

BARON VON RONSA
J G-LEATHERS

The image features two women in a room with a wooden floor and a light-colored wall. The woman on the left is wearing a grey, form-fitting rubber suit with red straps and buckles. She has blonde hair and is looking towards the camera. The woman on the right is wearing a white, long-sleeved blouse with a black tie and a long, black, patterned skirt. She has dark hair and is looking away from the camera. The text 'BARON VON RONSA' and 'J G-LEATHERS' is at the top, and 'CELINE'S Seduction TO RUBBER' is at the bottom.

CELINE'S
Seduction
TO RUBBER

Celine's Seduction To Rubber

Original Story Idea by Baron von Ronsa

Full Story Creation by JG-Leathers

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Forward by JG-Leathers

This is but one story, originally in a much shorter form, written by my dear friend Ron Saggars, freely given to me as one of the many gifts of his creativity. Unfortunately for us all, he has now departed this plane of existence.

He was generous and a gentleman in every sense of the word, and will be sadly missed by those of us fortunate enough to have been his friends. Ron and I shared a tremendous array of similar history and fetish interests, and enjoyed communicating frequently about them. We worked together on his full length story, *The Consignment*, which was eventually illustrated and published; a life long dream of his. I have endeavoured to continue *this* particular tale, “Celine’s Seduction To Rubber”, sadly left unfinished at Ron’s death, and hope that the reader will find it a seamless transition and logical evolution from his words into mine.

I indeed miss Ron, his quixotic turn of mind and phrase, and his good humour. His loss is not only deeply felt by his surviving wife and family, but also by those of us fortunate enough to have been his friends and to have known him on a different and perhaps deeper level.

Thank you, Ron, wherever you are, and whatever you may have become. I hope your fantasies have been fulfilled in full measure in your new life.

Celine's Seduction To Rubber

Introduction

This is the Story of Celine Vassen, told in her own words. What she relates, some will find impossible to believe. Others, who know how deep a fetish can go, how strong may be its hold, will understand that she could not have written these words if they were not true. Although the story is of what began during her seventeenth year, she first draws a pen picture of her life prior to that period.

Chapter One

Beginnings

I was born in Hanover, Germany, and though my father was German, I had a French mother and lived my pre-teen years safe in the bosom of a loving family. Soon after my twelfth birthday my Mother was cruelly taken from us and during her short but painful illness I watched my father's own health suffer too. It took him well over two years to come to terms with her death. I still have not.

My only other female relative at that time was my paternal Grandmother. She though, was already over seventy years old, and could not realistically be called upon to assist my father in my upbringing. I learnt quickly that I would have to look after myself and him.

I was made of stern stuff and matured quickly and from others, learnt those important things my Mother would have taught me had she lived, soon blossoming into a young woman and doing well with my education. And so I stayed-on at school beyond the average leaving age; being in my final year when the change that warrants this story took place. One that was to have permanent and lasting consequences on my life.

Some six months before this point in my tale, I had met a boy called Michael and our companionship grew steadily. My father approved of him and actively encouraged our friendship so that we visited each other's homes on many occasions. It was on such a call, when he and I were studying for examinations, that we both sat upon the bed in my room, so that we might swap question and answer to help each other with our studies.

I now freely admit that I had more than once felt a longing in my loins upon being so close to him, but was naively still unprepared for what happened next. His touch, at first innocent, soon turned to caress. The caress emboldened to insistence and before I knew it, his hand was moving from my thigh up to my virgin flower. I **should** have stopped him, and yes, should have stayed his searching hand, but I was eager to learn what might result from these attentions. In moments, our school work forgotten, he had worked

his fingers into my pants and I shuddered, feeling them circle the moistening flesh of my labia.

A moment later the heightening pleasure of this my first sexual encounter was to be dashed on the rocks of sorrow. The single knock upon the half-open door of my bedroom was like the knell of doom. Unaware of my current circumstances and not even guessing at what he would find, my father entered the room bearing a tray dressed with lemonade, glasses, and some cakes. I recall that these contents seemed to tumble gradually to the bedroom carpet, as though part of a film scene re-played in slow motion, when the tray fell from his hands. Without a word, he glared first at my would-be lover, then at me, before turning on his heel and slamming the bedroom door. I listened to his loud footsteps retreating down the hall.

Chapter Two

Lessons To Learn

Thus I am brought to this fateful point in my life, where my story truly begins.

After his discovery, my father would not see me for the rest of that day nor speak or listen to me for another five such days. Michael and I agreed it would be best that he should stay away for a while, and agreed not to see each other until the air had cleared. In the meantime I went on with my schooling and took care of the house as before. My father, being a writer of college text books, continued his work in solitude. In his study, the pounding keys of his typewriter continued to sound, but more and more came the harsh mechanical screech of the typewriter's feed mechanism when another unfinished page was ripped savagely from the machine. The sounds of the paper being crumpled as it was consigned to the waste bin crackled in my ears, each added sheet weighing more heavily on my conscience.

On the seventh day following the unfortunate bedroom encounter, I was again seated upon my bed trying to study for my next afternoon's lessons, although this time alone. However, my thoughts kept drifting to other matters and my mind was not on my lessons, for Michael's image appeared before me, floating above each page of text until once more I felt the wetness form upon and within my sex. I was sadly unable then to ignore the temptation of using my own soft fingers to caress my throbbing clitoris and swear to you, that this was the first time, other than that fateful day with Michael, that my body had known such caress! Sadly, oh so sadly, this was the very moment that my father chose to end his silence and distance from me. I did not heard him enter the room and was oblivious to his presence until the resounding slap of both his hands upon his face jolted me from my privacy. I turned to see his head bent in his scholar's hands.

"Oh Celine!!" he cried out in dismay, "What has become of you?! First, you let that ... that boy take advantage of your body; and now I find that even when alone you cannot be trusted to control your carnal desires!" As his arms

dropped to his sides, his shoulders sagged and he shook his head, unable to understand what he had seen. “Now I am certain that the decision I have made is most surely the right one.”

I expected to hear that I was to be punished, probably physically, for the first time in my life, but how could I hope to convince him that the two occasions on which he had caught me were the only ones? Surely what I had done could not be so bad? Other girls my age had experimented with sexual pleasure and one had even managed to fall pregnant by a younger boy. Naturally, the pair’s scholastic studies had ended abruptly thereby, but this was not **my** crime! I stood up before him with my head lowered, but remained silent.

“I have decided to employ a Governess to look after you, Celine.”

His words came as a total shock for I was a young adult and in less than a year would be seeking employment as such; beginning a new phase of my life.

“B-but father!?” I stuttered, “A Governess? I am already seventeen! What use can a Governess be to me now?” I started to shake my head in disbelief. “Perhaps after Mother died such a step might have had some merit,” I continued, “but surely you would be wasting money to employ a teacher for me now?”

“It is not your schoolwork that has brought this decision, Celine,” my father broke in. “I cannot stand by and see your morals sink into an abyss of your own making. This woman is held in high regard by my friend and fellow scholar, Johan Strang, whose foolish daughter Kristel brought a similar shame upon **his** house only a year ago.” He began now to pace back and forth before me, his head bowed and his hands joined behind his back.

“Frau Baxter, your new Governess, is of English birth,” he continued. “She has held many such positions in her time, and will be arriving Friday next. You are to prepare the bedroom next to yours in time for her arrival.”

So, not only was I to have a Governess, but a twenty-four hour a day, live-in chaperone! Was I not a young woman with the sexual needs of one my age? Had he failed to notice me growing up? This was very much an over-reaction

by him I felt, but, I could see that his mind was set, for already the arrangements had been made. I was now held so low in his esteem that there would be little chance of arguing my case and so carried on as before, living the next days in dread anticipation of what Frau Baxter's arrival would mean. Her quarters were prepared as instructed, but I took care to move in the largest furniture available in the other vacant rooms, hoping to make her small chamber appear less than welcoming. Naively, I dared to hope that she would reject the accommodation offered, and in so doing refuse the position. It was a relief that I had not been moved to this smaller room myself to make way for this new duenna.

Frau Baxter arrived promptly at ten o'clock on the Friday morning, as she had written she would. I was dressed in my Sunday Best, and stood almost to attention beside my father to complete the welcoming committee. How can I best describe this woman? She was taller by far than I; her shoulders level with my father's, and held her imposing form erect like a military man. Frau Baxter carried two suitcases; one grasped in her left hand and the other held effortlessly under that same arm. In her right hand she held a rolled umbrella and the letter containing my father's offer of employment. She was dressed in a severe, grey, pin-striped, and tight-fitting suit that would have looked in place in any City office. On her head there jauntily sat a wide-brimmed, fawn-coloured hat with blue ribbon and matching feather.

"Welcome, Frau Baxter!" my father beamed, bending at the waist as though encountering royalty. "I trust you had a pleasant journey?" he asked, stepping forward to take the suitcase she was lowering to the ground.

"Yes. Indeed, Sir," she answered, her words chopped short, not a syllable wasted, and spoken with the confidence of her stature. "I am pleased to meet you, Herr Vassen!"

She placed letter and umbrella on the suitcase top and stretched out her right hand to my father. I could see he was taken aback by the strength of her exaggerated handshake and felt myself begin to wilt while absorbing the full extent of the woman's imposing presence. She glanced sideways at me, but made no acknowledgement of my presence; nor did she seem to expect any greeting from me.

“Show Frau Baxter to her room, Celine. I will bring up the bags.”

I nodded acknowledgement of my father’s words and turned towards the stairs. The Governess followed me, pausing only to speak again to my father.

“There are also two trunks which the taxi driver has now gone to collect from the Station Luggage Office. I will oversee their reception later,” she finished.

I wondered where she would stow all this luggage in her small room, should she decide to stay.

The door to her room opened easily and I stood aside, but she made no move to enter; only sticking her head inside and glancing quickly around.

“Now, show me **your** room, young woman!”

She stood back so that I could lead the way. Her sentence had not been a request, but rather an order and I was too overawed to disobey. Upon opening the door of my bedroom she stepped straight in and walked a full circle of it, peering penetratingly left and right, inspecting its every corner. She glanced at my oversize bed, towards me, then back to the bed. By now my father had reached the doorway and seeing us inside, lowered the two suitcases to the floor. Frau Baxter’s next words came like a thunderbolt to shatter my world. I had by now half-expected that she would request of my father a change of rooms and grew surer each minute that she wanted my own, but it was to be worse. Much worse.

“I think,” she began, “it would be much better, if for the first few days at least, I shared this bedroom with your daughter.” I staggered back towards the doorway, but she continued relentlessly. “I suggest that we remove some of the superfluous furniture from this room, and replace this giant bed with two more reasonably sized.”

I had expected her to take control of my days and knew that there would be many changes to my routine, but to have to share my room, and with this ... this middle-aged English woman?!

“No father. No, please! I am happy to move to the smaller room if that is

necessary, but I do not wish to share a room. There are ample spares. It is so unfair!" I pleaded. Frau Baxter stood stone-faced, seemingly unruffled by my outburst, but her eyes never left my father's.

"I assure you it will be for the best, Herr Vassen," she said. Her lip now curled as though she was sharing with him a secret, one unheard by me.

"I am sure you are right, Frau Baxter," he answered. He was about to say more, but the Governess cut him off.

"I will see to it after we have had some lunch, Sir," she said. "Your daughter and I will manage the changes so that you need not be disturbed."

So it was that after Frau Baxter had been given a brief tour of the house and taken delivery of her two enormous trunks, we all sat down to a light lunch and some wine. She watched my every move at the table without comment and when the meal was over, turned to me.

"Please leave us now. I have much to talk over with your father. You will spend the time stripping the linens from your bed in preparation for its removal."

I was struck speechless, and so meekly left the dining room and proceeded as ordered to my bedroom. After stripping off the blankets, sheets, and pillowcases, I sat on the edge of the bare mattress, chin in cupped hands to think over my predicament. It was now very doubtful that Michael and I would be allowed to see or even contact each other, and apparent that he would remain off limits, for the present at least. What other restrictions might this ogress impose upon me with the full consent and backing of my father?

Frau Baxter appeared at my door some ten minutes later, minus her jacket and with the sleeves of her starched white blouse rolled neatly above her elbows. I rose from the bed and faced her.

"I have had a nice chat with your father, Celine, and have persuaded him that for the next few days it would be advantageous for you to remain exclusively upstairs in my care." I limply sat back down, wondering miserably what *else* my father had agreed to in my absence. "I have closely observed your attitude

and behaviour since my arrival,” she continued, “including your manners at table. These observations, coupled with what your father has told me of your past sexual behaviour, make it imperative that I begin you upon a corrective course at once, and in great earnest.”

So, I was to become a virtual prisoner in my own room. There was no school for me to attend until Tuesday next, and therefore no excuse to beg leave of this imposition until then; almost four days hence. Fear clutched my heart and I tried to dash past my captor, needing then to speak to my father alone. He **had** to be made to understand what he was doing to me. As I attempted to brush past Frau Baxter, she stepped aside and I thought my way was open, but quick as a flash she turned on her heel and my right shoulder was held in a vice-like grip that stopped me in my tracks.

My prison term had begun.

Chapter Three

Moving In

For the next two hours I had to help my governess move bedding, furniture, carpet, and drapes from room to room. When these chores were finally over, my old bedroom had all but disappeared: taken over by the woman sent to torment me. Frau Baxter had changed her mind and taken my beloved wooden bed for her own while I was left with a narrow, metal-framed excuse. I stood with my back to the window and watched while she made-up hers with fresh linen then covered it with a quilted satin counterpane taken from one of her enormous travelling chests. These were now housed next door in what was to have been *her* bedroom.

Although she seemed happy enough with the drapes we had fitted, she next took measurements of the single large window, then I was enlisted to help unpack her two suitcases, whilst she loaded the contents into the tallboy and wardrobe. When this was done, she turned to me once more.

“Now Celine, I require that you to go to the bathroom, undress, and have a long shower. Mind that you scrub well! I will come for you when I am finished here and shall expect to find you antiseptically clean and ready for my inspection.”

“And have you decided what clothes I am to wear?” I asked, foolishly attempting sarcasm.

“You need take none of your clothes with you girl!” she snapped back. “I will bring your new ensemble when you have finished your ablutions.”

New ‘ensemble’?

My mind went blank then tried to imagine just what this might be. I recalled seeing a cartoon of prim French schoolgirls, marching in line behind their Governess, all dressed in matching uniforms of blue sailor suits, topped with broad straw ‘boater’ hats and the thought seemed at once laughable yet grave.

Had my father decided on these new clothes, or would they be the choice of my new Governess, similar perhaps to her own severe style of dress?

I did as ordered, showering then towelling myself dry. When finished, Frau Baxter still had not come to fetch me and I thought about returning to the room but decided against it. After a minute, then two, then five; at last the silence was broken by a strange rustling sound. My Governess came into the bathroom and at once I saw the source of the noise. Blinded, I would still have known what manner of material she carried draped across her forearms, for the pungent aroma of rubber at once filled the room. The towel that had been wrapped around my middle fell to the floor, leaving me to stand naked and open-mouthed, transfixed, while she laid the items over the chair back. The material squeaked as one shiny layer moved against another, but I still could not believe what I was seeing!

Frau Baxter laid out the grey-coloured items and I caught the many facets of light that reflected from the gleaming surfaces as she held one of them up before me; something instantly recognisable, but could it be meant for me? It was a copy of a one piece suit I remembered from my childhood; a play suit for a two or three year old, but this garment was adult-sized; large enough for me, and I knew that I was destined to be its wearer.

She closed upon me holding the suit high in one hand, pulling its long zip down with her other, and I tried to back away, but had nowhere to go. A mixture of fear and the threat of something new and unknown, yet also a stirring in my loins made me hesitate then. Slowly there also came a tingling on the surface of my skin and the aroma of the rubber assailed my senses so that I began to feel heady, giddy. Unexpectedly, she lifted the suit and threw it across her left shoulder while she advanced on my cowering form.

“Let me look at you properly girl! Stand straight now!”

I stood still while she circled me, allowing her to lift my arms and inspect beneath them. She returned to my front, and, using her left foot, spread my legs and tilted her head to inspect my delta! For the first time she touched me, tenderly, high upon my inner thigh. I expected a roughness; a coldness, but her finger was soft and warm. She let it trace a line up my left thigh, circling around the top of my outer labia, then down again to finish on my right thigh.

Her finger was next angled so that her nail was on my skin rather than her finger tip, and drawn down to my knee. She watched my face as I took a sharp intake of breath. Was her touch a sexual caress, or merely a test of my reaction? I was not to find out that day.

“Not bad Celine,” she granted me, stepping back. “Now, put your hands upon my shoulders and step into your underwear.” She swept the rubber garment down and held it open at knee height. I hesitated only to hear her voice sharpen, “Quickly now! We do not have all day, girl!”

I lifted first one leg then the other, allowing her to pull the suit up to my waist. Small white clouds formed as the talcum which had coated the inner surface of the rubber garment was disturbed. When the gusset of the pants had reached my sex, the long legs covered me to just below the knee, where elasticised openings lightly gripped the tops of my shins. Other, heavier and wider bands held the garment snug to my upper thighs and around my waist. The ample rubber material between these fastenings billowed out, seeming to be gas-filled pockets.

Frau Baxter next slipped my arms into the sleeves of the suit and I felt more of the tight elasticised bands at elbow and wrist draw the garment closely in to these joints. A moment later I felt and heard her draw the rear zip at the middle of my back up to the suit’s neck edging, stretching the elasticized seam at that point to match the other crimped openings and an almost electric tingling between my still-damp sex lips seemed to increase as the zip rose! When the fastener was drawn higher up my back, it also joined together a wide, formed inner band around my upper chest, forming a snug, bra-like strap! I could not understand how just the touch of this natural product could arouse me in a manner so similar to the touch of Michael’s boyishly soft fingertips had done.

“There! That wasn’t too bad, was it child?” she asked. I did not expect she was waiting for reply, for she spun me around so I could look upon my reflection in the still partly steamed-up bathroom mirror. “Now! Put on this wrap and go back to the room,” she continued. “We don’t want you catching cold standing on these tiles, do we?” She pulled a heavy, grey rubber cape about my shoulders.

Chapter Four

My Dressing Continues

I was certain she had noticed my reaction to the rubber cape when it brushed against my skin. The short journey to my room seemed to take an age, my body almost floating above the carpet. The cape, trailing behind me, caught the rush of air while we walked, creating a continuous whooshing sound, almost a whistling and I shuddered for some strange reason at this unusual noise.

Back in the bedroom, the smell of rubber was even more pronounced, pervading every corner with its pungency. Even with my senses aglow and my bond with reality slim, I noticed the changes that had taken place in my absence. My bed had now been made up, but not for me a feminine satin. My counterpane was of shining, white rubber and beneath its neatly turned back edge, was yet *more* rubber; a sharp contrast of black, but this time of dull texture and obviously quite thick. I had been granted but one pillow, and this too was sheathed in matching black.

I approached the bed and felt the dark, forbidding sheets and pillow case to find that unlike the my new underwear, this rubber was indeed thick and difficult to draw in folds between my fingers.

“Never mind that now Celine.” Frau Baxter took my wrist and drew me towards her side of the room. “We must finish your dressing before you can have some tea.” She led me to face her closed wardrobe. “Now, spread out your feet and lean forward like this.” She stood nearly a metre from the it and with her outstretched arms horizontal, leant against its door. I copied her action and when she had adjusted the position of my palms to be a little further apart, she bent to pick up something from her bed. The tell-tale smell introduced yet another rubber garment which was quickly passed around my middle. In the mirror set into the wardrobe’s door, I saw at once that it was a corset. I had known my mother to wear one on occasions, and my grandmother never left the house without she was wrapped in the embrace of her stays, but I had never seen the like of this, nor dreamt that I would ever be required to wear such a thing!

It was bright red in colour and I noted it was in fact a laminate of rubber – almost as thick as a pencil – and some other unknown material which formed a lining for its inner surface. I closed my eyes for a moment, once more letting the aroma take over my senses while she drew the corset together behind my back. Its lower edge extended down to ride on my pelvis and its upper reached up tight under my armpits. My breasts, sheathed in the grey rubber of the undergarment, were lifted and sat firmly within rigid half cups on its front. Frau Baxter next wrapped a belt about my middle to hold it in position whilst she threaded and drew in its lacing from top to bottom. When this task was complete, she moved once again to the corset's upper edge between my shoulder blades, and with harsh jerking motions, proceeded to pull the laces in even tighter. I stood silent and still until I felt that she had reached the bottom edge. She next removed the temporary belt and I assumed she was finished. How wrong I was! When I attempted to push away from the wardrobe and stand erect her hand pressed into the small of my back and forced me to resume my position.

“Not yet girl!” she snapped, “I am not finished!” then continued. “The corset is only hanging on you Celine. What good do you think it would do if I left it so loose?” Here was another of her rhetorical questions. “By the time I have finished today, I expect to see a change in your figure and posture. Not much to be sure, for that will take time, but today I shall make a start on you my pretty one.”

By the time Frau Baxter had tightened the laces a second time, I was fighting for each breath, but *still* she was not finished!

“Stretch up, and draw in your chest and abdomen when I pull, Celine!” she ordered sharply.

There was little room for me to do any such thing, but I made the attempt though, and with each try, another section of the lacing was drawn tighter. By the time she was at last satisfied, I could not even bear to push myself upright, so great was the strain on my spine. Frau Baxter pulled me back and stood alongside until she was sure I would not fall over. In the mirror's reflection I marvelled at the change the corset had wrought. I could not move anything between my shoulders and thighs, for it enclosed and crushed my entire torso ... and she had said that this was only the beginning!

The thing appeared, at first glance, to have been fashioned from one piece of the rubber laminate, but closer examination disproved that for I could see that faultless and almost invisible seams joined many separate pieces of the polished material. By attempting some movement I felt boning within its structure; metal that would bend slightly, but then quickly spring back to its original alignment. My abdominal and other muscles already ached at being forced into their new positions for where the garment held in my stomach, it pushed out my rear, almost forming a shelf behind my waist. My chest, conversely, was pushed forward with my upper spine, which was now held ramrod straight and vertical to my now tiny waist and my whole torso resembled a giant hourglass that had been tilted at thirty degrees from the horizontal. The constricted middle of this hourglass, my waist, had undergone an unbelievable modification.

“That is an excellent start, Celine. Sit down now at your desk and I will bring the tea.” She was smiling at my discomfort I believe.

Frau Baxter turned on her heel and I heard her striding down the stairs. I carefully did as she had ordered; glad to be able to take the rest, but was forced to move slowly for it was as though the joints in my body had been locked. I wanted to test the size of my waist, but had no measuring tape to hand. The belt of a dress I had worn before my shower lay unnoticed beneath my dressing table, and so I eased it to my side with my toe, then managed to lean over enough to pick it up. I wrapped it around my now solid middle then threaded its end through the buckle, but being held so rigidly now by the corset, I was unable to see the extent of the decrease in my waist size and so marked the new location of the tightened buckle with my finger. I carefully removed the belt and lifted it to my eyes. I was astonished! Even with only this rough appraisal, it was obvious that my waist size had been cut by twenty-five percent. I had been proud of my sixty-four centimetre size, but even erring on the conservative, I calculated that this corset had subtracted sixteen cm or more from that! I reached round to the back gingerly and felt for the gap still open between the edges of my rubber prison and thankfully, there seemed to be less than a fingertip’s width of adjustment remaining.

I heard what I thought was the rattle of crockery when Frau Baxter re-entered the room and turned my head slowly to find that instead, she was carrying a

tray containing what looked like a large metal funnel and other strange objects. The tray was placed on her bed and I saw that she now wore a heavy, white, rubber apron. She took only one thing from the tray; a long, brown rubber tube, then, approaching me, began to stretch it between her hands. It was laid on the desk in front of me and from a pocket in the apron there came a small jar. This she opened, then dipped two fingers into the translucent cream it held and began coating the tube; spreading it evenly along virtually the whole length and taking care not to leave any part dry, save for seven or eight centimetres at one end. I shuddered to think what was coming next.

“You need not be afraid, Celine,” she said. “You must learn that I will do nothing to permanently harm you. Everything is for your own good no matter how harsh or strange it may seem at the time.” I wanted to believe this woman. I needed to desperately, for my father had left me in her hands! “Now, I have decided,” she continued, “that because of your poor manners at table today, you will have to earn the right to be able to feed yourself. Until I feel that time has arrived, *I* shall assume the task. Now, tilt your chin back with your head high and open your mouth wide. I shall feed this tube into it and you must swallow it whilst I do! I warn you not to baulk, nor try to expel it once it has started the journey to your stomach.”

It was as I suspected, although I had hoped, dearly hoped, that I might be wrong! The infernal rubber pipe was to remove from me the power to chew and swallow my own food and it would stop me from tasting what I consumed while at the same time rob me of the freedom to eat or refuse what I would. I began to slide along the bench of my desk for this was more than I could take. I *had* to get out of this room and reach the safety of my father’s arms! He could not be aware of what this woman was doing to me, and surely would not let it continue once he did.

How wrong I was!

Before I reached the end of the seat, unseen hands; strong male hands, grasped my arms and pinned me to it! My own father would hold me whilst this so-called Governess tubed me like a goose to be fattened for its liver! With one hand Frau Baxter took hold of my nose and whilst thus cutting off the air passage, used the purchase to lift my head up and back. I was powerless to stop her when she began to feed the slippery rubber hose

relentlessly into my mouth and down my throat! My body's automatic reaction to try and expel this foreign invader caused me to retch, and that immediately turned to a helpless, gargling scream, but I was quickly losing consciousness.

The last thing I heard was my father's voice.

"Be strong my child!" he beseeched, "It is for your own good! I am sure it is for your own good!" I remember thinking as I passed out, that this woman must have cast some spell on him, making him echo her words! If he was in his own right mind, he could not believe that such a thing was for anything good whatsoever!

Chapter Five

Love's Labours Won

When I returned to awareness, the room was in darkness. I could not believe that I had been unconscious for so long, as it was mid-Summer and the nights did not draw in until long after ten pm. I still sat at my desk, but could barely move. It was certain that I had been restrained in some way, but I could not see how and felt physically sick, for the crush of the corset, instead of easing, had now become overwhelming.

Suddenly, a bright shaft of light forced me to close my eyes. Behind my closed lids, the brightness held steady, and once more the room was flooded with the sun's warming rays. I waited for a few moments before blinking my eyes open and getting once more accustomed to the light. Now, I could see that although Frau Baxter stood between me and the window, it was indeed still daytime.

"That will be fine my man," I heard her say. "When you see Herr Vassen at the door, he will pay you for the work."

She was talking to someone on the other side of the half-raised sash window and I then realised what had caused the darkness. I had woken just as new shutters had been put to the test and so here was the reason for the measurement of the window. Frau Baxter had seen to the employment of a workman to replace the long-rotted storm defences with new, solid, thick, wooden shutters.

I heard a muffled reply to her instructions and after a short delay, ladders being noisily moved away from the half-balcony outside the window. More muffled voices filtered into the room from the area of the front door, then came the sound of a vehicle being driven away.

Frau Baxter leant out of the window and tested that she could open and close the shutters with ease from the inside, then in the darkness I heard her shuffle back; ensuring that with their full closure they completely excluded all light.

When she opened them once more I could not prevent a tickle in my nose from growing into a sneeze and was pleased to see her jump, startled by the sudden noise.

“Ah! So the sleeper wakes,” she called. “I am sorry you missed your tea Celine, but then again you did not, if you see what I mean?” Whimsy? But my neither my mood or condition allowed me to enjoy her jokes. “Your father,” she continued, “also grew a little faint when you passed out, and so I made other arrangements to hold you in position to be fed.” Still speaking, she came behind me and began to wrestle with whatever held my arms at my sides and my body to the bench. These bindings fell to the floor then Frau Baxter returned to my front and continued. “It will soon be time to prepare you for bed and to this end I have another small surprise for you.” She beckoned me to stand, and I did with great difficulty. “Turn and face the wall now,” she continued, helping me to remain upright.

I heard the jangle of metal on metal, and waited in silence for what was to come for there was no more fight in me, and I could not hope to evade this Amazon, or whatever it was she had planned. For the moment I would have to accept my fate, at least until a chance of escape presented itself. Surely she would at some point lower her guard and thus leave me with an opening? I had already resolved that without my father to save me, my only chance was to quit the house and town to live a life away from this madness.

I stood still, glancing sideways at the wardrobe mirror while Frau Baxter draped across my shoulders two thick rubber straps of the same hue as the corset. These were but the first pieces of a web of such bindings that in no time encircled my whole torso. A wide belt was next wrapped around my waist and the two shoulder straps were fastened to it at front and rear. I felt a shorter one used to join the first two, behind me at shoulder blade height and likewise another was used in front, above my breasts. The next strap was fixed to this and passed down between my breasts to also be anchored to the waist belt. Wide bands formed tight girdles for my thighs and these also were joined to the belt by means of four thinner straps. Strange buckles fitted with ratchets adorned all of these and were soon tightened to build upon me a very personalised harness, but for what purpose I did not know. The final piece of this grouping consisted of two thin ligatures that passed between my legs and

joined at front and rear to the waist belt which, with these additions, was rapidly tightening around my already severely compressed middle in what seemed a further attempt to reduce the size of my waist! Once the harness was complete Frau Baxter moved around me, tightening once more each strap to buckle, until my harness felt and looked virtually a part of the corset.

When satisfied that it was as tight as she wanted, Frau Baxter once more touched each buckle. Not until she reached those fittings at the top rear of the shoulder straps did I hear an almost imperceptible click and knew without asking that there was some form of lock incorporated into the structure of each ratchet.

I stood quietly and miserably, unresisting while she tightly fitted wide cuffs of the same design around my wrists and ankles. Now I could see how she locked each one: by pressing both sides of the buckle simultaneously inwards, the ratchet locked onto the strap's edges. I could not see how it might be released, but when she attempted to pull the joint apart to check its security, it could not be separated. I prayed that there was indeed a key for this harnessing, for if not, I would be wearing it for some time to come and also the corset and underwear it caged!

She next picked up a device that brought forth a fear from deep in my subconscious. It was a collar. Not a typical, utilitarian dog's collar, but a thick, deep, rigid device; designed specifically for the length of a human neck. It was some six or seven centimetres in width with its edges formed to fit snugly between the head and shoulders of the wearer; equipped with two narrow, thick straps employing the same locking ratchet buckles as the harness and cuffs. Not only this though, but it also had sturdy, three centimetre diameter steel rings, set both at its front and rear and on each side. The collar was black in colour with wide red piping about the edges, thus matching the harness I already wore. I shivered, looking upon it held in my Governess' hands while she approached.

"Lift your chin, Celine! This collar will not harm you. On the contrary, it is in fact designed with the intention of enhancing your posture, carriage, and bearing, as well, of course, as to assist me with your training."

"Please Frau Baxter! Must I wear it?" I stammered, very nearly in tears at the

prospect.

“Of course you must wear it my girl! Why, once it is on and you have worn it for a short while, you will almost forget it is there. Now, do as I say, please!” she demanded.

I hesitantly raised my chin and an instant later felt the coldness and rigidity of the wide band press snugly against my windpipe, overlaying the high neck piece of my under suit. Frau Baxter wasted no time wrapping it around my neck before running the straps loosely through their buckles. My long blond hair was brushed aside, then her palm pushed on the back of my skull until the upper edge under my chin began to choke me. I gulped then gargled momentarily with the sensation, at which point she jerked both of the thick straps through their ratchets! The wide, restrictive collar suddenly clamped tightly around my throat and I gasped with the terrifying yet strangely erotic sensation of its grip, then the strap’s ratchet buckles snicked quietly closed, locking the strange thing irremovably around my neck.

This was not the end of the collar’s fitting though for she took two more of the locking straps from the side table. At my back, I felt one of them threaded through a ring on the bottom edge of the collar and seconds later she had passed it through another on the upper edge of my corset, then led it down to my waist cinch. Then there came the ratchet sound again when it was drawn through the buckle! To my horror and great discomfort, the collar seemed to grip my throat all the tighter, arching me back and I moaned and gasped, waving my arms about in agitation.

“Stop that, you silly girl!” she barked, coming around to stand before me, the other strap dangling from her hand. “Hold still now!”

I ceased my fruitless writhing, wishing myself *anywhere* but here while Frau Baxter fastened this other strap to the collar at the base of my throat. She immediately drew this one down between my armoured and out-thrust breasts, then threaded it through a ring on the belt before tightening it most severely. Again, I couldn’t stop the moans and gasps of misery that these fixings evoked.

“There!” she said smugly, “A Posture Collar that you will find very effective!

While you wear it Celine, you will find it almost impossible to turn your head from side to side more than a centimetre or so, and, as you are aware even now, it will hold your head most correctly, ever erect! Hold still!”

Her final indignity was to lift my hands to my waist and there employ a short, locking strap threaded through the rings on my wrist cuffs and a set of others on the front of my cinch belt, rendering me her helpless prisoner. For the moment she did not apply any restriction to my ankles and I was absurdly grateful for this small freedom.

“Time for bed now, Celine,” my wardress said. I was not sure how long I had been unconscious, but judged from the light outside, that it could be no more than five pm.

“But Frau Baxter? It is surely *much* too early for bed!” I pleaded, “Besides, I have a great deal of studying to do for my school examinations.”

“From now on *I* will decide what time is right for you to retire Celine, and for the moment at least, you can forget about your schoolwork.”

She turned me with her strong hands until I was facing my rubber-covered bed, then forcibly bent me forward so that I might see where I was to spend the night. I could not avoid looking, my head held within the strict confines of my Posture Collar, and saw that the white cover and top sheet had now been fully turned down. To my horror there, snaking across the revealed expanse of black rubber, were a half dozen lengths of heavy, glittering, silvery chains, complete with padlocks fed loosely through the end link of each! I gasped and shivered at the terrifying sight and tried to turn from this so-called bed, now openly whimpering in fear and anguish that I was to be forcibly restrained.

“Oh, pppllleeeaaasssee, Frau Baxter! Please, don’t chain me!” I wept pitifully, desperate to avoid what I knew I could not.

“Don’t be silly Celine! Sit down on the edge of your bed, and lay back if you please!”

What choice did I have but to do as she commanded? And so I turned and

first sat on the bed, then allowed her to lift my legs and turn them lengthways. She pushed and I shuffled until I was fully in the centre of the resilient, rubber-covered mattress, then I fell back upon it. I was immediately conscious anew of the crushing grasp that the corset had upon my body when I tried to assume a comfortable position, but I could not, for the neck brace still held my head back at a sharp angle and my now tiny and rigid waist did not even touch the surface of the mattress! Even with its built-in resilience, my torso assumed a totally unnatural attitude; forcing the back of my head to take a deal of my weight and pushing it firmly forward. Frau Baxter quickly positioned the pillow directly under my neck rather than employing it to cushion my head. Without this support I am sure I would have choked to death, having my windpipe pressed tightly against the front edge of the rigid collar.

At the middle of the bed, two chains were fed through the heavy steel rings fixed onto the sides of the harness waist belt, then pulled back upon themselves before the padlocks were used to hold their lengths. I listened as first one, then another snapped shut with a subtle, yet conclusive click and there seemed a finality in each one's closing; spring-loaded locking levers snapping into place. Next, my Posture Collar was fastened in the same manner and finally, my ankles were pulled wide apart and she tightly chained each one to a bottom corner of the bed's metal frame! There were no more chains and I therefore assumed that my wrists would remain as they were; strapped to my waist cinch. I was not disappointed, for my jailer was done with her locks.

During the entire securing process I lay unresisting, for I knew it was pointless and would more than likely result in dire consequences of some sort. Now, however, when she stood up to survey the results of her work, I twisted and rolled, attempting to somehow ease the grip and compression of the corset that seemed to be slowly crushing the life from my body. I could move perhaps two centimetres in any given direction before the chains snapped tight with a clatter of links, and moaned in misery, staring up at her stern face, seeking any sign she might relent.

There was none.

Frau Baxter silently pulled up the top sheet and tucked it in at my neck, then

turned and switched on a small lamp at my bedside before moving to the window and once more closing the shutters. Although I could not angle my head to see, I heard the closing of another lock; the one fitted to them, then the sash window was pulled down and almost closed.

“Goodnight Celine. I will be downstairs for some hours for there is much to discuss with your father about you and your future. No doubt you will be fast asleep long before I retire. I shall bring your father up, after you are asleep, to inspect you so that he can assure himself that you are safe and secure in my care.”

She had softened her voice, so that one could almost believe that she did care. Was it me then that was out of step with reality? Perhaps the absence of a mother during those critical years in my adolescence had left me lacking? Was I so very wrong then? What nonsense! But, for a moment, she'd set me to doubting myself. Then, she'd had the gall to tell me that she would bring my father up to ensure that she was treating me well! Laying there, I ran through the day's happenings from her arrival to this: my rubber covered body chained into a bed of rubber! Even while I tried to understand what was happening; what had turned my life on its head; I felt that wonderful sexual wetness come once more between my legs. Was it good fortune or design that even though my wrists were bound to my waist I could still reach my vagina with my finger tips? And what a surprise to find that the gusset of my warm rubber underwear was provided with a long, split opening. I **could** have touched skin to skin, but why then did I prefer to keep that single layer of the whisper thin grey rubber between my finger and its goal?

Those next wakeful hours were like none I had spent before. No longer was the gentle fondling merely a tool of arousal. Twice before a sexual caress had been cruelly curtailed, but now, for the first time, I could build upon those opening gambits, stirring to a rhythm. First slow, then fast; rising to almost to a crescendo, then an unmeasured moment's wait, a self-enforced peace, before once more beginning that rhythmic caress. The index finger of my other hand found my clitoris; that nubbin of total pleasure, and I teased then coaxed it from its covering hood; holding and worrying it like a dog might a favoured bone. Now I had my very first, mind-numbing orgasm! Wave upon wave of total pleasure that seemed never to subside assailed me.

Like a child with a new plaything, I could not cast aside my new-found joy. Again and again I played with my body; each time learning better how to control that final, indescribable burst of pleasure, until at last I could carry myself to the peak of that mountain, and stay, resting until I was ready to let myself careen down the farther side in an energy surge as vital as life. All the while, I was immersed in the pervasive scent, the wonderful aroma of the rubber I wore and was confined by, now seeming all the stronger from the warmth it had borrowed from my body.

Finally, after a fifth such journey into this realm of star-burst light, I was sated and fell into a deep and wondrous sleep. I had by then admitted at least one thing to myself: in this natural touch of rubber, sometimes harsh, oft times velvet, I had found a companion that was at the same time a lover and a master. I was a slave to my excitement.

The lure of rubber had snared another victim in its embrace.

Chapter Six

A New Awakening

I cannot remember if I dreamed during that long night, although I vaguely recall that when Frau Baxter finally came to bed, she leant across me and silently turned off the lamp. It was certainly full daylight when I did awaken and my Governess was already moving about the room, then it was her loud hand clap that finally brought my eyes wide open. For a moment more they were held prayer-like above my head, then she drew back the sheet.

“As I thought!” she barked. “What a terrible mess!”

I remembered at once my pleasure of last evening. Of course there would be evidence of my raptures.

“So! Even for one night,” she continued, “your first in my care, you could not resist the temptation! It is as your father said. You are turning into a cheap slut and if left to your own devices, you will end up fit only for whoring!”

How could she speak of what had been a most wonderful blossoming of my sexual flower in such a way? To describe my feminine awakening in this base language was terrible! She surely knew that I was still a pure vessel! I was still virgin, by no means a tainted chalice!

When I made my first movements of the day my body ached, but not from my sexual excess, only from the unyielding grip of my corset. Frau Baxter busied herself with a ring of keys, opening the locks that bound me to my bed, talking while she did.

“No matter Celine. No matter. Your father and I had a long and fruitful evening and he is now convinced that there is little that he alone could do to salvage your ruined life. He has conceded that your only hope is in my care and to this end has signed over total guardianship of your person and the responsibility for your upbringing to me. Without this burden he is now free to take a well-earned and much-needed rest, and so will be departing for just

such a holiday immediately.”

I could not believe my ears! Was this woman a witch, that she could so easily make my father virtually wash his hands of me?! If I was to be left alone with her I feared all would be lost. My final hope seemed pinned to falling at my father’s feet before he departed, to beg his forgiveness and plead for release from the custody of this woman. I tried to forget my aches and willingly helped her to rotate my prone body so that I could rise from the bed.

“Now Celine, off you go to the bathroom!” she commanded, pointing to the door. I expected her to follow and release me from my rubber bondage so I could take my shower, but she continued. “I have already turned on the shower for you. Get yourself thoroughly wet and I will be in to see to you shortly.”

I was to shower still trapped inside my rubber?! Another new experience. Would the force of water be able to penetrate at all between my flesh and its outer shell? I doubted that the rubber was permeable and was certain no part of me within the corset’s severe control would feel the washing. Imagine my dismay when I reached the bathroom to find that the shower was barely running at all. The hot tap had been left closed and both outlets were beyond the reach of my hands, locked as they still were to my waist belt. I clumsily managed to carry the bathroom stool into the shower stall and was climbing upon it to adjust the water flow when I heard Frau Baxter’s voice once more.

“Goodbye, Herr Vassen. You need have no fear. Celine is in good hands and I guarantee that she will suffer no further lapses. Goodbye!” When I heard the hall door slam closed, my heart sank. I stumbled from the shower and ran towards the staircase, shouting.

“Father! Father! Don’t go! Don’t leave yet! I **must** speak with you!” Yet, even as I ran, I knew all was in vain for I heard the car’s engine start and had not even reached the head of the staircase. Frau Baxter stood waiting for me, hands on hips and a broad smile on her lips. I sank to my knees before her, sobbing and still calling for rescue. “Please don’t leave me here alone father! I beg you! I beg you, don’t cast me aside!”

Without a word and completely disregarding my desolation she returned me

to the bathroom where my so-called shower was quickly but thoroughly completed. I was to have no increased pressure nor hot water. She did free me from the high Posture Collar and also loosened the zip of my underwear so that the cold water could run between it and the flesh of my shoulders and underarms, then soaped the exterior of my harness, corset, and underwear. The feel of her slippery hands gliding over the rubber of my second skin was indeed strange! It was almost as though I could feel the wetness, but I knew my skin remained dry beneath that impervious layer. She then eased back the rubber bounding my sex and cleaned me thoroughly there. By now I had sunk into the depths of despair and made no attempt to thwart her, and whatever she demanded of me, I complied meekly, having no further interest in my fate at that time. Yes, the rubber I wore was exciting, but the bondage that accompanied its application was no thrill. I was unsure whether the tightness of my corset lent anything to the allure or detracted from it, but I would learn as the days passed.

My wrist cuffs were unlocked and I was allowed to complete my own toilet, and for that I was thankful. Little did I know that soon, even **that** freedom might be withdrawn! Back in the bedroom I was made to sit on a plain stool placed on a portion of the carpet now covered by the grey rubber cape I had worn after the previous shower. On the desk beside me, Frau Baxter placed my severe collar and for the first time I could see the internal lining of the thing. I was not surprised to find it was steel, for I had felt no give in it at all.

Frau Baxter towelled me dry, then left me with it that I might mop up the water that still ran out from between the rubber and my body, then she moved away, only to draw up a chair and sit in front of me.

“Listen well now, Celine. I will repeat nothing for there is much to do, and I will stand for no interruption.” I was in no mood anyway to argue or question. “Now that your father has left, you must accept that I have **complete** control of your future. As a beginning and from this moment on, you may forget any thoughts you might have of resuming your previous life,” she paused to gauge my reaction. I showed none. “You will **not** be returning to your regular school, **nor** will you again see your Michael.”

Here I closed my eyes, for I already suspected that I had lost my first boyfriend, but **had** hoped to finish my education. The attainment of academic

qualifications was, it seemed, also to be denied me.

“Today,” Frau Baxter continued, “I shall confine you to your room alone, for there will be many men coming and going, and I have much to discuss with them. For tonight, I am prepared to allow you to sleep in the same restraints as last night, but from tomorrow that will change. In the morning we shall be visiting some gentlemen who will be making an appraisal of you.”

Here at last was something that stirred me from my despair. Perhaps these gentleman would be able to help me ... or ... perhaps I could smuggle a note to them. But to whom should I address it? Already a plan was forming. As I was to be left alone for some part of today, I hoped I could find something to write a letter with. I would address it to my Form Master at school, but had to think now what I should best write, to ensure he would act upon my words. Even while I allowed Frau Baxter to feed the rubber tube into my throat once more, my mind was on a future in which she was not included.

Once more my head was forced back and my neck fixed into the high steel and rubber Posture Collar, then I had to accept the horrid tube being inserted into my throat. I hardly paid attention while she attached the strange funnel, then filled it with a cold, soup-like mixture from a freshly opened jar. I felt the tube contract and wriggle disconcertingly within my oesophagus when she turned a crank fixed to the funnel, forcing the colourless odourless goo deeply into my stomach. The untasted meal passed quickly into my body.

After the feeding was completed and the tube again had slipped clear of my mouth, she ordered me accompany her to the next room where she rummaged in one of her great trunks. Here for the first time was an outer garment to cover my underwear and harness. Frau Baxter held it high so that I might see it, even with my head tilted upwards. It was, of course, another rubber garment; being a dress of bright blue, but it had a somewhat lighter and sweeter smell than the articles I already wore. The bodice had long puffed sleeves and a high neck that would cover my Posture Collar, while the waist was narrow and would easily fit me whilst wearing my corset. I was sure that without the steel and rubber foundation, it would never stretch around my middle. The skirt was long and full, with a short white pinafore fixed to the front and the whole thing reminded me of that worn by Alice, in the Wonderland book. I hoped that when I went out visiting, if I had to dress as I

was now, I might be allowed to wear this dress also, if only to hide from view my collar, harness, corset, and strange childish underwear.

The dress was dropped over my shoulders, and several buttons at the back drew it snugly around my body. Again the smell from this fresh rubber kissed my senses and I might have been carried off by it had the doorbell not rung at that point. Frau Baxter hurried me back to my room and made me sit at the desk. She forced my left arm under and my right arm over the top, then joined my wrist cuffs with a padlock.

“I will return soon,” she said, then closed and locked the door behind her.

Here was my chance, for I knew there was pen and paper within the desk drawer! I first stood up then moved my linked arms towards the end of the desk top, then by moving around to the front, I could pass my wrists from front to back and thus get my hands near the drawer. It was an awkward task, but after five or so minutes I had managed to get the paper and pen onto the desk top and by crouching, was able to take up the pen and write reasonably clearly. I wrote quickly, explaining my predicament in as few words as possible and added after my signature, that even should he find my story difficult to believe my Form Master should at least ask a Police Officer to call at the house and insist on seeing me personally to verify my condition. There was no envelope and so I just folded the paper and wrote his name and the school address upon it, then slipped the sheet back inside the desk, praying I would have a chance to pass it to someone soon.

I spent perhaps twenty minutes seated again in the position in which Frau Baxter had left me. The extreme pressure of the boned corset did not ease and my discomfort could not be relieved. After a while though, I found that once again I was becoming aroused! This time I could not reach to the fountain of my stimulation, but found that by rocking both sides of my bottom in opposite directions on the bench, I could set up a rubbing action between my closed thighs. The rubber trapped between the lips of my virgin sex was so slippery that soon its friction brought-me close to orgasm and even the hem of my dress rubbing against the bare flesh of my legs seemed to be helping the cause, but I was not carried fully into that most wondrous state. I contented myself with this level of arousal, knowing I might, that night, to be allowed a repeat of yesterday's sexual romp, provided Frau Baxter kept her

word.

From my bound position, even with the bedroom door closed, I heard much coming and going in that short time ...

“I hope you have been behaving yourself Celine?” Frau Baxter asked when she returned. “I regret that you will have to be left alone for most of the day, for there will be a deal of hustle and bustle going on downstairs and a lot of noise.” She waited it seemed for my comment, but I held my tongue. “I am having certain necessary alterations made to the Drawing Room and after this work has been completed you will be moving there, as it will become your new quarters,” she thought for a moment then added, “Perhaps you will only reside there for a short time, until your future is decided, then you will be moved on to a location more suited for the discipline and training that you so obviously need.”

Now, I was ready to comment.

“Does my father know what you intend Frau Baxter? Does he know that you intend to take me away from here? And, what alterations are being done to this house? It is **my** home too! What then will become of your alterations?”

“Young woman! I have told you that your father has left me in **total** control!” She was becoming heated now. “That means that whatever I feel is right for your future care **will** be acceptable to Herr Vassen! One day you may return here, but even if you don’t, the room will be occupied by others beginning their journey to a new life, as you are now!”

Even with this knowledge of what might become of me, I still found myself thinking of the last evening’s adventure and was loath to vex the woman. She had, it seemed, carte blanche where I and my future were concerned. What good would it do me to gainsay her at this point? Better to bide my time.

“I meant no discourtesy, Frau Baxter,” I quickly interjected. “I am, though, anxious for my future.”

“I will take care of everything Celine. What must be, will be.” She seemed now to calm down a little.

She released my joined wrists and for a moment I was able to relax my arms, but not for long for I was next commanded to cross them over my waist and hug myself, where upon she attached a short chain to one wrist cuff and passed it across the small of my back and also through all of the waist cinch rings at the sides and back. Soon both of my wrists were once more linked so that my arms were pulled against each other in a snug, self-embrace, and, this time in a very uncomfortable manner. Was this a punishment for my denial of her authority? My shoulders sagged while I watched her pull back the top sheet of my bed then point to it. Once more I had to lay upon the rubber sheets, but this time there was no way I would be permitted to reach my sex. How long was I to stay prone this time? I hoped that I had not caused her to change her mind about the manner of my bondage for the coming night, but had I denied myself my evening's pleasure by my outburst? Again the six chains were locked to my harness, collar and legs. I was once more a helpless prisoner in my own room, hoping that I would be left so for no longer than a few hours. That I could accept, if I knew for certain that thereafter my hands would be bound as they had the previous evening.

"I cannot yet trust you to remain silent whilst there are others in the house Celine! So, it is necessary to employ a device to silence you."

"Oh please, Frau Baxter," I begged upon hearing these words. "I shall remain totally quiet! Please, oh please don't gag me?"

"I cannot trust your words, Celine!" she stated baldly. "Now, open your mouth wide!"

The harness of rubber straps she held needed no book of instructions. The fat rubber bladder hanging from one side of the broad cross strap was joined by a short tube to a ball-shaped bellows hanging from the other side and although I had never seen its like before, there was no mistaking that this was a silencing device. I tried to keep my mouth tightly closed, but Frau Baxter just used her thumb and forefinger to again block my nasal airway, forcing me to open my mouth and gasp for breath. At the instant my lips parted, she forced the rubber bladder inside! For a moment I writhed frantically, pulling against my chains, trying to expel it, but after only a few seconds I gave up the fight and lay still and quiet, staring fearfully up into her stern countenance.

Again, a new experience! Somewhere deep in my mind I knew this taste. My tongue must have touched such rubber in the past, but where, and when, and what? No matter, this was different. At once my whole body tingled and despite my fear I found myself drinking of this new flavour. Once more the rubber was a sexual stimulant! My brain hardly acknowledged the buckling of this bridle while she locked it to my collar, then from the sides of my mouth, she brought up a V of straps on either side of my nose, pulled it over the crown of my head and clipped it to the back of my collar. Suddenly realizing the fullness of what she had done, I balked and fought my restraints while she tightened this strap firmly, then shuddered with terror when she pumped upon the bellows and the thick balloon began to invade every corner of my mouth. I lost some sensation of the thing when it pushed against my palate and trapped my tongue against my lower jaw, but still, I could though move it about, and soon that special tingle returned.

“What’s this, Celine!” Frau Baxter had noted the involuntary movements of my thighs. “Do you need the toilet, girl?” she asked. I shook my head and a strange, half-smile creased her mouth. “What **am** I to do with you, you wicked wanton?”

It was at this point that I began to know Frau Baxter’s ways: this woman who had been called to take over my life because of my father’s masculine misunderstanding of my sexual awakening. She knew what this rubber was doing to me! She also knew that far from curbing my desires it was an encouragement of them! She who scorned my attempts to learn more about my body, was in truth permitting me licence to continue my exploration, but now upon a far different path than most young women travelled. I was being channelled into an addiction that would be life-long, although I had yet to find just how compelling it would be.

Here, I was torn. Still I felt the need to escape the house and regain my freedom, but what if there was more to learn from my current status? Whatever, I had not the means at present to effect the former, and I was being forced to sample the latter.

My gag, although uncomfortable, was made bearable by the sexual arousal it brought about, but what came **next** negated all that arousal and filled me once more with a terrible fear of my predicament. Frau Baxter left me for a

moment, but returned bearing yet another article for my bondage. Here was an object I had seen often in this post-war Europe ... a gas mask ... but one that differed markedly from the ones I'd come across. This had no straps to fit it to the wearer and needed none, for it was only a part of an entire, head-enclosing helmet! I tried to twist my head away when she brought it near to my face, and noticed at once that there was little smell, but then, I started to know a true fear when the cold material touched my skin. I realised that the circular vision ports were **not** a means to see, but quite the opposite! The glass that from the outside seemed clear, was silvered inside! For a brief moment I saw the reflection of fear in my eyes before the tight, bag-like helmet of thick rubber was rolled down over my head, sealing the mask firmly against my face ... and over top of my mouth filler and its securing harness! It was then that I panicked, screaming fearfully against the blocking membrane of my gag, shuddering and fighting frantically against my bonds. Frau Baxter, of course, knew that this would be my reaction.

“Relax Celine! Inhale slowly and deeply! Concentrate on your breathing and your fear will soon pass.” She took my right hand in hers and began to massage my palm so that I could feel more deeply her presence, then she continued. “I know the fear a helmet like this can arouse, Celine. As I have said, the sooner you relax, the sooner it will pass. I have told you that I will do nothing to cause you any ... permanent harm.”

Her soothing did relax me, but I could not help notice the moment's hesitation before the word 'permanent' had slipped awkwardly from her lips. The air drawn through the filter attached to the mask was dusty and stale, and its flow was regulated to a slow hiss by the layers within the filter. True, sufficient air was available, but I had to labour to inhale and even to exhale! Breathing was not now a natural thing and the compression of the corset did not help! The soft clicking of the valves opening and closing seemed to permeate my hearing.

Now, I felt a newer sort of pain: frustrated desire within a black nothingness! I was captive of my rubber bonds, but could not find the arousal that would transform the bondage into pleasure and as well, the corset seemed somehow to grow tighter and more of an imposition to bear. I heard the window open, then she draw the shutters closed and locked them. I was left in utter

darkness, silenced and with no possibility of raising any alarm. My first day of solitude had begun and although I was unaware of it at that time, it was to be the beginning of my training to accept a life of isolation; this only to be punctuated by at the whim and mercy of those who would control my life.

Over the next interminable hours, I faintly heard the many comings and goings of workmen and their vehicles and listened to the musical clang and clatter of their tools while they toiled under Frau Baxter's conducting baton. I had a deal of time now to reflect on my situation and no matter how I addressed the many questions, there seemed no solution to my dilemma!

At noon Frau Baxter returned and freed me from my chains, helmet, and gag but it was to be only a short respite, whilst I once more was tubed, then fed my midday meal. What must I do to earn the right to feed myself as hitherto? When me feeding had been completed I was returned to my bed of bondage, wearing once more the gag and helmet/mask I still could not accept without fear. By tea time, the orchestra of hammers and saws had been cut to only a trio of such and I was by that point sweating heavily within my rubber cocoon, and very glad to at last hear footsteps nearing my door.

"I hope you have not been too uncomfortable Celine?" Frau Baxter opened, while drawing back my covers. I, of course, was without the means of reply and so she crossed the room and opened the shutters before returning and removing the hated mask from my head. I breathed in deeply through my nose; the still but clean air of the room a blessing in comparison to that I'd drawn through the mask's filters. Next, thankfully, the gag was removed. Without its earlier sexual connotation, it had served only as a penance to be endured.

"Are you ready for the toilet Celine?" she asked. I was suddenly aware that all the noise of the afternoon's work had ceased.

"Are the workmen gone now?" I croaked through parched lips.

"They will be back tomorrow, but, yes they have gone for today."

Frau Baxter released my chains while she spoke then helped me to rise from the bed, but did not release my fettered wrists. I followed her from bedroom

to bathroom and found that I could squat upon the toilet and do what was needed, via the split crotch of my underwear without the use of my hands or needing her help, although I was unable to clean myself afterwards. Frau Baxter seemed unaffected by having to help me in that regard, then, once back in my room, I was confronted again with the rubber feeding tube.

“**Must** I be fed this way Frau Baxter? Please?” I was begging her now.

“I do not feel that you are ready to partake of your meals in any other way at this time, Celine! Open your mouth now!” was her only reply.

The meal was again administered quickly and I remember being surprised that although I had not tasted food for two days, I had no hunger. My stomach was, of course, taken care of, and so I did not feel hunger pangs, yet it seemed strange not to. Frau Baxter drew the tube hand-over-hand from my throat.

“I want to talk about our outing tomorrow, Celine.” I perked up a little at her words. “You will need to be put to bed early tonight and I will be waking you early to get ready.” She must have noted a spark of eagerness in my demeanour and jumped quickly to dampen my fuse.

“You need not think that this is to be a joyride, my girl! The address we will be visiting will lend you no relief.” My brow furrowed at this. She continued, “You will be travelling in your present dress, but with some added refinements. The purpose of our visit is so that you may be appraised. Important decisions about your future will be made and it is necessary that you be on your best behaviour,” she paused to gauge my reaction and continued once more. “You will be touched and prodded and required to parade yourself, but you will take no active part in these proceedings. Is that clear?”

I nodded only weakly. It was not so much the inspection I feared, but the consequences of it. And what were these ‘added refinements’ to my rubber confinement? I sensed that the chance for an escape bid during the outing had disappeared.

Chapter Seven

Further Raptures

After my evening, tube-fed meal, the rubber outer dress was taken from me and true to her word Frau Baxter bound me to my bed in the same attitude as the previous night. After she had tucked the top sheet in across my neck, she left the room and went downstairs. She had not been gone long before my fingers began once more their exciting journey between my legs. This time, I found that I was able to almost glove them in the rubber edging of my undergarment. Had it stretched, or merely become displaced with my movements that day?

After a while, I realised that there was something lacking, and although all was the same as twenty-four hours ago, to my chagrin I found that I was missing the taste and the bite of the gag, and even the encompassing straps of its bridle! But just the memory of it, recalled, was enough to enrapture me further and very soon I was once more soaring above my bed; almost floating like one perceives a soul, so strong was the orgasm that tore through my young body! And all the time my muscles heaved and my ears were assailed with the rustling of the latex wrapped about me, my nose tingled with the wonderful smell of this wrapping. I was still acutely aware of the tight constriction of the corset on my body, but now it seemed no longer a cross to bear, having almost become a necessary adjunct to my arousal!

That evening, I had one less orgasm than the night before, but each was no less a pleasure. I realised now that even after the orgasm, the wonderful change in my body's sensitivity kept me in a heightened state. It seemed that arousal was not a journey I need embark upon in any hurry. What a wondrous thing had come to my life!

I slept well, awakening before Frau Baxter, and was tempted to once more play with myself, but was sure I would wake her if I did, and so contented myself with letting my brain and thoughts do the work. They too, I was happy to find, could be tools of arousal! I forced myself to stop and concentrate my mind upon the day ahead. Soon my Governess would awaken

and I would be made ready for the ‘visit of appraisal’. Who would be doing this testing? How must I react to their attention? Only now did the realisation sink in: these people, these strangers, would be seeing not the real me, but a mannequin dressed in rubber. Surely, I would be unable to look them in the eye? How right I was.

Frau Baxter rose and left the room without noticing I was awake and I listened to her every move: from hall to shower, from shower to kitchen, then back to our shared bedroom. She did not speak while she released the locks that secured me, then helped me rise and finally, thankfully, removed my rubber over-harness. Now I saw what was needed to undo the buckles of these straps, for I had seen such a tool used by my father to strip down his typewriter for periodic cleaning. It was known as an Allen Key, but instead of the six sided shape of the typewriter’s tool, this was star-shaped at its extreme end, and half-round along the remaining length. The tool was placed into the end of the buckle’s central cross-piece, then a half turn released the ratchet held captive to the shaft. That was all that was needed to free each buckle! When the harness lay in pieces on the bed I was escorted to the shower.

I thought that I had perhaps earned some merit for this morning I was permitted hot water, and more surprisingly, the lacing of my corset was slackened to such an extent that I could once more move my torso snakelike within its confines. I felt the increased pressure of water run now against my skin and slosh noisily within the rubber I still wore and today when I left the shower stall, I felt almost clean inside my rubber cocoon. Once more the drying took some time, and again I dripped water en route to my room. I was allowed, this morning, to sit upon the edge of my bed with my corset still hanging loosely, whilst being force-fed my meal. I could not know that with each feeding, I was receiving much less food than I had hitherto enjoyed. The content of the meals had also changed to a strict but healthy diet that was meant not only to keep my body fit, but also to help reduce my weight and consequently my dimensions.

“Back to the wardrobe now!” Frau Baxter commanded when my so-called meal finished.

Here was an end to my brief respite from the rubber corset’s total control, but this time, it was easier for me to co-ordinate the emptying of my diaphragm

with the tightening of the laces, even though the compression created seemed greater than the first time. In truth it was, for she had tightened the corset so that the edges met fully, all the way from top to bottom! The refitting of the rubber harness followed, this time being more speedily accomplished. The bright, blue rubber dress appeared once more, and I was thankful that I would look a little more normal for the visit of appraisal.

“Right then!!” the self-assured Englishwoman said. “Are you ready for our trip?” This time, it appeared that she was expecting a reply.

“I-I-I am not sure Frau Baxter. I am a little afraid, still,” I replied, stuttering nervously.

“Nothing to it Celine!” she continued positively. “Now, I have prepared your travelling requirements next door, so, come along with me.”

I let her lead me by the hand into the next room, which had now become a store for all her luggage. What awaited brought me to a halt, and the fear I had felt when first made to wear the helmeted mask now increased to become almost a nightmare.

Laid in the centre of the room was the larger of Frau Baxter’s two travelling chests, now standing open with the lid folded back. Draped over the edges was a shroud of thick, green rubber and I knew at once what this meant for me. Although I struggled, I was no match for my larger and far stronger wardress. She quickly fastened my hands with a padlock, then joined my ankles as one with a second. In a few seconds she had thus bound me, then she lifted and dropped me unceremoniously into the rubber-lined chest.

“Sit still now Celine! You must be gagged again! Submit freely, or I will have to use a greater force than you have known up to now.”

My heart raced with a terrible fear of the unknown, but I tried to recover my composure, telling myself that once again my fingers were within touching distance of my delta, then even as the gag was pushed between my teeth and the rubber bladder expanded to fill my mouth, my brain started to react favourably to it all!

Still, I could not relax totally and drew myself in to assume an almost foetal position with arms embracing my folded legs. Frau Baxter found this much to her approval and quickly released the ankle padlock; replacing it with another that had a longer shackle. This she threaded through the rings of my ankle cuffs, then it through the lock already joining my wrists, before snapping it shut! Then she began to bunch the edges of the green bag's opening, and slowly, inexorably, the light dimmed and was gone. I wept with despair and fear when I heard her draw a strap around the neck of my rubber womb, then jumped in shocked horror when the chest lid slammed shut and *its* two stout locks were closed with loud, metallic snaps! Within the thick, claustrophobic sack, locked inside the padded chest, I fought frantically against my bonds, terrified that I might suffocate and die without ever again seeing the light of day!

All sound, except that of my own breathing was now greatly diminished. My tormentor's footsteps faded when she departed and all too quickly the room fell silent. I had been abandoned in repressive darkness! I must have fainted from the overwhelming fear, for I was rudely woken when first one end, then the other of my conveyance was lifted from the floor. There were men's voices, then Frau Baxter's.

"Be careful, please!"

I was carried clumsily down the stairs and out of the house, then dropped roughly onto the floor of a waiting van. Its closing doors put the final seal on my mobile prison.

The journey that followed was more comfortable than I expected, and also much shorter. It seemed that we travelled only a mile or so on good roads before the van turned sharply and soon thereafter drew to a halt some way up a gravelled drive. Doors were opened, mumbled voices joined the sound of footsteps on the gravel, and a moment later my mobile prison was once more lifted to be carried, much more gently this time, into a building and along a carpeted hallway.

"In here, please!" I heard a man call out. My carriers halted, then turned and I could hear the sound of music filtering into my casket. More voices, for a minute or two, then this new room fell silent except for a radio voice

announcing the next programme and I was left alone for about ten minutes before I again heard Frau Baxter's voice while she opened the locks and lifted back the lid of the chest.

"Can you hear me Celine?" More questions to go unanswered. "I shall open your Travel Pouch now and want you to keep your eyes tightly closed for a moment, as this room is very brightly lit. We have no wish to damage your sight."

I did as ordered, only to find that it was a trick! As soon as the bag was opened fully, unseen hands drew a small rubber sack over my head! I tried to pull away and struggle all at once, but someone looped tight a wide strap to secure this new encumbrance very snugly around my rigidly collared throat, leaving me still gagged and blinded within! Once again there was the touch and smell of rubber close to my face, but this time my fear withheld any arousal. I was lifted, still struggling, and after Frau Baxter had removed my cuff padlocks, was placed standing upon a very deeply-piled carpet. My naked feet sucked into its incredible softness and I was at once somehow reassured by its very luxuriance.

"She is feisty, this Celine, Madame Baxter!" said a deep male voice, so obviously French. I tried to shout to him in that language, last used between my Mother and I those long years ago, but it availed me naught for I was most effectively gagged.

"MMn ... Mnnn ... !!" was all that escaped my gag and so I gave up the useless attempt.

"She is indeed Mr. ..." Did Frau Baxter not know this man, or was she hiding his name from me? He made no attempt to inform her of it.

"Are you sure she is suitable, Madame?" the man asked.

"You will see, always at this early stage, it is so," she replied. "With the correct care and attention she will be perfect." Now there was a new male voice, strongly Teutonic.

"Turn around Celine, Liebling," he said. "Let us have a look at you my girl."

Frau Baxter grasped my waist and began to turn me about on the spot. Next, I felt different hands upon my rubberised torso: hands that kneaded and prodded as she had warned. I was being examined as though I were a horse for sale! I half-expected that the hood and my gag would be removed so that the length of my teeth could be gauged, but nevertheless prayed I was not being inspected for sale ... then vividly recalled tales of white slavery. My God! Was I to be a victim to this trade? The fear that I had landed in this situation, even through my own sexual desires, once more quickened my breath and Frau Baxter noted it.

“Relax Celine,” she said. “Breathe gently. We will be returning home shortly. No harm will befall you here.”

She took my hand in one of hers, caressing it gently with the other and her words and deed had the desired effect. I longed to see these men, for I had hoped to appeal to them, in that they might have the wherewithal to effect my release. It was, of course, an utterly foolish thought. Now I was left alone again whilst all three moved to a far corner of the room and spoke in whispers for some moments. When they returned, I was slowly turned around then touched and prodded once more.

“I am still not certain that we can use this girl, Madame Baxter,” the French man said. “Perhaps we could take a closer look?”

“But of course!” Frau Baxter readily agreed.

I felt her hands reach for the buttons at the back of my dress, and automatically leant away from her to prevent what was obviously to be my undressing. Strong hands grasped my shoulders and although I continued my struggle, I was no match for these three determined gaolers. Frau Baxter quickly had the dress falling to the floor about my ankles, then I felt the fitting of the Allen Key to the harness buckles, and it too was loosened and subsequently fell to the floor.

“Hold still, Celine!” Frau Baxter barked. I felt her hands upon the corset lacing and knew that its removal was certain to lead to my complete undress. Must I stand naked before these strangers?

I remembered suddenly the hastily written note, still laying uselessly inside my desk drawer. Even had I managed to smuggle it out of the room, it would have served no useful purpose here. When my under suit joined the rest of the rubber at my ankles, there was no cold draught to quicken my skin, yet my nipples became engorged and I blushed furiously within the blinding rubber sack.

“You are right as usual, Madame Baxter,” the Frenchman said. “I should by now know to trust your instincts and not my own in these matters.” All three laughed a little before the Frenchman spoke again. “Alright then, let our Celine see the daylight now.”

I closed my eyes against the light, when the strap around my throat was loosened and the bag quickly removed. Even whilst I blinked to accustom my eyes to the changed conditions, unseen hands worked at the harness of my gag. I faced an enormous window which looked out onto a grassed park and searched my memory, but this was no public park I knew. These must be private grounds. My captors remained out of sight for that moment, and I had to turn my head first left then right to see all three. The drawing room was opulently furnished and my nakedness seemed oddly out of place. I began to wonder if indeed this had all been a sick game. How could I fit in here, the more so when once more clothed in my confining rubber? The Frenchman who stood to my right with Frau Baxter spoke again.

“Good morning Celine. You are admiring my gardens?” There were but three large houses in our town that could support such landscape, yet still I could not place this property.

“Please sir!” I whispered, “Please tell me: why I am here? What do you plan to do with me?”

“That is not for you to know at this time my dear,” he said kindly.

It was only now, when I looked directly at him, that I saw hanging from his belt, an object that froze me to the spot. It was a whip, barely a metre long, but its stout, leather-bound handle gave way to a multitude of leather strands. Perhaps twenty or more.

“Turn away from me now, Celine,” he said in a quiet voice, but I was frozen for I felt that if I turned from him I would feel that leather upon my bare body! Frau Baxter’s hand grasped my left wrist and she effortlessly spun me around to face her. Even now the skin on my neck had started to bunch tightly in anticipation and I arched my back involuntarily.

“No, not yet Celine. You are not yet ready my dear. If and when you do feel my whip, you will not shrink from it, but await its kiss with longing.”

At that moment I felt something deep within me that seemed to breath in my ear and whisper “*It is true Celine. It is true.*” My conscious self denied it and I shouted out.

“Never! Never! Never!”

Frau Baxter merely smiled and held up my grey rubber underwear.

The two men retired from the room without another word, leaving my female tormentor to redress and rebind me in my rubber. When I was wrapped to her satisfaction, she effortlessly lifted and dropped me back into my rubber-lined prison, and in less than a minute I was once more carried along the carpeted hall and out onto the gravel driveway.

The return journey was exactly as the one out, until we reached my home. Here the passage of my travelling trunk was halted for a time in the entrance hall. The same cacophony of sound as yesterday greeted my ears, although deadened by my trappings, but this time I was nearer to the noise of the workmen and heard my Governess directing the work. Suddenly, I thought that here might be a chance of escape! If I could alert these workmen to my plight, I might gain release! Although my hands and ankles were still locked securely together and to each other, I began to bang on the inside of the chest with my elbows and my hunched up knees, but of course, I was wasting my time. The sound was lost in the thick and resilient lining of the trunk and any banging that *did* escape its confines was drowned out by the noise and hubbub of the work.

The chest was lifted and carried up the stairs before being lowered once more, but this time there was carpet beneath, so I knew I was not being

returned to the storage room. In all, the whole outing had lasted less than an hour and my hopes of rescue were once more dashed. I had by now decided that I **must** escape! Even my new-found sexual satisfaction was not worth this control over my life.

“I think it went well,” Frau Baxter said while she helped me from the chest’s confines and removed the tight rubber hood from my head. “You were well received Celine.” I hoped that she would remove my gag and made sounds behind it to show I wished to speak. She took no notice. “The men downstairs will be toiling late into this evening to finish their work completely,” she continued. “Tomorrow morning others will arrive and use their special skills to prepare your new room for occupancy.”

Whilst she related these details she steered me towards my bed and in no time I was again chained prone. She brought forth the hated helmet then pulled it over my head; the still-damp rubber seeming to cling to my face when it was tightened and locked around my head. My wardress had more information to convey.

“After lunch tomorrow we will be visited by two men. The first is a colleague of mine and the second is your father’s friend, Herr Strang. He will be bringing his daughter Kristel and she will be staying with us for a while, so you will have a companion in your new room, at least for a short time.”

Here was news indeed! Perhaps I might smuggle out my letter via one of these men! I did not know Herr Strang’s daughter, but surely, when she knew I was being held against my will, she would help me to freedom! Once more my mind raced with desperate thoughts of escape from this hell of ever-increasing bondage. I barely took notice, as once more I was left alone in my captivity. The knowledge that Fraulein Strang had already passed through my Governess’ capable hands failed to register upon my brain at the time, but it should have! I wished that day away, so eager was I to meet this girl. I had to start planning my escape! What day was this? Everything seemed to have happened so fast! Today must be Sunday and so my visitors would arrive Monday. The hours passed so slowly. Even in my planning, I found time to hope that I would again spend the evening in self-induced rapture for surely that would speed the coming of the next dawn?

It was as Frau Baxter had said. The work and its noise continued late into the Summer evening and because our house was far removed from neighbours, the sounds drew no attention: finally lessening to mere background noise.

My Governess took me through the nightly maintenance, for only short moments freeing me of the gag. During this brief interlude, she rapidly and easily tubed then fed me my ration, but this time keeping me chained down humiliatingly on the bed! Before, I had been fed while sitting up, but this way it was much more of an humiliation and she seemed to relish the entire process; especially when I panicked and struggled against my chains in near hysteria to avoid the tube being fed into my throat, then again while she cranked the handle and forced the stuff into my body. When my feeding was finished, she allowed me no time to plead, but immediately forced the bladder back in my mouth, then strapped the head harness tightly around my skull and locked all of its buckles. Satisfied it would not come off, she took the small inflation bulb in hand and pumped it until my mouth was completely filled once more, bringing tears of despairing misery to my eyes.

Frau Baxter released me from the bed, leaving my arms crossed over my waist, with my wrist cuffs still tightly joined by the short chain behind, and escorted me to the bathroom. With clinical disregard for my feelings, she pointed to the commode, then, nurse-like, cleaned me after I had completed my toilet before leading me back to the bedroom by hooking her fingers through one of the rings on the side of my belt. I sat miserably on the bed's edge while she joined my ankle cuffs with a lock, then to my consuming horror, she once more picked up the gas mask! I frantically tried to shake my head as best I could against the tight compression and rigidity of my collar, struggling to get muted pleas for mercy through my nose, but it helped me not the slightest!

"This is for your own good, Celine!" Frau Baxter admonished, spreading wide the thick rubber that would again so deeply and securely imprison my head.

She disregarded the tears that now streamed from my eyes and brought the awful thing forward. I was so desperate to avoid having to sleep in it, especially while gagged, that I fell back onto the rubber-covered mattress and fruitlessly attempted to wriggle away from her; all the while weeping wildly

and gasping hysterically.

She must have been playing with me, much as a cat does with a cornered mouse, for she leant slowly forward with the helmet held open in her hands, then gradually brought it downward! Her strong fingers kept the sides spread apart until its inner surface was pressed firmly onto my face, then she jerked the edges together behind my head, setting the terrible thing securely in place! My stifled cries were immediately buried beneath the thick rubber, emerging from the air exhaust ports only as faint whimpers. I was next rolled onto my stomach, then she climbed onto the bed and the mattress depressed under my middle when she knelt over me, her knees on either side of my back. In short seconds the helmet's seam at back had been tightly laced, and I found my head and face wrapped once more in the hot grip of rubber that I had grown to know so well.

My entombment now completed, she kept me face down, then I felt her affix a chain between my ankles. She next swung me around, and adjusted the bondage of my wrists. Within the tight, thick helmet I faintly heard rattles of the chains, then felt their locks clipped to the rings on my wrist cuffs.

Alas, tonight there would be no release in sexual play, for she freed the short chain that held my wrists joined behind me, only to haul on those newly attached until my arms were outstretched above my head. She got off the bed and suddenly, the chain to my joined ankles tightened harshly, keeping me utterly flat, face down upon the thick black rubber mattress cover. Frau Baxter must have sensed my misery and despair while she fastened me, but she was remorseless and the result was that I lay spread on the bed, held securely in place by the cross-chains and those to my wrists and ankles, keeping me in the form of a Y.

"You must learn Celine," she said, "that your own needs will not be paramount in future. They will come a poor second to those of others."

With these words she drew up the thick over sheet and tucked it around me, then left me alone once more with my thoughts. I could take some pleasure by rubbing my crotch against the rubber sheet, but soon tired of this. Just before I fell asleep I noted that the noise downstairs had ceased completely.

What would tomorrow bring?

Chapter Eight

Discoveries

I woke very early the next day and knew that Frau Baxter had left the shutters open before retiring, for although the mask I wore left me blind, I could feel the warm sun on the back of my helmeted head, the only exposed part of my body it could reach as the rest of me was still covered by the rubber oversheet. This warmth gave me hope that the day would end with my freedom and perhaps by the end of it I might once more walk outdoors, unencumbered, unfettered! I could faintly hear shallow snoring, and so knew my gaoler was still asleep, thus I relaxed and allowed my thoughts to drift back to that day of Michael's first critical touch.

I must have dozed off , for the next sound I heard was the doorbell. Voices in the hall combined with silence from Frau Baxter's bed told me I had missed her rising and the first visitors of the day had already arrived. I was destined never to see these two, for they would do their work and leave long before I next went downstairs. Frau Baxter returned to my bedside only a few minutes later. Today was indeed to be a new start. I heard a clattering while she entered the room and when she had gone through the routine of releasing me from my bed and unmasking me, I saw she'd brought a breakfast tray with some toast, a pot of coffee, and two cups. In my excitement I paid little heed to the grey wrap and a new, gleaming black rubber garment draped across her bed.

"Stand up straight Celine," she commanded. "I want you out of these clothes before you are allowed to breakfast." She would not need to ask me twice! To rid myself of the corset, even for a short while, would be a blessing! In moments I stood naked before her and she looked me up and down. "Sit down at your desk for now, Celine." I was served coffee and two slices of toast, the taste of food an elixir after just these few days without. My jaw felt odd chewing on the toast and my throat raw when I swallowed the coffee.

"Throw the wrap over yourself Celine, then go and have a good shower. I will inspect you afterwards, so mind you miss nothing!" My brief breakfast

was over and I was only too ready for the bathroom. I hesitated at the open door, anxious not to be observed by the men working on the floor below. “You will not be seen Celine,” Frau Baxter added. “Those two will be hard at work.”

Even so, I kept a watchful eye on the staircase when I passed.

It was wonderful to once more feel warm water on my skin! In the mirror I could see red marks down my back where the pressure of the corset edging had dug into my flesh and so I stayed in the shower much longer than normal, feeling the droplets of water cleanse my body then glanced more than once at the grey wrap that lay on the tiled floor. Frau Baxter left me alone to complete my over-long ablutions, appearing at the bathroom threshold only once while I was towelling myself dry. I suddenly realised that there were clean linens and that the bathroom had been tidied since my last visit! We had no servants, so it seemed that Frau Baxter had carried through the household duties. I had missed this toil, but at such a price!

“Hurry now and get dressed!” she barked.

Was this to be the end of my temporary freedom? She held the shiny back rubber item I had seen on her bed and at first could not see how it might be worn. Only when she opened its long back zip, could I see that it was a complete body covering, similar to the ‘play suit’ I had worn previously, but this was a **full** covering. She helped me into the gleaming garment, pulling the hose up my legs. Again talcum powder had been used to good effect, so that my feet slipped easily into the sock portions, then the thick rubber skin was pulled up over my hips and began to tighten around my legs when it was stretched. I had to bend forward to put my arms into the sleeves and felt how tight the rubber was being drawn when I straightened up with it over my shoulders. It felt perhaps two sizes too small for my frame, but creaked and moved here and there, wrapping itself ever more tightly to my body. My fingers slid easily into the gloves at the ends of the sleeves and I flexed them a little against their tight enclosure.

When the rear zip was drawn up to just over my shoulder blades, I looked in the mirror and saw myself wrapped in this second skin; it now tightly stretched over my whole body, gleaming with reflected light. I knew then that

I could do without the bondage, but I would never, even after I found freedom, be able to exist without rubber! Its smell was all allure: its touch lent me arousal and at that moment I knew why this garment had become so wonderfully important to me in just these short seconds.

“I see that vanity is also one of your failings Celine!” I was woken from my reverie by the powerful voice of my Governess: she who had brought me to this. I knew she was not angry, although her tone belied it. “Perhaps this will help to cure it?”

I had not, until now, noticed that she still held one other part of my black rubber coating: a full helmet! I did not fear its addition, for I could see holes for my eyes, nose and mouth cut into the face, and so stood quiet and unmoving while she arranged my hair. Then with great care, Frau Baxter rolled the helmet down from the top of my head, over my face, and finally allowed its thick neck tube to snap closed at the base of my throat. It was only then that she rolled the suit’s collar up, overlapping the one of the helmet, and slid the suit’s closure all the way to the top at the base of my skull. This final piece was the jewel placed upon the beautiful setting of my new covering: a crowning glory so to speak. I breathed in the wonder of the suit, stretching out my fingers, then feeling them at once drawn back by the insistent pull of the resilient material. If I was to be left alone now, I knew I would be able to reach a hitherto impossible plateau of sexual gratification for I had found my true lover and needed nothing and no one else.

My mind was far away and dreaming while I was led back to my room and once there, I made no move to avoid the fitting of a new harness of stout red rubber straps to my torso. Nor did I complain at being laid once more face down upon my rubber bed, or at being chained with arms held high above my head. I was receiving no sexual satisfaction save what my mind chose to weave, then for over three hours she left me alone.

But I *did* dream: a daydream of being forever sealed within this wonderful, second skin. What might it be like to walk the streets of town, displaying my rapture to all?

Chapter Nine

The Measure Of Things

My first real visitor arrived around noon. I heard Frau Baxter welcome him on the porch, just moments after the final two workman had departed in their van.

“Come in quickly Raymond!” she called, “You will drown out there!”

I had sensed the daylight fade somewhat, but failed to hear the rain begin. Only now did I notice the pitter-patter on the window glass, then I heard two groups of footsteps on the stairs. Surely she was not bringing this man to see me, chained as I was to my bed? I turned my head away from the door not wanting to see him enter my privacy.

“So, here is Celine, Frau Baxter!”

I could not help but turn my head back to put a face to this gentle voice while Frau Baxter got busy removing the locks from my bonds. He was quite tall and thin, almost willowy, and stood with head canted a little towards his right shoulder, his whole countenance serene. A kindly smile put me at ease straight away while Frau Baxter stood me upright, facing him, then unlocked and removed the harness from my body.

“And how are you this morning Celine, my dear young lady?” he asked.

My Governess held my shoulders. He was wringing his hands as though begging an answer to his question.

“I am well, thank you Herr Raymond,” I replied, somehow unashamed to be standing before him dressed as I was.

“Please,” he corrected. “My name is Wolfe, but you may call me by my first name, Raymond, if you so wish.” I thought it prudent to keep to his surname for the moment.

“I am sorry, Herr Wolfe,” I said, “I heard Frau Baxter – downstairs ...”

“That is all very well Celine,” Frau Baxter interjected, “but Herr Wolfe is a busy man and cannot stay with us long!” My mentor was obviously hurrying things along. “We have little time to chat!”

“I was merely ...”

The attempt to explain my banter as common courtesy toward this stranger was cut violently short. Behind me, Frau Baxter had swung her arm and I received a vicious, smarting slap to my behind. This was the first time she, or anyone, had ever hit me! I felt my rear end tingle as an unseen red weal formed on my flesh, but the pain was not just physical. It was certain that she was displaying that she was fully in control for the benefit of this Herr Wolfe.

He pointedly disregarded the violence she had done to me, taking a small notebook from his jacket pocket and also producing a tailor’s measuring tape. Herr Wolfe then proceeded to take, and chart in his book, more measurements of my body than I knew existed. I still smarted from Frau Baxter’s slap, but somehow felt beholden to this man and aided him all I could by raising my arms and turning around as he required. I did not even feel embarrassed when his tape passed around the top of my thigh, nor indeed between my legs when taking measure from the front of my waist to the back via that route.

When he had completed his tasks, my Governess immediately refitted my harness, then under his solemn gaze, chained my wrists together around the desk top. Beneath the black rubber helmet my face flamed with embarrassment at being restrained like a wild animal in his presence, but I prudently remained silent and co-operative. Herr Wolfe smiled at me once more as he donned his hat, then followed Frau Baxter from the room and I heard him speak while they descended the stairs.

“All will be ready for delivery on Wednesday, as promised Frau Baxter.”

After she had shown Herr Wolfe out, she returned and busied herself tidying the bedroom. No mention of the slap was made again. I sulked and made no attempt to communicate with the woman, although I wanted dearly to know

for what I had been measured.

Sadly, my midday meal was once more delivered via the hated tube. This meal was obviously not a signal that such feeding was over. I was again gagged, gas-masked over my new helmet and chained to my bed, face down, then Frau Baxter disappeared downstairs. Sometime later another vehicle arrived and soon I faintly heard more male voices filter up from the main floor. I guessed that this was not my next visitor, for the vehicle left a short time later and Frau Baxter did not re-appear for some time.

“It is three o’clock and our next visitor is due Celine.”

I had been napping when my gaoler returned. Although she unlocked my chains and removed my gas mask and gag and I stood unaided, my ankle cuffs remained joined by a short hobble of steel links and my arms were left crossed; my wrists joined by the chain across the small of my back. It seemed as though I was never to escape her ever-growing control of my life and freedom, for she immediately clasped the wide collar about my neck, cinching and locking it securely closed, but this time I felt the weight and pull of a long chain that hung from its rear down my back! My face flamed with this newest attachment and despite it, I felt once again a shivering of that delicious feeling between my legs!

“Very well, Celine. It is time to go downstairs. You will walk in front of me,” she commanded, holding my tether firmly in her hand but making no mention of it, as though this were an every day occurrence!

For the first time in days, my feet touched the stairs and I immediately noticed the changes to the hallway before we reached the bottom. Gone were the slip mats that had graced the polished, wood block floor. No pictures or mirrors dressed the stark, white, repainted walls and the only thing of interest to be seen in the entrance hall was a, long, low, streamlined, gleaming aluminium case. It was so large that it almost blocked the doorway, and from my recollection of being parked here in the trunk the previous day, it was newly arrived. Frau Baxter looked at her watch while she pulled back the curtain of the door glass, her face creasing into a smile when the sound of yet another vehicle approaching could be heard. Taking care to keep a firm hold on my leash, she opened the door and a moment later admitted this newest

visitor.

In sharp contrast to Herr Wolfe, this man was short and somewhat fat. I saw when he raised his hat to Frau Baxter that he was bald save for a narrow band of hair forming a wreath around his head and he smoked a large cigar; a habit I totally abhorred. He removed his gloves and passed them, with his hat, to Frau Baxter.

“Ah good!” he exclaimed heartily. “I see that the kennel has arrived!”

He was of course referring to the aluminium case that stood between us. But a ‘kennel’? What manner of domesticated animal would require such a secure housing? My jaw slackened with shock inside my helmet when I realised what had been implied. If this was indeed Herr Strang ... then here was his daughter! I was in no doubt now, and knew I could expect little help with my escape plans from Kristel Strang.

He knelt first at one end of the kennel and used the key, resulting in a very faint clatter, then at the other and with the same key began to unlock the six spring clips that held the door of the unmarked metal case secure. When the end hissed open, I saw that it and the rest of the interior were lined with a very thickly surfaced, dark brown foam rubber. He remained kneeling at the opening, then reached inside and I heard the key slipped into a lock, then the clatter of chain. His arm stretched slightly and he apparently hooked his fingers through something.

“Come, Kristel!” he commanded nonchalantly, slowly bending his the arm within the crate!

For a moment nothing happened, then I heard more chinking of chain and the strangest thing I have **ever** seen began to emerge from within the container! I say ‘thing’, for although this apparition was undoubtedly human, it resembled a creature seen only in science fiction films: an Earthman’s idea of a what another planet might spawn, but the sad creature was of this Terra! A substantial ring hung from the snout of this poor creature, and Herr Strang’s fingers were hooked through it, slowly but firmly drawing the apparition from its container.

The poor girl was dressed from head to toe in bright, silvery-green rubber.

She seemed overweight, yet the creases in her garb when she moved belied this. I could not resist the temptation to bend and feel her rubber sheathing, but my bonds kept me helpless and all I could do was stare at the apparition in horror. The outer layer (for that is what it was), like the inner lining of the kennel, was formed of a dense foam rubber! Beneath it, she was no more plump than I! There was not one square millimetre of her flesh visible, and to ensure that she was unable to tamper with, or to extricate herself from any part of her Correction Suit, her hands had been imprisoned in thick overmitts, these somewhat resembling boxing gloves without thumbs.

Her bondage did not end here, though! Kristel was forced to move on all fours by the attachment of cuffs, and chains between her wrists and knees. Her left wrist was connected to her right knee, and vice versa. En route, both chains passed through a single steel tube some twenty-five centimetres long, this suspended from her waist to hang just above the floor. When she moved, it was with her right arm and left leg in unison, their joining links being drawn through the tight tube, clattering like a ship's anchor chain into its locker. She had to proceed slowly, pausing a moment before moving her alternate arm and leg. Herr Strang, maintaining his hooked grip on the snout ring, reached down and I watched in shocked disbelief when he clipped a long chain leash to the substantial ring at the back of the broad, colour-matched collar fastened around her throat. Only then did he unhook his fingers, as though she was a dangerous animal. More likely, I suspected, he wished to keep her constantly aware by this means that she was under inescapable control. The possibility that she needed the guidance of his pull didn't enter my mind for some seconds, when upon closer inspection of the head piece, I saw that there was no provision for her to see anything!

The leash served to lead her whenever she was required to go, for she had no vision whatsoever. Her head was completely enclosed in a severe and ugly rubber helmet of the same silvery-green with two large, corrugated black hoses sprouting from the sides of the animal-like snout, leading to an oblong unit embedded in the back of the rubber carapace, high on her shoulders and going down to her hips. From this same structure, two similar but smooth tubes ran ominously down and between her legs to end embedded in the

rubber there!

Kristel Strang was decked out in what her father considered the ultimate in rehabilitation equipment ... her Correction Suit ... but what terrible crimes had brought her to this? Surely they must have been *far* greater than mine! For this man to confine the seed of his own flesh like this, they must have been heinous.

“My foolish daughter’s predicament interests you greatly Celine, I see!”

There was no doubt that I was paying great attention to Kristel’s plight! Who would not? But to say it ‘interested’ me? No! More like horrified me! Perhaps at one point there was a stirring in my body, but in no way could it be termed an interest! If this was what was planned for *me*; it would be the end. I knew I could never survive an existence such as this. If it was to be my fate, if I could not escape it, then I would surely find a way to kill myself! Herr Strang continued, speaking now to Frau Baxter.

“I hope you will not mind me leaving Kristel here for a few days? I am sorry that she may not be good company, but she will be no trouble, I assure you, for I have made suitable adjustments to her programming.”

Both he and Frau Baxter laughed together. Kristel had come to the end of her chain leash and stopped. She made no show of having heard her father’s words, nor did I think she had. I knew then with certainty and without the need to be told, that the girl inside this rubber suiting was sealed off from all outside sensory input. I was ready to cry for her.

Frau Baxter and Herr Strang began to walk slowly along the hallway towards what had been the Drawing Room and I followed close behind so as to give her no excuse to pull on my leash. Kristel, it seemed, was well-trained to her situation. Just a tiny tug on her chain had her struggling noisily along behind us.

When we reached the open door of the former Drawing Room I could not but stop dead in my tracks. Certainly, I had heard the workmen over the days, but nothing could have prepared me for the sight that met my eyes. Gone were the two huge windows that had looked out onto the rear garden. Gone were

the French doors that had given access to that greenery and here also, the walls had been stripped of all hangings, but there was no paint visible! All of the walls from floor to ceiling had been dressed in a layer of light grey foam rubber and this had been fixed with large pins or screws covered in the same material so as to form a quilted, net-like pattern; not unlike the buttoning on leather chairs. The ceiling had been lowered and was now formed of large tiles of opaque glass behind which many individual lights had been fitted. This lent the room a clinical brightness and institutional appearance that was frightening.

The floor was coated with a dense unyielding black composition: probably also rubber-based, and of course all the furniture I knew so well was gone. What replaced it almost made me disbelieve what I saw. Perhaps this was all a dream. Perhaps I would wake soon. I was startled from my stillness by two things. The first was Frau Baxter pulling on my leash and the second was when the sightless Kristel collided with the rear of my calf with her extended snout. My knee buckled and it was all I could do to stop myself from falling.

“Come Celine!” Frau Baxter chided. “We must get on. Herr Strang cannot stay all day. Let us get Kristel placed in her temporary lodgings.”

When I was dragged into the room I could see Kristel’s new quarters, at least I hoped they were hers and not mine. Occupying one corner at the far end was a low cage of stout metal construction, each bar being one cm in girth and separated from its fellows by a five cm gap. Although this enclosure was fan-shaped with a horizontally arched front, it was really not much larger than the metal crate the poor girl had travelled in. Frau Baxter swung the cage gate open, and Herr Strang pulled and pushed his daughter into its confines. Her chain leash was not removed, but shortened and locked to a bar of the cage roof, then the gate was closed and also locked. After a moment its new occupant sensed that her journey was at an end and rolled onto her left side, pushing into the corner of the cell area with a clattering of her leash and limb restraint chains.

“Very well, Celine,” Frau Baxter said, “later you can perhaps get to know our Kristel better, but first we must show our guest to the door .”

I was dragged out of the unbelievably modified room, leaving its sad silent

occupant and we proceeded once more down the hall to the front door. I had noted many other new things inside the room, but my brain had not yet assimilated all of the information my eyes had gathered. Herr Strang took his hat and gloves from Frau Baxter then bid her a cheery goodbye, with a word or two for me.

“Goodbye to you also, Celine! I am sure we will meet again, and I look forward to the time when perhaps you will come to stay with Kristel and I! Quite soon, I hope!”

I hoped most sincerely that was **not** in my future!! He turned and walked out the door into the grey, wet afternoon and Frau Baxter closed then locked it behind him. She turned to me.

“Right! Now, lets get **you** sorted out, Celine!”

No sooner had the door closed on Herr Strang, than Frau Baxter drew me back down the hallway to the former Drawing Room. Although I was thinking still of poor Kristel, my eyes did not fall upon her cage when we re-entered the room, but began instead to drink in the rest of the re-structuring that had been done. It was no larger than hitherto, but its uncluttered walls and floor made it appear so. Only now did I once more notice the all-pervading smell of rubber. It was not just from the covering for the walls and floor, but also the new furnishings in the room. There was a low table against the left hand wall, flanked by two deep armchairs and all three were upholstered in a bright red. It seemed as though that this rubber’s normal gloss had been enhanced by polishing, so brightly did it reflect the ceiling lights.

In the corner, diagonally opposite Kristel’s caged area, stood a high, wide table, its surface draped with a white rubber sheeting that extended to only ten centimetres from the floor. I could see various bumps raised in the surface and the sheet obviously hid some items from view. Ominously, two large still-sealed wooden packing cases stood on the floor; one on either side of the table, and my heart skipped a beat in trepidation of what they might contain.

In the furthest corner stood my new bed, differing from the one upstairs only in the cage-like structure suspended above it. Frau Baxter drew me over and I

could soon see that even this open metal structure had been coated in white rubber! The cage could be lowered and locked to the side bars of the bed frame, and so form an enclosure that would secure me within the whole.

“Hop up onto your new bed Celine! I have things to do.”

At least I was not to be chained to this new white rubber-covered mattress, or so I thought for a moment. Frau Baxter waited until I was laying down, then reached to the end above my head and pulled up a short chain welded to the frame. She roughly pushed me over onto my side and again I heard the metallic click of a padlock closing, then the one that had held my lead chain was released. I was allowed to roll onto my back, then she lowered the caging structure, and although for the moment comfortable, I was nonetheless only another leashed prisoner in a tiny cell of my own, just like poor Kristel! She continued to speak after the clink of four locks had completed the job of securing the cage to the bed.

“I will be busy for the next few minutes Celine, then come back and when you have been suitably restrained, we will take Kristel from her guest quarters and I shall introduce you properly.”

Did this mean that Kristel was to be released from her confinements both metal and rubber? And what further restraints must *I* bear to ensure this came about? Frau Baxter was gone perhaps twenty minutes and I grew anxious for her return. Although she had always kept to her own timings, her lateness now was quite out of character. Finally she returned carrying two lengths of chain, two locks, and my harness gag. So, even if Kristel was to be ungagged, *I* would be helpless to question or soothe her.

“Come Celine! Let us have a closer look at dear Kristel.”

She opened the locks of my bed cage and a small motor silently lifted the structure clear of the mattress. Unthinkingly, I tried to sit up, only to feel the Posture Collar display its true role, for it jerked hard upon my neck, strangling me! I fell back hard to the rubber mattress, whimpering with despair at rediscovering why I was *really* required to wear it. She quickly locked one of the chains she carried to the front ring of my collar, and only then did she release my bed leash. I followed her unbidden to the corner

which Kristel's cage occupied and made no untoward move while she locked the other end to a bar of its roof.

My chain was quite long, over two metres, and so I would find no discomfort from it if I remained within that distance of the cage. I received confirmation of Kristel's total deafness when she made not a move while the Governess noisily leashed me, then in turn unlocked the gate. Frau Baxter leant in and clipped Kristel's lead to her collar, then released her cage leash and gave a sharp tug. Only then did the girl react, slowly manoeuvring herself onto all fours. She moved almost mechanically from the cage area then stopped at once at a further tug on her chain.

"Do you see how docile your new friend is Celine?" Frau Baxter asked. "Do you think you would react so, if under the same discipline as she?" Again no answer was expected of me, for she was busily stuffing my mouth with the gag and fastening its harness around my head.

Kristel now received Frau Baxter's full attentions once more. This poor, pseudo-animal was chained to the cage's top via the same lock that held me, then our tormentor started to undo the tight lacing at the back of the girl's helmet. Instead of remaining still whilst this release was being effected, Kristel began to shake her head violently at her old Governess' actions. Frau Baxter countered by sitting astride her charge and digging her knees into the girl's sides. This subdued Kristel and the unlacing went ahead without further rebellion. When the helmet was peeled forward, Frau Baxter reached deep within and I heard a small click, then it was fully removed. I was shocked by what I saw! She wore a thick, gleaming black rubber, inner helmet also! But what was even more shocking was the bright silvery shackle hanging weightily from her nose! Threaded around the arms of the steel U that disappeared up into her nostrils, I saw that there were tubes fitted onto the helmet: the pair for her nose and another connected to her mouth. This full, thick inner helmet though, had no lacing! It had to be stretched so that it might, with some difficulty, be stripped in one piece from her head. Frau Baxter slipped her fingers under the almost invisible join of the helmet's neck tube where it overlay the collar of her inner suit, then carefully and slowly peeled it off.

Now, the true and awful extent of the piping was clearly visible! That at her

mouth seemed merely to pass between the circle of her lips, while the nasal tube was divided into two smaller ones; each of these disappearing upward into a nostril! Her face was deeply marked from the imprints of the interior fixtures of her helmet, even through the thickness of the inner face mask and I shuddered with horror, trying to imagine how and what she must have suffered, gagged and despairingly aware that she was secured within the horrid device!

Over the positions of her eyes two bulbous, black rubber pads were stuck securely onto her skin, completely covering and surrounding them! Frau Baxter, with some difficulty because of the strength of the adhesive, slowly peeled these off to reveal that even still she kept her eyes closed, although I could see no reason for this. What stood out starkly and drew my main attention was her totally bald head! I could not have imagined a more demeaning state for a girl than this! Not merely brought down to the level of a crawling animal, but denuded of her hair into the bargain! Even after this uncovering of her head, Kristel made no move. Still she did not open her eyes, and made no attempt to eject the tubes from her mouth and nose. In a moment I knew why. Frau Baxter moved her hands to the position of Krystal's ears where on each side was another humped pad that fully enclosed the shells of her ears: these glued securely onto her hairless scalp! Once more Frau Baxter worked her fingers under the edges of the pads and slowly peeled them away to reveal that the shells of her ears had been embedded in a thick interior foam lining! That wasn't the end though! Each of Kristel's ear canals were plugged and Frau Baxter, on each side, made a twisting motion, then withdrew the devices from their invasive capture!

"You may open your eyes now Kristel," Frau Baxter said softly to her.

At once her eyelids fluttered, then she blinked two or three times to accustom herself to the light. She still moved not a muscle of her body, nor even did her eyeballs waver. Her long-blinded eyes remained looking straight ahead and I wondered if she was drugged or if perhaps had lost her reason through the treatment she was forced to endure.

"Left paw!"

The girl had been conditioned to obey instantly, and, still looking straight

ahead, raised her left hand and permitted our wardress to unlock the chain from her wrist cuff.

“Right paw now!” followed and was answered in the same manner. “Sit back Kristel!”

The girl did as commanded; resting her hindquarters between her folded legs. For just a second, her gaze lighted on me, but no reaction was shown in her blank staring orbs. Yet, they appeared clear and I now doubted that drugs had induced her present state.

Frau Baxter took hold of the extrusions that emerged from her nostrils, then began to slowly apply a tension on them. They came out only with some difficulty, pulling a pair of expanded, amber-coloured, rubber shapes that had been firmly sealed in place by their compression within her nasal passages! Kristel writhed in obvious discomfort while they were extracted, then took a deep, quivering breath and raised her chin towards her erstwhile Governess, floods of tears leaking from the corners of her blank, staring eyes. These were her first self-motivated movements.

Frau Baxter took the proffered chin and eased one finger between the mouth tubing and Kristel’s lips, then worked it around the whole circumference of the tube as if breaking a seal. She was, in fact, doing just that! It took another two painstaking minutes before she managed to ease a huge, solid rubber block from behind the girl’s teeth. I could hardly believe that an object of that size had occupied her small mouth! From the internal end of this block was a long, brown tube, still going back inside! It matched almost exactly that which had been used to force feed me, but was thicker-walled and of larger diameter. Hers though was a permanent fixture of her restraints and costume, not the occasionally endured horror I had been subjected to. Not only did it act to feed her, but because of its girth and very presence, it also prevented her from being able to even form any words! The horrid hose now began to slide slowly from her throat and mouth while she retched violently, but at last its incredible thirty cm length had been fully extracted. Kristel gasped fitfully for some seconds, then slowly rotated her jaw left and right, before again sitting stock still and looking straight ahead, shivering from the aftermath. How long had these tubes been locked into her??!!

Frau Baxter made no effort to free Kristel from the remainder of her Suit or her restraints and so nothing else of her other than her head and face remained the only visible flesh that I was to see at this time. The padded suit was humped around her throat; the heavy-duty zipper used to fasten the outer helmet to it, gaping slightly. From what I could see, beneath the thickly-padded outer garment, Kristel also wore an inner suit, this of thick, tight black rubber! Her throat was clasped within a compressing, high steel collar that ascended from the zip-edged opening in the outer suit at the base of her neck, to closely follow the contours of her head, under her chin and around the bottom of her bald skull.

Frau Baxter regarded her without sympathy, then spoke to the still-quivering girl.

“And how are you Kristel?”

“I-I-I am w-w-well, Mistress,” the girl replied in a parched whisper, although she spoke clearly and concisely. I began to wonder if all this was not an act for my benefit, but I could not take my eyes from the awful silvery thing that hung from her nose! It was obviously used to control and discipline her, but how was it employed once she was locked into her helmet and the outer mask? Then ... I remembered Frau Baxter reaching within the helmet and hearing the small click.

“And are you enjoying your newly found role, Kristel?”

“Y-yes, M-M-Mistress! I am happy that my father is content for the m-moment.”

“How old are you, Kristel?”

“I-I am nineteen ... I think, M-mistress,” she whispered hesitantly, tears brimming in her lashless eyes.

“And why are you uncertain, girl?” the interrogation went on.

“I do not know h-h-how long I have been in m-my Cor-Correction Suit, Mistress,” she stammered, tears continuing to flood down her cheeks and her

shoulders beginning to shake with deep sobs of despair. “I know neither day nor night! I have lost track of the hours, the days, the weeks!”

“You truly don’t know how long has it been since you were first confined, Kristel?”

“It-it seems y-years, Mistress!!! I cannot tell!”

“As it should be!” Frau Baxter stated harshly. “For your information, you have been under Correction for a year and ten months now, girl. Already you have missed another birthday I think.”

“Thank you, M-mistress!” came the tremulous reply. “So I am th-then twenty years old?”

Frau Baxter would not confirm this.

“Has your confinement and Rehabilitation been effective, Kristel?”

“Oh, Mistress!! It-it has!!!” she wailed, remaining erect on her knees.

“Do you feel that you have paid adequately for your misdeeds?” Frau Baxter asked gently.

“Y-y-yes, Mistress! A hundred times!! A **thousand** times over!” was the despairing reply.

“Well, that is good then! But ... you have many, many years of this punishment and correction yet to suffer little one, before your father is happy that the conditioning will be fully effective ... and prevent you from repeating your mistakes!” Frau Baxter’s voice hardened. “Now, tell us how you feel about wearing your Correction Suit. I am sure Celine will find it most interesting.”

“It-it is a **horrid** thing!” she wailed in a despairing whisper.

“And why is it such a terrible thing to wear, Krystal?”

“I-I cannot escape from it!” she moaned, beginning to hiccup with her

weeping and tears. “When it is fully sealed, I cannot hear, nor can I see or hear anything at all!”

“And what else?” Frau Baxter prompted.

“I-I am p-p-punished almost constantly by the-the ... things ... that have been fitted to me!!” she wailed, shuddering violently.

“How are you disciplined, Krystal?” Frau Baxter barked at her.

“My-my breasts and nipples are-are ... They receive unceasing electrical shocks and they are horrible and very painful ... and-and ... I **cannot** escape them!” Krystal whispered, shuddering and twisting violently, attempting to somehow dislodge the things that had been fastened into her flesh and inserted into her body, her tears flowing freely.

“What else is done to you, child?”

“There ... there are things inserted into my-my sex, and they too shock and torture me terribly also! I scream and beg into my gag, but it **doesn’t stop!!** No one can help me, and-and I am all alone all the time!”

“Is that all?” Frau Baxter asked gently.

“N-n-no, Mistress. Sometimes I am allowed pleasure by-by the things I must wear ...” her voice tapered off, then came back, stronger. “Oooooohhhh **G-G-God!!**” she wailed hopelessly, hiccupping at the horror of her situation. My Governess gentled her voice for the next question.

“Would you like to be free once more, Kristel? Free to return to your old ways, my dear?”

Now there was a sudden agitation. The girl opened her mouth to speak, but she stuttered and her words were lost when she lowered her gaze to the floor. Frau Baxter did not repeat the question but continued to speak.

“You will be staying with us for a few days, Kristel, whilst your father is out of town on business. Here is Celine, a room mate for you. You may look at her.”

The girl turned her head and smiled tremulously at me through her tears, obviously noting immediately my rubber-dressed body and the head and torso harnesses I wore. She could see I was gagged and even though hers was a far worse predicament than mine, I could see pity for my condition in her dewy eyes. I felt a strong bond with this girl at that moment and resolved that if I could escape this house, she would go with me. I would not leave her to her fate.

At this point Frau Baxter obviously considered the brief meeting of her two charges to have lasted quite long enough for she picked up the eye patches and moved to Krystal.

“Close your eyes, Krystal,” she commanded gently.

“Oh ... oh, ***please!*** No, please, Mistress!” the poor girl gasped in near hysterical despair, but she obeyed.

Frau Baxter expertly positioned the large, thick patches, then pressed their widely-flanged edges firmly onto all of the skin surrounding Krystal’s eyes; holding them in place for a few seconds, then smoothing all around their edges. The adhesive used was a strong new formula that would not dry out and thus would hold for months. Kristel had been very effectively blinded, even before being enclosed in her helmets! Next Frau Baxter re-inserted the ear plugs, deafening her to everything but the noises they permitted, then reapplied the over the ear pads, rendering her totally deaf. I have never seen her face since that day.

She moved to release my chain from the cage top, then dragged me back to my new berth. I toyed with making a bid for freedom then, but decided that I must first make a plan to ensure any such attempt was successful. I reasoned that one such try was all I would get and if I failed, I knew that I would be restrained more fully thereafter.

After seeing me once more secured, Frau Baxter returned to Kristel and without any fight from the girl, replaced ***all*** of the equipment that she had earlier removed. Certainly Krystal could not escape what was done to her, but she sobbed and begged pitifully while being fitted with her nasal tubing, then

I tried to shut out the horrid noises that were riven from her soul when Frau Baxter began reintroducing her stomach feeding tube and gag pad. She made a final, gargling and despairing wail, then there was silence but for her tugging in futility against her chains.

In a few minutes, the poor creature was once again fully rubberised and locked in her cage. I started planning my escape at once, trying to recall if there had been any visible change to the front door, by way of new or extra locks, but could not recall any and cursed myself for not taking greater heed of such things. I resolved that from now on, any location I passed through would be fully catalogued in my brain for future reference.

That evening, I was tube-fed once more, but thankfully not restrained further than the cage leash and incarceration. In my newly troubled state of mind, I could not put aside my sexual desires and after Frau Baxter had left the room and dimmed the lights, even with poor Kristel caged across the room from me, my hands once more explored my body. Without the corset I had hitherto worn, I could feel my nipples grow erect beneath the black latex skin and too, I played with my rubber-covered clitoris. While I massaged it with one hand, I teased my nipples with the other, then the teasing grew to pinching and before long I wished that I could bite them, but the collar would not let me bend my head so far forward. Even so, I managed to cup my breasts beneath the rubber and move them against the friction of its hold and in this way, both were stressed against the resilience of the material, in itself heightening the sensation.

Before long, even though I could not stretch the rubber at my crotch enough to permit my finger to enter deeply into my vagina, I felt an orgasm building. As I promoted this wonderfully sensuous rapture, I caught some movement from Kristel's cage at the corner of my vision. She was laying flat to its floor, her rear end rising and falling rhythmically and I could see her cuffed and mittened hands attempting to grasp the steel tube while she struggled to push its end near to her heavily-covered sex. Even in her terrible captivity, she too could experience a limited form of sexual freedom! Oh, what was this rubber capable of? Would I soon be damned as she most certainly was? Could I deter its growing hold on me?

Chapter Ten

A Time Of Waiting

The remainder of Monday and Tuesday passed without anything of significance happening. I was released from my bed only to complete my toilet and to shower, a seemingly pointless pastime whilst secured inside my rubber sheath. I was fed my three meals each day via the tubing. Kristel, however, was not freed to complete any ablutions, nor was an attempt made to feed her. I realised now that the oblong pack embedded on the back of her rubber suiting was not only the means to control her breathing, but also her feeding and toilet. The tubing at both ends of her body was indeed her lifeline! How long could she be kept thus before this pack needed to be serviced?

These two days of inactivity were followed by evenings and nights of self-gratification. I tried on the second night to throw off my yearnings, but Kristel felt no such constraint and her animal-like body movements only made my abstention self-defeating. I joined her in animalistic rutting, almost keeping time with her frantic yet frustrated movements. Wednesday was to be a more interesting day. Frau Baxter came to our locked cell earlier than usual, and this morning Kristel was set free from her cage, then led by her chain out of the room. In the otherwise silent house I could hear Frau Baxter forcing her to climb the stairs, for today was perhaps the day for servicing the girl's life-support pack.

Although I wasn't aware of it, the thing fastened leech like to her back **was** indeed her life, for it controlled not only all of her senses, and what she was fed and drank, but most importantly, her ability to breathe! In addition, the back pack was also capable, thanks to its high capacity batteries, of disciplining her for extended durations, or, if it was desired, could drive her to raptures of sexual pleasure that her young mind was totally incapable of withstanding. That option was almost never used though, for she was kept utterly chaste within the confines of her Correction Suit after her misadventures of the past. Krystal, though aware of her sex and sexuality, was extremely seldom be permitted to experience it while so trapped, able

only to struggle frantically and desperately within her bonds and costume to alleviate her overwhelming need.

I patiently waited my turn and within fifteen minutes I too was led upstairs. To my surprise, I was helped out of my harnessing and sheath and felt strangely lost without the gag filling my mouth, but was left to shower whilst Frau Baxter took all of my rubber from the room then closed and the door behind when she left.

I took full advantage of my freedom and extended my shower as long as I thought acceptable, awaiting my gaoler's return, but after almost an hour I was alone. I wrapped the towel modestly around my body and tried the bathroom door. It was unlocked! I crept out onto the landing and peered over the banister. The hall was empty and silent as I slipped quietly down the stairs, paying no heed to my simple covering while I raced to the front door, Kristel and her misery entirely forgotten. Escape was only a scant metre away! I grasped the handle and it turned easily, then I pulled on the door. It moved not a millimetre.

“Are you going somewhere then, Fraulein?”

I almost dropped my towel when I jumped back, startled by Herr Wolfe's voice, then turned slowly to face him and Frau Baxter; he with his pleasant smile, she with a grimace and folded arms. I was tempted to rush past them and through to the kitchen to try and make good my escape, but my Governess must have read my mind for she unfolded her arms and stood ready to thwart me, should I try. My shoulders dropped and I allowed her to escort me back to *that* room, then re-fasten my collar.

In my absence they had been quite busy. One of the wooden crates had been breached and on the floor in the centre of the room stood a strange, steel frame and beside it three suitcases. Had Herr Wolfe come to stay? No, these were not his clothes. I tried to fathom the purpose of this mysterious metal platform and the dozen or more shafts that rose from around its circular base. They were angled towards the centre, so as to form what resembled the frame of a miniature Indian Tepee. I noticed two cables trailing from beneath the base and followed one to a wall socket and the other to a small black box that rested on the rubber-covered table. Frau Baxter seemed not to notice my

interest in this thing, but merely led me back to my bed and prodded me onto the rubber-sheeted mattress then attached my leash. As the cage top was lowered and locked into position, her hand darted under the descending enclosure and grabbed my towel, then with a sharp tug pulled it from me.

“You won’t be needing *this* again, Celine!” she said with a finality to her words that sent shivers up my spine.

I knew she was not referring to any temporary privation, but to a more permanent lack of need! It was not the cool air wafting across my shoulders that caused the involuntary shudders.

I looked across at Kristel once more laying silently within her cage, and knew at that moment that all was lost. I watched while my captors continued to work at the metal plinth they had erected. Herr Wolfe picked up the control box of this device from the table and pressed a button. The shafts folded out from the centre until they stood perpendicular to the base, then another button caused them to move, still perpendicular, in towards the centre of the platform.

Frau Baxter, meanwhile, had opened one of the suitcases and now held up a strangely proportioned, though slightly curved, heavy, white rubber tube. She moved to the metal stand and proceeded to feed this peculiar item onto the exposed upper ends of the shafts, drawing it down until it was approximately level with her thighs, then smoothing its upper edge upward. She kept her hands on the white rubber and turned to nod her head at Herr Wolfe.

He pressed yet another button on his control and I saw the shafts, I counted now sixteen of them, move back out, but very slowly, towards the circular rim of the steel platform. As they drew apart, they remained erect, and soon I could hear the motor that powered them, fighting to stretch the rubber tube they carried. Still they opened, stretching it more and more until I thought that either it would be torn apart, or the electric motor would burn out.

Finally the shafts stopped moving and another button must have been pressed, for the machine’s circular rim carrying the shafts and the rubber tube, started to rise from the base of the platform. I noticed a scissors arrangement of flat bars that carried this circle of steel upwards. When these

bars had reached the limit of their movement, the open rim stood approximately a metre clear of the base. I still had not managed to perceive what this device was meant to do, even as Frau Baxter and Herr Wolfe advanced purposefully towards me, confined and leashed inescapably to my caged bed.

“Celine,” Frau Baxter ordered, while Herr Wolfe stood beside her, “present your wrists.”

They were quickly and efficiently cuffed, then my ankles also. I no longer felt any embarrassment at being naked and in restraints in this man’s presence. Frau Baxter unlocked the cage and my bed chain, and I allowed them both to carry me like a lamb to slaughter, towards the strange device. When they pushed me down to my knees and urged me under the outer rim, then to the centre of the plinth, it began to dawn upon me what was to happen. By then though it was far too late. I remained still collared and leashed, with my wrists and ankles chained closely together and so was unable to resist. Perhaps fear had frozen my brain and my body. Herr Wolfe climbed upon the outer rim of the machine and stood while I, within the circle of bars, allowed him to draw my arms above my head by means of the short chain between my wrist cuffs. He held me thus erect with one hand, whilst the other manipulated the controls and the bars and the rubber tube they carried began to descend! Even with the stretching, the opening within the steel and rubber tube was quite narrow and I had to edge myself slowly to the centre of the platform as I became more deeply enveloped.

When the almost silent motor stopped, Herr Wolfe checked the positioning of the white tube about my torso then raised the structure again just a few millimetres and seemed satisfied. He gently pushed on my shoulders so as to rotate me just a few degrees, then stood back to survey the scene, control still in hand. Another button was depressed, and this time each alternate shaft, half the total of sixteen, was drawn down very, very slowly, inside the tube. After only ten centimetres they stopped. Frau Baxter now also checked the positioning of the white tube before the eight remaining shafts too were lowered that same distance. As they retracted, the top of the thick rubber tube was free once more to contract and all that stood in the way of it resuming its original un-stretched narrow form, was my body. This process was repeated

twice more until my whole upper torso was wrapped in a vice-like grip and it felt as though a boa constrictor was slowly coiling around me and driving the breath from my lungs!

It took fully five minutes for these bars to alternately retract to the lower edge of the tube, but finally the last few centimetres of rubber slid up and free of its metal supports. I had become inescapably locked within the embrace of this unforgiving, formed rubber tube-corset! Only now did I feel the other support within this staggering garment, for when I tried to bend at the waist, I felt the resistance of substantial, closely-spaced, metal boning set into the rubber casing. It gave fractionally, then sprang back to its original orientation. While Herr Wolfe began to unscrew the steel shafts from their base, Frau Baxter wheeled over a full-length mirror.

I'd had great difficulty getting used to the shallow breathing I needed to survive my earlier, first rubber corset, but with this new wrap upon my torso exerting a greatly increased pressure, it seemed impossible that I would be able to draw sufficient breath to survive! Who then had conceived of such an unbelievably restrictive garment, if garment it could be called? The way it shaped and constrained my form, it was not just a simple tube and so my measurements must have been used in its fabrication. Had it been built around a mannequin then shrunk to ensure it would contract, or had subtractions first been made to the size, so that this non-adjustable corset would ever press upon me, trying to crush my body into the proportions of *its* mould?

My waist was vastly compressed, now much smaller than the first corset that Frau Baxter had fitted me with and the gleaming white of the rubber contrasted markedly with my captive flesh.

It was certain that there was no adjustment that could be made and no ease from its compression would be permitted me, for there was no joint; no lacing, no zip nor any buckle that I could see. Even while I stared in disbelief at my reflection, the corset seemed to still contract and reposition my flesh and internal organs! I was left totally speechless.

I do not know how I would be able to survive such compression of my chest. Not only had my breasts all but disappeared, but my rib cage seemed ready to

collapse upon my lungs! The thing covered me completely from collar bones to thighs, but tailored into it were three circular openings: one over my navel and one over each breast's aureole. The rounds of my brown nipples seemed to be pushed almost into small breasts themselves due to the pressure of the corset tube and my navel too was a hummock, forced out through the aperture on my rubber-armoured abdomen. I wondered if this corset could be removed using the same machinery that had been used to place it upon me, but doubted that this engine had been designed with such a capability in mind. Had I already accepted then that this corset was on to stay, perhaps until it was cut from me? Worse still, until my body was dead within its confines?!

My irreversible sublimation to rubber had begun in earnest and there was nothing I could do to stop it from occurring!

Chapter Eleven

Embellishments

So awesome, and yet mechanically simple had been the fitting of this rubber body former, that I still remained standing with my arms stretched above my head in the centre of the metal plinth. I was as yet not free to lower them after the bars had retracted and left me to carry their rubber load, but both the ascending wrist chain and my nervous system had momentarily frozen me in that attitude.

“Step down now please, Celine,” Herr Wolfe said softly after releasing my wrists. He spoke almost like a shop assistant, anxious to please and eager for my trade. “Now, follow me over here my dear.”

Frau Baxter had already moved to the white-covered table, carrying one of the suitcases with her. Herr Wolfe had grasped the too short chain between my wrist cuffs and led me, and, as we approached, she whisked away the covering sheet. I saw now the things that the rubber had hidden: two sets of thick steel cuffs with chains welded to them, these leading to tightening and securing fittings at each end of the table, and a thick wedge of soft pink rubber that was now moved clear.

“Pop up here Celine,” she ordered. I was not about to ‘pop’ anywhere! The corset forced me to move slowly and with little bending of my torso.

“I will need help to get up that high, Frau Baxter!” I gasped, fighting for each breath.

Herr Wolfe was quick to assist me to a seated position on the table, then they turned me so that I was sitting length-wise. Frau Baxter eased me back so that I lay face up, then pulled my wrists above my head and fixed them into the cuffs at one end, whilst Herr Wolfe drew out my legs and fastened the ankle cuffs. Only then were the buckled-on ones removed. The chains were pulled taut, stretching my limbs, but not with any great force. It appeared that my comfort was, for the moment, of some import.

“Very good Celine!” Frau Baxter was leaning across me so that I could see her as she spoke. “Herr Wolfe and I are now going to fit you with certain ... ah ... encumbrances. We will need to move you about and there will be some discomfort during the fitting, but that is unavoidable. Whatever your reaction to our work, it **will** be completed before this day is out. Am I making myself clear?” she asked.

I nodded that I understood, knowing now, only a little of Kristel’s state. I feared greatly what was to come, for I was held helpless between these two, powerless to stop them from doing what they would and so closed my eyes and attempted to shut this situation from my brain. However, even as I tried, at the back of my mind an indefinable subconscious yearning was beginning to stir!

I turned my head and watched Herr Wolfe pull up a stool, placing upon it the now-open suitcase. He took from it a flat, narrow strip of white rubber about thirty cm long; this ending in a branch of two similar, shorter strips. At the ends of these were two thicker cones of the same material and he brought the thing before my eyes and showed me one of them. Its diameter was about eight centimetres and height about four and at the peak of the cone was a small hole, not unlike the mouth of a volcano. With his fingers around the bottom edge and his thumbs at the top, he pressed together and the cone turned inside out to with a ‘plop’ to reveal that the inner surface was red in colour and dressed with a plastic film. As well, I noted the glint of silvery circles and bars on the inner surface and was puzzled by them.

I was trying to discern the purpose of this thing and indeed what use its inversion proved, but it was not until Herr Wolfe’s hands moved away from my face, and I felt the cold rubber touch the nipple of my left breast, that the realisation hit me. He began to gently ease the lip of this volcano over my forcibly erected and vulnerable teat! When satisfied that enough of the tender flesh was enclosed, he once more inverted the cone. This had a two-fold result: the edges of the apex hole socket locked around the base of my throbbing nipple and the cone shape drew it, and my aureole, further out from the corset’s opening! The wide base of the cone overlapped my captured flesh by a substantial margin, leaving only the bud of my nipple exposed!

The effect on my mind was overpowering! Now I knew what it must feel like

to have a mouth locked onto one's nipple, teasing it remorselessly from the breast! The sensation was doubled when the second cup found its home upon my other papilla and I could not stop my thighs from pressing instinctively upon my sex, spreading the moistness already formed. It mattered not that Frau Baxter and this virtual stranger, a man, looked on as I did. I wondered if this thrill was to end abruptly when Herr Wolfe again began to invert and remove the cones, but he was doing this merely to facilitate the removal of the plastic film I had earlier noticed. When it was peeled away, I smelled a new aroma; sharper, acrid even.

I lifted my head just when Herr Wolfe tore the same film from one side of the inverted Y-shape, but could not hold my head up for long, then, when I was again fully prone, I felt him at work once more upon the protruding apexes of my breasts! His fingers toyed with the pair of cones, and I felt him once more fit the holes over my nipples and invert them! **Now** I knew where I had smelled before this new, acrid aroma! It had been in a cycle shop, where I had taken a tyre for repair, then again but a few moments previously when Krystal had been fitted with her eye patches! These cups and the Y-shaped strip attached to them had been coated with a vulcanising substance!

Once more they gripped my nipples, forcing them to stand out, and this time I knew they would not be easily removed again! Herr Wolfe tried to pull them from the exposed flesh at the apexes of my breasts, but without any success. They had become firmly welded to my skin, as one with my flesh. He carefully removed the last inner band of plastic covering then pressed the edges down onto the rubber of the corset tube, welding them fully to its overall structure. Once more he drew upon the rubber cones and his tugs dragged painfully at my ensnared nipples! The flat lengths that connected them were then likewise pressed against the white rubber, to also be permanently bonded! By now, with no further touch possible on my tender nipples, and with the suction and tension of the cones remaining constant, my arousal was subsiding to be replaced only by discomfort while the voracious, circling rubber lips seemed to try and close even tighter around my engorged flesh!

I turned my head again to see the next surprise Herr Wolfe had in his baggage. It was another piece of the white rubber and this time it seemed to be a pad; quite thick, and shaped somewhat like a squashed-down figure of

eight. There were various holes cut into it and I noted that this piece also sported the red plastic film on one side, but not over the whole of the item. The destined location for it became immediately apparent when Frau Baxter put her strong arms around my hips and raised me from the table, then placed another bolster under the small of my back.

The rubber piece was to be a bridge between the front and the rear of my fiendish body tubing! In no time at all it had been fitted between my legs, pulled up firmly, and the wide ends joined to the corset by use of its self-vulcanising sections. I was, of course, unable to see how this pad had been positioned, but could feel that my labia remained uncovered, and for that simple fact I was thankful.

“Now Celine! You must prepare yourself for this next stage, as it is one of the more uncomfortable parts of your preparation.”

Frau Baxter held two oddly-shaped pieces of red coloured rubber. To my horror, I recognised the first at once for I had seen many representations of such an object, but never one so large and imposing as this rubber penis! Even as I spoke, I realised that the other thing she held was also be destined to go between my legs!

“But Frau Baxter!” I cried in terror of what was surely to come next. “I am still a virgin! I-I cannot ...”

“I know that very well Celine!” she replied. “I have towels and suitable sanitary supplies to clean up your Maidenhead’s breach. It is, I am afraid, a requirement that we cannot forego, but I promise you that I will do the job far more gently and with greater sensibility than any man ever would.” She looked up at Herr Wolfe and smiled when she said this. He merely shrugged and returned the smile. I saw that she had already coated this Godemich with some yellowish cream. “I think,” she said, “that you may even enjoy this interlude.”

True to her word, her first touch was gentleness itself. Her fingers played with my exposed sex, and I was happy for now, to accept this forced enjoyment. She played and toyed. She rubbed and pinched, but I was to feel no touch of the rubber phallus until she decided the moment. Her attentions

caused my body to buck against the restraining chains, and all other thoughts vanished from my mind! Her eyes never left mine. She was searching them to know my feelings moment by moment. She watched and she touched. Fingers playing first like a kitten's soft paws, then like its mother's, sharp nails almost cutting my flesh. Only when she knew I was primed, did I feel the cold touch of the thing! At that point I was more than ready to have it plunged into me; willing her on, trying myself to move down onto the horn of this durable erection!

I hardly felt the pain of my Maidenhead's breaching. It was more like the momentary touch of a cramp. I did however feel the rush of my body's fluids, and knew that my virgin's blood was mixed with the juices of my orgasm for the breakthrough of this solid shaft coincided exactly with my climax! Frau Baxter had timed my defloration to perfection. At that moment, I was in love with this devil of an Englishwoman!

I lay back contented and allowed her to clean me up and although there was a dull aching in my sex, it was nothing that would trouble me. I made no move to delay their further actions. My body was theirs to do with as they would! Now, I felt the other rubber object pressed against my sex. It was cold, and so I knew was not the false penis I'd just experienced. I had thought this other destined for my nether orifice, but it seemed that to be a replacement for the shaft that had taken my virginity. This one was much wider than that first stem, and indeed caused me a deal of pain when inserted in its wake, dilating me widely, but what was the most disconcerting was its length and I began to worry when I felt it pressed so deeply up into my belly. The fingers that had placed it were removed and my inner sex lips began to close about the whole thing! I grew frightened, but Frau Baxter sensed my fear.

"Don't worry Celine. This fitting will not disappear inside you. It will go no further than it already has."

"Oh, God!" I moaned, "I feel that it has already reached my liver!"

"Nonsense my girl. The device is only fifteen centimetres in length ... at this point."

Now, I felt another cold item touch my sex! This new thing seemed to pass

inside the already inserted device, then I felt its edge resting against my outer labia! The edging started to reach further across my flesh as unseen fingers rolled more of it between the corset bridging piece and my body . I could not see, but the flange of the thing now formed a collar around the opening and I wondered how final this fitting was, as once more the smell of the vulcanizing agent assailed my nostrils. My mind was in turmoil. I knew then that I was beyond any help

A part of me had already succumbed to this inevitability, although still there remained a faint flicker that hoped to be freed. This spark began to glow more brightly when the doorbell rang and brought both my tormentor's up with a jolt. Frau Baxter hurriedly left the room and I next heard her open the front door. Even though the house was silent, Herr Wolfe and I both strained to hear what was happening in the hallway.

"But that is not possible Doctor!" I heard Frau Baxter exclaim. There was a male voice, but it seemed he still stood on the step beyond the open door and his words were as yet inaudible. "Then you had best come in, sir," Frau Baxter continued. Now it was possible to make out the man's conversation as well.

"I apologise dear lady, but I assure you that I was led to believe the appointment had been verified with you."

Was there yet hope here of salvation for me? Had someone become suspicious of my absence and taken to investigating it? My hopes rose, only to be dashed once more.

"Indeed, Herr Brock told me that he would make the arrangements for your call, Doctor, but he told me of no specific time." Frau Baxter, it seemed, was expecting this caller, although not at this point.

"I am afraid Frau Baxter," The doctor continued. "I cannot remake this appointment, at least not within another thirty days! You know how involved this procedure is, and I have made myself available at great disruption to my own schedule to fit this girl in."

"Do not worry, I well understand that, Herr Doctor," Frau Baxter answered,

“but we have already begun other preparations and although we can lay these aside a while, you must wait a short time whilst we ready the patient.”

Was this to be another examination? Yet this Doctor had said ‘the procedure’ was not a simple thing! Already Herr Wolfe had closed his suitcase and was carrying it to where the other baggage stood. Frau Baxter and the Doctor entered the room.

“Will you be able to work in here Doctor?” She asked.

“Certainly. I have all the necessary equipment in my car. It will take me no more than fifteen minutes to set up the lighting. You will be able to assist as nurse, I understand?” He returned.

“Of course Doctor! It will be my pleasure,” my Governess replied. “Although I have not seen this particular procedure carried out before, I am a trained and competent theatre nurse.”

My God!! An operation? **What** were these people going to do to me? Rubber could always be cut from my body. Even chains might be broken asunder, but a surgical procedure? I could take no more and began to scream. Frau Baxter’s strong hands even, could not quell my voice. I felt a sharp painful needle prick my arm and the doctor withdrew his hypodermic and watched over me while I fell unconscious in only seconds.

My own scream was the last thing I heard ...

Chapter Twelve

Awakening

I awoke from what could not have been a natural sleep and it took me quite some time to gather my wits about me. I knew at once I was still a prisoner in my new security cot within the converted Drawing Room of my own home, for just centimetres above me were the coated bars of the removable cage that prevented my rising from the white rubber-sheathed mattress. There was a dull ache in my stomach and pain from the area around my navel. I tried to raise myself a little, then immediately became aware once more of the crushing white tube of rubber; the corset Herr Wolfe had fashioned for me at the behest of Frau Baxter, my Governess. There was no way I could bend my body at the tiny waist that the corset had forced upon me, as its internal metal boning prevented any such movement. I also realised that my arms were stretched above my head and obviously secured that way by some form of restraint, to the metal head of the bed. My ankles were similarly bound, wide spread, to its foot.

I concentrated my mind and began to relive the experiences that had brought me to this present pass. I recalled the arrival of Frau Baxter and the rubber bondage she had forced upon me; my father's hasty departure, and the comings and goings of the many workmen, heralding the alterations to this erstwhile day room. I counted the days that had terminated in the move from my own bedroom upstairs to this ground floor location.

Then, my recollections brought me to the arrival of Herr Strang with his poor daughter Kristel and I turned my head towards the corner of the room. She was still there, clothed in her thick rubber carapace, laying animal-like in the long low cage that was her confinement as a guest in my home.

The ever-pressing constriction of my corset continued to stir my memories and it was then I recalled the extraordinary, powerful machine that had been used to stretch the tight white rubber tube in order to envelop my torso in its grasp. These thoughts in turn led me to the arrival of the doctor, the mention of an operation, Frau Baxter's crushing hands over my mouth attempting to

stifle my scream, and then the hypodermic syringe that robbed me of consciousness.

An operation the doctor had said; and judging by my pain and discomfort, an operation it had been. How long had I been unconscious during and after this surgery was performed? What manner of operation had I undergone? I did a quick flexing movement to check my limbs and musculature. All seemed in order and I felt no different physically, save for those aches and pains already mentioned. It appeared, therefore, that whatever had taken place had involved only the area of my abdomen.

I was startled from my thoughts by a sudden noise and looked again toward Kristel's kennel, but she had not moved. My cot had been moved during my long sleep and from the angle of its new location I could not see the room's door. Footsteps approached my bed.

"So you are back in the land of the living Celine?" Frau Baxter stood before my caged bed. She was smiling, and obviously pleased to see me awake once more. "You have slept almost twenty-four hours, child. The doctor was a little worried when he called not an hour ago and found you still out cold." She bent and started to unlock the four latches of the bed's cage. "I must telephone him and tell him that you are alright."

I was still drowsy and so made no move at all when the latticework of rubber-covered steel was slowly raised clear of the bed by its almost silent motor. Frau Baxter leant over my middle and lifted a dry dressing from my navel.

"The wound looks quite clean and you should heal quickly I think, Celine. It is after all, only a minor incision."

Still, I did not know the purpose of this operation for I was young and fit and knew I suffered from no ill health that might require a surgical procedure.

"So Celine! Do I sense that you are anxious to know the manner of your medical treatment?" Frau Baxter stood now with arms folded across her ample chest.

"I-I ". My throat was suddenly so dry that no words would form to ask the

questions I needed answering.

“Still yourself, Celine,” she continued, “I will do the talking.” She leant across the bed to check the contents of a drip bag that led by way of a tube to a needle inserted in the back of my hand. “You have only one small external wound to heal as I have said: but the surgery carried out upon your gut was rather more involved.

“There will be many times in your future when it will not be practical for you to be fed by mouth. You must have noticed that the rubber that envelopes your friend Kristel is **quite** complete and she is able to go without being fed normally for some days, but more importantly, her toilet needs are likewise catered for. For her, this has been achieved by the fixing of **external** tubing to all of her bodily orifices. You have seen these tubes attached to her outer suiting.” Frau Baxter moved aside for a moment and pointed toward the prone form of Kristel, before continuing.

“These tubes are linked to the Control and Discipline Pack built into the rubber upon her upper back,” she paused now for effect. “In your case however, Celine, it was decided that this process would be taken a stage further. The Doctor has re-opened what was your pre-birth connection to your mother and this entry point now serves a different purpose. In effect, you have been internally re-plumbed, in that tubing has been located in your stomach, your bladder and your rectal passage. Both these latter have had their normal exit points from your body closed off and the result is that not only can we feed you via this pseudo-umbilical route, but also remove your bodily wastes from that same opening.”

I was devastated and sank into the mattress beneath me. How could these people take such action without my consent? I was certain that my father would never have sanctioned such a thing and would never have left me in Frau Baxter’s clutches had he known the plans she had for me. My whole life was now not just mentally, but also physically changed! I hoped desperately that this operation was not irreversible! Surely the tubes invading my flesh could be removed by another surgeon? I now knew I must try to escape the prison they had made of my home, before this woman who had taken control of my life had any further chance to change my condition perhaps more radically, so that perhaps there would be **no** going back!

“Frau Baxter ... I beseech you!” My tongue had found the means to speak. “Please let me go! I swear that You will have nothing to fear from my release. I will tell no-one of what has happened here! I will leave Germany and **never** return!”

“Don’t be silly my child.” She crossed her arms and shook her head as she spoke. “You are being given the chance to travel a road on which few are allowed to venture. You know that already your mind and body have discovered pleasures they had never conceived of, by your not being afraid to embrace the new experiences that have touched them.”

Her voice and whole manner were those a Mother, a Guardian, who wanted nothing but the best for her charge. I was certain she earnestly believed every word she spoke. Whilst I **had** to admit that her rubber bondage had been a door to a new world of sexual rapture, and yes, I knew that I would forever need and want this aromatic sensual material close to my skin, even in freedom. My enslavement to that cause had though gone too far!

“Frau Baxter,” I softened my own voice hoping to appeal to her mother instinct. “I have no quarrel with the rubber that you have introduced to my world. I can even, if I must, endure the crushing pressure of Herr Wolfe’s rubber corsetry. But this tubing ... this interference with the workings of my body ... am I to end my days dehumanised as is poor Kristel? Is there nothing left for me now but to be as an animal? An object even, no longer having any control of my life?”

I knew my begging was in vain for even as I spoke, she was shaking her head. Her facial expression told me that she understood my every word, but I was only an errant young child to her, a babe who could not possibly know what was best. She was the nursemaid, the nanny who could never be wrong.

“Celine, my child,” she said, “your vision of Kristel is limited only to what your eyes have seen. You have spent only a few moments listening to her and so cannot know what she needs, or indeed what she wants,” she paused to pass a hand gently across my forehead. “Kristel’s future holds far more than even her father’s dreams or desires. The rubber and chains that hold and mould her as an animal now are but the tip of an iceberg of experiences she has yet to know. Even now, after nearly two years of her current

Rehabilitation and Correction Training, if I was to offer her a full release from this future, she would most likely decline, even despite her tears and desperation when she was locked back into her costume. And, even if she did crave freedom, it would never be total. Her own mind would not accept that for her desires make of her the slave she has become,” she paused, and moved around the foot of the bed to my other side, then peered closely at the area of my current pain before continuing.

“I must tell you Celine, that your future is quite fully mapped out already. Your loving father, who wants only what is best for you, has this morning, at his own insistence, begun the legal process of granting me ‘loco parentis’ over you, and has also given over the deed of this house to the gentlemen who approved of you a few days ago. Very soon we will be start making of the house and grounds a haven for the salvation of other young ladies who, like Kristel and yourself, are in such obvious need of our care.”

So, once more my father had shown by his actions that he wanted no more of me. After the death of my Mother, I had willingly given up so much to care for him and he repaid me by refusing to even try to understand my body’s sexual awakening! He apparently saw in me a helpless case and was entirely too quick to take the advice of others without a thought for my own wants! I was filled with a sense of great foreboding, as there seemed to be no hope of rescue close at hand. Frau Baxter ended her bulletin of bad news by adding yet another layer of fear upon the already mounting store.

“There is something else I need to tell you about this umbilical-like device that has been fixed into your stomach Celine.” She leant across me and I felt not her hand: but the movement of whatever now occupied the wound at my abdomen. “There are *four* tubing connections built into this support device. One is at this moment unconnected, but is reserved for some further keyhole surgery that the Doctor will perform when you are a little more improved. This will allow a connection to be made to your airway, or windpipe, and when completed, your whole sustenance, including the oxygenation of your blood will be achieved via this single coupling.”

That was to be my only conversation of the day, and it gave me much to ponder. When this other surgery was done, would I then be rendered completely dependent upon a device such as Kristel was forced to bear? I

now believed my forced feeding of the past week was but an introduction to this occurring. Had I tasted food for the last time? What worried me most though was the dampness I felt once more upon my inner thighs! Somewhere, deep in my sub-conscious, another me was beginning to accept and perhaps even relish what was yet to come!

I was not fed that day and for the first time in these past few days felt the pangs of hunger. A dozen or more times Frau Baxter visited me and dampened my lips with a small sponge. In this windowless room I had lost all rhythm of time and I only knew the day was over when Frau Baxter dimmed the ceiling lights.

Now that Krystal and I were once more alone, I marshalled my thoughts and tried to read into my own desires. I looked over to her low cage and saw that she slowly circled on all fours, trapped, blind, and deaf within her horrid rubber encasement. Each time she turned toward me, I saw the gleaming ring at her snout, but what shocked me, was that a chain had now been locked to it also and this led to the upper bars of the cage where her back-of-the-collar leash was also locked! The chain's length was sufficient that she could circle about, but far too short to allow her to lower her head closer than twenty-five cm above the floor of the cage! Occasionally while she was circling, it tugged firmly at her snout, jerking cruelly at the flesh imprisoned within her masks, and she would shuffle forward, then frantically attempt to shake it loose from herself. It remained securely fastened, of course, with its heavy lock always dragging painfully.

Though I still felt sorrow and compassion for her I could not help but wonder what was going through her mind; cut off as she was from all outside stimuli by the total enclosure of her two-ply rubber suit and helmet. I pictured myself within that dense, complete, rubber embrace, and for a moment the hairs on the nape of my neck rose and a faint shudder travelled down my spine. The sexual connotation was not lost on me, but I could not bear the thought that such a total captivity might indeed be permanent! How little I suspected!

The chains that linked each of Kristel's wrists to her knee cuffs clattered through the single length of metal tube that shortened their usable length. When she attempted to lower her body to the floor it was almost in the manner of a dog, settling for the night, but then, the snout ring leash chain

snapped tight and she was forced to adjust her posture and keep her head up! I could see that she wanted to somehow resume her rubbing back and forth, but the new leash to her nose easily prevented it. I wondered how she could feel anything through the thickness of the foam rubber suit entrapping her. Perhaps her tormentors had allowed her a thinning or opening of the rubber at that point, so she could accommodate her sexual needs, but more likely, perhaps they knew it was this lack of satisfaction that would keep her enslaved to that rubber nightmare! I, of course, was unable to satisfy my own desires that night. Here was the bondage without the sensuality that made it sometimes bearable.

The doctor visited me very early the next day and pronounced that I was now making good progress to recovery. I hoped that meant I would be fed and watered, for by now my hunger and thirst were great. He changed the dressing at my navel, then went off to whisper to Frau Baxter. I heard her show him from the room, then the house, before she returned.

“You may take some light refreshment by mouth today, Celine. Tomorrow the doctor will return, and it is possible he may then authorise that your other tubing be fully linked up.”

Her words were all so matter-of-fact! I noticed that she was now dressed in a blue and white Nurse’s uniform made of a thin, high gloss latex rubber. The over-short but full skirt rustled sibilantly while she busied herself at my bedside. Was this visual and aural display for the doctor’s benefit or mine, or even perhaps her own? When she leant across me, the wonderful smell once more assailed my senses, then the dress material touched the rubber sheeted mattress and squeaked – almost squealed, its sexual message for me.

Twice that day she returned to my bedside in her rubber uniform and each time she propped my head upon a pillow and fed me a tasteless warm grey mash via a small teaspoon.

“If it is tomorrow that we connect you to the machinery that will feed and service you, Celine, you must understand that it is merely a temporary expedient. It is a cumbersome, hardly portable device and will shortly after be replaced by a *far* more sophisticated engine.” This single, seemingly additional sentence, was Frau Baxter’s last conversation with me that day.

When the feeding was over she left without further chat.

I spent another restless evening watching the cruelly-denied animalistic rutting of Kristel, without hope of satisfying my own now overwhelming sexual longings. I drifted into a restless sleep and was almost glad to hear the doorbell that announced not only the arrival of the doctor and also the morning. Frau Baxter was once more dressed as a nurse, but this time her shimmering rubber uniform was completely black, save for a tiny white cap and matching hose.

“All is in order here Frau Baxter,” the doctor said. “I am satisfied that Celine is healing well, and we may continue now with the next phase of her preparation.” Frau Baxter merely nodded and smiled. “I am certain,” he continued, “that she will be recovered enough by the agreed date, for me to complete my work.”

So now my need to escape had taken on a new urgency. Even today’s further surgery was not to be the finish of this devil’s work! What was this agreed date? How long had I before he would return once more to wield his knife? What further distress must my body undergo?

Surgeon and nurse moved out of my line of sight and I heard them busy about the room. A four lamp array, so obviously a surgical theatre light, was moved to the bed side and I heard the sound of metal clattering upon a hard surface when a trolley laden with kidney dishes, clamps, scalpels, and gauze pads was pushed against my bed. This was to be my only viewing of the Surgeon’s tools. My rubber nurse re-appeared and held a hypodermic to my forearm, then in just a few seconds, stars in an ever darkening sky, twinkled out one by one and I was again in the arms of Morpheus.

Strangely, I remember clearly that this time, I dreamed, although my dream was to bring me little rest from my pains. I saw myself clothed from head to toe in tight fitting, and thick, black, latex rubber, being raised up, crucified upon a white cross of rubber, and the nails that pierced my wrists and crossed feet were of gleaming silver in hue, yet also fabricated from rubber. No blood dripped from my wounds, yet between my tightly clasped thighs I could not stop the flow of liquid white latex that gushed from my sex! In a faltering, stuttering scene, like some old-time black and white movie, this shimmering

vision vanished to be replaced by a new location.

A vast white chamber shaped almost like a giant bean. Everything was now white, within this dream and I lay upon a white rubber bed in a white rubber room. On either side of me stood two identical men and although I was still dressed head toe in rubber, this second skin too was of gleaming white, and the light skipped across the surface the more, for these two men were scooping up handfuls of oil from an invisible container and spreading it all over my cruciform body! I could see Frau Baxter running towards me from the far end of the chamber, but her outstretched hands never reached me, for her frantic pace seemed only to carry her further and further away! The sensual hands of the two men caressed my body in ways I had never known; at times barely touching my rubber-covered skin, then pounding and kneading my willing flesh to a greater arousal. My hips bucked and my urgent passion forced my legs to rigid cramps. A hand covered my mouth and nose, momentarily cutting off my breath, then it withdrew and I gasped for air.

Above me appeared the gas mask Frau Baxter had used, but now its blackness had become a shimmering rainbow of ever changing hues. It was lowered to my face and once more my airways were closed off! I struggled to breathe, trying to prevent a blackout, then suddenly air rushed into my nostrils, thick with the pungent wonderful scent of rubber. Now, I seemed to be breathing its very essence and I struggled, but only in ecstasy. Strong hands grasped my thighs and held me down on the bed.

“Wake up! Wake up Celine!”

The voice seemed to come from the distance where I had last glimpsed Frau Baxter. It was her voice, but now she was close, standing over me, dressed once more in the black nurse’s uniform. The doctor stood with her. She looked pained and worried, he merely smiled.

“There, there my child,” he said, his voice soothing me back to conscious presence. “Try to lay still, Celine. Try to relax.”

“Is she alright Doctor?” Frau Baxter asked of him.

“Certainly! She has just had a bad dream before coming out of the

anaesthetic,” he replied.

Was my operation over? My dream had seemed to begin with Frau Baxter’s injection and last for just moments. Was the Surgeon’s work indeed done for this day?

As my brain became slowly more alert, I was able to answer my own unvoiced questions. Though my breathing was natural and at a normal rate, I began to know that my mouth and nose were no longer a part of the rhythmic inhalation and exhalation process! I could feel a soreness not only at my abdomen, but also at the lower part of my throat. Although I could still open my mouth, it was parched, and yet no passage of air had dried it out. I tried to draw air through my nose when I inhaled deeply, but the only result was a shallow whistling sound emanating from my navel!

Doctor and Nurse moved to the foot of the bed and spoke so quietly that I could not make out what they said, then after a few moments both disappeared from view and I heard their footsteps leave the room and move down the hall. Frau Baxter had once more shown the Doctor out, and I expected her to return alone, but instead, when she re-appeared, she was accompanied by Herr Wolfe! He also checked me over as though passing judgement upon the doctor’s work, but he also paid great attention to how my torso fared, confined in the awful corset he had fabricated. He smiled, seeming to find all to his satisfaction, then leant across to talk to me.

“You are doing quite well Celine my dear,” he began. “Now, Frau Baxter and I will be taking care of a few details, and these should not hinder the continuance of your healing.”

“You heard what the Doctor said Celine?” Frau Baxter asked, she awaited no reply. “We are going to connect you now to the machine I told you of yesterday.”

I turned my head to see her pointing to a drip feed stand which supported two plastic sacks. One contained a light grey mixture and the other a clear liquid. Tubes from these bags led to a metal box fixed half way down the stand and I watched her fit a further two tubes to the base of this box. From the discomfort that I felt with their fitting, I knew these must be the tubes that

were connected through my navel and into my body. Herr Wolfe pressed a switch on its side and the clear liquid flowed down the tubing. I assumed this was refreshment for me, but soon found differently. The warm fluid flowed into my stomach ... and my rectal passage. It was such a strange feeling, somewhat akin to using a toilet, although in reverse! I felt my stomach wall press harder and harder against the white rubber corset that held it flat, until I thought I would burst, or I would at least soil my own sheets, but of course my anal passage and my bladder were sealed against this flow. There was no wetness at my sex as I felt there should be.

The motor in the box affixed to the stand stopped, then Her Wolfe had bent down beside the bed and I heard another motor start. I had little time to dwell upon its part in this scene, for suddenly my body erupted! My stomach shrank alarmingly, pressed inwards by the unforgiving corset and my whole lower body contracted! It was as though a vacuum hose had been pushed into me and my insides were being sucked out! I knew now that the machine had inserted this liquid into me as an enema and the other merely withdrew it, and any bodily waste at the same time. However, my mind was not on this unreal servicing of my body for what occupied me more intensely were the new nerve endings this procedure awakened!

Although my bladder outflow had been re-routed so that it never touched my inner or outer sex, the mere movement of the enema entering and flushing this body sack, then the vacuum-like siphoning off of its fluid content, caused my vagina to ripple wavelike against the unforgiving shaft that filled it! My hips moved now in unison and I was on the verge of a great arousal, but Frau Baxter had seen my bodily gyrations and so I stopped. I was happy enough to know that in my privacy, when these two had gone, I might resume the activity. Herr Wolfe appeared to have noticed nothing, for he pressed another switch on the metal box, activating yet another motor. This time, I watched the line of greyish compound while it was sucked from the collapsing bag, into the machine, and then through into the exit tube below. There was some bearable pain when this tubing moved at the wound it pierced, with the passage of the food into my body. I could feel it now exit the tube inside me, and a strange, yet satisfying warmth filled my stomach.

I still was ungagged and at that point believed I could have shouted and

caused a great fuss, but knew this forced feeding would proceed, no matter what. It was a progression to anything further happening and so I decided to keep silent if I could to await developments. Only when Frau Baxter leant across my bed and the rubber of her nurse's uniform once more brushed my face and shoulders did I gain anything from this feeding. Despite what had been done to me these past days, still the aroma of the rubber held its sway over me.

Suddenly, with this heightening of sexual awareness, I felt once more the hard fixture within my sex, and found that with movement of my hips, its stiffness could replace my searching fingers. There was no contact with my clitoris, but still, I was becoming more and more aroused, riding upon this inescapable invader! Was this akin to the feeling I might have experienced had Michael, my boyfriend, been allowed to continue his first boyish probing of my sex, perhaps even up to the point where his youthful, untrained, but erect penis, entered my tight passage?

During my feeding, Herr Wolfe had fetched one of his suitcases, then laid it open on the floor at the head of my bed. Frau Baxter spoke.

"Now Celine, as I told you yesterday, most things in your life have any permanency. If you think on this, and understand that nothing that happens to you may be a lasting imposition, you will be less afraid of what might occur."

I knew now that something momentous was about to happen. Here was something *else* for me to fear and my tormentor was trying to put me at my ease in advance. I heard a small metallic jingling, then Frau Baxter leant over my face again,

"Please open your mouth Celine."

I didn't want to do it, but her hand descended to my waist and suddenly I could not breathe! She smiled, withholding life giving air, until with a shudder I did as she had commanded. A second later something was slipped into my mouth, its brackets covering my upper and lower front teeth, then she squeezed a set of handles beside my cheeks and my mouth was jacked widely open! I could make no noise and so twisted my head frantically from side to side, attempting to make the thing release its hold, but nothing I did made it

shift even the slightest amount, and so I lay there with mouth opened widely. Herr Wolfe bent once more to his case and withdrew a large, glass container.

I attempted to close my lips and bar my mouth to him when I saw his hands above me, but the jaw spreader device prevented any resistance on my part. He held the jar filled with a thick, opaque green liquid, just in front of my face, then tilted it towards my lips. I was too stunned to even struggle against this invasion and when I opened my mouth even wider to scream, I realised at once that my actions were utterly useless, for there was no longer any connection between my vocal chords and my lungs! I tried to utter, not even words, just **any** sound, but there was nothing! My Governess had intentionally failed to tell me that this so-called temporary re-routing of my airway would also rob me of the power of speech! Of all the impositions I had been forced to bear over these days past, this seemed by far the worst! Without this means of communication I had become nothing! Did Kristel feel as I did now, helpless to fight back?

The thick liquid began to slide, syrup-like, from the glass jar. Herr Wolfe aimed well and poured it between my racked apart teeth and lips, then I felt it touch the roof of my mouth and my tongue, and retched against its thick stream, automatically trying to keep my now useless airway clear. It ran down and into the back of my throat and I felt its cool touch upon my tonsils, but then the tactile tickle of its flow ceased. I could feel it now begin to fill my throat, and knew that some seal must have been fashioned within my windpipe and shuddered at this realisation.

Herr Wolfe tilted the glass to stop the flow, and, after laying it down somewhere out of my sight, grasped my head with his left hand. I saw a small paintbrush in his right and struggled now, trying to shake my head clear of the hands holding me, then relaxed, knowing there was no escape. Herr Wolfe lowered the working end of the brush into my mouth.

“Wider Celine!” Frau Baxter ordered and gripped the jaw spreader handles tighter, forcing my jaws further apart. Herr Wolfe plied his brush assiduously, spreading the rapidly gelling liquid, coating every crevice and surface within my mouth, including my tongue! I had not lost my sense of smell, and knew at once that the coating he was applying to my inner flesh was some special type of latex. He did not pause while he worked, and

dipping his brush into the open jar of the liquid latex often, he coated and re-coated each area . Very soon, I found that significant effort was needed to move my tongue at all!

After what must have been some six coatings of the gel, I could feel some of the liquid now moving from my throat into the airways to my nose! This sensation made me much more afraid than the filling of my mouth, and I began to thrash about what little I could, nostrils flaring widely with fear. This served only to quicken the passage of the rubber fluid into my nasal passages and in a moment it was dripping slowly onto my cheek!

Frau Baxter had taken pains to assure me of the non-permanence of these works, yet it was certain that I would bear the scars of my surgery for life, and I had no idea how the stuff that had been introduced to my mouth and nose would **ever** be extracted! I had little time to dwell upon this, before Herr Wolfe disappeared for a moment. When his hands came back into view, they carried an awesome device: a large, oddly shaped mass of white rubber with two large links of gleaming, stainless steel chain swinging from one end, others being securely anchored within the white mass! Each link was some two cm broad and almost three cm long and they appeared quite heavy. This was confirmed when they touched my throat for a moment, I knew they must be an alloy of some sort of steel, for they were cold and felt dense.

I was not to be left wondering at its use for even one minute, for the white rubber shape was immediately, but with some difficulty because of its size, forced back between my teeth and pressed deeply into my rubber-dressed mouth. It immediately pressed firmly into the rubber dressed flesh of my mouth, all the way back against my throat and firmly down onto my coated tongue! It was only then that he freed me of the mouth jack device, then again raised the jar of liquid green rubber and began once more to pour its contents, into the remaining gaps within my oral cavity; his fingers separating my cheeks from the outer sides of my teeth to allow the thick green rubber to flow freely. When he judged he had poured enough, he withdrew the jar, then very gently cupped my chin in his two hands and massaged my facial flesh, ensuring that the liquid enveloped everything inside! Not only was the green liquid a filling agent, but also a glue!

I felt the semi-liquid rubber ooze between my teeth and fill all the cavities

between lip and gum, then, using a foul smelling gauze, Herr Wolfe quickly wiped away the few drops that escaped between my pressed and now glued together lips. I had no will to fight these ministrations for I was more intent on trying to order my mind. I was filled with fear and apprehension while this liquid within my mouth, throat and nose grew thicker and thicker! With every second, the effort required to move my muscles against this morass redoubled until soon I could not move anything at all! I knew without question that the liquid latex had become a solid plug, engulfing the white rubber ball, my teeth, and my tongue! My jaws were held apart by the huge white rubber device now buried within the mass of green rubber, leaving only the flat, silvery links of the chain to lay draped across my lower lip.

Yet this was not my major worry. What *really* shook my belief in my own sanity, was the powerful orgasm that accompanied Herr Wolfe's actions! Even as the liquid had started to set, my bucking hips gripped onto the huge plug so firmly embedded inside my sex. Surely though, this was no rubber-induced arousal, but rather the result of the conscious fear of what was happening to me at that moment? Had the learning curve of my sexuality taken yet another violent turn? It seemed that a new string had been added to the bow of my passion and I wondered dazedly what barbed arrows would fly from its stretching.

If at that moment Frau Baxter had offered me release from my captivity; if she had loosed my bindings and thrown open the doors, I would have been hard put to deny my feelings. I had borne up till now, all the restraint and degradation heaped upon me, and *still* I was yelling inwardly for more! I had become what Frau Baxter knew I would: a willing slave to her torments.

For the first time in the company of these my two torturers, my body was heaving not against its bonds in an effort to escape, but striving to increase my sensations of orgasm! I was powerless to stop the flow of energy into my loins and my hips rose and fell against the rubber of the mattress for what seemed endless minutes. My brain buzzed and my whole imprisoned body tingled, until finally I was delivered of an orgasm like none I had known before! In total disregard of my overseers, unashamed, I heaved then fell upon each wave of this powerful passion, until finally, spent, I sank back to my bed and closed my eyes. Still, my flesh tingled as though battered by a

storm of raindrops. My would-be Governess merely brushed her fingers against the dermis covering my inner thighs, and I shuddered as though her digits were scorching, red pokers of iron.

“And here is the girl, Herr Wolfe,” She scoffed, “who only hours ago begged me for release from the torment that now seems to please her so well!” I kept my eyes closed, for I had no desire to see her mocking smile, or that of Herr Wolfe.

Chapter Thirteen

A Means To An End?

At that moment I came very close to being resigned to my fate. I might still make a bid for freedom should the opportunity arise, but deep down I knew I would be forever a slave to this most wonderful touch, this intoxicating odour of rubber. These new sensations had a hold on my very existence, a grip on my body and mind more undeniable than the tubular corset that crushed and moulded me to its own form. I lay quietly, but my body still quivered and I could no more stay the hands that worked upon me than I could shout the words to make them desist. I still did not open my eyes, even when I heard a sound that was instantly recognisable, even to my befuddled brain.

It was Herr Wolfe's turn to now to hold my head, while Frau Baxter used a barber's electric hair shears to roughly cut away my long, blond hair. The intensity of my sexual animation waned quite quickly, but I still had not the strength nor the capability to prevent this rape of my tresses and before too long I felt the cool air on my newly bald skull. Frau Baxter paused to change the cutting head of the shears, then shaved my baldness even closer. She put them down, and I only then realised that Herr Wolfe had long since released his hold on me. Now *he* was the worker and I opened my eyes to see his smiling face before mine. He held a shaving mug, my father's own! This was a birthday present I had given him some years back, when my Mother still lived, but he thought little enough of me now it seemed, to leave this behind in his hurried departure. The soft brush that had once tickled my chin in play, now coated my skull with a warm foaming soap, and this man's practised hand took only minutes to shave my whole head smooth.

Yet another marker was passed on my road to slavery.

He put aside the razor for a moment whilst Frau Baxter pressed a hot wet towel against my naked skull. This done, he took up the razor again and with a few swift passes of its steel edge, removed my eyebrows also! Next, he grasped a pair of scissors and with great care, trimmed away my upper and lower eye lashes! My hair could grow back, if it was to be allowed to, but I

feared that day would be long in coming, for my Governess had been busy that while, opening a jar of bright yellow cream and liberally coating both hands with it. She speedily transferred this coating to my skull and then more carefully around my eyes. I guessed that this foul smelling unction was a means of retarding re-growth of my blond tresses.

Their four hands were needed for what came next, but still, I made no move to delay it. My head was free, yet I held it still as the cold touch of a rubber skin was pulled across my crown and down over my ears and eyes. Frau Baxter tried to separate my jaw, but was unsuccessful for her attempt was only to check upon the now solid latex that filled my mouth. I thanked God that the thin rubber covering they had fitted over my head had holes cut for my eyes. Although this rubber was so thin it was almost transparent, it gripped my hairless head and face like a tight, kid leather glove. It was rolled over my mouth and chin then down my neck, where its grip lessened somewhat. My jaw felt no relief, as the interior grasping rubber held it securely closed. With some muscular exertion, I could move my lower face a fraction, but knew I could not hold it so for long, and was certain also that soon, even *that* small freedom would be denied to me.

Chapter Fourteen

The Process Continues

There was no sexual relief to be found that night. Although I spent some time trying to move my concentration from the aches and pains, I could still taste the rubber that had set in my mouth and still smell the aromatic scent of it, even though my nose was now completely blocked off. Also, I flexed the muscles between my legs and my internal musculature, moving the plug that occupied my vagina, but still my brain refused me any arousal.

My sleep was broken often, as my troubled mind fought to contend with the bodily torments I was suffering and it was the worst night I had spent since my father had left me in the care of Frau Baxter. I was thankful when morning came, although I knew it would likely bring me yet more misery. This next morning's waking saw Frau Baxter once more at my cage-covered bed, but she made no move to unlock the grating, merely leaning across to once more switch on the motor of my feeding stand. The bag of food and the enema had been refilled and very soon the warmth in my stomach returned as my body was flushed then recharged. How long would it be before I was once more able to taste the food that sustained me? Would I ever again be granted the privacy of dealing with my own bodily wastes?

"Good morning Celine," she stirred me from my thoughts and I turned my head towards her and was again made aware of the treatment they had meted out the previous day. The chain link between my teeth reminded me at once that I could not answer my Governess. "You will soon get used to it," she said, almost sensing my realisation. "That was quite a display you provided for us yesterday, Celine!" she once more wore that broad smile. "There will be a lot happening today," she continued, "but first I will give you a bed bath and then we will try and get you on your feet. The doctor will be calling shortly to check you over, before you receive some visitors."

Already she was collecting together a folding table and a bowl of steaming water. Some towels followed before at last she drew the cage clear of my cot.

“You must be on your best behaviour for these visitors Celine,” she said, carefully rolling off the thin rubber membrane that covered my head and had held the yellow cream in contact. This she laid carefully on the side, ready for its next application. She next raised my head and placed a towel beneath it, continuing to talk while she rubbed my bald pate with the dampened cloth. “One of the gentlemen you will meet may well be your Mentor for the next stage in your re-education my dear. With him will be a young woman who may become an ally, or an enemy to you.”

Frau Baxter released my wrists and ankles from their bindings and when she raised my legs, the muscles that had stayed dormant so long screamed their dissatisfaction at this rapid re-animation. I drew in deep breaths through my navel airway and caused the low whistle to reach almost a scream. No matter; I was soon sat upright on the bed, with my feet touching the cold floor for the first time in days. I marvelled at the cut of my one piece rubber, vice-like corset, for I found no trouble in articulating my hip joints through the ninety degrees necessary to sit erect upon the edge of the bed.

By the time my bed bath was over, the door bell had rung twice. From my newly raised position, I saw Herr Wolfe pass by towards the front door, then shortly thereafter he returned with my erstwhile surgeon in tow. The doctor this time carried just a small medical bag.

“You have a good constitution Celine,” the doctor said after he had given me a thorough examination that included the sounding of my chest and the taking of my blood pressure. “The second operation I performed upon you is a variation of the surgery called a tracheotomy. I have known patients who fared much more poorly only having had the much simpler form of this operation, which involves just the opening of an airway in the throat, to relieve a blockage of the trachea.”

The doctor was packing away his instruments whilst I made use of the unfettering of my limbs to bring back some normal feeling to them.

“Your operation was much more complex, in that instead of opening a new airway in the throat, we have inserted a tube through your navel and led it to a connection in your trachea to provide you with a breathing aperture”. He waited to gauge my reaction, but I showed none. “At the same time, I have

provided a seal above that point, so that your upper respiratory tracts are now redundant. This, you will have found of course, also denies you a voice, for without the medium of an air thoroughfare, your vocal chords cannot vibrate to produce any sound.”

This explanation was given in such a matter-of-fact manner that it seemed meant not for my ears. Herr Wolfe’s and Frau Baxter’s attentions had already proven the doctor’s surgery. Why then did he inform me of the outcome I’d already suffered? He took a bottle from his bag and poured a number of tablets into his cupped hand, then passed the medication to Frau Baxter with an admonition.

“No more than three tablets a day with her feed Frau Baxter, please, and then only when necessary.”

Whilst Herr Wolfe showed the Doctor to the door, Frau Baxter helped me from my seat on the bed to stand beside it. I was of course quite unsteady and thankful for the arm of my Governess around my waist to prevent a fall. She helped me to walk to the left of the bed and up to the wall-mounted mirror that had given me my first view of my newly-corseted figure. This reflection, although I had expected its severity, made me sick to my tubed stomach. Where my navel had once been was now a five cm diameter, white nylon device. There was neither blood nor scar, for my opened flesh formed a tight collar around the recessed rim of this bung and it looked as though it had always been a part of me. Four rimmed orifices dressed the face of the device and the tubes that had fed and cleaned me twice already were still attached to the smaller three of these. The fourth, a larger, oval-shaped opening, as yet bore no attachment. I held my thumb across the front of this, taking care not to block it and felt the rush of air against my warm skin as my still-regular breathing pattern continued, via this new airway.

At my throat was now a simple plaster which hid the wound it bore. Already I felt no real pain, merely a little discomfort. I still marvelled at my hourglass figure, so tightly embraced by Herr Wolfe’s white rubber foundation, then I saw my pointed breasts and remembered the fitting of the cones over my nipples. They and the Y-formed rubber ribbon that joined them were vulcanised in place upon the corset, but then I saw also the tiny group of colour-sheathed wires embedded in these strips of rubber, trailing just five

cm or so against one side of my navel plugging! All this had been done to me in the space of a few short days.

I still was able to stand and I still lived and breathed. I had endured these ravages and even somehow revelled in them, in part. I looked once more at myself, then at the now sleeping form of Kristel. It seemed I was inescapably enmeshed in this weird world of rubber, and perhaps would soon become just like her!? A horror-filled shudder trembled my body. Even though there was no doubt that up to a point I was a willing participant, I still did **not** wish to become her sister! What worried me was that more and more I was beginning to accept my situation, being drawn ever deeper into this morass! My train of thought was broken by a further ringing of the front door bell.

Frau Baxter released her hold on me at once and hurried to the open door of the room. Her sudden freeing of my waist almost caused me to fall, but I quickly gained my balance as she shut the door and turned the key in its lock.

“They are early, Celine,” she said, “I should have had another hour to prepare you, girl.” She hurried back to me and seeing I was standing unaided, simply reached for my left hand. I gave it freely and allowed her to lead me back to my cot. “Now slip this on, Celine,” she ordered then held out a pair of white latex rubber pants. I had great difficulty bending my legs and my Governess had to kneel to help me into them.

I heard voices outside the door, then there was an attempt to turn the handle and open it. The lock held, and no further try was made. I helped Frau Baxter pull the loose pants up to my so tiny middle and the elasticised waist snapped into place. The leg opening elastic was pulled up to the extremes of my thighs, leaving the baggy knickers to balloon over my abdomen. A hole had been cut into these drawers at a level with my navel plug, she made sure that the latex material did not cover my relocated airway.

“Now Celine, stand very still when I let these people in. If you do not create a good impression upon them, they may not accept you. If that happens, there will be a loss of face for those who have the ultimate control of your life and it will reflect badly upon me, so I will be much annoyed.”

I was left now to work out for myself. If my current gaoler was angry and I

was not to have a new one, then I would bear her wrath, for my own failure. But I did not know what to expect from these visitors! What impression must I give? What reaction to what action?

Frau Baxter did not bow upon admitting these visitors, but did defer to them with a nod of the head. I could tell that she was but a paid servant in their eyes, and well knew her place. There were three men, the German and the Frenchman I had met only days before on my single trip out of the house and another, who was a tall and well built. He was dressed in a tailored suit of dark grey pinstripe material and wore white gloves and carried a polished dark wood cane that was topped with a silver dome. His short-cropped hair shone with some dressing that seemed an attempt to disguise its ageing. His shoes were the same grey colour as his suit, but shone to a mirror brilliance that almost blinded one with their reflection of the room lights.

My eyes had fallen upon his female companion and I ceased to pay him so great attention when he stopped a metre or two from me and began to slowly remove his gloves. She appeared from behind him, like a devil from his flesh. She was also tall, yet willowy with a slight but very feminine body. Her breasts were not large, but she wore them like badges of her womanhood, thrust forward in defiance. Her body and demeanour were not the only identification, for her style of dress told me both who and what she was.

Black latex that shone brighter than her partner's shoes formed a second skin upon her, and every square centimetre of her flesh was so clothed. Nought of her was visible outside of this suiting, save for her deep blue eyes and bright red, glossed lips. A further mark of her position was the long braided whip that hung from her waist belt and trailed some two metres behind her.

Her Master, (for that I guessed he must certainly be), took a silver case from his breast pocket and extracted from it a black-papered cigarette. Frau Baxter appeared from nowhere with a lighted match, but he paid it no heed, not taking his eyes from me. The gleaming cigarette case went back to his pocket and was replaced in his hand with a silver lighter. He lit the cigarette quickly, then let it hang limply from his mouth. The black rubber apparition that accompanied him stopped at his side, legs wide apart, and drew the whip from her belt with her right hand. She made no attempt to heft the trailing business end, but grasped the top foot of the leather tails against the handle

and held it between her rubber-covered breasts. She silently looked me up and down tapping the whip handle against her breast bone.

“Come forward a little, Celine”. Frau Baxter said. I took just one short pace, not wishing to get nearer any to these people. The ‘black widow’ walked to my right, then slowly behind me, but made no attempt to touch me. She reappeared at my left and walked back to her Master and I felt the trailing length of the whip’s tails brush against my naked ankles while she returned from her inspection. She nodded twice to the Master and seemed to whisper something in his ear. He took the cigarette from between his lips, using the outstretched first and second fingers of his left hand.

“So you are Celine!” he stated. I did not know if he was aware of my silenced state, but no matter, he waited for no reply. “You have far to go little one,” he continued. “You seem to have impressed my Leona and as she sees a possible future for you with me then I *may* take you.”

This Master now took his turn to walk around and inspect me fully. He too declined to touch me.

“Of course you will not be cosseted as I know Frau Baxter will have done.” He turned towards my wardress with a half-sneer, half-smile. “Leona,” he continued, “could soon whip you into shape, and I assure you that I mean that quite literally. If, however, you are a quick learner, then you will not feel my lioness’ bite too often. Then again, it may be that you will come to yearn her lash. Many before you have!”

Leona now walked behind the Master and again the trailing whip caressed my flesh as it followed her. I was deeply afraid now. Afraid of what was to happen to me if and when I was taken from Frau Baxter’s charge and put into the hands of this pair, but I was also afraid of my own feelings! The careless passage of the awesome leather whip neither scratched nor tickled my flesh and the chill it sent deep into my bones was not a chill of fear, but a cold sensation that drove like an electric shock, upwards, along every fibre of flesh and muscle until it forced my already compressed spine into an arc of sexual arousal! It needed no thought from me to obtain this reaction. This was the real fear. What was happening? What boundary had I already crossed? Would I ever be able to regain my former life, or was I now forever

condemned to a slavery of my own mind and of other's making?

The German and Leona moved away from where I stood, then in the farthest corner of the room they conversed in very low voice. The Frenchman meanwhile came close and bent to examine the nylon junction at my navel. Frau Baxter and the woman Leona merely stood back and glared at each other.

“So then!” They returned to stand as before in front of me. He spoke directly to Frau Baxter. “It is agreed,” he continued. “You will be ready to hand the girl over to me this afternoon, upon the completion of the fitting of her costume, yes?”

It seemed more an order than a question, but Frau Baxter nodded her agreement.

“We of course need the ... that thing!” He pointed to the one unopened crate still in the room. “I will arrange the transportation and Leona will return with it to accompany the girl.”

He tapped his cane on his left leg before turning on his heel, then Leona and the other two men followed him out of the room. Herr Wolfe had obviously been standing just outside, for he appeared as they exited, then escorted them to the front door.

Frau Baxter's smile was as wide as her face. Obviously everything had gone as she hoped. I was, in a way, happy that I hadn't annoyed her and thus brought her wrath upon myself, but, in a few short hours I was to fall from her hands and into the grasp of others as yet unknown, and these thoughts filled me with a deep sense of foreboding. My Governess showed no sign that she might miss me, waiting only for Herr Wolfe's return before they both pulled forward the case that my new Master had pointed to. My mind was upon my future and I paid little heed to its unpacking, until the contents began to be lifted out and brought before me.

They carried between them what I knew must be a wide belt fashioned of the same white rubber as my corset. Herr Wolfe took the weight of it whilst Frau Baxter pulled the short hoses from their seats on my navel plug. The belt was

being carried inside out, for I could see built onto it, a circular device that was obviously meant to be mated with the nylon thing where my navel had been. It took only seconds for them to hold it against my waist, match face with face, then make good the connections. The pattern of my breathing was interrupted only slightly, though now the whistling sound was gone, and I knew not where the air entered the belt! The lower end of the ribbon of coloured wires connected to the cones at the extremes of my breasts was fed through an aperture in the upper edges of the belt above the umbilical connection and Herr Wolfe gripped the cinch tightly then pressed against this aperture. There was another audible click, and I guessed that the wires too had now been terminated in some sort of plug or socket.

“Breathe in Celine!” my governess ordered. I doubted if anything I did would decrease my waist girth one millimetre more than the corset forced, but I complied and the pair struggled to bring the two ends of the wide band together in the small of my back. I had not known either to huff and puff so much, but eventually they were rewarded when a loud ‘snap!’ told that the belt was fixed irremovably upon me.

It was wide, as I have said, and quite some weight, yet its mass did not appear bulky. Herr Wolfe had obviously tailored it to dress the corset and even enhance its look rather than detract from it. I caught sight of it via a sidelong glance at the mirror and have to admit that it did just that. The central area at the front that was now connected to my navel was dressed on the outside with an ornate chrome boss surrounding a sturdily mounted ring, so that the belt resembled some boxer’s trophy. In addition, five other strong staples projected from the surface of the belt, these spaced equidistantly around its circumference.

My admiration of the thing took my attention away from Herr Wolfe’s move back to the opened crate, but I finally noticed him return, and in shock, took a pace backward, colliding with my cot. My earlier fears were doubled in an instant when I took in what he held! Here was yet more rubber, in colour and texture to perfectly match my corset and belt. It was so obviously a total helmet, as I had earlier expected, but more! The collar fashioned with it as one piece was so long and narrow that I could not imagine how it might *ever* encompass my throat! I edged to my left, determined to fight until the last

against any attempt at fitting me with this abominable thing.

I do not know where I got the strength after my days of laying cot-bound. Frau Baxter ran towards me but somehow in desperation, I dodged past. Too late, Herr Wolfe dropped his creation, and made a grab for me and incredibly I dodged him also, and even managed to get beyond the open door.

I remembered my failed attempt at the front door, and so turned left towards the kitchen. As luck would have it there was nothing in my way and the kitchen door was also open. Thank God! Even the kitchen window was ajar and for the first time since my captivity, I saw the green of the grass at the side of the house. I was just seconds from freedom!

Why then did I stop dead in my tracks? Perhaps the realisation that all I wore was a white rubber corset and a belt to dress it, my thin rubber pants having been taken from me during my last long sleep. I will never know if the simple fear of embarrassment was my undoing, but my moment's hesitation did not allow a second chance. In an instant Frau Baxter was upon me, and in a trice her strong arms had lifted and carried me, struggling as much as I might, back into my prison room, then to the table fitted with the steel cuffs and chains. She turned me in the air and literally hurled me face down upon the table. I was certain my collar bones had been broken, so violent was her throw. Herr Wolfe helped to fit my wrists and ankles into the cuffs and although I quickly recovered from the hurt she had done, I was too slow to escape being once more securely chained.

"That was very stupid Celine!" Herr Wolfe said. His face showed a ugliness that I had thought never to see. "You may have caused yourself serious injury!"

Frau Baxter went back to my cot and returned with Herr Wolfe's erstwhile load. She passed it to him then grasped both my ears, pulling them painfully back.

"You are a fool Celine!" she said. "You should have learned by now that you can do nothing to prevent, nor even delay for one minute, what is planned for you!"

My eyes filled with despairing tears, caused not only by the tight grip she held on my ears. She released them and quickly inserted a thick long plug into each of their canals, and attached a loop of string to the end link of the chain emerging from my mouth. My head was forced high and back, whilst Herr Wolfe moved to the end of the table with the stiff white rubber object that so filled me with dread. He held it open at the back and I shuddered as it came closer and closer to my face! The collar portion was passed under my chin, before my Governess grasped my skull, forcing my neck into the collar and with her other hand pulled gently on the string-laden chain loop, teasing it slowly through a narrow slot on the front of the helmet where my mouth would normally be.

My chin was quickly located within the helmet, then Herr Wolfe allowed the sides of the collar to close around my throat! Still, nothing had yet been fastened, but already the rigid shape of the rubber gripped my neck! I attempted to voice a scream and felt myself slipping from consciousness, but this escape was not to be permitted just yet! Next, my face and head were deeply wrapped within the rubber helmet's rigid embrace and the chain to my mouth popped fully through the narrow slit! My head was forced back once more to its fullest extent, and I realised then that no hands were needed to do this for the unyielding rubber had been built with steel bones within its thick width to do that job. As the helmet resumed its normal shape, I felt inner donuts of soft foam rubber press insistently upon the shells of my ears, further deadening what little sound there was!

When next I stood, I would be unable to look my tormentors in the face, for though this helmet boasted narrow, vertical vision slits, my eyes would see only the ceiling above! The horror of what was being done to me was at last too much to bear and I fainted dead away. As I plunged once more into an unnatural sleep, I thought of Kristel, and realised that the next time I saw Frau Baxter, it was likely that I too would be on all fours. Only thus would I be able to view the world ...

Chapter Fifteen

Readied For Shipping

I must have been unconscious for some while, for when I returned to the land of the living, I was chained face down on the table. I could see with difficulty through the narrow slits of the helmet, and only straight ahead, but my hearing had completely disappeared! My eyes caught the glitter of a chain from over the end of the table leading toward my face and I somehow knew that it was connected to the links that emerged from where my mouth was hidden under the rubber.

Standing just a few metres away was Leona. There was no mistaking her lithe feminine body, even though it was wrapped now in red rubber. Her head was no longer covered and I was somehow glad to see, that like me, her scalp was shaved. Although she retained her eyelashes and the thin line of her brows, the bald pate made her seem less of a threat.

I needed no more to threaten me at that time, for the new helmet and collar I wore, so obviously the work of Herr Wolfe, held me so cruelly that I thought I might never be comfortable again! I knew the thing had been fully secured upon me now, but I could not know how. I felt only the rigidity of the smooth rubber so tightly moulded against my skin and guessed that some type of solid boning, probably steel, ran the length of the front of this monstrosity. Such unyielding form would be needed to hold it as straight as it was from the point of my chin to the top of my breastbone. The muscles in the back of my neck cried out for relief and my head ached from this stricture.

There were only three openings in the face of this helmet: the two vision slits I have previously mentioned, barely a centimetre long and only perhaps a quarter millimetre wide, and a small, single narrow slit over my mouth, through which the two links of chain from between my lips had been passed. I felt some activity at my back, then a sharp pull upon the rear of my helmet caused me to flex my arms. A painfully loud sound filled my ears.

“Back with us again I see!” It was my soon-to-be ex-Governess. “So, how do

you like your new helmet, Celine?” Her question was just a taunt. “It is a pity you did not give us time to show it to you properly before you tried to escape!”

She moved around to stand at the head of the table and stooped enough for me to see her face clearly. A broad smile was still there, for she knew she was the victor.

“Perhaps, if we have time, before your transport arrives, I will get an extra mirror and show how it graces you. You are well aware by now of how snugly it fits and how firmly it controls. Your new Master, Herr Aschermann, totally approves of such stringent measures and I am sure you will get to know many similar contrivances. Is that not so, Leona?”

There was no reply from the red-rubbered woman. I wondered if she too had at one time been one of Frau Baxter’s charges and this was a meant to be an unwanted reminder of things past. At least I had learned my new Master’s name, though I feared there would never be a time when I would be able to address him as such. Whilst Frau Baxter talked her male accomplice had continued his work at my back.

“Are you finished yet, Raymond?” she asked, when he stood back and breathed a deep sigh.

“Yes. All is complete here now, dear lady.”

“So then, Celine! It seems we have a little time spare. I will go and get the mirror.”

With that she disappeared for perhaps three minutes, whilst Herr Wolfe took her place stooped at my head. His angry countenance was now a memory, the reassuring smile returned.

“You will soon become accustomed to your new helmet, Celine. In only a short time it will no longer be a hurt. Was I not right about the corset I made for you? Is it not now a thing of delight rather than encumbrance?”

I could hardly agree with the latter statement, but had to admit that already I

was becoming more used to its total control of my torso. As for the former, the helmet and collar, I could not see how I might *ever* accept its claustrophobic total enclosure of my head, let alone the muscle numbing pressure on my neck. Was it possible? Might this kindly seeming man know me better than I knew myself? Impossible!!

Frau Baxter returned and asked for help from the other two to release me from the chains securing me to the table top then I was helped to stand. True enough, I could see nought from my erected eyes save the ceiling, and my earlier suspicions were confirmed, for I could feel the drag of a the chain from the front of my masked face. Frau Baxter released its other end from the staple on the edge of the table, to which it had been locked, then I was walked slowly towards the wall mirror. She helped me to a kneeling position before it, then, whilst Herr Wolfe held another long one behind my back, Frau Baxter angled a second above my head. Although neither were held totally steady, I was soon able to see what had been done to me.

The front of my incredibly long collar reached down my chest to pass between my compressed breasts, where it was joined securely and seamlessly onto my corset! The face of the helmet was totally expressionless and bare, save for narrow chromed rims around the edges of the three slits and the links of chain. It was difficult to properly see the rear of this devilish helmet, but no matter, Frau Baxter was ready with some detail.

“I don’t know if you can make this out clearly, Celine?” Would she never tire of asking her rhetorical questions? “The helmet really needs no securing at the back, for it is moulded to close upon itself; but to make it a more permanent arrangement, the two edges have been vulcanised together from top to bottom.”

She ran a finger down this seam, and although I could feel her touch, it was a minimal perception.

“You will also have noted I think,” she continued, “that it is joined at the front to your wonderful corsetry, and although perhaps not visible to you, the same applies at the back. You may have felt the fitting of the final section of Herr Wolfe’s creation, although it is not so easy to see.” Again her finger traced a line, this time down the back of my corset. “A last strip of rubber

vulcanised between your belt, your corset, and your helmet, carries inside it some interesting electrical circuitry. Although this has not yet been activated, I am sure you will learn of its effects over the coming weeks! And now,” she finished, “it is time to get you ready for your travels. Alas, unlike your last trip, this journey will take many days and therefore your packaging needs to be rather more involved.”

What *more* could they do to me? Her description of my journey held no fear. If I was to be trussed like turkey, what would it matter? My only concern was my destination. If indeed it was days away, where then did my new Master live? Without knowing my means of travel, whether by road, sea or air, I could not hope to guess.

Chapter Sixteen

Stolen Away

I saw very little of what followed, but quickly discovered that my preparation for this journey was very security conscious and quite complex. To begin with, I was fitted with haversack belted onto my shoulders then around my waist. In actuality it was a portable form of the device buried in rubber upon Kristel's back. Hoses from its base were plugged into connectors on the rear of the wide belt and as a test, my insides were once more put through the washing, purging, and feeding procedure. A final tube from the top of this haversack was taped temporarily to the back of my rubber encased head; this being my breathing tube, and I prayed they knew what they were doing.

My next travail was to be lifted and manoeuvred inside a large, translucent rubber sack, then a chain was added to the links from my mouth. When the extremes of the sack were bunched together above my head, around the tube and the chain from the front of the mask, then sealed off with some unseen device, I heard an electric motor start then slowly but obviously, the air was suctioned from the bag! As this extraction took place, I prayed that my breathing tube was well secured outside of this soon-to-be airless envelope. In less than five minutes I had been vacuum packed inside the rubber bladder, then I was carried from the room by my Governess and Herr Wolfe. Leona led the way and it seemed that this next operation was to be under her control.

In the hall, Kristel's kennel had been removed and replaced by a large wooden crate. Inside it was an incredible arrangement. The wood had been lined with a thick rubber membrane, this inner surface being provided to seal the porous material against seepage from its contents. Hanging inside the crate was a metal shaft that was connected to an electric wall socket and it was obviously an immersion heater, designed to slowly melt the crate's contents. It must have been set up some time ago, for it had done the job admirably, turning to liquid, two thirds of a crate of wax!

I could not believe it, as my breathing tube was threaded onto a metal

junction fixed through the crate near the top of one side, then I felt the vibrations of the chain when it was connected to an inner staple at the top of the crate! A submerged chain was drawn up and clipped to a ring at the bottom of my sack and I was then lowered very carefully into the warm, liquid wax, moving ever deeper into it until the mouth chain was tight! Somehow, the bottom chain was tightened while I moved downward and thus I was kept fully submerged in the slowly cooling liquid, at its exact mid-point!

Although translucent, I could see almost nothing, already handicapped as I was by the narrow helmet vision slots and the rubber vacuumed sack. I could, however, make out shadows in the light above my still liquid immersion. I floated within it, neither surfacing nor sinking to the bottom of the crate, held in place by the chains. It was a very strange feeling, as though I had been returned to the womb from which I came! I felt somehow safe in this utterly insane condition, then faintly heard the heater bar scrape against the crate when it was removed.

Over the next ten to fifteen minutes I remained staring ever upward, watching as the wax cooled and slowly returned to its solid form. The light faded away as an orange opacity took over from translucency, and soon I was like an insect preserved forever in amber. Some unknown time later, for me, the top of the crate was fitted and also screwed firmly down, enclosing me in utter silence and blackness. I couldn't move a muscle, so hard had the wax become, and I once again began to quake and weep with the fear of what was to come. Whatever it was, I knew would not be easily bearable, despite all the horrors I had already endured.

I do not know how long I was kept thus, for each second was stretched out to an interminable eon, and so after a while, I only existed as a secret, silent, encased object. What was to become of me? Oh God! How my life had changed within such a short span of time! Not a month ago I had been a happy and carefree young woman, and now, I was naught but a totally silent and utterly helpless prisoner!

I had done nothing to deserve my fate, other than some minor sexual explorations, and for that innocent play, I was now committed to a lifelong servitude in rubber!

Chapter Seventeen

Arrival At The Masters

My re-entry to the world came slowly.

At first, only the return of a dim orange light alerted me to the fact the journey to my new abode was over, then came a different freshness to the air I was forced to breath. The outer end of the crate was removed carefully, and I felt vibration on the chain to the egg buried within my mouth, then a moment later it began to pull strongly! Being anchored so firmly and with the awful helmet connected to my corset as well as the rest of the incredible devices I had been fitted with, I **had** to follow its implacable command. This was no more than to remain as I was, hanging vertically from a hoist, still embedded within the wax and the remainder of the crate!

Someone soon broke away the outer portions of the wooden vessel, it being designed in this manner, and for the longest time I was left to dangle there in the gloom. Occasional flashes of brilliance speared through my waxen envelope when pictures were taken, but at last they began to break away and melt off the heavy, box-shaped wax I was entombed within. When at last this was completed, they next removed the rubber sack that had protected me from the wax, but I was again left to hang in silent misery while yet more pictures were taken. The flashes soon stopped, then I discerned a sound that in the future would always fill my soul with screaming horror.

It was innocuous in and of itself, but the next portion of my arrival at the Master's dwelling, the 'Conditioning Stage' was about to be enacted. Slowly, I watched the distant ceiling begin to recede above my upward staring eyes, for I was being lowered into a deep well in the floor of the room! Struggle though I did, it availed me naught, for the well was far wider than my questing, closely chained hands could reach, and all that I managed was a sickening swaying back and forth at the end of my tethering chain. No matter my mental screams for surcease, the lowering continued, until far above me I saw the circular mouth of the well in its entirety! It was then that its covering plate slammed closed and was locked leaving me to dangle in utter blackness,

suspended above God alone knew what depth! Again I descended into a maelstrom of tears and silenced pleading to be freed of my incredible situation, swinging slowly back and forth in that black well of despair.

I felt only the all encompassing bondage of my corset and helmet, surging occasionally against the tight cuffs and short chains that held me, but nothing was permitted to alleviate my suffering, with the only exception being the periodic filling of my stomach, then eons later, the forced enemas that so tormented me. The torture came not only from the filling and evacuation process, but, as before, from the stimulation caused by the shifting of the organs within my belly. The sensations, though, were **never** enough to bring me to a full-flowered orgasm, but only enough to bring me to the hovering brink, then depart! I often howled mindlessly, writhing on my chain like a fresh caught fish, desperate to achieve release! This was an integral part of the Baron's conditioning process and soon I could think of nothing but sexual release, even though I remained a rubber-encased mannequin. I **knew** that they had forgotten about me, but in fact they had not. This week's long existence was essential to my full enslavement.

At last, nearly mindless with a necessity to see others and experience the world again, I was drawn from the well by the black rubber clad siren. The transport was managed by means of an overhead carriage to which my tethering chain remained attached, then I was transported along a ceiling-mounted track to a different area of my new Master's training cells. Despite my situation I was almost in tears of joy that I had not been utterly abandoned, unmindful for the moment of the terrors that awaited me. Leona had clipped a leading chain to the end link of the chain from between my lips and with me still suspended, pulled me slowly along whilst I struggled fitfully against my cuffs and chains. She said not a word and in a few moments had me within a large, laboratory like room. I was taken to a centrally-placed operating table and discovered this device with a quaking of renewed fear when she let me down slowly, to collapse to my hands and knees on the floor while she continued to control me by my mouth leash. She spoke for the first time.

"Get up, you snivelling little girl!" My mouth chain was jerked savagely and I arose slowly to stand erect before her. "Now, get on the table and lay down,

then keep still while I prepare you.”

With more harsh tugs and some shoving on her part, I soon lay flat out upon the table, then she released each of my hands one at a time, and strapped them down to its articulated arms. My legs were soon similarly secured and she walked away without another word. Perhaps it was fifteen minutes I lay there, wondering what was to come, but then my Master, Leona, and a man dressed in surgical attire appeared before my frightened eyes, staring out through the slits of the thick rubber mask that imprisoned my head and face. After they’d passed, all I could do was to remain staring upward at the distant ceiling. Then, they began to converse with one another as though I wasn’t there, and I suppose, given what had happened to me, and from what they said, I truly wasn’t anymore! I was but an object to them. Granted, a live object, female and human, but an object nevertheless. One to be played with and mercilessly tormented! The conversation was almost impossible to hear, given my helmet and ear plugs, but the sounds of them laughing together filled me with dread!

“This is she,” my Master said. “Leona has brought her through the initial orientation period and so she is now ready to accept the further adjustments and enhancements to her costume.”

“Ach. Yes, I see!” acknowledged what I assumed was a ‘doctor’. “This female is in reasonable condition after the initiation, but I see she has suffered some loss of muscle mass and tone. However, Herr Ascherman, this does not present a problem, as far as the additions you plan are concerned.”

“She will be totally controllable?” Leona asked sharply.

“Yes, Madame. I assure you that this creature will do nothing without your explicit approval and command. The devices I plan to attach and insert will guarantee it.”

“Very well then!” my Master spoke once more. “I wish you to fit her first with the limb restraints, then you will put her under the anaesthetic, and perform the implants and attachments. A week from now I wish to place her within her new Uniform. It will not be a permanent envelopment, but very close to one, as you know.”

“Quite correct, sir,” the ‘doctor’ acknowledged. “All will be completed before the afternoon is done, and when everything is healed, she then will be sealed into her costume.”

“You will excuse us then, while we complete some necessary work,” my Master said forcefully. “When your work is done, place her in her cell to recover. I wish to keep her fully restrained for the recovery period. She must not be allowed to disturb the wounds of the implants. Leona and I will go to the cell later this evening to check on our new possession.”

That was the last I heard, other than a faint tap-tapping of Leona’s heels on the floor. The ‘doctor’ came around to where I could see him then knelt in front of my rubber-covered face and inspected me silently for a moment before speaking again.

“You are entering a world of total control, Liebchen, from which there is *no* escape! I feel a little sorry for you, but you *did* volunteer for it!”

“NO-NO-NO!!! I didn’t!! Oh God! I didn’t!” I screamed out to him in my mind, but of course nothing other than the soft susurrations of my breathing could be heard.

“I’m afraid you will not find your life to be a very pleasant one from this point forward, my dear! All of your volition will be removed and you will be controlled solely by the whims and desires of your Master and Mistress. As you already are experiencing, these first layers of the full costume you will soon wear are very stringent in their control of your body, but I must tell you that there is far, far more to come for you, and none of it easily borne.

“You have begun a life as an animal. You will be both a pet and a plaything for the particularly cruel Master and Mistress you have chosen to belong to. You have no rights as you have discovered, and so will bear what is done to you without complaint. Very soon you will discover that even the smallest physical signs of resentment and rebellion will be rapidly and cruelly punished.

“Now, it will soon be time for me to begin the process of placing you in your new Uniform. The only solace I can give you young woman, is that you are

the first of what is soon to be many. Of course you will not be permitted to communicate with them, but you may, very occasionally, get to see them.

“Very well! It is time to begin,” he stated ominously, then seemed to remember the last fact that was to nearly send me into hysteria. “One more thing ... you no longer will bear the name ‘Celine’. You now have only a number: X-303 and you will answer to it speedily from now on.

“When I release each of your limbs for their additions, you will **not** resist me, X-303! Should you do so, I will have you taken back to the Conditioning Well, and there you will stay until you are compliant, for however long it takes. I trust you will be obedient?”

He stood after I’d nodded fractionally, leaving me to stare straight up, then a moment later my right wrist was freed of its cuff. He spent several minutes coating my fingers, hand, and arm with some sort of thick glue/gel. When this had been done to his satisfaction he slid my limb into a tight, thick, shoulder length rubber glove. I was tempted to fling my hand away from him or to try and hit him, but with my mouth chain fastened to the table in front of my face, and not knowing precisely where he was, I quickly gave up the idea.

The glove slipped on easily, even though extremely tight, and seconds later had been pulled up to my shoulder. There followed a moment or two while he somehow melded its wide, arm compressing top portion to the base of my collar and I felt my hands and fingers seem to grow stiffer and stiffer! He spent yet more minutes coating this encasement, then bent my arm against itself until my now almost rigid fingers curved over the ball joint of the shoulder. I felt a wide strap surround my doubled arm at the wrist and above the biceps muscle, then it was cinched strongly, pulling my lower arm tightly into contact with my upper one! Again he spent minutes completely covering my shortened limb with the gel substance, then I felt some sort of bag being slowly drawn upwards. It too was made of rubber, but was far thicker. It covered my entire arm, but what I didn’t know was that the thing was steel reinforced and had an extension at its bottom, just where my elbow was located. The joint sank into a firm inner saddle, and so, effectively, my uni-length arm was now slightly longer than the length of my thigh. At the tip of the extension was a small padded paw and around the lowest narrowest part of the there was a substantial metal cuff fastened, complete with a ring.

The bag seemed to shrink tighter while I lay silently mewling from the discomfort of this newest restriction to my freedom, but he was relentless and another wide metal cuff was clamped firmly around my biceps and wrist! He took a chain from the side of the table, clipped it to the lower metal cuff's outer ring, then pulled my foreshortened arm uncomfortable off to the side of the operating table so that I was splayed like a pinned butterfly.

Thirty minutes later both of my arms looked the same; now strangely shortened and bearing firmly clamped restraints. He came and knelt again in my restricted line of sight.

“And so, X-303, your upper limbs have been changed to the type required by the Baron for your future role. I'll return to complete your lower limb adjustments and modifications in a little while, but in the meantime, you'll be quite safe as you are. Thanks to your restraining chains, you'll not fall off the table, no matter how violently you struggle.”

He left then and I could do naught but whimper in my mind at what was happening to me. Although I pulled against the chains that kept my arms now wide spread, nothing I did eased my predicament. Neither could I escape the mouth leash! My muscles began to cramp painfully and soon I wept with the enforced motionless, then began to scream when nothing eased the rapidly growing pain. My hands and fingers had been made into completely useless appendages, and I could not release myself from any portion of the horrid garments imprisoning and controlling me so thoroughly. At least, at that point, that is what I thought, for I had no idea, then, just how thorough was to be the control enforced upon my life, mind, and being.

At last he returned and wordlessly began to change the manner in which I even today still must use my lower limbs. First, the cuff around my left ankle was removed then he repeated the process of coating my limb with the glue/gel. A thigh high, tight, thick rubber stocking soon covered my entire leg and was joined to the lower edge of my corset. My toes had sunk into a deep pool of the gel at the tips of the reinforced stockings and quickly became immobile. The stocking was in fact part boot, for my feet were forced into a steep, en pointe posture, and I was unable to bend them back to a more normal conformation! He bent my leg until my heel touched my buttock, then cinched a wide strap over the top of my thigh and ankle joint, holding it in

place. Again the limb was coated and another tight, thick, formed bag was drawn up and snugged firmly into position, holding my leg folded against itself. Although I didn't know it at that time, this bag had a heavy steel ring embedded on both the inner side of the knee joint and the outer one. Another wide metal cuff was clamped around the top of my thigh and ankle, ensuring that I'd never be able to free myself of the leg bag. Rings also adorned it. My other leg was quickly enveloped in the same manner and he stood back after fastening chains to the knee joint rings and pulling them out tight to the rings on the table.

He came again into my arc of vision and knelt to stare into my hidden eyes.

“Now, X-303, it is time for me to add the implants and additions that will complete this portion of your preparation. In a moment I shall render you unconscious by means of adding an anaesthetic to your air supply and so I will say good night for the moment!”

Slowly my vision began to shrink, then everything winked out when I passed once more into the arms of a more and more malevolent Morpheus. My last frantic thoughts concerned what was to be done to me next? What **more** could they do? It took a few weeks to find out.

I know not how he did his work, but over the next hours he spent much time carefully inserting transducers and sensors into my limbs, breasts, tongue, vagina, and clitoris; effectively wiring me completely for prompt obedience, and punishment if I failed to please.

When I finally came awake in what has turned out to be my home from that point on, I lay upon a thick, rubber mattress, glued to the floor. I could not right myself at that point, although I have since learned how, but just lay fastened; chained down in a vulnerable spread eagle. My limbs were held out and away from my body by their slightly loose tethers, but I could only move a little, unable to rise. I lay on my back and so when I finally returned to full awareness once more, I saw the chain leading from the front of my face, looping out in my inverted view, locked to a ring deeply imbedded in the steel wall of my kennel. Yes, it has turned out to be nothing more than that ... a kennel for an animal ... me.

At that moment I thought I was going to be made into another Kristel, then thrashed madly against my restraining chains, but of course to no avail. My fate, unlike hers, was to be one much worse: being *far* more controlled and restricted. I heard my Master and Leona's voice a few moments later.

"Ah, Leona! Here is our first new pet and plaything. Joachim has done a wonderful job of preparing her, has he not?"

"Yes," she replied happily, "the little bitch will soon cavort and suffer for our pleasure."

The evil that dripped from her voice was as pure as a cut and polished diamond, and upon hearing her words I shivered with dread foreboding.

"Well, my dear, that will be a little while yet, for she has to be fitted yet with her inner and outer Uniforms, then we shall commence her training. I'm sure you'll enjoy that a great deal."

"Ah, yes! I'll look forward to watching her being fitted into her Uniform. It's too bad that we'll not see her body, but that is the price we pay for having a pet such as her. Have no doubt that I shall soon make her dance as she has never done before! The implants will ensure it, and I'll enjoy punishing her mistakes immensely!

"I was afraid of them, after you had them fitted to me, but I know *hers* will be far more effective in controlling and disciplining than even I thought was possible. She will soon discover how helpless and utterly controlled she is, and I doubt she will like what has been done to her."

"I'm sure you will enjoy her, Leona! But we have years and years of pleasure ahead for us with this pet, to say nothing of the times we shall have when there's a whole troupe to train and make perform to our command. Their obedience will be flawless, I'm sure," he said with an evil smile in his voice, "and their training and discipline will keep us busy! Now however, it is time to leave. You will check on her each day for the next week, until she's ready to be fully Uniformed."

With that, their voices faded away and I was alone once more. That night was

one of the harder ones, while my limbs slowly accustomed themselves to their new orientations and restrictions. I spent long hours weeping from the discomfort and pain of their fastenings, but nothing I did eased the misery and I remained fastened helplessly on my back. At last sheer exhaustion claimed me and I knew no more.

Chapter Eighteen

Preparations Before Uniformed

Gradually, over the next two weeks, I was allowed more and more freedom of movement. Leona came to my kennel each day in what I assume was the afternoon, and after releasing me, harshly coached me to rise from my bed and move around my new home, using my now-shortened limbs. The kennel was spacious enough for my Spartan needs, being, I suppose, some two metres wide, two high, and perhaps three metres in length. The walls floor and ceiling, I quickly discovered, were made of steel, thickly coated with a black, shiny rubber, with the exception of the end wall opposite the door. This appeared to be a large mirror behind a thick plastic sheet, and it too was backed by steel. Around the periphery, a series of very formidable rings had been set into the walls, projecting through grommets holes in the padding. In the centre of the kennel's ceiling, a shiny steel umbilical hung down, connected to me somewhere on the back of my corset's over-belt. There was too much slack in this umbilical to allow me to pull against it, but I feared to try anyway, for all of my food, wastes, and most importantly, my air was provided by it!

I remained always leashed by the chain from the front of my face, but its length was such that it allowed me to roam the six square metre domain of my home with little hindrance. My mattress was the only furnishing within the barren little cell, other than the numerous rings fastened to the walls, floor and ceiling.

Gradually, I came to accept that this was to be my life from this point forward, but it was a hard thing for me to live with. What was to be far harder, was the subordinate role I would perform under the continual duress and control of Leona, always being harshly punished for the slightest infraction of her exacting standards. By the end of the first week, she'd made me learn to walk and move as quickly as I could, enforcing her demands, for the moment only, by means of vicious jerks and tugs on my mouth leash, emphasized with harshly yelled commands. Each day, I awakened in terror of what was to come. She entered the kennel and checked me over thoroughly,

then freed me of my night time, immobilizing chains.

“Up!” she barked each day, and I carefully rolled onto my stomach, then crabbed my body to the edge of the wide mattress, and rolled over to stand on all fours on my shortened limbs. Their design became immediately apparent the first time I completed the manoeuvre, for I found myself standing on them with a back that was slightly inclined, my head being uppermost. The terrible collar and helmet arrangement kept my chin up and level, and so I could easily see straight ahead, but in only a very limited arc, thanks to the narrow, vertical, vision slits. Once erect on my four legs, she then began to exercise me by making me walk around her, inside the kennel. I couldn’t fight her, for the pull of the gag and chain was far too uncomfortable to resist for any length of time, but occasionally I balked at being towed around like a recalcitrant dog. Her punishment was swift and cruel, for she used a short signal whip on my buttocks that immediately had me screaming hysterically, but silently, within my rubber isolation! I cavorted madly at the end of my stern leash, desperate to avoid further strokes, but she had full control and laid on a minimum of five for each attempted rebellion I made. I soon stopped fighting her, of course.

On the second last day of my fortnight of isolation in the kennel, I awoke to find that she had brought what looked like a treadmill into the enclosure.

“This machine is your exerciser, X-303. You will be fastened to it every day from now on. Once in place you will walk and run as the machine demands in order to bring back your muscle loss and tone and to develop the muscle groups you will need for your new role in life. Suitable breaks will be permitted when they are required and we are notified by the computer that they are necessary.

“Do not even *think* to avoid your exercise! The computer will keep a full account of your failures to perform as required, and I shall discipline you with the whip ... for the time being ... to ensure your obedience! At first the exercise will be light and easy, but the program has been designed to become progressively more strenuous as time passes!

“Now, climb upon the belt and remain still while I fasten you!”

I complied reluctantly, but was soon anchored in place on the machine. My mouth chain led forward to be locked to a ring bolt high in the centre of the mirrored wall, then, through the narrow vision slits, I caught a strained glimpse of her in the mirror when she moved to my forward limbs and joined them with a steel bar, this perhaps some twenty cm in length. She then went to my rear ‘feet’ and joined them with a similar bar, but that was **not** the end! My left front limb was then joined to my left rear limb with a longer chain, and the same fastening was also made on my right side. I shivered and twitched while she completed her work.

“Remain still!” she barked. “I’m not done yet!”

A long chain was apparently fastened to the central, pivot point of my knee separator bar, then led back to the rear wall, then she secured side chains to my waist cinch so that I would be unable to move sideways off the inclined belt so that there was no possible way for me to escape. She came before me and stared into my eye slits.

“Very well little bitch! **Now** you are ready to begin, and so you shall in a few moments! A buzzer will sound in your ear plugs and the belt will then begin to move. You **will** walk or run as the need becomes apparent to you! Just for your information, you are always under surveillance, and so not only will the computer tell me of any lapse, but I shall also be able to watch you. I shall leave your hearing turned on, for the moment, so that you may hear as well as feel the sounds of your captivity.

“Happy exercising until I see you tonight!”

She moved out of my sight and I heard the tightly barred door of my kennel slam closed behind me. I stared ahead into the mirror and saw with misery and despair how I now appeared, unable to avoid the sight of myself!

“*Oh God!*” I wailed in burgeoning tears under my facial covering, “*How had I allowed this to happen to me?*”

The bright silvery chain looped from the ring to the front of my face, swaying gently back and forth, an inescapable tether, and I shifted from side to side what little I could. For long moments nothing happened while I waited to

begin, permitted only to stare at myself and be further punished by my covered and severely modified appearance, as was intended. I don't know how long it was before the exercise began, but I also again began to think of the sexual adventures that had been, now, so thoroughly denied to me, and would appear to be forever beyond my reach. Within myself, I tensed my muscles around the girth of the invader of my sex, but nothing I attempted brought me even close to a state of anticipation, never mind arousal! If I was to become another Kristel, **how** would I stay sane?

Although I was not yet aware of it, this state of denial was soon to change, and my very sexuality, femininity, and desire would be used against me both as a form of control ... and punishment.

The buzzer sounded, an annoying blast of sound that penetrated deeply into my brain, through the ear plugs I had been fitted with, then the belt began to move slowly backward. I felt my lungs expand against the wall of my corset when I gasped for a breath, then instinctively began to move my new 'legs'. I stumbled immediately! I had not seen how my restricting chains were arranged and so their effect on my locomotion was devastating. How I managed to keep from falling was a miracle, but I somehow remained upright and kept walking. The motion was distinctly unusual from when I had been forced to walk at the end of my leash, while Leona pulled me around the kennel and soon I was panting and gasping for each frantic breath.

For a few moments I walked along with difficulty until I got the motion syncopated, then it gradually became easier. I could feel myself sweating within my rubber carapace, but there was **nothing** I could do to relieve the irritation. Staring straight out in front of me was all I could do, watching and feeling the awful tethering chain to the front of my face and helmet swing jerkily back and forth. I slowed my pace slightly, and the chain sprang tight immediately, pulling harshly on my whole mouth and face! A part-sob, part-scream tried to erupt from my body, but only the clashing of my chain restraints sounded in the otherwise silent, rubber-padded, steel enclosure. For the next unknowable hours, I paced along the moving belt, unable to escape, but occasionally permitted a respite when I began to feel as though I would expire. Within my body, the monsters that I'd been forced to accept moved back and forth and around and around in disconcerting motions, building me

towards an unattainable sexual climax.

At one point, I was forced to run for a long time, coming near to fainting before the machine slowed to a walking pace once more. Under the helmet, my face was bathed in sweat mixed with hysterical tears while I tried to chew as much as I could on the horrid filling of my mouth. No matter what I attempted, I was held completely in thrall.

Finally the day ended when Leona returned to the kennel. I had been fed automatically watered and enema'd twice during the day and so no direct, human maintenance of my personal needs was ever required. The machine came to a halt and I stood trembling with exhaustion.

“It is time for you to be disciplined, X-303, but since this is your first day, I will be lenient and ignore most of your faults, but you failed miserably a number of times in critical areas and so you will now pay for those errors.”

I jumped against my restraints when she said this, horrified that she would punish me while I was thus held so vulnerably, but it did no good at all! In the mirror I saw her position herself behind, then she drew the short signal whip from its place on her belt. Her arm drew back and within the helmet I clenched my eyes closed and tried to steel myself for what was to come. A sudden line of lava flashed across the outermost curve of my buttocks and my throat convulsed around the rubber plug set into it, trying to scream from the terrible pain of the stroke. A second followed immediately, just below the first and again I howled in my mind, surging madly against my facial tether and the other chains that bound me, desperately struggling to avoid her blows. The third stroke was delivered above the first two after a terrifying wait of some thirty seconds and my eyes snapped open to see her preparing to deliver the fourth stroke!

“**NO!! NO!! NO!!**” I tried to scream while the whip flashed down.

Again, I flailed madly, jerking hysterically against my bonds. I was in a state of total horror and misery that this was the way I was to be treated from now on! Until the arrival of Frau Baxter I had never been punished physically, for my father's looks and silence had always sufficed to keep me properly behaved. **This** though was a complete horror!

Again she waited an interminable time before giving me the final stroke. By this point I wept wildly, trying to twist my head against the resistance of the collar and helmet and their anchoring points to my corset, and beg her to cease the terrible vengeance she was exacting. I flung myself against the chains, but the stoke flashed out with the inevitability of a glacier's advance, much harder than all of the previous ones! My mind went blank when a white wall of fire seemed to incinerate my hind quarters, and I believe I fainted for a second or two, so intense was the sensation.

“Very well, X-303!” she cooed, reseating her whip on her belt, “That is your first punishment, mild though it was.”

Mild!!! Oh my **God!!** What worse could there be?

She then quickly removed my walking restraints, freed my mouth leash of its wall ring, then led me off the belt and over to the mattress.

“And how did you like your first day of exercise?” she asked rhetorically, knowing of course that I could not answer even had I wanted to. Of course she knew also that it was undoubtedly the last thing in the world I would have wished for myself. “Well, little pet, you had best get used to it! The day after tomorrow, you will be fitted with the rest of your Uniform and then you will then **truly** see how interesting your life has become!

“However, do not despair completely, for there are other things that will be done to you that you may find somewhat pleasurable ... for a short time.”

With that, she urged me to the centre of the rubber pad, then kicked me in the side so that I fell heavily. In seconds, she had me widely spread once more with the chains to each of my four limbs, although she left a little slackness in each. Certainly, it wasn't a kindness on her part, for I could struggle against the steel links, but not escape them and so I was always conscious of my state of bondage.

“Be ready for a harder workout tomorrow!” she snarled, turning and leaving the kennel. The door crashed closed and locked then an outer door was swung closed and it too was locked, leaving me in total blackness, fastened securely on my matt. Suddenly, my hearing disappeared! I was alone once

more, corsetted, helmeted, gagged, and leashed ... and I knew not where in the world I was! I had, quite literally, disappeared and become only a secretly held plaything for a cruel Master and Mistress who cared nothing for my mental health. And so I lay in the deep blackness and silence, even then being conditioned by my state of utter vulnerability and helplessness, to accept my fate. Eventually after struggling fitfully for a long time I drifted off to sleep, unaware that a drug had been introduced into my air supply to make this happen.

The next day came far too soon and I resumed the same schedule of activity, but my labours became harder and harder as the day progressed. When Leona fastened me to the machine in the morning she said not a word and this time my hearing remained turned off. I tried desperately to act as the terrible treadmill required of me, straining against the restrictive chains, but many times I knew I'd lost the beat of the movement and feared the discipline that was sure to come at the end of the day. I was in a state of total exhaustion when she at last returned to my kennel, and stood passively until the whip began to strike. I cavorted wildly in silenced protest against her discipline, but she was totally relentless and without a gram of pity for me as her chained pet. This time I received ten strokes across my already sensitive and still-burning hindquarters and fainted after her forth stroke, but was held in place for the balance of her ministrations. When I returned to awareness it was to find that she had turned on my hearing, but only for a few moments.

"Hello, little pet," she said gloatingly. "Tomorrow you will be fitted with your full Uniform, and the process will take most of the morning to complete. After that, you will be brought back here to recover and allowed the balance of the day to become accustomed to wearing it, and so there will be no exercise.

"You will find your new coverings to be anything but pleasant I am sure, but **you** have no say in the matter! A pet and plaything you **will** become, regardless of your feelings about the matter, as you have come to realize since your arrival here. Now, it is time for you to sleep."

She freed me of the treadmill restraints, led me to the matt and pushed me over onto my side, then chained me down in the vulnerable spread eagle. All sound disappeared, then the doors to my little chamber were closed and I was

again left in blackness. I was utterly drained and in some considerable pain from her whipping, so soon drifted off to a deep sleep, but one filled with terrible nightmares.

Chapter Nineteen

The Uniform

Awareness came fuzzily.

My eyes snapped open within the confining helmet, but were met with only blackness and silence for I could not even here the rattling of my chains when I jerked my limbs against their restriction. I lay for the longest time, fully awake, and began to think of what it was they were going to do to me today. The Uniform! Oh God! **What** were they going to turn me into?!

At last the doors were opened, my hearing was returned and Leona entered my cell. She freed me quickly of the mattress chains, then my mouth leash was unlocked from its ring and I was roughly dragged from the kennel to stand on all fours just outside its door. Staring straight ahead, forced to do so by my collar and helmet, all I could see were two pairs of legs. One I knew to be Leona's, for they were clad in high-heeled leather boots, and the other pair was that of my Master I assumed, for they wore sharply creased trousers and obviously male footwear. My leash looped up before my face, held negligently by my tormentress. It was the first time since I had arrived that I had seen the two of them together.

"She has recovered enough for us to proceed, I assume, Leona?" his voice asked above me.

"Yes, she is ready. Not perfect, but enough so that once Uniformed, her conditioning can continue with increased severity and control."

"Excellent! I see that you have been disciplining her too?"

"Yes. She truly didn't require it, but I wanted to begin getting her used to the feel of my whip. It seems to have had some effect already. She leaps to my commands now rather than fighting me as she did at first."

"Very well then. Bring her along to the fitting area and we can get her fully outfitted."

No more was said at that point and my leash suddenly snapped tight. I wailed silently in my mind when my head was forcibly jerked and tried to hang back a moment, but two slashing strikes of her prepared whip, delivered one vertically over each buttock, forced me into rapid locomotion! Her whip was a terrible thing and she used it freely whenever I strayed from her desires. From that point on, she kept the leash tight, allowing me no chance to stray, while they walked me to the fitting area.

The room in which my kennel and eleven others was located was quite a large chamber, completely made of concrete and harshly lit. For the moment I was the sole occupant, but apparently, that was soon to change. I was drawn along beside and slightly behind Leona's strutting legs, then through the thick-walled doorway and out into a long, dimly-lit passage. My severely-limited vision allowed little to be observed close by, but the expanding arc forward of me, revealed that each side of the corridor had several heavy steel, vault-like doors set into them, hiding God alone knew what behind their impenetrable barriers. Along the central part of the ceiling ran a doubled row of tracks with an occasional carriage mounted in them; these with long, dangling chains hanging. Too, there were heavy rings set into the wall ever metre or so, and I knew then that I had surely descended into a manmade Hell.

At the end of the passage, I followed as they turned left and walked along another endless tunnel. The door at its far end was closed, but I heard the faint jingle of keys being extracted then placed in a lock. The door swung silently open and once more I was confronted by the sight of the ominous operating table and all of its accessories. Behind it stood the 'doctor', waiting for me, and beside him on the table was a large pair of boxes, these apparently containing my Uniform. Again I balked against my leash, trying to set my limbs against its insistent drag and not caring if Leona disciplined me with her whip. However its agonizing slashes soon goaded me into following her over to the table, still silently screaming from the pain of her latest strokes.

"I see she's still got a streak of rebellion in her," my Master stated, seemingly unhappy.

"Yes, she does and that is to be expected when she returns here," Leona said

quietly, “However, I shall soon have it out of her, once she’s been Uniformed and fully connected!”

“I certainly hope so, Leona!” he snapped at her. “You might well take her place if things don’t improve soon.”

I could imagine her suddenly paling before this threat, for my leash tightened abruptly with a forceful jerk.

“Be still while we put you up on the table!” she commanded.

The ‘doctor’ came around then the two of them lifted me onto its surface. I stared with shivering fear, out of the narrow slits, trying to see what was to be done. They, however, quickly fastened my muzzle leash to a chain dangling from above and tightened it until I could barely move. Immediately, they clipped a network of other chains to my limbs, then stood back for a moment to let me become accustomed to these newest restrictions. Leona and my Master came to stand where I could see them, then stared intently at my blank, rubber-encased face. He spoke directly to me for the first time since I had arrived.

“You are about to be fitted with a Uniform that will denote you as my pet and plaything. You will not like it in any way, but that is of no interest to me. You shall be trained and punished by it as Leona or I may see fit, until you obey every command properly and quickly ... or ... for no reason at all, should we feel the need for some diversion. The training process you will not like at all, either, but again, that is no concern of mine.

“Eventually, you may be taken into the outer world for demonstrations of my training techniques and to be shown off to those who are as like-minded as I, but that may not happen for some time.

“You, now, formerly Celine, are only an animal to be kept constantly-controlled, and that is the essential purpose of the Uniform you will be kept in. Perhaps, if I desire it, you will be permitted to achieve orgasm, but that too will be solely at my whim ... and command!

“Enough!” he snapped, turning away and speaking to the ‘doctor’, “Begin!”

I shivered from the impact of his words, tugging against the network of restraints, gasping against the constriction of my corset. Nothing I could do would prevent it from happening! My left then right front leg was raised one at a time against their tight chains and a shapeless, thick, black rubber thing was pushed under them. The same was done with my rear legs, then for a few moments, only minor movements came to me while they adjusted the thick mass.

“This, X-303,” said the ‘doctor’, is your inner Isolation and Correction Garment. Hold still while it is fitted and adjusted.”

I was being unwillingly propelled deeper and deeper into my rubber enslavement! The next long while was spent pulling the garment up over my already encased limbs, then stretching it around my severely corsetted torso. The compression or the rubber envelope was incredible!

I felt some uncomfortable manipulations in the area of my crotch, then some type of very strong closure was drawn up over my still flaming buttocks, framing each within its own pressing sphere of rubber. What was indescribably painful for me when it was fastened, was to find that the entire inner sides of these two spheres were lined with circular row upon row of little spikes that pressed deeply into my whip-tenderized flesh! I wasn’t aware of it at that time, but each spike was also a separately controllable electrical contact. While the closure over my hind quarters proceeded, I squirmed with misery, feeling them dig deeper and deeper into me with each and every centimetre of progress. They stopped then I felt a heavy saddle like thing settle onto my back. It covered my body from my hips up to between my shoulder blades and seemed to weight somewhere between twenty or thirty kilos!

Over the next minutes they carefully adjusted the saddle thing, occasionally lifting it away for a second or two and at one point my air was suddenly restricted for a moment. I was soon able to breathe normally (as normally as I could, while wearing my incredible corset) again, although with a feeling of somewhat more restriction in the flow to my lungs. At last, the weight remained permanent, then I felt wide straps being formed into a secure harness for the thing on my back, these suddenly tightening viciously around my body and forcing my already confined breasts ever more deeply into their

compressing cups. I'd not be able to shrug out of the device in any way, for the network of straps was immediately locked tightly.

From that point, the garment was closed over my now slightly humped back, covering whatever it was that had been fastened to me. Its thick rubber acted to press it even more firmly against my body, ensuring it was non-removable, then the closure was drawn up to my neck, also surrounding it with yet another high, restricting collar! I could not stop the shudder of terror that convulsed my body, but the leash to my muzzle kept me standing, waiting. He came and stared at my blank, rubber-encased face.

"There! We've got you fitted with your Isolation and Correction Suit," he stated the obvious. "From now on, it will almost never be removed, unless your environment pack needs maintenance. If that is required, you'll be put to sleep before it happens and only be awakened when you are once more fully enclosed in your entire Uniform. Effectively, you will never be aware of being freed of the suit, again!"

"Now, we're going to take a break and let everything settle into position, then in about an hour or so I shall fit you with your outer Uniform."

He stood and walked away. My hearing suddenly disappeared and I was left to stand chained in the centre of the table on my shortened legs. My limbs were now even more compressed by the addition of the thick covering, and already I could feel my sweat building beneath all of the rubber that encased me. In desperation to somehow ease my plight I surged against the obdurate chains, feeling innumerable, subtle little tightenings all over my body. The weight of the thing fastened to my back was constant but bearable, even though the harness holding it in place was uncomfortable. However the thing was rigid and so I was now able to flex my back only minimally within its grasp. I thought I'd felt some mild tingles when they'd been lifting it off and on, but wasn't sure if I had really experienced anything at all, so filled with fear and terror had I been while the 'doctor' worked.

At last he returned, then came to stand before me once more. My hearing was turned on once more.

"And so we now come to fitting you with your pet Uniform and this will

proceed quite slowly. Be advised that the covering you are about to be sealed within is very strict! It has built-in restraints and the provision to immediately and easily add more at your Master's desire. Free movement, even as you have had up until now, will become a thing of the past when your Uniforming has been completed."

With that, he disappeared once more from my severely restricted field of vision and a moment later my legs were again raised while yet another of the incredible layers of rubber was prepared to be fitted to my body. **This** suit was to become a horror, even more so than what I already had been encased in, for it was thick and made of a very flexible metal mesh of stainless steel wire sandwiched between two heavy layers of very strong neoprene rubber! Of course I wasn't directly aware of this construction, but I would soon come to know it well.

The fitting proceeded very slowly, thanks to the unforgiving nature of the Uniform, but far too soon all of my limbs had been enveloped within their tubes. It was easier for him to pull the body portion around my torso, then for a moment he stopped. I could not see, but he brought over a machine and connected it to the lower joining point of the suit, and a moment later began moving it slowly up over my back. It somehow knitted the two edges of the stainless steel mesh of the suit together and as it progressed up my back, formed a virtually seamless joint of the over-laying rubber outer surface! While the steel mesh was being knitted together it was, at the same time, tightened and forced to compress my body even more than was already being done!

I could not stop the screaming, gasping wail of terror and protest this made me attempt, but he paid my shivers and shudders no mind and continued his work. At my neck, yet another tight collar encased me. He paused then and spoke to my Master.

"Is this the proper face piece for her?" He asked quietly. "Once the machine joins it to the edges of her Uniform, it will be quite difficult to change, for it is virtually sealed onto her as an integral part."

"Yes!" I heard him state emphatically. "I want her to appear that way from now on. Proceed!"

The ‘doctor’ re-appeared, then reached down and picked up a thick mask, holding it in his hands. I wanted to die with embarrassment, for the thing that would soon be locked over my helmet and face was that of a deformed, snake-like reptile! The snout was long and toothless, having small pig-like eyes on the sides of the skull and no ear apertures whatsoever. For the moment, I wasn’t aware of how much of a burden this mask and helmet would soon become, because of its steel construction and rubber covering both inside and out. He moved it slowly up towards my head and face and I desperately tried to recoil from the approaching horror.

“There, there girl,” he cajoled, “Steady on. The mask will not hurt you too much, at first, so just relax and allow me to fit it to you.”

In my mind, I screamed and screamed with fear, then the import of his words about hurting me sank in, driving me to even further frantic efforts to escape it. He released my muzzle chain from its ring on the table, then placed it within the mask, attaching it to a device within. I watched fearfully as his grim face disappeared from view when he pressed the mask onto my own already helmeted, rubber-encased and obscured one. I seemed to see a look of pity flash across his countenance before he disappeared from my view, then he swung the back portion of the mask/helmet’s skull down over my rubber helmeted head and began to snap the joiners together with solid little clicks of their locks.

The compression of my head and face was enormous! I could not move a muscle of my face despite it being now thoroughly sweat-lubricated within my rubber helmet! I tried to see what was happening around me but now my field of vision had become even more restricted than before. I was able only to see out through the small tunnels to my eyes from those in the exterior of the mask, but this vision was distorted by the lense systems within them! Certainly, I could still see for the moment, but no more did I have the stereo vision that even my helmet had permitted! Each eye saw a different world and my brain refused to process these two seemingly unrelated images. I had to close each eye in turn to try and see what was happening in the blurry vision I was permitted.

It was then he again took up his machine and began knitting the rest of the suit to the helmet, sealing me inside the incredible Uniform. I could not stop

the continual weeping that shuddered my body.

“Do you think we should show her how she now appears?” the ‘doctor’ asked deferentially.

“Certainly!” declared Leona with a cruel laugh. “Get the mirrors and she can see her new body and face.”

A moment later a mirror was held to each of my eyes and I stared out from inside my Uniform at the creature I’d been transformed into. I was shocked! I’d become a large, tailless, lizard-like thing, completely covered by a thick, gleaming, black skin! At the tip of the snout over my face was a pair of nostrils and from within them dangled a large, shiny steel ring, complete with a long leash chain hanging. Between each of my pairs of limbs, yet more gleaming steel chains swung gently back and forth, while around my neck was clasped a wide steel collar.

“Very well! She’s seen enough of herself for the moment! Activate the inner securing devices of the mask.”

The ‘doctor’ reached to the underside of my snout and pressed a button. Its effect was immediate and horrible! The muzzle leash he’d attached within the helmet suddenly tightened, pulling the whole helmet more firmly against my rubber encased head, then came the other most **awful** thing! Two long very sharply-pointed arms slid deeply up into my nostrils, then their bent ends snapped together very forcefully, driving through the septum and gristle of the cartilage of my septum! I reared against my restraints from the incredible pain, screaming madly under my helmets and masks, but of course not a sound escaped them. I felt the solid, mechanical click of their joining together within my nose with utter horror, but **that** was not the end, for I next felt a mechanical joining: the external snout ring had become securely connected to the device now resident in my nose! Slowly, its tension on my nasal flesh within the helmet grew greater and greater! The pain of this tension was a burning I could not escape, avoid in any way, or ignore! Deep within my mind I howled with horror in agonized wails.

“There! The device has been activated and set permanently,” I heard him say. “Please feel free to use the nose and its muzzle leash from her snout as well

as the one for her gag immediately. They are now securely connected to the devices fitted into her face.”

“Oh GOD!! NNNNNOOOOOO!!” I screamed in my mind.

Vaguely, I saw my Master’s manicured hand descend below my vision, then it was raised with the glittering steel chains held negligently in his fingers. Suddenly, he jerked them both savagely! My mouth felt as though everything within it was being pulled out ... a horrid sensation and at the same time my nose flared with another blast of flaring pain! I tried to turn my head against the multiple collars and rubber encasements, to follow the direction of his pull, but I could not do it! All I could manage was to shudder and scream silently within my Uniform, attempting, however uselessly to obey his demand, but at last he relented, having shown me his total control. He dropped my leashes and I relaxed from the cessation of their tension on my face.

“Return the animal to her kennel!” he commanded Leona. “I have some business to attend to upstairs. She will be left there, fastened by her leashes to the wall, then chained tonight as she normally is. Tomorrow she shall begin her training in earnest, using the full capabilities of her Uniform.”

“Very well,” Leona acknowledged.

Apparently my Master left at that point. Leona and the ‘doctor’ lifted me from the table and deposited me on the tiled floor then she reached down and picked up my leashes and with a sharp tug on them, drew me towards the door of the fitting room, out into the long passage and back towards the kennels. It was then I began to discover some of the more awful details of my Uniform. I could see only a very little of what I passed and every movement required effort against the restriction of the double layers of thick rubber and the metal mesh. Each movement of my legs was snubbed sharply by the hobbling chains I wore as permanent restraints. In a minute I was bathed in sweat and gasping against my corset for life-giving air and tried to slow my pace, but the constant tugging on my poor nose and mouth forced me to keep up with Leona. At last we reached my kennel and although I never thought I’d be happy to be there, I was at that moment.

She opened the multiple doors and entered ahead, then drew me within the compartment, quickly snapping the heavy lock closed through the end rings of both of my facial leashes, but then she added another cruel twist to her evil desires by pulling me close to the end wall ring! She passed yet another lock through them to the one on the wall! Now, I could not back away from it, nor could I lay upon the floor! I must needs just stand there and suffer!

“That should hold you,” she said with a nasty smile in her voice. “Now, I’m going to allow the computer to punish you for the rest of the day, to show you some of the talents it has.”

I faintly felt her connect my umbilical between my rear legs, then nothing. The inner door crashed closed, leaving me to stare at the walls on either side, but at least I still had vision! My hearing abruptly disappeared, to be replaced with the sounds of desperate screams and pleading being forced into my ears by the ear plugs! I instinctively tried to shake my head to escape the tortured cacophony but of course I could not! It was then that my vision began to dim to utter blackness, and slowly my air supply became more and more difficult to attain!

Deep within my belly I felt a sudden warmth as food was pumped into me, then, to my horror a rapidly cycling enema was administered for the following endless minutes. Naturally I attempted to escape from the overwhelming sensations, but succeeded only in punishing myself from the frantic jerking on my two facial leashes! I was in an agony of sensation overload, most of it painful beyond describing, and fearing for my very life!

This, though, was but the very beginnings of my existence as an animal and pet of my Master!

No matter how I struggled, not how hard and devoutly I prayed for release or even death to escape my incredible situation, nothing changed ... only how I was tortured by my Uniform. The physical pain I suffered was bad enough, but the mental agony of knowing that I would never be permitted to escape this as my new role in life, and that I would be constantly punished and completely-controlled in all things was perhaps the worst burden to bear.

I had never in my life, until now, felt so totally enclosed and isolated from the

outer world! Even Frau Baxter's ministrations, at their **very** worst, paled in comparison to **this!** Little did I know at that point that there were yet more incredible disciplines and tests awaiting me.

And so I spent the remainder of that day, shuddering and screaming alternatively, chained by my nose and gag to the wall of my kennel and suffering the tortures of the utterly damned.

Chapter Twenty

Training And Socializing

For the longest time I was kept in my kennel and exercised on the treadmill every day. Leona came to fasten me in the morning and released me at night to chain me down. I craved her appearances desperately, even though they were always rampant with discomfort and pain, for she was the only human contact I was permitted during that time of misery, and even though she spoke only in stern command, I needed her presence in the worst way. I was fed and watered automatically, bathed within the suit, had my bodily waste extracted by the machine, and was permitted little audio input, other than her commands.

Gradually, I got used to the complete enclosure and the restraints that so encumbered me, until, after a while, I forgot what it had ever been like to move freely and not under constant compression and hindrance. My strength grew from the continual exercising regime and the quality of the food I was given, but I missed the simple pleasure of being able to taste it. Yes, my existence was boring and fearful, all at the same time.

Never once was I permitted to experience any sort of sexual stimulation, other than when I was given the forced enemas and the arousal happened strictly as a by-product. I am sure if Leona or my Master knew that I derived any sort of pleasurable sensations from this occurring, they would have changed the process to make it even more painful and humiliating than it was. How I longed for a soft and gentle touch, but it never came ... only constant compression, pain, terror and restraint.

And so I existed there in secret confinement, an animal to be toyed with and disciplined whenever it was decreed I was in need. I am not sure of the duration I spent in that barren little chamber, but it was certainly a long, long time. At last Leona one day came into the kennel and released me, then took me out of the chamber and along the passageway to the elevator. When its door opened at the top and we passed through the fireplace and Great Hall, then out into the real world of my Master's house! It was wonderful for me to

see again, even vaguely, that there was indeed a world beyond my own poor, barren, little chamber of horrors. I had almost forgotten about the world outside of my rubber encasement. Even the air seemed different, despite being pumped into my body by the machine harnessed to my back and hidden beneath my two suits.

I was led down a lushly carpeted hallway, then through some beautifully-decorated rooms and finally out onto a large, flagged patio towards an umbrella-screened table, at which six or seven people sat enjoying themselves in the warm sun. The sky was a clear, Cerulean blue with occasional puffs of cloud drifting by and I yearned desperately to be able to experience the simple pleasures of being outside in such a place once more. Tears of misery leaked from my hidden eyes, within the discomfort of my doubled masking. Beyond the stone balustrade I could barely make out a rolling, wooded countryside with occasional fields of brilliant green grass interspersed, but the tugging of my leashes was irresistible and I was drawn over to the group sitting by the table. As we approached, all turned to look at both Leona and I, her cruelly leashed pet. Sound was returned to my ears and I heard the gay chatter between the four couples.

“Ach! So Gerhardt! This is the new pet you have been telling us all about?” asked a stout middle-aged man on the other side, staring through thick glasses around a bushy moustache. “She is quite something!”

It was then that I barely saw that all of the four females appeared clad in clinging and concealing rubber, two in red and two in blue. I also caught the flash of cuffs at their wrists and ankles, as well as collars around their necks. All appeared to be kept on leashes controlled by their men, although this seemed to bother none of them in the slightest.

“Yes, this is my first true rubber pet. She will always be kept as you see her now.”

“Very interesting indeed!” commented a tall thin man, obviously from England, for his German accent was atrocious. He turned to his red-covered female companion. “What do you think of that, my dear?”

“Th-there’s a real w-woman inside that awful costume?” she stammered,

getting up to look more closely at me when we drew closer. She shuddered.

“Yes,” Leona spoke. “there indeed is a young woman inside this Uniform. She’s nineteen years of age and her name used to be Celine, but now she responds only to X-303, her designator. We plan on keeping her like this for the rest of her life.”

“My God!” a green clad Irish looking beauty on a leash gasped. “How awful it must be for her! How was she placed in this-this Uniform, I believe you called it?”

“It was a relatively straight forward process, once we’d purchased her from her former Governess. This animal was already partially prepared and enclosed for us when the transaction was finalized,” my Master stated easily. “We have a video showing the entire process and you are all invited to watch a little later this evening.”

“Well,” said another of the men around the table, “I’m very definitely interested to see how it was done, and I may have another candidate for a Uniform like that, if she continues to misbehave,” he said turning to his own leashed and red-covered female companion, glaring at her balefully. Her face blanched with terror while she stared at me with saucer shaped eyes.

“Our pet has been with us for nearly four months now and we’re only half way through her training,” Leona said with evil dripping from her voice. “We’ll be moving her into the second half of her programme next week, then she will truly learn of her vulnerability. I look forward to it a great deal!”

“Surely,” the woman who had stammered her question, “she must be nearly mad with a desire to escape from that incredible costume? I know I would certainly go completely crazy if I was confined as she is!”

“Madame,” my Master stated, “you have no idea of just how strict her costuming is, for you cannot see the layers and layers of rubber that confine her, nor can you see the assorted instruments that have been introduced to her body to enforce our control.

“I might point out also, to you all, that the matter of her continuing sanity is

of no consequence to me. If she does indeed go mad, our control over her will just become more stringent than it already is,” he stated matter-of-factly. “After all, she is now just an animal, although intelligent and aware.

“Nevertheless, we take excellent care of our pets, ensuring that they receive nothing but the best of food and exercise. X-303 could well live to a normal age, but she will always be kept in her Uniform.”

“It certainly is an wonderful costume!” the Englishman stated. “What other things that are hidden beneath that black skin?”

“Her Uniform is laden with a host of sensors and transducers,” Leona stated. “She can be remotely-controlled by any means you care to mention, and that control is absolute, virtually anywhere on the planet. Our little pet can be made to suffer incredible pain or rapturous sexual stimulation at the mere touch of a button.

“The low hump you see on her back, is her environment pack. It is a miniaturized device we’ve had constructed for our pets and they will all wear them all the time. The pack not only controls and punishes her, but it also governs her air intake, and provides nourishment to her in the form of a highly-concentrated food paste diluted with water that she herself produces. All of her bodily wastes are processed by the back pack and returned to her, it needing only occasional emptying and refilling of the various reservoirs contained in its structure.”

“Incredible!” Murmured one of the leashed women, “Utterly incredible!”

“Yes, in effect, she wears a space suit,” Leona stated, “but it is one from which she cannot be extracted, either by herself or anyone else, without the proper knowledge and equipment.”

“That’s all well and good Gerhardt,” said the heavy set man, “but what will you actually **do** with her once she’s fully trained?”

“I will have her and my other pets to play with or punish as and when I wish, and that is sufficient for me for the moment,” my Master stated quietly, “And, I will soon have a full complement of beautiful young women to act in

that capacity.”

“Ah!” said the first man who had spoken, “So you have plans in train to acquire more of these willing females?”

“Of course! But you forget one thing, Manfred! The young women who become my pets will have no desire to become what I wish them to be!”

“Gerhardt, that *is* quite risky, you know?”

“Certainly! I recognize the dangers in the acquisition process, but I’ll be taking very thorough precautions to obtain them,” my master said with satisfaction in his voice. One of the women spoke.

“Why must they be beautiful? Inside their Uniforms no one will ever know of their beauty!”

Leona broke into the conversation at that point.

“Ah, but that is all part of the program, for you see, *they* will know and remember their beauty, but will also know that it has been forever hidden away beneath thick, impenetrable rubber for the rest of their lives!”

“That is *truly* evil!” one of the other women said with a shudder of dread in her voice.

“Yes, it is,” acknowledged my Master, “But it will serve us very well, for the women, even as they age, will always have the hope of being released from their servitude in their rubber and being able to use their beauty to advance their desires. Of course it will never happen, but the hope will always be there.”

“And so, Gerhardt, how many pets do you intend to have here in residence at the Schloss?”

“I plan for an even dozen to start, plus of course the staff of slaves to attend them, and that will be only another one or two more mobile women. X-303 is only a temporary name for this female animal and will soon be changed to something more appropriate to her appearance. My pets will be unique, with

only their complete enclosure in their Uniforms being the common ground.”

Leona led me to a ring inset into one of the stone flags of the patio, then fastened my leashes to it and spoke directly to me.

“Lay down and stay that way!”

She left me and returned to the group at the table while I sank onto my belly, allowing a loop of slack to form in the chains to my face. I could watch and hear them, but if they moved away from the table, I had to swivel my entire body and fight the inescapable chains to my snout.

“Have you taught her any tricks, Gerhardt?” the Englishman asked.

“No, not yet. She has to fully understand the depth of the control I have of her mind and body before that can be done. In the second half of her training schedule she will be ready, but in the meantime we are still having some small problems just to get her to obey the simple tasks we’ve set for her.

“In some ways that is a good thing, for the spirit of rebellion within her is quite entertaining, and both Leona and I enjoy punishing her for her errors.”

“Well, I for one, shall certainly look forward to seeing her perform!”

They all laughed heartily, although the women’s sounded somewhat forced, with not a little fear mixed in. Their conversation continued for the next hour or two while I remained fastened to my ring, ignored as only secured a pet can be. A classically-attired maid came out onto the terrace, her short Uniform made of a gleaming, thick black latex, and of course wearing cuffs, collar, chains and on a leash. Ungagged, although all the other maids were, she called the group inside to their dinner. I was left where I was, still chained to my ring, but I was reasonably happy, for I had not been allowed outside for months and months and had missed the outdoors far more than I realized. Too, I had missed the environment of having people around, even though I had not been a very sociable girl before being rendered into the clutches of Frau Baxter.

Many hours later, Leona returned for me. My leashes were freed and she

pulled me back inside the Schloss then down to the basement and my kennel. Once within, she rapidly fastened me for the night and left me alone.

For the next month my conditioning training continued unabated, growing more and more strenuous and difficult with each passing day, but now I was not being physically whipped. Instead, the purpose of the little spikes in the buttocks of my inner suit were brought into play.

When my day on the exercising machine was done, Leona would enter the cell and turned on my hearing, to inform me that I had failed yet again. When she finished speaking, sudden, sizzling jolts of electrical energy were unleashed from the spikes embedded in my buttock's flesh! I could only cavort and try mindlessly to scream out my plea that the punishments cease, but it went on for what seemed like hours and hours! Sometimes the patterns of shocks circled around and around, and at other times they seemed to radiate both inward and outward on the circular rows of spikes, always terminating each 'stroke' with an increased intensity, forming a line of fire across each cheek!

When at last the exercising session was finally completed, I was freed from the diabolical machine and taken to my matt to be chained for the night. By that point I was always in tears, despairing of my situation, but remained quiescent while I was fastened, then just lay quietly, gasping against the compression of my corset, trying to recover my senses. She'd leave me to pursue her life with my Master and whatever they amused themselves with when not torturing and training me. I have never discovered where I am kept in this horrid condition of enslavement and it is unlikely in the extreme that I ever shall.

Again, after my brief view of the world outside on the terrace, I was kept in isolation within the kennel, but finally the day arrived that signalled my graduation into the second phase of my training. In some ways it was to prove easier than my initial portion, and in so many others even more terrible, for now, they began to use my sexuality and desire against me.

Chapter Twenty-one

Second Phase and Discovery

There was no discernable change that immediately apparent to me, but one day I noticed a slight tingling at the tips of my breasts while I trotted along the belt, the sensations growing stronger and stronger until I felt my flesh erect fully against their glued-on rubber coverings. I shivered with delicious arousal, discovering my breasts and nipples again, and tried frantically to stimulate them yet further by rubbing my forelegs against their roundness under the layers and layers of rubber covering them. It was no use of course, for my hands had been taken from me and my arms could not press close enough or hard enough to make any difference. I just had to keep up my trotting, feeling my untouchable flesh curdle and twitch from the electrical stimulation. It went on and on without let up, and soon I could feel a moistness deep in my crotch while the invaders there slid around inside my thrusting and swivelling hips.

I wanted to cry out with happiness at the sensations I was being permitted to enjoy, but of course could only do so within my mind. From that day on, they came to me after an hour or two of working on the treadmill, but then, I learned of the disciplinary capabilities of the cups and caps that covered my nipples and breasts! At some point during the daily exercise, I lost my footing and stumbled erratically on the belt for a few seconds, desperate to regain my rhythm. The belt slowed a moment later and I stood there in puzzlement, wondering what was happening. Perhaps a power failure of some sort? That though was not the reason. A few seconds later my nipples and breasts convulsed when wave upon wave of agonizing electrical pulses were driven through them! Of course I tried to scream and struggled frantically against my treadmill tethers, but all of my efforts were to no avail whatsoever. Each of my corset compressed breasts became burning mounds of fire, driving me into wild, mad cavorting until at last I collapsed in my chains and could only lay twitching silently on the rubber belt while I was mercilessly disciplined by the computer for my intransigence!

It finally stopped and I awkwardly struggled to my feet once more, then

began walking, trotting and running as the computer and treadmill commanded. I was not permitted any respite, for once again the pulses began to tease and tantalize my vulnerable yet in many ways, invulnerable body. At some points I wanted it to stop while at others I wished it would increase in violence and duration, and so during those days of my introduction to this second phase of my training I became half-mad with desire, but I was never allowed to achieve an orgasm.

Then, the next phase began, again slipping up on me in unexpected attack upon my sexuality.

Of course for every second of every day, I was aware of the deep intruder nestled within my belly, but nothing I did could make it more than the inanimate object. It was just a continual annoyance and intimate discomfort that I had come to accept as a part of my life. I could feel it shift within me when I moved, but then one day, a faint vibration began to emanate from the vaginal dildo and I shivered with the remembrance of the orgiastic wave of fireworks I had experienced only a few times before while in the care of Frau Baxter. The vibrations grew yet stronger and I began to waver while I ran clumsily along the belt, feeling my thighs suddenly turn to jelly, the muscles rippling in unaccustomed motions when my blood flowed to my pelvic region. I could not help myself, but began to buck and jerk wildly against my facial tethers, despite the horrid pain this caused. My hips continued to develop a shimmy and shake of their own when the more primitive portions of my brain frantically strove to reach orgasm.

Cruelly, it was then that punitive electrical shocks coursed from the dildo's length and through my clitoris, dropping me from the cloud of heavenly sensation into a sea of frustrated desire and pain! I wept wildly at the loss of my orgiastic climb to bliss, and too, from the torture overwhelming me, but I began walking again, feeling the implacable tug of the leashes upon my rubber entombed tender flesh. For the next weeks I was continually assaulted with this intimate discipline method, climbing ever-higher on the mountain of desire.

The next step of the process involved the use of the stimulation of both my breasts and my vaginal probe, and at that point I think I truly went insane with the need to experience an orgasm, but it was always cruelly denied to

me! The devices attached to and inserted in my body ***always*** forced me to retreat from the brink, using terrible shocks that left me in a screaming and thrashing huddle of rubber-Uniformed madness on the belt of the treadmill.

My only human contact was the cruel Leona and her electronic whippings for my Master never once came to visit me in the kennel. How I longed to be able to see a face other than Leona's! Another long, long period of training passed, until one day I was again brought up to the terrace and tethered to the ring by my facial chains. It was early in the day, before noon I'm sure, and there was no one there. Leona had not given me any instruction to remain in place and so I wandered at the limit of my five metre leash, attempting to see more than I had the last time. By now, I had been trained to sit up and balance on my hind legs like an obedient puppy, but it did little good, for my head was kept always elevated, my chin in the same plane as my chest, permitting me only to look into the sky. Nonetheless, it was wonderful to be outside again!

Some time later, chained and rubber-covered maids began bringing out furniture and setting it up for a large gathering. All the tables and chairs were arranged around the ring to which I was fastened and I began to wonder why. Of course I wasn't permitted any hearing and was not told the reason for the arrangements being made. Why should they be explained them to a mere pet animal? Soon enough they were done with their chores, having ignored my presence the whole time. Tables were covered, places laid, and goblets set out for wine. I swung on my chain, watching their almost unfettered movements with envy and misery, for I knew by now with certainty, that I would never be permitted those freedoms again. Then my hearing snapped on.

It was some time before the guests began to arrive, but as each couple did, they came to where I stood on all fours and inspected me, then when finished their inspection, they circulated amongst the tables until they found their name placards. From what little I could see, each woman was a captive of her male companion, all, without exception, kept on chain leashes. Too, they all wore ankle and wrist cuffs, these connected to chain cinches pulled in tightly around their waists and also locked, together with a collar, although the individual chaining arrangements varied slightly from one female to another. Some had their hands fastened behind their back, others to their belts at the

front, and some had nearly complete freedom with the long wrist chains allowing them to move their hands and arms with almost complete freedom. No ankle chain though was longer than thirty cm, and so none of the females present was permitted the capability of flight from her escort. Apparently it was a requirement for a woman, when visiting this home to be so attired! Not only that though, but each woman's leash had to be kept under constant control, either by that of her male companion, or locked to a ring in a wall or the floor. Once seated in her chair, the man then took his female's leash (generally they appeared to be some three metres in length) and locked it to a nearby ring in the flagstones of the terrace, thus ensuring she couldn't wander off without permission and release. Leona was the sole exception.

And so I stood there, watching while the guests arrived, forced to suffer their startled and sometimes horrified inspections. Eventually all the tables were occupied and the air of the wide outdoor terrace was filled with the low murmur of the guests talking, occasional laughter, and the tinkling of the women's restraint chains when they moved their hands or feet, or adjusted their leashes.

A silence descended on the gathered crowd and they turned toward the house. I aligned my head so that I could stare in the same direction to see that my Master was approaching the assemblage with Leona following slightly behind, then behind her was ... Frau Baxter, Herr Wolfe, and lastly, my father! I nearly fainted right then and there, so great was my shock at seeing these nearly forgotten faces even though they were only a year or so in my past, so great had been the transformations made to both my mind and body. Leona seated these final guests at a table close to me, then went to stand beside my Master at their table, waiting silently.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you for being my guests this afternoon," his deep voice rumbled. "Not only will you enjoy a fine meal, but I have also asked you to come to observe the progress in the training of my new pet and soon I shall have a full dozen of these very special, rubberized animals. The one that you see here today is my first, and has nearly completed her initial training, but already there are another five in their kennels being trained, as I speak."

This was quite incredible to me! I'd never seen any other being than Leona!

Now, I found out that I was not alone in my travails and misery, but that there were other young women undergoing the same horrible conditioning I had endured so far.

“As you will soon see, this young female animal is very obedient, but there are other reasons for permitting her out of her kennel today. Until now she has been forbidden the pleasure of a full orgasm and so she is suffering shall we say, a distinct awareness of her need. Her sexuality and increasingly desperate desire have, in fact, been used to train and control her. Today, she will be forced to enjoy her sexuality whether she wishes it or not me, here before you. Her need, desire and willingness are truly of no importance to me.”

A gasp of shocked horror seemed to emanate from every woman present, while on the other hand the men seemed entranced with the idea. The sexual act was one of utmost privacy even for these women and so to see one of their own gender compelled to demonstrate her surrender and climax in public, was more than a little horrifying to them. I too was in a state of shock and terror when I heard these words spoken, particularly because my father was there, and would observe my public degradation! I wanted desperately to shrink away from the assembled company, but of course my doubled facial leashing in the centre of the circle of tables utterly prevented any such retreat! I cared not that no one could see my face or body under the impregnable rubber prison that confined me! I was to be forcibly driven to orgasm, in public!

My breathing quickened and became erratic, but then the environment pack upon my back took over the task of controlling my respiration, much like a ‘ventilator’ used in hospitals.

A slow, electrical tingling began to shudder my captive breasts and controlled nipples, quickly bring them to erectness against their rubber shields and I shuddered from this pleasant curdling of my flesh, then remembered where I was. The tingling and pulses grew stronger and I could not stop my involuntary movements, but then the monster device inserted into my vagina began to vibrate slowly in pulsing waves that also seemed to make it move slowly into and out of my body! I hadn’t experienced *this* particular sensation before and my body again reacted instinctively. My hips writhed in a separate

rhythm, matching the slow thrusts of the dildo and I couldn't help myself! I stood before them, being prepared and without a hope of escape, much like being the star performer at an execution.

Actually, it **was** to be an execution, of sorts. The last vestiges of my pride and sense of being a full, human, female were about to be destroyed.

“But, to continue ...” my Master spoke again. “I also have here as my guests, this animal's former Guardian and her Governess. They will explain her history and how she came to her present state, after our meal.

My father had been naught but a Guardian? It could not be! I **was** his child! My world began to shred itself into its very atoms. No! I was not a waif that had been rescued from the street! I was his!

“As you can already see from her movements, totally involuntary and uncontrollable, she is being prepared for her display after the meal. She is incapable of resisting the remotely-controlled stimulation procedures and would soon climax, but the technology I have developed prevents this from occurring, unless I permit it. Please do not be concerned if the pet appears to be disturbed or her movements become frantic. These will be due to the slowly increasing levels of stimulation, then the denial of her climax, until I order it to occur.

“Please feel free to begin you meals when they are presented to you, and during them, the former Guardian of my pet will speak of her history up until she was turned over to her former Governess.”

With that, my Master sat down and was immediately presented with a large, tossed green salad, by one of the chained and leashed, rubber clad maids. Each of these wore large, half-face rubber gags, held in place around their heads by tight harnesses of locked, thick rubber straps. Three others also appeared as though by magic and began serving the assembled guests, some fifteen couples, then all eyes turned to the table at which my father, Frau Baxter and Herr Wolfe sat. I turned also to stare at him when he stood and he seemed somewhat taken aback by the crowd, but gathered his resolve and began speaking. With each word that fell from his lips, the foundations of my world crumbled further into dust.

“Uh, good afternoon,” he mumbled then spoke in a stronger voice, one that I could easily hear, thanks to the electronic amplification feeding it into my ears. “The, uh, animal you see before you, was, at one time my legal ward, and was raised by my wife and myself from an infant as our own daughter. Celine, for that is how I still think of her, was obtained from an Eastern European orphanage and, surprisingly, her appearance was that of actually being a child of our own. Sadly, some years ago, her mother passed away.”

My world thundered into a heap of shattered rubble upon hearing this and I screamed and howled with misery upon hearing these words spoken, despite my shuddering and shivering from the slowly increasing teasing of my body by the relentless machines.

“I did my best to provide a proper home for Celine and as she matured, attempted to protect her from the wiles and ways of young men, to preserve her for a suitable marriage. However, my work was onerous and I will admit to not looking after her as I should have. She was always dutiful and obedient when she was at the house, careful to never arouse any suspicion that she might be contemplating any sexual adventure. However, nearly two years ago, I came upon her and a neighbourhood boy in her room at my home, exploring each other. This was absolutely not acceptable. I called Gerhardt, our host, an old friend from our days at school, and asked what I should do. He recommended that I obtain the services of a proper Governess and begin the regime of training and discipline for Celine that she specializes in.

“Frau Baxter soon arrived and instantly began Celine’s training and conditioning, culminating in the creation of the being you see here before you today. It was difficult at first for me to accept that Celine has become what she is now, but at the time of her indiscretions, I saw no other way. Since that day, my doubts have been removed for my old friend, Gerhardt has had me here as his guest numerous times to observe the progress being made with Celi ... er ... X-303’s training, control, and discipline.

“I support his actions and programme of conditioning wholeheartedly. I know now that she will be fully protected from the harshness of the outer world where we must all fight for our daily bread, and properly cared for, under controlled circumstances.

“Thank you for your attention and I hope you will not think badly of me for my actions. They seemed the correct course at that time, and I believe, now, they still are.”

He sat down to a light applause from the guests and began to eat his meal, conversing avidly with Leona.

Upon hearing the true story of my life the balance of my world collapsed in upon itself. I wept hopelessly, now in utter despair and misery, my contorted face disciplined to stillness by the tight, restrictive masks and completely concealed by them. I was permitted no respite though from the ministrations of the stimulation equipment, and soon began to writhe my entire body in fruitless attempts to generate an orgasm, despite my bitter tears.

“Thank you, Alfred, for explaining how X-303 came to be where she is now. Everyone, please feel free to eat and drink as you wish, but I would ask that you continue to occasionally observe my pet while she undergoes her very first **full** sexual experience.

“Yes, until now she has been kept as a virgin, surprisingly enough, and despite the equipment she has been fitted with, she has not been permitted to enjoy the full sexual act. **That** will occur in a short while, but not by means of copulation with a male. The tireless machines will ensure that she will not be able to resist. Enjoy your meal!”

He sat down and was again, the first to be presented with his food.

Chapter Twenty-two

Command Performance

No matter which way I turned, all eyes were fixed upon me and there was no mercy in the eyes of the men, even though my vision was blurred by the tears that continued to seep. Some of the women looked sympathetic, yet others seemed to gloat, waiting for me to make my display.

The insidious, hidden stimulation of my body continued without let up and soon I was staring blankly out at the world, lost in a haze of suffusing sensation. I began to feel myself moving towards a release, when it all stopped. For a moment my body continued to shudder, then slowly subsided from the lack of sensory input. For the next minutes I was left in the void of no stimulation whatsoever, conscious only of the overwhelming oppression of my Uniform and all of the other terrible clothing I wore beneath its concealment.

Once more the tingling and thrusting began and soon I was once more in the throes of physical and mental anticipation of what was soon to come, I hoped. I could not stop my actions, anymore than a single man can halt the advance of an avalanche and even while I writhed and shuddered, I was humiliated by my lewd and wanton actions far beyond anything I could previously have imagined! This time the progression of the stimulation was more rapid and intense and I felt sure that I would go over the edge, but once more it all **stopped!** I staggered for a moment, tugging my head fiercely against my double facial leashes, unmindful of the horrid sensation of feeling my nose burning from the painful jerking and the awful sensations from the inside of my mouth and throat, these feeling as though something was trying to pull them inside out! This time, my wait for the resumption of the stimulation was much longer, but when it came, it was only the barest of light touches and small vibrations from the dildo.

I **knew** there was more I could be made to feel, but it was cruelly denied to me! Nearly mindless and mad with desire, I moved my back legs apart to the limit permitted by their joining chain and attempted to saw my hips around

the huge dildo, rotating and thrusting them in an obscene dance of frustrated desire! Then, continuing to move my hips, I attempted to lower my throbbing and inflated breasts to the stone flags of the terrace and rub them against their hardness. It mattered not to me that they were fully protected by multiple layers of rubber and the only sensation I could attain was that of pressure, but even **that** would have been enough! Attempting to do this was difficult though, against the severe restriction of my Uniform, but the training had given me a strength I did not know I possessed. With my snouted, leashed face pointing straight ahead still, I managed to move my forelegs ahead of me also and begin to press my chest to the stones, moving my projecting breasts in small circles under me.

My Uniform controller permitted this for only a matter of seconds before unleashing an agonizing cascade of electrical energy through my nipples and the masses of my breast flesh! I screamed hysterically from the horrid pain being inflicted, and immediately reared up and backward to stand erect on my shortened rear legs, pawing frantically at the air with my entrammelled, chained together front legs. Oh **God!** I wanted it to **stop!** Given that all four of my legs had only one joint at their body joining points, of course I could in no way manage to get at myself, and try to tear away the punishing horrors fastened to my body, even had I not been wearing the terrible Uniform! For a minute or two I pranced and cavorted madly on my rear legs, flinging my facial leashes in glittering arcs, jerking hysterically at the chains that joined my front and rear legs, trying anything to get free.

The incredibly painful electrical discipline stopped after a few seconds, leaving me gasping against the firm control of the ventilator and I sank once more onto all four feet, shuddering with reaction to what had just been done to me. I paid no attention now to the surrounding, staring faces. Of course, because of the surgeries I'd been forced to undergo and the manner in which I had been permanently gagged, I was kept completely silent and the observers heard nothing of my frantic screaming and begging to be freed of the awful Uniform and implements that confined and controlled me. Only my mad, erratic movements betrayed my state of terror at what was being done to me, and horror at what was soon to come.

The stimulations once more began their assault and I tried to steel myself

against their advances, willing my body to become a void. It worked for perhaps a minute or two, then the sensations grew more and more intense, until I could no longer ignore them! A dam seemed to burst within my mind and once more I pranced and shuddered, writhing my hips and sawing at the dildo, pressing my chest to the stones, embarrassment and humiliation gone like a late spring snow. I suffered yet again the horrid shocks to my breasts and nipples, rearing up and pawing at the air, while below my hips continued their own hula dance of need. The dildo's strokes and vibrations grew stronger and stronger, then the electrical spikes pressed into my buttocks also began to deliver painful waves of stimulation!

I went utterly mad while these multiple sources of sensation attacked my higher mind functions and descended into a state of primal being ... a female in rut, unable to control her basest urges. The sensations continued to grow into a huge wave of cascading violence, it rushing in to the shore of my dissolving mind, to destroy my last vestiges of femaleness and humanity. The wave towered over me and I gladly, unashamedly thrust myself forward and into it! My body rang with the unending surges of sexual energy and even though I wasn't aware of it, I'd fallen onto my side before the gathered guests and lay there arching and writhing my body violently and humiliatingly while the volcano of my until now cruelly-suppressed sexuality erupted from the depths of my soul then exploded. It started as an incredibly warm sensation in my crotch then spread in thundering waves to all the extremities of my body, turning each cell, muscle, and organ into a fiery star! My flesh contracted from the strength of the sensations and I was utterly lost to the world around me.

The orgasm I was forced to accept was like no other feeling I had experienced until that time and I realized that the amateurish sensations I'd had to that point were only but mere hints of what my body and mind were capable of. For long moments I lay on the stones, shuddering in forced ecstasy before the assembled guest of my Master. I knew it not, for my mind had become disassociated from my body and gone to some far plane of enhanced awareness.

All of the guests watched with rapt fascination while I was forcibly driven to my ultimate joy, then again and again! My Master did not take his eyes from

me during the entire time, but Leona, however, seemed somehow displeased. I believe she was jealous of my depth of sexual release and over the following weeks, I found her cruelty to be redoubled, perhaps because of it.

Nearly an hour later, I came to my senses to find myself laying on my side on the stones, my nose burning from the tension I had placed on its leash. I had, quite literally, thrown myself to the lengths of my tethers while being forced to orgasm and still lay where I'd fallen. The leashes yet thrummed with tension being strung from their ring to my snout. With a suppressed scream of pain from my face, I staggered to my feet, using the tension to assist me, then slowly walked around feeling the residual endorphins from the sex act still making my limbs and body tremble. I was in the fog of afterglow, unable to believe that I could be made to feel as I had, but wanting to experience it yet again, although not right then.

While awareness slowly returned and my reasoning began to clear, I felt myself, foolishly blushing all over, inside my concealing Uniform. I wandered in a circle at the limit of my leashes, trying to find a way of escaping the smirking and satisfied stares of the men and the horrified eyes of the women. My master stood and I turned to face him when he began to speak once more.

"I hope you have enjoyed that demonstration? My little pet certainly has demonstrated the effectiveness of her Uniform. As you all know, a sexual act such as she has performed for us here, is normally sufficient for a female for some time thereafter, perhaps a week or two. However, this animal can ... and yes, **will** perform for us again in a few minutes. She has **no** choice at all in the matter," he stated emphatically.

"Her Uniform not only provides me with a means to control her utterly, as you can see, and to provide her with incredible sexual experiences, obtainable in no other manner, but it is also an incredibly strong instrument of discipline, and has the capability, if used incorrectly, of killing her. This, of course I will not do, for she is a valuable pet and her Uniform is not an inexpensive or easily-created and applied thing. However, should matters evolve to the point that she must, for whatever reason, be destroyed, it can be done in any number of ways. Some are quick, such as just introducing a nerve gas into her breathing air, or some can be extended for a long, slow, ecstasy or pain-

filled demise. Let us not dwell on that aspect though, for it is inconceivable to me that this would be done at any point.

“We shall soon enjoy a wonderful desert and the show will continue when I will once more force her to experience the heights of human, female sensation.”

He sat down to lengthy applause from his guests and even the women with their hand chains flashing, acknowledged the depth of his control over me and his steadfast commitment to ensure that he was the Master of any female in his company. I, on the other hand, still attempting to recover from my introduction to enforced and totally uncontrollable sexual activity, dreaded his intention to make me do it again. Exhaustion from my strenuous activity had begun to gather around and I gradually sank onto my belly.

“**Up!**” Leona barked immediately. “You were **not** given permission to lay down!”

My breasts and buttocks suddenly flared with electrical fire, making me surge to my feet, screaming with agony, thoroughly stifled, writhing dementedly to escape her discipline. Many of the males laughed at my immediate reaction.

“Circle your ring at a fast trot!” came the next command and I obediently began to walk around the mounting point, always maintaining a constant, painful tension upon my leashes, head pulled slightly to the side, its chains not allowed to touch the surface of the terrace. My buttocks flared again!

“Faster, you stupid bitch!”

I began to run as best I could, but the awful shocks to my behind only got worse, goading me to greater and greater effort. Then, her cruelty surfaced once more when she adjusted her remote control and had my Uniform begin to administer continual, although not crippling shocks to my breasts! I screamed unheard within my masks and helmet, now circling rapidly to the clattering of my restraint chains, flinging my head what little I could against the stiff collars and helmets. I was in a horrid quandary, for my body cried out for rest, yet I could not ignore the goading of the shock discipline, and so continued until I fainted and fell to the cold stone. The last thing I remember

was slowly coming awake to hear my Master speak.

“.... and now, it is time for the pet to be aroused and taken to orgasm once more.”

“*No! Please!!! No!*” I thought, my mind rebelling at the mere thought of another such violent experience and assault on my femininity.

Shuddering with a mixture of dread and expectation, I lay there on my side, then my vision winked out and my hearing disappeared! I was left to float in a cloying void that could not be escaped and for a long time, in my perception, but perhaps two minutes in the outer world, nothing happened. Then, slowly, little tendrils of sensation began to creep into my awareness. Once more, my nipples were curdled into sensitive nubs of hardened flesh and my breasts swelled with sensitizing blood under the crushing corset. They seemed to shudder of their own accord with the increasing pulses! My vaginal lips suddenly began to twitch also, and a few seconds later my internal muscles squeezed hard in a strange-to-describe milking action on the monster buried unseen within my body. It was the most incredibly erotic feeling to experience, especially for the first time, and my hips twitched and twisted automatically to enhance the sensations. Then it happened!

Whereas before it had only seemed that I experienced a thrusting penetration of my womanhood ... this time there was no doubt of it! The huge dildo extended itself into my body, swelling in diameter all the while, then it withdrew, again swelling even more in girth so that when it was thrust back into me it shouldered aside the tender, sensitive, blood swollen inner lips of my body! It began to vibrate with a fierce, off-beat syncopation and at the same time give me mild, twitching shocks! I thought, then, that I would go mad with the sensations beating at my mind from my chest and crotch, but there was far more to come!

The penetrations became more rapid and the vibrations of the dildo grew exponentially in strength, when suddenly I felt the powerful flush of an enema being forced up into my bowels! I screamed and writhed even more dementedly than I had to that point, jerking my limbs madly against their chains and trying to get at the devices and areas of my body that so tormented me. The oppressive blackness and silence were unrelieved and I was left

alone in my isolation to face the coming apocalypse. As before, the stimulation kept increasing then stopping, leaving me for long minutes in a horrid state of frustration. I was being built to another incredible orgasmic explosion, but I hated the process of arousal and denial! This time, my Master or Leona kept up this sequence for far longer than they had the previous time and I became totally crazed with a desire to achieve a release.

Within my mind I howled and wailed for surcease or mercy, but no one knew that I tried to speak, for my concealing Uniform utterly prohibited any noise from me, or any signal that others could see to indicate my desperate need. Only the gross, erratic physical motions of my limbs and the shuddering, writhing, and spastic arching of my body betrayed my chaotic state.

It seemed to go on for hours and hours, and then, at last, I was permitted to proceed to an incredible and mind-blasting conclusion. When I finally recovered my senses, it was to find that my vision, poor as it was, had been restored. I managed to somehow get up and stand on wobbly legs like a newborn colt and saw that the sun was an orange disk, now low in the sky and all of the tables were empty; the guests having departed an hour before I awakened. I staggered listlessly around the ring to which my tethers remained locked, feeling utterly sorry for myself. I could see the wonderful world around me, but never again would I enjoy it in person. More despairing tears came and I wept at what had become of me. I was destined to be a chained, slave animal and pet to a cruel Master, ***for the rest of my life!*** There was ***no*** possibility of escape!

I had been left on the terrace, securely-chained to my ring like the animal I'd been made into and forgotten until needed once more. This alone told me how low in life I'd descended. The sun set some time later and yet I waited alone, unable to leave the area of my ring. The maids appeared at some point and despite their chains soon had everything cleared away with the exception of one table and two chairs. They completely ignored me where I lay on the rapidly cooling stones and as the light faded, so too did my ability to see. Again, misery washed over me while I lay waiting for the next cruel treatment by my Master or Leona. It was all I could do! The temperature began to drop and soon I was shivering from the cool night air. I ached and was tired beyond anything I had previously experienced, but could not sleep,

for, unknown to me, a stimulant drug had been introduced to my air supply by the environment pack harnessed to my back. If I had been able, I would have sat up and howled at the moon like a wolf. An hour later I was still alone in the deep silence and darkness of the night, but stood on all fours again and just to keep myself warm, began to pace slowly out to the length of my facial leashes. There came the reassuring and still painful jerk on my nose, and I began to walk in a slow circle, around the ring. I did this for some minutes, feeling a warmth return, then to my horror, the tingling stimulation of my breasts and crotch commenced once more!

“NO!!! Please-please-please! *NNNNNOOOOOO!*” I screamed in my mind.

My protest was utterly useless. In minutes I was once more driven mad by the sexual arousal programme of the computer. All Leona or my Master had to do to make it happen was to enter a ‘Start’ command for any of the orgasm programs, and they would happen automatically, even though I was left alone out on the terrace to suffer what was rapidly evolving into an incredible means of torture.

I was mindless with sexual sensation, but this time the machinery did not stop and propelled me into the uniquely female experience of more multiple orgasms and these went on and on until my mind finally shut down completely from sensory overload. In some ways it was an incredibly erotic experience, but in so many others it was nothing more than masturbation, for there was virtually no human interaction permitted to me by my Uniform. My chains and isolation from the outer world were completely controlling and no matter what I desired, they would thwart me at every turn.

I was but an animal now.

Oh God!

Chapter Twenty-three

Return To Routine And New Companions

When I awakened again it was to see a gentle pinkish dawn washing over the sky to the east. I remained still chained and tethered to my ring, alone on the terrace, but strangely, I was no longer cold, for the environment suit I was a prisoner within had activated heating elements buried within its structure.

When the sun had risen above the trees, my Master and Leona came out onto the terrace and were soon after presented with a breakfast, brought forth by the chained and gagged maids. I was left where I was, ignored, for they were sure in their knowledge of my security. Unknown to me, even had I been able to break free of my leash chains (impossible!), and try to escape into the vast Black Forest estate, the entire place was surrounded with proximity alarms that would activate a severely painful and incapacitating electrical shock sequence from my environment pack. I was also equipped with a locator beacon and so could be traced without effort.

At last they finished their morning meal then came over to stand beside me. My hearing snapped on.

“Up!” Leona snapped without mercy. “It is time to return to your kennel. You’ve been permitted far too long to relax and enjoy life! Now it’s time for you to get back to work and your training.”

She walked to the lock that secured my leashes, released it, then tugged sharply on them to make me follow her into the house. My Master had said not a word and I was devastated at his lack of communication. Our return to the basement kennel chamber was speedy and soon I was confined once more within the stark little cell that is my home. For some reason, Leona did not fasten me to the treadmill, but left me short leashed to the end wall ring, although I was able, with difficulty, to lay on the padded floor. Of course, I could not turn to face out of the barred door of my kennel, but she had been kind enough to leave the outer door open, allowing light to stream through the closely set bars of the inner one. My vision and hearing were left turned

on, for the first time I could remember while confined in the kennel, and now I began to hear the sounds that were so obviously present, now that there were another five young women like myself undergoing their training.

The sounds of restraint chains being tugged at by their silenced and uniformed wearers was a pitiful thing to hear. I knew that they themselves could not hear them, but their rhythm of clashing musicality was enough evidence to me to know that they were all being forced to exercise on their treadmills, bound and secured within their own kennels and personal Hells.

I had no idea what their Uniforms looked like and had not seen any evidence of their being also kept as helpless and hopeless prisoners in this remote Schloss, but hoped that I'd find out at some point. As matters turned out I later discovered that I was one of four lizard like beings and there were two other groups, one vaguely swine-like in appearance and the others almost bovine. For the balance of that day I just moved around in my kennel what little I could, then that evening Leona came and chained me for the night, spread-eagled and helpless, as was usual.

Over the following weeks I resumed my forced labouring, always imprisoned within my kennel, seeing only Leona each morning and night. My life was boring in the extreme, but by now I slowly began to accept that my Uniform was an unalterable fact of my life. I had forgotten what it was like to breathe and move without restriction, as was intended, and my orgiastic experiences on the terrace gradually faded into dim memory, although I constantly craved some sort of sexual stimulation. However, my trainer no longer employed it as she had. The discipline she used to control and correct me now became harsher and of longer duration, leaving me weeping for hours after it had been given. Needless to say, I now obeyed her every command instantly, now matter how humiliating and difficult it might be to execute. I had already learned to sit up, beg, and roll over (very difficult), but now I ran obstacle courses of the type used to train trick animals! For these evolutions, I was taken out onto the wide lawns behind the terrace of the Schloss, kept always tethered of course, despite the beacon I wore and the proximity alarms. Although I didn't know it, my Master often watched while I was put through my paces. Had I known, perhaps my life would have been easier to bear that it was. My training continued.

It was only as the days shortened into late Autumn once more that I saw the first of my companion animals. She was another distorted reptile form, just like me. I was shocked by her presence even though I knew now that there were others kept here at the remote Schloss. She too was being exercised in the outdoors, probably for the first time since her transformation, and seemed as shocked and dismayed as I. Leona spoke, it being her decision being to address us separately or both together.

“I want you to come over and inspect her,” she commanded.

Of course I could not do anything but acknowledge her command by moving to my sister in her Uniform and looking her over closely, despite my poor vision. She wore an exact duplicate of my own Uniform and I wanted to see just how securely it was fastened. She remained motionless while my inspection progressed and I supposed that Leona had ordered her to stay this way. I soon discovered that her skin, like mine, was virtually seamless. There were no breaks in it whatsoever, other than a large, complex appearing connection point for her environmental pack located deep between her buttocks. It was at this point that her (and my) air entered and our exhaust breathing exited from the environment packs. She wore the same limb limiting chains as did I and was confined in exactly the same way inside her Uniform. She was also fitted with the doubled leashes from her snout – one to her gag and one to her nose.

I spent, I suppose, half an hour looking closely at her, then Leona commanded me to remain still and allow her the same opportunity. After we had completed this first meeting, Leona took her back into the Schloss and I was left tethered to my usual ring on the terrace. Soon Leona returned, then I too was taken back to the kennel chamber and chained to my treadmill for another endless period of exercising. The daily excursions onto the lawn became part of my routine and now, each day, I saw who I thought was the same girl, out being exercised also. My impression was incorrect as matters have turned out, for each day it was a different one! Only a month later were we simultaneously released from our kennels, then placed on a single chain, joining our snout leashes to one. Then, Leona released the other two lizards from their kennels, fastening them together in a similar configuration and took the four leashes in hand. Controlled by our awful and always painful

tethers, we were drawn up the stairs and out onto the terrace, then once out in the weak sunlight, she walked us around the wide grounds for hours, until about two hours later we were taken back to the Schloss.

Surprisingly, we were not immediately returned to our kennels, but instead she took us to the library and there presented us to our Master. It was the first I'd seen of him for a long time. Leona lined us up in a row before his chair, then when to stand beside him.

“Good evening, my pets!” he said with a cruelly satisfied smile curling his lips. “You are the first fully trained group, and I am happy, so far, with the way you are behaving. Yes, I know, you all want to be freed of your Uniforms and be permitted to return to the world outside, but that is **not** going to happen, ladies! You will be kept as you are now dressed and treated for the remainder of your lives and so you might just as well accept it.

“Why have you become what you are?” he asked us with amusement. “Quite simply, you were thought to be beautiful and sensual enough young women to made into my pets and so you have, quite literally, disappeared from the face of the Earth. No one will ever see your faces again, and as you know all too well by now, you cannot speak or even make a noise. You will never be permitted other means of communication either, of course.

“What do you have to look forward to and why should I go on living you may ask yourselves? As to the first question ... you will be kept as pets, as I have stated, but you may be assured that you will live an entertaining life and be properly fed and exercised. Yes, it will be boring at times for there is not much in the way of mental challenge, other than to learn the various evolutions I require you to perform for my amusement.

“As to your second question ... you will go on living so long as I wish it, or until your natural death. You, as my pets, have no options. You will be kept healthy and in proper physical condition, thanks to your automated exercising.

“In short, ladies, you are victims of your gender and beauty. Your sexuality was manifest before you were brought here to my Schloss and no doubt to your sorrow, you have found that none of it is of any value to you now. Also,

you have discovered that you will be kept chaste for ninety-nine point nine percent of the remainder of your lives, although I certainly take delight in watching you attempting to satisfy yourselves. Very occasionally you will be permitted a sexual release, but if you have not already discovered it, you will find that your Uniforms are designed to punish you severely, should you attempt any form of self-gratification.” He turned to Leona.

“Please put them through their paces, my dear.”

We had been practising under her whip for the past weeks and she now drew it from her belt, then approached our line, leaving its length to trail behind her booted feet.

“Turn!” she commanded, and we all faced to the right.

We all knew what was coming. Because I was the first in line, she came to stand before me then knelt facing my masked face, then her hand reached to my muzzle and I felt the chains fastened there being adjusted. The one to my gag was allowed to trail along beside my body and its end was connected to a ring on the centre of my back, fixed so that I’d not trip over it. The one for my nose though was another story, and I hated what its effect was, having learned the misery of its attachment weeks ago. Its free end was fed back over the top of my head, drawn through the ring on my back, and somehow locked there! Fastened in this manner, it acted to pull my head backward, maintaining a constant painful tension on my nose! I couldn’t stop from trying to scream from the pain, and shook my body a little, attempting to accustom myself to the feeling.

Now, at my back, she clipped another chain to the ring and led it back to the nose ring of the girl behind, and locked it. She was subjected to the same fastening process as I, as were the other two, then I heard her command.

“Circle walk!”

Being the leader, I was the only one permitted to see and hear. The others tethered behind me had to follow the tension, at the same time keeping their feet movements co-ordinated with mine, something almost impossible to achieve. All they felt was the sudden unbearable snapping tension on their

nose leashes, then they had to begin walking. I had been second, third, and fourth pet in line many times already and so knew that their situation was dreadfully painful and difficult, but there was no way to escape it. I began to orbit Leona with the others in tow behind, all of us feeling the snapping restriction of our double hobble chains while we walked. We must have made an incredible sight. Four lizard-like things prancing along, chained to each other, our snouts held high and proud by our nose chains and our hobble chains all flashing and clinking musically.

Whatever the sight we made ... it was vastly unpleasant and painful for us all!

“Circle ...trot!” Leona’s voice commanded harshly.

I sped my pace and the others followed mindlessly, drawn forward by the tension on their noses. What came next was no surprise to us, for slowly our dildos began to pulse and throb rhythmically, while mild electrical shocks pulsed maddeningly through out nipples. Mine though were far stronger than those given the other pets! It required all of my concentration just to try and see where I was going! Deep, automatic screaming cries for mercy and cessation echoed in my mind, but I had to keep up the performance! Around and around we trotted, until the next command barked into my ears.

“Circle ... gallop!”

Again I picked up my pace, now straining mightily to move faster, tugging in near madness against the drag of the girl behind me! The shocks to my nipples grew stronger, encouraging me, and inside my masks, a river of tears flooded each of my eyes. At last Leona let us slow again to a walk, then stopped us. The only things that didn’t change were the levels of the disciplinary shocks that assailed our bodies.

“A poor performance, pet!” she said, as though it was all my fault. “That is why you are still being disciplined!”

My hearing and sight suddenly cut off, then to my horror the levels of the discipline shocks climbed higher and higher! My screams and those of my companions were never heard of course, but we all fell to the floor and writhed in shuddering agony, jerking frantically at both our personal

restraints and those to each other. I don't have any idea of how long this went on, but it seemed an eon!

My vision was finally restored and it was to find that our interpersonal performance bondage had been released and we were all once more controlled by our individual leashes. The Master had gone and Leona stood before us.

"Back to the kennels!" she snarled. "That was a pitiful performance! You're all going to be spending a lot of time in training before you get out of your cells again! Come!"

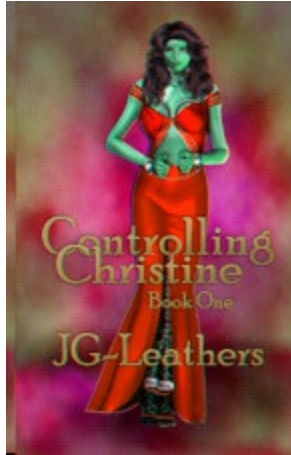
Our leashes were snapped repeatedly while she spoke, emphasizing her anger, then with a spin on her heels she stalked away, dragging us along haplessly behind. Within fifteen minutes, we had all been fastened once more in our cells, on our treadmills, waiting.

And so my life has evolved to this point.

What might have been my life otherwise has disappeared and I have no hope of returning to the world beyond this place of torment and terror. Leona and my Master play with us as harshly as the spirit moves them, but of course hear no complaints, for we are but voiceless animals now.

Despite how much I hate it, I yet still crave the sensations I must experience, embedded as I am within my rubber Uniform. I am a pet and have nothing to say about it, even if ever permitted speech again. I know now that I shall never be permitted to escape my new life as terrible as it is!

Other Novels by JG-Leathers:



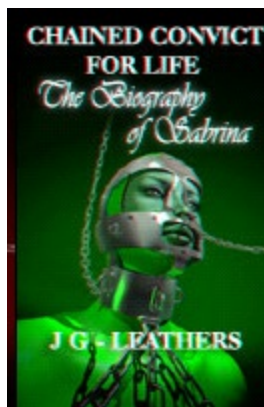
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