



Doubly
Milked
Male

JG-Leathers

Doubly Milked Male
(ALWAYS Read The Fine Print!)

By

JG-Leathers

ISBN: 978-1-954079-86-1

A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication

Copyright © 2022, All rights reserved

Smashwords Edition

Prologue

Discovery

My name is Janine Walton-Jones and I'm 35 years of age, still single and enjoying it.

I have become a Medical Historian, although this came about more by accident than by design or intent. After a few years of knocking about the publishing industry, I eventually began writing articles concerned primarily with practice and techniques of medicine, but too, on all sorts of other strange, but related matters. During the course of my career to that point I'd investigated a goodly number of outré things and events in the world of human related medical practice, but the story related below, is, without a doubt, one of the most frightening examples of truly mind-bending, so-called therapies I've ever come across, and that's saying a lot. Upon first becoming aware of the basics of what had been discovered, I was both startled and disturbed, to say the least, especially when more and more details became clear.

I became aware of the situation in this narrative a month after it came to light when a strangely-clad being appeared at a remote, private hospital. From the initial information provided, my always-alert curiosity compelled me to investigate as soon as it could be arranged. I asked, of course, how the staff had managed to figure things out so far and was informed that the patient had been delivered to the hospital's shipping and receiving dock by an anonymous truck in the middle of the night, some four weeks previous. Prominently displayed on the top of this shipping case was a large, metal-clad envelope containing a set of detailed instructions, DVD's, and diagrams of how to care for the contents.

Upon opening the large, fibreglass, hermetically sealed case, the staff were at first puzzled then horrified by what they were presented with. Apparently it was a female, but one that was securely held within a network of inescapable restraints and wearing the most incredible costume imaginable. After the directions had been completed, a discrete search for the origin

of the newest patient was begun, turning out to be fruitless and so after a month or eventually my name came up in discussions and I was called.

Making arrangements to obtain a face-to-face interview with the occupant of the case at the institution turned out to be a protracted and involved process, but following an interminable email exchange, I was finally successful. A month after first being alerted, I travelled to the institution and spent an hour while cooling my heels while the staff verified my credentials, before gaining access to the still-mysterious patient. I was escorted to a separate, secure building containing the institution's Psychiatric Therapy Wing, then at last to a locked room at the end of a long, dimly lit corridor. Needless to say it was depressing, thanks to the low light and the heavily-locked, blank-faced doors on each side. Once the door had been opened then locked again behind my escort and me, I saw something that truly boggled my mind.

When I finally entered the high-ceilinged room, I fully expected to find a patient restrained on a bed or sitting in a chair, but what confronted me was like nothing I had ever seen before in any hospital room. First, there was no bed; it having been replaced by a tall, wide, very sturdy, inverted U-shaped frame in the middle of the floor and fully suspended in its centre was an almost motionless, black-encased being of indeterminate gender. A multitude of hoses and cables led from this slowly shuddering figure to a bank of humming machinery and softly beeping monitors. I had not the slightest clue of what to make of this strange scene and so moved closer to inspect the apparition and entire set-up.

The object of my attention had both male and female attributes to its strange, science fiction, horror costume. At the crotch, a substantial tube projected outward, while on its chest was a pair of large, clear, thick acrylic cups that each held captive a straining, full female breast. Looping down and snaking across the floor, hoses and wires led from both the breast cups' tips and bases, in addition to others from the end of the crotch tube, while even more emerged from between its buttocks. All were connected to various machines and monitors, pulsing regularly.

The 'being' - at first this was the only way to describe what I saw before me - was then, and is probably even now at this writing, completely encased in what appeared to be a single piece, thick, black rubber garment. However, it had no visible seams and appeared to have been glued directly onto the skin of the wearer, following every curve and crevice. What was not at first known, was that this man-made skin was an extremely tough rubber sandwich with a thin, very strong, woven, stainless steel cloth core and an interior surface that made it truly irremovable.

The head was completely occluded in a smooth, almost featureless, egg-shape, gleaming black in colour and at its top centre a thick post protruded, tipped by a large, swiveling ring, but the shocking thing was that from this ring and another at the back of the being's neck, a bifurcated, metre long, black rubber-covered set of thick wires were mechanically fastened! These rose to the top centre of the U frame, being connected to it by a pair of heavy springs, thus helping to keep the person's head immobilized under a constant tension. In truth though, the occupant of the frightening and incredible costume was actually suspended by means of large, partially stretched out springs clipped to rings at its shoulders and others from the sides of its unnaturally compressed waist.

The interruptions to the otherwise featureless surface the of egg were at the lower back quarters: these being twin sets of gleaming silvery fittings with a fifth one in the middle. Hoses had been connected: one large, corrugated black rubber pair leading over to a softly humming hospital ventilator connected to a brace of large green oxygen cylinders and silvery hoses from the other fittings that led across the floor to the bank of equipment and a water supply system. Centred between these four at the exact rear of the egg was a large, industrial, multi-pin, Amphenol connector with a thick cable leading over to a similar connector on a computer terminal.

What truly shocked me though was the apparent lack of upper limbs. However, when I moved behind, I saw a smooth, an at first wide rigid hump extending down from the person's shoulders, tapering to a blunt V on the back, to just above the waist. At the top centre of the V, a pair elongated smooth cases

stuck upward just below the nape of the neck. I could barely make out the seam of this hump thing where it was integrated to the remainder of the garment and so had to ask what this meant and she explained what the X-rays had revealed.

Both of the person's arms had been brought behind their back, then rotated and folded up between the shoulder blades to be fastened together so that the palms faced outward . My escort described that at the end of each arm, where there should have been a hand, thumb and fingers, was only a long, rigid black metal, seamless, egg-like shape that blended into a tightly-encasing sleeve. Within each of these containers the person wore a pair of tight, thick gloves; these being embedded in a matrix of dense silicone gel. The individual fingers and thumbs were kept separated, never able to touch each other, and metal splints prevented any clawing or other movement. As well, electrode contact pads were placed at each finger base and tip, as well as on the palms. Effectively, the wearer's hands and fingers had been rendered utterly useless, being incapable of grasping or maneuvering anything at all, nor could they touch one another.

The person's encased hands were kept fastened between the shoulder blades by means of a 20 mm wide, three mm thick steel strap connecting the linkage to the bottom edge of a concealed, wide, thick steel collar. The cuffs just above each elbow joint had also been locked together and from their central linkage, another 20 mm wide, three mm thick steel strap led down to be locked to the top edge of a wide steel cinch, thus pulling the persons arms in tight to the spine! The entirety of this horribly effective means of restraint was concealed beneath the impervious hump.

She went on to explain that a more detailed inspection of the x-rays had shown that the shoulder, elbow and wrist joints had all become fused together over a period of years and so the arms were incapable, now, of being returned to mobility. One other aspect of this fusing was that the tendons, ligaments and muscle structure had atrophied to the point of being virtually useless.

Whoever it was imprisoned within this bizarre costume was forced to breathe pressurised air supplied by the hoses connected to a ventilator on one of the equipment tables and of course I asked why this was necessary. My escort explained to me that the 'patient' had been seen to be experiencing difficulty breathing after being removed from the shipping case and its internal connections having been disconnected and so had been immediately connected to a powerful, adult ventilator and the oxygen tanks. The other set of fittings below the first were of smaller size and two metal-clad hoses led to them. When I asked what those were, for I was told that inside the egg/helmet they were connected to a feeding and liquid supply system that was fastened irremovably into the person's mouth, nose, nasal passages, lungs, esophagus, and stomach. The thick cable from the Amphenol connector looped down to the floor and across it to the computer console, but its purpose was not explained at that time.

Then, I saw that below the head egg, a wide swelling encased the person's neck, complete with the same type of very sturdy rings at the front under the chin, and two at the back under the bulge of the skull. This band and all of the others were obviously restraints and there was no way for the wearer or any outside observer to get at them. Other than their readily-available rings, all were buried under the tough rubber garment. When I more closely checked each ring I could see wear marks in their very hard metal, these obviously from having had some sort of chain or other restricting device attached. What was even more shocking though, as has been previously written, was that the x-rays revealed the substantial post and ring assembly had been irremovably fastened directly onto the skull at the crown of the person's head!

After a first, cursory inspection of this bizarrely-attired being, I checked all of the x-rays and saw some of the other intriguing and frightening details of the ensemble. Under the outer covering garment, each wrist and ankle joint was surrounded by thick, 50 mm wide band. Posts on their upper and inner side projected through reinforced holes in the suit and thick, 30 mm diameter, black-coloured, metal rings dangled and swung freely.

The person's strictly-booted legs were kept widely-separated by other, lighter springs, but the ankles remained connected to each other by means of a flexible black rubber-coated wire with a 40 mm diameter ring at its centre! Upon a more detailed check of the person's limbs and the x-ray images, I saw additional, slightly less wide bands clamped tightly around each leg, mid-way between the hip and knee, as well as others below the knee joints, above the bulges of the calf muscles, each one also equipped with protruding posts and their rings. Even these disturbing details were almost insignificant when I saw what the feet had been imprisoned in. Each foot had been fastened into a black metal casing that kept it forced down into an 'en pointe' , tip toe configuration and completely covered it; rising to the thick wide swelling above the ankle, thus keeping the joint rigid. However, the actual shoe portion was formed into a what was essentially a high heel, horse's hoof, complete with a steel horse shoe! Good God!

It was then I was informed that more recent and focussed x-rays had revealed that beneath the five mm thick, egg-shaped titanium head encasement, it was completely filled with a dense, semi-solid silicone gel. Further inspection of other more focussed x-rays had revealed that the person's entire head had been fitted with a web-work of narrow, three mm thick metal straps, effectively a cruel, human bridle, and this head harness had also been anchored into the underlying bones! In effect, what the person wore was a non-removable, very comprehensive restraint harness! Other, even more horrific things had been revealed ... within this bridle the person's jaws were kept apart and unmoving by what appeared to be an intricately formed, large, dense, rubber appliance that filled every part of its wearer's mouth. It was kept in place not only because of its size alone, but to ensure that it remained permanently affixed, each of the person's cheeks had been pierced and grommeted, then, large diameter, widely-capped pins had been passed through the head harness cheek straps, then the piercings, and been screwed into each other within the oral device, but that wasn't all! On the mouth filler's underside, five, thick, forward facing, blunt hooks passed through grommeted piercings in the person's tongue, but

horribly so, in addition, in its centre, a thick post projected down through the tongue and the floor of the person's mouth! This post was fastened to an extension of the metal collar that came under the chin, and, being inside the locked-on head casing was inaccessible.

From the back of the mouth filler, a thick hose passed down the person's esophagus and into the stomach where it terminated in a small, anti-regurgitation balloon filled with more of the silicone gel. The x-rays also revealed that the person's ears were filled with locked-in ear buds, and over them inside the featureless exterior of the head egg, shallow domes filled with a sound deadening foam were locked into the structure of the head harness. Also revealed was that over the person's eyes, each within its own deep, silicone rubber cup, was a miniature, high definition LED screen of the type used in 3D goggles, but there was no other provision for sight. So, unless there was an audio feed to the ear buds and a video signal to the vision screens, the person locked into the head egg was inescapably both blind and deaf. I shuddered with thoughts of what that must be like.

My attention next shifted to the body where, beneath the rubber skin, I discerned the outlines of substantial undergarments. The waist was strictly and widely compressed and around the circumference of the narrowest section were eight, protruding rings of the same diameter and thickness as the others mounted on the swellings on the limbs, neck, and crown of the head. From the front centre, passing tightly over and pressed into the soft flesh of the lower belly, then passing between the thighs and buttocks, up to the back of the hidden cinch, was a wide thickness of some sort of covering plate. To confirm that this apparition was at least partially-male, at the front of the crotch, an 80 mm diameter tube projected outwards some 30 cm, and at its end was a pair of shiny hose fittings, together with another, multi-pin Amphenol connector. Between the buttocks was another set of the shiny fittings and these together with those from the large tube had been fitted with hoses and connecting cables, all leading over to the bank of machinery and computers on the side tables.

Upon moving my attention up the thorax, I discerned what could only be described as the outline of a very substantial bra harness fastened around the chest and over the shoulders and this held a pair of large, clear, thick acrylic cups; each filled with a bulging breast, but that wasn't all! On the underside and at the base of each cup was a hose fitting as well as another at the apex, together there with an electrical connector and from these, hoses and wires led over to the tables, where they were connected to what appeared to be an industrial, dairy milking machine! The wire cables went to what appeared to be some sort of signal generator, complete with a complex looking oscilloscope, but the worst of the arrangement was only discovered on other x-rays. These that revealed that the base of each armoured breast was strangled by a 10 mm wide collar on the front of the metal chest band, these acting to keep the breasts always inflated with sensitizing blood. Even more punishingly, each breast was horizontally pierced just above the chest wall and transfixed by a five mm diameter rod, fastened into its terrible collar.

Of course I asked why the person was suspended and was left restrained. The explanation was rather frightening. I was told that the he/she would frequently begin thrashing, kicking, and rolling violently on the bed that had first been used, and so the best solution had been to suspend him/her so that all of the hoses and cables could be easily attached. Even though now suspended, the person frequently continued to writhe, twist, and kick dementedly, also trying to move its encasing head egg against the restriction of the springs.

I was told that the hoses were required for breathing, feeding, hydrating and waste removal, but I was puzzled by the ones from the crotch tube although the anal ones were almost self-explanatory. Then I asked about the ones to the breast cups. That explanation was startling, to say the least! The envelope's documents stated that person had fully-functional and strongly lactating breasts so that the large volumes of milk needed to be drained regularly. OK, that was understandable, but then I was told that the male function of sperm production was also extremely high and that an orgasm had to be ensured at least once every two days. Thus, the

crotch tube and breast cups had the appropriate hoses mounted, together with the wires for monitoring purposes, or so it was believed at that point, that was only what they were for. I didn't discover what their true purpose was until some weeks later, once communication had been established and was horrified by the thoughts of what the sensations, never to be escaped, must be like.

A DVD had been supplied and it contained detailed computer programmes to aid in the maintenance of the person, but what wasn't discovered until much, much later was that buried in the millions of lines of code, were instructions for the disciplinary functions that were activated by the on-board computer contained within the helmet/egg. These programmes were also active during and after every breast milking and after every male milking, then at random times and for varying strengths and durations!

The envelope had also contained details of how the person should be cared for and revealed that non-verbal communication was possible. The types of devices and software programs that would be required were listed and I learned from the documents that the head-ensnaring harness contained sensors attuned to the areas of the brain that generated speech and sound. At my insistence, a computer program and voice synthesizer were eventually employed to create a virtual voice, and even add emotion to the speech and sounds that the person's mouth, throat and voice box were now incapable of, thanks to the horrific gagging system fastened into the oral cavity. Two weeks after I began my interview with the person in the horrific costume, these devices were procured and connected to the panel and thence to the multi-pin connector at the back of the head egg, but despite my repeated attempts to communicate, the person remained utterly silent and almost unresponsive, with the exception of the frequent bouts of manic physical activity. The following narrative was recorded after coherent communication had been established and the person was eventually convinced that there might be some way of escaping the highly personalized torture chamber he/she was a permanent prisoner within, but of course the hidden sub-programmes continued to be active.

A separate section of the accompanying documentation was concerned the incredible “suit” that the person was imprisoned within. It described the imprisoning garment in minute detail and by the time a reader had finished this section, no doubt remained about the permanency and non-removability of the garment. Here is a synopsis of the section ...

“ ... Notes on the CDS (Control Disciplining Suit) ...

“ ... The Subject has been fitted with a permanent, non-removable, custom-made, hi-tech covering whose innermost layer emulates the human epidermis, but with some most important differences. Although the inner layer is non-organic in structure, it is nevertheless efficient in completing all of the functions of the natural version ...

“... The suit cross-section structure consists of three integrated layers in the following order: Outer Layer – a man-made, extremely tough, abrasion and cut-resistant, neoprene rubber, 0.70 mm in thickness, Middle Layer – a tightly woven, very flexible, stainless steel fabric, 0.30 mm thick, extremely resistant to virtually any edged tool or puncture device and bonded to the outer layer, and, the Inner Layer – a nano-structured, manmade epidermis, 0.25 mm thick, being an extremely tough, infinitely flexible and stretchable material, also bonded to the Middle Layer ...

“... The Wearer is first fully epilated, then the entire surface of the skin is covered with a tenderising cream before The Suit is fitted. It also has had its inner surfaces completely coated with a delayed action ‘Activator’ cream that will remain dormant for 180 minutes after being fitted to The Wearer ...

“... Once The Wearer has been fully dressed in The Suit, all metal seams and joints are connected, employing the close-once-only fasteners, welded where necessary. The outer layer covering flaps are then fastened together by means of a molecular, dissolving type of adhesive that essentially renders the two surfaces into a seamless whole, eliminating any evidence of a joint ...

“... After the passage of 180 minutes, the inner layer’s ‘Activator’ cream initiates the growth of microscopic mini-anchors across the entirety of The Suit’s inner surface. These anchors are extremely numerous, with approximately 10 for every square millimetre, these designed to penetrate the wearer’s flesh to a depth of 10 mm, then spread out and link themselves to each other within the epidermis of The Wearer. Upon completion of these processes, taking up to six hours, The Suit becomes completely non-removable ...

“...If removal is attempted, severe disfigurement or death of the wearer will be the immediate result ...

“... It has been noted from past examples that the process of the anchors emplacing themselves with The Wearer’s epidermis is, although transitory, an extremely unpleasant experience. With this being the case, The Wearer must needs be securely restrained until the processes have been completed, then remain restrained for a further eight hours after being fitted ...

“... the physical and mental reactions The Wearer will experience vary from one individual to the next and so the new Wearer must be closely restrained and observed until fully-encased in his Ensemble ...”

Upon reading then rereading the description of the garment and how it had been affixed, I knew that the occupant of the

incredible suit had already experienced a most traumatic entry into his new life and then been subjected to unbelievable torments over a period of some 10 years or more, and still wore all of the so-called ‘appliances’ that he/she had been fitted with sometime after entering the so-called Research Programme. At the beginning, I was unaware that he/she also had to live with the quite intrusive surgical modifications that had also been done and they had all now become irreversible. Most of the ‘appliances’ affixed to and inside the person also could not be removed because of the danger to life if it was attempted. Nevertheless, he/she, seemed to have accommodated to these irreversible changes.

Over the first weeks following my initial observation sessions I was unable to conduct any sort of extensive interview until a means of reliable communication had been established and the psychiatrists had managed to coax the person back to some semblance of sanity. Even then, trying to get detailed answers to my questions was very difficult at first. Once we got started though, I immediately discovered that the person was a male by birth and was, an-at-first-willing participant, in a supposed “Research” Programme. However, it almost immediately turned out to be far more than had been initially described to any of the especially-targeted men who replied to the recruiting advertisements, and perhaps still do. By the end of the first day after signing on to the Programme, he had become increasingly aware of what he’d committed himself to, then after two weeks, had been advised in no uncertain terms that he had quite literally signed away his life to become a very strictly-controlled prisoner and a research animal, with no rights whatsoever ... and no possible hope of ever escaping. Due to the extensive, and superbly expensive security arrangements, there was no imaginable way that he or any other of the Research Subjects could ever mitigate their fate, unless they were deliberately released as he had been ... apparently.

From the evidence I have been able to unearth, and it is sparse, the so-called Research Programme was and apparently is still funded by a fabulously wealthy woman with an incredible hatred of men. Her organization carried out, and is

likely still doing so, experiments and processes that would never be sanctioned by the medical Research establishments. Only mature, young males are enticed to participate, becoming their ideal Research Subjects. Incredibly secretive arrangements and payments had been made to acquire a remote, former lead-zinc-nickel mine that had run out of ore and been abandoned. Huge amounts of money had then been freely spent for all of the modifications that were required for it to be made into her secret, super-max prison. Effectively it was the ultimate institution dedicated to male torture, and apparently, still is.

All of the specialized equipment, permanently fitted prisoner's restraints, and their inescapable Testing Ensembles had been specifically-designed, then custom-made for each of the 'Research Subjects'; these designed to create the most awful and incredibly intense mental and physical torment that a male could be subjected to on a continual basis, without resulting in his death, even though he might desperately wish for it. From what I discerned, the central operating philosophy was ... to all intents and purposes ... that if the torments and experiments drove a Research Subject to insanity, it wasn't a concern, because at that point of his life, he'd truly be nothing more than a silently reacting, laboratory animal anyway!

All of the Research Facility's staff were females, all sworn to eternal silence, with the clearly-delineated threat that if they broke their NDA's (Non-Disclosure Agreement), they would be hunted down and quickly also become Research Subjects, to be mercilessly subjected to the most awful torments that could be enacted on a female mind and body.

His story was, initially, a terribly fragmented series of anecdotes and took a long time of detailed and repetitive questioning to gain the full picture that comprises the narrative that follows, but the descriptions do not provide any kind of adequate clues as to the emotional state of the person in his/her Ensemble. Only at towards the end have I included the actual verbalisations of the person, as well as detailed descriptions of the actual sensations experienced to, hopefully, provide some idea of the trauma, terror and horrors that the subject of this story had experienced over 10 years and continued to

experience even while I attempted to continue the interview process.

Many readers will regard my writing about the following occurrences, situations, and various pieces of equipment I have described as being fanciful or impossible inventions of a fevered mind, but enough evidence has been compiled to verify that all of the situations and equipment described have, and may still be occurring. Unfortunately, extensive research has failed to locate the actual place as described at the beginning of the narrative.

What follows is best told in the first person as probably the best way to tell the story and I have striven to be as detailed and accurate as possible.

Author's Foreword

To those who will read the following story I've written this before and it should be noted again, I feel. The creation and writing of any story reveals something about the Author, and the tale that follows is no different.

Although I appear to be relatively "normal" and live a pretty quiet life on the outside, I have a distinctly and vastly different life within my mental landscape and other aspects of my private life. As JG-Leathers, I've created assorted devices and 'toys' over the years, the most notable being, I suppose, The Creature, and have a wide range of kinky hobbies, explorations, as well as a rich and varied world of assorted fantasies, some of which come through in the story that follows.

It must be remembered, folks, that the story that follows is FANTASY! Nothing else! Now, fantasies, being precisely that, are seldom realized, although I've managed to bring a few of mine into reality, then discovered that there was far more to them than I'd first expected, sometimes much to my horror. Most of the time, these fulfilled fantasies have been wonderful, fun, but occasionally frightening journeys, that could have gone horribly wrong. Those times became more terror filled sessions of self-bondage and suspension than I could have imagined when I discovered that there were some possibilities in the spectrum of bondage for that particular, solo session I had not considered. I had been caught in what was almost an inescapable situation. Panic has to be avoided at all costs, and so to escape my predicament, I had to use great ingenuity and patience, to say nothing of having blind good luck, to escape.

Then, there have been many other occasions when I have been assisted in bringing my more manageable fantasies to reality, thanks to the forbearance and patience of sympathetic fellow kink friends who ensured beyond a doubt that my restraints were indeed totally inescapable. These good folks, who, once I had been gas-masked and was on a restricted air

supply, locked into my in total rubber enclosure arrangements, fully-chained, and suspended, having my breasts and penis strongly suckled and simultaneously tormented by almost unbearable e-stim, with my ears assaulted by loud static and the vision portals of the gas mask blacked out, then left me completely alone and feeling abandoned to happily(?) stew in my own masochistic juices for a couple of hours. Those times were a great deal of fun for the most part, but were occasionally a big challenge, for there was no way I could escape my self-imposed torment and the locked on restraints, especially being helplessly suspended.

However, and many of you know this well, there comes times when we do not have the good fortune of having sympathetic, kinky friends to help us ... and this is where our lives as kinks can become very dangerous. We undertake to enjoy our desperately-needed sensation 'hit' all by ourselves and few, if any of us, bother to tell a friend of our proposed predicament plans. Far too many kinks have died because of this sort of occurrence and if it is at all possible, try to avoid solo-B&D. It might just kill you.

Now, with the end of that bragging and admonishing, get yourselves into the story that follows and I hope you'll enjoy it, but remember, again, this IS fantasy.

JG-Leathers (20 April, 2022)

Chapter One

How It All Began

I regarded myself as a normal, although somewhat bent guy, and at 26 years of age living in Vancouver, BC, was well recognised in my chosen section of the IT world. I earned a quite decent amount of money at a satisfying, although somewhat sporadic employment, but thanks to the frequent abundance of disposable cash and time, was always in search of the different and more interesting aspects of life, engaging in a lot of time spent surfing the internet and particularly sites that dealt with topics like men changing to women and all sorts of other different B&D/S&M topics.

The allure of rubber garments was very high and I acquired a large wardrobe of all sorts of corsets, and suits, as well of course as helmets and gas masks of varying severity and complexity. However, I only 'played' in them in solitary, and normally could only handle being encased in a full rubber costume for a couple of hours before releasing myself. Many times I challenged myself to see if I could manage an entire 24 hours encased in rubber, wearing a gas mask that allowed me to drink, but it proved far more difficult than I had imagined it would be in my fevered day dreams. Self-bondage and strict restraint harnesses were another component I loved to experiment with in combination with the rubber and so I'd inadvertently set the stage for all of the events I'd come to experience, at first willingly, then soon, more and more unwillingly.

I was, I think, regarded as relatively good looking with regular features and a good head of dark auburn hair, worn long, but was somewhat shorter than my peers, at 170 cm, and weighing 65 kg. I didn't exercise much, truth be told, but still retained a slim and tightly-muscled frame. Truth to tell though, I wasn't very active in the more public kink life style, despite my fascination with it, but then came the day that would change the course of my life in ways that are indescribably even now that I've lived through them.

The notification arrived in my email as an unsolicited message and had ended up in the 'spam' folder, but before deleting all the crap, as usual I skimmed through the contents and what I found was intriguing, given my secret desires and past experience with the stranger and kinkier sides of life. If I'd thought about it more fully, I'd have realized that I'd been specifically targeted, thanks to the pervasive snooping programs being used on the internet, and they knew far more about me than I could possibly have imagined. Here's what so intrigued me ...

RESEARCH ASSOCIATE NEEDED

Mature man between the ages of 25 and 35, maximum weight of 85 kg, in good physical condition required by a pre-eminent Research Organisation to participate in a targeted, long-term, clinical, Sexual/Gender/Biological Evaluation Programme. We will, at no charge, evaluate Candidates. No specific skill sets are required, however, a willingness to accept personal challenges and a desire to resolve differing and complex physical and mental situations are considered desirable assets.

The selected Candidate will be single and free of any long-term personal and/or sexual commitments. Travel to the Facility's location is required and so a valid passport is necessary. The Candidate must be available for participation in the Programme for a minimum period of at least 12 months, with the strong possibility of a longer duration, depending upon results obtained during the first two weeks of participation.

All expenses are covered for the selected Candidates i.e. payout of any housing and vehicle leases, travel, meals, and accommodations. Secure storage of all personal property for the duration of the Candidate's participation in the Programme will be provided at no cost to the successful Candidate. All required Uniforms, specialized garments, together with all necessary appliances will be provided at the expense of the Evaluation Programme. The provided Uniform, specialized

garments, and all necessary Appliances will be worn , 24/7/365 for the duration of the Candidate's participation.

All time spent by the selected Candidate will be remunerated at a substantial rate; this to be disclosed upon our acceptance of the Candidate. These monies will be deposited in the financial institution of the Candidate's choice and available for verification at any time.

Our Programme requires that the selected Candidate accept a number of non-permanent medical procedures; these to be carried out in a certified environment. Piercings of various types will also be required, but these will be done under general anesthetic.

If accepted, the Candidate will become a member of a carefully-selected group that is subjected to constant testing and evaluation during on-going procedures and carefully regulated experiments. The Programme will take place and be administered in a remote, secure environment, and therefore the Candidate will, essentially, be isolated for the duration of his participation.

Interested men are asked to complete the on-line form available at .

... at that point, page after page of fine print, legal 'boiler plate' began, before the final disclaimer showed up, much like an End User Licensing Agreement. I skimmed over it to the bottom, as, by this time, my interest had been fully-engaged by the phrase 'sexual/gender/biological evaluation programme' and the other about the remuneration being at a substantial rate.

I really should have read the whole thing thoroughly before signing, but the pages of fine print legalese were just too much to wade through and analyse in detail, so I flipped through these pages then went to the website and filled in all of the basic data that was asked for. After putting my name on the dotted line I fired it off without any expectation of hearing from the Programme Administrators for a week or two at the least, if ever, and went back to surfing the net.

Much to my surprise, the application was answered two days later with the request that I acknowledge receipt of the message and that an agreement to appear be sent. I was invited to attend an interview at a quite respectable downtown address and now, with my interest aroused, immediately replied in the affirmative. The next day I did personal appearance maintenance as well as pulling out my best suit, getting a haircut, and shining my shoes. Unsure of what to expect, but knowing that first appearances are many times decisive, I intended to make the best impression possible.

A side note ... my sex life over the past months had been confined only to the occasional necessary masturbation, if for no other reason than to relieve the pressure. Girl friends had been few and far between during the year, thanks primarily to a heavy work schedule combined with frequent travel, and too, I wasn't the handsomest guy on the block. The usual bar 'meat market' sort of thing was not my way of finding a lady I could enjoy some time with. My IT contracts had all been completed and I so, job-wise, I was at loose ends, looking for new work and income, as well as some sort of feminine companionship. The lease on my apartment was about to expire and when the advertisement showed up as if by accident, I was ready for a change and pretty much free to accept whatever was offered.

The next day I called Uber to get a ride into town and was dropped off at the high-end address some 10 minutes before the appointed time then walked up and down the street checking out the neighbourhood. The address was for a well-preserved five story building with beautifully-maintained granite facing, probably about 60 years old, but in immaculate condition and that alone lent the upcoming interview a lot of legitimacy in my view.

A most attractive young woman answered my knock on the door and introduced herself as Connie, then asked that I accompany her. To my surprise a small elevator took us to the top floor and I followed her along a deeply-carpeted, wide corridor to a large room. Once inside she said that I was welcome to make myself comfortable, pointing to a side table on which a coffee service and buns were set out, then left. For a few minutes I wandered around the luxuriously-appointed

room; it being furnished with high quality modern chairs, tables and art objects of all types.

Some five minutes later a tall, elegant 30-something woman dressed in an immaculate white lab coat over an expensively-tailored suit entered the room, and I stood up and greeted her. Unmasked, she smiled and held out a beautifully-manicured hand.

“Good afternoon, Mr Grantham. I am Doctor von Furstenberg.” She spoke in a low, well-modulated, contralto, with a slight German accent and gestured that I should resume my seat while she sat across the coffee table from me. My own glancing inspection of her was returned with equal frankness, then she began to speak.

“Mr Grantham, to be frank, we have done a quite thorough check on you and your life. We feel that our caution is warranted, and so as a result of our investigations, you have acquired our interest as a potential candidate for our Research Programme, I’m happy to say.” She said with an encouraging and friendly smile that revealed perfect teeth.

“Well,” I replied, “I was quite sure that such a preliminary check would be done and so I’m pleased to have reached this point. What comes next?”

“It was mentioned in the advertisement for the programme that we require you to undergo a preliminary physical examination, as well as to answer a more detailed series of personal questions before we proceed any further. Are you willing to do this? The facilities are available in this building and so the physical can be completed immediately. If so, I would ask that you proceed to the Examination Room and upon completion, return here to continue with our arrangements. If this is unacceptable to you, then we will terminate the interview at this point and thank you for your time by providing a \$1,000.00 certified cheque. Are you willing to have the examination?”

Truth to tell, I’d not expected matters to move quite so fast, but I agreed immediately and as if she’d been listening in, Connie reappeared and gestured wordlessly that I accompany

her down the hall to a small, starkly-appointed examination room.

“Please remove all of your clothing and have a seat on the examination table, Mr Grantham. The doctor will be with you in a moment.” She gestured to the clinical table and clothes horse before turning, closing the door.

I had no reluctance in doing as asked, because I’d pretty much expected this to happen at some point in the interview process and so waited until a white-coated doctor, I presumed, entered the room. Over the course of the next hour she subjected me to all the usual medical indignities that a thorough physical exam involves and as well, a blood sample was drawn. The last 15 minutes of the examination consisted of me filling in a medical questionnaire, then answering a broad range of personal questions about my feelings, sexual history and current views on my life. When all was said and done, the doctor indicated that I was to get dressed and return to the lounge to await the news of my acceptance or rejection as an eligible a Candidate ... probably within the next hour.

Once back in the lounge I took advantage of the refreshments and found a couple of magazines to flip through while waiting, and reflected on what this whole thing was about. The details had been covered in only the vaguest terms and so left me wondering what I’d actually applied to be a part of. Some 45 minutes later Dr von Furstenberg reappeared with a file folder in the crook of her arm, then sat down across from me and smiled.

“First things first, Mr Grantham. We would like to welcome you to our Programme, but your participation must be kept confidential. With this being the case, and if you agree, before we proceed further, you must sign and agree to observe the conditions of our standard Non-Disclosure Agreement. Do you agree to this condition?”

“Yes, certainly.” I replied, calmly looking her in the eye and noticing her anticipatory if perhaps a trifle predatory smile.

She presented me with a densely printed page that delineated my responsibilities upon signing the NDA. I'd had to agree to this sort of thing for past employment and so skimmed through it and signed at the bottom. She smiled again and slipped it into the file folder.

“As matters stand Mr Grantham, we have a vacancy that you could fill immediately, and by that, I mean within the next 48 hours. Are you able to manage this without difficulty? We will of course, arrange for all of the details of your residence and vehicle leases to be terminated as needed, as well of course as to collect, pack and store all of your personal effects. If this is acceptable, we will then make suitable arrangements for your transportation to our Research Facility.

“Now, I know that you obviously are concerned about the financial arrangements and so I shall be straight forward. To begin with, the initial data of the advertisement noted that all expenses on your behalf will be taken care of by the Programme, but I am aware you have questions about the manner and amount which you will be paid for your participation.

“Given the nature of the procedures and processes involved, their duration and their inevitable effect on your life, we are prepared to offer a grant of \$50,000.00, tax free, per month, with a signing bonus of \$25,000.00 to be paid immediately into the financial institution of your choice upon completion of the documentation. Do you have any other questions, Mr Grantham?”

“Thank you for accepting my application and for the information you've provided. Could you let me know what I need to do, to proceed from this point, please?” I was more than a little stunned by the amounts she'd quoted, but quite happy to suddenly have so much disposable cash available.

Chapter Two

First Hints

“Certainly.” she smiled. “Immediately upon concluding the business of your enrolment with all the documentation having been duly signed, witnessed, and notarised, Mr Grantham, your Candidacy changes status to that of being a Research Associate for the Lauterbrunnen Sexual, Gender, and Biological Research Project. I will then make arrangements to have the signing bonus transferred to your bank account within the hour and you will be able to verify it within two hours.

“Now, as to the initial procedures to be executed, the following will be done. Connie will escort you to the Examination room, once more and then you are to disrobe completely and she will fit you with an initial, temporary appliance, known as the ACACA, together with its accompanying equipment. These will be worn 24/7, for approximately the next 10 days.

“Uh... this is happening pretty fast!” I said a little stunned.

“To be sure, but we prefer to move quickly in these matters. At any rate, your appliance will be tested, then you will get dressed and return here to meet your Escorting Governess, nurse Johansen. She will accompany you at all times until you become resident in the Research Facility and for few days thereafter.”

“Is this ... ah ... temporary appliance and other stuff sounds a little worrying, and, excuse me, but why is a ‘Governess’, of all things, required?”

“To answer your first question, Mr Grantham, it is a requirement of our Programme that the ACADA appliance and accompanying equipment must be worn by all new Research Associates immediately upon signing their documentation. And, no, sir I’m afraid that It cannot be removed by you once fitted. It will be a part of you until a few, days after you’ve arrived at the Research Facility, where the on-site Staff will assume control of your well-being. Within a few days of your

arrival your ACACA will be exchanged for the more permanent appliances you will wear during your tenure as a Research Associate. Now, as to being accompanied by a Governess, that too is a requirement for all new Research Associates. Part of her job is to ensure that you become accustomed to the ACACA and its associated devices and to assist you when required.”

“Uh, what the heck is this ACACA thing?” I asked somewhat petulantly, not really happy about it being non-removable, forgetting for the moment her use of the word ‘permanent’.

“The ACACA is an appliance and its related equipment that is designed to monitor your physical wellbeing between the time you sign the contract and your arrival at our Facility, and once there, for the first few days.” She answered glibly, not explaining the acronym.

“Well, OK.” I grumbled, not really satisfied, but willing to go along with the process.

“As soon as we’ve got you dressed in your ACACA we will provide a limousine to return you and your Governess to your residence, where I would suggest you create a small travel kit for your trip to our Facility. You need pack only changes of underwear and comfortable casual clothing for the trip, as well as any toiletries that you normally use. You need not be concerned about any sort of foul weather clothing, as we operate our Facility in a climate-controlled environment, except in the more specialized labs. Upon your arrival we will first measure you for, create then fit you with a personal, custom-made Ensemble and the required Appliances, then assume control of all your other needs for the duration of your participation.

“Later this afternoon, please check with your bank to ensure that the financial transactions have been completed to your satisfaction. I would suggest that you have an early evening, then tomorrow, please complete what packing you feel is required for your more personal possessions. We will take care of the remainder within 24 hours. So, in a little less than 48 hours from now, a limousine will arrive at your

apartment building's door and you and your Escorting Governess will then be on your way to you becoming a full Associate. The limo will transport you to the Executive Terminal on the South Side of the airport and a private jet will then fly you to an airport in Utah. Upon arrival, after clearing Customs and Immigration formalities, you will be met by one of our Staff members, then flown by helicopter to our Facility in the mountains to take up residence for the duration of your participation in the Programme. Do you have any further questions, Mr Grantham?"

"Wow!" I exclaimed, impressed that I was to be flown around in a private business jet. "That seems to have covered all of the matters I've been wondering about." I said with happiness at my successful transition from Candidate to becoming an actual Associate. "Should we now proceed with getting the documentation signed and notarised?"

"That's excellent." She smiled back at me. "Please allow me to arrange for Connie to act as a witness to our signatures and also to bring in our attorney, Mr Norman, to notarize everything and make it official."

"Of course." I returned her smile and we both sat back to await the arrival of the others. It took a few minutes, but they appeared with a couple of file folders and a set of very detailed documents

Chapter Three

The ACACA & Equipment

When they arrived, me, the doctor and the attorney, Mr Norman, all shook hands then he explained the proceedings to be enacted. It was all pretty straight forward and so the papers were laid out on the large table on the side of the room and I went to sit in the chair provided, then began to sign them. To my surprise Connie had set up and turned on a video camera to ensure that all was done properly and without any sort of coercion. Connie witnessed my signature and that of the doctor at the bottom of each page and when we were finished, Mr Norman applied his official seal and initials to every page, making it all legal, then we smiled at one another and he took his leave.

“Welcome to our Programme.” the doctor smiled and shook my hand. “I’m sure that you’ll find that the coming months will present you with some, most interesting experiences, Mr Grantham. I will without doubt see you at the Facility.”

She reached into a pocket of the lab coat and produced a standard pill bottle, then handed it to me.

“Your Governess will ensure that you take two of these pills every three hours, Mr Grantham. They are a necessary part of your preparation process for the Institute’s Research Programme. Within a day or so you will begin to notice that your skin has become more sensitive and your emotions and feelings will fluctuate more so than you have normally experienced. As well, you will soon notice that your breasts will have begun to develop quite rapidly. Within 10 days you will become the possessor of 38-DDD, fully-functional and lactating breasts with very sensitive nipples. This is normal and is required for the Research Programme.”

“Jesus!” I blurted. “I guess you know all about my secret desires and interests! Anyhow, I’m not afraid of that happening, but is it reversible?”

“Yes, Mr Grantham. We do know a great deal about your personal and ... ah ... more unusual interests and they are one of the main reasons you are a successful Candidate. Now as to reversibility ... it is possible, but only with the correct drugs. Given those, it will take a few months for your breasts to fade back to a normal, male size after the completion of your participation. That is, if you would prefer not to keep them. Now, if you will excuse me I have a number of pressing details to complete, not the least amongst them being to transfer your signing bonus to your bank. Have a great day. Good bye!”

We both stood and shook hands again, then Connie guided me back to the Examination Room and gestured wordlessly for me to strip. She disappeared for a few moments then returned with a medium sized roll aboard type of case, placed it on the table and popped the latches. When she swung the lid up I saw what appeared to be a tangle of light metal straps and a couple of coils of thick, flexible wires, while on the bottom, a half dozen, black velvet bags.

“Here’s your ACACA, Mr Grantham. Just stand still and only move when I ask you too, OK?”

“OK.” I replied, nervously inspecting the stuff in the case.

She picked up part of the tangle, got it organized, then came over to me, holding it out.

“This is the upper body part of the appliance. Mr Grantham. You’ll find it to be quite interesting, once it’s on, now just hold still and I’ll get it properly fitted.”

She draped a pair of narrow metal straps over my shoulders so that they positioned a pair of 3 mm thick, 10 mm wide, shiny donut-shaped metal disks around my breasts: these curved to fit snugly onto the curvature of my rib cage, and would press firmly all the way around. On their under sides they blended into a 3 mm thick, 10 mm wide chest band, while on the sides under my armpits the chest band continued around to a joint over my spine. At first it was all a loose fit but Connie quickly tightened the adjustments so that I became very much aware of the compression of the chest encircling band, then she next tightened the shoulder straps until they too

were very snug, digging slightly into my shoulders, thus pulling the breast-encircling ‘donuts’ into tight contact.

She came back to my front and brought up a pair of strange looking, shallow-framed cages with narrow straps inside, each with a 3 mm thick 40 mm diameter shiny silvery disk at its centre. These disks were spring-loaded from the apex of each cage and projected beyond the plane of the base of the cage.

“What in Hell are those?” I gabbled.

“Please relax, Mr. Grantham. These are your breast and nipple sensor and e-stim contact holder cages. They will ensure that the actual disks are not easily accessible by the wearer, and with the pads being spring-loaded and temporarily glued, they will remain in the correct position no matter body movement.” She stated nonchalantly. “Now, kindly remain still while I fit you with them.”

I watched nervously while she quickly applied some sort of sticky gel to the shiny inner side of each disk, then moved to stand in front of me before pressing the edges of the cage into waiting clips on the breast-encircling metal donuts, then once secured, she positioned the silvery disk directly onto my right nipple, covering it completely. She fastened the disk’s narrow upper strap to the top of the encircling metal, then the bottom one to the underside. Satisfied with positioning, she ensured that the spring-loading kept the disk pressed down firmly, sinking slightly into my flesh and muscle, then quickly repeated the process on my left breast. I could not help but look down to see the gleaming silvery cages over my breasts and the caps that had stuck to and now completely covered my nipples. I shuddered and twisted my body back and forth for a moment, feeling more than a little foolish wearing what was obviously a bra, seeing that the cages projected very noticeably, and too, at the position where a nipple would be, there was a distinct bump and realized that there was no way I could conceal their presence, even if I hunched my shoulders. Behind, I could feel some straps connected to a piece between my shoulder blades before it descended to the chest band, but for the moment ignored them. She was far from finished and seemed not to notice my flaming-faced embarrassment

“Very good, Mr Grantham. She smiled. ‘Now we come to the lower body portion of the ACACA; this being your sexual access denial, and impulse monitoring appliance.’”

“Whoa! Whoa!” Whoa!” I gabbled, staring in some horror at the steel belt she negligently held in her hand. “I really don’t think that that’s necessary! I don’t want to have to wear that th-thing, thanks!”

She stood back and gave me a hard look.

“Mr Grantham, this is the absolutely required part of the ACACA!” she stated very firmly. “Now, the device is not going to hurt you when you begin wearing it, so please remain still while I apply it, then adjust it to fit exactly.”

I reluctantly subsided and she quickly draped a 50 mm wide, four mm thick belt around my waist. It rode straight across at the small of my back, then on the sides curved over the pelvic bones and at the front, curved down to just above my pubic bone where a flat, thick, locking fitting, somewhat resembling that of a parachute harness fastener, connected the ends. I didn’t really pay attention to the 20 mm diameter rings: one at the middle of the back over my spine, with another on each side over the hip. She pressed the ends of the waist belt into the front locking device with solid sounding click’s!, then returned to the case and brought out what could only be described as a penis tube. I stared at it, recoiling and shuddering with some sort of unknown emotion, but then traitorous my body betrayed me with an erection!

“Why do I have to wear th-that?” I asked, desperately flailing for some way to avoid having my manhood locked away for the next two weeks. A chastity belt!? Jesus! I had no idea how mild this thing was compared to what was to come later!

“Well, Mr Grantham, from our investigations it was established that you possess a very strong libido and so we require that you wear this device, as does every Candidate who becomes an Associate upon acceptance. It’s primary purpose is that it will, quite obviously, prevent any unauthorized sexual activity on your part. In addition, it will allow us to connect

you to a urine collection system and that too aids us in future research.” she stated matter of factly, leaving no room for argument. No mention was made at that point of its other capabilities, but within the hour, and to my horror I’d become intensely aware of them.

The 3 mm thick tube was curved and I’d guess about 15 cm long, with a 35 mm interior diameter and so would be a snug fit even if I didn’t have an erection. It’s end was rounded and at the apex was what appeared to be some sort of connection spout. As it was, the tube, once lubricated, would easily and very snugly accommodate my unaroused manhood. However, fitting while I had an erection would be a different matter and I doubted that I’d fit into the length and diameter. I was mistaken. At the top open end it had a wide ‘tongue’ pointing up; this designed to slide into a slot in the bottom of the lock that joined the ends of the waist/hip bands. She manipulated something on the tube and from its open end withdrew a thick-walled, ribbed, semi-rigid, ribbed, black rubber tube, tipped with a bullet-headed, chromed metal tip. Its astounding 20 cm length was quite awful by itself, but in addition, each rib was 10 mm in diameter!

“Y-y-you’re not going to stick that in me!” I yelled, staring at this evil-looking tube and hose in considerable horror, backing away while her gloved fingers slathered a thick coating of blue lubricant along its length, then spread a layer on the inner side of the penis tube.

She looked at me with distaste.

“Yes, Mr Grantham, that’s exactly what I’m going to do! Now, don’t be such a wussy! It won’t hurt except maybe a little pinch when it first enters your urethra, then it’ll be relatively easy to inset the remainder, although it’ll feel a little weird, so I’m told by all the Associates who’ve experienced this procedure in the past. Most of the time you’ll forget you’re wearing it. Now, hold still while I lubricate your urethra, then we’ll do the job.”

She was an intimidating and very positive woman, and made me feel a little silly, so I just stood still, trembling while her gloved hand reached out and gently grasped my manhood,

then I watched her take a bottle and insert its long, thin nozzle deeply into my urethra and winced with its entry. Slowly withdrawing it, she squeezed a trigger on the bottle's neck and I felt a slick gel pulse slowly into my body while my erection collapsed because of her clinical precision. She'd obviously done this before.

I continued watching, now with some terror when she moved the shiny tip of the catheter tube to the end of my penis, then slowly pressed it past the initial restriction making me yelp sharply from the 'pinch', as she'd called it. She paused for a few seconds before slowly forcing the remaining long length of the catheter deeper and deeper into my penis and a long way up into my urethra. I felt every 'rib' pass into me and couldn't stop the moans it made me make. Two minutes later she had forced the awful tube all the way into me, leaving only a shiny 15 mm diameter disk at the end of my manhood, with a projecting, 10 mm shiny metal hose fitting projecting from it.

"Now, Mr Grantham, hold still for a moment while I fit your penis into the tube. The catheter may slide out a little when you're being inserted, but will be pressed all the way back inside when you get an erection. I'm sure you'll find the experience to be an interesting one. Now, please remain still."

She brought up the gleaming metal tube's open end with a wide, thick metal cuff connected to it and slipped the end of my impaled and lubricated organ into it, then slowly slid it closer and closer to my abdomen until my penis was fully inside, then I felt the end fitting of the catheter become connected to its internal mount. I hadn't seen the strips of electrodes on the inner side of the tube, nor the electrode ring around the base. With a smooth upward motion, she pressed the tongue on the end of the tube up into its slot in the bottom edge of the lock assembly joining the ends of the hip band, then came another, solid click! I had been locked into my first chastity belt! She stood and smiled at me.

"Now, turn your back to me, then spread your thighs wide apart and lean forward, then maintain that position."

Once I'd done that, feeling horribly embarrassed, she clasped a 40 mm wide, five mm thick, opened cuff with an oval interior hole, closed for my scrotum then pulled up a 5 mm wide dividing strap to keep my testicles separated! Taking care not to pinch any of the delicate flesh, she slowly closed the cuff until it also locked with another of the solid click's! It felt very strange and distinctly uncomfortable, having that part of my anatomy made so very vulnerable, but then to add to my sensations of being controlled, she locked a metre long wire leash to each of the front and back rings of the scrotum cuff, leaving them to hang freely for the moment.

“Now, that wasn't so bad was it? OK, please stand fully erect with your shoulders back and remain that way for a moment.”

When I did, she connected a flexible, 30 mm wide, spring-loaded, telescoping, steel band between the fitting on the centre back of my chest band to the central back ring of the hip band, but for the moment I didn't feel the other shorter one still swinging freely. The immediate effect was to make me stand more fully erect, although it permitted me to still bend forward because the band would extend, but eventually its strong, internal spring would force me to return to an erect posture.

“OK, Mr Grantham, now it's time for you to be fitted with your other temporary appliances. You should know now that you yourself will be unable to remove them. The first piece is the sensor collar that will control your ability to hear as well as to monitor your blood flow and temperature. This data is automatically relayed to our data base. The others that will be employed are designed to connect you to the various devices that you'll encounter at the Facility on the way to being fitted with your complete Associate's Ensemble.”

“Jesus! You want me to wear a collar that I can't take off?” I yelled.

“That's correct, Mr Grantham. You did agree to this when you signed your contract.” She said, ignoring my panicky outburst and lifting one of the velvet bags out of the case.

She pulled out two halves of what was a 50 mm wide, five mm thick, gleaming steel collar, complete with a ring on the front and two on the back! As well there were two thick, curved rods on the sides of one the halves that swung freely for the moment and I briefly wondered what the Hell those were for, before remembering her saying that my hearing would be controlled!

“Please lift your chin!”

The cool steel bands were immediately pressed snugly around my neck and I heard an ominous click! under each of my ears when she pressed halves together. It was heavy and really restrictive and I didn't like the sensation at all because of its snug fit. She moved behind and brought up the other short, wide, telescoping and flexible steel strap from the chest band and locked it to the lower ring of the collar, gently yet persistently forcing me to stand fully erect, shaking with nervousness.

“Please remain still while I fit your hearing control devices.” She commanded, reaching up to the dangling curved rods on either side of my encased neck, then swung them up and quickly inserted their thick rubber-tipped ends deeply into my ear canals, then with a small tool, locked them in position so that I was immediately rendered deaf! Now, not only did the wide collar restrict me from turning my head freely, but the two rods from the sides of the collar, closely following over my jaw, acted to prevent it entirely, so that now I was forced to turn my whole body if I wanted to look to the side! Nearly all sound had disappeared, and I stared at her in shock, then her voice rang inside my head.

“OK. It's time for your wrist and ankle cuffs, then we'll be pretty much done. Please hold out both arms at waist level.”

Two minutes later I wore a pair of snug, heavy, 50 mm wide, five mm thick gleaming steel wrist cuffs, each with a dangling ring on its inner side.

“Very good!” she enthused. “Now, stand with your feet slightly apart and I'll fit the ankle cuffs.”

By this point I was in a state of shock at how suddenly and easily I had become imprisoned in the restraints and so barely took notice of the snug encirclement of my ankles. What was even more disturbing though was that I had been so complacent in having them fitted. My fate was sealed and I'd never again be free, but I had no idea that I had passed that point. Connie stood before me.

“OK, you're nearly ready, Mr Grantham. I must run a few tests before you get dressed. Please stand still.” She took what looked like a glorified TV remote control from a side pocket of the case and looked at me. “Please tell me what you feel while we progress through the tests.”

With sure fingers she tapped a sequence into the keypad, and I felt a sudden, strong tingling and vibration attack each of my nipples! I gasped and twitched, bringing my hands to the cages on my chest to try and pull the disks off my breasts, but they were locked on and the discs were both spring loaded and pressing firmly as well being glued on and locked tightly in position.

“Oooohhh, Jesus!” I gasped, shuddering and twisting my body as much as its steel harnessing allowed while the sensations continued, then gradually grew in strength until I had to plead with her. “Please! Please! Turn them off! Turn them off!”

“Ah! That's very good. Now let's try the chastity tube's functions.”

Her fingers again danced across the keyboard and horribly, my now-armoured penis convulsed with a vibrating, buzzing that made me swell and extend fully inside the tube, completely filling it while I danced with reaction to the strong sensations, attempting to become erect and thus skewering myself completely on the long, ribbed, rubber catheter! I couldn't stop my instinctual writhing and attempted to bend over against the restriction of the upper body harness and the telescoping spring-loaded straps between the waist band and the collar, fingers scrabbling uselessly at the encasing armour of my manhood. The buzzing grew ever stronger and I groaned, then began to whimper unashamedly with frantic

need, but suddenly the sensations spiked into painful pulses! I fell to the floor as if I'd been pole axed, gasping and trying to howl, curling into a foetal ball, all the while grasping the tube and tugging frantically to try and get it off.

“Only one more, Mr Grantham and we'll be done.”

A flash of agony flared around my throat when the collar suddenly released a series of paralysing electrical pulses, but they stopped after an endless 10 seconds to leave me in shuddering horror and defeat.

“OK, Mr Grantham. Everything appears to be working just fine, so you can get dressed. As you have briefly experienced, your ACACA can be mildly entertaining, or quite painful and this is a design intention.

“FYI, the meaning of the acronym is: Associate's Chastity And Control Appliance. Your Governess, nurse Johansen, will have full access to all of the various components of your ACACA at all times and you should know that it requires both her finger print and other biometric data to operate. It would just be a useless hunk of metal and plastic in your hands.

“Now, please get dressed. We have provided a new, thin, turtle-necked sweater with long sleeves to partially conceal your collar and wrist cuffs, as I am sure you wish to be the case when you are in public. I will place other necessary equipment in the case and bring it out for you to take, but there is one last thing I must do. Please turn your back to me again.”

She reached into the case and out of my sight, removed one of the larger coils of black, flexible wire, moved behind me, then I felt a distinct click! at the back of my neck!

“What the Hell was that?” I demanded angrily, then jumped with a yelp when a sudden painful buzzing assaulted both my nipples and penis at the same time.

“Please keep a civil tongue, Mr Grantham! It's your regular tether. Most of the time it may not be used, but you will always know it's there. Otherwise, you are now also electronically linked and leashed to this remote control and for the moment are forbidden to move more than three metres

away from it at any time, unless an increase in distance has been authorised on the device by your Governess. Should you exceed the distance limitation, you will be remotely disciplined until you are once more within the pre-set range.

“Now, with your collar leash being readily available, you will adjust your trousers so that your crotch leashes hang with one down each trouser leg visibly and freely available. However, Governess Johansen may insist that they emerge from your crotch zipper to be available for her use. Before you object, Mr Grantham, I know that you will find this to be embarrassing, but it is also a requirement and your Governess insists on all leashes being readily available. She may allow you to conceal their presence. However, that is entirely her decision.”

I stood there, mortified to be seen like this, then, remaining silent, stared at her in horror of now being so tightly-controlled. I was gob-smacked at how rapidly my situation had escalated, but then I turned, went over to my clothes and began to get dressed. I'd only just started in the Research Programme and already my life had spun wildly out of control.

‘What in the name of God had I got myself involved in?’

Chapter Four

A Governess!!

Two minutes later, fully-dressed, I stood before Connie, then saw myself in the mirror. There was no avoiding the thrust of the breast cages against the sweater, with both the chest band and shoulder straps of the bra easily discerned through the thin material as well as the strap up my back from the waist band to the back of my collar. Otherwise, I looked pretty normal, actually, and nothing could be seen of my new waist band and crotch harness, but the restraints and curved metal rods going up the sides of my neck and into my ears were uncomfortably visible. Of course the most noticeable thing of my appearance was the two metre long, flexible, thick, black wire leash dangling from the back of my neck to the floor behind. Nevertheless, I followed her to the door and back to the main room where my new Governess, Nurse Johansen waited.

“This is our new Associate, Mr Grantham, Governess Johansen.” Connie stated, handing the remote control to her. “You’ve read his file and so know what is required. The limousine has been called and will be in the basement garage in a couple of minutes. Mr Grantham is all yours and so you now take charge from here on. Have a great day!”

Connie turned, placed the case on the floor in front of me, opened it briefly and withdrew a small coil, of the black wire, then handed it wordlessly to my Governess and strutted away while I diffidently checked out the imposing woman. Her grey leather gloved hand slipped the coiled wire into a discrete side pocket of her long black leather skirt while she wordlessly inspected me with cold, appraising eyes. I was intensely aware of the restriction and control my new metal underwear and felt my collar, wrist, and ankle the cuffs very intensely. Every time I moved now, I could not help but be ever more aware of the subtle control exerted by my new body harness and how it could be used to very easily make me do anything the holder of the remote desired and so, to have her stare at me like that,

knowing that she knew I was wearing it and the cuffs made me tremble nervously.

Governess Johansen was dressed in a severe-looking, ankle length, full, black leather skirt with a plain wide leather belt clasped tightly around her narrow waist. From the belt over her hip, a long, thin, glittering, finely-linked, steel chain looped down into the draped folds of the skirt, rising to disappear into a discrete slit pocket on the side. Under the stylish matching leather top, her blouse was what appeared to be a heavy white satin that concealed a well-endowed chest. She drew out the chain with a slithering sound, to reveal a small group of keys, then clipped on the remote and returned it to her pocket, all the while continuing to inspect me with a cold, calculating gaze. I could not help but think that she was some sort of warden in a prison, even though she was, without a doubt, a classic Nordic beauty. She had a strong oval face with long blonde hair that had been coiled into a pair of large loops over her ears, reminiscent of Princess Leia in the first Star Wars movie, and moved with graceful, calculated motions. I found her piercing, ice blue eyes and an air of cool command that more than a little daunting and then, at last she spoke in a low contralto voice, tinged with a northern European accent.

“Good afternoon Associate Grantham. First things first! I will only address you as AG from this point forward and you in turn will always address me as Governess. Do you understand?”

“Y-yes, Governess.” I mumbled, looking down as much as my wide, uncomfortable collar permitted.

“Louder, please!” she snapped, staring at me with a cruel smile playing around her full lips.

“Yes, Governess!” I said clearly.

“Excellent! Now, you will hand me the end loop of your collar leash, then pick up the case and walk ahead of me to the elevator. We will descend to the basement and get into the limousine, then proceed to your apartment.”

I did not want to be kept on a leash of any kind, especially one controlled by any woman, particularly this one! I backed away, continuing to face her and keeping the leash wire behind me, out of her grasp.

“Oh! AG! You wish to play games, do you? Let me see ... ah, yes! I have the answer!”

With a snap of the chain, the remote flashed out of her pocket and her fingers danced across the buttons, then her index finger stabbed down. Each of my nipples was immediately convulsed by sharply pulsing vibrations, and at the same time within the tube, my manhood was assaulted by wave after wave of intense, surging e-stim! I instantly collapsed to the floor, gasping and curled up with one hand's frantic fingers scrabbling to get into either of the cages locked over my breasts, preventing them from getting even close to my nipples in attempting to pry the disks off my chest. My other hand had automatically dropped to my crotch and was desperately scrabbling to somehow extract my penis from its armouring tube, also without success. Just as suddenly as the horrid electrical shocks had started, the sensations stopped and she spoke again.

“AG! Get up! That has been only a small, quite mild version of what any sort of disobedience to my commands and desires will bring. I will tolerate no more such demonstrations but if you persist, the next time it will be worse for you! Now, get up, take the bag and hand me the end of your leash like a good boy!”

Still sniffing and gasping, I slowly climbed to my feet, reached behind my back, took hold of the dangling wire and then very reluctantly presented it to her in abject surrender. She immediately slid her hand through the end loop and along the sturdy, very flexible wire until there was only a metre between her fist and the back of my collar.

“You will pick up the cases and begin walking, AG!” she snapped, continuing to hold the remote in her other hand, index finger poised menacingly. She turned to Connie and spoke as though I wasn't there.

“Connie, please make a note for the future. From this point onward the proper clothing an accepted Associate be required to wear immediately is to be a locked-on mid-thigh length full mini-skirt and where necessary, a floor length covering cape. This will allow unhindered access to both crotch leashes, and if the cape is worn, they can be fed through appropriate slits at the front and back.

“As well, it is my considered opinion that the new Associate’s upper covering should consist only of a tight sheep, sweater so that his bra and breast cages are visible at all times. As well, for footwear, he should be fitted with locked-on, 20 mm platform, 10 cm high heels to both control his ability to walk and run.

“Ah!” Connie smiled, “Yes, those are excellent suggestions and I will ensure that they become a part of the process. Thank you.”

I picked up the surprisingly heavy cases, then walked slowly ahead of Governess to the elevator while she followed, maintaining a constant tension on the tether between the back of my neck and her fist, ensuring that I was fully aware of her control. A firm jerk on the leash stopped me in front of the elevator’s door and I stood facing it with a flaming face.

An empty elevator car arrived and we entered, then she stood silently beside me with my leash looping down and back up to my collar, then when we reached the parking garage, I preceded her to the opened trunk of the waiting, long black limousine then placed both bags inside. The back door was held open by a uniformed, masked, woman chauffeur and I slipped inside. Governess Johansen slid gracefully into the seat beside me, continuing to hold my tether, and the door was closed.

“Lean forward, AG!” she snapped.

When I did, she reached to the seat back, looped the leash around the post holding up the wide head rest and pulled firmly on it so that my head and upper body were drawn onto the seat back, then there was the loud click! of a lock closing

and I was held sitting upright, shocked at being so quickly rendered into a leashed animal.

“AG,” she spoke clearly, “you had best become accustomed to the fact that from now on you will always be under some form of strict control, either by me, or by some other means, such as having either of your leashes locked to any convenient hard point, as I have just done. Now, move your feet forward separated!”

What could I do ? Nothing! I did as she commanded and she retrieved the coiled, short wire from her skirt pocket, and opened the locking catches on each end before bending forward, then deftly rolling down each of my socks. My ankle cuffs’ rings were readily available and a second later I felt a distinct click! on each, then she sat up, leaned over me and fastened my seat belt before her own. I moved my feet a few centimetres only to feel an immediate snub when the short hobble wire snapped tight.

“That’s right, AG, I have hobbled you and connected it to a ring on the floor. Most of the time from now on, you will be kept hobbled. 95% of the time your wrist cuffs will be linked to your belt, but for the moment I shall leave your hands free.” She knocked on the window separating us from the chauffeur. “Begin driving!”

I sat there as stiff as a board, held in place by the collar leash and my posture enforcing hidden harness, barely able to turn my head from one side to the other, then felt her hands at the zipper of my trousers and she drew it fully open to reveal my chastity tube and steel-cuffed testicles with their own leashes.

“Ah!” she sighed, “I see that you have been properly-equipped! Very good! How does this feel, AG?”

So saying, her gloved hand had grasped the leash wires and drew them fully out of my opened zipper, then tugged on them a couple of times at first gently and I felt myself again become erect within the penis-armouring tube, demanding some sort of satisfaction, but of course, that was impossible. Even mentally, I was becoming aroused despite what my mind was babbling

while she continued to torment me with stronger and stronger jerks on the intimate tethers and I had to grit my teeth while she smiled happily at my discomfiture.

Thirty minutes later the limo slid under the portico of my apartment building and Governess unclipped her seat belt, leant forward and tucked all but the prominent end loop of my crotch leashes into my trousers before releasing my hobble wire from the floor ring. She unlocked my seat belt and freed the collar leash from the head rest post, always with her hand through the loop and holding it firmly. When the chauffeur had opened the door, she slid gracefully out of the seat and stood waiting on the side walk for a moment, looking around, rippling my leash impatiently.

“Out!” she snapped with sharp command.

For a few seconds I hesitated and remained sitting, terrified of getting out and being seen by passers-by or another occupant of my building to be both leashed and hobbled, but when she reached to her skirt pocket, I quickly overcame my fear and almost leapt out onto the sidewalk, nearly being tripped by the too short hobble. We walked to the opened trunk as quickly as it allowed and I pulled out the cases, then stood beside her, my face flaming with embarrassment when a couple passed by on the side walk two metres away and looked at us, then the woman laughed and said something to her male companion so that he turned and stared intently at me.

“Bring the bags and go open the door, AG!” she snapped.

I picked them up and shuffled forward feeling the strict limitation of every pace, very mindful of the two cages pushing out the front of my sweater, then used my key to open the outer door of the building. Governess followed, leaving a deep loop of the leash to swing down behind me while we crossed the lobby to the three elevator doors, where she stood apart with my tether clearly visible while we waited. There was a gentle chime and the middle door of the three elevators sighed open and we waited while the six passengers inside exited, each of them looking curiously at both Governess and me. Obviously, her costume was startling and unusual and so

drew considerable attention, then they all glanced at me and saw my pronounced chest and the swinging leash wire leading to the back of my neck and the loops of the crotch leashes protruding at the front of my trousers. Shock flooded across the faces of the men and women while I stood there in red-faced embarrassment, but I only had to endure their stares for a few seconds before Governess pointed to the opened elevator car 's door and snapped another command.

“Inside!”

I took short, hobble-snapping paces then stood beside her against the back wall, then another couple entered the car behind us and turned to face the doors after a cursory glance at Governess and me, then made a more intent inspection, their eyes widening, but they said nothing.

“Twenty, please.” I managed to croak after they'd pressed the button for their floor, 30, and the car rose quickly and the doors sighed open.

“Out!” Governess snapped.

I picked up the cases and stepped carefully forward between the couple who had separated to allow us out, and heard them gasp when they saw the end loops at the front of my crotch and the long thick black wire between the back of my neck and Governess's fist. She ignored their stares and followed quickly then the doors slid slowly closed behind us, but before they closed fully, I heard the woman speak.

“Did you see what I did??” she exclaimed in a shocked voice. “He's wearing some sort of really strange underwear and she has him on a leash and his ankles are hobbled!!”

I didn't hear anymore and moved along the corridor in short, snubbed steps to the door of my apartment, put the cases down and opened it, and was about to enter when Governess snapped at me.

“Stay!” I froze and when she moved past me into the entry hall her hand snapped out to grasp the loops of the leashes protruding from the front of my trousers, then jerked them firmly. “Come!”

To say that I was humiliated would be to totally understate the case, but I picked up the cases again and entered my home, pushing the door closed behind me. I couldn't avoid feeling and seeing my leash while walking into the living room, then she moved past me with a rustling of her long skirt and the distinct tap of high heeled boots, my tether held firmly in her gloved hand.

“Put the bags down and step away from them!”

Governess picked up my case, popped the latches and reaching inside, took out a half dozen small but sturdy locks, then came to where I stood, uncertain of what to do next.

“remain still while I temporarily release your hobble, then you will remove your top and trousers, then cross your arms in front and move your hands over your opposite hips!”

Horribly, I knew what was coming, but even so, I did as she commanded because to do otherwise would bring on instant retribution from the remote control. In seconds each of my wrist cuffs had been locked to the rings on opposite sides of my waist and I stood there dressed in only my bizarre steel cage bra and the worse than no coverage of the chastity device. I was blushing aware of the two leashes dangling between my legs.

“Follow!” She commanded.

She walked to the balcony door, opened it, then stepped through onto the barren, two metre wide, wind-swept balcony with the high, steel-barred outer wall, and inspected the space, all the while continuing to hold my leash under tension, then she moved to the support posts.

“Outside!”

I gawked at her in disbelief, but was compelled to follow her insistent tension, then she grasped the crotch leashes and with a few firm jerks on them had wrapped their loops around widely-separated steel support posts and used locks to secure them! I stared stupidly at the thrumming wires, feeling their insistent, intimate, inescapable drag now held in place and unable to reach out and touch either of them. She brushed past

and in doing so grasped the back of my collar leash and keeping tension on it, pulled me backwards until the crotch tethers snapped tight and as soon as re-entering the apartment, quickly slid the heavy door as tightly-closed as it would go. She locked it in place, trapping the majority of my collar's leash between the door and frame, but on the inside! I barely managed to turn my head to watch, stunned, while she retrieved another lock from her pocket, and after knotting the end loop around the inside door handle, snapped it shut! I'd never invested in any outdoor furniture and so just had to stand there in the centre of the balcony, unable now to move either forward or backward! I could only shift to the side a little before one of the leashes snapped tight and so just stood there in still stunned misery.

'How was I possible that this all happened so fast??' was all I could think.

My latent masochism, until today mostly dormant, suddenly came to life again, and inside its armouring tube my manhood swelled and lengthened so that I felt the restriction of the tight encasement and I instinctually writhed my body attempting to somehow enhance the sensations with the tugging of the crotch tether, but the chastity belt worked precisely as designed and I became increasingly frustrated, then frantic to somehow satisfy my body's biological demand. I couldn't, no matter what I tried.

The day was pleasantly warm and so others were out on their own balconies enjoying the weather and one of the other occupants looked over and waved, but all I could manage to do was call a greeting in the way of acknowledgement.

Chapter Five

Becoming an Associate

Inside, now that I had been secured on the balcony, Governess thoroughly inspected the apartment. I thought it was pretty nice and had rented it completely furnished so that its two bedrooms had only to be moved into and my clothing put in the drawers. The furnishings were pleasant in a modern minimalist style with the latest kitchen appliances and I'd been happy here for the past three years, when not away on business. I'd kept the place well-stocked with food and alcohol and had arranged that once a week a maid would come in to clean, but other than that I'd had the place to myself and an occasional lady guest ... until now.

Governess walked slowly through the rooms, then took my suit case into the second bedroom and was out of sight for about 15 minutes, before returning to the living room to check that I was as she'd left me and after a quick glance, took her own case into what had been my bedroom. She was back much more quickly this time, then came to the door, opened it and released my crotch tethers, leaving my collar's one locked to the door's handle.

"In!" she commanded abruptly.

Happily, I re-entered the living room and stood before her, waiting for whatever she had planned next when she went to sit in my favourite chair.

"Sit on the floor in front of me, AG." She commanded, still holding onto my crotch leashes.

It was awkward to sit easily, thanks to the too short hobble and with my hands and arms cuffed to uselessness, but I eventually managed it, to end up about a metre in front of her rippling leather skirt, draped over her knees and falling to reveal her laced, medium-heeled boots.

"Here is what is going to happen for the remainder of the day, AG. First, you will be given another two of the prescribed pills, then I will escort you to your bedroom, free your arms

for the moment, and you will assemble the various bits and pieces you'll need for the coming trip to the Facility. Then you will box up your more personal items, leaving the rest for the packing agency to deal with.

“As a matter of security you will not be leaving this apartment until the limousine arrives to take us to the airport. You might have thought you could go out, but that is impractical because you will be leashed, hobbled and will remain with your wrist cuffs connected to the waist band of your chastity belt as I do not wish to make a scene or attract undue attention from the authorities if we were to leave this apartment between now and then. So, you will remain in your restraints until just before we clear Customs and Immigration procedures, then you will be restrained again.

“Here is the plan for the remainder of your time here in the apartment. This evening you will make a nice dinner for the two of us, clean the kitchen, complete your usual evening evolutions, then I will put you away for the night, waking you at the appropriate times to take the required medication. In the morning, I will partially-free you and you will do whatever it is you normally do, then you will make breakfast for us. You will spend the balance of the day finishing your packing and cleaning the apartment.

“Under my supervision only, you may call your friends and send emails to others, telling everyone you will be travelling abroad for at least a year and so wanted to touch base and let them know not to be concerned if they didn't hear anything from you for a long time. With no siblings and your mother and father having been nastily divorced five years ago we're not concerned because we are aware that you don't get along with either of them.

“You will be permitted to check your bank accounts to make sure all is in order. Then we will again have a meal that you will prepare, and after, clean up, then you will be put to bed early.

“The final day here will be an early one, as we will proceed to the airport sometime around 10:00. As I have already stated, during the remainder of the time we are in the

apartment, you will remain leashed, hobbled and with your wrist cuffs connected to your chastity belt's waist band. Other restraints will be applied each night as will be the case from now on. While we are here in the apartment, you will be sleeping in the guest bedroom and I will take the master bedroom. I have made suitable arrangements for your overnight restraints, so you need not contemplate any sort of chance to escape. Remember! You must always remain within three metres of the remote control!"

She quickly released my hands and arms and I stared at her for a moment, but when her hand moved again to the side of her skirt and drew on the chain connected to the remote I stood in front of her, again waiting fearfully for what was to come next.

"Ah, I see that you are a quick learner, AG! That is a good thing! Now proceed with your duties while I watch some of your insipid North American television. You are not to speak unless I tell you to. Now, get busy."

The remainder of the afternoon and evening passed quickly, then after we'd eaten and I had cleaned up, Governess ordered me into the second bedroom, now mine. When I walked into it I immediately saw the changes she'd made to the narrow single bed. All of the sheets and comforter had been removed and the mattress was now covered by a thick rubber sheet with even the pillow now rubber-covered. The top, thick rubber sheet lay rolled at the bottom of the bed while from the headboard, one of the flexible, thick, black-coated wires with an opened, locking fitting emerged from under the pillow, and at the bottom, another wire with an opened locking hook came from the foot board; also lying in wait on the sheet. On the side was a long, clear plastic tube with a fitting on the end, leading to a urine collection bag. On one bedside table was a large cloth bag and I wondered what it was for, but knowing that I'd soon find out. The other bedside table now had two semi-filled water columns sitting on it and from the top of these a long pair of wide diameter, corrugated hoses hung, waiting.

"Sit on the edge of the bed."

I did while she moved to me and produced two short wires, then clipped one end of each to a side ring of my chastity's waist band.

“Hands in front and hold still.”

What could I do but obey? She had the remote and would have no hesitation using it to subdue me or make me do anything she wanted and so I followed her directives meekly. She produced two, thick-skinned, rubber, deeply-padded, thumbless mitts from the small suitcase, then quickly pulled them onto my hands and buckled their fastening straps tight, rendering my hands and fingers useless and thus prohibiting any attempt at removal. I stared down at them, stunned.

“Hands to your sides.”

She quickly connected the other ends of the short wires to my wrist cuff's rings while I glanced up into her intent, harshly beautiful face and she smiled cruelly back, then reached to the black velvet bag and pulled out a gas mask, but this one had had its vision ports blacked out and too, came with some evil interior features!

“This is your sleeping mask and you are required to wear it every night until your permanent version is fitted at the Facility. Now, open your mouth to accept the oral cavity block when I move the mask to your face. Once it is in place, you will be able to drink, but unable to speak, although you will no doubt want to scream now and then.

“I don't want any ‘accidents’, AG and so you will be connected to the urine collection system at all times now as well.”

She pressed the end of the clear plastic hose onto the fitting at the end of the penis tube, then holding the fearsome mask looked up at me with a happy smile.

“Open your mouth wide, my dear.”

She raised the opened mask to my face and moved it to rest firmly on my skin, making the slightly too-large, flaccid resilient rubber gag pad slide deep into my mouth while at the same time, two intrusive tubes were pressed far up into my

nostrils. The pad went so far back that I almost retched but I didn't thanks to it having a slot in its underside, designed to encompass my tongue and I'd have been in serious difficulty, because it would have been forced back into my throat. In seconds she'd tightened the web of straps that secured the awful thing on my head, then locked each one, before next reaching to the side, pulling up the corrugated air hoses and screwing their fittings into their mates on the mask, linking me to the breath-control system of two, half-filled water columns. With my first attempted inhalation, nothing happened and the mask sucked tight to my face! When I attempted to inhale again, this time I was rewarded with air, but each inhalation took a small, conscious effort and was not the automatic, easy breathing if I'd been free of the mask. The water columns were intentionally designed to ensure a slight but noticeable resistance when air was drawn through them into the mask and I immediately got panicky and tried to yell for her to take it off, but the gag pad had been properly designed and I couldn't utter a thing; just make panicky moans. I sat shuddering with part-arousal, but mostly in terror of being kept in this thing for the next eight to 10 hours, unable to get it off.

“Lay on your side with your feet straight out.” She commanded.

I slowly reclined onto the cold rubber sheet, then managed to squirm onto my left side.

“Excellent. Remain still.”

Leaning over the bed, she reached down and clipped the wire from the headboard to the upper ring on the back of my collar, then moved to the foot of the bed and fastened its wire to the central ring of my hobble. A locking adjustment loop for each of the wires was tightened until there was a slight tension on each.

“You may roll onto your back, AG. You will eventually go to sleep, and to assist you, I will introduce a little anaesthesia into your air supply, but in the before that I believe you require a mild session of ‘entertainment’ to set the mood. Good night!”

A moment later she'd pulled a heavy black rubber oversheet over me and settled it fully so that it draped over the sides and end of the bed to the floor, then she strapped its corners to the bed frame lags so that I'd be incapable of kicking it off. In seconds, I began to sweat and felt myself sliding around between the rubber sheets, brought up short when my collar's leash snapped tight, then I attempted to sit up, but that action was instantly terminated by a firm jerk on my neck and my ankle hobble! I panicked and tried to jerk my hands free of their wire tethers to my waist, but all of my attempts to free myself did not change the situation one iota.

I didn't hear her close the door to my room thanks to the devices in my ears suddenly obliterating all exterior noise, and so just lay quietly in blackness and silence, waiting in terror of what was to come, frantically wondering again and again just what the Hell I'd got myself involved in? If this was just the first day as a "Research Associate" what must the rest of the programme be like?

I was almost asleep when a slowly escalating buzzing sensation enveloped my skewered manhood and my mitted hands bounced fruitlessly against the tube that armoured it while I gasped and writhed inside my rubber envelope, trying to curl into a foetal ball of protection only to once more feel the commanding jerks on both my hobble leash and the one to the back of my collar. The sensations went on and on, quickly driving me to a maddened frenzy, beating my mitts uselessly on the tube, frantic to escape the vibrating and pulsing teasing that slowly began to grow stronger and stronger, but then, to add to my distress, my nipples also came under the same type of assault! Under their protective cages the flesh and muscles of each of my breasts began shuddering and surging against their confining and controlling harnesses until I thought I'd go utterly mad from the tidal wave of intense nervous reaction to the electrical stimulation and I flung my head from side to side against the resistance of the high steel collar, still trying to jerk upright, but the sensations just kept on and on until I thought I'd go utterly crazy, then a couple of breaths tasted slightly sweet and I passed out.

I supposed it was three hours later when she spoke into my ear buds.

“It is time for your next pills. Suck on your gag pad to get water and the pills in it.” Then utter silence.

Still half asleep, I did as she commanded and felt the water and pills descend my throat and then drifted rapidly off to sleep again. Three hours later, the process was repeated.

I came awake in silence and blackness after a night of incredible nightmares, and for a few seconds wondered where I was and what had happened ... then it all came back. I writhed and jerked at my bonds, bathed in sweat within my rubber envelope, really disliking the constant all-over contact of the tight gas mask, then Governess spoke.

“Ah! So you are awake! It is time for your morning education and training session, then you will be released from your bed and complete your normal routine, but under my supervision, of course.”

Suddenly my manhood was once more pulsed with cascades of at first mild, electrical, buzzing shocks, but they stayed mild only for a minute before gradually increasing to a level that made me buck and try to scream inside the cloying gas mask, jerking madly against my bonds, attempting to pound my fists on the awful and tormenting tube between my legs. While I continued to flail under the sheet, again my nipples also received the same repeat treatment and I twisted and writhed from side to side, hips bucking crazily while attempting to kick free of the short hobble wire. I was left to be tortured like that for what seemed the longest time, but it was probably less than five minutes before she spoke again.

“I have administered this repetition lesson to ensure that you are completely aware that you are now fully under my control. I will not hesitate to immediately discipline you in that manner if you do not perform as I desire. Know also, AG, that you will continue to receive these lessons each night and again in the morning by way of reinforcement, while you are under my care.

“Now, I shall partially-release you and we will proceed to the bathroom for you to wash and have the appropriate bowel movements. After you have finished, I will escort you back to this room and you will be dressed for the day to come, then you will make us breakfast and clean up after. From that point you will then complete the remainder of your pre-travel arrangements such as letter writing, bill paying and, under my supervision, any e-mails you may feel are necessary to explain your coming long absence, with a break for lunch, then dinner.

“I shall keep myself amused, but will always have you under observation. Very well! Let us get on with the day!”

She released the straps keeping the top rubber sheet in place, then it was the work of seconds to release my collar and hobble from their restrictive wire leashes. Leaving my mitted hands still connected to my belt for the moment, she unlocked the gas mask straps and slowly pulled it off my sweat beaded head and face. The vastly uncomfortable nostril tubes slid out, then the huge thing that had kept me mostly silent came out of my mouth with a distinct plop! I worked my jaw for a few seconds, looking up into her uncompromising expression. She was once more dressed impeccably in the long leather skirt and a heavy white satin blouse, with the glittering chain looping down from her belt to a side pocket, all in all making her a very stern figure of female authority.

“Bathroom!” she snapped and I shuffled there as quickly as I could. Once inside, she looped my leash around the door handle and locked it, then opened the mitts that had made my hands useless and released the wires to my wrist cuffs, leaving them to flip back and forth from their connections on my chastity belt’s waist band. She knelt quickly and gracefully to release my hobble wire, however, all of my cuffs, the chastity belt its, armouring and torturing tube and my collar remained securely locked in place.

“Take your pills again and wash yourself thoroughly. Be sure to dry under your restraints. Call me when you are done.”

There was nothing I could do but follow her directions and so 10 minutes later called to her and after arriving in the bathroom she gave me a quick inspection, then without a word

re-connected my hobble wire; now also with a long leash from its central ring, and to make matters even more plain, she took the leashes from my scrotum cuff and connected one to each ankle

cuff, so that with every pace I was subjected to an intimate, insistent tug. It was the work of seconds for her to reconnect my wrist cuffs to my belt, but she cruelly added a 15 cm long wire between them as well, before freeing me from the door handle.

“Come!”

Grasping my leash in her fist, she required me to precede her back to the second bedroom and there the next shock awaited. All of my clothing was gone!

“No, AG,” she stated with authority “today you will not be wearing anything more than you are now. It is time for you to prepare breakfast, then you will complete your assorted tasks.”

I was unhappy about having to walk around so blatantly under her control, but she demanded that this be the case and I dared not complain for fear of her using the discipline functions of the ACACA. Cruelly, she set the devices to constantly tease me with low level buzzing and pulsing shocks that occasionally spiked to painful levels so strong that I’d fall to my knees and frantically fight against my restraints, wailing and pleading for it to be stopped, only to have her look on without pity, a small, happy, cruel smile curving her lips.

And so the day passed while I took care of all the remaining details of my life, trying to become accustomed to my wrist cuffs limitation’s and being hobbled and leashed all the time. Every three hours she ensured that I swallowed the pills that had been prescribed, then soon after we’d eaten dinner, she commanded me to return to the second bedroom. Once inside, I had no choice but to allow myself to again be put down for the night and so by eight PM was once more sealed and locked into the hot rubber envelope of the bed, gagged inside the gas mask, securely restrained and struggling to control my terror of what was to come.

The masochistic part of my personality cackled happily in the background while I waited.

Seemingly hours after she'd finished securing me for the night, I suffered through another long period of the teasing, tantalising, buzzing, and pulsing vibration assaulting my armoured, inaccessible manhood, nipples and breasts. As before I was once more soon writhing and twisting instinctively and increasingly frantically against my restraints, trying to scream against the gag inside my locked-on gas mask, desperate for her to stop the mind destroying torment. Of course it did no good whatsoever, and after driving me nearly mad, she next used extreme e-stim to make me buck, shudder and wail before at last feeding the sleepy gas into my air supply.

Chapter Six

Intake Procedures & Scheduling

The next morning was a repeat of the previous day, then after the usual evolutions, a couple of cups of coffee and some toast, Governess made me get dressed in casual clothes: the turtle-necked sweater with long sleeves and a jacket over it. She was dressed in her usual severe skirt and blouse combination, now wearing the matching jacket, and sat in the most comfortable of chairs in the room, but before doing so, had me stand outside on the balcony with my wrist cuffs connected my waist band, wearing the hobble and its leash as well as the one from the back ring of my collar, then she had closed the sliding door on them both and locked it there so that I had only the smallest amount of freedom.

I had no choice but to stand there and wait for the limousine to show up, then at 10 o'clock, the intercom buzzed and announced that our ride was waiting at the front door. Governess quickly released me from captivity, ordered me to pick up the suit cases, and grasping both my hobble leash and the one from the back of my collar, followed me out the door and along to the elevator. I was terrified of being seen by one of the building's other occupants, but no one appeared and so on the ground floor I hurried across the lobby to the front door, with Governess trailing, tugging on the collar leash to make me slow down. The same masked and uniformed chauffeur stood by the opened back door and I dropped the bags beside her, then slipped into the back. Governess followed immediately and as before, quickly had me restrained on the seat with my neck's leash around the head rest support post, my ankle leash's centre ring locked to the floor ring, and held on the seat by the seat belt.

The ride to the airport was uneventful and we were driven around to the south side of the airfield to the Executive Terminal where we were met by Connie. Governess slipped from the car after freeing my tethers from their connecting points, then, continuing to control them both, followed Connie

and me to the luxuriously appointed Executive Lounge and I thanked God that we were the only ones using it. Of course, my restraints and leashes didn't bother Connie a bit despite my flaming face and obvious embarrassment, and she said that the aircraft would be ready in short order then I'd be on my way to a new life.

Little did I understand how "new" it was going to be!

About ten minutes later a sleek, gleaming, LearJet 85, taxied onto the ramp and stopped in front of the lounge, then the door dropped open and a sharply dressed flight attendant appeared. Connie went out to meet her, then turned and beckoned for us to come aboard. I had to walk slowly ahead of Governess with her tugging frequently to make me slow down. The passenger cabin of the aircraft was money personified and Connie bade us farewell, then the attendant helped us get settled, closed the hatch and went into the galley compartment. The cockpit door remained closed while Governess got me settled into the huge arm chair seat, then inside of two minutes had me restrained fully, complete with the horrid gas mask and its huge internal gag being locked in place for the flight.

I barely heard the engines hiss to life and we were soon taxiing out to the end of the runway, then short minutes later, we were climbing out over the Strait of Georgia, turning to the south and crossing Galiano and Salt Spring Islands. Even though blinded and deafened, I knew from previous trips that the aircraft was continuing to turn to the south-east while climbing steadily, passing east of Seattle, then Mount St Helens off to the west; still impressive from over 14 km in altitude, even though I couldn't see it. With the initial excitement of departure out of the way, and restrained in the chair, I sat back and tried to relax, unable to view the passing scene, but truth to tell, there wasn't much to see. The mountains were lost in the haze from the still-burning forest fires in Oregon and California, except for a few peaks here and there, then the attendant appeared from her niche in the galley and asked if Governess would like anything to eat or drink. Given that she'd skipped breakfast, she was no doubt ravenous and asked what was on offer. A few minutes later the attendant

presented her with a delicious omelet and bacon and a pot of coffee while I sat silent and ravenous, but unfulfilled.

She advised Governess that our planned ETA at Denver was 16:30 where we would clear Customs and Immigration, then do a ramp transfer to the helicopter that had already been arranged. It in turn would transport us to the Research Facility; about a 45 minute flight, deep into the mountains. Governess and the organisation behind her had my transport well in hand, but in the meantime I was bored to distraction until she fed me another two pills, then I dozed for a bit, seeing as how the exciting part of the trip was done, or so I thought. The attendant appeared some time later to ask Governess if she'd like a drink, but I didn't hear what was ordered and I think it as an hour later that we began our descent into Denver International. Governess removed the helmet and freed me of the seat restraints, the wrist cuff's restraint wires to my belt, the hobble wire, and both of my leashes. As well, I had to wear the jacket buttoned up to at least partially conceal the out thrusting breast cages, even as shallow as they were, then she cautioned that she would continue to control me by using the remote, and that I was to provide only yes or no answers to any questions by the officials. Half hour later the tires chirped when the pilot greased the plane onto the runway and taxied to the Customs area to be cleared. The formalities were quickly dealt with right there on the aircraft, then the door was swung up and we moved across to the Executive Terminal where a small helicopter waited. During this short transit, Governess refastened my leashes, hobble, and wrist cuff wires, then my actual transfer between planes was done in about two minutes. I was soon refastened to a seat and she made me accept the gag for the final part of the trip. The airfield dropped away behind while we climbed steadily, headed off to the south west, I think, and the ground began to rise into foot hills, then small mountains with the vegetation going from arid, semi-desert, to thick coniferous forest while we flew deeper and deeper into the wilderness. I wondered just how remote the Facility was, as I could see very little of any kind of civilization, not even logging roads.

Eventually, we descended onto a helipad on the roof of one of the two low, modern, fortress-like buildings, completely surrounded by high spruce and pine trees, but what I couldn't see was that inside the surrounding trees there were two, five metre high, electrified, razor wire fences; each separated from the other by a ten metre gap. The inner one was designed to prevent any exit from the Facility's grounds and the outer was to prevent entry. This security was complemented by both proximity and motion/vibration detectors and dozens of high-definition, all-weather, infra-red capable, video surveillance cameras: every one with an over-lapping field of coverage to its neighbours. If I'd known of any of these systems at that time, I'd probably have attempted to chicken out of the whole endeavour, but by then it was far, far too late.

After the helicopter's blades had spun down and come to a halt, a set of doors on the side of the helipad slid open and a pair of very attractive nurses emerged. These statuesque women were dressed in old-fashioned nurse's uniforms; these with longer skirts, dark blue aprons, and wearing proper nurse's caps. One held a remote control and guided a self-propelled, very sturdily-built chair over to the hatch of the helicopter and the door popped open when they reached the side of the aircraft.

“Welcome back to the Facility, Governess Johansen!”

“Thank you Danielle! It's good to be back with a fresh Research Associate for you to take on his special journey.” She replied. “As you can see, he's been introduced to his initial sets of restraints and controls and is wearing the ACACA. He has yet to become fully accustomed to it, but I have done some initial training and he is now quite obedient.”

“Ah, we hoped that would be the case, as in the past when you've been the escort. It just makes things so much simpler. Now, if you'd be so kind as to get him seated, we'll go inside and get the Admittance and Orientation process underway.”

I looked dubiously at the chair because it appeared to be more of a hospital-type of restraint device and how right I was became evident at once.

“Mr Grantham, please have a seat!” one of the nurses said quite firmly. “It’s our standard procedure and so we’d like you to enjoy the experience.”

I could only nod reluctantly, then stepped carefully down from the helicopter and slid onto the thinly-padded seat.

“Excellent!” said the gabby one. “Now just hold still while we get you secured.”

On each side, one of the nurses clipped my already-tethered wrist cuff’s rings into fittings on the chair’s arm rests and pulled small levers underneath so that my forearms were pulled down onto them. Rigid cover plates were flipped over my hands and clipped shut, locking my fingers away, then a wide belt was passed around my waist and it too was drawn tight. Both Nurses knelt and connected my ankle cuff’s rings to its leg rests, also somehow pulling them in so that my legs were immobilized. Of course it was inevitable that one of the rings at the back of my collar was also soon fastened to chair and tightened, leaving me with a very limited ability to turn my head.

“Let’s get moving. We’ve got to get you settled in your Intake Accommodations. I think you’ll find that everything there will more than meet your expectations, and no doubt exceed them substantially in many ways, especially during the remainder of your stay.”

That turned out to be the understatement of the year.

As soon as our little party reached the edge of the helipad, the aircraft’s jet engines once more spun up with a hissing whine and the blades began to rotate more and more quickly, until with a sudden leap it departed like a rocket. I wasn’t truly enjoying the ride in the chair thanks to the strict restraints, but then a few seconds later we entered the building and began an interminable journey through a maze of wide, mutely lighted, pastel-painted corridors, but none had any windows. It was the last time I was to be outside for a long, long time.

After the first short conversation, the two Nurses weren’t at all talkative and the silence of the place was more than a little unnerving, but this was only first taste and it would continue

and grow far worse while I became more and more fully enmeshed in the Research Programme's processes. At last we reached a plain panel at the end of a long, institutional hallway and one of the Nurses used a key fob remote to open it. The door silently retracted about five cm, then slid sideways into a pocket, but it didn't register with me at the moment that there were no handles. The chair took me into the centre of the room then stopped and I attempted to look around, while behind, the thick panel slid silently out of its pocket and closed then the Nurse who'd spoken previously began explaining what was in my future.

“You'll spend the next few days getting in the groove, so to speak, and this suite of rooms will be your temporary quarters, Mr Grantham. Governess Johansen will be staying with you for a few more days in order to familiarize you with all of the provided amenities and generally look after your needs. I'm confident you'll find that everything you need is available, but will only be provided if Governess permits it.

“We will escort you to the other parts of the Facility where you will be subject to further testing, then you will be measured, then the necessary medical procedures will be performed in our on-site operating theatre as was detailed in your contract, after which you'll spend a brief time in recovery. A few days later, you'll be taken to be fitted with your Full Ensemble, together with all of its accompanying appliances. Once this has been accomplished, these will be worn during your entire time here at the Research Facility and by that I mean 24/7/365.

“Upon completion of these initial preparations, equipment testing, and calibration, you'll be taken to the Residence Area of the Facility in which all our Research Subjects are kept while participating in the Programme. You'll then be completely set-up for the comprehensive research procedures, having become a full participant in the regular scheme of things. It is unlikely, but at some point you may get to meet other Research Subjects, although the circumstances of those meetings will seem quite strange. Just as an FYI, all of our Research Subjects are exclusively male and so the only females you'll meet will be the Staff Members of the Facility.

She leaned forward and removed my gag before continuing.

“We are all fully-trained medical professionals and will do our very best to ensure that you have an ... ah ... interesting life while you’re with us. Now, do you have any questions, Mr Grantham?”

“Uh, well, I’m pretty scared about what’s happened to me already! Also, what’s going to come! You’ve mentioned that there will be medical stuff and that really concerns me.”

“Of course, and that’s perfectly understandable.” She smiled down at me, leaving me still fastened to the chair. “The procedures are reversible and will be accomplished prior to you returning to your regular life. You should know, also that beginning today, you will begin the special drug regime that the Facility requires for its Research Subjects. This ensures that there are only accountable differences in the results we expect to achieve. There are substantial amounts of hormonal additives that are an integral part of your food, and effective today you will stop taking the interim pills for they will no longer be required. With these stronger additives, similar to the pills you’ve been taking, you’ll notice a substantial increase in the sensitivity of your skin and become much more emotional, but too, there will be the other developments that were mentioned at the end of the interview after you signed the contract. You might find them to be somewhat disturbing. However, these too are all necessary to achieve the goals of the Programme.”

“This all sounds really scary!” I said nervously struggling a little against the chair’s restraints.

“Well, Mr Grantham, it’s all part of what you signed up for.” She stated matter of factly. “Now, let me lay out the schedule for the next days.”

“Yes, please. I like to know what’s in store.” I managed to smile ruefully.

“First of all, you’ll not be told in advance of all the details, but will learn of them and their effects both during and after the fact. This is done to ensure that the results are accurate

because of the spontaneity of your reactions to the wide variety of experiments and procedures you will be subjected to.

“Now, as I mentioned, over the next 24 hours, Governess Johansen will ensure you become fully familiar with this suite of rooms and you will take your meals here, also. Just so that you’re not too concerned by the fact, you should know that this room is a secure environment and you will be under constant observation to ensure that all is well. Governess may grant you access to hi-speed internet and a very powerful computer, but all messages in and out are passed through our secure server and monitoring staff. You may watch and research whatever you wish by means of the computer and it too will supply whatever TV programs or movies of any kind, that Governess permits you to view. If you’d like hard copy books to read, we have a substantial library and of course, on-line access to anything that has been digitised.

“Whatever non-alcoholic refreshments you’d like are available in the en suite refrigerator and pantry, but we’d ask that you do not overindulge, please.”

“OK, thank you. However, I never thought that I’d be kept in a golden cage and restrained and leashed all the time!”

“Our experience over the years, Mr Grantham, has dictated that this is the safest and easiest way to get an Associate right to the meat of the research effort and so that’s the protocol we follow as a matter of standard operating procedure. Even though these rooms are very secure, you will remain leashed and at least partially-restrained at all times, while also under the control of your Governess, and especially so in the future when she is no longer your companion.”

“OK, I guess I have to live with that. So, what’s the schedule?”

“The balance of today is rest and relaxation here in your suite. Day Two ... tomorrow, the first thing is that immediately after breakfast, all of your body, limb and head hair will be completely removed and the first injection of an alopecia-inducing drug will be administered to inhibit further growth of

any hair: arms, chest, legs, arm pits and pubic hair, as well as all head hair, including eyebrows and eye lashes. This will be the first of a series of five daily injections.”

“Good grief!” I was shocked by this development. “Why is that being done?”

“A perfectly reasonable question, Mr Grantham.” She smiled. “The removal of all hair provides the cleanliness and sterility necessary for your Ensemble to be properly applied and easily maintained. This state also makes that much easier to accomplish and allows difficulty-free application of the special appliances you’ll wear during the time of your participation in the Programme.”

“Uh, OK. But it sure is strange!” I grumped. “And, what the Hell are these ‘special appliances’ you’ve mentioned?”

“Unfortunately, Mr Grantham, I’m not at liberty to disclose those details.” She said very positively. “Their application and usefulness are all a part of the process and so you will discover and get to know their effects after they have been fitted and you have had some experience wearing them.

“Now, let me get back to the hair removal for a moment. You’ll quickly become accustomed to the lack of it and thus the increased sensitivity of your skin. You may even elect to maintain the hairlessness, when your participation in the Programme comes to an end.

“After the hair removal has been completed and you’ve had lunch, Governess Johansen will escort you to the Fitting Room to be measured for your personal Ensemble. You’ll find that process to be very detailed and time-consuming with some rather ... ah ... intrusive procedures. Given the nature of these, it will be evening before all is done, then you’ll be returned here for your dinner. I have no doubt that it will be an early night for you after a rather exhausting and somewhat traumatic day.

“On Day Three, you’ll be in the Initial Testing Lab for a base-line evaluation of your reactions and stamina. Mostly, this will involve ECG and CAT scans in combination with time on a treadmill and other exercise machines to evaluate

your oxygen intake, heart health, and a host of other pertinent data. Another blood sample will be drawn at that time and that will become a weekly occurrence. To make everything easier, we'll provide a series of pills to relax and free you of any inhibitions.

“These evaluation procedures will take most of the day and you will find them to also be quite tiring. Naturally, we'll take breaks for meals, but the day will be a long one.

“This is all pretty involved!” I exclaimed, taken aback by the depth and complexity of what I had become a part of, but this was just the beginning, even though I didn't yet realise it.

“Yes, I'm sure it's all somewhat overwhelming, but again, it's part of the Induction and Orientation process that all of our Research Associates go through. Please don't be overly concerned, OK?”

“Early on Day Four, you'll be taken to Operating Theatre and given a general anesthetic so that all of the necessary piercings can be done with minimal discomfort for you when they are made, then the initial parts of your special appliances will be mounted.”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa!” I gabbled in alarm. “What's with the piercings and what are these ‘special appliances’ you keep mentioning?” I asked again.

“Mr Grantham!” she snapped with sudden iron in her voice, “You have agreed to enter fully into the terms of the Contract to become a Research Associate and as I have already explained, I am not at liberty to disclose any details to you. Please just accept that this will happen as we need it to be done.

“Day Five will be one of rest and recovery. Only the smallest effort by you will be permitted so as to enhance speedy healing and provide time for you to become accustomed to the first of the appliances you'll then be wearing. You should know right now that they are permanent and non-removable while you are in the Programme and you will be unable to adjust them by your own efforts. Only we

can do that, and even then, they will only be removed at the end of your participation.

“On Day Six, you’ll be returned to the Fitting Room to receive the complete Research Associate Ensemble, together with the balance of your appliances. As an FYI, we fabricate everything here at the Facility in our dedicated workshops in order to get the very best of results and to ensure complete confidentiality. Some of the appliances you’ll be fitted with will certainly seem strange and without a doubt, will for the first month or two, be rather uncomfortable. However, be assured that they are required and necessary to ensure that the best of all possible results can be obtained. Most of the fitting of these will be accomplished after you’ve been given a general anesthetic.

“God damn, this is all beginning to sound really scary!” I exclaimed with rapidly-growing worries mushrooming in my thoughts.

“Oh, I assure you that it’s all quite necessary Mr Grantham, and you are being paid very well for your participation.” She stated emphatically, then continued. “Once we’ve got everything completely fitted; and that will take most of the day, you’ll be returned here for the night and that will conclude your Intake and Orientation Procedures. Governess Johansen will return to her regular duties and so, early on Day Seven, you’ll be taken to the Research Wing for the final series of equipment calibration testing.

“Once you’ve been fully-installed and with data acquisition sensors connected, you will spend the balance of that day and night while we calibrate the devices precisely to your physical and mental profiles for the most effective results. These sets of tests are required to ensure that all of the various components of your Ensemble and all of the appliances are functioning properly and will do so to their full potential at later points in your personal programme. Even if uncalibrated, your Ensemble is more than capable of generating strong sensations, but, after calibration, the effectiveness and your perception and sensations of what is

happening to your body and mind will be 10 times more intense.

“Early on Day Eight, you’ll be taken to your chamber in the Residence Area, where, after being secured, you’ll then be fully connected to the various devices and registered with the computer Programme For Male Research Subjects (PFMRS). From that point on your personally tailored programme will commence and you will be required to experience the full gamut of the Programme’s procedures on a 24/7/365 basis for the balance of your participation. You will without a doubt find the experience to be vastly challenging. Do you have any other questions, Mr Grantham?”

I was staggered by the information she’d laid out, but for the moment could think of nothing further to ask and so just dazedly shook my head what little I could manage. I wondered where all of these rooms she’d mentioned were in this Facility, seeing as how there’d only been two medium-sized buildings visible when we’d landed. Little did I know at the time, but the actual Facility and nearly all of its various chambers were deep underground; having been built into the mine shafts and tunnels of an abandoned sliver/lead/zinc mine.

Apparently, the Foundation was wealthy beyond comprehension and the interior of the former mine had been made into an extremely secure research institution with the surface buildings being only the Administration, Initial Processing, and the Facility’s Master Control areas.

I was released me from the chair’s confinement, then a moment later they left the suite with the now-empty chair preceding them. Just before I’d been freed from it, Governess had taken control of my leashes and locked them both to a heavy floor ring with enough length so that I had a chance to inspect where I’d be living for the next week, then she sat at the computer table and watched while I explored.

Chapter Seven

First Day & Night

The large accommodations were pleasantly laid-out and had a huge bathroom complete with both a tub and a fantastic, multi-head, shower enclosure. The main area was a large bed/sitting room and came with a luxury, queen-sized bed centred on one wall, then across from it on the other side of the room was another piece that at first glance, I could not discern its use. It was a two and a half metre long, thick, 50 cm wide, plank-like beam, supported at its centre by a thick hydraulic cylinder with a complex-looking joint. The top was lightly padded, covered with a thick, black rubber, and spaced along its one side was a half dozen wide straps with mating, locking buckles on the other. Centered on each end was a ratchet-type tightener with a locking hook at the free end of its strap and I knew who would be on the bed and who would occupy the plank! A ceiling track surrounded the long plank thing and at each end of the track, thick rubber curtains hung all the way to the floor so that the entire area could be sealed off from the main part of the room.

There was the usual assortment of other hotel room furniture, and the decor was California Modern, whatever that was. The ceiling was high, probably about three metres, so it was a comfortable environment all things considered. In one corner was a computer set-up with a pair of huge monitors that would double as a TV and as with higher class hotels, there was a leather-bound book on the desk containing a list of applications available both locally and on-line, as well as all of the games that one could possibly imagine. Another page listed other amenities and how to order anything I desired, if it wasn't already available in the suite. A wide selection of meals had its own pages that I could order, subject to Governess's approval.

Upon inspecting the room in more detail, to my surprise I discovered that there were no closets or other storage spaces that would normally be present.

‘Strange.’ I thought, then moved out to the limit of my dual tethers and inspected the window from a metre away. It was huge: floor-to-ceiling and wall-to-wall, and although impressive in size alone, I discovered it was also very secure when I reached out and rapped on it with my knuckles, hearing only a dull thump and seeing no movement. Beyond the triple-paned, armoured glass, a vista of dense forests stretched to distant, snow-covered peaks, leaving no doubt at all that I was deep in the primeval wilderness, despite having every possible comfort.

In front of the window a pleasant-sized table had been laid with a meal setting for two, and upon further reading of the booklet, it described a panel that slid out of the wall on the side of the room and it would present any of the meals or drinks that were ordered. The booklet asked that when finished eating, all the dishes and cutlery be returned to the tray so that they could be removed and cleaned. Despite the comfort and provision of all the amenities, it had become more and more obvious that I was, in fact, resident of a glorified prison and it looked like I’d only be able to get out of my contract by completing it as a ‘Research Associate’.

It had been a long and tiring day and after inspecting the new, even though temporary, quarters. Governess made me take two more of the pills, then, still leashed, I lay on the bed and soon fell asleep; awakening a couple of hours later with a huge appetite. She still sat at the computer doing I don’t know what and so I asked if it would be OK to order my dinner. Her agreement was swift and said she’d use the computer to get what she wanted while I asked the air for a large, medium rare steak dinner with all the trimmings and the computer voice answered that our meals would be presented in 10 minutes.

When a chime sounded, a pair of pleasantly-presented gourmet meals appeared and I carried them to the table and enjoyed the food and a couple of soft drinks,. I didn’t notice any difference in the taste, despite the food being heavily-laden with the hormonal additives that were now a substantial component of anything I ate or drank and would remain so from that day forward. After finishing everything, I dutifully placed the dishes and cutlery back in the still-open drawer,

then sat quietly for an hour or so trying to come to terms with my new life, having turned it all over in every respect to The Research Facility. Governess presented me with another two pills and I dutifully swallowed them with a small sip of water.

“AG, you will disrobe then go to stand by your bed ... not the regular one you had a nap on. I will adjust it, then you will remain still other than for movements at my command, while being secured for the night. Do not speak!”

Normally in my previous life, I'd kept pretty much to myself and not spent a great deal of time talking to others, but to be forbidden to do so was a shock and disturbing. Those aspects would grow into huge mountains once the full complement of my 'appliances' had been fitted.

I walked to the side of the room and took off all the clothing I could while still wearing my restraints, then stood quietly when she removed my hobble wire and freed my hands so that I could step out of the trousers and slip out of the turtle neck sweater, being naked but for the gleaming steel of my bra, chastity belt, collar and cuffs. While I disrobed she used a remote to raise the long plank on its hydraulic piston, tilt it almost to the vertical, then moved a step stool to its front and beckoned to me to come to her.

“Step up on the stool, turn your back to the bed, then lean against it.”

Governess immediately flipped a wide black rubber-covered, metal mesh strap around my waist, over my already tight chastity belt's waist band, passed it through its locking buckle then tightened it and locked it so that the small of my back rested on the raised bolster. She brought down wide straps from the just behind my shoulders and clipped them to a waiting fitting at the centre of the waist strap, leaving them loose for the moment over my breast cages. Pushing my hands down and slightly away from my body on the sides of the plank, she passed more of the wide straps around my biceps and wrists then tightened and locked them as well. My legs were next and straps soon encircled them just above the knee and at the ankle and were drawn tight. Doubly ensuring that I'd be unable to move them, she connected each ankle cuff to

the other and brought up the end strap, then clipped it to their inner ankle rings and with a few quick flips of the ratchet, pulled them out completely straight.

“Time for your sleeping mask, my dear. “

Even though I'd been forced by her to wear the awful thing for the past two nights, this time I was truly frightened because now I was in the Research Facility and there was no possibility of escape. She lifted the ugly thing to my face and opened it, then moved it to my face and pressed on it, once again forcing the slightly resilient, too-large rubber gag pad all the way into my mouth while at the same time, the two intrusive plugs slid far up into my nostrils. All of its straps were quickly locked and my sensations of being imprisoned were arousing ... at first ... and I felt myself harden and extend inside the chastity tube, but then fear came to the fore and I began to shake and try to call out for it to be removed. She disregarded my growing terror and next linked the thick strap from the top of my bed to the upper back ring of my collar then tightened it so that my neck was drawn down and onto the wide rest for it, immobilized completely.

The shoulder straps were tightened next, literally gluing me onto the plank bed, then she rotated it back to horizontal and brought up a purpose-designed, custom-fitted, thick, black rubber sheet. This was pulled completely over me, right to my collared neck, before the half dozen clips on each side, three on the bottom end, and four at the top were fastened into their fittings. With her work for the day done, Governess relaxed and enjoyed the evening, doing whatever it is that folks like her do.

I was now ready to spend my first night at the Facility.

By this point of my engagement with the Research Programme, I knew what was coming for the night but aware of the length of the torment or the severity that would be used. As had happened the previous two nights, violent sensations soon began to assault my breasts and captive manhood, driving me quickly to maddened struggles against the tight bonds of my newest bed, if it could be called that. Eventually it ended leaving me a sodden, gasping wreck inside my tight

rubber envelope and I fell into a deep sleep. My dreams were strange, and I suppose had something to do with the additives and although I awakened a few times in a light sweat, I again fell asleep quickly, not knowing that a tranquilizing gas had been added to my air supply.

The following morning after being again subjected to my morning 'lesson' Governess partially freed me and after standing and moving I looked out the window to find a grey sky and rain thrashing strongly against it. She wordlessly tugged on the leash that remained attached to the back ring of my collar and I staggered to the bathroom to complete my usual morning routine, but didn't bother to shower or shave. Governess ordered breakfast and by the time I'd finished drying off, it had been delivered. I was about to put on a pair of pajama trousers and a top, but she ordered that I remain naked, other than for my restraints and the ACACA. I wasn't sure how soon the hair removal would be done and so dawdled over the meal and had a couple of cups of coffee, while Governess sat watching.

There were no clocks in the rooms and even the one in the computer display had been disabled, so I had no idea of the time, other than by making an estimate while looking out the window at the swirling clouds and intermittent blasts of rain slashing across the forest. It was mid-morning, I estimated when the door opened and the two nurses appeared once more with the powered chair preceding them.

Chapter Eight

Shaved & Contact Lenses

“Good morning, Mr Grantham! I trust you enjoyed the meals and a good sleep.” The gabby one spoke while the other just seemed to be along to keep her company.

Both women were statuesque, with firm, well-developed bodies and despite their uniforms being rather out-dated, they were both quite beautiful. I instinctively realized that they, individually, like Governess, were very capable physically and either could easily subdue me if I decided not to do what they requested. I’d never had the experience of meeting these kinds of women before and the experience was especially intense being already being kept under control by my leash and restraints and I was more than a little intimidated by all of them.

“Good morning.” I smiled tentatively.

“Mr Grantham, I’m nurse Joan and my associate is nurse Danielle.” She smiled back at me.

“Thank you for telling me your names. I assume that I’m about to have all of my hair removed and get my alopecia shot?”

“That’s correct, Mr Grantham. First, we’ll do the injection, then Governess will release you temporarily from your ACACA so that the removal of all your hair in the shower stall will be complete. Please go there now, we’ll be with you in just a moment.”

Governess stood and with amazing speed, freed me of the ACACA, but left me still wearing the collar, belt and cuffs. I sighed with the relief of being out of the restrictive harnessing and writhed and stretched for a few seconds. Even freed of it, she kept me leashed and a moment later locked it to a floor ring just outside the bathroom then returned to her seat and a pot of tea when the two nurses followed me.

“Don’t be embarrassed by being naked and on a leash in front of two strange women.” they smiled. “As Nurses here at the Facility, we’ve seen it all hundreds of times and so nothing surprises us. I guess you could say that we’re pretty jaded.” She said with a laugh, and I although I should have been running screaming away from this place, I felt a little more at ease.

A moment later Nurse Joan came in with a syringe and a swab, then gave me the shot in the left biceps. She was good and I barely felt the needle at all.

“Now, using this cream, please lather up all over, head and face included. Once you’re completely covered, we’ll wait a few moments for it to take effect, then we’ll rinse you off and wait a minute or two before doing it again. Keep your eyes fully-closed at all times when using the cream on your head and face. It’s pretty nasty if you get it in your eyes. We’ll leave you to it then. Just call when you’ve got it all done and we’ll wait a couple of minutes before doing the second part of the hair removal combination.”

Thirty minutes later I’d dried off and had become as bald as a fresh-laid egg. Where normally I’d had a little bit of hair on my chest and a good pubic bush, now it was all gone and I felt every breath of air. The skin of my legs was pale and smooth and my male plumbing package was equally as hairless, then I ran my hands and fingers over my head and face and encountered no hair whatsoever. I looked in the mirror and was shocked to see how suddenly androgynous I now appeared without eyebrows or eye lashes, but apparently, this was the desired result of the depilation and I’d remain this way until the long-term alopecia drug wore off. Little did I realize then that after a couple of booster shots of the drug, my hairlessness would become permanent, despite having been told that it would be reversible. When I looked in the mirror again, I noticed how much my breasts had swollen and saw that my nipples had enlarged, projecting even more prominently despite the restriction of the breast harnessing. I brushed my fingertips over the tumescent flesh and experienced an immediate pulse of sensation suffuse each growing mound, then turned to the Nurses.

“Jesus! These are incredible!” I whispered, shuddering.

“Yes,” she agreed with an evil smile, “it’s quite an impressive enhancement process and proceeds very rapidly, so you had best prepare yourself for their coming further increase in size and sensitivity. The increase is the reasons you’re receiving the treatment to make your metabolism, even though male, grow fully functional female breasts and nipples while at the same time they will be even more strongly enhanced for sensation than normal female ones. As well, you’ll soon discover that their increasing weight will alter how you walk because it changes your centre of gravity.”

Without thinking, I unconsciously stroked my newly-forming breasts, bulging against the glued on disks centered over my rampant nipples, again brushing my fingertips lightly over the covers that armoured them, shuddering from the delicious sensation, then looked up.

“I assume it’s time for me to get measured?”

“Correct. Please sit in the chair and we’ll proceed. By the way, your new look is most impressive. Given the growth, we’ll loosen the straps for the disks after we re-fit your ACACA. Now, just slip into the dressing robe and we’ll get you along to the Fitting Room to be measured.”

I shrugged into the fluffy, terry cloth robe, then sat and relaxed into the padding, feeling the neck rest and the cupped portion for my head seeming to enfold me. I couldn’t move out of it, what with the back ring of my collar having clicked into a locking receiver. Governess appeared at my side with my leash now disconnected from the floor ring, and quickly secured my arms, legs, and waist to the chair as had been done the day before. As was intended by this process, I felt myself to be very much a prisoner. A second later the chair turned and moved to the opened panel in the wall, then we passed through and out into the maze of corridors with the escorting women following closely.

Curious, I looked down as best I could while wearing the wide collar and the things still fastened into my ears and tried to inspect the structure of the chair, but what I wasn’t aware of

was that it could be tilted back and out flat. Its rests were wide and cupped, accommodating my arms in shallow depressions and the back rest cushioning conformed to the curvature of my spine. Below the seat was a pair of wide, bifurcated rests that also had slots on either side of the shallow depressions for my thighs as well as others below, at ankle height. Nevertheless, the chair was comfortable and I forgot about these decidedly different arm and leg rests while we moved quickly through the building. I guess the entire trip took about five minutes and included a surprisingly long descent in an elevator, but eventually we arrived at another handle-less door panel and it slid silently aside so that we could enter a large and pleasantly-furnished, although clinical room.

“Good Morning, Mr Grantham.” said another of the statuesque women enthusiastically, standing beside what appeared to be an operating table, while off to the side was some sort of trapeze arrangement, a set of old-fashioned scales, and a counter, covered with all sorts of devices.

“Hello.” I replied simply, then waited, very much intimidated by the four beautiful and very confident women.

“I’m Doctor Thorsten and I’ll ensure that you are properly measured for your equipment. Then, two days from now, I will be the one fitting you into the full Ensemble and affixing all of the appliances you’ll wear while you are a Research Associate.”

“Pleased to meet you, ma’am.” I replied and waited to hear how things were going to unfold.

“Very good!” she replied with a smile. “First, we’ll start by getting you weighed, then do all of the normal measurements of a human body, as well as your head, limbs, and digits. The majority of these will be done by a set of three axis laser scanners, so when you are in position and told to remain still, please do so, or the data will be corrupt.”

“Yes, of course.” This seemed pretty straightforward and certainly beat employing a measuring tape and having to write out all the information. “But what about the stuff I’m already wearing?”

“The scanner has a sub-programme that recognises the materials of your cuffs and collar and belt and so will easily fill in the blanks. For the more ... ah ... intimate measurements ... these might prove to be somewhat uncomfortable, but when we’re all done, you’ll be put into the full ACACA ensemble again and you will continue to wear it for another few days.

“Those measurements will be duplicated when I have you on the trapeze, or lacing bar, if you prefer.” She pointed to the dangling, metre long bar and I saw the padded cuffs at either end and shuddered nervously. “We employ that because the human body flexes and stretches when suspended. After those measurements have been completed, we’ll move to the more intimate and detailed ones.”

“Uh, OK. What do those consist of?” I asked warily.

“Well, first you’ll be placed in the Measuring Frame, then positioned for easy access to your body’s and head’s orifices. The Frame is capable of being rotated through any axis and once you’ve been mounted and secured, we’ll proceed. Would you prefer to be sedated before those measurements are taken?”

“Y-y-yes, I think so. This is all very disconcerting, and scary.” I said with a trembling voice.

“Certainly. I do understand your concerns and so I’ll complete the necessary procedures as speedily as possible, but you should know as I’ve already mentioned that some of them will be decidedly uncomfortable.”

“Very well.” I replied resignedly, realizing that it was going to happen whether I wanted it to or not from all appearances. “Let’s get at it. Just tell me where to go and what to do.”

“Thank you. Now, before we go any further, I need to fit you with a pair of black-out contact lenses because we employ sight-damaging lasers for these sets of measurements. So before you’re released from the chair, I’ll pit them in then you will wear them for the balance of the day, until returned to your suite.”

“So, effectively I’ll be temporarily blind?” I asked with some alarm.

“Yes. I’m afraid that’s the case, but we’ll guide you as is needed.” She smiled reassuringly. “Now, the chair back will bring you to a semi-reclined position, then you’ll need to open your eyes as widely as you can, and hold still while I place the lenses. After they’re seated properly, your Governess will release you then I’ll guide you through the measuring processes.”

“I certainly want to keep my vision intact!” I said nervously.

“And we want to ensure that you do. Please open your eyes as wide as you can because the lenses are quite large and by doing so, that will enable them to slide right in.”

A few seconds later I was partially reclined, although still thoroughly restrained, and I stared up at her imposing figure while she used an applicator to pluck one of the large, cup-shaped lenses out of its tray of sterile solution, then holding my eyelids apart with gentle, gloved fingers, she carefully slipped the right side lens onto my eye ball and a few seconds later placed the left one. I blinked rapidly for a minute and the lenses slowly slid into their proper positions, so that they covered the entire front part of the eye ball, going deep between the eyelids and the actual eye, leaving me staring into absolute, depthless blackness. Even knowing that I could see if the lenses weren’t there wasn’t very reassuring and I gasped, then slowly settled down and began breathing normally. I really didn’t like it at all, but there was no way I could object and so became utterly dependent on the Nurses.

“Excellent, Mr Grantham! You’re doing very well indeed. Now, your Governess will release you, then please stand and I’ll take your robe, then guide you over to the scanner platform.”

The locks holding all of the restraint rings of my cuffs and the straps snapped open and I moved to stand, assisted by the nurse, then stood carefully, swaying back and forth while I

slipped out of the robe until she placed my hand on her shoulder.

Chapter Nine

Exterior Measurements

“OK! We’re going to walk ahead about three metres, then you’ll step up into the platform. Here we go.”

Her hand urged me to walk slowly ahead, but I was very hesitant and not a little embarrassed by my utterly hairless nakedness. We stopped a few seconds later.

“There are two steps, Mr Grantham, then a pair of slightly raised foot platforms. Just take it slow and I’ll get you into position, then tell you when to remain motionless, OK?”

“Got it.” I replied and stepped carefully forward and found the first step. The second was easy but I was really glad of the assistance, then with her other hand, she had me move my feet on to the slightly raised foot prints on the platform.

“Great. Now raise your arms over your head and place the palm of each hand on the bar you’ll find there.”

Still swaying slightly back and forth, I reached up and found the bar, then did as she’d asked.

“Very good. In about ten seconds, you’ll hear a single low chime and that means that you must then remain motionless until a double chime sounds, because the scanners will begin their tracking two seconds after the single chime. No talking from now on.”

The chime sounded and a prolonged humming of slow moving machinery surrounded me. The lenses obliterated any light from reaching my retinae, then she spoke again.

“The bar will now move down and in front of you and remain at shoulder height. Please rotate your hands so that they are palm up, fingers and thumbs widely-separated.”

Sure enough the bar did as she said it would and I followed her directions, feeling not a little foolish, standing bare-ass naked in front of four quite beautiful women while a detailed map and measurement of my body was taken by the laser

mapping device. It seemed to go on forever, but then she told me to stand on the balls of my feet, as high as I could manage and I suppose more measurements were taken of my legs and feet. I began to quiver with the effort of maintaining the tip-toe stance, but just then she spoke once more.

“Very good! We’ve completed the initial mapping just to get an idea of your topography, so to speak. Now, we’ll do the full process and it will take nearly an hour and a half to complete. If you need anything before we begin, please tell us now.”

“I’d like to use the bathroom then get a drink of cold water, please?”

“Of course. A moment while we assist you off the stand then guide you to the washroom. We’ll give you the drink when you are returned to the scanning stand.”

A few minutes later I was back then the entire sequence repeated, but this time the process was much longer and at last I was assisted from the dais and taken to sit on a high stool beside one of the other measuring devices. Each of my hands was held on a cool glass plate and palm down the first time and palm up for the second while the laser scanner did its work. Not much happened for a moment or two while I was given another glass of water and told to drink it all. There was no real taste even though it contained a heavy dose of the hormonal additive. My feet were the next to be measured and that was done by placing them flat on the surface of a scanning plate.

“OK, Mr Grantham. We’re done for the moment. Now we’ll do the trapeze suspension to get more data on your body structure.”

“Uh, OK” I said. “Can these blackout lenses be removed yet?”

“No, sir. As I mentioned earlier, they must stay in all day while we do the measurements because of the lasers, so you’ll just have to adapt to being blind for the rest of the day, I’m afraid. If you’re ready, we’ll complete the next sets of measurements.”

“OK.” I grumbled then stood and was guided over to the trapeze bar by her holding my upper arm.

“Just hold your hands out in front so that I can affix the suspension wrist cuffs, then I’ll do your ankle cuffs and after that you’ll have a few seconds before being elevated for the measuring process. Any questions so far?”

“How long will this suspension last?” I asked nervously.

“Essentially this is a duplicate of what you did for the first set of measurements, so you’ll be up for about two hours. When it’s completed, you’ll get a brief rest period before being placed in the Measuring Frame for the more intimate measurements to be done.”

A second later each of my wrists had been encircled by a wide leather cuff that was quickly strapped tight, then I felt the same happen at my ankles, and wondered just what the Hell I was actually being measured for. The low chime sounded and my hands and arms were drawn into the air above me, then my feet came off the floor. The nurses pulled my legs wide apart using thick clinical type straps connected to the ankle cuffs, then I was kept that way when they were connected to floor rings. Needless to say I felt very, very vulnerable. I’d never actually experienced true bondage in my kinky adventures in the past, but now was getting a forceful introduction to the experience. Actually this was not needed, but done nevertheless to condition me a little to the situations that were soon to come.

What seemed like a day later, the measuring while suspended came to an end and I was let down and quickly freed of the device’s wrist and ankle cuffs, then one of them drew me over to the wheel chair and I sat with thanks.

“OK, Mr Grantham, we’ve completed the exterior measuring processes. Now it’s just about time to get you into the Frame for the balance of the measurements. You’ve asked for a light relaxant, so here’s a couple of pills and a cup of water to wash them down. We’ll wait about five minutes for them to take effect, then proceed.”

“I guess the sooner the better.” I replied then opened my mouth for the pills and she held a small paper cup of water to my lips that I gratefully swallowed. They retired to the far side of the room and had a low-voiced discussion while I settled into a more and more relaxed state, almost falling asleep. Nothing further happened for the longest time while I sat enfolded in blackness, then slowly I began to feel numb and somewhat like a wet dish rag. The prospect of having mechanical devices inserted into the most sensitive orifices of my body didn’t seem to matter, but little did I know this was just a small fore-taste of what was to come.

“Mr Grantham? How are you feeling?”

“A little nervous. Kinda lackadaisical.” I mumbled, half asleep.

“Excellent! Now, let’s get you into the Measuring Frame and we’ll proceed. Just follow my prompts.”

Chapter Ten

Intimate Measurements

I stood, wavering back and forth, then was escorted to the Measuring Frame. It was probably a good thing that I couldn't inspect it in detail, for it resembled some sort of modern torture device. At that point the nurses quickly removed my all of my cuffs and the collar and it felt wonderful to be free of the controlling devices.

I was prodded backwards until a wide, padded rest pressed into the small of my back, then, to hold me in place, a wide cinch was drawn tightly around my waist. Next, each of my legs was positioned in a shallow trough, to be immediately immobilized with wide, rubber-covered, woven metal straps at mid-thigh, below the knee, and at the ankle.

My arms fell naturally to the sides, also resting in shallow depressions on padded rests and they too were quickly strapped down by means of wide bands above each elbow and another at each wrist.

“Now, Mr Grantham, it's time for your head to be restrained. Just relax while I fit the harness and neck band, please. After that, you'll have to open your mouth wide so that I can insert the jaw separator, then we'll proceed with the measuring processes.”

“Is all this really necessary?” I grumbled, feeling almost light-headed.

“I'm afraid so. Just hold still and I'll have you done in a jiffy.”

She slipped a network of narrow, thick cold metal straps onto my bald skull and quickly went to work adjusting and locking it in place. It had a wide strap across my forehead that went all the way around my head and from the centre front over the bridge of my nose, another wide strap went up and over to the back, to hang down loosely for the moment. At the crown of my skull, a wide cross-strap descended to above my ears and on each side held a wide shallow, domed muff that

fully-encompassed each ear and below these a short strap also hung loosely ... also only for the moment. Built into this network was a series of brain wave sensors and those would also be monitored as a part of the measuring process

“Very good, Mr Grantham!” she enthused, “Now, lean forward as far as you can for a moment and I’ll fit the testing collar then connect the head harness to it. When I do, you’ll find that the your ear muffs will remove all sound and so you’ll also be deaf. However, you’ll be able to hear me through the speakers when I feel that you need any information. Lean forward, please.”

My neck already rested on a cupped bolster, but it dropped away for a moment and as soon as it did, a wide, formed, cool band was passed completely around it, then tightened until uncomfortably snug. The over-the-head strap was slipped into a buckle at the back of the neck band and tightened, then she did the same on either side, pulling the muffs firmly against my skull and immediately deafening me. The head strap had become very snug and now that the entire harness had been connected to the neck band, it could not be moved or escaped. I felt something clipped to the back of the collar, then my head was pulled back again until my neck had been pulled tightly against the bolster. Another connection was made at the crown of my head and it too was tightened so that I could not move it at all, then there was a loud click and the nurse spoke quietly.

“Excellent, Mr Grantham! Now, just open your mouth as wide as you can and keep it that way for a moment so that I can apply the jaw spreader.”

The drug had made me become very compliant and so I opened my mouth as far as I could against the restriction of the high collar and one of the nurses slipped the spreader’s rubber-padded steel hooks over my front upper and lower teeth, so it could not be escaped. There were the small ‘snick’ sounds of ratchets and in seconds, my mouth had been jacked wide open, so much so much so that I felt that my jaw might become unhinged. With my hands and arms restrained as they now were, I could only wait for what came next. The relaxant pills

had certainly worked and so I just lay back. Another click sounded and she spoke again.

“Now, we’ll place the EKG sensor pads, Mr Grantham, then please keep your tongue still because I’ll be placing a laser measuring probe in your mouth and it will scan all the nooks and crannies. Together with your dental records, and some impressions we’ll take in a few moments then we’ll have a complete picture of your mouth in three dimensions. It will take about five minutes to complete this part of the process, then we have to make additional measurements of your head, ears, throat, and trachea.

“Unfortunately those will be rather uncomfortable, but won’t take too long to do. However, the necessary devices and equipment will remain resident until the full sets of measurements have been completed.”

I sensed the laser scanning probe being put into my mouth and so remained still until another chime sounded. Why did they need all of these measurements?

“Very good, Mr Grantham!” she said enthusiastically. “Now, before we go any further, we need to check the extensibility of your tongue. This will also prove to be rather uncomfortable I’m afraid, but will take only two minutes. Kindly stick your tongue out as far as you can and keep it extended.”

I followed her command and then a pair of forceps clamped painfully onto it and slowly pulled harder and harder, drawing it out a further two cm! I attempted to howl for the process to be stopped, but couldn’t manage it and so just had to try to withstand the awful tension. At last the clamp released my tongue and I gratefully sucked it back into my mouth, gasping from the terrible process, then she continued as though what had just been done to me was the most normal thing in the world.

“It’s time for the next probe to check your oesophagus length and acceptable inner diameter. First, I’ll spray the back of your tongue and throat with a topical anaesthetic, then we’ll

wait a couple of minutes for it to take effect before we do those measurements. Please remain as still as you can.”

With my mouth jacked so wide open, it was no problem for her to slip the long nozzle of the sprayer all the way inside, then with a couple of gentle puffs, the sweet tasting medication covered the back of my tongue and throat. Nothing further happened for the next minutes, then whatever the device was, it entered my mouth and began to descend my throat! I bucked and fought my restraints, for a moment attempting to retch, but it's progress was inexorable and it continued its journey into my body until it was pressed through the sphincter at the upper end of my stomach! The sensations of this being done were quite awful and I could not help surging against the restraints, but of course, that was why they were employed.

“Very good!” she said with great enthusiasm. “Now I'll check out your sinuses and trachea as well.”

It was a good thing that I didn't see the set of thin probes while she readied them. A couple of seconds later I felt their metal-tipped ends slipped into my nostrils, then move further and further up into my sinuses! They emerged at the back of my mouth and descended into my wind pipe, proceeding deep into it! I could still breathe, but the amount of air I got with each inhalation was barely enough. I have no idea of how long the nurses kept me like this with both my throat and air way filled by the awful tubes, but at last they were slowly withdrawn. Gasping with relief, even though I'd been given the relaxant drugs, was a great relief, but then she revealed the next horror.

“Now, Mr Grantham, we'll measure your lower orifices. They too are ... ah ... somewhat uncomfortable and take fairly long to complete, so please be patient.”

With a subdued hum of an electric motor, the Measuring Frame rotated slowly until I was laying on my back, head down with my buttocks presented, but then, the parts to which my legs were strapped, slowly spread apart and bent at the knee placing me in the most vulnerable of positions imaginable. I moaned with embarrassment, but they

disregarded my distress and proceeded without pause, coating the crease between my buttocks with a lubricant gel then force some of it into my body!

A blunt shape was slowly touched my clenched sphincter then the cone-shaped measuring device began pressing inexorably into my body. I'd never been penetrated down there and it was an awful introduction to the use of a butt plug, but the sensation of its increasing insertion became more and more awful. Its increasing girth swelled to a huge diameter, but then, it popped fully inside my lower bowel and the horror eased somewhat, but no matter how I clenched and attempted to force the thing out, my efforts amounted to nothing. Strangely, an erection happened and my penis swelled, lengthened and strained. Now, I'm certainly not against enjoying an erection, but this was pretty weird!

“Ah, I see that you have a strong libido, Mr Grantham!” she exclaimed happily while I flushed scarlet with embarrassment. “That’s excellent and just what we’d hoped would be the case and so, the next measurements will be much easier.”

All sound cut off and I was again left in blackness and silence, then a wide band was wrapped around my scrotum, forcing the testicles down, and next I felt some sort of lubricant slathered over my straining manhood! It was slowly slipped into a large bore, soft-rubber-lined tube, then sucked deep into inside by an irresistible vacuum! The ribbed, rubber liner immediately began to pulse rhythmically up and down its length and deep in my belly, I felt the onset of an orgasm, but then, a long, thin catheter rod was inserted into my urethra and pressed all the way inside and up into my bladder! My incipient orgasm almost dissolved at that point, but the tube’s liner maintained its squeezing and suckling action and my hips again were soon bucking and writhing instinctually.

It was inevitable that I suddenly spasmed and felt the jets of sperm being forced around the urethral sound, gasping and moaning frantically, all the while maniacally fighting my restraints. Thanks to my struggling adding endorphins to the

orgasm, my mind quickly dissolved into incoherent fragments, but of course this was the expected and intended result.

I eventually came back to full awareness in a haze of post-orgasmic sensation, but still blind and deaf! In addition, I remained fully-invaded with the tube down my throat into my stomach and the nasal tubes into my trachea, as well as the horrific butt plug and the deeply probing urethral catheter into my bladder. It was too much to bear and I began to howl as best I could, desperate for release from the torment, but the so-called measurement process was far from being finished! The nurse spoke and confirmed this, then revealed the next horrific stage.

“Ah! Mr Grantham, I see that you’re back with us again. You’ve been very good and reacted precisely as we’d hoped you would. There’ll be a rest period now for you to recover from your ... ah ... ‘exertions’.” she chuckled with a hint of evil enjoyment, then explained the next stage of the measurement procedure.

“Now, Mr Grantham, after you’ve returned to a normal breathing pattern and your blood pressure comes down, we’re going to measure your responses in depth to various levels of stimuli. Unfortunately, I’m afraid that you’ll find these measurement procedures to be rather strenuous also, I think would be the best way to phrase it. So, we’ll give you an hour to recover, kept just as you are now, then I’ll be back to continue the evaluation.”

I was alone again in blackness and silence and naturally struggled against my restraints as much as was possible, but there was no escape and I just had to lay there, exposed and horribly vulnerable for what seemed like hours until there was a click in my ears.

“We’ll begin by testing your noise level toleration, then there’ll be a bladder volume measurement and a colonic enema measurement. When they’ve been completed, you’ll then be measured for response to various patterns and strengths of electrical stimulation. We’ll know when you’ve reached your limit with any particular measurement procedure by your EKG and brain wave pattern responses.

“Here we go!”

The test began with a low level humming in the head phones that slowly increased in volume and timbre until my head felt as though it was a giant drum being madly beaten by a demented demon, but then the noise changed to become a high level screeching that made me scream with the pain of it. At last the sound died back to just the deep buzzing, and the other measurement procedures began. My bladder was slowly pumped full of warm water until I felt as though it would explode through my abdomen and I wailed and fought my restraints madly, then it was emptied to half of the full volume, but I was still extremely uncomfortable. The next horror came with the filling of my bowels by another flood, this time a cold liquid and this made me howl again, unable to escape the cruel assault of the sensations. I was forced to retain the fluids in my belly, but then the next phase began!

These were the electrical stimulation tolerance levels she'd mentioned only briefly. The butt plug suddenly came to life and its electrical pulses immediately made my anal sphincter clench tight and release with increasing frequency, but then the electrical shocks became sharper and horribly painful until once more I screamed and writhed frantically in the Measuring Frame. They died away quickly to be immediately replaced by the next sets from the voracious vacuum tube still suckling strongly on my penis!

At first I experienced only a low, throbbing buzz through the whole length of my straining manhood that made me shake and quiver from the delightful sensation, also simultaneously feeling the constant irresistible suckling and squeezing of the tube. Of course the end result was that I was soon rocketed into another orgasm, even stronger than the first that had been forced upon me! I couldn't stop my attempted howls, shaking and writhing manically while the sperm pulsed from my body around the skewering catheter. It didn't stop, but then the sensation of buzzing and throbbing climbed slowly to become higher in frequency and pulse pattern, turning me into a frantically thrashing puppet. I don't know how long it went on, but I lost consciousness and stayed blacked out for a long time, but then eventually came to awareness again, and I found

myself lying flat in the measuring frame, still deafened and blinded.

“Hello again, Mr Grantham.” The disembodied nurse’s voice whispered into my ears. “You’ve been very patient and have done exceptionally well. We have confirmed that you are indeed the Candidate we have been seeking. However, we have one last set of measurements to make. What we need to check is the response and sensitivity levels of your developing breasts. This will take about two hours to complete properly, then you’ll be done with the measurement procedures and we’ll return you to your quarters. I’m sure you’ll just want to rest after we’re all finished because it will have been a long and difficult day.

“Now, please remain still while I apply the contact gel then fit you with the measuring cups.”

I desperately wanted to be freed of the throat and nasal tubes, as well as the butt plug and the unceasingly voracious penis tube with its intrusive catheter, but had no means of making my desires known and so lay quietly, waiting, then I felt a light pressure directly on both of my nipples, as well as the firm pressure of a rim surrounding each of my breasts. These began to press tightly onto my chest and for a moment nothing more happened.

“Very good, Mr Grantham. We’ll begin the measuring process by first checking the response levels of only your breasts and nipples, then we’ll check the response levels again, but that time, in combination with the sensations from the other devices you’re fitted with. Here we go.”

A light tingling began to suffuse each of my breasts, radiating inwards to the nipples from the edges, and due to the heavy doses of hormones having been, and continuing to be added to my food, my breasts had become considerably larger and were now extremely sensitive. I shivered with the sensations of the at-first-mild and tantalizing stimulation, but then the mini-pulses of electricity slowly became stronger and stronger, changing through a variety of pulse patterns and frequencies until I was thrashing mindlessly against the straps securing me to the sturdy Measuring Frame, but this wasn’t

the end ... only the beginning! The pulses died back to a constant buzzing and throbbing sensation, then a strong vacuum was applied and I immediately felt my breasts swell outwards even more to become painful and supremely sensitive, then to my added distress, my nipples responded by becoming strainingly erect!!

I have no idea what the mental gymnastics were, but my penis once more surged erect within its measuring tube, demanding satisfaction! I struggled instinctively to get at either the maddeningly suckling tube or the things assaulting my breasts and nipples, but was too thoroughly and tightly secured and my more and more frantic struggles were of no use. Added to this, being blinded and kept deep in a soundless void, I had become singularly focussed on those areas of my body, then with a painful tugging, my nipples alone were tormented by a higher vacuum that sucked and released, then stayed sucking for far longer than the release times. To add to my distress, then too, only my nipples received the electrical stimulation and it became stronger and stronger with each passing minute! I writhed frantically, trying to shake the terrifying devices off my chest, but their Lamprey Eel-like vacuum was so strong that they didn't budge at all!

This process lasted for the longest time before gradually tapering off, even though the reduced vacuum continued to suck in pulsing waves at my chest and crotch. The procedures began again and this time in combination with the butt plug and the penis tube becoming active at the same time! All of the previous tests were done once more, but this time with varying combinations, until at some point it all became too much and I fainted, then was out for an unknown time.

I came awake at last, laying naked under a light sheet and blanket on the bed in my quarters. My throat was sore, but now I could see again! As well, my behind and chest were very tender to the touch but I reveled in the freedom from all of the horrid devices I'd been required to accept for the measuring process. Governess sat at the computer, glancing over at me occasionally, and I felt sweaty and ravenous all at the same time, but the shower called out far more strongly than my stomach. Governess saw me come awake and

released my hobble wire and collar leash from the bed and a few seconds later I was thoroughly enjoying the spray of warm then hot water. My skin had become far more sensitive than it had ever been before, especially now being without any type of insulating hair, and my breasts had swollen to the point that each was now definitely a distinct organ, complete with a large, protruding and vastly sensitive nipple! I dried off carefully, then ordered my meal.

An hour later after finishing off everything on the plate, a wave of tiredness swept over me and Governess, took me to the plank bed and secured me for the night, leaving me still leashed to a near-by floor ring. I had almost become accustomed to being so strictly-controlled and now always kept leashed, so just accepted it and my night time immobility; this, of course, being part of the conditioning processes that the Facility employed on all new entrants o the Research Programme.

Chapter Eleven

Treadmill Terrors

I came awake late the next morning and as always, struggled against my bed restraints for a few moments of panic, then realized where I was and what had happened so far. Governess soon arrived and removed the cover sheet and my gas mask and gag, then turned my head to see heavy rain still lashing across the window from a grey and turbulent sky. I ached all over and so when she released me from the bed's restraint network, I headed for a hot shower, then an hour later had eaten another large breakfast while we waited for the Nurse's to show up again with the powered chair.

The wait was nerve wracking because I remembered that today was another one of evaluation and testing, but there really wasn't much I could do about it, being kept in the sealed room and completely unable to alter the course of events. I tried not to think of my confinement as being imprisoned, but in truth, that was exactly what it was and so I sat at the window front table, clad only in a dressing gown, my leash trailing down my back and over to the floor ring.

The suite's door slid noiselessly open and the two Nurses came in with the chair preceding them as usual.

“Good Morning, Mr Grantham! I hope you had a good sleep?”

“Yes, I slept like a log.” I replied, perhaps a little sarcastically. “Yesterday was very tiring, but I guess you know that, what with having had others go through the process.”

“Oh yes. Your experience and reactions are pretty standard for all of our new Research Associates. Now, we'll be off to the Initial Testing Lab for your next set of measurements. As was mentioned, these will take the full day to complete, and again they will be very demanding because, essentially, you'll be exercised to the point of exhaustion. Now, please take your seat in the chair and we'll be off.”

Ten minutes later we entered what looked like a miniature gymnasium, complete with all of the usual exercise machines, but in addition, there was a computer, a ventilator and gas cylinders on a cart, complete with a pair of long, black, corrugated hoses, various monitors, and an EKG machine on its own stand, and a blood pressure rig as well. Upon looking more closely at the all of the machines, I couldn't help but notice that each was equipped the with the locking, wide, rubber-covered, woven metal straps and they scared me more than I cared to admit.

“OK, Mr Grantham, in a couple of seconds I'm again going to fit you with the black-out contact lenses and a pair of sound-deadening, blue tooth, ear plugs. After that you'll be fitted with a waist cinch that has a harness to hold an external catheter tube . This device will allow us to measure the fluid your kidneys process in terms of both volume and chemical make-up and, as well, It is also equipped with sensor and electrical stimulation pads.

“Your length of pace will be controlled by means of ankle hobble wires connected to your ankle cuffs, then we'll get you onto the treadmill, connect the safety straps, the EKG pads and their cables, your urinary catheter hosing and the cables for it, then fit you with your air mask and helmet before we begin the measuring procedures.”

“Uh, why do I have to wear those things?” I asked with worry.

“The reason ear plugs and contact lenses are employed is to prevent any sort of visual or auditory distraction during the testing and measurement procedures. The cinch is to attach safety traps in case you stumble and I've already explained about the catheter. The sensor pads in the catheter tube will allow us to monitor your blood flow and temperature and the stimulation pads will be used to check your response and also be used to ... ah ... encourage you to maintain a given pace set on any of the machines. Now, if you'll just tilt your head back and open your eyes as wide as you can, I'll pop your lenses in again, then fit the ear buds.

“After that we will add the waist cinch and fit your external catheter. A vacuum will be employed at all times to ensure that your penis remains inside the tube and it will increase in strength during some portions of the process. After that’s all hooked up and operating, we’ll fit you with the air interchange measuring mask and helmet, then you’ll begin.”

“I guess there’s no other way.” I grumbled, beginning more and more to feel like some sort of laboratory test animal. How right that was I had no idea!

Glancing nervously over at the strangely configured, oversized treadmill I noted the sturdy, Inverted U frame at the centre between the ends of the five metre long, 1.25 metre wide belt. On either inner side of the curve of the U, a very sturdy, dangling strap hung in waiting, then I saw the others that lay along the belt from connected to the end frames; each also fitted with large snap hooks. These were connected at the centre of the under the gantry and I wondered what their purpose , but then I tilted my head back and opened my eyes.

The lenses were placed and once more I was blind and virtually helpless, then my freedom was only seconds long before a wide collar was wrapped snugly around my neck and secured. She pressed the ear buds into place, deafening me instantly, then my robe was removed and a wide cinch was passed around my waist and drawn in until it was very tight. Five cm wide straps were flipped over my shoulders and buckled tight, then I once again felt a gentle hand slathering some sort of semi-fluid gel over and around my manhood. Being as helpless as I was and feeling horribly vulnerable, the kinky side of my traitorous mind, obviously enjoying my harnessing and preparation for the ordeals to come, suddenly created an erection that had me straining outward and that’s when one of the nurses slid the long, cool tube down its length, right to my lower abdominal wall. A wide cupped strap was passed back between my now-trembling thighs and drawn up between my buttocks through a buckle at the base of my spine, then at the front, near where my pelvic bones were, just in front of my hips, a strap on either side was tightened so that the catheter tube was held securely in place.

They walked me slowly to the treadmill and gently prodded me to stand on its wide belt, then move to its mid-point. I felt vibrations at my waist and shoulders when they connected the safety and positioning straps from the gantry's top and sides. Within two minutes a dozen and a half sensor pads had been stuck to my hairless chest with others on my head then the nurse's voice whispered into my ears.

“It's time to fit you with your air mask and helmet, Mr Grantham, but before we do that, you'll need to open your mouth to accept the oral cavity block that will ensure you breathe only through your nose. There is a water line connected to the mouth filler and to get a drink, just suck on it. Open wide, please!”

I was about to protest against having to wear another of the claustrophobia-inducing masks so soon after being freed of the one I'd had to wear during the night, but as soon as my mouth opened, she immediately and forcefully pressed the large gag pad between my teeth then continued her pressure to get it all the way inside. I stopped my resistance and opened wide to ease its entry, but even so, her pressure on the over-sized mouth filler remained constant, so in seconds it resided completely within my mouth. It wasn't truly uncomfortable, because my tongue had slithered into a designed-in slot on its underside and my teeth had slipped into pockets designed to accept them, so it filled my mouth completely, but kept my front teeth separated by about 15 mm. It had been intentionally designed to be slightly too large for my mouth and so I naturally bit down to ease the strain. However, when I did, it forced out all the air that had remained trapped around the mouth filler and it sucked tightly onto my teeth and palate! I couldn't speak now, no matter how I tried and that was to be doubly-ensured. A full gas mask was quickly pressed onto my face and when that was done it ensured that the built-in, formed plugs slipped far up into my nose, sealing themselves in place because of their widened base and the mouth filler mated to another interior fitting. One of the Nurses immediately grasped the sides of the attached, thick rubber helmet and pulled them backwards over my bald skull and on the sides, then at the crown of my head, the heavy-duty

zipper was slowly pulled down to the nape of my neck, covering the fastening of the collar and at the same time, acting to clamp the built-in pads firmly onto and around my ears. For the moment, the heavy air hoses dragged down at the front of the mask, making it quite uncomfortable and if it hadn't been for the straps that held me in place, I'd have fallen. A moment later their swinging weight was removed when one of my attendants hooked their looping lengths to a set of springs from the gantry. The next surprise came when the Nurse's voice came to me again.

“Please hold your arms out to the sides, Mr Grantham.”

When I did, each of my wrist cuffs was quickly fitted with straps already connected to the back ring of my cinch and these were immediately tightened so that my arms and hands were drawn behind my back then secured! I twisted and writhed against them, desperate to ask them to release me, but the next cuffs and straps were quickly added. My ankles were connected to each other by a two, 20 cm wires joined to each other at the centre with a large ring, and from this, the thick straps leading from the front and back ends of the treadmill's belt were clipped. Together with the side-to-side positioning straps connected to the rings of my cinch, there was no way I could step off the extra wide belt! Next, I felt the intimate tug of the vacuum on my manhood and once more my masochistic mind made my erection thicken and lengthen inside the rigid tube, while visions of what I must look like floated in my mind's eye.

“OK! We're ready to go. As you can feel, we have fitted your ankle cuffs with hobble wires to impose a strict length of pace and you might as well know right now that you'll always wear a hobble or something similar for the foreseeable future. In the meantime this has been done to ensure that our results are always uniform. You'll hear a chime in about ten seconds, then you'll be required to begin walking. A little later you'll hear a double chime and that means the belt will speed up so that you'll eventually be moving along it at a fast jog. There will be rest periods when the monitors show that you are beginning to tire dangerously, but otherwise I encourage you to give your very best efforts at all times. To ensure that you

are working as hard as you can, and will continue to do so for as long as possible, you will experience some ... ah ... encouraging electrical stimulation from the catheter tube. That will be administered automatically if you fall below the required effort levels. So you must do the very best you can manage.”

Silence enveloped me once more, leaving me to stare into the all-enveloping darkness, waiting and terrified. The chime sounded and the belt began moving backward, and I had to begin walking; feeling the snugness of the ankle cuffs and consequent tug of their hobbling wires with my every forcibly limited pace. My hands and arms had been rendered useless and so with being unable to talk, I felt completely helpless and even more as though I was some sort of laboratory animal, and truly, that is exactly what I was!

At first I breathed normally through my nose, trying to chew on the tough rubber thing in my mouth and sucking frequently to get a swig of water. The exercise was mindless and boring in the extreme, but I had no option except to continue tugging my arms against their restraints, but that also was fruitless and so I continued my solitary journey on the endless belt. I have no idea how much time passed before the double chime sounded and it slowly increased in speed until I was jogging, feeling of too-short hobble snap tight with my every attempted longer stride.

It was inevitable that I'd tire and try to somehow step off to the sides of the belt, but when I attempted to do so, the shortness of the hobbling wires, a total length of 40 cm with their centre ring being securely connected to the tight fore and aft straps from the front and back ends of the treadmill belt came into effect. In conjunction with this arrangement, the ones fastened between the side rings of my cinch and the side risers of the gantry, as well as the sturdy ones looping up to its upper inner curves, prevented me from any kind of escape, just as they were designed to and so I had to stay on the belt. I next attempted to slow my pacing and jogging, only to have my feet dragged out from under me, resulting in me falling into the safety straps and hanging there for a few seconds.

The result of my not doing as I was supposed to was immediate! The weight sensors that the overhead straps were mounted to, activated the “encouragement” section of the exercise programme. To my horror the vacuum tube catheter began to suckle me very strongly and then a series of buzzing, throbbing shocks pulsed out through the captured and forcefully sucked-out length of my manhood! I howled from the awful sensations then began to scream as best I could into the mouth filler, thrashing and squirming frenetically and swinging erratically in the small amount of freedom of the overhead safety straps and all the while the torturing tube latched even more securely onto my straining body! I instinctually and continually jerked my arms and hands against their restraints, but the shocks didn’t stop; only growing stronger! It was obvious that I was being “encouraged” to continue my exercise and so I resumed my forced jogging, gasping desperately through my nose to try and get as much air as possible.

As soon as I began moving again the horrible electrical stimulation died away, then shortly thereafter the chime sounded and the belt slowed to a stop to leave me standing bathed in sweat, panting desperately and wishing I’d never seen that advertisement. If this torture was just the testing and measuring portions, I was now extremely fearful of what was in store for me during the course of the Research Programme itself, and, as I discovered, with good reason.

I have no idea of the time allotted for my recovery, but the chime sounded far too soon and I began walking to nowhere once more. When it sounded again, signalling a speed increase of the belt, I didn’t hesitate and immediately began jogging along, more and more feeling the heaviness of my new and larger breasts bouncing and swaying on my chest at every pace. I was kept at the brisk jog a long time and began to tire, then I just had to slow down.

The monitoring system operated flawlessly and once more the tube sucked tight onto my body, pulsing out its teasing shocks tantalizingly so that my automatic, instinctual reaction was to harden and lengthen inside the suckling horror! Of course this was the intent of the procedure, then, after not

speeding up, and now endowed with a straining and super-sensitive erection inside the armouring tube, a long, horrifying series of rippling, buzzing shocks began to transfix my manhood! Once more I frantically jumped and kicked madly against my restraints, wailing desperately against the gag pad, shaking my head and writhing my body against the restraining straps to the sides, trying to escape the terrorizing electricity, but it was unceasing, until I began to jog in place once more.

The whole process repeated itself at least a dozen more times and probably took some five or six hours, leaving me as a sweat-sodden wreck hanging in the safety straps, able only to shudder and tremble. At last the nurse's voice whispered in my ears again.

Chapter Twelve

A Galley Slave

“We’re going to take you over to the rowing machine in a moment in order to test your stamina and to check your core and upper body strength. You will sit on a padded bench seat and your cinch will be connected to its safety straps. I’m afraid you’ll find that sitting will be somewhat of a trial as there is a large enema/butt plug incorporated into the seat and you will be ... ah ... impaled upon it. This is employed to determine your core temperature as well to remove any fecal matter that may have accumulated during these measuring procedures.

“You will continue wearing all of the equipment that is currently fitted. Now, just a moment and we’ll get you off the treadmill.”

I managed to remain on my feet while they released me from the multiple straps that had kept me in position on the treadmill, but they left my ankles hobbled. I was walked slowly across the floor to the next torment and one of them told me to step forward over the rowing machine’s low side frame, then I stood for a moment while connections were made to the overhead safety straps and all of the other cabling and hoses were arranged. The crotch strap had a large diameter aperture at the proper place and suddenly I felt a large amount of a very slick lubricant pressed through it and up into my body, making me shudder with terror at what I was again about to be compelled to do.

“Mr Grantham, we’re now going to assist you to sit. I know it will be quite uncomfortable, but this is a necessary part of the procedure. Please try to relax yourself and that will make it much easier to get your Core Temperature Measurement Device fully-inserted. Now, bend your knees slowly and we’ll guide you down onto the bench.”

Very reluctantly, I did as she ordered, feeling my pinioned arms being held on both sides, then slowly sank down until my knees were bent nearly at a right angle and it was at that point

I felt the blunt tip of the CTMD begin to penetrate through the rear aperture of the crotch band and into my partially-relaxed sphincter. I tried to stop and stand again, but my shoulders were pressed down firmly and I sank further onto the monstrous shaft. It seemed to be a metre long and hugely thick, but obviously was not. Moaning and wailing inside the helmet, I at last felt the padded bench under my buttocks, but then they connected and ruthlessly tightened the side straps to my cinch, forcing me to sit fully. She spoke again.

“OK, you’re doing very well. Now we’re going to place your feet in their rests and after that we’ll free your hands to grasp the oars. Please cooperate.”

My legs were lifted and my feet placed on some sort of encompassing pedals, then were strapped to them with my knees partially-bent. I sensed that each of the pedals was mounted on some sort of individual carriage because they moved a little, then one at a time, my wrist cuffs were disconnected from the back ring of the cinch, brought around to the front, and pulled so that I had to bend forward. I felt my hands and fingers positioned so that I grasped rubber-coated handles, then to my surprise, some sort of rigid cover was wrapped around each hand and its fingers so that I could not release the oar!

The catheter tube once more began an arousing pulsation sequence, sucking my engorged manhood deeply into it yet again, then continuing to tug and pulse with an unending rhythm. I sat twitching and shuddering from the non-stop stimulation and the awful butt plug skewering me. Nothing further that I could sense happened for a few moments, forcing me to concentrate solely on my growing arousal and utter helplessness. The Nurses were busily hooking up the cables from the sensor pads in my helmet and on my body, as well as the hoses from the air supply and catheter, then the sensor/electro-shock cables. A watering tube was connected to the front of my mask and I sucked greedily to get a drink.

I was decidedly uncomfortable, being bent forward, because my arms were extended straight out in front, with knees partially-bent. The padded bench had tilted slightly

forward, but the presence of the awful butt plug was impossible to ignore. I attempted to sit erect and ease the sensation of its penetration, but the seat, oars, and foot rests were locked in place, leaving me to gasp and moan inside the mask and helmet, straining to find some sort of ease, but it was prohibited. The Nurse spoke again.

“OK, Mr Grantham. Here’s what you is required. As you have discovered, the rowing machine is currently locked, but that will change when the chime sounds. The exercise regime is as follows: first, you must lean back fully while pulling the oar handles towards you and straightening your legs. Your seat will tilt back when you do this. Upon reaching their full amount of travel, the oars will release sets of powerful springs that will then pull you forward, bending you at the waist and moving the bench seat along its track until it stops and thus your knees will bend fully. When that point is reached, you must then pull on the oars again while at the same time straightening your legs and leaning back so that the seat moves along its track until you are once more leaning as far back as possible. That sequence will constitute one full stroke of the oar.

“You are required to exercise in this manner, always maintaining the rhythm indicated by the drum beat that will sound in your ear buds. On occasion, the beat will increase in speed and you are required to keep up your rowing with this increase. If you fail to maintain the beat at any speed, encouragement will be administered by your catheter and enema tubes.

“We’ll leave you now to complete the testing and measurement process. Naturally there will be constant visual and computer monitoring to ensure that you are not overstressed. So, we’ll return in a few hours and take you to your quarters for a cleansing shower and a hearty meal. Enjoy the process!”

Soundlessness descended again and I waited in blackness and dread until the chime came, followed by a hollow-sounding drumbeat. When it did I instinctively leaned back and straightened my legs, pushing the bench back also, and as

a consequence my arms pulled on the oar handles so that the tilting of the seat made the rigidly-mounted butt plug shift alarmingly within my loins. I wailed from the disturbing sensation and remembered that the only way to alleviate the awful shift of the enema tube was to pull on the oars, and grunted with the effort required. Bending my knees, the bench moved forward so that the enema butt plug resumed a less uncomfortable position and my knees bent again while my feet, strapped onto the pedals, moved also, partially negating my effort.

I had barely completed only one stroke of the oar and the drum beat sounded again! I pulled and stretched and bent, pulled and stretched and bent repeatedly; soon beginning to gasp harshly for breath, hearing only the terrible drum beat in my sightless universe. It was very hard work and I soon began to tire and miss the beat, then, as I'd been told, the catheter tube; continuing to suckle me greedily, unleashed a series of mild, buzzing and pulsing electro-shocks through the straining, now very sensitive full length of my manhood! My legs straightened forcefully, pushing me into another stroke cycle, and I managed about another 30 strokes before once more falling behind and of course the tube immediately pulsed with more of the horrible 'encouragement' shocks making me writhe and jump against the seat restraints, pulling my arms frantically to try and get them at my crotch and the torturing tube. No matter what I tried I was impossible to escape any of the awful sensations that the butt plug and catheter tube forced upon my slowly shattering mind. I struggled alone in a soundless black void, wishing fervently that I'd read all of the fine print. Yes, I'd committed myself to this horrible situation, but was fully aware that it might become much more of a trial than I'd thought it would be. And so it went for the next horrific hours until they came and released me then returned me to my quarters.

They'd removed all of the restraints, as well as the ear plugs and the contact lenses and I was extremely glad to have both my vision and hearing again. It had been a terribly exhausting day of intense, but mindless effort and I was literally staggering with weariness. A long shower helped a

little and I was ravenous by the time my evening meal arrived, then soon after finishing it, Governess outfitted me for my plank bed and fastened me for the night. Even wearing the hated gas mask and its interior gag, I slept deeply, unknowingly aided by the anesthesia added to the mask's air supply.

Chapter Thirteen

Head Restraint's Application

My shoulder was gently shaken until I eventually came awake, then my gas mask and gag were removed and I saw both Nurses and Governess standing beside the bed, then one of them released the thick rubber over-sheet, unlocked the bed's restraints, and keeping my leash in hand, walked me to the bathroom and left me to complete the morning ablutions. The smell of fresh coffee and a hot breakfast soon drew me out of the bathroom and I moved out to the end of my tether then stood waiting until Governess released it and relocked it to the central floor ring, allowing me to sit at the table.

“Good morning, Mr Grantham.” One of them greeted me. “I hope you've recovered from your exertions yesterday? Your required surgeries will be done today as well as your piercings, then the initial portions of your appliances will be fitted.”

“Th-this whole thing is far more than I thought it was going to be.” I mumbled. “I really hate being leashed and restrained all the time because it's not at all what I wanted or thought would happen and I want to quit now, please.”

“Mr Grantham!” she snapped, “You have signed a contract and have committed yourself to the full extent of the conditions outlined in it. With that being the case, you are required to go through the various steps and procedures and there is no turning back. Is that clear?”

“O-OK. It's just that all this is pretty overwhelming and yesterday was the worst I could imagine.”

“Oh, I do understand Mr Grantham.” She said with what seemed like conciliatory sympathy, but underlaid with iron determination. “The required processes for entry into the Programme are very strict and always a considerable shock to the new Associates, but eventually they become accustomed to the various procedures, clothing and appliances, as will you, I'm sure. We never hear any complaints.”

Her last words were so true that I had no idea, but would soon find out! Although they were supposed to be calming, as I discovered soon, they were vast lies of omission, for, none of the Research Associates, once literally imprisoned in their Ensembles, was rendered incapable of speech nor had they any means of physically objecting, thanks to their comprehensive restraints.

“Now, please take these pills and they’ll soon relax you.”

“Thank you. I suppose we’d best get going.”

I sat again in the powered chair; fastened to it as always at ankles, knees, wrists, upper arms, stomach, and neck and off we went. The pills worked very quickly and by the time we’d reached the operating theatre, I was nearly asleep once more. Inside, I was assisted onto the table and barely felt the sturdy straps that were passed around my body and limbs and it was at that point I completely lost consciousness, but to ensure that I remained fully-sedated, for the first 15 minutes, an anesthesia mask was strapped over my face, then the table was adjusted for the surgery and piercings to begin. I would be completely unaware of the results until I awakened much later in my room, but even then, not fully realizing what had been done.

The first of the procedures completed was to reroute my urinary tract to my lower bowel: a most delicate task, but with the result that in future, my bladder would empty only that way when sitting on the commode, if and when that was permitted. A huge butt plug device was emplaced; this being capable of draining both urine and fecal matter, but in addition it would also be employed to provide enemas for cleaning and flushing as well as being able to vibrate fiercely, or emit a wide range of disciplinary electro-shocks.

With the table tilted to a partially-reclined orientation, then, with the mask removed, my jaws were jacked fully open and the surgeons inserted a large diameter tube, passing it through my mouth and down my throat then inflated the small retention balloon just inside my stomach with a semi liquid silicone gel once it was all the way inside. Next came large diameter air tubes; these being passed through my nostrils, sinuses, vocal chords and into my trachea. For the moment the

ends of all three were left to hang freely from my opened mouth my nostrils then it was at this point that multiple piercings were made. I would have been utterly distraught if I'd been awake to experience them.

First they punched the holes in my ear lobes, the Tagus and the shell of the ear immediately behind it, all of them being immediately steel-grommeted. Specialized, multi-function, blue-tooth ear buds were inserted deeply into each of my ear canals and a short, thick rod, capped on one end and finely threaded on the other, was passed through the grommeted hole in the Tagus, then a loop on the end of each ear bud and out through the grommeted hole in the ear shell, forcing them completely inside. The ends received a drop of thread-locking glue, then three mm thick, 10 mm diameter disks with strong U shackles were screwed on tightly permanently locking the ear buds in place. The ear buds' batteries would be charged by induction and so they never needed to be removed and to doubly ensure that any attempted removal would be even more difficult, a 10 mm wide, two mm thick band was fastened to the right side disk's shackle behind the ear shell, then drawn tightly under the bulge of my skull at the back and fastened to the other shackle. I had become controllably deafened and would be unable to regain any hearing by my own efforts.

My deafness was absolute because the ear buds eliminated all bone conduction noise as well as the sound of the blood passing through my cardioid arteries. However, they were set to constantly supply white noise inaudible to my conscious mind and that would keep me from dissolving into the chaos that came with the complete lack of any sound.

The next surgery was astounding when I discovered what had been done. The table remained tilted and was raised to be a metre and a half above the floor, then at the crown of my head, a three-sided, five cm long per side, incision was made with another going from the centre of the flap to the edge. The flesh and muscle were peeled back to expose the bare bone, then four holes were very carefully drilled partially through it and a 40 mm diameter slightly-cupped, surgical grade, stainless steel plate with a projecting 10 mm diameter, 25 mm long post at its centre was bolted directly onto the bone! The

surfaces of this metal plate and the bottom four mm of the post were slightly 'frosted' so that my flesh would easily attach itself then at eight mm above the plate, the post had a very strong swivel joint. Near the rounded, outer end was a five mm diameter, cross-drilled hole that would soon be fitted with a sturdy, 30 mm diameter, three mm thick removable bow shackle. Once the plate and post assembly had been screwed tightly onto my skull, the surgeon carefully sutured all of the incisions, leaving the post to project through the skin. I had been, although I didn't at first realize it, fitted with an inescapable and permanent head restraint, but there was more to come for this fitting.

Next, my nose was pierced far up in the cartilage of my septum with a three mm thick hole that went from the outer nostril flap through to the other side of my nose then all were grommeted. A long, stainless steel U shackle was slipped far up into my nose until only a 15 mm long gap between its rounded bottom and the end of my septum remained, then, flat sided, conical, resilient rubber plugs were slid along the lengths of the dangling tubes and pressed far up into my nasal passages, dilating my nostrils fully. It was time for all of these devices to be secured and so a half-length of a three mm thick, stainless steel rod, with its inner end being a threaded tube, now filled with thread locking glue, was passed though the right outer side of my nostril, the hole for it in the nostril-filling cone, the arm of the shackle, and half way into my grommeted septum. The other half-shaft, this one with a finely threaded end covered in the thread locking compound passed through the outer flap of the nostril the nasal cone, other arm of the U shackle, into the centre of the grommet. Then working carefully, the two halves of the trans-nasal shaft were screwed together, thus making this entire assembly irremovable. Both ends of the rod were left to project five mm above the skins' surface, soon to be integrated to the head harness. Even though the nasal U shackle would not be used directly as a restraint, it would prove to be an extremely effective way of control when any sort of connection was made to it and placed under tension of any kind.

From there, they moved to my mouth and after drawing out my tongue as far as possible, it received a total of six, five mm diameter piercings: two on each side: one pair at the back near my throat, the second pair near its middle, the fifth, about one cm in from the tip and the worst of them: the centre of the tongue down and through the floor of my mouth! All were immediately fitted with wide-flanged, stainless steel grommets, but for the through the tongue and floor of the mouth one, a short thread-ended post was screwed in and left to project down under my chin. On each of my cheeks other piercings were made and grommets, then the tooth immediately beside each of the piercings was extracted..

The next item to be fitted was a horrible, mouth-filling gag pad. This satanic device was a thick-skinned, custom-formed pad that insinuated itself into every nook and cranny of my mouth's contours, with side panels that slipped between my teeth and cheeks and gums. The semi-rigid underside had a shallow trough for my tongue and contained within it were five, blunt, forward-facing L shapes that were carefully passed through the grommets holes in my tongue, designed to receive them, as well as a threaded metal mount for the through-the-floor-of-my-mouth rod. This was carefully pressed through my tongue and into the threaded sleeve within the pad, then turned slowly until the threaded portion was fully embedded. Even so, a short section of this rod remained projecting under my chin. Next, short thick rods on either side were inserted into my cheek 's grommets piercings, then screwed tightly into mounts within the gag pad, leaving short lengths protruding.

Once all of these horrific actions had been completed, my tongue had become a total captive of the gag pad with absolutely no way that I, or anyone else for that matter, could release it. What with having had it stretched out to accomplish the fitting over the underside hooks, I was automatically compelled to draw the gag pad deeper into my mouth and throat! Every instinctual swallow I attempted after that was exquisitely uncomfortable and many times, painful. However, that was not all of the gag pad's accessories, for it also incorporated electrodes along its full length, while through its

middle, the wide, thick-walled stomach tube was passed then it was locked into the structure of the pad at the front by a substantial, stainless steel fitting. The small bulb at the tube's bottom end inside my stomach was inflated with a quick-curing silicone gel and this ensured that my body's instinctual rejection, or any type of attempt other than surgical to get the stomach tube and gag out of my body would be almost impossible.

They finished preparing me by mounting metal fittings at the ends of the nostril tubes and the stomach hose; these designed to snap into mating fixtures inside the gas mask I'd be fitted with when the full Ensemble was applied.

By this point it was nearly mid-afternoon. The straps were released and remaining fully-sedated, my hands were quickly fitted with thick-skinned, rubber, mitten-like bags, these complete with tight, neoprene inner gloves that rendered my fingers and thumbs useless, then the cuffs were connected to side rings on the cinch with 10 cm long thick, flexible wires.

Chapter Fourteen

A Bridle, Collar, Cuffs & Bra

The next awful groups of control devices was prepared then affixed.

It was a full, head webbing, stainless steel harness, custom designed for my skull. A formed, 10 mm wide, 3 mm thick band encircled my skull just above my eyebrows, while at the crown of my head a 40 mm wide, 3 mm thick disk settled into place, allowing my skull post to protrude. Its U shackle would be affixed later. Front to back was another strap of the same dimensions that flowed seamlessly into all the others, beginning just above my nose, going to the disk and continuing to the nape of my neck. On the sides, a similar strap descended from the disk to just above my ears where it widened to allow for an oval opening for each one, then down to below the point of my jaw. At the centre of the length of the oval opening, a slightly narrower strap went forward over my cheeks and between my nose and lips.

The surgical team first carefully slipped holes in the metal straps over the posts projecting from my cheeks, locking the gag pad into place within my mouth, then on either side of my nostrils vertical projections of the below-the-nose band were locked to the ends of the nasal rod, thus ensuring that none of that structure could ever be removed. At positions along the straps, small threaded holes were positioned, and these were soon filled with bolts passing through into piercings, then fastened into the underlying bone. All of the bolts employed had narrow necks just above their threads and once fully seated, each bolt was twisted until the neck snapped, making it utterly impossible to loosen.

With all of this having been completed, the next device I was fitted with was my stainless steel collar. Initially, it was two pieces of curved metal some 50 mm wide and 5 mm thick, coming with a sturdy, 30 mm diameter, 4 mm thick ring mounted in a universal fitting at the centre of both the front and back pieces. The design of the fastening for this piece was

that each side had very tightly-machined, square section teeth that slid into each other with the joints becoming almost invisible. However, once beyond a certain point of the joining, small, 1 mm diameter posts that had been pressed up into holes against their strong spring loading, snapped down and into waiting holes in each mating tooth of the other half. There was no way to get any of these pins to retract and so the collar became a permanently fitted, solid slightly oval shaped band.

Care was taken in fitting the halves together, because the bottom ends of the straps of the head harness had to fit into slots, with similar types of close-once-only locks. At the front, under my chin, a small curved projection from the collars top edge projected outward and the floor-of-the-mouth post snapped into this hole, completing the fastening of the gag pad.

They quickly equipped me with a collar, a full set of cuffs and the very snug, 50 mm wide, 5 mm thick waist cinch part of the chastity belt that fitted me exactly, with the strap curving up and over my pelvic bones and straight across my belly, while at the back it also went straight across, just above my buttocks. The cinch was also equipped with posts of the same type as the cuffs, with eight of them spaced around the circumference. My wrist and ankle cuffs were 50 mm wide and 5 mm thick, oval-shaped and quite snug, so that they could not be rotated around the limb. The above-the-elbow cuffs were 40 mm wide and 5 mm thick as were the mid-thigh cuffs. Each of these devices was equipped with two, diametrically opposed 15 mm long, 8 mm diameter posts with a 3 mm cross-drilled hole in the rounded end. All would be fitted with sturdy, welded closed rings, but for the moment, removable bow shackles were bolted in place.

Some moments later the more intimate piercings were made when they turned their attention to my lower body. A large bore, thick glass tube with narrow, thin rubber slots down each side was slipped over my flaccid penis, then a strong vacuum was applied so that I was drawn out fully into it: unconsciously lengthening and swelling in girth with automatic arousal. With a full erection, it was then that the next three piercings were made by thrusting a thick needle

through self-sealing rubber panels along the tube's length, passing directly through the organ and out the other side. These piercings were very carefully done so that my urethra, all major blood vessels, and veins were not damaged. The first penile cross-rod rod was close to my abdominal wall, the second, half-way along its sucked-out length, and the third just behind the head. The three stainless steel rods were 3 mm in diameter, and were slowly passed through each piercing while the needle itself was withdrawn, leaving some 4 mm of each to project above the skin surface on each side. The vacuum was shut off and the tube slowly removed, then with the ends of each rod were fitted with temporary, tight, wide-brimmed plastic caps that prevented it from sliding out, then a cream was applied that would ensure rapid healing of all the piercings.

The operating team moved up to my chest where, by this point my breasts had grown rapidly and although not yet at their fully developed stage, they nevertheless were already a respectable 38 B+ in size with large nipples and areolae. Even so, the operating room staff placed a large clear cup over the entirety of my right breast, then applied a strong vacuum so that my flesh ballooned outwards into the cup. The next thing done was when a transverse piecing at the base of my breast was made at the side, passing all the way across to my sternum. A 3 mm diameter rod, curved to fit my chest was slipped into the piercing when the needle was withdrawn and its ends were left to project 3 mm above the surface of the flesh. Now came the fitting of the two halves of a breast collar that when joined together formed a 15 mm wide, 3 mm thick band of stainless steel, but its diameter was only two thirds of the breast's normal base circumference! The collar was also a close-once-only device with diametrically opposed holes into which the base, cross-bar became locked. This ensured that the collar had now become impossible to remove, or slide off, and it would always uncomfortably strangle the breast keeping it filled with sensitizing blood. The vacuum was turned off and the cup removed, leaving my breast to now stand out more so than it had, and the sensation of strangulation and vulnerability would only increase as the breast grew to its full size!

Taking a much smaller, long, clear cup they placed it over my now projecting nipple and once again applied a strong vacuum, sucking it out even further into an elongated mount of supersensitive flesh, then it was pierced at the base and another 3 mm diameter rod was inserted. Similar to the base collar, another much smaller one that was 8 mm wide and 2 mm thick was clamped around the base of the nipple then clamped closed so that the ends of the cross bar snapped into waiting holes, and thus was my breast held a full captive. Moments later my left breast had been similarly adorned and the quick healing cream was liberally applied.

The next piece to be applied was the bra. However, this newest device was an even worse torment than the one I had first been fitted with and bore only the smallest resemblance to the under garment women normally wear.

The bra harness consisted of a 10 cm wide chest band and 10 mm wide shoulder straps, with all being made of the woven metal mesh, embedded very tough neoprene. All were very tight and there was no way I could shrug my shoulders out of the entrapment of their straps. On the front, it had two slightly under-sized apertures for my new breasts, and surrounding each was a three mm thick, eight mm high, metal band that my already collared breasts locked into the cups would be mounted on and locked to, but were initially not fitted.

One nurse wrapped the chest band around my rib cage and tightened it to a very snug embrace, forcing my firm breasts to pop through the holes, then they spent a couple of minutes mating their transfixing rods into mounts on the hole's collars, thus ensuring that the bra could not be easily removed. Next, the shoulder straps were tightened, being drawn down until they grooved into the flesh and so ensuring that the entire circumferences of the cup's frames were kept pressed tightly against my rib cage.

The cups, minus the fittings at their tips, were next, and although they seemed to be over-sized, this due to the fact that there was an inner neoprene liner, and too, each came with the nooses surrounding their bases. These torturing devices clipped into mounts on the bra harness and were immediately

locked securely, forcing my erected nipples out through the holes at the apex of each cup, then they added the tip devices that would be the receivers for the milk my breasts were forced to produce.

However, these were not just simple vacuum receivers, but also acted to stretch the nipples, in addition to being one of the electrodes of the cup, with the other being the snaring ring around the base of the breast. Their polarity could be reversed, leading to a wide variety of quite pleasant sensations from mild trembles to painful surges of electrical torment. A short hose came from the underside of each cup and was joined to the other from the tip fitting, and with these was a short electrical cable with screw-together fittings.

I would re-discover that the cups were evil personified, for not only did they armour my breasts, though they and their liners were transparent, but too they prevented any sort of manipulation. As previously described for the first cups I'd been fitted with, as soon as my milk flow became reduced towards the end of each milking, the base nooses were automatically tightened so that they soon cruelly garroted the fleshy mounds and so made them swell with sensitizing blood, forcing my milk glands to produce as much as possible. To ensure that this happened, the inner liners of the cups would begin to squeeze the flesh unmercifully in slow, rhythmic waves! On top of this each breast and nipple would also be subjected to strong pulsing waves and patterns of electro-shock designed to extract every last drop and these, as I would soon discover to my horror, were extremely painful, especially because my breasts would be swollen with blood!

This awful garment, an instrument for uniquely feminine torturing was fitted to all male Research Animal Subjects and was relentlessly, cruelly effective physically, as the male wearer until that point of his life would have no idea of the kind of suffering that he could now be subjected to, having developed fully functional and supremely sensitive breasts. Then, there was the mental aspect of his psyche being assaulted by having suddenly become virtually bisexual. It was not truly a heavy mental burden for me, but apparently many

of the other Research Associates found this aspect very difficult to deal with, mentally.

Each time my breasts were milked I would be driven to screaming and howling fits; thrashing mindlessly against my bonds from the inescapable sensations. However, like all of the other Research animals, being gagged, masked and helmeted as we always were, nothing was heard in our cells.

Still deeply unconscious, I was placed in the chair and the rings of the belt, collar, ankle and wrist cuffs were locked to hard points in the chair frame then I was returned to my room.

Once there I was laid on the narrow so-called bed, on my side, then loosely fastened to it. First, my ankle hobble leash was connected to a sturdy ring in the centre of the foot board, between it and the mattress, then they quickly connected the exposed fitting of the butt plug to an evacuation hose; this falling through a slot cut for it. After being fed from low on the centre of the top end, under the pillow, a 30 mm wide, four mm thick strap was fed through an inverted square “U” projecting through the mattress. It had been folded down to this point, leaving me unaware that it was there. It’s end link was locked to the upper back ring of my collar then I was rolled onto my back and the strap was ratcheted tight and locked. They next drew heavy straps up from fittings on the sides of the bed frame and these too were tightened after being locked to the hip rings of my temporary leather cinch. My wrists remained relatively free for the moment, but 10 cm straps connected each of them to the same side rings. Finished with me for the moment, they drew a light sheet over my recumbent body, then left me to toss and turn restlessly what little I could, against the restraints, breath hissing in and out of the hose fittings of my nasal breathing tubes.

From that time on the Facility’s Staff observed ever more strict Prisoner Security Protocols and these ensured that I was always kept in restraints as well as being leashed in some manner so that I could not resist, to say nothing of the measures taken with being moved though the Facility and the rooms I’d be in.

Chapter Fifteen

Awful Revelations

I awakened hours later after a nightmare-laced sleep and at first briefly wondered where I was. The floor to ceiling, thick, surrounding rubber curtains had been drawn closed and so all I could see was a slightly rippling rubber wall. I desperately wanted to awaken in my bed back in the Vancouver apartment and discover that this was only a terrible nightmare, but it was not to be.

My world was totally silent, then I gradually became aware of the various things used to restrain me. It was the not truly the last thing I expected by this point, but then I fearfully began to take a more detailed stock of my situation. First, upon attempting to sit up I discovered that I was able only to raise myself a scant few centimetres above the pillow before the lock between the back ring of my collar and the U shackle on the bed snapped tight and the wide, uncomfortable steel band made itself felt. I collapsed back onto the mattress more aware than ever of the collar's restriction, then tried to raise my hands to somehow discover a way to take it off and it was then I discovered that my wrists were also strictly tethered and I could only move them a very limited amount, but nowhere near to my head and face. I next attempted to roll off the bed was immediately stopped when the straps from my waist cinch side rings to the bed frame snapped tight, keeping me in the centre of the narrow mattress. Panicking, I again attempted to sit up and at the same time kick my feet and that was when I felt my ankle cuffs and their connection to the bed frame! All I could do was manage small twisting jerks before I was forced to subside in frantic gasps.

My mouth was full and when I attempted to swallow, my tongue strained painfully against the anchors of the gag pad, prevented from moving and I felt its restrictions with horror, then the thick hose down my throat also made me try to howl with distress. I could breathe only through my nose, but it too felt awful and hurt a lot. Something weighty tickled my upper

lip and I wanted to explore it with my fingers, but that was impossible thanks to the wrist tethers. I wanted out! Again I jerked madly, silently, against the implacable restraints, desperate to be free, but all struggles were pointless and after five minutes, I collapsed and just lay there gasping, overwhelmed with a horrible dread. Long minutes later, the bed slowly raised me to a semi-sitting position, then the curtains hissed aside and Governess's voice whispered into my ears, seeming to echo hollowly.

“Ah! So you've regained consciousness. I'll forgo your morning lesson as your progress towards becoming a full Research Associate is nearly complete and you will soon think of our past playtimes with fond remembrance, given what you will then be experiencing.”

She next explained in detail what had been done to my urinary tract and the fact that I had been fitted with a butt plug and its enema hose, then next explained about the stomach tube with its integrated gag, in combination with the air hoses passing through my sinuses and vocal chords. I grew more and more horrified with each sentence, but she continued relentlessly.

“If you've not already become aware of it, you now wear a full, human bridle and it has been bolted onto your skull as well as integrated with your hearing devices and gag pad. It cannot be shifted or removed and thus is a most permanent fixture. Generally, you will be unaware of it, other than the fact that being integrated with your collar, it prevents you from turning your head.

“However! That is certainly not the last of your head restraints. You'll soon be fitted with, then always be kept confined in a full, head-encasing helmet and its air supply control mask similar to what you've been wearing each night, but this one is orders of magnitude beyond your current experiences and, too, it will become impossible to remove. Naturally, you'll be unable to see anything, thanks to the employment of miniaturized, hi-definition video screens, rather than transparent vision ports. The mask is designed to completely eliminate any light from entering its interior unless

the screens are illuminated with especially coded signals. However, the default of your video screens is to remain completely dark and so you will be prohibited from seeing anything, unless the Staff or the monitoring computer decide otherwise. You may occasionally be permitted vision, but for the most part, for the entire duration of your stay as a Research Associate, AG, you will remain sightless. Similarly, you now wear locked-in blue tooth ear buds that control everything you hear, to the point that all sound can and will be obliterated for you on a more or less permanent basis.

“Now, as to your nutrition and fluid needs ... these areas are no longer your concern. You’ll be automatically fed and watered by means of the stomach tube and as a matter of fact, your evening meal will soon arrive. When that has been completed, you’ll be fully-isolated once more and eventually you’ll be put to asleep. So! You now are fully-prepared for the fitting of your Ensemble and the complete, final sets of appliances. You’ll be taken to have it done first thing in the morning and so by this time tomorrow, you’ll be set up in the Calibration Testing Cell. You’ll spend nearly a day there so that the computer that will henceforth fully control all aspects of your life can gather all of the base-line data needed for your full involvement in the Research Programme, as well as to calibrate all of the devices you have already been fitted with and those to be applied tomorrow.

“That’s all I have to tell you, AG. I’ll leave you to be fed your meal and enjoy the balance of the evening as best you can manage. Oh! And by the way, this is the last time you’ll hear from me, as I shall be moving along to the next, new Research Candidate. I am sure you will not enjoy the rest of your life because, in fact you are about to become a human male, laboratory research animal. Being such, you now have no rights at all, but that is the way the cards have been cut for your life to come. Good bye!” she ended with an evil chuckle.

Her voice disappeared and I was once more plunged into a soundless vacuum, staring despairingly out into the silent room, now my holding cell. A few moments later the gag grew warm, then the tube in my throat and my stomach when nutrition was pumped into me and even though my struggles

decreased when this happened, I still attempted to kick my legs free of their restriction or somehow get my hands to my face, uselessly, but all I could do was lay quietly, occasionally pulling desultorily against my restraints and float there alone in total silence. Boredom soon set in and I fell asleep, aided by the anaesthesia gas in the room's air supply and I faded off to face yet more horrific nightmares.

I came awake with a violent start, remaining enfolded in utter silence and for the moment couldn't understand what had happened to me, but within a few seconds, began to remember the previous day, what little of it I had experienced and panic rose to the front of my mind. Again I struggled desperately to free myself, shaking and weeping with terror, not truly comprehending what had been done to me, but then when I moved my thighs together I became instantly aware of my penis nestled between them, and it didn't feel right at all! Carefully moving my legs against the restricting hobble connected to the bottom bed frame it was then that I became more fully aware of the three thick rods that had been inserted along its length and I attempted to scream in denial. The bed slowly raised me to sit at about a 45 degree angle.

“Good morning, Mr Grantham.” A Nurse's voice suddenly crackled from the ear buds. “Now that you've come awake, I'll connect the hoses for your morning feeding and also connect your enema flushing and the drainage hoses. Once we've finished with your feeding, flushing, and draining, you'll be taken to the shower and washed completely.”

Moaning, I turned my head to face her, but of course could see nothing, then when she spoke again, it was to reveal my true status and give a partial picture of the rest of my life.

“Mr Grantham, you have been deliberately misinformed you about your future. No apologies will be made, but it is incumbent that that you have a full awareness of what has changed in your life.

“When you signed your contract in Vancouver, you literally signed away your life to become a chattel of the Lauterbrunnen Sexual, Gender, and Biological Research Project and its owner. We now own your body outright, and

your status has become that of a Human, Male, Research Animal ... a life-long change for you.

“Our Research Project can and will use you as it is felt necessary to evaluate quite stressful situations and you have no say in how, when, or for what duration these experiments are carried out. You will not be returned to the outer world or your former life.

“You’re going to have to accustom yourself to the knowledge and sensations of your limbs and body always being restrained in some manner and too, you’ll always be kept leashed, just like the rest of the research animals at the Facility. As I mentioned a moment ago, that is what you have become when and you are now to be fitted with your complete Ensemble. You will be kept in it 24/7/365. If we need to remove and/or change certain of the appliances for whatever the reason, you will be rendered deeply unconscious and remain so until everything has been re-applied. So, effectively for you, it will never come off at least while you are awake. You’d best get used to the idea that you will always be strictly controlled and leashed in some manner.”

That was only a small part of the whole truth, as I was soon to discover, and I shook my head in denial.

“Once you’ve been cleaned, you’ll be taken for the application of the final pieces of your Research Animal Ensemble, your Milking Harness, and the remainder of the appliances that go with it. Now, I’ll leave you for a few moments to enjoy your meal and enema.”

Silence again enveloped me and a few seconds later the huge pad in my mouth and the tube down my throat grew warm when the so-called meal was pumped into my stomach and there was no way I could stop the process. I was not given a great deal of the ‘food’, even though it was a thickened soup, but it was liberally laced with female hormones and apparently, highly nutritious. Immediately after the flow to my stomach stopped, the butt plug began pulsing and forced what felt like litres and litres of warm, soapy water up into my bowels, then after it had been kept there for the longest time,

the fluid was drained away and the process repeated three more times before the nurse returned.

“Excellent, Mr Grantham. Time for your shower.” She sat briskly while disconnecting all of the hoses, then quickly freed my legs and the straps to the sides of the bed were slackened. However, she immediately tightened the short tethers between my wrists and cinch before locking a wire leash to the back of my collar, prior to the bed’s tether being unclipped. She prodded me to turn on the mattress then stand and for a moment, I stood swaying back and forth until I was steadied with her grip on my arm. Holding the leash with one hand she walked me to the bathroom, where the tether was locked to a wall ring.

Some 10 minutes later after being dried off, I was once more fastened into the powered chair and I suppose that some sort of tranquilizing drugs had been included in the so-called breakfast, because I made no rebellious moves while the preceding was accomplished, reacting only to her vocal directions and physical prods. The chair began moving and I sat quietly while being transported to the Fitting Rooms. My hearing had been cut off and was not returned until we arrived.

“Mr Grantham, I’m going to release you from the chair restraints, then we’ll move over to the Fitting Area. At that point we’ll employ only your new crown-of-the-head assembly to keep you under control once all of your temporary appliances have been removed. This means of tethering will keep you in one place and readily available for dressing in your Ensemble, while allowing us to easily apply the next permanent parts of your Ensemble.

“Just a moment while we fit your head post with a temporary shackle.”

Of course, I couldn’t speak, let alone object, thanks to the awful gag pad and so with her continuing to hold my the upper arm, was guided to the dais. She easily got me to its top, then reached to the cable dangling above my head and pulled it down to clip the locking hook onto the shackle at the crown of my skull. A moment later I’d been freed from the chains between my wrists and belt and my ankle hobble and it felt

strange to have full freedom of movement back, but that state would last only the shortest of times and be the last allowed while I was conscious.

My head felt very strange and I raised my hands, and by touch, discovered the shackle and its thrumming, upward leading leash ... then it slowly began to tighten! At first I was drawn to a full upright posture, then my feet came off the dais top! I spun slowly in mid-air, dangling at the end of the sturdy wire, but when I flailed my arms and hands, that just made me swing jerkily back and forth! With my full weight on the ring, I was suspended in such a manner that my body hung straight down and I could only look ahead and up and down. It was horrible to be so helpless, but there was no way I could escape!

“Please calm yourself, Mr Grantham. You’re perfectly safe as you are, even if it feels weird. Now that you’re suspended we will first add your Exciter Tube and Chastity Harnesses, then cover most of your body, head and limbs, with lubricant/tenderiser that it will allow us to easily dress you in the remaining parts of your full Ensemble.”

Hanging there stretched out, my waist seemed to have shrunk, but it became ever narrower, when one of them removed my temporary cinch then fitted me with the 80 mm wide, 5 mm thick, formed corset type stainless steel belt. It was endowed around its circumference with eight, 30 mm diameter rings in swivelling mounts and by its mere presence alone was restrictive, as intended, and flowed around my middle between my lower ribs and the tops of my pelvic bones on each side, widening out over my belly and with a wide, short projection down over the base of my spine. The joining edges were of the finely machined square tooth design and once pressed together, the locking pins snapped into place, making it permanent. From its front just in front of my hips on each side, a 15 mm wide 5 mm thick strap was clipped, brought down and back between my thighs at the join of the limb, then these straps circled out under each buttock and rose to be clipped to the underside of the cinch just over each hip. For the moment my steel transfixed penis and my testicles remained free, but would also be horrifically imprisoned.

I gasped and panted as best I could, feeling the awful constriction of the steel belt and crotch straps, then the Nurse reappeared before me, smiling with anticipation.

“You’ll find this next part to be quite an experience, I’m sure. We’re going to give you a very thorough coating so that you will be able to wear your Ensemble on a permanent basis.

“You no doubt think that that is impossible, given the way the human skin works, but we have resolved that issue entirely with the invention of the material that comprises the inner layer of your Ensemble. You see, this material will actually grow into your own skin and more or less replace it. At three hours or slightly more after we finish applying the Ensemble, the inner surface will begin to grow millions of microscopic anchors that will penetrate some 5 mm into your flesh and bones. When they have reached the limit of their outwards growth from the material’s surface, inside your flesh, they will then grow crossways threads and join to each other, thus making the suit completely non-removable. The entire process requires some eight hours to fully complete itself.

“I understand from seeing other Research Animals feeling the fibres entering their flesh, then uniting within it, to be a rather unpleasant sensation and together with the full realisation that they can now never escape their new covering, many have become almost physically unmanageable and some descend into madness.

“The material mimics all functions of your skin and removes all sweat and other accumulated poisons, all the while allowing us to maintain the health of your flesh by means of medication as required. There are some exceptions to the coverage of this material, these being your breasts and your male plumbing, but everywhere else will be quite permanently encased.

“However, that isn’t all. Certain over-lapping areas of the Ensemble’s layers will become temporarily chemically active and partially dissolve into underlying similar material such as that of the boots, mittens and helmet. You won’t feel that happening of course, but within 16 hours, your Ensemble will

become a completely seamless covering that cannot be removed.

“Now, prepare yourself and we’ll proceed.”

Chapter Sixteen

Ensemble Fitting

For the next five minutes, pairs of gloved hands spread the thick, syrup-like lubricant all over of my body, head and limbs while I hung there like a side of beef, wondering just what the “Permanent Ensemble” was and why was I to be fitted with it? They’d not told me the entire truth of my situation, nor explained the actual purpose of all the complex preparations, and in the meantime my life had been turned completely inside out. For the next long minutes I dangled in silent terror, staring at the walls while they rotated me for the application of the syrup-like gel. I was left to dangle while off to the side, they readied the Ensemble that I would soon come to hate with an abiding passion, then they began the process of fitting me with the basic pieces. Most were 1.25 mm thick, designed and created to my exact measurements and thanks to the thin layer of embedded, stainless steel wire mesh, they had virtually no ability to stretch. A good deal of effort was needed to properly encase me in each of the pieces. They began.

“Mr Grantham, I want you to point your toes downward, please. Keep them that way while we fit your feet into their socks.”

I did as she commanded and felt the cool envelope of the thick rubber, knee-high sock slide over my right foot, then while it was drawn slowly up my leg, one of the Nurses, shifted the foot portion around until each of my toes slipped into a glove-like, tight pocket. The 20 mm wide band around the top was drawn all the way up and its top clamped around my leg just below the knee, above the bulge of the calf muscle, then my left foot and leg were similarly encased a moment later. The socks had reinforced, small holes at the position of the posts on my ankle cuffs and these popped through easily. My feet and legs felt very strange. I’d never worn rubber stockings before and to have these tight garments fitted was a new experience, then it was time for my footwear.

One of them slipped the right side boot on and when it was, my foot was forced down into a tight, rigid, shoe portion, then this was locked closed, covering my ankle and its cuff, and keeping my toes and feet fastened into almost an en pointe configuration. I had always been fascinated by that type of most restrictive footwear, but had not the slightest idea of how miserable it was to actually be subjected to. Now, I had no choice in the matter! The weight of the boot was considerable due to the fact that it was actually a man-made horse's hoof that incorporated a 10 cm high heel, complete with a shiny steel shoe! A moment later my other foot had been similarly fitted and on both boots, the ankle cuff posts had emerged from their reinforced holes. I was never told why this foot wear had been selected for Research Associates, but soon came to realize that it was extremely limiting, very heavy, and as a consequence, initially quite tiring to have to lift and move with every step. That had also been one of my any other secret dreams and fantasies: to own a woman fitted with horse shoe shod boots that she could not get off, and now I was the one that was so confined!

“Very good! Next we're going to fit your combination shoulder length gloves and Isolation Mittens. Hold your right arm straight down with your fingers slightly cupped and spread apart.”

A thick-skinned glove slid over my hand and was pulled up over my elbow joint, then all the way over the biceps to the shoulder where its 20 mm wide band was clasped tight. At my wrist and above the elbow, the cuff posts popped out. It was a struggle to get my hand through the wide wrist band, but the lubricant worked as it was supposed to and soon it all had slipped completely into the glove and all of my fingers and thumb were pressed fully into their individual pockets. Each of these had embedded stiffeners so that I was unable to move them. Over and above this immobilisation and separation, the glove was embedded in an egg-like casing filled with a firm silicone gel to prohibit any kind of movement contained in a semi-rigid, thick outer skin. Its sleeve portion was thick enough to limit my ability to bend my elbow at more than a shallow angle, but there was yet another layer to come: the one

piece, armouring, over-suit. Two minutes later I had been fitted with the left glove-mitt combination and both of my arms hung loosely at my sides, now utterly useless.

“Excellent. You’ll be lowered to stand and one of us will keep you in place while your under-helmet is fitted. Just remain calm and everything will be fine. Once the helmet is properly adjusted, I’ll re-attach your head chain and you’ll be suspended once more to be fitted with the remainder of your suit.”

I descended slowly until the horse shoe soles of my hoof boots settled onto the top of the dais, then wavered back and forth for a few seconds, trying to stand in the high heels, despite the wide base of the hoofs. One of them stood behind and held my shoulders once the head chain was disconnected and she unscrewed and temporarily removed the shackle, then the other pulled the under-helmet up in front and back over my head, encompassing it fully. The thick, bag-like thing was tugged back and forth until it settled into place with my top of the head post popping through its tight hole at the crown and all of the other portions of the under-laying head harness slipped into place. On the helmet’s sides, shallow domes filled with noise eliminating foam had settled over and around my ears, doubly ensuring that I’d be rendered utterly deaf without white noise being fed through the blue tooth ear buds.

The Nurse behind grasped the tab of the heavy-duty zipper and slowly pulled it down over the bulge of my skull to the nape of my neck then locked it, leaving my face framed within a raised edge, heart-shaped opening. She smoothed a wide flap over the top of the zipper and the chemical bonding process of that portion was activated.

The helmet’s collar fully covered my stainless steel one and that one’s restraint ring posts also popped through their own reinforced holes, then it spread out into a short skirt that reached almost to my shoulders on the sides and part way down my back and front. Being utterly bald, I felt the tightness of the slick inner surface of the helmet quite intensely and attempted to shake my head a little to try and make it more comfortable, but the head harness held me almost immobile.

Everything seemed magnified by the rubber and for a moment I wondered and shivered from the sensations, but the fitting progressed relentlessly.

My ruminations were interrupted when the nurse reconnected the shackle to my head post and the cable tightened until and I was again dangling in mid-air, then one of their voices crackled in my ear buds.

“Very good! I’m glad to see the excellent fit.” One of the them said. “OK, it’s time to put you into the full body portion and we’ll be working from the bottom up, so will first get your feet and legs into the leggings.”

Both hoof boots were inserted into the opened suit, then its leggings were slowly pulled over them and the stockings and the remainder of the snug tubes were drawn up my thighs and over my hips. Their compression was definitely noticeable and became even more so when their knee to ankle zippers were closed and their cover flaps pressed into place, but I didn’t feel them tightening anymore when the chemical bonding reaction began.

Embedded in the structure of the suit was a doubled layer of the steel mesh that formed a very tight, full body harness complete with heavy 30 mm diameter rings mounted at the shoulders, around the waist, and back of the chest. I felt no concealment at the crotch though! An open delta shape was positioned from 10 cm below my navel and went through my crotch to the base of my spine, thus leaving the end of the butt plug exposed and my male plumbing to hang freely but that situation was only temporary. Next, the Nurses moved my arms until they slipped into the sleeves of the suit, then down their lengths until my mitted hands popped out of the ends. The forearm zippers were quickly closed over the gloves and the cover flaps pressed down, then they pulled the suit up and backward until my shoulders slipped inside and under the hidden straps of the integrated body harness. At this point, the compressing collars around the bases of my breasts snapped into waiting grooves on the suit’s interior and I gasped at feeling the sudden, firm tugging on my chest. It became very tight around the waist when the wide inner cinch was clipped

together, then heavy-duty zipper was pulled up to rest for the moment between my shoulder blades, forcing my quickly-developing breasts all the way through their undersized openings, temporarily remaining open to the air. They popped all the way out when the Nurses laced the built-in corset/shoulder brace very tightly, making me gasp from the growing constriction of my waist and how my shoulders had been pulled back into a 'braced' position.

“Mr Grantham, we're going to lower you again so that we can apply your full face, air regulation and control mask. Your nostril air supply fittings will mate into the ones inside the mask, as will the fitting for your feeding and drinking stomach hose, but there will be a short period of perhaps a minute's duration without you being able to breathe until all of the fittings are properly mated.

“Once your mask has been locked on, you'll be unable to see anything. As you were informed earlier, its vision ports have been replaced by miniature, hi-definition video screens of the type used in 3D goggles and are controlled by the Programme. You will occasionally be permitted to see, if the correct electric signal is maintained, otherwise they will remain totally black and no light whatsoever will enter. In effect, you'll be enclosed in your own personal space ship and I assure you that you'll soon be ... ah ... enjoying a most unique journey.”

I was lowered to stand on the dais, then once more held in place by the nurse's strong hands on my shoulders, even though I remained tethered by the cable clipped to the ring at the top of my head. I couldn't see it until two of the Nurses lifted the heavy mask and placed it over my face before drawing its thick 10 mm wide harness straps slowly back over my head while one of them reached inside and connected a short hose to my gag pad's exterior fitting. She carefully positioned the nostril tube fittings so that they'd snap into their receptacles within the nose bump of the mask, then the hand withdrew and the horrid mask was pulled back until it pressed firmly onto my facial skin and the nasal fittings clicked into their mates. The harnessing straps were drawn tight and locked, leaving the head egg yet to be fitted.

It was at this point that another cruel feature of the torturing mask was revealed: all over the surface that pressed against my facial skin, other than the eye cups, were small, cone-shaped, hard rubber points that were now pressed inescapably into my sensitive facial skin! I couldn't even change my expression without it hurting abominably, I immediately discovered and wanted to scream at them stop this horrible device from being locked onto my head and face, but could do nothing to halt the inexorable process of being encased in my Research Associate's Ensemble. My eyes filled with despairing tears inside each of the encompassing, silicon rubber cups pressing gently into their surrounding skin.

The inside of the shiny black armour of the egg-shaped helmet was deeply-padded so that there would be no free space inside and the exterior would be an almost totally smooth egg, with only a virtually invisible seam running from the place where the post and ring emerged at its crown, down the sides to the bottom edge. Inside the head egg was provision for the mini-computer, conformal batteries, and the electrical signal amplifiers. The only interruptions to its otherwise featureless surface were the air and feeding hoses, the multi-pin electrical connector at the back, and the post and ring projecting at the crown.

They swung the two halves apart, then pressed my head back into the pre-formed, inner rubber cushioning in the rear portion, until the post and ring at the crown of my head snapped into a locking fitting, then the smooth-surfaced front half was slowly pressed onto my harnessed and masked face! The inner padding was slightly too large and so the halves had to be pressed firmly so that the locks would engage, and this meant, of course, that my face and head were subject to an unceasing and terrifying immobility. The untouchable inner locks of the halves at last clicked closed, fully-encasing my head in a tight embrace that was impossible to escape and once it was shut, the joint of the two halves was so finely machined that it was almost invisible. The interior locks were strictly mechanical and so exact that they were impossible to open, once closed. At the bottom of the head egg was a thick, long tube that was immediately zipped closed, further encasing my

neck and sealing me inescapably within it. I was utterly terrified by such comprehensive restraint and every attempt I made to scream or beg caused immediate discomfort or outright pain. The issue was, though, that only ****I**** knew it, and so my screams and begging for release were pointless.

My mitt-encased hands fluttered nervously while I attempted to become accustomed to not even being able to feel my fingers against one another. I had become blind and deaf in one fell swoop and had no way of expressing my terror or objections, and that alone scared me almost mindless. I tried to speak and then to scream out my distress, but of course, the gag, feeding tube, and air hoses prevented any noise from emerging from under the mask and helmet. The air that I had so easily and unthinkingly been breathing suddenly stopped, as they'd said it would, and I fought to somehow get the things off my head and face, but then air began to flow again and I relaxed a little.

I was unaware that the suit's and helmet's outer layer was covered with some sort of undetectable photo-voltaic panels and if I was in any kind of light, these would produce a small, but steady trickle of electricity that was fed to the conformal, graphene batteries scattered around the suit. It was these power sources that would be used to discipline and 'encourage' me, as the Staff, but mostly the computer program deemed necessary.

Chapter Seventeen

Horrific Additions & Explanations

My nightmarish, terror-filled thoughts were interrupted when the ear buds clicked loudly and the Nurse spoke again.

“OK!” she said with enthusiasm, “We’ve got you almost fully dressed in your Research Associate’s Ensemble! Now, it’s time to fit you with the most important parts ... the specialized personal appliances you’ll wear for the remainder of your days.

“However, before we go any further I will explain the details of what you’ll wear.

“Your stainless steel cinch is ready for the addition of the appliances and I will describe these in detail in a few moments.

“The primary appliances: your collar, wrist and ankle cuffs are now inaccessible under your suit and even if they did somehow become available, they cannot be opened. As to your collar ... will always have a leash of some type attached to either its front or back ring, with the other end always locked to a hard point or controlled by a member of the Facility’s Staff.

“It’s perhaps obvious that our Programme has discovered the means to force any male grow a pair of fully-functional, female breasts and once they have developed, they are impossible to remove, other than by surgery, and so the male is consigned to living with them for the remainder of his life. That, of course, has enormous implications for all men, and you are about to become one of the first of that generation, meaning you will, from this point forward, always be kept under lock and key while in our care. The initial year you signed up for came with an automatic, follow-on proviso that we may, solely at our discretion, automatically renew your participation, with no recourse open to you, even though you are the Research Associate, is now voided and you have become a full time research animal. Know with certainty that

your coming years with us will always be spent in strict confinement.

“You’ve been kept on a regime of massive doses of female hormones to make your breasts develop into fully functional female organs and they are progressing quite rapidly. Their growth spurt will be complete within 48 hours, giving you a 38-DDD cup size and being totally natural, we will then change the dosage so that you will begin to lactate. You’ll soon be quite desperate to have yourself milked at least three times a day, just as we planned would be the case.

“What the preceding means is that you have been of necessity been fitted with a permanent bra that you will wear 24/7/365 and of course be unable to remove. This makes it easier for the computer to milk you at the correct time. No hand or skin contact is permitted for sterility reasons and so your bra is a specialized garment, in that it is equipped not only with vacuum cups for your milking, but also has electrical stimulation pads in each cup and around your nipples as well as the bases of the cups.

“To ensure full depletion of the milk glands with each milking, your breasts will be subjected to electrical stimulation; most of the time quite mild, but towards the end of each session, it will become very strong. No doubt this electro-shock will prove to be ... ah ... distinctly unpleasant and quite painful, but it will be frequently and regularly applied to enhance and encourage your milk production, even though you have no conscious control over the process.

“There’s an additional aspect of the programme though, and that involves the male sexual functionality and how it interacts with your newly-developed physical and mental female attributes.

“We will constantly evaluate those areas and so I come to the description of the next permanent appliance you will wear 24/7/365. In essence, it is a very talented chastity device, but one that that has the duplicate purpose of creating extreme sexual arousal, although with some noticeable differences. It is also a uniquely male device that will be employed to discipline

you in the most intimate manner whenever the Staff or the computer programme elects to do so.

“In a moment, your male organ will be placed in an opened, extra-long, ‘Exciter Tube’, then the ends of the rods that have been transverse-mounted in it will be clipped into their mounts on the tube’s interior devices.

“The interior of the Exciter Tube is electrically heated to body temperature and is ridged with a soft rubber lining to increase your arousal levels when it is in operation. When these rods are made to move back and forward inside the tube, they will both stretch and compress your penis, thus providing the necessary frictional stimulation that a male normally requires for an orgasm to occur. In addition, the interior lining will ripple up and down the length of the tube while contracting and expanding at the same time. The speed of this extension, retraction, and compression cycle may be widely varied, and we will soon discover the optimum profile needed for your personal rapid arousal. As well, there are electrical stimulation pads along the inner length of the Exciter Tube and a spring-loaded penis cap that slides along the interior and maintains constant contact with the end of the organ. These electrodes will be employed at all times to encourage an orgasm, but if you have become recalcitrant in the opinion of the Testing Agent or the computer, they will be used to discipline you immediately and quite harshly. This aspect, too, is a necessary part of the Programme, being of the carrot and stick type of situation. What with having your urinary tract rerouted to your lower bowel, we need to keep that tubing in good condition and so you’ll be forced to generate a continuing series of orgasms. Whether that is a good or bad thing is not for you to decide, as that too will be optimised by the computer.

“Your sperm and ejaculate will be analysed in depth and this will necessitate keeping you constantly aroused, and required to obtain an orgasm very frequently, even if you don’t wish to have one. Washing is, of course, important and so your penis will be frequently bathed and always kept lubricated with a sensitizing gel. There is an evacuation hose for the penis tube and it will be activated when you are about to be

milked, but there will always be a small amount of vacuum applied just so that you cannot escape the sensation of your intimate captivity. Now, let's get you fixed up with this essential part of your Ensemble.”

My manhood was once more slathered with a thick covering of some sort of gel that tingled and felt quite good, as did the warmth of the hand that was applying it. My penis was laid in a half tube, then the transverse rod nearest its head was pulled painfully outward until I felt a double click when its ends dropped into their slots, keeping my organ stretched uncomfortably. The middle pin was also drawn outward until it too snapped into its holders, then the one nearest my abdominal wall was pulled out and fitted into its mounts. The stretching and being kept that way was horribly uncomfortable and I automatically squirmed what little I could, attempting to somehow escape the awful sensations. One of nurses swung the top half of the Exciter Tube carefully closed and locked it to the bottom half to form an air- and liquid-tight tube, then the entire device was pulled in firmly against my belly so that the wide flange around its base opening formed an air tight seal and side straps snapped into position on the through-the-crotch straps. A much larger diameter tube was slipped over the first one; this containing the mechanical devices that would move the pins and provide the electrical connections for the warming and torment elements and it too was fastened to my crotch harness.

Then I felt two halves of a 40 mm wide 5 mm thick, cold, stainless steel collar clamped around my scrotum, forcing my testicles down, and it began to be squeezed closed. Who ever was doing it, ensured that the thin and very sensitive skin was not caught in the closing joint, then there was a pause and I felt a 10 mm wide 3 mm thick band pressed up between the testicles, separating them uncomfortably. The collar was again squeezed until its internal latches snapped closed, tightly throttling my scrotum. Next, a cool cup was raised to contain them and it too was locked onto the underside of the Exciter Tube. It also had washing and draining ports and these were connected to narrow hoses, then eventually, to my horror when

it happened, I found that it too it was equipped with electrical stimulation pads!

The last of the awful crotch appliances came when the horrible butt plug was locked into the structure of the crotch harness, but this took only short seconds.

One of the Nurses moved from my ankles to the top of my head, fitting all of the 30 mm diameter 4 mm thick rings to each of the posts of my restraints, and a second followed her with a portable electric welding unit and made each into an unbreakable circle.

“OK!” the Nurse’s voice whispered happily into my ears, “You’ve now wearing your full ensemble, otherwise known as the Research Animal Milking Harness. It will keep you ... ah ... entertained for a long time to come and, of course, just by yourself there is no possible way you can escape it and what it will do to your body and mind. Enjoy!”

Although I didn’t see them, they next attached short metal-clad hoses to the fittings of my helmet, breast cups, and the those in my crotch while at the same time also connecting the various wires from the sensor pads and electrical stimulation equipment. I was vastly uncomfortable and continued to gasp erratically for every breath and I guess they must have noticed the difficulty I was having. One of them spoke.

“I’m going to hook you up to a mechanical ventilator that will force you to breathe, then we’ll hang you on the Transport Dolly and move you to the Calibration Lab. They’ll keep you for a most of the remainder of the day, so you’ll begin to become accustomed to your new life as one of our Research Animals.”

Suddenly, pressurized air flowed into the mask from the ventilator, forcing me to inhale and exhale to its cadence. At first I gratefully gasped in lungs full, wishing fervently that I was anywhere but where I was because the whole thing was completely beyond what I had expected to experience! And to my horror it had at last been revealed what I’d been dreading to learn, that I was in fact a prisoner and had virtually no chance of being released. Although I didn’t and couldn’t see it,

a rolling frame very similar to those used in hotels to move baggage to rooms was brought over, although this particular transporter had a high U frame at its centre and a small powered winch to raise and lower the hook at the end of a cable, located at the apex of the U.

I felt the vibrations of some sort of tether being connected to the top of my head, then was drawn up to swing erratically back and forth for a moment in blackness and silence before they connected an anchoring chain from the centre of the dolly floor to my short ankle hobble, then tightened it so that I'd remain almost motionless while being moved to my next place of confinement, for that is surely what my life had evolved into ... constant confinement. The worst thing though was that the Nurse's had at last revealed that I was now nothing more than an animal and that I would be tortured and tormented for the foreseeable future with no one knowing what was being done to me and I would have no means which I could object or even scream for it all to stop. It was incredible that I had come to this fate so quickly, but truth to tell, I could blame no one other than myself for it happening.

Chapter Eighteen

Equipment Calibration

It seemed to take forever, to get to the Calibration Area. I had no means of telling time and being kept blind and deafened made it even worse. The corridors were smoothly-floored so not even a vibration of going over a joint was felt and there was no indication to me that we'd entered an elevator and descended nearly 300 metres into the depths of the mountain.

And so, approximately three hours after the completion of the fitting of my Ensemble, having been deposited in the Calibration Lab, the Suit began to make itself a permanent part of me. At first, I felt an all-over itch that was inescapable and so shuddered, twitched and twisted as much as I could, unconsciously aiding the process. It wasn't painful, but decidedly uncomfortable while the microscopic strands inserted themselves more and more deeply into my skin, then slowly began to weave together within it!

At the same time as this was taking place, the outer layers were flowing together to make a seamless covering, but that wasn't something I was aware of happening, knowing only that it was. Within two hours, there was not a seam to be seen in my covering and all surfaces had become a gleaming black. Only the bumps covering my cuffs and the waist cinch interrupted the smoothness. I didn't realize it, but I had become only one individual amongst 300 other similarly covered and equipped test animals and there was no way to tell one of us from the other unless one saw the engraved serial number just behind the head post.

Even though I could not see, at this level, all ceilings had sets of tracks embedded in their centre, and within these tracks were small, self-propelled carriages that were each equipped with a set of dangling chains.

At last the transport dolly on which I was strung up came to a stop leaving me to hang, waiting helplessly. I was lowered

to stand again and the cable connected to the top of my head and my hobble chain were released, then the Nurses, holding my arms on each side, marched me to the dangling chains of an overhead trolley. These they quickly connected to my top-of-the-head ring, then another to the back ring of my collar and again they marched me along a short overhead rail that stopped when we reached an opened, tall steel hatch to what had been an air shaft. My tethers were transferred onto a hook dangling inside the shaft from above while one of them hooked another chain coming up from the bottom to my hobble. In moments all the hoses and wires of my Ensemble had been attached to their mates inside the shaft, then the last words I heard for many hours was them bidding me happy trails and fun adventures to come. Of course they knew full well what that what was going to be done to me would be so traumatic that I could easily be tipped into total insanity.

The overhead chain tightened and I was dragged fully into the two metre diameter shaft to once more dangle helplessly in its centre, with the weight of the chain to my hobble dragging my legs out straight, then the steel hatch swung shut. I was lowered some five meters, then the chain to my hobble tightened slowly to leave me once more strung tightly in mid-air. If I could have, I'd have been screaming and begging piteously to be freed of the awful confinement of my Ensemble and its so-called appliances, but I was utterly alone and helpless and unaware at that moment, subject to the merciless programming of an efficient, relentless, unsympathetic computer. The programme administration was overseen by an overseeing Nurse who was interested in taking an active part in torturing her other male subjects, each in their own silos of silence and suffering.

Although my time in this part of the Programme was only to be for a less than a day, to allow calibration of various devices and testing regimes, I think I was there for a far longer time than I'd been told. The supervising Testing and Calibration, robotized voice seldom spoke directly to me and I became desperate to hear the sound of a human voice or something other than the oppressive and seemingly total lack of sound. I was not aware of it, but very low level 'white

noise' was always being fed into my ear buds and this prevented a total mental collapse.

Some considerable time after I'd been incarcerated in this modern day oubliette and left to live with my chaotic thoughts, not yet having yet been subjected to any of the tribulations soon to come, the supervising Nurse's voice hissed into my ear buds.

"Hello, Mr Grantham!" she said jovially, as though we were sitting in a lounge and enjoying a social drink. "Welcome to the Calibration Section. Your stay with us will be for a somewhat longer period than you were advised of earlier, but there is no doubt that it will prove to be an ... ah ... interesting one for you and will provide some unique experiences.

"Now, to save a lot of future unnecessary use of names, you will be known only as Test Subject 13-01-1946-MTF. That's still a little awkward so you'll just be known as 130-146. The past 12 hours have been rather exciting for you, no doubt, and so you'll soon be fed and watered, then receive the first of your regularly scheduled series of enemas. With those done, you'll then be put to sleep for 12 hours and during that time be evaluated for your future 'at rest periods'. At the beginning of the final two hours, you will be fed and watered once more and allowed to continue resting until it is time to begin the actual 'on-line' calibration of your various appliances.

"The testing and calibration to come is exhaustive and very tiring and you will experience many things during the course of it taking place. The sensations are very intense and you will be pushed to your limits, then far beyond them in order to ascertain the maximum stress your mind and metabolism can withstand. Being that you are a mature male in reasonably good physical and mental condition, the testing and calibration will be extensive and take a some considerable time to complete fully.

"In the meantime, your breasts and nipples have continued their rapid development and of course they too will be tested for response. No doubt you, until this point an unaltered male, will find the experiences you are about to undergo to be

astoundingly disturbing, but that is the essential nature of our Programme.”

The voice disappeared and I was once more left alone with my terrified and anguished thoughts. I don't know how much longer I remained awake, but eventually I fell asleep and, aided by the sleepy gas in my air supply, I remained that way for the next full ten hours, I think.

A mechanical voice crackled in my ears, seeming to pierce right through my head.

“130-146! It is time for you to be subjected to the final array of evaluation and equipment calibration. Your physical reaction to assorted mild to extreme stimuli will be explored in depth. There will be no pain-alleviating drugs. From this point forward during your time as a participant, others will be administered to vastly increase your sensitivity. Stand by for the commencement of testing.”

The voice shut off and all sound disappeared to leave me floating in nothingness, waiting in terror of what was to come.

It began with mild electrical stimulation of my tongue, with the pulses passing through its length from front to back and these shocks even though mild, made my tongue convulse and pull strongly and painfully against the hooks that were passed through its piercings. It felt horrible and I tried retching, but that only made the sensations worse, then the electrical pulses grew stronger and stronger making me try to scream and adding hugely to my feeling and awareness of being utterly trapped. Gagging and retching, I shuddered and twisted at the end of head-fastened chain, then the next thing I felt was another set of slowly pulsing electrical shocks being applied to my breasts until a leech-like suction latched directly onto my now very sensitive nipples and I felt them come erect at once, twitching and hardening automatically against their transverse piercings and their surrounding collars from the prickling and suckling sensation, but it was inescapable and I soon I began howling desperately in my mind for it to stop.

Next, I felt a slippery gel being forced into the penis tube/catheter, spreading all the way along the interior, then to

my delight at first, the same sucking rhythmical pulsing was applied to my encased penis! Not only that though, but the transfixing rods began to stretch it out even further along the imprisoning tube, then retract so that the suckling grew even stronger, while at the same time, the inner lining squeezed and pulsated! These sensations are instinctually irresistible for any male and my body and mind reacted with an instant erection and the subsequent demand of the flesh for satisfaction assaulted my brain. My hips began a wild thrusting and hula of an as yet unfulfilled compulsion, but even so, the transfixing rods remained in tight configuration close to my body and I strained frantically to somehow free it, only to feel the horrid tugging that was happening when my penis attempted to come erect.

Eternities later, perhaps a full minute, the rods slowly drew me out along the tube's pulsing, ridged interior until it was stretched extremely uncomfortably and I was desperate to get my pinioned, utterly useless, mitted hands at the horrid, torturing device. Because I had been circumcised at birth, the crown of my organ was readily available and inside the evil tube, a spring-loaded, chromed metal cup remained always covering it. This cup was only one of the many electrodes in the tube's structure, and like the others there was no possible way for my body to escape contact with it.

My mind began to shatter from the constant suckling and electrical stimulation of my breasts, but then to add to my torment, the penis tube also began to assault me with tantalizing electro-shocks designed to make me come to an orgasm ... or so I thought. It was then that the intrusive, massive butt plug began to vibrate strongly so that I felt as though there was some sort of mechanical mixing machine that had gone berserk in my belly!

The sensations were all incredible and unstoppable! Inside the silent utterly lightless silo, suspended at the end of the chain locked to the top of my skull and kept tensioned by the one from my hobble to the floor far below, I twisted and shuddered in reaction, howling for release even though in my mind, I knew there was nothing I could do to make it all to

stop or be released from this horrific nightmare of extreme sensations.

Unbelievably, all of the electrical stimulation began to increase in strength and the speed of the suckling rhythm sped up also, to become a sensual tidal wave of monstrous proportions. My mind continued to dissolve while I surged manically against my bonds, and all the while, the computer measured all of the things that were being done to me and my brain's and body's responses. Finally, everything became too much for me to bear and remain sane and my mind shut down when I fainted.

The monitoring computer noted every detail; recovery time, skin sensitivity, core temperature, and the need for oxygen-enriched air. It then mixed in a sleepy gas component as well as a small portion of the soup, but of course I couldn't taste it at all and remained knocked out for hours while it continued to monitor my brainwave patterns the entire time I was at rest in order to establish a base-line for all of the data that was being compiled about my mind, reactions, and physical endurance, amongst a host of other parameters that would be used when I entered the Research Project fully. Essentially, I was now nothing more than a number-identified, experimental laboratory animal and could, if the Programme Administrators desired, be tested to destruction.

Over the next hours I was taken again and again to the heights of arousal, but always denied a climax, each time leading me to howling fits of frustration so that I struggled mindlessly to try and generate an orgasm. Being permitted to achieve one was denied for the longest time until, finally, both my body and mind exploded in a wild and seemingly unending release, jets of sperm pulsing from my straining body, to be removed by the sucking horror encasing my penis.

My breasts had continued to grow rapidly all the while and now they began to ache with fullness in a manner that, in male terms of reference, I could not describe. The application of the rhythmical, constant vacuum on my nipples was a sensation I could barely deal with, but when the electro-shocks were also applied, I descended in to the very depths of Hell, or so I

thought at the time, and began to curse ever having seen that advertisement and responding to it.

At other times, only my manhood was subjected to the strong sensations, even though my nipples and breasts were continually receiving small sets of exciting pulses, and so as a consequence, when this kept up my male reaction was instinctual and I quickly achieved an erection, but the tantalizing and forced arousal process continued, so that successive orgasms were forced from my mind and body until I fainted each time from the overload. After the first two or three, succeeding climaxes took longer and longer to achieve becoming painful, but the computer program was relentless and it ensured I at least attempted a climax and acted without pity or respite.

Then, the most awful of the elements was added when during the arousal when I was nearing the zenith of an orgasm ... my air supply was cut off and withheld until I became unconscious! It was a horrid experience to be strangled so cruelly, again and again, and I began to greatly fear the onset of any kind arousal, but the program played upon my instinctual reactions and I was helpless to stop them from happening!

At last, the computer voice informed me that all calibrations had been completed and I was now to be moved to my full time place of residence, a very secure cell. Minutes later I felt myself being drawn up the silo, then all of the wires and hoses attached to me were disconnected, as well as the anchoring chain to my hobble. My head chain was re-connected to from the ceiling track carriage and my wrists were chained to the back ring of my chastity belt's waist band, then it began to slide along the track network with two nurses walking beside me while I was moved to my cell.

Chapter Nineteen

A New Home

There was nothing I could do to change my forced entry into this new life, but the worst aspects of it were the boredom and isolation from the outer world because of being blinded by the mask and not permitted to hear any sound.

It seemed to take a long time to be moved through the Facility's underground passageways to the Research Associate Residence Area, but in truth, it is certainly more accurate to describe it as a glorified, ultra-secure, three level prison. I believe the total population of the Residence Wing was around 300. All of the occupants were subjected to the same procedures I was about to undergo, although I never knew for sure. As Research Associates lost value to the Programme, they were apparently sold off to assorted despots to be used as toys, but their eventual fate was never known. I had been lured into the "Research Programme" to replace one of those unfortunates.

All of the corridors and cells had been carved into the mountain's granite rock, with the raw stone then being covered by a layer of smoothed concrete and this had been painted a stark, gleaming white. Lighting was accomplished by motion-sensitive LED strips set into the curved ceilings, but these only became active before any of the Staff entered, being activated by the Main Control Room in one of the buildings I'd seen, on the surface. None of the three levels of the residence was ever illuminated unless a staff member needed to be there. Even so all the spokes and rooms were under a constant, infrared camera surveillance. The 'residence' levels were some 200 metres below the surface and each level was separated from the ones above and below by 50 metres of rock.

Each of the four spokes radiated out at 90 degrees from a secure chamber that surrounded the elevator and was secured by a thick, locked hatch and along each spoke's sides were 12, widely-spaced, separate cells with one at the end.

The so-called residences were very secure. The same process was needed to open the hatch/door at the residence end of the entry corridor. They were not close to the spoke corridor from the central chamber around the elevator, but each was set back at the end of a five metre long passage; this sealed at the 'spoke' end with an outer door that was in fact a thick, air-tight, noise-proof, steel hatch. This could only be pre-unlocked by the Central Control Room in one of the surface buildings far above, then at the door itself the staff needed to enter their own time-limited access code to open it. She then had to input an eight digit, alphanumeric code into the outer hatch's own panel and press her palm on the reader before it would unlock. Beyond the first door was the five metre long corridor, complete with a ceiling track, and at the inner end of this passage was yet another hatch/door and it too needing her to input a different code and again use the scanner to check her retina pattern.

What I didn't know for some time was that once an Associate had been fully installed in his cell and the Staff member had closed and locked both hatches, the cell was immediately flooded with a 50/50 mixture of nitrogen and carbon dioxide until there was no other gas present. This, of course, necessitated that the occupant had to be fitted with the air mask and connected to air hoses.

When a Research Subject was to be moved into or out of his cell, it first had to be approved by Central Security Control, then, once in the outside corridor of the cell, she activated a high volume fan and extracted the inert gas mixture in exchange for regular atmospheric air before entering the residence proper. Lighting was by more of the controllable LED's and of course each residence had heating and cooling systems that employed narrow, louvered vent grills high on the four walls.

Every residence was an identical cube measuring five metres on a side, with all surfaces but the floor painted a gleaming white. The smooth walls and ceiling were equipped with many rings, most with dangling, gleaming chains, and on the ceiling was the panel into which the occupant's long umbilical of hoses and cables were plugged, each equipped

with specialized ends that could quickly and securely be connected to his Ensemble. These umbilical's hung in loops from ceiling mounts, waiting to be connected to the occupant's ensemble. In addition, there was a ceiling small network of tracks so the occupant could be positioned at any of the exercise equipment or to over the oubliette hatch, always leashed of course.

The so-called furniture consisted of a Milking Frame, a fearsome looking rowing machine, stair climber, and a treadmill. In each corner of the walls and ceiling was a hi-definition CCTV camera and from a steel-edged hole in the centre of the ceiling, a hook dangled on a wire cable running to a hidden electric hoist, while directly under it on the floor was a bifurcated, thick, circular steel plate, two metres in diameter. This was the covering for the five metre deep oubliette that was a part of every 'residence'. The floor and the cover plate were covered by thick rubber and set into it at strategic points were sets of folded-down rings that would all be put to use at some point in every Research Associate's long stay.

All of the so-called 'furniture' was liberally equipped with wide, woven metal mesh, rubber-covered straps, strategically placed for full restraint of the occupant on that particular device and of course the Milking Frame had them at the neck rest, the breast/nipple level, two over-the-shoulder straps, another at waist level, the top of each thigh, just above the knee and at the ankle.

Of course the arm and hand rests also had a sets of straps just above the elbow and at the wrist. The main piece of 'furniture' was the Milking Frame and it was mounted on a thick hydraulic piston. Once occupied, it rose to automatically position itself two metres above the floor, then as well, the Frame itself was mounted on a set of gimbals and so could be easily rotated in any axis. It consisted of a formed, thick plate that allowed for the breast cups to project through two large apertures, while at the upper end it widened to provide a rest for the shoulders and an extension rose to the position of the neck where a half tube was shaped to hold it and keep the occupant's chin up. At shoulder level on each side was an

adjustable, wide tray to which the arms would be strapped, if he had not already been placed in the mandated back prayer bondage that eventually was the fate of every research animal. As was the intent of the back prayer positioning of the arms it rendered the male utterly helpless to defend himself, and forced him to stick out his chest and now substantial breasts, thus feeling their base cinching nooses all the more intensely. Another aspect though was the deep psychological awareness that this bondage enforced.

The Frame widened slightly at waist-level, then below, split apart to give easy access to the occupant's Exciter Tube's and the butt plug's hoses and wires. The leg extensions were also fully-adjustable, capable of bending at the knee, as well as being able to separate widely.

Without doubt, for me, the worst sensation of being utterly unable to protect myself came when the Frame was adjusted in such a manner that I lay flat on my back with my head and upper body tilted down, while below, the leg portions split apart to fully expose all of the crotch appliances, then bent my thighs towards my body and bent my knees as much as possible. Once that had been achieved, I'd be left like that for a long time to think about what was coming, then my breasts would suddenly begin to be strongly suckled and at the same time pulsed with horrifying levels of electro-shock. That alone was enough to soon have me screaming mindlessly into my gag, but then the butt plug would become active, vibrating and seeming to thrust itself deeper and deeper into my bowels! Essentially I was made to suffer the male version of being raped, but the next phase then began when the Exciter tube began its own evil manipulations until I was nothing more than a silenced, tightly restrained, maddened thing, struggling maniacally to escape its torment or to at least have an orgasm.

These sessions lasted hours and hours and the result was both physical and mental exhaustion. There is no doubt in my mind that I literally became totally insane before, during and for long after each time this was done to me. I had and cannot generate any sort of time scale for those sessions and that is probably just as well, as they were mentally searing and changing to the point that somewhere along the line I began to

crave their occurrence, as strange as that may sound. Kind of like “The Stockholm Syndrome” I suppose.

.....

And so I was brought to the outer hatch of the short corridor to my new home, swinging gently back and forth on my head-connected chain in the stark, silent corridor, then I was lowered to stand wavering back and forth uncertainly in my blindness, trying to balance in my hoof boots while a short, metre long chain leash was locked to the back ring of my collar. One of my escorts opened the outer hatch/door and the other, holding the end of it in one hand and grasping my upper arm with her other, forced me to walk into the entry corridor and stand waiting while the first followed us in, closing and locking the hatch behind her. One of the doubled hatches could be opened at the same time. She then walked ahead to the inner one and a minute later had opened it. I was marched into my new accommodation, then stood uncertainly while the inner door was closed and locked. One of them immediately connected the cell’s overhead carriage chain to my top-of-the-head ring and to the back ring of my collar, but only after removing the leash chain once those connections had been made. The overhead chain was tightened so that I would not fall or attempt to escape while the other Nurse positioned the Milking Frame by first lowering it, then tilting it to the vertical before I was prodded to step forward and lean on it.

When I did, my breast cups slipped through wide apertures on the body plate and one of the Nurses kept me pressed onto the rubber-covered thick steel plate while the other took a wide chest strap and passed it across my back, through its buckle, then locked it tight. My neck was next to be made captive when a wide strap was passed across it, then drawn through its own locking buckle, becoming extremely tight over my steel collar. My waist was made captive so that my entire body was fastened into a solid contact with the frame, then the additional security straps were flipped the over my shoulders and first clipped to the chest band, then to the waist band, before they

too were tightened and locked. I couldn't even twitch, but it was about to get worse when my arms and hands were freed one at a time, forced onto their platforms and strapped down. With them spread off to my sides at shoulder height, I felt as though I was being crucified and inside the gloves and featureless mittens I attempted to clench my fingers, but even that small amount of movement was totally prohibited.

My legs and feet were next to be immobilized. The Frame was raised slightly, tilted forward, then they quickly passed the wide straps around each of my thighs and locked them before moving down to my hooved feet. They were strapped in place at the ankles and only then was the hobble chain removed so that my legs could be spread wide apart with my knees bent at nearly right angles. Once that had been done, I felt horribly vulnerable, as was the punishing intent.

With the top-of-the-head egg chain remaining connected, no further restraints were needed and so It was time for me to be connected to all of the hoses and wires of the system that was to keep me alive and productive as both a milk and sperm producing animal, for that was truly what I was intended to become, like all the others males confined in the Facility. To make this easier, the Frame was rotated to a fully horizontal orientation so that I faced the floor. They moved to my head egg and connected my air supply and exhaust hoses, the feeding and watering hoses, and lastly the cable being fastened to its fitting on the back just above my collar. My breast cups were connected to the vacuum milking system as well as the electro-stimulation and discipline cables, then the Frame was rotated forward until I was face down with my crotch highest. The leg rests spread slowly apart and my crotch was readily presented so that I was utterly vulnerable.

It was the work of only two minutes to connect the vacuum milking hose to my Exciter Tube, then its 'Encouragement' electro-shock cables. This was followed immediately when the butt plug's enema pressure and drainage hoses were screwed onto their fittings and its electrical cables were also connected.

I was ready to begin my new life as a Research Animal,. But, truth be told, only one of 300 male torture toys.

The Nurses stood back and with a handheld remote, raised the Frame to its normal position, two meters above the floor, then rotated it so that I was tilted forward at a 45 degree angle with arms fastened off to the sides and legs spread far apart with knees bent, this being the default configuration and 'at rest' position for the trials and terrors I was about to be subjected to. One of many the other positions was that the frame would be rotated so that I'd be face down with my butt higher than my shoulders.

Of course, being rendered blind by my head's encasement, I could not see what I looked like and so had to lay and wait for whatever torments the merciless computer program decided to mete out. However, cruelly, they wanted me to see what I looked like and suddenly, the high definition miniature monitors before my eyes inside the head egg came to life and showed me a video feed from the cell's cameras. I could not avoid staring at the images of myself having been so fully restrained, with all of the hoses and wires fastened to my body and limbs, then the ear buds came briefly to life.

"Yes, 130-146. That's you. We'll give you a minute to study yourself, then the video and the sound will be cut off and you'll be left to await the computer's attentions. Enjoy!"

I saw the Nurses take one last look around before moving to the inner door and repeated the laborious opening process, then walked into the cell's entry corridor and swung the hatch closed, leaving me a total and isolated prisoner on the other side. Two minutes later they were in the outer corridor having that hatch being swung closed. Full lock-down was confirmed by a set of LED's on its outer side turning from red to green, signifying that there was no possible way my cell could be re-entered until the entire sequence of getting authorization, then completing the opening sequences were gone through again. On the right side wall of the hatch for every 'residence' were three, large screen monitors showing the physical state of the occupant: heart rate, breathing pattern, air intake, core temperature, and brain activity, duplicating the data displays that could be called up in the Central Control Room. One of the monitors was connected to the infra-red capable CCTV

cameras in the cell and the views shown flipped from one to the other every 15 seconds.

Inside the cell, I had been plunged back into utter silence and blackness even though the cell's interior lighting remained at full brightness and the cameras in each upper corner remained live, ensuring that I was kept under constant video surveillance, as well of course as the monitoring of my physical health and mental activity levels by the computer. Another array of 10 LED's on the control panel, until now all green, began to change slowly to red while the interior of the cell was flooded with the nitrogen-carbon dioxide gas mixture.

To prevent muscular atrophy, micro electro-shocks would continually exercise all of my major muscle groups and of course the stimulation and excitement processes of a continuing and deeply penetrating study of my reactions would ensure that I was always kept in terror of what was next to be done to me, because, intentionally, there was no predictable scheduling to the horrors that I was to be forced to endure.

Research Subject Animals spend their first two weeks bound as I now was, before being temporarily freed from the Milking Frame. Occasionally after that, they'd be permitted to move about their cell, but always with the full complement of hoses and wires locked onto their Milking Harnesses. The nearly always worn hobble chain between our hooved boots was only removed after we'd been fastened to a Milking Frame, however, our ceiling-mounted chain leash always remained locked to the back ring of our wide steel collars and the top-of-the-head ring. If not in the Frame or one of the other machines, our wrist cuffs were also always kept locked to the back of the cinch until the time came for them to be moved up between their shoulder blades into a 'back prayer', then left that way.

When necessary, a Research Animal Subject was kept under the direct, harsh supervision of a pair of attending Nurses who would permit their charge only a minimal amount of discretionary movement, ensuring that their wishes and commands were carried out immediately by employing strong,

pulsing disciplinary shocks; primarily through the entubed male organ, breasts and nipples. They also used shocks from the butt plug and most horribly for me, through my tongue. Normally, Nurses only came to a cell only to fasten its occupant to one of the exercise machines, then return him to the Milking Frame when the small period of so-called freedom was at an end. I do not know the length of time before I was awoken by the almost unremembered voice of Doctor Sokolov.

“130-146! Welcome to your home for the rest of your life, now that you have been informed of your true situation and role in life. You will be spending 99% of your time in this cell while you are conscious.

“In general terms, here is how we shall proceed. First, the programme will ascertain your male responses and sperm production capability, with the goal being to increase both as much as possible. You may at first find this portion of the programme to be pleasurable in many ways, but it will certainly prove to be a considerable trial as it moves through its various more and more intense phases. When this exhaustive measuring process has been completed, next, the responses from your newly-grown female breasts and nipples will be measured. One aspect will be to measure the time needed between lactations to regenerate fullness, as well as the volume of milk you produce and its viability as a human or animal food.

“These tests are quite extensive and will require another week until your breasts have matured to their full size, in order for us to gain a complete picture of your physiology. In the latter stages of that part of the evaluation process, your breasts will milked at the same time as male orgasms are created by the actions of your Exciter Tube. Further tests will involve measuring your responses to that set of stimulations in addition to the employment of the butt plug enema fitting’s capabilities of vibration, electro-shock and bowel flushing.

“At frequent points during your coming journey, all of the abovementioned will occur simultaneously, and as well, frequently during the processes you will also be subjected to

severe electrical discipline to ascertain if your masochistic personality affects the yield and/or quality of your breast's lactation process as well as sperm creation. These disciplinary sessions will happen frequently and they are decidedly not a pleasant experience to undergo, from the reactions we have observed from our other Research Animals. However, these types of tests will be done to you, regardless. One of the many benefits of your Test Animal Ensemble is that you have no means of protesting your treatment, not can you resist it's application in any way.

“Once the parameters have all been established, you will then be placed on a regular milking and sperm generation regime and be kept on it for the duration of your stay in the Research Programme. Just for your information, given the results to date, your stay with us could be as long as 10 to 15 years before your physiology is completely worn out and is of no further value to the Programme. However, that being said, it is most unusual for a male who has been ... ah ... modified as you have, to be alive after 10 years, thanks to the demands of the programme placed on your body. Whether or not you remain sane during the programme is not our concern, for, you are now nothing more than a sentient test animal

“No doubt you have questions about what will happen to you at the termination of your participation. As already mentioned, your contract's term has now been extended indefinitely, and so it permits us to dispose of you as we see fit. The current plan is that you, remaining confined in your Ensemble and Appliances, might perhaps be sold to some wealthy, suitably cruel and distant Arabian or Oriental and be used by them however they may deem necessary or expedient.

“So, 130-146, your future is quite circumscribed. Obviously your life has not evolved as you thought it would only three weeks ago! With that said, I shall leave you to contemplate what I've just informed you of. Although you'll likely not hear from me again, I will be monitoring you closely and ensuring that you are indeed pushed to your limit, whether you wish it or not.

“There is one last thing that you should know. Your helmet and air mask have now been set so that the default of the valve system is that without power, and the correct, coded electrical signal being present, they will close and prohibit you from breathing anything at all, or at the very least only the very smallest amount so you’ll have to fight for every breath. So, that being the case, you are now also leashed by the length of your air hoses.

Her voice cut off to be replaced by an impersonal, synthesized voice of the computer.

“Stage One will commence in 10 seconds.”

Chapter Twenty

Research Animal 130-146

What I had just been told was beyond belief! How could they just kidnap, then sentence me to the unthinkable long years as a research animal, to be tortured continuously? It was unbelievable and horrible beyond measure! Desperation to escape made me begin to struggle frantically to free myself, what little movement the fastening harness to the Milking Frame allowed. Unashamedly I began attempting to scream into my gag in horrified terror of what I was soon going to endure ... but the gag's incredibly awful, torturing design kept me silenced and with it being now a part of the irremovable steel head harness, under the locked on face mask, and the completely sealed head egg, the restraints were totally secure. Even though I now knew this to be a fact, I suffered the pain of the hooks dragging on my tongue when I tried to move it, but was utterly unable to escape or to stop my progression into this new chapter of my life.

Trembling violently with terrified thoughts of what was about to happen, my fears soon began to be realized when small surges of slick lubricant/contact gel was injected into the Exciter Tube, then I felt the first, gentle tugs upon my steel-rod-transfixed manhood. These sensations, as I'd so far experienced them, were always arousing and completely impossible to ignore, given the sliding friction between my now super-sensitive penis and the gently-ridged, warm, pulsing and squeezing action of the inner wall of the Exciter Tube. As was intended, the result was that a pre-ordained and seemingly spontaneous erection came upon me so that within the armouring 'Tube my body strained painfully against the resistance of the transfixing rods, attempting to extend itself further and further down its length. Then, the next part of the evil arousal sequence was added-in by the computer. While being tugged and automatically attempting to lengthen, the tube began more strongly to squeeze and ripple rhythmically! I could not stop my body moving rapidly towards orgasm and at the same time my mind began to concentrate solely on

achieving that bliss, to the exclusion of all else I was suffering. The utter silence, broken by my cries heard only in my mind, together with the utter blackness, acted in conjunction to focus all of my thoughts and reactions upon only my sensations and how to achieve the ultimate release.

What added to my arousal was that I had been strapped tightly onto the Milking Frame and could barely move, but my frantic and fruitless struggles added to the entire situation, for they added a witch's brew of endorphins to the arousal chemicals already flooding through my mind and body! Of course the result was inevitable and in a lightning-laced, thunderous blast, I exploded through one of the most intense orgasms I'd ever experienced. It was so strong that my mind over-loaded and I fainted completely, gasping and twitching spastically in a post-orgasmic glow, even though at that point my brain seemed to have evaporated into its component atoms.

With no idea of the amount of time that had passed, I came awake once more in the eternal silence and blackness and, of course, instinctively attempted to free myself, feeling the cloying compression and sweaty slickness over my entire body because of my thick, impervious rubber ensemble. My fingers twitched within their tight rubber gloves and mitts, but other than their compression and slipperiness, I could touch and feel nothing. I wanted to wrap my arms around my body and hug myself, but that too was denied and so I remained in the crucified bondage. My legs and feet ached abominally, because of the strained posture they'd been made to assume upon being inserted then locked into the hoofed boots but in addition, with my legs widely separated and knees bent, I felt horribly vulnerable because it was impossible to resist in any manner. Despite my desperate struggles to somehow curl up and protect myself, I remained just as they'd left me, anguished that any attempted cry for release or escape enforced the fact that my tongue was impaled and with continuing horror, felt the tubes that descended my throat and the others passing through my sinuses.

I was vastly aware of the exquisitely engineered torture chamber that held my manhood as a tormented prisoner and especially when an erection surged within it, then I felt my

breasts straining against the rubber liners of their cups and momentarily enjoyed the sensation of them being there and as sensitive as they had already become, but that would soon change for the worse.

The horrific device in my mouth and throat grew warm when I was fed, then I experienced the misery of a series of hot and cold enemas being administered. For a short time after that I was left undisturbed, but then the arousal process inevitably began once more until my erection was straining within the Exciter Tube, dragging painfully on its transfixing rods. In the cup that held my testicles, the silvery buttons of the electrodes came to life, and began to pulse low level, teasing and tickling electrical shocks through them, designed to encourage more sperm production, then the electrical pulses also began passing along my penis to the electrode cap ring its end! I screamed and howled mindlessly from the computer's merciless application of the wild, vibrating sensations more and more frantic to escape the tormenting devices, bucking madly against the straps that held me in place. This second, forced arousal and the inevitable result was the explosion of another violent orgasm that could not be resisted. I fainted once more, physically and mentally drained by the sensations. On top of that, my skin, even though now integrated to the rubber suit, had become extremely sensitive and now any sort of manipulation or contact was almost too much to bear without howling and pleading into the gag not be touched.

The computer sensed when I eventually re-awakened and began the tantalizing and tormenting arousal process once more maintaining its slow progress of unending stimulation, continuing unabated for hours until my body again spasmed automatically, but only the smallest amount of ejaculate came from my exhausted resources. The resulting orgasm attempt was mentally horrific and so physically painful that I began to try anew to scream against the gag pad, my mental pleading to be left alone and in peace, but the convulsion that followed again blew apart my conscious awareness.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth times the machinery took longer and longer to elicit both a physical and a mental reaction and were hours of despairing horror that, unless you have

experienced what I did, cannot be adequately described in words alone. At last my mind could take no more, now being fully aware of my awful imprisonment and restraints, whatever was left of my awareness and coherent thought just went away somewhere, gibbering in terror.

Over the ensuing days, weeks, months and years, these incessant and inevitable procedures assaulted me until I became a virtually mindless animal. My body's instinctual reactions were constantly forced to higher and higher levels, leaving me always in frantic tears and wishing I'd never been born. My very being as a male was being steadily eroded and something entirely new was being created.

My breasts had continued to develop rapidly and although I wasn't aware of it, they had as planned, become the 38-DDD size that was, apparently the best size for my body size and now I began to feel their distinct and unpleasant fullness. The monitoring computer also recognized the weight and size and the slight leakage from my straining nipples and so it began the next awful stages of my new lifetime of torment. The first inkling I had of the change in procedure was when I felt a slowly growing then strong pulsating suction engulf both of my now-large and sensitive nipples, dragging them forcefully and painfully outwards from the masses of my breasts and I groaned from the wild sensation of them coming erect when the cups fully latched-on.

At first it felt pleasant when my milk began to let down and I was relieved to feel a lessening of the pressure that had filled my breasts to almost bursting, but then, after some 30 minutes, to enhance the draining process, the nooses that surrounded their bases began to snare closed even more than their normal restriction! The fleshy mounds became tightly garroted around their bases and quickly swelled out painfully with blood that was now trapped inside the flesh! What made this infinitely worse though came when the cup liners began to rhythmically and strongly squeeze the full masses of strangled flesh in order to force out every last drop of the milk in the glands! The pain of this being done was indescribable; something that no male should never experience, and I could not stop the despairing screams I attempted. I was left alone

then for what was, apparently eight hours, then it was done again and this time took longer while I thrashed and shuddered against the wide, woven metal mesh straps, but of course remained securely fastened to my Milking Frame. In the middle of the period of respite, the Exciter Tube attacked my maleness once again and quickly drove me to near madness.

Another eight hours after my second breast milking it was repeated yet again and this time, horribly so, electro-shock encouragement was added-in and I became a mindless wreckage. All of the sensations were exceedingly intense and although I'd always been envious of the female breast and had wanted to have them myself, they now felt like special gifts from Hell ... ones I could not return nor escape from ... and never would.

I had now entered fully into the so-called Research Programme and there was no possible way to get out of my commitment, thanks not only to the fastenings to the Milking Frame and my top-of-the-head leash being completely inescapable. This was made even more sure being tethered also by the host of hoses and wires, but more particularly, my air hoses. Without them being connected to the respirator, within three minutes without air, or attempting to breathe the deadly mix of gases in the cell, I'd die.

Not only was The Facility hidden far out in the wilderness, but it's security arrangements for either getting into or out of it were quite incredible and easily the equivalent of a 'regular', civilian, Super-Max prison being located far out in wild, mountainous country and surrounded by two, five metre high, electrified, razor wire fences.

In addition, my underground cell, at 300 metres below the surface of the mountain, was doubly sealed and locked with the corridor it was in also locked closed at the central room surrounding the elevator shaft. The elevator car could only be activated by the Central Control Room and so could not be brought down from the surface, even if a Research Animal Subject somehow managed to escape his Milking Harness, restraint ensemble, hoses and cables and the cell.

The milking schedule became my new reality, then as I'd been informed, it began to be done to me by both the female and male applications, simultaneously! The maddening processes kept me in a state of constant lust, unbelievable discomfort, and outright pain from having my body being continually forced to give milk and provide sperm. To encourage even further milk and sperm production, the sometimes subtle and at other times horrible electro-shock continued to be mercilessly applied by the automated computer programme. My breasts, penis, butt plug, tongue, hands and feet all were subjected to twitching, pulsing horrors while I screamed and howled against my gag; buried inside my locked-on air mask and obliterating helmet ... just like all the other male "Research Associates" imprisoned in their sealed cells.

After the first two weeks of conditioning, kept fastened in the Milking Frame, I was occasionally moved to one of the so-called exercise machines and forced to walk, row, or climb stairs, to the point of exhaustion. I could not escape being placed on them, being so securely bound and controlled, and any sign of rebellion or refusal to do the demanded work resulted in instant, severe, electrical discipline.

Physical cleanliness was accomplished frequently. What happened was that the air mask would feed me an anaesthetic gas that would ensure that remained unconscious for many hours. During that time my rubber ensemble; suit, helmet mask, gloves, etc. would be filled with water and soap, then when all was rinsed away, a medicated gel was pumper throughout the ensemble. Although I could have cared less, I was actually, a very valuable 'animal'. Huge amounts of money, time and effort had been spent to bring me to this stage of my new life and so my health was carefully monitored and even while held immobile, my muscles were constantly exercised by micro-electrical stimulation and all of my nutrition and liquid needs were met by the carefully constructed food and fluids pumped into my belly. As promised, a blood sample was drawn every week for extensive analysis.

And so I was sentenced to live a life that was so far beyond the ordinary that there was no possible way to equate it to anything outside the walls of the cell. All of the money that I thought I'd receive for my participation had been the fictitious carrot that had enticed me to sign-on, but would never actually have to be paid out. It was no comfort to know it had worked like a charm for all of the other men too. Unknowing of the true nature of the so-called Research Programme, we had all been more than willing to agree to be imprisoned for the remainder of our lives and be used as laboratory research animals for the most intense of experiences that could be imagined for any male to endure.

Chapter Twenty-One

Oubliette Torment

The next stage of my journey began after the first three months of my confinement, at least I think that was how long it was after I'd been entered fully into the Research Programme, although it may very well have been shorter or longer.

Eventually, I was removed from the Milking Frame, remaining leashed by the overhead leash locked to my top of the head ring, then taken to the centre of the cell, where the cable drew me up to hang with my horse shoe shod hoofs a little above the floor. Along the joint, the end fittings of all the appropriate cables and hoses waited and soon all of the connections to my Milking Harness had been made.

Once this had been accomplished, this time the integrated harness fastening points of my suit were clipped to the waiting cable and suspension bar hanging above the central floor plate. A set of six, heavy-duty springs from above were attached to rings of the embedded harness and I bounced slightly up and down whenever I moved, but would soon be flailing and thrashing, bouncing wildly in crazed attempts to escape the shocks and milking, far more so when subjected to their horrid tormenting processes. The 'at rest' position I was held in had me leaning slightly forward and to ease its weight, another lighter spring was fastened to the top ring of the helmet then its leash was disconnected. My arms remained drawn off to the sides at shoulder height and were kept that way by lighter springs and even though I could pull and attempt to bend them as much as I wanted, and in fact might manage to get them close to my body, the springs maintained an unending tension and so they always won no matter the length or violence of my struggles against them, dragging my arms back to where they'd started. My legs were partially bent, but kept wide spread by other sets of springs, and I could also bend them in reaction and try to close them together protectively, but it was impossible to maintain a fight against their springs and soon,

no matter how desperate my attempts, my legs always ended up spread wide again. When the central hatch to the oubliette was opened beneath me, all of the hoses and cables adorning my harness dropped into the deep pit while I was lowered into it.

Cruelly, before I was lowered, they turned on my ear buds and the vision screens and I stared hungrily at them, being able to see for the first time in many, many days.

“Hello, 130-146.” One of the Nurses spoke and moved into the camera’s view area, standing in front of me on the edge of the deep pit. “In a moment we’re going to lower you into your oubliette for the full series of processes to come and you’ll be kept there for quite some time. Given the intensity and length of the sessions you are scheduled to endure, I have no doubt that you’ll soon begin wishing you were dead, if you have not already reached that point,

“We find that it is a good thing sometimes to show a Research Animal what he looks like once fully equipped and fitted out. Now, in a minute you’ll watch yourself being lowered into your oubliette to experience a version of Hell you never knew existed on Earth. You’ll be able to see until you’re positioned inside, then your hearing and vision will be turned off. You’ll be left entirely alone to enjoy all of the processes you’ve come to hate, and I am sure, no doubt terrified of having to endure yet again. No doubt these feelings are also because you now have the certain knowledge that there is no possible way for your to escape what is to come in a few moments and until the end of your enrollment in the Research Programme ... some years away.

“You’ll be permitted to study the images of yourself being transmitted to your helmet, then you’ll be sealed in place.”

The camera views changed every 15 seconds and so I got a full 360 degree picture of what I looked like, dangling there above the opened hole and it’s difficult to describe the thoughts and feelings I had when I saw the solid, gleaming black of my suit and virtually featureless head egg, then the arms with no hands and the feet in the shape of hooves. The plethora of hoses and wires attached to me, was terrifying for I

knew that they would soon drive me to sensation-maddened, flailing attempts to escape the torturing and my restraints. Each time the camera view shifted, I saw other parts of the cell, including the closed and locked inner entrance hatch and all of the equipment that would provide so much misery in the months and years to come. Instinctually I began to struggle and try to howl in protest and rejection, bouncing on the springs and making all the hoses and wires sway back and forth ominously. I tried to beg and plead for release, and of course was immediately reminded by the gag and the awful hooks through my tongue and as well the rod that transfixed it from under my chin, through the floor of my mouth and of the others through each of my cheeks. Of course, not a sound was heard in the cell other than the spring's noises when they expanded and contracted while I remained engulfed in utter soundlessness..

“Very well, 130-146,” she spoke again with quiet evil dripping from her voice, “you’ve had a chance to see yourself and have a look around your cell. Know that this chamber is very, very secure and you have no hope of ever escaping it, let alone your Milking Harness. Your situation will become even more hopeless than it already is once you have been fully lowered into the oubliette, and that’s about to start. Good bye!”

All sound cut off while I stared into the vision screens and watched the Nurses manipulating me from the outside, then they showed me being slowly lowered into the gaping opening. The cable stopped descending when joining fitting came down to just above the floor level, with me now deep inside the silo and in horrified fascination I watched the camera showing the hatch halves sliding slowly together far above my encased head. One of the Nurses loosened the upper cable, then disconnected it from the knuckle, now clasped in a formed depression, and I saw the upper portion of the cable being withdrawn into its ceiling hole. For a moment the cameras continued to feed images to my desperately staring eyes, showing that to all intents and purposes the cell above was vacant of any life, then, my vision was cut off once more

leaving me in Stygian blackness and silence, bouncing slightly up and down on the springs.

My journey into Hell was about to begin.

Above, they exited the cell, closing and locking the hatches then proceeded to the elevator, called for the car, and returned to the surface buildings. Immediately after the inner hatch was sealed, the mixture of nitrogen and argon filled the cell and oubliette completely.

Inside the sealed silo-like hole I hung motionless, for the moment, still conscious. I was unaware of it of course, but many of my fellow Research Subject Animals were already thrashing and jumping dementedly, like crazed marionettes, prisoners in their own cells while they were milked and horribly tormented by their personal 'appliances'. No matter their internal screams, weeping, and pleading, every cell remained silent as a tomb. Without doubt, we must all have made astounding sights, being enmeshed in our spring-loaded restraints, hanging in mid-air, with a plethora of hoses and wires fastened to our bodies, heads and limbs. It would look rather innocent until we began our maddened struggles to escape what was being done to our bodies and minds.

Initially, the worst part of any session was the waiting for it to begin: an intentional and cruelly-calculated situation to enhance the terror and horror of any Research Animal's experience. Even knowing by now that it was wasted effort, I struggled desperately, making myself immediately bounce erratically up and down as well as from side to side also against the spring's restriction, but I always returned to precisely where I'd started. My air supply was constantly regulated by the ventilator and so if I attempted to inhale too deeply, suddenly, no more air was allotted! Not ever having participated in SCUBA sports, I was terrified having my breathing regulated by a mechanical device and so the fear factor built higher and higher and although I soon learned to master my breathing, that was just the very beginning of my lessons in being totally controlled.

A subtle set of electrical simulation pulses began to pass through my manhood, making me shudder and twitch, then, as

it continued and grew slightly stronger, I automatically tried to become erect and lengthen, but the transfixing rods kept the organ painfully compressed! Then, I felt the lubricant/contact gel being injected into the Exciter Tube and slowly, the rods moved out from my body along their guides until I was fully stretched and blood bloated, extremely sensitive and erect inside it and it held me like that for the longest time while the smooth and slick inner liner rippled and pulsed, teasing horribly. A long time later, they began to move slowly back and forth with slowly increasing frequency, dragging painfully against my flesh and at the same time the warm, ribbed inner liner continued to rhythmically squeeze.

These arousing sensations could not be resisted, and the deeply masochistic core of my mind assumed control, seeming to laugh with glee at what was happening to me and about to happen, adding even more to the arousal process. My building orgasm seeming to emanate from deep in my belly was extremely intense, making me begin to mindlessly thrash and jerk instinctually against the resistance of the suspending springs. With the utter blackness and total silence, I was forced to focus only on the sensations I was experiencing, so it wasn't long before my mind dissolved back to a prehistoric level, with the commanding desire to achieve the sensation and pleasure of an orgasm. I became nothing more than a frantic, needful animal desperate to achieve a release, automatically trying to thrust my hips to enhance the sensations of a climax that was being so cruelly withheld. Of course, my , wild flailing made me bounce continual crazily in desperation, then came the inevitable arrival of an arousal was denied to me while I strained and screamed, trying to pull my hands and arms down against the resistance of the their own springs, while my legs trembled and kicked at the same time, adding even more to my mid-air gyrations.

That, though, was only the beginning.

My newly-matured breasts began to be subjected to the initially tantalising, light stimulation of teasing electrical pulses that made my nipples strain erect into their deep milking cups, while at the same time my breasts expanded even more into their deep, armouring cups when a vacuum

began to be applied. I felt the strangulation of the breast's collars even more, and especially when the cup's liners began to squeeze more and more firmly. The nipple cups suddenly latched-on tightly, drawing the super-sensitive erectile flesh further and further out of my breasts with each draw of the pulsing vacuum, and squeeze of the liners.

The sensations went on endlessly, but then the electrical pulses grew stronger and stronger until I was screaming and twisting my chest in desperate attempts to shake off the horrors that imprisoned and were torturing my breasts. The torment was so strong that my impending orgasm evaporated, even though the Exciter Tube continued its evil work of arousal, aided by the frequent injection of sensitizing lubricant.

The distraction of the breast electrical torture abated, then the cups began to suckle me more and more avidly, leech-like in their greed now that they'd latched fully onto my nipples. I could not stop the attempted howling I made, shuddering and twisting like a snake when the vacuum grew stronger and the rhythmic squeezing of my milk-filled flesh began.

Once more I became only a mindless organism while the milking continued, but then the nooses seemed to strangle each breast, keeping them filled with sensitizing blood while even more of the horrid 'encouragement' electro-shock was applied! At the same time, the vacuum in the Exciter Tube grew and pulsed out an entirely different, arousing rhythm and suddenly, the possibility of a release orgasm arose real once more and I became a even more of a mindless, howling animal. I'd been denied once already and now my basic male instinct was desperate for a full-on male climax, but once more a climax was removed when my breasts were forced to release the last of their milk by the increased suction, squeezing and electrical torment.

This awful process went on and on until I was at last permitted an orgasm that blew my brains apart and I collapsed into my restraints in a dead faint, hanging motionless in mid-air, inside the locked oubliette. I have no idea of how long I was left to dangle there unconscious, but the computer knew

and it carried out its tasks relentlessly; washing me, giving me enemas, force feeding me some sort of nutritious goop, and generally just allowing my body to recover from the strenuous dual milking session, all the while continuing to force me to breathe and at the same time slightly lacing the air mix with an anaesthetic gas occasionally so that I would remain asleep.

When I finally became aware again, the computer knew it from my brain wave patterns, because I heard a low, chime in my ears and the screens over my eyes came to life. At first they showed only a test pattern, then the view switched to show my silent and empty cell, above, before switching to a far-away office.

Dr von Furstenberg stared into the camera, as beautiful, serene, and remote as I remembered her to be. Clad in the white lab coat and sitting behind her impressive desk, she looked every bit the part of a professional medical person, but she was far, far more than that! Actually, she was an unbelievably harsh Dominatrix and with being in charge of the Research Programme, had been allowed to let her cruelest instincts emerge into full, terrible flower.

“I see that you are now fully active in our programme, 130-146! Welcome! I’m sure you’ll find your remaining years, always as a Research Animal, to be quite a trial, but your feelings and what you want are not any concern of mine, nor will they ever be. I know you’ve just completed your first major milking session and the results have been entirely to our satisfaction. With that being the case, your breasts are now going to be milked three times a day for the foreseeable future. Given the basic male physiology, your sperm will be collected by the Exciter Tube every third day, because we wish to obtain as much high quality specimen as possible. Those sessions will occur in conjunction with your breasts being milked and as you have already experienced, are extremely intense. Your diet has been altered to enhance and encourage both male and female functions and, at the same time, you will continue to receive a sensory enhancement gas in your air supply. It is odourless and tasteless, but it is extremely effective and you will experience all physical sensations with a huge increase. That aspect, of course, assists our Programme.

“However, I do prattle on so!” she smiled innocently into the camera. “I’ve taken this opportunity to let you know that there is, in fact, a real world beyond your cell, and there may be occasions when you’ll be reminded of it. You will remain always restrained and leashed, but for 99% of your time you’ll be kept locked in silence and blackness.

“It is important that you be made aware that we have taken appropriate steps to ensure you have legally ceased to exist. Doing so solves many issues for us. As an FYI, what has been identified as your incinerated remains were extracted from the remnants of a horrific vehicle collision with a cliff face on the Sea to Sky highway, near Whistler. The death certificate that was generated as a result, ensures that you have disappeared forever and so with this being the case, we are now free to use and dispose of you as we see fit.

“Your life will continue for some years to come, but only as a Research Animal, and required to be constantly experience sensations so strong that they will change you into something that really has no proper definition. The journey you face and will be forced to take, is a long one of many extremes, but you may be able to retain some little part of yourself. Even so, you should know that you will always be kept under the most stringent of controls and there is no possibility of a white knight on a charger coming to your rescue.

“Nevertheless I shall be following your progress closely. For the moment that’s all I have to tell you, but too, that I will personally ensure your life to come will be as ... ah ... interesting as I can make it. Goodbye, little animal!”

My vision returned to staring into utter blackness and silence enfolded me once more.

Chapter Twenty-Two

My New Life

As she'd promised the computer programming always kept me blinded and deaf, and so, too soon again I sensed all of the devices and restraints fastened both into and onto me, but as always, there was no way I could manage to protest given the awful mouth filler and the tubes down my throat. The specialized ear buds ensured that not even bone-conducted noise was heard. Now, even though experiencing all of the awful things that I already had been and would soon again, I had no idea of just how much more complete my bondage and torture suit had become. Every time I attempted to do something that was prohibited, the suit and my 'appliances' made themselves felt in absolutely horrific ways.

Boredom was the greatest enemy and the times between milking/torment sessions when I was not rendered unconscious by exhaustion, was a vast sea of silence and nothingness that made me want to scream and I hungered desperately for some sort of human contact. Certainly, the spider web-like suspension spring and restraint system I was kept in permitted a good deal of movement, but was quite inescapable with the seeming loss of gravity being disconcerting to say the least. I'd never known how much dependence I'd had of knowing which way was down and feeling solid ground under my feet, but now, that source of reference had also been taken.

I became far more body-aware, thanks to the sensitizing drug mixed into my air supply, but now, even breathing had become a trial ... being forced to inhale with a mechanical cadence that limited the rate and the amount of air I could inhale. That too had become worse and a true horror, and, at the worst of times imaginable.

Milking sessions commenced in different ways and sequences, so I was never sure what was coming next, but the spacing was regular, thanks to my body being able to produce

only so much milk and sperm over a given period, despite the enhancement drugs I was fed.

My attempt to keep track of the 'days' was a useless endeavour because every time I was made to suffer the simultaneous milking, any semblance of long term memory was erased, thanks to its mind-shattering intensity and the after-effects of the experiences. With their frequency, I never got a chance to recover my full mental equilibrium and by the time I came back to awareness after each session, my mind filled with terror because of the knowledge that the next one was inevitable and would begin soon, transporting me into a realm of wild sensory overload, until as the session wore on, I would be driven mad and would once more collapse into an exhausted, 10 or 12 hour long sleep.

The normal extraction of milk took about two hours and was relatively easy, until the final stages when the computer harshly tightened the nooses around the bases of my breasts, garrotting them mercilessly. After a moment, sensitizing blood inflated them painfully, then it activated the strong squeezing action of the cups liner's! To extract the remaining dregs of milk while the tender and super-sensitive organs were ruthlessly subjected to increased electrical stimulation, to the point that each time it happened, I thought I'd go utterly mad. Sometimes, I remained conscious until the process was completed, but mostly I fainted from the awful, inescapable, uniquely female torture. Of course, being restrained by the spring network, my physical reactions when the milking occurred, particularly towards the end of the sessions became extremely violent. I shook and squirmed, wriggling like a decapitated snake, throwing my body from side to side when the sensations climaxed, frantically attempting to pull my useless, encased hands down in desperate attempts to tear the cups from my chest. The springs stretched only so far though, and I never could get my mitted hands anywhere near my chest. Even if I'd not been wearing the isolation mitts and had in fact managed to get at my breast cups, they were tightly and securely locked on, to say nothing of the fact that thick rods had been passed through the base of each breast and locked into the chest harness.

The worst though were the combined sessions that came with clock-like regularity every third day.

I'd know when it was going to happen, sort of like looking at the electric chair, because the first thing I felt were the mild trills of teasing and arousing electrical stimulation passing up and down the length of my steel armoured manhood, then the sensitizing, contact, lubricant gel began to be pumped into the interior of the Exciter Tube. This went on and on for the longest time, driving me nearly mad, but then came the next phase when the transfixing rods began their tormenting movements, sliding back and forth in their mounts within the Exciter Tube, pulling firmly on my flesh, then compressing it, while the warm, ribbed liner pulsed and began squeezed rhythmically! It was impossible to ignore these sensations and of course, my body responded instinctually, automatically, hips thrusting wildly against the resistance of the spring suspension network, making me bounce crazily while I struggled to get my forcibly-separated hands and arms at the awful Exciter Tube between my thrashing thighs.

The pulses of tantalizing electrical shocks changed cadence to make my flesh become even more demanding of a climax, then, then the butt plug began to vibrate fiercely and send shocks through my sphincter gripping its shaft so that it spasmed in another weird and strange counterpoint to the events happening in the Exciter Tube, adding even more to my arousal. The pace of the stretching compressing and squeezing grew more rapid and in seconds I climaxed, sending strong jets of sperm down the skewering catheter tube while howling and screaming into my gag when the sensations peaked all at once and sent me over the cliff into a deep chasm of unconsciousness.

That, though, was only the very beginning of the horrors to come!

I reawakened an unknowable time later, then a few seconds passed while the computer, thanks to the sensors in my bolted-on metal head harness, began the next process of a simultaneous male and female milking. Once more the Exciter Tube tantalized and tormented me for long minutes until I was

hard and erect, straining to obtain a climax, then initial tantalizing electro-shock patterns began passing through my breasts from their bases to my nipples until they also strained outwards into their milking fittings at the apexes of the breast cups. The pulses made me want to reach down and caress my breasts and try to assuage the itching sensations and the erected flesh of my nipples. Meanwhile, the Exciter Tube continued its assault, then slowly, the cups began to suckle me strongly, latching onto my super-sensitive nipples like a Lamprey Eel. I howled into the gag from the at first wonderful then increasingly painful sensations, wildly terrified of the exceedingly intense and torturing sensations I knew were soon to come.

I could not escape! No matter how I writhed and flung myself around in the suspending spring network, the sensations only grew stronger and stronger! My filled breasts began to release their burden of milk and I sighed with the wonderful relief while it continued for many minutes. The computer, sensing a lessening of the flow, activated the nooses around their bases and cinched them unmercifully until they had filled once more, but this time with sensitizing blood! The electrical shocks became stronger again making me howl and thrash madly, trying to twist my chest away and escape the breast cups, but they began to squeeze until I thought I'd go crazy from the pain and the suckling all at the same time.

Suddenly, the Exciter Tube re-doubled its efforts and I felt the inevitable approach of the tsunami of a huge orgasm. My frantic struggles became wild and instinctual while my hips thrust and twisted instinctually to achieve the ultimate release until at last, I exploded like a dormant volcano and the sperm was drawn down the penis-skewering, ribbed catheter. Even after my release, the strong electro-shock, squeezing of the Exciter Tube, and the vibrating, shocking of the butt plug, continued to draw every last drop of sperm from my body.

Now, though came the worst part of the entire process ... I was to be tormented until I fainted. I knew that this was coming and the entire series of events would be repeated at least two more times before I was finally left alone to recover. Fearing what was to come, I began to scream in my mind,

begging to be freed from my new role as a Research animal, then the pulsing of the electro-shock patterns changed in different rhythms at my breasts, tongue, butt plug and penis so that I once more became a maddened thing of reacting flesh, not even an animal at this point.

I was kept awake by them for unending minutes until everything began to peak more and more frequently, and finally, the last torment came while all of the shocks and suckling continued ... my air supply was cut off! I may have remained conscious for another two or three minutes, but it was always the most horrible of sensations to be unable to breathe and know that I was intentionally being suffocated.

As intended by the programming, I soon surrendered to unconsciousness, but the computer, continually monitoring my brain wave patterns, soon restored my air, but now with a larger component of anaesthetic gas in the mixture to ensure that I would remain unaware for many hours, allowing my body to recover itself before the whole process was repeated again, then again.

I have no idea how long I endured these awful processes, but they were continued relentlessly.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Horror On The Stair Climber

It was totally unexpected when the vision screens in my mask/helmet lit dimly, then as my eyes grew accustomed to light after being sightless for so long, the image slowly grew to full brightness and definition, and to assist my return to the regular world, at least for the moment, I heard sounds for the first time in what seemed like forever, even though “white noise” had always been there in the background to prevent a complete mental collapse.

“Hello, 1340-146.” A woman’s soft voice whispered into my ears, seeming to be in the centre of my head. “You have proven to be a most productive research animal over the past months and so you will receive a reward that is normally not granted so soon in a Research Animal’s tenure. You will be removed from your oubliette and raised into your cell and there you will be exercised as you were during your initial testing and evaluation at the beginning of your stay with us.

“This new schedule does not stop or in any way pause your present milking regime, which will, as a matter of course, continue to take place even during your exercising. As a matter of fact failure to achieve the goals set for you on the various machines will result in an increase in the severity of your milking, as means of encouragement. In addition, you will be permitted vision, but it will be restricted to only certain areas and topics, as will your ability to hear.

“Due to the increased requirement for oxygen that your exercising will demand, your allotted air volume, pressure and it’s oxygen content will increase to approximately 15% above normal breathing requirements and be kept at those settings during all exercise sessions. So, you will continue to be forced to breathe the volumes and content that is supplied by the respirator, except for the periods towards the end of each combined milking session, when it will be cut off until you are suffocated into unconsciousness. I shall return with further information.”

The view screens remained illuminated and so I saw one of the nurses lower the overhead cable and clip its end to the fixture of the one that suspended me, then the plates slid slowly to the sides and I was drawn out of the oubliette to hang with my hoofs a half metre above the steel covering after it had closed. The camera next showed them disconnecting all of the hoses and wires that had been in use while I was in the oubliette, but they were immediately exchanged for a duplicate set in the cell itself. These hung from their connection panel on the ceiling with enough looping slack so that I could be moved to any part of the cell while they would remain securely connected and impossible for me to pull them off. After I was lowered to stand again, the suspension springs but my top-of-the-head tethering chain remained locked to the ring at the crown of the head-egg. I was left to stand there for a few seconds, then the camera's view point switched once more and I saw that at the top, there were actually two lengths: one to the crown-of-the-head egg ring, acting to keep my head held erect and the other locked to the back ring of my collar, leaving the remainder to lead tightly down between my shoulder blades to waist level, to be locked to the central ring on the back of my steel cinch. Of course my hands were to once more be restricted and were quickly brought around behind me, then moved up my back as high as they could be forced before being locked to a link of the descending chain. It was only sheer cruelty that this was done, because the mitts locked onto my hands rendered them totally useless already.

I twisted and turned my body to try and ease the strain on my arm's joints and tendons because even having my wrists and hands fastened in only the very beginning of a 'back prayer' made me thrust my armoured breasts out into the grasp of their cups, but there was an additional purpose to this arrangement, that for the moment I remained unaware of.

There was now no possible way that anyone would ever recognize me thanks to the almost entirely featureless egg-shaped thing that encased my head. This was an intentional design, of course and de-humanized the Research Animals we had been made into, especially with all of the hoses and wires fastened to our milking harnesses. The description was a

proper one. None of us could communicate with our captors, other than by frantically fighting our harnesses and restraints while we were subjected to the awful, cruel procedures.

For the longest time, I looked at the ever-shifting views of me and my cell, but that too became tremendously boring. Even though hobbled by the 30 cm long ankle chain and being forced to maintain the en pointe foot position, wearing the hoofed boots, I managed to prance around the cell, but limited by my tethering chains to only a small circle and there was enough tension on the these that I could not fall or collapse completely and so my circle of movement was very restricted. The hoses and wires to my Milking Harness having been formed into an umbilical, followed me easily.

A chime sounded in my ears, then the mechanical voice of one of the nurses came on.

“130-146, you are soon to begin exercising. You have already experienced the Treadmill and the Rowing Machine, now it is time for you to use the Stair Climber. Nurses will soon enter your cell and place you on the device, then you will be exercised and milked.”

I desperately wanted to run and hide from what was coming, but of course that was utterly impossible and now I had been informed of more extreme sensory sessions that I would be unable to resist, just to keep me terrified, I'm sure. The vision screens showed the interior hatch door swing open then two of the beautiful, statuesque women entered and for a few seconds stood observing me while the door automatically swung closed behind them. The view switched to another camera and I watched the view from the side while they came to where I danced on my horse shoe shod hoofs trying to stay erect, and attempted to back-pedal away, but one of used a hand-held control for the overhead hoist to tighten my leash to the point that I my horse shoes barely touched the floor and so I was unable to move away. I began uselessly screaming into my mouth filling gag appliance, writhing my upper body and attempting to jerk my arms and hands free of their fastenings between my shoulder blades. They showed me no mercy.

The hoist lowered me slightly to stand fully then with one on each side of me, I was pulled over to the Stair Climber Machine; the overhead carriage moving along in its track above, keeping my leash always tight while at the same time the umbilical of hoses and wires also followed. I was forced to step up onto the first of the inclined, bifurcated stairs of the machine and stood quivering with fear while they placed my hobble wire so that it passed through an opened shackle on the central bar and it was immediately closed and locked. The leash to the back of my neck tightened slightly, and one of them spoke while I watched myself from the side on another camera.

“1340-146, you are about to begin your first period of exercise. The computer will closely monitor your performance and if you fail to perform to the desired standard by slowing your efforts, stopping, or attempting to escape, you will be disciplined immediately. To ensure your complete concentration, your vision will be removed after the first minutes and the only sound you will be permitted to hear is the cadence beat.

“We shall leave you to your exercising and return when the session has been completed.”

I stared into the vision screens and watched while they left the cell, then the inner hatch-door swung closed and locked behind them. The view switched again to show what I looked like from the side, then after 15 seconds the back, another 15 seconds the other side, and another 15 seconds, the front. This sequence repeated over and over, and so I got a good look at what I wore and how much of a thing I had become, now wearing the full Milking Ensemble. Once in a sequence of views, the camera would zoom into to show the details of my head restraints from the front and back, and at other times, the view would concentrate on my chest and prominent breast cups and their slowly swaying hoses and wires. Other times, the camera would zoom in to show the Exciter Tube and its hoses and wires and so all in all I had a comprehensive picture of what I looked like now. The original ‘me’ had disappeared completely, leaving only a restrained experimental animal.

The chime sounded, releasing the brake that had kept the inclined stairs immobile and my feet moved on their pedals, snapping the hobble wire tight, so that I immediately felt the clamping of my collar. The obvious thing to do was to take a step forward and up and when I did the first beat of the cadence that governed my speed, sounded. On the screens in front of my eyes, I saw myself, climbing the never ending short flight of down-sliding stairs, but going nowhere. All of my hoses and wire cables swayed back and forth in unison while I entered into the rhythm of climbing and for the first moments I breathed easily, thanks to the over-pressure air that was pumped into my lungs from the ventilator.

For about 10 minutes, I think, I managed the unending climbing quite easily even wearing the heavy hoof boots and restricted by my hobble, but then I began to tire and had to attempt to slow my pace, despite the cadence booming in my ear buds. As a result, of course, I kept sinking lower and lower on the incline, with the weight of my hooves and their steel shoes seeming to become heavier and heavier with each slower and slower step. I stopped and just stood panting and gasping, twisting my upper body and trying to erase the torment of not possessing the use of my arms and hands, even though I could still move them a little. The hobble wire had snapped tight between my ankle cuffs where it passed through the closed shackle on the climber frame.

A warning of mild, warning electrical pulses trilled up and down my skewered organ inside its Exciter Tube and the rods transfixing it slowly stretched it further and further! I knew I had to begin climbing again and so started once more, now gasping and panting sooner than before and howling into my gaging device, uselessly attempting to beg for everything to stop so that I could rest a little, but the computer programme was implacable and merciless. I stopped again, now panting desperately for enough air, and this time the pulsing shocks from the Exciter Tube were much stronger, making me jump and struggle frantically, attempting to scream from the horribly intense vibrating and stinging sensations, but I managed only a few more steps before stopping again

I couldn't bend over thanks to the overhead combined leash to the top of my head and back ring of my collar, but when my knees gave out and my full weight came on these, it triggered another even fiercer series of disciplinary shocks! My nipples, breasts and captive tongue were convulsed with strong pulsing and wavering electricity, then my butt plug also unleashed horrific buzzing, vibrating shocks. To my horror the vision screens went out, leaving me alone in blackness and silence once more.

My reaction to the awful torturing from the butt plug drove me to instantly shudder violently and stand fully erect, then my hobbled and hooped feet danced desperately up the down-sliding stairs while inside my helmet and locked on mask I screamed against the gag. At last the stairs slowed to a stop and I stood unmoving other than gasping for air, but it was to be only a short respite, then they began to move again. I could manage the pace, still attempting to regain my breath, but now it was time for both my breasts and my penis to be mercilessly milked by the machinery! I begged in my mind that this not happen while struggling to maintain my exercising pace but those pitiful protests were only in my mind, while the milking procedures accelerated until I was howling and shuddering for entirely different reasons.

My milk-swollen breasts were slowly drained of their load, followed by their bases being severely cinched, then the resultant ballooned, fleshy globes began to be squeezed by the cup liners, while at the same time, made to twitch and shiver by the surging electro-shocks being forced through their entire masses. It was superbly painful, making me scream mindlessly, all the while twisting and shaking my upper body frantically in fruitless attempts to escape the torment, even while continuing to slowly climb the endless stairs! Each step was a terror for me thanks to my too short hobble wire snapping tight making me feel as though I was about to fall.

That, though, was only one of the sensations assaulting my mind, because the Exciter Tube now began its own irresistible, slow stimulation processes when inside it, dollops of lubricant/contact gel slid along the length of my organ, then the thick, transfixing rods started to move slowly back and

forth in their mounts, alternately stretching and compressing my column of superbly sensitive flesh! With each, at first forced lengthening, the warm ribs of the liner contracted slightly so that it felt as if I was actually penetrating a vagina, the compression also grew stronger, then my instinctual male reaction assumed command and created a strong erection, dragging painfully against the control of the transfixing rods.

My mind began to short circuit and my thighs seemed to turn into jelly, but the primeval male part of my mind was now on automatic, making me also twist my hips and try to rub my thighs against the tube even though doing so was pointless. I stopped climbing again, my hoofs dancing erratically on the steps while I shook wildly when all this was done to my body and mind, then inevitably I was overwhelmed by the vast tsunami of a huge orgasm and fainted into the tension of my collar and head egg leash to dangle mindlessly for the longest time.

Eventually I returned to awareness and slowly stood erect. While passed out, I'd been fed and had endured an enema and so was now ready to continue my session on the stair climber. The entire sequence was repeated at least two more times before I reached the point of utter exhaustion and was allowed to rest in peace, dangling just above the awful, punishing machine, slightly suspended, able only to kick a little against the strict hobble. My now awful life continued like this for the longest time and I became little more than an automatically reacting proto-plam inside an impervious skin that could not be escaped.

Chapter Twenty-Four

Full Back Prayer Procedures

Over the next several times I was awake I was occasionally permitted to see myself. The Nurses returned and released me from the Stair Climber only to immediately escort me to the Rowing Machine where all of the miseries that I had experienced on it the first time were repeated. After that was done, I was returned to the Treadmill and once more exercised, milked and tormented beyond bearing, but then the next stage of my being further restrained began. I'm sure I lost my mind sometime soon after becoming immersed in this entire horrific schedule that repeated over and over, but the next that stands out in the midst of it all, was how my back prayer was gradually, irrevocably achieved, then how it was employed.

The style of back prayer bondage that I was to be made to endure and accept was of the severest types and took many weeks to reach the final stage. Over the years before becoming a research animal, I had read a good deal on the topic of back prayer bondage and collected a lot of pix and drawings of what it shoed look like, but I'd never read any firsthand accounts of someone who had actually experienced the process and resultant change in their life. Now, I was about to learn about the awful process and end result in person and there was to be no escape or mercy shown.

My arms had already been kept bound behind my back for a long time, and I was accustomed to being unable to change the bondage and had almost forgotten what it was like to be able to feel anything with my fingers and thumbs, other than their slick confinement in their heavy duty rubber gloves. Now, they began the process of removing my arms from any sort of usefulness.

In order to achieve the final positioning of my hands and arms, the tendons, muscles and joints had to be slowly stretched and configured. One arm at a time, each wrist was released from the collar to belt chain, then slowly forced higher up my back and locked in the new position. The other

arm was similarly moved higher and my arms had been slightly twisted so that inside their hand eggs, my palms faced outward. I was left like this for the next 10 days, allowing the tendons, joints, and muscles to slowly become accustomed to their new configuration, but everything hurt abominably all the time. I have no idea of how long it took to achieve the final positioning of my arms, probably some months, but when it was done, they had been rendered almost non-existent and utterly useless for anything. My elbows were forced closer and closer together until the forearms touched along their full lengths, over my spine and at that point the above-the-elbow cuffs were locked together and a short chain descended from their joining link to the centre back ring of my chastity belt's waist band. At the top, my wrist cuff's rings were connected to each other so that the containment eggs of my Isolation Mitted and internally-gloved hands rested just below the nape of my neck, and the central joining link was tightly connected to the back ring of my collar, literally welding my arms in place so that the resultant posture forced me to arch my back and brazenly stick out my chest. Once in their final position, the dull pain of the stretching and repositioning as well as the lack of any relief or movement took forever to disappear, but it happened. I became accustomed to using my body alone to balance myself when I was permitted to walk around in the cell, as always, tethered by my dual back-of-the-collar and top of the head egg leash to the ceiling. When I was seen from the front, I appeared to have no arms whatsoever and in retrospect, it might probably have easier to have had them amputated at the shoulder!

This final position took a long time to achieve and all of the while, I continued to be harshly and continually milked, because, after all in the final analysis, I had now become just one of a herd of human male test animals, unable to protest or to speak, and so literally anything could be done to me, and was!

It was then that the final part of my Restraint Ensemble was fitted; this being the semi-rigid containment that almost completely covered my back-fastened arms. This deeply padded piece was made of the same material as the rest of the

body suit, but of doubled thickness. It was attached by coating its edges with a molecular glue, then placed exactly so that these edges slipped deeply into raised grooves on the back of the suit waiting for it. After it had been held there for two minutes, the surfaces bonded together making the hump an integral part of the full ensemble and thus non-removable. Only my hand eggs and their chain to the back of my collar emerged at the top centre, and the short chain from my elbow cuffs to the ring on the waist cinch emerged from the cover, at the bottom centre.

There was no reason for being placed in the back prayer bondage other than for sheer punishment and to render the prisoner even more helpless and vulnerable. Much of the time I was kept blinded, only occasionally granted the chance to see myself being exercised on the machines, but I never heard a human voice; only the sound of a rowing, walking, or the stair climbing cadence. The first clue I had that something was going to happen came when a low humming began to penetrate my ears and at last a soft, feminine voice came through the ear buds, then my vision was returned to reveal two Nurses standing back and watching while I was fastened to the bench seat of the Rowing Machine. I remained motionless panting and gasping, twisting slightly back and forth so that the chain combination to the back of my collar and the top of the head egg swung slowly back and forth from their fastening high above.

“130-146, although we really do not have to inform you of anything, we have decided to let you know that your newest bondage position is about to be employed on a full-time basis, effective immediately, for your future sleep and storage arrangements. To this end, every time you are to recover after an exercise and milking session, you will be suspended by the chains to the back of your collar and the top of your head encasement and thus, your arms and chastity belt. To ensure that this restraint system is fully effective, your ankle hobble’s leash will be connected to a floor ring but left slightly loose, although it will be tensioned on occasion. This does not preclude you being milked or disciplined at the same time, of course.

“You will be released in a moment, then we’ll hang you up for rest and you’ll stay there for some time after your next combination breast and male milking session.”

The sound clicked off, but the vision screens over my eyes continued to show me how I looked from the four different angles and I watched them approach, then release the straps and locks that kept me fastened on the exercise machinery. Using a handheld remote, one of them activated the overhead winch so that I was pulled up to a standing position, then a second later was further drawn up to dangle before them in mid-air, swaying gently back and forth. This suspension wasn’t painful, thanks to the double fastening to my head egg and collar with the strain on the collar chain being minimal because the load was carried down my arms, then their elbow chain to the back ring of my chastity belt and finally, the tight, crotch strap. My hoofed and horse shoe booted legs hung freely, yet always remaining linked between the ankles by the 30 cm long, black wire hobble with its sliding ring for the leash. There was no doubt that I made a strange sight what with all of the hoses and wire cables looping down from the points on my Milking Harness where they were conspicuously fastened to the sexual and most sensitive parts of my anatomy.

One of them reached out and gasped the leash dangling from the sliding ring of my hobble, then pulled on it so that the overhead carriage to which my leash was connected moved along its track until I was in the centre of the room. Once there, she knelt and connected the leash to a convenient floor ring, stood back and used the remote to raise me higher and higher until the leash and the hobble itself both became only slightly looped. I could still kick a little, but that was the sum total of freedom permitted. That was all that happened, then they turned and opened the inner hatch door, stepped through and it closed, once more sealing me into my cell, alone and utterly helpless. Dangling in silence, kicking a little against the restriction of the leash and hobble, I swayed jerkily back and forth while watching myself on the screens in front of my eyes. I couldn’t believe what had happened to me, but in truth, what I had actually done to myself and cursed the very day of

seeing that advertisement. However, my recriminations echoed only between my ears and the cell remained deadly silent.

Boredom was the worst enemy, but the alternative side of my existence, the milking processes, exercising, and subsequent discipline sessions, were an even more terrible place, knowing with certainty that I could not escape what was to come. After some minutes of watching myself, the screens snapped off, leaving me once again in utter blackness and silence. Soon after, the computer programme added a small amount of sleepy gas to my air mixture and being forced to inhale it fully by the ventilator, I soon passed out. During my forced sleep I was again fed and cleaned while all the collected toxins of my severe exercising session slowly got flushed from my body.

When I came awake again to the mild trills and pulses of electricity through my most sensitive flesh, I knew that I was about to be milked once more, both breasts and penis. I desperately wanted to plead that I could take no more of this incredibly dehumanizing and soon to be agonizing procedures, weeping silently and screaming out protests into my gag while, now kicking vigorously against my tether to the floor, the whole horrid processes of the milking repeated themselves, but this time with me strung between floor and ceiling.

And so my existence as a Research Animal continued for the longest time and I suppose my mind went away somewhere in the thunder and lightning storms of incredibly powerful sensory wave upon sensory wave that repeated over and over and could never be escaped from.

Then, I awakened in this hospital and eventually someone figured out how to connect my video goggles to an external camera and at the same time managed to get my ear buds fully functional, although I could not speak. However, that wasn't the end of the case because the array of sensors in my metal bridle harness transmitted my non-vocal nerve signals. It took a long time for them to be discovered and eventually being turned into coherent speech from the voice synthesizer though. At first only the institution staff worked to communicate with me, but then they brought in the lady reporter and she spent

many months of interviews to become my re-connection with the world beyond the room of the hospital; one that had changed immensely in the 10 years I had been “sequestered”.

Epilogue

Return To The Real World

After the first couple of meetings with Mr/Ms Grantham, the Hospital decided that it was no longer necessary that I be accompanied by one of the hospital staff, having sort of become one of them, despite being a journalist. During the times we worked to establish some sort of communication with the person imprisoned in the incredible ensemble, many bouts of wild physical activity occurred, as much as the costume and the springs allowed, and I wondered why this was. It took some time to unearth the answer.

The recovery and return to reality for Mr, or perhaps more properly, now, Ms Grantham, was a long and difficult period of adjustment for us both. Unfortunately our conversations were frequently interrupted when his/her milking system became active, but that wasn't always the case, because at other times he/she would be subjected to random, very intense discipline sessions by the breast cups, exciter tube or butt plug or all three at the same time, plus other intolerable torturing of the tongue, hands and buttocks. In truth, the entire Ensemble of the Milking Harness that he/she was imprisoned within was designed to be a sophisticated, personalized torture chamber from which there was no possible escape. I have no idea how he/she was able to remain sane, knowing that there was to be no release from the horrible electro-shock torture of the breasts, penis and butt although it happened frequently.

Why the woman who owned the elaborate prison and all of its inmates is a matter of considerable speculation, but the most obvious conclusion reached to this point was that she is probably the most sadistic person imaginable and having enormous wealth, had decided to take out her darkest urges on young, virile males. Perhaps she had been scorned or deeply scarred by such a man, was the main theory. Nevertheless, she had achieved her darkest desires and the unfortunate men she acquired paid the awful and incredible price.

Little did I know, but the torment features of the Milking Ensemble remained fully-powered, thanks to the virtually invisible photo-voltaic panels on the surfaces of the suit and helmet, collecting energy and storing it in the Ensemble's deeply-hidden, conformal, graphene battery packs, while the mini, on-board computer inside the head egg governed the times and intensities of the discipline that was meted out. Being only a computer programme, it showed no mercy whatsoever.

My extraction of the full story was a slow and painstaking process, as was the interviewing that followed, once reasonably complete conversations could be held between me and the 'patient'. The first time after we'd managed to get the voice synthesizer operating properly, one of the many, violent interruptions occurred, and I was shocked by the strength of the reaction and the voice synthesizer-generated howls and screams that accompanied the violent physical struggling. Mr/Ms. Grantham shuddered and shivered; suddenly beginning to jerk and bounce wildly against the springs, writhing and twisting his/her body, kicking against the other springs used for suspension and restraint so that no damage could be done by any frantic thrashing.

“Ooohhh, God!! Oooohhh, GOD! No-no-no-no!! Nnnnnnnooooo!” the voice synthesizer wailed plaintively. “Ppppllllessee!! Please! Not again! No more! No More!! I-I-I ccccaaannnn'tttt stand it!”

The pleading and terrified screams became too much to bear listening to and I had to turn off the sound and just watch his/her legs kicking madly while his/her hips thrust wildly back and forth making all of the hoses and wires sway and jerk in time. I looked over at the table of machinery and monitors to see the screens showing heart rate, blood pressure, air intake and volume begin to show many rhythmical, climbing, jagged spikes. Another monitor bank with a dozen strings of 20 LED's showed pulsing activity going from deep blue/green to paler tones, then to orange, then yellow, and the final five, an increasingly deep red. When the LED's flashed at the higher ends of their scales the illuminated yellow and red LED's showed the pulses strengths to be the cause of the desperate,

tormented movements of the suspended figure and went on for endless minutes. All during the frantic and increasingly desperate movements, Mr/Ms Grantham continued pleading and frequently screaming, but only in his/her mind, thanks to the horrific gagging system embedded in the mouth and throat. Then the process changed and a different series of four strings of 20 LED's pulsed and the brainwave monitor screens showed lines of reaction wavering and beginning to move in a rhythm that changed the screams and pleading to gasping moans of pleasure.

“Oooohhh!!! GGGooddd! Th-th-that feels ssssoo ggooodd! Aarrggghhh! Oh no! No! No! No! D-d-don't' sstttooopp!”

With hips now pumping furiously, the upper body of the suspended figure in front of me also began twisting from side to side and attempted to bend forward only to have the springs pull back and limit the attempts to only small movements. Then, something new was added to the tormenting mixture of sensations assaulting Mr/Ms Grantham's brain when the butt plug also began to send horrible shocks through the muscle and organ masses surrounding it! This resulted in even more desperate pleading for continuation of the stimulation, being interrupted by immediate screams and frantic kicking. This though was just the beginning and I sat at the desk with my mouth hanging open in horror and shock, but unable to stop whatever it was that was being done to my interviewee.

Over the next hours I watched and listened in fascinated horror while Mr/Ms Grantham had both breasts milked and tormented, while at the same time the Exciter Tube repeatedly assaulted his male reactions, but then I had to call off the remainder of the interview for that day. My subject had collapsed physically and mentally to just hang motionless in the suspension rig and I was deeply shaken and felt horribly guilty because I could not stop the sophisticated torturing. I used the room phone to call the nurse's station and one of them appeared within a minute and asked what I needed.

I related what I'd seen and heard then she immediately checked the monitors and the event recorders for the past five hours, then turned to me and explained that this type of

episode was a frequent occurrence, but until now, even the deeply-knowledgeable members of the staff had not been able to decipher what was going on, and more importantly how and why. I left for home and to assemble a rough draft of the day's events, looking forward a little fearfully to my next interview session with the bizarrely attired half-man half-woman in his/her locked hospital room.

Over the following months, I managed to eventually decipher a detailed description of what was being done to her/him when a milking or torment session occurred. It was impossible to make any sense of his/her pleading and screaming during the time these procedures were administered and the immediate aftermath of all the sessions was a total physical and sometimes as well, a mental collapse that took many days of recovery time before sanity was regained and Mr/Ms Grantham emerged from the deep trauma of being so intimately and carelessly tortured.

After 5 months of hours' long interviews, I had obtained all the material I needed to create the above narrative and so began to assemble it into a cohesive story. At the hospital, Mr/Ms Grantham remained in his/her room under constant care and I would go to visit once a week or so, but then I received a call from the hospital that astounded and deeply concerned me.

Mr/Ms Grantham had disappeared without a trace.

There were no signs of forced entry, but one morning the Staff Nurse had come to the locked room to check out the situation and discovered that the strangely-attired patient they had been caring for over the preceding months, had seemingly evaporated into thin air, and as well, the original coffin-like shipping container had vanished! It was a mystery that could not be unravelled even with the authorities called in to investigate, and it has remained so to this day.

It was my unvoiced suspicion at the time, that the persons responsible for the original "Research Programme", had purposely placed Mr/Ms Grantham at that hospital to see if he/she could be rehabilitated, despite the absolute permanence of the Milking Ensemble and all of its cruel appliances. I also

suspected that whatever decisions and discoveries the hospital made had somehow been relayed back to the originators. The fact that I had been called in and asked to record the story made no difference, because I believe that they arranged to have their property returned to the mountain Facility, there to live out the remainder of his/her life as a Research Animal. There is no way to prove my theory, but the simultaneous disappearance of the coffin/shipping case that he/she had arrived in tended to confirm my suspicions.

The story of Mr/Ms Grantham was the strangest and scariest event of my life so far, and I have never forgotten it.

Other JG Leathers Novels From Pink Flamingo Media

Celine's Seduction To Rubber

Chained Convict For Life

Chrystal's New Uniform

Controlling Christine, Book One

Controlling Christine, Book Two

Desired Deep Slavery

Diplomatic Immunity, Part One

Diplomatic Immunity, Part Two

Keeping Catherine Chaste

Kristal's Changed Life

Laura's Evolution

Secret Fantasies Fulfilled & Then Some

The Contract

The Second Option: Cruel Goddess or Constant Slave

Total Chastity Toy

Voluntary Prisoner

For a complete catalogue of Erotic Fiction... write, email
or call:

Pink Flamingo Media

P.O. Box 632, Richland, MI 49083, 1-877-629-0051

E-mail: jennifer@pinkflamingomedia.com

On-line:

<http://www.pinkflamingo.com>

<http://www.erotickbooknetwork.com>