restraint harness, your veil is removable, but that will seldom happen.

“Now, I’m sure you want to see what you’ve been fitted with. Look up at the monitor and there you’ll see what you look like.”

Straining to see out of the slits, I saw the monitor come to life then the camera revealed a woman I thought was Karen, but there was no way to tell anymore other than the number four in the centre of her forehead. The upper front of her head was covered by a shiny nearly blank steel, latched firmly onto the cage that webbed the rest of her skull. The only other features visible on the cage were two narrow vision slits.

“Isn’t that a nice arrangement?” she grinned in to my eye slits. “And so, you have become just another of my chained, female-shaped slaves. There are six of you now and I am very much enjoying you all. Now though, it’s time for me to go back to the house and so I shall leave you in the care of the computer, for there is much more suffering for you to endure ... especially as you are now. Ta-ta!”

She spun away from where I stood impaled and restrained and I swung my body unsteadily to watch while she walked to the door of the cell. A minute later I was again alone once more alone, isolated in my horrible cell: deafened, gagged and nearly unable to see. My nose burned fiercely from the continual jerks of the weighty little bell swinging back and forth when I moved, and I could not stop the tears that leaked from my eyes under the blank steel face plate. I was but a mere, numbered possession. For the longest time I stood motionless, only my hands and fingers struggling against their restrictions, attempting to reach to the weight and hold it up. I couldn’t! A long time later the computer voice ordered me to my work station and I was soon fastened in place.

## Chapter Seventeen

### Exercising To Exhaustion

Some days later I was pulled slowly and with great difficulty over to the Rowing Machine at the far end of the cell by the overhead leash system then fearfully inspected the strangely-configured machine, terrified of what I would have to do on the evil-looking device. It was a simple arrangement. There was a wide metal bench set high above the floor, dished and grooved to accept my buttocks, the dividing strap of the crotch plate and the rigid, external post of my Inhibitor Bar. The bench was equipped with the gripping arms of the same type that held me down on the mattress, as well as others that would grasp my wrist bar and the other separating my ankle cuffs. Sticking out of a long, wide slot in a steel panel beside the seat, parallel to it, was a thick shaft, probably four cm in diameter, located forward and slightly lower. Five centimetres in from the outer end a short chain, about 15 cm long, hung from an integral staple; separated from its mate nearest the slot, 50 cm away.

“You are about find out what it is like to work an oar!” I could almost see her malicious grin, “Sit on your bench, then remain still while you are fastened!”

I stepped into place in front of the seat, then the chains slackened, allowing me to descend onto the hard steel. Trembling but with some relief at being permitted to sit, I sank slowly until my full weight came on, then it sank slightly and the latching arms sprang out, snagging onto the side rings of my belt and thus holding me firmly on the seat. Overhead, the chain to the top of my head cage tightened until my head was held erect. On the floor, two of the arms had snapped up and captured my ankle separator bar, then lifted it and my feet until they were 30 cm above and pushed them back until my knees bent, thus freeing my hands and arms from my waist cinch. The short-lived freedom was wonderful.

“Grasp the oar, Julia!” she commanded.

With great reluctance, I reached forward and clasped the steel shaft and when I did, two hooked little arms sprang from it and snapped over my wrist separator bar, ensuring that I could not now release my 'oar'.

"There! You're almost ready!" she exclaimed happily. "Soon you will begin to learn what real work is like. You must move this oar as I tell you, or you will be punished for disobedience. Listen closely then follow my directions to know what is required.

"Press the shaft down then push it away from yourself."

I had to bend forward, at the same time pulling my legs up against the resistance of the boot fastenings, until the connections to the ankle spreader bar snapped tight, just to gain the required few centimetres of extra freedom. With some distance travelled, I felt the oar bang into a stop.

"Raise the oar until it stops, then pull it back towards yourself, always keeping it high!"

I lifted it, perhaps 10 cm and again it stopped, then I pulled it toward me. In this position I had to really strain to maintain my grip and at the same time keep the oar elevated. By then, the chain from the top of the my head cage had tightened to the point that my head was pulled back strongly, forcing my steel-cupped chin up, so that I could only stare out through the vision slits of my face panel at the ceiling above. I was nothing but a faceless, female robot, fastened helplessly in place, forced to work at a pointless task.

When I straightened my legs straightened the wrist separator bar was automatically drawn in to my belly and at the same time, my elbows were pulled in behind my back. My nose leash swung painfully back and forth, and at the same time the little bell that Alexandra had attached as an annoying and weighty reminder, even though I could not hear it, chimed with any movement. My legs went straight out in front of me, now angled down and again snapping tight into their latches, but that wasn't all that happened. Inside my belly, the rigid anal intruder shifted and I screamed automatically with the

horrible sensation of it stirring my insides while I completed this first rowing stroke.

“Push down on the oar before you start any forward motion Julia, then hold it down all the way!” she snapped. I did, and found that a distinct force was required. “Very well! That is the extent of your permitted motion. At the signal, you must begin rowing. Do not let the oar rise while you push forward, or move down when you pull back.”

The brightly-lit concrete chamber was deathly silent and I sat in frozen immobility, staring helplessly at the barren, painted concrete wall, three metres away.

“Please, God!!” I prayed, “I don’t want to be here!!! Let this only be a terrible nightmare!!”

It wasn’t.

Suddenly, Alexandra’s voice whip-cracked into my ear plugs.

“Begin!”

I pushed down on the bar and shoved it slowly away from myself against the built-in resistance, having to struggle to do it properly. It went to the end of its forward travel and I lifted it, gasping and moaning from the movement of the plugs within my loins, as well as the uncomfortable, backward jerk on my head cage. Then, I pulled it towards me and felt all of my harness act in concert, automatically beginning to immobilize me when I leant back. It took me a few cycles to gain the rhythm of moving the oar, and I quickly discovered that the designer of the terrible machine had been very thorough. As it turned out, the computer program instantly recognized a loss of beat, or my being too slow to move through the cycle and so after an uncountable number of errors, my nipples suddenly came alight when fierce, needling shocks were pulsed through each of my imprisoned, ballooned, and tensioned breasts! I screamed madly against the gag, shaking myself as much as I could and the oar slipped from my palsied fingers while I jerked my arms frantically against their separator bar and the short chains connecting my wrist cuffs to the oar. I was in a frenzy of frustration and pain,

desperate to tear off the cups locked onto my chest and massage the tormented flesh of my body, but they were now forever denied to me.

I fought, I knew uselessly, against my restraints, only to have the electrical pulses grow stronger and stronger and so after a moment of struggling, I surrendered and resumed the rowing action. The shocks stopped ... for the time being, then for the next eternity I worked with increasing desperation and exhaustion. Only the sounds of steel links being jerked to their limits, the chiming of my nose bell and the noises of the rowing machine echoed in the silent, isolated cell, but of course, I was not permitted to hear even these small sounds while I sweated and strained in solitude. At last I was allowed to rest for a what I think was ten minutes and sat on the unpadded steel bench, drenched in sweat, gasping and trembling from my exertions.

My butt plug erupted with a flaring wave of shocks and of course I screamed and screamed anew from the intimate violation, struggling fruitlessly to get off the seat or somehow escape the awful device, but with it locked into my body and chained on the seat, it was, of course, impossible. Obviously the shocks signalled that I was to begin rowing again and so I immediately began the mindless activity once more. Soon though, my arms began to tremble and my fingers once more released their grip with the oar halfway along its forward travel. My clitoris was instantly riddled with a volley of painful pulses! Once more I surged against my seat chains from the awful shocks through the nexus of my sexuality, frantically attempting to escape the terrible jolts while they needled my pleasure centre. My nipples and breasts soon were also subjected to a series of the twitching shocks and of course my hands popped off the shaft as though it had turned red hot, jerking madly against their short chains and the wrist cuff separator bar in a futile attempt to get at my torturing breast cups. I couldn't do it!

I thought I was exhausted, but the terrible waves of electrical energy continued to transfix my most sensitive flesh, until I grasped the oar again and began to pull demonically on it. To increase my misery, the computer now added in the final

encouragement. When I lifted the oar at the forward end of its square travel path, the electrodes pressing into my tongue unleashed more of the curdling shocks and I screamed mindlessly every time this happened. As intended, these incredibly awful shocks made me lean back in an attempt to escape them and so I automatically pulled the oar strongly towards myself, my legs straightening automatically, in effect increasing the speed of my cycle!

I moved like a mad woman, frantically flexing my body against the resistance of my harness and the chains and so no matter what I did on the machine, I punished myself with every motion. I don't know how long I sat rowing mindlessly before sheer exhaustion made me faint, only to awaken and find myself slumped forward over the oar as much as my restraints permitted. My breasts and clitoris twitched spastically under their steel armour and in an agonized haze I began rowing once more. No matter how I screamed, pleaded and wept, or tried to be freed of the terrible machine and its automatic torturing, I had to continue at the task. Only the cell's microphones heard my gag-stifled, inhuman noises and no one could enter the time-locked, and totally sealed cell. The whole thing happened over and over again until I was a wreck of quivering jelly.

At last, all of the latches holding me to the rowing machine popped free of my harness, then the overhead winch pulled me off the seat. I was too weak to move and so was kept suspended while the overhead carriage moved slowly along the track until I was in position over my mattress, then, it slowly lowered me onto it. I collapsed in a heap, but Alexandra's voice came once more, demanding obedience.

“Julia! Move yourself into position to be fastened for your rest period.”

I somehow summoned the energy to wriggle slowly and wearily into place on the mat, then the latches sprang from their floor panels and in seconds I was pinned down, completely immobilized once more. Despite feeling the food being forced down my throat, then the enema, I passed out in a haze of exhaustion. I was abandoned to my solitary

confinement until it was time to be freed for my next session of forced exercise.

This is what had become of my life. I worked at my pointless tasks six days of every week and sometimes, if Alexandra was not satisfied that I had been diligent enough, I lost my free day and had to spend it either rowing or walking on the treadmill. With each passing week, the effort required of me became greater and greater, but I could never attain the perfection demanded and as a consequence, the computer automatically meted out its electrical torture, driving me into frenzies of hysterical tears and frantic fighting against my restraints, but my harness was extremely well-designed, manufactured, and fitted and I'll never be able to escape it. It constantly and forcefully reminds me of just how much it restricts my freedom and actually has become an intimate part of who I am and how I am forced to define myself ... a chained, faceless, semi-human slave thing.

At times, I thought I'd go completely crazy for I was nearly always alone; deafened, nearly sightless and always severely restricted. I wished frequently that I could somehow commit suicide, but there was no possible way I could injure myself. If I eventually lost my mind the restraints would be fully justified. Eventually, I gave up my thinking about what my life had been and where I was now and just tried to exist. The computer and the TV help me to stay sane, but I don't know how much longer those paltry freedoms will prevent me from becoming utterly mad. My writing is the only thing that gives me any release and that is only allowed on my day off.

## Chapter Eighteen

### Suspended Animation

I began to see Alexandra more frequently after acclimatizing to my incredible imprisonment, but with her more frequent reappearances came another change that I began to hate more and more each time it occurred. She changed my scheduling again so that now I spent nearly half of my nights in suspension, rather than being pinned motionless on my mat. At first I found it difficult to sleep in a vertical position, but eventually, each night held either flat on my back or dangling above the floor, exhaustion claimed me and I did in fact sleep. It was by no means a pleasant occurrence in either case and my comfort did not enter into the equation at all.

The first time I was suspended and left to spend my so-called rest period I was both shocked and terrified. Normally towards the end of my day, I was allowed an hour or so to sit in the saddle in front of the computer keyboard, but it would soon shut down and my fastenings would be released. From past experience I knew I was not permitted to remain sitting, but had to get out of it quickly or be disciplined, then I was permitted to wander around the cell for a few moments before being instructed to proceed to the mattress and prepare myself to be fastened for the night. One night, no such instructions were issued and some minutes later the carriage above me began to move along its ceiling track until in the middle of the cell, the chains to the sides of my waist band tightened until I stood directly beneath it. Fastened and restricted as I was, there was nothing I could do to escape the insistent drag and in seconds I stood at the centre of the large, circular steel plate, waiting for I knew not what. The overhead chains continued to tighten and I was drawn slowly into the air until my feet swung about 50 cm above the plate, then I was left to dangle there for some time. There was a sudden harsh jerk on the bar between my ankle cuffs and I felt a strong weight come onto them, then two other harsh jerks on my harness: one at my neck and the other at my waist. I wondered what had happened, and more importantly, what was to come next.

Wearing the head-webbing harness and its integrated collar, I could not look down, but only straight ahead, then I felt a vibration in the suspending chains. I was being lowered once more, but with shock and horror, I saw the lip of the floor slide slowly up before my eyes while the ceiling carriage lowered me into the yawning maw of the deep silo that the steel was in fact a hatch for! I wailed into my gag, instinctually fighting my restraints and harness fiercely, for I was frightened terribly of what was to come. I don't know how far down I was dropped inside the wide tube, but it was a long, long way. At first I could see while the distant wall of the shaft slid slowly past my eyes. It was a smoothly finished, dull black painted concrete, occasionally adorned with a gleaming restraint rings and chain, but other than that, it was featureless. The deeper I was lowered the less the light penetrated, until with a sudden jerk, I stopped going down. I wasn't aware of it of course, but all of my leashes had been released from the wall carriage, and had fallen into the silo with me!

The worst effect, was the drag of the long chain from my ankle separator bar, pulling my legs straight out, and thus making me immobilize my arms and hands. At the base of the silo, this chain had dropped into a conical receptacle, then been gripped by a set of mechanical jaws so that I was held in loose suspension, able to swing perhaps a quarter of a metre from the centre line of the silo, but kept in place by the side chains, the one from the top of my head cage, and the one from below. The light began to fade. Far above, the two halves of the steel circle slid gradually together until they clamped tightly onto the chains and into each other's grooved joint. I was sealed in the silo, suspended in blackness. It was awful!

Again and again I cursed myself for wanting to become Alexandra's slave, but now my desperate wishes had been granted in full measure ... far more than I had bargained for and now there was no possible way to escape.

I struggled briefly, but only swayed back and forth a little before my suspending chains snapped tight, then I swung in the opposite direction. Again, for the longest time nothing at all happened, leaving me to concentrate on the incredible array of sensations from my body that flooding my mind. With no

visual or auditory input, I was forced by the isolation to concentrate on what I felt, as was the intent of the situation I had been placed in. For some reason, the things I felt seemed to grow more intense as time passed, but I was not to be left in peace for my stay in the oubliette.

The by-now-familiar, although still-terrorizing small electrical shocks began to stimulate and tease my clitoris and vagina and thanks to being forced to concentrate on my sensations, I reacted strongly, even to this small teasing. My legs jerked up against the drag of the chain to my ankle separator bar, snapping tight, but it permitted me to only partially bend my spread-apart knees. This in turn made me swing back and forth on the suspending chains, flinging my head in despair, what little I could, into the small amount of slack on the chain to the top ring of my head cage. At the ends of the immobilized wrist separator bar, my fingers clawed uselessly ... then ... my nipples began to receive small, stimulating shocks also! These grew quickly to become torturing needles of unending length, piercing without let-up or mercy. I screamed, writhing my body dementedly as best I could against my restraints and the chains, but it didn't stop, then the next act began.

A strong suction suddenly latched onto my pinioned nipples, pulling them hard against the steel implements embedded in them, increasing their sensitivity tenfold and more despairing, protesting howls of horror tried to escape my soul while I shook in a frenzy of straining muscles, but nothing I attempted did any good whatsoever. All the while the other shocks being administered grew ever stronger, but other elements began to be added!

With shock, I felt the thick, long intruder within my sex slowly begin to withdraw! I had, by this point, come to accept it as a permanent, punishing, lifeless thing that I would always wear and so was completely startled when it almost withdrew, but a few seconds later was again slowly and relentlessly re-inserted! Now, however, it was vibrating fiercely! My hips bucked wildly while it sank ever deeper into my loins and a stifled, gasping howl of arousal and need tore up my throat while my legs kicked continually with a mind of their own,

fighting their chains and restraints. Rape is not a happy experience ...and worse, to be mechanically raped and dominated by a remorseless and tireless engine was, for me, completely awful. I jerked my arms savagely against their restrictions, desperate to somehow tear the terrible, insidious equipment from my body and my eyes alternately clenched closed then snapped open, bulging and filled with uncalled for tears while I flailed erratically in the deep blackness of the oubliette.

The computer program for my discipline and stimulation was pitiless and within seconds I was gasping and sobbing with the incredible sensations I was being forced to endure. They became so powerful that I eventually fainted from the overwhelming tide, but when I eventually returned to awareness, I was still suspended in the horrid blackness and wave upon wave of horror submerged my mind. I was not to be left alone. Again the sensations were forced upon me and the whole horrible cycle was repeated over and over.

I wonder now that I haven't at some point gone mad from what I have to endure in here as a member of Alexandra's harem. Perhaps I have gone crazy at times, but I always am forced to come back to the reality of my life as I am required to live it. My total imprisonment and the constant, minute control that keeps me this way have without doubt changed me into a different person than I would be if I'd grown up in the outer world.

Each time in the silo came to an end and I was drawn out of it, but after my first experience Alexandra stood waiting to inspect me.

"Hello Julia," she said with a happy smile. "How are you feeling after your first night in the oubliette? It's just the first of many you will spend in there and the discipline you will receive will only get stronger from this point on." Of course her question was rhetorical for I could not answer, but she continued her one way conversation as though I was able to reply. "You now more fully understand your place in my scheme of things. You are my toy, one of the eventual dozen I will have here to keep me amused. Since I saw you last, I've

acquired another four young women, and so now I have half of the full complement and that's one of the reasons we haven't seen each other for such a long time.

“These times between us seeing each other will grow longer as I add the rest of the girls to the team and so you can eventually look forward to seeing me perhaps once every three months or so. I know, that's pretty thin gruel for you, but there are things like the internet, your studying, TV, and exercising to keep you busy. You're also able to communicate with the other girls via the computer, so you won't be completely alone.

“Your confinement in here is permanent, as I've told you. You cannot escape this imprisonment, or your restraint harness so you'd best get used to the idea that you've begun a life sentence of bondage. It's a terrible thing to look forward to, I suppose, but you did ask for it.”

‘Yes,’ I wailed into my gag, falling to my knees before her and trying to bring my hands together in a gesture of prayer, ‘but I want to be freed now!’

She looked down impassively into my tear-brimming eyes.

“It really is too late to beg for release from your contract, Julia. As the contract stated, there are no safe words for you and your tears won't make a damned bit of difference.”

## Chapter Nineteen

### A Life With No Arms

And so my life remained as an existence of endless stretches of boredom interspersed with fiery hours of torment. Alexandra continued to torment us all, but mostly by remote control, through the computer programs. Occasionally she would attend to me in person and watch implacably while I shivered and tried to escape the awful, incredible sensations I was being subjected to. Always, she smiled evilly, when I could see her face.

My exercise continued unabated so that I grew stronger and stronger, to the point that I continually felt the encasement of my cuffs and harness, but as well, my stamina increased as well. This was both a good thing and a bad one, because now I was subjected to longer and longer periods of torment without the escape of unconsciousness. My schooling was also continued under the tutelage of the computerized courses, although what I would ever do with the knowledge I was forced to acquire was of no matter. The process was the thing, and it too become more and more extensive and complex, so that I was, again, under constant discipline.

Very infrequently, Alexandra permitted me sexual relief, again by remote, computer control. Sometimes it would happen when I was chained down and at other times, while I was suspended and completely without any sensory input, in the oubliette. Those times were the highlights of my life, not surprisingly for within the deep silo, I was forced to concentrate solely on what was done to my sex and breasts, having no other sensory inputs. I had become by that point so accustomed to the sensations of restriction and the restraint harness I wore, that they seemed to have always been a part of me and I had learned to move in them without thought. Occasionally I inspected my leashing chains, but they too were a normal part of my life, and I knew them to be inescapable; having at last given up fighting to break them free somehow.

The worst thing of all though was the difficulty of having my hands and arms so strictly and cruelly controlled by their separator bar and chains to my chastity belt's waist band. It was a continual and frustrating situation that always drove me to tears. However, Alexandra had yet another change in store for me ... one that would completely remove all hopes of a possible escape. It would be a painful, long-term situation that only I of her twelve slave girl harem would be subjected to. She revealed her plans to me after one of the rare occasions she'd come to watch me shiver, shudder and convulse.

"I have a surprise for you, SGN-1," she said while I sat on my saddle in frantic, mewling tears, gasping still in recovery. "You will soon completely lose the use of your arms and hands."

I twisted violently and fought my restraints madly upon hearing these words, fearing that she was about to do something to me that was irrevocable.

"No, SGN-1," she spoke quietly, "There is no amputation surgery planned, but effectively, after a year or so of your new bondage being imposed, it might have been easier for you to have that done. However, I want to observe you while your body accommodates to the new situation. When you next awaken, you will have been placed in your new configuration and so you can sleep tonight, knowing that when you awaken, your world will have changed once more.

"Now, I will have you lifted from your saddle and you will spend the night in your oubliette for a lengthy stimulus session."

Of course I desperately wanted to know what she planned for me, but gagged and almost sightless, deafened at her command, there was no possible way to convey my curiosity. Short moments later I was suspended over the yawning mouth of the oubliette, then began to slowly be lowered into it. The light snapped out when the cover plates joined and I dangled there in terrified blackness, waiting for the awful sensations to begin. This time everything began with the slow withdrawal of the dildo, spinning slowly, then its reinsertion. My belly convulsed and shuddered while I automatically attempted to

somehow grasp and halt the process with my internal muscles, but this only made the process all the more horrific! The self-lubricating shaft shouldered aside the convulsing tissue, then increased the speed of the strokes, then added in a wavering, very strong vibration! My armoured loins quivered in desperate response, then the vibrator connected to my clitoral ball also began to assault my senses and if I could have done it, I'd have screamed like a banshee from the continuing sensory explosion that was shaking my brain to its animal core. My arms and legs shuddered and jerked instinctually at their restraints, striving to somehow escape or protect me, and then the next phase of my torment began.

The computer program now began to also arouse and torture my breasts and nipples. All of the things that defined me as female were under its control, and the programs used to discipline and arouse me and the other slave girls were mindlessly efficient and merciless. The computer didn't care if I screamed or wept. It just executed the electronic commands.

This time though, the process was somewhat different. No preparatory electroshock was involved ... only a slow-starting suction and squeeze of my ballooned and armoured flesh. I felt the rising of my nipples when the tip cups latched onto their tumescent flesh and wailed into the gag pad with the pain of the bloated fleshy mounds being squeezed and, effectively, I was being milked ... just like a dairy cow! The feeling was indescribable and made me writhe my chest as much as the harness permitted. Now suffering the forced and severe milking and simultaneous mechanical raping of the dildo and all the other sensations, I struggled frantically in my black void of suspension, gasping and screaming dementedly into my awful gag pad. It wasn't the end though!

With my breasts and nipples now fully sensitized, the milking process and speed accelerated, and then the computer program added in the other element of electroshock! Pulses of electrical energy flowed through my breasts in counterpoint to the suckling and squeezing, then began to work in concert with these actions. Inside their cups, my inflated breasts curdled and shuddered, making me thrash in my chain suspension like a demented puppet.

The combined assault of the various devices fastened both to, and inside my body, was unbelievable. No matter what I did, I could not escape any of them! Already I was maddened with the combined pain and pleasure and soon my self-awareness disappeared into vagrant electrons, zipping along my synapses. I was less than human ... now only a reacting, harnessed package of female protoplasm, which was precisely what Alexandra wanted. I don't have any idea how long I was tormented like that but my mind and nervous system eventually could stand no more and I descended into the deepest of exhausted sleep. When I was unconscious, she pulled me from the oubliette and while hanging in mid-air, gave me a sleeping potion in my water to ensure that I stayed unconscious for what was to come next. Even though a beautiful woman, she was, in truth, mechanically adept and very inventive, and used her skills carefully. Soon, I was laid out on the floor of the cell and she began the processes that were to leave me as I am now configured today. Apparently these took considerable time and effort to accomplish, but she managed them well enough, then when all was done, suspended me once more in the pit.

My awakening was slow and as always, shocking to find myself once more where I was, but this time, there was something distinctly different and I was immediately aware of it. My shoulders hurt and my arms were numbed ... then, I tried to move them against their inhibitor bar and limiting chains. Nothing happened! I felt only an increased strain in my shoulders and when I waggled my fingers they also created strange sensations. I attempted to shrug my shoulders and found that that was nearly impossible and all that happened was that I oscillated slowly from side to side on my suspending chain. It was then that light began to seep into the oubliette and a moment later I was drawn upward into the cell, there to see Alexandra standing before me with a happy smile curving her lips.

“Good morning, SNG-1,” she chirped happily at me. “You’ve now been adjusted to your newest and I suppose final posture and limb arrangement and when the sedative wears off

completely, I'm afraid you'll find it to be rather an unpleasant situation. That cannot be avoided, unfortunately for you.

“I shall leave you suspended for the moment and direct your attention to the monitor so that you can see what has been done to enhance your slavery.”

The vision slits permitted me to see the full screen and I watched, horrified, when the video came on and showed precisely what had been done to me. I saw my limp and exhausted body rise into view from the deep pit and her lay me down on the floor, then watched while she removed the wrist separator bar and chains from my wrist cuffs, at last allowing my arms full motion. She was a fast worker though and they did remain free for long. She rolled me onto my front, then slowly drew my left hand and arm around behind my back, carefully twisting and turning it so that my upper arm was forced up behind, between my shoulder blades with the palm facing outward. A short chain was attached to the ring below the one that my wall leash was locked to and the end link of chain was connected to my wrist cuff, thus holding my arm unnaturally bent, high behind my back. She paused for a few moments then did the same thing to my other arm and what resulted was that my hands were now high up my back, linked to my collar, with my fingers twitching feebly just below the level of my shoulders, but she had not yet finished my binding. Her busy hands fitted and web strap around my body then tightened the ratchet so that my elbow cuffs began to move closer and closer together. At last my forearms touched along their full length and it was at this point she attached a short Y-shaped linkage between them and my chastity belt's waist cinch and locked all three of the connections. Some slack had come on the connection to my collar when my arms were fully connected and she immediately removed it, then also locked both ends.

The next thing she did was to change the umbilical connections that ensured I was fed, watered, disciplined and pleased from their waist-mounted leash and connect them to the overhead leash, then this was locked to the same ring that my horizontal leash had been fastened to. She also freed me of

the back of the waist cinch leash and that from the one to my ankle spreader bar

I could not take my eyes off the sight of myself thus bound so cruelly; laying there on my front, supported above the floor by the rigid breast cups and with my back now arched painfully to the new bondage position. On the monitor, she moved out of the cameras coverage then I watched as my new, single leash and now suspending chain to the back of my collar slowly drew tight then raised me from the floor. On camera, I spun slowly while the chain unwound a little and thus revealed that it was now the only means of suspending me. There were no more chains to the sides of my waist band. Alexandra re-appeared on the monitor with a small step stool, placed it beside me, then climbed to the top and connected a short chain to the ring at the top of my head cage. It led back to the main suspending one and was locked to an upper link, thus holding my head fully and inescapably erect, leaving my dangling nose leash readily available. Apparently that was the extent of her work, because a moment later my sleeping body was lowered once more into the oubliette. The video shut off and she spoke again.

“There you have it, SGN-1. This is how you will be kept from now on, little one. Your days of study are over, quite obviously, but you will still be able to exercise some crude control by means of switches for your feet, if you want to view material on the internet. I have made modifications to your horizontal sleeping mat so that your arms can be easily accommodated in a formed ‘well’ for them, when ever you are permitted to sleep in that manner.

“Nothing else about your situation in here has changed though. You will continue to exercise on the treadmill and I have adapted the rowing machine for your new configuration. If anything it will be even more of a challenge to you, my dear.

“Now I must be off about my rounds. Have a nice day!”

The chain had stopped unwinding and left me hanging there a metre above the floor, facing the back wall of my cell. All sound had cut off, leaving me to stare out through the vision slits of my steel veil, unable to see Alexandra while she

left and wishing I'd never ever laid eyes on her. A long time later I was let down to stand on shaky, forcibly wide-spread legs, but now the suspending chain had only the smallest amount of slack in it to prevent me from falling to the floor, although for the moment allowing me to wander freely within its limitations.

Getting used to my new bondage was anything but pleasant. With the gradual return of feeling as the narcotic wore off, I sensed how my life had changed for the worst and no matter how I writhed and struggled, there was no easement possible. From my waist to the crown of my head, I was held almost immobile and with no arms to balance myself with, I was constantly afraid of falling, despite my overhead leash. Even so, that happened quite a few times to leave me suspended by my collar chain. That it was rigidly connected to my arms and thence to the waist band of my chastity belt removed the risk of strangling, but the shock of the fall and being brought up short by the snapped tight chain was always a frightening experience. Each time the snap of the chain was transmitted directly to the crotch band of my belt and thus resulted in the dildos being forced slightly deeper, eliciting and automatic, attempted scream. I'd thought so many times in the past now, that my life could not get worse ... but it had! Floods of tears filled my eyes while I struggled to get used to what she had done to me. I wandered to the lengths of my tethers until at last the overhead leash shortened and drew me back to the centre of the cell and into the air.

Obviously I was to be put into storage for my rest period and although I couldn't see it happening, below my feet the steel halves of the oubliette parted and I was dropped slowly but deeply into the silo. Then usual bout of panic came over me when all light was blotted out to leave me swaying gently back and forth in silent nothingness and I struggled futilely for a moment, then resigned myself to the fact that I had no control ... of any sort, now, over my life and what could and would be done to my body and mind. For that first night of me being fully aware of my new bondage, Alexandra over-rode the computer program and I was left to ponder what had

happened to me. Other following nights would be a lot different. Sleep eventually washed over me.

From that point onward I have lived with my arms held locked into a back prayer that I cannot escape and so my arm muscles have atrophied to the point that they would be useless to me for many many months, if ever freed, and even then long term physical therapy might not return their full use. The mental hurdles of accepting and then getting used to the fact that they have been taken from me, even though I can move my fingers to strong stimuli was the hardest battle I fought ... and still fight.

Alexandra had no qualms and no pity for me and insisted that I continue to perform for her as I had in the past and so my life continued in the same mind-numbing pattern, endlessly repeated.

## Epilogue

This is how my life has turned out. I am now nearly 35 years old, so Alexandra has told me, and have been held in this terrible situation for a very long time. I don't know how long I will live, but there is no escape from my life. I am nothing more than a faceless, female-shaped being, known only by my number...

SG-1.

Also by JG-Leathers

### Celine's Seduction to Rubber

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