

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair stands against a background of swirling blue and purple smoke. She is wearing a vibrant blue, off-the-shoulder corset with a lace-up front and a matching long, flowing skirt. She is restrained with silver handcuffs on both wrists, which are attached to a chain that hangs down to her knees. She also wears a silver choker and matching wristbands. Her hands are placed on her hips, and she has a confident, slightly defiant expression.

Controlling Christine

Book One

JG-Leathers

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By JG-Leathers

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Chapter One The Awakening

John

I knew that Christine was more than a little reluctant to *have* to wear the bright, heavy steel rings, but she had eventually consented to having them fitted, a month previously, as my birthday gift to her.

Until now I'd left them pretty much alone, ensuring that all of the piercings healed completely and no complications arose from the emplacement of the multiple holes now willingly resident in her flesh. I wanted to make absolutely sure that all of the thick, surgical-quality, stainless steel bonds (for that is, in reality, what they were, rather than jewellery, as she'd initially thought) weren't going to cause any unforeseen problems. She wasn't entirely happy about being required to wear them day and night and was even less enamoured of the idea when they were welded closed so that she *couldn't*, on her own, free herself of them. They were, from that point forward and to all intents and purposes, irremovable. She though, had gradually grown accustomed to their weight and inescapable presence and eventually stopped complaining. Certainly, I'd teased her occasionally by grasping one or another and giving it a playful little flip, but for the most part just ignored them, intentionally.

Over the past six months, I'd made her more and more mine.

I had progressively fitted her first with plain, though very shiny, steel jewellery-like wrist- and ankle-cuffs. Next had come a wide and quite thick collar, and finally, a specially formed and quite severe steel waist cinch. Each time a new piece or set of pieces was fitted, I'd allowed a couple of weeks to pass uneventfully and she'd, again, gradually grown used to their weight and feel.

Although we hadn't made any concrete plans as to the future joining of our lives, we both knew that it would happen eventually and in our various discussions, had covered the area of becoming partners in great detail. After

some soul-searching, we'd decided that we really didn't want to have the responsibility of children in our lives, and so, two weeks previously, I'd taken her back to The Clinic and had **all** of her cuffs, the cinch, **and** her collar welded closed also. They too had become, like her rings, completely irremovable.

Today it was time to acquaint her with some of the more arcane purposes of her exotic jewellery.

"Christine!" I called quietly through the now unlocked door to her bedroom/cell. It was hidden behind a sliding panel and the clothing in my closet, locking electronically from my bedside table. For a moment there was no motion from the dimly lit hump of her body under the gleaming black rubber sheet, then with a subdued clatter of her bed restraints, she writhed slowly, trying to sit up. Her wide green eyes stared back at me above the securely locked-on restriction of the rubber and steel appliance that cupped and imprisoned her lower face and head. "Time to get up, honey, and face the new day. I've got plans."

"Mmmmpphhgg," she moaned, closing her eyes and beginning to slide back into the warm, slippery rubber cocoon of her bed.

"Come on, dear!" I cajoled, "Time to rise and shine."

"Uuurrghh!!" she protested, kicking at the restricting rubber that covered her until it eventually slipped from the thick-skinned foam mattress with a heavy slithering, to reveal the dully gleaming, sweat-slicked inner surfaces. The tightly strung, strong rubber straps locked to the side rings of her steel cinch came into full view. These were only one set of the restraint network that kept her a prisoner in the bed. She lay looking at me reproachfully when I turned the lights to full brightness on entering the black-walled, ceilinged and carpeted chamber.

"I guess I'll have to release you, hmm?" I asked, walking over to the queen-sized, platform bed and looking down at her small, restrained and delectable body. She nodded vigorously, tugging her hands and arms against the chains that connected them to the front of her deeply cinched belt. She was secure enough but as a matter of course I checked her fastenings. There was no wear

on her chains or the straps connecting her body and ankles to their mounts in the steel frame of the bed and as was normal procedure, she bent forward and I checked her collar chain. No wear showed and of course the chain remained virtually unmarked.

“Okay, dear. Hang on a minute while I release these tensioners.”

I bent down and flipped the release lever for her left side cinch strap and while walking around the end of the bed, unlocked her loosely connected ankle chain also, then flipped up the lever on the right side tensioner. Both devices were located at floor level, beneath the overhang of the frame, so there was no possible way she could get at them once they were adjusted and locked closed. Her wrists were next, then I unlocked the back-of-the-collar bed-leash from its fitting on the headboard leaving the leash connected to her collar. She sat up, gesturing to her gag.

“Oh, all right. I guess I better get you out of that thing too, hmm?”

“Uuuhh!! Uuuhhnn!” she nodded emphatically, swinging her feet to the side of the bed and turning her back to me. When she turned, the long, gleaming, light-weight, ‘reminder chains’ that permanently connected her wrist cuffs to her collar back-ring as well as the other set between her ankle-cuffs and the side rings of her belt flashed and swung in bright, musically clinking loops.

I parted her cascading hair to reveal the wide, locked band of the gag at the nape of her neck and immediately connected her longer ‘house’ leash, then, with a quick couple of passes of the electronic key, released her from the bed leash and her gag. She reached up and slowly peeled the formed, woven steel wire, rubber-covered, face strap and chin-cup away from her flesh then turned to me.

“Now I suppose you want me to take the gag-pad out too?” I asked in teasing shock at her temerity.

“Umm hmmmnggh!” she nodded emphatically, missing my attempt at humour while she struggled to free herself of the huge, form-fitted, rubber pad, this held captive behind and by her teeth, inside her mouth. I unbuckled the narrow inner ‘security’ strap that kept it deeply inserted, pulling at the

corners of her lips. She relaxed slightly then struggled to draw them back, opening her mouth as widely as possible, but was *still* unable to expel the silencing pad. Reaching to her face, I slowly worked a pair of wide, spatulate tweezers between her teeth then squeezed the grips forcefully, flattening the thick resilient pad just enough to get it past her teeth, something she couldn't manage on her own. It withdrew slowly, accompanied by a sucking sound and for a moment she silently worked her jaws.

“Thank **God** that thing's off!” she whispered hoarsely, licking her full lips. She stood then turned and looked up at me from her diminutive five foot two height. “Rubber ducky time?” she asked with a impish smile.

“Yep!” I grinned back at her, “Time to get your butt into the shower! Today's going to be very interesting for you.”

“Oh?” she inquired archly, staring back at me over her delicate, sun-browned shoulder when she walked past the deeply padded, steel door of her cell and out into my bedroom with a sexily inviting sway of her generous hips. “What have you got planned for me today, you great big evil Master?”

“For the moment, sweetie, you're going to have to wonder!” I grinned back at her. “Time for your shower and make-up. I'll go down and start the coffee while you get yourself fixed up, Okay?”

“Okay!” her voice echoed from the en suite, almost lost in the rushing sounds of the shower cascading into the tub.

I emerged from her cell, closed and locked its door, then slid the concealing panel across and went downstairs to the kitchen.

Christine

It was a wonderful relief to be released from my bed and get out of the cloying and restricting rubber cocoon, to say nothing of finally being able to move freely again after being strapped down for eight hours! Although I'd willingly agreed to it at first, I really hated being gagged every night with that horrid thing. My Master insisted that it was a condition that I **had** to accept and reminded me of my agreement to the condition, and everything else, when we'd become 'engaged' if I complained. The mouth-pad was really a trial though, for on my own I couldn't manage to squeeze it down small enough to get it past my teeth and even if my hands were free and the inner and outer straps were unlocked, I couldn't manage it, but it was much better than having to wear the awful, full-head helmet over it, also! He imposed that on me for the night, in addition, if I'd been 'bad' or sometimes just because he felt like it.

His plans for me were pretty elaborate I'd discovered.

My cell and new home was next to his bedroom, and **it** was only the first surprise of many after he'd first carried me, in chains, across the threshold of his secluded mansion. He'd taken me to it immediately, then collared and leashed me, informing me then, that from that point on I would always be kept on one while at home, and most of the time while in public, too. I'd gradually become used to the fact that I was indeed his captive although that took ten days of tears and useless pleadings. A week later I'd happily and readily agreed to being fitted with the beginnings of my controlling ensemble, the stainless steel ankle and wrist cuffs, the wide collar and a very tight steel belt. The belt was the hardest to get used to, for it clamped deeply and firmly into my waist, so much so that I couldn't even writhe within its grip, having to endure its constant squeezing pressure and confinement. Sometime later we'd made the decision that they were all to be made non-removable and so, they had all been welded closed! I **wanted** it to happen at the time, but when the full realization hit, that they were truly affixed to me until the end of my life, I spent the next three days alternately fighting to tear them from their encirclement of my body, limbs, and neck and begging him

to release me from them. He was adamant though, insisting that I stick with my written, video-taped, and freely-given agreement giving him total control of me, by whatever means and fixtures he deemed necessary. It took me a long time to get used to the weight of the metal that held me prisoner, and the restrictions of the accompanying light but very strong chains (he called them ‘reminder chains;’) that followed my every movement and made me so much more vulnerable to his control.

The worst part of my whole initiation experience took place each night when he drew me by my house leash purposefully and unsympathetically into my small bedroom/cell. Once inside he’d silently short-chain me to the ring above the centre of the steel headboard of my rubberized bed, then slowly and with relish he’d strap me down then seal me in, fully gagged. I’d **thought** I would sleep with him every night! As matters turned out, that was not to be. It occurred only rarely, leaving me to spend every night in silenced tears, struggling alone to escape my sweaty and cloying rubber envelope.

It wasn’t that he was really unkind to me, but just the way he’d decided that I was to begin learning of and enjoying my desire to have my life completely regulated. He’d told me before, a little, of what was to happen, and so I knew that my existence was definitely **not** going to be all flowers, lace, and poetry!

After turning on the shower and stepping into the hot spray I inspected my cuffs and what little I could see of my deeply compressing belt for the thousandth time, trying to find some way of escaping them. Their sturdy construction and welded, smoothly-polished joints utterly defied my probings. As usual, I gave up and began to soap myself thoroughly, allowing the needling jets of the water to soothe away the strained and sore muscles that had developed from last night’s strenuous love-making.

It was the first time he’d made love to me while I was gagged and fully bound on my bed and I’d found the experience quite a strain, but totally exciting too!

I took particular care to clean my reminder chains. He inspected them every day, then I washed all around my rings, pulling gently on each of them, hoping against hope to find a break in their super-hardened circles. With each gentle tug, I felt the rigidity of the steel within my flesh and the sensations

of the thick metal pulling at me was both a physical and mental strangeness that I still had trouble accepting. Knowing that there was no way I could remove them served only to heighten my awareness, making me shiver every time I handled them and causing goose-bumps to rise all over. Too, I could feel a flush of excitement colour my cheeks and deep in my belly a warmth began stealing between my clenching thighs each time. The only one that could be removed, for the moment, was the steel U-shaped shackle locked through the septum of my nose and *it* was only released if I was to be permitted out in public, being replaced immediately as soon as I was back in the house. I couldn't figure out how the fastening worked and so had to endure its humiliating presence as best I could.

I'd registered some faint objections to all the stuff he'd fastened to me, but deep down I wanted to be compelled to do it and so they were really only token protests. Quickly, I finished washing and stepped from the tub. The towels were thick and fluffy and greedily sucked up the water still beaded on my skin. After using the facilities, I brushed my teeth, then sat down and concentrated on my make-up, a process that took nearly fifteen minutes of delicate, meticulous work, before I stepped into the master bedroom. Previous to him cuffing my wrists and equipping me with the reminder chains, I'd been quite adept at applying the subtle tones and colours that a really good make-up job requires, but once I bore the restraints I'd had to relearn the whole process. The weight of the cuffs and the swinging of the chains attached to them threw my concentration and technique off completely and many times I emerged from the bathroom in frustrated tears and anger at the botched jobs that had resulted. Childlike, I'd just wept and pulled and jerked at my fastenings, trying uncaringly to escape them.

He'd brooked none of this type of emotional display and a couple of times had taken me over his knee and spanked me until I howled. I was, of course, totally controllable when he did, unable to escape his punishments because of my leash. After he'd pulled me to him by it and flung me over his leg, he'd grasp my reminder chains at their fastening point on the back of my high collar, slide his hand out along their lengths until my wrists were drawn together behind my back, then raise them high over my exposed buttocks, keeping me fully face downwards and totally helpless. He didn't spare me, nor did he really hurt me when I got spanked, but it stung like the dickens

after he'd given me a dozen on each cheek. When he'd finished my correction, I'd be sent back to the bathroom to clean myself up and try again.

Now, he stood waiting while I walked over to him accompanied by the constant soft musical clatter of my chains. When I came to stand before him, he reached behind my back and grabbed my swaying wrist links with one hand and my ankle chains with the other, pulling me closer to him while I playfully fought against the restraints, shivering with the delicious fear of being so utterly controllable now that I wore them.

He bent me backwards from the waist, sliding his closed fist down until my hands were pulled behind my back, at which point he leaned down and kissed me thoroughly, his tongue spearing deeply into my opened and ready mouth.

"Oh! You're sooooo mean!" I gasped teasingly while he held me his helpless prisoner, jerking fitfully against my obdurate tethers.

"Yep! That's me!" he grinned, releasing me for the moment. "Hold still, Christine. I'm going to take your nose ring out and put the keeper in, then you're gonna get equipped and dressed for the day."

"Oh, okay." I agreed and lifted my face so that he could release the ring that, if worn in public, would mark me so much as his possession.

He picked up a special pair of pliers and in a second the heavy silvery U lay glittering in his palm. In another moment the 'keeper' had been placed its hole far up in my septum's cartilage and now I knew for sure that I was going to be allowed to leave the house. My heart sang when I realized it. Despite all the entertainment facilities available here, I desperately needed to get out and see the real world occasionally.

"You're going to go shopping for the whole afternoon on your own, My sweet!" he announced with amusement quirking his lips. "I want you to enjoy your day and so I've put quite a wad of cash in your purse so that you can do it in style."

"Oh, Master!" I yelped happily, clapping my hands and making the looping links of my wrist chains flash, "I'm really going to be allowed to go out?"

“Yes Ma’am!” he grinned at my enthusiasm and joy, “You’re gonna be able to go almost completely crazy today. I’ll take you downtown, then pick you up about six tonight.”

“Oh, that’s great! Thank you, Master!”

“You’re welcome, honey,” he smiled, then spoke again. “Naturally, dear, I want you properly protected and under control while you’re out there in the big nasty world, so I’m going to fix you with a special type of bondage for your outing.”

“Oooohhhh! Must you, Master?” I whimpered plaintively, my enthusiasm quite dampened by the prospect of being kept under his continuing control.

“You must, My sweet,” he affirmed positively. “Don’t worry though, I don’t think anyone will notice your state. Most people wear blinkers all the time and it’s not likely they’ll even notice your jewellery and other accessories.”

“Oh damn!” I sniffled, crestfallen that I’d still be kept in restraints, even though they’d be hidden by my clothing.

“Now come, dear,” he said positively, “This is going to be a day you’ll remember for quite a while!”

His words turned out to be more prophetic than I could have imagined.

Chapter Two

Jewellery, Chains, and Dressing

John

Her first article of clothing was a long and severely sculpted red leather corset, doubly-boned and closed by tough wire lacing. I'd purchased the garment for from a specialty craftsman in Belgium just a month ago and this was to be her first taste of it. In seconds I'd wrapped the rubber-lined garment carefully around her torso, clipping the front closed, then threaded the laces over the wide protective busk at the back. This corset was much more restricting than its name implied, for it had a built-in shoulder brace that would ensure she shamelessly flaunted her quite respectably sized breasts. The custom-made garment curved exactly under each and its wide divider at the front kept them well separated, then it descended far down over her hips. At the bottom front, it curved up to leave the area over her crotch open and a similar though narrower U just over the crevice of her buttocks allowed access to her body there too. It was designed so that when it reached maximum tightness, the rings on her steel cinch would slip through reinforced slots, thus allowing me to fasten the rest of her outfit in place.

She began to gasp while I slowly drew the laces tighter and tighter until at last the corset's edges met from just below her shoulder blades, all the way down to the tops of her delightful ass cheeks. It held her torso rigid, then I pulled in the shoulder brace straps until she began to shudder with strain, gasping and moaning when she tried to hunch her shoulders and prevent the brazen display of her breasts, but now there was no way for her to even think about hiding them by slouching. I stood back and admired her proud but definitely unwanted posture.

"Honey, you **do** look a sight!" I whistled.

She blushed prettily, standing before me, then tried to wriggle herself into a more comfortable position inside the strict garment. She couldn't escape its

pervasive grip.

“Okay, Christine,” I said casually, picking up the first of her jewellery chains. “Hold still while I lock this to your ear-rings.”

“A-alright,” she agreed a little mournfully, bending her head forward and reaching up to brush aside her hair. The glittering links of her collar to wrist cuff reminder chains flashed their message of confinement and controllability when she moved her arm.

This first chain led from behind each ear, around the back of her neck beneath her long hair, fastening with enough tension that it tugged gently but persistently on her ear lobes. At the centre back of her neck, another chain dangled loosely for the moment from the central link, down over her corseted spine. The second additions were heavy, long, dangling silver rods and from the tips of each of these, other fine chains hung loosely to her shoulders and around to the front, descending to clip to her nipple rings. If she turned her head from side to side, she’d feel them sweep back and forth over the upper slopes of her breasts but be unable to remove them. Next, I joined her nipple rings to each other with a length of the small-linked yet quite strong golden chain so that it looped downwards in a gentle catenary curve between the proud turrets of her femininity. There were two more sets of individual, thin, half inch wide, flat-linked chains clipped to these rings also, for the moment hanging weightily.

She stood stoically and silently while I added these, each small, shuddering breath trembling her increasingly captive flesh. A couple of times she almost spoke when the secure little snaps at the ends of the chains locked closed, but managed to keep silent while her adornment continued. I concentrated on ensuring that each chain fitted perfectly, saying nothing and nudging her when required.

Another, much longer ‘Y’ chain-set, hung down from her nipples to the protruding central front ring of her belt, where the tail was threaded through it, then locked, the balance being left to dangle over her depilated crotch. With the tension I applied, every breath she drew now would ensure that this last set tugged downwards on her sensitive nipples. I drew the flat-linked pair from her nipples, around the sides of her chest and locked them to the chain

descending from the back of her neck. This set was placed under enough tension that they too pulled gently and firmly on her nipples, keeping them forcibly and uncomfortably separated, while at the same time maintaining the tension on the vertical chain, and thus her ear-lobes.

“Oh, wow!” she gasped as the various strains began to make themselves felt. At the centre of her back, I locked the vertical chain to a ring on her belt, and put *it* under enough tension to remind her of its presence, forcing her to arch her back even more. If she tried to lower her head her ear lobes would receive a painful jerk.

“Now it gets interesting, Christine.” I smiled at her when I straightened up. “I’ve got some special delights for you down below.”

“I’ll just bet you can’t wait either, can you, Master?” she gasped and smiled weakly at me while her hands and fingers explored the web of chains fastened to her nipple rings, tugging very gently on each one.

“Well, dear, you’ll just have to wear these for a couple of days to get used to them, I suppose.” I stated. “Spread your legs. This is a fairly delicate operation and I don’t want to pinch you, okay?”

“Ohhh!” she pouted, then did as I’d commanded.

I knelt in front of her, then took more of the chain from its labelled pouches. At her crotch, I clipped a long snake-like one to her clit hood ring and a similar snake-chain to the ring that actually transfixed her clitoris, leaving them both to dangle freely, for the moment, between her thighs. Their ends hung to just below her knees. I picked up a shiny and thick metal **U**. This piece of intimate hardware was highly polished and had a small **O** at the bottom outer side, turned to a right angle. Each arm of the **U** was some six inches in length and their substantial thicknesses were gently bullet-tipped. Actually, it wasn’t a true **U** shape, but that’s the easiest way to describe the intimately curved device. I quickly coated it with a lubricant then slowly introduced it to her quivering body.

“Ohhhhhhhhh! Masterrrr!” she gasped and shivered as it simultaneously pressed deeply into her sex and anal passage.

I stared at the silvery projecting metal linking and plugging her two nether openings, then slowly and carefully from the front and top began threading a substantial, curved, metal rod through the seven rings in each of her outer vaginal lips. With this, the rings were tightly interlaced and virtually sealed her womanhood. As the bullet-nosed tip approached the mid-point deep between her thighs, its end slipped through the small **O** on the bottom of the device already embedded in her sex and bowel, then continued up into the crevice of her buttocks. She gasped and twitched again when the thick metal shafts moved within her, then settled down to a gentle thigh-quivering reaction while the ring-threaded bar was pulled tightly against her belly and locked to the chain dangling from the front of her waist-band. There was no doubt that she felt the intimate tugs on her labia rings and the movement of the **U** within herself, and it was readily apparent that she was sealed for however long I desired. Bodily functions would still be possible, but with some difficulty. Next, I locked the dangling chain from the back of her belt to the continuance of the bar pressing up between her buttocks and left the balance of this chain and the one to the front section to dangle to the same length as her clitoris chains. She gasped again in surprise when she felt their feather-light touch on the sensitive backs and inner surfaces of her thighs when she moved, trying to accustom herself to the strange sensations.

From the side-rings of the waist-band, I led two heavier flat-linked chains down along the line of her thigh and torso join, deep in her crotch. They were already welded together at this point and pressed lightly on the bar nestling so intimately between her legs. Then they were drawn tightly up under her buttocks and back to the same connections they'd started from. With each step, although she didn't yet realize it at this point, she'd feel them restrict her freedom slightly and they'd continually pull her buttocks up into a prominent deliciously wriggling display. Bending over from the waist would alleviate the tension somewhat, but as soon as she straightened they'd make themselves felt again, pulling her bottom cheeks up and out in erotic and unavoidable display. I sat back on my haunches and inspected the bondage I'd placed her in, watching the reminder chains to her ankle cuffs flash and swing when she moved her legs experimentally. They definitely reinforced her bound appearance. In a moment I had the lacing slits for these chains in the corset closed and locked also.

“Okay, Christine!” I smiled at her as I stood up. “That’s about it for the moment, as far as your chains are concerned. Now it’s time to put on your clothes. They’re over there on the bed.”

“Heavens!” she demurred, placing a pensive finger on her full lips, “Real clothes? And just for me?”

“Now, dear.” I admonished with fake severity, “You’re not being a little sarcastic, are you?”

“Oh, my goodness!” she said, a little wary of her brashness, “Not me, Master!”

I grinned at her and again indicated her clothing.

Christine

The tension on my vaginal lip rings was very disconcerting, as were the intrusions into my body and a wave of embarrassment swept up over my face when he locked the buttock chains in place. I knew that they’d make my ass stand out and wriggle and I’d always been self-conscious about how big it seemed.

With slow deliberate steps I walked to the bed and looked down at what he had selected as my other undergarments for the day. For some reason I wasn’t surprised a bit. My corset and shoulder brace weren’t at all comfortable and I stared at the next pieces with some trepidation. There were a pair of bright red, satin, lacy, open-crotch briefs and I stepped into them and waited while he threaded my dangling chains. The elastic waistband snapped tight onto my belt-captured waist when he released it around the corset and I felt more naked than if I wore nothing at all! Next, he handed me a matching, half-cup bra. I struggled to put it on and get properly settled within it while he fastened the four clips of the tight and wide chest-band at my back. It proved to be somewhat more of a trial than it might have appeared, I found, when he hooked the clasps of the chest-band together. The slack of the various chains connected to my nipples disappeared! The shorter one was now stretched tautly between them inside the semi-rigid half cups holding my

breasts up for display. An inner, downward-facing hook at the central juncture of the cup's under-wire support, on the front, had captured the chain within the garment so that it couldn't slip out and loosen the tension on my nipples! The other set locked to my belt at the front was pressed deeply into the flesh under each nipple by the tightly clamped, hidden wire former, adding even more discomfort. I tried to slouch over to ease these tensions and reduce my flaunting display, but of course when I did, the chain down my back suddenly asserted its authority and I felt a distinctly uncomfortable tug on my earlobes. The side chains from my nipples to the back chain were concealed beneath the wide satin chest-band and they *too* tugged to either side on my already tensioned nipples! The brace part of the corset kept me in the exaggerated posture, for he'd adjusted the straps to thrumming tightness, making them bed firmly into my shoulders so that I couldn't shrug out of them. To ensure that I didn't try to slip out of the bra, he clipped the narrow straps to small eyelets on the brace's, keeping me firmly harnessed within that garment also.

I shook my head a little, almost voicing my disenchantment with these elaborate restrictions and once more felt the multitude of tensions on my ears when the under-the-hair chain and its vertical component stopped the motion. Too, when I did, the long dangly earrings with their chains to my nipples swung back and forth, lightly brushing against my neck and across my breasts. With each short panting breath I could feel every tension and strain. He handed me a scarf and I knotted it carefully around my neck, for the most part concealing the two and a half inch wide steel choker/collar that encased it.

"Christine, hold your hands over your head while I help you put on the blouse."

"Yes, Master," I murmured, glad to have some kind of covering of my bizarre costume and the jewellery-like but strong chains webbing my body.

He slipped the almost sheer blouse down my arms then over my head and let it settle while he engaged all the small buttons on the back. I slipped into its softness with relief, hoping that its filmy vagueness would at least partially hide everything I wore beneath. The long cuffs barely concealed the wide, flat, silvery bondage of my wrist-bands and the chains linking them to my

collar. Next, he indicated that I was to don a long, full, tan-coloured suede leather skirt. It was embroidered with decorative scrollwork consisting of metallic threads and studs that on the front and back scooped gracefully down to its hem at mid-calf. Throughout the design of metallic adornment there were dozens of short chains with small rings on their ends so that when I moved they'd make a distinctive tinkling sound. I gratefully held my arms up again and slipped into the garment, knowing that it would surely hide my elaborate and restrictive underpinnings. He fastened it around my waist over the belt and corset already compressing my belly. A pair of four-inch heeled, knee high boots came next and I slipped my foot into the comfortable shoe portion, having to stand straighter when he placed the second one on my other foot. Before he zipped them closed, each boot was secured inside to its respective ankle cuff ring with a small lock, rendering them irremovable too!

He knelt in front of me again, but it certainly wasn't to worship! From his pocket he retrieved two small silver bells, raised the front of my skirt, then locked them to the chains swinging from the front and back of my anal/vaginal sealing bar. I'd been belled! With my skirt still raised, he gently took my clit hood chain and threaded it through an eyelet within the decorative scrollwork on the front, then locked a small ring through the last link, now on the outer surface of the skirt, thus ensuring that the chain would remain fastened. The clit ring chain was fed through a similar eyelet at the back of, but what I didn't see or feel immediately, was the small sliding weight on each of these chains that would keep their rings snugly against their respective grommets. He allowed the skirt to resume its normal drape and I looked down apprehensively, noting that the innocent-appearing ring blended into the metallic decorations, its free end dangling amidst dozens of others, but utterly more potent than its mates. The chain ran easily, but it **couldn't** be pulled back through the grommet! In effect I'd been locked into my skirt and I vaguely realized that it could be used as a leash, should it ever be segregated from its fellows. Some of the potential of this peculiar bondage set-up was revealed when I was turned to complete the connections. When the skirt flared while I twirled, it pulled gently on my clitoris hood ring at the front and I gasped with surprised revelation and fear, praying that it wouldn't snag on some unnoticed protrusion.

"Master?" I gasped, writhing a little from the continual teasing tension on my

sex chains, “What are you doing now?”

“Oh, this is just going to be a little demo of how much control you’re under, sweetie,” he stated vaguely. “Now just hold still for a moment.”

He clipped a fine chain to the clit-ring one on the front of my skirt, then, still holding it loosely, walked around and connected a similar one to the back ring. I looked over my shoulder as much as I could against the controlling tugs on my ear lobes, trying to inspect the length of fine but sturdy chromed links hanging from their connection on my skirt to a little pile on the floor behind my boot heels. Its other end led to a ring on the foot of his bed. He walked back to stand in front of me, the first length falling in loose coils through his fingers.

“N-n-now what?” I asked apprehensively as he stood there smiling at me.

“This little exercise, Christine, is to demonstrate how effective the chains are,” he enthused, “Now, I want you to just follow me.”

“I-I-I don’t think I’m going to like this? OOOoouuucchh!” I muttered, then yelped as he walked towards the door and the chain from his fist drew tight to where it disappeared into its grommet on the front of my skirt. The inner and hidden portion of the chain slipped easily through the metal-rimmed hole, then the decorated front panel of the skirt rose as the tension increased, placing its weight on the chain and thus my clit hood ring! I was immediately forced to take two steps towards him to lessen the horrible hidden tension under my skirt.

“OOoouuuhh! **Please!** Master!” I wailed, trying to bend over and reach the looping chain, but kept upright by the tight corset and back-chain while he stood watching me struggle.

“Come along, Christine,” he urged, taking another two steps away, almost to the door.

“Ooouuch!! Aaaarrgghh!!” I yelped when the tension increased yet again. “Please-please-please!” I begged, moving closer, only to have him withdraw another two steps. At this point I’d completely forgotten the chain leading

from the back of my skirt and wanted only to stop the terrible drag on my most sensitive flesh.

I took another step forward and the chain behind me suddenly sprang tight between its mounting and my body!

“YYYYyyooooowww!” I let go with a full-blooded scream at the horrible pull, stopping immediately and trying to back up, flailing my arms frantically and trying to beat down the weight of the skirt, but he increased the tension on my front leash!

“Oh, my God!!!” I shrieked at the terrible hidden tensions. They seemed destined to pull me to pieces. **“Please!** Please! Please, loosen the chains, Master!!”

I couldn't move forward or back! No matter which way I went, the tension increased and I couldn't even turn sideways! My legs and arms quivered with reaction while I tried to find some way to avoid the torturing pulls. There was none and my eyes brimmed with tears of embarrassed distraction.

“That's how the inner chains work,” he explained jovially, then loosened his grip on the front one and walked towards me. I immediately backed up and the terrible dragging under my skirt eased when the chains slid easily back through their grommets. “Should prove to be an interesting day for you, now that you know what these can do, hmm?”

“Th-they're evil!” I wailed, almost in tears while he unclipped both of the leashes and hung them on the bed post. “I, uh, don't think I want to go to town, Master. Please?”

“Oh come, come, honey. I know you'll get a charge out of it!” he laughed, “Especially when you think about how no one else knows but us!”

“B-b-but I-I'm scared.” I whimpered.

“Well, not to worry. You're going whether you like it or not. Now let's have some coffee before we leave,” he ordered complacently while I struggled to accept the intimate and utterly feminine fastenings attached to me beneath my

innocent appearing street clothing.

The last part of my preparation occurred when he told me to raise my arms slightly then wrapped a wide, fashionable-appearing leather belt around my compressed waist. The buckle at the front with its swinging sets of glittering gilt chains was purely decorative, while at the back, solidly connected to and fastened tightly over the waist-band of the skirt was the *real* joint.

The ends were locked together and I knew that it would be utterly impossible to remove the garment, much as I might wish to. I shuddered with fearful anticipation then walked carefully out the door and ahead of him down the stairs, cautiously bundling the full skirt around my trembling legs so that the rings wouldn't catch on anything. Hidden beneath, the bells on the ends of their dangling chains chimed mutely when they and their weights bounced against my legs with each pace, coming annoyingly between my knees and thighs.

I could also feel the swaying, mutely rattling links of my ankle reminder chains against my thighs and shuddered with fear at going out in public equipped like this. When we descended the stairs, my house leash trailed from the back of my collar, tugging continually at my throat and reminding me of my status as a slave girl and that there was to be no escape.

Chapter Three

Breakfast And Exploration

John

“Sit there on the stool, Christine.” I indicated one of the two tall stools under the high counter.

“Okay,” she agreed, seeming to have recovered somewhat from the demonstration upstairs and walked carefully over to it, her house leash trailing out from beneath her hair at the back of her neck.

I busied myself preparing our coffee, watching her closely while she pulled out her stool and got ready to perch. She was in for another surprise and I waited expectantly to see her reaction.

She began to settle onto the hard surface, then stopped, a shocked look making her open her mouth in an **O** of surprise and distress.

“I *can’t* sit down wearing this stuff, Master!” she wailed, starting to rise again.

“Sit!” I commanded firmly, staring at her intently.

“Oooohhh!” she pouted, slowly allowing her full weight to settle on the hard wooden seat of the stool. “I can feel those things pressing against me inside!”

“Are they hurting you?” I asked.

“W-w-well ... not really,” she said . “They just feel awful strange and uncomfortable. And the bar is pulling at my lip rings and it makes me feel all bound up!”

“Well,” I replied with a smile of satisfaction, “that’s the general idea.”

“It’s diabolical, Master! How am I going to be able to walk and sit without anyone knowing! And **everyone** will hear my bells!”

“Oh, I’m sure that you’ll manage.” I soothed. “Now, drink your coffee, it’s almost time to go.”

With little gasps of discomfort and embarrassment she slowly settled down and drank from the steaming cup, her cuffed wrists and hands twisting occasionally against one another with semi-rebellion while she contemplated her coming day. When the coffee was done, we left the house accompanied by her muffled chiming bells and hidden chains. She climbed gingerly and red-faced into the mini-van, feeling the multitude of concealed restrictions to her freedom of movement continue to exert their influence. A minute later we were out of the garage and into the big wide world.

In three quarters of an hour we were in the centre of the main downtown shopping district and I pulled into a parking garage. The whole trip in had been without a word from her while she sat beside me, staring quietly out the window, thinking about what she was going to do. She sat rigidly erect, thanks to the hidden constriction of her corset and shoulder brace and I occasionally sneaked looks at her profile while we drove, admiring and lusting after the proud thrust of her bra and chain-captured breasts. I knew she was uncomfortable and scared of how she was going to spend her day, but I wanted Christine to experience the feeling of being in hidden bondage in public. There were more experiences of this type planned for her once she was fitted with the next pieces of her equipment. When the car stopped she turned to me, fear trembling her voice.

“M-M-Master? Must I do this?” she whispered ashen-faced when she looked at me.

“You must.” I stated, staring into her wide green eyes.

“Could I ... could I have a jacket, please, before I get out?”

“Nope! What you’re wearing is all that you’re allowed.” I stated. “And you’re not permitted to buy anything to cover yourself with, during the day, either. It’s warm enough that you won’t need a jacket or sweater. Besides,

you'll always be under observation. So don't try, okay?"

"O-okay," she snuffled, trying to arouse my sympathy. "May I get out now?"

"Yes, you may Slave Girl." I smiled and unlocked her seat belts then tenderly kissed her trembling lips. "Have a fun time! I'll see you about six or so right here. Love ya, Babe."

I popped the door lock and she slid slowly out onto the concrete sidewalk, her restricting four inch boot heels tapping on the pavement when she walked away from the van. The door thunked shut and I stared briefly at her while she stood there looking forlorn, the strap from her large purse draped over her shoulder. Beneath her almost sheer double-layered blouse I could barely see the lines of her chains and undergarments, then I gave the van some gas and zoomed up the ramp to the ticket booth and back into the traffic. In the rear-view mirror I caught a last glimpse of her waving at me while I turned into the street. I knew she'd be safe for as I'd told her, she'd be kept under a tight but unobtrusive surveillance all day.

Christine

After John and the van disappeared, I stood for long moments, trying to build up my courage to begin my day in public (yet hidden) bondage. At last, I decided that I could no longer stay in the gray concrete skeleton of the parking garage and tried to saunter casually out onto the street to join the crowds of shoppers and office workers. I felt as though every eye was evaluating me while I strutted carefully along and my cheeks flamed with embarrassment when low wolf whistles followed me. As a woman, I was used to being constantly stared at, but **this** was awful! The damned corset had squeezed my waist to negligible proportions and in combination with the shoulder brace and half cup bra, I must have presented quite a sight. I couldn't wander along as I'd hoped to, but **had** to strut, despite wanting to sink into the cracks of the sidewalk. Adding to my embarrassment, the muffled chiming of the bells hidden within the opaque envelope of my skirt betokened my bound state, sounding to my ears like Big Ben tolling. I hoped desperately that the golden chains under my blouse were unnoticed by the people I passed and that the rattling of my heavier reminder chains was not

audible either, in vain though. The wide street was busy with the usual crowds and at first I didn't really notice how windy the day was.

Suddenly, when I started across the first intersection of a street that led down to the harbour, the fitful breezes off the water, together with the vortices generated by the high office towers caught at my skirt. The light suede abruptly began billowing around my hips and flapping against my legs, threatening to balloon up around my body with the every playful current! I gasped with a suppressed half-shriek of surprise and discomfort when the hidden chains connecting the skirt to my body began to tug and vibrate erratically then tried to keep walking naturally with some sort of dignity, fighting to keep my whipping garment under control, but it was no use! The gusts enveloping me couldn't be avoided! At one moment they pulsed wildly under the skirt's hem, threatening to blow it up over my head and the next, flattened it against the fronts of my legs and sent the skirt streaming out behind, only held in place by the thrumming length of chain to my clitoris! Already, though I didn't know it, my dangling bells, reminder chains and the ones to my skirt had been spotted by a man behind me, leaving him staring in stunned disbelief while he walked right into a sign post.

Very nearly in tears from the unstoppable teasing and distractingly uncomfortable tugs on the semi-hidden chains, I fled along the sidewalk, desperate to escape the wind and the uncaring, amused, and for the most part unknowing stares that followed me. In short moments I was in a panic of frustrated pain/pleasure from what was happening, completely unable to escape the depredations of the wind. The women passers-by, those not wearing skirts themselves, smiled in rueful sympathy at my struggles while I frantically tried to hold down the billowing and flapping garment, staring around in glassy-eyed, frightened vulnerability and embarrassment. The men, of course, just enjoyed the free show, having no conception of the frustrations and fear of having to wear a full skirt in windy conditions.

At last I spotted what appeared to be a haven of safety and slipped into a 'high end' ladies fashion store to escape the tormenting effects of the unpredictable gusts. Trembling with relief, I slowly walked the aisles, gradually regaining my composure, but then a sales lady came to haunt me.

"Good morning, Miss," she greeted me, taking in my costume with an

appraising glance. “Can I help you with anything?”

“N-no. Thank you.” I murmured, edging away with embarrassment while her eyes seemed to penetrate right through the outer layers of my clothing.

“Are you sure? We have a wonderful sale on now for the Fall Season,” she persisted, moving a little closer, staring intently at my arms and my partially visible wrist cuffs and reminder chains.

“Q-quite sure. Thank you.”

“Very well, Miss,” she acknowledged, her eyes moving to the front of my blouse and the outlines of the nipple rings and chains within my uncomfortable bra.

She had treated me with deference, obviously impressed by the quality and cut of my clothing, but her eyes missed nothing, seeming to be X-ray vision capable. I **knew** she’d seen my restraints and the outline of my collar under the scarf and so I reluctantly fled, back out onto the windy street, there to fight my battle against my hidden bondage and the tormenting winds all over again.

The ache of the corset and shoulder brace slowly began to worsen as time passed and although I moved along trying to appear as normal as possible, my costume and carriage were guaranteed to attract attention. I became the centre of a sea of staring male eyes wherever I went. There was no respite until I at last found a very posh and quiet restaurant and walked as quickly as I could manage into the dimly-lit interior for a long quiet lunch. I was just finishing when someone tapped me on the shoulder, almost sending me through the roof with surprised fear.

“Why, Christine!” said the sexy low voice of my friend Danielle, “**What** are you doing here? I haven’t seen you since you met John a couple of months ago! Antonia and I thought that you’d dropped off the edge of the Earth, or been kidnapped by a rich Arabian oil Sheik, or something equally as bizarre.”

“Oh! **Jesus**, Danielle!!! You scared the hell out of me!” I whispered at her, blushing when I noticed her evaluating glances. “H-how are you and Antonia

these days?”

She slipped around the table and sat down opposite me. As most women do, she gave me the once-over, her eyes widening somewhat while she took in my costume.

“About the same as ever,” she said quietly, “How about you and your new-found man?”

“I’m certainly finding it, uh, different!” I replied vaguely, hoping desperately that she’d go away.

“Looks like you’ve got a live one all right, Christine!” she said, leaning in a little. “Did he get you all the stuff you’re wearing?”

“Well,” I admitted cautiously, “Yes, he did. A-a-and a whole bunch of other things, too.”

“**Do** tell!” she drawled. “Is that a choker you’re wearing under the scarf? If I were you, I’d want to show it off!”

“Y-y-yes,” I said, blushing. “But, I didn’t want to flash it too much, so I put the scarf on, because I have ... I mean I wanted to wear it.” I stumbled along lamely.

“You certainly have improved your figure, Christine,” she complimented, then added, “And I guess you must be pretty concerned about your posture. I can see that you’re wearing one of those old-fashioned shoulder brace things!”

“Well,” I said slowly, “since I met John, I’ve gone on quite a regimen of exercise and figure-training to get into shape. He’s really helped me along with some special outfits.”

“I’ll say!” she laughed with a low chuckle. “Looks like you’re taking up belly dancing too!”

“Oh?” I asked, curious as to why she’d said that, but in reality knowing exactly.

“Yes, dear. That must be it! I knew there was a reason why you look so slim and why you’re sitting so erectly! You know,” she said secretively, leaning towards me, “I can just make out the bangles on your wrists and those chains going up the sleeves of your blouse. I can also see that the ones from your second set of ear rings go into the collar of your blouse and then down to who knows where?” she said with a sly inquiring smile.

“That’s right, Danielle.” I grasped desperately at the excuse she’d unwittingly presented me with. “I’m taking some special, er, lessons to help keep me in shape. What you see are just parts of the costume that I wear all the time. I forget they’re even there, you see.”

“Those ear rings, Christine,” she said, still staring intently at me, “I don’t think I’ve ever seen them arranged like that before! Their connecting arrangement is really quite unique,” she pressed on with her dissection, somehow scenting blood, or worse, embarrassment.

“Uh, Danielle, I must go.” I cut her off, hoping to escape somehow.

“Oh, sit down Christine! What’s the big hurry?”

I thought furiously. How was I going to fob her off with some excuse that she couldn’t possibly tag along on?

“Well, I have a lawyer’s appointment in ten minutes over in the Bental Building, and I really must be going.”

“Oh,” she smiled disarmingly, seemingly a little miffed that I was eluding her, “if one must, one must I suppose. See you soon then! Au revoir.”

I caught the waiter’s eye then stood and strutted to the podium to settle my bill. In two minutes I was out the door and back into the rising wind, fighting once more against the wild billowings and flappings of my skirt and the insidious, unavoidable effects they had on my hidden chains. Very shortly I was almost in tears again, unable to escape or control what was being done to me by my own clothing.

I fled back to the shopping district and lost myself in the bustling crowds for the rest of the afternoon, fearful of having my bound state revealed, or of meeting another friend from my previous life. I had to guard constantly against snagging my skirt, becoming more than a little paranoid about it.

Hours later and thoroughly exhausted, I waited patiently until my Master pulled the van in to the curb where I'd stepped out so long ago. He opened the door and not worrying that my leg chains and dangling bells would be revealed when I got in, I gratefully climbed up then settled onto my impaled behind, happy to finally be away from the wind and the torturing it had given me.

John

She climbed carefully inside and pulled the door closed after arranging her skirt. I fed a little gas to the engine and drove out of the garage, looking for an open parking slot while she fumbled with her special seat belts. All were made of a woven wire mesh, covered with a thick, black neoprene rubber. The wide lap one clamped over her hips and lower belly, clipping to her steel under-belt, if its rings were exposed, and two slightly narrower straps passed down over her shoulders from the high seat back and locked to the heavy lap-strap buckle, centred over her abdomen. Two others came from the seat back, under her arms and clipped to the sides of the shoulder straps, pulling her tightly against the back rest. The last strap, when it was used, would come up between her legs and fasten to the underside of the buckle, but this time I left it loose. They were all connected a moment after she'd sat down, holding her immovably in the seat, my prisoner.

I found a parking spot a couple of minutes later, pulled in and left the engine idling, then turned to face her.

"How was your day?" I asked, pulling open the drawer under my seat and lifting out her chain leash.

"I was so embarrassed, Master," she sniffled, eyeing the swinging loops of steel links nervously. "I-I-I think everyone knew I was belled and chained!"

"Oh come, come honey! Who'd know?"

“Everyone who looked at me knew there was something different!” she grumbled.

“Well, not to worry, dear. You’ll never see most of them again anyway.”

“I suppose so,” she muttered then smiled tremulously while I untangled her leash.

“Anyhow, it’s time to fasten you for the trip home.” I stated. “Can’t have you floating around unleashed anymore today, now can I?”

“Master?” she asked plaintively, “Don’t I **ever** get to walk around without being on a leash or bound?”

“No, Christine, you don’t. Ever. You’re always going to be under some type of positive control, so you might as well get used to it.”

“T-t-that’s what I thought,” she mumbled, almost in tears when I confirmed her state.

“Give me your hands, dear. It’s time.”

Without a word she lifted them and I leaned over and undid the long cuffs of her blouse. They fell away to reveal the thick, shiny steel clamped around her finely-boned wrists, their light chains looping back up into the opened sleeves.

“Keep holding them out.” I ordered, then reached up to her neck and removed her scarf. When it came off, her collar was fully revealed, the heavy ring in its swivel fitting at the front presented to me for instant use.

On the sidewalk, just ahead of the van, a man stopped and casually glanced at the little tableau being played out inside. I didn’t notice him while I concentrated on locking up my love and he stared in fascination at the woman being chained and fitted with a sturdy leash.

Out of his sight, I picked up a heavy brass-cased lock and slipped it through the two inner rings of her wrist cuffs, fed the end link of the chain onto the shackle, then brought the entire assembly up under her chin. I spent a

moment adjusting the lock, fitting it through the ring on her collar while she sat passively, then I snapped it closed. Her small twitching hands and fingers now had to spread on either side of her face and her elbows and upper arms were kept pressed against her pushed-out breasts, semi-covering them. She tried to turn and look at me, but the combination of her restraining belts, the corset/shoulder brace and her hidden chains held her immobile, the heavy leash chain hanging down between her arms and imprisoned yet still available breasts. I couldn't resist her helplessness and reached over, fondling and squeezing each presented globe of her femininity. She struggled futilely to avoid my hands, as much as her fastenings would permit, but in reality, she was completely vulnerable and seemed to enjoy the struggling, my teasing caresses and command of her body.

"Ohhh! Oh, please, Master!" she gasped when my fingers clamped into the filmy material of her blouse, through the thin covering of the bra cup and grasped her left nipple ring. I tugged lightly on it while she tried to writhe away from me, "**Please**, Master!! Please stop! Ouch! That hurts! Oooohhhh!! **Ooouuuchh!**"

"That's another lesson in the use of your rings, Christine." I smiled, watching her heaving chest while she gasped tremulously and recovered herself.

"M-Master? Please, do I have to sit up like this? Everyone can see my chains and leash!"

"Oh, all right." I laughed. "Hold still while I tilt you back."

"Thank you, Master," she sighed with relief. I reached over and touched the lever that controlled the seat back and it slowly settled until she lay almost flat beside me.

"Well, Christine, since you won't be visible from the street, I think you should be gagged for the trip home too then, don't you?"

"Oh **please**, Master!" she whimpered, struggling against the locked seat belts and trying to sit up. "Please don't make me wear the gag? I **really** hate it."

"All the more reason for you to get used to wearing it My sweet," I said

pulling her silencer from the drawer under my seat.

“Please? Please! I really don’t want to wear it!” she began to weep while I prepared to put it on her.

“Open!” I ordered unsympathetically. She was beginning to learn now of her true destiny as a totally controllable Slave Girl.

“I hate it! I ***hate*** it!” she wailed, but opened her mouth dutifully. “AArrghh-mmpphhgg.” was all she managed while I pushed the squeezed-down mouth pad between her teeth and let it expand to its normal size inside her mouth.

“Now! That’s better, isn’t it?” I asked, leaning over and pulling the chin-cup snugly into place against her lower face.

She gave me a look of utter helplessness, her luminous green eyes brimming with tears of discomfort while staring up at me. I disregarded them and brushed her hair away from the sides of her face, then fitted the wide securing straps under her ears and around the back of her neck.

“Turn your head to the side as much as you can.”

She complied and I lifted her head then grasped the end of the gag’s inner strap and threaded it. The narrow stricture slipped easily through its locking buckle and I pulled it tight. Within the chin-cup, it dragged the gag-pad even further back between her teeth and more deeply into her mouth. Her legs kicked spasmodically under her skirt in silenced protest while it seated fully, making her hidden reminder chains rattle and clash. It was time to fasten the wide over-strap. This was passed around her face, sinking deeply into her soft cheeks, then I clamped its edges together at the nape of her neck and the locks snapped closed, sealing her into the brank. Her eyes fluttered closed, squeezing a pair of tears from their corners while she lay beside me.

I sat up and reached over to the front of her skirt, searching for the chain and ring to her clit hood. Finding it took a little while, then I tugged gently, pulling out the slack. Her eyes popped open and her head shook wildly against her ear-ring fastenings when I put more tension on it, then a keening wail of distress whistled from her flared nostrils while she writhed and jerked

frantically against her seat belts attempting to lift her hips to ease the strain. I knew she was trying to beg me to stop, but I had other plans for the drive home. In a second I'd clipped the free end of her tensioned clitoris chain to a swinging weight under the dash, while beneath the skirt her legs continued to tremble and thrash as a result of the dragging sensation on her most sensitive flesh. To prevent her from closing her legs on this chain I took a short spreader bar and strapped it between her legs above the knees and we were ready for the drive home.

I slipped the van into gear, then moved out into the afternoon's heavy traffic. As usual, it was a zoo trying to get out of the downtown area and we seemed to hit every red light and snarl. The stop-and-go driving, both on the street and the freeway, was a hassle to drive in, but, for Christine, bound, gagged and tensioned beside me, it must have been something entirely different than the frustrations I went through driving in the heavy traffic. With the sudden stops and starts, the swinging weight under the dash tugged on her clit chain, and I could tell from her gasps and whines at each light or sudden slowing that it was having a substantial effect. Occasionally while I drove along, I reached over and fondled her breasts and soon she was writhing helplessly beside me, whining and panting pitifully within her locked-on silencer.

Chapter Four

Home From The Trip

Christine

It was awful! I couldn't spit out the pad, nor could I get at any of my fastenings. The way I was strapped to my seat kept me completely helpless and each stop and bounce made the chain fastened to the front of my skirt pull and vibrate maddeningly. Within two miles I was wailing frenziedly under the captivity of my gag and there was at least another forty minutes of this to go before I was released! Every now and then his hand would descend to one of my breasts, presented so readily by my tight bra, and I *had* to endure his fondling while I lay there beside him. As a woman, I desperately wanted to protect myself from this sort of intimate caressing, but bound as I was, I was vulnerable in the extreme. I didn't know where we were for all I could see was the van's head-liner and so I just had to endure my fate.

We finally arrived at the house and parked, then he raised the seat to its normal setting and quickly released me from the multitude of restraint belts. A moment later he came around to my door and opened it.

"C'mon, honey. Time to go inside."

I sat there in fear for a few seconds, trying to shake my head against the drag of the ear-ring chains. I didn't want to get out of the van dressed and restrained as I was. Someone would surely see me. He didn't seem to be worried though because he grasped my leash and literally dragged me out to stand before him.

"Now," he admonished, "you should learn to do what you're told as quickly as possible." He was serious.

I moaned with embarrassment, standing there in broad daylight on the driveway, gagged, leashed and helpless. He turned and locked the van, then whistling some tuneless melody, casually pulled me along the sidewalk and

up to the front door at the end of my leash. Once there, I stood behind him, my face flaming with embarrassment while he fumbled for the key. Finally I was drawn inside. With the door closed and locked, he pulled me along behind him to the playroom at the back of the house, then inside the large chamber, its outer wall completely made of glass. He clipped a dangling chain to the back ring of my collar, leaving my regular tether still attached, then walked to the wall and pressed a button on a control panel. The shiny links of my newest leash began to disappear into a hole in the ceiling and in a moment I was forced by the increasing tension to prance to the middle of the room and stand under the aperture while the chain shortened. He stopped the hoist and walked back to where I stood helplessly waiting, almost on tip-toe.

“I’m gonna go and get dinner ready then I’ll be back for you. Don’t go too far away now!” he chuckled, giving me a playful, proprietary swat on the behind when he walked away.

I turned at the end of my tight neck chain and stared at his retreating back until the door thunked closed, and locked. The chain was loose enough that it permitted me to dance in a small circle, but I couldn’t relax or even bend my knees and so just had to endure my fastenings in gagged silence until he returned.

The balance of our evening was very low-key. After he’d removed my gag and freed my hands, I was taken by my clitoris leash to the dining room to enjoy one of his deliciously-cooked meals and when we’d finished the clean-up, we went into the TV room to watch some of the newer shows. At ten PM he took me upstairs.

“Time for bed,” he stated. “Today has been a real bitch and I just want to pit out. You’ve had quite a day too, hmm?”

“Y-yes Master.” I answered dutifully. “Am I to sleep with you tonight?”

“No, I don’t think so, honey. I need the rest and so do you, so it’s into your cell,” he stated not unkindly. I sighed with disappointment, knowing that I would soon have to wear my gag once more. If I slept with him I didn’t normally have to, although I **was** kept on a bed leash, unable to escape him if he wanted anything of me.

“Okay, time to get you out of your clothes.”

Within five startlingly short minutes I stood naked before him, except of course for the multitude of chains still ensnaring my body.

“Go do your thing in the bathroom, then come back here. Don’t be too long.”

With a rattle of my reminder chains I went into the en suite and with difficulty, did what had to be done. After washing thoroughly I walked hesitantly back into the main bedroom.

“Time to get you tucked away for the night!” he stated unequivocally.

I couldn’t stop the fearful trembling that wracked me every time he opened my cell door and drew me into the black-walled cell/bedroom. The whole interior was unrelieved black, except for the chromed fittings on the steel-framed bed, lit by small adjustable spot lights in the ceiling. Wordlessly, he pulled me to the side and locked the short, chain bed leash welded to the centre of the head-board to the ring on the back of my collar. I stood fidgeting nervously, as I did every night while he prepared my bed bondage, staring around at the featureless, flat black walls. He pulled back the quarter inch thick, shiny, black rubber over-sheet, unlocked the bedside table drawer, then pulled out my sleeping gag and turned to me.

“Kneel!”

I sank slowly to my knees before him as he had told me I was to do each evening before I was to be gagged. “Any last words tonight, Christine?”

“M-M-Master?” I quavered, looking up into his uncompromising eyes, “D-do I have to wear this crotch thing and all the other chains to bed?”

“Fraid so,” he said . “Anything else?”

“N-n-no, Master,” I sniffled, more hopeless tears beginning to brim in my eyes, trying to get some sympathy.

“Very well. Open your mouth, then I’ll get you settled in once you’re gagged.”

Chained and leashed within the cell, there wasn't **any** way to avoid my fate and so I opened my mouth as widely as possible while he squeezed the pad and prepared to insert it.

"A little wider."

The slightly resilient rubber device was slowly thrust between my teeth and I groaned with discomfort when it forced them even further apart. The pad was bigger than any I wore during the day and I hated it with a passion. He continued pushing, holding my head at the back with his other hand and I felt the surface irregularities that mated it so exactly to my palate, sliding across my teeth until the horrid thing was completely inside. I could almost close my jaws to a comfortable level again once it was in my mouth and when I did, he wriggled the pad a little so that its custom-formed surface settled into the various nooks and crannies. I bit down and when I did, the choke-pear sucked itself into intimate contact, making me moan with apprehension when my tongue slipped into its groove. Flexible, thick rubber fingers on the sides of this groove in the choke-pear slid into place on either side then under it so that it was almost immobilized. He walked behind and drew the inner strap tight, making me almost retch when it was locked. My hair was brushed aside and he fastened the wide cover-strap. I was totally silenced, again.

For the first months that I'd had to bear the awful silencer, I'd been unable to sleep with any degree of comfort, constantly fearful of choking, but now I'd become accustomed to wearing it every night, although I hated the thing. He walked around to stand before me.

"Into your bed."

I rose slowly from my kneeling position and sat gingerly on the coldness of the rubber-coated mattress, feeling goose bumps rise while I prepared to lay back. He smiled at my shivering when I swung my legs up, keeping them straight, then slowly dropped them onto the cold shiny surface. Once my legs rested on the mattress, he walked to the foot, then reached down and picked up the short chain welded to a ring that slid along a rail on the raised frame. Its free end was equipped with an integrated lock and it was but the work of a second for him to slip its thick, silvery shackle through the inner rings of my

ankle cuffs and close it with a final-sounding click. There was enough slack in the tether that I could pull up my knees almost to a right angle with my body, but the bed's design also permitted him to chain my legs out in a full spread-eagle if he felt like it. He'd only done *that* a couple of times and I didn't like it at all. I felt so utterly vulnerable and exposed when he fastened me in such a way. A moment later he'd clipped both of the side belts to their rings on my cinch and I slowly sank back onto the cold but rapidly warming, rubber-covered mattress, knowing that if I didn't, when they were tightened, I'd be forced to do so.

With a mechanical whirring, the tensioners drew the side straps tight, pulling me deeply into the soft, envelopment. He stood beside me and stared down into my brimming eyes.

"Hands." was all he said.

I moved my cuffed wrists to my stomach and he slipped another lock through their rings, joining them to the front of my compressing belt. He spent the next minute or so arranging my reminder chains so that I wasn't laying on them then pulled the thick rubber sheet up over me and zipped it to the thick mattress cover with the edge-mounted heavy-duty zipper, sealing me into the bed so that now there wasn't *any* way for me to get out. There was a neck-hole and he closed that around the base of my throat beneath the bottom edge of the collar, then zipped it closed too. My head slipped into a deep, formed depression in the pillow, and although I could lift it slightly out of its place, the tension of the sheet pulled me back down immediately.

"Okay!" he smiled at me, "You're set for the night, Christine. See you tomorrow morning."

He leaned down and kissed my eyes and nose while I struggled silently under the thick, impervious cover to rise to meet him, mewling desperately through my gag to have him stay with me a few seconds longer. He stared down at me in silent, gloating contemplation, then walked to the door and turned off the lights. The heavy, thick, and sound-proofed panel slid noiselessly shut behind him, closing with a dull thud and plunging the room into unrelieved blackness. The electric locks snapped, sealing me inside for the night, his total prisoner and possession.

For a couple of minutes, I jerked against my bonds beneath the sheet, struggling uselessly to escape the chains and straps that held me a prisoner, panting and gasping through flared nostrils, but my efforts were, of course, to no avail. In seconds I was bathed in sweat within my snug rubber imprisonment and for a moment or two more I whined and pleaded pitifully against my locked-on gag, but the room seemed to suck up all sound and my chains made only the faintest rattles when I tried pulling my legs up. Deep in my crotch the bar and intrusions locked into my body continued to tug uncomfortably against my flesh and each breath I drew tightened the restricting web of chains around my chest and locked to my nipples. I gasped in a welter of self-pity and claustrophobic fear, continuing to weep and fight my bindings, as I did every night now.

After a long while I settled down and once more accepted my hopeless bondage, finally drifting off into a terrifyingly real nightmare

Chapter Five

To Sleep, Perchance To Dream

I drifted slowly in towards the beach after my long and exhausting swim, surprised to see a strangely costumed creature standing between two men. They moved down the sand to meet me when I staggered from the surf and I had some misgivings about the appearance of the unexpected trio, obviously there to meet me at the deserted bay, but I had to emerge to get to my clothing and towels.

They walked purposefully towards me, the two men carrying large bulky nylon bags, yet remaining partially hidden behind the tall imposing figure dressed in what appeared to be an environment suit of some kind. The one in the suit seemed to be in charge and he stopped about ten feet from me.

“Remain where you stand female!” A harsh command issued from suited one.

“Who the hell are you to tell me what to do?” I demanded belligerently. “And get out of my way!”

“Take, her!” he spoke again. The two men dropped their burdens and rushed around him.

I turned to flee back to the water, but before I could run, they both tackled me and threw me to the sand, kicking and squalling, trying to defend myself. It was a hopeless match. In seconds they had me pinned, bouncing and thrashing against their combined strength and weight.

*“Let me go! Let me **go!!**” I screamed wildly, but knowing that there was no one near to help me. The solitude was the reason I’d chosen this spot, and it now worked against me.*

“Bind her!” ordered the harsh and strangely-accented voice, one of his booted feet kicking over one of the bags.

*“No! NO! **NOOOO!**” I howled when I realized what he’d said. They were*

going to tie me up!

“It is useless for you to resist female.” the voice snapped. “Relax and let it be done, or you shall pay dearly!”

I continued to scream and struggle though as the two strangely silent men dug in the bag and pulled out a pile of glittering chain and, wide, circular metal bands. They were going to chain me! I fought with renewed desperation to prevent it from happening. Now, I wept and struggled in desperation against their overpowering weights, not wanting to give in without a struggle.

“Hurry it up you scum!” the voice whip-cracked at the two men.

I flailed wildly while one of them raised a strange cage-like affair in his hands, then brought its bottom opening down over my head. When it touched my jerking shoulders the thing’s lowest three inch wide band began to shrink with alarming rapidity and in a second it had tightened snugly around my throat. I briefly heard and felt a metallic rattle under my chin and at the back of my neck, but instantly forgot it when another wide metal band over the top of my head also shrank into a tight strap from ear to ear! With renewed fervour, I screamed when the lower one across the front of my face also began to shrink inwards. I couldn’t see what happened, but when it snapped into contact with my face, a protrusion seemed to grow from its inner side, sliding between my teeth, directly into my opened mouth! The band continued to shrink ever more tightly onto my face, covering it from either side of my nose down to and under my chin, cupping it firmly. Inside my mouth the awful, cold invader continued its expansion and extrusion!

*I writhed wildly against my captors, screaming with terror, until the awful thing inside my mouth filled it completely and cut off my cries, **then** it began to extend itself down my throat! At first it was only a small tickling tendril at the back of my mouth, but with a rush that made me retch uncontrollably, it thickened and slithered far down my oesophagus and into my stomach. I was incoherent with shock while being gagged so efficiently. The wide strap encircling my forehead shrank to a snug tightness, then seemed to flow down either side of my nose and face and meld into the wide gag-strap. My feelings of being rendered suddenly helpless and silent were too much and I ceased*

my frenzied struggling, then just lay there on the sand, weeping wildly while the horrible metal cage rapidly completed its enclosure of my head.

*From the neck-band on either side, small arms snapped out and plugged themselves unerringly and directly into my ears, deafening me. They shortened, pressing more deeply inside my head, making me shiver and writhe frantically, trying to free my hands to tear the thing away, but the process hadn't finished. Two more thin tendrils extruded upwards from the thickening metal strap over my lower face! They slithered smoothly up into my nostrils, delicately threading themselves ever deeper into my head, then with an awful buzzing and a terrible electrical shocking sensation, I felt them join into the metal that had forced itself down my throat. It was horribly painful when they connected and I thrashed madly, but silently, still held down on the sand. There was no way, now, that the semi-alive metal thing encompassing my head could be removed. Strangely, I could still breathe easily and so concentrated on that freedom while I closed my eyes for a moment, trying desperately to keep my sanity. When I opened them though, the metal thing around my head had grown another wide strap, and it was shrinking slowly into position over my upper face. It too clamped into place with a sudden snap, but still, strangely, I could see out through tunnel-like apertures over each of my staring eyes. Thin ridges on its inner surface slid slowly inwards. I tried to scream, again when they gently insinuated themselves under my upper and lower eye-lids, then slowly pulled them wide open so that I **had** to stare outwards, unable to close them!*

My left arm was released and I brought it up to my face just as one of the men placed a band over my wrist, then slipped small loops between each of my fingers and thumb. The entire assembly snapped closed with none of the gentleness of the head cage, instantly sinking into crushing tightness around the wrist joint and extending two inches up my fore arm. Between my fingers and thumb, the metal loops also shrank until my hands had to curl into almost useless appendages. A chain dangled from the cuff and I flung my arm around, attempting to evade what I knew was surely coming and also trying uselessly to rid myself of the restricting and very uncomfortable thing. One of the men grabbed the chain and dragged my arm back to the sand, kneeling on it to hold it down. My other arm suddenly sprang free, but it too suffered the same fate and beneath the wide strap my staring and wide open eyes

streamed with desperate tears while I retched against the metal things threaded inside my face and head. The silence imposed on me was utter and inescapable, but with a rush, external sound was restored and I heard the waves hissing against the sandy beach behind me.

“Her feet and ankles now you sluggards!” was the next harsh command.

My right leg was freed and I never was permitted to see the strange thing that was slipped onto my foot. A wide metal strap snapped tight around my ankle, then I felt a stirrup strap clamp intimately into my high arch. From the back of the band, over my heel, another narrower band flipped under my foot and joined itself to the stirrup strap, then it extended in a form-following curve down under the ball of my foot, widening quickly across it. It flowed around my toes and up over the top of them, melting into itself in a seamless, round-pointed toe, like a shoe. Inside, narrow little rings clipped tightly and painfully around each of my toes then the under-strap began to shorten, pulling my foot down into a highly-arched and very uncomfortable posture; like wearing six inch high heels, but without the spike of the heel. I couldn't fight the inexorable tension of the shrinking strap, able only to kick and flail my legs silently against the very uncomfortable tensions. When I did, I felt another chain flail against my legs. A moment later my other foot was similarly imprisoned and I wept with the discomfort of my new footwear, still struggling half-heartedly to resist my ever deepening bondage.

“Raise her and remove her coverings!”

The two men abruptly pulled me to my feet and held me on either side. My pointed toes sank deeply into the fine sand and I struggled to remain standing on my own, feeling the short chain between my ankles snap tight with each mincing, restricted little pace. A calloused hand grasped the narrow bikini chest strap behind my back and gave a sharp pull. The threads holding the halter around me parted easily and it was ripped from my body, leaving my breasts to spill out, trembling vulnerably. I tried to wail out my fear and distress and cover myself with my chained and clawed hands when this happened, but the same hand that had ripped away my top grabbed the chains from my wrist cuffs and jerked my arms behind my back. Another hand slipped under the waistband of the bottom portion of my bikini and with a sharp jerk, ripped it from me. I stood naked and helpless before the three of

them.

“Belt her now! She shall be used as a breeder, but for the moment she is to be sealed completely!”

One of my captors picked up a wide hoop-like affair and dropped it down over me to waist level. I tried to wriggle away from the rapidly shrinking belt, but chained and held as I was I couldn't escape it. With the tight collar and sight-limiting I was subject to, I lost sight of the wide strap when it began to shrink around my waist. At first it seemed only to nestle against me, then with irresistible force it began tightening deeply into my belly. I twisted wildly while it continued to shrink and when it finally stopped, I gasped with the horrible compression, feeling as though I'd almost been cut in half! Over my hips, narrow metal straps extruded themselves to the front and down along the crease of my leg and body joint, then flowed together just over my pubic bone. I could feel the joined strap continue back through my crotch, then deep between my thighs it split apart again into three separate straps, a narrow one passing under each buttock and sliding up to my hips to rejoin the deeply-sunk cinch, while the third slipped up the crevice between my buttocks and joined to the cinch at the centre of my back. They all tightened abruptly and I felt my lower body become ensnared, just like my head!

The crotch-piece began to thicken across my sex and through my crotch, cupping the contained and covered flesh firmly. For a couple of seconds nothing further happened. I stared wildly out through the tunnels over my staring eyes, then suddenly, deep between my legs, the metal on the inner side of the crotch-piece began to flow and coalesce!

It felt as though a blunted hook had been placed at each end of my cleft, then, little interior vices tightly and painfully clamped the outer lips of my sex! Another set of jaws similarly gripped the delicate inner labia, tugging on them. My clitoris was surrounded a narrow ring around its base and placed under an unbearable tension and I felt the metal quickly cover the sensitive nubbin and squeeze it tightly inside a shrinking metal sphere. The hooks again separated slightly length-wise, while at the same time the clitoral ring irised even further closed. The awful, intimate sensations of this torturing sent me into a frenzied dance of pain, then the clamps on my lips gripped tighter and separated, pulling my body forcibly open under the metal

covering! A strangled scream erupted from my metal-filled throat when another of the insidious, metal protrusions slowly inserted itself into my body and I squealed in terrified discomfort while it threaded itself upwards and into my bladder. Horribly, yet another intruder slipped deeply up into my vagina and uterus and began to thicken alarmingly. I thought that I was going to be torn asunder so large did the prong grow, while my hips thrust and jerked wildly and instinctually against the concealed mechanical rape. That wasn't the end. Almost as soon as the crotch dildo stopped its cancerous growth, a thin tendril of the semi-alive metal snaked up into my behind, slipping further and further inside my bowel. Deep in my belly, I could feel its continuing journey while it flowed up into my intestines. With another of the paralysing shocks, I felt it join to the metal thing that had descended my throat and into my stomach. In my lower bowel the tendril swelled rapidly into a very thick shaft, penetrating me for nearly eight awful inches. Just inside, the shaft continued to expand into a wide mushroomed plug, filling and sealing me very uncomfortably. The short thinness of the shaft passing through the sphincter sprouted small thin flanges both inside and outside my body, around its circumference, and they in turn swelled outward to form small discs. Their edges cupped slightly towards each other, then they slid closer and closer together, clamping the sensitive muscular ring of my sphincter muscle firmly between them! When this happened I squirmed madly, trying to escape the horrible sensation, but it was of no use. I'd been totally sealed.

“Now put on her Protectors!”

My sight disappeared instantly even though my eyes lids were kept prised open by the horrible fingers under the upper face strap. I felt my arms grasped even more tightly by the calloused hands of the two men, steadying me while I swayed in terrorized blindness. Gasping through my flared nostrils around the deeply penetrating metal tendrils, I shook with wild fear of what was to come next.

Suddenly, each of my pendulous breasts was slipped into a cold metal cup. A wide band flipped around my chest and two narrow straps snapped over my shoulders. I couldn't feel them at first, but others beneath my breasts and over my spine flowed downwards to melt into my deeply sunk belt. From the

apexes of the shoulder straps, thinner ones flowed out and joined themselves to my collar, then the whole ensemble, cups included, shrank irresistibly onto my body. The ensemble was tight, but for the moment allowed me to move relatively easily. Around the bases of each breast containment, tight to my chest, the inner edges developed thin flanges, then these began to iris closed so that my breasts were garrotted away from my chest! I felt as though they would soon be cut off, so tight did the rings become. Finally, the snaring stopped, leaving me gasping in painful discomfort, fully conscious of how my breasts too, were now also separately held captives! At the apex of each armouring cup, my nipples were gripped tightly then pulled painfully outwards from their swollen fleshy mounds into small extension cups! They too were encircled by tight rings of the animated metal, and I writhed in silenced agony when the irises clamped tightly around the bases of the engorged, super-sensitive and flint-hard little nubbins.

“Chain her hands and leash her!”

My hands were pulled roughly behind my back and suddenly I could only jerk them fitfully against their too short linkage. Something clicked audibly against the front of my collar and belt, then just as rapidly as it had disappeared, my sight was returned. I turned slowly around at the end of my chains, trying desperately to make sense of what had happened to me in the space of only ten minutes. I'd been free just short moments before! Now, I was held a totally subdued, female prisoner, bound in a nightmarish, semi-alive, metal restraint harness that showed no mercy, compassion, or sympathy. Wailing with the horror and utter feminine helplessness of my situation, I suddenly became deaf again. I fought to free my hands and pull out the sound-defeating plugs pressing so deeply and uncomfortably into my ears.

“Female!” the harshly accented voice suddenly blasted, *“You shall now be transported to the Holding Facility established for itinerant and unescorted members of your sex. You will be properly taken care of there.”*

As though reading my thoughts, the voice continued to blare into my head.

“Over the last week, we have assumed control of your paltry planet and your species is now our possessions.”

I'd come alone to this deserted area to escape the overwhelming busyness of the modern world and hadn't heard any news for nearly two weeks. Now, I was paying for my remoteness in spades.

"In our past acquisitions of your species, we have found that human females make excellent pets." the voice continued, "And you shall become one. In the meantime, you will be trained and exercised for your new role.

"Sometime in the future, you will be bred to create more of your kind, but for the moment, you are to be only a pet."

All sound cut off as suddenly as it had assaulted me and I stared out through the mask in terror. The men accompanying the creature in the space suit had gathered up the two bulky bags and stood waiting behind him. For the first time I noticed that they too wore similar metal harnesses to mine, but theirs were thicker and almost flesh-coloured. I longed desperately to be able to plead with them, but I was punishingly gagged and totally helpless at the end of my leash.

Their throats, wrists, and ankles bore the same wide cuffs I was fitted with, but were allowed the freedom of movement denied to me. They wore no connecting chains nor did they have to wear the finger loops or the horrible high-heels. Metal belts encircled their waists, and over their crotches, discreetly humped cups covered their genitals and prevented them from touching themselves in any way. Long straps connected their belts to their collars at the front and back, with a wide band encircling their chests. Over their breasts, wide shallow dishes pressed tightly into their flesh, sort of like a male bra! They looked totally beaten and compliant to the Alien's commands, although for the moment I couldn't understand why they were so docile. They had been penetrated and were controlled in much the same manner I was!

*The Alien set off, walking up the beach with long-legged, powerful strides. I pranced along behind at the length of my leash, my down-pointing, metal-shod feet sinking deeply into the soft sand with each chain-limited pace. We finally emerged from the seaside shrubbery onto the paved road and I found out then that the high-heeled posture I was required to assume was not aided by heels! I **had** to balance continually on the rounded metal points of my*

‘shoes’.

About a hundred yards away, a squat oblong craft of gleaming metal sat in a circle of blackened, still gently smoking bushes. I was led across to it, shivering with terror and fighting against the demanding jerks on my leash. When he pulled me inside, I was followed by the two cowed men, then my leash was short-fastened to a ring on one of the exposed structural members of the craft so that I had to stand close to the wall, unable to move away. The Alien walked through a hatch and it slid closed, leaving the three of us to stare silently at each other. The men approached where I stood fastened to the wall, trying to maintain my balance with continual prancing little steps and gestured at their mouths when they tried to speak. I heard nothing though and just stood and wept silently, jerking my hands against their cruel immobilization. I don't think they realized how thoroughly plugged and imprisoned I was by my metal enhancements, but those thoughts were wiped from my mind when the tunnels over my eyes closed down to nothing, leaving me in blindness and total silence once more. A moment later I felt them fit heavy hoses to my crotch-cover and others to the front of my lower face strap.

A deeply-sensed humming suddenly filled my world and continued for an indeterminate time. I found that I could suck a little on the gag pad and a trickle of water exuded from its surface into my parched throat and mouth, then a little later some sort of thick gelatinous slurry of nutrients pulsed down the hollow tube in my throat and into my stomach. My bowels and bladder soon needed some sort of release and I held on as long as I could manage, then let everything go with a cringing rush, weeping soundlessly with embarrassment. I needn't have worried about soiling myself though for it was impossible to do while fitted with the Alien's control harness. Apparently, as a pet, nothing was left to chance.

We eventually came to rest and the Alien returned to our holding chamber, although I knew nothing of this. The men were ordered to their own compound and my limited sight was returned when the voice blared again into my ears.

“Female! We have arrived at your storage and training facility!”

A moment later a gloved hand reached up and disconnected the leashes from my body then the voice returned.

“Turn and walk out the door!”

I reluctantly did as I was ordered, stepping out into a wide, metal-walled corridor. The hatch to the transport vehicle hissed shut behind me.

The sights that filled my limited field of vision were probably the most awful I’ve ever seen.

*I was only one of **thousands** of women, and they **all** wore the same horrid ‘uniform’ that imprisoned me! For the first time I saw how I looked. The only parts of their faces visible were their noses, deeply penetrated by the thrusting metal fingers. Other than that protuberance, only their hair and ears were visible within their metal head enclosures! Their bodies, like mine, were webbed and controlled by the metal harnesses and we all wore the same short hobbles between our straining and highly-arched feet. Too, our arms were all restricted by short chains between our wristlets and belts, although, for the moment, none of us was leashed. In this place, I was soon to find, they weren’t needed. They’d be used when we were sold.*

All of us wandered aimlessly, eddying back and forth through the wide corridors in a silenced dance of enslavement. Some leaned their backs gingerly against the walls, but none were sitting down. I desperately wanted to escape the stress and discomfort of my horrible footwear and so found a convenient bench to sit on, but it was not for human female use, at any time. When my weight settled onto the bench and the rigid strap between my buttocks came into contact with the surface, my metal harness immediately unleashed agonizing shocks from my vaginal probe and pulsed other sets through my captive nipples and breasts. More shocks rippled through my nose and my tongue! I leapt up, screaming incoherently against the metal intruder down my throat and jerking frantically at the short chains that connected my wrists to the unmercifully squeezing horror around my waist. Now I knew why none of the others were sitting down. It wasn’t permitted. I joined the others along the walls, shoulders shaking with sobs of helplessness, still jerking at my wrist chains and kicking my painfully arched feet against their short hobble chain. The sensations of being controlled were

indescribable and we all continually writhed and twisted our bodies attempting to escape the terrible twitching metal monsters welded inside us. I wandered away, joining others strutting about, seeking some sort of escape from the scenes of helpless, tortured, and chained femininity. Eventually, I found my way outside, only to discover more of my sisters, all equally as confined and helpless wandering listlessly around the grounds of wherever it was we were.

“FEMALES!! Attention, human females!” A mechanical voice drilled into my captive ears. “This will be the commencement of your next Breaking and Training Lesson!”

It shut off, and I stared wildly out through the restricting blinkers clamped over my eyes, trying to see what was going to happen to me. I suddenly collapsed when a horrific series of electrical shocks began to assault my body!! I lay where I’d fallen, screaming, kicking, and jerking wildly against my chains and the controlling harnesses while the first of my many ‘lessons’ was uncaringly administered. My crotch and breasts seemed to catch fire when the discipline increased again and yet again! Deep inside my body the metal insertions writhed afresh, swelling and shrinking with a horrible pulsation that defied explanation or description! All I wanted was to be freed of my enslaving bondage equipment, but that was not to be. The other females and I were taught our utter subservience by the inescapable electrical torture that seemed to go on forever and ever ... and ever ... and ever ... and ev.....

My eyes snapped open in the utter blackness of my cell and I rolled frantically against my bed straps, gasping and whining in terror-filled spasms while the horrible dream gradually faded away. “It all seemed so real!” I thought gradually settling back and staring up into nothingness. For a couple of moments, I tossed restlessly against my restraints then slowly sank back into a dreamless sleep.

Chapter Six

Chastity Additions

John

Some five days after I'd had Christine into town for her first experience of public bondage, I decided it was time to remove her special chains and for the next two weeks I left her more or less unbound. Naturally, she was always kept on one of her various leashes and bound thoroughly each night, but Christine was nothing if not resilient. I wanted to present her with the next additions to her specialized equipment because I'd actually had them on hand for a couple of weeks, and yesterday had gift-wrapped the boxes containing her newest pieces, in preparation for tomorrow morning's fittings. It was just after dinner and I wanted to give her a final evening free of the equipment that she'd be required to wear from now on.

"Christine, would you come to the office, please?"

"Yes, Master!" I heard her answer float faintly up from the kitchen.

A moment later the chiming of her bells and the sounds of her chained progress grew closer and closer while she carefully climbed the stairs and walked slowly down the hallway then into the room. Today she'd dressed in a long denim skirt and a loose, low-necked blouse that left her wonderfully deep cleavage partially exposed; the chains from her ear-rings looping and sliding enticingly into view when she bent over. Naturally, her collar and cuffs were completely visible too, as were her reminder chains and she was followed into the room by the line of black vinyl-coated wire locked to the back ring of her collar: her house leash.

"Take off your clothes, honey." I smiled at her.

"Oh Master!" she almost simpered, "Are you planning something evil for me, again?"

"Certainly am, m'dear! Then it's off to a night in my bed and some glorious

nooky for us both!”

“Wow, that’s wonderful!” she said, quickly unbuttoning her clothing and stepping out of it.

In a matter of seconds she was as naked as she could make herself, covered only by her collar, cuffs, and belt. The glittering rings embedded in her sensitive flesh only served to heighten her beauty. I stepped from behind the desk and came to her, slowly reaching up to grasp the two thickly-gauged rings in her nipples. She stood passively and looked into my eyes when she felt herself made so intimately my captive. I tugged gently on them, drawing her closer to me, then began removing the intricate network of chains that held her. It was certainly a lot easier than affixing them and she sighed gratefully when the intrusive crotch-sealing bar was released, permitting the U to slide out of her body.

“Shower time, My sweet!” I laughed, giving her a playful pat on her delightful behind.

“Yes, Sir!” she beamed and scampered into the bathroom. A minute later I heard the shower start and clouds of steamy vapour began billowing through the open door.

Nearly an hour later she emerged, glowing a rosy pink under her tan, then walked with a slow and sexy swaying of her hips over to stand beside my bed. Naked, I slid from under the covers and came to where she stood waiting, then picked her up in my arms and kissed her soft and waiting lips thoroughly while she returned my passion. For a moment I held her chained beauty, then laid her gently on my bed. The sight of her there, restrained and ringed with my cuffs and steel, was very arousing, and I bent over to examine her more closely. When I did, she automatically rolled onto her side and I fastened her bed-leash to the back of her collar and only then released her house leash. She sighed a little and shivered when the cool links touched her warm brown back, then rolled to face me and held out her arms while I slipped in beside her. I held and kissed her for a long time, slowly re-exploring her delicious lips and body while our caresses became more and more passionate. Soon, we were in an embrace that would lead us to the ultimate joy and I entered her with a delicious thrust, feeling the rings

embedded in both her inner and outer vaginal lips and the others in her clitoris teasing me strongly while she gasped and writhed with increasing fervour. The intensity of our lovemaking accelerated until we were both deeply and wildly entwined. I knew that we were approaching climax when she began to tremble and give short, rising shrieks of abandoned passion. With each deeper penetration I could feel the pressure of her clitoral rings against my belly and she gave a little scream of encouragement when they pushed and tugged at the sensitive nodule they pierced. Suddenly, I flipped onto my back and she rode her position frenziedly, bouncing wildly up and down. On one of the bounces, I again grasped each of her nipple rings loosely and held onto them while she howled in part-pleasure, part-pain from the additional sensations they unleashed. The bed-leash to the back of her collar swung and flailed in short flashing loops, adding its clinking and clattering of links to her feelings of enslavement and abandon and while we both approached the zenith of sensation, I slowly pulled her down to me with a constant tension on her nipple rings. These tugging sensations were too much for her and she exploded in wild spasms, screaming out her passion while I drew her to me and exploded myself! Darkness and reaction engulfed us both and we spiralled down into unconsciousness, exhausted for the moment.

The next morning while she lay sleeping, I disconnected her bed leash and put her back on her house one, then went downstairs to prepare our breakfast. We'd made love three more times during the night and I was still whacked out. I set the table in the dining room and was just putting the coffee stuff out when I heard the clatter of her chains and the slither of her wire leash across the kitchen floor. I turned around, to find her in the kitchen behind me, smiling and happy, standing there stark naked but for her bondage equipment and a pair of four-inch-heeled, ankle-strap pumps.

"Good morning, honey!" I greeted her. "Come. Sit down and have some 'heart-starters', then I've got some surprises for you," I said, gesturing at the gift-wrapped boxes sitting on the end of the table.

"Good morning Master!" she chirped at me with a big smile, "Did you sleep well last night?"

"Ah, you little minx!" I laughed, "With a temptress like you in the house, how could any man sleep at all?"

“Are those really for me?” she asked, walking over to the table and carefully examining the elaborate wrappings, ribbons and bows.

“Look, but no touch for the time being, dear.” I grinned at her. “Now, come and sit here beside me and enjoy your coffee and toast.”

“Very well, Master,” she said with mock resignation, walking over and sitting down next to me with a sexy, soft clicking of her chains.

She placed her cuff-encased wrists in her lap and waited while I poured the coffee, her fingers idly playing with the gleaming steel links that connected them to her collar. Half an hour later we’d both finished our morning start-up routine and she began to bounce on her chair, anxious to open her presents, just like a child waiting to be allowed to see birthday or Christmas gifts. These, though, would prove somewhat more interesting!

“Okay, Christine.” I relented at last, “You can start with the sort of thick square one.”

With a silvery flash of clattering chain she jumped from her chair and sorted through the boxes until I nodded then brought it back to where I sat.

“Go ahead, honey. Open it.”

She shredded the paper wrapping and ripped off the ribbons to reveal a quite nondescript white cardboard box. The sealing tape soon gave way to her finger-nails and she popped it open then began rummaging around in the internal, cushioning Styrofoam. A second later she pulled out the first of her presents and sat looking at it with a puzzled expression on her face. What she’d discovered was made of highly polished stainless steel and sort of resembled a wide U. Through the bottom curve of the central portion, an extended triangular portion had been removed so that only its edges were present. These were about a centimetre and a half wide and deeply grooved with a rounded beading bordering the entire aperture. One arm of the U was quite a bit wider than the other and the opening along the bottom curve narrowed proportionally, leaving a thick strap on either side. At the back was a smoothly faired-in hinge joint and on the wider arm, just above the opening, was another set of the smooth knuckle-like mechanisms.

Holding it up, she turned it this way and that, obviously trying to figure out the purpose of the strange-looking piece.

“Master?” I don’t understand what this is,” she stated in puzzlement.

“Don’t worry, My sweet! All will become clear in a couple of minutes.” I laughed at her slightly crestfallen look. “Go get the narrow one there.”

She jumped up and retrieved the indicated box then quickly tore this one to pieces also. There was no doubt about what lay revealed on the tissue paper before her.

“A dildo?” she asked plaintively, looking at me with lack of understanding written all over her face. “What will I do with it?”

“Yes, honey. A dildo, and it *is* for you!” I exclaimed. “But it’s a very special dildo and you probably won’t like it very much at all.”

“Well, Master, I don’t like them anyway!” she grinned licentiously. “I prefer the real thing!”

“Okay!” I laughed. “For the moment you don’t have to worry about it. Just get the next box from the pile. It’s that oblong one there.” I pointed.

In a moment she had it opened and sat staring down into it, looking over the contents carefully. Comprehension began to slowly dawn on her face and she lifted out the heavy, sculpted metal shape.

“This fits on that?” she asked, pointing at the **U**.

“Christine, I’m impressed!” I stated and for a moment she glowed at my praise.

“How does *that* work?” she pointed at the **U**.

“Please open the last box.”

There was only a long narrow container remaining and she reluctantly approached it, picked it up as though it would explode in her hands, then

carried it back to the litter of the previous boxes. She sat and stared at the innocuous package for a moment, then began to slowly peel it open, not with the reckless abandon that she had the others. What lay revealed was a quite long, innocent appearing, shiny, chromed bar, about an inch and a half in diameter. One end was flat with a set of machined holes and the other was bullet tipped with a large ring mounted in a swivel fitting.

She removed the next layer of packing to reveal three more, each progressively shorter than the other. The smallest was about six inches long.

“Well, Christine.” I smiled at her, “Those are your gifts. What do you think?”

“M-M-Master?” she quailed, glancing up at me then lowering her head. “I-I-I don’t think I’m going to like these things one little bit.”

“Oh, you’ll get used to wearing them, eventually. Just like you did to your rings and cuffs. I will require that you wear these new pieces all the time from now on, and so you’ll literally **have** to get used to them!”

“What ... what **is** all this stuff?” she asked plaintively, gesturing at the expanse of gleaming metal pieces spread on the table before her.

“Well, I guess you could call them the completion portions for your belt.” I smiled at her. “Why don’t we get you into them right now to see how they work, okay? Just pick’em all up and we’ll go to the playroom.”

“Y-y-yes, Master,” she said with a resigned shrug trembling her delightful breasts, putting the various pieces into the largest box and walking slowly from the room behind me, carrying them gingerly.

Christine

I was intrigued with the stuff he’d presented to me, and not a little scared too! I tried not to show much enthusiasm, for I knew that if I did, he’d probably do something that might prove too much to bear quietly. He preceded me to the playroom and once I was inside, locked the door and connected a room-leash to my collar then released the other one. This part of the house was

heavily sound-proofed and although light and airy thanks to the large windows along the outer wall, no one could see inside because of the inner reflective film. I stood holding the carton with my new ‘toys’ and waited for the inevitable while he pulled over a small table. It was brought next to where I stood, then he took the box from me and placed the contents on its surface in what seemed to be a special arrangement. First was the **U** shape laid on its side, then came the metal cover thing, with the dildo placed above it, and finally the differing lengths of the other bars. He picked up the **U**.

“Okay, Christine,” he looked at me seriously, “Spread your legs, please.”

Silently, and a little scared of what was to come, I did as commanded while he walked around behind me. I felt him doing something at the back of my belt on its rounded lower edge, then there was a sharp metallic click when he manipulated the piece. A cool narrow band settled into the crease between my trembling buttocks and I felt him gently spread them a little apart. The band pressed tighter, then I could feel its edges when the **U** was swung forward through my crotch. They pressed deeply into the join between my thighs and torso, but left my back passage and sex completely bare and open otherwise! Their pressure slackened for a moment while he walked around to my front, then increased again when he pulled upwards on the wide steel plate. Its cool inner surface was thickly coated with a black neoprene rubber, high-lighted at points by small, raised silvery humps. I gasped when the ‘plate’ pressed deeply into my lower belly. Six, notched, short metal posts on the upper edge of the **U** lined up with their mating holes on the bottom edge of the thick band compressing my waist.

“Ready, Christine??”

“Y-y-yes, Master!” I stuttered with nervous apprehension and suddenly, my nightmare returned in vivid force!

Still holding firmly onto the cover-plate, he stared into my eyes intently while he pulled it slowly upwards. I heard six almost simultaneous clicks when the posts went into their respective holes and latched closed, and gasped when the slightly-cupped metal covering my lower belly pressed intimately into my flesh. My loins were encased within a gleaming expanse of steel, but with the fastening of the **U**, the elongated oval aperture that outlined my sex made it

seem to pop out in exaggerated desire to be free. Under the covering, a raised ridge around the opening pressed more deeply into my body, increasing the sensation.

“**Oohhhh!** Master!” I gasped, shocked at the strong feelings of captivity and restriction that the imposition of this piece forced on me.

“Wanna have a look at yourself, Babe?”

“P-p-please, Master?” I asked, curious to see what had been done and how it looked.

He brought over a hand mirror and angled it down so that I could see my lower body. Reflected back at me was an image I’ll always find hard to forget. My ring-adorned sex was surrounded by a thick, shining, stainless steel shield. The oval opening came up my pubic bone and extended back through my crotch, leaving my depilated sex and rectum completely free and available. I would be able to use the bathroom without difficulty anyway, I thought, wriggling myself a little to settle into the tightly constricting metal harness as comfortably as I could.

“That part of your belt, together with the waistband, **cannot** be removed, Christine,” he said seriously, staring into my eyes. “This part though,” and he held up the strange metal plate with all the scary protrusions on its inner surface, “**is** removable, although you’ll wear it ninety-nine point nine percent of the time.”

I stared somewhat horrified, inspecting the thing he held. This time it was with fearful intensity and I began to edge my legs back together in an attempt to forestall being fitted with it.

“Keep your legs apart!” he commanded tersely. “I don’t want to pinch you when this goes on.” He picked up the huge dildo and fitted it to a special, ball-like mounting, deep in the still detached crotch-plate. The black and chrome spotted shaft locked into place with another final-sounding **click!**, oscillating back and forth in short arcs.

Reluctantly, I spread my legs again while he walked around behind me. I felt

a solid metallic **snap!** just over my tail bone, then his fingers spread some sort of cool gel around my ass and ring-punctured sex.

“Just relax yourself, Christine,” he soothed. “This is going to be somewhat uncomfortable while it’s being put on and into you.”

I groaned when a blunt, thick, flexible shaft was slowly forced up into my bowel.

“Uuuhhhnn!” I moaned, gritting my teeth against the intrusion while it was driven deeper inside, then a moment later the front dildo also began to slide into my body! Its huge diameter dilated me more and more with each millimetre of penetration.

Finally, the disconcerting sensations stopped and I couldn’t help the all-over trembling that the insertions had precipitated. I panted, fighting the urge to reach down and pull the intrusive invaders from my body. The projections within the cover-plate pressed firmly against my ringed clitoris, while yet others seemed to have captured and were pulling on my lip rings! He wiggled this second cover-plate and I gasped anew when the plugs sank a fraction deeper, then, there was another, final sounding, metallic **click!** and he stood up and stepped away from me.

“There! You now wear a fully operational, hi-tech, chastity belt!” he stated, smiling at me with satisfaction.

“Wh-why do I have to wear it, Master?” I asked plaintively, tensing my inner muscles around the slightly resilient firmness of the shaft within my sex, feeling the back plug keeping my sphincter uncomfortably dilated.

“Because you’re mine, honey!” he stated. “And besides, if I’m going to marry you, I want to make absolutely sure of your being under my control at all times.”

“Oh!” I said stupidly, “Marriage? I’m not going to just be your Slave Girl?”

“I’m absolutely serious, Christine,” he said quietly, “Will you marry me?”

“O-of course, Master!” My heart leapt as I said the words.

“You’ll still be my slave,” he said . “And you’ll still be kept in your cell just about every night too.”

“I don’t care Master, I **want** to be kept there!” I could have slapped myself as soon as I uttered the words.

“Great! That’s settled then. Now I want to add the last part of your gift then you can go out and play for a while, okay?”

“Uh, okay.” I assented, still trying to accustom myself to the intense sensations emanating from my lower body.

He picked the longest bar from the table then knelt in front of me and I realized that it was to somehow be fastened to what I already wore!

“Oh!” I gasped in surprise. “Do I **have** to wear th-that thing?”

“All part of the outfit!” he asserted, looking up at me. “You’ll wear an inhibitor bar, more than likely this one, or another very much like it, all the time now.

A second later there was another of those ominous metallic **clicks!** and he told me to move my legs together. Three more followed in rapid succession then he stood up, disconnected my house leash from my collar and knelt again before me. With a last **click!** the wire leash was connected to the tip-ring of the thick shaft now resident between my legs.

“That’s it Christine. We’re done. Do you want to see yourself again?”

“Y-yes please, Master.”

He held the mirror and I stared at the reflection partly in fascination and partly in fear at what I saw. Where before my sex had been revealed and accentuated by the surrounding metal, it was now fully covered and concealed by the thick, smooth-surfaced, cupped piece he’d locked into its fittings. The edges of the secondary cover-plate had slipped deeply and exactly into their mating groove on the surrounding beading, so that there

wasn't **any** possibility of access to my sex. Deep between my quivering thighs, the metal post stuck rigidly downwards between them and I gasped with the erotic images it created when he tilted the mirror down a little further. My ankle-cuffs were now linked to the tip-ring by short chains from their inner rings, and my leash led away along the floor to its anchor point on the foot of his bed.

“Okay, Christine,” he said , “You can move your legs back together, then I want you to bend over and try to touch your toes.”

I slowly edged my legs back together and although I knew it was there, it was a shock to feel the long and rigid bar projecting down between my thighs and knees. Next, I tried to bend over, but the chains to the bar's tip-ring suddenly snapped tight and stopped the motion, making me give a short, shocked scream when the dildo inside my belly surged against its fleshy envelope.

“**Ohhhhh**, God!” I wailed, realizing that I couldn't escape the sensations caused by this bondage arrangement.

My knees buckled, but I only descended two inches before the tip of the bar rammed into the floor and sent a shock wave up inside me, eliciting another sharp wail of discomfort. I immediately realized that while I was equipped with the bar and hobble combination, there would be **no** way for me to sit down, run, or even walk without being constantly reminded of its presence, and my subjugation!

“Pretty restricting, hmm?” he asked nonchalantly.

“Ooohhh, Master!” I wailed, “This is horrible! Every move I make, I feel it inside me!”

“Well, my dear, you might as well get used to it. You're gonna be wearing it **all** the time from now on,” he stated.

“P-p-p-please, Master? Please take it off?? **Please?**”

Without a reply he walked to the door and picked up my trailing leash wire while I stood forlornly rooted to my spot in the floor.

“Come along, dear!” he commanded, snapping the wire. The wave travelled along the leash and when it came to its end, locked to the shaft between my legs, it jerked the awfully restricting thing sharply back and forth! The sudden, erratic shifting of the dildo made me give another small scream of startled discomfort and I quickly pranced from the room behind him, tugged along by the unforgiving tension. The very essence of my femaleness had been used to make me even more of a prisoner!

Chapter Seven

Guests and Revelation

John

Christine strutted carefully along behind while we returned to the living room. I ignored her gasps of distress for she'd acted much the same way when her cuffs had been fitted, then when I'd had them welded closed, and again after she'd come out of the anaesthetic when her rings had been mounted. Christine was a pretty bouncy character and it took a lot to keep her depressed for any length of time so I knew she'd learn to live with her newest equipment fairly soon. I figured about another ten days, and once she'd accepted the fact that she couldn't escape it, then I'd show her some of its *other*, more interesting capabilities. In the meantime she'd wear her these newest additions to her outfit around the house, and I'd permit her to dress to conceal them as much as she wished. It all helped with her acclimatization process and she'd soon wear them as though they had always been a part of herself. To help her along in this acceptance, I'd invited some mutual friends over for drinks this evening. They were also in the 'scene', although she wasn't aware of it, and I thought the evening would prove enlightening for her, to say the least. I reached our bedroom with Christine securely in tow behind.

"Okay, honey." I stated. "Here's the program for today. You're to get yourself dressed and you can do that with any of the clothing in that closet. The rest of the day is yours to basically do with as you wish, but I want you to spend a minimum of two hours outside. I've lengthened your outside leash sufficiently so that you can get to within ten feet of the property line. We're having guests over for dinner and drinks around seven thirty."

"Yes, Master," she murmured and then looked at me alarmed. "Will I be permitted to wear a scarf, please?"

"No, you won't. You'll also have to keep wearing your nose ring too."

“Ooohh, Master!” she wailed, “I’ll die of embarrassment! Especially when they see it and my leash! How am I going to conceal them?”

“You aren’t. Them’s the rules, Christine. Obey them.”

“But Master! How am I supposed to sit down for dinner, wearing these things??” she snuffled, gesturing at her steel-encased crotch and the long shiny bar sticking down between her legs.

“You won’t, honey.” I stated, “Now, get yourself dressed, if you want to. I’ve got to go into town for the afternoon. I’ll be back around six o’clock.”

“Yes, Master,” she sniffled and pranced daintily over to the closet to select her day-time clothing.

I packed the required documents into my briefcase and left her to her own devices, mournfully sorting through the clothing I’d left behind for her. When she’d come to live at my house, ***all*** of her past clothing had been burned in the fireplace while she watched and now she could dress only in the clothing that I’d had made or selected for her. I gave her a kiss before leaving, and a couple of minutes later was on the freeway and heading into the city. She’d eventually accommodate to her newest equipment, but it wouldn’t be easy.

Christine

After Master left, I finally picked out some clothing that partially concealed my newest accessories. What I came up with was a short denim skirt and a long-sleeved, high-necked, sheer blouse that covered me ‘decently’. It appeared that I didn’t have to worry about panties any more as I inspected my chastity belt in the mirror prior to struggling into the ankle length skirt. Nor did I have to worry about having to put on stockings either, unless I spent a lot of time sliding them up under my ankle cuffs and wearing a garter belt. As far as wearing a bra was concerned, I debated that for quite a while, then elected to go for a full support model that was reasonably comfortable, although not many of the ones that he’d allowed me to purchase could be described that way. Most of them clamped me too tightly around the chest and their wide, inner, elasticized bands around the bases of each of my

breasts squeezed uncomfortably, making them even more prominent than they already were.

At last I was dressed, then I saw the note on the bedside table and walked over to read it.

Dearest Slave Girl,

*You'll see that there are two chains and three locks in the top left-hand drawer of the chest in the playroom. You must now go there and chain yourself as follows: the largest lock is to join the two chains to the front ring of your chastity belt. Make sure that their joining is symmetrical, i.e. one chain on either side of the shackle when it's locked to your belt ring. The other ends are to be fastened (that means **locked**) to your wrist-cuffs, then you're free to do as you wish for the rest of the day, subject to spending some time out of doors in the garden as I mentioned. You must have yourself chained before 11:00 AM, Christine, or you'll be subjected to discipline. As you know you're being monitored for compliance with these instructions.*

Have a good day, dearest, and remember that I DO love you.

John

I looked at the clock radio.

It was five minutes to eleven and I had to go the whole width and length of the house! Unthinkingly, I tried to take a long stride from the room, only to have my skirt-concealed hobbles snap tight, making me gasp with the sensation of them moving the inhibitor bar and thus the dildo too! With **every** hobble-shortened pace, the assembly **had** to move, and I began to sniffle at the seemingly impossible task of getting to the drawer in time to chain myself according to the instructions he'd left. I didn't want to do it, but after a few enlightening sessions with his whip on previous occasions when I'd tried to ignore his instructions, I didn't want **that** either. I hurried as best I could along the corridor and down the stairs to the playroom. My house leash

slithered along the floor behind like an observant and controlling serpent, always ready to exert its authority. By the time I reached the room I was almost in tears from the sensations of the dildo twitching back and forth within my loins and I fumbled desperately in the drawer, pulling out the locks and the ridiculously short lengths of chain that he'd permitted me for the day. Each was only about twelve inches long I guessed, while connecting them to my chastity belt, then to my wrist-cuffs, severely limiting my freedom.

I walked to the full-length mirror on the wall opposite the window and looked at myself. What stared back at me was surely a slave girl. The small and heavy ring in my nose marked me as one without question. Although I might have gotten away with wearing it as fad-type body jewellery, there was no mistaking the cuffs and chains that restrained my wrists and hands. Too, the heavy wire leash leading from under the hem of my skirt marked me utterly as my Master's controlled property. Forgetting myself for a second, I tried to bend down to pick it up to prevent it from snagging, but of course only managed to incline a little before my hobble chains snapped tight to the ankle-cuffs. The thrust of the skewering dildo stopped me! I couldn't get at it! Somehow I'd have to get something to pick it up. Perhaps a coat hanger would do the job.

Disconsolately I strutted with limited and controlled paces from the playroom, back to the kitchen and dining room to clean up. When finished, I returned to the bedroom, made the bed, then collected the laundry and began *that* mundane process. My chains and various restrictions made the chores difficult and frustrating, to say nothing of being uncomfortable and downright painful a lot of the time, and I was on the brink of tears much of the day. I had to eat my lunch standing at the kitchen counter and even that was a trial.

Later in the afternoon, I stepped out onto the back deck, obeying his instructions. The door blew closed behind me and I heard the automatic click of its lock with something akin to horror. I was trapped outside the house with no way of getting back in! My leash was under the door, although when I moved to its remaining length, it slid reluctantly through the weather-stripping, not really limiting me as completely as I thought it would. The heels were inappropriate for walking around on the lawn and I tried to kick them off while I stood by the locked door. Damn it! They were the ankle-

strap pumps I'd put on this morning before he'd fitted the inhibitor bar and now there was no way for me to get at them and undo the straps that held them to my feet! I was stuck with them for the rest of the day, or at least until he returned.

Carefully, I walked down the wide steps to the lawn and began pacing around the large grassed area of the back yard, the heels of my shoes sinking into the soft turf and making walking quite difficult, to say nothing of the disconcerting tugs of my leash. I really had to watch my footing because if I fell, there was no way for me to get back to my feet. The yard was surrounded by a high cedar hedge and so I was alone with my chains and on my leash, unobserved, while it trailed along in the grass behind me. I wandered listlessly for nearly an hour, staring back at the safety of the house, now denied, pulling my wrists against their pitifully short chains, but there was no escape from my bondage! I finally ended up back on the deck, leaning against the table while I waited for the time to pass and for my Master to return.

It was a long and boring wait.

John

The freeway traffic out of town was a real bitch, as it always is when you want to get home quickly. I had a sneaking suspicion when the phone went unanswered that Christine had somehow locked herself out of the house and was probably now hiding in the bushes so that no one could see her.

Sure enough, there she was on the deck, nearly in tears, looking completely helpless and utterly forlorn. I opened the kitchen door and she jerked upright as though she'd just received a whip stoke across her behind, staring around in embarrassed fear until I greeted her. A smile of relief flooded across her face when she saw it was me and she took several quick, shortened steps when I came out of the house.

"Oh, Master!" she sighed snuggling into my arms, "I'm **so** glad you're back!" She tried to hug me, but the chains to her wrist-cuffs stopped her from getting her arms more than halfway around. "Oh, **damn** these chains!" she wailed

stamping her foot in frustration.

“I’m glad to see you’re okay, Christine.” I murmured into her fragrant hair while I held her trembling body close.

“I was so scared Master that someone would see me like this,” she whimpered, waving vaguely at herself and her bondage, then dropping her chain-restricted hands to her sides.

“Well, honey, it’s all right now,” I said reaching down and grasping her leash where it emerged from under the hem of the long skirt in one hand, and a fistful of her wrist chains in the other. “Come into the house now.”

I tugged on both the wrist chains and her bar leash. She couldn’t resist.

“AAOouuuww!” she gasped, dancing and writhing in discomfort while I drew her into the kitchen. “P-P-P-plllleeeaaassee! Please, **Mmmasssttterr!** **Oh please!** Please don’t pull on my leash!!!?? AAArrrgggghh!” she continued to moan when I tugged her along the hall and up the stairs to the bedroom. Her hands jerked against their restraining chains, automatically fighting to be free despite the fact that she knew it was a useless exercise.

By the time we arrived in my bedroom she was trembling and panting like a winded horse, still struggling wildly to pull her wrists free of my grip on their chains, her eyes clenched shut and head flung back while silently fighting her restraints. I released my hold and she slowly stopped her frenzied writhing.

“Okay, Christine,” I said quietly, “That’s enough! Hold still and let me release your hands and change the leash back to your collar. After that, you’re going to shower, then clean your equipment and rings. I want you to be made up, dressed, and ready in an hour and a half. Your clothing for this evening is on the bed.”

So saying I unlocked her hands, then bent down, released her hobble chains and freed her of the shoes. I left the bedroom, locking the door behind me. Antonia and Danielle would arrive in about half an hour and wait in the lounge. In the meantime I decided to fix some drinks and get the place ready for the evening. The caterers were arriving shortly and I wanted them to have

everything set and to have departed before Christine put in her appearance. I busied myself until the caterers arrived and shortly after they left, my guests showed up.

“Come on in ladies!” I greeted them quietly, having opened the door before they had a chance to ring the bell. They caught on immediately.

“Hi John!” they whispered conspiratorially. “Should we just go ahead into the lounge?” Antonia asked with a smile.

“Yeah. There’s drinks and snacky things already set up, so make yourself at home.”

“Okay.” Danielle said in her sexy, low, husky voice. “See you in a little while. Thanks.”

I checked my watch and went up to the bedroom to see what progress was being made. When I opened the door I found Christine nearly fully dressed, standing in front of the mirror while she struggled to get her gown zipped up. She turned to face me when I entered and closed the door, the long skirt swirling out from her hips when she did.

“M-Master could you help me get this done up, please?” she asked plaintively.

“Sure, dear,” I said walking over to her, then closed the last hooks and zipper at her back, just below the fall of her hair.

“Thanks,” she said a little disconsolately, inspecting herself over in the full-length mirror. “Do I *have* to wear this, Master??” she asked, alarmed at how much of her restraint equipment the dress revealed.

“Yep!” I asserted, “You do indeed! And you’re going to be kept on your bar leash too.”

She’d done a credible job with her make-up and hair and really looked quite stunning, her glittering visible rings and cuffs adding even more to her appearance. The long satin dress was a deep electric blue in colour, hugging

her body closely right down to her hips. From there, it flared into a full, floor-length skirt. It contained a built-in bra that cupped her breasts deliciously, yet still left a large area of each one exposed to reveal the delightful valley of her cleavage, and it was tight enough around her chest that each of her substantial nipple-rings was definitively outlined. Large holes at the tip of each built-in cup ensured that they projected fully into the dress's material, much to her embarrassment. The upper body portion was designed so that it swooped in close to her neck and was secured with a narrow band that left her entire shoulder area and arms free of covering, thus her collar and her Wrist reminder chains and the cuffs to which they were attached were completely visible. The dress clung tenaciously, outlining the indentation at her waist that the five cm wide waist cinch of her chastity belt created, partially revealing some of the details of the cover-plate locking mechanism on her lower belly. Around its waist, the restraint rings of the belt poked through reinforced eyelets, their brilliant chrome contrasting startlingly against the deep, iridescent blue of the material. All in all, she was an arresting vision of a chained woman and I couldn't help but lick my lips at the sight of her.

"Ahhh, Master? I really don't w-w-want to do this?" she pleaded quietly.

"Matters not Christine." I stated. "Now, it's time to get your final jewellery fitted. I want you to hold still for this."

"Very well," she sniffled, bowing her head as much as her high collar permitted.

I knelt before her and raised the hem of the dress, then locked a long chromed chain between her ankles, threading it through the hovering ring at the tip of her inhibitor bar.

"You'll have to be careful, honey." I instructed, "The hobble is quite long and you might get tangled, if you're not careful when you walk. Now, I want you to step into these shoes."

They were a pair of the six-inch-heeled, platform-soled horrors of the type that she particularly disliked, but in a moment both were strapped and locked to her feet, making her moan and clench her fists with barely suppressed rebellion. I clipped a matching blue nylon leading strap to the ring of her bar,

then stood.

“Hands!” I commanded implacably.

She held them out to me, palms upwards and I connected another light gleaming chain to her right wrist cuff, threaded it through the right side ring of her belt, then passed it around her waist through other rings on either side of the central back ring and out through the left side one where it was locked to her other wrist cuff. The chain was only long enough to permit her to use one hand at a time. If she wanted to reach out she could easily do so, but only at the expense of having her other hand pulled in tight to her belt by the sliding chain. The arrangement also provided the option of securing her hands when I pulled on the chain behind her back. This would drag both wrists tightly in to her waist and a small lock would keep her like this, if I so desired. Simple, but very effective.

She kicked her feet against the hobble chain, obviously unhappy with her eminently visible bondage and upset that she was going to be displayed in her true role whether she wanted it or not. This was all part of her training and acclimatization to becoming ever more fully controlled.

“Okay, honey.” I exclaimed, “We’re off to see the wizard!”

“Pardon, Master?” she asked, looking a little apprehensive.

“We’re going down to greet our guests, silly.” I told her.

Her eyes darted around the room, seeking some escape route. I shook the blue nylon leash and it snapped up under the hem of her dress, making her gasp in surprise again at how much it controlled her.

“Please! Please! Please, Master!” she begged, her lips trembling. “It’s really quite awful when you do that!”

“Keep that in mind, sweetness,” I said, “and it won’t be done too often. You know I require immediate compliance.”

“Y-y-yes, Master. I’ll try to be careful,” she acknowledged, very nearly in

tears.

“Okay! Let’s go downstairs.”

I walked to the door and she followed me dutifully some five feet behind at the end of her completely visible and obvious leash. I kept it tight enough to pull up the hem of her skirt slightly, revealing tantalizing glimpses of its point of fastening. Her finely-linked ankle hobble swished in glittering loops within the concealment of the long skirt, tinkling across the carpet with a musical jingling. It was long enough that it swung out from under the hem of the dress quite blatantly with every pace. While we descended the stairs she used her left hand on the banister to steady herself, and that resulted in her other wrist pulled in to her waist, emphasizing to her just how insidious and controlling her newest wrist bondage really was. We reached the ground floor a moment later and I drew her along the hall to the lounge. Suddenly, she stopped dead and began trying to back up.

“No! **No!** I can’t!” she said in a harsh whisper, throwing her head back to fully reveal the snug and gleaming collar tubing her throat, clenching her fists until the knuckles turned white.

“Christine!” I ordered, “Settle down! You **will** behave yourself now, or be very sorry tomorrow!”

She took several deep breaths, then came to me and tried to hug me again, but the chains to her wrists held her resolutely; able only to get her hands part way around my waist.

“I-I’m sorry, Master. It all just came crashing down on me then. Here I am, helplessly chained, on a leash, wearing a chastity belt, with my rings and my collar and my cuffs and everything, and I got really scared!”

“Okay, honey.” I soothed, still holding her leash, but squeezing her affectionately close with my other arm. “We’ll let it go **this** time, but no more funny business.”

“Th-thank you, Master,” she gulped, “Lead on.”

I resumed our short journey, then turned into the lounge to find both Antonia and Danielle engaged in low-voiced conversation. They stopped talking when I entered, Christine still in the corridor at the end of her leash, and looked at me with smiles of anticipation lighting their faces.

“Come along, Christine!” I called and gave the leash a gentle tug.

There was a muffled moan of discomfort from the hallway then she walked with downcast eyes into the room while I drew in the slack on her leash, pulling her closer. The two other women stared in awe, then Christine turned to face them and her mouth dropped open in shock.

“Good evening, Slave Christine!” Danielle said with a smile. Antonia smiled at her too.

“Y-y-you know!?” she gasped, a wave of embarrassment flushing her face.

“Of *course* we know!” Danielle said. “We introduced you two, remember?”

“Yeah,” said Antonia, “we’ve known of John’s hobby and desire to have a real live slave girl for years! When we found out how *you* felt at that party last year when we all got so plastered, it seemed like a match made in heaven! So we introduced you guys.”

“I-I-I don’t know what to say!” Christine exclaimed, still shocked. “Danielle? You mean to say that when we met down town a couple of weeks ago, you knew what I was wearing under my skirt and blouse?”

“I sure did, honey!” she laughed. “And you looked absolutely stunning! John asked me to keep a discrete eye on you and I was happy to oblige.”

I uncoiled Christine’s leash, walked to one of the unobtrusive wall rings and locked it in place.

“Drinks, ladies?” I asked from the bar a moment later.

“Sure!” Danielle said enthusiastically. “Lets celebrate Christine’s coming-out!”

In moment we all had drinks in our hands and toasted her slavery, deepening by the day. From that point on our small gathering became much more relaxed and Christine lost her inhibitions almost completely. It took her a while to accustom herself to her wrist-chain arrangement and she unconsciously exhibited her slavery every couple of minutes, automatically kicking her hobble chain away from entanglement with her feet. We all laughed at her hampered efforts and she took the joking about her status in stride, beginning to show her usual bouncy spirit and exhibitionist side. Eventually, we moved in to the food and stood around talking. For a few moments Antonia, Danielle and I stood by the table enjoying ourselves, then we looked around for Christine, wondering where she was.

“Christine!” Danielle called out, “Come on in here and eat or there won’t be anything left!”

“I-I-I can’t!” she wailed plaintively from the lounge.

We all laughed at her predicament. I’d left her leashed to the wall ring and she could only walk to the length of her tether, feet short of the door. Quickly, I went and brought her into the dining room, leashing her once more, this time with a V of long chains from the back of her collar and the tip ring of her bar. Christine strutted to the table, her lips trembling a little while Antonia, Danielle and I loaded our plates, then tried to do the same. The other two women sat down and began eating with gusto, talking avidly, but Christine just stood there looking like a fifth wheel, holding her plate in one hand and her cutlery in the other. Her eyes darted around, then Antonia noticed her.

“What’s wrong, honey?” she asked with concern.

“W-w-well ..,” she whispered plaintively, almost in tears again, “I-I-I can’t sit down! And with my hands chained as they are ... I-I-I can’t eat! Even i-i-if I put the food on the t-t-table, I c-c-can’t bend over and my wrist ch-ch-chains aren’t long enough! S-s-sometimes I h-h-hate being a s-s-slave girl!” she wailed. A second later Antonia and Danielle were at her side comforting her obvious distress at being held so closely under control.

It took some minutes for her to calm down, but soon she was back to her

usual self while I fed her. Just to reinforce her state, I pulled her wrist chain in behind her back and locked it so that both of her hands were held firmly against her compressed and imprisoned waist. Coffee and after-dinner drinks followed, then Danielle spoke.

“Christine, you said you couldn’t sit down or bend over and I’ve caught the most interesting glimpses of something between your ankles! I’ve also noticed that you seem to be wearing something quite different under your dress and I’m sure that they’re all inter-related!” she mused. Christine looked at me, embarrassment writ large on her face while a blush covered her.

“Well Antonia and Danielle,” I said as they turned to look at me, “Christine is much more my slave girl than you, and even *she*, might imagine!”

“Oh? *Really?*” Danielle asked, very interested.

I described to them the equipment that Christine now wore beneath her dress and as I explained how the bar was connected to her front dildo, their mouths became wide **O**’s of comprehension of just how intimately she was held captive. Naturally, they wanted to see the external part of the arrangement for themselves and despite her initial shyness, Christine was encouraged to lift her skirt to her hips and show Danielle and Antonia exactly what she wore locked around her lower body. Danielle reached behind and tugged playfully on the bar leash, causing Christine to give a little involuntary scream of startled discomfort. Antonia stared at her with something of a cross between desire and horror after she was permitted to drop her skirt.

“Th-that rig must be quite a t-trial!” she quavered.

“It’s not the easiest thing in the world to *have* to wear, and be constantly reminded of.” Christine grumped, pulling her hands against their restraining chains and kicking her feet against the long hobble.

“Well, ladies,” I interrupted, “this chastity belt is only the outer, visual part of Christine’s control gear.”

“What do you mean?” Antonia asked when they all turned to look at me, Christine with terrified interest, and the other two with passionate curiosity

flaming from their glowing eyes.

“Well,” I said, pulling my cell phone from my pant’s pocket and flipping open its cover, “the dildos, and the cover-plate over Christine’s crotch, are **considerably** more talented than they might appear at first sight!”

“Oh, my!” whispered Antonia, getting up and walking over to stand beside Christine, who stared at the phone the way a fear-petrified rabbit stares at a rattlesnake about to strike.

“**Do** tell!” exclaimed Danielle. “How about an in-depth explanation and demo?” she asked.

“Oh Master!” Christine whispered fearfully. “P-please don’t do whatever it is **you’rrrraaahhh!**”

That was all she could manage to say when I tapped one of the keys of the handset. Her hands flew to the lengths of their shortened chains, fingers scrabbling frantically against the smooth satin of her dress. She pulled it up without thought or hesitation and began clawing frenziedly at the smooth metal hump of the cover-plate over her sex, moaning and writhing her hips frenziedly. The long hobble chain fastened to the tip ring of her bar flailed in glittering loops while her hips swung and jerked. She gasped and moaned continually, her eyes snapping open one moment then clenching shut the next. Between fits of trying to escape, Christine stared pitifully at me, still striving to pull the securely locked-on crotch-plate away from herself. Her eyes were glassy when she was forced to concentrate on the sensations assailing her very femininity.

“Oh please! Aarrrrrr! Oh **PPLLEEAASSE! Make it stop!!** Make it **sssttoooppp!!**” she wailed, her hips gyrating even faster. Again she tried to bend over, making the tip of the inhibitor bar describe small circles in mid-air behind her heels, flinging her hobbling chain about even more wildly under her skirt.

Her cries became incoherent when I left the device at its current setting, about ten percent of full potential, then a minute later I turned it off and she sagged into Antonia’s arms, panting, shaking and sobbing.

“What the hell happened?” Danielle asked, her eyes flickering back and forth between the phone in my hand and Christine’s now hidden-again chastity belt.

“Just one of the marvels of modern electricity and micro-miniaturization.” I smiled at her question.

“I still don’t understand!” she exclaimed.

“Well, it’s like this,” I said, and explained to them all exactly what it was that Christine now wore, locked onto, and inside, her body.

Chapter Eight

Self Bound

Christine

I quivered with dread when I heard him begin the explanation of the sensations I'd just been forced to endure. It seemed that the somewhat uncomfortable protrusion pressing into my clitoris on the inner side of the thick plate covering my sex was **not** just there to make me constantly aware of it. The ribbed projection, was, in fact, a very strong, remotely-controlled vibrator that was also capable of delivering substantial shocks either at the same time as the vibrator was on, or shocks only. This though, was only the beginning. The dildo, too, was a very strong vibrator/shocker, capable of thrusting in and out of me and wriggling around while it did! At the moment, he explained, it was in its fully retracted mode. I shuddered with fear, for I already felt so plugged by the thing that I **knew** if I yawned and looked in the mirror, there would be its tip at the back of my throat! As if that wasn't enough, the anal dildo had the same abilities as the vaginal one! He concluded his explanation:

"... and so Antonia and Danielle, and most importantly **you**, Christine, can see that there's an almost infinite combination of sensations that can be generated from this little wonder in my hand."

"Wow!" Antonia marvelled. "That's friggin' mind-blowing!"

"O-o-only if its l-l-locked inside you!" I gasped weakly. That got a chuckle from everyone.

"Oh!" John exclaimed in that nonchalant manner he has when he's laying another heavy fact on someone. "I should mention another couple of things too. This hand set has a range of nearly twenty miles and of course can also be run through the phone system and the Internet, so that I can 'reach out and touch' Christine from virtually anywhere on the planet. **And** the unit can also act as an electronic leash!" he gloated.

“I-I-I’m thrilled.” I gasped, not completely understanding how *that* could be done and horrified by these newest facts of my captivity.

“I guess I’d better explain in a little more detail,” he stated pedantically. “You see ladies, I can set various distance restrictions on this remote. If I want Christine to stay close to me, say within three metres, I set that parameter right here. I can in-put greater distances of course and the sensors in her chastity belt are designed to recognize the perimeter restrictions in each room too, or those surrounding the property, or the van! Neat, eh?”

“What happens if she crosses the line?” Danielle asked.

“Well, a variety of ... ah ... stimuli can be supplied to force Christine to return to her allotted area, depending on the programming, and these also can be remotely set. One of the games I’m thinking of trying might be to set the proximity alarm for a certain room in the house, or an area of the property, remote from where she actually is, then set a level of stimuli that increases with her distance from it. She’d have to find out through trial and error and that could prove quite, shall we say, interesting,” he said with a big shit-eating grin on his face.

“Sounds like you’ve got her just where you want her.” Danielle smiled lazily at me.

“Well, not quite yet,” he said quietly. I stared fearfully at him, wondering how much more controlled he could make me.

“M-M-Master??” I whispered, “I don’t know how much more I can take.”

“Oh, Christine, you’re gonna love this stuff! You’ve only experienced the clit vibrator for a whole two minutes, and it was on one of its lowest settings! Wait until you’re tucked into your bed for the night and it’s left on for three or four hours, or maybe even all night at a higher setting.”

“Oh God!!!” I gasped in shocked disbelief that this was what was in store for me at some point.

“Not only that, sweetie, but the other stuff on the belt can go active at any

time too!”

“This-this equipment that you’ve got Christine locked into sounds absolutely diabolical!” Danielle opined, staring at her companion with a speculative look in her eye.

“Oh, no!” Antonia said, “Not for this lady! Please, Mistress, don’t do it to me?”

“Well, my dear, you **might** just go to sleep one night and wake up the next morning inside one of those things. You never know!” Danielle grinned evilly back at her companion. Antonia’s complexion went white. She knew that her Mistress was **not** just kidding around.

A couple of drinks later the two of them left and John released my leashes from the wall rings then had me walk ahead of him up to the bedroom.

It didn’t take long to divest me of my clothing and restraints, except of course, my leash, and in moments I lay tightly gagged on my bed while he strapped me down for the night. This time, my ankles were not connected directly to the bed frame, linked instead to each other with a short chain through the tip-ring of my inhibitor bar. The lower leash now ran from the same ring to a heavy staple on the frame. Of course I was also held in place in the centre of the mattress by the thick rubber side-straps and try as I might, even had they not been attached to me, there was no possible way to sit up against the deeply restricting effect of the dildos buried within my belly. My arms were fastened well away from my body so that I couldn’t touch myself, my wrist cuffs chained out to each side, more than a thirty cm away from my hips. Before he pulled up the sheet he plugged a thick umbilical cable into a receptacle deep in the crotch-plate between my quivering thighs, then led it over to the side of the bed. I heard more subdued metallic clicks when the other end was plugged into its jack and stared up at him, gagged tightly, trying to beg with my eyes that he not do anything to me for any of my faux pas during the day and evening. He ignored my silent begging while rapidly completing my bondage, then zipped the thick sheet closed, sealing me within its impervious, heat-trapping covering for the night. He leaned over and kissed my forehead.

“Sleep tight!” he grinned down then walked to the door.

The steel panel slid shut on its oiled track and I heard the electric locks snap closed with finality, imprisoning me once more. The lights flicked off and I was alone again in the Stygian darkness. Under the sheet, I twisted against the restriction of the side straps and pulled my short-hobbled legs up against their chain, causing the bar to wobble a little and move the dildo disconcertingly. The uncomfortable twitching soon made me stop moving them deliberately and I was barely able to accommodate myself to this intimate and humiliating control. When I tugged against them, the clinking of my wrist restraint chains was faintly audible from under the sheet and although the straps were loose enough that I could roll slightly from side to side, there was no way for me to escape or release them. The tight rubber cocoon I was sealed into soon had me sweating profusely and I whined into my gag with discomfort, feeling the thick sheet pressing down and flattening my ring-punctured breasts and nipples. I couldn't roll my upper body too much either, for he'd clipped other light but quite strong chains between each my nipple rings and the sides of the bed, before zipping the sheet closed. In effect he'd turned my breasts into shock absorbers if I tried to move from one side or the other! I wailed under my severe gag from the nagging, sharp pains from the burning jerk of the rings when I inadvertently tried to roll.

For a long time I struggled fretfully against my bondage, almost enjoying the unrelenting sensations of confinement. Really, I was happy to feel the constant compression and restriction that was imposed on me by his cuffs, collar, chastity belt and other bondage equipment. Sure, much of the time I wanted to take it all off and be free, but for the most part I enjoyed and relished my captivity and looked forward with some anxiety to what he'd do to me next. I stared into the oppressive silence and blackness of my cell, able only to hear the gasping breaths whistling in and out of my nostrils, then, despite my discomfort and stringent bondage, eventually drifted off to sleep.

John

Christine remained equipped with the ankle-length extension bar and short hobble chains for the next two weeks, forcing her to accustom herself to their intimate restrictions.

Occasionally I used the proximity alarm programs, training her to recognize her limitations and the signals that told her when she'd exceeded them, but for the moment I didn't employ any of the discipline or stimulation capabilities. I wanted *that* event to be traumatic and mind-blowing. Each night she slept fully fastened, as usual, and a couple of times during the fortnight, I permitted myself the luxury of making love to her, but in her cell and she responded with a chained passion that surprised me. I'll admit, my control of her was intense and she didn't really have a lot of choice in what happened to her, but I guess that I'd touched some deep and primal need in her psyche. After our lovemaking and the inevitable collapse that followed, I always refitted her with the cover-plate and dildos, despite her gagged pleas and tears, then sealed her into her bed/cocoon for the remainder of the night.

She was released from the cover-plate/dildo combination three times each day to accommodate bodily functions and washing, but after each was required to again imprison herself. Despite being confined to the house and property, she always elected to wear concealing clothing, although one day I came home to find that she'd gone to a tremendous amount of trouble to dress in a truly revealing and tantalizing manner. As usual, she wore her mid-calf-length bar and medium length hobble chains with the house-leash locked to its tip, but when I knocked on the front door, as usual requiring her to come and open it, the sight that greeted me was crotch-stirring to say the very least.

The door swung open and there she stood, chained, leashed, gagged, and made up to the nines. Obviously she'd spent hours and hours carefully preparing for my return and when I stepped inside she arched her eyebrows in silent question about my reaction to her appearance.

"Oh, Christine!" I praised her efforts, "You are indeed a sight for a bondage freak's dreams. I love how you've dressed!"

She swung the door closed and silently followed me down the hall to the lounge, her wire house leash slithering along the floor behind. When we reached it I put down my briefcase.

"Hold still, honey. I want to see just what you've done, okay?"

She nodded mutely, her eyes sparkling above the tight compression of the locked-on gag that covered her lower face and cupped her chin. I walked around my chained possession, inspecting her bondage minutely. There was no possible way she could escape from her self-imposed restrictions for I controlled all the keys to her various pieces of equipment. Once she'd placed them on herself, that was the end of the ball game until I decided that she was to be released.

Beneath her sheer black nylon blouse I could see that she wore one of her more severe corsets, one that contained a built-in bra that covered and contained her breasts completely and stringently. Within each of its cups, around the bases, there were thick-gauged and slightly stretchy rubber 'O' rings attached to the structure. These had to be pulled over the fleshy mounds and when this had been done, they'd settled snugly against her chest before she could actually fasten the garment. Once in place around the bases of her badges of femininity, the rings, of course, tried to resume their original diameter, garrotting each breast mercilessly and this caused them to swell and inflate with blood, becoming extremely sensitive to *any* touch. The tip of each cup was open and her turgid, ringed nipples thrust through the apertures defiantly. She had joined their rings with a short golden chain with a heavy little bell at its centre, then hung small weights from each one also, adding to her discomfort and strain. The corset had been laced as firmly as she could manage unassisted, then she'd tightened the straps to the compressing cups so that the narrow leather bands dug deeply into her shoulders, locking them tightly against her body and imprisoning her bulbous flesh with only her distended, ring-punctured, and now extremely sensitive nipples extruding through their holes.

Somehow, she'd put on a pair of silky, black, unflawed stockings, obviously having spent a long time working them carefully up under her snug ankle cuffs, then she'd pulled them up her beautifully contoured legs and clipped them to the sturdy wide garters of the corset. Her inhibitor bar, longish hobble chain and leg reminder chains were fully exposed below the hem of her flouncy, mid-thigh length mini-skirt, for she'd elected not to hide her intimate restraints, but to declare them openly. The short, full skirt flowed tightly around her captive hips and buttocks, flaring out to its hem and the contrast of the dark stockings encasing her legs to the silvery bar between

them was staggering. As her reminder chains flickered back and forth beside her black-sheened legs, I felt an instant erection begin to bulge my trousers. To see the rigid bar and chains ascending, up under the skirt's hem, between her legs, to destinations only surmised, had to be one of the most powerfully erotic sights I've ever seen.

The brank/gag she'd fitted to herself was almost an exact duplicate of the one she wore every night and she was held completely speechless by the deeply penetrating choke-pear locked inside her mouth. She'd obviously known when she put it on that she couldn't remove it once the straps were buckled, but she'd fastened them tightly nevertheless.

In addition, she'd locked a short chain to the back ring of her belt, then clamped tight cuffs just above her elbow joints and somehow locked these to the chain! Her wrists too were linked to the side rings with about a quarter of a metre of freedom allowed for each, and in turn the cuffs were joined by another twenty cm of chain, the centre link of this connected to the front ring of the belt with about ten cm of freedom allotted. As a result of this restriction of her arms, once every lock was secured, it was impossible for her to release the weights, chain, and bells fastened to her nipples. The finishing touch was that she had somehow placed six inch, ankle-strap high-heeled shoes on her feet, then fastened the buckled, locking straps to a severe tightness so that there was no way she could undo or escape their restricting influence.

I only found out later that she'd begun the very nearly impossible process of putting herself into her costume just after I'd left for town and completed the final steps around noon. She'd been in her self-imposed bondage outfit since that time, nearly eight hours ago!

After I'd gotten to know Christine and her deep desire to be restrained, I'd embarked fully on the slow journey of rendering her more and more deeply under my constant control, as she so desperately wanted. Certainly, there were doubts on her part while I gradually removed her freedoms, but after a week or two of acclimatization to each new restriction, or the imposition of new control devices or procedures, she always rebounded with a thirst for more.

Now, with her exhibitionistic display of her bound state, I ***knew*** she was ready to proceed to the next step.

Chapter Nine

Disciplined, The Night Begins

Christine

I stood watching his eyes go first a little glassy, then, when his gaze took in my complete costume, they suddenly started to blaze with desire when he saw how strictly controlled and helpless it made me. He reached out and slowly undid the front buttons of my blouse, then his fingers curled around the chain that joined my nipple rings. I hadn't thought that he'd ever use *that* one as a leash and until now regarded it only as a tantalizing decoration for my breasts and nipples. I was *so* wrong! That particular set of links *too* was intended to control, discipline, and humiliate me as only a female can be with such a bond.

"I think it's time we went to the playroom for a session, don't you?" he asked in that forbidding tone he uses when I'm about to be disciplined, even though he smiled when he spoke.

"NNNnnnhh *uuuhhh!*" I wailed in sudden distraught pain when he gradually raised his arm, slowly pulling upwards on the chain and thus on my super-sensitive, blood-engorged breasts. My eyes clenched shut and I bit down hard on the gag-pad I'd locked into my own mouth, screaming as loudly as I was permitted by the efficient plug. The tension didn't ease when he began to slowly pull me towards him, I thought. The short hobble chains to my extension bar made me prance daintily on the punishing six inch heels while I tried frantically to jerk my hands and arms free of the multiple chains that restricted them. I desperately wanted him to stop the painful and continuous tension he was exerting, shaking my head in hysterical denial and tears while he pulled me down the hall. My hapless, gag-strangled protests and tears were ignored.

The pain of this newest leash held me in immediate agony, and, to add to my distress, with each short, chain-hobbled step I took, the obtrusive bar between my legs surged spasmodically, making the dildo twist and move

disconcertingly inside my belly. My eyes clenched closed while I was drawn to my fate and I couldn't help but mentally picture the scene I was an at first willing part of, beginning to feel the rising of masochistic fantasies that were too quickly becoming my harsh reality. To add to my sensory banquet, he turned on the clitoral vibrator and immediately the incessant buzzing of the intimately positioned device began to inundate my senses with waves of irresistible pleasure. It was buried beneath the cover-plate, completely untouchable and combined with the restriction, the pain from my breasts, and the fact that I was gagged to silence, I was soon gasping and twitching madly, desperate to somehow escape its unstoppable sensations. The vibrator increased its depredations and I almost swooned when my insides seemed to turn to jelly, barely clinging to sanity. He eased off the tension on my nipple chain and I heard two soft clicks, then opened my eyes to find myself staring at the wall, about a foot in front of my face! What had happened?

When I tried to turn away my breasts erupted into twin mounds of fiery lava! I glanced down against the rigidity of my choker collar and managed to see that he'd clipped my nipple chain to a ring at chest height so that I was held a prisoner against the wall, unable to move away from it. Behind, I felt him lift the flounced mini-skirt away from my buttocks, now presented and framed by the lacy white garter straps running down on either side to my stocking tops. He tucked it into the wide elastic waist-band of the garter belt, then moved back and away from me.

I couldn't turn my head enough to watch him because of the restriction of the gag/brank and so just had to stand there, waiting helplessly and in terror for whatever was to come next. There was some vague rustling in the room behind then without warning I heard the whistle of cut air and a line of fire traced across my buttocks when he wordlessly delivered the first stroke with a small cane! I screamed madly from the sensation of its fiery impact and tried unthinkingly to turn towards him and bend over at the same time to avoid further punishment. The links to my breasts were utterly implacable in their control, snapping tight and tugging fiercely at my nipples, making me continue to scream from *their* painful jerks! My hands and wrists jerked automatically and frantically, but completely uselessly against their too short chains, trying to cover my buttocks. I was utterly unable to defend myself or avoid the cane for my wrists were solidly connected to the sides and front of

my belt! Wailing insensately behind the gag, I struggled to keep still, but he continued with the awful caning! The second blow was harder, hurting even more! Again I writhed and twisted insensately at my fastenings, screaming mindlessly into my gag while the vibrator continued to sing its insidious song deep in my crotch and my hips began to rotate and thrust of their own accord while I became immersed in the sensations assaulting me. I pleaded. I begged desperately but all of my efforts came to naught and the cane continued to dance its tattoo of pain over my juddering buttocks while I prayed desperately to somehow escape my fate.

There was no fairy god mother to release me.

At last it stopped and I leaned my forehead against the wall, a panting, sobbing, writhing wreck. I felt him tug my skirt out of the waistband, then his hand reached around and unclipped my breast chains from the ring. He turned me to him, kissed the gag over where my lips would normally be, then slowly began to massage my burning buttocks under the skirt while I wept and trembled, chained in his arms. Right then, I wanted only to escape from my self-imposed servitude and continued to struggle against my restraints as much as I could. The gag I had put on prevented me from voicing any protest and so I gradually settled down while he continued to comfort and hold me.

“Well Christine,” he said at last, “I think that sometime in the next two or three days I’ll fit you with the next instalment of your Control Equipment. You’ve demonstrated today that you’re ready for it.”

I didn’t know what was coming and couldn’t and wouldn’t dare to question him. I’d only find out when it happened, as was the case with all of my ‘toys’. Standing before him, still trembling and gasping for breath through my nose, I looked up into his deep blue eyes. He grasped my septum-ring between thumb and fore-finger.

“I think it’s time that I had *this* made permanent,” he stated, giving it a little tug.

I whined with the pain of the sudden tension and tried to shake my head against the fact that the ring would very soon be welded closed and become another irremovable part of my jewellery, but with him pulling on it, all I

could do was look helplessly up into his face.

“Okay!” he exclaimed, “I think that you’ve grown used to the inhibitor bar, so I’m going to take it off for a little while and you’ll be able to sit down and enjoy your dinner, okay?”

He released my nose and I nodded gratefully, tears still trickling from my eyes while he knelt and unlocked the hobble chains, then with that peculiar metallic **click!** the long and restricting bar was released from its mounting on the crotch-plate. My house leash was immediately reconnected to the back of my collar, then he removed the chains from between my wrist-cuffs and the front ring of my chastity belt, freeing my arms, but only a little.

“Bend your head forward as much as you can.”

When I did, he released the locks of the gag/brank and deftly extracted the pad from my mouth.

“Oh, Master!” I gasped after it had been removed, “Thank you! Thank you!”

“You’re welcome,” he smiled down at me, bending over and wiping my eyes with a tissue from a box on the side table. “I think rather than eat dinner here though, we should go to a restaurant downtown! What do you say?”

“That’d be wonderful.” I whispered, slowly recovering from my ordeal. “I haven’t been out for an evening at a restaurant for a nice meal in months. But, Master, like **this?**” I gestured at myself.

“Great! That’s what we’ll do then,” he stated. “Just get yourself a cover and we’ll be off to *Les Cing Chats* for an evening of fine French cuisine.”

“Master!!” I exclaimed again in shock and sudden horror, “I **can’t** go dressed like this!”

“Sure you can,” he grinned at my consternation. “If we’re in a private booth, who’s going to see you? Besides, Jean-Marc’s a friend of mine and always seats me at a special table. Hang on a minute and I’ll give him a call to let him know that we’re coming, so that he can have it prepared for us.”

“Ohhhh, Master!” I moaned with trepidation at what was to come.

He walked into the house office and left me standing there. A minute later I heard him talking to the restaurant, but I couldn’t make out what he was saying.

“Okay. He’ll have our booth and table ready when we arrive.” John said as he returned. “We’ve got a little while yet, so what say we take a spin through the shops to see what all the latest fashions are like, hmm?”

“Please, Master?” I shrank from the possibility. “Do I **have** to? I’ll die of embarrassment if people can see me chained and dressed like this!”

“It’s gonna happen Christine,” he stated, brooking no argument with his tone of voice. “I won’t keep you on a visible leash and you can wear the long cape to hide your wrist and ankle reminder chains. Everything else you’re wearing stays on!”

“But, Master! People will still be able to see my nose ring and my collar!” I exclaimed, still trying to avoid what I knew was inevitable.

“So what?” he asked. “Now, you scoot down to the front closet and get out the long suede cape I got for you, then we’re off to the races. Forget the jacket.”

“Very well.” I sighed with resignation and went to do his bidding.

A couple of minutes later I was waiting at the front door for him, still tethered by my house leash, when he descended the stairs.

“Good!” he stated, “I see that you’re ready to go. Now, hold still while I disconnect your leash.”

I bent my head forward and he unlocked the tether that constantly reminded me of my status. Nervously, I twisted my hands against each other under the concealment of the cape while he turned me before him and secured the numerous buttons on the front. The covering was floor-length and hid my various bonds quite adequately from prying eyes, although it was very

distinctive and quite heavy, what with all the metallic studding and decoration. I could, if I wished, stick my hands out of the arm slits, but to do so would reveal my chained wrists: not something I'd do willingly. Before we stepped outside he pulled up the deep cowled hood then turned to inspect me.

"Okay, Christine," he said looking down into my face, "Your electronic leash is now active. On the current setting you have to stay within about three metres of me. If you stray beyond that distance, it'll give you increasingly severe, ah ... stimuli, for want of a better word, the further away you go. Do you understand?"

"Y-y-yes, Master," I acknowledged, fearful of what could be done to me, now by remote control.

"Let's go."

I stepped outside and waited while he activated the house alarm then locked the door. He walked past me down the sidewalk to the garage. I stayed close to him, prancing along with some difficulty because of the six inch heels, accompanied by the clicking and jingling of my swinging reminder chains. At the van, I stood beside the passenger door waiting while he walked around to the driver's side. When he got beyond the three-metre limit, I suddenly felt a pulsing, needling set of shocks shoot through my body from the vaginal and anal dildos!

"YYYee**AAaaaahhh!!!**" I yelped, writhing in horrified pain and trying to double over. I clawed unthinkingly at the steel locked over my crotch beneath the flimsy, abbreviated cover of my skirt. My fingernails scrabbled fruitlessly on the smoothly machined surface of the shiny covering while I twisted, trying to escape the awful, totally intimate, yet hidden torturing.

"Oops! Sorry!" he grinned evilly at me when he opened the door and slid into the van. "I had that set a little too high I guess!" The door lock popped open and the shocks died away.

"Oooohh, **God!**" I gasped. "Please Master! Please don't use that on me!! You have **no** idea what it's like to feel it happen and be unable to escape or stop

it!”

“Okay, Christine. I’ll adjust the setting, a little, but it gives you some idea of what to expect if you need to be reminded of the limits to your freedom, okay?”

“Y-y-yes, Sir,” I said when I climbed up into my seat, then sat quietly while he fastened my seat harness, binding me thoroughly.

“We’re off!” he announced and we drove down the long lane and out onto the main drag.

John

Of course Christine wasn’t aware of it, but I’d clued Jean-Marc in to what was to transpire this evening and he in turn had prepared the specially equipped furniture in our large booth. The waiter and waitress that would look after us had been specially selected and paid to keep their mouths shut with respect to any of the strange things that they might observe while taking care of Christine and I. In the next couple of hours, she would learn all about her electronic leash, in public, while we toured the shopping district before dinner.

I wouldn’t yet subject her to its maximum settings, for during testing, the lady who’d worn the devices had gone almost crazy trying to rid herself of the chastity belt and the plugs locked inside her. Christine would experience some mild to middling-strong stimuli, but she’d be able to control herself, barely, if they were only left on for short durations.

About half an hour later we pulled into the garage where I’d dropped her off previously and I parked the van, then got out and walked around the back to open her door. Once out of her sight though, I backed slowly away from the vehicle. Inside, she suddenly stiffened against her locked seat harness when stronger and stronger shocks and vibrations rippled through her corseted and restrained body. Although I couldn’t hear her cries from within the van, I did hear the desperate drumming of her high-heel-captured feet on its carpeted floor when her legs thrashed uncontrollably from the insidious sensations

emanating from her crotch. By the time I returned, opened her door, and released her from the seat, she'd managed to regain some of her composure, but her lips still trembled and tears still trickled down her cheeks while I helped her from the high seat. She looked reproachfully at me, then without thinking, reached out through the arm slit of the cape to hold my hand when she cautiously stepped down onto the pavement and steadied herself on her heels. Her wrist chains slid out along with her hand and arm.

"Oh damn!" she whimpered, pulling it quickly out of sight and looking guiltily around in embarrassment to see if anyone had noticed.

"You know, dear," I opined, "as a species, females ought to be belled and collared at all times, and kept on a leash too!"

"Why doesn't that surprise me?" she said with a small rueful smile.

"Well, come on," I said walking ahead of her, "lets get going."

"Oooooohhh!! Pppllleeeasse Master!" she gasped strutting quickly up beside me. "Please slow down a bit! I can't walk that fast with these heels and everything else I'm wearing! A-a-and, Master?" she asked plaintively. "Can we go back to the van and take off my corset? I feel so conspicuous and its beginning to get very uncomfortable!"

"Nope to everything, honey!" I stated, trying to imagine the sensations she must be undergoing while walking along beside me, secretly chained and restricted in everything she did, including breathing. Her garroted breasts beneath the cape heaved with exciting frequency while she struggled to keep up, her spiked heels clicking authoritatively on the pavement.

"Ahhhhmmm-oh, please! Please-please-please!" she panted breathlessly, almost running to stand beside me. "Master! You have to slow your pace, or I'm going to go crazy from these things!" she begged.

"Okay, Christine." I agreed, putting my arm around her waist.

She leaned against me for a moment then straightened slowly when the corset exerted its subtle yet unceasing control. The long full cape flapped around her

legs while she walked and she had to brazen out the continuing stares that her nose-ring and fully visible collar with its obvious restraint ring attracted. A deep flush spread over her face when we encountered more people along the way, but she carried herself so regally that none dared to approach, let alone talk to her. Within my pocket I increased the setting of the clitoral vibrator slightly, then gradually speeded my pace. Once more she fell further and further behind, though she strove desperately to keep up. Just before she sensed that she was getting beyond the radius of no stimulus she whispered hoarsely.

“Oh, ppplllllease! Please, Master, slow down again!”

I kept walking for another moment then heard her give a startled gasp from about four metres behind and turned to watch her reaction to the increased setting of the vibrator. As soon as the shocks for being beyond her allotted distance from me began, her walk changed from a rigidly controlled strut to a vamp-like saunter, hips swaying and rolling under the cape as though they had a life of their own. I could see the outlines of her chained hands, again tearing frantically at the steel over her loins while she bit her lips to suppress the moans and small screams pulsing up her throat through the restricting tube of metal encasing it. Her eyes went glassy and she almost walked into a parking metre while struggling to retain her calm demeanour against the depredations of the things pressing so intimately up into her body between her legs. In my pocket, my index finger hovered over another button while she got further away, then, while we walked along a deserted side street, she, now some five metres behind me and the vibrator still urging her to orgasm, I pressed down.

She gave a small shriek of helpless violation when the dildo within her sex suddenly came to life and began writhing and thrusting! My finger tip caressed another button and the anal dildo pulsed out a series of desperately unnerving shocks into her sphincter muscles, making her buttocks and upper thighs shiver and convulse spasmodically. Christine staggered while trying to walk towards me, her hands now dropped to her sides under the cape. I eased everything off except for her proximity warning while she slowly approached then panting and pale, she looked up at me and to my dismay, smiled somewhat frazzledly.

“God! That was incredible!” she moaned, nuzzling her head against my chest, still erotically twisting her hips without thought or shame. You could have knocked me over with a feather, so startled was I by her reaction.

“Christine?” I asked, “Are you okay?”

“Ooohhh, Master!” she gasped, gradually recovering her breath, then climaxed again! “I’m wonderful! I-I-I feel t-t-tingly all o-o-over!”

“Why the sudden change?” I inquired, curiosity plaguing me at her sudden acceptance of her fate.

“Well,” she said when we turned a corner and walked along another busy street, oblivious now to the stares that followed her, “I suddenly realized that there was **no** way I could escape. Once I’d fully accepted that, I began to realize that something would be done to me any time I broke a barrier or rule, whether I wanted it to happen or not! So, I began to ride the waves of sensation generated by these diabolical things you’ve locked inside me, and enjoy them!”

“Oh my God!” I laughed, “I think that I’ve created the Earthly version of a sensory black-hole!”

“You probably have, Master!” she agreed, grinning a little crazily. “And, you’ll have to make my punishments **so** severe now that they’ll keel me over before I stop doing what I want!”

“We’ll have to see about that.” I murmured, not a little surprised. “How about a drink in that bar ahead?”

“I’d love one, Master,” she answered. “But you’ll have to feed it to me, because I’m **not** showing off my wrist chains in public, yet.”

“Okay. I can handle it,” I said and we turned into the dimly lit establishment. Her chains would be displayed sooner than she knew, whether she wished it to happen or not.

Chapter Ten

Bondage In The Bar

Christine

Beneath my cape I still trembled all over from the orgasms I'd managed to partially hide from him on the street. I was extremely glad that he'd decided it was time for a little break, despite having walked around for only an hour or so. My feet were killing me in the damned heels, but I ***couldn't*** escape them, other than sit down for a while. When we entered the small establishment no one at first paid any attention, but while we moved the length of the bar to the booths at the back, the on-going conversations gradually died out until every eye in the place followed our progress. The bar-tender, a heavy set and bearded, jovial, biker-looking kind of guy hustled out from behind the mahogany counter, cutting off an advancing waitress. I slipped delicately into the booth and John slid in on the other side.

"What'll it be folks?" he asked in a deep voice, staring intently at my prominent collar, then at my nose-ring, and finally down to where my captive breasts, thrust out against the cape.

"Oh, I'll have a Bloody Caesar." John said then looked over at me. "How about you, my dear?"

"Well, Master," I whispered, but loud enough so that the staring bar-keep could hear, "I'd really like to have a coffee and a shot of Irish Crème, please?"

"H-happy to oblige." the stunned man stuttered, still staring at my nose-ring with fascination. I winked at him.

Startled by my action, he stood up, almost blushing and went to get our drinks. A waitress cruised by slowly, staring first at me, then at John, obviously trying to confirm what she thought she'd seen when we'd walked in: that I did indeed wear a thick septum ring. While we waited for the drinks,

it seemed as though every patron in the place passed our table for one reason or another. The parade finished when the bar keeper returned and served the drinks with a flourish. John laid a twenty on the table wordlessly and looked at him. He was again staring unabashedly at me and scooped up the money without even looking at it. I decided to rattle his cage a little more by snaking my right hand out of the wrist-slit of the cape, obviously trying to reach out and pour the shot of Irish Crème into the cup of steaming coffee. Of course, it was stopped quite a distance from the cup by the chain from my wrist cuff to my belt and I jerked it a little against the confining links, then with a frustrated little sigh, drew it back into my cape. When I'd reached out, seemingly quite naturally, the wide, silvery cuff welded tightly around my wrist and the Limiter and reminder chains had come fully into view, as well as making a subdued clicking when the Limiter one slid through the rings of my belt and drew my left hand tightly against my waist. I thought his eyes were going to pop right then and there when he saw the cuff and chains. Just to add to his day, I twisted my hands under the concealment of the cape and made the chains rattle even more noisily.

"I'll help you with that, honey." John muttered, glaring fiercely at me.

"I'll - I'll have your change in a minute, sir." the bar-keep sort of gasped, then backed away. Before he turned from me I winked at him, but had to clench my eyes with a sudden gasp of distress when my clitoral button suddenly pulsed a distressing series of strong shocks into my body. I bent forward over the table as much as the corset permitted, writhing and moaning from the inescapable sensations, all the while enjoying my utter captivity.

"Christine!" he commanded, "That's enough of that! Don't tease unless you're told it's okay!"

To enforce his order, a series of sharply needling shocks again engulfed my lower body, but this time from the anal and vaginal dildos.

"Y-y-yes, Masterrrr!" I gasped, twisting frantically to escape the horrendous internal pulsations and shocks he administered. For the next fifteen seconds he kept me writhing frantically as punishment for my temerity.

"After we've finished our drinks I think we can wander around for about

another hour or so, then we'll head off for our meal."

"Th-that sounds good to me." I gasped, hating the thought that I'd have to walk in the heels for another hour. My breasts felt as like they were going to pop from the awful constriction of the special bra built into the corset, and my nipples had begun to burn from the continual swinging jerks of the weights I'd locked to their rings. With each breath and movement, my breasts ached dully, despite being firmly clamped against my chest by the tight cups, and every shrug emphasized the bite of the tight straps over my shoulders, grooving deeper as they pulled upwards on the cups.

He picked up my drink and held it to my lips while I bent fractionally towards him and took a tentative sip. I savoured its taste for a moment, then leaned back against the seat to inspect the other patrons through partially closed eyes. All were staring back at me with a mixture of fascination or appalled interest. The conversations that our entrance had stopped, gradually resumed and my Master and I sat quietly, trying to figure out what we were going have for dinner. He continued to feed me my drink to the amused stares of the bar's patrons and workers and finally, one of the waitresses came over with our change.

"Thank you." John said giving her the once-over that all men do. She did the same. To me!

"You're welcome," she smiled at him then turned. "Excuse me, Miss. Er ... ah ... don't you find wearing that choker and nose-ring a little ... ah, humiliating?"

I glanced at John and he nodded fractionally.

"Well," I seemed to ponder for a moment, "it *is* different, I guess. But they mark me as my Master's property and so I don't really mind *too* much. I can't say the same for being kept on my leash though, especially in public!"

"Oh!" she said and backed away quickly, trying to decide who to stare at, him or me.

We finished our drinks and he slid from his seat.

“Come along girl!” he said in low-voiced command.

“Yes, Master,” I said and started to slide from the booth.

When I began to move, the clitoral vibrator surged to life again and the vaginal dildo began to undulate gently. I was unable to suppress the low moan that escaped my lips from the intimate assaults, but staggered to my feet when his hand clamped around my upper arm. The hidden and intimate goings on under my locked belt continued unabated while he made me walk ahead of him out of the bar, and I couldn’t help the exaggerated sexual swaying of my hips. In seconds we’d moved out onto the evening-lit street.

We wandered the different shops for another hour, inspecting the latest crop of women’s fashions, all the while with me being subjected to a wide range of teasing and sometimes painful sensations from my belt. Of course we were constantly subject to incredulous stares from everyone who saw me. In the last store we visited, he followed me into a small changing booth and drew the curtain closed behind us.

“Hold still, Christine. It’s time I made a small addition to your costume before we go to the restaurant,” he said, producing the shortest of my inhibitor bars from his pocket. He raised the hem of my cape. “Grab the material, Christine, spread your legs, and bend forward as much as you can manage,” he commanded.

“Yes, Master,” I whispered, shivering with fearful anticipation and dread while I obeyed his instructions, staring down at the short, yet horribly potent, ring-tipped shaft in his hand. I’d thought that I was to be free of the humiliating devices for the rest of the day, obviously incorrectly.

He knelt in front of me, then his hand swung unerringly up between my thighs and I felt and heard the sharp metallic *click!* when it locked to its mounting. I heard another clatter and something brushed against my legs.

“Okay, you can lower your cape.”

I let it drop and for a moment he fumbled with it at the back.

“There, honey! Now you’re on an actual leash again, in addition to the electronic one. We can leave now.”

Shivering with embarrassment and humiliation, I opened the curtain and stepped out of the little room, feeling the short bar thrusting down between my thighs, brushing against them with every step when my hips rotated naturally. Suddenly, the dildo twitched sharply when he tugged on the short leash! I couldn’t help the strangled gasp of shocked discomfort that erupted from my throat. He’d threaded it through an unnoticed slit on the back of the cape.

“That’s just to remind you how it feels, honey,” he declared. “Let’s go.”

My face flamed when we walked from the store for I was sure that everyone could see the potent black leash strap emerging from the cape just below my buttocks leading blatantly to his fist. I tried to speed my pace, but he sauntered casually, so that I gradually fell further behind. The skewering dildo suddenly contorted again, rotating very uncomfortably forward within my body! I gasped in shock, stopping immediately and remaining rooted to the spot until he returned to me then wrapped his arm around my waist.

“Stay by my side, dear,” he commanded, “Or I’ll have to discipline you again when we get home tonight.”

“Y-y-yes Master.” I whispered, shivering with fear and reaction to the commanding movement of the dildo.

Out on the street again, I behaved as he required, horribly aware of the strap at my back and how visible it was to anyone following us.

At last we reached the restaurant and he helped me up the steps to the expensive eatery, then held the door and escorted me inside with his arm still wrapped around my waist. In the foyer, the head waiter, Jean-Marc rushed from behind his podium and greeted us.

“*Ah! Bon soir, Monsieur John, et Mademoiselle!*” he smiled at us

“*Bon soir, Jean-Marc. Le table, c’est pret?*” John inquired.

“Mais, naturellement, Monsieur! I ‘ave been anticipating your arrival with your lovely lady for the past hour.”

“Excellent, Jean-Marc. Thank you very much for your kind attention.”

“It is always an honour, Monsieur!” Jean-Marc enthused, inspecting me thoroughly and causing me to blush at his frank evaluation. “I see that the lady has been ... ah ... prepared for her meal?”

“Yes, she most certainly has, Jean-Marc!” John smiled at him conspiratorially, “Just have the staff take it slow will you?”

“It will be done as you wish, Monsieur. Please follow me.”

He ushered me through the door to the main dining lounge and I followed with my Master bringing up the rear. While we trooped across the floor, threading our way through the widely-spaced tables, our progress was discreetly followed by the other diners. I walked as regally as I could manage to our large table in a raised booth off to the side and once there, Jean-Marc pulled out my chair. My Master stepped up beside me and turned me to face him.

“Hold still while I remove your cape, honey,” he commanded.

“Oh please, Master!?” I begged in a terrified whisper, “Not where everyone can see! Please just feed me. As we did in the bar?”

“Oh no, My sweet!” he smiled, “That just wouldn’t do, here.”

Resignedly, I straightened and waited while he undid the long zipper, then stepped from the garment and turned my back on the room, trying to hide my chains. I needn’t have worried though for Jean-Marc had slipped the booth’s curtain closed. My elbow cuffs and **their** joining chain were revealed, as were my cuffed ankles and the reminder chains looping down to them from under the hem of my skirt. I clamped my legs tight together against the short bar, barely hidden under the abbreviated garment while my Master kept his grip on my leash, it too now leading up under the skirt’s hem and curling around my thigh. He handed the long cape to a waiter who promptly disappeared

with it. Both men inspected me again with admiration.

“*Aaahh, Monsieur!* The Lady is indeed well prepared, and certainly a vision of beauty *en chaine!*”

“*C’est correct, Jean-Marc.*” said John with some pride, “She is to become my wife soon and will be kept in this manner at all times.”

“*Mais naturellement, Monsieur!* One should not permit a beautiful creature such as this to wander around unfettered! Now, if you will excuse me, I shall return shortly with the wine list.”

“*Merci, Jean-Marc.*” John said quietly, moving around behind me and ensuring that the curtains were fully closed. He returned to where I stood waiting by the table and pushed the high-backed chair against the backs of my legs.

I slowly sank down, wondering how I was going to be able to sit with the short bar now projecting below my buttocks. That didn’t prove to be a problem, for it pressed into and through the deeply padded surface of the chair! Automatically, I flipped out my short skirt so I wouldn’t be sitting on it, then I settled onto the seat. Subtle vibrations coursed up the dildo, deep inside me. I gasped with surprise and tried to stand but I couldn’t! It was somehow locked into the chair! All that happened was that it withdrew fractionally then re-penetrated me when I settled my weight, additional small vibrations shivering into me when the inhibitor bar was inserted more deeply into the locking mechanism.

“Ohhhh, Master!” was all I could manage.

“You’ll do fine,” he soothed. “Hold still while I fasten the rest of your chair’s restraints.”

“P-p-please, Master?” I quavered, looking up into his impassive face.

He moved behind me, disregarding my begging, then I heard the oiled clicking of a chain that had until now dangled unseen and unused down the back of the chair. My hair was parted and I felt a sharp *snap!* when the chain

was short-connected to the back ring of my collar then he knelt beside the chair and I felt my ankle cuffs locked together. He lifted my joined lower legs off the floor and pulled them back under the seat portion then connected them to the exposed tip-ring of my bar! Standing, he pushed me closer to the table, then reached to my waist and I heard another rattling of links. A few seconds later the front ring of my cinch, out of sight below the thrust of my breasts, had been locked to a chain coming from under the table!

I writhed and squirmed for a moment, trying to get used to the strained posture that my newest restraints required, moaning and pulling my hands and wrists against their fastenings, but that was the only freedom I was permitted.

“How’re you doing?” he asked, grinning when he sat down in the chair across from me, placing his cel phone/remote control on the table before him.

“Master, I’m *so* embarrassed!” I moaned, trying to get comfortable but failing miserably. “What will the waiter and waitresses say when they see me?”

“Relax. They’re paid to keep their mouths shut,” he said picking up the phone and touching some buttons.

“Aaaaaahhh! OOOooohhh! *MMmmmmaasstter!*” I gasped as quietly as possible, writhing on my impalement and pulling my hands frantically against their chains while I again tried fruitlessly to dig into the steel clamped between my legs. Under the seat of the chair, my chained and suspended lower legs kicked automatically in rebellion, but my protestations did no good at all.

I stared at the phone with desperate desire to turn everything off, but it might just as well have been on the Moon for I couldn’t possibly reach it. Within my body, the dildo continued to thrust while writhing; the clitoral vibrator buzzing merrily. Low level pulses of electricity from its rounded tip to my anal plug zipped back and forth maddeningly and I couldn’t stop my feet from kicking uncontrollably against their chains. I tried again to lean forward to escape or ease the terribly unsettling and arousing sensations, but my corset and the collar chain to the chair’s high back prohibited any radical change of my posture. When I tried to lean over the short collar chain

instantly snapped tight, choking me while I struggled, and with each gasp for breath I felt the garrotting rubber rings encircling my breasts squeezing me mercilessly. I began to flounder wildly from the overwhelming sensations of my bondage and my hands fluttered aimlessly like wind-tossed balloons at the ends of their short chains.

“Oh! AAhhrrrhhh! P-p-p-pppllleeaassee! Oh-please! Oh-please! **Uuuuhhnn!**” I moaned, twisting and jerking wildly against my fastenings yet I **had** to sit there and be aroused by the terrible devices.

With the astounding combinations of sensory in-put that he was subjecting me to, I soon began to approach the point of orgasm, but, just when I got close to a climax, he shut everything off to leave me hanging onto my composure by a thread. I gradually sank back into the real world, panting with arousal, but unable to fulfil myself while he sat there grinning at me from across the table.

“How was that?”

“I-I-I ...” I stuttered, incapable of coherent speech.

“Thought so!” he smiled broadly. “The wine list should be along soon.”

A moment later I heard the curtain brush aside behind me and a pretty waitress in the restaurant’s uniform walked around and handed him the folder. She inspected me with an expressionless face.

“I shall return when you make your decision, sir. Please take your time.”

“Thank you.” John said and she left without another word.

“I believe we’ll take the ‘*Chateau des Femmes En Chaine*, ‘72,” he murmured to himself a couple of minutes later, ignoring me the whole time while I sat there, presented upright and bound before him. He pressed the button and a second later the waitress reappeared and took the order. She left as quickly as before and we were alone once more.

“Well, honey I don’t want you to get bored while we wait,” he said. “How

about some excitement?”

“*Pppleeeaaassee*, Master!?” I begged in a strained whisper, wriggling on the shaft within my body and kicking my feet against their chains. “I don’t think I’ll be able to control myself if you keep up the teasing.”

“That’s the general idea, Christine! *I’m* controlling you now!”

“I mean I might start screaming if you keep me on edge too long, Master.” I explained.

“I won’t get you all *that* stirred up, but you’ll be kept under continual stimulation for the rest of the night.”

“Y-Y-Yes, Master. I’ll try to keep it downnnnnoooo-ooooohhhh!” I began to reply, but then all of my vibrators came on together and began to gather strength!

It was impossible for me to sit still! I wriggled uncontrollably when they began to peak at differing rates, becoming, in sequence almost unbearably strong at differing times in each location. They *couldn’t* be ignored and after an eon of this torment while he watched with interest, he finally turned them down to the point that I could almost sit still. Occasionally, the clitoral vibrator would emit a series of randomly pulsed shocks, causing me to jerk frantically against my bonds for their duration, but it was impossible for me to know when they would come, or how long they’d last. I just had to sit there and endure his evil playfulness.

Chapter Eleven

A Disciplined Dinner

John

Christine was indeed a picture.

She sat erectly, across the table from me, her body held by her corset and the chain from under the table pulling her compressed waist close to its edge. Above the neck of her sheer black nylon blouse, the collar gleamed, fully visible, while on her chest, her securely contained and captured breasts heaved tremulously with every breath she drew. The tight straps from the upper apexes of the cups cut deeply into her delicate shoulders, anchoring them firmly to her chest and I watched her hands flutter in agitation against their chains each time the shockers became active. They clattered and clinked noisily and her legs kicked spasmodically, but all in all she seemed to be accommodating herself to her situation quite admirably. The wine arrived a couple of minutes later and after sampling the proffered glass I approved it. The waitress disappeared, having been instructed that I would signal when I was ready for the menu.

“Well, this is kind of an engagement celebration dinner for us, I suppose. Tomorrow afternoon you’ll be fitted with the next pieces of your, Control Equipment, then you’ll have to spend a couple of weeks getting used to them and what they’ll do to, or should I say *for* you.”

“Wh-wh-what’s next that’s going to take me a couple of *weeks* to get used to?” she asked, a little horrified.

“Can’t tell you, sweetness. They’re gonna be a surprise!” I smiled at her, thinking that she really would be surprised when she began to experience the new equipment’s full potential.

“Oh, damn!” she pouted then lifted her hand against her chain to sip at her wine.

I watched her carefully while she strained against her bondage to try and behave as close as she could to how a lady at dinner would. When the glass tipped towards her face, her nose-ring clinked against its rim, and she looked startled at the sound, then smiled to herself while she savoured the wine. For a few minutes more we sat and talked quietly, ignoring her bondage and restricting costume, then I pressed the button to summon our waiter. I made the selections for our dinner and specified that Christine's child portion was to be cut into small pieces before it was delivered to the table, so that she'd be able to eat it easily. With her wrists chained as they were, she'd only be able to employ one hand at a time and her elbow bondage would considerably restrict even that usage. The small portions were specified because there was no way for her to eat a full-sized adult meal while wearing the severe corset. She wasn't aware of it yet, but soon she was going to be required to wear a full and very oppressing corset nearly all the time, awake **and** asleep. The ones that I'd ordered were all designed to accommodate the fact that she wore the belt and of course would permit me untrammelled access to all of her restraint rings when I required it.

It was a leisurely meal and we took a couple of hours to enjoy it, finally finishing the entire experience around nine PM. The unobtrusive waiter and waitress cleared away the remnants while I sat and stared at my possession silently for a minute or two. She continued to tug unconsciously and automatically against her chains, trying instinctually to free herself, then eventually looked up at me through lowered eyes.

"Can we go now, Master?"

"Yep!" I agreed. "It's almost past your bed-time. Hang on a minute and I'll release you from the chair and have your cape brought."

I pressed the call button and when the waitress appeared, requested that she bring Christine's cape. A minute later she returned and draped it over one of the other chairs. When the curtains swung closed I stood, then came to her side of the table and quickly completed the process of releasing her from the chair's bonds. She got shakily to her feet and stood quietly when I locked her wrists tightly to the front of her belt. As usual, she pulled against the steel bonds and linkages, always testing the limits of her freedom. I picked up her short bar leash.

“No. Please!??” she begged when I approached with it in my hand, but she couldn’t escape, unless it was out into the crowded main dining area where her chains would be fully revealed to all the patrons.

“Yes, Christine. You **have** to wear your leash! Now, hold still and spread your legs.”

“Ooohhh, Master,” she whispered, almost in tears at the prospect and stamping her foot in frustration, making her leg reminder chains sway enticingly, but did as commanded.

I raised the front hem of her skirt and again the sight of the short extension bar projecting down from her steel-covered crotch, between her black nylon-sheathed thighs gave me an instant erection. The skirt barely concealed its presence and I slowly reached out and clipped the sturdy black leather strap to its large, noisily dangling ring. There was a sharp **click!** and I flicked her tether. She gave a startled little gasp, moaning throatily when I gave it another commanding tug.

“**PPllleeeassee**, Master!” she managed while I looped the strap to the chair’s arm and picked up her cape.

“Hold still.” I smiled, holding it out for her to step into.

In a moment the long, concealing garment was draped over her shoulders, then I released the leash from the chair and threaded it through its slit at the back. I reconnected it to the chair for a moment while I closed the zipper to just below her throat, leaving the deeply-cowled hood still slung back. When I pressed the call button again, the waiter appeared and took in Christine’s costume.

“I shall return with your package in a moment, sir,” he said quietly and left.

He reappeared in seconds and handed me the small box I’d had delivered earlier in the evening. Inside was one of Christine’s gag/branks and I lifted it out to show what was next going to be fitted.

“Please! **Please!** No?” she begged and whimpered, staring at the device in

embarrassed horror, backing to the limit of her short leash.

“You **will** wear this Christine. Now stand still while I put it on you.”

“I-I-I’ll be so embarrassed,” she almost wept.

“No one will see you in it.” I stated. “I’m going to pull the hood up so that it’ll conceal your face after you’re wearing the silencer, but you’re not leaving here ungagged.”

She said nothing while I prepared to fit it to her, then opened her mouth obediently and raised her head to stare up at me when I held out the chin-cup with the gag-pad projecting towards her. Embarrassment flushed her face, but I unhesitatingly pushed the pad into her mouth, then quickly strapped it securely in place around her head. In a moment she was sealed into its pervasive restriction, silenced. She lowered her flushed and embarrassed face when I pulled up the deep-cowled hood so that it was now almost fully concealed. No one would be able to see that she was held a gagged prisoner within it, unless they bent down and looked up into its shadowy recesses. Beneath the billowing suede of the cape her hands twisted against their steel bonds and I grasped the leash behind her back and gave it a little tug. At the same time, I activated her dildo shocker momentarily on a low setting, to let her know that she was under electronic as well as direct physical control. She writhed violently within the cape when the dildo surged and shocked and a muffled scream hissed out of her flared nostrils from within the deep cowl of her hood.

It was time to leave.

Christine

The hood severely limited my sight, but I was glad of the concealment it afforded when the curtain to our booth swept aside and we re-entered the main dining area. I could glimpse the other patrons looking at us while we made our way amongst the tables to the front door and wanted only to escape from the sea of curious stares as quickly as possible. My Master walked along beside me with his arm seemingly protectively wrapped around my

waist, but as his Slave Girl I experienced the real reason. Once more I tried to walk as quickly as I could through the room, but he kept a constant tension on my leash, foiling my attempts to flee with continuous, slight jerks on the bar. I **had** to slow down and when I persisted in trying to speed up, he used the remote, and warning shocks coursed through my lower body until I slowed to his pace. My transit of the dining room was a horribly drawn-out process and I couldn't escape it.

Finally, the door to the restaurant closed behind us and we began the long walk back to the van in the parking garage. It was almost dark, although the sky was tinged with the orange after-glow of sunset and there were still a few people out of doors. They too stared at me while we walked sedately along the street and I felt as obvious as an elephant at a rabbit convention, a captive under my clothing. He'd taken his hand from around my waist and I strutted along beside him, the loop of the leash between its slit on the back of the billowing cape looping to his fist, swinging gently between us. Anyone who looked closely could not possibly mistake the fact that I was controlled by the heavy strap, but as he desired, there was absolutely no way for me to hide it or escape its obvious governance. With each high-heel-restricted, strutting step I took, the short inhibitor bar twitched annoyingly back and forth between my thighs and I could feel the limiting leash strap tugging while my reminder chains brushed and jingled against my legs. About halfway down the block from the restaurant he turned on my dildo again.

Deep in my belly the thick shaft once more began its rhythmical writhing and thrusting and for added stimulation, with each withdrawal, the clitoral vibrator pulsed to life! Within ten paces I again began to lose all sense of reality while sensations of arousal swept upwards from my crotch and inside the cruel captivity of the tightly fastened bra cups, my harnessed breasts engorged even more with sensitizing blood, straining against their nipple rings and the garrotting rubber strictures around their bases. I couldn't control the rolling and rocking of my hips and struggled unsuccessfully to walk normally, panting like a race horse while we sauntered casually along the almost deserted sidewalks. Low moans escaped my gag and he had to pull me in with the leash and escort me closely when I began to wander aimlessly.

We'd gone about a half block from the restaurant when he suddenly stopped.

“Shit!!” he muttered vehemently, then pulled me sharply over to a steel sign post by my leash. “I’ve gotta go back to the restaurant for my wallet. God damn it! I’ll only be gone a minute,” he continued, backing me against the rigid steel stanchion. “Hold still a sec.”

Behind, he wrapped the thick leather of my lead around the post a couple of times then locked it. I was leashed to the post! The short strap allowed me a radius of freedom of about one metre, but I couldn’t escape.

“Uuuuunnn! *Unnnnnn!*” I wailed at his retreating back and walked unthinkingly after him. The leash immediately sprang tight to the short bar between my thighs and I screamed into my gag at the terrible jerk. Deep in my steel-encased crotch the inner machines continued their unceasing depredations, although, thank God, he’d turned off my electronic leash. There were only scattered pedestrians still wandering around and for the first minute of my lonely and terrifying vigil no one came near, but it was inevitable that someone would. I stood close against the post, turning away from an approaching couple and hoping desperately that they wouldn’t see the locked strap that kept me standing there helplessly.

“That’s quite an interesting cape she’s wearing.” a woman’s voice commented.

“Yeah, sure is,” her male companion agreed, really not interested in any sort of concealing female clothing. His interest peaked though. “But ... ah, isn’t that a strap coming out of the back, just below her ass? And look! The other end’s locked around the post!”

“Come on, Jeff, you’re seeing pink elephants again!” his companion laughed a little nervously, dragging him away by the arm.

“No!” I heard his voice retreating down the side walk, “I’m sure she’s ...”

At that moment a car full of young guys pulled to a stop right in front of me and honked the horn. I jumped away from the post in startled fear, but was immediately brought up short by the thrumming length of my leash. A yelp of discomfort pulsed up my throat into the obstruction of the gag-pad.

“Hhheeeeyyy, Baby! You wanna come to a party??” the loudmouth of the group leered up me from the front passenger seat of the gaudy convertible.

Of course there wasn't any way for me to answer. He persisted in his pestering, taking my silence as a personal affront.

“What's-a-matta Baby!? You too good for us?” he shouted while his friends egged him on. He was on a roll, until he spotted my locked and looping leash. “Hhheeeeyyy! What's *that* you're wearing, Baby?? Where's it g-....”

“Sorry, guys. The lady's spoken for and under *my* control.” my Master's firm and deep voice stated loudly with hidden menace, shutting the punks up. “Here's twenty bucks. Go have a beer on me,” he said tossing the bill onto Loudmouth's lap.

“Hey, man! We're cool! Thanks for the twenty!”

The car zoomed out into the sparse traffic while my Master unlocked my tether and held me. I'd almost swooned when he spoke, so intense was my relief, but now the reaction to being left alone and helpless set in and I couldn't stop the nervous shivering of relief that shook me.

“It's okay now, Christine,” he rumbled quietly. “You're under my control again.”

We finally got back to the van and I stood quietly while he unlocked the passenger door. He tilted the seat back to its prone configuration then picked me up bodily and laid me out on it. In a moment I was strapped firmly in place. Before he door was closed, my hood was pulled back from my head and he fitted some sort of mask over my eyes then strapped it firmly in place around my head. Now, my face was almost completely covered, only my nose and its very prominent ring visible. There was no way for me to rub the eye covering off or shift its position. I was totally blind. I later discovered that it was a welder's protective eye shield, but he'd replaced the special lens with a solid, flat-black panel that completely eliminated any light. The last thing he did before closing my door was to draw the leash back through the cape's slit then bring it forward between my legs. Its free end was connected to a spring-loaded fitting under the dash, then tightened it until the strap fairly

hummed with tension. This had the effect of withdrawing the dildo slightly and ensured that I was aware of its presence because of the slight change in its alignment. I wriggled my hips what little I could to ease the uncomfortable sensation, but this only heightened it and I whined into my gag from the awful, continual, and pervasive sense of captivity and outside control that it made me so conscious of. My door thunked shut then locked. I shivered with the delicious sensation of being utterly helpless, even though I was petrified that he would leave me alone and totally helpless again. He walked around the front to his door, not thinking at all of the proximity limiter function of my chastity belt. Unknown to me, he'd turned it on again.

He passed briefly beyond my three-metre limitation and the shocks from the still thrusting and writhing dildo made me scream frantically and jump against the heavy straps holding me to the seat. They subsided immediately when he opened his door and slid inside. Naturally, I didn't see the quirk of his lips when he sat staring at my heaving chest and listening to my gasping breaths. I tried to recover from the sudden discipline that had been automatically invoked for exceeding my limits and in my mind I wailed. "*It's not fair!! It isn't my fault!!*" I tried to speak, but the words only echoed hollowly in my head.

The engine started and in minutes we'd begun the trip home. My situation had been evilly constructed for with each bounce, my shock-absorber equipped seat caused the spring-mounted strap to tug at its mounting between my legs, adding yet another variable to the depredations of the thing within my body. Inside the van, now that I was concealed from other people, I fought the straps and chains holding me captive, struggling to escape. The gag-pad blocked most of the cries and pleadings I attempted to give vent to, but it was too well designed and firmly fastened to permit more than low whimpers and gasps escape. In my blinded state I could only lay helplessly beside him and suffer in silence.

The trip seemed to take forever, but we eventually arrived at the house and he carried me, still sightless, inside and along to the playroom. I was exhausted by the day's and evening's events and could barely stand while he removed my cape, then partially freed my wrists from their restraints. A moment later I dangled from the lacing bar, exhausted and listless, my feet swinging slowly

back and forth about a half metre above the carpet, still gagged. He quickly and easily removed all of my clothing and shoes, then let me down and led me upstairs to the en suite bathroom where the cover-plate of my chastity belt was unlocked and removed, but only after I'd been tethered once more.

“Okay, Christine. Time to do your thing. You'll be locked up again after, then it's off to bed,” he stated.

“MMMmmnnnggpph! Nnnnnngh.” I moaned raising my hands to my gag and arching my eyebrows at him.

“Nope! It stays on 'til you get up tomorrow, and you may be kept in it even then,” he stated. “I'll be back with **this** in about five minutes.” and walked out with the chastity belt's cover-plate in his hand, holding it by the short, projecting inhibitor bar.

The door to the bathroom closed and locked. I completed the necessary tasks then sat quietly on the edge of the vanity staring forlornly into the mirror at myself, my chain leash looping from behind my neck over to the ring held by the heavy staple in the wall. With each shuddering breath I took, my tender, still sensitive breasts trembled vulnerably, the rings impaling my nipples and their connecting chain sparkling with reflections of the overhead light. Above the tightly strapped, black rubber gag/brank, my eyes stared soulfully back at me while I surveyed the visible evidence of how much of a slave I had become. The ring in my nose and my shiny steel collar told almost the entire story, but the impression was further reinforced by my cuffed wrists and their glittering reminder chains. The penultimate sign of my subjugation though, I thought while I gazed silently and with some horror at my reflection, was the steel band clamped deeply around my waist, its wide crotch-strap pressed firmly into my belly and descending between my thighs. In the mirror I could see how the design left my sex fully accessible, now that the cover-plate was temporarily removed. My captivity was emphasized even more by the framing of the opening and the narrow metal straps embedded in my flesh on either side, together with the large steel rings puncturing my nether lips, my clit, and clit hood.

Tears of self-pity pooled in my eyes while I slowly shook my head against the restriction of the collar and brank, then I turned from the mirror and slid

to my feet when the bathroom door was unlocked and he re-entered.

Chapter Twelve

Bed Bound

John

I knew that she was feeling sorry for herself as soon as I walked in and stared down into her eyes, but I also knew she understood her position and accepted it, despite occasional doubts. I couldn't and wouldn't relent in the continual exercise of enforcing her obedience and increasing her controllability, for that would lead to **her** controlling the situation more than she already did. I held up the cover-plate to her chastity belt, again endowed with the ankle-length inhibitor bar.

"Time to put this on."

"**Nnnnnngghh!** Nnnuuhhh!" she moaned, shaking her head in rejection.

"Yes! You **have** to wear it! Now, spread your legs!"

Moaning with resignation, tears brimming her eyes, she did as she was told. While Christine had been completing her toilet I'd changed the long-life, lithium-ion batteries powering the equipment and in addition had changed the dildo portion so that now it was a four cm diameter twelve cm long shaft, capable of balloon-like expansion, while still retaining all of its other capabilities. After it was lubricated with electrolytic gel, I began to slowly insert the monster into her depilated cleft.

"Relax Christine. You'll have to get used to this and if you fight it, it'll only be more uncomfortable for you."

"NNnnngggpphh! **MMMmmrrggh!**" she moaned, weeping wildly while the huge phallus began to sink slowly and inexorably into her defenceless body.

She rotated her hips and wriggled to ease the dildo's entry after the first dilation of her sex, then continual moans of distress were wrung from her while it sank deeper and deeper into her womb. Her thigh muscles quivered

and thrummed when the crotch-cover-plate approached its mounting knuckles and for a moment I held it slightly away while she slowly accustomed herself to the huge intruder. Holding it up between her trembling thighs with one hand, I moved the fingers of my other between the actual cover-plate and her straining flesh, locating the opened little catches along its inner surface. On this latest version, these little loops, sort of like the open part of a hand-cuff, were designed to capture each of the rings embedded in her crotch. As soon as the cover-plate was latched closed and locked, they'd ratchet tight through them, pulling on the flesh in which they were mounted, and on the cover-plate. She'd be totally unable to remove it *or* the dildo, even if she somehow managed to loosen the 'plate from its mounting to the rest of her chastity belt. The only way that this could be accomplished, now, was for the latches to be released with the proper key, for with this internal locking mechanism, her own body held the cover-plate in place and any attempts that she might make to remove it would be too violently painful to even contemplate.

Short snorts and squeals of discomfort whistled from her nose while I clipped the latches to their appropriate rings and the trembling of her leg muscles grew even stronger when she felt them closing. I let her rest for a moment, then slowly pushed the sealing cover-plate upward, into its mounts. She wailed under her gag with the huge and deep penetration of this newest dildo, eyes widening with shock and fear at its size. The edges of the cover-plate slipped into their deep grooves with oily precision, completely concealing and encasing her distended and engorged flesh beneath its thick, smooth cover when the locks closed with heavy metallic snaps. I couldn't hear the small ratchets of the body-jewellery latches tightening underneath, but her short, strangled cries told me that they indeed were locking tightly and her lower body was now totally and intimately a captive.

I straightened and inspected her uplifted, tear stained face while she looked at me with an indescribable expression, more tears of distress trickling down her cheeks.

"Time to put you to bed, honey." I murmured reaching over and unlocking her room leash then connecting a short leading chain to the front of her collar.

She walked awkwardly from the bathroom, feeling the huge invader exert its

potential with every step and I marvelled at the adaptability of the female of the species. This particular dildo was probably only going to be used while she was in bed, or for brief trips inside the house, but then again, I mused, I might require her to wear it more often. At other times she'd wear the standard ten cm long by four cm diameter version with this newest double-locking cover-plate. Small gasps whistled from her with each step while I slowly drew her into her bedroom/cell. Once within, she stood quietly trembling while I locked the bed leash to the back of her collar then removed her leading chain. I picked her up easily, one arm under her back and the other cradling her knees with the long bar projected rigidly down from the crotch-plate below them. She held onto me desperately, her reminder chains looping downwards, swinging back and forth in glittering loops of confinement. I gently lowered her onto the shiny black mattress, having already opened the bed to receive her. It was the work of only two minutes to fully secure her then zip the sheet closed, sealing her inside the bed for the night once more.

“Christine, tonight you’re going into complete isolation.” I stated while she stared mutely up at me her eyes brimming with yet more tears of terror.

Her head shook while she tried to figure out what I was talking about, then I picked up her newest breathing mask/isolation helmet from the night table. She stared with fascinated horror at the device for this was the first time she'd ever seen it and she began to whip her head back and forth in terrified denial. The realization that she was soon to have it fitted to her face and head, over the top of her already locked on gag, drove keening wails of horror from her nose.

The helmet consisted of a slightly flexible inner air mask designed to fit tightly over her lower face, then above possessed two long, flexible tubes that would slip far up into her nostrils. The mask was attached to the double-layered, thick, inflatable outer helmet and this would cover her head completely. It in turn, would mate to the high rubber collar of her bed sheet, sealing her totally within a rubber cocoon. She continued to fling her head frantically from side to side, mute appeal flashing from her tear-streaming eyes, while under the thick rubber sheet her hands and feet jerked frantically against their securing straps and chains. Reaching down, I clamped her gag-

enshrouded lower face with my left hand, holding her head still, then slowly slipped the tubes into her fear-distended nostrils, sliding them gently around then past her nose-ring. They inserted themselves slowly and deeply far up into her head, until the mask was clamped against her face. All the while her hands and feet continued their maddened movements, but she was utterly unable to prevent what was being done to her. I slipped the mask securing straps over and around her head, then tightened them as much as possible, clamping the mask firmly and irrevocably in place, completely obscuring her face. In a moment I'd pulled the balance of the thick, double-skinned, rubber bag over her head and zipped it closed down the back of her head to the base of her neck, then I locked it in place. For the moment the rubber helmet was only a flaccid envelope over her head, then I connected a small pump to the valve stem and turned it on.

Christine's bedroom/cell was immediately filled with the sound of the pump and motor and the helmet rapidly inflated to a shiny black sphere, pressing firmly all over her head. I knew that this would increase her sensation of bondage immensely and in addition, the layers of rubber and air acted to reduce her hearing almost to zero. When the pump was turned off, the room descended once more into silence. Only the panicky whistling of her breaths through the inlet and outlet valves on the helmet and the subdued jingling of her chains from under the sheet could be heard. I disconnected the pump's filler hose then pulled down her air lines, attached them to their fittings and stood back to survey my handiwork. All that could now be seen of the restrained female in the bed was a series of streamlined humps of shiny black rubber, topped at one end by a ball to which a pair of heavy, corrugated rubber hoses were attached. These swung slowly back and forth with the small rolling movements of the sphere.

It was time for a little experimentation.

First, I closed the valve to her air intake hose. The rubber-encapsulated shape in the bed began to fight its chains and bondage, striving desperately to get air, but of course there was no way for her to get at herself! Her struggles increased until she began to black out, then I opened the valve immediately and her breathing slowly returned to normal after her first shuddering gasps, then I picked up the remote control and prepared to see what reactions *it*

would create now that she was fully isolated and restricted. There was no possible way for her to anticipate what was going to happen next and so I watched with interest, standing beside the high platform bed while the body under the thick rubber sheet continued its attempts to escape from the sweaty encasement.

I held off for a moment before beginning the next experiment. She'd already had a long and traumatic day of bondage, but this was what she said she truly loved and wanted to the depths of her being."

Christine told me in many of our long pillow conversations, that I should disregard her tears and pleadings and push her beyond what she'd say were her limits, for she knew that she'd not find anyone else whom she could trust as completely. A little surprised at first, I'd eventually and happily agreed to abide by her wishes and a day later had begun the process of her descent into total enslavement. That was now nearly six months ago. If anything, her voyage to becoming a totally controlled female was accelerating and had led directly to her current helplessness and bondage. Beneath the tensioned, thick, restraining sheet she gradually sank into an almost motionless state, only the slight rising and falling of her compressed breasts changing the glittering and flowing reflections of the small spot lights from the shiny rubber.

It was time.

I turned on her Controller.

Chapter Thirteen

Isolated and Aroused

Christine

The impervious, quarter inch thick sheet imprisoning me was at first cold against my overheated skin, although it soon began to warm because it didn't 'breathe'. The inside of my rubber envelope quickly grew slick and wet while I lay helplessly staring up into his face, struggling to adjust to the huge dildo now a disturbing and unwanted resident within my body. The constant nibbling tension from the little latches locked through each of my love rings was gradually beginning to fade into the background of my over-all sensory experience and despite my fear of what was to come next, my gag ensured that I remained utterly silent and attentive when he made his pronouncement.

"Christine, tonight you're going into complete isolation."

It took a moment for me to comprehend what he was talking about. God! How much **more** restricted and isolated could he make me? And then I remembered my request that he do all that he wanted to totally control me. It was too late to escape, much too late. I couldn't prevent or protest against what he planned and even if I had been permitted speech, something that was becoming rarer and rarer as the weeks and months passed, he'd have disregarded my pleadings, and my weapon of last resort: tears. I knew he would complete whatever procedures he had planned, as I'd originally requested, then demanded, and finally begged him to. Nevertheless, I tried desperately to avoid my fate, shaking my head frantically while he prepared my 'sleeping helmet'. Jerking my hands and legs frenziedly against their straps and chains under the thick rubber sheet didn't halt the inevitable process for he ignored my frantic thrashing and silenced protests, then reached down and clamped my encased lower face firmly while I tried to whine with the terror squeezing my heart.

The flaccid rubber helmet with the semi-rigid breathing mask inside approached my face and for the first time I saw the two thick nostril tubes. I

wailed anew into my gag when he slowly and gently inserted them in my nose and even though they'd been coated with some sort of lubricant, it was still horribly uncomfortable when they slipped deeply and uncomfortably far up into my head, in spite of my continuing, insensate, wailing protests. The mask began pressing firmly against my face and I automatically closed my eyes when two large, soft, shaped pads came into gentle contact against eye lids, sealing me into an utter darkness. A second later he slipped its securing straps around my head and began tightening them with short jerks, clamping the cloying, cold rubber of the breathing apparatus firmly onto my face in an air-tight seal. He pulled on the balance of my helmet, fully covering the remainder of my face and head, then zipped it closed down the back. I felt more than heard the **click!** of its lock when he secured it.

For a moment, nothing further happened.

I inhaled in ragged, shuddering gasps through the uncomfortable nostril tubes, trying to adjust to all of the restricting sensations flooding over me.

Very faintly, I heard some sort of motor, then the helmet immediately began to press firmly all over my head and all sound faded away when it was gradually raised from the mattress by the inflating head covering, in effect a self-contained pillow! The compression created when it filled was one of the most intense and restricting sensations I had yet experienced and I tried to move my head against its immobilization, but succeeded only in twitching it a few inches to either side. I found that I could inhale quite easily through my nose tubes and life-giving, cold, outside air flowed into my lungs, smelling faintly of someone's wood fireplace, but suddenly, I couldn't get any more! The inner mask began to suck tightly against my face with a compressing and leech-like grip and the rubber seemed to bond with my skin! I tried to scream with fear of being totally cut-off, at first fighting frenziedly against my restraints, desperate to be freed from the gluey grip of my rubber and steel imprisonment, but there was to be no escape. With each exhalation and following breath I tried to draw, the horrid device sucked ever more tightly, driving the nostril plugs deeper and deeper up into my head! With a wailing howl of despair I felt myself spiralling down into blackness and oblivion, but at that moment my blessed air was returned and I drew long shuddering gasps of the precious stuff, thoroughly frightened of what he next planned to do to

me. I didn't want to contemplate what it was going to be like to spend the coming hours so thoroughly bound, controlled, and isolated.

For long moments nothing more happened and I gradually calmed down, trying to adjust to my plight. What occurred next though was almost beyond my ability to describe. For the first time I experienced the full panoply of what my chastity belt was capable of doing to me.

It started with light, tingling shocks from the deeply embedded tip of my vaginal dildo, gently pulsing into the sensitive fleshy envelope of my uterus and cervix, but then, the electrodes along the sides of the huge phallus were activated in a slow rotation that caused my internal muscles to spasm and grip it even tighter than their already stretched configuration demanded. The pulses continued in a pattern that seemed to have no rhyme nor rhythm, causing me to gasp and writhe against the bed straps in primal reaction to the intimate stimulus, then, horribly, the huge dildo began to slowly thrust, writhe, and withdraw! Again and again I howled wordlessly into the choke-pear of my gag from the awful skewering sensation, one that could only be experienced by a female. I felt it begin to swell deep inside my belly, and then its vibrator pulsed within the invading monster and a second later the other vibrator fastened firmly against my clitoris by the sturdy rings sprang into buzzing life too! I shrieked mindlessly with the cascade of unavoidable and arousing sensations, flinging my head wildly around inside the inflated rubber ball. To add to my growing distress the butt-plug vibrator also began an insidious attack, humming mildly, at first. Short seconds later, its electrodes were activated, causing the muscular ring of my sphincter to spasm and twitch uncontrollably. I screamed from the increasing stimulation/pain in the blackness, fighting against my restraints and reeling from the multiple waves of indescribable feeling being force-fed to my brain, but this was only the beginning.

The tempo of the dildo's thrusting and writhing gradually increased while it swelled and deflated. The level of vibration began to heterodyne with the shocks coursing from its tip and sides, teasing and making me thrash even more frenziedly while a wave of volcanic orgasm swept ever closer.

The clitoral vibrator continued a pulsating buzzing, but the intensity of the electrical shocks it administered began to rise precipitously when my pain

threshold also rose with the approaching orgasm, mixing both perceptions into a stew of sensory overload. The other electrical stimulations increased suddenly, turning in an instant from pleasure to excruciatingly painful torture, driving back the impending orgasmic wave while I screamed and fought continually against my bondage.

Now, I was sweating freely within my rubber confinement, slipping and sliding in the small freedom of the shortened lengths of chain and leather straps holding me a prisoner under the sheet. I tried desperately to beg for the pleasuring/torturing to stop. I was willing to do anything to halt it, but there was no possible way to make my pleadings known. So thoroughly isolated from the outside world and my Master by the gag, mask, and inflatable helmet, there was nothing that would indicate my protestations other than my violent movements. The dildos continued their depredations deep in my loins and I began to feel the shocks change once more from pain to heightened pleasure.

Frantically, I twisted my upper body against the breast-positioning chains, feeling and riding their painful tugs at my ringed-nipples and their agonizing jerks only added to the boiling cauldron of my senses. Suddenly, the thundering wave of orgasm loomed over me and I quivered like a plucked bow-string. It crashed down upon me and my skin turned to a hair blanket of prickling sensation when every pore seemed to radiate the electricity that was being forced through my body. Deep within my core, my mind melted in a furnace of overloaded synapses, zipping and sparkling with disconnected flashes of feeling and incoherent gag-strangled cries for release.

Now, the dildo pistoned in and out of my body like a runaway steam engine. My hips and belly bounced and jerked spastically on the mattress while I screamed like a wounded banshee, jerking madly against my restraints and thus adding the endorphins of my struggles to my shuddering and violent release. For a moment I hung by my fingernails on the very brink of sanity, trying to retain my grip, then with a gag-strangled scream of total release I plummeted over the precipice and plunged into the nova-burst of an overwhelming, mind-shattering orgasm.

It hit with the force of a stick of dynamite, rending me from the molten core of my crotch to my blood-engorged breasts, then sizzling up and into my

overloaded awareness. I snap-rolled into unconsciousness when these, some of my deepest desires, came to a fearsome reality and shattered my mind, delving the depths of my most primal needs and desires.

The mists of the aftermath of my orgasm gradually abated and I slowly found myself returning to reality within the dark, compressing reality of my bondage. Mindlessly, I tried to beg for release, but of course the gag stifled everything. The terrible shocks and thrusting of the dildo had eased off, for the moment, but the vibrations from the clitoral, vaginal, and anal dildos continued without let-up and I could feel a new rising to my next orgasmic release building rapidly. Even though I desperately wanted to escape all of the sensations, my Master uncaringly drove me into panting, screaming fits when the equipment locked onto and inside my body started its dance of pain, submission, and ecstasy again. I **could not** stop or resist in any way, for he continued my training and conditioning without relenting, or pity. In moments, I was engulfed in the next cataclysmic release, then rapidly, another, and another, and another cascaded through me.

I dissolved into a puddle of prehistoric, gagged, weeping, female protoplasm, finally passing out completely, despite the continual and sometimes horribly painful stimulation.

I knew no more.

John

She finally shuddered to stillness under the thick, stretched rubber sheet and I reduced the input levels of her stimulation devices, then checked her breathing by observing the rapidly inflating and deflating respirator bag. Soon, her ragged, panting breathes became deep, slow, and even and when I was satisfied that she wasn't having any difficulty, I activated her supplementary oxygen supply and checked that it too was functioning properly. Turning from the bed I walked to the door, took one last look at her recumbent rubber-shrouded form, then flicked off the light. The door slid shut with a solid thump and locked securely. I stepped from the closet then closed the panel that hid her cell door, automatically turning and re-arranging the clothing that concealed it.

No one knew of the cell's existence because I'd done all the work myself and only careful measurements of the house's exterior and my bedroom in particular would reveal that there was some unaccounted-for space. No one would ever know that she was thoroughly bound and contained within it and in effect, she had ceased to exist for the outer world. I undressed and slipped into bed.

Sleep came quickly for me, but within her totally black cell, securely fastened to her bondage bed, Christine's automatic torment and conditioning continued unabated for the rest of the night.

Chapter Fourteen

Breakfast and Preparation

Christine

The next thing I remember was the cloying mask being peeled from my sweat-bathed face and a huge freedom when the long plugs were slowly withdrawn from my nose. I stared up into his eyes as he looked down at me.

“Good morning,” he rumbled. “How’re you doing?”

“Mmmpph!” I greeted him through the gag still tightly clamped over my lower face.

“Yeah, okay. That’s coming off next, then I’ll free you of the other stuff.”

“Mmmpph!”

He rapidly unzipped the compressing sheet, then released all of the straps and chains that kept me a captive, with the exception of my bed leash. I lay quietly in the pool of liquid that I’d sweated out in my hot confinement while he removed my inhibitor bar and finally the steel cover plate, carefully ensuring that all the latches securing it to my crotch rings had been completely released. I sighed with gratitude when the huge dildo that had so tormented me gradually withdrew from my exhausted and sore body. Once the side straps were released, I slowly sat up and swung my legs over the edge of the bed, my reminder chains clinking loudly, then stood quietly before him while he reached around my neck and unlocked my gag. A few seconds later he extracted the formed pad from my mouth and it took a minute of working my jaws to loosen the muscles.

“G-g-good morning, Master.” I essayed faintly, struggling to speak against the stiffness.

“And good morning to you, Christine,” he bubbled while clipping my leading chain to the front of my collar. “I hope you enjoyed your ‘entertainment’ last night?”

“Oh, M-Master!” I whispered. “It was incredibly horrible! I didn’t know that thing could do so much!” I said pointing to the crotch cover-plate he held in his hand.

“I thought you might get off on it!” he grinned evilly, releasing the chain from the back ring of my collar. With a gentle tug on my leash, he drew me from the cell out into his bedroom then over to the bathroom. As per usual, he locked the other end of my leash to the heavy staple in the wall inside the tub enclosure.

“Okay, Christine. Take your time and have a good shower. I’ll go down and get breakfast ready then be back for you in an hour.”

“That’ll be marvellous, Master. I’m starving!” I whispered. Beneath the compressing waist-band of the chastity belt my stomach rumbled with hunger.

“Excellent! I’ll see you in a bit,” he smiled at me, locking the door behind him.

I spent the next forty-five luxurious minutes just lazing in the hot water, slowly soaking the stiffness and sweat from my body, smiling secretly to myself and trying to recall the overwhelming sensations he had forced upon me late last night. The last fifteen minutes of my morning toilet were spent rinsing and cleaning my reminder chains then completing a quick make-up job and hair preparation. When he opened the bathroom door and looked inquiringly inside, I thought I was ready for the new day and the surprises it would bring. He smiled wordlessly while re-attaching my house leash and when he gave it a tug, I followed him mutely and obediently into the bedroom to stand beside his king-sized bed. On its neatly made coverlet my clothing for the day had been laid out. I looked down with curiosity at what he’d selected.

A pair of, six-inch, platform-soled, stiletto heels was the first thing that caught my eye and I groaned inwardly at the prospect of having to wear them **again**, even though I did so almost every day, now. Next to these was a floor-length, black, full leather skirt and lying menacingly upon it was the

gleaming rigidity of my ankle-length inhibitor bar, already mounted to the cover-plate. I stared, transfixed with fascinated horror at the device, noting the internal latches for my crotch-rings, the various protrusions, and the smooth internal humps that could arouse or torture me so easily. His previous pronouncement that I would be compelled to always wear an inhibitor bar in combination with the chastity belt was coming true in spades. I would never ever again be freed from its compelling, limiting and shuddered with the realization, gulping down my impending tears. I looked again at the spread clothing and equipment searching for a blouse, then turned to him.

“Master? I don’t see a top.”

“That’s right,” he answered. “You’ll be fitted with the rest of your gear after breakfast.”

“Oh!!” was all I could manage while he picked up the cover-plate and came to me.

“Time to lock up that marvellous little kitty between your legs for the day!” he chuckled, coating the evil protrusions with the electrolytic gel.

“Do I *always* have to wear that ... that awful thing, Master?” I asked petulantly trying in vain to avoid having it inserted.

“Always, as I told you, from now on,” he answered. “Now, spread your legs and we’ll get it locked into you.”

“Y-yes, Master,” I whimpered resignedly, submitting to the inevitable, almost in tears again with the reinstatement of this most intimate means of controlling any female.

I gasped when the bullet-headed shaft nuzzled yet again at the sensitive lips to my sex, then began to slide slowly up into my body. Deep in my steel-framed crotch I felt him flip the little latches over my sex rings, securing each and making them pull gently at the sensitive flesh in which they were mounted.

“Are you ready, Christine?” he asked looking up into my widened eyes,

holding onto the inhibitor bar about halfway along its evil length.

“Y-yes, M-Master.” I stammered, trying to adjust to the rigid shaft shuddering slightly within my loins.

“Very well,” he said quietly, then slowly forced the remaining short length of the dildo upwards.

I rose on my toes, gasping and moaning through clenched teeth when the balance of the shaft slipped inside, rotating my hips instinctually to ease its entry. The solid metallic ***snaps!*** of the locks closing announced to us both that I was captive once more, utterly subject to anyone with control of the leash to the tip of the bar. He walked slowly around me, inspecting every part of my equipment, then came to stand in front, looking down at my nipple-chained breasts for a moment before lifting his gaze to my eyes.

“Time for your hobble and shoes,” he stated, then knelt before me.

I stood quietly while he quickly locked short chains between the tip of the bar and my ankle cuffs, then automatically kicked my legs against their puny, punishingly short lengths, establishing the limits of my freedom. A second later he held out one of the shoes and I reluctantly slipped my foot into it and waited while he fastened the narrow ankle-strap harness tightly then locked it closed. I wobbled when I stepped into the other shoe and it too was secured. Waiting, I stood while he walked to the bed, picked up my skirt and returned with it a second later.

“Put your hands over your head.”

He lifted the enveloping garment above me and I slipped my hands into the bottom opening then let it slither down my arms and body. At my waist, he closed the long zipper over my buttocks so that now it completely and innocently concealed all the underlying, intimate restrictions to my freedom. Next, he removed the leash from my collar and knelt again. With another solid ***click!*** I felt the restricting and controlling ligature fastened to the tip of the bar between my ankles. He stood and smiled at me.

“Time for breakfast,” he said, walking out the door.

I followed hesitantly, feeling the short chains jerk at my concealed ankle cuffs with each step, twitching the shaft between my legs. Naked from the waist up and entirely conscious of it, I emerged from the master bedroom, looking back occasionally to ensure that my leash wasn't caught on some obstruction. While I descended the stairs, I reached down and grasped a handful of my heavy skirt so that I wouldn't trip over its voluminous folds, holding onto the banister with my other hand while I cautiously took each hobble-shortened step. The chains were only just long enough to permit me to take the stairs cautiously one at a time, but he bounded down them in great, free leaps ahead of me. At last I reached the main floor and walked slowly to the kitchen.

He'd set up our plates and cutlery on the counter and placed my stool close by so that I could perch my bottom on it, for the long inhibitor bar wouldn't permit me to sit. Without a word I went to my place and waited while he brought over the food and began to serve me. *"This is the strangest part!"* I thought while he busied himself looking after me: *"Here I am, completely controlled and restrained in **his** chains and yet I'm the one being served and having my every want attended to by the one I call my Master!"* The more I thought about it, the more I began to perceive that perhaps it was really ***me*** that was in control of my slavery!

John

She perched on the stool and ate with her usual fastidious care while I watched the delightful movements of her soon-to-be-imprisoned breasts and the swaying of the golden chain joining the prominently ringed nipples. We talked of generalities, but I could see that her state of semi-nudity was quite embarrassing, for she still hadn't escaped the conditioning of girlhood that her breasts were only to be discreetly exhibited in public, and only when properly restrained by a bra beneath a 'decent' blouse. That this would soon be the case in spades made me smile in anticipation. When we were done, she continued to lean against the high stool while I cleaned the kitchen and prepared a second cup of coffee for the two of us, then carried them to the playroom.

"Come along, Christine." I called over my shoulder, "It's time for the next

addition to your Control Equipment”

“O-oh, okay Master.” I heard her faintly nervous reply from the kitchen behind me, followed by the clicking of her heels and the muffled clinking of her short hobble chains from beneath the long skirt. She minced carefully down the corridor.

Once in the playroom I placed our two coffees on a side table and waited for her to enter. A moment later she peered hesitantly around the door then slowly and delicately stepped inside, her house-leash trailing along the floor behind from under the hem of her skirt.

“Come over here and sit on this stool Christine. Enjoy your coffee.”

“Y-yes, Master,” she said eying me as though I might throw a snake at her, but gradually edging closer and finally perching herself on another of the high wooden stools.

I stared at her, amused, when she picked up the thick cup with both hands and took a dainty sip at the steaming contents. She made a face at the liquid’s temperature then raised her eyes to me, her arms partially covering her bounteous, chained-together breasts, holding the cup close to her face.

“I guess you’re wondering what’s next, hmm??” I asked, smiling at her.

“Y-y-yes, Master,” she whispered, lowering her eyes demurely to her hands, following the long looping lines of her reminder chain’s links that connected her wrist-cuffs to her collar.

“Christine, you have the loveliest breasts that I’ve ever had the good fortune to see.” I exclaimed, “And, as a woman, you glory in them, as well you should. You also know that I choose your clothing with care, to show them to their best advantage.”

“Yes, Master. And I’m always so embarrassed, too,” she gulped.

“Well, the next articles of your Control Equipment are designed to accomplish my goals, on a much more permanent basis than you’re

accustomed to,” I said. “In combination with the corsets and shoulder braces that you’ll soon have to wear, I think that your attributes will be well and prominently displayed, to say nothing of the protection that they’ll be under, or the punishment that they can be made subject to with a couple of simple changes.”

“W-w-w-what are you going to do to me, Master??” she whispered, staring at me in not a little terror, then at the ominous boxes on the table across the room.

I walked over to them and brought back a large, flat box, then five pairs of cubic ones, placing them on the table between us.

“All of these, Christine, constitute the latest additions to your ‘uniform’.” I stated casually, gesturing at them. I opened the large flat box and held up the contents for her to see.

She stared at the thing for a few seconds then her fingers loosened, dropping the cup. It shattered into a hundred pieces, unnoticed by her, and she shook with an involuntary shiver, gaping with consternation at the clinical-looking harness that I held up for inspection.

It was a bra.

This one though, was unlike any she’d seen before.

I’d had it designed so that her ribs would be banded by a wide chest-strap that fastened and locked at the back, over her spine. Its lines curved gracefully, widening out at the sides, just under her arms, but from there on, it was something entirely different from anything she’d ever find in a lingerie store! The frame’s structure at the front was a slightly flexible piece that was quite wide around the vertically-oriented, oval openings for her breasts, but, for the moment there were no cups, it was only a chest harness. Set slightly back from the edges, surrounding each oval, was the same type of deeply-grooved metal beading that her crotch cover-plate locked into. At strategic points on the top and bottom of the busk that would separate her breasts, there was a series of smoothly-machined and gleaming latches to lock the breast cups securely to the bra frame. The apertures that her breasts would protrude

through were rigidly defined by the grooved rings that the breast cups would slot into, and inside each of these rings there was a wide, thick, slightly elastic and outwardly turned rubber collar. When the chest harness was fully tightened, her breasts would be forced through these collars and firmly noosed by them.

The wide chest-band would clamp tightly around her upper body and to ensure that she wouldn't be able to slip it downwards, two narrow rubber-covered woven wire and very strong straps rose from the tops of the cup-frames would go over her shoulders and lock to the chest-band behind her back. They could be adjusted to whatever degree of tension and security I required. High up, just behind the top curves of her shoulders, another narrow, inverted 'T' strap crossed from one side to the other. The adjustable central strap at its centre would lock to the back ring on her collar. When properly adjusted, the entire assembly would utterly prevent her from shrugging out of the shoulder straps, or easing her confinement within the garment. At the apex of each shoulder strap, sturdy little D-rings lay, for the moment folded flat, but ready to be used for restraint at any time.

The forbidding garment had been manufactured almost entirely from woven stainless steel wire, then been dipped in a black neoprene rubber that embedded itself thoroughly into the weave. It was finished in such a way that the outer surface was a gleaming black expanse that would contrast markedly against her smooth olive-complexioned skin, while at strategic points, scattered around the inner surface of the breast and shoulder harness, there were numerous silvery pads, each about a half inch in diameter. When the harness was locked in place they'd all make firm contact with her skin. This entire piece was somewhat over an eighth of an inch in thickness and the rubber coating concealed the special, high capacity, conformal batteries that had been moulded into its structure. Thanks to the miracles of micro-electronics, the chest-band also contained, just to the sides of the cup mounts, the radio transceiver and control units for the batteries, while the shoulder straps were a built-in, duplex antenna system. Her body heat alone would keep the batteries alive, and because they were the newest lithium-ion-sulphide type, they'd not need to be changed for at least five years, even with heavy and continuous use. Christine though, would never need to know about the various bits of hi-tech wizardry contained in her garment. She'd only

have to experience and live under its influences.

“I-I don’t think that I l-like the l-looks of that!” she stammered, staring fearfully at the potent harness that would soon ensnare her upper body.

“Well, honey,” I said matter of factly, “you don’t really have much say in the matter. You don’t need to like it, you just have to wear it.”

“I-it’s going to be used to discipline and h-hurt m-m-me, isn’t it?” she moaned with shivering, barely suppressed terror trembling her ring and chain tipped breasts.

“Put it this way,” I explained, “it’s going to dramatically help fulfil your desire to be controlled.”

“M-M-Master?” she said looking up into my eyes, “I-I-I’m really going to have to put this on aren’t I? And I won’t be able to take it off either, will I?”

“Correct on both counts.” I smiled at her panicky attempts to delay the inevitable fitting of her bra. “Now, hold still while I disconnect your nipple chain, then I want you to hold out your arms and lean forward slightly while I put it on you.”

“V-v-very well Master,” she shivered, but the trembles were not from the room’s temperature.

I reached over, and with a set of needle-nosed pliers, carefully released the clips of the nipple-joining chain from their rings and freed her breasts of its restriction. She looked up at me and smiled tremulously, hoping I wasn’t really serious.

I was.

Chapter Fifteen

The Bra and Its Options

Christine

I trembled slightly while he removed the enslaving chain from between my nipples, then held out my arms as he'd commanded, leaning forward so that my breasts hung slightly away from my body. He held the oppressive-looking bra frame loosely in both hands, then lifted it to my chest so that my pendulous flesh slipped partially through the wide rubber collars, the smallness of the opening preventing it from passing all the way through. He carefully wrapped the wide, cold band around my upper body.

"You can straighten up Christine," he said, walking around to stand behind me. "Okay. Now **exhale** as much as you can."

I breathed out and suddenly the wide strap clamped almost painfully tight against my ribs, then came a set of those final sounding metallic **clicks!** that always indicated that I was being locked into something I'd be unable to remove. My breasts were forced through the wide collars and then, they popped all the way out. The collars weren't really uncomfortable, but their constriction was definitely there. I could breathe easily enough, but it was hopeless to try and evade or ease my confinement, for the wide band had settled implacably into place.

"Breathe out again Christine."

With this instruction I had to do as he demanded and as I did, I experienced a binding constriction when the chest-band being tightened yet again. At the front, the widened frame pressed firmly against my chest and the intimate wide bands squeezed unrelentingly so that my breasts began to balloon with blood, becoming much more sensitive. The harness made me supremely conscious of them, projecting out vulnerably, as I never had before. He reached up and grasped each of my nipple rings and I yelped when he tugged on them, but that didn't deter him. For the moment, I could feel the slightly

raised silvery contacts on the inner surface of the chest harness, pressing into my skin, but I soon forgot about them while my imprisonment within the bra continued without pause. The oval openings were slightly larger than required and this design feature, together with the squeezing of the chest-band, the inner collars, and the slight bulges at the sides of the openings ensured that each fleshy mound stuck out prominently, trembling with every restricted breath I took. I felt totally and lewdly displayed while he drew the narrow straps from the upper curves of the bra cup frames tightly up over my shoulders, staring down at myself when he clipped them to their mounting and adjusting fixtures on the back.

Suddenly both straps snared down onto my shoulders when he pulled on their free ends simultaneously. They grooved themselves deeply into the small, fleshy depression between my collar bones and the shoulder sockets, pulling the widened frame around the breast-cup openings slightly upwards and into solid, all-around contact against my chest. Once more, there came the **snaps!** of their fastenings when they too were locked in place and I moaned from the sensation of control and restriction, knowing that I would soon hate this feeling of being so bound up. Little did I know!

“Hold still while I connect your anti-removal straps,” he commanded implacably.

“Y-y-yes, Master,” I groaned resignedly while he did something behind.

I felt an additional tension placed on the two deeply pressing shoulder straps ascending my back, then there was an upward pull and I heard and felt another authoritative **click!** at the back of my collar. A second later it pulled backwards on my throat. He’d tightened the adjustment strap from the central ring of the anti-removal straps until it exerted just enough force to ensure that I kept my head up all the time. The tension it placed on my collar enforced his desire that I should always carry my head proudly, able only to look down momentarily before the choking sensation forced me to lift my chin again.

“Well! There you wear the basic part of your bra, Christine!” he grinned at me.

“But-but, Master!” I complained bitterly, “It’s **not** very comfortable.”

“Is any bra?” he asked with an evil little smile.

“W-w-well, I guess not.” I acknowledged a little ruefully. “But they’re not nearly as bad as th-th-this one!”

“Get used to it,” he stated uncaringly. “There’s more to come. And, as I said, this is only the basic, non-removable part. Now, come over here to the table and I’ll show you the various types of cups you’ll have to wear.”

He walked across the room and I followed as best I could, still trying to accustom myself to the hobbles, jerking at my bar with each step. I wanted to cradle my tender, engorged breasts in my hands while I went over to him, for their bouncing and wobbling on my chest had quickly become very uncomfortable and most embarrassing.

The table was almost completely covered with the cubical boxes, these arranged in five sets of two along its length. I shuddered with the thoughts of what they contained. I didn’t have long to worry about the contents. He drew me to the end of the table, removed the covers from the first set and lifted them out for me to inspect.

“These, Christine, are your ‘training’ cups. You’ll only wear them a very short time. They’re designed so that basically all they do is support and contain your breasts, while at the same time prevent you from touching them in any way,” he explained holding up the smoothly hemispherical cones of bright, burnished metal.

They resembled typical bra cups, but inside, each was lined with a smooth rubber coating. He flicked a little stud and small caps over the nipples popped open on spring-loaded hinges.

“These caps can be removed if I require access to your nipple-rings,” he explained, then picked up a post and cross-tree arrangement I hadn’t noticed on the bottom of the box. “This stretcher post fits into that socket on the busk between your breasts and these clips attach to your nipple-rings. The cross-tree can be locked anywhere along the post so that your breasts and nipples can be put under any desirable amount of tension.”

“Oooohhh, Master!” I gasped, not desiring **any** tension on them. I cupped my breasts protectively with shaking hands, feeling their warm, soft, resilient weight on my palms.

“Yep! A neat little option, and it can be used either with or without the cups being worn,” he happily explained while I shivered with fear at what this would feel like, knowing that one day I wouldn’t have to wonder any more. He moved to the next pair of boxes.

The cups he lifted from these containers looked exactly the same as the first pair now residing on the counter: from the outside. Their insides, I saw though, when he turned them so that I could inspect them, were something else again. Where in the first set, the insides had been lined with a silky smooth rubber, in these, the rubber surface was raised into hundreds of flexible little spikes, all pointing towards the apexes! I shivered with an impending sense of doom, realizing with certainty that I would soon experience these horrors also.

“These are your secondary training cups, Christine. They’ll be worn initially, for the most part, when you’re put to bed.”

I stared at them with silent fear, feeling tears pooling in my eyes when he placed them on the table. How could he be so cruel to me? Unable to help what I was doing, I followed his hands with my eyes when he opened the next set of boxes and pulled out their contents. The third pair, again, resembled the first and second sets in outer appearance, the only difference being that there were no nipple caps at their tips. He turned them to face me so that I could look inside. I was afraid to see what would be revealed, but when I looked I was surprised to see that, again, the inner surfaces were lined with a smooth green rubber. The linings though were broken up by concentric, spiralling rings of small, smooth, silvery humps decreasing in size as they rose towards the inner tips. The apex was a deep concave disk of the silvery material. I looked questioningly at him, afraid to speak.

“At first, you’ll probably wear this pair just about every day,” he stated. “These are your primary controller cups, and you’ll find out all about them soon enough. Now, this next pair have been created to ... ah ... increase your sense of being a female animal, shall I say,” he said moving to the fourth set

of boxes.

He lifted them from their containers with a flourish, somehow holding each by its tip. The reason he was able to do this became immediately apparent when he placed the cups on the table. The apex of each, rather than being smoothly rounded, was endowed with a small secondary cup, it tipped by an institutional-type hose connector. Just below, on the bodies of the deep cups were two other fittings of the same type. A light suddenly came on.

“You-you’re **n-n-not** serious, Master!?” I asked in a state of shock, while he smiled innocently at me. “Th-th-these are for milking me, aren’t they? Like a **cow?!?**”

“That’s absolutely right, Christine. There’s gonna come a time for you to be milked, and fairly soon. You might even come to the point that you’ll desperately **want** these put on you. **And** turned on. You see, Christine, you’ve been given, and will continue to receive hormone supplements that stimulate your glands to produce milk. Within a month you’ll be begging for these cups.”

I moaned with frustration, remembering how my breasts had begun to feel fuller and more sensitive over the last week. **Now** I knew why! He moved to the last set of boxes, the same size as the previous ones.

“These,” he said, lifting them from their containers, “are your discipline cups,” he stated seriously, staring intently into my eyes.

Like the others, they too were bright shiny steel and were as deep as the milker cups. Too, their tips were endowed with the milking fittings, but there were other connection points. When he turned them so that I could look inside, I saw that the inner liner was covered with the evil little spikes **and** the concentric rings of the silvery dots! I stared, horrified, at them when I instantly realized what their intent was.

“As you can see, Christine, these are a combination of all of the previous ones, in that they have all of the capabilities of each type. You’ll still be able to be milked while being disciplined and you can rest assured that it’s a process you **won’t** enjoy, ever. I’ll admit that they’re pretty severe, but that

should be an encouragement for you to be on your best behaviour. Soon enough, you'll wear these cups on a permanent basis."

I knew with utter certainty that sometime in the near future these torturing monstrosities would be fitted to my body and I wouldn't be able to stop it from happening, or what would undoubtedly follow once my breasts were locked away within them.

"Now, honey, just some general information. One: each cup-set **locks** to your bra and can't be removed except with a special key. Two: unless it's time for some love-making, you'll always, from now on, awake or asleep, have to wear one of these five sets, and Three: don't ever try to tamper with them or remove them yourself, as they've the potential to cause you a great deal pain once locked to your bra. Okay?"

"Y-y-y-yes, Master," I whispered miserably, unable to avoid what was coming next.

"Good! Now come over here and hold still while I put you into your trainer cups," he commanded, crooking his finger at me.

John

She pranced slowly over to stand before me, her eyes casting fearfully along the line of ten shiny hummocks, then stood waiting while I picked up her 'normal' set. She couldn't escape being fitted with them, thanks to her bar, hobbles, and leash, and stared down at the things that would soon imprison her breasts. She looked up into my face, her lips trembling.

"Please, Master!" she almost begged, "I-I-I'm scared silly of th-th-th-those things and this bra harness is so tight and uncomfortable. I can barely breathe!"

"One of the penalties for being born a female, Christine." I stated. "Now, lean forward more so that they don't pinch when I put 'em on."

"Ohhhh, please," she moaned reluctantly, but did as ordered.

For a moment I contemplated using either the second set I'd shown her or the Controller ones instead, "But then," I thought, "she's going to experience each version soon enough." The right cup slipped over her breast, enfolding it fully and snugly. It had been made just a little smaller than required. Inside the rims on each set of cups there was a second wide and thick rubber collar and it took a little pushing and twisting to get it to slide down over her trembling fleshy globes. Once past this restriction, I gently pressed the shiny casing towards the outlining bra frame, until the edges slipped into the deep grooves of the surrounding beading. With my other hand, I engaged the locks, flipped them closed, and listened to each joining with satisfaction. She shivered when the compressing, imprisoning, bullet-shaped hemisphere locked in place, but still remained slightly bent forward until I'd fitted and locked on the left cup.

"You can straighten up now," I said, "I want you to go to the mirror and look at yourself."

Gasping because of the drag the strap network exerted on her collar, she quickly stood erect and pranced daintily and slowly to one of the floor-length mirrors where she inspected the things locked to her chest; her hands running over their smoothly conical hemispheres. They thoroughly and separately imprisoned each of her breasts. I watched while she turned and raised her arms, staring at her reflection and the fastenings of the shoulder straps. In something akin to frustration she stamped her foot under her long skirt, making her hobble chains tinkle musically in derision of her bondage and causing the black snake of her wire house leash to slither back and forth under the hem in silent mockery. Christine turned and minced back to me with the particular gait that the hobbles connected to the bar between her legs enforced so easily. I didn't think that she was even aware of how she had to walk anymore.

"Well, Christine," I smiled down at her, "those are the latest additions to your control uniform. How do you like them so far?"

"Master, they're terribly confining and uncomfortable," she stated simply, trying to shrug her shoulders under the deeply-grooving straps.

"Well, that's the whole idea, isn't it?" I asked. "And you *did* say that you

wanted to be being the ultimate controlled slave girl.”

“Y-y-yes, Master,” she agreed in a hoarse whisper, “But I *never* imagined that it would be like this!”

“Christine, this is really only the beginning, you know? Your control uniform is only the first step along the route. Sort of laying the foundation for what’s to come. You’ve got a lot of years to live yet and there’re plenty more things you’ll have to accept.” I grinned down into her anxious face, then lifted her nose ring a little and gave it a small, playful tug and twist.

“Oooohhh-*aaarrrrh*!” she wailed, her hands flying up and clasping around my wrist while she twisted her head back and forth to the demand of the deeply controlling ring.

“Okay, Christine, back to the bedroom for you to put on a blouse. We’ll forego the corset for the next week or so while you get used to this stuff, then you’ll have to start wearing it all the time. I’m going to require you to start wearing thigh boots and Control Mitts very soon, too. I’ve also got some plans for a permanent metal head harness for you, but that’ll have to wait for a couple of months before I proceed.”

She’d not yet seen the boots that I planned to have her wear, but had occasionally been required to wear the full arm-length mitt/gloves that rendered her hands totally useless. Her head snapped around in terror when I mentioned the metal head harness; eyes widening in astounded fear. I was unaware of her terrifying dream and the impact of my words, but said nothing more while she stared at me in terror.

With a subdued clattering of her hobble chain, she strutted resignedly from the room, the leash trailing along the floor behind like an obedient yet utterly controlling serpent. I placed the remaining sets of cups in their storage drawers then returned to the kitchen and cleaned up the debris of breakfast. In the bedroom above she struggled into the loose cotton blouse I’d left for her. Some moments later the clicking of her high heels on the marble flooring preceded her entry to the kitchen. Once in the room she spent a minute or two ensuring that her leash wasn’t snagged on something, a process she had to complete before she left or entered any room. It was a continuing part of her

conditioning to being controlled at all times. I knew she now passionately hated being always restricted by it, especially in her own house, but it served to reinforce to her the state of her captivity.

Her blouse was one of those flouncy types with a lot of ruffles, pleats and needle work, somewhat Mexican-looking, and it completely concealed her new bra. Only the discreet bumps and lines of the thick chest-band and shoulder straps under the opaque material showed that she was indeed so confined. The styling of her new undergarment very closely resembled that of any full support bra, and as such no one would even guess that it was, in fact, much, much more than appearances indicated. The long sleeves of the blouse concealed her cuffs and reminder chains, but if she raised her arm, they'd fall back to reveal them and the sturdy links welded to them. I turned and leaned negligently back against the counter and inspected her slowly, lingering at her nose ring, then her fully visible collar above the imprisoned swell of her breasts under the loose folds of the blouse. She endured my inspection, silently waiting to see what was planned. I surprised her.

"What would you like to do today, Christine?"

"Well, Master," she said demurely, looking down as much as her tensioned collar would permit, "I'd **really** like to go to the beach and go swimming, but I guess that's sort of out of the question now that I'm wearing all this stuff, isn't it?"

"Oh, not at all," I said. "I know of a couple of real private spots that we can go to where no one'll see your equipment, 'specially when you're going back and forth to the water."

"Yeah," she said ruefully, "but with all this metal fastened on me I'd sink like a rock!"

"Relax, honey," I said, intrigued by her desire. "I've got some specially designed wet suits that have a pretty high buoyancy factor, and one of them has been made just for you, taking into consideration that you're wearing the reminder chains. As a matter of fact, and you'll love this Christine, the helmet that connects to your wet suit has a built-in gag, air cut-offs on the snorkels, and remotely-operated blinders on the face mask, sort of like the helmet you

wore last night!”

“Oh, God!” she wailed, “I *knew* I shouldn’t have suggested that!”

“I think it’s a wonderful suggestion!” I grinned enthusiastically at her.

“I-I’ve changed my mind,” she said bleakly, looking down at the floor again.

“Nope! We’re gonna do it!” I stated. “Just wait a minute or two and I’ll get the stuff into the van and we’re off to the lake.”

I walked from the kitchen to the garage and a couple of minutes later, having loaded the necessary equipment, returned to find her staring longingly out into the back yard, unthinkingly still kicking her feet against her short hobble.

“Raise your skirt so that I can change your inhibitor bar to a shorter one for the trip.”

Silently, she did as commanded and it was but the work of a few seconds for me to accomplish the change, leaving her ankles still chained, but now with an additional set of links leading from the central ring up to the tip of the shorter bar between her knees. Next, I grabbed a short lead, clipped it to her collar then ran a lock through the inner wrist cuff rings and the one protruding from its eyelet at the front of the skirt’s waistband. For a moment she tugged ruefully against the restraint, testing as always, then followed me docilely to the front door and outside. Standing patiently beside me on her leash, she waited nervously while I armed the burglar alarm and locked the place up. With a small tug, I drew her down the walk and to the van. I’d turned off her proximity shockers, for the moment, and soon had her strapped into her seat, waiting.

The drive to the secluded lake would take about an hour, so I fired up the CD player and away we went. She sat quietly, imprisoned by the strict web work of her locked seat restraints, staring disconsolately out the window. I was looking forward to the rest of the day and planning for after our swim. We’d probably stop on the way back and have dinner at some rowdy country bar, just for a change of pace. It looked like a good day!

The drive was a relatively easy one and we chatted about everything while we drove sedately along the two lane blacktop, everything that is, except what was going to happen at the lake. As I'd planned, we arrived at the deserted spot, really only a very large, yet quite deep pond behind a small dam, nearly an hour later. The little lake was deserted but for the two of us. It was only about a thousand feet in diameter, some sixty feet deep and almost nobody bothered to come to it except the occasional fisherman, and even they were rare. I'd done some exploratory snorkelling here a couple of years before we'd met and found the whole area quite entrancing, but now I wanted the privacy, primarily for Christine's sake. The glorified goat track into the lake was well-concealed in some brush and it took careful manoeuvring to get the van off the road once I'd located it. I backed into the bush a little way so that no one passing would be able to see it, then once I'd parked and shut down, walked back to the road to ensure that the van was invisible, leaving her fastened in her seat. I slipped up to her side of the van and pulled open the door with a rush.

Chapter Sixteen

The Start of a Trying Afternoon

Christine

I screamed with fright when my door suddenly swung open, struggling wildly to escape my seat bondage until I turned to see him looking at me with an amused smirk on his face.

“Jesus, Master!” I gasped with part-anger, part-relief, “You scared the hell outta me!”

“Yeah! I guess I did, didn’t I?” he laughed. “Now, just let me get you unfastened and I’ll take you to that rock over there. Then we’ll get you changed into your swim gear.”

“B-but Master!” I moaned, “someone might see us!”

“Not to worry, honey!” he stated positively, “No one ever comes here but me.”

My seat restraint straps popped open with obscene ease when he slapped the large button on the back of the seat. Even with my hands and arms free, there was still no way for me to get at it and when my wrists were locked down, it was an utter impossibility. He left me alone, after releasing everything but my hands and leash, then walked through the low bushes to a large flat rock sloping down into the water, about fifty metres away, carrying an armful of wet suits, a bulky knap-sack, and a large coil of black vinyl-coated, thin, flexible wire. The knap-sack contained a hammer and the pitons he’d brought along to lock my leash to, together with my remote control and a couple of spare battery packs. In addition, he’d packed a change of clothing for me and a bunch of large fluffy towels. At the rock, he dumped all the stuff onto the smooth, sun-warmed surface, then shrugged out of the knap-sack and pulled the hammer and pitons from it. Finding a suitable crack in the granite fairly close to the water’s edge didn’t seem to pose a problem and with a few

whacks from the small sledge hammer, he drove a piton irremovably into the living rock. I watched with some fear of what was to come when he locked one end of the wire to the swivel fitting on the exposed end of the pin and gave it a couple of really heavy jerks to ensure that it was seated properly. Satisfied that only dynamite would get it out, he returned to the van and released my leash, then helped me down to stand beside the vehicle. I still wore my six inch, ankle-strap heels and he held my chained right arm and my leash while I walked slowly and precariously across the soft ground.

“Okay. Let’s get you out of those clothes and into your mermaid outfit,” he smiled.

“Yes, M-M-Master,” I said, waiting for him to remove my outer clothing.

Two minutes later I stood before him, naked but for my shiny steel bondage bikini, connected to the embedded piton by a short wire leash to the tip of the bar between my knees. He’d allowed me only three metres of free run before it snapped tight. Other than my regular chains and the leash, I was free of restriction and I wanted desperately to hide from any prying eyes. He told me that I was to remain standing while he sorted out my ‘swim suit’ and truth to tell, the sun-warmed rock felt really nice on my shoeless feet. I orbited slowly around the deeply driven piton at the end of my leash, keeping it taut and struggling just a bit against its restriction, feeling its limiting and controlling tugs between my legs and strangely enough enjoying the sensations of its intimate captivity. There was a horrible fascination to watching him lay out the equipment and I couldn’t help but watch with fearful interest. Finally it was arranged to his satisfaction and he called me over.

“Time to dress in your swim stuff!” he smiled, holding up the thick-skinned rubber garment.

“Y-yes, Master,” I said murmured in resignation and walked over to stand before him.

What he held was really only a specialized divers wet-suit with zippers up the sides instead of the back, designed so that it could be put on without having to worry about my reminder chains. These, of course, remained welded to me, but would be outside the suit. The inner surface was a smooth-faced,

neoprene rubber and the outer side was covered in a black spandex, slashed fashionably by bright neon green stripes. It looked innocent enough and he quickly fitted me into it, then fastened the long zippers, immediately concealing my bra and chastity belt beneath its innocuous cover, although my knee-length inhibitor bar still stuck obscenely down between my legs. Then came the boots and these slid up and over my feet, zipping to the leggings of the suit, yet leaving my ankle reminder chains to swing lazily between my now-hidden cuffs and the side rings of my belt. Over them came the long and wide fins, strapped securely around my feet and ankles. Being as big as they were and as wonderfully propulsive in the water, on land they limited me to only small, awkward, flapping steps and so I stood quietly while he bent over and picked up even more gear.

“These, Christine are a new kind of hand-fin,” he said holding up slightly smaller versions of the foot ones. “The difference is that they’re designed with one-way flapper valves all across the fin parts between the extended ribs that isolate your fingers. When you bring your hand back through the water like this,” he demonstrated, “the flappers are forced open by the pressure of the water and when you bring your hand forward, they close and form a fin. You can also use them to change direction in any axes too.”

“Well, that’s kind of neat, I suppose.”

“Okay. Hold out your hand with your fingers spread, then wriggle them a bit while I fit the fin.”

He pulled the large glove-like piece over my hand and my fingers slipped into rigid, snug tubes inside the spines, now held widespread. Surprise, surprise. They had become completely immovable. The hand flipper had a wide cuff that came halfway up my fore-arm, allowing the reminder chain to dangle through an overlapping slot. It kept my wrist absolutely rigid when he’d finished strapping it tightly in place. Once he’d completed its fastening I raised the fin to my face and looked it over, noting the dozens of flaps that would open and close when I moved my hand. I dropped it to my side. The fin was heavy, awkward, and very restrictive. Even though I tried hard to curl my fingers within its embedded glove, virtually none of my efforts showed. It flexed slightly at my palm, but that was it. Interesting. A minute later my other hand was similarly encased and taken away from me. I stood there

feeling like some sort of female human seal.

“Now for the helmet, mask, and snorkel,” he enthused and picked up the diver’s rubber helmet.

This was a standard over-helmet and in a minute it completely covered my head and hair, its heart-shaped front opening leaving only my face and chin visible. A heavy duty zipper around the base of the neck-tube portion mated it firmly to the body of the wet suit, leaving my chains to dangle in silvery, looping lengths from their mounting on the back of my collar to my wrists. He picked up my snorkel/breathing mask and I quailed away from him as much as I could. That wasn’t very much, for the fins strapped to my feet ensured that I took only short awkward shuffling steps in a futile attempt to avoid him. I knew I couldn’t avoid the helmet/mask being fitted.

“Stand still,” he commanded sternly, showing me the outer smoothly-faired surface of the mask, then he turned it slowly so that I could see its inner, much more sinister parts.

The mask was a full facial covering with a large, tempered glass face-plate over the eye area, but I couldn’t see through it! Inside was the black rubber breathing mask that would cover my nose and lower face, cupping my chin tightly. All resemblance to a standard-issue divers mask vanished utterly when he revealed this part of the mask. There was a large formed pad for my mouth, and, as with the sleeping gag/mask, there were two long, supple, and quite thick nostril tubes. The long, angled snorkels, one on each side of the mask, were embedded in the structure over the mouth area. Their air passages were rigidly moulded into the structure, leading to the nose bump. At their bottom ends were the usual purge valves making the mask look vaguely insectile and ugly, I thought, while at the top ends of the snorkel tubes were other valves that would close automatically when their ends went beneath the surface of the water. The whole assembly was mounted in another thick rubber helmet that would completely cover the one I already wore. **It** would also zip firmly closed down the back of my head and neck.

“Ooh, Master? Please! Please? I don’t want to wear that, ***please?***” I begged when he stood up with the evil-looking thing in his hands, preparing to put it on me.

“Well, Christine,” he stated, “given that you’re going to be swimming, I want you to have the best in safety and protection, so you’d better get used to having to wear it. I want to ensure that everything is perfectly functional for a couple of minutes before you go in. No more messing around. Open your mouth!”

“Please, Master!?? ***P-please?***” I whimpered with fear while he lifted it to my face. Nevertheless, I opened my mouth obediently and he forced the huge gag-pad behind my teeth without further delay, then slowly inserted the uncomfortable rubber tubes in my nostrils.

I twisted against my bondage, flapping my flipper-hands uselessly against his chest in mute protest. There was to be no escape for me though, and he pulled the helmet back over my head then zipped it closed and locked it at the base of my neck. As soon as the mask slipped fully down and into position, all light was cut off instantly. I found myself standing there in utter blackness, able only to hear the slight susurrations of my panicky breathing pulsing through the air passages of the mask. Feelings of isolation washed over me again while I stared into the blackness and I wavered back and forth trying to maintain my balance. He held my arm and I calmed myself slightly, barely able to hear. It was scary and oppressive in the extreme. I tried desperately to convey my fear to him around the deeply penetrating gag-pad, but only small whimpers seeped up the breathing tubes, to be almost completely squelched by the valving arrangements. The inner mask pressed firmly against my face and around my nose, adding to my feeling of bondage and I began to panic again. I raised my flipper-endowed hands and tried desperately to prise the confining device away from my head and face, whining with discomfort and mushrooming claustrophobia, but all I could do was to rub the rubber of the hand-confining fins against the smooth surfaces of the helmet. Nothing moved. I was a prisoner of the head covering device until he decided it was time for me to be released.

John

I watched intently while she struggled to remove her head and facial coverings, but the neoprene rubber of the outer helmet was very strong despite its 1/32 inch thickness and I knew she’d be unable to budge any of it

a millimetre. She fought her containment for a couple of minutes, rubbing her immobilized hands frantically against the mask and helmet and throwing her head around as best she could against the restrictions of her collar and its limiting harness underneath. I pressed a small bump on the top of the mask's face plate. Two seconds later, the thick quartz plate became transparent, revealing her rubber-obscured face inside. Only her emerald eyes and a small area of skin around each remained free of the tightly clamped inner breathing mask. She gradually settled down as soon as she could see again, then just stood there waiting for the next additions. The sight of her captive, fear-widened green eyes and helpless, rubber-covered face behind the thick quartz of the face-plate, aroused me. I smiled and waved at her while she stood silently and forlornly, for all the world looking like some strange sort of beached female water mammal. It took only a minute to change into my own swim trunks then get my mask, tank, and snorkel organised. I left her standing there, short-leashed to her steel piton, and walked quickly back to the van, returning a minute later with the last addition to her costume.

Her head began to shake wildly in negation when I approached with the long, telescoping inhibitor bar with the strange torpedo-like piece dangling from its tip held in my hands. She saw it and knew instinctively where it would be placed. Despairingly, she tried to back away when I approached. Her foot fins severely limited her ability to move on land and their wide surfaces slapped and slithered on the rock while she shuffled awkwardly to the length of her short leash. There was no escape. I knew that she was still able to hear me faintly.

“Spread your legs, Christine!”

“Nnnnnghh!” A faint protest whistled from her twin snorkels.

She tried to cross her legs and prevent the newest bar from being fitted, but I touched her remote controller. She instantly stiffened and began shaking herself when the clitoral protrusion pulsed with electricity, shocking her into desolated submission. Seconds later she assumed the stance required to allow me to change her extension bar and hobble. I stood up and looked deeply into her eyes, captive behind the glass, ignoring the tears being squeezed from them by the tight inner rubber seal while she tried wordlessly to protest having to wear the hated thing.

The special piece at the end of the three foot wire to the tip-ring was designed to enhance her sensations, in that as she moved through the water it would vibrate and gyrate wildly with the drag of the fluid against its off-centre mounting and internal flaps, constantly reminding her of its presence. Her hobbling arrangement too ensured that she would also be continually aware of the dildo in her belly, twitching from its tugs when she kicked her feet to both propel herself or tread water. In combination with the flapper attachment, there was no possible way for her to escape being automatically stimulated and once she was in the water, the bar, currently extending only down to her ankles, would be lengthened by another metre thanks to the telescoping section. Her legs would still have some small freedom of motion, for her shortened hobble wire would be mounted to the non-extending portion, but she would be completely prohibited from standing up, able only to crawl slowly and awkwardly on land. It was time to get her into the water.

“Okay, Christine.” I stated loudly, “Let’s get you on your long leash. It’s time to get wet.”

She continued to shake her head in fear, but I walked over and clipped the long wire to the ring at the base of her bar and disconnected the short leash. When I stood, I again touched the concealed switch on her helmet, plunging her once more into Stygian blackness within her mask. She knew her time was close and another series of wailing whimpers filtered from her masked and helmeted head. The attached flapper device lay potently behind her at the end of its tether. When I picked her up bodily in my arms, it dangled evilly from the tip ring, swinging back and forth in short jerking arcs. She clung to me desperately, her flipper-shrouded hands and arms wrapped tightly around me while I carried her to the water’s edge and I looked down at the blank silvery face plate that completely hid her face. She shook her head in desperate denial, knowing as I walked that she was nearing the water. Hopelessly, she began writhing and pummeling my back, trying to avoid what was going to happen. Behind us, the coils of her leash slowly began to trail out when I walked into the water up to my waist, then dropped her into it.

The splash Christine made was impressive and she briefly disappeared beneath the surface, but came up again almost immediately, her hands and

legs flailing frantically to keep her head above the surface. She was still blind within the helmet and I watched closely while she slowly accustomed herself to her new environment to see if she was having any difficulty. Everything appeared to be okay and she soon began to get the hang of using her hand and foot fins to stabilize herself. Her steel collar ensured that she kept her face down, able only to raise it for brief periods before she had to resume the required posture. She soon began to swim more confidently, moving away from the shore and under the water's surface I could see her reminder chains flashing back muted reflections of the sunlight penetrating the clear liquid when they flailed in glittering loops from her wrists and ankles. Only her back was partially awash and her head showed as a rounded rubber hump with the two snorkel tubes sticking up on either side. The buoyancy of the suit helped keep her afloat with ease.

She had moved about five metres from where I stood when I stopped her forward motion and drew her back to me by the wire tether, with hand-over-hand pulls against her efforts to escape. In a moment she lay beside me in the shallows, floundering against the restriction of her leash, her breaths whistling in and out of the snorkels. I bent down and grasped the long shiny bar between her legs then pressed the release stud for the telescoping section and the spring-loaded shaft slowly extended from the bottom end, between her ankles. Still holding it firmly, I gave her a push, propelling her away from shore, then picked up the loose coils of her leash and threw them in after her, leaving only a short length from the anchoring piton trailing to where it disappeared at the waters edge.

Just before I left our pile of stuff on the rock, I flipped a small switch on her remote control, returning vision to her, but only in a very limited set of circumstances. I tucked it into the bottom of the equipment bag. The face-plate's sensors had been activated and from now on, if she lifted her face from the water, the moisture, light and pressure sensors would instantly darken the specialized panel to opacity. Within the mask, she'd be immersed in total blackness, while its outer side would show only an impenetrable silvery, mirrored surface. Lastly, I grabbed my own flippers and mask then walked back into the calm, clear and quite warm water.

By now she was some distance away, just a little of her back, the top of her

head and snorkels, and the occasional surface splashing of her flippers marking her position. The wires hobbling her ankles, her leash, and her reminder chains were very nearly invisible from shore. Again, I watched her closely while she moved along. She couldn't possibly escape her wire leash. It was time for me to get out there and see how she was making out.

I slipped the regulator into my mouth and waded out into the water. With a quick forward thrust, I dove and began descending slowly while I followed the almost invisible line of her leash into the depths. A few minutes later I caught a flash from the vinyl-covered wire where it looped down from the figure swimming slowly along the surface about ten metres above me. I hung back and below, watching her swim, and marvelled at her smooth effortless strokes, even though they were limited by her various tethers. Christine was a strong swimmer and I had no worries about her while she was in the water. Following like a faithful dog, about two metres behind her slowly kicking feet, came the 'tormentor' torpedo, oscillating erratically at the end of its wire to the long, shiny bar projecting stiffly down from her crotch between her scissoring legs. It flashed with reflected sunlight, betokening its evil presence and inescapability.

It was time for Christine's next lesson in helplessness and controllability and I swam to the bottom of the pond. It took a few moments to locate the loop of her tether wire, then I grabbed it, slipped it under the end of a large sunken log and began to pull in the slack. With a few quick jerks, the wire suddenly drew thrummingly tight to the tip of her inhibitor bar and I dragged more coils into my hands.

Far above, Christine's forward motion was abruptly stopped, then she began to be drawn inexorably under the surface. She kicked and flailed her arms frenziedly while she was sucked downwards into the depths, but the tension on the leash was inescapable. I held onto the wire for only about thirty seconds then released it and she rocketed to the surface and partially out of the water.

Her training had begun in earnest.

Chapter Seventeen

Swimming Lessons

Christine

When he'd dropped me into the water, I nearly fainted with panic upon submerging, but the valves on the snorkels closed, preventing any water from entering, and although I couldn't breathe for a moment, I knew I'd be able to when I reached the surface. Nevertheless, I frantically flailed my hands and legs, and sure enough surged upwards, surfacing almost immediately. When I instinctively kicked my feet to use the flippers, the motions were, of course, limited by my wire hobbles and I moaned petulantly into my gag with discomfort. I tried to raise my head from under the surface to look around, but it was almost impossible! The small amount of positive buoyancy of the wet suit supported me and I could easily stay afloat with only minimal flips of my chained feet and hands, but as soon as I began to swim, the bar between my legs vibrated and twitched continually from the motions of the flapper thing attached to it! Slowly, it began driving me along the path to a submerged orgasm, and there was no possible way for me to escape its constant stimulations while it trailed nearly two metres behind my flailing feet!

Suddenly, I felt a strong jerk that made me grunt into the gag, then stare wild-eyed from within the confines of the mask when I was drawn helplessly backwards through the water. The movement stopped and I looked down to see my Master's feet on the rock below. For a couple of seconds, I floated quietly beside him, then felt his hand move between my rubber-clad thighs. A second later I squirmed in silenced discomfort when the telescoping section of the extension bar pushed out to its full length beyond my flippers, an additional metre! The dildo too had extended another uncomfortable centimetre inside my body making me wail with increased sensation, then a sudden thrust on the bar forced me away from the safety of the shore and out towards the middle of the lake, its depths hidden in murky greenish billows of underwater growth far below. Behind, I faintly heard a splash when he threw something into the water, then forgot about it, for I still seemed to be

able to move relatively freely in the watery environment, and so continued to swim placidly along the surface, trailed by my ever-present, locked-on leash.

After some experimentation I lost most of my fear, despite being restricted and bound as I was, and began to enjoy the sense of freedom that swimming gave me. The hand flippers were awkward to get used to at first, but I got their knack fairly quickly and began to move leisurely along, kicking my legs slowly to the limits of their hobbles, gently and intentionally stirring the rigid shaft between my legs. The buzzing vibration of the flapper device added to the pleasant sensations that began to invade my mind, radiating upwards from my steel-clad crotch. Below, the bottom dropped off into a greenish-blue infinity, while to the sides, my vision began to fade out after about ten metres or so. Just above the level that my harness forced me to keep my mask at, I could see the silvery surface, but the only way to penetrate that barrier was to dive slightly, then kick vigorously and flap my hand fins to momentarily get my head above it. I had enough nerve to do it a couple of times, but each time my faceplate broke the surface, a strange and scary thing happened! For some reason it would go instantly opaque, and stay that way for a couple of seconds until after it was completely immersed again! I was compelled to keep my head underwater, forever looking into its depths if I wanted to see anything at all! In air I was blind! Again I panicked, unthinkingly trying to bring my hands to my helmet and get it off, but it was hopeless. My fingers, captive within the rigid spines of the hand flippers, were held immovably in place, and together with the awkwardness of trying to move the fins under the water, I began to realize that it was useless for me to even hope to use my hands for anything other than propulsion.

The next time I looked down, I saw my Master glide by about five metres beneath me, kicking lazily when he passed, his fluorescent green scuba tank glinting in the light filtering down from above, utterly free of encumbrance. For a moment he passed out of my sight, then came back, this time gripping a loop of my wire leash in his right hand. He moved out ahead of me while I continued to slide lazily along the surface then suddenly, I felt the dildo surge inside my body and watched him pull on the wire until I slowly began to be dragged under the surface! The check valves on my snorkels flipped shut leaving me without air, and in renewed terror I began to kick madly and flap my flippered hands to get back to the surface, but he was relentless and I was

pulled ever deeper! I fought wildly to escape my underwater horror and he must have sensed some of my burgeoning panic, for the tension on my tether suddenly disappeared. I shot upwards and almost a half-body length out of the water, like a breaching whale, sucking in great lungs full of air and shaking as though I had caught my death of cold. It took long minutes of fearful paddling while trying to calm myself, and I desperately wanted to get back to shore and just feel solid ground under my feet again, but I didn't know where it was!

He swam up under me, rolled on his back and looked at me from within his mask, then gestured that I was to follow him. At last, I saw a rocky shelf rising from the depths, and we swam to its sloping face. I kept my head in the water until I was inches from the juncture of rock, air and water, laying there like a fish in a shallow stream, then I felt a tapping on my helmeted head. He began pulling me up onto the slippery, sun-warmed rock's surface and I faintly heard his voice when my head emerged from the water.

"Okay, Christine," he said soothingly, "I've turned off the automatic opaquing in the faceplate. You can see now."

I blinked my eyes and looked around to find that we were both laying on an almost submerged rock near the middle of the pond. Forgetting myself for a moment, I tried to gather my feet under me and stand, only to feel the wires from my ankle hobbles jerk at the long bar between my legs, making me yelp into the thick gag-pad from the ensuing and uncomfortable wobbling of the plug in my belly, and when I tried to roll over, the extended bar hit an obstruction, reminding me of its new length. I was compelled to just lay on the rock like a rubber-encased walrus, able to exist out of a watery environment quite well, thank you, but very poorly equipped for locomotion of any kind on land. From within the helmet I stared up at him while he pulled off his tank and mask, then moved closer to me.

"You seem to be adapting fairly well to being a human seal!" he laughed while I struggled for the next few moments then, had to lay quietly because of the uncomfortable thrusting and twitching within my loins.

Encased within my cloying head bondage, I whimpered fearfully when I felt his hand grasp the bar high up between my thighs, then tried to cry out in

protest when he moved it in a slow circular motion! I chewed desperately on the gag-pad while groans of discomfort and arousal were forced up my throat. He leaned close to my rubber-encased head.

“Well, honey, it’s time for me to head back to our rock for a cold beer. I’ll leave you out here to play for another hour or two, then bring you back, under the guidance of your proximity alarms, okay?”

Of course there was no way for me to reply, completely covered and gagged as I was. I could only watch silently and helplessly while he put on his air tank and flippers. Just before he disappeared from my field of view he leaned down again.

“I’m reactivating your face-plate opaquing, so you should have a fun time finding your way back! Oh, one last thing, Christine,” I heard faintly, “your stimulators are now going onto random active status! See ya in a while!”

Suddenly, my world of bright greens, white clouds, blue sky, and rippling, sparkling water went utterly black! I flopped around on the rock, wailing in helpless gagged frustration. It just *wasn’t* fair! I was almost helpless when out of the water and could only flounder aimlessly, hoping to find my way back to it, where at least I’d be able see something. Crawling was virtually impossible because of my hobble-limited legs and the disconcerting and uncomfortable movements of the extension bar that the jerking of the wires caused. Now, because of its greater length, I couldn’t even rise from the ground more than a couple of inches, despite having almost full mobility of my flippered hands and arms! Again, I realized that I really was little more than a blinded animal when I was out of water, and began to weep in self-pity within my pitch-black mask, all the while writhing and rolling across the sun-warmed rock, desperately hoping to find the water. Finally, I twisted in the correct direction and the blessed coolness enfolded me; my mask faceplate clearing as if by magic. I looked down at the sun-dappled rock surface, inches below the thick glass over my face and began slowly inching my way into deeper waters. Behind my scrabbling, flippered feet, the tip of my bar bounced down the rough stone surface, making me groan anew from the revolting shudders of the dildo, but suddenly I was fully afloat, swimming carefully away from the rock that had been my briefly joyful prison.

The wet suit maintained me at a pleasantly cool temperature, preventing any sort of hypothermia, and for the moment I was relatively unconcerned with my current state of bondage. While I swam, the device tethered to the tip of my bar continued to flap and buzz while it trailed through the water, driving me to further startled gasps and moans of a low level of arousal while I paddled along. Suddenly the clitoral vibrator began pulsing erratically against my super-sensitive nodule and I lost control when my hands automatically tried to reach my steel-encased crotch to pull the horribly persistent thing away. These frantic movements took me into an immediate dive when my hips and lower body went into an instinctual female writhing and a primordial scream tried to force its way past my gag pad. Naturally, with my fingers held rigidly within the spines of the fins, and the fact that the long and broad surfaces of the flippers themselves impeded any easy motion through the water, I could do **nothing** to alleviate the pulsing vibrations that throbbed through my lower body! I twisted and writhed in a welter of splashing water, my legs kicking spastically against their tethers when I tried to escape the incessant teasing, then my snorkel's air valves closed and I sank in a screaming fit of gasping arousal! I wailed fearfully, for the moment ignoring the vibrations, and drove myself rapidly to the surface, where, when my head broke water I was blinded again! In a panic of undirected thrashing, I sank once more beneath the surface, gasping and howling while I tried to get away from the awful thing that was torturing me so pleasantly! The sensations were beginning to drive me crazy, when, to my horror, the vaginal dildo also began to vibrate in counterpoint to the clitoral one, and I screamed inside my mask with tortured ecstasy while my orgasm approached.

The vibrations grew stronger and stronger, urging me towards the zenith of experience, while my legs trembled and kicked uncontrollably. I wanted the sensations to **stop**, yet I couldn't even touch the steel over my crotch beneath the suit! Again and again I reared from of the water like some sort of human dolphin, flipping over and diving deep.

John

She sure was putting on quite a show, I thought to myself when I climbed back up onto the rock where our stuff was laid out. This was better by far

than going to Sea World!

I didn't really know precisely what effect the multiple sensory teasing devices were having on her, but it was obvious from her thrashing and general behaviour that something was going on! She suddenly surged from the surface again, her finned and useless hands pummelling wildly at her crotch while her legs flailed and kicked uncontrollably, driving her almost halfway out. She made a semi-jack-knife and her legs and the long silvery shaft protruding from between her fin-encased feet angled out, while the glittering loop of her leash wire threw a spray of water droplets into the air when it was flung high. Her wildly kicking and jerking fins slipped beneath the surface when she dove to somehow try and escape her fate, then a moment later she surfaced yet again and repeated the whole performance!

Behind me I heard the low shrubbery move, and turned to find a uniformed Ranger coming towards me. I stood when he approached.

"Hi there!" I greeted him.

"Good afternoon, sir," he responded. "Is that your van back there?"

"Yes it is." I affirmed. "Is there a problem?"

"Nope, not really. I just wanted to check that it wasn't stolen and that everything was okay," he explained easily. "Are you here alone, sir?"

"No." I laughed. "As a matter of fact I'm here with my fiancée. That's her out there doing all that fancy splashing around. I think she wants to be a porpoise!" I gestured out to the far side of the lake where Christine continued to dive and flail frenziedly in a welter of foam and laughed.

She was quite a piece away and her chains and leash were nearly invisible from where we stood, unless one knew what to look for. The only things that may have appeared a little out of the ordinary were her helmet and hand fins, but these were rendered partially invisible too by her vigorous gyrations.

"Looks like she's having quite a time for herself over there!" the Ranger observed, watching Christine's evolutions with interest.

“Yeah.” I agreed. “She said she wanted to practise for her synchronized swim team, and needed to be away from distracting influences. So, we came up here where she could do it without interruption.” I explained smoothly.

“Well you’ve certainly found a secluded area,” he observed. “How come she’s wearing the wet suit?”

“Well, she said that she needed to wear it to prevent any sort of hypothermia,” I said, “and she said that it gives her some sort of bench-mark for coordinating her movements, but I’ll be damned if I can see how *that* works.” I answered ruefully.

Christine’s thrashing display slowly ceased and she began cruising quietly around on the surface in aimless jogs and jags while she sought to find her way back to the shore and the spot she’d started from.

“Well,” the Ranger said, “I guess you do what you gotta do. Oh, by the way, what’s on the line into the water? You know fishing of any kind is illegal here, don’t you?”

“Oh!” I stated casually, “I’ve got some beer in a net bag out there to keep it cool. This’s the anchor line. Want one?” I asked picking up Christine’s leash wire and beginning to reel it in.

“No, thank you sir. I’m on duty,” he replied gravely, watching Christine swim along the surface, quite sedately now.

“Your choice,” I said dropping the wire. “Maybe I don’t need one just yet myself.”

“Sorry to bother you, sir,” he said turning to leave, “But I had to check out the area. Have a nice day, and please clean up when you leave.”

“Right! Will do. Have a good day yourself!” I called to his retreating back while he walked slowly from the rock, through the low bracken and out to the highway.

Far across the lake, Christine went into another display of frantic splashing

and diving when her 'stimulators' again went active, unable to control her reactions to the attacks on her pleasure/pain centres. I watched her frenzied movements for another thirty minutes then turned on her proximity warnings when she neared the centre of the lake, still swimming in aimless circles. Slowly, so as not to give her any hints, even in reverse, of the direction that she had to take to get back, I drew in and coiled her leash around the deeply-driven steel piton. Every couple of minutes she'd go into her routine of trying to escape the depredations of her stimulators, and during these sessions, of course, loose **any** sense of direction she might have gained. The proximity warnings had been programmed so that the shocks got progressively weaker the closer she got to the remote unit and stronger the farther away she moved. With a little careful navigation on her part she'd eventually find her way back to shore, but interspersed with her random stimulation, the process would be very difficult to complete. I flung the part of the leash still in the water about three metres off to one side so that when she finally emerged, she'd still have to somehow get over to me. Of course as soon as she raised her mask above the surface, she'd be blind again, and would have to slither to where I sat, gauging the intensity of the sensations finely until they stopped tormenting her. She'd have to be within a metre and a half for that to happen

It was a slow progress and I watched patiently while she gradually moved closer to where I sat on the rock, during the quiet periods that underlay the continual, needling shocks from her proximity warnings. Occasionally, she'd be driven into another of her sessions of thrashing, spastic, frenzied motion when the stimulators went active, surfacing and diving uncontrollably whilst she mindlessly reacted to their torturing.

Chapter Eighteen

Orgasm on the Rocks

Christine

I was totally unaware of the little drama on the shore between my Master and the Ranger, driven to distraction by what was being done to my mind and body while the overwhelming and indescribable sensations flooded through me. I couldn't control my arms at all and they flailed wildly. Within the tightly clamped cups of my new bra, my nipples strained against their containments and rings driven through their tender flesh when my breasts engorged with blood. My legs drew up tight against the restriction of their hobbling wires and my thighs automatically spread widely, their muscles quivering with the strain of fighting the implacable connections to the bar. Again and again wild howls were riven from my deepest being, forced into the gag-pad while I was coerced inexorably towards orgasm. Once more, I sank beneath the surface, straining to escape the unending sensations that threatened to overload my synapses, instinctual and totally female muscular convulsions trembling my thighs and lower belly while I gasped spastically for air through the snorkels. I rolled and flailed uncontrollably, my entire body beginning to tremble with the onset of orgasm! It struck like a lightning bolt, blasting through my weakened defences with the force of an artillery shell, and I succumbed to the inevitable with howls of untrammelled ecstasy, slipping into a dead faint.

I returned to awareness I don't know how much later, staring down into the blue green depths of the lake while floating face-down on the surface, breathing slowly and deeply through my snorkels. Fuzzily, I remembered where I was and what was happening, and although I was drifting quietly, I wanted to get out of the lake and be able to see my Master! The trouble was, I didn't know which way to turn! If I kicked my legs or made any kind of forward motion through the water, the thing he'd fastened to my bar would start the whole cycle of arousal over again! With the combined inputs, plus the unpredictable assaults of the vibrators, I'd continue to be driven to helpless, multiple orgasms! Even while I thought about my predicament, I

began to feel the psychological start of my climb towards that pinnacle of release again. I was helplessly caught in a closed loop, and I didn't know *what* to do!

Deep inside me, the dildo's electrodes suddenly drilled needling shocks into the surrounding flesh and I bit down hard on the gag-pad, screaming behind it from the torment. I tried to double over, beating uselessly and in slow motion at my steel-shrouded, wet suit-covered, lower belly. Again and again my legs bent at the knees while I jerked my feet frantically against the ankle-hobble wires, trying to spread them and pull them away from the invader! All this accomplished though was to make me flounder around and drive the huge dildo even deeper with each uncontrolled jerk of my legs! Through the haze of disorienting sensations, I realized that he'd turned on my proximity warning and I would suffer less the closer I got to him. Within a couple of strokes I felt the shocks die away slightly and began to swim as best I could in that direction. They continued to lessen, but my long journey was interrupted again and again by interludes when the 'stimulator' program went active, forcing me into exhausting, thrashing, mindless releases. What seemed like eons later, I tremulously approached a rocky ledge that sloped to the surface in the gloom ahead of me.

I knew I was close when I inched my way blindly out onto the rock, trying to somehow sense his whereabouts, and at last felt his hand pat me on the head when the warning shocks died out completely. At the same time, the pulsations from the vibrators stopped too, then there came a gentle shivering of my extension bar, when he closed the telescoping section, so that once more it was only ankle-length. I lay trembling and gasping in relief, still blinded by my mask while he slowly removed my foot flippers, then my hand fins. The face-plate suddenly cleared and I looked out to see him kneeling beside me. A moment later the helmet's zipper slid open, and he carefully and slowly pulled the covering forward over my head. Gradually, the long nasal plugs and gag-pad withdrew, leaving my face feeling as though it had been clamped in a vice when the tight mask was peeled away. I gratefully gasped in huge lungs full of air while working my jaws, unable yet to speak properly, but when I croaked at him, he knew I wanted a drink of some kind, and wordlessly popped a can of beer and handed it to me. I took a couple of long swigs while he busied himself opening the seams of my suit and under

helmet, then slowly removed everything from my arms, legs, head, and body. It felt **soooo** good to be free of the all-encompassing garment and I stretched luxuriously while I lay before him on the sun warmed rock.

“Well, Christine,” he said as he sat beside me, “how did you enjoy your swim?”

“Oooohhh, Master!” I mumbled, “it was mind mushing! At times I was **so** scared! And when you turned on all that stuff then left me alone, I nearly went out of my mind!! Even thinking about it, now that I’m free, is making me scared all over again!” I turned my head and looked to where he lay beside me, leaning on one elbow and looking down into my face, a satisfied smile curling the corners of his mouth.

“This’s just another phase of your training, honey,” he explained casually. “We’ll probably come out here about once a month for some work-outs, along with the exercising that you’re gonna be starting at the house too.”

“Oh.” was all I managed to say, closing my eyes again and soaking up the late afternoon sun.

I heard him slip to his feet and lazily opened one eye to follow him while he walked over to his knap sack then pulled out another of the long steel pitons and the small sledge hammer. He walked back to sit on the rock just beside my head, then I heard the sound of the pin sliding into a crack about a metre above the spot where it lay. Unthinkingly, I tried to sit up, but immediately the dildo-extension bar combination stopped the motion before it had even begun and I lay back down, gasping from the disturbing sensation in my belly. When I tried to twist around to look up at what he was doing, the collar and its bra harness straps stopped **that**, and a moment later there were six sharp, explosive **PINGS!** when he hammered the piton deeply and securely into the crack. He walked back to the knapsack, dropped the hammer into it, then returned to where I lay, looking down at me.

“Put your hands up above your head, Christine!” he commanded quietly.

“Oh, please Master!” I whimpered, fearing what he was planning to do next, but I did as I’d been instructed, knowing I couldn’t escape and he could quite

easily make me do it anyway.

He gathered a handful of my wrist reminder chains and a second later had them securely locked to the ring in the end of the piton. He moved down to my legs and unlocked the long wire leash, replacing it with a short chain between the tip ring of my bar and the other steel shaft. Like Galatea, I was chained helplessly to the rock, awaiting my fate. As usual, I pulled against my restraints, finding no give to the steel links that held me, hearing only their metallic clinking when I struggled.

“You can lay there and soak up some sun while I pack all this stuff, honey,” he said casually.

I continued to jerk fretfully against my fastenings, but then he turned on the remote control unit while I watched, horrified at how easily he could manipulate my sexuality with just the touch of a button!

As soon as it was switched on, I again felt the insidious vibrators begin their dance of arousal within my body, and although I’d thought that every last orgasm had been wrung from me while I was in the water, I was soon bouncing feverishly against my chains, moaning and begging for him to end the almost painful stimulation. He ignored me however, and went on about collecting and loading all of the gear that he’d originally brought from the van, leaving me to writhe and jerk frenziedly, fighting my implacable bondage until I finally collapsed in a maelstrom of tears and passionate cries while I was once more overwhelmed by the multiple explosions of sensory delight. I fainted to the sounds of the snapping and clinking of my securing chains being frantically jerked to their limits.

When I returned to awareness, he’d released my hands and removed the extension bar, thank God. My hobble wires had been changed for a long chain, so I’d be able to take almost normal steps. The only other restrictions I was subject to for the moment were my reminder chains, the controlling undergarments, and the short leash to the back of my collar, the one he’d used when he dressed me in the wet suit. Carefully, I sat up and looked around the rock that we had taken as our own, noting that he was back at the van, packing the various bits into their boxes. When I slowly struggled to my feet on rubbery legs, he called over.

“Your clothes are there on the rock, honey. Put them on, then we’ll blow this popsicle stand and go get some food!”

They’d been neatly laid out on the ground beside me, along with a towel and face cloth, and I knelt down and soaked it in the lake, then began to wash off the accumulated sweat from my exertions. A moment later he came and helped me wash down then towel off, running his hands and fingers over the rigid cups that clamped my breasts against my chest, exploring with delicate touches the boundary between the tightly fitting harness and my flesh. His hands drifted lower and again his long, artist’s fingers traced the edges of my tight belt and crotch-cover-plate. I shuddered at the light caresses for they emphasized how much under his control I was, and yet, I loved the feeling.

John

“Okay, Christine!” I grinned down at her upturned and sexily pouting face, “Time to get dressed! I’m starving and have no doubt that you could eat the spare tire!”

She smiled secretly, silently, moving carefully while she picked up the long petticoats and denim skirt, then flipped them up over her head and slithered into them with that sexy wriggle that women seem to manage instinctually. I couldn’t help but lick my lips with desire when she did it, her movements accentuated by the fact that she wore **my** chastity belt! The long skirt descended to about mid-calf on her legs, but her ankle reminder chains hung down from their fastenings to the belt, dangling tantalizingly from under the hem to where they were welded to their staples on her still-visible ankle cuffs.

“I’ll help you, honey,” I said and knelt down, like **her** slave while she stood there regally, balancing on one foot and holding out the other.

I’d brought along some thick socks for her to wear with the high heeled boots and a moment later both had been pulled onto her feet, holding her long hobble and the reminder chains clamped against her legs by their elasticity. Next came the boots and these slipped onto her feet easily, disappearing far up under her skirt and the fringe of white petticoat just showing below its

hem. I flipped these up at the front, unbuttoned an inner flap and tucked her hobble chain into the loop then buttoned it again. It was now hidden completely, although she, as ever, was fully conscious of its presence, and when she shifted or walked, she'd be accompanied by its muffled clinking and the weighty drag on the front of her skirt.

I stood and handed her a western-style blouse with lots of ruffles on the bodice and again she did that sexy little wriggle when she slipped into it. The light blue, opaque, brushed cotton slithered down her arms and over her head to settle around her waist, then she lowered them and I helped her to tuck it into the loosened waistband of the skirt. Across her shoulders, a heavily embroidered western motif curved in, descending to her waist and thus concealed the indentation of the chest strap of her bra and the attendant securing harness to her collar back-ring, although one would still be able to feel their presence if a hand was run over her back. The long sleeves of her blouse came down to her wrists, held there by wide elasticized and embroidered cuffs with more ruffles flaring over her delicately boned hands. The sleeves were a little more sheer than the rest of the blouse and so her reminder chains could be seen faintly within them. She looked almost completely normal, with the exception of her wide steel collar, but this was hidden an moment later when I handed her a western-style kerchief and she knotted it carefully around her throat. All that could be discerned then were tantalizing glimpses of shiny steel just beneath her chin. She smiled hesitantly up at me.

“Hold still a second, honey.” I returned her smile, “I’m going to take out your nose- ring, then we’ll head back to the car.

“Okay!” she said happily, apparently almost fully recovered from her multiple-orgasmic experiences out on the water and on the rock, although I did note the sort of half-eyed, sleepy look that she gets afterwards ... sort of like a lioness that’s just finished eating her fill of a freshly killed Wildebeest.

Removing the ring was easy, with the right tool, and I wondered how she’d cope in public once it had been welded shut and she had to wear it **all** the time. The fabric belt of the skirt was still loosely fastened and so I drew it tight, then walked over to the steel pin and unlocked her leash. On the way back to where she stood waiting I picked up the last of the stuff I’d brought

over and grasped the chain close to its ring on the back of her collar, at about the level of her shoulder blades.

“Okay! Time to leave,” I said shaking the shortened length, its coils swinging from my hand.

We moved slowly back to the van with her walking a little ahead of me on her leash. I took one last look around to make sure there was no trash remaining to indicate our stay, and even the innocent appearing steel pins were almost invisible for I’d driven them deeply into the cracks of the granite. Satisfied with my efforts at being a good citizen, we left the little clearing. At the van, I helped her climb into the seat then quickly strapped her down. Her leash went through the slot in the head-rest and locked to a ring on the back of the seat, but I left her enough slack so that she could lean forward slightly if she felt the urge. She wouldn’t be able to do so for extended periods, or the collar would begin choking her, thanks to its snug connections to her bra shoulder straps. The rest of the seat harness held her a prisoner and she accepted this with equanimity. I walked around and slipped into the driver’s seat.

Getting away from the lake proved to be a little tricky, but some five minutes later we were back on the highway and heading towards the nearest town. She partially turned her head and looked at me.

“Master?” she asked just above a whisper. “Could you tilt my seat back a little? I’m exhausted!”

“Sure, honey,” I said, reaching over and flipping the release. She sank slowly backwards with a sigh of genuine relief.

In seconds she was fast asleep and I smiled in satisfaction at being able to fulfil both her fantasies and mine. The drive was an easy one, and I wasn’t out to impress anyone with my drag-strip technique and so just tooled along at the speed limit, letting all the speed demons rip by, trying to impress the great unwashed with their Stirling Moss-like abilities. I could care less, and thought to myself, “*If they only knew.*” Two miles later I saw that a couple of them had been nabbed by the local County Mounties and their trusty radar guns, and were now abjectly trying to weasel out of their no-doubt substantial

fines. *"Have a nice day!"* I thought while cruising sedately by, giving a little tap on the horn to underline the laughing face I turned towards them.

Half an hour later we pulled into one of those little spots on the road that seem to sprout around an intersection and gas station. I drove to the parking lot at Willie's Country Western Bar and Chow Down. I'd heard good things about the quality of its food and music from some of the guys who worked for me, and this seemed to be the perfect time to try it out. Once parked in a space along the side of the cinder block building and with the engine killed, I turned to Christine and surveyed my lovely, secretly bound slave girl with not a little tenderness. She was, I knew, an absolute treasure. I'd been lucky that Danielle introduced us, and even luckier still that she'd eventually told me of her secret dreams and fantasies. That they so closely resembled my own was incredible, and I'd spent lavishly and uncaringly to make her mine. Providence was duly thanked while I drank in her restrained loveliness, then reached out and gently caressed her smooth cheek. Her eyelids fluttered briefly and she slowly came back to awareness.

"Are we home already?" she yawned, stretching as well as she could against her multiple fastenings.

"Nope!" I said quietly. "We're at a little C and W bar and restaurant. It's time to put on the ole feed bag!" I grinned at her while she looked around dubiously from her strapped down position.

The back of the seat slowly rose when I popped the catch, then I reached over and released the leash from the back of her collar and unlocked the seat harness. She pulled up her kerchief to hide her choker and turned to me.

"You might want to adjust your make-up." I mentioned, then added, "From now until we get back here to the van, honey, I've got you on your electronic leash. I'll adjust it for the proper radius of freedom as the night goes along, but for the moment it's set at three metres. After I open your door, it'll go down to a metre and a half and that should be enough freedom for the moment"

"Yes, Master," she acknowledged ruefully.

“Your make-up kit is in the bin under the seat. You’ve got a couple of minutes to do what you need to, okay? I’ll just sit here and listen to the radio while you do your thing.”

“Okay,” she said and began the arcane ritual of enhancement that women seem to love indulging in.

I glanced at her from time to time while she concentrated on applying her make-up and when she said “Done!” I turned to look at the changes she’d made. They were subtle and they were good, highlighting her best features with great skill, and I knew there were a lot of guys who would go crazy if she just looked at them sideways.

“Ich bin time fer fuude!” I grinned at her with my best fake German accent, then climbed from the van and walked around to her door.

She stepped proudly although somewhat carefully from our chariot, accompanied by the muted tinkling of her hidden chains. I secured the vehicle with the doubled chirp of the electronic locks snapping closed, then took her arm in mine, feeling the reminder chain swinging inside her sleeve and the rigid cuff clamped around her wrist. We strolled casually around to the front door, looking for all the world like a guy out with his best girl, ready for some down-home country cooking and entertainment. And we were!

Chapter Nineteen

C & W In Bondage

Christine

I walked happily beside him, only a little concerned that someone would hear the music of my chains, nevertheless enjoying the sense of almost total freedom he had, albeit for the moment, permitted. My long skirts and petticoats swung freely from my hips, brushing weightily against my thighs, but I paid these sensations little attention, concentrating instead on the thick, juicy steak I was going to have for dinner. Like a true gentleman, and he really was, despite some of the awful things he subjected me to, he held the door open and I entered the dimly lit bar in front of him. As usual, all the men in the room turned and gave me the once-over, and just as usually, those who were accompanied by their girl-friends, wives, or whatever, ignored the venomous looks they got for their curiosity. I could feel their eyes while we walked across the floor and found a booth on the side wall, and couldn't help the embarrassed blush that coloured my face when the women too gave me and my clothing an evaluating inspection. The juke box was blasting out some sort of banjo and guitar duo, and so I didn't have to worry about the sounds of my chains being heard. I slipped into the booth and adjusted my voluminous skirts while trying to get comfortable. My Master slid into his seat and I leaned forward placing my elbows on the table, supporting my chin, staring at him with fascination. Danielle had told me a little about him, hinting that there were depths to the man that weren't readily apparent, and from what she'd said and hinted at, I'd been fascinated. He looked so damned ordinary! Yet, he was handsome in his own way, and who would believe that he was so evilly inventive?

The waitress appeared a couple of minutes later, handed us the menus and asked what we wanted to drink. The obvious answer, in this environment, was beer, and my Master ordered a couple of light domestic ales.

“Well, Christine? What are you going to eat?”

“Steak for me, Master!” I grinned, feeling my stomach rumble beneath the compression of my welded cinch. “I want it medium rare, with a side of fries, and a small salad too, please!”

“Pretty definite about that aren’t you?”

“You bet!” I said enthusiastically and took a long swig right from the bottle.

“They’ve got a pretty good band here tonight,” he smiled at my rapidly reviving spirits.

“Oh, that’s marvellous!” I enthused, despite being uncomfortably aware of my securely fastened inner garments and chains, still his prisoner. “Will I get to dance, Master?”

“Wwwaalll,” he drawled in an outrageous imitation of a southern cowboy, “Honey ah’m gonna dance yore little feet right out frum underneath ya!”

I giggled merrily and continued to inspect him through lowered eyes, feeling the constant tug and the compression of my collar under the kerchief. He was a considerate partner, I mused, despite the strenuous restrictions he required me to endure, but I **wanted** him to do them ... well, most of them. For the moment I was happy to see what would happen next. My reverie was interrupted a moment later when the waitress re-appeared so that we could order our meals. She eyed me not a little strangely while he gave her our order, then hustled away for another couple of beers. Mine seemed to have evaporated right before my eyes, and I leaned back against the deep cushioning to ease the pressure of the collar on my throat.

“It’s a little uncomfortable, Hmm?” he smiled lazily, making me blush furiously under his inspection.

“Yes, Master,” I murmured, shrugging against the tight straps ensnaring my upper body.

There was little give to either the chest band or the strictures grooving deeply into my shoulders, constantly reminding me of their bondage with each tremulous breath I took. Too, the chastity belt and its attached dildos were a

continual reminder of my true status, but dressed as I was, nobody would ever know, unless either one of us mentioned the fact. Even then I'd probably have to lift my skirt to show the enslaving equipment, something I wouldn't do willingly, but I knew he could **make** me, if he really wanted it.

"Well, honey, I want you to always be aware that you're under my control, **and** that I love you very much," he stated seriously, looking deeply into my eyes without blinking.

"I-I-I know, Master," I said raising my hands a little and looking at the flounced cuffs that concealed the steel bands beneath. "That's the way I want it to be too!"

At that point the waitress appeared with our meals and without further conversation we dug into the hot food, savouring its flavours and capping off each bite with a gulp of ice cold beer. The meal kept us quiet for the next fifteen minutes, and 'though I was able only to eat half of my serving, I enjoyed every bite. The waitress came by a couple of times to check on us, then finally John gestured for her to clean the table and bring us coffee. The band had begun to set up on the minuscule stage, and I watched with a happy, sated feeling, relaxed and pleasantly content.

"Not bad food," he rumbled, leaning back in his seat and looking at me speculatively, "And if that's any measure, the music should be pretty good too."

"Umm hmm." I agreed wordlessly, fighting the desire to reach up to my chest and scratch a suddenly itchy but inaccessible nipple.

"Think you'll be able to dance in that rig, Christine?"

"I don't know, Master. It **is** pretty restricting you know."

"That's the general idea, my dear!" he grinned at me evilly. He spoke again, a small note of solemnity creeping into his voice. "I was serious about marriage, Christine. I want to do it right, but you **will** continue to wear all the stuff you have on now, and your status and treatment won't change a bit."

“Yes, Master. I know that. I’m willing.” I replied equally as soberly.

“Good! Looks like the band’s just about ready to do their thing. You just wait here for a minute or two and I’ll go make a call, okay?”

“Yes, Master.”

He slipped from the booth and walked to the phones in the back. I shifted nervously, waiting for him to return, extremely conscious again of my bondage and hidden chains.

“Would you care for a drink, Miss?” said a deep voice from behind. I looked up to see a tall man wearing jeans and a black Stetson inspecting me carefully.

I used to be pretty good at getting rid of unwanted attention, but, over the past months at my Master’s house I seemed to have lost some of my feminine skills. I blushed and stammered like a fifteen-year-old girl just learning that her beauty attracts all sorts of attention.

“N-n-no. Th-thank you very much.” I mumbled.

“Very well,” he sighed, then in a smoothly modulated voice, surprising in this place, he spoke again. “Perhaps I’ll see you a little later.” He walked casually from the booth and before disappearing into the thickening crowd, turned and waved to me.

A minute or two later John returned and I told him of the pass by the stranger. He smiled and said that the man had first approached him to ask if it was okay, and he’d told him to ask me personally. We said no more and watched while the band introduced itself then went through a couple of crowd-stirring numbers to get everyone up on the floor. It was almost impossible to talk over the waves of raucous country-swing blasting from the speakers on the stage, then at the fifth tune, he gestured to me to follow him to the dance floor and a moment later was two tables away.

Beneath my skirt, mild proximity warning shocks began pulsing from the clitoral nubbin and dildo, making me gasp and writhe while I staggered to my

feet and hurried to catch up with him.

John

Jason seemed interested in Christine and I thought I'd give them both a little thrill sometime later in the evening. I knew he wanted to dance with her, and after I'd had a couple myself, I'd told him to come and ask her when we sat down again.

I glanced back while walking towards the crowded dance floor and saw Christine hurrying after me, her hands pressing against the front of her skirt over her belly. She shook her head wordlessly while the mild pulses wavered into her loins, but when she got within her radius of freedom, they stopped completely and she quickly walked up to me, a look of relief wiping away the strained and somewhat frantic look she'd worn a moment before. I smiled at how effective her electronic leash was. There was **no** way for her to escape it!

I held out my arms and she slipped into them, raised her head, then whispered up into my ear.

"Master! That was **so** mean! I almost started screaming when you turned on my leash!"

I bent my head and whispered back, tightening my hold on her body, "That was only the lowest setting, Chrissy. With higher ones you'll **definitely** start screaming and if I turn it up to half strength, you'll find that your legs will just collapse on you. So be careful, you'll never know just how high it's been set!"

"Y-y-yes, Master," she whispered, trembling delightfully in my arms.

I moved my hands across her back and sides, exploring by touch, the wide band clamped around her chest and the tight straps going up over her shoulders. At the back of her neck, my fingers curled around the anti-removal strap rising to the ring on the bottom edge of her collar, and gently tugged on it. This action, of course, pulled the wide collar against the front of her throat and she **had** to lean her head back and look up into my face, choking slightly while I maintained the tension.

“P-p-please, Master!!” she gasped, her eyes going a little glassy.

I grinned and released my hold, my hand sliding down her back to encircle her waist and feel the solid band around it. She quivered again when we began dancing and I pulled her in close, savouring the feeling of the twin, rigid mounds of her encased breasts pressing into my chest. We circled the floor sedately to the slow music, accompanied by the muted sounds of her chains moving beneath her clothing, audible only to us. Christine snuggled closer, her arms wrapped around me and I held her protectively, my fingers tracing idly along the edges of her hidden confinements. When the music ended, we stood waiting for the next dance to begin, holding hands when we turned to face the band. They started again with a little more liveliness, the typical swing and sway dance of a good-feeling country jam, and just before we began moving I activated her stimulator control to enliven her movements. I also turned on the vibrators for her clitoris and inside the dildo. Together with some mild shocks from both, and a short-stroked thrusting from her anal and vaginal dildos, the affect upon her was quite incredible.

She gasped in open-mouthed shock from the sensations, then blushed furiously when everything became active, almost collapsing in my arms when we began to swing around the floor with all the other couples, completely in a world of our own. I could feel her thighs trembling violently with reaction when they pressed against me during our circling, and watched while her eyes went blank and staring. She began to sink into another inescapable cloud of sensory arousal and clasped my hand, desperately needing the guidance of an outside grip while she swung away then flowed back to me. Her hips writhed with an animalistic, instinctual swaying beneath her full skirt and petticoats, and her upper body twisted sexily while she gasped and panted erratically. I held her close until the end, slowing our pace and letting her move within the protective circle of my arms, absorbing and enjoying being teased to a slow, insidious, secret and public orgasm. At the finale, I grasped the strap to her collar and pulled down on it, drawing her head back again and kissed her with a deeply thrusting tongue, while she shuddered convulsively. Her face flushed, and her eyes half-closed while stifled moans of release pulsed her collared throat when the orgasm swept aside her defences and she dissolved helplessly. I released my hold on the anti-removal strap and wrapped my arm around her waist, half-supporting her while I threaded our

way back to the booth, she still being subjected to the activated stimulators.

“P-p-please, M-M-Master!!!” she gasped in a fierce whisper, clinging desperately to me, “Please t-t-turn me off!!! I-I-I c-c-can’t st-st-stand much more of this, or I’m going to start scr-scr-screaming!”

Knowing she was nearing the end of her endurance, I shut everything down, for the moment, and she fell into her side of the booth, hands and fingers trembling and twitching from the after-effects of her climax. I ordered a couple more beers from a passing waitress and we sat quietly for a while, watching the crowd enjoy itself. This time, it took nearly half an hour for her to regain her composure, but eventually she looked at me and smiled tremulously. I grinned back at her.

“Nobody but us knows!” I chuckled to her.

A mischievous smile crossed her face and she took a dainty sip of beer rather than the long drinks she’d started with. Some minutes later Jason appeared at her shoulder, quirking his eye brows at me in a silent question. I nodded fractionally and he leaned over next to her.

“Would you care to take a spin around the floor, ma’am?” he asked politely.

She started and tried to twist her head around against the hidden restriction of her collar, then turned and looked at him when he moved to the end of our table. I watched her closely to see how she’d react.

“Oh!” she exclaimed in surprise, looking at me quickly.

“It’s fine by me, honey,” I said, “Jason checked if it would be all right to ask you a little while ago, when I went to make my call, as I mentioned.”

“W-w-well, thanks,” she acquiesced, then slid out of her seat and stood waiting for him to lead her to the dance floor.

“It’s okay, Christine.” I soothed her troubled look for I knew she was worrying about her electronic leash being activated. I whispered to her, “You’ve got twenty metres of freedom.”

She smiled in relief then turned and followed Jason, moving towards him when he opened his arms. At first she maintained a discreet distance, swinging around and obviously continuing to enjoy the sense of freedom that the activity provided, but I saw a look of concern cross her face when his hands slipped down her back and settled around her waist. He appeared momentarily startled when he felt the rigidity of her belt's waist band, then stared at her more intently and looked over to me, but the tempo of the music picked up and they began to follow its beat with enthusiasm. I activated her stimulators at their lowest power and watched the two of them with interest. She staggered momentarily when the invaders in her body began their work again, yet somehow managed to maintain the impression of dancing normally ... then I gradually increased the intensity of her experience until it must have been driving her nearly crazy. During the last minute of the tune she began moving erratically and Jason had to catch her when she stumbled for Christine was completely unable to resist or escape the depredations of things hidden beneath her skirt. She clung to him, staggering from the floor, panting and gasping for breath, her face flushed with reaction to the continual teasing while he half-carried her back to the booth, but I left the stimulators at their current setting, watching her slide like Jell-O into the seat across from me.

She tried to sit quietly and regain her breath, but couldn't quite manage it, for her hips continued to roll and rock on the seat while she took ragged, panting breathes; her hands fluttering around in her lap, and threading her trembling fingers into small helpless knots. She fought to control her desperate need to get at her steel-clad and sealed crotch, but it was a battle she was slowly losing and Jason stared at her with concern when she leaned forward against the drag on her collar, then had to sit back to ease the constriction. Her chin lifted, revealing its top edge slightly and she shook her head erratically, hoarsely whispering a repeated entreaty that her forced arousal cease.

"Oh, please! Oh, please! Please?" she begged, then suddenly shuddered violently when another orgasm crashed over her.

I backed off her stimulations to only a low, background teasing level and looked at her dancing partner. He stared at Christine and then at me.

"Thank you for the dance, ma'am, and you, sir," he said somewhat puzzled by Christine's behaviour. "It was fun for us both ... I think."

“Glad you enjoyed it!” I smiled, then looked over to where she was even more slowly recovering, again.

“It-it was f-f-fun. Th-th-thank you,” she stuttered and leaned back into the cushioned seat and closed her eyes, breathing deeply and making her contained breasts under the flounces of the blouse rise and fall delightfully.

Jason stood there for a few seconds more, inspecting her, but being the polite person he was, didn’t inquire about the obvious restraints he’d felt under her clothing while they’d danced, or about the rigid mounds of her breasts he’d felt when she collapsed against him. Like all men, he knew what a breast pressing against his chest should feel like, even if contained within a heavy-duty bra, and he **knew** what she wore under her blouse, wasn’t standard issue lingerie. He gave a little wave and moved off into the crowd, looking for another partner.

Chapter Twenty

Another Bedtime

Christine

He'd done it to me *again!!!*

I hadn't considered the possibility that he'd subject me to the stimulators sensations while I was dancing with a stranger, but it happened, and although I'd tried to fight against them, they'd inevitably overwhelmed me. I'd barely made it back to the booth, even with Jason's help and this time, it took a good deal longer to recover, then I felt a great weariness creeping up as a result of all the things that had been done to me today.

"Master?" I asked, "Could we go home now, please? I'm just fried."

"Sure, Christine. I'll get the bill and we're outta here."

He signalled our waitress, settled the account, then came to my side of the booth and helped me to my feet. With his arm wrapped around my waist, we walked slowly across the floor and out into the cool night air. I still didn't have complete control of my legs, for they continued to tremble violently with each step. Sensing this, he scooped me up in his arms and carried me to the van, my arms wrapped around his neck, head laid back; my eyes closed. He managed to open the door still carrying me, then placed me in my seat and strapped me down, connecting the short chain leash to the back of my collar as usual. My hands were pulled to my waist and I faintly heard the solid click when they were locked to the front of the seat belt harness. At that point I didn't care any more, and just drifted off to sleep.

What seemed like only seconds later, I felt him release and lift me from the deeply-cushioned seat, then carried, semi-conscious to the front door, my leash dangling from my collar in a slowly swinging tail that spoke volumes about my subjugation. In a moment we were inside and the door to my mansion/prison thudded closed. He carried me upstairs to the bedroom and

laid me gently on his bed, then slowly and carefully began to disrobe me. I just lay and let it happen, almost drifting off to sleep again, but he gave me a gentle shake.

“Hold still, Chrissy, I’m going to remove your cover-plate so you can do the necessary stuff before you’re put into your sleeping costume for the night,” he informed me and I heard its latches click open.

“Ummmm. Oooohhh!” I mumbled, having forgotten the interior fastenings.

On the cover-plate’s inner surface the little loops sprang open, making me gasp with their intrusive movement, then finally the shafts that had invaded my body withdrew. I sighed with relief and slowly sat up. He raised his hands to my breasts and seconds later the cups of my bra popped loose also, springing outwards a little, but still adhering to my breasts. He gently ran his fingers under and around their edges and slowly prized them off. The cool air flowing around them, together with the freedom from their compression and captivity felt absolutely marvellous and I breathed as deeply as the chest-band would permit, reaching up and gently massaging my until-now captive flesh, feeling how the steel rings passed through my still rampant and sensitive nipples. I pulled gently on them, but of course they remained firmly anchored in my flesh, irremovable.

“Okay!” he said heartily, “Time for you to do your thing before you go to bed.”

I walked to the bathroom in slow exhaustion, a prisoner at the end of my leash, then sat gratefully on the toilet with a clatter of my metal restraints hitting the seat. He locked the other end to the wall staple.

“I’ll be back in about five minutes, after I get your bed and equipment ready, okay?”

“Y-yes, Master,” I mumbled and gratefully sat in peace when the door closed and locked behind him.

Exactly five minutes later it re-opened and he entered and released me.

“Come along, Slave Girl!” he ordered. “Time for bed!”

Again I preceded him, walking half-asleep yet fearfully into his bedroom, then through the closet and into my cell. He pulled on my leash, drawing me over to stand beside the head of my bed, then attached the short chain from the glittering staple on the headboard to my collar while I stared down into the opened, soon to be enveloping, rubber prison. On the surface of the mattress lay my sleeping gag and the two, shiny, steel cups for my bra. I shuddered with the thought of being encased and silenced once more, but there was to be no escape for me from this life. He picked up one of the silvery hummocks and turned it and, inside I saw the little rubber spikes.

“Oooohhh, *pplleeaassee*, Master! *Please*, don’t make me wear them?!!” I begged, having forgotten that I was scheduled to submit myself to these ‘training’ cups every night from now on. I tried to turn away and escape from my fate, only to be brought up short by my leash when it snapped tight. Turning back to face him I raised my hands in an attempt to protect my straining, inflated breasts, and stared up, shaking with fear and loathing of what was to come next. Wordlessly he put the cup back on the bed and pulled a lock from his pocket, advancing to where I stood trembling, starting to cry with despair.

“Turn around, Christine,” he commanded relentlessly, then, “Hands!”

Automatically I brought my hands behind my back, wrists together and there was a solid *snap!* when the lock shackle passed through my wrist cuff’s rings and another on the centre back of my steel belt. I bit back a weeping protest while he made me defenceless yet again.

“Turn!” was his next instruction and I reluctantly faced him once more, my breasts now presented, out-thrust in quivering vulnerability.

He clipped a chain to the front ring of my collar, then pulled it down to hook to a convenient floor-ring beside the bed, thus holding me bent over, staring at the deep pile of the solid black carpet.

“Ooohh, *God!!!*” I gasped plaintively when he once more picked up the cup and came to where I stood fastened and waiting, trembling breasts hanging

from my chest, pendulously ready.

I stared down into the confining and punishing cup with barely held in check terror, then watched it slowly engulf my quivering flesh then felt the little spikes on the inner surface. They were very uncomfortable, but not sharp enough to break the skin, and inarticulate gasps and moans from the needling sensations hissed from me when he pressed it firmly up against my chest. I writhed and twitched frantically in discomfort, desperate to avoid having it locked onto my body while fresh sobs of misery and discomfort shook me.

“Hold still, Christine!” he commanded. “Or I’ll change these for your Discipline Ones!”

“Aaarr!! Oooohhh! Master!! **Master!** It hurts! It **huuurrtts!!**” I wailed when the cup was forced relentlessly upwards, squeezing my breast and driving the hundreds of little protrusions even more deeply into the sensitive, fleshy mound.

There was an oily sliding sound when its edges slipped into their mounting slots, then came the small clicks when the latches closed. Floods of bitter tears slid down my cheeks and I watched through brimming eyes while he fitted the second cup to me. If anything, it hurt even more and I wept pitifully while he locked it in place then released the chain from the front of my collar. I straightened slowly, with each breath feeling every one of the hidden spikes digging into my captive and compressed femininity. From the outside, they looked so innocent, but for me, the wearer, they were truly diabolical, horrible torturing devices and I sobbed anew, jerking my hands and arms against their lock when he picked up my bed-gag.

“PPllleeeaaassee, Master!!! Oh, **please!** I can’t **stand it!!!**” I wailed when he lifted the gag to my face.

“This’s all part of your training, Christine. Now, open your mouth!” he said sternly.

“No! Please??!! **Nooo!** Let me go-aarrgggh-mmmmp!! **Nnnnrggh!**” I wailed while he pushed on the pad, cutting off my howls at mid-point when the huge, form-fitting rubber pad slipped past my teeth and fully into my

mouth.

I danced wildly at the end of my chain, desperately trying to avoid him, but he easily out-manoeuvred me and grasped the end of the inner strap, threaded it through its buckle, then jerked it cruelly tight at the nape of my neck. My pleading protests were instantly cut off, and I frantically shook my head what little I could, trying to prevent him from fastening the wide, outer, cover-strap. No matter how desperately I thrashed and twisted to avoid him, I couldn't delay the inevitable, and a moment later was secured in the horrible silencer, wild tears streaming from my eyes while the needled interiors of the cups continued to press deeply into my breasts. He watched closely for a minute while I writhed there before him on the end of my chain, trying to beg with my eyes alone for him to remove the terrible things from my body, but he did nothing to alleviate my misery. He reached out and his warm hand pressed down on my shoulder, forcing me to sit on the edge of the bed, weeping even harder now in strangled gasps of distress, jerking my chained hands against the lock securing them to the back of my belt.

Again, without pity, his hand pressed firmly on my shoulder and I collapsed backward onto the cold rubber surface, laying on my bound arms and twisting; trying to find some way, *any* way to lessen the painful containment of my breasts. There was no escape, no matter which way I twisted and turned! He easily rolled me onto my stomach and released my hands, then onto my back again and clipped the side-straps to my belt. Leaning forward over my face, he hooked two bed restraint belts to the D-rings on my shoulder straps, but for the moment left them loosely fastened. He moved to the right side and adjusted the tensioner, then came back and did the same to the left one. I pounded my still free hands on the black rubber mattress, in misery at being so easily controlled, but he rapidly corrected that by kneeling over each arm and clipping the wrist restraint straps to the rings of my cuffs, holding them well away from my body and almost immobilized. I continued to gasp erratically while he efficiently and silently completed my bed bondage, feeling as though I was being fastened down for execution.

Certainly, I'd gone through this routine hundreds of times, but still I frantically kicked my legs to avoid what was coming next. It was no use. He employed the same technique to immobilize them as he had my hands and

arms, and a minute later I was totally helpless, a warm, human female, strapped securely to her shiny black rubber bed of sacrifice and penance. He moved to the side and spent a minute with his back to me then returned with my cover-plate and the huge 'sleep-time' dildos mounted on its inner surface. Under my gag, I wailed anew while he prepared to insert them, trying to tense my muscles against the straps that pulled my legs so widely apart. The huge, bullet-headed shaft nuzzled briefly at my ring-punctured sex lips, then slowly began to slide up into my vulnerable body.

It was a horrible process, especially this time and I went into a frenzy of silenced writhing, attempting to stop every millimetre of its irresistible advance! At the same time, the smoothly flexible, long anal dildo pressed into my behind and I screamed at the awful sensation of the doubled penetration of my most intimate parts! The doubled sensation of penetration was entirely too much and I fainted from exertion and terror, knowing as I was overwhelmed that everything would soon be locked securely in place once more, then all of my equipment would be hidden beneath the sinister covering of the thick black sheet.

I was surprised at my body's adaption capabilities, for, in a matter of minutes, I no longer felt my initial discomfort and distress, although I definitely knew that all the various pieces were there. Now, all I could manage were strangled, low-voiced moans and whines of unhappiness with my state, but he wasn't finished with me yet and moved to the other readied equipment that would control me for the night.

Chapter Twenty-One

Plans and Promises

John

Christine lay on the bed, her head twisting wildly from side to side while I locked her crotch-cover in place, then connected the extra long extension bar; the one that descended a half metre below her heels. From its ring, I ran a loose chain to a heavy staple welded to the lower frame of the bed, then released her feet from their straps and joined them with a 50 cm long hobble, passed through the tip-ring. She'd be able to pull her legs up a little, but other than that, the bed-straps held her almost motionless. Next, I connected the cables, then zipped the thick rubber sheet around the sides, tensioning it over her body. Christine's eyes snapped open when I picked up her gagged head and pulled the other zipper down from the top of the bed to the hole from which her neck protruded. For a moment I contemplated putting her back into the sleeping helmet she'd worn last night, but after a moment's thought, decided against it until she'd had a couple of sessions wearing the discipline milker cups. Instead, I picked up a half helmet that came with a blindfold combined with noise eliminating ear-cups, and quickly strapped it around her head. All the while, suppressed wails hissed from her fear-flared nostrils. I drew another waiting strap from the top centre of the bed, clipped it to the ring on the top of the head harness, then tightened it so that her head too was held down securely. The second last thing I did was to fit her with the nose ring once more. Obviously she didn't like having to wear it and tried to twist her head away, twitching violently against its fastening when she felt the opened, large gauge, steel circlet inserted in the hole far up, in the cartilage of her septum.

The process of having that particular piercing done had not been an easy one. She'd screamed and shed a lot of tears, for, a piercing done through ordinary flesh is quite straight forward, but when the same thing happens to more resilient tissue, without the benefit of an anaesthetic, the pain is substantial. It served to imprint the operation permanently on her mind when it happened, as I intended. Too, knowing that there were further additions to come, I'd

ensured that the hole was a substantial one, six gauge as a matter of fact, so that she'd be able to accept much more substantial 'jewellery' than would normally have been the case with the standard fine piercing that most women submit to.

Her nose, now, was her only visible flesh. To complete her fastening, I attached a light but quite strong jewellery chain dangling from a small pulley in the ceiling, to the thick ring then slowly let out the slack until a high keening wail filtered from her nostrils when tension came on the fleshy anchor. The chain rose to a pulley, then went across the ceiling and over another, to hang down the wall. Its other end was hooked to the top of an two hundred, cylindrical weight, much like the ones in a grandfather clock so that the tension would be constant and inescapable. She'd have to accommodate herself to the discomfort.

That completed her sleeping arrangements. I walked out into the closet, activated her computer 'entertainment' program, turned off the light, and closed the cell door. The softly pleading moans escaping her gag were instantly cut off when I slid the concealing panel closed and two minutes later I was undressed, beneath the covers of my own bed, and fading off to sleep after a long and tiring day of training my slave girl.

The next morning she was released her from the bed and cell.

I figured she'd been allowed enough of a rest to recover from the previous day's and night's activities. When I began to carefully remove her training cups she stared at me with tears of discomfort again trickling down her flushed and gag-captured cheeks, shuddering with mixed pain and relief when the encompassing horrors were pulled slowly from her flesh. She carefully inspected her breasts in the bathroom mirror, unable to look down because of the strap arrangement connected to her choker, then massaged the deeply dimpled flesh gently before preparing for the coming day. An hour later I had her locked into the regular cups, her crotch-cover with the normal dildos mounted, and wearing a short inhibitor bar. She was house-leashed as usual, but now the limiting wire was connected to the shaft between her legs and I ensured that she put on her six inch ankle-strap heels, locking them in place. Her clothing had been left on the bed and when she finally arrived in the kitchen, I turned and inspected her thoroughly, noting how the snug, rib-

knit sweater emphasized her captive breasts and compressed waist quite pleasantly. The mid-thigh, tight and thick rubber skirt dramatically emphasized her pert buttocks and the indentations of the chastity belt beneath, and I couldn't help but lick my lips possessively. The only discordant note to her costume was the thick, black-coated wire hanging between her legs and the glittering lengths of her reminder chains looping down to her wide, glittering ankle cuffs.

She strutted cautiously to her stool and I served her a coffee, then some toast, and a moment later, brought my own stuff over and put it down just across the counter.

"How are you doing?" I asked with a smile.

"I'm still pretty wiped out," she whispered tiredly around a sip from her steaming cup, eyes submissively downcast.

"Well, today you can spend some time recovering," I said quietly. "But, you **will** have to begin your exercise program this afternoon. I've already set up the machines in the playroom. You'll find that the exercising will help work out some of your aches and strains."

"Oh, Master," she moaned, "Do I **have** to exercise? It's just so damned boring!"

"Yep! Gotta do it, my dear!" I grinned enthusiastically, trying to imbue her with some too. "Really though, Christine, you'll find that you **want** to exercise!"

"Oh?" she looked up at me quizzically, a flicker of fear crossing her beautiful face, "Why's that?"

"I sort of thought that might be your reaction. So, there's a program running in the house computer that will set off your proximity shockers if you aren't exercising by a certain time. To stop the shocks all you have to do is go to the playroom, climb on the required piece of equipment and go to it. The program will automatically set itself for a certain time period on that piece. It will discipline you if you try to cheat or get off before your time is up. When

that point comes, you'll go to the next piece and so on, until you've done them all. You'll be allowed to rest every once in a while, but the computer **will** make sure that you exercise for four hours, every day, from now on."

"Oh, Master that's so mean!" she moaned, knowing that there was no way to avoid her fate.

"It gets better yet, beautiful slave girl!" I grinned at her. "You see, the computer will also know how well you're doing with your exercise programs. It'll constantly monitor your stamina against pre-set standards and it'll ... ah ... encourage you to meet then exceed those as time goes on. You'll be able to do that in two ways. The program will check both the length of time you exercise and how hard you do it. The effort required will be increased by setting higher and higher resistance values when you work on the various machines, and just so that you don't over-stress yourself, it'll also monitor your heart and respiration rate. As a pre-condition, you'll be required to put on a special breathing mask/gag combination before you begin. That way, it won't push you beyond your limits." I explained.

"Oh, **God**, Master!" she wailed disconsolately, turning a pouting face to me. "Did you say that I'll have to wear a gag and mask for **another** four hours every day??"

"That's right. And, you'll have to put it on yourself too. Actually, you'll find it fairly comfortable, once you get used to it, but I should warn you also that once you're in it, you **won't** be able to take it off until your exercise period is over. The computer sees to it that it's at the proper tightness and that its locks are all properly secured."

She bent her head, devastated by this latest news about her increasing periods of incarceration. A single tear trickled down her cheek.

"This is **awful!**" she moaned shaking her head, then reached up and wiped away the moisture.

"Well, Christine, you know what they say ... 'No pain, no gain!'" I growled at her. "You'll have the whole of the morning and most of your day to do as you want, **but**, that four hours of exercise **is** mandatory. I want you in top

physical shape soon. You're going to be sent out for special training at a ranch down in the southwest a little after we're married."

She brightened at this news, then a suspicion that there was something more to this plan than appeared on the surface stole across her beautiful face.

"Wh-what sort of training are you talking about, Master?" she asked.

"Well, for the time being, that'll be a secret, but I think you might come to enjoy it, after the first couple of weeks."

"H-h-how long will I be away, Master?"

"Oh, that's sort of hard to say, at the moment. It could be as long as a couple of months. Don't worry, I'll be there every weekend to see you and check on your progress. Anyhow, that's a year or two away yet."

"This is sounding worse and worse!" she moaned while she finished her toast then slowly got up and brought the coffee pot over to pour another cup for each of us.

"Not to worry, honey. As I said, that's a while down the road. In the meantime let's just enjoy the weather and have fun playing around."

For the next thirty minutes we sat quietly, enjoying the relaxed morning. She indicated that she wanted to spend some time just vegging out in front of the TV and wandering around the house, with maybe some reading thrown in. I suggested that she might want to get back to her pottery or painting, but she shrugged that off and said maybe tomorrow. It was obvious that she was still feeling quite drained by yesterday's events. About an hour later I got up and walked over to her. She stood erect when I approached, then I gave her a passionate kiss, clamping her firmly in my arms, her wrist reminder chains held tightly together in my left hand, pulled up above her waist behind her back. Although she struggled a little against this reminder of her bondage, she returned my kiss with just as much feeling, obviously having recovered her spirits.

"I've gotta go into town for the rest of the day, honey." I explained when I

walked out to the front hall for my jacket. “There’s a bunch of stuff I have to do at the office, but I should be back by seven tonight, okay?”

She followed me, her leash dragging out from the short bar hidden under her skirt, acutely unconscious of how striking the sight of her was to me held thus under control.

“Very well, Master,” she smiled up at me coquettishly.

“Don’t forget about your exercising this afternoon.” I reminded her. “Please come here for a moment Christine, I’ve forgotten one of your sets of chains.”

“But, Master,” she whimpered, a little deflated, “I’m *already* leashed and chained!”

“Ah!” I exclaimed with a grin, “But not enough! Now come over here, this won’t hurt.”

She reluctantly came closer and I picked up her steel-banded, delicately boned wrists and locked them together, then ran a short, heavy chain between the joined cuffs and the front ring of her belt.

“There! That’ll allow you enough freedom to do almost anything, but it’s limiting enough that you’ll always be aware.” I grinned at her. “Well, I’m off! See you later.”

Leaning down, I kissed her soft lips again, then opened the front door and walked out to the van. Just as I got in I turned to see her standing self-consciously at the front door giving me a restrained, double-armed wave, the chain between her waist and wrists snapping tight, glittering with steely tension when it first drew tight then pulled her arms down again with its weight.

I waved back, rolled up the window, then, just before driving off, flicked on her proximity warning shocker. Through the glass I heard her give a little shriek of distress and when I looked again she’d disappeared inside the house.

Christine

I lay back against the closed, white-painted, steel door, gasping from the pain of the shocks that had suddenly erupted in my crotch when he'd activated my electronic leash, jerking my hands in futility against the thick links that secured them to the front of my belt and scrabbling my fingers frantically against the steel wall that covered my loins.

Self-pityingly, I remembered how I'd begged, yes **begged** him to make me his total possession, promising fervently to agree to any and all measures he decided would increase my controllability and slavery. Even when he'd asked me to sign the Agreement he'd had drawn up, granting my body and life to him: - duly witnessed by a lawyer and the bank manager, I hadn't hesitated! Now, the seeds I'd sewn were beginning to bear their fruit with a vengeance, and there was **no** possible way for me to back away from my self-imposed servitude!

With the short bar twitching uncomfortably back and forth between my thighs at every step, I walked slowly back to the kitchen to clear away the remnants of our leisurely breakfast. While I stacked the dishes in the washer, the large back yard beckoned for me to walk around on its springy turf, but when I tentatively opened the sliding door to the deck and stepped out onto the grey, weathered cedar planks, incredibly distressing shocks transfixed me, forcefully showing that I'd exceeded my radius of freedom! I couldn't help the wail of anguished discomfort that was torn unbidden from my collared throat. Jumping frantically back inside, I slammed the door closed, then in hysterical tears, beat my clenched and chained fists against the front of my steel imprisoned crotch while the shocks continued to pulse, disciplining me for my transgression! Gasping from the automatically enforced punishment, I writhed and danced in helpless distress until they died away, leaving me a terrified, controlled wreck of subservient womanhood.

From that point on I listlessly cleaned the kitchen, then did the same to all the other rooms in the house, except the playroom. I wouldn't go in there until I absolutely had to. When I'd exhausted all the domestic chores, constantly hampered by my joined wrists and their restricting chain, I went into the home theatre room and flipped on the tube. I surfed aimlessly until I got to Oprah's show, then sat there and watched the passing parade of humanity,

thinking to myself that I could tell them my story, but would they **believe** it?! I dozed in the comfortable lounger, then with stirrings from my restricted stomach, slowly got up and made myself a light lunch. Cleaning that up took no time at all and I traipsed back to the TV, completely forgetting that I was soon to be compelled to go and exercise. Laying half-conscious in the chair, I drifted in and out of a light doze until suddenly I felt a light tickle pulse through my lower body. Semi-conscious, I ignored the sensations, twitching spasmodically to make them go away, but they grew stronger by the minute, then I remembered why it was happening and staggered to my feet. The hall was endless while I ran as quickly as my six-inch heels would permit, mouthing pleas to an uncaring God that the horrid warning shocks cease to torment me. They died away when I entered the playroom, staring wildly around it, then I began looking for the mask that I was to wear together with the monitoring cables for my chastity belt and bra. They hung ominously all together on their hooks in the corner, but before I could make another move the shocks re-ignited and began to worsen rapidly!

With short gasping screams and trembling fingers, I disrobed as quickly as I could, leaving my clothes in an untidy heap on the floor, then quickly grasped the long, labelled, coiled wires and plugged them into their receptacles on my confining undergarments. When I caught sight of myself in the mirror, I looked like Barbarella in that silly sci-fi movie, but **these** wires weren't Hollywood stage-dressing! They really worked! With the connections made, the shocks died away somewhat; the computer sensing I was slowly moving towards the desired goal.

I picked up the thick, surgical green, rubber mask/helmet combination and inspected it with distaste, but the shocks began to get stronger once more when I delayed putting it on! I resisted having to wear the thing until I could stand no more of the needling torture, then opened my mouth and pushed the gag-pad past my teeth. It was a struggle to pull the rest of the horrid bag-like thing over my head and down my neck, chained as I was, but I eventually managed to get the thick, slightly stretchy device properly in position. Finally, now wailing constantly from the strength of the disciplinary shocks coursing through my loins, I managed to tuck my hair under the flap of the heavy-duty zipper, then get the tab completely closed and locked. As soon as it clicked into its mount, the shocks that had terrorized me stopped and I

gasped in relief, breathing the cold air through my nose.

The pad began to suddenly and terrifyingly expand until the my mouth was completely stoppered inside the thick rubber imprisonment and I stared yearningly out of the wide eye-ports to the room beyond, once more sealed away from the outer world. Suddenly I heard a faint click inside the mask. Something gripped my nose-ring and tugged strongly at it! My eyes watered when the still-tender flesh was again put under strain and I whined with misery, shaking my head to try and get the hidden mechanism to release, banging my scrabbling fingernails against the thick rubber skin covering my face and head. It was too late! I was securely locked into the isolating horror, now held irremovably by an internal fastening that no one could reach! I tried pressing the mask tighter against my head to ease the tension, but even that relief was short-lived, for a donut-like inner bladder completely surrounding my face suddenly inflated, forcing the structure just far enough away so that the tension on my nose and its ring was maintained, no matter how much I tried to push the mask down! I howled into the gag more in frustration than pain, and stamped my feet with hopeless anger. Suddenly, the cups clamped over my ears crackled to life.

Chapter Twenty-Two

The Butler and His Machines

“Good afternoon Young Miss!” said a cultured English butler-type voice. “These directives have been pre-recorded and will be made as is required by the computer program. It is now time for you to begin your exercises! Your Master has instructed you in the basic generalities of what will be required. I am here, electronically, to direct you in the specifics.”

I stared wildly around, the air hoses to my mask swinging wildly back and forth with my head movements.

“Now, Young Miss,” the voice continued, “please proceed to the stationary bicycle and seat yourself in the saddle. When you are to commence your exercising, you will be notified thusly.” A sharp tingling pulse from the clitoral stimulator button drilled through my sensitive flesh, eliciting an automatic, lusty scream. I beat my pinioned hands against the thick steel over crotch and lower belly still screaming and writhing to escape. “I am sure you will understand the signal, Young Miss.” the voice carried on sardonically. “I shall leave you for now, and will return when the program requires. Please do not delay in proceeding to the bicycle. Enjoy your exercises!”

The voice cut off leaving me once more alone in the soundless helmet, trying to chew on my inflated gag, moaning and shaking from the after-effects of the shocks. The ominous hoses and coiled cords trailed along beside me when I walked to the first in the row of exercise machines, then put my leg over its saddle, wondering how I was going to be able to sit while wearing the six inch long extension bar. I needn't have worried, for the seat was designed so that it slipped into a special socket with my leash dangling freely underneath. The short bar locked in place when I sat down fully, gluing my buttocks into the curved indentations in the saddle. I had to lean forward to grasp the handle bars and felt my collar tighten slightly when I did, in addition to feeling the deep thrusting of the dildo when my torso tilted. Then, I just sat and waited for things to begin, shaking my head occasionally to clear my eyes of the tears that kept flowing, thanks to the tension on my nose-ring. For a few seconds I was able to look out and around the room from where I sat

locked onto my seat, then the glass over my face darkened until I was totally blind, again! I wailed hopelessly, but the only thing that happened was that the voice came back on for a moment.

“It has been noted, Miss, that young ladies required to utilize the type of exercise regimen that you are now participating in perform better without visual stimuli. Thus, your mask has been rendered opaque, but your sight will be returned to you as required. Please wait for your starting signal, after which your base-line measurements will be recorded.” Again I was left in soundless blackness, waiting haplessly for whatever was to come next.

Sitting there in soundless blackness, I felt utterly captive, and attempted to analyse my feelings.

As I got older I’d begun to crave and physically feel the control that my parents had once exerted and it became apparent that I needed clearly defined limits to know where I was in life. Until Danielle had introduced me to my Master, I’d been off the wall, wild in both my behaviour and attitudes, but after getting to know him a little, I began to sense that this was the one person who would give me what I needed, in all ways. I’d eventually confessed my secret desires, giving him the background that caused them to well up, then we’d spent weeks discussing what drove me and created my deepest needs. Although I was at first uncomfortable revealing myself, I soon told him about my secret day-dreams and fantasies of being totally controlled by someone who really cared. A month later he’d taken me to a restaurant and told me that my dreams and wants **could** be fulfilled, to my wildest and fullest expectations, and perhaps even beyond them. Then, he’d explained in general terms how they could be brought to reality.

I’d listened with open-mouthed astonishment and wonder, then with growing hunger to have it **all** happen, while he explained his life-style and how his home and business were inter-related and could work together to make my dreams come true. He left the matter there and we enjoyed the rest of the evening. About a week later, not having mentioned the topic again, having left me to contemplate what he’d mentioned, I was the one who brought it up again. He went into a little more detail about how we would proceed, if I really wanted to do, it and after an hour of intense questions by me and more and more detailed answers by him, I proposed that I become his possession

and he could then begin to take me down the road to the destination I sought. I wanted to assent immediately, but he had held up his hand.

“Christine, I know that this whole deal must look very attractive to you,” he said quietly, staring intently into my eyes while I sat across from him, “But you need to think long and hard about what’s going to happen to you, if you agree. Literally **everything** will change for you. I think we shouldn’t see each other for a week or so, while you mull over what I’ve described. Give me your answer next Thursday at dinner, okay?”

I’d reluctantly agreed, then spent the following seven days mulling the idea over, but I **knew** I wanted to do it and the hours had dragged until we met again. He said nothing of it for the entire dinner, then over coffee, popped the question.

“Okay, Chrissy,” he smiled lazily, stirring his coffee, “I can see you’re nearly bursting. What ‘s your answer?”

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” I had excitedly answered him, “I want to do it **all!**”

“Okay, but it’s going to be a pretty intense time, from here on in. Are you **sure?**”

“Oh, yes.” I replied very seriously. “I’m **absolutely** sure.”

From that point, events moved rapidly, and now, six months later, here I was in my playroom, his chained and (I thought, erroneously, as matters have continued to evolve) completely controlled slave girl. My reverie was suddenly interrupted by a series of low, pulsing shocks from the vaginal dildo and I attempted to lift from the seat in a frenzy of chained movement, fighting against the locked-down extension bar and bending far forward with a gagged shriek until my collar choked me to silence. My hands flew from the handles to pummel my steel-shrouded crotch and I shook my encased head frenziedly, trying uselessly to protest the painful and intimate stimulation. In tears, my feet began peddling and the shocks magically died away as soon as I began to spin the crank. I blindly reached forward to find the handles. They seemed to be moving towards me when I gripped them and pushed back against their rising pressure then I felt a couple of heavy **clicks!**

Two clamps had flipped around my wrists, activated by the pressure I'd exerted, making me a full captive on the bike! The handles began to cycle back and forth and up and down smoothly while I pedalled, so that with each forward and down movement, though I tried to let go to pull away, I **had** to bend forward against the tug of my collar only to find that it brought me up short, choking with the gradually increasing pressure on my neck! I was forced to endure the deep stirring of my loins by the long and thick dildo, then a second later the pressure eased when the handles swung back towards me. I inhaled desperately, my chest expanding against the wide restrictive bra-band clamped around it, while my breasts expanded into the compressing confinement of the deep cups.

Small trickles of shocks began to emanate from both dildos, but disappeared when I pedalled faster. With these hints, I was soon pumping furiously to keep them at bay! To my horror, I felt the resistance to my until now free-wheeling efforts increase dramatically, for the moment slowing me down, then requiring increased work on my part to maintain my speed, much like climbing a hill. When I slowed I was shocked immediately by the, at-first, low level pulses. My speed remained low for only a moment, then the electrical discipline gained rapidly in strength, forcing me to work harder and harder to avoid them!

Inside the utterly black mask, I begged and screamed wildly in helplessness, panting and gasping for breath while I was forced to exercise, unable to resist the 'encouragement' that coursed through my body if I tried to back off. I don't know how long I was kept at the frantic motion, but eventually I slowed down and nothing happened. Bathed in sweat, panting like a winded horse after a strenuous race, I sat trembling in near-exhaustion and tears. The snooty English butler voice came back on the head phones.

"That was your first session, Young Miss. We have now established your performance limits, and will work forward on this particular machine, to strengthen the muscle groups involved and thus increase your endurance." the voice stated uncaringly while I continued to tremble. "The follow-on portions of your program on this machine will require more work for longer and longer periods to increase your stamina.

"The same process will be enacted on the other exercise machines, for they

will require you to employ different muscle groups. You will be encouraged in your efforts by the means already demonstrated plus others yet to be employed. Your rest period will end shortly, so please prepare yourself.”

I sat sweating in the blackness, waiting the start signal, in terror of the shocks I knew were coming and unable to escape their inevitability. I tried to tense myself against their assault, but unknown to me this only made them more penetrating! When they came I screamed hoarsely into my gag inside the sealed rubber encasement of the helmet, then pedalled furiously against the increased resistance, moaning and gasping for breath while I struggled to maintain the required pace. The time on the bike was endlessly boring in my blinded state and I was soon reduced to a wreck of quivering, female jelly when I fell below the required standards, shocked repeatedly until I once more attained the line. The computer had been programmed to recognize the law of diminishing returns, so that together with my monitored air intake and measuring my heart function, it drove me relentlessly until I could do no more. I was at last left sitting on the seat weeping and shaking from the draining efforts that had been wrung from me. It wasn't fun and it wasn't *fair!*

The mask's eye-ports cleared and I looked out into the room through tear-brimming eyes, then the clamps around my wrists popped open and I felt the locking mechanism holding my bar release. I sat there for another couple of minutes, gradually recovering my senses until the voice came over my headphones again, breaking the silence that enfolded me.

“Young Miss! It is time for you to move to the treadmill. You will be allotted thirty seconds to do so.”

I lifted myself slowly from the seat on rubbery legs, staggered across the floor trailed by the air hoses and cables from their overhead hangers, then stepped up onto the slightly inclined and raised belt.

“Very good, Miss!” enthused the voice of my computer mentor. “You will see that there are positioning straps hanging from the side rails. Please secure these to your chastity device waist cinch at this time, then tighten them. When you have accomplished this, you are required to reach forward and hook your wrist-rings to the connection just below the flashing light. Shortly

after you have completed this preparatory process, your next exercise will commence.”

Desperately wanting to avoid the shocks I knew would come if I didn't obey instructions, I began fastening myself to the machine.

John

Christine was going to have a strenuous afternoon and so after an hour of work, I returned and slipped down to the house-long observation gallery next to the playroom to view her efforts through one of the large floor to ceiling, one-way mirrors. I sat back in the comfortable lounge and watched her begin her stint on the treadmill with fascinated interest. She hesitantly clipped the support/positioning straps to the side rings of her belt, obviously hating the act of having to apply the restraints to herself and I could see the hesitancy in every movement, but there was no escape from the automatic punishment the computer program meted out when she failed to complete her allotted tasks. In moments she was fully connected, locked into the restraining web of straps, then she stood waiting, staring out at the playroom from within her tight mask/helmet with barely held in check terror. Her green eyes, outlined inside by the pressing, thick, tight rubber, were wide with fearful anticipation of what was to come next.

I'd turned on the speakers in the observation room so I could hear her instructions being issued and in addition, a pair of small microphones in her gag and mask would pick up her garbled cries, translating them into actual words that could be understood. She fearfully reached out her joined wrists, then hesitated before slipping them into the automatically closing and locking hook that would restrain them, loath to submit to this final bondage. Through the speakers I heard a low-voiced count-down, unheard by her of course, while the computer timed-out her delay in submitting to its requirements, then delivered a mild set of shocks to her anal sphincter ring. She shrieked in agonized discomfort, jumping against her straps, then convulsively brought her wrists down and into the jaw of the unforgiving hook, locking them in place. For a moment she stood looking at what she'd done to herself, then began jerking at the chain joining her wrist cuffs to the machine, trying to escape it. It was hopeless, of course. The latch holding her wrists rose slowly from the front panel of the treadmill and drew back towards itself, sort of like

the boom of a crane, dragging her joined wrists out in front of her to the length of her central wrist chain. She was allowed a little freedom, in that the arm was spring-loaded and so she'd be able to pull it down and towards herself, extending the springs, but they always won the battle and would draw her arms back out and up in front of her. Another aspect too was that when she *did* try to pull down, as would automatically be the case, this action would also trigger an additional set of pulsing shocks through her nipples and breasts! This particular set-up would prove very interesting, I mused, when she began exercising while equipped with the discipline, controller, or milking cups.

Christine stared forlornly at her reflection in the mirror I sat behind. Her nose and lower face were covered by the semi-rigid, thick green rubber of the interior mask, leaving only a small area around each of her staring eyes. Every few seconds she'd shake her imprisoned head, making the long corrugated air hoses sway, while her chest rose and fell with trembling breaths.

"Your exercise, Young Miss," said the snotty butler voice, "will commence very shortly. At the moment, preliminary measurements are being taken. These will test your pain tolerance as it currently stands."

She stood petrified for a moment, then exploratory shocks coursed through her body while I watched her closely. Within the mask, her eyes widened in terrified pain, then clenched shut when she tried to scream for them to stop, shaking her head wildly. Christine's hands and arms jerked against the spring-loaded arm when she desperately tried to pull them away from their fastening and get at her punishing chastity belt; the muscles standing out like slim ropes under the skin, with the strain of her efforts to wrench free. The shocks continued unabated for thirty seconds, sending her into a frenzied dance of distress, almost lifting herself from the belt of the treadmill so intensely did she fight against her fastenings. The side-positioning straps kept her securely in place though, and all she could do was submit and shiver spastically. The air hoses to her mask flailed around her head like coiling, airborne pythons while she howled and begged; eyes alternately snapping open then closing with each testing surge of electrical stimulations, until they at last died away.

“Thank you, Young Miss.” said the voice, “Your exercise period is about to commence.”

Christine’s gasping sobs echoed from the speakers, distorted strangely by the pad fastened into her mouth.

She stood quiescent for a moment, weeping within the rubber device imprisoning her head, her hands and arms held out as though in supplication before her by the bar, the chain to her waist strung bow-tight. Slowly the outer surfaces of the eye-ports of her helmet turned to a brilliant silvery sheen as they cut off all light to the inside of the mask.

“Ohpleaseohpleaseohppp**llleeaassee!!**” the speakers hissed. She made her gagged request for surcease but the computer could care less and the treadmill belt began to slide backwards under her feet.

Christine **had** to walk as it began to pick up speed. Two minutes passed, then she began jogging, her ankle chains swinging back and forth in glittering loops between their mounts to her belt and her cuffs. She was quickly driven to greater and greater efforts by the inter-active computer program. Next to me, a monitor displayed her current state of health, the actively bouncing bar graphs keeping track of such things as her heart rate, respiration frequency and capacity, skin surface conductivity, weight, mental activity, core temperature, and fluid loss rate, being constantly compared to and against the desired level of fitness she was to eventually attain. It would be easy for me to adjust any of the parameters with only a few keystrokes, but I knew that this would result in untold hours of hard work and painful electrical ‘stimulation’ for her and so, for the moment, I let her be.

At first the jogging was at an easy pace, one that she could easily maintain for about ten minutes, but after that, she was required to run for brief spells, then jog again. By that point she was panting and gasping for every breath while struggling to maintain the pace demanded by the program. Her ragged breaths rasped through the speakers while she struggled to keep up, but she began to fall further and further behind the preset goals and again the computer issued its pre-programmed encouragements.

“AAaarrgghh!! Eeeooooowww!!! **AAaahhggghh!** OOOOhhh **Pllleeease help**

meee! Make it **SSSTTTOPP!!**” was how the computer translated the gag strangled screams and cries from within her helmet.

She managed to put more effort into her jogging for the next five minutes, finally being allowed to gradually slow to a fast walk and stop for a three minute rest. The whole cycle restarted after the brief respite, prefaced by the warning shocks that made her shake and writhe in near-hysteria. I knew she’d be kept at this particular station in her circuit for another hour, then be sent over to the weights for some upper body exercises. After that, she’d move to the Rowing Machine for work on her abdominals. I’d planned her workouts meticulously, and by the time a couple of months had passed, she’d be one of the most in-shape women in the country, and would very definitely need to be fitted with the additional restraint equipment I’d planned to have mounted inside and on her body, to keep her fully controllable.

It was time for a beer. I got out of my chair with one last look at the hooded and restrained female being forced to run her heart out on the other side of the thick glass, and left for the kitchen. When I came back ten minutes later, she was standing in the middle of the momentarily motionless belt, slouched into the restriction of her bra harness while she was permitted another rest. I settled into my comfortable chair again and continued observing. Some time later her face-plate cleared and her hands were freed from the arm and locking hook that had held them prisoner. She slowly reached down to her sides to release the straps that held her on the treadmill, then, with dragging steps, staggered across to the weight machine and began reluctantly fastening herself again. Christine knew, now, what to expect if she didn’t do as the butler’s voice directed, and speedily! She’d had never been particularly enamoured of strenuous exercises since I’d known her, apparently looking upon them as some sort of punishment, and although I hadn’t intentionally planned for her exercises to become that, they had indeed turned out that way.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Exercised To Exhaustion

Christine

I stood panting and gasping for breath, locked within the oppressive helmet, then its face-plate slowly became transparent again and I stared at my reflection in the full-length mirror on the wall, unaware that my Master lounged comfortably behind it, inspecting me. What I saw was but a fully controlled and monitored test animal. The thick, green rubber device encasing my head and face looked utterly sinister, what with its long air hoses and many coil-cords looping up to their connections out of sight above me, completing the image of my being only a test subject. All conveyed a distinct, visual message of enslavement and control that couldn't be ignored and I shuddered with the realization that there was no possible way to avoid the fate I'd committed myself to. The butler's voice returned.

“Please proceed to the weight training machine Young Miss!” he commanded implacably.

I stepped carefully off the treadmill belt and walked with slow, hesitant steps towards the gleaming, steel, gantry-like device standing in front of another full-length mirror. The machine was the kind that could be found in any commercial gymnasium, but it had some additional, professionally-installed fixtures that made it unique. The padded bench/seat was equipped with heavy belts dangling from its sides, each tipped by a brightly chromed steel snap-hook, while on the leg-bars and hand grips, padded clamps hung open, waiting for me to place my limbs within them. The seat was designed with a slot to accommodate my inhibitor bar and beneath it was a shadowed clump of some sort of machinery that didn't bode well. I shuddered in terror of what was to happen once I'd attached myself, now that I stood beside it.

“You must sit down, Young Miss! Fasten the restraint straps to your chastity device waistband, as on the treadmill, then connect your wrists to the snap-hooks on the hand grips. Place each of your legs on the outsides of the arms

designed for them, please.”

I slowly put my leg over the bench, then gradually lowered onto the cold rubber surface. When my bar slipped into its slot, I felt a vibration deep in my belly as the device beneath somehow gripped it and I knew that I would not be released until the program permitted me to be free. With a hopeless sob, I sank the rest of the way onto the seat, then moved my legs out and onto the arms, letting them rest against the padding inside the opened grips of the clamps. The leather-lined half-circles snapped closed over each one, just above my ankle-cuffs, locking automatically, and although I tried to kick my way out of them for a few seconds, they wouldn't release, of course. Hesitantly, I fumbled the belts up to the side-rings on my belt and fastened the chromed snaps to them, looking around from within my mask, hoping that my Master would come home early, see me trapped on the awful machine, and release me. The hope was in vain and I looked with fear at the imprisoning latches that I had to attach my hands to. Under the seat, the machinery gripping the extension bar slowly tipped it forward and I moaned with the incredibly feminine discomfort, being forced to lean out while I was prompted to attach my wrists. The straps to my waist automatically drew tight, pulling me into firm contact, but still I resisted giving away my hands. My rebellion though was short-lived, for a disciplinary series of shocks suddenly rippled out from my crotch, making me scream wildly into the gag and jerk my chained wrists down into the waiting hooks. Again, I sat looking at my reflected bound image in the mirror while waiting for what was to come next. Sure enough, the butler returned.

“Very good, Young Miss!” he congratulated me for enslaving myself once more. “Your sessions on **this** machine are designed to increase your flexibility and to enhance your upper body musculature. To this end, you will be required to move weights with your arms and maintain them at certain heights for a set duration. Failure to comply with the required time values and weights will result in ‘encouragement’. This machine is also used, simultaneously, to increase the flexibility of your leg muscles and their strength. Although you may find this to be somewhat disconcerting, you will eventually get used to it. I shall instruct you in the required movements as the exercise period progresses. I shall advise you when you may relax after each particular evolution. Please obey the instructions carefully, for you will be

required to repeat areas that are not completed properly. Your exercise period will commence shortly.” With that, the headphones clicked off and I was alone again in utter silence, then the mask slowly went black over my staring and begging eyes.

My arms and wrists were drawn slowly up by the cable, until the chain to my belt thrummed with tension, lifting me a little from the seat, then I felt a series of vibrations when weights were automatically loaded onto its other end, keeping them stretched out. I shook my head in futility while this happened, chewing on the gag. The cool air of the playroom felt good, but I knew I was soon to become an inferno, thanks to the forced exercise. The seat returned to a level setting and I was forced to sit erectly on it, waiting fearfully.

“First, we will commence with some leg stretching and flexibility exercises.” said the pedantic voice in flat, uncaring tones.

The sections to which my legs were clamped began to move, then the seat folded away from under my buttocks, leaving me impaled on my crotch-plate! I wailed anew when the arms slowly straightened until my legs were held out in front of my body at a ninety degree angle, but as if that wasn’t bad enough, they were slowly separated, being rotated outwards, increasing my awareness of being totally vulnerable, while at the same time forcing the cover-plate to press even **more** firmly and intimately against my ring-captured sex! The strain was horrible! My spasming muscles protested painfully while I was stretched widely, strapped in position and I felt as though my legs were going to be ripped off. The machine slowly drew them together again, then forced me to bend them back to an easier posture while I panted and gasped with relief. There were a few seconds of rest then the whole process was repeated over again, and again, and again, wringing agonized moans and screams from me each time. Although it seemed to become a little easier, I knew I would suffer tomorrow, forgetting for the moment that I’d be right back here again every day from now on!

“Now, Young Miss, you are required to begin work on your arm and shoulder muscles.” said the butler, “You must pull down then hold your arms in front, at the level indicated by this sound.” A buzzing filled my ears. “If the sound changes, moving either up or down in frequency, it indicates that you are not

at the proper elevation or position and you must adjust your arms accordingly. I shall advise you when you may cease holding your position. Kindly begin now.”

I pulled down as instructed, my arms bending slightly at the elbow while I struggled against the weight. It felt as though there were a hundred pounds on the carriage and I could feel the sweat popping out while I struggled. The buzzing sound finally stabilized and I panted with the effort of maintaining the required attitude, feeling my muscles begin to quiver and protest almost immediately, while rivulets of sweat trickled annoyingly down my face within the lightless interior of my mask. Soon, I could take no more and just relaxed, letting the weights jerk my hands to the length of the chain from my belt, but when I did, it triggered the ‘encouragement’ shocks! I screamed and writhed frantically, jerking madly at my bonds to escape them, but the only way to do **that** was to complete the exercise! Almost insane from the pulsating horror of the transfixing pulses, I drew down on the cable and the buzzing started again while I strained and wept to keep the weights at the proper level. To my horror the leg exerciser began **its** cycle also! I immediately lost control when my legs were forcibly spread and stretched and this time the shocks were much worse because of the tightly pressing cover-plate! Somehow I managed to pull the weights back up and endure the horrible combination of stress and strain until finally, the voice came back.

“You may relax for the moment, Young Miss.” it stated blithely. “This process will be repeated until you have attained a minimal level of fitness, then we will move to the use of more substantial weights, for longer durations. You will also notice an increase in the frequency of the leg stretches for the Master requires you to be trained to accomplish more and more flexible postures.”

A warning tingle told me to begin pulling down again on the cable and I attained the correct buzzing sound, although with some difficulty, holding my aching arms out until I could stand it no more, then again collapsed in a welter of tears, while hapless howls were torn from me when I was punished for not obeying my instructions. I **tried** to rebel and not do anything, but was so helpless and controlled by the machine and computer that after a few seconds my resistance shattered and I struggled desperately to complete the

exercise.

During each muscle-straining cycle, my legs underwent the stretching and spreading with increasing frequency, until I thought I was going to be ripped apart and I don't know how many times I had to do them, but at last the voice came on again.

“This is the end of the weight training portion of the program, Young Miss. When the machine returns to its neutral position you may release your fastenings then you must proceed to the rowing machine.”

The thick quartz windows over my eyes cleared slowly, and once more I stared at my reflection, wondering *why* I'd ever let myself get into this situation! It took only a few seconds to get free and once my chained wrists were released and the tension came off my waist restraints, I stood on rubbery, protesting legs, trying to balance on the heels still strapped and locked to my feet. The rowing machine beckoned evilly, and I stumbled reluctantly towards it, fearful of what would next be done to me.

John

Christine hobbled to the machine as though going to her death cell, her chains swinging in glittering loops of bondage when she moved. The device squatted sedately on the floor, its rails and the little sliding carriage she would sit upon waiting patiently. Naturally, it too was equipped with heavy fastening straps for her belt, locking ankle clamps on each of the foot stirrups, and universal-mounted wrist clamps on the oars. She knew she wouldn't be able to escape once she'd joined herself to the machinery and began to gasp and sob against the repression of her gag while she lowered herself into its waiting clutches. As soon as she was seated, she awkwardly fastened then tightened her belt restraint straps and placed her feet in their stirrups, watching from within the cloying mask when the clamps flipped closed around her ankles. Very hesitantly, she reached out her joined wrists and grasped the oar handles, but at the last moment tried to release them, but the clamps were too fast and snapped around her cuffs with the speed of a striking cobra. Under the seat, others tightened and locked around her projecting extension bar securing her for the duration.

“Young Miss,” said the butler voice, “you will at first be permitted three minutes of practise to acclimatize yourself to the motions of this machine, then we shall begin your exercise period in earnest. As on the other equipment, you will be required to complete all portions fully, being subject to the usual ‘encouragement’. Each pull of the oars shall constitute one full evolution and you must complete the number established for your daily exercise quota, before you are freed. You will find that differing resistance’s have been set into your exercise program with the result that you will be required to employ more effort to complete a pull of the oars. Your exercise period will commence momentarily.”

The voice cut off and again Christine was left in utter silence, only her tremulous breaths hissing through the speakers. I glanced at her sitting there just in time to see her staring eyes and rubber-covered face disappear once more beneath the silvery windows of her mask. A moan of despair slipped from her throat, interrupted at mid-point by a shocked and strangled gasp when the brakes on the carriage to which her bench was mounted were released, letting her slid backwards a little along the rails. For the next minutes she tentatively experimented with the movements that would be required, sliding back and forth on the seat while her legs flexed in front, pinioned arms pulling at the spring-loaded handles. With each of her pulls, the seat tilted to the rear and slid forward, permitting her to lean back, while at the same time, her knees bent when her legs shortened the distance. When she straightened them, Christine again moved to an erect sitting upright with the oar handles helping her along and thus she had completed one full stroke. The whole thing looked ridiculously easy, but in effect it was a very strenuous exercise, requiring the use of a number of differing muscle groups to accomplish: arms, shoulders, thigh, calf, and abdominal muscle groups.

Christine gave a strangled gasp and I watched intently when she suddenly began to strain against the handles, pulling at them. Her wrist-to-waist chain snapped tight each time her legs straightened and she leaned back then became a blur of motion, bending, straightening and bending again, her arms tugging on the handles and her knees flexing in counter-point. Sweat soon began to roll down her body and her breathing took on a ragged edge while she struggled to maintain the pace against the increased resistance of the oars and the sliding of the bench, then she began to beg pitifully into her gag with

stifled protests pulsing her throat.

“I-I-I can’t! I *can’t!*!”

She stopped her mad movements and sat panting like a winded horse and the computer, sensing her tiredness, permitted her to regain her breath for a moment, then began to issue slight, warning shocks. Christine sat motionless until their increasing strength galvanized her into action with erotically painful pulses from her doubled dildos! Her legs straightened convulsively, thanks to the strength of the shocks, and she screamed sharply, pulling strongly at the oars when she was mercilessly goaded into completing the remainder of her programme. Her upper body twisted from side to side while she moved, struggling against her attachments, but she maintained her pace for another five minutes before sinking into an exhausted faint despite the needling shocks, unable to do any more.

Her four hours of exercise were nearing completion and so I slipped from the observation room, then out to the van and went down to the local bar for beer to kill off the next hour. She’d be permitted to recover while being kept seated on the rower, still blinded, then, when capable of coherent movement and thought, she’d be released. Once freed, she’d be permitted to remove her mask and the cables to her equipment, then would receive instructions to shower and return to the lounge for a nap. I knew she’d be wrung-out after the session in the playroom and planned to make her a late dinner, then take the balance of the evening very easy and as a reward for her trials and tribulations, I intended to take her to bed with me, something I didn’t allow to occur that often. Even so, as usual, would sleep fully leashed and chained, wearing her trainer cups, although minus the crotch-cover-plate and its dildos. On a whim, I also decided then that she wouldn’t have to wear her gag either, and *that* would be quite a change. Fifteen minutes later I sat in the bar surrounded by the noisy patrons and smiled to myself with happy thoughts.

“*If only they knew!*”

The beer lasted quite a while, then I hopped into the van and drove slowly back to the house. When I arrived in the playroom, I saw she’d freed herself, then followed the house leash to the lounge where I found her sprawled bonelessly in exhaustion in the recliner, sleeping like a baby despite her

tightly locked-on, always uncomfortable bondage equipment. Her encased breasts rose and fell with each bra-restricted breath and I surveyed her recumbent form with affection, noting yet again how the glittering reminder chains attested to her state of slavery. It was pleasing that she'd accommodated herself so easily to having to wear them, even though she complained about how they restricted her and made her so easily controllable, but a lot of the time she actually enticed me into restraining her with them, momentarily or for hours!

I gently woke her, then removed some of her restraints and the gag

"Go have a shower, Christine." I commanded, "Dinner'll be ready in about forty-five minutes.

"Mmmmm," she murmured and staggered off to the bathroom.

One of my favourite ways of holding her captive was to take her to the playroom and make her lie on her side and from there, pull her hands above her head and join her wrist rings. Then, I'd pull up on her ankle reminder chains and join them about halfway along with another lock holding her in a backwards bow. With a short chain I'd then connect the two locks, and to the central link I'd attach an overhead cable and pull her up until she was either at waist level. At that point I'd have full access to her sex, or I'd take her right to the ceiling and leave her to hang there in darkness and alone for the night. In either case, she'd end up as a reverse bow of femininity, always struggling enticingly to escape, swinging back and forth in stately arcs while I had my way with her pinioned helplessly before me. Her reactions were always incredible to behold and the sight of her writhing helplessly in mid-air always had me ready to make passionate love.

I stopped day-dreaming and went to make a dinner that we really enjoyed, remembering that I would need to cut back on her portion because of the limiting effect the tight belt had on her appetite. The meal was basically just an Oriental stir fry and some wild rice, but with the special sauces I'd accumulated, the whole thing tickled and pleased the taste buds. Some forty minutes later everything was ready and behind me I heard the soft slither of her leash wire when she strutted slowly into the kitchen, licking her lips and looking ravenously at the steaming woks on the stove. She fairly glowed

from a long shower and seemed to have recovered from her exertions on the exercise machinery.

“Hi, honey!” I smiled at her. “What do you think of this for dinner?”

“H-h-hello, Master,” she smiled, coming up and wrapping her chained arms around my waist and hugging me tightly. “I’m starved! Let’s eat soon, please.”

“Coming up in just a minute. Why don’t you go in and sit down and I’ll bring all the goodies to you, okay? What would you like to drink with the food?”

“Ahhh ... am I permitted to have some red wine, Master?” she asked, for I normally didn’t allow her any kind of alcohol.

“Sure, dear.” I smiled at her, “We’ll make an exception to some of the rules tonight, and celebrate your introduction to your newest pastime ... exercising.”

Chapter Twenty-Four

Additions to the Uniform

Christine

I walked slowly into the dining room, feeling my leash tug continually against its mounting at the tip of the bar, twitching it between my thighs with every step. Most of the time I tried to ignore its disturbing movements, but the bar and leash combination was a powerful reminder, for I continually had to monitor the freedom of movement of my leash and always be cautious of when, where, and *if* I could sit down! My Master had modified or specially purchased various chairs and this evening I found that he'd placed one of them at the table, and so with a sigh, I manoeuvred the wire tether around into the slot in the chair then gradually sank onto the soft seat after centring my bottom over it then instinctually guiding the shaft into its receptacle. As usual, I immediately attempted to stand again and was surprised this time that it was possible, for the bar wasn't automatically locked into the chair. He must be slipping a little I thought, or perhaps he'd decided that I'd been through enough during the last two days and wanted to permit me some small freedom.

The food smelled delicious and I prepared myself for the meal while he brought in a large goblet of red wine, setting it before me with a little flourish.

"Your wine, Madame!" he said in an atrocious French accent.

"Thank you, Master." I simpered up at him.

He returned to the kitchen and a moment later carried out a steaming plate, placing it before me. In seconds he was back with his own food and we began eating the wonderfully flavoured mix of vegetables and rice. It was a pleasantly relaxing meal while we listened to some low-key music, talking quietly between mouthfuls. He questioned me about my feelings and experiences of the afternoon, concentrating on how I'd felt while it was all

happening, then getting me to analyse why I'd felt the way I did. It was strange to look back at what I'd been through, but thinking about it, I began to realize that the experience was sort of enjoyable, all things considered!

"You know, Christine, you'll have to do that every day from now on, hmm?"

"Yes, Master," I acknowledged. "Will it always be that hard?"

"Oh, yes, and it'll get tougher as time goes on, honey. I want you to get into really good shape and that seems to be the route to go. There'll be some additional stuff that you'll have to get used to also while you're exercising, especially when your milking starts, but that'll all come in due course," he mentioned casually.

"Oh? Master, I don't know **what** to think any more! You keep springing all this stuff on me!" I grimaced at him. "This ... uh ... clothing I have to wear is pretty confining and I'm having a little trouble getting used to wearing this bra **all** the time. I can't even touch my own breasts now!"

"Well **that's** the general idea!" he grinned at me, while my hands slipped over the twin, rigid, gently-curved hemispheres that imprisoned, uncomfortably compressed, and isolating them. "Christine, your body **isn't** yours anymore! I own it and control it, and through that control, your mind and thoughts, to the highest degree possible. Wearing what you do, you can't help but be continually reminded that you're just the occupant of your body, and thus just how much under control you are."

"I-I-I sort of thought that was it."

"Well, dear, you know that I'll always look after you and make sure that you're never in any true danger, although at times it may seem that you've been utterly abandoned. Of course your ...ah ... uniform protects you too and that was the second most important reason for putting you into it."

It was true. Wearing the stuff **did** make me feel less vulnerable in some ways, yet horribly so in others, especially when he activated any of the 'stimulator', control, or discipline functions! We relaxed at the table for another hour or so, then gradually cleared off the remnants of our meal until sometime around

ten pm he decided it was time for me to go to bed. I was surprised and pleased when he told me that I was to sleep with him and even happier when he removed my crotch cover-plate and told me that I was to be free of it for the night too. The only down side was that I had to wear my trainer cups and I tried to accept that requirement in good grace, despite their awful discomfort. After I'd used the bathroom, I returned to the bedroom and he quickly removed the regular confinements for my breasts and replaced them with the Trainers. I tried not to cry while they were fitted and locked onto my chest, but couldn't stop the tears that trickled down my cheeks when my breasts swelled inside against the myriad little spikes. He gently wiped my face, then I slipped into his bed, feeling strangely naked under the sheets, even though wearing my equipment. The presence of the two narrow metal strips on either side of my ringed lower lips, pressing firmly into the crease between my thighs and sex, strongly emphasized all the conflicting sensations I was experiencing while I lay waiting for him. I spent a moment arranging my reminder chains comfortably, then in a haze of exhaustion faded into a deep sleep of satiated fullness, not even feeling him gently turn my head to clear my leash from under my hair, then secure my wrists to the front ring of my belt. I knew no more for the rest of the night.

The next morning, I awoke stiff and sore, to find him already gone from the bed, then slowly climbed out from beneath the flannelette sheets and went into his en suite bathroom for my morning ablutions. I spent a long time in the shower, allowing the needling jets to gradually work away the stiffness, and took an equal amount doing my makeup and hair. He stuck his head in the door just when I was finishing off.

“Good morning, Beautiful Slave Girl!” he greeted me.

“And a good morning to you, Evil Master!” I grinned back, then turned serious. “Please, Master, can these be taken off?” I brushed my hands upwards to the trainer cups, the links of the chains welded to my wrist cuffs looping down and then up to the back of my Collar.

“Yeah. That's why I came in, Christine. It's time to put your cover-plate on again, and today I'm going to fit you with your controller cups. We're going out a little later to Centennial Mall for some experimentation and orientation with them. You'll wear a knee-length extension bar today, medium length

hobbles, then be brought back here for your exercise period.”

“Y-y-yes, Master,” I acknowledged, having no choice at all in the planned events.

From that point on, things proceeded rapidly and within five minutes I was completely dressed. My outer clothing concealed all of my specialized inner garments, with the exception of my house-leash for it dangled down between my legs from under the hem of the calf-length skirt. We went down to the kitchen for breakfast and this morning I had to lean against the padded edge of the high stool because of the longer bar. I was gradually accommodating myself to its constantly, restricting influence on my life, but the thing that impressed itself so forcefully on me, was the total and intimate control that the leash attached to it exerted. There was **no** escape from its pervasive presence! After I’d finished in the bathroom and returned to the bedroom to get dressed, he’d fitted the controller cups and I found them to be surprisingly comfortable, despite the fact that they were tight, compressing my breasts within their rigid containments when they were locked in place. Briefly, I ran my hands over their hard, smooth, outer surfaces, then gave up trying to touch myself, accepting that I couldn’t do anything about it.

“Okay, Christine,” he smiled at me, “time to head into town!”

“Yes, Master,” I replied nervously.

He walked to the front door and I followed, ensuring that my leash would clear all obstacles, then waited at the closet while he took out a couple of light jackets for the two of us. Even though my blouse concealed all but the outlines of the restricting, upper body harness, I was glad of the additional covering and gratefully slipped into it, then stood quietly while he knelt before me and unlocked the house leash from the ring of my skirt-concealed extension bar. He handed me a scarf and while I carefully tied it over my collar, he spoke again.

“You are now on your electronic leash, Christine. I’ve set the limit at three metres, for the moment.”

“Very well, Master.” I sighed, hoping that he wouldn’t restrict me any further

with it.

“Okay, let’s head out,” he smiled, opening the front door.

“But, Master!” I cried, apprehensively, “I’m still wearing my nose-ring! I’ll be **so** embarrassed!”

“Yep! You sure **are** wearing it!” he grinned. “And from now on, you’ll have to all the time. As a matter of fact, before we go to the Mall, we’ll stop off at The Clinic and get it permanently mounted, just to make it official.”

“Oh, pplleeeaaassee!” I snuffled. “Master, I-I-I **don’t** want to have that done!”

“It’s time, Christine,” he said seriously. “You might just as well get used to the idea that you’ll wear it from now on.”

I reached up and fingered the sturdy stainless steel U-shackle hanging so conspicuously from my nose, resting so invitingly on my upper lip, feeling its gentle tug against my flesh then shivered with tremulous fear and a strange anticipation, knowing that before day’s end it would be utterly irremovable, even by him. Unable to resist, I passed through the doorway and stood waiting while he locked the house, then we walked to the van and I waited again while he opened its door and made the seat recline almost to a flat-out position, shifting nervously while he made the usual preparations for putting me into it. The bar would prevent me from being able to sit upright so he’d had to change things around. A moment later, he’d lifted me in his arms, then carefully manoeuvred me through the door and laid me on the seat, then the heavy straps of the seat harness were rapidly clipped together and tightened, their restricting web clamping me firmly in place. I lay quietly, unresisting while he silently picked up each of my wrists and locked them at my waist as per the normal procedure. My ankles were next, strapped to the front rings on the seat mechanism with the hobble chain stretched tightly between them and their connections to the bar. I lay fastened with the long shaft between my legs tenting my skirt far out over my knees, sticking almost obscenely between them.

My door thunked shut and I wriggled slightly, trying to get more comfortable while he walked around to his side and got in. I turned my head to look over

at him while he fastened his own normal seat belts then the engine started.

“How are you doing?” he smiled down at me, taking his hand from the wheel.

“I-I-I’m okay,” I said a little fearfully.

“That’s good!” he said and reached down between my legs through the thick material of the skirt and grasped the projecting bar, giving it a little circular shake.

“NNNnnnnghh!!! OOOOhhh!” I wailed when the thing inside my body moved in accordance to his motions, unable to evade what he was doing.
“Ppplleeaassee ***Mmaaasssterr!!***”

He stopped the horrible teasing and we drove off, heading for The Clinic.

Chapter Twenty-Five

Nose Rings Made Permanent

John

The drive into town took about forty-five minutes and once we'd arrived at the building: one of those tall steel and glass towers that contained all sorts and types of medical facilities, I parked in the underground lot, then extracted Christine from her seat bondage. I could feel her trembling when I held her, then set her on her feet, and knew that she was part-scared and part-anticipating having her nose-ring permanently mounted, but she had no say in the matter and had committed herself, all the way, to this happening. We silently held hands while walking to the elevator, continuing to do so while it whisked us up to the twenty-fifth floor Clinic. The physician was a close friend and knew exactly what was going on between Christine and I, so when I'd called him yesterday, he'd set up his schedule to accommodate her fittings at, literally, a moment's notice. The procedure required was not long or complicated, but it did require some privacy and a relatively sterile environment. There wasn't anyone in the waiting area when we arrived and the nurse/receptionist smiled at Christine when I led her through the door and up to the desk.

"Good morning, Christine and John!" she said brightly, "How can I help you today?"

"Hi, Doris!" I smiled back at her. "Could you tell Dr. Hargreaves that we're here to have Christine's' nose-ring changed and permanently mounted?"

"Sure thing!" she said enthusiastically, glancing up into Christine's apprehensive face. She picked up the phone and spoke quietly for a few seconds. "He'll be right out."

"I-I-I ..." Christine stammered.

"Shush, honey!" I comforted her nervousness. "This won't hurt too much."

“But-but it’s going t-to be **permanent!**” she wailed in a low voice.

At that point the door to the inner office opened and a tall, quite distinguished looking man entered the waiting room.

“Hi, you two!” he greeted us, coming over and shaking my hand while Christine still held my other with a tightening grip of fear, staring at him as though he was a circling vulture.

Mike inspected her carefully then glanced at me. “May I?”

“Certainly,” I said.

He reached up and carefully grasped Christine’s nose ring, while she tried to shrink away from him, ducking her head in embarrassment while the nurse and I looked on in amusement. She kept her head down for a moment, then had to lift her chin when he exerted a slow and inexorable upward tension on it.

“Ooohhh, p-p-please!” she gasped her eyes brimming when the tension was maintained. Mike carefully inspected the ring.

“Nurse, please pass me the patient’s leash,” he said, turning her head this way and that by the ring, keeping Christine’s head tilted back.

“Yes, Sir,” she said reaching into a drawer and pulling out a long, silvery, snake-like chain with a snap hook at one end and a large ring on the other. She handed it to Mike and he clipped it to Christine’s nose, then released his grip. She hung her head as much as her hidden anti-removal harness would permit, the chain looping from her nose to his fist while tears of embarrassment fell from her cheeks to slide down her skirt.

“Come along, Christine,” he said gently and drew her slowly into his inner office while I followed closely.

We passed through his consulting room then into the actual clinic portion of the suite with Christine walking slowly behind him, her chained fists clenching at the front of her skirt’s waist band, trying to remain calm while

she was drawn, by her leash over to stand beside a long, strap-equipped operating table. Mike clipped her snake-chain lead to a fitting on the table then turned to me.

“John, would you help Christine onto the table please?” he asked, then turned to her. “I’m going to have to immobilize your head to change your ring,” he explained gently. “Now I want you to hold still, okay? It’ll only hurt a little bit when I add the others.”

“W-w-what others??? Oh-oh-oh, pleaseplease**please!!**” she wailed, backing away until the chain between her nose and the table attachment thrummed with tension, forcing her to bend forward when she continued to try and escape. I touched her discipline control on the remote and she yelped in pain, her hands jerking frantically to try and get at her skirt-covered crotch, clawing at the material while the shocks rippled from the clitoral button under the steel cover plate.

“John has decided to have you fitted with a nasal bar, as well as small rings at the ends of it, placed on the outside of each of your nostrils. These of course will be welded closed, just like your nipple rings. All of this ... uh ... jewellery will then effectively be non-removable,” he explained.

“Ooohh nnnooo, pppllleeaassee, **Master!!??**” she wailed, staring tearfully at me while slowly straightening, horrified by what was to happen next.

“That’s right, honey.” I asserted. “Now, let me pick you up and put you on the table.”

“B-b-but I don’t **want** to have them put in me!” she sobbed hopelessly when I swung her up in my arms, her small chained hands jerked pathetically against their secure fastening to her chastity belt. She stared up at me protestingly while her feet kicked under the skirt against her hobble chain. “Oh please?! **Please** don’t make me wear them, Master?” she begged when I laid her on the table, tears trickling down her cheeks.

“Christine!” I stated unequivocally. “You **did** agree to all of your restraints and it’s too late to turn back now! You have a choice: we either continue as planned, or call everything off and try to remove the equipment you’re

already fitted with. That'll be the end, honey. It'll be over. I don't want to do that, for I love you dearly, but that's how it has to be, okay?"

"Y-yes, Master," she snuffled, then spoke again. "V-v-very well, go ahead," she said in a small, terrified voice then lay back on the thin rubber cushioning of the operating table, permitting me to strap her down.

Mike, at the top of the table, slowly lowered her head into a pair of large, dished, and padded clamps then tightened them carefully until she was held firmly, staring up at the ceiling. He moved off to the side and began preparing her newest jewellery and the tools needed to make it permanent. I busied myself tightening her restraints while she lay quietly, now unprotesting, only the rapid rise and fall of her encased breasts belying her fear.

In a minute she was secured at wrists, waist, thighs and ankles. Doris entered and when Mike rolled over the little table with all of the glittering jewellery and tools arrayed on its surface, she tilted the big one down so that Christine's head was about two feet lower than her heels. My slave girl whimpered softly when he fitted the reverse pliers onto her nose ring, then deftly extracted it and her eyes stared up into ours from between the thick, black, rubber-coated jaws of the head-vice. I turned on her clitoral stimulators at, then started the vaginal vibrators and motors that made it thrust and writhe within her, adding tickling shocks and vibrations from her anal dildo too. The effect was immediate and Christine immediately began to twist in agitation against her bonds, moaning inarticulately while she was teased to a state of semi-arousal. On the control, I touched an as yet unused dial, and she gave a little gasp of startled shock when, suddenly, the cups clamped over her breasts became active parts of her arousal/control uniform!

Light, tingling shocks pulsed through her compressed and captive badges of femininity, gradually circling around the base of each breast and passing out through her super-sensitive, ringed nipples, alternating with throbbing, needling shocks directly across each pleasure-bud.

"OOOooooHHH!! **AAAhhhgggHH!** Pppllleeeaaassee!! Please! **Sssstttoopp!**" she wailed, her arms jerking strongly against the straps to try and get at the things clamped over her breasts, tormenting and teasing her so.

At the bottom of the table her legs quivered and tried to kick against the strong padded loops holding them spread apart.

I slowly increased the power of her multiple stimulations when Mike picked up the grommet for the hole in the cartilage of her septum and placed it in the flaring tool. She continued to writhe distractedly against her bonds while suffering the teasing shocks and her breathing became more and more erratic while her resistance was slowly eroded by the constant stimulation. Doris moved around the table, jerking each restraining strap tighter, then stood ready to assist, while I waited on the other side of Christine's head and stared down into her frantic eyes. He carefully slipped the grommet into Christine's fear-flared nostrils, then moved the tool delicately until I saw it centre the steel reinforcement in the well-healed hole. Suddenly, his wrist locked, then his knuckles whitened while he slowly clamped the handles, mating the two halves of the grommet through the tough cartilage of her septum, deep within her nose.

Christine

My vision blurred with automatic tears when the widely-flanged grommet tightened painfully inside my nose and I wailed with misery, now realizing the very permanence of it. In combination with the disconcerting flood of sensations from my breasts and crotch it was both a horribly awful thing to experience at the same time that I was being fitted as an enslaved, female possession!

The doctor withdrew the tool and I stared up into my Master's intent, uncompromising grey eyes through the tears that had pooled in my own, to see him smiling down at me. The clamps holding my head permitted absolutely no movement and also eliminated all sound other than meaningless low rumbles. Another tool slid into my right nostril and I felt one end of it seat in the grommet. I couldn't help myself, a second later, when a small scream tore itself from my throat for a thick needle was slowly forced through the flesh of my outer nose skin, from the inside, emerging through the outer surface a second later. The nurse placed an antiseptic-soaked pad over the puncture, making it sting even more and the pain gradually subsided, but returned with a vengeance a second later when she gently pushed the flesh down the length of the protruding shaft, until my

nostril was almost closed on that side. For the moment, she left the thick needle in place, then the same process was immediately repeated on my other nostril! I breathed in panting gasps through my mouth, weeping fitfully, trying uselessly to ignore the procedure, pulling wildly at the heavy straps that held me down for I didn't want him to have **this** done to me! For the moment, the insidious waves of sexual stimulation that my underwear was forcing onto my mind were pushed back, then they all moved out of my field of vision, leaving me alone with my thoughts, fastened helplessly on the operating table, like a pinned moth on a display board.

The Doctor returned a moment later and gently slid my right side nostril up the shaft of the thick needle. This stung quite painfully, but he wasn't finished and brought out a small, glittering eyelet. It was pressed through this newest hole in my flesh, then he used the flaring tool to fasten it into my nose! A moment later, he repeated the process on the left side, while tears of humiliation and pain coursed down my cheeks. They were ignored.

John

"How does this system work?" I asked.

"Well," Mike explained, picking up a small, finely machined, glittering steel shaft, "this post fits into the grommet, screwing through it via the internal threads, until it's centred. When it's properly positioned, I clamp the ends of the threads on both sides with this tool, destroying their profile so that the post **can't** be turned out again. As you can see, the bar is designed so that it'll keep her nostrils flared, and it's just long enough to project through the two outer grommets in her nostrils. Each tip has a small hole, in which, for the time being, I'll place these very small rings. These can, of course, be changed at your pleasure for jewelled studs, fine chains, larger ones, or what have you."

"It certainly looks pretty permanent." I commented.

"Oh, it is!" Mike agreed. "There's **no** way she'll be able to rid herself of the internal nostril bar once I crimp those threads. It will have become pretty much of a permanent addition of her body."

“How about her actual septum shackle, though?”

“This’s it here,” Mike said, picking up a sturdy, long, shiny, doubled steel U-shaped piece that glinted innocently in the palm of his hand. “It’s not really a ring at all, but basically a pair of small shackles, as you can see. The post slides easily through these two holes here,” he pointed to the rounded ends of the arms of the U, “and there’s just enough clearance to allow the outer shackle to flip up and down easily. The inner, flat-surfaced one goes on first and fits quite tightly against her septum. It goes up into the nose along both sides of the septum and the holes at the top of each leg fit over the internal grommet. Then, I’ll begin to insert the nasal bar, and at the same time fit the main shackle. As the bar is screwed into the septum grommet, it will emerge through the hole on the other arm of the U, then continue being screwed into place, until its end emerges through the outer flesh of her nostril. As you can see, the thickness of the metal around the holes is sufficient that it won’t distort or ever break. So, when the post is emplaced and the shackles are mounted as an integral part of the structure, with the outer flange threads destroyed, there’ll be no way to remove any of it, short of cutting it out. She’ll have to wear the entire assembly for the rest of her life.”

“Okay! Let’s do it!” I nodded, impressed with the elegance, permanence and complexity of the design.

Christine

Of course I heard nothing of this conversation while I struggled to resist the depredations of the stimulator devices locked against and within my body. Their faces swam back into my field of view and a moment later the horrible process started. What followed was a complicated and, for me, painful procedure, as the doctor and nurse first emplaced the shackles, positioned the post through them, then began screwing it into the grommet. At last I felt its rounded tips slide through the outer grommet in my left nostril and wailed ineffectually, drumming my heels spasmodically against the rubber of the operating table. The nurse again applied the antiseptic to the flesh around the outer grommets and I felt the post turning within the steel piece already mounted inside my nose. After some moments of careful manipulation, the doctor was satisfied it was properly centred, then, he took another tool and

inserted it again!

Its thin jaws gripped the post tightly, outside the arms of the doubled steel shackles, while between them and the grommet, another thin set also clamped down, crushing the exposed threads of the shaft! I didn't know what had been done, but the satisfied smiles of my Master and the doctor said all that needed to be said. I sobbed with terror even while the stimulations of my control equipment built to a shattering climax, making me scream wildly and vibrate like a plucked bow string when the orgasm rolled over me. I desperately fought to escape the imprisonment of the straps and that added endorphins into the witch's brew of sensations roaring through my brain. They let me subside to semi-awareness when my Master slowly turned down the inescapable stimulation, then the doctor re-entered my field of vision. He held a small ring in a pair of needle-nosed pliers, then carefully worked one end through the hole on the post projecting out through the flesh of my right-side nostril. The tug of his manipulations was uncomfortable, but I had to endure it, and a moment later felt the small circlet flip gently against my skin. He quickly did the same on the other side, rendering me fully nose-ringed!

The table tilted in the other direction, almost to the vertical, then they rapidly released all the straps holding me in place, and John unclamped my head from the vice-like device. He held my hand while I stepped down.

"Would you like to see how you look now, Christine?"

"Y-y-yes please, Master." I whispered tearfully.

He held out a small hand mirror and with trembling fingers I turned it and looked at my reflection. The silvery, sturdy shackle came from far up inside each of my nostrils, resting with evil portent on my upper lip. I reached up tentatively and touched it and when I did, felt the pressure immediately and shook my head against the strange sensation. This had the effect of making the shiny U flip out a little from centrifugal force, then settle back to rest on my upper lip. It was annoying but inescapable, and I didn't like the feeling of captivity that the inner, steel U, clamped tightly against my septum, enforced!. Next, I touched the little rings on the outer sides of my nostrils, turning my head this way and that to look more closely at what had been done, and saw both the widely flanged steel grommets and the small but very

strong rings through the rounded tips of the post. My trembling fingers gripped one then pulled gently at it and I gasped with shock when the tug registered on my entire nose! When I pressed frantically on it to try and push it back out of its fleshy anchor, all that happened was that my whole nose moved again. The post was firmly and permanently mounted within my body! I bent my head as much as my collar and the anti-removal strap harness of my bra would permit and sobbed quietly.

“Christine,” my Master said gently, “those rings are more a symbol of my love for you than any wedding band could ever be. I hope you’ll wear them proudly.”

“B-b-but they’re so-so o-o-obvious!! OOOOhhh ***Mmmaassteerr!***” I wailed, turning and burying my face against his chest while embarrassed sobs shook my harness-restricted shoulders.

“That’s exactly what I want,” he soothed, stroking my back while I leant against him, sniffing in misery at being so blatantly marked as his property.

“Here, honey,” he said quietly handing me a tissue from a box on the side table.

I picked it up and wiped my eyes, gradually calming and knowing I’d need to repair my make-up before we ventured out to the mall, but when I reached up to blow my nose, the ring and post assembly mounted within it again drove home the message of their presence and control, making me sniffle all over again. The Doctor interrupted my whirling thoughts.

“Christine, for the next six weeks or so I want you to take particular care in cleaning the grommets and their wounds. Standard antiseptics will do quite adequately, but you must take care and do it morning and night, okay?”

“Yes, Sir.” I whispered.

“Well, folks,” he stated jovially, smiling down at me, “that about does it for today! Thank you John, for bringing Christine in, and I’ll look forward to getting together with you soon,” he smiled leading us from the clinic and out into the waiting room.

Doris sat at her desk, typing up clinical notes of some kind, and the two men shook hands, smiling at one another whilst I stood there submissively beside my Master, trying to look down and hide my embarrassing adornment. John reached for my hand, then we left the office and walked slowly down the corridor to the elevator bank.

I was thankful there wasn't anyone around, but as we got to them, the doors of one of the cars opened and two smartly-dressed young women emerged. I glanced up and saw the look of shock that flashed across both of their faces when they spotted my glittering and prominent nose ring. A deep flush of embarrassment washed over my face when they stared at me, rooted to their spots on the floor.

"Come along, Christine!" John commanded in a low voice and I brushed by, following him wordlessly into the waiting elevator and while the doors closed, I heard them recover their voices.

"God! Did you see those things in her nose!?"

"Yeah! They sure looked strange didn't they? I wonder why she wears them?"

"I had a look at her eyes and I think she'd been crying." said one of them.
"Maybe he ***made*** her do it!"

The closing doors cut off the rest of their comments, and with a flaming face I stood quietly while we descended to the garage.

Chapter Twenty-Six

Training In The Park

John

She fidgeted fretfully while the elevator dropped us to the basement, nervously twisting her tightly-gloved hands together at the front of her skirt, and a couple of times raised them to her face to feel the shackle, but quickly dropped them when she had assured herself that it was indeed securely fastened into her face. An occasional snuffle while we walked to the van told me she was still getting used to the idea, then moments later we were out of the garage and heading for the mall with her strapped and chained into her seat as usual. I looked over and down at her recumbent figure at a stop light, and she gave me a tremulous little smile, tugging her wrists against the lock that connected them to the seat harness at her waist.

“I guess that, I’m *really* yours, now, aren’t I Master?” she whispered tremulously.

“That you are, honey! And you’ll become more so from now on!” I grinned down at her.

“I-I-I’m scared of how f-f-far you’re going to take me, Master,” she gulped.

“You’ll find, I think, Christine, that *that* horizon just keeps receding!”

At that, she remained silent until we pulled into a parking space bordering one of the cities’ more wild parks.

“Where are we, Master?” she asked, disoriented.

“I’ve changed my mind, Christine.” I stated nonchalantly. “We’re going for a walk in the park so that you can get used to your new stuff in a pleasant setting rather than a crowded mall, okay?”

“Th-thank you Master,” she breathed, struggling a little against her straps

while I shut off the engine then slipped from my seat.

The parking lot was almost deserted and the other cars were empty of occupants, so I opened her door fully, released her straps and hands, then lifted her out onto the black-top. She stood quietly beside me while I locked up the vehicle, her hands deep in the capacious pockets of her skirt.

“Okay, Christine. It’s time for some familiarization with your controller cups. I want you to start walking towards the path over there and try to figure out what to do when I signal you. I’ve opened up the limits of your proximity warnings and won’t talk to you while you’re getting used to the commands. I think you’ll remember better if you experience, uh, contact training, so to speak.”

“But M-Master?? What am I supposed to do?” she asked plaintively.

“For the moment, honey I just want you to walk towards that path, okay?” I pointed it out to her.

“O-o-okay,” she looked at me with that entrancing pout, then turned and began moving slowly towards the break in the trees, her six inch heels tapping imperiously on the pavement.

I leant against the side of the van and watched her strut away. She occasionally glanced back over her shoulder, but when she was looking ahead one point, I took the remote from my pocket and held it before me. She’d almost reached the trees when I began to manipulate her controls. My finger touched a button and I heard her give a small shriek of distress when her right breast and nipple received a set of curdling shocks. I knew that within the cup, the pulses spiralled slowly, then sped up, electrically skewering her flesh from the embedded, silvery contacts in ever-decreasing circles, until only her nipples were being disciplined. Then, the spiralling effect started again! Even from fifty feet away I heard her pitiable whine when she automatically turned to the right and her leather-covered hands flew from her pockets to scrabble frantically at her imprisoned and untouchable right breast, buried under the multiple coverings of the jacket, blouse and the rigid cup imprisoning it. When she’d turned almost 270 degrees, I released the button and she slowly straightened, her face a pulsing red from the

constriction of the collar around her throat when she'd bent forward. She tried to turn back towards the path as I'd originally instructed and I touched the button again, making her twist to the desired direction.

"Please! Please! What am I supposed to do??" she gasped, looking back at me and standing there in a quandary.

Saying nothing, I touched another button, the one that controlled the shocker in her butt plug and watched in fascination while she tried to resist the strong, pulsating shocks lancing out from it, through her sensitive flesh. She gave a small scream and began walking forward and when she did, I released that button and continued observing. After she'd gone about ten metres I pressed **both** controlling buttons for her breasts so that her cups emitted a doubled set of shocks, stopping her immediately. Her hands flew to her imprisoned chest and frantically pulled at the strapped and locked-on jacket and blouse but all the while, the shocks continued their torment making Christine writhe frenziedly, tearing at her leather clothing. At last I turned off the intimate stimulations, and she stood rooted to the spot, facing away from me, her shoulders shaking with unnamed emotion while she waited in terror for her next guidance command. With another brief touch on the left breast button I had her turn to me, then activated her butt-plug once more. She almost started running, but another button, the one that activated her clitoral vibrator and shocker, slowed her to a normal pace, although her hips began to writhe under the skirt as though they had a life of their own, totally disconnected from the rest of her body. I saw her slip her hands into its deep pockets to claw at the impenetrable steel cover of her crotch-plate, and when she did, I fed milder pulses through her breast cups again, making her take them out. She was beginning to learn the sensations of being totally free to move, but strictly limited and controlled by my desire that she do so, but **only** as I wanted. It was obviously a contradictory situation initially, but one she very quickly grew to understand.

At last, with some additional electronic prompting, I directed her to return to my side, then together we headed back to the path. She gasped and twitched continuously while she walked, saying nothing about the controlling pulses being fed to her by the remote and I reduced her proximity warnings, allowing her only a metre of freedom now. A little deeper inside the patch of

woods I stopped by a tree and she, of course stopped with me. I depressed the butt plug control button and she wailed piteously, shaking her behind in a vain attempt to escape the zipping electrical shocks, but then resumed walking along the path until she got a little over a metre away and at that point, of course, the shockers in her clitoral button and dildo went off together, forcing her to stop immediately. Christine automatically bent forward against the restricting harness clipped to her collar, once more writhing her hips and making the bar between her legs stick out behind, tenting her skirt while it shook with her distressed movements. I touched the butt plug shocker button, forcing her to straighten and resume walking forward, one hesitant step at a time, but with each pace further away, the shocks to her crotch grew stronger and stronger until she **had** to stop, her legs trembling! Suddenly, the pulses to her breasts began to alternate, and in a state of total indecision she started to wail distractedly: on one hand forced to walk away from me by the intimate shocks, while on the other restricted in her ability to do so by the limiting effects of her proximity warnings!

“Oooohh pppllleeeaaassee!?? Please, Master! W-w-what am I supposed to doooo-rrrgggghh!?” she begged me from four metres away, twisting and writhing frantically with her feet dancing in a cadence of indecision while she was automatically, electronically disciplined.

I said nothing, but increased the power of the butt plug shocks driving her another metre along the path and she staggered forward while the vibrations and shocks from the equipment at the front of her crotch grew stronger too, wringing a wordless, soft shriek from her collared throat. On the remote, I activated another control option, until now unused: her anti-speech control. This function consisted of small, electronic sensors on the inner surface of the collar that recognized the nerve signals to her vocal chords and when it was discerned that she was about to make a noise that wasn't permitted, they neutralized the incoming signals. She couldn't make a sound! If she somehow managed to speak, a set of contacts gave her a painful jolt across the front of her throat, enforcing the command.

Her mouth opened to give a wordless, full-blooded scream, but the control worked perfectly and she stood helplessly with her mouth opened, but no sound emerged! Next, came another set of strong shocks to her nipples and

her hands flew again to her chest while she shook her upper body madly and unashamedly to try and escape the torment. Her mouth opened widely with another wordless shriek of distress, and I could see that she was nearing the limit, so gradually eased off on her breast controls. Her hands flew to her neck, unthinkingly trying to tear off the welded-on, restricting and controlling collar and once more I increased the power to her crotch electrodes making her dance frantically, five metres from me, silently screaming and begging to be released from the horribly effective demonstration of how she could be so easily controlled.

Finally I relented and adjusted her radius of freedom to about eight metres and she slowly subsided to a gasping, shaking standstill while I walked up and stood beside her.

“Okay, Christine,” I said taking her trembling, sweat-dampened left glove in mine and drawing her along the path beside me. “That’ll do for your introductory lesson in how your controller cups work,” I said quietly. She looked up at me and tried to speak, only to feel her attempt nullified, then receive a sharp shock for her temerity. I grinned and turned off her speech controller, for the moment. She tried again, this time succeeding in speaking.

“Oh, **G-G-God**, Master!” she whispered, slowly rubbing at her imprisoned breasts through the jacket and blouse. “I-I-I feel so helpless! And now I can’t even s-s-speak anymore without fear of being silenced and punished for it!”

“Well, honey, as I said, very soon you’re going to be **totally** controlled, and these latest additions are just to show you the general direction. Now, enough of that! How about a soft drink at the stand up ahead?”

“Y-yes please,” she said quietly while we cleared the last group of trees.

The tapping of her heels was off-set by the muted clinking of the chain hobble, hidden beneath her long skirt, and she tried to lower her head to hide her nose rings while we walked over to the vendor. I turned on her anti-speech control again and tapped the shocker button lightly so that she was aware she wasn’t permitted speech. I guess you could describe it as an electronic gag, although I still also preferred the standard physical version she wore every night, both for its appearance and for the tactile sense of

being restrained she was forced to experience when she wore it. This newest option was to keep her from talking to strangers or cut off her complaining if it became too annoying. From now on, in public and most of the time at home, she'd be kept in silence, although she as yet was unaware of her impending state of continual, electronically-enforced gagging.

She was undertaking the classical nun's vows of chastity, silence and obedience, but *these*, although for the moment unspoken, were enforced by the wizardry of modern technology. They were, quite literally for her, inescapable, unless I permitted a respite.

I paid for our drinks while the vendor stared at Christine's beautiful, pouting face, now forever decorated with shiny nose rings, and we slowly walked away, sucking at the sweet concoctions. She looked up at me and unthinkingly tried to speak, but received another shock, making her face drain of colour. In my pocket I flicked a little switch that cross-connected her collar shocker with the clitoral and nipple ones so that now, with each attempt, she'd be trebly reminded. We continued walking, moving deep into another pocket of trees, then she reached over and grasped my arm, pointing at her throat with her other hand. I shook my head.

"Why???" she mouthed at me.

Her mouth opened in a silenced yelp that turned to a scream when a shock stung the sides of her neck and more intense, throbbing jolts flowed through her nipples and clitoris! She began weeping piteously then, and started to topple over when the electrical torment rippled through her sensitive flesh, continuing the cycle of discipline. Again I relented and turned off all the controls except her speech-inhibitor.

"Please don't try to speak, Christine." I cautioned her. "If you do, you'll be disciplined. Now, let's just enjoy the walk and the woods, okay?"

She nodded her understanding while bitter tears slid down her cheeks, realizing that she couldn't do anything else unless I permitted it. We finished our drinks and threw the cups into a trash receptacle, then continued walking, now with my arm wrapped possessively around her waist. She snuggled closer while we ambled along in the quietude, both of us enjoying the silence

and sweet smells of the forest. With my other hand, I turned on her controls again, ensuring that she was continually subjected to low-powered, stimulating sets of pulses with every pace. Her arm tightened around my waist, her body beginning to tremble from the sensory onslaught once more.

“Nice, hmm?” I asked smiling down into her beautiful, upturned face when I stopped and swung her to me. Her tears had stopped for the moment.

She nodded dreamily, eyes half-closed while she was gently and secretly stimulated beneath her clothing, then, she reached around my waist with both arms and hugged me when my hand reached up and tugged gently on her anti-removal strap, pulling her head and neck backwards. I leaned down and kissed her deeply when her pliant, soft lips opened to mine and surprisingly, her tongue lanced into my mouth in a passionate search. She writhed in my arms while our kiss deepened and became more intense and I fractionally increased the power of her vibrators, and the tantalizing sweet torture to her encased breasts and nipples. She strained and rubbed against me with unsatisfied lust, then I crushed her to me, wanting to hold her always within my power, kissing her deeply and enjoying the feeling of the sturdy obstruction of her nose ring assembly when it grazed against my face. At last we broke our clinch and resumed walking sedately along the path, arms wrapped happily around each other.

We met a couple of other people while we strolled along and I exchanged a few words with them, although they seemed sort of distracted by the sight of such a beautiful woman wearing a painfully obvious and seriously-intentioned ring in her nose. She soon began to pass it off as just another piece of regular jewellery and most of the people, after the first staring inspection, tried to talk to us as though there were nothing really all that different about her. Christine was adjusting rapidly to her newest jewellery and despite the fact that I kept her electronically silenced, she seemed to enjoy shocking and teasing those we met. A couple of times I had to explain that she was suffering from laryngitis and she helped the scene along by pointing at her scarf-covered throat and trying to speak, suffering the hidden shocks to herself with only mild twitching of her gloved hands.

Christine

After the first horrific hour I didn't want the time in the park to end, but we eventually returned to the van, where I was once more lifted inside then strapped into my seat. The extent of his increasing control was very scary, I thought nervously while he locked me into my seat harness, but there was to be no turning back now!

"Christine, I've turned off your speech inhibitor," he said when he climbed into the driver's seat and started the engine. "It's three o'clock and time to get you back to the house for your exercise period. The way things are going, it'll be four pm before you get started and eight when you're done. Then we'll have a quiet dinner and it'll be off to bed for you."

"M-M-Master? Do I **have** to do the exercise period?" I asked, hoping to avoid the horrible experience just this once.

"Christine," he said quietly, "you do, and there's no way to weasel out of it, so you might as well accept that fact, okay?"

"Y-y-yes, Master," I sighed resignedly, settling back into the reclined seat, closing my eyes and pulling my wrists against their secure anchoring while we drove from the park and back to the house.

At four o'clock, I was, as predicted, enclosed in my special gag and mask in the Playroom, standing on the belt of the treadmill, fastened and waiting for my exercise to commence. The face-plate slowly blackened over my eyes and the machine started. This time though, with my arms relatively free, I felt a little better about being restrained on it, but this was offset by the fact that now I was subject to 'encouragement' from the breast cups in addition to that from my crotch each time I failed to make the grade! I was soon reduced to helpless, blinded, gagged screams and tears inside the horrible mask and helmet. The entire four hours was utter misery, seeming to stretch to infinity in the sightless and soundless imprisonment, but finally it was over and I staggered from the last machine and out to the bathroom for my shower. After, I walked slowly and tiredly to the dining room to sit quietly while my Master served me a delicious though small steak dinner. For the moment I was dressed only in my bra and chastity belt, still wearing the long extension bar, but I ignored my finer feelings and ate ravenously, standing, leashed, across the table from him. Towards the end of the meal we talked of the day's

events and how I felt about everything, just touching base again, then he got up and held me close before picking up my house leash and leading me up to my cell and bed for my nightly incarceration.

I was almost grateful to be strapped down, silenced and sealed inside the thick, restrictive rubber bag of my sleeping environment, and, exhausted from the day just past, I slipped into a deep sleep before he had even closed and locked the cell door. From what little I could remember, my dreams were only nightmares that had me struggling against my restraints. A couple of times I woke in the utter blackness trying to cry out for him, but both the actual gag and the electronic one, activated now when I was put to bed, reinforced the message that I was to remain alone, silent, and helpless for the night.

In the morning my Master released me and I prepared for a regular day around the house and yard while he went off to the office. As usual, I was fitted with a mid-calf length bar and locked-on, ankle-strap heels, but was free to choose whatever outer clothing I wanted. Before he left, he turned on my proximity limiters so that I was restricted to the confines of the property by both it and the wire leash to the tip of my bar.

“Any last words for the day, Christine?” he asked me.

“No, Master. I love you,” I said and strained against him, pushing the rigid cups of my bra against his chest.

“I love you too, honey,” he said stroking my hair, then he activated my speech inhibitor.

“Hur-...” I was about to tell him to hurry home, but only the beginning of the word emerged from my steel-tubed throat before I was shocked.

Frustrated and fearful of the painful, automatic punishment for trying to speak, I silently but for the tinkling of my chains and the slither of my leash wire along the floor behind, followed him to the front door. There, he drew my hands and arms behind me by my reminder chains, bent me over in a strained backwards arch, and kissed me deeply again. I enjoyed struggling against my restrictions while being kissed, then he abruptly released me and

stepped outside. I almost said good bye, but remembered just in time about my electronic gag and so stepped unthinkingly out into the walk and waved as he backed the van down the lane. He gave a short beep on the horn and in my steel-covered loins I felt a pleasant momentary buzzing when the vibrators pulsed briefly to life. My breasts too were momentarily electrified when he pleased me by remote control and I walked slowly back inside, dragging the limiting loops of my leash behind me.

I spent most of the day playing Suzy Homemaker, then at two o'clock the computer signalled that it was time to begin exercising. The shocks, as before, were mild to start off with, but grew increasingly painful the longer I tried to put off going to the playroom. At last, I almost ran there, gasping and sobbing at being so easily compelled to do it. Adding to the effectiveness of the goading, my controller breast cups had been integrated into the discipline program, and there was no possible way for me to shrink my flesh away from their painful needling pulses! Shortly after, I was sealed into my mask, gagged and waiting in darkness on the treadmill to begin the exhausting process all over again.

The pedantic English butler voice was my only companion throughout the boring afternoon of mindless and strenuous activity, and I grew to feel that I was a human robot, programmed to do only certain things at certain clearly specified times and intervals. Aside from the exhaustion, my equipment often had me in frustrated, frenzied, screaming fits while I struggled to meet the impossibly high standards, but somehow I survived the session with my sanity intact. I was washed and dressed again when he returned to the house, laying quietly in the lounge in the TV room and as usual, he prepared dinner. We caught a couple of movies and sit-coms on the tube before I was taken up to my bed. I didn't object when he pulled me into to my cell and prepared me for the night and although I wasn't as fried as I had been yesterday, I was pretty wiped-out after the exercise and roast chicken meal, readily accepting my gagging, the trainer cups, then being chained down and sealed-in for the night. Before leaving me, he leaned down and kissed my closed eye-lids, then clipped the overhead chain to my nose ring. I tried to protest against the painful tension that now almost lifted my head from the pillow, but my electronic gag stopped the attempt, punishing me for it. I lay whimpering soundlessly when the door thumped shut and locked, leaving me silenced,

helpless and alone once more.

Chapter Twenty Seven

Milked For The First Time

John

Christine soon began to show a distinct improvement in her physical stamina and general health, according to the computer records of her exercising sessions, and for the next two months not much changed in our daily routine. Mentally, she seemed to be adjusting to her newest equipment, but many times I'd see flashes of panic in her eyes when the realization hit her that this was truly a for-real situation, and she was unable to escape it. Occasionally I'd take her out to dinner, fully dressed but as always, under her pervasive and intimate controls, but for the most part we stuck pretty close to home. Antonia and Danielle visited a couple of times to see how she was progressing and our lives settled into a small rut. The thing that she found the hardest to bear I think was the loss of her ability to speak. **All** of her cries and sobs of distress were silenced, and with the addition of the electronically enforced silence, she was kept speechless nearly all the time.

Another two weeks passed and, when she was permitted speech, she began to complain more and more frequently about her tender, full-feeling breasts. It was time to begin her milking. I spent nearly a full day in a side-cell of the playroom, preparing the necessary equipment and connections for her next stage of descent into the deep slavery she wanted to live. Once incarcerated and attached to the milking machine, she'd be sealed away from the rest of the world, on her own life support system, and constantly monitored both by the computer and multiple surveillance cameras.

Of late, the weather had been growing cooler while we slipped into Winter, so I'd kept her inside the house much of the time, and she, adjusting to the colder temperatures, had begun to dress herself in heavier skirts and sweaters, except for her exercising, during which she wore nothing more than the bra and chastity belt. I decided to begin her milking after breakfast one morning and so had left her breasts free of any containments once the trainer cups had been removed, permitting her a loose house-coat for the time between

awakening and going to her milking chamber. Somehow, she knew that today was to be her introduction to the process that she both physically needed, yet psychologically repudiated and feared.

“Y-y-you’re going to s-s-start d-doing **it** to me t-t-today, aren’t you, Master?” she whispered, permitted speech during breakfast for the first time in a week and hating to even mouth the word ‘milking’ to describe what was going to happen to her. She wasn’t a cow, yet, but knew that milking that was going to be an intimate aspect of her life from this point onward.

I watched the heave and sway of her heavy, unfettered breasts under the thin material of her house-coat, noting how the outlines of the heavy rings were so visible when each in-drawn breath she took tightened the material. The uncomfortable upper body harness she wore, and that never came off now, made them stand out prominently.

“Yes, I think it’s about time. You seem to be feeling the need pretty badly.” I stated.

“I-I-I’ve been pretty tender for the last week, Master, but I’m scared of what’s going to happen and how it’s going to feel.”

“Well, Christine, it’s something that has to be done now, and for the foreseeable future, from my take on the physiology and the doses of hormones you’ve been getting. I understand that the sensations you’ll feel are quite pleasurable while its happening, but you’ll have to tell me yourself after it’s over, because you’ll be physically and electronically gagged during the process, every time.”

“Ooohhh, Master!” she wailed, “Please! **Please** don’t keep me silenced all the time! I want to be able to speak without having to worry about being p-p-punished constantly for it!”

“You’ll eventually get used to the idea Christine, but you’re **always** going to be guided and controlled, despite how much you claim to dislike it. This is only part of the on-going process of your enslavement, as you know.”

“Y-y-yes, Master,” she whispered resignedly.

This morning, she sat perched on the edge of the high stool, her extension bar projecting out below the knee-length hem of her housecoat, down to between her multi-chained ankle cuffs. I'd short-hobbled her this morning and she shifted her feet against the restricting little lengths of glittering links connecting her cuffs to the bar's tip ring, grimacing when the long shaft responded to the tugs, then she stared down at the snaking length of her leash.

"Finish your coffee, then it'll be time."

"Y-yes, Master," she gulped, her hands beginning to shake when she lifted the thick mug to her face, for the moment hiding the flashing, silvery steel of her nose adornments.

Since she'd been fitted with them, when I'd taken her out, I'd occasionally permitted her to wear an opaque, half-face veil to shroud them, although most times she'd had to go out bare-faced and suffer the stares of people on the street and in the stores and restaurants we visited. We'd gone to the library a couple of times so that she could see and read about Indian and Pakistani styles of jewellery and decoration, then I'd taken her to some of the stores in Little India and had the sales staff take her in hand to show her how to best make use of her facial adornments, combining them with combs and hair-mounted anchoring points for some of the connecting chains. On one such occasion, she'd emerged from a store, decorated in full jewellery and I'd been astounded at the transformation that had been made to her appearance.

From each of the outer nostril rings, fine, a silver chain was looped across her face, just under her prominent cheekbones, to rings puncturing the upper curves of her ear cartilages, and from there downwards to be fastened high up on her hair at the back and centre of her head. Every second link on the chains had a small silver medallion or coin attached, so that with each turn or movement they all tinkled or swayed in unison. A miniature golden bell had been locked onto her septum ring, while at the same time quite heavy little clusters of golden balls and bells dangled weightily from her thickly gauged ear rings. Another fine chain had been woven through her hair, sweeping regally across her high forehead and, affixed at the centre was a small golden amulet, about an inch above the bridge of her nose, making her a picture of ancient, Indian, jewelled splendour. At the same time, it all reinforced her appearance of feminine bondage, and so I'd happily clipped a long, finely-

linked chain to her nose shackle then drawn her out of the shop and into the street. I'd required her to accompany me completely bare-faced, and she tried to shrink from the stares of passers-by, humiliated and embarrassed by her adornments and the prominent leash.

However, it was now time to begin her first milking session and I stood up, walking slowly to where she sat shivering with trepidation.

"Okay, Christine," I said quietly yet firmly, reaching for her hand and holding her leash commandingly tight with my left. "Let's get you started. Remove your housecoat before we go to the Milking Parlour."

She silently stood, slipped from the silk wrapper, and with dragging, short-hobbled steps, walked falteringly along behind me, drawn relentlessly by the insistent tug of the wire leash to her inhibitor bar. Her heels tapped on the golden, hardwood flooring while we crossed to the Milking Parlour, a counter-point to the snapping and clinking of her ankle chains, and she tried to hold back when we approached the small cell. For the moment I left her with the capability of speech, but when we entered the stark little chamber with all of its evil-appearing equipment, she gave a soft, low moan of fear. I felt her momentarily attempt to resist being pulled inside, but it is impossible for *any* female to resist a leash such as the one she wore. The thick, sound-proofed, steel door stood open and I drew her into the place that was to be her home for the next two hours.

The windowless chamber was completely white with a seamless, linoleum flooring, brightly lit by indirect fluorescent lighting. High up in each corner of the ceiling and walls, a video camera pointed down, focussed on the centre of the room, while from an aperture in the centre of the ceiling a heavy chain and suspension/spreader bar dangled, waiting. Beside the door was a complex control panel, at this point with all its indicator lights amber-coloured, and on the wall opposite hung loops of hoses and cables that would soon be attached to her body and its harness. I'd already connected them to their fittings, and also ensured that the clinical-looking green rubber gag/mask was ready and waiting, hung on the wall, beside the coils. Next to it, her milking cups sat in twinned, silvery prominence, waiting to be fitted over her straining, bulbous, fluid-filled breasts, and she stared over her shoulder at them with a mixture of fear and loathing while I led her to the centre of the chamber. Around it,

placed some two metres above floor level was a series of heavy wall rings, each having a thick, adjustable rubber strap attached, dangling to a neat coil on the floor below. Her eyes darted around, noting the plethora of straps and other equipment, unable to resist looking.

“Lift your hands, Christine.” I commanded, then, when she had done so, clipped the thick, dangling, rubber straps from the ends of the spreader-bar to her wrist rings, keeping them raised high above her head, slightly bent and widely separated.

From inner loops on the five foot long bar, I pulled down more of the thick rubber straps, clipping one set to the side rings of her cinch and another pair to the back ring of her bra chest band. A slightly stretchier pair went to the D-rings on her shoulders, then I bent down and removed her house leash and hobbling chains. From the central floor ring between her heels I led out another stretchy rubber strap, connecting it to her bar, then from two other widely-separated floor rings brought over more straps.

“Spread your legs.”

Snuffling, she did as commanded and I pulled the straps then clipped their snap-hooks to the outer rings of each ankle cuff. At the moment, they were loose enough that she could move her legs together and she did so, rubbing the sensitive inner flesh of her thighs against the thick shaft descending between them. A small, terrified moan escaped her lips when she twisted her head, making her nose rings glitter in the overhead lights. I walked around the room, pulling the straps out from their wall-mounts and clipping them to matching rings of her waist band. In a matter of two minutes she stood positioned in the centre of the cell in a veritable web-work of gently downwards-looping, thick, strong ligatures, able to move perhaps a half metre in any one direction. This would change soon. She stood staring fearfully when I ducked under them and walked to the shelf holding her mask and breast cups. I picked up a tube of clear lubricating gel, undid the cap, and squeezed a wide bead all around the inner bases of each cup, then another dollop went deep inside around the nipple area and approached her.

“Hold still, Christine. This stuff will ensure a good seal for the cups.” I informed her, inspecting the coating carefully.

She watched in trembling silence, and closed her eyes, shivering nervously while I smeared a generous wide band around the bases of her breasts where they were extruded through her tight bra harness, then thoroughly coated her ringed nipples and aureoles while they both hardened into flinty turrets of arousal.

“Your cups go on first, Christine, then I’ll fit your mask.”

“Y-y-yes, Master,” she moaned, almost in tears while she shifted against the straps that restrained her, making her breasts tremble invitingly.

Christine

I felt that my breasts were horribly vulnerable, standing there with hands and arms spread so widely above my head, while he rapidly applied the cool clear gel. I couldn’t help the nervousness and fearful arousal his touching generated. His gentle finger tracings made me focus my thoughts on the organs, and what was soon going to happen to them. I watched him take the cups from the shelf, unable to move away thanks to all the straps that restricted and centred me in the cell, trembling as he brought them closer and closer.

“Lean forward!” he commanded imperiously.

I bent from the waist until I was choking against the tug of my collar. My breasts swung out from my chest in trembling, goose-bumped mounds, forced to stand out in joggling vulnerability by the tightly-clamped bra harness.

“Now, hold still while I fit these,” he picked up one of the deep, shiny, conical hemispheres, turning it upwards so that I could look into the slightly ribbed, surgical green, rubber-lined interior.

“M-M-Master?” I quavered when he began raising it towards my pendant right breast, “w-w-will these h-h-hurt me?”

“Not these, Christine,” he replied, “they’re just your ‘beginner’ milking ones, sort of like a training bra, and aren’t designed to discipline you. Basically,

they'll get you used to the process for the first couple of times, then you graduate to the full-function set. You'll find then just how much they *can* be made to ... ah ... get your attention, shall we say."

"I-I-I feel like an a-a-animal!" I moaned fearfully.

"Well," he smiled at me, "in many ways, *that's* what you are! But you're one of the most beautiful animals I've ever seen and I intend to keep you utterly secure and mine in all the ways I can possibly think off. Now, hold still while I put this on you."

He moved the cup upwards and my breast slipped deeply into the cold containment of the ribbed, inner rubber cup, pressing against their raised surfaces and making them expand slightly. A shiver of part-fear, part-reaction to the coldness shook me, and at the tip deep inside, something feeling like a pair of lips pressed against and around my sensitive, ring-punctured nipple! I tried to stare down at the silvery, bullet-headed dome now confining me, but my collar began to choke even more and I *had* to look up, even while I heard the little clicks of the cup latches being locked down. Its edges mated deeply into the grooves of the bra frame, pulling it into an air-tight, secure contact with the harness around my chest. A soft, inner rubber donut squeezed around the base of my breast, and when the cup was locked down, my flesh was forced through then past this ring, straining into the deep cup and expanding the inner one a little more. I knew I'd never be able to remove the thing, even if my hands were freed.

"Time for your left side," he stated lifting the other cup without hesitation.

Again I shivered when he slipped the enclosure over my breast then secured it, continuing to quake with fearful anticipation of the unknown sensations soon to assail me.

"Okay! Now to hook you up!" he grinned. I straightened while he returned to the wall then began to slowly and carefully uncoil the ominous loops of hosing and wires.

The first sets snapped to fittings at their tips, then the other, smaller hoses went to secondary fittings just below them, with the final, third set popping

into mounts on the bases and undersides. The main ones from the tips were a brilliant green in colour, while the two others were a bright orange and fairly small in diameter. When I glanced down briefly, my eyes were caught by their colouring and followed their loops from where they were fastened to my chest, over to the gleaming chromium fittings on the wall. He lifted a thick, coiled cable from its hook and stretched it out to click into a connector on the front of the bra frame between the bulleted domes.

“This is to monitor your heart and respiration,” he explained while he returned to the shelf and picked up my gag/mask, then came back to where I stood restrained and waiting. “Christine, this is exactly the same as the mask you have to wear while you’re exercising. It won’t hurt you, as you know, but serves to isolate you from the surrounding environment, and make you concentrate on what’s happening. I want you to do exactly that while you’re being milked. Now, do you have anything to say before I turn on your electronic gag and fit you with the mask?”

“**P-p-please**, Master?” I whispered again nearly in tears, “D-do I h-h-have to wear th-th-that horrible th-thing?”

“Of course! You always have to wear the masks and helmets when you’re being milked and exercised!” he stated forcefully. “Anything else?”

“W-w-will you be close by?” I asked, trembling violently and making the evil-looking loops of hoses and wire between my chest and their wall mounts sway back and forth.

“No, I won’t be here with you,” he stated flatly, “but I **will** be watching you and keeping an eye on what’s happening, on the computer. Okay, your electronic gag is active now.”

“I-ooh! Aaagghh! **Nnnnphh!!...**” I gasped, trying to speak again, but was silenced by the stinging pulses from my collar. Then, my vocal chords were convulsed by the disciplinary shocks and I felt helpless tears of silent distress slide down my cheeks while he lifted the rubber prison for my face and head.

“Open your mouth!” he commanded.

For a moment I stared at him in dumb insolence, refusing to follow his command, but sudden buzzing shocks radiated from my clitoral and vaginal electrodes! I tried to scream of course, writhing violently in my restraints, and my mouth opened in a wide howl allowing him to slip the gag pad between my teeth. The shocks continued and I attempted it again, only to have him force the horrid silencer more deeply inside my mouth! There was no way to avoid the helmet, and when its encompassing rubber horror was pulled over my head, the inner mask clamped tightly over my nose and mouth. He uncaringly drew the thick securing straps through their locking buckles, sealing me inside the claustrophobia-inducing thing and I almost fainted when nostril plugs forcibly inserted themselves deeply, pushing against and around my rigid, nose-ring bar! I shook my head frenziedly against the drag of the collar and harness but inside the helmet my world became only a soundless couple of cubic inches of air around my face. From behind the thick quartz eye ports, I watched in terror when he walked to the wall, then uncoiled my air and water hoses and came to me then they were immediately clipped to their external fittings on the mask. I distinctly felt their drag, becoming even more controlled and a prisoner in some diabolical experiment. He briefly returned to where I stood waiting, then slowly inspected all of my restraints and fittings. A moment later he ducked under the centring straps, then out of sight behind me, and although I tried to turn to follow him with my eyes, I couldn't manage it thanks to the mask severely restricting my ability to see, even when the eye ports were transparent. Another moan of fear was stopped from being born by my electronic gag, when the horror of my situation hammered into my mind and inside the mask I moaned in fear, trying to ignore the shocks while the thick eye ports slowly darkened and obliterated the outside world, to leave me standing in utter blackness, waiting.

Faintly, I felt the vibration of the door closing and struggled against the loose belts to escape what was coming, but only for a moment. Above, in the ceiling, a motor began to reel in the chain to the spreader bar, slowly drawing me into mid-air and I felt the python-like tightening of my underwear when the overhead rubber straps first took up the strain, stretching a little. I fruitlessly kicked my feet convulsively, trying to find something ... anything ... to stand on, to relieve the deeper penetration of the dildos being forced into my body. The motor kept winding in the chain and I was pulled higher and

higher until the stretchy rubber strap to my bar tip-ring sprang taut, pulling at the shaft buried within me. I howled anew when it and the dildo changed alignment, and at the same time, all the straps connected to my cinch suddenly tightened, centring me in the chamber with my legs were pulled far apart by the others clipped to my ankle cuffs!

I still had some small freedom for my slightly-bent arms and pulled despairingly against the thick, slightly stretchy rubber straps, holding them wide-spread over my head. The motor had a built-in strain limiter and when I reached this point of suspension, it stopped winding the chain, leaving me fully suspended and ensnared in my web, about a metre above the floor, blinded, deafened, and completely vulnerable.

Again and again I tried beg for release from the stringent bondage, but each time the shocker on my neck, once more cross-connected to my clitoral and vaginal electrodes, disciplined me promptly and automatically! “*This is so unfair!*” I wailed deep in the back of my mind. The shocks made me scream and when I did, they came again! No matter how hard I tried to bite back my reactions, the shocks were so strong that I couldn’t stop the instinctual howls, and of course they continued without any sort of let-up, gradually driving me into near-hysteria. I suppose I fainted at some point, but when I came awake again to find myself still within my cloying rubber mask and sealing helmet, I was instantly returned to that same place.

Then, the insidious suction and pulsing of the milking process began to assault my tender, fluid-filled breasts, dragging firmly on my nipples!

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Observing My Slave Girl

John

After locking the door to the milking chamber, I immediately proceeded to the observation and control area on the side of the playroom and settled myself in front of the computer terminal that would control the process. The desk was designed with an angled, built-in monitor and keyboard, while on the wall in front was a bank of six large, high definition TV screens showing how she was suspended from differing view points. For a few moments I let her dangle there in ominous silence and inactivity and sat back to watch its effect. Sensing that something was about to happen, she remained quiescent in her web of suspending straps and I settled myself more comfortably in the chair, then brought up the Milking Program on the computer monitor. I wanted this particular part of her conditioning to be as intense and as sexually stimulating as possible, although *that* would change in tomorrow's milking sessions, when she would be fitted with the discipline milker cups she'd wear from then on. For a few moments Christine tested her bondage as much as she was able, then the lights on the control panels suddenly flashed from amber to green. The program was up and running and I keyed in the 'execute' command then leaned back in my deeply-padded swivel chair to watch her reactions. On the computer monitor a series of active bar graphs flashed into being, indicating all of the areas that were observed whenever she was forced to exercise or be milked. The computer also controlled the amount of suction, compression and constriction applied to each of her breasts, and at the bottom of the screen two gauges indicated the amount of milk each would yield, both by weight and volume. The helmet-mounted contact pads showed that she was in a high degree of anxiety; this emphasized by the way she attempted to fling her head against the restriction of the air and water hoses. As well, the trembles and jerks of her arms and legs showed she was definitely feeling and wanting to escape what was happening. Christine, as a female, was forced to accept another aspect of her sexuality and biology with no choice but to endure it. She was still 'in the green' and so I let the program take its course without interruption. I'd set it up so I could add-in various stimuli as the

necessity or desire occurred, and they'd meld seamlessly into what was done to her. Depending on the reactions she displayed, they too could be automatically incorporated into her over-all conditioning, control and stimulus environment.

On the screens, she suddenly jerked against her flexing restraints when the first strong vacuum was applied to her nipples and the inner breast cups squeezed her breasts strongly to force them to exude their milk. I turned up the microphone sensitivity and checked to ensure that the video recorders were running when she began to feel the effects. *"What she must be feeling, as a woman?"* I wondered, *"To be reduced to only a milk-producing animal?"*

Christine was a remarkably sensitive woman, subject to all the pressures and requirements of her sex, but at the same time, she was also very tenacious in going after her goals, aided in no small way by the beauty and brains that she'd been endowed with. She nearly always attained her desires, and had told me innumerable times that she **really** wanted to experience and eventually live completely as a slave-girl/animal, forced if necessary to do whatever was required to fully enter the role, as I cared to define it. She'd insisted too that I was to disregard **all** of her transitory objections to what she had to undergo in reaching this goal and thus given me a completely free rein to equip her as I felt necessary. As a consequence she'd ended up in her current situation.

The beginning of the milking process sounded sort of like:

"Hhhssshh-pphhtt!-Hhhsssshhh-pphhtt! Hhhsssshhh-pphhtt!" and it never stopped.

The sounds pulsed regularly from the speakers as a low back-ground, overlain by the occasional ***twung!*** of her securing straps being jerked upon and stretched, then retracting while she struggled to escape the unending pulsating suckling at her sensitive nipples and breasts. It was, obviously, a distinctly unpleasant experience, for with every compression of her breasts and accompanying drag on her nipples, a strangled little scream surged up her throat and what I heard was:

Hhhssshh-pphhtt! Hhhssshhh-pphhtt! Interrupted by her scream, “Yyyeeaagghh!” *Hhhssshhh-pphhtt! Hhhssshh-pphhtt!* “Yyyeeaagghh!” *Hhhssshhh-pphhtt! Hhhssshhh-pphhtt!* “Yyyeeaagghh!”

There was no relief for her though and the process continued without pause. Christine’s struggles became more and more frantic.

Christine

For some moments I hung quietly after the straps tightened and immobilized me in mid-air. The ones to my ankle cuffs kept my legs wide-spread and the dildos settled uncomfortably deeper into my body then I felt a trickle of water from the gag pad, preventing dehydration. As well, blasts of cold, medicinal smelling air were forced into my lungs through the mask, ensuring I remained fully conscious and aware of what was about to be done to me. Not only had the mixture of breathing gases been enriched with extra oxygen, but there was an additional, sensitizing and stimulatory drug added in also. This breathing air mixture was designed to keep me clear-headed and fully aware when the milking process occurred, despite how much I wanted to faint and not experience anything!

When it began, I writhed spastically when the rubber lips at the apexes of the cups latched onto my sensitive, straining nipples, sliding back and forth, then puckering and suckling at me avidly. There was no let-up or slowing down of the mechanical demons locked onto my nipples and, at first, I shivered from their pleasant sensations. My moans turned into gasps of pleasure and arousal, and mercifully, the shocker allowed these, with only mild trickles of electricity through my breasts and crotch. It was uncomfortable and arousing all at the same time and I didn’t know how to react to what was being done to me, but my body and subconscious mind *did!* In short moments I was twitching with primeval motions while being mechanically milked.

That was only the precursor to the milking itself though, for a moment later, the inner liners of the cups began to squeeze my breasts strongly with each dragging suck on my nipples! In short moments I began to try and beg for it to be stopped, but of course the gag prevented any noise at all and I descended into a maelstrom of howling for mercy and release while the unending cycles of suck-squeeze-*suck-suck!* ... suck-squeeze-*suck-suck!* ...

suck-squeeze-**suck-suck!** ... suck-squeeze-**suck-suck!** went on and on and on! Oh God! Was this what a cow felt?

I shivered violently, trying to shrink my uncomfortably engorged breasts away from the intimate but hidden manipulation, bouncing wildly in my suspending straps; staring frantically into the darkened abyss of my mask. When I attempted to cry out my objections while the puckering and kneading continued, my collar, ever alert for **any** attempt at speech, suddenly fed a series of buzzing shocks through its neck contact pads and at the same time sent needling, throbbing sets through my clitoral electrodes and vaginal dildo. I couldn't stop the wild scream that was forced from me, but eventually I somehow managed to calm myself, gasping and writhing while the agonizing sensations faded away. It was an evil and insidious process that played upon my body's automatic female reactions for my breasts had engorged even more with sensitizing blood! To add even more to the effectiveness of the squeezing action, the rubber, ring-shaped bladder surrounding the base of each of my breasts were rapidly filled with high-pressure air! The bladders swelled closed, garrotting my breasts painfully and forcing them away from my chest and more deeply into their cups! I howled from the terrible constriction, for the twinned strangling sensations on my chest were so intense that I felt as though my breasts would be ripped off my body. This though was only the **beginning** of the process! Suddenly, the puckered, lip-like things began clamping and sucking much more fiercely, leech-like, over the entire surface of each nipple! I shuddered and twitched spasmodically from the erotic and pleasurable sensation because at first, it felt good, but then the thick, inner rubber liners began to squeeze my constricted, swollen breasts strongly, forcing the milk within them to travel along the various ducts to my ringed nipples! A howl of agony surged against my gag when the process accelerated but I received only a mild shock for my disobedience to the rule of silence. The rhythmic squeezing and suckling actions worked together and rapidly became distinctly unpleasant, yet inescapable! I tried to stifle the tormented howls that welled unbidden when my milk began to be pumped from my breasts; gasping and writhing madly.

A few moments later I was allowed a brief rest but I couldn't stop the moans riven from me by the sensations washing through my body, forcing me to twitch and swing wildly in my Stygian blackness of my mask. Within it I

chewed on the huge choke-pear, in tears from what I had just been through, but it was obviously **not** the end of the humiliating and painful experience! I received a small reward when the dildo began twisting inside my loins, adding a pleasure sensation despite the others that assaulted my body and mind. The dildo withdrew slightly, then thrust deeply while small shocks tickled my sex lips and out into the fleshy envelope surrounding it! My internal muscles spasmed with automatic reaction, attempting to grip the slithering shaft and themselves shuddering to the electrical stimulus. **Then**, the clitoral vibrator began to pulse in unison when the incessant suckling and teasing began once more and my moans of growing ecstasy and pain passed beyond the threshold allowed. A long burst of evil pulses rippled from the anal electrodes and my collar! My reaction to this awful punishment was unconscious and automatic. I jerked and arched my back instinctually, trying to pull my legs up against the stretchy straps keeping them wide-spread, also pulling my arms down against their springy tethers, all the while screaming hysterically against the rubber thing filling my mouth! The automated electrical torture soon reduced me to a nervous wreck of mewling and weeping femininity, while my body was punished mercilessly by the computer, **and** at the same time forced to yield a harvest of milk! The cycles increased in frequency, mechanically draining my breasts and my masochistic nature re-awakened even though I struggled and screamed even more desperately to stop the automatic processes! I'd gone too far!

I couldn't stop or control the continual howls that were torn from my deepest inner being, for the process had become self-sustaining and with the added impetus of the milking process reinforcing my feelings of helplessness, my muscles quivered from the strain of trying to fight what was happening! A pain-laced orgasm loomed over me, and all the sensations coalesced into a boiling pool of lava deep in my belly, sending its fiery tentacles out into the rest of my being! Saturated with muscular reaction, I twitched and shivered violently while the programmed shocks continued their assaults, increasing in power every second! I fought continually against my restraints; legs kicking and jerking wildly against their stretchy leashes while I tried to curl into a protective ball, but there was no escape! I was totally vulnerable to whatever the computer dictated should occur next! Buried within my mask and helmet, I continued to beg and weep hysterically to be freed of the horrible sensations, but coherent thought of any kind disintegrated in brittle shards

while my deepest nature was plumbed. The foaming crest of the orgasm swept over me with the force of a volcanic eruption and I catapulted into a mind-altering sexual release. My conscious mind returned to a primal state when my brain over-loaded with the blast of pleasure/pain and I fainted from the sensory waterfall; screaming while I whirled into the dark well of blessed darkness, despite the added oxygen and stimulating drugs being forced into my lungs through the oppressive mask.

How much later it was when I awoke, I don't know, but it was to find myself *still* suspended in darkness. Nothing was being done to me for the moment. When I experimentally moved my legs and pulled my hands against the rubber cords tethering them, I began to fear that I had been completely forgotten in here and tentatively tried to ask for my Master.

“Mas...*Eeeeeaaagghh!!*” was all I got out into the cloying rubber of my gag-pad before my voice was cut off by pulsing, disciplinary shocks from my clitoral stimulator button, tongue, neck, anal dildo and vaginal dildo electrodes. I'd been allowed only the beginnings of the word before the discipline silenced me, together with the nullifying effects of the speech inhibitor pulses to my vocal chords. I *couldn't* protest against this awful torturing and began weeping despairingly inside the cloying mask, but then, to my consuming horror, the milking process began once more, drawing my sore and sensitive nipples deeply into the palpitating lips within the cups! Frantic to avoid the inevitable, I shook my chest, hoping against hope that the cups would somehow detach themselves from my body, but their leech-like grip grew even tighter! My abused breasts were quickly garrotted once more by the inflatable rubber donuts around their bases then sucked deeply into the ribbed inner linings of the cups! The lips at the apexes of the cups once more latched onto my nipples and in moments I was again being wrung dry; howling hysterically when the disciplining shocks rippled continuously through my most sensitive flesh. Ten, eternal minutes later I once again crashed at blinding speed into the rampart of orgasm, blacking out. I don't know how many more times I was put through the process, for I lost count after the fourth, having been turned into only a primal jelly fish, able only to react to the enforced stimuli, with no awareness of my being, other than that it was a sensitive and vulnerable femaleness that *couldn't* escape its fate.

Some time later I returned to full awareness to find that my Master had removed my helmet and mask. I hung limply, quaking, before him. The straps that had held me centred in the room were once more coiled neatly on their hooks although I still wore the terrible cups clamped onto my chest, and remained connected to the wall by their looping hoses.

“You may speak now,” he said quietly while he moved around in front of me and began unlocking them from the frame of the bra.

“Ooohh! Thank **God!**” I gasped, licking my lips. He held up a beaker of water and I drank deeply.

“Well, how’d you like your first milking experience?”

“M-M-Master, it was h-h-horrible.” I wailed plaintively, “**Please?! Please** don’t make me do it again, Master??! **Please!!**”

“Part of the price for you being born a female, Christine,” he stated, totally insensitive to the horrible sensations and feelings I’d endured. “Besides, you’ll **have** to be milked every four to six hours from tomorrow on, otherwise you’ll be in pretty sad shape.”

“Oooohh, my God!” I wailed when the realization sunk in that my own body would **demand** that this be done to me on a regular and continuing basis!

“I think I’ll speed up your progress, Christine,” he stated firmly. “Tomorrow I’ll fit you with the discipline-controller-milking cups so that you can experience the whole thing at the same time, in addition to working off some demerit points.”

“But-but what about when I’m supposed to be exercising??” I wailed, hoping somehow to escape what was in my future.

“Oh, you’ll wear them then too,” he said, seeming to be surprised by the question. “I think you’ll find the experience quite horrible!”

“P-P-Please!! Please, Master. Ppplllleeeaaassee! I c-c-can’t **stand** it!” I wailed, prancing against the tug of the leash to my bar.

“Quit your whining,” he ordered. “It **is** going to happen to you, regardless of how much you protest! You **know** that. Now, hold still while I take these off.”

The latches snapped open one by one and the cups popped away from their mounting grooves in the bra frame harness, but remained glued to my breasts from the suction, sweat and the internal lips still fastened greedily to my nipples. Weeping, I shook my upper body shamelessly, trying to ease their grip, then he tenderly prised them loose by slipping his fingers under their edges to break the seal that had formed. The horrid cups slowly pulled away from my breasts with a glutinous, sucking sound, and I gasped with pain when the inner, puckered lips over my now flamingly sore nipples pulled strongly at the rings embedded in them. At last my breasts were free of the incredibly restrictive cups, and I briefly glanced down at these badges of my femaleness before the collar began choking me. Each fleshy mound bore deep imprints of the cup’s internal ribbing while around their bases I saw a wide reddened area that indicated where the expansion donuts had garrotted them. My nipples were darkened to a deep brown from the continual, hard suction, still blood-engorged and swollen around their bright steel rings.

“Oh, Master!” I moaned, looking up at him while he brought over a damp cloth and some salve.

“Hold still while I bathe you and put this ointment on. You’ll feel better as soon as I do, then I’ll put you back into your controller cups,” he said and began swabbing my breasts with the warm water and soothing lotion.

I sighed when I felt his gentle hands rubbing, caressing and palpating my flesh and in a couple of moments I **did** begin to feel better, but, when he’d finished ministering to me, he returned with a different tube and squeezed a large dollop of a clear, gel-like substance from it, then slowly and carefully coated each of my breasts with the stuff.

“This is contact gel,” he explained while he smeared it on, “and it ensures that the electrical contacts in the control cups is the best that can be made. You’ll notice a distinct difference from when you first wore the controllers, this time,” he grinned at me, uncaring of how painful and oppressive having to wear the awful things was.

“M-M-Master? Can’t I just wear my regular ones, please??”

“No,” he stated without sympathy of any kind. “I told you that you’d be fitted with the Controllers all the time from now on, and that’s the way it’s going to be. You’d better be silent from here in. I’ve just activated your speech-inhibitor.”

“Yes *Mas-aaaeeegghh ... !!!*” was what emerged from my mouth when I unconsciously tried to indicate my understanding, the shocks rippling out from my crotch and around my neck. I stared at him reproachfully, feeling more tears of self-pity welling in my eyes.

He turned away and walked to the shelf carrying my milking cups, then picked up the innocent-looking, and as I was soon to find, terrifyingly painful controllers, then turned back to me.

John

She stood gazing at me in enforced, fearful silence while I approached with the two deep, conical hemispheres, then tried to shrink away, crossing her arms over her still rib-imprinted breasts, glistening now with their coating of conductive gel. Her mouth opened in soundless protest and she writhed her hips, trying to evade the buzzing shocks when they needled through her flesh, her eyes clenching closed against the painful reminders that she must not speak.

“Drop your arms and lean forward!” I commanded quietly.

She shook her head fearfully, staring, terrified, deeply into my eyes, mouthing a silenced protest while I advanced on her.

“You *will* have to do it eventually, Christine,” I stated, “but now you’ve added some punishment time to your next milking sessions by refusing to obey immediately.”

She hung her head against the restriction of the collar and her bra’s anti-removal strap, then slowly dropped her arms to her sides and leaned forward,

allowing her quivering breasts to hang freely. In a minute, I had both cups clamped and locked to the bra frame and she stared down at the silvery things that again held her so securely. They appeared totally innocent on the outside, and she ran her trembling fingers over their smooth silvery surfaces, reassuring herself that there wasn't any way she could take them off.

It was now about eleven am, and so she'd have a couple of hours free to do whatever she wanted before having to go to her exercise session. That would take up most of her afternoon, then we'd have dinner about seven-thirty, at which point she'd require another milking, as her body would by that time have replenished itself and filled her breasts again. This would last two hours, then it would be time for her to be put to bed for the night. As it was now, I mused, she was required to wear a gag nearly sixteen hours a day, and so I decided to relent and release her from the electronic speech inhibitor.

"Okay, Christine, you can speak now. I've turned off your speech-inhibitor."

"Th-th-thank-you, Master," she whispered.

"You're welcome."

I reached down and connected her house leash, then removed the one from the floor ring.

"You can go and get dressed now." I smiled at her when I stood up. "While you do, I'll whomp us up some lunch, okay?"

"Y-y-yes, Master," she smiled hesitantly back at me, recovering rapidly. "M-m-master? Please, could you lengthen my hobbles just a little?"

"Sure." I replied, kneeling again in front of her and connecting a pair of twelve-inch chains to her bar, locking each to an ankle cuff. "Now, you head upstairs and I'll see you in the kitchen in about half an hour, okay?"

"Yes, Master!" she said and walked slowly out the door with her leash wire slithering along the floor behind, her hobble chains creating a clinking, musical accompaniment. I smiled at the image she had unconsciously rendered of herself as the penultimate slave girl while I carried the cups to the

kitchen and cleaned them thoroughly, then returned them to the milking chamber. The discipline ones took only a moment to prepare, then I placed them on the shelf, ready to be fitted to her tomorrow morning. Although they looked the same as did the regular versions on the outside, on their insides, they were something else again.

She returned to the kitchen dressed in a long skirt and we chatted about her experience just past while she perched on her high stool and I bustled around getting our food ready. Christine looked tired and after the meal I suggested that she might like to have a nap, or take it easy watching some of the afternoon soap operas she enjoyed. It turned out that it was a little of both and we soon found ourselves in front of the TV on the lounge, laying with her head on my lap, her dark hair cascading in tumultuous waves. We sat quietly and let the brainless entertainment flicker against our eyes, not really paying any attention. Occasionally my hand drifted with a mind of its own to her face or ears, and my fingers slipped into one of the rings embedded in her flesh, to hold it while my other hand dropped to her chest and rubbed and press against the rigid surfaces of her concealed cups. Certainly, this was an unstated affirmation of my ownership and she moaned throatily when my hand fastened onto her nose ring when she unconsciously and somewhat rebelliously attempted to twist her head against the restriction of my grip, testing the amount of freedom she had. A moment later though she'd settle back with a small sigh, knowing she had to live with the control and the increase to her vulnerability with certainty that she was indeed owned.

At two o'clock, with a gasp of distress, she suddenly jerked awake from her semi-conscious state when the computer signalled in its most intimate way that she was to return to the playroom for her exercise period. Christine was compelled to proceed immediately to her assigned position, and I'd instituted a new wrinkle to the alerting process. Now, her electronic gag was activated at the same time as the warning shocks came on, although she was as yet unaware of this change. She struggled fretfully to get off the lounge; her legs kicking under the long and restricting skirt until she managed to regain her feet then she turned to me with an anguished face and tried to speak. Her mouth opened but the shocker came on, adding to the already painful pulses and she shook her head wildly, trying to mouth a plea to be released.

“Uh uh!” I grinned at her, “You’ve got a program to abide by, and you’d best get at it!”

She looked at me with desperate desire to avoid the coming session written large on her beautiful, pouting countenance, until a sudden increase in the level of disciplinary shocks made her paw and scrabble at the front of her heavy skirt, trying to tear through the material and steel chastity covering to get at the torturing devices locked against and into her body. Thirty seconds passed, then, unable to resist the onslaught any longer, she spun quickly and fled through the door of the lounge, out into the corridor, with a clashing of her ankle hobble chains. The electronic prodding from the equipment grew more and more insistent, driving her relentlessly to her fate. Fifteen minutes later I decided to check on her, and walked slowly to the kitchen for a beer, then took my time proceeding to the Observation Room. I settled into the chair again, the same one I’d used to observe her milking session, and inspected my slave girl at her labours on the treadmill.

Christine’s head, as was normal when she was exercised, was fully enclosed and concealed by the thick rubber helmet and silvery covering of the thick face-plate. I found the sight of her in this strict restraint to be intensely erotic.

She had to jog while secured in position on the rapidly moving belt, the air hoses and coiled cables attached to her body swaying back and forth with the rhythm of her movements. Each stride snapped her hobble chain tight while she struggled to run, and I knew from what she had told me, that the sensations the continual tugging on the bar caused were terribly disconcerting for her as a female. She had once more become only an anonymous, tethered and totally controlled prisoner, unable to resist anything that was done to her, and I watched with fascination for an hour while she struggled through her exercise, then moved to the next station of the circuit. Knowing what was to happen in the forthcoming three hours, I went to the household office and completed some work on the computer, setting up correspondence courses for her to participate in on the Internet.

It was a new program, just started at one of the West Coast universities, that enrolled and taught students in courses that they could not, for whatever reason, attend in person. They combined elements of programmed learning with the latest interactive computer and information technologies, and so in

actuality, she wouldn't really be dealing with any humans at all, but directly with the computers both here at the house and the remote ones. The additional layers I'd programmed into the house server were fairly substantial add-ons, in that if she answered questions wrongly, she'd not only get poor marks, but be disciplined automatically by the machine for her lack of attention. The programming also included an inter-active School Mistress, or Governess, much like the ghostly English butler who monitored her exercising. Upstairs, I'd changed one of the unused bedrooms into a classroom/cell, fully equipped with a special student chair, restraints, air, electrical and water connections, a computer, and large wall and ceiling-mounted monitors. In effect, Christine would work in a virtual-reality school room. It had been kept locked while being prepared and so she wasn't yet aware that she would soon be spending two hours of every day acquiring new knowledge, whether she wished to or not. The time flew while I completed the programming and installation process, then I went to check on her again and found that she was in the last part of the Rowing Machine session.

She sat on the hydraulically-raised machine, some four feet above the floor swinging her body back and forth while her arms pulled desperately against the oars, sliding jerkily back and forth when the little seat travelled on its rails. Each time it reached its forward limit with her knees fully bent and inhibitor bar angled out evilly between her wide spread-legs, she'd receive a series of strong pulses to the electrodes embedded in her crotch. Naturally, she'd attempt to scream from the intense stimulation of these rippling shocks and her legs would instinctually straighten violently, pushing the seat back along the rails and momentarily stopping the intimate pulses. When she moved backwards under the propulsion of her legs, the seat began tilting to the rear also, forcing her to pull on the oar handles, unable to let go of them because of the locks to her wrist chains. At the furthestmost part of her recline, the controller cups were activated, sending needling charges to her nipples and breasts and each time *this* happened, she'd frantically shake her chest, trying uselessly to escape the shocks; automatically pulling on the oars and drawing herself to a vertical position. She had completed one cycle of the rowing exercise at this point and was sliding into the beginning of the next, carried along by her own momentum and completely unable to halt the awful and endless process.

The butler voice warned and cajoled during her exercising, seeming to monitor her all the time, when in reality it was only a computerized, stimuli-activated, voice-over, giving her the feeling that she wasn't totally alone. A friend from the UK, Gord, who Christine had never met, had done all the dialogue for me as a favour, having some small interest in the scene himself.

She continued to flip back and forth on the Rowing Machine in a blur of frenzied motion. Her body bent and flexed continually, the extension bar between her legs swinging through its wide yet limited arcs of motion, throwing her wire leash into the air with each swing while she twisted her head and chest convulsively against the shocks washing through her body during the cycles. The microphones in the mask transmitted the sounds of her gasping, choked-off pleas, and the strangled, silenced screams she made when the speech inhibitor shocks also drilled maddeningly into her flesh each time she tried to protest against her fate.

The mandated exercise period ended at last, and she sat quivering and drained on the hard seat, panting like a steam engine; her shoulders shaking with sobs of exhaustion and resignation. I checked the monitor and saw she'd increased her stamina by nearly ten percent since beginning the exercise program, then glanced out into the playroom to see the raised machine slowly descending to its regular height above the floor. Her mask's face-plate returned to full transparency, and a moment later the locks that secured her to the seat, the oars, and the foot stirrups automatically snapped open. With trembling fingers, she slowly unclipped her restraint belts and stood up then the butler's voice instructed her to return to the wall. Once there, the electronic locks keeping the mask and helmet fastened to her head were also released and she slowly peeled it off then extracted the gag-pad from her mouth and silently hung all the hoses and the head containment neatly on their hooks. I watched while she staggered off to the shower, her daily exercise completed.

The program permitted her three quarters of an hour to complete her toilet and another fifteen minutes to rest and recover, at which time the computer would signal her to return to the kitchen or lounge.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Scheduling and Schooling

Christine

I was always drained by the strenuous periods of physical exertion and the discipline that accompanied them, but this time I felt even more tired. Within the imprisoning cups I could feel that my breasts had filled once more and knew I would soon be taken to the chamber I already hated and feared. I knew he would be relentless and I would soon be encased once more by the awful milking cups. When I finished showering and dressing, I walked to the kitchen to find him poring over a sheet of paper that looked suspiciously like a daily schedule of some sort.

“That was a good exercise period today!” he congratulated me. “And by the way, your speech-inhibitor is turned off for the moment so you can talk.”

“Thank you, Master.” I whispered. “I really hate it, you know?”

“That’s too bad,” he shrugged unsympathetically. “The exercise is doing you the world of good physically, and your silence is all part of the discipline you need as my slave girl.”

“Yes, Master, I know, but it hurts and punishes me so terribly!!” I wailed, very close to tears again.

“Well, I’ve said it before and I’ll say it again, Christine: No pain ... No Gain. Now, I know that a diet of nothing but bondage and exercise will make you a pretty dull person, so I’ve decided you should go back to school. Here’s your new week-day schedule,” he passed me the paper he’d been fiddling with when I’d entered the room.

A tear slid down my cheek, feathering out into the sheet.

“Oh please, Master!” I hiccupped. “**Please** don’t be so strict with me, please!”

“That’s your new schedule, effective tomorrow,” he stated unequivocally, staring down at me while I wrung my cuffed and chained hands helplessly in my lap, the wrist reminder chains and their thick cuffs flashing in the overhead lights. I surveyed it slowly, noting the manner in which my life would become even more regulated; seeing a list of activities that would completely control almost every minute of my existence. My lips began to quiver when I read the last line, realizing that I was gradually being transformed into an unwilling nun, condemned to eternal silence and penitence! Far back in my sub-conscious though, something asserted that this was what ***should*** be happening to me!

Christine’s Weekday Schedule

0630-0645 Awakening, shower and dressing as required by Master’s orders.

0645-0730 Breakfast, prepared by Master.

0730-0930 Dedicated Milking and Discipline Period (gagged/speech inhibited: 2:00 hours).

0930-1000 Shower and dressing for school in required uniform.

1000-1200 Schooling in class room/cell. Milking in session (gagged/speech inhibited - 2:00 hours).

1200-1300 Lunch.

1300-1700 Exercise in playroom. Milking session as required (gagged/speech inhibited - 4:00 hours).

1700-1730 Shower.

1730-1830 Dinner.

1830-2030 Dedicated Milking and Discipline (gagged/speech inhibited - 2:00 hours).

2030-2100 Shower and preparation for bed.

2100-0600 Sleep. Automated milking in session as required (gagged/speech inhibited - 09:00 hours).

Total Gagged Time = 19 Hours.

I had no idea what my weekends would be like, but this question was quickly answered when I wordlessly placed the paper back on the table.

“I haven’t really made any firm decisions yet about your week-ends yet.”

“M-M-Master? Aren’t I being d-d-disciplined enough?” I stammered, unable to meet his eyes.

“Well, I guess that depends on what **you** consider to be discipline,” he grinned. “All the stuff that happens now has to be done to get you where I want you to be, and I wouldn’t really call it discipline. More like ... ah ... encouragement, I’d say.”

“B-b-but it **all** h-h-hurts so much!” I whimpered while more tears slid down my cheeks.

“That seems to be the only thing you understand on a gut level,” he stated unsympathetically. “Now, I think it’s time we had dinner, then you’ll need to be milked again. After that it’ll be bedtime for you.”

“Master,” I whispered, I-I-I’m not really all that hungry.”

“Well, you better eat, honey,” he stated emphatically. “Otherwise, I’ll have to fit you with a feeding gag and mask, and you won’t like **that** one bit. Your body needs the food to produce milk and cover your energy expenditure during exercise.”

“Very well, Master.” I sighed and continued fingering the utterly secure chains to my heavy wrist cuffs.

The dinner was a succulent steak with all the trimmings and despite my belt-compressed stomach, I wolfed down the whole portion placed before me and drank an amazing amount of water. He allowed me to relax for half an hour, then the computer signalled I was to proceed to my next milking. It was impossible to escape or avoid the intimate, coercing shocks, and I was driven there with machine-like efficiency. They stopped only when I stood positioned and waiting in the centre of the Milking Parlour and a few minutes later, he ambled in and leisurely began to ready me for the coming ordeal. When I'd entered, I almost tripped on my house leash and had tried to mutter a grumbled "Damn!" only to have the collar and crotch electrodes flash out painful shocks, and so I stood silently, submitting to the complicated and fearsome preparations. Ten minutes later I was once more suspended in blackness, wailing and weeping plaintively against my gag while my breasts were drained by the uncomfortable, automated process. The blinding mask, together with the absence of any sound, forced me to concentrate on the sensations flooding my senses, and to my shock, I began to ride the waves of my masochism while I was literally driven to experience one orgasm after another! The milking continued unabated and somewhere towards the end of it, the whole thing became entirely too much for me to bear and I was turned into a weeping, writhing, howling animal, confined in my special room, utterly unable to escape the horrid process. Uncounted time later he released me and carried me to the bedroom.

"Go take a shower and do your thing before bed, then come back out here. I'll prepare you for sleep."

"Yes, Master," I quavered and tried to remain still while he slowly and gently removed my steel crotch-cover.

I sighed with heartfelt relief when it came away and the dildos slid from my body, then walked slowly and stiffly into the bathroom. The door closed and locked, then for the next twenty minutes I was as free as I would ever be, only the short room-leash to the back of my collar holding me a captive. He eventually returned and drew me into my cell, where I had to stand unprotesting while he quickly and efficiently fitted me with the sleeping version of the crotch-cover and *its* huge dildos. Next, of course, came my gag-mask, then he picked me up and placed me on the rubber mattress. Two

minutes later, I was fully strapped to my bed, the sheet zipped closed, and my nose ring connected to the overhead chain and weight arrangement, keeping me staring straight up at the black-painted ceiling. Silent tears of discomfort and despair slid down my cheeks while I moved my arms and legs against the straps after the door thunked shut. As I always did, I hoped that he'd somehow forgotten to lock all of my restraints, but I was as securely fastened as ever and once more enclosed in a soundless blackness, his helpless prisoner.

Hidden under the thick black rubber sheet and my steel crotch-cover-plate, the huge dildo slowly began vibrating and writhing, making me automatically try and draw my legs up. I partially succeeded despite the restriction of the tight sheet, only to have the motion stopped abruptly by my shortened ankle hobble chains. My arms strained against their straps when I attempted to pull them free and somehow get at the insidious things fastened into me between my legs, but of course could do nothing! I also tried to shake my head in negation, but the chain to my nose ring halted the attempt instantly, as was intended. The pain from the thrumming leash grew and grew, yet I had to suffer it without trying to move my head! To my continuing horror, the vibrations within my belly grew stronger and stronger, then began to be laced with rhythmic pulses through the tender envelopes of vulnerable and sensitive flesh stretched around the huge shafts buried and locked inside me! I ***couldn't*** escape! My hips writhed instinctually, moving the bar between my legs in uncomfortable jerks against its tensioning strap to the bed-frame and of course causing the internal portion to move even more! I tried desperately to bite back the groans and wails of barely suppressed hysteria this sophisticated torture began to wring from me but I couldn't stand it after a minute and gave a full-blooded though electronically silenced scream, eliciting even stronger shocks from the constantly controlling chastity belt and my collar! I was relentlessly driven through the arousal process until ten minutes later I flamed into a bright explosive orgasm, fainting into a screaming blackness that took me into its arms for the rest of my night.

John

Christine slept as well as could be expected given her bondage and gagged state, and I let her sleep a little longer than was normal, in order to have her

well-rested for her morning milking. When I eventually freed her of the bed restraints, she was surprisingly bubbly, the events of the previous day seeming to have been absorbed and processed by her sub-conscious, and she'd returned to her normal, happy self. There was a moment or two of silence when I removed her night-time crotch equipment (I'd left her in the training cups), then she climbed gingerly into the shower while I laid out the day's clothing. Because she'd be eating then going directly to her next milking, I decided she might just as well throw a house coat on over her underwear, and so left that atop the pile, then went down and began preparing our breakfast.

Half an hour later I returned to the bedroom and fitted her with her regular crotch-cover-plate, the long bar, six-inch-heeled, locked-on pumps, medium length hobble chains and her house leash, then returned to the kitchen. She appeared five minutes later, preceded by the tapping of her heels and the slithering of her leash.

"Mmmmm! Smells good!" she murmured, snuggling up to my back and wrapping her chain-hung arms around my waist.

Her breasts were still imprisoned within her trainer cups and she didn't press too hard against me, for even a little pressure on them was uncomfortable now that they had refilled with milk. She wagged her hips against my ass though, and I could feel the rigidity of her chastity belt pressing into me, making me want to screw her brains out right then and there. Christine knew she was teasing me unmercifully and continued her rubbing and snuggling, just like a demanding cat. I turned in the circle of her arms, grasped her wrist reminder chains up at the back of her neck, then slid my fist down their lengths, slowly and inexorably pulling her wrists around behind her back while she struggled with increasing fervour against her helplessness, smiling and gasping when she tugged at her restraints. My fist reached the point on the chains that her wrists were clamped together, then I tightened my grip and slowly pulled them high up her back while bending her over and kissing her softly writhing, glistening lips.

I kept her like that while I had my way, and when I allowed her to straighten, still with her arms dragged up between her shoulder blades, my other hand reached into my pocket and took out a short chain and two locks. She

continued to writhe and struggle delightfully in partial protest while I fumbled with them, but a moment later I had both of her wrists locked together on the chain and its other end connected to the back ring of her collar.

“There!” I smiled while she struggled in earnest now to free her hands and arms of the awkward and limiting restraint.

“Ooohhh, Master!” she groaned, twisting her upper body against the chain and the bra harness, “This is **awful!** I feel **so** helpless! How am I going to be able to eat breakfast when I’m chained this way?”

“I think you look quite fetching, actually, Christine!” I grinned while she continued writhing sexily and jerking her arms what little she could. “Not to worry about breakfast though. I’ll feed you.”

“Thank you, Master, I think,” she pretended to grump at me, but in reality I knew she really enjoyed being so thoroughly looked after.

She walked with the chastity belt/extension bar-induced sexy sway over to her high stool and perched on its edge, waiting regally to be served. The bondage of her wrists forced her to stick out her chest imperiously while she sat, and I considered yet again how lucky I was to have her as my slave and soon-to-be wife. That reminded me that we’d better begin the planning for the big event, for I knew that she wanted to go whole hog on the ceremony and reception. Naturally, she’d be fully restrained beneath her wedding gown, but few would know that, at first. The only thing that might cause some comment would be her nose ring, but it would remain hidden by her veil most of the time.

The eggs and bacon were done and I took everything to the table, sat down myself and began eating and feeding her. We were both quiet during the meal, other than her occasional request for a sip of coffee or orange juice and when we’d finished and I’d cleaned off the table, I sat down across from her.

“Okay. Here’s the program for today. First of all, I’ve gotta go into town for a while and I’ll do that as soon as you’re released from your milking. After that you’re on your own, but subject to the program I showed you last night.

You'll have to take your shower, dress in your school uniform and be in the class ready to go at eleven am. After school, you'll have an hour for lunch or whatever you want to do, then you have to be in the playroom for your exercise at two o'clock. You'll be released from there at six, have your shower and be in the dining room at six-thirty for dinner. I should be home sometime around then with the food, or we can order whatever you want from a takeout place. After dinner, around seven-thirty or so, I'll take you in for your second milking, then it'll be another shower and off to bed. Okay?"

"Th-that's a pretty full day, Master," she said ruefully, continuing to twist against her uncomfortable bondage position.

"It is that," I agreed, smiling across at her, "but I don't want you to get too bored

"Oh! I'm **not** bored, Master!" she chirped, "what with all that painful stuff and wild orgasms to look forward to every day!"

"Now, now!" I grinned at her again, "Do I detect some reticence there?"

"M-maybe a little bit," she whispered, ducking her head submissively.

"Well, that's understandable," I said and stood up.

She quailed away from me a little when I came around the table, shivering with fearful anticipation of what was to come. I grasped the short chain between her wrists and the back of her collar and lifted her to her feet.

"Let's get you down to the playroom for milking." I held the chain and frog-marched her out of the kitchen.

"Oh! Ahhh Master! Please! Please don't make me do it again so soon?" she gasped, stumbling down the hall ahead of me, twisting against the stringent restriction of my grip on her chain.

Her ankle cuffs jerked harshly against the steely links of her hobble with every step she was forced to take. Once I had her inside the milking parlour and bar leashed to the central ring, it was but the work of a few minutes to

connect the straps, then I unlocked her trainer cups and coated her trembling and goose-bumped breasts with the contact gel again.

The thick, large diameter, steel rings, so deeply embedded in her dark brown nipples, caught my eye, and for a moment, I cupped each of her milk-engorged breasts gently, rolling the steel-punctured and sensitive flesh slowly between my thumbs and fingers.

“Aaaarrgghhh!!! MMmmmmaaaaassttterr!! **Pplleeeassee!!**” she wailed when the metal circlets tugged at her. “P-p-please!? Oh, please! Please stttooooo! Th-that hurts!!”

Both she and I knew that this fondling was another demonstration of her helplessness, and so I continued for another minute or two, watching her closely while she writhed and squirmed in front of me, trying to evade the torturing captivity of the rings. I finally relented when she began to wail and shake, then allowed her a couple of minutes to recover her composure. At last she managed to stop her gasping sobs and stared up at me through tear-brimming eyes when I spoke again.

“I’m going to change the parameters of your breast confinement, Christine.” I stated, looking her directly in the eyes while I activated her speech-inhibitor. She knew, somehow, that she dare not speak now, and stared plaintively up into my face. “I think I’ll leave these on you full-time now, unless you’re going to be taken out. Then you’ll wear the controller cups.”

She shook her head in denial of what was to come, but I quickly mounted the discipline/milker cups to her bra and locked them in place while she stared mournfully down at herself being imprisoned, again. Her gag-mask was the last thing to be added and she struggled silently to avoid having her mouth filled and head locked into the device, at first keeping it closed and twisting back and forth while I tried to put it on her.

“That’s enough!” I warned. “I know you don’t want to wear this equipment, but you’ll just have to get used to it! Now, hold your head still and open your mouth or I’ll discipline you even more severely than you already have coming!”

“Eeeeyyaaaggg!” she screamed when the shockers cut in and her vocal chords were silenced by the collar.

For a moment more she screamed soundlessly, then the shocks died away when she stopped trying to protest and slowly opened her mouth, lifting her head while a flood of despairing tears trickled down her cheeks. I pushed the gag-pad into place and a moment later she was staring out through the thick quartz of the face-plate covering her internal mask in barely suppressed terror. The locks on the straps snapped closed and she shook her head for a few seconds, begging with her eyes to be freed of the entombing rubber appliance.

“See you in two hours!” I said, even though she was unable to hear a thing within the mask. I waved at the deeply imprisoned strained face within the oppressive helmet that she turned to me, then turned and left the Milking Salon, locking the heavy door behind me.

In the observation room I once more settled into my chair then adjusted the microphones within her mask and collar. On the monitors I saw her looking around frantically, struggling against the multiple, though still-slack straps that confined her; pulling her arms down against the stretchy rubber cords while she fought to reach the hoses and wires connected to the discipline/milker cups. She wasn’t strong enough to get her hands anywhere near them, despite her weeks of exercise and near-panicked state. Similarly, she lifted her legs against the restriction of their rubber bungee-straps, but there was to be no escape. Her breath hissed in the room speakers while she gasped and attempted to adjust to her isolation and helplessness, then a terrified howl of denial was torn from her when the mask slowly darkened to a depthless blackness on the inside and a silvery, opaque sheen on the outside.

“**NNnnnnnoooo--eeaaaa!!!**” rippled from the speakers of the Observation room, then on the monitors, I saw her being automatically drawn into her mid-air, suspended milking position.

Chapter Thirty

The Start of School: A New Costume

Christine

The shocks transfixed my neck, crotch and breasts whenever I screamed, yet the mask continued to darken and I stared into the black abyss of my enslavement while being drawn into the air. My legs were dragged out to the sides, spreading me vulnerably, and I pulled down desperately on my arms, again trying to get at the horrid hoses and wires connected to my breasts. Although I thought I knew what was coming when the process started, I had to bite down hard on the gag-pad to stop the strangled wail that wanted to tear from my throat and it was only with the greatest effort that I managed to still my cries.

Sobbing pitifully, I silently begged to be released from the painful ministrations of the milking cups, but of course they continued to perform their function without let-up, driving me into further and further writhing and jerking spasms when I tried to escape. The noose-like grip of the rubber rings around the bases of my breasts squeezed the fluid-filled flesh firmly into the ribbed-rubber liners of the cups, then *they* squeezed my breasts while the puckering, knobbed lips over my nipples at the apexes of the cups writhed and suckled greedily, drawing the milk from my engorged flesh. In addition to the ribbing, the internal liner was also endowed with the little rubber spikes and so just having to wear the horribly punishing devices was an unimaginable torture! With the compression of my breasts, the spikes dug painfully and I began to scream when the first squeeze occurred, receiving as usual, the disciplinary shocks from my crotch and collar!

On the beginning of the tenth cycle, I think, the dildo's began writhing and thrusting within my belly and the, at first, tickling then horrifying shocks to my sex lips and clitoris began, moving me slowly towards an unwilling orgasm! To add to my torment a couple of cycles later with my nipples drawn deeply into the lip-like things, an absolutely mind-blowing series of escalating pulses rippled through them and out then through my swollen and

supersensitive breasts! At the same time, my clitoris, vagina and ass were transfixed with an alternating series of shocks and I was catapulted into a screaming, jerking, writhing, frenetic fit by the assaults. I was **not** allowed to retreat into the haven of unconsciousness though, thanks to the increased oxygen pumped continually into my lungs by the mask! Utterly silenced, I begged and I pleaded against my gag for it all to stop, but the automated process continued pitilessly, edging me closer and closer to orgasm. The pain and pleasure began to mix inextricably, making me fling my head around, feverishly trying to shake loose of the helmet, air and water hoses connected to it then my synapses started to fire off without sense. Every muscle in my body quivered and sang to the on-rushing enormity of the explosive orgasm being wrung from my tortured mind and flesh and wailing without let-up, I was swept along on the rushing wave of pain and pleasure, trying to resist its onslaught while I jerked and twisted in mid-air. My legs bent fully at the knees, jerking the ankle hobble chains and the spreader bungee-cords to thrumming tension, while my thighs scissored open and closed, spasmodically attempting to escape the evil thing between them! I bounced at the end of the bar leash in short, restrained arcs while it plunged and dragged inside me.

At last I could stand no more of all the terrible things being done to my body and I was driven over the brink into sensory free-fall to the blessed relief of orgasmic release. I blacked-out completely and remained in limbo but when awareness finally returned, as always I found I was still a captive and being milked unceasingly! Without a hope I wept uncontrollably while the horrible, humiliating, and unavoidable process continued. With each cycle, skeins of painful shocks pulsed through my breasts, forcing maddened screams from my throat and I **had** to endure them. For the remainder of the session, I was embraced in a constant state of darkness and terror that I thought would never end.

Finally, I felt myself being lowered to the floor then stood on wobbly legs while the mask slowly cleared, permitting me to stare around the room again. A moment later the door opened and my Master entered.

He grinned at me while I hung there still twitching with reaction, and spoke to me, but I still couldn't hear a thing within the helmet. All of the straps

were quickly released and a moment later he knelt and reconnected the house leash to my bar, then at his gesture, I walked to the wall where he opened a little cabinet to show me how much milk had been extracted from my body. A litre capacity glass jar was half-filled with a creamy white liquid and I shivered automatically when he disconnected it from the milking device and placed it in a small refrigerator. With another gesture, I followed him to the wall and he quickly freed me of the helmet and gag. Sound and the world around me returned with a rush.

“Well, Christine, that was your first combined milking and discipline session! How do you feel?”

I pointed at my throat.

“Oh, yeah. It’s turned off, for the moment.”

“M-M-Master?” I moaned, my hands and fingers trembling over the innocently smooth outer surfaces of my breast cups, “Please! Please! Please! Please take these off me! *Pllleeeaaasssee?*” I wailed, feeling my shoulders surge against the tight shoulder straps.

“No,” he said simply and without pity for how I was confined and disciplined by the terrible things locked onto my chest. “You’ll wear them from now on, as I indicated before the session began. Now, go up and have your shower, then get dressed in your school uniform.”

“Y-y-yes, Master,” I sniffled submissively, staggering while I walked to the door, my locked on high-heels proving to be another, continuing restriction to my freedom.

Somehow I managed to climb the stairs to the bathroom and stood quietly while he locked me into the little room, leaving me still encased in the terrible cups, crotch-cover and wearing the punishing inhibitor bar. I whimpered at the wobbling sensation deep in my belly when I got into the tub and the long bar smacked on its side, then had to awkwardly angle myself to get fully inside. My breasts still ached from the after effects of my milking and I longed to be able to massage them, but of course I couldn’t even touch them! I soaped myself all over, staring down at my leash looping up under

the shower curtain, semi-hating and semi-entranced with its restriction and control over my life. Fifteen minutes later the door unlocked and I walked into the bedroom to find my student uniform laid out on the bed, waiting. A note on top of the clothes detailed what I was to do next:

Dear Christine,

Here's your student uniform. You'll have to dress in it from now on for your lessons. It must be worn in the following manner:

First, you must put on the skirt, then the over-blouse, adjusting it so that your breast cups fit fully through the apertures provided on its front. The collar must be buttoned over your steel one, with the restraint rings projecting through the eyelets provided. The same applies to the cuffs at the wrists. You are to fasten the belt of the skirt, ensuring that your restraint rings also project through the slots provided. Adjust these two garments carefully, as you will be inspected for neatness.

After you've completed this part of your dressing, you must report to your class-room and finish fitting yourself in the balance of your student's uniform. Instructions will be detailed in another note on your desk. After completing the full sequence, you must connect the Limiter chains to your wrist cuffs. When your lessons have been completed satisfactorily, you will be released for lunch and after that, report to the playroom for your exercise session.

In addition to your usual air hoses Christine, you are now required to also connect the appropriate hoses and cables to your breast cups. The computer will monitor you to ensure that this is done, and needless to say, you'll be disciplined until you do. All of your restraints will unlock automatically at the end of your Exercise Period, then you are to proceed to the bathroom for your shower. I should be home by then and I'll release you from the bathroom at that time. Have an interesting time, honey!!

Love, John.

I stared down at the clothing laid out for me and slowly began to struggle into it. The skirt was a full, pleated, yet only mid-thigh length, navy blue cotton and slipped easily down my arms, then settled around my waist. The so-called blouse was more difficult to put on and position correctly, but I eventually managed to get it settled properly in position, and when I looked in the mirror, I was shocked at my appearance, although, I suppose by now, I shouldn't have been. The silvery cups stuck blatantly through their holes on the front, surrounded by small frills and ruffles, and I blushed at the picture I made, especially with the gleaming projections of the hose mounts tipping each gleaming hemisphere, denoting their purpose. Between my legs, the long bar projected obscenely down between my thighs from under the skirt's hem, its presence totally non-concealable. I blushed even more when I stared at it moving slightly with each change of my stance.

It seemed that I was ready and so I walked from the bedroom and down the hall to the room I hadn't been allowed to enter for the last month. The door was open a crack and I walked inside, ensuring with a kick of my hobbled feet that my leash was unobstructed while I moved further into the darkened chamber. Behind me the door swung closed and locked with an oily click, and for a moment I stood staring around helplessly, trying to figure out what to do next. A tall, narrow, tightly-barred window at one end threw a wedge of thin, winter's morning light across the room and I walked to it then stared out through the tripled panes and gleaming steel bars, to the barren front garden below and the street far beyond the high hedge. Overhead neon lights flickered on then stabilized to a harsh white illumination, revealing the interior in all its stark details. Suddenly, a typical schoolmarm voice came over hidden speakers.

"Good morning, Young Lady!" it said, seeming to wait for a response from me.

A ripple of small warning shocks pulsed through my crotch and I knew almost instinctively what to do.

"G-g-good Morning, M-Mistress," I said loudly.

"Very good, Miss Christine! I'm glad to see that you learn easily from non-verbal communication. We will hone those skills as part of your curricula.

You may now inspect your class-room, familiarizing yourself with all its various equipment. You have two minutes in which to do so.” the voice intoned then cut off, leaving the room in oppressive silence.

I could see the class equipment and it certainly wasn't what would be found in any normal room for students! Although the walls were still decorated with the original, nondescript wall-paper, it had otherwise changed dramatically. The floor was no longer carpeted, but had been returned to its original, hardwood surface, sanded and polished to a high, glossy finish. Arranged strategically around the glistening expanse were dozens of embedded rings, for the moment folded down into their depressions, waiting. The entire ceiling was now a single, indirectly illuminated panel I discovered when I looked up, then my eye was caught by a rack along the back wall and I slowly walked over to inspect it more closely. Dozens of differing lengths of chain hung from hooks, along with almost the same number of leather and rubber straps. In the middle hung the thing I detested: a gagging air/isolation mask, together with its heavy coils of air hoses and wires. Others were arranged next to the first sets, and I knew that they were meant to be connected to my milking cups. Shuddering with distaste, I turned away to inspect my so-called student desk and chair, having avoided doing so for as long as I could.

I moved hesitantly to the ominous construction and shuddered again, noting its sturdy, black-painted, tubular steel construction. The “chair” was set quite high above the floor, its lightly-padded seat made so that when I sat down, my bar would fit into the usual central slot, then lock in place when my full weight came on the thin cushion. It had a high, lightly-padded back with a built-in head rest, and centred just below this was a peculiar little arm arrangement that projected outwards about a foot from the rubber surface. The actual desk portion was nothing more than a narrow shelf, swung off to one side, on which a computer keyboard and track-ball had been fastened. Two Limiter chains hung from the chair's arm-rests, waiting with their locks. The seat was high off the floor and equipped with separate leg rests descending from its front and equipped just above the stirrups foot rests with wide clamps. I looked closer, becoming more frightened with each passing second, and saw that these were capable of bending and twisting in all directions, thanks to a slightly bent joint at knee level. The seat of the

chair and its back each had two wide, thick restraint straps attached, hanging freely, but obviously meant to be fastened to my belt. I backed away from the evil device, staring wildly around the long, sterile room, noticing that the front wall was completely covered with a huge, projection type, TV screen, for the moment quite blank. Another was mounted on the ceiling above the chair. I ran as best I could back to the door, searching desperately for a handle, but there wasn't one on the inside and I stared around frantically, trying to locate some other way out. Only the door I'd entered by allowed escape though, and the window was impossible to open or break, to say nothing of the tightly spaced and shiny thick steel bars. High in each corner of the walls and ceiling, small TV cameras stared down at me, recording everything. The Mistress voice returned.

"Very well, Miss Christine! You must now proceed to the equipment rack at the back of the class and begin dressing yourself in the balance of your student's uniform," she stated in a icy, commanding tone.

Reluctantly, I moved to the rack, then stood fearfully waiting to be told what to do next.

"You will recognize the hoses and cables for your breast cups, Miss Christine. You are to remove them from their hooks and connect them to their mounts at this time."

I took as long as possible, but two minutes later the long, leech-like hoses were connected and I shuddered with thoughts of what would soon, again be done to me. Within the cups a mild vacuum tugged on my nipples and small shocks pulsed through my tensed flesh. Next, the inflatable rings expanded to exert a, garrotting pressure then released my breasts. Her voice returned.

"Very good, Miss Christine! The computer verifies that you are properly connected. Now! You must put on your student's mask and helmet." the voice snapped.

I sniffled when I picked up the distasteful, isolating, head-enclosure and stared into its interior, the air and water hoses to its front dangling weightily to thick loops on the floor.

“Come along now, Miss Christine! Put on your helmet immediately!” the voice ordered unsympathetically.

Still sniffing, I held open the wide, zippered back and slowly pulled the thick rubber horror up and over my face. I had to open my mouth wide for the internal gag-pad, almost retching when it penetrated past my teeth, slipping far back, deeply into my straining mouth then I wriggled the mask around until the tubes slipped far up into my nostrils, then past the cross-bar of my nose’s hardware. Subtle clicks vibrated within the face-mask, horribly so, and it was slowly drawn tightly against my face by some hidden mechanism, pulling on my nose! I was locked into it! My hearing disappeared when I resentfully pulled the thick rubber bag of the helmet over the rest of my head, smoothing it towards the back zipper and tucking my hair under the inner flap. The headphones crackled to life, at first almost deafening me.

“Now, fasten the zipper, Young Lady, and press its tab into the fitting provided!”

Even more reluctantly, my trembling fingers gripped the tab at the crown of my head then pulled it closed over the bulge of my skull and down the long neck-tube, sealing me inside. I retched slightly when the mouth filler was forced even deeper into my mouth and throat by the constriction of the helmet’s thick rubber, but there was nothing I could do to stop it from happening. When it was completely closed, the thick intrusions of the nostril tubes were also forced deeper and although I tried to beg around the gag-pad to be allowed to take off the awful appliance, it was too late, for the tab was already locked securely into its mounting. I shook my head in misery, feeling the hoses drag on the mask, then, when I attempted to look around, I discovered to my horror that the helmet incorporated something like a set of horse blinkers! In addition to prohibiting me from turning my head easily from side to side, I was forced to stare straight ahead, able to see only a narrow arc before me and so I’d have to turn my whole body to look around. I gasped in frustrated distress, feeling cold air being forced through them and forcibly inflating my lungs with each breath. My hands rose unbidden and attempted to prize the thick rubber from my face and head, but all that happened when I tried was that my nose rings were painfully pulled at, and the mask only moved fractionally before snapping tightly onto my face again.

I screamed into the gag-pad with frustration, then **she** spoke again.

“Please assume your seat at this time, Young Lady!” she commanded peremptorily.

Instead, I hobbled to the door, trailed by the coils of hoses, wires, and my leash, then tried desperately to pry it open. With no handle and only my finger nails for tools, it was impossible.

“Miss Christine! Move to your seat! Now!” the voice barked, and a series of shocks engulfed my straining breasts, making me scream and try frantically to pull the cups off my chest.

The shocks grew even worse, driving me inexorably to the chair, weeping and writhing my body to be free of the tightly fitted garments locked and welded closed on it. With great reluctance, I climbed onto the stirrups, turned around, then flipped my skirt out and slipped my extension bar into the slot. When my full weight settled onto the seat, the locks beneath closed and locked, drawing my buttocks firmly against the thin padding. Mercifully the shocks stopped immediately, leaving me gasping and crying pitifully while I tried to somehow massage away the terrible hurt.

I was back at school with a vengeance.

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