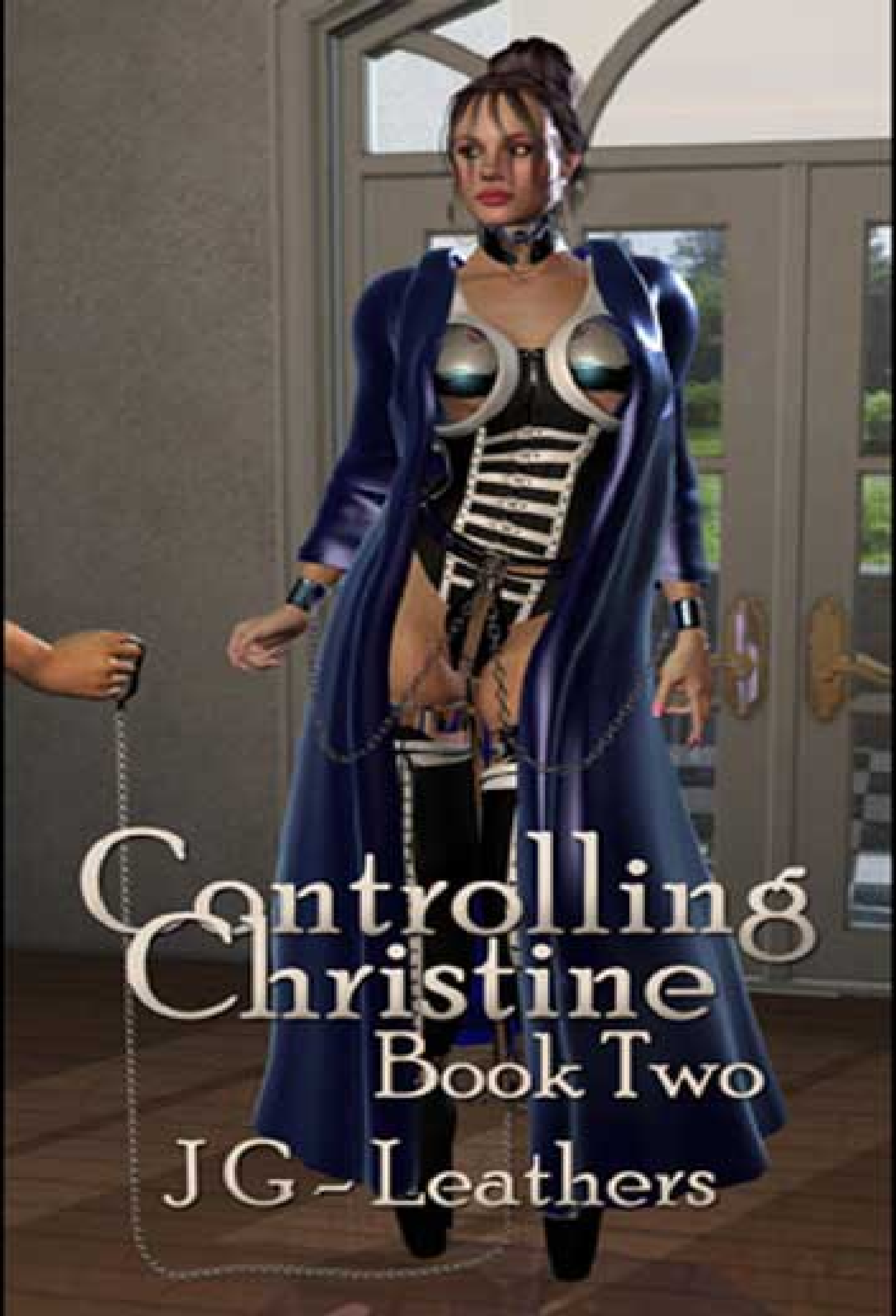
Controlling Christine
Book Two
JG~Leathers

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By JG-Leathers

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Chapter One

A Lesson and Correction

Christine

For a moment I writhed on my rigidly clamped ‘Bar, then slowly settled and stared from within the blinkers at the huge projection TV screen filling my forward view. I couldn’t really look down, but caught the motion of the keyboard when it swung over in front of me, just above waist level, stopping before my stomach. It was partially concealed by the silvery swells of my breast cups and their sprouting hoses and wires, but disconcertingly, at the same time the clamps on the arms behind my legs snapped closed around my ankles, securing my feet and legs, then she spoke again.

“You should be aware by now, young lady, that you are under the control of your Electronic Speech Inhibitor,” she intoned. “Well done indeed, Miss Christine!” she enthused, surprising me. “It has been noted that you have fastened yourself as required. Kindly lean back and remain still for a moment.”

When I did, I felt a subtle click at the back of my collar and immediately tried to jerk away, only to be brought to an immediate, choking stop when the chair leash, now connected to my collar, snapped tight! I struggled to bend forward for a moment, then the cable slowly wound backward. It was remotely controlled too! A moment later my head and neck were inexorably pulled into a formed depression in the head rest once it had tightened fully.

“That’s excellent, my dear!” she seemed to smile evilly, almost chuckling. “Now that we’ve added ***that*** little modicum of control, you are to reach around to the sides and seat of your chair and fasten the straps you will find there to the rings of your chastity device. Kindly do so at this time!”

With another tremulous sigh I did as she commanded, then sat there, rigidly erect and fully-restrained but for my hands, waiting for what was to come next. I could only stare helplessly ahead at the huge, dominating TV screens

in front and above me, unable to look anywhere else.

“Please connect the Limiter Chains to your wrist cuffs. When you have done so, you are then to reach to the top of the desk and depress the central button located there. You have two minutes to complete these instructions.”

I could feel the chains dangling from the arms of the chair and so resignedly reached down and grasped one, then locked it to my right wrist cuff. A moment later, I’d done the same with the left cuff, then, I pulled at their obdurate links, reassuring myself that I was indeed fastened. When I tried to press the button she had mentioned, I found to my dismay, limiting as my wrist chains were, that I couldn’t get my fingers anywhere near it! I surged against my bondage to the chair, but there was absolutely no way and I began to panic, dreading the horrible things that would inevitably follow for failure to complete my task.

“Now, young lady! Prior to commencing your actual lessons, and as a necessity for them being properly answered, I shall conduct a class in typing. This will bring your current skills, or lack thereof, up to a standard of one hundred and twenty words per minute. Error free I might add! Your abilities will be tested during the first ten minutes of each lesson period, to ensure they are maintained, and we will proceed to the actual topic for the day,” she explained pedantically.

My typing skills were nonexistent, but it appeared that this was soon to be remedied.

“It is my understanding, Miss Christine, that you have only accomplished a ‘hunt and peck’ style of typing, but this will soon be corrected by the concentrated lessons you are about to undergo. On the screen in front of you there will appear a key board, and you are to follow my verbal instructions, in addition to those you see on the screen. The lesson will commence now.”

I attempted to look down at the keyboard partially-hidden below the swell my breasts, pulling forward against my collar and the cable connecting it to the back of the chair, bending my head against the choking restriction, but this only lasted a few seconds before it was snapped back into the padded rest with a quick jerk on its leash.

“***Miss*** Christine!” she admonished, “You are ***not*** permitted to look at the keyboard! This is one of the basic tenets of touch typing, and you will be restricted to prevent you from doing so!”

I ***had*** to stare straight ahead at the screen! My hands positioned themselves above the keys, feeling the weight and restriction of all the chains dragging on my arms and I knew this wasn’t going to be a lot of fun. On the screen, the lesson began to unfold while the voice of my mentor detailed my duties. At first the pacing was fairly sedate while I was oriented to such arcane topics as ‘the home row’, proper keyboarding, speed, rhythm, and error computation. Posture and seat position I was told, at this point, were not problems, for my current environment had been engineered with those considerations foremost. Hearing these comments, I chewed angrily on my gag-pad, sweating inside the hot, sealed mask and helmet, shaking my head to try and dislodge droplets of water trickling into my eyes. For my trouble I received a threatening shock from my clitoral contact!

“Kindly pay ***close*** attention, Miss Christine! No slackness will be permitted!”

The lesson continued and I had no choice but to follow it and complete the practice sessions she dictated, urged to do so by tingling shocks from my Chastity Belt if I didn’t follow through as instructed, or as rapidly as I was supposed to. The lesson seemed to go on forever while I sat fastened, and when I began to lose concentration I was brought quickly back to my predicament with stronger shocks. On the screen I could see the results of my fumbling attempts to type correctly and with each error I made, annoying, hurtful pulses coursed through my crotch, making me try to shift away, but I couldn’t avoid them no matter ***how*** I squirmed! After what seemed like a thousand years, the lesson appeared to be drawing to a conclusion.

“Miss Christine, your first performance was of middling accomplishment, and obviously needs improvement. Now, you will be required to complete a short test to measure your comprehension and absorption of the material just covered. I will read a passage and you must then type it. During this test you will, of course, be checked for accuracy and speed. Any errors you make will be totalled and paid for at the end of the test. In the future you will be required to complete tests under much more severe conditions. The test will begin in thirty seconds!”

I shivered with trepidation at her comments, then the face-plate covering my staring eyes, began to darken! I moaned haplessly with fear, a faceless prisoner inside the totally blackened helmet, staring terrified into the black depths once more ...

She began speaking slowly and at first I thought she was just preparing me for what was to come, but that impression disappeared with a series of pulsating shocks from the vaginal and the anal dildos, making me attempt to jerk my hands from the keyboard to my lap. I was frantic to tear at the steel locked over my loins, only to have my hands brought up short by the short chains connecting my wrist cuffs to the desk top. Her voice suddenly cut off then came back on.

“Kindly pay attention Miss Christine!” she snapped while I writhed in frenzied effort against my restraints, uttering gag-stifled screams from the intimate electrical torture. “I will begin again ...”

John

Christine sat rigidly erect in her chair; her face hidden beneath the gleaming silvery surface of the mask and hands scrabbling uselessly at the ends of their short tethers, attempting to get at the devices locked onto and into her body. As designed, the chains kept her hands inches away while she strove with desperate need, but of course she was prohibited from touching herself. Slowly she lifted them to position themselves above the keyboard and her fingers began to dance over it, at first hesitantly then faster and faster. She continued to jerk her head against the restriction of the too short, back-of-the-collar leash, still trying to free herself, but it prevented her from bending her head forward and the visual impact of the scene was compelling.

The being attached to the sturdy chair was obviously female; this denoted by the large breast cups, the skirt and the waves of golden hair cascading out from under the tight rubber neck-tube of the helmet. What was stunning though, was the plethora of hoses and wires attached to the female’s most sensitive areas, and the manner in which she was held in place. Quite obviously, there was no escape for her and she ***had*** to do as she was ordered. Being under such pervasive control was a situation most young woman of her

age would not be able to comprehend or withstand, but as my slave girl, she had no choice in the matter, and must needs submit or suffer for her rebellion.

At last the typing lesson ended and she sat quietly trembling; her hands still poised above the keys. I flicked on the wall speaker and listened to the computer voice ...

“Miss Christine, you surely must know that you did terribly! Your errors are a staggering eighty percent and your speed is far to slow! As a consequence, your correction will last for the next four minutes.”

Christine immediately began to twist and jerk frantically against her restraints and her hands attempted to fly to her steel-encased breasts and pull away the torturing cups, then were once more snubbed short when they attempted to move towards her crotch to get at the torturing things locked within her loins, for these had also entered into the process of her correction. The collar leash had been shortened even more when her correction began, pulling her head back firmly into the padded rest, nearly immobilized, then she began twisting it back and forth in denial of what was being done to her body, silently pleading to stop her correctional discipline, but there was more to come. The portions of the chair holding her legs straightened slowly, then began to rise in front of the desk under the keyboard so that within a minute she was sitting with her legs pulled straight out. To add to her rapidly growing discomfort, they then gradually began to rotate to the sides, ever more thoroughly impaling her on the fearful invaders within her body! The movement continued until her legs had been dragged almost to a full, flat split, resulting in the crotch-piece and its evil, hidden, inner accoutrements being firmly clamped into her mound and up between her spread legs. Everything stopped moving. For a moment, she remained utterly still; even her chained hands arranged loosely on the desk, but then even ***this*** small freedom was denied when her Limiter chains were ratcheted into the arm rests of the chair! In seconds her wrists and forearms were securely clamped to the lightly padded platforms, but despite her fastenings she continued to pull and strain to free them. The rests began straightening and rotating upwards and back and only stopped their movement when she was sitting with her arms spread wide just below shoulder level, pulled slightly behind her, expanding her chest so that her breasts were thrust out vulnerably into their cups. She could barely

twitch.

“As you can see, Miss Christine, your chair is ***quite*** talented,” commented the Mistress’ gloating voice, “Now, we shall proceed with your correction.”

Held in this manner, Christine was permitted virtually no motion other than being able to breathe in panting and horrified gasps, then, when the discipline began to be applied, she vibrated violently against her multiple fastenings. I knew that beneath the sound-deadening helmet enclosing her head, she screamed madly for release or mercy, but the computer was inexorable and pitiless. It monitored her carefully, never applying a stimulus or set of stimuli that would cause her any real harm, but kept them at levels sufficiently high that she would do almost anything to escape its ministrations.

Christine

I thought I was going to be pulled apart when the chair started changing! The exercises I’d been forced to endure had certainly improved my flexibility, but this was pushing my limits to places I didn’t want to go! When everything stopped happening I could do nothing more than take shallow, gasping breaths, but the tight mask forced air into my lungs while I sat trembling and impaled feeling horribly vulnerable, spread on the awful thing like a pinned moth. In my crotch, the cover-plate pressed firmly onto the flesh around my pubic bone, then the vibrations began, deep within my belly. At first they were mildly annoying, but when the clitoral machine began its pulsing and teasing, pressed firmly into my sensory nexus, I began to experience the awakenings of orgasm. I naturally tried to moan, but the sound was too loud, and my collar and the anal dildo flashed a series of agonizing shocks through my captive flesh! I bit hard on the gag-pad, stifling the scream attempting to tear itself from my throat, but next, the dildo started writhing and I ***did*** scream from the incredible sensations, being so thoroughly and helplessly straddled upon it! The discomfort and misery of my situation was magnified ten-fold when it then began to withdraw, only to have an inevitable, deeply-thrusting re-insertion: the twisting shaft pistoning slowly, literally screwing itself into me! My leg muscles turned rock-hard while I fought to pull them from the grip of the restraining clamps and my arms thrummed from the strain of trying to jerk themselves free of their bindings, but ***this*** was only the prelude!

For what seemed like an eternity I ***had*** to sit and endure the mechanical rape, unable to stop myself from becoming further aroused! My body betrayed me, demanding more pain and more pleasure, and all the while my sex streamed with lubrication ... then, the things clamped to my chest suddenly came alive and I wailed from the added stressful sensations. The inner donuts around the bases of each breast suddenly swelled, garrotting my large, firm, and again fluid-filled mounds, then came a painful, merciless squeezing by the inner, ribbed rubber envelope over them, far worse than any mammogram! It was agony! A moment later I felt milk begin to spurt from my nipples when the suckling of the vacuum began. My ring-punctured nipples lengthened automatically when the firm little lips latched onto them. Their sensitivity to these manipulations rose higher and higher with each gasping breath I took and although the squeezing action became a little less painful, I still had to bite down fiercely on the gag-pad to stop my impending screams and the disciplinary shocks they would cause me to suffer. Mindlessly, mentally, I pleaded and begged with every promise I could think of for my Master to release me from my terrible situation, but everything was blackness and silence, except for the subdued hissing of my panicky breathing. In the back of my mind a door from Hell had opened and I was drawn slowly within.

My pain tolerance seemed to escalate, but I was relentlessly pushed beyond even these raised limits, for suddenly, to my horror, the shockers too were activated! Everything else continued to happen and I opened my mouth as much as I could around the solid rubber plug, trying to voice a full-blooded scream, only to have it stopped by the speech inhibitor while it was being born. The electrical torture was administered to my breasts in gradually increasing doses until I thought I'd go mad from the painful, sometimes slow, sometimes fast, pulses and sequences. The base level of the shocks never decreased, but they were manipulated somehow so that they were desperately flesh-shuddering, and it kept getting worse and worse! In my crotch, the mechanical raping continued without hesitation or let-up, then the electrodes ***there*** were also activated! I automatically tried to cringe my belly away under its steel imprisonment; my abdominal muscles jerking and writhing of their own accord from the awful sensations! Through the haze of this discipline, the school Mistresses' voice came over my headphones while I spun erratically along the path to a mindless orgasm.

“Miss Christine! You have another two minutes of correction. You will then be released for lunch.”

All I wanted was to escape what was happening to me! Right ***now!***

The pace of all the stimuli began to increase and change rate, so that they were soon heterodyning amongst themselves, driving me further and further away from coherent thought. Inside my very personal Hell, my sub-conscious grinned at me and whispered that there were more and worse things, ***and*** that I would eventually become addicted to them! I screamed and howled, mindlessly fighting my restraints while the pre-orgasmic plateau passed in a flash, and in seconds I was flying along the crest, urged on by the intense shocks and all of the other sensations. I vibrated in tune to the pistoning in my core while I rose higher and higher into the stratosphere of sensation and within the blackened interior of the mask and helmet, my face was bathed in rivers of sweat and desperate tears. I flung my head wildly back and forth frantically against the restriction of the collar’s leash to the chair back, straining to scream out my pleas for release but my pain tolerance crept higher and higher. At the same time, the levels of stimulation grew as rapidly, until, with the cataclysmic burst of an exploding star, I was flung, screaming out my paean of over-loaded ecstasy, into the black void of unconsciousness.

When I at last re-awakened, the mask had cleared completely and the chair had resumed its normal configuration. Tentatively, I tried moving and found to my vast relief that I could bend forward easily, my collar leash having been freed and as well my wrist chains had been released, although my Limiter ones still dangled between my cuffs and waist. The clamps holding my ankles were open and I kicked my feet experimentally, enjoying my sudden freedom from the oppressive restriction. The Mistress voice returned to my headphones.

“That will be all for today, Miss Christine. You may step out of your desk. Proceed to the coat rack and remove all of your classroom equipment. Kindly hang them up neatly. You may leave now, and I shall look forward to our class tomorrow,” her voice snapped off, leaving me entombed in a silent world once more.

I fumbled with the straps to my waist, then, on quivering legs, stood slowly,

finding that the clamps holding my Inhibitor Bar within the seat had also released. At the wall, I removed the mask and helmet, extracting my gag-pad with trembling fingers, then reached down and dismounted the evil hoses and wires to my breast cups, coiling them neatly before hanging them on their hooks. My leash slithered along the polished floor behind while I staggered to the now-opened door, constantly reminding me with uncomfortable little tugs and jerks, that I remained fully controlled.

Dazed and frazzled, I drifted down to the kitchen and made myself some sandwiches and soup, then took my time eating the Spartan meal, staring wistfully out through the kitchen window to the world beyond the thick glass. I knew that ***that*** freedom was illusory, offering only other, more subtle forms of slavery than I was subject to, and yes, I also knew what my status was here, without equivocation for my chains and cuffs were utterly real and tangible.

At one-forty-five I glanced at the clock then with dragging steps, made my way to the Playroom then inside, slowly extracted myself from my School Uniform in preparation for my scheduled and unavoidable exercise period. My Master's standard instructions were that I was now also required to connect my breast hoses and wires while exercising, and I resignedly did so, shuddering when they once again snapped into their machined, mounting hardware. When finished, I walked reluctantly to the treadmill, then fastened myself to it and stood waiting for the command to begin. The consequences of disobedience were just too painful to even think about it.

The rest of the day passed in a blur of inter-mixed sensations of constant, computer-controlled discipline, accompanied by irresistible and overwhelming orgasms. That night, I was once more ensconced in the bed in my cell and allowed to sleep, for the moment not having to suffer the nose-ring bondage I'd been subjected to for so long. Just before drifting off, I shook my head with wonder at what I had become; an almost pathologically controlled captive of the man I loved and would soon marry. It was incredible to me to think that only a year ago, I'd been out in the business world fighting tooth and nail for advancement and recognition. Now, I could care less. Sleep swept its dark, feathery wings over me and I snuggled as best I could within my sealed rubber cocoon, tugged once or twice against my inescapable

restraints, and slipped quietly into an exhausted and dreamless sleep.

Chapter Two

The Fitting

John

The next morning, Christine began the daily cycle all over again, appearing to have somewhat accommodated herself to the fact that she was going to be kept busy and continually supervised by the uncaring computer. I wanted her to feel her slavery intensely, and ***know*** without question that she was a prisoner. That was what she'd expressed as her ultimate desire so many months ago, and the fact that modern technology had been harnessed to ensure that she was kept that way and constantly-controlled, only added a greater depth to her feelings of despair at ever escaping her fate.

I had decided to employ her biology against her, and she was therefore subject to being fitted with the invasive, uncomfortable, and without doubt, sometimes quite painful devices she now wore at all times. Of course she was utterly unable to remove any of them and was totally vulnerable to whatever stimuli I decided were to be applied. Although this was obvious, the affect on her personality, emotions, and general view of the world was substantial. What before had been a buried masochism and subservience had now blossomed dramatically under my increasingly stringent governance of her life. Somehow, her dark desires transformed the confinement, control and general discomfort of her situation; turning them into a form of pleasure, while at the same time orienting her to her new place in the scheme of things. To any other woman, I supposed, the very completeness of this situation, it's continuing enhancements, and the punishments she was constantly subjected to, would have driven them to madness, but it appeared Christine was actually thriving on it! I suppose part of her acceptance was the fact that she was kept overwhelmingly satiated by the thundering, multiple orgasms wrung from her body every day, and she knew there was no way to avoid having them forced upon her. As a man, it was impossible to put myself in her female head-space or to grasp the sense of helplessness and deep sense of vulnerability that was now constantly her lot. Nevertheless, I intended that she would experience her particularly feminine forms of captivity fully.

She perched quietly on her stool while I prepared our breakfast, watching me through half-closed eyes while I moved around the cozy kitchen. This morning she'd chosen an ankle-length house-coat to wear over her equipment, and the thick, soft, blue velvet hid everything but her collar and nose rings. The elasticized bodice was snug over her bounteous chest, slightly obscuring the breast cup milker connections, while the long wide sleeves effectively hid her wrist cuffs and their Reminder Chains. The material was gathered above the steel bands, flaring out in ruffles over her delicately-boned, small hands and her slippered feet peeped from under the hem of the gown, as did the wire of her leash, leading off to its distant fastening to the ring at the foot of my bed. When it got in her way now, I noted that she automatically and unconsciously cleared it from entanglement with short kicks of her feet, despite the wriggling of the 'Bar between her thighs whenever she did. Her kicks were limited though, in that the hobbles she wore snubbed each of her snugly and thickly cuffed ankles to a maximum movement of some six inches before their chains snapped tight. In her lap, her hands played with the links within her sleeves.

"Master? H-h-how long do I have to stay on this schedule?"

"Well, honey," I replied, turning to inspect her, drinking in the sight of her confined beauty, "you're going to be on it for the foreseeable future as far as I'm concerned. Basically, the rest of your life."

"Ohhh!" was all she said, kicking petulantly at her wire leash and looking down at the floor.

"I think it's time we started planning our wedding," I said, taking her mind off the endless vista of continued captivity and discipline. She brightened immediately and looked up.

"M-Master?? Are you really serious?" she asked, smiling hopefully.

"Absolutely!" I smiled back, watching while she adjusted to the fact that she was soon to become mine, totally and legally; as well as being already inescapably, physically a captive. "Perhaps you'd like to start planning when to have the happy event and who you want as your friends and bridesmaids and all that stuff. I figure sometime within the next two months."

“Oh, this is great!” she exclaimed, a smile of happy anticipation lighting her face when she slipped from her perch and came to me with quick, hobbled steps, then reached around my waist and hugged me. She leant back after a moment and stared up into my eyes, her nose rings glittering and flashing when she shook her head. “I’m going to be ***so*** busy planning all this in my free time!”

“I’ll adjust your schedule a little,” I said, “and you can do pretty much whatever you want as far as the Ceremony, Reception and all the other stuff is concerned.”

“Oh, thank you, Master!” she beamed, returning to her perch with clinking little paces while I brought over breakfast and set it before her.

“There ***are*** some ground rules though Christine,” I cautioned. “One of them is that you will be kept fully confined in your Chastity Belt and Bra at all times, as you are now, and you’ll also always wear an Inhibitor Bar, your hobbles, Reminder Chains, and of course your rings.”

Her face fell, but she brightened almost immediately.

“I think I can manage that, Master,” she smiled, shivering a little at the thought that although she’d be dressed in a classical, long, white wedding dress; beneath it and unbeknownst to the observing world, she’d be completely confined and controlled. Suddenly, she smiled over at me. “I want Danielle as my Maid of Honour. She got us together and I think she would be entirely appropriate. What do you think?”

“Sounds good to me,” I replied around a mouth full of toast and jam. “Perhaps Jeff will fly over from the UK as my Best Man.”

“Oh! This is going to be ***so*** much fun!” she bubbled, already working on the details of the big event.

We continued batting ideas back and forth across the table for the next ten or fifteen minutes, coming up with a generalized schedule and chain of events while she jotted down the general plans; Wrist Reminder chains jingling merrily with every movement of her arms. I knew she’d soon have it refined

to a fully detailed schedule and would follow through on every step from arranging the choice and fittings of her gown, to the band to play at the reception. It should prove interesting, I thought, to see how she got around being unable to sit down, and how she planned to explain away the presence of her nose rings. She was deeply engrossed in the detailed work of planning the event when she suddenly sat upright with a shocked gasp, dropping the pen to the floor, her hands clutching at her encased breasts.

“EEeaaahhh!!” she yelped when they received a set of warning shocks.

The computer had signalled it was time for her to go for her morning milking session. She turned to me, her face draining of colour when more shocks needled through her ringed, turgid, untouchable nipples and breasts.

“Ooohh! ***M-M-Master!*** Please make them ***ssttopp!?***” she begged, jumping from the high stool to stand before me, unashamedly shaking her imprisoned upper body and writhing with each series of increasingly intense electrical pulses. Her hands and fingers clawed at the material of her gown, pulling on the fixtures at the apexes of each breast, desperately attempting to pull the cups away from her body, but of course they barely moved for their fastenings were far too secure and the tight bra harness allowed no release.

“OOOooohhh, *G**gggoooddd!!! AAARRR!!!***” She began to scream, continuing to shake her chest frenziedly. “M-M-make them ***sssttoopp!!*** Ooooh, ***pplleeaassee! P-p-please ... Masterrrrr-eeeeaa!!!****”*

“I think you’re supposed to go for your next milking session Christine,” I said complacently, glancing down at my watch when the electrical discipline subsided for a moment.

“Ohohohoh, ***God!***” she wailed, then turned and ran as fast as her hobbles permitted to her Milking Parlour. While she sped down the hall, I heard gasps and shrieks torn from her again when the shocks became stronger, driving her pitilessly to her fate. I followed leisurely along behind and when she entered the Playroom her cries suddenly cut off in mid-stream when her speech-inhibitor became active. She hurried across to the special cell and once inside, frenziedly tore off her house coat and began the process of connecting herself to the machinery.

As soon as the hoses and wires had been attached, the shocks momentarily let up, then she reluctantly picked up the mask/helmet, fumbling to put it on before they started again, and a moment later stared silently out at me from within the confinement of the thick glass and rubber device encasing and locked over her head. I watched her eyes clench shut in discomfort with interest when the mask's interior latches gripped her nose rings and placed tension on them, drawing the cold rubber more tightly against her terrified face into an airtight seal. Of course, when this happened, she knew there was now no possible way for her to free herself of it and the integral gag pad keeping her silent but for small moaning gasps. The only sounds in the chamber were the muffled slithering of her leash and clinking of her hobble chains for the noise of her breathing, and any cries she might make would be kept contained within the mask and air hoses leading to it. She stood trembling with fearful, panicky, subdued sobs, shaking her harnessed shoulders while I connected the restraining straps to her undergarment's, prior to being suspended and isolated. Christine winced apprehensively while I fastened her and tears squeezed from her eyes, trickling down over the inner mask; it concealing all but a small area around each one.

The machinery performed a self-test, causing her to writhe madly against her restraints, desperate to be freed, but I just waved and walked to the door, closing it while she was slowly hoisted into the air. Within the Chamber, the face-plate of her helmet darkened, then turned to a silvery sheen on the outside, leaving her once more in a black, soundless void, dangling in nothingness.

Back in the observation/control room I saw the hoses began to surge and pulse, twitching rhythmically back and forth while she struggled instinctually. Her schedule was a full one and she'd be kept busy with a variety of tasks and duties until bedtime. After a couple of minutes of observing her frenzied struggles, I left her to the tender mercies of the computer, then went to the household office to begin planning my own the day. The computer would alert me when she was ready to be released to begin the rest of hers and she'd be kept under its control until dinnertime. For me, the time flew by, and it seemed as though I'd only just sat down, before a discreet chime sounded, announcing that her milking had been completed. I returned to the Playroom and released her and she stared dazedly up at me

when the mask and helmet came off, sweat streaking her face. By this point Christine knew that she wasn't allowed speech in the Playroom, so with a resigned shrug of her shoulders and a tremulous little smile playing around her lips, she slipped from the room and went for her shower. An hour later she was confined once more, this time in her classroom, masked, gagged, and wearing her 'School Uniform' while she was compelled to learn the typing skills needed for the rest of her education. Back in my office, I occasionally glanced at the monitor showing her fastened to her seat, desperately attempting to keep up with her Instructress' demands; fighting against her restraints whenever she was corrected.

Christine's day was unfolding as it should: she was securely restrained, computer-monitored, and utterly incapable of escape. I slipped out of the house and drove to my downtown office to complete work that required my direct supervision, knowing she would be fully guarded by my electronic servant until I returned, sometime late in the evening.

Christine

The days and weeks seemed to fly by after my Master gave me the go-ahead to plan for our wedding, despite the rigorous and always uncomfortable schedule I had to follow. I worked at it constantly in what little free time I was permitted during the week, and on the weekends. Otherwise, every day without exception, I had to be milked and do my exercises. I gradually got used to the, at first, awful process of being suckled by a machine, feeling deeply embarrassed and humiliated when the rubber lips latched onto my nipples just like a cow, but soon, I began to crave the sensations I was subjected to when my breasts were connected to the milker, and the associated orgasms accompanying them.

My Master and I enjoyed the planning process, and soon came up with a schedule for the wedding, deciding we would only have close friends and no family at the ceremony and small reception. A couple of Saturdays he took me downtown with Danielle and Antonnia; Danielle to act as my Matron of Honour and Guardian while shopping for a wedding gown. He loaned Danielle a remote control for my Chastity Belt and Bra on each occasion, and she, of course, fulfilled the role of Guardian, ensuring that I remained always under inescapable control. Although I thought I would somehow be allowed a

little more freedom when I was permitted to leave the house, I ***still*** had to wear, hidden beneath my conservative outer clothing, a mid-calf length ‘Bar and medium-length wire hobbles, together, of course, with the ‘Belt, Controller Cup-equipped Bra, and all of my normal chains.

Eventually, I decided on a gown, then came the long and involved process of getting it fitted properly. Danielle, Antonnia and I went to the shop one Saturday, with me discreetly veiled to hide my nose rings and the thin gold chains leading from them to my ears.

“Ah! Good afternoon ladies! Thank-you again for choosing your gown here!” the sales woman greeted us as we entered the shop.

“Good afternoon, Mrs. Johnson!” Danielle returned her greeting while Antonnia and I stood slightly behind, our gloved hands hanging onto the straps of our shoulder purses. I was silent because she’d warned me when we got out of the car that I was once more subject to my speech-inhibitor. I was still deeply embarrassed to be seen out in public wearing nose rings, despite having them hidden from sight by my opaque veil. Now that I stood there in the Bridal Shop, I couldn’t help the nervous shivers running up and down my spine. No one could possibly know I was confined so severely beneath my innocent-looking outer clothing, but I was a nervous wreck with worry that someone would discover my restraints. My ankle length skirt and three-inch-heeled knee boots concealed everything below my waist, while the bulky-knit sweater and jacket hid my upper body harness and restraints. A carefully knotted scarf covered my collar.

“Christine would like to try on the gown she decided on last week,” Danielle said walking towards one of the large fitting rooms at the back of the store. I followed wordlessly, hearing with every step the muted clinking of my Chains.

“Very good Madame,” the sales woman said, cocking her head curiously to one side to listen to the metallic clashing of the links emanating from beneath my skirt. I’d tried to muffle their noise even more by wearing a couple of cotton petticoats, but they only made walking more difficult and hadn’t prevented the sounds from being heard. Damn! “I’ll bring the gown in for you in just a minute. Please make yourselves comfortable,” she said pointing

to the door of the fitting room.

“Thank you,” Danielle said, “Come along Antonnia and Christine. I’ll help get you ready.”

We walked slowly to the room and she closed the door carefully behind us then turned to me and grinned.

“Now! That wasn’t so hard was it?” she asked. I shook my head nervously, still scared to talk for she hadn’t told me I was free yet. “Okay, Christine, you go over behind the screen there and take off your clothes. When she brings the gown in, Antonnia and I will help you get dressed, then you can come out to the pedestal and we’ll get the fitting done.”

I nodded and followed her orders, for that’s exactly what they were. In moments I was out of my street clothing and standing nervously, staring into the mirrors at the reflection of myself fastened into my blatantly controlling undergarments and chains. The gleaming Bar stuck menacingly down between my legs and I shivered at the sight and with the feeling of it being so obvious, especially when I tried to bend over and the hobble chains snapped tight to my ankle cuffs. A small groan of embarrassment whispered past my lips when the door to the fitting room opened and the sales lady entered with my gown. I heard Danielle thank her and ask her to wait while she assisted me into it, then she came around the screen with the bulky garment in its clear plastic bag draped over her arm. When she saw me standing waiting, her full red lips curved into a satisfied smile while she once more drank in the sight of me: a prisoner in my hi-tech bondage equipment. It was only the second time she’d seen me like this, and she gloated at the sight for a moment.

“Christine,” she whispered conspiratorially, hanging the gown on a convenient hook, “let’s get you into your gown, then they can do the adjustments.”

I nodded wordlessly, feeling the collar seem to clamp tighter around my neck while she unzipped the bag and carefully extracted the long, frothy white dress. I seconds she had its back unbuttoned.

“Step into the gown, dear,” she commanded, lowering it to a spreading expanse on the rose-coloured carpet. I stepped gingerly into the centre of the circle, then Antonnia drew the heavy satin gown slowly up my legs and body and began the process of fastening all the intricate little connections that would contain me within the dress. It took a long time, but at last I stood before her, fully enfolded within the strangely restricting clouds of satin and lace; feeling, as I’m sure most women must, more than just a little self-conscious. With the exception of my nose rings, all of my other, more sinister metal equipage was now hidden by the ruffled and flounced bodice and the long, full skirts of the gown. The crinolines and petticoats beneath the overskirt puffed it out around my legs, then Antonnia held out white pumps. I slipped into them easily, by now used to the six inch heels. The gown’s high, white, choker-collar of lace covered my steel one perfectly, with only discreet bumps at the front and back revealing the underlying leashing rings, while the full sleeves came down to well past my wrists, hiding the steel cuffs and my Reminder Chains beneath an innocent covering of opaque lace. Danielle handed me the inner veil and I slipped it over my head, adjusting it so that it rode the bridge of my nose, curving below my eyes, then falling in a series of semi-transparent folds over my lower face, almost to waist-level. On top of this came another veil of much finer lace, and it covered my entire face and head, falling almost to my knees. I was ready to meet the fitting room ladies and after a brief, final inspection of myself in the triple mirrors, I moved slowly into the main part of the room, trying to get used to the heavy swaying of the skirt and underclothing against and around my legs while I walked to, then mounted the little podium.

“Ah, Mademoiselle! You look totally enchanting!” the sales woman gushed, inspecting me closely, her eyes slipping expertly over my figure.

“Indeed, Miss! That gown was made just for you,” said the other. “Now, if you would just turn slowly, we’ll be able to see where the adjustments need to be made.”

I did a slow spin while behind them Danielle held up my remote control and nodded that I could now speak.

“It seems very close to a perfect fit right now,” I said, looking down as much as my hidden steel collar would permit.

“You are correct Mademoiselle;” the first one said, “but I think we need to let the hem down a little and perhaps tighten the bodice somewhat, but those adjustments should be all that needs to be done.”

“Oh. Okay,” I replied, “Just tell me what you’d like me to do.”

“Surely, Miss,” the second one said. “Now, please stand still while we check the hem length. When we’ve finished pinning it, I’d like you to step down and we’ll correct the bodice. After that, you can remove the gown and we’ll have it ready for a final check next Saturday.”

“Thank you, ladies. Please go ahead. I’m really looking forward to wearing this gorgeous dress.”

“You should be Mademoiselle! It is a beautiful creation, and you look truly glorious in it.”

They quickly made their adjustments to the hem and I stepped down so they could tighten the bodice. As they held the material, the first one’s hands brushed lightly over the deeply compressing straps of the bra’s harness imprisoning my upper body. She glanced up into my eyes.

“Mademoiselle! I see you wear very stringent undergarments!” she said in a low voice. “The only ones I have ever seen more ... ah ... compelling than what you wear, were worn by a customer last year. Her future husband wished her to always wear a very special and restricting corset and the young lady was kept virtually a prisoner inside it all the time! However, she had the most astounding figure, and was very beautiful too.”

“Y-y-yes,” I stammered, “I-I’m in a s-s-similar sort of situation.”

“Ahh!” she smiled at me, “Love is wonderful, is it not?”

“I-it certainly is,” I smiled nervously at her then shut up when I felt a slight needling emanating from the horrors imprisoning my breasts.

They soon finished and after some further meaningless conversation and compliments, left us alone. Danielle had told them she would bring the gown

out when we left, then came over to the small screened area and extricated me from its thorough concealment. In minutes, I was once more dressed in my innocent outer clothing and the three of us walked to the fitting room door.

“Christine,” Danielle said quietly as her hand rested on the door handle, “you’re speech-inhibited again. I’ve also activated your electronic leash so don’t try to talk to anyone or move beyond two metres away from me. Do you understand?”

I nodded fearfully and gripped the shoulder strap of my purse tightly while we walked back into the main part of the store, trying to be nonchalant when I fell back into my required position of just to Danielle’s left and rear. She walked to the cash register and handed over the gown and the owner said good-bye as we left, staring curiously at me while I walked behind my Guardian with quick, hobble-restricted steps, my face flaming with embarrassment. Once outside we wandered along the sidewalk, window shopping, but then Danielle began to experiment with the awful remote controller!

Mild shocks suddenly coursed through my belly and breasts! I gasped, trying to maintain my decorum and, although I longed to beg her to stop, the threat of disciplinary shocks that would be automatically administered kept me silent. She watched me intently while she adjusted the various in-puts, but thankfully my Master had not given her ***his*** remote control. ***That*** one was capable of reducing me to quivering and begging tears instantly. Hers was limited to creating constant yet unignorable sensations that would eventually force me to bend to her direction.

“Walk ahead of me,” she commanded. “I’m going to see how well this directional control system works.”

I tensed myself for the inevitable shocks while I moved in front, then, when we came to the entrance of a parking lot, she activated my left breast control! I bit off a scream when the spiralling, needling shocks pulsed through my captive flesh, barely restraining an automatic reaction to reach up and try to pull the bra away, and, as silently commanded, turned into the entrance to the lot. She released the button and followed me, then for the next ten minutes

played with the control, moved me around and between the parked cars as her remote-controlled doll. I was exactly that! A familiar van pulled in behind us and stopped about twenty metres away just as Danielle had me walking towards her then suddenly, Antonnia, standing beside her, froze into position, her eyes widening, then her hands flew to the front of ***her*** skirt and began tearing at the material. She bent over, moaning, and writhing her hips, but beside her still, Danielle walked towards the van with her the two remote controls in hand, smiling while Antonnia writhed and moaned before me.

“Well Christine,” she smiled at me, keeping the buttons on Antonnia’s unit depressed. “as you can see, I’ve had Antonnia fitted with a Controller Chastity Belt, just like yours. I just switched channels, so now it’s her turn.”

I nodded in understanding, pointing at my throat, while Antonnia slowly straightened, an anguished expression on her face and her hips continuing a tell-tale twitching within her skirt.

“Antonnia!” she commanded, “Go over to the van and wait for me there! Your seat has already been reclined.”

I saw my Master behind the wheel, watching the scene, then he grinned and waved at me while Danielle and I walked to the opened side door, and climbed into the luxuriously appointed interior. A moment later I lay fastened into my regular transportation bondage and the door thumped shut. Danielle slipped from our vehicle, walked to her van and spent a moment or two securing Antonnia, and just before Danielle and Antonnia drove off, I’d seen Danielle fit her into a full, lower-face, harness gag, while tears of discomfort and resignation slid down her slave’s cheeks. Then we were off. The drive back to the house was a quiet one, for I remained under the control of my speech inhibitor. It had been an interesting, enlightening, and somewhat scary afternoon.

Chapter Three

The Head-Piece And Another Fitting

John

Christine had done a meticulous job of organizing the wedding and all of the things leading up to it, and so a week before the big day I took her to the Clinic to have the next additions of her control equipment fitted. We stood quietly in the waiting room while the Nurse/receptionist called the Doctor and told him we were there; Christine silenced and twisting her short-chained hands nervously at the front of her tight, tubular, black leather, ankle-length skirt. She'd begun to greatly fear her visits to the Clinic for they ***always*** betokened an increase in her controllability and this time she was fully justified in her forebodings. I hadn't explained what was going to be done, as was normal, leaving her to dangle on the shuddering edge of nervous fear and anticipation. Mike had explained that what was to take place would require about an hour to complete then she could be taken home immediately afterwards and within four hours she could be functioning normally. The only after-care for these newest additions would be to check for infection and bathe and coat them with a disinfectant for the next three days.

"The Doctor will see you now," the nurse said quietly with a conspiratorial smile.

"Thanks," I replied. Christine nodded nervously at her, then looked up at me pleadingly when I reached behind her back and gripped the thick strap to the back of her collar and lifted it slightly so that she ***had*** to walk forward to the opened door. It closed behind us and my friend got up from behind his desk and came around to shake hands while I released the lock holding Christine's hands close to her waist.

"Good to see you two again!" he smiled, looking down into her strained face. "Now Christine, I don't want you to worry about the procedure we're going to do today, OKAY? It won't affect your wedding plans, other than to increase the permanence and security of your control ensemble. You'll be up and around immediately after we're done. If you would remove your jacket

and veil we'll go to the Operating Room in a moment."

She nodded wordlessly, her hands continuing to twist nervously, then slowly took off her short leather jacket and opaque facial veil and handed them to him. He draped the clothing on one of the chairs in front of his desk and turned back to her to spend a moment inspecting her nose rings. Mike was gentle when he gripped the light chains clipped to the central septum ring resting on her upper lip, then he lifted them, forcing her head up and back. She moaned quietly at the mildly painful tension, embarrassed that she was obliged to display her bondage and helplessness to resist, but he maintained the tension, then with his other hand reached up and held the transverse bar through her nose between fore finger and thumb. He moved it slowly from side to side and her head followed the demanding drag on her nose, even while her widened eyes pooled with unshed tears when she was handled and controlled so intimately. At last he released her facial jewellery and turned to me while she stood snuffling quietly, dabbing at her eyes with a tissue from her purse.

"Well! Looks like everything has healed just fine and there's no complications that I can see. Short of cutting off your young lady's nose my friend, there's ***no*** way that that equipment will be able to be removed," he grinned at me with a smug chuckle.

"I think she's ready for the next additions Mike," I smiled back, still holding her posture strap.

"Very well. We'll get the equipment mounted, then you two can be on your way!" he said leading us out of the office, through another door, then down a short corridor and into the small operating theatre.

Inside, I drew Christine to a sturdy piece of furniture, somewhat resembling an old-fashioned dental chair and helped her sit on the toilet seat-like frame. This chair though, was a brand-new construction of gleaming chrome and gleaming black rubber. Beneath the gimbaled and fully-adjustable seat, her skirt-shrouded Inhibitor Bar stuck downwards, the taunt wires to her ankle cuffs pulling her feet back against the rests, but hidden by the thick leather. Mike moved rapidly around, immobilizing her with thick leather straps across her thighs, around her waist and chest, then cinched others over her white-

knuckled hands and arms where they gripped the rests. He added yet more to her ankles and she whined faintly while her confinement was rapidly completed, stiffening then twitching when the speech-inhibitor shocks lanced through her tender nipples and breasts. He smiled at the effectiveness of the equipment, then at the top of the back rest, adjusted two large padded clamps until they pressed firmly against each side of her head, holding it totally immobile and ensuring that she stared straight ahead at the wall with only her eyes capable of movement. He touched a foot pedal and the chair slowly rotated until she was laying with her back at about a forty-five degree angle, compelled now to stare at the ceiling, then he leaned over and looked her in the eyes.

“OKAY, Christine. We’re about ready to go. My nurse will be assisting and she’ll administer the local anaesthesia. You’ll be conscious for the entire procedure.”

She blinked up at him, unable to even nod her understanding and kept silenced. The nurse entered and went to the side, then wheeled over a small trolley; its sterile white surface laden with a variety of gleaming surgical instruments. At that point I retreated to the observation room next door and watched closely while they prepared my future wife for her newest additions.

Christine shuddered nervously while the nurse draped her body with isolating sterile sheets, leaving only her head uncovered, and I saw a solitary tear trickle down each of her cheeks while she lay waiting. From that point on, the doctor and nurse operated as a well-oiled machine, readying Christine for her next, permanent jewellery. As a part of the general preparations, the nurse clamped an ominous, black, oxygen mask over Christine’s face, strapping it tightly, so that only her wide and frightened eyes were visible. The first site was prepared when the nurse carefully combed out the long golden strands of Christine’s hair, pinned them off to the sides, then shaved a one-and-a-half-inch square area of scalp, right at the top-centre of her skull. Next, she took an electrolysis machine then meticulously and painstakingly cleared the shaven area of every single hair root, ensuring that it would remain permanently bald. From there, she numbed the surrounding flesh, first with a surface agent, then with small injections of anaesthetic all around the cleared spot.

The chair swung upright and she repeated the process at the back and centre of Christine's skull, then the chair returned to its reclined position. The Doctor took his place on a stool behind her head and his eyes narrowed above his sterile mask, professionally assessing the first site. After this scrutiny, he next made careful measurements of her head, then after marking the area with a surgical pen, reached over to the tray of instruments and picked up a small scalpel. In one swift motion he made a single U-shaped incision just inside the cleared area, then in the centre of the "U" made another, short, vertical one. Both he and the nurse stanched what little blood welled up, then slowly spread apart the thin layers of scalp muscles and skin, keeping them that way with retractors so that the gleaming white bone of her skull was revealed. I watched closely from behind the glass when Mike picked up one of the surgical-quality, stainless titanium assemblies, then fitted it carefully onto the bared area of bone.

Basically, it consisted of a slightly curved, one eighth inch thick plate, with six, equidistant holes around is bevelled edges. At the centre of this plate a short, very thick, post stuck upwards about an inch. Its upper, movable portion had four holes through it and the middle two of these had large, thick, seamless, stainless steel rings welded through them, the bottom one being of a larger diameter than the top one, so that if necessary, it would be able to flip over the upper. The top and bottom holes were, as I'd planned, for adding other types of equipment ... and there ***would*** be more.

When he was satisfied everything was in order, Mike removed it for a moment, cleaned it thoroughly again, then coated the roughened underside of the base-plate with some sort of glue and re-emplaced it on her skull. The nurse handed him what appeared to be a battery-powered hand-drill/screwdriver as soon as the staple had been re-mounted, then one at a time, passed him six, short, thick, self-tapping, titanium surgical screws.

He carefully placed each in the gripping bit of the tool, then, even inside the waiting room I heard the high speed whine and teeth-clenching buzz when he placed them in their socketed holes, and rapidly screwed each one into the very structure of the under-lying bone! I shivered in sympathy, wondering what Christine must be feeling. Naturally, she hadn't been shown this newest equipment, nor had she been told anything about it, knowing only she was

required to be fitted with ***more*** permanent additions. Mike had assured me that the length of these screws was very carefully calculated to not penetrate the skull, but they would seat extremely solidly into the matrix of the bone itself. With the roughened and glued inner surface of the titanium plate now pressed tightly against her skull, it would soon become a permanent covering! The screws had also been designed in such a manner that when they'd centred themselves in the skull-plate holes, then been tightened to the correct torque setting, the mounting mandrel would snap off, rendering themselves and the plate and ring assembly, totally irremovable. The procedure of placing the six fasteners took only seconds for each and within a minute Christine wore a permanently-mounted head-fastening at the top and centre of her skull Mike checked each mounting screw minutely, then with a small hand-tool, burnished the roughened tops to a brilliant finish.

The nurse cleansed the area of the operation thoroughly, then he released the retractors and slowly spread the thin muscles back over the site, slipping a couple over the loop on the staple so they would easily retain their original path. The flap of skin that had been peeled back was repositioned so that the swivelling post and rings of the staple slipped through the central incision, then the incisions were closed with several small stitches. The entire area was closed-up around the slightly roughened base of the post, sealing the plate and mounting studs away from sight. The stitches were of the self-dissolving kind and although they'd be itchy for a couple of days, they wouldn't pose any problems, or a requirement to return to the office to have them removed and her skin would bond firmly to the frosted portions of the appliance. Finally, the area was sprayed with another disinfectant, then the two of them sat back and took a short breather from the concentrated work they'd just performed. Two minutes later the gimbal-mounted chair was rotated nearly one hundred and eighty degrees, swinging Christine up through the vertical, then forward to face the floor, so that she hung gasping in her tightly cinched restraining straps while they prepared to place the second, identical fitting at the back of her head. Its mounting went just as quickly as the first, and in ten minutes, the entire process had been completed.

I walked into the operating room when the chair swung back to its normal position and waited while they removed the sheets and her oxygen mask. The clamps holding Christine's head were released, but she was left fastened,

laying there before me with her harnessed and confined breasts heaving in shuddering gasps of reaction to what had just been done. Uncomprehending yet, she twisted her head from side to side, trying to fathom just ***what*** had been added and tears of worry pooled in her eyes while she stared silently up at me; unspoken questions writ large on her beautiful face.

Christine

My scalp felt strange, while I sat waiting to be released, but other than that, I didn't notice anything different than when I sat down, although I ***knew*** that I'd somehow been rendered even more under the control of my Master. I jerked fretfully against the confining straps and the nurse came over.

"Please hold still for a moment Christine. I'll fix your hair," she said with a disarming smile.

I sat quietly while she combed and arranged it into the loose waves I liked, then looked up to see my Master grinning down at me.

"Well, honey," he drawled, "we've moved another step along the path. How about a quick burger, then we can go down to the shop and pick up your gown?"

I nodded and felt something on the top and back of my head flop and bounce against my still-numbed skin. What the hell had he had done to me? The doctor and nurse released the restraint straps, then my Master helped me from the chair, holding my arm when I stood dizzily, wobbling a little on my heels. Between my legs, the 'Bar surged while I gradually regained my balance, then he handed me my jacket and veil and they watched impassively while I struggled into the tight, bolero-like garment. Master fastened my semi-concealing black veil over my lower face, then drew me to the door and out into the waiting room, the doctor and the nurse following.

"Thanks, very much, Mike!" he said, turning and shaking the Doctor's hand while holding my leash with his other. "I trust that we'll see you at the ceremony on Saturday?"

"Oh yeah! We'll be there! I wouldn't miss seeing the two of you get hitched

for the world!" he said, with a strange emphasis on the word 'hitched'.

"Well ..." said my Master with an evil twinkle in his eye that I didn't like the look of, "Christine's actual 'hitching' will take place sometime after the honeymoon, but the wedding will certainly serve to confirm her status. We'll be back in a week or two for her next additions."

"When ever ..," the Doctor said with an evil grin. "I'll look forward to it. See you Saturday."

With that we left the office and 'though I longed to reach up and touch the top and back of my head to feel what had been done, I wasn't permitted to do so, for my hands had once more been short-chained at my waist. There would be ample opportunity later to inspect myself and I shivered with trepidation, ***knowing*** that what had been done was truly inescapable. When the Doctor was completing whatever it was, the drilling sensation and vibrations had been disconcerting, although not the least painful, and the metallic snaps at the end of each time he'd employed the tool had told me that there was no way for me to change what had been done.

I walked self-consciously along beside my Master, very embarrassed by of the clinking and rattling my Reminder Chains beneath the innocent covering of my long skirts and by the dangling loop of my leash. Some ten minutes later we were both munching on a couple of burgers and fries at the stand-up counter of a fast food place; Master feeding me while I stood helplessly before him with my hands still chained. I looked up to find him inspecting me with that predatory look he gets when he's contemplating some new trial, and smiled tremulously back from under my veil while I ate. He'd removed the veil so I could eat, but I knew I'd soon wear it again, like it or not.

"You don't have any idea what you're wearing now on your head, do you Christine?" he asked in a low voice.

"No, Master," I answered in an equally low murmur. "Will the things you've had done hurt me?"

"No, they won't hurt you in any way," he replied with a smile, "They'll just make you much easier to control, restrain ... and suspend!"

“Oh, Master?” I moaned, “How much more controllable must I be made?”

“Actually, honey, quite a bit!” he smiled happily again, “You haven’t been made to wear your corsets yet! Then there’s your boots and immobilization mitt/gloves. You know that you’ll soon have to wear them too, don’t you?”

“Y-y-yes, sir,” I said looking down into my soft drink, feeling more tears brimming my eyes again. Oh God, what had I done to myself?

“And too, Christine,” he added, you’ll soon have to wear a metal head cage/posture collar restraint system. We took the first steps to getting you ready for that, today.”

“Oh Master!” I gulped feeling a nervous tightening in my crotch, “I’m so scared!”

“You shouldn’t be, honey,” he soothed. “I won’t push you too far or too fast. You’ll find, after you acclimatize to each new piece of equipment, that everything will just naturally seem to belong on you. Sort of like getting used to wearing those cuffs, collar, and your chastity belt. The only difference from now is that you just won’t be able to do a lot of the things you currently take for granted.”

“Oh,” I gulped again and finished my child sized-portion. The counter guy stared at me when I turned and my nose rings flashed. ***Used*** to wearing my Chastity Belt? No! I was ***not*** used to it! I never ***would*** be! I really hated being kept cooped up in it all the time, unable to touch myself below the waist at all.

“There are plenty of other areas of control I want to cover as well, Christine,” he said gravely, with a far-away look in his eyes. “One of them will involve having your ability to hear permanently modified, but that’s a little bit off yet. It will probably be another month or so before ***that*** stuff is programmed and ready to be implanted.”

“Oh, damn!” I whispered, “What have I gotten myself into?”

“Well, Christine ... quite a bit, actually,” he gave me that look again and

continued. “I’ve got some pretty intense oral surgery and dentistry planned for you too.”

I hate dentists! Even though I’ve always had perfect teeth, the very thought of something being done in my mouth terrified me beyond words. However, he said no more at that point, leaving me in sweating terror of what he planned to have done to me.

We left the fast food joint, walking slowly back to the car, and minutes later arrived at the Bridal Shop. After we’d parked and he’d assisted me from the van, I saw that Danielle and Antonnia; she now also dressed in a hindering, ankle-length skirt like me, were waiting to take me inside. I suppose my Master believed the old superstition that it wasn’t good luck to see me in my wedding gown before the actual ceremony took place.

“Christine, your speech inhibitor is on now,” he said while Antonnia and Danielle walked over and stood on either side of me. I nodded my understanding when he handed Danielle a small case.

“Come along, girls!” Danielle smiled at Antonnia and I while my Master climbed back into our van to wait.

Both Antonnia and I suddenly writhed in twinned, startled agitation when Danielle adjusted her dual control, sending uncomfortable and continuous shocks through our clitorises. Mine, though, were worse and accompanied by light yet painful needlings through my sensitized nipples too! She moved ahead of us to the shop and we dutifully followed, trying to walk normally. Inside, Danielle greeted our sales lady and we were immediately taken to the large fitting room at the back of the store. She followed us a moment later, arriving with my gown in its protective bag, draped over her arm and a large, cubical, white cardboard box in her other, then placed them both on a table off to the side.

“The box contains your head-piece and veil, Mademoiselle,” she said. “Can I assist you in any way?”

“No, thank you.” Danielle smiled at her. “We’ll only be a few minutes checking out the fit of the head-piece and veils, then we’ll be off.”

“Very well, Madame,” the sales lady said, a little miffed at being dismissed, and left the room, closing the door softly behind her.

“Now, both of you girls!” Danielle said, “I want you to behave while I fit Christine’s stuff. Antonnia, will you assist me please?”

“Y-yes, Mistress,” she whispered in a very subdued and submissive voice, then went over to the table and opened the large box. She returned to where I stood nervously before the mirrors with the box in her hands, while Danielle relieved me of my everyday street veiling, then reached inside and slowly lifted out what appeared to be a normal bridal cap together with its voluminous, concealing veils.

“Bow your head Christine,” Danielle commanded quietly.

I did as she ordered, then felt her gently fit the cap over my hair. It felt far heavier than I thought it should have when she pressed it tighter to my head. What seemed to be a curving bar pressed firmly against my scalp, from just inside my hairline to the top of my neck, over-lapping my collar at the back of my head!

“Excellent!” murmured Danielle. “Now hand me the veils, Antonnia.”

She spent a moment positioning the upper portions of the multiple, filmy coverings on top of the cap and arranging them over my face, then I heard, and ***felt***, two distinct clicks on my head; one at the top and the other at the back!

“There we are, Christine!” she smiled when I raised my obscured face to her. “You now wear your proper wedding headpiece. As it should be in your case, it can’t be removed without the correct keys to the locks.”

Locks?!

The speech inhibitor shocked me when I moaned and tried to lift my hands to inspect the headpiece. In the mirror, I saw that my face was almost totally hidden by the draperies, except for my eyes behind their diaphanous over-veil, and I lightly reached up and touched it. The little cap sat firmly planted

on my head, and no matter how vigorously I shook it, the cap remained in place. Hidden beneath a hooked covering at the top, my fingers encountered the shape of a small lock, then I moved them to the back of my skull and encountered another! I tugged at the lock and heard a subdued click when it snubbed against something, and when I pulled harder, my head was jerked back too! I shook my head again, trying to dislodge the whole ensemble, but succeeded only in making the veils flutter around my face. Danielle moved up beside me and in the mirror I saw her reach into the box and pull out a long, thickly braided, white satin cord with a wide loop in one end and a shiny golden snap-hook on the other.

“Bow your head again for a moment,” she demanded, not unkindly.

I backed away from her, continuing to try and free myself of the innocent-appearing thing locked onto my head, but I was brought up short by a horrifyingly painful series of shocks when I exceeded my limit of freedom! I stood trembling while she came over, Antonnia watching from across the room. When she approached, I bent my head as much as the restrictive harnessing would permit and Danielle moved around behind me then a second later I felt another metallic click on the back of my skull when she connected my Bridal Leash to the thing mounted to my skull and arranged it to dangle down my spine within the gauzy folds of the over-veil. I shook my head and felt its weighty swing behind me, gently and insistently tugging it upright.

“That almost completes your wedding outfit, Christine.” Danielle beamed at me. “How does it feel?”

I shook my head again, knowing I couldn’t speak.

“Oh, you’ll get used to it, honey,” she smiled while she walked around behind me again then suddenly there was an irresistible drag on my head and it was pulled back so that I was staring up at the ceiling! “See how easy it is, Dear?” she whispered evilly next to my ear.

Whining, I tried to bring my head down, but she maintained the tension and I continued helplessly staring at the ceiling, trying to escape the uncomfortable posture. At last she released her grip, then quickly removed the tether, the

veils, and the headpiece. Danielle handed the whole innocent-appearing ensemble to Antonnia and she carefully packed it away in its box, then wordlessly picked up the gown.

“Very good, Antonnia!” Danielle said, smiling at her slave girl. “You’re learning quickly! OKAY, girls. We’re off!”

She walked to the door with Antonnia and I trailing along behind her, and in minutes we were all back in the parking lot. My Master got out of the van and came around to open my door, then assisted me into the seat and I lay back, resignedly accepting my fastenings.

“How’d it go?” he asked over his shoulder while he locked my hands to the front of my restraint belt arrangement.

“Everything fits perfectly,” Danielle assured him. “And it works just as you said it would. Well, we must be off. I’m taking Antonnia down to the Clinic for some further additions to ***her*** ensemble. We’ll be by on Saturday morning about seven-thirty to pick up Christine then see you again at the church in the afternoon, okay?”

“Yep! Okay. Sounds good to me. Have a fun afternoon, girls.”

The sliding door thumped shut and I lay twisting against my straps while he walked around and got into the driver’s seat. Without further ado we were off down the road and on our way back to the house that was soon to become even more of a prison than it already was.

Chapter Four

My Escorts Arrive

John

The next week seemed to fly by and I was fully occupied with my end of the plans, as well as keeping Christine busy at her schedule, then, Saturday morning arrived with a rush. I awakened her earlier than most mornings, and had her ready for pick-up by Danielle at seven am. We were just finishing our coffee in the kitchen as the day began to bloom fully across the large, secluded back yard when the door chimes announced Danielle's and Antonnia's arrival. Leaving Christine for a moment, I went to the door, let them in, then brought them to the kitchen.

"Would you like a coffee, ladies?"

"No, thank you, John," Danielle answered. Antonnia just shook her head.

Danielle wore a pair of tight, maroon leather trousers and a matching jacket over a white silk blouse; the whole ensemble setting off her Titan, shoulder-length hair. On her feet were a pair of low-heeled, black pumps and a large, matching purse was slung casually over her left shoulder, completing her outfit.

Antonnia, by contrast, was clad in a tight, navy blue leather, ankle-length tube skirt that followed the contours of her hips and legs as though painted on. My eyes were drawn magnetically to the subtly revealing bumps and depressions that outlined her chastity belt, hidden beneath a wide black band clamping the waist of the skirt and thus concealing the joint of what appeared to be some sort of upper body-covering exercise suit made of a thin, greyish leather. This had a wide, reinforced Mandarin-type collar some two-and-a-half inches high and it followed the profile of her throat closely, clasped snugly against the olive skin. Without looking, I knew that the back zipper was locked securely. At the front, a small decorative-appearing ring dangled from what looked like a costume jewellery fixture, but I knew that in reality it meant business. Her body-suit was covered by a matching and tightly-fitted

leather jacket that emphasized her appearance of stylish, but controlled femininity. For the moment it was opened to reveal her under-suit and it was obvious that the jacket would fit her upper body tightly when zipped closed and its small but not decorative closure straps were all buckled.

Then I noticed her arms and hands.

The jacket sleeves from the shoulders to her wrists were normal enough, but below that point, there was a distinct separation from everyday wear. Antonnia's hands were glove-clad, these emerging from under the jacket's snug, wide wrist cuffs. Her fingers stuck down rigidly and unnaturally inside their tight little tubes, while from the end of each sleeve, two long, matching smoothly-surfaced, black, foam-rubber-filled half-ovoids flopped loosely, looking sort of like the opened halves of an elongated egg.

"Well ladies, Christine's ready if you are," I grinned, inspecting Antonnia a little more closely.

"I'll get the gown and accessories out to the car John," Danielle smiled, " and you can entertain these two 'til I get back, okay?"

"Sure. Is everything ready on your end Danielle?"

"Oh yeah!" she said with an evil chuckle over her shoulder while she picked up the bagged gown and boxes then walked down the hall to the front door. "We're pretty well set for the rest of the day. All we really have to do is get Christine's hair, make-up, and nails done then meet you at the church."

The front door swung shut behind her while both Christine and I stared at Antonnia. As was normal now, Christine was kept always fully under the control of her speech inhibitor, and therefore remained silent when I walked around inspecting her sister in captivity. Antonnia too stood silently while I checked her out. Behind her back I saw that the sleeves of her jacket had very sturdy, colour-matched zippers running from the shoulders down to her elbows, and they'd been closed all the way, holding her upper arms firmly against her body; while her feet, peeping out from beneath the reinforced hem of the tube skirt, were contained in six-inch heeled, laced-up boots. I was still inspecting her when Danielle re-entered the kitchen.

“What do you think of Antonnia’s costume?” she asked and grinned when I turned to her.

“Certainly looks like she’s under control.” I smiled back.

“Well, I wanted to show this outfit to you and so did she. Right, Antonnia?”

“Y-y-yes, Mistress,” Antonnia spoke for the first time since entering.

“I think it’s time to get you out to the car again dear,” Danielle said, moving to Antonnia’s front.

“Yes, Mistress. I-I’m ready,” she acknowledged submissively.

I watched in fascination while Danielle efficiently made her companion into a cute, leather- covered package of feminine helplessness. She started by picking up Antonnia’s left forearm, then spent a moment arranging her stiffened fingers in the slight depressions of one of the flopping, half-egg-shaped things at the end of the sleeve. The other half was flipped over the back of Antonnia’s stiffened palm and fingers while she stared down at her hand, then taking the tab of the finely-toothed nylon zipper, Danielle pulled it closed around the entire circumference of the elongated egg! A narrow, Velcro-lined flap flipped over the zipper’s closure, concealing it completely and so the whole structure acting to immobilize Antonnia’s fingers very efficiently and making it impossible for her to free herself. Danielle pressed the tab into a fitting on the reinforced cuff and it clicked solidly, locking Antonnia’s hand inside. On the inner surface of the wrist was a small glittering staple and it took no imagination to know that too had a purpose. Danielle picked up Antonnia’s other hand and a moment later it had also been rendered useless to its owner.

“There, dear!” she smiled at Antonnia, “That should keep you out of mischief until we get to the Beauty Parlour!”

Antonnia stood for a moment with her arms hanging by her sides then slowly and with some difficulty raised and bent them so that she could closely inspect the encasing mitts while inside the foam-packed interiors, she tried to flex her fingers against the rigid constrictions of the gloves and the dense

linings. Only small tell-tale humps on the surfaces of the mitts indicated her struggles to be free of the confining arrangement and she looked mournfully down at them for a couple of seconds then dropped her hands back to her sides.

“Okay,” Danielle said briskly, “time to finish you off.”

Antonnia began shivering slightly when Danielle picked up her encased hands then tucked them into little pouches, supposedly pockets, at the front of the jacket just under the projecting shelf of her breasts and I continued to watch closely while she pulled out a short, sturdy strap, then ran it through the staples of the cuffs and jerked in the slack. Antonnia’s mitted hands were pulled deeply into the pocket pouches, ensuring that she was unable to withdraw them and to ensure that her bondage remained hidden, Danielle pulled the pocket’s edges up. These were short, collar-like extensions, that rose up her arms about five cm past the cuffs, then buckled straps on the inner sides were drawn tight, pulling her wrists against her waist. The fastenings would be invisible, and it would appear that Antonnia had just tucked her hands into the pockets to keep them warm. Christine and I watched intently while Danielle next zipped up the front of the tight jacket, having to struggle a little to get the garment closed over the bulge of Antonnia’s breasts, then pulled it right up to the base of her neck, leaving the front of the ring-endowed collar of her under-suit fully visible and available. The next two minutes were spent fastening the little straps up the front, over the zipper flap.

Antonnia shook her head a little and jerked her arms as much as she could against their securements while Danielle adjusted her purse, then stood back and looked her over. She appeared almost completely normal, but in reality she was held completely under control. I admired the subtlety of the bondage arrangement, but that was lost an instant later when Danielle produced a thick, matching blue leather strap from her capacious purse, then reached out and clicked its glittering snap-hook to the ring on the collar of Antonnia’s inner suit, just under her chin! Antonnia surged back, trying to avoid the tether, but Danielle’s hand was too fast and now she stood leashed and helpless. Danielle pulled on it, dragging Antonnia a little closer to her, and although at first she tried to resist, Antonnia ***had*** to follow the command.

What wasn't apparent was that under the wide band of her visible collar, there was another, narrower strap that tightened like a noose when tension was placed on the front ring, just like a sliding-chain dog's choker. She either did as commanded, or she stopped breathing. Danielle smiled happily, her slave-girl now standing docilely beside her, then turned to Christine.

"Could you free, Christine, please?" she asked me.

"Just a second, Danielle," I said and went to get a short leather Transportation Leash for my wife-to-be from the Playroom. A minute later I was back in the kitchen and had fastened it to Christine's front collar ring then handed the free end to Danielle and knelt down to unlock Christine's 'Bar leash.

"Okay, girls! We're off!" Danielle grinned over at me. "We'll see you at the altar!"

"Right!" I returned her smile and ushered them to the front door, bringing up the rear of the little procession.

Just before they left the house, I handed Danielle Christine's remote control, then lifted Christine's lower facial veil, took my slave girl in my arms and gave her a long, deep kiss. Her soft lips writhed against mine with returned, yet silenced passion and when we finally parted, I stood back and inspected her once more.

She was as helpless as Antonnia and her bondage as well hidden. I had insisted that she wear a full, floor-length leather skirt to completely conceal her ankle-length 'Bar and hobbles. Today though, the usual short wires used to limit her paces had been replaced by a short, light, chromed, tinkling chain. With every pace she took, its musical links swung out a little from under the hem of the heavy skirt, tantalizing the eyes and teasing the mind of anyone who caught a glimpse. She also wore white six-inch-heeled, tightly-laced knee boots, further limiting her hesitant steps. Her upper body was hidden beneath a matching, three quarter length leather jacket, loosely yet securely belted around her compressed waist, and in a manner similar to the way in which Danielle had secured Antonnia's hands; I'd placed hers in the pocket slits, passing them right through the jacket, then locked them to the projecting front ring of her Chastity Belt. Christine's hands and fingers were free, but

she was unable to do anything with them.

I draped the veil over her face again, hiding her nose rings from public scrutiny and thus leaving only her eyes and forehead visible. She turned at the drag of her implacably demanding leash and stepped outside with a little gasp when Danielle activated her electronic one also. The captive young females were drawn down the sidewalk to the waiting blue van, then quickly assisted into it. I was pleased to see that Danielle was just as thorough as I when she fastened Christine to her reclined seat. With a last wave I stepped back into the house and closed the door to begin my own preparations.

Chapter Five

Preparations

Christine

Danielle allowed me no more freedom than did my Master and so I resigned myself to the uncomfortable seat straps being cinched tight, confirming my state of helplessness. A moment later she'd also secured Antonnia to her seat then she backed out of the lane and zoomed off down the street, heading for the beauty salon.

Despite the enormity of control and ownership my Master already had over me, I was more than a little scared of taking this next, final, legal, and irrevocable step of a public wedding for it would legally formalize my bondage to him. I lay quietly and closed my eyes, trying to breathe deeply to calm my nervousness about the whole thing. Danielle had plans well in hand and our first stop was to get my hair and nails done. About fifteen minutes later we pulled into a parking lot, and after she'd released Antonnia, Danielle clipped the end loop of her leash to the seat belt shoulder harness mount, and left her to stand waiting beside the van, silent and red-faced about her public tethering. Danielle released my restraints and assisted me from the seat, then I stood quietly while she straightened my clothing, fussing over me like a mother hen.

Antonnia's lead was released from its fastening, then she and I walked quickly along behind Danielle at the ends of our leashes like a couple of obedient pets, for truly, that is what we'd both become. Our heels clicked in staccato unison on the concrete sidewalk while we struggled to keep up with our Mistress; both of our faces flaming with embarrassment and the humiliation of being so blatantly restrained and controlled in public. It was still early in the day, so there were only a few people on the streets, and other than a few cars moving too fast for their drivers to notice anything strange about our little coffle of slavery, we were alone. Our progress was noisily marked by the tinkling of our skirt-concealed hobble chains, but both Antonnia and I tried to act as nonchalant as possible.

“Okay, Christine,” she said, taking a key ring from her purse, “I’m going to free your wrists from your ‘Belt so you can get your nails done. The technicians know you’ll have to recline, but they don’t know why, and I don’t want you doing any explaining. Once we go through the door, I’ll turn off your electronic gag, but your leash will still be active. Let’s go!”

We turned into the alcove of the beauty shop’s doorway and Danielle opened the door. Once inside, she quickly released our leashes then stuffed them into her purse and I looked around. The pleasant interior was empty but for us and the staff of five women. Thank goodness no one else was there, for I felt that I would have died of embarrassment, but unknown to me, my Master had paid for the exclusive use of the shop and the staff’s time for the entire morning, so we wouldn’t be disturbed once the process started.

“Hi, Danielle! Hi, Ladies!” one of the women said coming to greet us.

“Hello, Ramona.” Danielle smiled. “These are the two that I want taken care of today. This is Christine, the bride-to-be,” she gestured to me.

“Hello, Ramona,” I murmured.

“... and this is Antonnia,” she said pointing to her blue, leather-clad slave girl. Antonnia smiled nervously and said a quiet hello.

“Nice to meet you, Christine and Antonnia!” Ramona said, staring quizzically at my veiled face. “My co-workers here are Sandi, Roxanne, Julie, and Amanda. We’re going to work real hard to make you as pretty as we can for the big event, aren’t we ladies?”

“Yes, ma’am!” they chorused with smiles lighting their faces.

“One thing…” Danielle said, becoming serious for a moment, “You’ll see that Christine wears some very specialized facial jewellery. You might as well know that what she wears, ladies, is quite impossible for her to remove, as is her wish, and so I’d ask that you just work around it, okay?”

“That won’t be a problem, Danielle,” the owner said. “Will it girls?” she turned to the rest of them. They nodded their acceptance, all looking at me

with deep curiosity.

I slowly removed my jacket while Danielle walked over to the side and beckoned to Antonnia. In the mirror, I saw Danielle quickly release her, remove her jacket and put it on a chair; casually tossing her own on top and concealing the hand enclosures at the ends of the sleeves. She spent another minute peeling the restrictive over-the-elbow gloves from Antonnia's hands, then shooed her to one of the waiting chairs. When she was settled, Danielle came back to where I stood with the two technicians standing on the other side of the partially-reclined chair, waiting, and smiled at me.

"Okay, Christine!" she said, "I'll help you into the chair, but first, let's show these ladies your special jewellery up close, then they can get to work on you!"

"O-Okay, Danielle," I whispered, my face flaming.

"Turn around dear and I'll get you into the chair."

I swivelled silently then felt her do something at the back, and the narrow upper strap that encircled my head loosened. She lifted away the veil's face-following contour from the bridge of my nose and cheeks, where it had rested snugly since my Master had put it on. When I turned back to face the two waiting women, their mouths dropped open in shock at the sight of the small gleaming rings on either side of my nose, but I could see that their attention was actually drawn more to the thick, gleaming, steel **U** that hung from my septum onto my upper lip, and the inner one that was firmly clamped onto the fleshy divider. Too, my collar with its ominous rings at the front and back was revealed and I smiled tentatively at them then shook my head slightly, making my nose ring flip outwards. Antonnia reached up and flicked my hair aside to reveal the matching, doubled, silvery **U**'s embedded in each of my ear lobes, and all the others mounted in their grommeted holes, driven through the cartilage up and around the curve of each ear, then she spoke to the two women.

"All of these, ladies, are permanent. ***None*** of them can be removed," she stated, "and you'll find that there are a couple of fittings on Christine's head that are also irremovable, so please exercise caution when washing and

setting her hair."

"Yes, ma'am," they chorused, still staring at me with shock when they fully realized that I had ***no*** say in having to wear this so-called jewellery. To them, as with most women, jewellery is something they could choose either to wear or not, as the mood struck and so the concept that they could be ***required*** to have something they didn't like or approve of fastened into their bodies, and be unable remove when they tired of it, was totally alien and utterly shocking. I could see the questions forming in their minds while they looked at my 'jewellery'.

"Okay, Christine," Danielle said quietly, "let's pop you into the chair and let these ladies get started."

She moved over to stand beside me then bent down and picked me up in her arms. I made my body straight and rigid, as I'd learned to do when I'd first been fitted with the longer Inhibitor Bar, then was slowly laid in the reclined chair. She bent down and straightened my skirt over my trembling legs while I shifted to get as comfortable as my hidden bondage would permit. I stared up at the three of them while they arranged sheets over me.

"Thank you, Danielle," I whispered.

"You're welcome, honey. Now just relax and let these ladies do their thing. I want you to be quiet too," she said meaningfully, then walked over to her own waiting chair and settled herself with a sigh.

In a moment she too was covered with a set of drop-cloths while the technicians fussed around, beginning the process of preparing us for the ceremony. For the next three hours we were pampered by the staff, and after their initial reaction to my obviously restrictive adornments, nothing further was said, although when my hair was washed and set they all came and inspected the things mounted to my skull; oohing and aahhing with more shocked interest when the silvery, titanium assemblies were revealed, thanks to the water plastering my hair to my head. I had yet to actually see them myself, although my fingers had inspected their obvious permanence each time I'd washed my hair since they'd been affixed.

“What’re they for?” one of the women asked.

Danielle looked over at me, then at the technicians clustered around my head.

“Well,” she said, “Christine’s been fitted with them at the order of her husband-to-be so that she can wear special hats and stuff like that. Too, they can also be used to control her if he decides she’s to be leashed by either one.”

“Oh, wow!” was all the questioner said, then I felt the ring at the top of my head grasped and there was a gentle tug on it. I closed my eyes in embarrassment, feeling the redness of a blush colour my face when one of my secrets was further revealed, but she let the ring go almost immediately, as if it had burned her fingers, and resumed her work.

Danielle, sensing I was a little discomfited by her revelation, decided I needed something to take my mind off my embarrassment and, unseen by me, picked up the remote and turned it on! Each of my breasts, clamped untouchably within its Controller Cup, was suddenly assailed by mild needling shocks spiralling up from my chest, then around and around to my nipples! I gasped and writhed from the teasing and mild torturing for even though the pulses weren’t particularly painful, they ***did*** make me want to reach up and massage my poor, abused and imprisoned flesh. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I remained quiet after my initial reaction. She turned her head and grinned at me in the mirror.

“Are you okay, ma’am?” the girl working on my hair asked whilst I shivered from the continuing, hidden stimulations.

“Y-y-yes. I-I’m fine,” I gasped distractedly up into her worried eyes.

“Okay!” she smiled back at me and continued her work.

Danielle though wasn’t satisfied with just ***that*** stimulation, and touched other buttons on the remote. Deep under my long skirt and steel cover-plate of my chastity belt, the vibrators pressing against my clitoris and inside the dildo hummed to life! The dildo itself began to slowly writhe then extend itself further up into my loins, withdrawing equally as slowly a moment later, then

repeating the uncomfortable performance in a slow, mind bending cadence. I couldn't stop the low moan that escaped my lips and the slight automatic rolling motion of my hips under the sheet while I tried to resist its unguessable, hidden assaults. Again, the girl paused and looked at me when I closed my eyes and struggled to remain still. Beneath the nylon drop sheet, my chest heaved with each in-drawn breath and I desperately longed to free my breasts of their tight confinements, but I knew that there was no possible way to do it. Oh God! Eventually, we were done and Danielle came over and assisted me from the chair while the technicians watched curiously, obviously wondering why I didn't just leap up from it myself; yet they remained silent. Antonnia too got out of her chair and walked to where her coat and gloves sat then. She pulled Danielle's aside and slipped the left glove onto her hand and arm.

"I'll be there in a second, Antonnia," Danielle called over.

"Thanks," she replied over her shoulder.

In the meantime, Danielle gave me a quick inspection while I too looked over the way my hair and nails had been done. Satisfied, she turned and went over to where Antonnia stood waiting, moving between them and her, while the five other women watched me get ready to leave.

"Could I have my veil, please?" I asked Ramona, "And could you help me put it on?"

"Sure, honey," she said and picked up the thinly rippling leather concealment, then came to me. The others followed her like sheep, watching while she fitted it onto my nose, then positioned it carefully over my face, just under my eyes. One of them, Roxanne, I think, walked behind and drew the narrow white strap up over my forehead, bisecting it, then ran it through the rings on the top and back of my skull and drew it snug. My veil was immediately firmly anchored to my head so that once more my facial adornments were hidden from public view.

While this was being taken care of, Danielle had slipped on Antonnia's other glove, then secured both in place above her elbows with more of the draw string-type straps; rendering her fingers motionless, and the special gloves

irremovable. She quickly fitted Antonnia into her jacket and in moments had her sealed inside, her hands in their special restraint eggs and these tucked into their pouches. The two of them walked slowly to where I stood, still surrounded by the curious women. Danielle spoke.

“Thanks very much for all your work, girls. You’ve done a wonderful job,” she said, moving towards the door with Antonnia and I following closely.

“Thank ***you!***” Ramona said and all of them called their good byes while we exited the shop. Just outside the door Danielle stopped and dug into her purse again while Antonnia and I crowded together on either side and just behind her. She drew out our leashes and turned to face us.

“Hold still!” she commanded peremptorily.

We both shuddered convulsively with embarrassment when her left hand flicked out, first to Antonnia’s throat, then to mine. There were two heavy and distinct ***click’s*** when our sturdy tethers were attached and under my veil, my face flamed with humiliation once more. When I glanced at Antonnia, her face was also a bright crimson. Uncaring, Danielle snapped our leashes with a quick flick of her wrist, then tugged firmly on them, drawing us close to her.

“Okay, girls. You’re both on your electronic leashes also, and Christine, your speech inhibitor has been re-activated, so you’d better keep quiet.”

I nodded in acknowledgment, then paced slowly along beside Antonnia when we began walking back to the van. The jingling of my swirling hobble chain sounded horribly loud to me but no one seemed to notice. Our little trio moved sedately along the now-crowded sidewalk with Antonnia and I huddling close together behind Danielle, trying to hide the fact that we were under her direct physical control, just like pet dogs. Our colour-matched leashes swung in short loops from Danielle’s gloved fist up to our necks, and while she strutted along in front, she’d occasionally reef on them just to remind us of our status in the scheme of things.

People walking towards us weren’t aware of Antonnia’s and my state of subjugation, but those who overtook us, and quite naturally gave us a side

glance, looked totally shocked when they saw the sturdy straps looping up to our necks. Antonnia's was the most visible of course, with its large and shiny snap-hook clipped to the bright ring on her collar, under her chin. Mine wasn't quite as obvious, but it was just as attention-grabbing; leading from her fist and up under my veil to my collar; leaving observers to wonder where it went, and why I wore a veil.

The women who spotted our leashes reacted in all sorts of ways: some looked disgusted, others appeared shocked and embarrassed, and yet others seemed fascinated. Men who saw the straps uniformly smiled at Antonnia and I, obviously in full agreement with the fact that we were on them. We were soon surrounded by a silent accompanying crowd of males, and when we reached the van, Danielle turned to the group.

"Thank you for the escort, gentlemen!" she smiled radiantly at them. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to get these two into the car."

In moments we were settled in the vehicle and when Danielle closed the sliding door there was a smattering of applause from the observing men. Danielle strutted confidently around to the driver's door, waved to them all and climbed into her seat. Her door thumped closed and we took off, heading for her house in the suburbs. Some twenty minutes later we pulled into the driveway and waited a moment while the garage door opened, then once inside and with it closed, she released us from our seats and pulled us down to the dungeon. Keeping a firm grip on my leash, she locked Antonnia's collar to a sturdy ring high on one wall, then I was dragged across the chamber and mine was locked to another on the opposite side, leaving about twenty feet of open floor between the two of us. The short chains from the wall rings to the backs of our collars ensured that we wouldn't go anywhere unless she released the locks, and, at the same time, denied us the option of even sitting down. (Not that I'd be able to anyway!)

"Back in a minute or two ladies!" she grinned, then locked the heavy, sound-insulated, steel door.

Antonnia pulled fretfully at her hand and arm restraints, obviously unused to being bound, shifting a little on her high heels while she did, but I stood passively waiting for whatever was to come next. I'd fought my restraints

often enough by now to know they were inescapable, no matter ***how*** hard I struggled. Danielle returned a couple of minutes later with my bridal outfit bags and boxes and deposited them on a large table off to the side, then walked to where Antonnia stood, and with arms akimbo, inspected her carefully.

“Okay, Antonnia. I’m going to take off your jacket and mitts, after you’re on your house leash, then you’ll have to lay on your bench. Later, you can help me get Christine fixed up, then I’ll get ***you*** dressed.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Antonnia whispered and stopped her fidgeting when she was fitted with a longer chain and freed of her restraining jacket and mitts and stood waiting for her next order.

“Lay down, Antonnia,” Danielle pointed to the low settee.

The blue leather covered, hobble-skirted, young woman moved cautiously to the indicated piece of furniture and slowly lowered herself onto its padded surface, then lay out full length. Danielle walked over, with the length of chain trailing from her fist, then sat down beside her and slowly and lovingly stroked her face, letting her hands trail down over the heaving mounds of her breasts.

“Roll over honey, so I can loosen your skirt for a moment.”

Antonnia obediently did as she was told, then Danielle unlocked the wide tight belt keeping her in the garment and pulled it down slightly to reveal the gleaming steel between-the-buttocks panel of her chastity belt. Reaching under the skirt’s hem, she slowly threaded the chain leash up between Antonnia’s legs until she could get at it from the top of the opened skirt. I couldn’t see what happened next, but there was a subtle click when she bent over and manipulated her hands, and I heard Antonnia give a little gasp. Danielle quickly re-fastened the wide belt of the skirt.

“You may get up now.”

“Y-yes, Mistress,” she said and got slowly to her feet.

When she stood, there came the sound of jingling chain links, for the loose chain fell between her nyloned legs and out onto the floor between her stiletto heels.

Danielle purposefully stepped on the leash when Antonnia walked away, causing the chain to snap tight under the wide, reinforced hem of her skirt and when this happened, Antonia gave a small shriek and stopped dead in her tracks; her hands pawing at the tightly stretched leather over her crotch. The leash had been locked to the protruding tip-ring of her dildo and made it move disturbingly within her body, to say nothing of the brief, pulsing electrical shocks that had also been unleashed.

“Let’s get this show on the road,” Danielle asserted, strutting over to where I stood. “Christine, I’m going to release you from your leash in just a minute or two, but first Antonia and I are going to undress you. From there, you’ll be taken over to the lacing bar, and we’ll begin the process of getting you dressed in your wedding gown and accessories.”

I nodded mutely, a small shiver of apprehension fluttering within my belly when she came over, freed me from my short leash, then drew me to the dangling lacing bar. My hands were released for a moment, much to my surprise, but she ensured that I remained held in position by bringing down a thick rubber bungie-cord from each end of the lacing bar and clipping it to the ring on the top of my skull! Danielle returned to the wall control panel, depressed one of the buttons, and from somewhere above I heard a subdued hum when a winch motor began tightening the suspending chain. At first the tension pulled my head into an erect posture, then the rubber chords began to stretch when the chain continued to shorten. It wasn’t painful, but I couldn’t lower my chin the least little bit and the tension gradually increased until my feet came off the floor, then I continued to ascend while Danielle watched impassively. She finally stopped the winch when my feet swung about eighteen inches above the grey carpet, leaving me to hang, bouncing gently up and down, and mewling from the strange sensation of being fully suspended by my head alone! Of course my speech-inhibitor shocked me into immediate silence and so my only means of protest, for the moment, was to flail my feet and legs against my hobble chain; totally incapable of doing anything to avoid what was coming. Then, she did exactly as she had said she

would, and I sighed with relief when I was freed, although again only momentarily, from my outer garments.

As soon as I'd been disrobed, Danielle immediately joined the tip of my 'Bar to a floor ring under my slowly swinging heels. She used a short, very strong spring, connecting it first to the floor then surging against it to clip its other end to my 'Bar! Deep inside my loins, I felt the vibration of the hook being clipped on, then suddenly I felt my vaginal dildo withdraw slightly when the spring slipped through her fingers. It jerked me downwards a short distance against the tension of the head-connected bungie-cords, centring me in mid-air between the two fastening points! I ***couldn't*** object to this fastening, thanks to my electronic gagging, but when Danielle's foot seemingly by accident kicked the tensioning spring, I tried to scream from the weird thrumming vibrations that surged through my belly, only to have the attempt die still-born in my steel-entubed throat when pulses of electrical shocks coursed agonizingly through my breasts and clitoris!

"Oops! Sorry Christine!" she said contritely, but I knew better.

I hung in mid-air, waving my arms around and kicking my feet so that the long hobble chain swung in glittering arcs, as did my Reminder Chains. They flailed back and forth in noisy loops of glittering links while the two of them prepared to encase me in my wedding finery.

Antonia moved noisily around behind Danielle, opening the various boxes containing my costume. Each article she withdrew from its carton was made of a soft white leather, and these were laid out carefully in a specific order on the side table. The only items that weren't manufactured of the soft material were my wedding dress and the veils I was required to wear. The last things Antonnia removed from their box was a pair of thigh high, lace-up, white leather boots; these of course having the standard six inch high heels and a one inch thick platform sole. Danielle walked over and inspected the array of clothing and accessories to be attached to me, then turned to Antonia.

"Okay, Dear. We'll start with her over-corset, then we'll do her boots."

"Yes, Mistress," Antonia whispered and picked up the long, strict, controlling garment, then walked slowly to where I was helplessly strung in mid-air,

waiting, clad only in my basic Control Uniform.

Antonia wrapped the heavily-boned, white leather corset around my stretched and available body, then clipped the wide busk together at the front. It was a fearsome garment in which to be encased. There were ten centimetre diameter apertures on its front through which my already-confined breasts projected, then it swept around my chest, high under my arms to the lacing slit at the back, completely covering the underlying bra harness. It was extremely long, flowing completely down over my hips and buttocks with a six inch wide, reinforced strap around my upper thighs. Antonia moved to my front, pressed the rings on my Chastity Belt through their slots on the corset, then braced her hands against my stomach when Danielle began pulling the gleaming steel wire laces through their guides. At first the compression was tolerable, but it rapidly grew worse when my ribs were squeezed. It was intensely subduing to wear the garment over the top of the intimate harness I was ***already*** locked into, and I couldn't stop my gasps and whines while she drew the lacing ever tighter, grunting with the effort of getting the garment's edges to meet all the way from top to bottom. At last, she was satisfied then tied off the laces and cut their ends short and when she secured the wide strap at the bottom of the garment, my thighs were pressed tightly together against the Inhibitor Bar projecting rigidly down from my crotch-cover. She laced up the slits through which my ankle Reminder chains hung, almost completing my encasement in the horrific garment.

"Get the boots please, Antonia," Danielle commanded, inspecting me without any sympathy.

"Yes, Mistress," she said and moved to the table with short, skirt-hobbled steps, returning a moment later with them draped over her arm.

"Thank you. You take the left boot and I'll do the right one. Lace it very tight!"

Antonia bobbed her head, then slowly bent down and slipped the shoe portion over my questing toes while Danielle did the same with my right foot. The shoe portions of the boots were deeply padded and actually quite comfortable, other than the fact that the heels and platform soles were so high. Both women pulled the opened tubes of the leggings up over my knees

and loosely buckled the tops of the boots to the hem strap of the corset, then bent once more and began tightening the lacing with fierce little jerks. These caused me to bounce erratically back and forth while I hung there in front of them, but they easily accommodated themselves to my involuntary movements and within five minutes both of my legs felt as though they were being squeezed all over by pythons. The laces were tied off and their ends cut short, then a wide strap was reefed tightly around the top of each thigh, covering the knotted laces, and locked securely. Danielle stood, then went behind and flipped wide straps over my shoulders, covering the bra's already deeply-grooving ones, and pulled them through their buckles to a crushing tightness. The top of the corset and the harnessing around my breast cups was firmly and irrevocably anchored in place and I moaned from the ever-increasing sensation of bondage and restriction I was being forced to surrender to. Next, they tightened the six gartering straps from the tops of each boot to the bottom edge of the corset, pulling them firmly, thus holding everything securely in place. For some weird reason, I listened distractedly to my ankle Reminder Chains clinking musically when I bounced in my spring suspension. They stood back and inspected their handiwork so far.

"Now ***that's*** what I call a corset!" Danielle chuckled while I twitched before her, gasping for breath. "Okay, Antonia, I'll release the spring and you bring over the crinolines then we'll put those on her next. After that, we'll put Christine into her gown."

Danielle sank from my sight and I felt the weird vibrations on the 'Bar spring when she grasped it. My dildo withdrew slightly, then suddenly surged deeply into my compressed loins when the spring connection was released. A shocked wail tore itself from my throat as a result of the sudden, profound penetration of my sex, while at the same time the thick, stretchy bungie-chords fastened to my head-ring tightened again, released partially from the dragging tension that had kept me stretched and immobile. For nearly a half minute, I bounced up and down in front of the amused Danielle, wailing with miserable helplessness, despite and because of the terrible disciplinary shocks initiated by the speech-inhibition program.

Finally, my bouncing and pendulum-like swinging back and forth was stopped when Danielle grabbed me around the waist, stabilizing me and I was

still forced to stare straight ahead. There wasn't any way I could stop the continual tremblings that wracked my compressed and imprisoned body and my legs jerked against their restrictions seemingly with a mind of their own, while my arms flailed aimlessly, making the loops of my Reminder Chains flash and glitter.

"Surprised you, didn't it?" Danielle chuckled evilly.

I couldn't even nod or speak!

"Well, Christine," she grinned up at me, "just think of it! You're going to become one of the most disciplined and controlled females in the world! You might be interested to know that I've co-operated with John on the design of your equipment, just so he'd have an intimate knowledge of what will terrify and humiliate you the most. You'll be unpleasantly surprised, I assure you!" she gloated. "Now, let's get you into the rest of your finery."

A moment later, the fluffy, impeding petticoats used to puff out the wedding dress were drawn up my legs, then their draw-strings were tied around my rigidly-tubed waist, concealing my controlling, punishing undergarments ever more deeply under their innocent layers. The two of them spent the next five minutes slowly working the wedding gown up over the bulky crinolines, then Danielle walked to the wall and pressed the button that controlled the winch, lowering me slowly to stand on my feet once more, although she left the restraints still attached to my head ring, ensuring that I remained constantly and fully leashed, as was my fate and at one time in the past, my deepest desire. They each took one of my arms, then fitted the shoulder-length, white leather gloves over top of the Reminder Chains and spent the next couple of minutes lacing them so tightly closed that I could barely bend my arms. These laces too were knotted and the ends cut short, then they began fitting my harnessed upper body into the bodice of the gown. My gloved arms were slipped carefully into their respective sleeves and they slowly drew the snug, fitted bodice up my chest until it seemed as though it was painted over the corset and protruding breast cups. Long, hidden zippers from the shoulders on each sleeve were pulled down to my wrists, sealing my upper arms tight to my body, then they walked behind and carefully began fastening the back of the dress closed. With my head captive and held fully erect, Antonnia and Danielle had only to brush aside my long hair to button the gown's high,

brocaded collar over my steel one and in seconds I was securely a captive within my Wedding Gown. Danielle picked up the long train and clipped it to the securing loops at my shoulders, then stood back again to admire her work. I blushed self-consciously while she inspected me.

“Time for your cap and veils!” she stated emphatically.

She walked over and unclipped the head restraints, letting them swing off to the sides while I teetered before her, fretfully shifting my feet and legs against their short hobbling chains beneath the multiple layers of the gown, hearing only a muted tinkling of the hidden links. The crinolines puffed out the dress so that my booted feet and their joining chain were now totally concealed.

Antonia brought over the cap and handed it to Danielle and she walked behind me then carefully placed it on my head. Next she mounted the inner facial veil so that it clung to the bridge of my nose and draped over my lower face, then came the filmy over-veil and she fitted that too. I felt two very distinct ***click’s!*** when she closed small locks through their holes in each of the posts mounted on my skull, locking the entire, heavy head-dress in place. The fastening bar pressed firmly against my skull, right from the fitting on the crown of my head to the one at the back, feeling very strange. The final addition she made was to attach the thick, white silk rope of my Bridal Leash to the swivel ring on the very back of my skull and leave it to dangle down my back, almost lost amid the folds of the veils and train. Danielle spent a moment brushing my hair over the leash, the swivel and its anchoring point, then arranging the veil around it. With a quick flip, she removed the outer covering from my head and face.

“There! Almost finished!” she stated smugly, walking around me. “You know, if I hadn’t seen it done, I wouldn’t believe that you’re anything other than what you appear to be. Talk about a Bondage Bride!! Oh! A couple of last things, then you’ll be ready to be taken to the church.”

She stood in front of me again and grasped my lower arms hands, slowly bringing them up to the front of my corseted waist, out of my sight beneath the projection of my breasts. For a brief second I tried to resist her manipulations, but my arms were too thoroughly encased in their gloves and

sleeves, and she was far too strong. I heard another subtle ***click!*** and my hands became locked to the front of my hidden Chastity Belt, then she connected a white, satin-entubed chain leash to the central link while I automatically struggled to free them.

“Hold still, Christine!” she commanded when she slipped the large bridal bouquet into my curved and waiting fingers. “That’s it! Time to take you upstairs. You’ll wait in the guest room while I dress Antonia.”

She picked up the end of the leash dangling down the front of my gown and tugged firmly upon it, drawing me from the dungeon and slowly up the stairs. Five minutes later, I stood alone in the locked guest room, leashed to a wall ring beside the window, my bouquet clutched in my gloved fingers. I stared out at the crisp, autumn scene below and knew there was no turning back now, then backed to the limit of the short, white-covered links and jerked not a little fearfully at their securement.

I was ready. Or so I thought.

Chapter Six

The Deed Gets Done

John

After the girls had been gone about five minutes or so, I left the house myself and went to my barber for the full treatment, then returned and busied myself with a careful shower and shave. As soon as I'd attended to all the basics, I laid out my wedding day 'monkey suit' and at that point a stiff drink seemed warranted, so I went down to the lounge and fixed a scotch, then wandered through the house. It seemed a little lonely without the constant slither of Christine's leash and the musical clinking of her various decorative and restraining chains echoing down the halls, but I knew that they'd soon resound again in the rooms. My wanderings, basically just killing time, took me to the Playroom, then her Classroom and finally to her bedroom/cell. In each one I quickly straightened the various pieces of her restraint equipment, preparing them for their next use.

"Christine is certainly a gem. One in millions," I mused to myself, thinking about the severe controls to her freedoms I'd insisted upon, and to which, seemingly, she'd adapted easily, so far.

Hers wasn't a sullen or resigned acceptance of bondage despite her at first fearful and quivering adaptation to her newest controls, but rather one of glorying in her femaleness and its psychological component, her femininity. She was literally ***forced*** to accept her sex and sexuality by the equipment fastened to, around, and inside her body. As I intended, there was to be no escape from it's constant messages of enslavement and forced stimulation, and there was more to come, much more. Although I hadn't old her of any of the future developments she'd eventually have to bear, they would act to most emphatically fill her need of total control. Sometime in the next year or so, I'd take her to a very specialized 'Ranch' in Arizona and there would have her trained as a Horse Woman, something I'd mentioned briefly in the past. She'd looked startled at the time, then a wondering expression had passed across her face while she nervously licked her lips. Once there, she'd learn even more fully of the depth of her slavery and controllability when she

was broken to accept her human horse harness.

Back in my bedroom I finally decided to get moving and accomplished the task of clambering into my tuxedo in short order. I checked myself in the front hall mirror, then locked up the house and went out to the van. The church was out in the country, about half an hour's drive away, and I took it slow, enjoying the coolness and colours of the Autumn day. We'd decided on a non-religious ceremony in as secluded an area as we could find, with only a limited number of 'scene' friends attending. To do otherwise would have removed the possibility of enacting this very special Wedding Ceremony. Both of our sets of parents were dead, and we knew that the Minister, being almost blind, wouldn't really be able to see what was happening right before his eyes. I got there about fifteen minutes before the ceremony was to start and parked in the lot beside Danielle's van. The women were nowhere to be seen, so I knew they were already inside, waiting for the fateful moment. Only a couple of other cars were there, and most of the waiting group was standing around on the steps chatting before going inside. I walked over, spotting Jeff, my Best Man and his wife Susanna, standing in the middle, regaling them with tales of his days in the SBS, chasing terrorists in the Indonesian jungles. He spotted me immediately.

"Bloody hell, Mate!" he yelled at me, disengaging himself from a brace of not so subtly-restrained women and leading Susanna over to us with a set of reins connected to a steel bit held strapped into her mouth by a complicated head harness. "It's about time you showed your ugly puss! Thought I'd have to marry the wench myself if you didn't put in an appearance soon!"

"Hey, you Wooly Welshman, it's wonderful to see you!! Thanks very much for coming over and being my moral support!" I greeted him with a hand shake and a hug. He'd flown in from the UK, arriving late last night, and until now I hadn't had a chance to even say hello. I stared, ignorance personified, at Susanna and her Wedding Costume.

Within the blinkers limiting her peripheral vision drastically, she winked back at me (in reality being the ***real*** controller of the scene, despite her bindings), and spun slowly to the limits of the lines, first in one direction then in the other, so that I could fully inspect her. Under the bridle ensnaring her head was a tight, white, spandex hood, showing the straps of the strict bridle

that ensnared her head and face, controlling her quite firmly in stark contrast. Her neck was rigidly-tubed by a high, thick, and gleaming steel collar, while below, her upper body was covered by a continuation of the snug spandex hood. I supposed it was all of one piece; in effect a body suit. Like all the other women present, she wore a long skirt, and from what I knew of Jeff, she was hobbled too. This was confirmed a moment later when she shifted her feet and I heard the distinct jingle of a chain. She winked at me again and I tried to get my mouth closed. I'd met Susanna a couple of times previously and she was quite a character, but to see her locked into one of Jeff's special designs was another matter entirely.

"Susanna," I said, picking up her tightly gloved right hand, held close to her waist by a short chain connected to her left one through a substantial ring on her cinch, "thank you for coming and bringing along this wild man."

She nodded regally, as much as her high collar would permit and I detected a smile curl the corners of her mouth against the pull of her bit. Jeff, irrepressible, spoke again.

"Wouldn't miss it Mate! And besides, I couldn't let you do the deed without being here to ensure that ***your*** lovely Lady was well and truly deserving!" he chuckled, again shaking my hand with enthusiasm. "Besides," he said with a wink, "where's them spare keys hidden?"

"If you think I'm gonna tell ***you*** that, Mate; you've got a lot of disappointment waiting!" I chuckled. "How's life at home?"

"Oh, you know," he said quietly, "Same old bloody grind, but getting better, I will admit." Then he changed tacks and asked in a lower voice, "You sure that you really want to go through with this?"

"Jeff," I said, "this one is just ***too*** good to let slip away. She's smart, beautiful, and fully committed to doing literally anything that involves B&D. You won't ***believe*** what she's already been fitted with. I don't think she does either at the moment, but she'll soon have to."

"Well, Mate, that's bloody marvellous! You've been looking for a long time, and I'm glad to hear that you're a dead cert on this. By the way, where's the

bleedin’ ring?”

“Right here,” I said, handing him the box holding the gold-plated, stainless steel bell that Christine would wear on the back of her head from this day on. He popped it open.

“That’s not a ring, you clot!” he laughed, “It’s a bloody dinner chime!”

“Well, that’s what she’ll have to wear from now on, and it won’t be on her finger either.”

“And where do you intend to affix this little gem of the bell founder’s art?”

“Would you believe, you hairy baboon, that it’ll be on the back of her head?”

“Go on with you!” he scowled incredulously at me, “ How do you intend that she’ll keep it there?”

“Ahh! You’ll see a little later, Doubting Thomas!” I smirked at him. “Now let’s get this thing rolling!”

“Okay, Mate!” he laughed, then walked over to the group with Susanna in tow on her reins, gargling against the bit, and began shooing them into the old stone building.

Two minutes later, everyone was inside and he returned. Susanna stood silently behind him, tossing her head against his intentional drags on her reins. Perhaps he did it inadvertently when he talked and moved his hands demonstratively, but she was a fascinating study of controlled womanhood and I couldn’t tear my eyes from her magnificent figure. It was hard to believe that I was as nervous as I was, but it was a fact, and I sucked another long drag from my cigarette.

“Where’s the girls?” I muttered at him, still staring unabashedly at Susanna, and promising myself that one day Christine would wear a bit and bridle too.

“Oh, they’ll be along at the right time John, never fear! Now, just settle down a little and let’s slide along to the front of the slavering crowd and get ***you*** in place!” he grinned evilly at me.

I stubbed out the cigarette and the three of us walked quickly through the side door of the building. Jeff stopped at the front pew and spent a few seconds fiddling with Susanna's reins and wrists while I stood waiting. She was left sitting with the long straps looping down from her bit; their other ends tightly knotted to prayer book rack of the pew in front of her. He'd also tightened the chain joining her wrists at the front of her dress, so that she couldn't get near the knot, and so was held until he decided to release her. When he was done with his wife, he came back and escorted me out in front of the twenty or so people waiting to witness the public bonding of Christine and I. Being his usual irrepressible self, he positioned me on the right side of the aisle, then with a stage whisper said "Stay!", eliciting a subdued chuckle from the folks in the crowd. I had to smile to myself and stood quietly, waiting, my back to the main doors. The boom of their closing echoed through the church.

There followed a subtle rustling and faint, musical clinking from the behind me and I knew that Christine had been brought out to begin the confirmation process of her publicly-sanctioned journey into slavery. We'd chosen not to have any music for her processional; for I wanted her to be accompanied only by the jingling music of her chains, reinforcing the message of her current and approaching state of bondage. I managed only with considerable difficulty to keep from turning to watch the slow advance she made to eventually stand beside me, but at last the sounds of her progress stilled to nothingness and the preacher opened his book then began to read from the script we'd prepared for him.

"We are gathered here to today to witness the joining of two lives ..."

Although we'd both agreed on the words to be used, it was still a bit of a shock, to us both I think, to actually, finally, hear them spoken by a person who had the legal authority to make them stick. Our ceremony was designed to be brief and to the point, and very soon the words I'd waited for were spoken by the Minister.

"You may present the token of your Respect, Ownership and Honour for this female," he said with a quizzical expression on his face at the different words.

Jeff handed me Christine's bell and I accepted it with slightly sweaty hands, then turned and faced the woman who had pledged herself to me.

She was a picture of utter feminine loveliness, covered completely in a cascading and intricate gown of white satin and silk, and I'm sure my jaw must have dropped when I saw her standing there beside me. Danielle stood immediately next to Christine, holding a white satin-tubed chain that looped over to her waist and under the bouquet clasped in her gloved hands; it being locked securely to her well-hidden chastity belt. I drank in the sight of ***my*** female, publicly leashed, unable to retreat from or in any way escape her fate. Christine turned to meet my gaze and beneath the filmy gauze veils covering her luminous eyes, I saw small tears of what I hoped was happiness.

"Hi, Master," she whispered tremulously from beneath her ceremonial coverings.

"Hi, Slave Girl," I mouthed back at her, smiling.

"Would the congregation please gather closer to witness the presentation," the Minister requested in a loud voice.

Everyone but Susanna, who stood up and tugged her head against her reins, got out of their seats and crowded around, in the process gently shoving the Minister slightly out of the way and hiding Christine's diminutive, trembling, and white-covered form from his direct view.

"Antonnia," Danielle said in a low-voiced command, "Please lift Christine's veil at he back."

"Yes, Mistress," her slave girl whispered and slipped from the outer side and around to stand between Christine and me.

Christine made a half-turn, partially presenting her back and Antonnia moved closer, then slowly lifted the veils. For the first time I saw the long, dangling, white silken rope that hung down her back from its mount on the rear of her head and my knees went a little weak, much to my disgust, when I stared for a moment at it and the heavy golden lock securing it. I finally found my voice while the guests crowded closer.

“Christine, I present this bell and fasten it to you with love. It will act as physical proof of my Ownership of you and the sound of it shall publicly declare you to be mine. I know that you will wear it from this point forward as a permanent sign of your love for me, and of your new status in life.”

I raised the heavy little casting and slipped its fastening link through a ring on the post that held the swivel, having a some difficulty closing the loop into body of the bell. Christine stood completely still while I attached it, but I could see that her body was wracked by continual, subdued twitches and trembles. Antonia held the bell while I screwed in the locking pin then snapped it off, ensuring that it was irremovable. The only way to free the bell now would be to cut it off, and this would be very difficult to do because of the extreme hardness of its steel connecting link. Christine’s hands remained fastened at her waist, holding her bounteous spray of flowers, still firmly leashed to Danielle, not yet my property. The crowd of guests moved back and away from us when I’d completed the process, then we both turned to face the Minister, moving closer together. In a small voice that gradually gained strength, Christine spoke her acceptance.

“I, Christine, accept this gift as one of the tokens and bonds of my new life and hereby give myself over to the Ownership and Protection of the Master who has fastened it to me. I vow, in full awareness and with clear conscience, to Honour, Love, and Obey him in all things, and in all parts of my life from this point forward, so help me God and witnessed by our friends gathered here today.” So saying she shook her head, and the bell, now permanently locked onto the back of her skull, chimed out her subservience for all to hear.

“I accept your Pledge, Christine, and will honour it to the end of our days,” I stated.

“With the presentation of this sign of value and love,” the Minister intoned, “ I now declare you to be married in the eyes of the law. You may kiss the bride,” he smiled near-sightedly at us.

Danielle walked around, shortening Christine’s Processional Leash when she came between him and us, thus forcing Christine to spin slowly on her heels when the chain tugged at her wrists and chastity belt. When she’d turned to face me, Danielle passed her leash into my waiting hand and I grasped the

loop so that Christine was never, at ***any*** time, free of restraint. Danielle stepped back and I pulled my female closer to me by her waist chain, then with my free hand, reached up and brushed her veils back over her head. She submitted quietly, then, when I leaned down to kiss her, gave a half sob of either joy or despair, or perhaps a mixture of the two, and sagged against me. I kissed her thoroughly on the lips, feeling her nose rings and their looping, golden, decorative, yet business-like chains, press into my face. She bent slightly backwards against the restriction of her corset, helpless in my arms and I tasted salt tears while she struggled and writhed against her wrist fastenings, trying to put her arms around me. In the background I heard the clapping and congratulatory calls from our friends.

Finally, I broke the clinch and she straightened when I reached down and released her Processional Leash with one hand, passing it back to Danielle just after I put my wrist through the loop of her Bridal Head Leash. This I gave a small proprietary jerk, to let Christine know that she remained under my control and to make my owner's bell ring out. She tried for an instant to lower her head against the tension, as always testing her freedom, but I maintained the drag on the leash, keeping her held regally erect, then jerked quite hard a couple of times to make the bell ring out its song of bondage. The Minister stared at Christine's suddenly revealed facial jewellery for a moment, then spoke again.

"This Wedding is completed and registered in law. May you both enjoy the fruits and joining of your lives!"

He moved away when Christine and I turned to the crowd then began walking slowly down the aisle. For this time only, she paced beside me, the weight of the heavy and thick silken rope, the bell and the continual tension I exerted, pulling her head back so that she had to stare straight ahead. About ten steps from the alter, I slightly eased the tension and let the leash loop from my fist and around the side of her rustling, full-skirted gown to disappear under the multiple layers of the veils on her back. While we moved slowly down the aisle, I thoroughly enjoyed the sounds of her bell, the hobble chain's muted musical clinking and the more subdued sounds of her undergarments and harnessing.

Our guests flowed into the aisle behind us, following at a little distance, then

we stepped out into the afternoon sun and they gathered around calling happy congratulations and some exotic bondage suggestions.

We'd done it!

Christine

Twenty minutes later Danielle led Antonia into the room and fastened ***her*** thick, pale blue, nylon leash to the ring on the opposite side of the window from me, permitting her to look outside, as I did, but the length allotted us was not sufficient to allow us to get close. Antonia's wrists were cuffed by wide, blue leather-covered steel bands and they in turn were locked against her waist, as were mine.

"Okay, girls. Now, you be good while I go upstairs and get myself ready," Danielle cautioned. "I'll see you in about an hour and a half, then we'll go to the church."

Antonia looked wistfully over at me, cocooned within her own bondage wedding outfit and I could see from the lines under her smooth-bodiced, floor-length gown that she too wore a strict corset. The even subtler lines at her indented waist told that she remained a prisoner of her chastity belt and not for the first time I heard a subdued clatter of steel chain, indicating that she also wore a hobble. Scared to speak, I arched my eyebrows at her. She began to say something but only a startled gasp escaped her throat and her hands pulled convulsively against their fastenings. I caught a glimpse of thick steel clasped around her throat and it was obvious she'd been fitted with a speech-inhibiting collar just like me and so we both turned and stood quietly staring, silenced, out into the back garden while waiting nervously for our Mistress to get dressed. It was probably one of the most draggy times that I've ever had to endure.

At last Danielle returned and we both turned as far as our leashes permitted when the door opened, to watch her enter the room. She wore an outfit matching Antonia's, minus the restraint capabilities of course, and the three of us must have presented quite a sight. She too wore a full, floor-length skirt, with a closely-fitted bodice design that exemplified her full figure marvellously.

“Well, ladies!” she smiled, “I suppose it’s time for us to get into our magic carriage and go get the deed done, hmm? Oh, by the way Christine, you’ll remain silenced until it’s time to speak your piece in the Ceremony.

“Antonia, you’ll stay chained until we get there and by the way, don’t ***you*** try talking ‘til we get to there, either. Now just hold still while I unlock your leash.” Antonnia stood quietly, then with a flurry of skirts was pulled quickly from the room and out to the car. Danielle returned a couple of minutes later and stood back against the closed door, looking appraisingly at me.

“Before I take you out to the car Christine, John’s asked me to do a system check on your equipment. His instructions were to also ensure that you’re kept ‘sensitized’ all the time.” She smiled evilly.

I knew what was to come and jerked miserably against my restraints, somehow hoping to escape what she was going to do to me, but of course there wasn’t a prayer of that happening, so thoroughly controlled was I. Suddenly, deep in my belly, beneath the layers and layers that covered and contained me, the vibrators within the dildo, the anal plug and the one pressing into my clitoris began to pulse out an insidious tattoo of excitation and in seconds my hips were oscillating with instinctual female pumping motions, despite all my attempts to resist and ignore the incessant buzzing. Although the bindings of my severe corset and inter-connected boots clamped the Inhibitor Bar between my thighs, I couldn’t stop the length of it sliding back and forth between my legs, bouncing against my calves and rattling my hobble chain. In desperation to escape, I instinctually tried to curl into a self-protective ball, away from the restriction of my posture-enhancing costume, but was soon red-faced and gasping while I struggled, jerking my gloved hands frantically against their waist fastenings. Then to my horror, my breasts twitched disturbingly when mild shocks were fed through them, sensitizing and making my nipples extend even further into their uncomfortable, compressing cups. In short seconds the sensations became almost unbearable when the terrible shocks grew stronger and stronger until, under the veils my mouth opened in a soundless scream of protest, but the speech-inhibitor was fully activated and automatically added in its own terrible shocks! It was a horrid example of a positive feedback loop and made me try to increase my attempted screams. I danced in silenced frenzy at the

end of my thrumming leash shaking with frantic denial, but Danielle was pitiless and turned up the power even more! I screamed silently in helpless distress, but then the dildo began a slow, sensual insertion, withdrawal and writhing deep in my loins!

It was too much to bear!

I squirmed, writhing unashamedly in distracted tears before my Mistress, driven to screaming fits by her uncaring fingers, trying somehow to beg her to stop my torture, but of course unable to utter a sound! Finally, she seemed satisfied with my reactions and turned everything down to a low simmer, keeping me subject to a mild torture with no way to ignore the continual depredations.

“Well,” she cooed, casually walking over to me while I tried to regain my composure, still hiccupping and sobbing. “I guess everything works okay, hmm? Here, honey, hold still while I wipe your face and fix your make-up.”

I straightened, still shaking unstoppably from the needling shocks through my nipples when she lifted my veils and took care of me. They were repositioned a minute later and she unlocked my leash, then drew me downstairs and deposited me in her van, laid out on the bench and strapped tightly to it. Antonia sat erectly in the passenger seat, also strapped securely.

“Okay, girls! We’re off!” Danielle called gaily.

We zoomed down the drive and out onto the road with a gut-wrenching whoosh and ten minutes later arrived at the side of the church, halting with a crunch of gravel under the tires. No one was there yet, other than the Minister. When Danielle extracted us from the van and ushered us inside he followed, trying to discern the reason we stayed so close to her, while she led us on our short leashes, then once inside the building he pointed out the small room in which we were to wait, just inside the front doors. When he tried to follow us in, Danielle gently eased him away, telling him that she’d be back in a couple of moments after we’d made our last minute adjustments. We trailed around behind her while she searched for somewhere to fasten our tethers; finally settling on a surprisingly large closet. Antonnia and I were quickly pulled within, and a moment later our leashes had been locked to

opposite ends of the long pipe that acted as a clothes hanger bar. Danielle closed the door of the closet and I heard it locked, then embedded in blackness, I could only stare over to where I heard Antonia's hobble chains rattling when she shifted her feet nervously. Neither of us wanted the awful disciplining that the speech-inhibitor would assuredly inflict and so we kept quiet, not even making an attempt while the time of my irrevocable commitment to my destiny drew ever closer.

Outside, Danielle rushed through the last-minute preparations; one of them being to deliver to the Minister the paper with the phrases and words that ***we*** wanted used in the Ceremony, inter-woven with the legally required ones: his script. The guests began to arrive soon after and Antonia and I only faintly heard their conversations while they were welcomed and guided inside. Again, the waiting seemed interminable and I writhed continually within my Wedding Costume, for, all the while, my control and stimulation gear continued to tease and aggravate me with no possibility of avoidance of the intimate pulses of electrical energy, to say nothing of the awful insertion and withdrawal of the vibrating dildo! I was wracked by a series of low-level orgasms and fell into some never-never land of female bliss and when I finally came back to reality, the rumble of conversation outside had stopped, then a few seconds later the closet's door swung open and Danielle extracted us from the stuffy enclosure.

"Okay," she said in a low voice, "Everyone's inside and John's waiting for you. It's almost show time, but first Christine, I've gotta do a last minute check on your make-up. You'll stay 'inhibited' until we're actually at the altar."

She raised my veils and gave me another quick once-over, then took her time re-draping them over my face. My head was tugged back sharply when she pulled at the fastening of my Bridal Leash, then she checked my Processional Leash and how I held the bouquet. Satisfied that all was in order, she ushered Antonia through the door, positioning her a little way up the aisle, then herself walked out leaving me still in the anti-room at the end of my Processional Leash. The two of them moved a little way towards the alter and thus drew me out to stand nervously some three feet behind, separated by the full length of the silk-covered chain.

I stared through the filmy coverings over my face and saw the backs of our waiting friends, then some of them turned to look at us while we got arranged, their faces smiling happily. It was all I could do to stop the squirming that threatened to overwhelm me, then Danielle, at some unknown signal from the Minister, nudged Antonia to begin walking. Seconds later it was my turn when my Processional Leash snapped tight, dragging me forward irresistibly.

Those were probably the most difficult steps I've taken in my life.

I managed to move my legs against their multiple restrictions and concentrated on keeping my paces slow and even while listening to the musical clinking of my hidden hobble chains. While we made our slow progression down the aisle the crowd all looked at my tautly straining leash and smiled with recognition of just how serious this ceremony was. Upon reaching the wide space in front of the pews, Antonia moved off to the left side and Danielle drew me up to stand beside her, shortening my tether until it looped shallowly from under my clasped hands, over to her gloved fist. I shuddered a little when the Minister peered myopically a us, then began to read his script.

"We are gathered here to today to witness the joining of two lives ..."

At that moment, unseen by me, Danielle's other hand began to caress the buttons and dials of my remote control! I shuddered anew from the increased level of stimulation pulsing through my body, nearly howling from their strength! Thank God we'd designed the Ceremony so that it wouldn't drag, and in scant minutes I was surrounded by our guests while John prepared to mark me even more publicly as his possession.

"Hi Master," I whispered at him through tear-brimming eyes.

"Hi, Slave Girl!" he mouthed back at me.

In seconds he began the process of locking the gold-plated, stainless steel bell to my head. I couldn't forget it though for when I turned to the Minister I felt its heavy weight pull my head up, and at the same time, chime out my owned status! It was time, and I made my wedding vows with a quavering voice that

was emotion-tinged, as well was composed of the wild sensations that cascaded from my loins and breasts into my nearly overwhelmed mind. John acknowledged my pledge solemnly and Antonia and Danielle went through some complicated evolutions, eventually leaving my Processional Leash resident in my Master's hands. I have never again, at ***any*** point, been freed from pervasive control. He brushed back my veils with tenderness, revealing my facial bondage and chains for all to see, then leant down and kissed me thoroughly and deeply while I strained against him. Behind me, Danielle turned up the power of all my stimulation equipment making me gasp and writhe almost dementedly while the tears spilled from my eyes and the indescribable sensations cascaded through my body.

A moment later the minister officially ended the Ceremony and John unlocked my Processional Leash, then I felt a sharp tug on the back of my head when he took full command of my Bridal Leash. For a moment I tried to resist, then gave up and followed its controlling tension. His sudden, harsh jerks on it came as a shock, for in the past he had always been very aware of my helplessness, but now it seemed that the time of gentleness had passed. The bell chimed out my slavery and suddenly more tears, this time of genuine fear, slipped from my eyes.

We turned to the still-clapping guests and began walking slowly down the aisle. I felt the 'Bar twitch back and forth between my leather-tubed, compressed thighs, reminding me constantly of my status, but at that moment I didn't care, intentionally kicking my hobbling chain to make it rattle even louder.

We'd truly done it.

Chapter Seven

The Reception And What Transpired Later

John

The rest of the day and evening was spent in a happy whirl of celebration while Christine and I slowly accustomed ourselves to the new mental landscape of being legally bound to each other. After the ceremony I'd turned off her speech-inhibitor for the rest of the day and she was soon prattling on to everyone about how happy she was, though I kept her still with her hands fastened securely at her waist, holding her bouquet. She, as do all brides in their gowns, revelled in the attention she was paid by our friends and even became effusive about describing her nose rings and how permanent they were. For the first time, I enjoyed the full use of her newest tether, keeping her always close to me with an occasional sharp reminding tug to limit her straying from my side, as well as to publicly demonstrate my control.

Her hidden bondage equipment acted to keep her regally restrained, although once in a while I noted a nervous twitching of her gloved hands as well as a swaying of her corseted hips and booted legs under her gown, when the simulators and shockers peaked all at once. Danielle had returned my remote control just after we'd exited the church and so I once more had total dominance over Christine. She looked at me with shining eyes, enjoying her status of being utterly possessed now, but there was an occasional flash of fear there too and I couldn't help the self-satisfied smile I returned to her, having fulfilled one of my fondest dreams.

It was, of course, not possible for her to be freed from her Inhibitor Bar, and so we all ate standing up as a consequence. Naturally, Christine enjoyed our first dance together although her movements were considerably more restrained than would have been the case with a 'normal' bride. Just before we stepped onto the floor, I released her wrists from the front of her gown, and she happily flung her arms around me. I held her close while we sedately circled; the music accompanied and enhanced by her clinking hobble chains. My arms encircled her cinched waist and strap-ensnared shoulders and I pulled her head back with her Bridal Leash so that she ***had*** to look up into my

face, her nose rings and their attendant jewellery chains flashing.

“Happy, Slave Christine?” I whispered down at her.

“Oh, Master!” she breathed, “This is the most wonderful day of my life! It’s incredible being your slave, but it’s even better now that I’m held legally as well as physically!”

“Ah,” I smiled back at her, “Honey, you’re not only ***in*** my possession, you ***are*** my possession ... and a very beautiful one too!”

“Why, thank you, kind Mas-uurrghh!” She started to say, just before I sealed her lips with my own, to the raucous cheers of the watching group.

The dance was too soon over, then Jeff appeared for the next one.

“May I have the pleasure of the lady’s company for the next dance?” he asked politely.

“Certainly, you Wooly Welsh Wanker. Take good care of her.” I laughed at his courtly manners, and turned to Christine, “It’s a good thing, honey, that you’re wearing the gear you are under your gown! Otherwise, he’d spirit you off to the nearest bedroom and make mad, passionate love to you, if there’s such a thing possible from someone from the UK! By the way, this is the Best Man, Jeff!” I handed her leash to him.

Christine trembled nervously while she stood and watched her tether given into the control of, to her, a perfect stranger. The thick white rope looped from its fastening at the back of her head to his tanned fist, but he approached her slowly and carefully, leaving the controlling strand to swing freely, for the moment, and introduced himself with an Elizabethan bow, kissing her gloved fingers.

“Dear Lady, permit me to introduce myself to you,” he said. “I am your humble servant Jeffery Gord. I’ve known your husband for the last twenty years and am glad to see that someone has finally found him worthy enough of talking to. Shall we dance?”

He straightened up and despite her nervousness, Christine smiled and giggled at his mannerism, moving nervously closer to him when he held out his hand. Without hesitation Jeff swept her into his arms and slowly wound her leash tightly around his fist behind her back; letting her know in no uncertain terms that she was still securely controlled. In a moment they were moving gracefully around the floor with Christine fully aware that she was competently governed, unable to escape. When the dance ended she was handed-off to all the other men for at least one dance, remaining always on her leash. At one point when we all went to the stand-up buffet, I was talking and laughing with Jeff and Mike with the end loop of Christine's leash around my arm, when I felt a gentle tug on it accompanied by the chiming of the bell fastened to the back of her head. Both she and I realized at the same time that she'd moved unthinkingly to the limit of her freedom. She'd walked along the table to get more of the delicious smoked salmon when her Bridal Leash authoritatively exerted its restriction capabilities, pulling strongly on its mounting and at the same time ringing her Wedding Bell. I looked at her inquisitively when she slowly turned to me with an embarrassed little smile, then grinned back at her while all the guests looked on in satisfaction at her obvious acknowledgment of being owned. Without a word, she moved slowly back to stand beside me, her hidden hobble chains jingling musically and the weighty bell chiming out her bound state. At that point I decided to decrease the amount of her freedom to roam, pulling in all of the slack on her leash so that she had to stand close beside me. She knew instinctually that her tether could bring her to her knees in short order, (if she weren't equipped with the mid-calf length Inhibitor Bar) and so for the rest of the evening had to stay close to me, although not through any freedom of choice. ***That*** had disappeared months ago.

At last, the day and evening drew to a close. I took a tighter rein on Christine's leash, then drew her to me. Her head was pulled fully back, so that she could stare only at the ceiling and small whimpers of discomfort came from her steel-collared throat. Some of the other women looked on sympathetically while I marched her to each couple in the room to say good-bye and thank you, all the while behind her back, maintaining a constant tension on her leash. My other hand was around her waist, and thus, all the while, her throat was fully exposed so that everyone could see the gleaming steel of her wide, thick collar under the thin lace of the dress. When the last

good-bye had been said, I took her from the room, her hands now re-chained at her waist and again clasping the stem of the bouquet. We walked slowly out to the van and in moments she was strapped firmly to her fully reclined seat and we left for home. There hadn't been any plans made for extensive travelling for I planned to remain around the house for the next two weeks, ensuring that Christine continued her journey into a deeper and more intense bondage. At twenty-three years of age, she would enter into a world of restricted and controlled existence that few could conceive of. Even at this point, she still had no idea of what awaited her, knowing only that her desire to be bound and controlled would be dramatically fulfilled.

When we reached our home, now, ***truly,*** her prison, I quickly extracted her from the van, then picked my bride up and carried her to the door and through it. She lay passively, nearly smothered in the billows of her Wedding Gown while I carried her inside, smiling serenely despite her head being pulled back by the thrumming, tight leash to my hand, under her shoulders. I set her down in the front hallway and she stood quietly for a moment then looked up at me when I spoke, giving her tether a sharp snap.

"Welcome to your home, Slave Girl."

"Th-thank you, Master," she whispered, her head lowering a little against the control of her collar and its posture strap, then she looked up at me. "Am I to sleep with you tonight, Master?" she asked with trembling lips.

"Yes, my dear." I smiled tenderly down into her brilliant green eyes, "Tonight you shall be made truly my wife! Now, let's go upstairs and relax."

"Th-thank you, Master," she murmured with a shy smile and began to walk slowly towards the stairs while I followed, her leash still held firmly in my right hand.

In the bedroom I only then released the lock that clamped the head-piece and veils in place and permitted her to remove the assembly. For a moment she looked a little surprised when the weight and pressure of the bar holding the pieces in place was released, then reached up and straightened her mussed hair, what little she could with her still-gloved fingers. I snagged the chain dangling from the ceiling, over the centre of my bed, and clipped it to the ring

on the swivel fitting at the top of her head, finally releasing her from the control of her Bridal Leash. It was hung in my closet and I turned to look at her again. She was quite a sight, standing there in her white gown with the glittering chain looping upward from the top of her head. For the moment, I'd left it quite long, and it draped down the side of her face to the floor where its shiny links led over to a pile on the bed coverlet, then up to a hole in the ceiling, above the bed. Her eyes followed its path for a moment, then came back to me when I returned from the closet.

"M-master? Please, may I disrobe now?" she asked nervously.

"Not until I get another kiss from the most beautiful woman in the world," I stated and swept her into my arms, feeling the multiple restraints locked to and around her body, under her gown.

"Ohhh! You're so mean and fierce!" she giggled while I held her then kissed the tip of her nose, her closed eyes, and finally her lips. When I released her, she spoke again. "Would you please help me, Master? Danielle and Antonia got me into this dress and I can't get out of it without assistance."

"Of course!" I happily agreed and began to work on the intricate fastenings that held her subjugated within her clothing.

The process was similar to opening a present, and just as much fun too! With each release, Christine became a little less restricted and gave audible sighs of relief until nearly a half hour later she stood in front of me, naked but for her controlling inner Uniform. She'd waited passively while I removed each part of the intricate costume and put it away in her special closet, but she had again gotten a case of the jitters when I inspected her at close range, my fingers reaching out to trace along the lines imprinted on her body by the severe corset. Wordlessly, I brought out my special keys and quickly released her from the Controller Cups, then the compressing and sealing cover plate locked into and over her sex.

The domes that had concealed, controlled, disciplined and imprisoned her breasts so efficiently popped away from their mounts and she sighed with pleasure when they allowed the straining mounds the freedom they had so sought. Although the bra harness itself remained securely locked around her

chest and shoulders, I could see that she greatly relished the sudden freedom for her breasts, for she swung her upper body back and forth, obviously enjoying the gentle oscillations of the ballooned and sensitive flesh.

The deeply-set rings embedded in her areolate, just behind each nipple sparkled and flashed in the light, and her fingers crept up and hooked through them, tugging gently to reassure herself that, yes, they truly ***were*** irremovable.

An even louder sigh escaped her when I released the crotch covering plate and the invading dildo and butt-plug began to slide from their deeply intimate emplacements. She smiled gratefully at me, her hands now stealing down to her crotch to touch and fondle herself gently. It was one of the very few times I would ever again permit her this freedom.

“Ohhh, Master!” she breathed, “ You have no ***idea*** how good it feels to be free of those awful things, even for a minute!”

“You’re welcome, honey.” I grinned at her, “You shall be free of them and your schedule, except for your milking, for the next three days.”

“Thank you! Thank you!” she gasped with gratitude.

She spun around happily and literally danced into the bathroom in a swirl, flash, and clatter of her Reminder Chains and the Head Leash, while I stood there and drank in the sight of her still sealed into the non-removable portion of her Chastity Belt and Bra Harness. I don’t think she had any idea of what an appealing sight she made.

Christine

The Reception was a lot of fun, and I finally got to meet some of the folks my Master knew, other than Antonia and Danielle. At first, I was embarrassed at having them see all of my facial jewellery revealed, and know that ***they*** knew about my cuffs, collar and chains, but when he introduced me to Jeff, then handed him my Bridal Leash, I began to fully appreciate just ***how*** much his property I had become. In a moment, Jeff had wordlessly let me know that he also knew how to take care of and control me; just from subtle signals on it

and through his secure grip around my corseted and Chastity-Belted waist. He danced slowly, firmly limiting every movement I made, as did my Master when I'd danced with him, and in a moment one of his legs had pressed deeply into my billowing gown and under-skirts, trying to insinuate itself between mine! He almost stopped dancing when his knee encountered the rigid 'Bar between my legs though, making me gasp at the sudden and unexpected collision, and he muttered, "Bloody marvellous!" while continuing to swirl me gently around the dance floor, staring intently down into my glowing eyes. My hobble chain was so short I couldn't keep up with his fast steps, and he literally carried me through our dance. From then, on I was handed off to the others for the obligatory circling and never once was I free of my tether, being kept under positive and continuous control. The rest of the guys danced with a little less passion than Jeff and my Master, maintaining a respectful distance and holding me like some sort of fragile flower and I had to chuckle to myself when I thought that if they could actually see how I was protected, they'd ***know*** I was completely safe! I never got a chance to talk with the other women, for the men kept me constantly moving and the centre of their attention until at last we called it a night and I was taken home.

When he picked me up and carried me over the threshold, I snuggled in his arms, despite the stringent control of my Bridal Leash and moments later we were upstairs. At first it was a little difficult to get used to, but as I was further and further freed of the cloying and controlling garments, I soon began to ignore just how much my newest leash held me a prisoner. There was no question about needing my Master's assistance to escape my gown and the other stuff that Danielle had taken so much delight in strapping and locking me into, and when I was at last freed of all but my non-removable equipment, I felt as light as a feather and danced uncaring around the room. My breasts felt full and tender from not being milked during the day, but I managed to ignore the discomfort and ran happily into the bathroom to prepare myself, knowing that for at least the next three nights I'd not have to face the prospect of being strapped down and alone. It was marvellous! I spread cold cream lavishly on my face to strip away the make-up, casually flipping my head from side to side to brush away the swinging links of my newest leash; all the while hearing my head bell ring out its message of enslavement. It was annoying and ***really*** drove home the message of my

controllability, but too, it was a type of restraint I'd never seen before, and I felt not a little proud that I was one of the first to ***have*** to wear it!

After the make-up was off, I stared a little ruefully at myself in the large mirror, inspecting the remaining, omnipresent signs and equipment of my bondage for the thousandth time, not really hoping to find someway of escaping, but to assure myself that it was truly fastened permanently.

Without a doubt, it was.

The garments clasped me as snugly and as securely as ever.

I walked slowly back in to the bedroom and there found my Master already undressed and hanging his clothing.

"Hop into bed, Christine. He grinned over his shoulder at me, "I'll be along in a moment."

He walked casually into the bathroom, emerging some five minutes later, freshly shaven and smelling faintly of some masculine cologne. While I'd sat there waiting, I casually inspected my Reminder Chains, then turned my attention to my newest leash. It fell from the ring at the top and centre of my skull in a length of heavily-jingling links, to lay in a small pile in the middle of the coverlet. From there it ascended to an ominous hole in the ceiling and so I was as much a captive as ever. I grasped it and pulled on the ascending chain and quickly discovered there was virtually no give to it whatsoever. At that moment he returned and slipped under the loose cotton sheet, then took me in his arms. It was the first time in almost a month that I'd been allowed into his bed, and I'd craved his touches and caresses desperately, despite the almost continual and overwhelming orgasms that the devices he'd affixed and forced me to accept within my body generated. The contrast between still being required to bear the signs of his bondage, and having my most sensitive and vulnerable sexual areas exposed and available was quite a sensation in itself. On one hand, the restriction I was made to continuously experience was inescapable, while on the other I could feel my out-lined but not quite isolated erogenous zones swelling and sensitizing and engorging with my building passion and anticipation.

His hands played over me, stroking, caressing, palpitating, and gently probing my tumescent flesh while I rolled and gasped, crushing him to me and straining to insinuate myself into his very soul. His quickening kisses made fiery touch-downs all over my body while I writhed there beside then beneath him and in moments, I lay quivering; crying out with my need. His fingers played a delicate tattoo around and over my ringed clitoris; sometimes tugging almost painfully on the ring, and at others, tracing deeply inside me, plumbing my depths, but his other hand was no less busy! In turn, it alighted on each of my bobbling breasts, then he flickered his fingers like delicate little feathers, teasing my steel-filled nipples further and further from my harness-outlined and swollen, sensitive breasts! Long moments later, he reached behind and grabbed the posture-strap descending from the back of my collar, then held me down beneath him, gasping and partially choking when I rolled against his welcome restriction to my freedom to object. His mouth was a furnace of suction when he kissed mine, then he moved downward and I felt his lips and teeth engulf each of my breasts in turn, nipping the turgid buds of passion gently and sending me into a fit of passionate writhing. Slithering and pulsing, his tongue rippled across my super-sensitive, ring-punctured flesh, driving me nearly insane! I was rapidly losing control, approaching the point of quivering and total surrender, when a gentle clinking sounded in the background of our sounds of lovemaking. For a brief moment I ignored the noise while I continued to rapturously entwine myself on the bed.

Suddenly, there came an irresistible jerk at the top of my head and I was pulled inexorably backwards and away from him!

The tension remained constant, tearing me from his embrace, all the while crying out my frustration and attempting to hold on to him. The drag on my head-chain was inescapable and in seconds the steel links had drawn me upward to the point that my knees were just above the mattress and rumpled sheets, twirling slowly! I began to weep with frustration, trying to reach down and hold him, but I was unable, for my wrist Reminder Chains were stretched to their limits! He sat up almost immediately and held me while I dangled at the end of my head chain, comforting me and kissing me.

“Hush, honey,” he whispered, brushing his lips over my trembling breasts

when I clasped his head to them. “This is only for a moment, then we’ll start again to make you ***truly*** my Slave Girl!”

“O-O-Okay, Master,” I gasped, straining desperately to feel him against me while tears of frustration and emotion coursed down my cheeks. I ***didn’t*** want to be chained!

He eased away and I tried to follow him, but succeeded only in swinging back and forth above the bed. Reaching down, he grasped a long bar from beside the bed frame, then stood before me and clipped it to my thrumming leash, about three quarters of a metre over my head. He left it to dangle for a moment, then next joined two short chains to the same mounting link and bent down and took a handful of my ankle ‘Reminders and before I could say anything, he’d attached these shorter chains to the mid-point ring from each ankle chain, spreading my thighs widely. My hands were next. He pulled them up and clipped my wrist cuffs to ends of the bar above my head! As a consequence, my breasts now projected vulnerably from the front of my chest and I ***couldn’t*** stop the anticipation-filled moans that welled in my throat while I contemplated my utter helplessness to prevent him from doing whatever he wanted to my body.

I was still half in the throes of passion while this all occurred; the bondage holding me just above the surface of the sheets, unable to touch any part of the bed I had so briefly enjoyed and jerking my wrists against their obdurate fastenings only made me swing and twirl even more! With my head held fully erect by the weight of my body on the chain, I could not look down and so didn’t see him when he slithered under me, sagging a little into the foam of the mattress. A few seconds later I felt the head of his manhood suddenly slip into the entrance to my multiply-ringed sex and wailed in surprise, pulling frantically at my bonds to try and grasp him to me. It was impossible! He lay out flat on the bed beneath, teasing me slowly all along my ringed sex lips with his shaft, very slowly stroking the passion swollen flesh that strained outwards through the steel surrounding it, making my vagina the bulls-eye! My arousal began to ignite in earnest when I realized that there was ***no*** way for me to stop or alter the pillaging of my very soul while I swung in slow, teasing, circles above him, dangling at the end of my Head Leash! I ***couldn’t*** stop their spasmodic kicks, my legs shooting out in front in

a wide '**V**', limited by the chains from above, then crying out with my need, I felt his fingers slowly hook themselves through my pendant nipple rings and accentuate my swinging motion, using my full trembling breasts as tension points!

At first, the sensation of the tugging was agonisingly painful, but it soon transformed itself into rising, passionate flames, adding to the molten heat already glowing deep in the core of my body. He began to enter me ever more deeply, thrusting up, then falling slowly back while I spun and jerked above him in a frenzy of excitation but I couldn't see him! I desperately wanted to feel his face and tongue with mine, but the fleshy, human drill shaft penetrated me further and further in a primal rhythm every few seconds! I started to scream out my desperate need of him, but he had even more tricks to add to my teasing and next gripped my clitoral ring then rasped his fingers across the sensitive bud! I jerked as though a strong electric current had passed through my body! He sat up slowly, keeping me impaled on his lap, and clamped my trembling and sweat-streaked, swinging and writhing body in his arms while his manhood sank to its root inside my straining sex! My legs straightened, spread widely on either side of him while I shivered violently, writhing demonically above the bed at the end of the thrumming leash locked to my head, then, with a rush, the orgasm was upon us both! I felt his jets of sperm shoot deeply into me while I howled out a paean of lust, arousal, and release then my first orgasm roared through my body. From the molten core of my belly, it blazed along my nerves to my throbbing breasts then rose to my quivering brain. Another wave started deep in my belly and followed the same path but this time I experienced it in all of my extremities as well, so that I felt every grasping and irremovable cuff and ring locked into and around my flesh. I couldn't stand the hyper-sensitivity and at last, in a haze of incredible, chained and cuffed pleasure, I fainted dead away. My Master had collapsed with his own stupendous release and dropped away from me, while above, I swung in crazed, flailing arcs, out like a light and as limp as a rag doll.

I have no idea how much time had passed when I finally returned to awareness, but once more I lay on the bed by his side, held securely in his arms and free of my earlier restraints, except for omni-present leash and the permanently mounted Chastity Belt and Bra Harness.

“Oh, Master!” I whispered into his chest, “You’re so ***horribly*** evil and cruel to me!”

“Why, thank you, Slave Girl!” he grinned back. “I’m glad you approve! Did the Earth move for you?”

“Jesus, Master,” I giggled, “***everything*** moved!”

“I’m glad, honey,” he said quietly, “I’ve left you alone and far too long in the care of the machines. I’ll take steps to ensure that it won’t be so long until next time.”

The remainder of the night passed with us making love in more conventional ways, but I shall never forget our first time as man and wife. Near dawn, we both drifted off into a deep sleep. I now felt fully and truly his slave.

Chapter Eight

The First Days of Marriage

John

Near noon Christine and I finally awoke then playfully jostled each other to get into the shower first. The struggling wasn't really needed, for it was easily big enough to accommodate us both and we were soon merrily soaping each other down and spraying each other with the detachable shower heads. Her Reminder Chains slowed her a little, but she was still pretty damned fast and caught me a couple of times full in the face with a blast from her weapon, then laughed like hell. The only leash that held her, for the moment, was one from the back of her collar, but it did nothing to restrict her spritely movements while she bounced from wall to wall, teasing me with the sight of her steel-delineated body.

I took a moment to inspect her fastenings. Although her flesh was soapy and slippery, there was no possible way for her to slip her breasts out of their restricting, tight harnessing and equally, she was incapable of removing the 'Belt or of sliding her body within the crotch-band to protect her vulnerable femaleness.; precisely as I wanted her.

Before too long I'd sprouted an enormous erection and cornered her, then we sank to the floor and made passionate love again under the beating droplets, to the sounds of her metal harnessing sliding on the soap-slicked tiles. Her body twisted and writhed in frantic passion beneath me while we entered once more into that special place of human joy, teasing and working each other to frenetic fulfilment.

At last we wore ourselves out and slowly climbed from the shower stall, then tenderly dried each other. I left Christine alone, leashed once more on her household tether, to complete the balance of her more intricate toilet; threw on a house robe and went down to the kitchen to make us a huge meal. She arrived five minutes later, wearing a filmy bit of nothing that did far more to accentuate her state of nakedness and bondage than it did to cover her, and again, I felt myself growing hard with desire.

“Master?” she asked, “Would you like me to take over making brunch? You can go up and get shaved and dressed and it’ll be ready when you come back down, okay?”

“That’d great!” I agreed and went up to finish dressing for the day. When I returned, she had everything ready, the table set, and sat waiting for me to join her.

Without too many words we both ate ravenously for the next five minutes, then began to look speculatively at each other once again. Our eyes met and we each giggled, seeing the lust writ large on the other’s face. In moments, we’d raced back to bed, ripping our clothing off along the way, but she beat me to it and landed with a bounce in the centre of the bed, legs spread wide to reveal the through the crotch bands and her steel-outlined sex. Her journey was accompanied by the delightful chiming of her head bell ... something she could no longer escape.

“Do it to me again! Just like the first time last night, Master!” she gasped while fumbling through her hair at the top of her head and holding up the swivel ring for me. It was an astounding sight and action on her part, and I felt Mr. Happy spring to rigid attention again.

“Your wish, Sweet Princess, is my command!” I replied giving her a sweeping bow then straightening rapidly and jumping onto the bed, naked, beside her. “This time though, Slave Girl, you shall be blindfolded and ‘prepared’ before receiving the boon of intercourse!”

“Ohhh, you are ***so*** cruel, Master!” she quailed theatrically before me when I quickly clipped the leash to her head. Ceremoniously, I unlocked the House Leash fastened to the back of her collar and she then shook her head from side to side, enjoying the jerky tugging of the oscillating chain connected to its crown and the sound of the bell, chiming out her slavery.

In seconds it had retracted into the ceiling to leave her kneeling on the bed, head held high, knees just brushing its surface. Two locks connected her wrist cuffs to her ankle cuffs, then I quickly added the long spreader bar behind, so that now, she swung freely back and forth, her harnessed yet full and free breasts projecting out proudly from her chest in a state of total

vulnerability. Being fully suspended by the chain, she twisted slowly until it had unwound to its own equilibrium, unable to stop the oscillation: all the while making urgent little sounds deep in her throat. I caressed her milk-filled and sensitive mounds, then took the wide, deeply-padded blindfold and slipped it around her head. It was but a second's work to buckle it tightly and remove her sight and when this happened, she let out a piteous little moan that would have broken a heart made of granite. Already, she was wet with anticipation and her thigh muscles clenched and trembled with exertion while she struggled instinctually and unsuccessfully to close her legs against the impending invasion of her body. Of course, her efforts were entirely useless.

"Oh, please! Oh please! Oh ***Please***! ***Mmmaaasssttter!!***" she wailed when I clipped a pair of light but very strong jewellery chains to her nipple rings, then joined them to her clitoris ring with a little tension. I led others from each breast to her nose ring, forming a parallelogram of imprisoned passion, and she wailed again with an arousal and discomfort that was soon to turn to a rising lust. The last '**Y**' chain was connected to her nipple rings and I led a long, stretchy, bungie-cord over to a wall ring then attached it too so that her breasts were now kept under a slight but uncomfortable tension in ***three*** axes! With every breath or movement, she'd feel the leash's unceasing demand on them, her nose, and her pussy! I gave her a slow caress and she struggled unthinkingly to avoid being teased, resulting in her bouncing on her chain and beginning to swing back and forth slightly. She screamed suddenly, flinging her arms and legs wildly against her restraints, increasing her swinging!!! Between her legs, lubrication flowed from her womanhood in an increasing stream, while the little minx writhed and orgasmed before me in blindfolded bondage, converting her increasing pain to pleasure! I watched, astounded, while she flailed and jerked at the ends of her leashes, swinging wildly back and forth against them like some bizarre and erotic pendulum; bucking against her restraints until an ululating howl of orgiastic satisfaction tore itself from her collared throat in a cascading series of volcanic orgasms. She gradually came to rest, having fainted from the strength of what had just overwhelmed her, yet she was still chained to helplessness, held that way by the suspending chain from her head: eyes closed from the intensity of her orgasms. Now it was ***my*** turn to be satisfied, and I slithered into position beneath her, then, rock hard, slowly began to press myself into the slippery tunnel of her sex, exulting in the joy she was bringing me.

Her self-induced faint was of short duration because she ***couldn't*** ignore my demands on her body, and in moments was again writhing and twisting above me, blinded, firmly skewered, and screaming out her aroused helplessness, this time on ***my*** command. I made no move to touch or fondle her other than with my maleness and she soon became hysterical with the sensation of such singular attention, then with one hand I reached up and slowly twanged the leash to her nipples. With the other, I teased and tugged gently at the rings embedded in her crotch and clitoris, adding tremendously to her sensations of utter of helplessness and controllability. It took but scant seconds to bring her to another tsunami of suspended orgasms, and once more she screamed and jerked maniacally against her bonds, feeling me planted and rock hard, deep within her innermost being. Amazed, I watched while she wrenched herself back and forth, arching her back while the muscles in her arms and legs stood out in quivering, straining, slim ropes under her sweat-glistened skin while she fiercely fought her bondage.

The female physiology that was exhibited in its purest form above me was an awesome sight to behold, especially when she subsided from one orgasm and flew into the next whole-body release in only seconds! Somehow, I managed to maintain my distance from what was occurring above me, but lasted only two minutes before the inevitable friction and the view I had of my slave suffering such sweet torture overcame my remoteness and brought me to one of the most incredible orgasms I've ever had.

I passed out and dropped into an immediate deep sleep of exhaustion, leaving my slave wife to dangle, utterly helpless, above me; writhing and weeping still, while her mental explosions continued seemingly without end. When I finally returned to awareness, she was completely still except for a slow, shuddering, deep breathing, and I slipped out from under and knelt to inspect her more closely.

She was suspended at the end of the thrumming chain to the top of her skull; head held fully erect. Her arms were relaxed and pulled straight down, held slightly behind her body by the weight of her legs. She no longer strained against the enforced separation of her legs by the spreader bar, although they remained held wide apart, exposing the soft, still-inflamed, feminine lips of her sex within her steel-framed crotch. Both sets of her Reminder Chains

hung in glittering loops from their attachment points to her limbs, while from the tip of each of her trembling breasts, the leashes led to their wall fastening in a straight line, pulling continually but not too strongly on her nipple-rings. Every few seconds she'd shiver and gasp with fluttering little cries when tremors of some unknowable female vision passed through her mind, then she'd attempt to twist away from the unstoppable tug of the chains and leashes to her breasts and crotch. I left her to hang there alone and went into the bathroom for a shower.

She wasn't going anywhere.

Christine

When I my eyes finally opened, my blindfold and breast leashes had been removed. I found I was staring straight ahead into the mirror over the head board of the bed, finally able to see what a sight I made in the way that my Master had restrained me. He'd purposefully kept me facing away from it until this point, but had now relented so that I could see how I appeared to him. The tableau I was the central figure within was utterly astounding, and when I tried to wriggle to escape, all that happened was that I swayed gently from side to side, then began a slow, pendulum-like oscillation. I couldn't lower my head of course, because of the method of restraint, but on one of my turns from side to side, I saw him sitting in a chair beside the window, having a quiet smoke while he stared intently at me.

"P-p-please, Master?" I whispered.

"Yes, Slave Girl of mine?" he grinned at me from his seat.

"P-please, may I be taken down, Master?" I asked, "My breasts are very sore and tender and I need to be m-milked soon."

"No," he said quite simply. "You stay there for the next while. I'll bring in the portable milker."

He got out of the chair and left the room, leaving me to dangle in complete helplessness, utterly vulnerable. Oh God! I felt ***so*** owned! A few moments later he returned pulling the machine on a small dolly and holding my

Discipline/Milking cups in his other hand. In seconds he'd locked them over my breasts, then to my surprise and horror he clipped the arms of a long 'Y' chain to either end of the spreader-bar behind me, and, taking the trailing tail, pulled it out and connected it to a ring high on the bedroom wall! There was a loud clicking of links being drawn through some sort of ratchet mechanism, and I was slowly pulled backwards and up until I hung far above the bed at an angle of some forty-five degrees. I struggled against this newest form of restraint, but gravity served to keep everything locked and secure while he connected the hoses to the cups clamped over my aching, full breasts, led them to the milker, then turned it on, full strength. I immediately felt the pulsating suction the pump exerted; at first, a strangely comforting sound and sensation, in cadence with the suckling at my nipples and sounding sort of like:

"Hhhhhsss-tthhhppp-pphhhwww! Hhhhhsss-tthhhppp-pphhhwww! Hhhhhsss-tthhhppp-pphhhwww! Hhhhhsss-tthhhppp-pphhhwww!"

It went on and on without let-up. I shivered with delicious relief from the pressure, despite my bizarre, suspended bondage, while milk was drawn from my body. Meanwhile, he went back to the chair he'd been sitting in earlier and lit another cigarette, watching me closely without comment while, like a dairy cow, I was mechanically drained. I tried to look over at him a couple of times, but the effort was too great and so I just stared at the bed and mirror in front of me, watching myself hanging there, being serviced like a captive animal. God! That's what I ***was!!*** It was horribly embarrassing being held like this and worse, to be observed while I was milked by a machine!! I kicked rebelliously against my bondage, half-heartedly trying to fight it in silence.

The process didn't take all that long to complete, but soon the suction and tugging upon my breasts and nipples became irritating, then more and more painful. They wouldn't ***stop!*** In moments I began to moan when the sensations became progressively more uncomfortable and then, without thought, I fought my bondage more strongly to escape the manipulations, even knowing full well that there was no way to do so, but I simply ***had*** to make the attempt! My Master remained silent while I jerked spasmodically against my chains and I caught a glimpse of him, sprawled loosely in the

chair, fast asleep! The pain of the suction climbed higher and higher until I could stand no more and began to cry out with distress.

"Ooohh-***AAARRR***-pppllleeeaasseee! Ohhh! Master! ***Please! Please turn me offff!!***"

In a second he was standing beside me, then to my horror I heard the pump begin pulsing faster and harder, drawing my nipples ever deeper into the voracious cups! I screamed with horror when this happened, then in my steel-bounded crotch, his fingers danced and caressed my exposed, pouting, inflamed sex lips and distended clitoris! Again, I tried to escape the teasing stimulation, but my body betrayed me and I was slowly and inevitably driven towards a pain-laced orgasm, while hanging helpless and spread vulnerably before him! The message that there was no way for me to resist or escape was driven home forcefully and I hung weeping and straining desperately to escape my fate. However, my masochism quickly drew me down into a quick-sand of sensation overload, until I was once more jerking and bouncing mindlessly against my fastenings, crying out my primal need for release. There was to be ***no*** escape, and shortly thereafter a scream of deep orgiastic satisfaction was torn from my soul's depths. I knew no more when I faded out to the continuing rapid beat of the milking machine, mindlessly performing its task.

How much time passed until I awoke next, I don't know, other than the fact that the angle of the light streaming into the room seemed to have changed dramatically. I lay curled on the bed once more, snuggled under a thick, cotton flannelette sheet, cradling my freed breasts tenderly with my cuffed hands. The smell of freshly-brewed coffee had awakened me and I slowly straightened, then sat up and looked around. My Master was perched quietly beside me on the bed, holding out a steaming cup.

"How are you feeling, Slave Girl?" he asked gently, a small smile playing around his mouth.

"M-Master, I-I-I'm exhausted," I moaned while I took a sip of the steaming beverage.

"Yeah, I sort of figured you would be," he stated simply. "As soon as you

feel up to it, go and have a long bath and sauna, then throw on a loose robe and we'll just veg out for the rest of the day. It'll be an early night for us both I think."

"Th-thank you, Master," I mumbled. "I'm sort of fried after last night and today."

"Okay, Hon. I'll be downstairs watching the tube. I'll see you when you're ready, okay?"

"Yes, Master," I mumbled, sucking slowly at my coffee when he left the room.

I finally found enough energy to climb from the bed and literally stagger into the en suite bathroom to draw my bath. Minutes later I lay almost totally submerged in the hot soapy water, letting the stiffness and soreness from my exertions slowly seep out of my muscles. My head chain looped over the side and my others rattled against the acrylic of the tub's walls and bottom with each water-dampened movement. For the longest time I drifted in and out of sleep while I lay there in luxury, enjoying my freedom and unmonitored solitude. When I finally felt like a prune, I clambered from the cooled water and half an hour later, after putting on a floor-length velvet house-coat and some cozy slippers, and, holding a loop of my head leash in one hand to prevent it from snagging on anything, wandered downstairs to find my Master.

He was in the TV room, spread out like a limp cloth and fast asleep on the couch with the TV flashing silent pictures onto his relaxed, beard-stubbed face. I quietly sank down beside him.

"Hhhmmm??" he mumbled at me, one eye sliding open just a little when he partially woke up.

"It's only me, Master," I whispered, snuggling up to him and arranging my chains automatically to the most comfortable position. "Just your slave girl."

"Love ya, Christine," he rumbled, pulling me close and I revelled in the feeling of being wanted, loved and most of all, ***owned***.

We snuggled silently for the next few hours, staring vacantly at the TV while it paraded the usual pantheon of mindless sitcoms and yellow journalism across the screen, then finally, our tiredness got the better of us. We both walked with dragging steps back to the bed, and after tossing our clothing carelessly on the floor, fell into it and snuggled into each others arms, falling at once into a deep and dreamless sleep.

The next two days were a mixture of sex, eating, sex, and sleep, interspersed with me being milked, although not in quite as strenuous a fashion as I had been before.

On the fourth morning my Honeymoon came to an abrupt end.

I awoke in my Master's bed to find him already down in the kitchen making our breakfast. A note was pinned to the coverlet:

Dearest Christine,

You are to take your morning shower, then stand by the bed until I come for you.

Prepare yourself to be fitted with your milking cups, for your regular schedule is now back in effect. Your schooling and exercising will resume today. I'll be up for you soon. Wait.

Love, J

I couldn't stop the small sniffle that escaped my lips, but without demur went into the bathroom and did what had to be done, enjoying the last moments of my too brief freedom from the strict schedule. When I came out, he was waiting for me.

"Your speech inhibitor and proximity leashes are active again, Slave Girl," he warned. "Now hold still while I fit your equipment."

With a little shiver of dread, I walked slowly over to stand before him. He picked up a tube of the gel and quickly swabbed a coating of it over each of

my straining breasts, then picked the Controller/Discipline/Milker cups and carefully locked them securely in place, imprisoning my breasts in their torture chambers once again. Although I feared what they could and ***would*** do to me, I submitted to their embrace and confinement with as much grace as I could muster. The silvery hummocks were sophisticated control and punishment devices, and in a moment I wore both of them.

“Time to lock up that cute and ravenous little pussy, Christine,” he stated unequivocally, picking up the gleaming piece of steel and huge dildo’s that would penetrate, cover, protect, torture, and remind me of my femaleness. “Hold still while I lubricate you.”

In seconds, my lower orifices had both received a thick coating of the same electro-conductive gel that he’d covered my breasts with.

“Spread your legs!” he commanded briskly, “Then bend over and relax while I fit these.”

I whined rebelliously, and was shocked by my collar for my resistance, then, knowing that it was hopeless to try and avoid the awful, punishing dimensions and protrusions of the dildo’s, I did as he commanded and prepared to be deeply-enslaved by the devices once more. By this time we’d both gotten the art of having these appliances attached and inserted down to a refined dance of submission by me, and in short seconds I wore the humiliating things, all locked securely into my body. As was the usual case, he fitted me with the ankle-length ‘Bar and it was connected to the inner rings of my ankle cuffs by my normal twenty centimetre long walking chains, together with my house leash also being connected to its tip ring. Today though, he only permitted me to wear a short, mid-thigh length skirt and a tight sweater, and so my means of bondage was completely and blatantly on display.

A few moments later he’d escorted me to the kitchen and we ate a quiet, for me, breakfast. Shortly after that was done, I was commanded by the computer to go for my milking session, and at that point was returned to the reality and schedule of my incredibly intense slavery.

Chapter Nine

Another Doctor's Appointment

John

Christine had trouble re-adapting to her state of being controlled and silenced after her three day escape, but she gradually, reluctantly, accustomed herself to the restrictions her existence imposed. Generally, her life and mine didn't change significantly in any way for the next two weeks, then one morning it was time to proceed to the next step of her enslavement and controllability.

The usual preparations took place and we arrived at the Clinic about ten in the morning for the next additions to her ensemble.

"Good morning Mr. and Mrs. Leathers!" Doris smiled at us. "The Doctor is waiting for you. Please go right in."

"Thanks, Doris," I acknowledged her cheery greeting while Christine just nodded her veiled head, being under the usual strict control of her speech inhibitor. With a little tug on her waist-mounted leash, I pulled her into Mike's office, closed the door and removed her long outer cape to reveal her short skirt and the 'Bar sticking down between her legs. Unconsciously, she tugged her cuffed wrists against their waist fastening, drawing our eyes to her state of helplessness.

"Hi there!" he said, standing up behind the desk then coming around to shake hands. "Well, we'll soon go along to the Operating Theatre and get Christine fixed up with the next parts of ensemble." Mike pressed a button on his desk inter-com and instructed his nurse to go in and prepare everything, then turned back to look down into Christine's eyes.

"These procedures you're about to undergo, my dear, will be quite intense and somewhat painful at first, so I want you to prepare yourself for them, okay?"

She nodded mutely at him, fear widening her green eyes. He didn't explain

any further, but looked over to me.

“John, please remove her veil, so I can inspect her nose rings and the head posts, then we’ll proceed.”

“Right,” I acknowledged and freed her of the concealing facial drapery.

He spent a moment carefully checking her over and when satisfied, lifted the long snake-like jewellery chain from his desk top and clipped it to her septum ring. I released her waist leash, but left her hands fastened to the front ring of her ‘Belt. She moaned fearfully and shook her head a little to try and rid herself of the demeaning chain, but all that her reaction to being leashed in this manner accomplished was that her head bell chimed out her slavery and the chain swung weightily and painfully against its mounting to her nose.

“John, would you go into the observation room, please. I’ll take Christine along to the Operating Room.”

“Okay,” I said, “and Christine, your speech inhibitor has been turned off.”

“***P-please***, Master? What’s going to happen to me? I’m scared ... eeeaaahhhgg!!” she whimpered then yelped as Mike tightened his grip on her leash and pulled her through the door of the short hallway leading to the operating theatre.

“Come along, Christine,” he said gently, increasing the tension on her leash.

“OOOoohhh, ppllleeaaassee! ***Ahhhheeeaaahh***!” she wailed and then her voice was cut off when the door closed. I could faintly her crying, then the fading tapping of her high heels and clinking of her hobble chains when she was pulled, scared and unwillingly down the hall.

A few seconds later I walked into the small observation room and watched intently while she was efficiently strapped to the table. I could faintly hear her wails and begging while she was fastened, fighting madly when each of her hands were freed then tightly strapped to the table. Of course it was impossible for her to resist, and in moments she lay almost motionless, only the desperate heaving of her imprisoned breasts being permitted. I turned up

the volume of the speaker.

“We’ll do her tongue first, nurse. Please get the speculum from the steriliser and assist me in fitting it,” Mike ordered impersonally.

“Yes Doctor,” she said and walked to the autoclave on the side, then removed a truly fearsome-appearing appliance and carried it back to the table.

Christine stared helplessly at it; eyes widening in fear when she rolled her head to the side against the lock that secured her rear skull-ring to the table. She tried frantically to jerk her head away from its fastening, but could only move it a fraction of a centimetre. Mike stopped even these movements by sliding a thin, formed rubber bolster under her head, then retracting the ring into the table so that she could no longer even twitch. Now, only her staring eyes moved jerkily. He added another couple of braces on either side of her face just to doubly ensure her immobility, then stood up and looked down into her tear-filled and desperate eyes.

“Now, Christine, you’re going to be fitted with a special device to keep your mouth open. You have a choice my dear, either allow us to do this willingly, or we’ll have to ... ah ... encourage you. How are we going to do it?”

“I-I-I’ll d-d-do it,” she whispered, “but ***what*** are you going to do to me??? Please, ***please!?***”

“Thank you, Christine, for assisting us. As far as the procedures that we’re about to perform, I’m afraid that you’ll just have to wait until they happen to find out. Now, open wide, my dear!”

“***Mmmmmaaasssttterrr!!!???***” she wailed in fear-filled pleading when the nurse handed the device to him. “***Pllleea-asssee-uuurggghhh!!”***

Mike slipped the trays into her mouth and latched them into place on the side panels. The device almost filled it and, for the moment, left it only partially opened. Steel bands covered her upper and lower teeth, their inner tooth troughs being lined with a hard rubber that would allow her to bite down without damaging them. She continued to wail wordlessly, all the while bouncing against her restraints. Mike slowly and carefully expanded the jaw-

spreader and within her mouth, the bright steel left only her tongue writhing freely.

Next, he reached in with a set of wide-jawed retractors and clamped them on the flailing muscle. Christine howled wordlessly with fear and loathing at the sudden intense pressure, attempting to swallow and draw it back into her jacked-open mouth. She couldn't resist the tension and soon just gave up and allowed it to be drawn far out past her teeth, automatically gagging and retching, then panted and gasped in terror when he clipped the handles of the retractor to a tensioning arm, wailing incoherently.

He bent down and looked at the underside, then, taking a large-gauge needle from the tray of sterilized instruments, slowly and carefully pierced the web of central tissue deeply and far back ***under*** the straining muscle, leaving the needle to rest in place for the moment. Christine voiced a full-blooded scream when this took place, going into a paroxysm of shuddering, then fainted. The nurse handed Mike a thick, strangely- formed piece of steel about two cm in diameter, then slowly withdrew the needle and threaded it through the resultant hole. He rotated it with delicate touches until the ends were fully accessible, then took a special compression and crimping tool in his hands and fitted it to the glittering, stainless steel circlet. His knuckles whitened around the hand grips and the tool's jaws moved slowly together, then locked with a sharp ***click!***

The tool was withdrawn from Christine's mouth, then he took a small hand polisher and carefully burnished the joint of the ring until it was mirror-smooth and wouldn't be able to be felt, or cause any irritation. She was still in a dead faint when they added the rest of her tongue ornaments. Four large bore holes were quickly punched through her tongue, two on either side of centre, then short, thick posts were placed, equally-spaced. Small balls were screwed down tightly onto their end's until they pressed deeply into the surface. Together with those on the under ends, she would always be conscious of this intimate restriction. Next came three small rings down either side and these were clinched firmly until they pressed snugly into the writhing flesh of the muscle. The final addition was the piercing and grommeting in her tongue's centre two cm in from the tip. Before the grommet was locked in place, a small, wide U-shaped band of stainless steel

was slipped over the tip of her tongue, then the halves of the grommet were joined irrevocably. He fitted a sturdy short shaft ring through the steel sleeve of the grommet, then spread the thick arms of a substantial U shackle and fitted it over the ends of the shaft.

Christine's eyes fluttered open just when the speculum was released from her mouth, and I thought that she was going to have a hysterical fit when she felt the still-painful, intimate piercing's and hardware embedded in, around, and under her tongue.

"MMmmmaaasssttther!" she wailed, surging against her bindings with horrified tears trailing down her cheeks. "Whath have you had th-th-thone thoo meeeee?"

The steel affixed to her tongue made her lisp now, and I could see her moving it in her mouth to try and find someway to escape the multiple encumberments. She even tried to stick the U shackle out between her teeth, close them, and pull the heavy device and restricting sleeve off. It didn't work of course, and she dissolved into a welter of disbelieving sobs.

Mike and the nurse regarded her dispassionately, then reached down and pulled the side panels away from their mounts. He did something with the ring that held the back of her head down to the table and it rose about ten cm.

"Nurse, please connect her nose ring," he instructed.

Without a word she reached over and grasped the leash still attached to Christine's septum and passed it through a small ratchet device, then pumped the handle a couple of times. The slack in the snake-chain disappeared, pulling Christine's head down onto its side. Mike adjusted the back ring mounting again and a moment later her head was again held firmly to the table top. She stared through the window at me, her eyes brimming.

"Now, Christine," he said soothingly, "we're going to pierce the cartilage of the little thing over the front of your ear and the cartilage immediately behind it. It'll hurt a bit when we go through the skin, then feel a little funny when we actually do the cartilage, but you should be able to stand it quite easily, okay?"

“OOOoohhh, Thocthtor!” she gasped, “I-I thon’t think I can th-th-tand muchth more!! Plleeaatthhhe! ***Pleathe??***”

He turned away and picked up the piercing tool. A moment later he and the nurse bent over and carefully aligned it then I heard a sharp metallic ***snap-snap!*** when the piercing was done and watched fascinated while Christine convulsed at the sudden, sharp pain. The nurse applied antiseptic pads to the two holes immediately, then moved out of the way when Mike came back to the operating table from the side, carrying something in the palm of his hand. Once seated on his stool, he took the first small, plug-like device, lubricated it, then slowly and carefully inserted it into Christine’s ear canal. He pressed inwards with delicacy until it was completely and deeply seated, almost invisible, then the nurse handed him a short post with a small flange just below its tip. The post looked like a jewellery setting, but had a ring welded through a hole in the visible, front portion. She removed the pads from the punctures and Mike pressed the bullet-tipped end of the post through the hole in the centre of the little cartilage hump in front of Christine’s now-filled ear. With great care, he threaded it through the hole in the slightly projecting loop on the ear-plug’s end, then passed it out through the cartilage at the back of her ear. This had the effect of forcing the flat-ended ear-plug slightly deeper into her ear. Christine writhed instinctually with discomfort when it was done, then behind her ear, he clamped a small, locking fitting over the end of the projecting post, securely anchoring the entire assembly into her head so that she’d be unable to remove the talented plug, no matter what she tried. The nurse again daubed the area with a disinfectant, looked up at me and pointed at the bottle. She held up three fingers, indicating that it was to be applied that number of times a day until the bottle was empty. I nodded.

They quickly released her nose leash, rolled her head to the other side and re-fastened her. Five minutes later the job was done and Mike and the nurse left the Operating Theatre. Christine though, remained strapped down with her head ring locked to the table and I watched while she struggled instinctively against her fastenings, still trying to free her hands. She had been immediately deafened when the plugs were locked into place. Mike entered the Observation Room.

“Well?” he asked sitting down and lighting a cigarette. “Is that how you

wanted it done? We'll leave her on the table for another couple of minutes to recover, then you can go in and release her."

"Yes, they'll do just fine, Mike," I replied, thankful that I wasn't in her shoes. "How good is the seal on those ear-plugs, by the way?"

"Oh, they're definitely 100% effective! She can't hear a damned thing with them locked in like that, not even through bone conduction. It took a while to get them programmed properly though," he rumbled. "Basically, from now on, all she'll be able to hear, when you permit it, is her own blood flow and that noise can be eliminated too, if you wish. They're going to prove ***extremely*** controlling for her. Unless you change the settings, she'll remain totally deafened ... all the time. Otherwise, there are a number of options you can employ, as you know..

"All speech can be rendered into meaningless mush, or you can have the plugs set to recognize just your voice. You can feed her subliminal instructions with them, or you can feed her white noise, or you can use the noise cancellation program, and that eliminates ***all*** perceived sound as I mentioned a second ago. Everything will seem to get sucked into a black-hole of nothingness. Too, you could feed her a constant diet of rap music! That'd be torture enough for anyone!" he chuckled.

"Yeah! Ain't that the truth!" I laughed with him.

"Okay," he said, "you know the drill as far as keeping the wounds clean and caring for them. When you're ready, just go in and let her loose. I'll see you when you leave and again when you come up with your next evil idea, or next Wednesday night for a beer, which ever comes first."

"Okay, Mike. Thanks! Talk to you soon," I said to his retreating back as he waved and walked out the door.

On the table Christine attempted to roll her head against the restricting ring and nose leash, staring up at me with terror.

She was now subject to my permitting her to hear, or be deafened at my command.

Christine

I felt awful! My tongue hurt with every movement and I lay there crying to myself about how helpless and dependant I'd been made, but I'd asked for it. No, I'd ***begged*** for it, but I hadn't expected that he'd actually follow through to the extent that he had!

The sensations of it all being done were so intense and so awful! I was fully aware that all of these new pieces of jewellery were designed to be ***permanent*** additions to my body, and a shiver of part-hysteria and part-arousal trembled though me. Now, here I was, waiting to be released for my next excursion into a realm of a bondage so all-encompassing that I didn't know if I'd be able to handle it. In my mouth, the ring under my tongue both impeded my speech and hurt abominably at first; to say nothing of the compressing constriction of the rings embedded down its sides. The worst though was the steel '**U**' over the tip of my tongue and the ring through it, for I was constantly aware of it rattling inside against my teeth and the childish lisping I knew would ensure that I'd speak with now. I also realized that he'd soon put a chain on it and control me with that too, and began weeping anew with the thoughts of how utterly helpless and controllable I'd become. My ears only hurt a little from the piercing's, but once the plugs were pushed all the way into them I found that I couldn't hear a thing, despite how much I shook my head and rubbed it against the smooth, cool rubber of the operating table. I'd even lost hearing my bell chime out my slavery. Now, only its constant weight and bumping against the back of my head told me it was there.

Sometime later I caught a flicker of silent motion when the door opened and my Master walked over to stare down at me.

"M-Masther! Pleathe! Pleathe l-leth me looth!" I knew I said, but heard nothing!

His mouth moved and I knew he was speaking to me soothingly when his hand came down and stroked my face, but I couldn't hear and broke into fresh sobs, jerking my head against it's fastening. Deep in each ear, I heard a soft click.

“Just say calm for a bit Christine. I’m here with you, and I’ll protect you, always. Don’t panic, honey, everything’s gonna be alright, okay?”

“Y-y-yeth, Mathster,” I hiccupped at him while he continued to stroke me tenderly, despite the terrible control he held me under. I could hear! For a few moments more he kept me laying there, strapped down and helpless, then finally spoke again.

“Okay, Christine. That’s better. Now just hold still while I release you and get you on your feet.”

There were a couple of subtle snaps and clicks and all of my restraints seemed to come undone with a rush. A minute later he’d scooped me off the table and I stood beside him quietly while he carefully re-fastened my veil, then helped me into my long, concealing cape. He locked my hands to my waist, as was normal, then connected my leash to the same ring and fed it through it’s slot in the front of the enveloping cloak. He finished by fastening the buttons down the left side and a moment later I was drawn out into the main reception area where Mike and Doris were talking. I got my next surprise as to how much further under my Master’s increasing control I had been moved.

“Thanks again Mike and Doris!” he said smiling at them while pulling me along behind him.

“Tk*&%kj e the>?$@k nml%^$#@*><‘+ms,” was all that came into my ears when the Doctor’s mouth opened.

“Sdnf p&*%<>’}phhet ht*_=^%$om ml$#@~mnd,” Doris said.

I shook my head violently against it’s restrictions, only feeling my bell chime out its message of my slavery.

“Pard-eeeaarrrgghh!” I tried to say, but my speech inhibitor had been activated again and my question ended in an agonized wail when shocks lanced through my breasts and vagina.

“Works real good!” my Master smirked, and I understood ***him***!

“Hh*@#h”gnnt eempk:’}+=* hllpyt trr&^%he!” the Doctor replied, then he said something that sounded like, “>+&*LLkko&^5$#ogn++#@th!”

My mouth opened in a wordless scream when more disciplining and controlling shocks pulsed my captive flesh and I jerked frenziedly against my leash, dancing from the pain. My butt-plug vibrated and shocked me continually together with the other awful things I was made to suffer. Under the cape I tried to tear my hands free of their fastenings, twisting and writhing my body frantically and howling noiselessly, especially when my breasts and clitoris were again disciplined by the surges of inescapable electricity.

“KKr”;##@rkk**fgh!” someone said, and the tormenting pulses died away, leaving me gasping and shaking from their aftermath.

“Yeah!” my Master said, now obviously the only one I was allowed to understand! “Those command words work just fine. The fact that they’re completely unintelligible to Christine is a great safety idea. Well, folks, it’s been a slice! See you later!” he said and turned for the door with me following, still jerking my wrists against their fastening and fighting my leash. Normally, I liked to do it to reassure myself of his control, but now, they were involuntary struggles brought on by his casually inflicted discipline.

“Th~@#:&he#@*fer hh?’+drgt!” I heard behind me as Mike said good bye, I assume. It could as easily have been “Don’t take any wooden nickels,” for all I’d be permitted to know, now.

In the corridor, we waited patiently for the elevator, and I stood close to my Master’s back, trying to hide the loop of my leash leading to his fist. We stepped into the car when the door opened and the two men already inside stepped back and stared at me curiously, having rarely seen a woman dressed in such concealing clothing as what I wore. Only my eyes and a little of my forehead could be seen, and I stared boldly back at them, safely hidden within the confines of my cape and veil. While the elevator descended to the basement, more and more people got on and all seemed riveted by my costume.

”If only they knew,” I thought to myself with a scared little shiver at the fear

of having my total subservience to the man who held my leash revealed. I'd become almost blasé about being leashed in public now, although my Master was careful to keep it partially-concealed most of the time. A couple of the people in the elevator had low-voiced conversations and my new hearing restrictions acted just as efficiently as before to turn their words into so much unintelligible junk.

He obviously did something to the hearing control, because half-way down to the garage, every noise snapped off into utter soundlessness. I shook my head a to try and hear something, and of course this made my bell ring loudly in the confined space. All of the people in the elevator looked at me in surprise and I had to bow my head to hide the embarrassed flush that coloured my visible flesh. I felt the leash jerk at my waist and moved closer to my Master, huddling against him with my face to his chest, sudden embarrassed tears springing from my eyes.

Not only was I chained and leashed, but almost every ***other*** part of me was controlled. The only things he didn't control when I was out in public was my breathing and ability to see, but that ***too*** was soon to change.

We got off in the basement garage and walked slowly to the van. He kept me in utter silence, as well as electronically gagged, and I stared up into his commanding eyes with a feeling of semi-fear and semi-arousal at how much he'd made my dreams a reality. Nearly an hour later we arrived back at the house and minutes after, I was inside, freed of the veil, cape, skirt and the sweater I'd worn. My breasts felt full and painful again, and I wanted to be milked before anything else happened.

"Okk"+*&gh*h? Kl%^$!~>><kjhg th*&bkl pp+ *ioj?':<&nsdvv?" I tried to ask, wanting to know if I could proceed to my milking cell. "Oh ***no!"*** I thought to myself. Now I couldn't even know if ***I'd*** spoken the correct words! He'd changed the settings again, rendering me even more helpless. "Bkkltn_7%#bh#2 dhgrp…" I heard, then everything cut off in mid-noise when my hearing was modified yet again. It was hopeless! I looked down at him while he connected the house leash to the tip of my 'Bar, then grinned back up at me and said something else before walking out of the bedroom. For a moment I stood wondering what to do, but my indecision was removed a moment later by the house computer when it disciplined me with a series of

agonizing pulses through my tender, milk-filled breasts! My mouth automatically opened in a scream of hurt, but my speech inhibitor was still active and I was disciplined for ***that*** while I ran as best I could in the short hobble chains, to my milking session. Five minutes later I was fastened within the sterile little cell and being hoisted into mid-air, gagged, blinded, breath-controlled, and now, totally deafened as well!

My Master had added a new restriction to my fastenings, in that now, my head was also connected by a thick rubber bungie-cord from its top swivel fitting so that I couldn't move ***it*** either while I was being suckled by the machinery.

At last it was over, and I staggered to the shower before going down to dinner. My Master was a bit of a stickler in some cases, and always insisted that I dress, or at least cover my bondage undergarments before coming to the table, and so I had put on the deep, iridescent blue robe that he seemed to like so much, then slipped into a pair of high-heeled pumps for the meal.

When I emerged from the bedroom, my hearing suddenly returned and I almost skipped along the hall while I went down to dinner. I walked into the kitchen to find him at the Jenn-Air barbecue molesting some thick steaks, and walked up behind, then hugged him gently against myself. The milking hose projections would hurt both him and me if I pressed too hard. I was beginning to get used to my breasts being held such total captives, I thought, but that would probably change again.

"Hi there," he rumbled, reaching around my waist and pulling me to him. "Your speech inhibitor has been de-activated so you're free to talk," he smiled down at me.

"Masther," I lisped at him self-consciously, trying to smile, "thith ith a therrible way thoo threet your thlave girl! How am I thupposed thoo thalk like an athulth?"

"Keeps you more under control, hmmm?" he grinned down at me and my new manner of speaking. "As a matter of fact, Christine, it gives you a very distinct manner of 'slave girl speech'!"

“Ohhh, Masther, iths awful, and thith ring unther my thongue ith horrbily uncomforthable. I really hathe ith!” I whispered, and felt tears of self-pity again pooling in my eyes.

He held me close then, and I looked up into his eyes, shivering with helpless reaction to my overwhelming state of being under such pervasive control.

“There, there, Christine. Just take it one step at a time, okay?” he said softly into the hair of my bowed head when he kissed the ring and swivel embedded there. “I know that this is all a little much for you at the moment.”

“Ith a-a-awfulth!” I whimpered, shifting and feeling the intruders stir deep within my loins, listening to the musical tinkling of my slave chains, and feeling the tight bra harness imprisoning my chest and shoulders. I was a ***slave*** and I wasn’t sure I could handle it for much longer. He, of course, had a deep understanding of my state of mind, but continued with his plans for my utter subjugation.

“I’ll let you get used to your new equipment for a couple of weeks, honey,” he said quietly yet implacably, holding me a little away from him and looking down into my eyes, “then it’ll be time to move to the next stage of your bondage and controllability.”

“Y-Yeth, M-M-Masther,” I gulped and clung to him again, shaking and scared. How much ***more*** could he control me??

It wouldn’t be a long wait to find out ...

Chapter Ten

Her New Mitts

John

I let Christine percolate in her newest equipment for the next two weeks and she gradually came to accept her state of being under an ever more strict and all-encompassing control. Our officially married status didn't change her training, disciplining, milking, or exercising one iota, regardless of what she might have thought would happen. Many times I caught her staring at me with the strangest look in her eyes. I couldn't figure out if it was fear, anticipation, or something else, and when I asked her why she gave me 'the look', she always seemed to edge away from the real reason, when she was permitted hearing and speech that is.

I ***knew*** that the selective losses, combined with all the other restrictions and controls I'd placed her under, were locking her love for me deeper and more firmly into place. She'd told me this in many of our 'pillow' talks, both before and after we'd made love, and finally one early morning after a strenuous bout of screwing our brains out, with her chained down, deafened and blinded; she'd finally told me, in hesitant whispers after I'd released her full-face harness gag and electronic silencing, why she looked at me the way she did.

"Masther, I-I wanth you thoo conthinue thoo enthlave me and conthrol me," she whispered with her eyes hidden, while she surged against her bed chains, establishing yet again to herself that she was a deeply held prisoner. "I-I'm thorry if I coulthn'th thpeak of ith thill now; b-buth I didn'th wanth you thoo think I wath ***really*** nuttth!" she shivered deliciously, opening her wide, green, luminous eyes and staring up at me.

"Christine, that's the ***last*** thing I'd ever think of you," I asserted. "I ***know*** that you're a completely sane, and wonderfully intelligent person. You have a depth of understanding of your own deepest needs in life that very few people have***, but,*** the most important thing is that you have the guts to go all the way with your desires.

“I’m honoured that you would grant me the gift of helping you to attain your wishes, and I love you dearly for it; and for all the other traits that make you the unique and wonderful person you truly are.”

“Oh, Masther!!” she said and her eyes filled with happy tears, “Thank you! Thank you thoo muth for untherthanthing!”

“You’re the most incredible woman a Master could ever ask for the privilege of owning,” I whispered to her then leant over and began to once more make love to my helpless and passionate slave girl.

A week later I introduced Christine to her mitt/gloves.

These were designed to be used on a permanent, twenty-four-hour-a-day basis. From the start of them being worn, she was only to be permitted the freedom of her fingers for her school sessions, and even then she had to accustom herself to doing her typing while wearing the thick, inner, rubber-lined, leather gloves that were integrated into the complete whole of her ensemble. The actual Hand Shell halves that contained and isolated her fingers and thumbs from one another were made of titanium, about a 2 mm thick, and therefore were quite light, but extremely strong and durable. In addition, within each arm and finger-tube, there were four thin, narrow springy, stainless steel ‘bones’, sewn along their lengths. These ‘bones’ were equally spaced around the circumferences, so that although she’d be able to bend her arms and fingers against their resistance for a short time, they’d always win in the end and force her to straighten everything out again.

The arm parts of the ensemble were very similar to those Antonia had worn on the day of the wedding, in that they were basically shoulder-length, thickly rubber-lined, leather gloves, just a little too small. This under-sizing resulted in them always compressing her arms and keeping her constantly aware of their presence; and too, prevented her from easily bending them. Naturally, at her wrists, allowances had been made for her Reminder Chains and cuffs. As with Antonia’s pair, the hand isolation ‘eggs’ were split into halves, each filled with a high-density foam that had deep depressions formed in them. Christine’s entire hand would be completely immobilized when the halves were joined, rendering her fingers and thumbs useless and isolated from each other. The halves were mechanically hinged just above the wrists

so that they could either be flipped back onto her arms and clipped in place on those rare occasions when she was to be permitted the use of her fingers; or when they were closed, they'd rigidly clamp her wrist joint, denying any flexing at all.

The other difference was that the method of closing the two halves of the 'egg' was considerably more secure. Rather than using a zipper to encircle and seal the joint, there was a series of small, narrow-diameter, tubular, mating jaws on each half, much like a piano hinge, all around the inner edges. When the two parts of the egg were pressed together (the foam liners bulged out slightly on each half, to ensure a tight and unbreakable inner joining of their surfaces), and properly aligned, spring-loaded pins on each of the bottom jaws would automatically snap into their mating holes in the upper jaws, locking the egg tightly closed. It was a 'dead-man' type of system, in that these rods were always armed and would lock whenever the egg was pressed closed. My electronic key, the remote control unit for the rest of Christine's bondage equipment, was the only means of releasing these latches, and since the hinge joins were ***inside*** the actual mitt portion, they were inaccessible to anyone. The same latching mechanism secured the wide cuffs over her wrists, and the edges mated tightly together with only a hair-line crack showing the actual joint. Inside, along the thickened join area, the top half had a tooth like a '**T**' with the tail sticking down into a deep '**U**' channel on the bottom half, thus denying access to any prying tools, all around the circumference.

I'd gone to the trouble of having a couple of sets of these types of glove/mitts made up in differing colours so that she could wear them as matching accessories, believe it or not. Naturally, around the house, her standard issue sets were coloured basic black, their fittings of a highly polished chrome. On the first day she'd seen them, her face had drained of colour while she contemplated just how much more of her freedom she was about to loose.

"M-M-Mather?? M-m-mutht I wear thooth th-th-thingths?" she asked with a quavering voice while I prepared to put them on her just after her schooling was done for the day.

"That you must!" I grinned while lubricating the inner surfaces of the tight arm tubes and gloves. "You might just as well get used to wearing them for a

full day before you're allowed the use of your fingers again. Now, I want you to hold your arm up and keep it straight while I put this one on. When your fingers reach the glove portion, keep them rigid, then wriggle them a bit to settle into their tubes."

"Buth, Masther! ***Pleathe!*** I'll be tho helpleth! I won'th be able thoo eath or thoo anything!" she lisped, but held out her arm nevertheless. "How am I thupposeth to go thoo the bathroom? Anth how am I thuppotheth thoo eath??"

"Couple of good questions there, so here's the answer to both of them. In a word ... yes. You'll be completely helpless while the mitts are closed, as they will be most of the time from this point forward. The only time your fingers will be free is when your gloves are changed, or when you're in your class room. The rest of the time, I'll help you do what ever has to be done, with a few exceptions, until next week. I'll feed you all the time now, until you're-fitted with your feeding-gag. As to your bodily functions, you'll soon be fitted with a couple of normal surgical catheters, front and back, and your diet will be changed so that we don't have too much in the way of solid waste. Your colon and lower bowel will be cleaned by twice daily, automatic enemas, while you're fitted with the anal catheter/butt plug. You shouldn't have any trouble adapting, seeing as how you've been wearing a butt-plug continually for the last four months. This newest version will be just a little more talented than what you have in there now."

"OOOoohhh, Gggoootthhh! Mmmather. Pppllleeeaathhhe! Pleathe, pleathe thon'th thake away my hanth!!?" Christine whispered in terror of being rendered even more helpless than she already was.

"All part of the plan for you, slave girl," I stated unequivocally, "Now, do as you're told."

A solitary tear slid down each of her cheeks while I slowly pulled the tight rubber and leather sleeve up her arm. I closed the heavy-duty zipper from the glove along the underside, all the way to her arm-pit, compressing the flesh and muscles of her arm, leaving her wrist Reminder Chains to swing free from her steel cuffs. In the hand of the glove, I watched closely while her fingers wriggled past the thick and wide inner cuff, then into their respective

tubes; the opened portions of the egg, clipped back and out of the way for the moment. When I felt her small, delicately-boned hand seat fully into the restrictive rubber glove, a small burp of air puffed out of the tops at her shoulder. She let her arm drop to her side.

“Hold it up again!” I commanded, and with a resigned little whimper, she did as ordered.

It took a couple of minutes of strong tugging to get the wrinkles out of the gloves and ensure that all the remaining air trapped inside the finger tubes, the palm area, and her arms was expelled, then I fitted her left glove and went through the same process. For the first moments, I left the egg’s halves opened and watched with interest while she flexed her fingers with some difficulty, her sense of touch virtually eliminated by the thick neoprene rubber and its thin yet strong outer leather covering. She tried to make a fist, and could so with difficulty, but the steel boning of the gloves automatically straightened her fingers into a partially-spread configuration, as designed.

She whimpered miserably after her experimentation, then looked at me with soulful eyes.

“Ooohh, Masther!” she breathed tremulously. “They’re thoo thight anth rethricthing!”

“As per design criteria, ma’am!” I grinned at her. “Now, put you hands on the bench and I’ll close the mitts so that you can begin getting used to the feeling of not having the use of your fingers.”

“Y-y-yeth, Masther,” she moaned, almost in tears again, yet laid both hands on the table, prevented from sitting down by her ankle-length Inhibitor Bar.

She was about to take the next step into her ever-increasingly controlled life.

Christine

Being fitted with the glove/mitts hit me hard.

I’d never thought much about being able to have my fingers unthinkingly

available to me until I lost their use almost completely. The long, compressing sleeves were very tight, and, being rubber-lined, they soon became hot and slippery when I began to sweat. I did as he commanded, keeping my fingers straight while he maintained a tension on the sleeves, having to scrunch my hand and really push to get it and my fingers into the actual gloves. They each eventually popped inside, and my fingers slid into their semi-rigid tubes, then all I could feel was the slick, inner surfaces of the tight rubber encasing them.

While I stood getting used to the sensations of compression and captivity, wriggling my fingers what little they permitted, I stared down at the things clipped back against each of my arms, fearing what it would be like when he closed them and took away my finger's mobility. I didn't have long to wait. When he ordered me to put my hands and arms on the table, I tried to forestall the inevitable, but he insisted, ***and*** had the means to make me do it, however unwillingly, and so to avoid the pain I knew I'd surely suffer for resisting him, I did as commanded with only a little hesitation.

He picked up my right arm and unclipped the two halves of the 'egg' from their mounts on my fore-arm, then swung the palm-side one under my hand and laid it on the table with a dull-sounding ***clunk***!

"Lay your fingers and thumb in their slots."

Silently, I flexed my wrist then pressed them down into the depressions that would separate them from each other by thick foam dams.

"Very good! Now, keep still while I close the mitt," he said quietly.

The top portion of the egg swung over and down, and I felt my wrist joint locked rigidly. Inside, the foam bulged upwards, for the moment preventing the halves from joining, but he pressed firmly until within the mitt I faintly heard a series of simultaneous clicks when the locking pins engaged. My hand had been deeply imprisoned for the foam lining pressed my fingers deeply into place, and I found it wasn't uncomfortable at all, just very tight. I tried to move my fingers and thumb, but they were held utterly motionless and at the same time my wrist joint was locked rigidly straight to my fore-arm!

“Now the other,” he commanded, smiling happily.

The procedure was rapidly and efficiently completed. I was utterly unable to do ***anything*** now, other than pummel with my encased hands, but even ***that*** defence was to be denied when he connected my Reminder Chains together, or added others.

“Ohhh, pleathe, Masther!” I begged, “Theeth are-are tho resthricthing.”

“Are they hurting you, Christine?”

“No, Thir,” I snuffled quietly, shifting my legs and feeling my ‘Bar make my dildo twitch. My masochism bloomed again and I shifted my tongue against the overpowering sense of encumberment he’d forced me to accept. Beneath it, I was constantly aware of the nestling ring, forever reminding me of my abject slavery.

“Open your mouth,” he said quietly, reaching into a little zip-lock bag and extracting a couple of the thin, snake-like chains.

“Pleathe, Masther? Whath are you going to thoo?” I whimpered, scared of what I knew was coming next.

He hadn’t done anything with the equipment mounted both into and under my tongue since it had been fitted, allowing all the punctures to heal properly and ensuring I became somewhat accustomed to the sensations they engendered.

“Open!” he demanded implacably.

Without further hesitation I did as commanded with fear while his hand, holding one of the chains, moved towards my face. I stared fearfully into his concentration-narrowed blue eyes, then suddenly his fingers were between my teeth and I felt and heard a click when a small locking snap-hook was clipped to the **U** shackle mounted through its tip. I couldn’t help the terrified moan that pulsed up my throat when he withdrew his hand and left the slick chain to hang over my sensitive lower lip. My mouth closed automatically and I bit gently on the invading snake between my teeth, immediately feeling

the restriction of the chain tug against its deep mounting.

“Keep it open!” he snapped, and I immediately spread my jaws again, whimpering with concern about what he was going to do next.

His right hand grasped the tongue chain lightly and placed a little upward tension on it, drawing it partially from my mouth and making me moan at how awful it felt, but I ***couldn’t*** fight him for it would hurt too much! My eyes rolled wildly when his other fingers reached underneath and I felt another more horrible ***click!*** when he connected the other snake-chain to ***that*** ring! It was awful!

“You may close your mouth now,” he said quietly, then slipped his hand down my Reminder Chains and locked them behind my back. “Come along, Slave Girl!” he said, picking up the dangling ends of the long chains emerging from between my lips.

This newest means of leashing and controlling was horrible and humiliating, but there was no escaping it and even then I was still tethered by my house leash, completely and helplessly restrained and bound by all of my ***other*** bondage equipment.

I sobbed, then suddenly all sound disappeared when he changed the setting on my ear plugs, completely deafening me. Automatically, I shook my head to clear my hearing, but the only result of this action was that the heavy bell locked to the back of my head swung back and forth weightily, bouncing off it on either side, while at the same time, the chains tugged against my tongue and lips. His mouth opened and closed when he smiled at me, then I saw his arm bend a little. Inside my mouth, the chains pulled at the tender flesh, locked both to and under my tongue and I tried to scream, almost retching from the terrible discomfort, but not yet pain. The tip **U** banged into the inner surfaces of my teeth and I automatically opened my mouth, allowing the tension to pull it out while tears of horrified humiliation and embarrassment trickled down my face. When I tried to beg him to ease the pull, all I could manage was a soundless gurgling and gagging sound, but even ***that*** was denied when he activated my speech inhibitor. Cruelly, he tugged on the chains and I attempted to scream from the horrible tensions and was, of course, automatically shocked by my collar. He’d also kept the cross-

connection between my controller cups and the crotch-cover active and truly fierce shocks rippled through my breasts and belly! Gagging and silently screaming, I writhed at the ends of the horrid leashes leading into my mouth while he drew me to the whipping area on one side of the Playroom.

At the padded bench, seldom used now, he bent me forward and clipped the mouth chains to a ring on its side and left me to stand there, bent-over, gasping, gagging and weeping. If I tried to stand up, the leashes pulled at my tongue, but I ***had*** to straighten! The Inhibitor Bar had swung out behind me to the lengths of my hobble chains, moving the dildo horribly inside my crotch, while at the same time the posture strap to my collar was slowly beginning to choke me. Inside the tight and confining gloves and mitts, I tried to claw my fingers free, but they barely twitched, buried and restrained so thoroughly.

Far in the back of my mind, a door to my sub-conscious opened once more, and my demon of all-encompassing self-punishment appeared, laughing at my frenzied struggles to evade my fate. All the while I screamed and wept continually from the horrible punishment that was being so casually inflicting. Adding to my horror and distress, the dildos and other electrical equipment began their dance and song of erotic arousal while I leant, forcibly bent, over the whipping bench. My hips began to bounce and writhe automatically while I continued to gasp and scream, denied even the privilege of being allowed to voice my feelings, or even hear what was going on around me. He released my arms from the back ring of the chastity belt, clipped a dangling chain to the central link, then tightened it so that they were pulled up and away from my buttocks, ensuring that I was kept bent fully forward, totally vulnerable. For a moment, nothing happened.

Lines of agonizing fire suddenly lasered across my exposed, tensed and vulnerable buttocks when he laid on the first of a flurry of whip strokes with the narrow-strapped flogger, making me surge unthinkingly against my multiple restraints, screaming madly and crying while he began a personal discipline session that I hadn’t even known I was to receive. In my mouth, my tongue was jerked at mercilessly while I struggled against my bonds, attempting to stand or twist my body away from the, for me, silently singing strands burning themselves into my buttocks. I couldn’t hear them cutting the

air when he laid on the next stroke, and I couldn't make any noise to tell him how much it ***hurt!*** I was but a silent, writhing, package of disciplined femaleness who could ***not*** escape her torment. I began to go a little crazy from all the sensations while the painfully erotic part of my stimulation climbed higher and higher.

His whipping was slow, unceasing, but completely irregular! I didn't know when or how to anticipate the next stroke and eon-moments later began to feel myself rise towards an orgasm! The depredations of the dildo, butt-plug, their vibrators, the shocks from my breast controller cups and my collar all took their toll, in combination with the pain of the whipping and the resultant self-imposed jerking of the leashes to my tongue. The release burst through the defences of my rational mind, and my body exploded in a series of cataclysmic orgasms. Silently wailing out my subjugation, I collapsed inwards like an imploding star; falling into a black hole that sucked everything into it.

Suspended only by my drawn back arms from the chain, still twitching and writhing unconsciously, my feet slid out behind me and I hung there helplessly chained; out like a light bulb that's been shattered by a speeding bullet.

When I returned to awareness, I was laying face down on his bed. My Reminder Chains had been released from one another but my gloved and mitted arms were now bent up behind my back, locked to a short chain from the back of my collar! Oh God! My behind was flaming and very tender, but I felt him carefully and slowly rubbing a soothing ointment into my strap-ensnared mounds. I still couldn't hear anything though, nor could I speak.

My lips still felt the snake-chains passing over them, but he'd added even more refinement to this torturing arrangement. The leashes had been fed up through my septum ring and for the first couple of inches were fuzzed in my vision. They led away from my face, then as I focussed on them, they sharpened and I could see how they led up and were locked to a ring on the head of the steel bed frame. I tried to move my tongue, testing its small freedom, and sensed yet another restriction to its movements. Narrow, spring-steel wires had been connected to the little rings on the fronts of the posts that secured my earplugs inside my ears; these coming forward along my cheeks

and curving in to the corners of my mouth, over my teeth, where they had been clipped to my under-the-tongue ring. It was an arrangement much like the hated dental retainer I had worn as a teenager, but with a ***far*** more sinister purpose. I almost gagged when I tried to move my mouth around the intimately humiliating securings, struggling yet again to escape the incredibly complex sensations of my bondage ensemble.

He continued his ministrations to my aching lower body for another half hour while I struggled to accept what had happened to me, twitching while he massaged away my hurt. My Master knew I was finally awake, but kept me in a state of subservience and silence, enforcing his total control, and I couldn't help the tears of self-pity and now continual fear that brimmed over from my eyes while I lay there so helplessly before him.

Finally, I saw him reach up and unlock my tongue leashes, then he slid both of his arms under me and gently lifted me from the bed to stand before him.

"That was just to acquaint you with the restrictions of the Tongue Control System, Christine," he stated. "Now we'll try a brief tour around the house to get you used to using them in combination with your nose-rings," he stated.

Without further conversation he walked out the door and I dutifully followed, allowed only about a foot and a half of freedom on the chains leading up to my nose. With each tightening of them, my tongue and my nose were tugged at simultaneously and when I tried to open my mouth to ease the strains, the thick wires from under my tongue, leading back to my ears, pulled uncomfortably against the corners of my lips, soon making me close it against the uncomfortable restriction. Ten minutes later we were back in the bedroom.

"Okay. Enough of that for the moment. Open your mouth and let me remove your leashes, then I'll dress you for the rest of the day."

He slowly and carefully pulled the snake-chains back through my septum ring, then easily unlatched their clips from my tongue***, but***, he left the disciplining mouth wires in place! Again, when I tried to open my mouth fully to let him release the wires, I felt horrid discomfort, and was miserable because he'd left them secured. I tried to whine at him to release them too,

but of course was disciplined by my shockers when I did. I ***had*** to accept my restrictions as best I could. The arrangement brought childhood memories of having to wear a hated pair of dental braces and their retainer back in full force, but ***this*** was horribly worse! There was no possible way for me to extract the metal imprisonments of my tongue from my mouth, and I was forbidden from even voicing any complaints about the terrible discomfort and restrictions that were enforced!

Chapter Eleven

The Feeding/Air Mask

John

She certainly looked exotic in her restraints, and they'd clearly affected her significantly since being fitted. I began to soften my view about keeping her so securely and deeply in bondage, but then ignored her looks of pleading to be released from her control devices when I remembered her oft-repeated admonition that I was ***not*** to free nor loosen ***any*** of her restraints or other equipment once they'd been applied, despite any begging she might make after the fact. They ***would*** remain affixed to her; just as she'd originally requested. Christine had sealed her fate.

I let her recover and accustom herself to the newest equipment for another couple of weeks, then proceeded to the next step.

Her newest equipment was a very special mask that would be worn for weeks at a time, both in public (hidden beneath her veil, of course) and here at the house. With it in place, locked to her nose ring assembly and the other attachment points on her skull, she would be completely controlled. It would cover and penetrate her nose, as did all her others, completely concealing and locking her lower face into a thick, black neoprene rubber prison. Naturally, it was equipped with a gag-pad, but this one, unlike her others, incorporated a couple of new twists. The pad was equipped with the same type of latches that secured her crotch-plate, in that the internal catches engaged the side-rings in her tongue, thus locking it into the body of the mouth-filler, as well as connecting itself to her tip-of-the-tongue ring and the posts with other locking mechanisms. It had a large hole through it, and once the pad was locked to, and inside her face, a thick walled, very flexible tube would then be fed through the centre of the pad, down her throat, and into her stomach. This was designed in such a manner that it prevented her from regurgitating her food, and too, because once the deflated balloon at its internal end was pumped up, it would remain deep her body until removed by me. ***That*** process would be most uncomfortable for her to have to endure and would take some strong tension on my part, to extract it.

As a result, with it locked on, she could then be fed a controlled diet, her breathing could be regulated fully at all times and she'd be kept in utter silence while she wore the device. Sunday night came and we lay quietly in each others arms, watching the tube, when I told her that it was time to proceed with her next semi-permanent incarceration.

"Christine ," I said quietly, "when this show is over, you'll be taken upstairs and put into additional new, control equipment."

"Ooohh, Masther," she moaned snuggling down into my lap while I began to sit up, "Whath more coulth you ath tho thith thtuff?"

"Well, honey, you're going to be joining the Sisters of Eternal Silence, just down the street," I smirked down at her. "Mind you, that's only figuratively speaking, for the moment. Actually, you're going to be fitted with an air and feeding mask, then have to wear it for a month or two to get you accustomed to it. It'll never come off during your stay in The Sisterhood, either. In effect, Christine, you'll be gagged on a more or less permanent basis for however long I decide you should remain a Nun. Too, it'll also save us the trouble of having to continually put in your gag and take it out. You'll be fed while wearing it, sleep in it, and go out in public in it, and of course your breathing will be controlled at all times. The mask can be remotely adjusted to limit the amount of air you receive, or if you receive any at all."

"Masther! Pleathe!! Masther!!" she wailed, rolling over and staring up at me. "Pleathe Masther, I thonth wanth thoo be gagged for tho long and be tho tothally helpleth! I'll go crathy! ***Pleathe***!! Pleathe thon't make me thoo thith!" she wailed, beginning to weep wildly, pulling her wrists against the chains that tethered them loosely to her waist. Christine's total vulnerability was manifest while I observed the jerking of her mitted hands against their short chains, and I knew that inside them, her tightly and heavily gloved fingers were clawing desperately to be free.

I touched the remote, and suddenly her eyes widened in distressed agony when a series of shocks from her speech inhibitor was fed through her neck, breasts and crotch. Her mouth opened in a silenced howl when she was thus forcibly silenced and disciplined, then I turned her hearing off so that she became enveloped in a deep void of silence.

‘Okay, Kiddo,’ I thought to myself while I stood up, then grasped her ‘Bar leash, *‘it’s time for you to be puut into your Breathing Control Mask for the next step.’*

She silently surged to her feet at the urge of the twitching dildo deep in her loins, shaking her head wildly in negation and making the bell on the back of her head chime loudly while she tried, weeping frantically with despair, trying to beg that this newest and most frightening form of control not be imposed. I’d made up my mind though, and there was to be no going back. Depending on how much I enjoyed her silence, I might keep her in the mask for anywhere up to six months, or maybe even longer.

In a moment we were in the bedroom. I’d laid out the newest piece of her bondage ‘Uniform’ on a white sheet, together with the evil-looking stomach tube coiled neatly inside its sealed plastic bag beside it. When she came through the door she immediately spotted the mask and tube and tried top stop in her tracks, shaking and writhing silently in terror at the end of her leash. There was no way for her to ignore the demanding tension though and a few seconds later she stood next to the bed and the implements of her gagging, twitching with fear while she tried to look down at the terrible implements displayed and waiting on the covers. I picked up the slightly flexible face-sealing and obscuring construction and held it in front of her face so that she could inspect what was to be affixed. I touched the switches that controlled her abilities to talk and hear.

“This is it, Christine,” I stated simply. “Now, I’m going to turn off your speech inhibitor momentarily, and you can have a few final words before you’re fitted.”

“Masther?” she stared up at me, her eyes illuminated with a strangely glowing light, “Are you really going thoo keep me in th-thath horrible th-thing for thuch a long thime?”

“Yes, Slave Girl. You’ll wear it for at least thirty days, and maybe as long as three, or perhaps six months.”

“Oh, ***Goth!***” she wailed jerking her wrists against their sturdy chains. “Pleathe, Masther!? Pleathe, pleathe, ***pleathe!!*** Thon’t thilence me tho

much!! I-I-I'll go crathy if I can'th thalk thoo anyone!!"

"You'll get used to it eventually. And you'll soon figure out a way to communicate somehow; perhaps with body language," I said, trying to soothe her somewhat, but not really succeeding all that well. She began weeping with great gasping sobs, desperately hoping for some pity, attempting to stave off the inevitable. "Any last words for posterity, my dear?"

"Thith ith increithbly awful for me! I beg you, Masther. Pleathe, thake pithy on me?? Pleathe, ***pleath....eaahhhrrgg!!***" she begged then wailed when I re-activated her speech inhibitor and she was automatically disciplined. They were the last noises she'd be permitted to make for what turned out to be the next six months.

She stood for a couple of seconds after the disciplining shocks had died away, shaking with terror at her coming incarceration, then looked up fearfully when I spoke next.

"Lift your head, open your mouth, and stick out your tongue."

Reluctantly, she did as ordered and I began to fit the gag-pad.

It was positioned flat on her tongue, a deep green colour. I touched the remote control and the latches underneath slipped through her tongue rings down the sides and at the front. At the front and around the posts through her tongue, other latches closed, then ratchetted tight, pulling the pad into firm and unrelenting contact. She retched and vibrated with rebellion and revulsion, eyes clenched tightly against the extremely uncomfortable tug of the fastenings.

"Now, open your mouth as widely as you can."

She struggled to spread her jaws wider and I slowly pushed the slightly resilient pad between her teeth. At the same time, I threaded the semi-rigid, long tubes of her nostril air tubes into her fear-flared nose while trembling tears of apprehension slid from her eyes; then slowly and with care began moving the mask closer to her face. She tried to lean back and away from the increasing pressure of the nostril tubes and mouth pad and so I stood beside

her, then clamped my arm around the back of her head and pushed more firmly. The gag-pad popped into her mouth and she immediately bit down on it to ease the tension on her jaw muscles. Like all the others made for her, this action seated her teeth more intimately into their pre-formed sockets in the body of the pad and made it conform to all the little nooks and crannies of her mouth. I spent the next couple of minutes ensuring that the flaps between her teeth, cheeks and lips were properly and comfortably positioned then pressed the mask firmly against her face once more, engaging the automatically tensioning, buried latches to her nose-ring/bar assembly. When this happened she went into another silenced frenzy of shaking her head and trying to rid herself of the leech-like rubber horror now securely and inescapably attached to her face.

Only her high forehead and eyes were revealed now for her nose and entire lower face were completely concealed, the mask cupping under her chin back to her throat. At the sides, it rose in front of her ears, covering the under-the-tongue-ring wires that remained uncomfortably connected to them and re-emphasising her bound state. On each side of the mask, above and below her ears, two narrow, but thick rubber straps dangled and I led these around her neck then locked them to her back, head post, under the bell. At the bridge of her nose on the mask, another narrow, thick band went up across her forehead, along the parting of her hair, and snapped over the post at the top of her head. All of these straps acted in concert to pull the mask into even more of a tight fit to her head and face, gluing it firmly onto her gag- and flap-filled cheeks in an air-tight seal. At the front, positioned over her mouth underneath, was a screw-in plastic cap about two cm in diameter, while above that, within the structure of the mask, her nose was locked into the hump of rubber. Its air channels led around her mouth and back to the valve mechanisms and hose mounts on the cheeks. These, as I’d informed her, were remotely-controlled and could be opened or closed to any desired setting, but they were so-designed that if the mask’s internal batteries lost power, they’d automatically snap to the full-open position.

She sat trembling while I visually inspected the insect-like thing that covered her lower face and it’s fit, panicky breaths hissing in and out of the, for the moment, fully-opened valves. Satisfied, I noted that now only her panic filled eyes and a little flesh around them, plus her strap-divided forehead was

visible.

“Okay!” I said with a smile, “It’s time for your food and water tube. Now, I’ll give you fair warning that this is going to be an extremely uncomfortable process to go through so prepare yourself.”

“Stand straight and tilt your head back as far as you can.”

She shook her head in fear, trying to slide away along the bed and I pressed the buttons that controlled the discipline functions of her crotch and breast equipment, giving her a medium strength set of shocks to enforce my command. Under the tightly clamped mask her mouth tried to open in a fully-fledged scream, but was kept firmly closed. Only her suddenly widening then clenched-shut eyes betrayed her reaction, then torrents of tears of distress sprang from their corners while her mitted and isolated hands flailed at her crotch and breast cups. She shook herself wildly, trying to escape the needling and drilling pulses of energy, then fainted into my arms, the gasping pants of her ragged breathing hissing into and out of the mask’s air ports.

I slipped my hands under her harnessed back, then picked her up again and held her until she regained awareness. As soon as her eyes fluttered open and she was able to stand on her own again, I unscrewed the cap over her mouth. A second later I’d removed the stomach tube its plastic bag, then lubricated it with a neutral tasting and very slick gel. Just before I began inserting it, her eyes fluttered with a last desperate pleading, then she stared mesmerised at the approaching snake of the tube, jaws working under the mask in an attempt to bite down and forbid its entry into her body. She couldn’t manage that of course, thanks to the rigid pipe between her teeth, but surged wildly, legs kicking frantically against their short hobble chains and hands jerking against ***their*** chains when the rounded end slipped into the opening.

The first five cm section of insertion was easy, but then, the tube began to press lightly and insistently against the back of her throat. She bucked and twisted frenziedly, automatically retching when it began to enter then descend her oesophagus. The flexible hose was designed specifically for this purpose, and once past the bend at the back of her throat, was relatively easy to force into her protesting and writhing body. She actually assisted the procedure by automatically attempting to swallow and I watched the muscles

in her throat contract and relax under the secure band of her steel collar, swelling against its constricting control while the tube slipped ever deeper into her body. At last, she quieted somewhat while I continued to gently insert it, then the threaded fitting on the outer end came to the front of the mask and I screwed it firmly onto its mount. I inspected her mask and face again to ensure that all was properly emplaced and locked, then completed the final tightening of the cap so that it was flush with the front.

Christine had been fitted with the next piece of her Control Uniform and soon she'd also have to accept other semi-permanent additions: an electrified enema tube, and an internal, semi-permanent urinary catheter. This was only the half-way point, I estimated, of her total dressing in her 'Uniform' and its associated training. She had a long way to go yet before reaching the stage she'd requested to be the star upon.

Chapter Twelve

A Litany of Submission and Slavery

Christine

The mask and its intrusions into my head were ***horrible!***

I felt as though my head was completely filled with metal and rubber, and no matter ***what*** I did, I couldn't escape from the pervasive captivity. The worst part though was when he fitted me with the stomach tube. I thought that I was going to die when it slid into my throat, making me retch and try to howl against the insidious intrusion.

At last he seemed satisfied though, and held me up beside the bed, still silently weeping while I tried desperately to get used to the horrid facial and internal mouth bondage. Under the tightly clamped and sealed mask, I could feel all the rings and the posts pulling my tongue against the gag-pad, and at the corners of my lips the thick wires had drawn them into a partial grimace and ***still*** placed tension on the ring underneath. It was awful! He spoke a moment later while I tried to take deep, shuddering breaths, desperately attempting to calm myself.

"Well, there you are!" he smiled. "Lets try an experiment shall we?"

I tried to shake my head when he suggested this, but the attempt was of no use and there was no way to avoid what he planned for me, or to object.

"I think I'll start off with a little breath restriction," he mused, "Just enough to prevent you from doing anything strenuous. It'll teach you some self-control. If you try to breathe too deeply, or too fast, the mask valves will automatically close, then re-open a couple of seconds later to let you try again." He looked at me inquiringly.

I stared at him like a captive goat stares at the approaching, hungry lion, scared absolutely silly of what was coming, and tried to shake my head. It was no use! He'd already acted and I suddenly found myself struggling to

inhale! The air flowed into my lungs smoothly enough, but there just wasn't ***enough*** of it!! I panicked and tried to jerk my hands to my face to tear away the awful sucking monster attached, no, ***locked*** to it and stuck down my throat, but my shortened wrist chains held them firmly affixed to my waist. Even if my hands ***had*** been free enough to touch my face, with them locked inside the Isolator Mitts, there was no possible way to even touch my face mask. I tried to gasp and scream with the overwhelming horror of my situation, but the mask shut everything off! A couple of seconds later I tried a slow breath and once more felt the blessed air flowing.

Then, with a horrible, vibrating writhing, my vaginal plug began to assault my reeling senses and I again tried to shriek out my shock, terror and discomfort. ***Again*** the mask's valves closed down and left me without air. I couldn't ***stand*** it! Unthinkingly, I screamed and screamed into the gag-pad, emptying my lungs through the exhaust valves until, starved of air, I spun down into unconsciousness and blackness enfolded my panic-flooded brain. When I came back to awareness a couple of minutes later, I found that I was able to breathe again without any restriction, but still, I just lay quietly on the bed, recovering my senses. He stared down into my face and I wanted to tell him of how scared and helpless I felt, but I was unable to do anything to indicate it.

"Okay, Christine," he said quietly, "I suppose that I should have left you with more air-flow for your first experience, but I hope you've learned that you'll have to be careful how you breathe from now on. I've adjusted the settings, so you'll know that your breathing is still regulated, but it's nowhere near as severe as what you've just experienced."

I nodded at him, still terrified of this newest restriction to my freedom, then he spoke again.

"Time for you to go to bed, my dear. Now, I'll help you stand, then we'll go into your room and get you strapped down for the night."

As usual, there was no way to avoid what he next planned and so I stood reluctantly then followed him into my stark, black, small bedroom/cell. In very brief moments I had been sealed into my bed and all the hoses and wires had been connected to my bondage 'Uniform'. He slipped a thick, tight,

rubber half-helmet over my head, completing its encasement and thus locking everything beneath firmly in place.

“Christine,” his voice whispered in my ears, “after I finish speaking, I’ll turn off your hearing and you’ll begin receiving your ‘conditioning’ instructions. Pleasant dreams, Little One.”

My loss of hearing was sudden and absolute. There was just ***nothing*** there. I writhed and jerked against the chains and straps holding me on the bed, but heard no rattling or creaking of harnesses, or anything else. Inside the mask and helmet I couldn’t stop the choked-off pleas for release that tried to work themselves past the horrid thing locked into my mouth and onto my tongue, but I wasn’t to be left alone in the silent black void that my life had suddenly become, for slowly and very faintly, my Master’s voice began to speak to me. I strained desperately to make out the words for they were my only point of reference in the bottomless void.

“Christine? What are you?” it asked, gaining slightly in strength with each word. The answers came back, in ***my*** voice!

“I am a slave girl, Master.”

“Who’s slave are you?”

“I am your slave girl, Master.”

“Why are you my slave?”

“Because it pleases you to accept me, Master.”

“How do I dress you, slave girl?”

“In what ever manner and style that you decree I must wear, Master. You are the source of the food I must eat. My Master is the font of the water I crave.

“My Master provides the roof over my head and the walls that imprison my love for him.

“My Master is the source of the clothing and the disciplining and control

equipment that covers and penetrates my head, my face, and my body.

"My Master corrects me and controls its application when I am required to be punished.

"My Master is my Owner and ensures the security of the chains which keep me safe and under his control. He owns my body, and my soul.

"I freely submit it to him to use and adorn me as he wishes.

"My wrists and ankles willingly bear his steel cuffs, as a sign of my submission to him and I am kept chained so that I shall be constantly aware of my bondage.

"My throat is encased in his collar, so that the world will see by it, that I am subject to his Ownership.

"My nose belongs to my Master and he has caused it to be pierced and ringed so that I am forever aware that ***all*** *parts of me belong to him.*

"My tongue is pierced and ringed to ensure that I am reminded by my very speech, of my subservience and his control.

"My ears are my Master's property, and have been pierced, ringed, and plugged to ensure that I hear only what my Master requires that I hear.

"My breasts are pierced and ringed that my Master may leash and control me by them.

"My clitoris and my labia are pierced and ringed for my Master's use and discipline.

"I wear my Master's Chastity Belt and all of it's accessories, for He has decreed that I shall be so equipped. It controls my very womanhood and femaleness.

"I wear the special breast harness willingly, for I must accept its confinement, control and discipline of these badges of my womanhood.

“My body gives milk for my Master at his command.

“I willingly submit to his gagging of my mouth. My Master controls my voice and my ability to speak.

“My Master controls the air that I need. I breath and exist at his sufferance.

“I accept and endure my Master’s discipline in all it’s terrible and varied forms.

“My Master permits me to follow my wishes and desires, to be constantly under his loving care and utter control.

“I am happy to be my Master’s Property.

“I am a Slave Girl.”

The voice slowly faded out, and for long moments I was left in the soundless vacuum of my imprisonment in the bed, but then, it slowly began to seep into my plugged and vulnerable ears again and I couldn’t stop the litany of submission that echoed through my mind. I shook my head what little I could to escape the phrases, but they ***wouldn’t*** stop repeating! Eventually I drifted off to sleep while the voice faded into a low background of white noise, never ceasing.

The next morning, I awoke to the music of a military march that kept increasing in volume until I thought I’d go completely mad with the crashing of drums and cymbals. My head and eyes were, of course, still covered by the tight black rubber of the half-helmet, and I would see nothing until my Master removed it from me. I ***had*** to lay and suffer the throbbing music to its end, and when it finally did fade out, it was replaced by the whispering litany of ownership I had gone to sleep with. Thank God it only repeated a couple of times, then seemed to fade out, only to leave me questing desperately for some sound, ***any*** sound in the black nothingness.

He entered my cell, although I could hear nothing of it. The first clue I had of not being abandoned was when he stripped off my helmet and I blinked rapidly, trying to accustom my eyes to the very low light, happy to be freed

of the thing and the inner pads that had covered and sealed all light from them. His mouth moved and he grinned down at me while I lay there in my thick black rubber cocoon, staring pleadingly up at him. There was a soft click in my ears.

“Good morning to you, Slave Christine,” he rumbled at me. “I suppose I’d better get you out of the bed and take you in for your morning wash and preparation for the day, hmm?”

I tried to nod at him and felt the snug collar seem to clamp itself tighter around my throat. In short seconds, he had me completely free of the bed bondage, then I stood quietly beside it while he removed my Controller Cups and the crotch-piece of the Chastity Belt. It felt absolutely marvellous to be freed of the confining and punitive devices, and I desperately wanted him to remove my Air-Mask too, but it was left tightly fastened, as it would be for the next interminable months. I gestured towards my face with my still glove/mitt encased hands.

“No,” he said sternly, “Both the mask and your special mitts stay on. As I said last night, you’ll be in them for some time to come. Perhaps I’ll never take them off, and you’ll just have to live as a silenced and disciplined slave for the rest of your life.”

Surely, I thought with sudden horror, he ***must*** be joking! I knew that without a doubt I would go totally crazy, confined and controlled like that. I bent my head and shook it slowly in horrified realization that he ***could*** do exactly that, if he felt like it and tears of self-pity trickled down my cheeks when these thoughts were driven home. He pulled me into the bathroom then secured me within the tub enclosure and the next fifteen minutes were spent washing me down and preparing me for the day, with one notable exception. I wasn’t permitted to use the toilet.

He left me fastened short-chained to a wall ring with a six inch set of links from the back of my collar, and went into the bedroom.

“I’ll be back in a minute,” he called walking out the door, “I’m just going to get your catheters ready on the crotch-piece.”

I stared fearfully at his retreating back, then all sound was once more obliterated and I sagged against the wall, very intensely feeling the limitation of the short chain jerk at the back of my collar. My entubed arms and useless hands hung at my sides while I waited for him to return, and in frustration, I struggled again to escape their controlling compression. Of course I could hear nothing when I did, and even my slow and measured breathing under the sucking mask couldn't be heard.

He returned a couple of minutes later, carefully holding my crotch-piece in his hands. I stared at it with renewed fear and loathing. It had sprouted ***another***, even more personal penetrator for my body, and the butt-plug looked substantially more formidable than what I'd seen before. What was he going to do to me ***next***!?

Chapter Thirteen

The Crotch-Piece and Special Lenses

John

She quailed away from me when I returned to the bathroom, straining against her short chain to escape what was coming. I turned her hearing on, for the moment.

“This, Christine,” I stated, holding up the crotch-plate with it’s newest additions, “is what you’ll wear from now on, particularly while you’re fitted with your Air/Feeding Mask. It has a urinary catheter as you can see and ***I’ll*** control your bladder from now on. The butt-plug is new too; in that it will penetrate you more deeply and seal firmly into place, in addition to having all the talents of your previous ones. In other words, slave girl, it can shock you, vibrate quite fiercely, writhe, extend, expand, and too, will be used to give you daily enemas. It operates sort of like a colostomy set-up, in that your ability to have bowel movements is now strictly controlled.”

She shook her head hysterically at this news of the ever more intimate controls, surging against her short chain leash with a rattle, raising her mitted hands to the lengths of ***their*** short chains to try and protest against being fitted with the device.

“Enough, female!” I growled and she slowly slumped against the wall in tearful resignation. “Spread your legs and we’ll get this stuff into you and locked down.”

She straightened silently, then held her mitted hands out, pleading silently while she looked up into my face, shaking her head from side to side. I gestured to her still-together legs and she slumped again, as much as her harnessing allowed, then slowly spread them; her Reminder Chains swinging in glittering loops of confinement. I had to kneel before her on the floor to emplace the urinary catheter, and once this delicate job had been done, eliciting shivers and trembles of discomfort, together with whistling gasps of air from her mask, I slowly threaded the flexible tube up into her body, then

gradually introduced her vaginal dildo. The long, gleaming black shaft slid quite easily into her already wet pussy and once well started, I made her turn half-way ‘round and began forcing the huge, lubricated butt-plug into her behind. She bent over as far as her short leash permitted, then wriggled her hips while it too slid slowly into her, working to accept the intruder as best she could.

At last, all were well-seated and I slowly pressed the entire punishing assembly into position. With barely audible clicks, the internal latches for the rings in her clit and vaginal lips snapped closed and she straightened with sudden gasps of discomfort while they tightened mercilessly on her tender, vulnerably sensitive flesh. A few seconds later the removable portion of the through-the-crotch band was once more locked firmly onto her Chastity Belt with the ankle-length Inhibitor Bar sticking obscenely and potently down between her legs. I quickly connected her hobbles to its tip-ring, then clipped her house leash to it as well. Last came her six inch, ankle-strap, high heels, and she stood regally before me. I rose to stand in front of her.

“From now on, Christine, ***this*** is all that you’ll be permitted to wear while you’re in the house, no matter if there are guests present or not. Now, before we have breakfast, and you will receive it, my dear, I’m going to alleviate your needs. Hold still while I connect these hoses.”

She stood tensely while I released her wall chain, then with a hand on her strap-ensnared shoulders I turned her part way around and had her stand near the bidet. It took a moment to connect the enema hoses and the drains for her catheters to the back part of the crotch-cover-plate and she remained passive while I completed the process. When I started the flow of water into her bowels though, the visible flesh of her face coloured a deep red of embarrassment and she tried to turn away in shivering humiliation while the warm and soapy solution gurgled up into her bowel. In a moment she began to shake and quiver while the pressure inside built, and at that point I turned off the water, then let her writhe in silenced discomfort until I opened the exhaust hose valve two minutes later.

I repeated the process until the fluid was clear and untainted, then opened the valve that controlled her bladder and finally permitted her to relieve herself. She was ready for the day and would not need further attention for some

hours. The hoses to her crotch were easily disconnected, the openings capped, and I took her down for her morning meal, such as it was to be.

Once in the kitchen, I had her perch on her stool while I prepared both of our breakfasts. Mine was the usual Spanish omelette with a side of bacon, some toast and coffee, and she stared longingly at it when the delicious smells seeped into her mask. Her meal was something yet again; consisting of a thick slurry of ground raw vegetables, crushed wheat and grains and meat stock laced with vitamins, minerals. Other dietary supplements required to keep her in good health were included and I'd mixed the whole thing into a digestible, but not very appealing looking thick soup.

Her food pump was mounted high in one of the cupboards and I opened the door then drew out its long, chromed hoses. Next, the container with her breakfast mixture (and what would be her lunch and supper also) went into the receiving bay of the pump, and an equal-sized container of milk into the one mounted beside it. The mixture was designed to cut down on the solid waste she'd generate as a consequence of the normal digestive process, and soon her enemas would hardly be needed, although I'd require her to submit to them regardless of need or not. They too would reinforce to her how much control she was under. I uncoiled the hose and walked over, holding its gleaming fitting in my hand.

"Stand up," I ordered gently. "Now, hold still while I connect your feeding hose."

Another flush of humiliated embarrassment covered her visible flesh and she hesitantly pulled her mitted hands and arms in futility against their shortened chains. I towered over her diminutive, harnessed form, and she looked silenced and submissively upwards into my eyes while I unscrewed the cap on the front of the Mask. Her breath hissed quietly into and out of the valves while I connected the hose, then she began to pant erratically when I reached down and joined her wrists to the front of her 'Belt. The hose connected to her face swung slowly from side to side. I went behind and connected another short chain to the back of her collar then moved her over to stand against the wall where she stood looking at me with a terribly intense stare with the silvery hose looping to her mask-concealed mouth. I locked her close to the high wall-ring then moved back to the table to eat my own breakfast.

She would soon to learn to accept her feeding sedately and to ensure that she did, I turned down the volume of air she was permitted to breathe, then started the feeding pump. Her ear-plugs had been set to recognize only my voice and so filtered out even the quiet pulsating hum of the pump's motor. I began eating my delicious meal, watching her closely to see how she was affected by the mechanical feeding procedure. At first, nothing happened while the thick food slurry was pushed along the hose to her mask, then passed through her gag and down her throat, into her stomach. She blanched and closed her eyes, shuddering convulsively against her short wall leash when she felt the first surges of the warm slurry being forced into her body, but couldn't stop or avoid being fed by the machine. Her eyes opened slowly and she stared soulfully at me, submission to her fate writ large once more.

Small breaths hissed out of the exhaust valves of her mask and I heard the distinct snap of the intake valves closing when she tried to breathe too deeply. She shook her head in a frenzy, frantically attempting to get more air, then with gradual acceptance, relaxed what little she could, and began to take slow and measured breaths. Realizing that the process was unstoppable, she leant resignedly back and closed her eyes while the pump slowly filled her stomach with the first of her daily meals. This newest restriction and control was, I suppose, too much for her to accept all at once, and more slow tears trickled down over her rubber-masked cheeks. Some moments later she opened them again and stared at me with another of those disconcerting looks.

"You, my dear," I grinned up at her, "won't have to worry about dieting anymore. I've had a nutritionist make up a special one for you and I guarantee that you won't ever have to concern yourself about it again."

She nodded silently while the pump continued to feed her, making the silvery hoses pulse slowly like great eels attached to her face. When the pump stopped its quiet humming I got up from the table, my meal also completed. The hose disconnected quickly, then I screwed the cap back onto the front of her mask. It was short work to clean it and receptacles for her food and milk, and I rapidly completed the process then turned back to her.

"How about an excursion outside to the garden Christine?" I asked, wanting to get her out again, subject to the newest controls. Too, there was the matter

of controlling her ability to see, and I had plans for ***that*** also today.

She shook her head instinctually when I walked towards her then, like a frightened deer, tried to shrink from me when I unlocked her wall leash, knowing that somehow, she was soon to be become even ***more*** subjugated.

“I suppose we’d better get you to your morning milking session first though,” I said to myself and picked up her leash.

She tugged her useless, enclosed hands against their restraints, then followed me from the kitchen to her milking chamber, unable to resist the demand of the intimately connected chain leash arrangement. Short moments later she swung in isolation inside her specialized milking chamber, twitching and jumping against the springy leashes centring her there while her breasts were palpitated and suckled by the unceasing, demanding milking machine. Inside the helmet, her new mask had been integrated with the air supply fittings already in place. Her chained legs thrashed and trembled against the ‘Bar between them when the milking process, combined with the electrical stimulations being applied, overwhelmed her crumbled defences. In moments she was once more in the throes of multiple, masochistic orgasms; wailing out her submission and slavery within the confining helmet and mask. This was ***her*** world now. Only a few people outside the house knew she existed, and they would not help her to escape the fate she had so assiduously sought.

She was my slave and wife.

Christine

It was ***awful!*** Over the following weeks I became accustomed to the process, but I desperately wanted to taste what it was I was fed. It was only the beginning of what turned out to be the first of many six month periods of incarceration within the awful thing; although I had no idea it would be that long. Over the coming years, I would spend many many months confined in the incredible device. Nourishment went directly into my stomach and after the requisite number of hours, what my body didn’t accept was taken from me by the enemas and mandatory wash-outs. ***These*** were always extremely humiliating and I absolutely hated the fact that I could only relieve myself on command. It was the ultimate degradation and control ... I thought.

When he first fitted me with the catheters I thought I was going to die of embarrassment and discomfort, but eventually I also got used to having the things stuck inside me, and nobody would know anyway, I realised. Now, my every orifice was plugged and monitored in some manner or another, fully controlling everything I did, but it ***wasn't*** quite everything, as I was soon to find out.

Three weeks after fitting me with the newest crotch-piece, my Master spoke to me just before putting on the half helmet I now was required to be confined in every night.

"Christine, tomorrow we're going down to the Clinic again. It's time you had your vision checked and controlled too. You're going to be fitted with a pair of very specialized contact lenses. They're the newest gas-permeable type, and can be worn on a long term basis for anywhere up to five years. Mike will fit them to you tomorrow."

I shivered convulsively under the thick rubber of my imprisoning sheet, deep in the blindness and silence that entombed me every night, when he told me of this next addition, so soon following the others. The pace of my imprisonment and control was picking up speed with a vengeance.

"Good night, Christine," his disembodied voice whispered into my ears, then all sound cut off and the phrases of my Litany Of Submission began to softly assault my brain. By now, of course, I knew it off by heart, and it governed my every waking move, and almost all of my thoughts.

The next day I was taken into the outer world in my usual concealing clothing, for the first time, fully masked and gagged in public. He'd indicated he was going to do it just after I'd been fitted with the restrictive and sucking thing, but I wasn't psychologically prepared to have it done immediately! We got to The Clinic early in the day and so I didn't have to worry about being seen by any casual passer's-by or others in the elevator. When we entered the office, both Doris and the Mike were waiting for us.

"'Morning, Mike! Doris," he greeted them.

"Yh* k)(kl"ip wo*k%k@@m too kj"}{Pfj thkl&p#!~," was all I heard.

“Mike I’m here to have Christine fitted with those new contact lenses and to get her control systems up-dated.”

“Ko&p)p?:*r t, me bnk!2l*mf mm> <porkw wo*7n@f% qpi tkh rtljp,” the Doctor said, I think.

“Let me remove your cape, Christine,” my Master said and I turned slightly while he undid all its buttons, then stepped from it with an unheard by me, jingling of my Reminder and hobble chains. Stupidly, I felt my face flush scarlet with embarrassment when Doris inspected my fully revealed bondage Uniform and restraining chains, for she’d seen it all before, but having someone else see me wearing the restraints still humiliated me. I kept my head lowered as much as my harnessing would permit, and shuddered when my Master tugged on the leash leading to the tip of the long Inhibitor Bar between my ankles. It’s total and intimate control was blatantly obvious. I still wore the long and opaque facial veil that concealed all but my eyes and forehead, and stood reluctantly still while he removed it too, revealing my mask and flaming face above it, adorned with all the brightly chromed, so-called jewellery and chains.

(“Who’d ever guess!”) the Doctor said, although all I heard was a meaningless string of separated noises. (“Okay. Lets get her into the operating theatre and get those contacts fitted. It’ll only take a couple of minutes. We’ll keep a check on the installation for the next week to ten days and if there’s no complications in that time then they’re on her for the next two years at a minimum, okay?”)

“Sounds good to me!” my Master said enthusiastically, jerking on the chain to my ‘Bar. I was pulled into motion and automatically struggled against my leash when I was dragged from the room. Doris looked on with fascination at how easily I was controlled.

(“I see that she still likes to fight her bondage, hmmm?”) the Doctor asked.

“Oh yeah,” my Master responded. “She’s by no means a beaten-down slave girl, although at times she’d like us all to believe that she’s terribly treated and put upon!”

"Damn it!" I thought to myself as I continued to try and resist what he was going to have done to me next, *"I **am** put upon and treated terribly!!"* Even if it was at my own request and insistence, I still wanted, now even more desperately, to escape the pervasive control that my body, mind and life were subjected to twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year. But it was funny: I couldn't even remember what it felt like to be free of chains and restrictions! They had become an accepted fact of my life and seemed to have always been there.

Inside the small Operating Room, I was drawn over to the chair, then gently scooped up by my Master and placed in it. A moment later Doris bustled in, then efficiently strapped me down. Suddenly I could hear and understand them all.

"Okay, Christine," the Doctor said soothingly when he stared intently down into my masked face and staring eyes, "all we're going to do here is fit you with some special contact lenses. They won't hurt and, if anything, will protect and enhance your vision; when you're permitted to see at all of course!"

"That's right," my Master chimed in from the side, "These contacts are fully controllable from the remote unit. Your vision will be fully controlled and limited to whatever setting is placed in it. This is just the next step in your equipment additions. Now, I want you to let Mike put the lenses in, then we'll be off on our appointed rounds," he said with an evil chuckle.

Under my mask I tried to beg for them not to do this. It was the last freedom I had left, I thought! There was no resistance permitted though, and a long series of disciplinary electrical pulses transfixed my breasts and crotch while I struggled against the tight straps holding me to the chair. At the back of my head I felt the bell chiming out my slavery while I struggled, but the Doctor clipped a thick strap to the swivel ring at the top and tightened it until my head was immobilized in the deeply-cushioned rest.

"Now I want you to open your eyes very widely, my dear," the Doctor instructed, "and hold quite still while I put these in."

He held a shallow tray in his hand in which two, large, full-eye-covering,

floppy, greyish coloured, concave, lenses seemed to float; almost invisible in the saline solution. Again I tried to wail out my denial from within the cloying mask, then clenched my eyes shut, hoping to deny him access to them! It was no use.

“Now, now, now!” he said patiently, “these aren’t going to hurt you. Certainly they’ll take a moment or two to get accustomed to, but you’ll soon forget they’re there. Now, we can do this the hard way if you wish; and I assure you that you won’t like ***that*** one little bit; or you can help us out and not fight against being fitted with your lenses. Which is it to be?”

I opened my eyes slowly and blinked up at him in mute acceptance of the easier of his options.

“Very good.”

He smiled down and picked up the first lens in his rubber-gloved hands then moved it slowly over to my face. It ***was*** uncomfortable when he slipped the smoothly tapered edge under my lower lid against my eye, and I tried not to blink while it slipped deeper and deeper around the curvature. The nurse lifted my upper lid away and he deftly bent it, slipped the top portion into place and my eyelid was released. I blinked a couple of times, trying to accustom myself to the feeling of wearing it and my eye teared when it slipped into its ultimate positioning, now securely held in place now by my upper and lower eye lids. They fitted the second lens just as quickly and easily and now, even if I opened my eyes as widely as I could, the edges of the special, soft lenses would still curve far back over my eye balls, kept in place by both the lids themselves and the surface tension of the tears that lubricated them. I ***couldn’t*** remove my new lenses without some sort of assistance, and in effect, they’d become permanent additions.

“Well that wasn’t too bad now was it?” the Doctor said me with a smile.

I shook my head in agreement, staring up at his fuzzy image through the gray haze that had occluded my vision as soon as I’d been fitted with the contacts.

A soft click sounded in my ears.

“O~@!k*m&e wo@jn$n$t lijh, glo()k}{oiSA!” the Doctor’s mouth moved and again I was rendered dumb to the conversation.

“Yeah, I guess that she’ll take a little while to get used to them and what they’ll do to her sight,” My Master said while releasing me from the straps of the chair, then helping me to stand.

“Christine,” he said with an evil chuckle lurking in his voice, “let’s do a little experimentation here.”

By now I didn’t try to protest against anything he planned, for my speech inhibitor had been turned on and I knew I’d receive a set of disciplinary shocks, even though I was fully and completely gagged. He grasped my ‘Bar leash and turned me to face him and the Doctor, holding my remote control in his other hand. I stared at it fearfully when he flipped up the cover and his fingers began to dance across the small keypad.

While I watched, my vision suddenly began to change! It seemed as though I was falling into a deep well, for the only thing I could see was a circle of slowly decreasing diameter, until with a snap, everything went totally black! I heard a soft click, then nothing more when all sounds were sucked into the special plugs locked into my ears, and eliminated! With a strangled scream under my mask, surging my tongue against its painful fastenings, I began jerking my hands, clawing my fingers within their mitts, praying I wouldn’t be left in the horrible nothingness. Then, to my increasing horror the mask’s valves closed until I was permitted only a trickle of air! I swayed in terror-filled panic, almost passing out while desperately attempting to regulate my breathing pattern. He hadn’t even started though!

My sex and breasts began to receive tremulous little trickles of teasing electricity, making the sensitive flesh curdle and twitch spasmodically. I could not stop my frantic writhing, attempts to escape the painful sensations. Then, the vibrators buzzed into action and I trembled like a plucked string from their effects on my body, struggling in near hysteria to escape my soundless, black, imprisonment, but it was no use! The assaults on my body kept on and on, intensifying dramatically until sundering screams of overwhelming sensory overload echoed through my mind, reinforcing the message that I was deafened, blinded, bound, incapable of protest; leashed to

my Master, his utter slave. There was no escape, and no hope of it being granted either.

I don’t know how long I was kept in the soundless, black nothingness. My only permitted source of reference to the outside world were the forced stimulations, and I ***had*** to focus on what was being done to my body. Wave upon wave of intense sensation coiled through my body and mind, slowly driving me to an intense, all consuming orgasm.

What was to become of me?

Chapter Fourteen

Leashed and Left

John

She stood there, shaking and dancing silently in her blindness, the lenses over her staring eyes a brightly gleaming silver and it was certainly a strange contrast to her surrounding, olive-complexioned skin. She was totally incapable of preventing her reactions to the teasing and occasionally torturous sensations. I held her on a short leash, watching the workings of her jaw muscles beneath the thick rubber mask and listening to the whistling of her restricted, measured breathing. Every couple of seconds the air valves snapped closed when she unthinkingly tried to suck more air into her lungs. It was obvious that she wanted to gain enough breath to try and scream for release from the inescapable imprisonment within her own body, but now, as never before, there wasn't the faintest hope of her ever being able to escape for her very femaleness and femininity acted to imprison and discipline, making her constantly more conscious of herself as a prisoner.

I relented in my testing of her equipment, after a couple of minutes, and touched the control pad, returning her sight. The contact lenses were made of a very soft and flexible form of the same material in her helmet's face-plate and the masks she wore during school and exercise, and as easily controlled for opaqueness, aperture size, focus (or lack of it), and the colour in which she would be permitted to view the world. Naturally, ***she*** had no say whatsoever as to the amount, or type of vision she'd be permitted.

The silvery orbs gradually cleared of their colouring, and inside them, above the tight rubber of the mask, her fear-dilated eyes stared silently and pleadingly out at the two of us. I turned on her hearing, but only to the point that she could understand what ***I*** said, all other conversation and sounds being turned into auditory garbage.

"Okay, Christine," I said quietly, pulling her to me by her waist leash then holding her trembling and gasping body comfortingly, "time to get back into your regular schedule. Hold still while I help you into your cape and veil."

With a sharp tug, I drew her to the wall, locked the end of her leash to a convenient ring, then went to get her coverings. Mike came out of the operating room with me, leaving her fastened and alone.

“Oh,” he said smugly, “as an added security feature of the lenses, I should tell you that if you’re separated by more than ten feet from her, they’ll instantly go black. She’s totally dependant on you for sight at all times. The lenses work just like the ear-plugs in that way too. You can set any distance you want for the automatic blinding and deafening effect.”

“Mike,” I grinned at his happily smiling face, “you are one evil bastard, aren’t you?”

“Oh, that’s me all right! I forgot to tell you about that feature when you ordered them. Also, you have to manually clear the vision and hearing loss as an added safety and control feature; ***and*** to do that, you have to use a password. Not just anyone can release her. So, she’s totally yours.”

“That’s a marvellous innovation Mike, and I like it a ***lot!***” I said enthusiastically, picking up Christine’s thick cape and veils and carrying them back to the operating room.

“Yes! I sort of thought so to. Well, listen old chap, must dash! Got some regular-type patients coming in for the usual boring routine, so I’ll see you later.” He waved and walked back into his office.

When I re-entered the room, Christine was standing, leaning back against the thrumming taut chain to her waist. I knew that she’d taken this posture because there was no other source of directional reference for her to go by. Without sight or hearing, she was trying to keep herself in touch with the world she was now so thoroughly isolated from, in the only manner available to her. For a moment I stood silently and watched while she struggled against her totally encompassing bondage. Now, not only was she physically restrained, but also held prisoner by her lack of being able to sense anything of the world around her, able only to sense her place in it by fighting her restraints. It was a diabolical situation and must have been incredibly frightening for her to be held captive in such a manner.

Christine surged against the implacable links to her waist, then tried to bend forward, only to have the Inhibitor Bar swing out behind and snap her ankle hobble chains tight, stopping her half way bent over. The harness arrangement from her bra to her collar began to slowly choke off her breath, what little the mask permitted her. She swung her pinioned body from side to side, fighting her tether like a fish on a line, jerking against the chain with a vigour that surprised me. Her silenced struggling continued without stop and I delightedly contemplated the sight of her so helpless and imprisoned. Eventually, she slowly ceased her fruitless fighting and resumed her erect posture, shoulders shivering with electronically and physically suppressed sobs of despair, yet still twisting continually in attempts free herself from the uncomfortable harness and Control Uniform.

I flicked on her hearing and vision.

“Okay Slave Girl, calm down,” I soothed while she looked to me through tear-filled eyes. “What you’re experiencing is ***another*** aspect of the control that you’re going to be kept under from now on. If I go beyond a certain distance, you’ll automatically be rendered blind and deaf by your newest equipment; and you’ll stay that way until I manually release you. As you no doubt realize, this set-up is ***also*** tied in with your proximity alarms and discipline equipment. You’ll be punished, perhaps quite severely, for exceeding your allotted freedom, despite the fact that it’ll be no fault of yours for getting beyond those limits. Unless I cancel the programs, they’ll remain always in effect from now on, and so you’ll be blinded, deafened, electronically-gagged, then given disciplinary shocks to your breasts, clitoris and vagina. Neat arrangement, isn’t it?”

She stared up at me when I approached, jerking her mitted hands at their fastenings while she tried to convey her desire for release.

“Hold still while I put on your veil and cape,” I commanded gently, moving closer and holding up her facial concealment.

She nodded resignedly and lifted her chin when I brought the covering up. On the wire-formed upper edge, on the inner side, just a little under the edge of the thin but opaque material, there was a line of small hooks that clipped into hidden receptacles on the front of her mask; placed there to prevent the

veil from slipping down and revealing it. I carefully fastened the thin, rippling leather in place, hiding the mask under its innocent covering, then picked up her cape and draped it over her shoulders. It was short work to fasten it, then release her leash and thread the chain through the slot at her waist. Her entire bondage and control 'Uniform', other than the tether was once more concealed from the rest of the world.

Before leaving, I adjusted her vision so that she could only see a dim, reddish light, but permitted her no ability to focus on anything that was more than a foot away from her eyes. Next, I adjusted her air-flow so that she had slightly more freedom to breathe deeply. Her hearing was left as it was, but reduced to the point that she was able only to faintly hear my voice. All other sounds were obliterated.

"We're going for a walk after we get to the street. It's cool enough that no one will look twice at your clothing," I said, giving a tug on her leash and starting for the door.

She followed on the end of her chain with reluctant obedience, but hung back fearfully when I opened the door. Realizing that her tether was fully visible to anyone who happened by, she hastily moved close to me and followed me into the corridor. I ***knew*** it was frightening and embarrassing for her, but she had to learn that she had ***no*** say in matters and could be made to do anything I felt she should. At the elevator bank, she stood next to me shivering nervously beneath the cape. When we got into the car she moved into the rear corner and turned her back to the doors when other folks got in and out while we descended to ground level. I stepped out with the crowd, making her spin to follow me with the jerk on her leash and she followed hastily, her chains rattling and clinking distinctly. The two women who had ridden down almost all of the way, and who'd been surreptitiously appraising Christine, turned back with well-honed feminine glances, looking shocked when she strutted out behind me with obviously controlled paces; for I'd let a little slack develop in her leash and its shiny links had become visible.

"That's incredible!" I heard one of them gasp in shock. "She's on a ***leash!***"

"Wow, what a rush ***that*** must be!" I heard the other murmur.

“Are you ***nuts!!***” the other responded to her friends intrigue. Their voices cut off when we walked out the front door of the office tower and onto the bustling sidewalk.

Christine pranced along regally behind me, required to take her mincing steps carefully, and at the same time, trying to keep very close in order to conceal the presence of her tether as best she could. Of course there was no way to get me to slow my pace, and so she had to struggle desperately to keep up. She ***did*** attract a lot of attention for her carriage and jutting breasts under the flowing concealment of the swirling cape almost stopped traffic, as I intended that she should. I knew, while we walked and the cape flowed and billowed around her legs, that people behind us would, with her every step, catch brief glimpses of her flashing, jingling hobble chain, as well as the tip of the Inhibitor Bar swinging between her booted ankles. When we’d stop for a light, or to look in a shop window, her ankle-length outer covering draped over everything and concealed her bondage, but as soon as she started walking again, more tantalizing visions would be revealed. Yes, I savoured the fact that she was totally bound and controlled in public, and yet be unable to protest her fastenings, or reveal them to anyone.

It was quite an ego-inflator.

Christine

Walking down that street in broad daylight, in complete bondage under my Master’s totally encompassing control, was one of the scariest things I’d yet been compelled to do. I struggled desperately to keep up with him while he strolled casually down the crowded sidewalk. He paid scant attention to me while I struggled desperately but unsuccessfully to match my chai-snubbed paces to his, for I had to take two or three hurrying little steps for each of his strides. Hampered by the total lack of sound and with my dimmed-out vision making everything a vague blur, I worried that I’d trip or fall, then be totally embarrassed. The constant, nagging restriction of the hobble chains snapping tight between my ankles and the long ‘Bar was an inescapable, intimate reminder of my subjugated femininity. Slowly, I learned to breathe in the manner that the mask dictated I must. It was completely impossible to make ***any*** kind of protest or noise to indicate my state! Thoughts of intentionally

collapsing and creating a scene to get someone to release me, were just too horrible to contemplate. The embarrassment would be terrible; to say nothing of having to explain to the authorities how I came to be so completely controlled. I might well be injured by the inconceivable movements of the ‘Bar and my internal equipment.

And so I danced along behind him in my chains, praying desperately that he would soon take pity and return to the van. Of course there wasn’t any way for me to tell direction, given the vision restrictions I was kept under, and so I had to stop when he stopped, then move along with him, guided by the constant tension of the chain to my waist. At last we halted in what I seemed a park-like area and he spoke quietly.

“Hold still a moment,” he seemed to whisper from a great distance, and I sensed him bending down before me.

I felt a strong tugging and pulling at my ‘Bar, making the dildo surge deep inside my loins, then he spoke again.

“You’ve been ‘Bar leashed to a railing just in front of you slave girl. Move forward slowly, lean against the top rung and keep facing the way you are now. I’m going to leave you here while I go get the car. You’ll be perfectly safe when I’m gone. There’s no one around and I’ll only be about ten minutes or so, but you ***can’t*** escape the chain, as you know. Hang on a minute.”

My vision cleared, and I found I was staring out across the widest part of the river that meandered through the city. I did as he ordered and felt the top rung of the fence press against my chest, above my pinioned hands, just under my captive breasts. There was a strong tug at my waist when he looped another short chain from my waist around another rung of the railing and locked it too! A cold wind fluttered the skirts of the long cape around my feet, blowing up under it towards my steel-imprisoned nakedness, and a shiver of both fear and cold shook me while I contemplated what he’d just said.

“Okay. You know where you are now. As I said, I’ll be gone for a bit and you’ll be on your own. Just so that you’re not too lonely here, I’ve programmed some ‘entertainment’ and discipline into your Uniform while I’m away. See you shortly.”

I tried to turn to watch him leave, moaning silently that I was scared out of my mind at being abandoned and helpless like this, but was immediately disciplined by shocks through my crotch and milk-filled breasts while he walked away. When he was about five paces distant, both my vision and hearing suddenly disappeared! I shook my head frantically, hoping and praying it would clear again, but only the bouncing against my head of my Possession Bell told me I was really here. The blackness and absolute soundlessness enfolding me was total and my thoughts began to whirl in helpless panic when I thought of how public my isolation was. I was left little time to worry about that though, for a few seconds later, my Control Uniform began to automatically enforce the commands he'd issued to it. As the captive female flesh thing within my pervasive Control Harness, I ***had*** to silently endure the terrible delights it meted out!

At first there were only mild, swirling, pulsing electrical twitches curdling the flesh of my breasts; each spiralling around and around until they approached their apexes, then multiple series of higher level, throbbing shocks were driven directly into and through my straining, out-thrust nipples! Naturally, I tried to scream and shake the confining cups away from my body or somehow shrink my bursting breasts away from their tight, uncomfortable liners, but it was hopeless! Under the cape, my mitted hands and arms jerked frantically against their chains and the resolute locks confining them to my waist. My attempted cries though, ensured that even more powerful disciplining shocks lanced through my clitoris! With the greatest of effort I stifled my screams, biting down hard on my gag, trying to silently endure the erratically pulsing electricity. I craved and prayed for the chance to rip my fingers free of their restrictive mitts and tear the torturing devices from my chest, but it was not to be, despite how desperately and fiercely I struggled. My gag-strangled moans and screams were, of course, both physically and electronically aborted before they really began, but ***then,*** to add even more to the disciplinary functioning of my Uniform, the mask's air intake valves snapped closed! I was left to suck at a veritable wall of nothingness for a minute and all the while the shocks escalated in intensity! Weeping with despair and at the horror of my situation, I howled then began to swoon from the lack of air. Thank God the railing supported my sagging body. Deep in my belly, the monstrous things locked into me began to flex and writhe, extending slowly and inevitably, then gradually sinking back to their already

deep penetration so that soon my hips automatically began a primal, rotational pumping action that I had no control over! My knees and legs twitched and shivered with the sexual tensions that quickly exploded from my primal mind, despite the incredible disciplining I was being forced to undergo.

The vibrators within the dildo's and against my clitoris hummed to life, wringing another mindless wail of arousal from me while I leant against the rail, unashamedly grinding my hips against it and bumping the long 'Bar ***intentionally*** against my booted legs and its tethering chain, just to make it move more, so that I could feel the long dildo shift within me! My feet danced in an uncontrolled cadence of excitement under the concealment of the long skirt and cape, making my Reminder and hobble chains jingle and clatter loudly when I moved. Once more my masochism surfaced and I began to take off on the mixture of pain and pleasure sensations that continually and overwhelmingly assaulted my body and mind. I forgot completely about being abandoned and helplessly alone while I rode the crests of my solitary pleasures, forced by an almost total removal from the outer world to concentrate ***only*** on what I was feeling and the sensations being force-fed to my reeling brain! There was ***nothing*** else for me to fix on, as he intended should be the case. At one point I tried to jerk away from the railing with tensed and mincing little backward steps only to suddenly feel the 'Bar leash and the one from my waist snap tight with authority, prohibiting ***any*** escape.

I don't know how long I was kept like that; jerking writhing, and twisting against my concealed restraints, but suddenly the pleasure of the interlude was interrupted by long skeins of more intense, punishing, electrical shocks, and I again attempted to scream out my pleas for release, only to have the disciplining shocks increase by my attempts. ***This*** was the discipline he'd told me of, and again, I couldn't escape it!

"Oh please, ***God!?*** Please, please, ***help me!"*** I wailed in my mind while I was transfixed over and over. There was no answer. I writhed like a wild animal in absolute blackness and silence, doubly tethered at my lonely railing. If this was an Earthly Hell ... what must the real one be like?!

The mixed disciplining and pleasuring continued without let-up and I whirled into a spiral of screaming sexual tension and arousal until I thought I'd go

absolutely crazy with my situation. It was a terrible interlude, but I finally felt everything taper off, and gasped with shaking shoulders, attempting to regain my breath while I quivered and shook. My vision slowly cleared, and once more I saw the river rolling by in front of me through tear-blurred eyes, then it slowly began to recede when the lenses closed down almost to pin-head size, and everything turned a weird greenish tint.

“Hi there, Slave Girl,” my Master’s voice whispered in my ears.

God! I was so ***glad*** that he had returned for me! I tried to twist against my fastenings and see him, but all that happened was I got dizzy from the sense of the world rushing by my restricted view.

“Stand still for a minute while I release your leashes, then I’ll get you over to the car,” he said confidently. I stood as still as I could manage while he unlocked me, then sagged away from the railing and into his waiting arms. He had to support me while helping me along the path to our waiting vehicle, for my legs trembled too much with reaction when I tried to walk. It was a good thing he held me, or I’d have collapsed right then and there. I desperately wanted to be permitted to speak; to tell him that I just ***had*** to be freed of all the things that controlled me so thoroughly and intimately, but there was no possible way to communicate my distress and raging fear!

While he lifted me into the van and fastened me, I once more contemplated my situation in an agony of terror of what I had done to myself. Even when I’d had the opportunity to escape this self-imposed imprisonment before, I had literally begged him to ***completely*** disregard all of my future requests or pleas for release. He’d solemnly agreed and so I again came to the inescapable conclusion that I was going to be kept like ***this***, in all likelihood for, the remainder of my life! Fresh sobs of hopelessness and despair at my own foolishness shook my strap-ensnared shoulders when he strapped me tightly onto my special seat.

A moment later we were on our way back to the house that had become my prison. When we arrived, without a word of comfort or compassion, he immediately took me to the milking chamber. In a perverse way I was glad that he was near me; personally attending to my needs, despite how uncomfortable I was going to be for the next two hours, again.

“This will just be a milking and pleasure session for you, Christine,” he said quietly. “You’ve already had your daily discipline session and it’s time for a little reward. Enjoy your time in here. I’ll be watching occasionally.”

He clipped on my restraint straps and moments later I was bouncing slowly in mid-air, gasping in blinded silence when my milking began. It was such a relief to feel the demanding fluid being drained from my tender and heavy flesh, and I marvelled that I could create so much milk without even thinking about it happening! I’d been reduced to the very essence of a female mammal; producing milk on demand, unable to stop the process, and desperate to rid myself of it when it filled me.

The humiliating process continued for a long time, and right in the middle, the demons locked into my body once more began their unstoppable, unavoidable program of sexual arousal on my isolated, vulnerable, and controlled mind. I clung desperately to the increasingly strong influx of the sensations, for that’s all there was allowed to me now in my personal universe. He’d been cruel though, in that again and again I was forced to the peak of arousal by the computer program, then ***everything*** stopped, leaving me hanging on to sanity by only my fingernails, gradually cooling down and descending to a quiescent state of angry, helpless frustration. The relentless computer soon started it all again and I was slowly, inexorably forced back along the pathways I’d previously travelled, praying fervently that ***this*** time I’d be allowed the boon of a sexual climax. How many times it was denied, I don’t know, but when it finally happened I was riven into a billion atoms of vibrating female jelly by a titanic series of sexual explosions that tore my mind loose from all its anchors, shredded it, then propelled me into a total, final collapse.

Chapter Fifteen

New Boots

John

Christine surged wildly against her suspension inside the milking cell, all of her limbs thrashing against their sturdy restraints while her body arched, bending back and forth like a demented thing. It was a normal reaction of course. A female normally does not normally experience the strong and inescapable demands of a milking machine, and at the same time, experience the sensations of strong electrical shocks pulsing through her breasts. Her head flung from side to side against the demand of the tight spring connected to the top of her skull, and I watched, fascinated by the rippling of her back and abdominal muscles beneath the wide and compressing restrictions of her bra chest-band and shoulder-ensnaring straps when they responded to the commands of a brain in maddened turmoil. All during the time she climaxed I kept a close eye on her heart-rate, breathing, temperature, and fluid loss; ensuring that she didn't over-stress herself. Christine finally achieved a multiple, full-body release; shuddering into little jerks then finally, utter motionlessness, other than a slow, gasping, steady breathing. Her restraints re-asserted themselves and she was soon drawn out into her normal spread-eagled bondage position within the milking chamber.

I walked to the hatch-type door and unlocked it, then stepped inside. Her flesh ran with rivulets of perspiration and I ensured that she received two pints of water through her feeding/air mask, then clipped the bodily waste and enema hoses to their mounts on the crotch-plate. She shuddered when the warm, soapy washouts were administered and was simultaneously allowed to release her bladder by the computer, then again she subsided into a complete faint. Some moments later I took her down and carried her to my bed, quickly chaining her; laying on her back, still sound asleep.

The security of my wife/slave was my prime concern, always, and I fastened her at the head by a leash that ran from the rear ring of her collar, leading the chain up to the post and swivel at back of her skull, then to the top post, and finally to a ring on the steel bed-frame. At the bottom, another chain led from

the frame to the tip ring of her Inhibitor Bar; while on either side, slightly looser chains connected the side rings of her ‘Belt to others on the bed. Just to ensure that she’d breathe properly I connected the auxiliary oxygen supply to her face mask’s valves with long, corrugated rubber hoses, then watched carefully while the breathing bags, one fastened to the mask just below her chin, and the other at the wall regulator slowly inflated and deflated.

Christine, on a twenty-four hour a day basis, now, was kept totally and permanently under very stringent control. Her sight, hearing, bodily functions, food consumption, and even her ability to breathe were always mine to dictate. Despite her demands that she be treated in this manner; at first thinking, I suppose, that at some point she’d be able to escape or beg her way out of her self-imposed bondage; she had now come to the realization that she’d crossed a Rubicon that could never be re-crossed. Her initial, partial surrender of freedom had inevitably escalated to this situation of total, inescapable control.

I had no intention of freeing her, ***ever***.

She’d adapt eventually, for she desperately and deeply needed her bondage, despite its trials, discomfort, and many times, outright pain.

Once I was satisfied that all was arranged the way it should be, I locked her mitted hands and arms off to the sides so that she’d not be able to interfere with her breathing arrangements, then left her and went to the house office and began working on a particularly thorny programming problem. About halfway through, I leaned back in the chair and began to think about the relationship between my chained slave and I.

“Who is the slave here and who was the Master?” I wondered, when I realized that I was as strictly bound to Christine by her needs, as she was to me by the multiple chains and other means I employed to control her. Each addition I’d required her to accept and endure had acted in the reverse too, in that they made ***me*** ever more responsible for her welfare and security. I wasn’t so much a warden for her imprisonment as a willing acolyte. My God, I was as much in bondage to my lover and slave as she was to me! Certainly, I had all of the freedoms she was now denied, but my life was as much circumscribed by the necessity and responsibility of caring for her, as hers

was by her Uniform, but ***my*** status was a more subtle bondage.

To be truthful though, I enjoyed my restrictions as thoroughly as she appeared to enjoy, and truthfully, now, hate hers. For the most part, I'd do anything to help my love along her chosen path to fulfilment. It was a strange interlude of thought that haunted me for the next hour or so, then I went back to the bedroom to check on her.

When I stuck my head through the door, she was tossing back and forth against the obdurate bed chains, arms and legs pulling spasmodically. I walked into the bedroom, sat down beside her, and turned on her hearing and vision.

"Howdy, Slave!" I grinned down into her luminous green eyes. "You've had quite a day, haven't you?"

Her eyes fluttered in acknowledgment, then again with obvious enquiry.

"Yep," I smiled again, "guess it's time for dinner, hmm?"

She nodded as well as she could. I reached over and disconnected her air lines then quickly freed her of her restraints. A moment later I had her standing beside the bed, leashed of course, then grasped her mitted hand and led her out of the room and down to the kitchen.

I allowed her to perch on her high stool, the long 'Bar protruding down through the slot, short-leashed to the wall behind her while at the counter I completed the necessary tasks, glancing occasionally over at her silent figure, noting that she watched me make the preparations with a longing that could almost be felt. ***Her*** meal consisted of the usual nourishing paste and after heating its container in the micro-wave, I placed both it and the milk in their compartments in the food pump. She turned what little she could and followed my movements while I loaded it, shivering with distaste at her food's unappetising appearance.

"Hold still," I instructed, taking down the long feeding hose and attaching it to the machine. I opened the valve cap on the front of her mask for her stomach tube, and pushed the hose union fitting into place with a solid click.

At first she'd tried to turn her head away and down when I brought it towards her face, but of course could not avoid having it connected. Once it was locked in place, she shook her head experimentally, her eyes following the looping hose, then kept her head lowered as much as she could. Her shoulders again began to shake with humiliated, silenced, and embarrassed sobs, making the looping, chromed snake sway slowly back and forth. She still wasn't accustomed to this method of being fed. Just to ensure that the message of its inevitability was driven home t and that it was supposed to be a pleasurable sensation while it lasted, I turned off her vision and hearing completely, then activated the pleasure producing portions of her Control Program.

For the moment I ignored the preparation of my own dinner and watched her sitting there on her stool, skewered by her dildo and unable to escape her seat when her unavoidable pleasuring began once more. At first only small writhings and twitches betrayed her reactions, then they became stronger and stronger when the tempo picked up. In a moment she was throwing herself against her bondage, shivering while her hands, arms and legs jerked against the links and locks that restricted them. I started the food pump. She could barely feel that she was being fed, most of the sensation being over-ridden by the constant depredations of her vibrators and mild electrical throbbing. The only sounds in the kitchen, for the moment, were those of her restraint and Reminder Chains being flailed about, together with the subdued hissings of her sharply in-drawn breaths through the mask's valves. I watched for a few moments while she struggled, blind and alone in her silent world, then went back to making my own dinner; leaving her to be mechanically fed and entertained. The pump had been programmed to feed her slowly, and so when I sat down to eat my meal, she was about halfway through hers, by now deeply immersed in a sea of sensual arousal and sexual stimulation that would not leave her alone.

Between bites, I looked up to where she perched, still writhing and jerking futilely; deeply skewered on her dildo and Inhibitor Bar. Her eyes snapped open occasionally to fully reveal the brightly silver lenses that covered them, and she'd stare blindly across the room when a particularly arousing sensation was forced through her body and brain. She'd try to lean forward while she twisted, only to have the short chain between the back of her collar

and the wall ring snap tight, then after a moment she'd sit upright again, shuddering from the unending stimulation. I knew that she tried to remain still, but given the sensations she was being forced to accept, she couldn't manage it for very long and soon resumed her attempts to escape them.

Finally, we were both finished and I began cleaning up. My mess was by far the most complicated, for Christine's only involved disconnecting her feeding line, pouring a cup of water into the gag-embedded tube and capping it, then rinsing out the hose. The compartments in the pump also rinsed-out easily and were ready for her next meal in seconds.

I returned her vision and hearing then freed the short collar leash and took her out onto the deck to enjoy the still-warm evening air. Her house leash was exchanged for a ten foot long leading chain; it being connected to the tip of her 'Bar before we went outside. I left her covered only by her Uniform, then for half an hour walked her slowly around the back yard, admiring the work the gardener had done with the flowers and lawn, while she clinked along beside me at the end of her tether. I sensed her desire to return to the protection and sanctuary of the house, but of course, controlled in the manner she was, there was no choice permitted. Finally, I relented, and led her back inside where she once more became a prisoner on her house leash. I pulled her down the corridor and we went to watch TV for a while.

Certainly the electronic leashing arrangement was very secure and virtually inescapable, but I wanted her to also be always aware of the actual physical restriction that a leash engendered, and so she was always doubly tethered.

She leaned back in her specialized new lounger, watching whatever it was I decided was interesting, then, while I dozed, full and happy with my meal and life, a sudden clattering and jingling of flashing chains pulled me from the light sleep. The house computer had signalled Christine that it was time for the evening milking session. I sat up when she surged from her seat, jerking her mitted hands to the ends of their short chains, instinctively attempting to reach up and tear away the cups locked-on cups that were driving needling shocks through the sensitive tissue. Her head shook wildly and floods of pleading tears for the shocks to stop, spilled out onto her mask. A moment later she was running as quickly as her short hobble chains would permit, out the door and towards her milking stall. Just outside the door of the

TV room, the sound of her snapping ankle hobbles suddenly stopped when she became automatically blinded and deafened by the lenses and ear plugs! A series of additional, quite severe shocks was administered by her crotch fittings as a discipline for leaving me without permission. I couldn't hear them of course, but I knew that she was making piercing screams to escape her torturing. Of course, I heard none of them, thanks to the gag and the collar's neutralizing effect.

Christine was caught in a no-win discipline situation no matter ***what*** she did. On one hand she was being commanded by the computer to proceed to a specific area, and would be increasingly and strongly disciplined for not doing so immediately; yet on the other, her Uniform prevented her from doing just that! It ***too*** was administering discipline for breaking the ten foot proximity rule, and in addition, now, she was totally blinded, deafened, and utterly lost as to which direction to proceed. It was a diabolically hopeless situation and there was no escape, unless I permitted it.

I left everything off for sixty seconds while she was automatically disciplined at higher and higher levels, then lay back on the couch and over-rode her Uniform limitations, allowing her to see for the moment. I listened to the diminishing clatter of her hobble chains while she fled down the corridor and two minutes later, lazily got up and went down to her stall. She was soon fastened into her helmet and strap arrangement and shortly thereafter she was once more suspended and being milked, back on schedule again.

This was to be Christine's life for the foreseeable future.

Christine

I hated being fed by the pump! I desperately missed being able to taste and savour my food as I had when free of the horrid air/feeding mask, but there was absolutely no way for me to be able to remove it from myself, thanks to the fact that it was ***locked*** into my mouth and nose. My fingers were never freed to allow them anywhere near my masked face, and too, my 'Uniform' and the manner of my fastening within it, prohibited release from any of its component parts. I had to endure my suffering as best I could.

My Master kept me in the newest configuration for two weeks, allowing me

to slowly adjust, before he proceeded to the next step. What he decided to add, now always on a more or less full-time basis, was a pair of boots. These though, were unlike any boots I'd ever seen! I cried out with silent denial of what was to come while he readied them in the Playroom on a bright, sunny autumn afternoon. He looked over at me.

"As I promised you quite a while ago, you're going to be fitted with some special boots," he stated, staring up into my eyes from where he sat preparing them. "They won't hurt you, but they ***will*** certainly restrict you even more than you already are. As you can see, they've got quite a wide and deeply padded shoe portion, and they're completely lined with a thick, neoprene rubber, sorta like your glove/mitts."

He held up the long, ominous looking foot and leg-wear. I stared at the so-called shoe and saw that it was nearly vertically in line with the leg tube. Once I wore them, they would, in effect, keep my feet pointed almost straight down to the floor in a typical ballerina's 'en pointe' posture.

"As you can see," he turned the toe portion, "from now on you'll be walking around on the tips of your toes. The steel sole plates will keep down the wear. There are flat bracing bones embedded in the boot and shoe structure that will prevent you from flexing your foot and thus eliminate any possibility of your ankles breaking. The boning goes all the way up the boots between the outer leather and the rubber liner, as you'll find out soon enough."

I stared intently at boots and their dangling, thin steel wire laces, trying to figure out how I'd be able to walk around in the impossible things, then noticed that the heel and the toe of each boot melded smoothly into one another, coming down to form a small, elongated oval; its floor-contact area some three inches long and one and a half inches across. I'd be continually required to try and balance myself on these two, small, serrated steel pads! The thought of how much concentration I'd have to muster just to stay upright made me shudder; never mind all the distracting and painful other things that could, and I knew ***would*** be done to me. Around the tops of each boot there were five, wide, strong, thick rubber garter straps, for the moment flopping loosely.

"Okay!" he smiled at me, standing with both of the evil things draped over

his left forearm, “Time to put these beauties on, Slave Girl. Come along,” he said, reaching down and tugging on my ‘Bar leash.

I flung my head around when the dildo in my strictly compressed belly twitched to his tugging on the leash, then had to follow him over to the Lacing Bar dangling in readiness on its chain from the ceiling. It was positioned low enough that he was able to easily fasten it to my wrist-cuff rings and the ring at the top of my head. Once I was fastened, he left me and went to the control panel. The motor in the ceiling began to draw in the slack, then my arms were pulled up until the chain to the top of my head snapped tight and I was slowly drawn into the air before him, whining with discomfort into my mask. He the motor stopped and I swung slowly in front of him, the soles of my feet suspended some eighteen inches above the wooden floor and he sauntered over to inspect me. Between my ankles, the loose wire of my house leash hung down from its ring on the ‘Bar, trailing off across the floor and out the door to its ultimate fastening at the foot of his bed.

The first thing he did was to release it; replacing it immediately with a strong spring strung between the tip ring of my Inhibitor Bar and one on the floor immediately underneath. I kicked against my hobbles for a moment in silenced protest against the additional and uncomfortable strain, but to add to my already overwhelming feelings of being his dominated possession, he reached around and gave me a proprietary slap on my strap surrounded and presented buttocks.

“Time to get these boots on,” he gloated.

In front of me was an eight foot high wall mirror and I stared in absorption at my reflection, not a little worried about what was to come. My personality and body were slowly and surely being obliterated by the more and more restrictive and painful additions to my vastly uncomfortable ‘Uniform. He unlocked my six inch heeled, ankle-strap pumps and removed them and for a minute or so I was able to enjoy the brief freedom permitted, despite the growing strain while I hung kicking my freed feet against their short ankle chains.

Then it began.

The first thing he did was to release my right leg, then thoroughly powder my foot. He slipped the, for the moment, comfortable and wide shoe portion on, gradually and irrevocably bending my foot into the snugly encompassing enclosure. At first it was easy, for I'd gradually grown used to having to constantly wear the six inch heels, but now, when he began tightening the laces over the top of my foot and around my ankle, I began to realize just how horribly strenuous wearing the boots was going to become. My foot was inexorably forced into the 'en pointe' posture, regardless of the natural inclination to remain flat, and when he re-tightened the lacing, the grip of the shoe and ankle portion became vice-like, ensuring that it remained in the configuration that the boot demanded it take. Slits allowed him to put it on without having to fiddle with my Reminder Chains, and so my legs and feet remained always under his control while he slowly and carefully laced the boot very tightly to my knee.

I kicked spasmodically in silent protest, then he placed my left foot in the other one and repeated the process. I was left for a moment, then watched in the mirror while I was slowly lowered until my steel shod toes almost touched the floor. He came back to complete the process of lacing me into them and from the knees upward, the lacing went relatively quickly while he hummed quietly to himself. The thigh portions were tensioned to crushing snugness, but he tightened steel wire laces yet again, finally picking up a small metal tab, slipping it along them, then crimping it closed with a set of heavy, specialized pliers. The long remainders of each lace fell to the floor upon each solid ***click!*** of the wire cutter.

"Bend your leg!" he commanded sharply. I raised it at his command.

He grunted while he pulled up the gartering straps and clipped them to my 'Belt, first on one leg then on the other. When he'd finished hooking them to my Chastity Belt, I found that my legs were automatically pulled slightly apart; and if I tried to bend or move them forward or back to take a step, they dragged strongly on the strong rubber garters. The various tensions exerted made them return to their original position! These garters were fastened in a complex network: on each of my legs one led from beneath the centre back of the boot under the buttock, up to a central ring just over my tail bone, and from the same ring, another curved under the cheek then rose to a hip ring on

my ‘Belt. At the outer side of each legging, another went up to the hip ring, acting to keep my legs held slightly apart. On the front, there were two more of the short, thick, slightly stretchy rubber straps; one leading back again towards the hip, and the other going to a central front ring. It was a complicated arrangement of stresses and strains. In addition to automatically making me position my legs, the web-work ensured that the boots remained fully and properly stretched; enhancing my sense of bondage and controllability.

I’d felt the interior reinforcements gradually clamp tighter while he laced them onto me, but I didn’t realize just how restricting this boning was until I tried to bend my legs. I hung disconsolately for long moments while he checked the fit, then tried to flex my knee and ease a little of the strain, but barely managed to bend it against the narrow, spring-steel boning strips within the boots before they were forced to straighten again. With great effort, I could bend my legs to a forty-five degree angle from the vertical before the narrow springs snapped them straight again. I waved my rigid legs feebly to the lengths of my hobble chains, moaning softly to myself while I tried to get used to this further restriction to my mobility.

“Yep!” he grinned, standing there with his hands on his hips. “They’re just what the doctor ordered! Now I’ll let you down and you can start learning to walk in them. You’re going to be wearing these boots from now on Christine, so you might as well get used to them.”

He turned and walked to the control panel and a moment later I stood teetering on the toe tips of my newest foot-wear. I had continually do a little shuffling dance to maintain my balance, fighting against the constant tugging of the strongly tensioned gartering straps, waving my mitted and chained arms around at the limits of their tethers. When he returned, he quietly reached down and re-connected the house leash to my ‘Bar, then tugged on it to get me to move along behind him.

“It’s impossible!” I howled at him in my mind, but nevertheless took my first hesitant and shuffling little step at the end of the thrumming length of the wire stricture. He grinned at my distress while I threw my head around wildly.

“Pretty restricting, hmm? Not to worry! You’ll soon get the knack of walking and even running in those things, and in a week it’ll feel like you’ve always worn them.”

“Oh, God!” I thought, *“He **can’t** be serious!!!”*

But he was ... deadly serious.

My next steps were taken with slightly more confidence though, and in minutes I was prancing along with increasing sureness behind him, accompanied by the steely clicking of the toe caps impacting the wooden flooring with each step. The strain on my feet and legs was enormous and I soon developed cramps that wouldn’t go away. He stopped when I began to totter erratically, scooped me into his arms then carried me, stiff-legged, to a bench on the side of the Playroom. I was laid on my back and allowed to rest for nearly an hour while the muscles slowly relaxed and stretched into their new placements, but then he picked me up again and placed me on my feet and we began once more. All during my initial adjustment, he coached and forced me along until I could manoeuvre myself easily around the room, then he pulled me towards the stairs!

“Climb them, and come back down,” he ordered simply.

I looked at him in terror, but he just pointed at them. Trembling, I minced over to the stairs and struggled to bend my leg and lift it to the first one. It was an effort to get my leg up, but once planted firmly, I was easily able to lever myself to the next one and soon got into the rhythm of the movements, although it took a ***lot*** of concentration and effort. Each time I rose a step, the tip of my long ‘Bar bumped into the lip of the stair, sending a disturbing shudder far up inside my body. At last I stood at the top and turned slowly to look down at him, what little I could, thanks to the tugging of the Posture Harness against my tight collar. He stood at the bottom looking up and I could just see the trailing length of my house leash flowing up the stairs to between my ankles.

“Now, come back down,” he called.

Thank God he’d de-activated my lenses, or I’d never have been able to make

it and even now with my mitted hands restricted by the Reminder Chains, I was scared to move. There was a sudden trill of the awful electrical pulses through the flesh surrounding my front dildo and I gasped, shuddering with the curdling sensation while they continued, slowly getting stronger and stronger! I knew that they signalled me to come down, and so slowly edged my way towards the stairs and rested my mitted hand on the banister to steady myself. A quick burst of needling shocks through my nipples signalled that I was to begin the descent, and I fearfully reached out with my down-pointed foot and began. The descent turned out to be easier than the climb, but I had to do it slowly and with great care. A moment later he was hugging me while I gasped and trembled against him.

“You did very well,” he rumbled into my hair, stoking my heaving back. “You’ll get used to the boots pretty quickly, and, given that they’ll almost never come off, they’ll soon feel like you’ve always worn them. Starting next week you’ll be taken out in public wearing them.”

Again, I tried to shake my head, but he ignored my reluctance and walked back to the TV room, leaving me standing forlornly in the hall, gagged, chained, and fastened irrevocably into my Control Uniform. I wanted to be close, if for no other reason than I was permitted to see and hear and not locked into the silent and black entombment of my own mind and body and so struggled obediently down the hallway behind him, accompanied by the clinking (but inaudible to me) of my short hobble chains, the slithering sound of my leash dragging along the floor and the staccato tapping of my ballet-toed boots. In the room he lounged easily on the couch and observed while I strutted in and slipped awkwardly onto my chair, gratefully taking the weight off my feet and feeling the irresistible garter straps automatically straighten my legs out from my body, spreading them slightly away from the rigid ‘Bar between.

“Let’s catch some movies, then it’ll be time for you to go to bed,” he said and flicked on the TV, turning uncaringly away from my masked face and pleading and eyes.

There was no question in either his mind, or mine, that I was utterly his, and so I resignedly lay back, hoping to be freed at some point, but knowing, truly, that I was going to be kept incarcerated, like this, for the rest of my ***life!***

Chapter Sixteen

Isolated, Then, a New Role

John

She sat quietly (what else could she do now?) watching the large-screen TV, and I stole occasional glances, covertly observing while she silently tried to attract my attention, then, when failing, struggle to accept her newest bondage.

Certainly, I knew that mine was a stringent and most times, an uncomfortable dominance for Christine, but it was all part of the process that we'd begun those many months ago. She was learning just how pervasive ***and permanent*** her position truly was now. I wasn't sure if I'd keep her fitted in all the garments and equipment for the rest of her days, but it would be for a good many years to come, and she'd have to accept that fact. Christine was only twenty years old, and who knew what we'd be doing by the time she was forty?

I planned to take her with me to events in London and LA, but of course, with the amount of metal now fastened both to and inside her body, I'd have to ship her as air cargo in a special container, for she'd never pass through airport security without having to reveal her Uniform. In the back of my mind I began to visualize how I'd make her shipping case and fit her into it. I'd have to ensure that she'd be able to breathe properly the whole time, as well as being fed and cleaned. In truth, she'd have her own little space ship and life support system. They were interesting thoughts while I lay staring vacantly at the flickering images, and I barely noticed her almost leap from the chair and run from the room to her milking cell. Some moments later my thoughts were disturbed by a discreet beeping from the house computer, indicating that my presence was required. I got up and walked slowly towards the milking cell to find Christine dancing frenziedly in the hall, trying to get into it; blinded, deafened, and being disciplined by her Uniform. I took pity on her and turned off the appropriate programs, then took her quickly inside to her next session.

I knew without doubt that she was screaming into her gag; being automatically punished. Her staring, silvered eyes alternately snapped shut then widened with pain, frantic tears of denial spilling out onto her mask when the computer exacted its revenge for her not being milked according to the timetable. I at once hooked up her milking hoses and took her writhing body in my arms, comforting her even though she was still being punished by the electrical shocks. At last, she calmed down enough to stand almost still and I brought over the isolation helmet and locked it onto her head and face, then connected the suspension straps to her Uniform. She started despairingly out at me through her lenses and the helmet's thick face-plate while I raised her mitted arms and hands and secured them above her head, then the covers over her eyes rapidly took on a silvery sheen, leaving her, underneath and inside, again, totally blind, deaf, gagged, and isolated. I closed and locked the hatch/door then left her to the tender mercies of the computer and machinery.

Two hours later I recovered her from the stall and carried her limp and unresisting body to her cell. She revived enough to blink good night to me while I strapped her to her bed, and once more connected all her various wires and hoses. I slipped the sleeping half-helmet over her head, completing its encasement once more. She lay twisting on the bed, automatically fighting her bondage and I decided that she should wear the inflatable helmet tonight, also.

Christine

I lay in a haze of exhaustion while he slowly strapped me down, then felt his lips kiss mine through the thick rubber encompassing my face. For a moment, after he slipped the helmet over my head, nothing else happened, then I felt the thick rubber envelope of the inflatable one being fitted too! *"Oh, God!*" I wailed to myself, *"Is there no end?"*

There obviously wasn't. In short seconds my head was completely enclosed in the thick, double-skinned bag and it was immediately pumped up. My isolation was complete. Below, under the covers, my chained legs were held rigidly straight by my new boots and their stringent gartering arrangement. My hands and arms, too, were totally useless, strapped and chained in place beneath the thick rubber covering, off to the sides so that I was unable to touch myself, even with the mitts! I was, as always, terrified to be so totally

enclosed and controlled, but much of what I suffered was old hat and although I managed to accept it, fear lurked always at the back of my mind, threatening to spring out and overwhelm me. I desperately attempted to calm myself and prepare for the onslaught of the almost unendurable sexual teasing I was subjected to every night, but I never managed to be fully ready. At last, all of the complicated preparations and adjustments were finished and I lay alone in my own little universe; chained, gagged, blinded, and deafened.

In the room, he turned off the lights, checked all my monitors, then closed and locked my cell door.

Inside my multiple enclosures and Uniform, I chewed quietly on the gag-pad, feeling the little wires at the corners of my mouth tugging, always uncomfortably, on my under-the-tongue ring. The Litany began to whisper into my straining ears over and over, slowly fading off into absolute nothingness, then my night in strict bondage and almost unendurable sexual teasing and torturing started.

My orgasms were tearing and exploding bursts of sensation that soon had me screaming out a paean of greedy lust, until finally I was permitted the boon of a complete and utterly exhausted sleep. I wasn't aware of it of course, but the computer pushed me as far as my body would go without causing damage, and in the process, over the months I'd become totally addicted to the searing blasts of pleasure that were continually wrung and forced from me. Life would be terribly gray and flat without them, and if I had to suffer the utter bondage and control that was now my lot; it was a price that most of the time, I'd gladly pay. My Master knew this, and in my deepest heart I too acknowledged that it ***was*** indeed what I wanted.

Over the next month I gradually grew accustomed to wearing the feeder/air mask. It depersonalized me, even to myself, and controlled me utterly. When I'd get excited and forget my required method of breathing, it'd automatically shut off my air and leave me sucking at a wall of vacuum, and despite how often this happened, I always panicked. The silence and long periods of blindness I was constantly kept in were always terrifying for I couldn't speak or, many times, move to indicate my horror and distress. I spent endless hours weeping in recrimination for allowing myself to be made into such a total slave, but it was ***far*** too late now to change my fate!

The boots proved to be a continual trial of pain and despair for me. I had to walk straight-legged, able only to bend my knees a little when I had to climb stairs and it was a continuous balancing act just to stand erect. The ‘en pointe’ foot posture was extremely uncomfortable and downright painful for the first two weeks, but my muscles and tendons eventually adjusted to the demands of the incredible boots, and I learned to walk in short, chained paces with, if not ease, at least some confidence; and always, of course, accompanied by the jingling and clinking of my hobble chain. Although, for the most part I could hear neither them nor the slither of the house leash, I was continually reminded of its presence when it would snag on something and make the huge dildo in my loins shudder revoltingly.

Now though, if my house leash became snagged, I had no possible way of freeing it, other than to re-trace my steps, blinded if my Master wasn’t near, ***or*** had decided that was to be my fate, and try to kick it loose from its point of restriction. Even if I could see, and this was rarely the case, the whole thing was an exercise in futility, for I couldn’t lower my head to see what I was doing! If I did, the collar and bra arrangement would soon begin to choke me. ***Every*** time it happened, I never managed to free myself and would usually be found by my Master either minutes or sometimes hours later, struggling mindlessly and in hysterical, screaming tears, blindly flailing at the end of my thrumming leash to escape my ‘Uniform’s’ electrical disciplining.

I’d thought, foolishly, that somehow I’d eventually become resistant to the horrible shocks that transfixed my vulnerable and always sensitive flesh, but it never came to pass. ***Every*** time my Uniform disciplined me was like the first. It was worse now, too, because I ***knew*** that I would, in short seconds be screaming and begging for pity and release, and that until my Master discovered me, it wouldn’t stop!

He enforced adherence to the schedule and I continued to improve my capacity for both exercise and learning, although the associated punishments I received while engaged in these activities kept me in constant tears. He ***did*** care for me deeply, I knew, because he was almost always near to hold and comfort me, even while still keeping me in my bondage, when I became overwhelmed with some aspect of my controlled servitude. Every few days, he’d take me to his bed for the night and make passionate and prolonged love

to me, even though he kept me masked, deafened and blinded most of these times. I was ***always*** chained down on these occasions, spread on his bed like a pinned moth, my rigid arms and legs fastened far apart, and to my horror, I couldn't remember any other way! He'd leave a few inches of slack in my wrist chains and my mitted hands would also be loosely connected to the sides of the bed so that I could partially wrap them around him, but they ***always*** remained chained. Worst of all was the boning in the long arm-tubes. Despite how much I wanted to hold onto him, eventually my arm muscles would tire and the springy strips embedded in them would force me to release him, straightening my arms. After each night of love-making, adding to my sense of being a controlled slave, he'd again fit me with the punishing crotch-plate, returning me to my sexually-controlled servitude.

My Master did everything for me, and I began to wonder just who the slave in our relationship ***really*** was! Certainly, he controlled virtually every aspect of my life, but he had to constantly look after me. I was so deeply in bondage that I could do nothing for myself, and unless he hired a ***very*** understanding lady's maid, it seemed that was to be his lot in life.

Occasionally, Antonia and Danielle came over for a meal and an evening of TV and I was glad to see them, even though I couldn't speak. Each time they arrived, I noticed that Antonia was becoming more and more like me, in that Danielle was adding matching equipment to mine. The pace of these additions though was much more rapid than what I had gone through. On one of their later visits, Danielle drew Antonia into the Playroom and whisked off her cape to reveal that Antonia and I had become complete twins in every detail of our costumes. She was fitted with everything I wore. We stared at each other in silent sympathy, slaves within our Control Uniforms, but kept widely separated from each other at the respective ends of our leashes. We had become clones in the view of the world, the only difference being our flesh tone and even that factor was soon to be removed. Because it and had happened with such rapidity, she was still shocked at how much under her Mistress's control she had become. Stupidly, she struggled as violently as she could to escape her enforced subservience, immediately bringing untold painful misery and pain. My Master looked us over while we stood there, then spoke to Danielle.

“Quite a pair we have!

“Yes,” I understood her! “Antonia’s been quite reluctant to follow in Christine’s footsteps, but after a certain point, she couldn’t stop the process, no matter how much she wanted to.”

“Do you mean, Danielle,” he asked a little concern in his voice, “that Antonia truly ***didn’t*** want to be put into her Uniform?”

“Yeah ... well sort of.” Danielle grinned at him, fingers dancing on her remote control for Antonia. Her slave went into a feverish dance against her chains and leash while she was casually disciplined.

“Danielle, that could land you in a shit-load of trouble you know,” my Master said with some concern.

“Oh, I suppose so,” she grinned carelessly, “***if*** my little Slave Girl here is ever allowed to get free. And that’s ***not*** very likely. My security for her is as strict as yours is for Christine, if not more so. Actually, John, I’ve come up with the perfect clothing for her, when she’s allowed out in public that is. And, Sir,” she grinned at him again, “I took the liberty of having a matching set made for Christine, seeing as how I had all of her measurements anyway. Would you like to see the outfit?”

“Danielle, you ***are*** a treasure!” he grinned back at her. “Where are these marvellous garments?”

“They’re out in the van, still in their boxes ‘cause I just got them from the seamstress and the technician before I came over. Hang on a sec and I’ll go get them.”

“I can hardly wait to see this stuff!” he exclaimed as Danielle walked out of the Playroom while he turned again to survey Antonia and me.

She looked just as perplexed above her feeding/air mask as I must have, and a shiver of dread quivered both of us while we silently waited for what was to come next, continually having to take small paces to maintain our balance in the punishing boots. Danielle returned about five minutes later with a double

armful of what appeared to be quite heavy, long containers and laid them on the sideboard while we watched her carefully. For Antonia and me it was a fearful anticipation. Danielle cut the twine holding the lids on and carefully lifted out the contents of each, laid the clothing out on the floor, then stood back and looked appraisingly at the two of us.

Both Antonia and I stared with distaste at the revealed garments. They appeared to be made of a black, tightly-woven cotton, but there was more bulk to them than there should have been. They were obviously long dresses of some standardized type, appearing to be all-encompassing and multi-layered. "*What the hell are they?"* I wondered to myself. Danielle chuckled at us all and made her announcement.

"These are Nun's Habits," she stated. "But, there's quite a difference between a normal Habit and what you see here. Although these have all the component parts and fixtures of an 'issue' one, in addition they're rubber-lined and have leather re-reinforcing at all the points of heavy wear. They're also equipped with discrete slits through which the girl's various leashes and chains can pass, ***and*** they lock on! Once they're in these get-ups, they can't take 'em off, and no one else can either."

"That's bloody ingenious!" my Master stated in admiration of Danielle's idea.

"Yeah!" Danielle glowed at the compliment. "I sort of thought so too! When they're out in these rigs, no one is going to bother them. They're almost untouchable, for anything. We can accompany them, and no one will even look twice at a couple of Nuns being escorted around town."

"What a great disguise and cover-up idea," he enthused, captured by the costumes and the idea. "Hey! The day's still young. What say we get these two dressed up and take them out for a stroll?"

"Sure!" she agreed enthusiastically, "That's Christine's outfit there, and the stuff can be put on and taken off quite easily, ***if*** you have the keys. By the way, here's your set," she said and handed him a ring of small, silvery keys. Suddenly my hearing disappeared when my Master bent over and gathered my newest clothing in his arms.

I was about to become a ***Nun!***

Chapter Seventeen

Preparations For Her Habit

John

Danielle's idea, like all good ones, was simplicity in itself. Hiding the two controlled young female slaves in such plain sight was sheer genius, I thought while I reached down and scooped the heavy garments into my arms. Christine and Antonia stood watching silently, their mitted hands and gloved arms hanging at their sides, only their looping sets of Reminder Chains swinging slightly while they danced daintily on the tips of their ballerina-toed boots. Danielle and I had both turned off our slaves hearing at the same time.

I grasped Christine's leash and dragged her over to the wall. She, of course, had no option but to follow with tapping, short paces, when the leash tugged at her 'Bar. Once placed to my satisfaction, I ran a short length of chain from the back of her collar to a high ring, then with another joined the tip ring of her 'Bar to a ring low on the wall. I went back to watch the envelopment and costuming of Antonia. At the wall, Christine surged against her leashes in momentary rebellion, then became quiescent when she was automatically blinded when I moved away to watch Antonia being dressed in her newest costume. It was obviously true that women, as a sex, could be much more cruel to other women than could a man in the same position of power. I shivered in sympathy for Antonia, thanking God that I wasn't a female, especially under Danielle's control. She jerked on Antonia's leash much more harshly than I would have treated Christine, dragged her over to stand under the lacing bar, then spoke in a stern voice that contained no compromise or mercy.

"Antonia! I'm going to put you into your Nun's habit and I don't want ***any*** shenanigans from you! Do you understand?" She snarled at her fearfully quivering slave, holding the remote up in front of the blond-haired and once blue-eyed young woman.

Antonia stared fearfully at the arbiter of her destiny and sanity, and mutely nodded her head, then spun slowly on her heels while Danielle walked

around her. Behind her back, I saw that she also wore long, heavy-linked, and silvery chain leashes. Danielle kept them constantly locked to the posts and swivels in her skull and they acted much like the bell that was locked to Christine's head, but were ***much*** more restrictive and controlling, to say nothing of the continual dragging backwards that they subjected her head to.

"First, we'll put your undergarment on, then we'll do the full over-habit. After that we'll do the scapular, the wimple, and finally, your veils. Then you'll be ready."

While she did Antonia, Danielle instructed me in the way in which the Habit was to be fitted to Christine,

The garment she lifted from Antonia's costume boxes was certainly ***not*** designed by any church as a standard-issue type of religious order's underclothing! It appeared to be quite heavy when Danielle picked it up and held it for me to inspect, for what I saw was really a thick, glossy black, rubber cat-suit! It wasn't only a cat-suit though! I could see that buried within its structure was a severe and extremely long corset that would be a burden to even the most ardent of tight-lacing fans. The suit itself seemed to be all heavy duty zippers, looking for the world like a human-shaped, jig-saw puzzle, and I realized that they were there so that the Suit could be placed on the wearer, then sealed in place after the zippers were fastened, without having to worry about the 'Nun's' Reminder Chains getting in the way. It had a high collar, and the sleeves came down to the wrists, while the leggings came down to just above the ankles. In many ways it distinctly resembled the wet-suit that I had used on Christine when she was taken to the lake for her swimming experiences.

Danielle began to fit it to Antonia, taking care to ensure that all the wide inner flaps were tucked well under the zippers, then pulling these slowly and carefully closed. In two minutes her young lover was covered from ankles to chin in the gleaming black covering, only the various rings and chains from her hidden cuffs and other control equipment protruding through strategic, reinforced slits in the suit. Danielle took the hoses and wires connected to the cups containing Antonia's breasts, where they emerged through small re-reinforced edged holes, then led them around to her back, for the moment not connected to anything. Her complete slave's Uniform: boots, Chastity Belt,

glove/mitts, and discipline bra had now been sealed away, only the lower portions of the boots and the egg-shaped containers for her hands visible. Above the high neck-band, her feeding/breathing mask remained firmly clamped to her face, leaving only the flesh around her eyes and her forehead visible. For the moment, her head remained uncovered and her shoulder-length blonde hair swung gently when she shook it back and forth, feeling her growing enclosure. All during the process, Danielle kept up a running explanation to me of how the garment had to be fitted, then explained how it could be either temporarily sealed onto the wearer, or be made a more or less permanent encapsulation with the use of different types of glue on the wide, zipper-covering, outer flaps.

Antonia continued to shift nervously during the dressing, then Danielle prepared her for the tightening the corset portion of the undergarment. She was momentarily freed of her ‘Bar leash and pulled over to stand beneath the lacing bar in the corner, where Danielle pulled her chained arms out to its ends and clipped them in place. With a short chain she connected the tip of her ‘Bar to the floor ring, directly between her toes then started the hoist. In seconds her lover was strung bow-string tight between the two anchoring points, leaving Antonia gasping for breath, fully-suspended. The younger woman flung her head around, silently trying to protest the strain, but her mute appeal was ignored. I watched while Danielle threaded the wire lacing through the corset’s eyelets, then slowly began to tighten the garment to it’s final fit. The very thin and flexible steel ligature slipped slowly through the grommets and the waist and lower chest portion began shrinking, turning her into a wasp-shaped beauty with incredibly thrusting, captive breasts. Over her hips and upper thighs, the integrated corset clamped firmly into position and rapidly became rigid while the underlying flesh and the bondage equipment became locked within it, and inside Antonia, was imprisoned ever more deeply. I watched while she tried to protest against her increasing confinement, throwing her head around in distress, eyes wide with frantic rebellion above her mask. At last the lacing was finished, and, as with my boot lacing and hers, Danielle slipped a metal tab over the ends, then with a of crimping tool, clamped it tightly over the crossing of the two wires, and snipped off the protruding ends.

She eased the tension on the lacing bar, re-attached Antonia’s leash between

her ankles, and with what must have been horribly uncomfortable jerks on it, dragged her back to the centre of the room.

“There you see how the undergarment is fitted,” she grinned evilly at me while Antonia sniffled silently in despair under her mask; tears of self-pity trickling down over the flesh coloured rubber of the uncomfortable face covering.

“God!” I muttered in awe, staring in fascination at the blackly-gleaming and bizarrely covered female in front of me.

“Now I’ll fit her with the accessory pack, then put her into her Habit,” Danielle said with an evil smile, and pulled a shaped, three inch thick object from the bottom of the box.

It looked a little like a camper’s back-pack, but in this case it was shaped to fit exactly to Antonia’s body, over the corset’s lacing. It fastened in place with two wide shoulder straps that formed a yoke, and these then descended between her captive breasts to join the wide band that clamped around her waist of the corset from its bottom edges. At the base of the ‘back-pack’, a wide strap passed down over the crease between her buttocks, snugly covering her Chastity Belt, divided around her Inhibitor bar, then flowed upwards over her lower belly to connect to the wide belt, thus anchoring the back pack completely. Where it passed through her crotch, it made the various connections to Antonia’s Control Uniform beneath, and after she’d cinched all the straps tight, Danielle connected the waiting hoses and wires from Antonia’s Controller Breast cups. She surged against her fastenings while the process was being completed, then Danielle brought four hoses up from the top of the back pack, just below her shoulders, and snapped two of them to the valve fittings on her cheeks! The other two connected to a ‘**T**’ fitting and it in turn screwed into the feeding tube on the front of the face mask! All clipped snugly against her mask then to her collar and so would not bulge noticeably when the head coverings were fitted.

“That’s the back-pack John. It controls Antonia’s life, as will Christine’s when it’s connected. It’s sort of like an astronaut’s environment suit; feeding her, allowing her to breath, and draining her bodily wastes. These are recycled and stored for later removal. It also carries a lot of water. There’s

enough capacity built-in, that it'll keep her going for two weeks on 'inactive status' or three days if she's doing her regular routine. The power packs are the newest, long-life, high-capacity type, and work in conjunction with the conformal batteries already embedded in her equipment, so she can be completely controlled at all times. What do you think, so far?"

"That's pretty incredible!" I enthused, hardly able to wait to enclose Christine in ***her*** Habit.

"It'll keep Antonia in line," she said simply then began to dress her in the Habit itself.

First came the open-faced helmet. This, Danielle stretched over Antonia's head then tucked her shining blonde hair underneath, after disconnecting her head chains. The skull posts stuck evilly up through their little holes at the top and back, then she locked the heavy links in place once again. The helmet's neck-piece was quite long and over-lapped the one of the cat-suit, sealing her ever deeper within. Antonia stared fearfully at the two of us while Danielle readied the heavy outer Habit, then disappeared beneath the flowing, long dress when it was flipped over her head and allowed to fall down her already concealed and captive body.

Danielle spent the next minutes fastening the garment to her slave girl. Sewn into the innocuous dress was a complete set of wide harness straps and these were drawn through their locking buckles and tightened until the Habit fitted snugly. It still billowed and draped her body discretely, hiding the lush female shape beneath; leaving Antonia covered from her neck to the floor with the full-skirted, rubber-lined garment, buckled and strapped securely within it. At the waist, a decorative lanyard of fine black chain pulled it in slightly, its loose end being left to dangle down the side of the skirt, partially concealed within its bounteous folds, a heavy crucifix dangling at its end. Danielle next took the wimple and drew it over Antonia's head, completely concealing her under-helmet. A series of hooks and eyes at the back secured it, then she picked up the next piece, what is known as a scapular. In reality this was a wide piece of cloth with a hole for the head. This was draped over Antonia's shoulders and described as the 'Yoke of God'. It hung to the floor at front and back, covering the chain belt, although ***that*** and the dangling crucifix were visible at the sides.

Now came the veils and head-piece. These in turn clipped to the wimple, shaped around Antonia's face on either side with stiffened panels that projected some three inches ahead, in effect limiting her sight to a forward facing vision only, much like a set of horse's blinders, as was their original intention. A Nun was required to face only her God, and not be distracted from the path of righteousness by worldly events! The veil and wimple were also rubber-lined, but this was a thin coating melded into the thick cotton cloth, able only to be discerned if inspected closely. The drape of the long outer veil concealed everything beneath, and so only Antonia's masked face and the hoses fixed to it were visible now. The final portion was the lower facial veil. This clipped to her mask, covering everything completely. To ensure that she kept her head bowed in the humble posture required of a Nun, Danielle reached beneath the veil, clipped a long chain to the front of her face mask (and thus Antonia's nose ring), then drew it down to her waist and connected it to the protruding ring of her Chastity Belt, hidden under the scapular.

Antonia continued to prance on her ballerina-toed boots when Danielle completed her fastening; drawing her mitted hands to her waist, under the yoke, and locking her wrists to the protruding ring. She'd become the picture of a perfectly dressed Nun with her head bowed in submission and her hands tucked out of temptation's way. Only the leash chain, leading out from its fastening on the Inhibitor Bar tip ring between her ankles, then under the hem of her full skirts to its fastening at the floor ring, denoted her ***true*** status. Danielle stood back and inspected her enslaved companion then turned to me.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"I'll be damned!" I exclaimed, "If I hadn't seen it happen, I'd never believe she was anything other than what she appears to be! And I certainly wouldn't have the nerve to bother her for anything!

"Well, that's the whole idea! These girls can be taken literally anywhere in that get-up, and no one will bother them, or give them a hard time. Everyone knows that Nuns take vows of poverty, chastity, obedience, and many, also of silence, but they'd go a little crazy if they knew just how strongly the vows were enforced on these two!"

“It’s a ***great*** set-up Danielle!” I smiled at her evil genius, “Now let’s get Christine into ***her*** Habit then take them out for a walk downtown.”

Chapter Eighteen

Christine's Habit Is Fitted

Christine

Chained to the wall by my neck and 'Bar, I could do nothing but wait for the next act to begin. Suddenly everything went black in the already dimly-lit room and endless eons later, for my Master had not allowed any stimulation from my' Uniform, my vision cleared and I stared out at the silent world of the Playroom. Both he and Danielle stood before me, while beyond them, against the wall, stood what to all intents and purposes was a Nun.

It was Antonia!

She had been enfolded in a long, concealing Habit and stood quietly, with head bowed as though in prayer. She wasn't still though for her long skirts swayed slightly. She, like I, was still continually obligated to take small paces to maintain her balance on the ballerina points of her boots. There was no question that I'd soon be her indistinguishable sister.

My Master knelt before me and I felt the vibrations that were transmitted into my dildo when its leash chain was released, then he stood, holding my 'Bar leash and only then disconnected my collar chain. I mewled plaintively under the mask when he gave the 'Bar tether a tug, then pranced slowly after him when he drew me over to the lacing bar. My mitted hands were raised and my wrist cuffs were clipped to its ends. In a moment, it had risen to the point that I was completely suspended; the toes of my boots swinging some six inches above the floor. He knelt again, unlocked my short hobble chain and walked to where my Habit lay spread in readiness. When he returned, I managed to see that he didn't hold the actual Habit, but something that more closely resembled the wet-suit he'd fitted to me when I was taken up to the lake for my swimming training. Over the next fifteen minutes he slowly and carefully enfolded me in it, covering everything beneath completely. Soon after it had been zipped closed, although he had to struggle to get the closures fully

engaged for the garment was, apparently, just a little too small for me. When each one was joined, I felt the thick-skinned covering strongly constrict and compress my flesh, even that beneath my gloves and boots and I began to perspire almost immediately.

My discomfort was of little concern to him and he next clipped a short chain to the tip of my ‘Bar then drew me even higher into the air. I instinctually attempted to protest when the tension grew intolerable, but he’d been merciful and de-activated my speech inhibitor, allowing me to at least try to voice my discomfort and fear. As soon as I was positioned to his satisfaction he began to work on the integral corset. It slowly and mercilessly compressed my body, forming itself over the chastity belt and bra as though moulded for them, sealing everything away from sight, touch, or release. My waist and lower chest gradually assumed the wasp-waisted shape he so admired, while below, my hips and buttocks also became controlled and ensnared by the stringent rubber. I gasped for each breath and ‘though I gradually began to manage it a little more easily after a couple of minutes, it was still a continual, frightening struggle. He finally lowered me to stand on my own again, then picked up a bulky arrangement, something like a camper’s pack, and walked behind me. I felt it pressed against my back, then wide straps were passed over my shoulders, joined together, and the resultant single band descended between my captive, doubly-covered breasts, where they joined to the thick, formed straps that flowed around my deeply compressed waist. From the lower edge of the pack, another wide strap was brought forward between my legs, then there were some faintly-felt vibrations from my internal equipment when its connections were made. It too was tightened and locked leaving me now ready to be placed in my Habit, but before that happened he went slowly and carefully over each of the inner surfaces of the wide flaps covering the zippers, carefully spreading a thin layer of temporary cement, then pressed them closed over the heavy duty zippers, sealing even these away from sight and access.

Next, he returned with what appeared to be a cloth-covered, open-faced, divers helmet; the wimple, and pulled it over my head, slowly working my head-bell through the aperture made for it at the back, then he tugged down on its long neck-piece until it overlapped the high collar of the suit concealing my permanent steel harness beneath. I ***tried*** to follow his

movements, but by now my head was held almost motionless by the multiple restrictions he'd imposed. I felt him attach things to my mask and immediately sensed and smelled the change in my air supply, while at the same time the gag-pad within my mouth pulsed briefly while I was forced to accept a pint of water being pumped into my stomach from the back-pack.

He lowered the lacing bar and released my mitted hands and arms, then bent over and picked up the heavy, rubberized Habit. The world beyond briefly disappeared when he dropped the wide full skirts over my head and allowed the billowing garment to settle around my body. Then he began the intricate process of strapping and locking me within ***it.*** The Habit didn't hurt in any way, other than the extreme tightness of the corset. It just concealed all of the devices that ***would*** beneath its voluminous and innocent-appearing exterior. He fitted me with the next part of the ensemble: the first of my veils and I felt a series of small tugs and clicks when they were connected to my wimple. Yet another, wider piece, was draped over my shoulders, the scapular, then he and Danielle added my outer veils. Once they'd been hooked in place, I found that I was left to stare out at the world from between a pair of opaque, matte black, panels! These were very similar to what I'd had to wear while in the school room, acting as a pair of blinkers and very much resembling those used on a horse's bridle. The last part of the Habit was the lower facial veil and it was soon clipped to my under-lying mask and the wimple, hiding everything below my eyes. Even these could be obscured with the addition of a finely woven upper facial veil. He reached up under the lower one, clipped a thin, sturdy chain to a fitting on the front of my air mask just under the bump that covered my nose. He pulled down harshly on it until my head was bowed in a submissive posture, then clipped the other end to my waist ring so that I ***had*** to keep my head downcast. There was no way to ease the insistent drag, for the external mounting on the face mask was mechanically connected to my hidden nose rings and so I could only stare at the swell of my breasts beneath their multiple, innocent seeming layers of the Habit. For the final part of my costuming, he pulled my mitted hands under the wide panel falling from my shoulders and locked my wrists to the front of my concealed chastity belt. I stood there before him with head bent and hands tucked dutifully out of sight, taking only small prancing steps within the concealment of the swirling, voluminous skirts of my Habit; almost the perfect picture of a silent and subservient Nun.

The sensations of control and restriction, to say nothing of my feelings of servitude that I was now so deeply immersed within were so pervasive that to even ***think*** of any kind of rebellion or protest was beyond comprehension. I couldn't look up, and it seemed that my collar and the restricting harnessing clipped to it at the back of my neck were slowly choking me, although I was obviously still getting enough air. Suddenly my hearing was returned.

"You're ready, Sister Christine," he exclaimed with a smile in his voice, "You are the perfect picture of a Nun, just like Sister Antonia here."

My lowered and restricted vision caught the movement of Antonia's long skirts when she was pulled over to stand beside me, but we were unable to turn out heads to look at one another so restrictive was our bondage.

"Very well, Sisters of Penitence," Danielle purred, "You're going to be taken for a little excursion into the real world. Then we're going to run you through some inspections and systems checks when you reach 'The Convent'."

"That's right," my Master chimed in, "Mother Superior Danielle has a special area set up. Once you're there, you'll be given all of the religious frenzy you'll need, and no doubt more than you can stand, to say nothing of the penitence you're destined to suffer for your sins, now that you're in your new role."

"Your first lesson is that you must learn to live without sound of any kind, other than the Litanies and our commands. Then, we shall proceed to the religious frenzy, and finally to your penitence. Enjoy your new life ladies."

His voice cut off leaving Antonia and I in utter soundlessness, then slowly, my vision began to dim to a cool blueness, yet I still retained the ability to see a small portion of the world around me. At the side of my waist I felt a slight jerk when he joined Antonia's 'Belt and mine were linked by means of a short, sturdy, black leather strap. I couldn't see it, but at its mid-point was a heavy ring with a long leash dangling so that the two of us could be guided, restrained, and controlled with only one tether. Danielle knelt and released our house leashes and I saw my Master's tanned brown hand reach towards me. We struggled against our strap when he pulled on it, drawing us slowly together, then had to walk side by side behind him when he tugged, only the

short lead betraying our subjugation.

We were drawn along the hall to the front door of the house where he clipped the hook on its free end to a convenient wall ring while they put on jackets and gloves. Beside me, Antonia still struggled to somehow ease her oppressive confinement, but from my own past experience I knew there was no possible way to escape or even offer a token resistance to our Uniforms, or what they would do to us!

More tears of futile resentment pooled in my down-turned eyes and I tried unthinkingly to raise my head against the drag of the chain to my mask, only to feel a sudden, flaring pain emanate from my nose when the rings and bar assembly jerked savagely on the imprisoned flesh. An automatic wail of misery began to pulse my throat, then I writhed in silent agony when my breasts and crotch were relentlessly transfixed by lancing, flaring pulses of electricity. My speech inhibitor had been turned on once more to ensure that I ***fully*** obeyed the vow of silence. No matter how subtle the noises we made were, any attempt at speech was instantly punished by the awful devices locked onto and within our bodies.

I sensed that Antonia too had been disciplined when her encased hips and legs jostled frantically against mine, but then our leash tightened with a sudden snap and we were dragged through the door, out into the cold Autumn afternoon. Going down the front steps of the house was a trial, even though we were guided by our captors, then with a sharp jerk on our tether, we began walking along the concrete path to the black van parked in front. A moment later we'd both been laid on the couches in its back and strapped down tightly in preparation for our voyage to the place of our incredible confinement and discipline.

We were off.

Chapter Nineteen

The Penitence Of Sister Christine

John

The two of them looked exactly like real Nuns; just as intended. We arrived downtown some forty-five minutes later and parked in a quiet side street, then Danielle and I extracted our captives from the van. Totally confident in their disguises, we walked them out to the street then towards the large Dominican Convent a couple of blocks away. This close to it no one really noticed them, for they were just another pair of women from the religious order, out and about their callings, escorted in their travels by two devout (and we were!: to our charges) lay persons. Since the convent was close to one of the major shopping areas, Danielle and I directed the two of them over to it, then paraded them up and down the streets a couple of times, just to ensure that they knew how helpless they were to reveal the stringent bondage hidden by their Habits.

Antonia and Danielle walked with a stiff-legged motion enforced by the gartering and ‘en pointe’ boots, and I must admit they made quite a sight. Their every step was hobble-snubbed by their jingling, hidden hobble chains, and although they occasionally surged briefly apart to the length of their short joining strap, they were soon drawn back together as though fearfully seeking each other’s protection. Everyone we encountered along the sidewalks made way for the hooded, black-robed pair, surveying our slave girls with the usual incurious glances reserved for folk dressed in religious costume. No one dared to bother or question them and it was wonderful to play with them in this way, for it was public bondage taken to the maximum. An hour and a half later we tired of guiding them along the crowded sidewalks and returned to the van. They’d begun to stagger slightly with exhaustion and were ready to be taken to the rather specialized ‘Convent’ created specifically for them.

Three quarters of an hour later we were back at Danielle’s place. We removed our ‘Nuns’ from the van then took them inside and downstairs to the ‘Chapel’. Since I’d last been there, about three weeks previously, she’d had it redone in a church-flavoured motif, complete with special ‘kneelers’ and

what looked like prayer book holders in two, side-by-side cells.

The furniture pieces were most interesting; in that each of our slaves was permitted by the design to actually kneel, despite wearing their long Inhibitor Bars. Before positioning them, Danielle pulled up their long skirts and released their short hobble chains, then made each girl slowly bend her knees and lean forward until she fell the short distance onto the padded boards. Naturally, the long ‘Bars stuck down and out between their legs, but then their thighs were spread even further by a small crank mechanism on the sides. Finally, their legs were strapped to the rests, just below the knee and behind, their ankles were firmly clamped into stocks-like arrangements. At their waists another padded and shaped bar curved tightly against their corseted stomachs and it was equipped with a wide, thick leather strap that was immediately drawn firmly around their backs, over their Habits, holding their bodies securely against the stomach bar. A little shelf rose above this and each of their elbows slipped into deep depressions where narrow but strong straps passed over the bends of their gloves, holding them firmly anchored. Between each pair of their slightly separated elbows a sturdy, telescoping, black post rose upwards about eighteen inches, and I watched with interest when Danielle joined their wrist rings to the locking fitting at the tip of each post, then went to the front and cranked it upwards until their forearms assumed a rigid position of prayer just in front of their bowed faces!

The entire arrangement kept them motionless, struggle as they would to escape, but for added security, and what turned out to be a miserable punishment, under each of the two slave/nuns, she slid a heavy vice-like mechanism along internal rails, then pushed the bottom six inches of each Inhibitor Bar into the device’s jaws and locked everything down tight. Effectively, the two Sisters were now also skewered on their rigidly clamped ‘Bars. As a final adjustment, she gave a couple of pumps on small handles on the front of each kneeler. It was unseen, but up between their thighs, each Inhibitor Bar was forced an inch or so higher, clamping their crotch covers even tighter into their bodies; driving the internal dildos horribly deeper into each woman’s loins. A long shudder rippled each kneeling figure while they tried to scream out their protests, but we heard nothing emerge from the cowed and bowed heads and I knew that both sets of fingers clawed frantically within their mitts.

She turned to me.

“Well John, there they are!” she grinned.

“There they are indeed!” I acknowledged. “What now?”

“Well, I thought you might have some particularly entertaining ideas, to give Christine a good case of ‘religion’,” she chuckled. “And then you could ... ah ... decide that it’s time for her to do penance for her multitude of sins.”

“Looks and sounds good to me,” I smiled back at her evil grin. “I can set it up on the computer, then we can go out for dinner and drinks. How’s that sound?”

“I certainly have no objections. And with this marvellous set-up you’ve created on the computer, I’ll cross-connect Antonia, and she’ll get the same thing as Christine.”

“Great! Just give me a few minutes to program what’ll happen, then we can head off to that Mexican place you like so much, okay?”

“Sounds good to me. I’ve gotta go up stairs and change anyway. I guess you’ll have them all set by the time I get back?”

“Oh, yeah. It’ll only take a minute or two to select and implement the pleasure and discipline programs,” I said, taking out my talented remote control.

“See you in a couple of minutes then,” Danielle called when she walked out the door.

I took my time selecting the sequence of events that would be experienced by the two silently kneeling, black-robed females, deeply captive in the cells hewn into the basement wall and granite behind. They waited in trembling fear and isolation. Danielle had thoughtfully draped their full skirts over their bent legs before she left, so that now, all of their bindings were hidden and even the rods between their mitted arms were concealed. The only notes of discord were the gleaming mitts encasing their incapacitated hands and

fingers. I watched with detached interest when an occasional trembling of resistance shook the two young women, but there was ***no*** hope of escape for either of them.

Danielle re-appeared just after I'd finished setting up the program, gave both the kneeling figures a once-over, then drew me from the darkened room and locked the sturdy, 3 inch thick wooden door behind her.

"Let's go!" she said enthusiastically. We left for the restaurant.

Christine

At first the kneeler was quite a relief from having to stand and balance all the time on my toes, but it soon became terribly confining, being clamped to it the way I was. I'd shivered with fear when I felt myself pushed down into its embrace, then more tremors shook me when I felt the 'Bar between my forcefully wide-spread knees suddenly clamped rigidly, forcing me to try to adjust my posture so that it was at least semi-comfortable. Even if I sagged slightly in the kneeling position, I felt as though the dildo was being forced ever more deeply up into me. I was commanded to remain fully erect, just by its immovability alone! I gasped for breath, unable to raise my head from its down-held posture while in front of my face, my arms were raised and held in a praying position by the thick, black steel post. It was hopeless. I was securely bound to the thing and struggle though I would, I could ***not*** escape.

Weeping with self-recrimination, I contemplated my situation, only to have my equipment wreak it's automatic revenge for my instinctual, attempted sobs. For the moment I could still see, so I knew that my Master was close, but suddenly I was cast into utter blackness when the lenses covering my eyes shifted to their opaque mode and I knew that now, I ***was*** truly alone, kneeling in place like the penitent Nun I had been dressed as.

Slow trickles of teasing vibrations began to wind their way through my crotch; making me shiver with anticipation of what was to come, then 'The Litany' of my slavery began whispering into my ears and I automatically repeated the words in my mind while the volume grew stronger and stronger. I ***knew*** I was being brainwashed by the constant repetition, combined with almost unendurable pleasure and equally as intense pain. The tingling and

teasing sensations in my crotch escalated, slowly gathering into waves of pleasure while I tried to remain still, impaled on the rigid dildo, but it was a hopeless struggle. Of their own accord, my hips began a primal writhing against the tight strap encircling my waist, making the dildo stir my insides. Within the boots and the tightly sealed under-suit, my widely-spread thighs trembled and shivered with the gradually increasing titillation and my lower legs wanted desperately to kick out a tattoo of arousal. My immobilization was so complete though, that the muscles were only permitted subdued and entubed contractions. Whirling lights and flashes began to cascade through my brain, for, denied of sight and hearing, it spontaneously generated responses to the sexually teasing in-puts assaulting my body and mind.

What seemed like hours passed in this state of simmering, captive arousal, then the vibrators in the anal plug and over my clitoris began emitting their own messages of stimulation! I began to twist and shake violently against the cruelly tight straps, my oppressive harness and the clothing that ensnared me. What little I could manage, I pumped my hips up and down on the thrust of the rigid and uncompromising dildo, then, evilly, my breasts too began to receive the attentions of their controller cups! My nose flared with pain when I tried to pull my head back against the spiralling, trembling little shocks needling through my nipples and I jerked my hands and arms frantically against the tight straps holding them to the thick post between, desperate to free myself, or if nothing else, beat them against the rigid, armouring domes locked onto my chest. I ***couldn't*** help the gasps and cries that were wrung from me while I knelt there, shivering violently in the restrictive fastenings. These, of course, elicited the usual programmed disciplinary shocks and only seemed to add to the process of my arousal.

By now, I was shaking and writhing without a stop, trying to ascend to that pinnacle and the release so tantalizingly withheld from me for so long. I knew that my eyes were open and staring, but no light was permitted. The constant repetition of my Litany of Submission seemed to bore itself into the innermost crevices of my brain while I bounced against my bondage, kneeling in submission in my nun's cell.

The teasing and stimulation slowly grew stronger, eventually pushing me into screams of passion that tried to force themselves around the horrid rubber

mouth filler, only to be still-born in my throat and bring on increased punishment from the discipline program! I could feel myself being forced into a state of higher and higher sexual awareness, and gave over to the waves of sensation that curled and licked around my brain. They coiled into a huge, swirling vortex, threatening to totally engulf me, then I sank into the centre and was lost to all sensibility. My orgasm reared like a towering tsunami, then crashed down on my defenceless body and mind, totally submerging my rational being. While I was being subjugated by the forced orgasm, the dildos increased their slow writhing and thrusting to a feverish tempo and together with their insistent vibrations and now agonizing shocks, I couldn't help but go totally crazy.

As in so many times past, my sub-conscious came forth and demanded that I surrender to the wildly flailing emotions and sensations cascading through my mind, and once more I dissolved into a primal state, able only to know that I existed and was feeling what I was feeling. The higher functions of my brain had long since evaporated, leaving only the basic, animalistic underpinnings to move my body in syncopation of the demand to be penetrated and satisfied. It obeyed it's primal, evolutionary roots in spite of the severe restrictions imposed by the dominating and containing harnesses and accessories locked into and onto it. Somewhere within the dark recesses of my mind, I looked out with awe while I jerked and shivered, wailing and screaming out my lust and sexual need, heedless of the terrible punishing. It was a particularly cruel version of an earthly and inescapable Hell.

I could stand no more and like an over-loaded circuit breaker my grip on awareness suddenly snapped open and I plummeted into the depths of a dead faint of sexual fulfilment, and, I thought, exhaustion.

When I woke from the aftermath of the rending sexual release, it was to find that I was slowly and inexorably being teased towards the next pinnacle of orgasm. I whined to myself that I could stand no more, but my sub-conscious was a black hole of desire and demand and within minutes I was again jerking frantically at my bonds and the oppressing Uniform and Habit imprisoning me. I was being moved forcibly and relentlessly along the path of full, slave conditioning by my own desperate sexual need. My Master had been most cruel in his choice of the stimulations I suffered. Our Uniforms

would take us to the precipice of orgasm, then, that last element needed to catapult us over the edge and into bliss was withheld and strain and fight as I would, there wasn't ***any*** way to find the trip wire for that final release. So, I gradually came down from my pre-orgasmic plateau and simmered in a trance of unfulfilled, frustrated need ... then the process started again! There was no reprieve from this sophisticated torture, but at last, what seemed like hours of teasing later, the things penetrating my helpless, trembling body supplied the final push, and again I fell screaming into the vortex.

This time my return to awareness was painfully slow.

Eventually, I again came to the realization that I was still a captive of the kneeler, dressed in the strict Habit, and there wasn't any possibility of escape. I floated in a black, silent void, forced by my 'Uniform' to concentrate upon my sexuality, for that was the only sensory in-put permitted to me. How much time actually elapsed while I was kept in this state, again, I had no idea. It could have been only minutes, or as easily been hours, but it wasn't the end of the day for either Antonia or I.

It was time for our penance.

It began slowly, then gradually built higher and higher into a soul-destroying climax of stifled and anguished screams and pleadings for release. We were subjected to the special type of disciplining that my Master preferred; in that our crotches and breasts and therefore our sexuality were the foci. At first, only mild tingling and irritating bursts of sharp, needling shocks zipped through me, causing frantic, anguished writhing against the tight straps and clamps holding me prisoner on the kneeler. I desperately wanted to shrink my breasts away from their compressing containment within the punishing cups, but they were far too tight! There was no escaping them and I was soon screaming insensately into my gag when the shocks grew in strength, making the imprisoned fleshy mounds shiver and twitch fearsomely. I tried to give voice to full-blooded screams of distress, going literally crazy from the incredibly painful punishment, but that part was only the ***beginning*** of my programmed penance!

The devices in and against my lower body also began their dance of discipline.

At first, the buzzing from the clitoral protrusion was uncomfortable and annoyingly persistent, but it soon became most violent; then, the button began issuing long ripples of shocks too! These passed from one side to the other then back again in syncopated bursts so that I rose up on the skewering dildo, shaking and shivering dementedly while more primal howls were torn from me by the intimate and insidious device. There was no escape! As soon as I began to rear and shake, the dildo ***too*** began to pulse with electrical discharges and started a slow pistoning within my loins, twisting and coiling as it did! The sensations of these things happening all at the same time were horrible in the extreme. The convulsing shocks added to my already incomprehensible and uniquely feminine punishments, but then a sudden flush of cold water surged upwards into my bowels when the enema butt-plug began ***its*** portion of the symphony of discipline! It too started writhing, vibrating, and shocking me mercilessly! Within the Habit's undergarment I could feel my ensnared and compressed buttocks convulsing and twitching madly from the strength of the pulsing electrical stimulation and torture, while below, my thigh muscles trembled and strained continually while I automatically but uselessly attempted to close my legs in a futile effort at protection and escape. All that happened though was that I sank further onto the thrusting dildo!

Neither Antonia's nor my gagged screams could be heard and the terrible disciplining continued unabated for seemingly endless hours of 'penance'. We weren't permitted the blessing of being able to faint and escape what was being done to us because the masks clamped and locked onto our faces fed us a witch's brew of pure oxygen, mixed with some sort of sensitizing gas mixture. We ***had*** to endure the punishments being meted out so uncaringly and automatically by our 'Uniforms'! During the entire time of the pleasuring, then the discipline sessions, my Litany repeated endlessly over and over and I parroted the words mindlessly in obedience. Finally, I could stand no more of the constant waves of disciplinary shocks and sank into a twitching, restrained, and helplessly screaming and weeping blob of female protoplasm, then finally into the blackness of total exhaustion just as the punishments being inflicted tapered off to nothingness ...

Chapter Twenty

Returned To My Master's Control

John

Danielle and I spent the next three hours enjoying a pleasant, relaxing meal in her favourite Mexican restaurant, thoroughly enjoying each other's company and comparing notes on how we treated our respective slave girls. She and I had collaborated on much of the equipment they now wore and the manner in which they were trained. Danielle had a uniquely female understanding of being able to discern the most sensitive and controlling things that could be done to a woman, and I'd combined her views with the use of my equipment to create Christine's Control Uniform and the manner in which she was forced to become ever more deeply involved in her new role. The time seemed to fly, but towards the end we both began to fidget fretfully. I looked over at her.

"Wonder how our two young 'Nun's' are getting along?" I asked nonchalantly.

"Yeah. I was sort of wondering that myself," she grinned over the salt-frosted lip of her Margarita glass.

"Let's get outta here and go and check on them."

"Mmmmm!" she said, draining the last of her drink.

We both dropped a couple of twenties on the table and made our way from the restaurant, and, some fifteen minutes later were standing in 'The Chapel' observing our captives on their kneelers. Both were motionless but for a barely perceptible rise and fall of their chests when each was forced to breathe deeply and slowly by their masks. Of course, neither knew that they were being observed, thanks to being deafened and blinded by their 'Uniforms' and we decided to leave them to complete their night as Nuns. By my timing, they'd have just finished being disciplined at the point we'd left the restaurant and would now slowly be recovering their senses. I'd

programmed in a two hour rest for them, then the whole insidious process would begin again.

When I came close to her I noticed that Christine shivered and jerked, as always instinctually trying to escape her bondage, and I edged around her in the dimly-lit alcove, then looked into the visible part of her face; it framed by her veils and wimple. Behind the raised and praying mitted hands, her silver-covered eyes stared blankly back at me above the opaque covering of her lower facial veil and she'd occasionally twitch her head from side to side, trying to penetrate her blindness. Other than that, she remained quiescent, strapped, chained and held immovably in position by her rigidly-clamped and hidden Inhibitor Bar. Danielle and I left the room after we'd spent a moment checking their support and safety equipment, and so they were to spend the night fixed as they were. Christine was going to be utterly secure fastened as she was and so a couple of minutes later I bade Danielle a good night and slowly drove home.

The house seemed empty and unnaturally quiet when I got there some thirty minutes later. I knew it was a silly thing to note, because most of the time it was anyway, what with Christine being kept almost constantly gagged. I suppose it was the lack of the noise of her hobble and Reminder Chains that got to me. I spent a restless half hour puttering aimlessly around, beginning to miss my slave girl more than I could have imagined possible, then went up to my bedroom and got myself ready for bed. I opened the hidden doors to Christine's cell/bedroom, then went back to my own and rolled into bed, missing her. Sleep was a long time coming. As a matter of fact it really didn't come at all, and I tossed and turned for most of the next eight hours, then finally got up and called Danielle at seven in the morning to let her know that I was coming to fetch Christine within the hour. She sounded a little grumpy when I told her I was coming over, but I needed to know that my slave girl/wife was indeed in my possession and being cared for in the manner I wanted.

Three quarters of an hour later I stood in 'The Chapel' staring at the two robed and still-kneeling young women. Of course neither of them had moved a millimetre from where they'd been fastened, although I thought I could detect small twitches and movements when, every few minutes, they still

sought to free themselves.

“Danielle, could you release Christine, please?” I asked my bath-robed hostess.

“Sure,” she grinned at me. “Couldn’t stay away, eh?”

“Yeah,” I ruefully acknowledged. “I don’t know what it is, but I’m sort of lost without her close by.”

“I understand,” she smiled again then went and quickly released Christine’s restraints.

I came over and assisted my ‘Nun’ to her feet, turned off her blinding and deafening controls and released her nose ring ‘Humbling’ chain. For a moment she blinked her eyes rapidly, then stared up at me from within the limitation of her veils and wimple and shook her head back and forth, obviously wanting to be released. When she saw me she began to weep silently, tears spilling from the corners of her eyes and trailing down under her lower facial veil, then she shuddered and collapsed in my arms, her shoulders shaking convulsively under the obscuring Habit. I held her tightly while her chained hands tried desperately to embrace me; stroking her and holding her close and possessively until her silenced sobs eased a little.

“There, there,” I whispered into her hidden and stoppered ears, “I’ll not leave you alone like that again too often. I missed you, and now I’m going to take you home. I’ve got some good news for you too! While you’re wearing your Habit, you won’t have to do your exercise program, and your milking will be done in the ‘easy’ mode.”

She raised her face and stared silently at me, then shook her head as violently as possible from side to side, jerking her hands against the chains fastening them to the front of her deeply concealed chastity belt. I knew what she wanted, and stared down into her upturned and begging eyes.

“No!” I stated firmly, “You ***stay*** in the Habit and Uniform! The Habit comes off in a month, as you were told, but you will remain in your Uniform for the rest of your life, as you’ve insisted. You also requested at the time we agreed

to all of this, that I ignore any demand or plea to be released from it also, and ***that*** condition will ***always*** be observed!”

When I spoke these words, she slowly collapsed against me, twisting her head from side to side in agitated despair. Her shoulders shook anew with sobs of misery at being told that her fate was sealed ... by her own request. I continued speaking.

“When your Habit is removed, then it’s back to your regular schedule, as before. A couple of weeks after that, we’ll pay another visit to The Clinic for your next additions. Now, hold still while I disconnect your house lease and put you on your regular one.”

She hung in my arms for a moment longer then slowly struggled erect. I released her, then knelt down and unlocked the ‘Convent’ tether from her ‘Bar ring and a moment later she was leashed to my fist with her long leading strap. I turned off her hearing then drew her from the room and up the stairs.

“Good-bye, Sister Christine!” Danielle called. “I look forward to seeing you return for your next penitence session!” she smiled, not knowing that Christine couldn’t hear a thing anymore, then turned to me. “It’s been fun! I’m going to go back downstairs and have Antonia do some additional penance when you leave. See you next week?”

“Sure,” I said with a grin. “Don’t be too hard on her! Saturday, okay?”

“Right! I’ll talk to you a little later,” she said, opening the front door and ushering us out onto the front stoop.

The dark, heavy, oaken door closed with a solid-sounding thud and I drew my leashed and obedient wife down the stairs and over to the van. She followed with that peculiar dancing strut that the ballerina boots imposed, then at the side of the van, I scooped her rigidly corseted body into my arms and deposited her on the reclined seat. Short moments later she was strapped in and I closed the door, then went around and got into the driver’s seat. Her eyes blinked at me in mute appeal while she lay there, and I felt a little guilty about controlling her so thoroughly, but the feeling passed quickly and I adjusted her remote control, then watched again while the contact lenses

turned bright silver, blinding her utterly once more. Her eye lids blinked rapidly a couple of times, then closed over the silvered orbs. She struggled briefly against the compression of the straps fastening her to the seat; a black-enshrouded figure, only the skin around her eyes and her strap-divided forehead visible.

The van started easily; still warm from the drive to Danielle's house, and seconds later, we were on our way home.

Some minutes later, I activated the pleasuring controls, sending a continual trickle of light, teasing, electrical caresses, combined with pulsing from the vibrators. The only visible signs of her concealed turmoil were the spasmodic twitches of her rigid legs and occasional jerks of her hands against their hidden lock when she tried to free them of their bindings, obviously, again, frantic to tear away the things that both governed and tormented her.

She would ***not*** to be freed of her equipment though, as she had demanded, then formally agreed to even though I told her that this agreement was irrevocable. By this point of our relationship I'd become inured to her weeping and pleading, but her soft, begging, expression-filled eyes and tears had almost stopped me a couple of times. It was a tough process to continue and I had to steel myself sometimes when she was particularly reluctant or distressed by what was happening; or about to happen to her. In the end I was satisfied that we were taking the right course for the two of us.

I took my time driving home, and nearly an hour later we arrived at our secluded house then I released her from the seat straps, returning her sight and hearing briefly. She stood shakily while I closed the side door of the van, leashed by the strap from my fist; it looping down to disappear under the skirt of the Habit, then with a rustle of the long, bulky garments, she obediently followed me along the concrete walk to the front door, her ballerina points tapping metallically on the sidewalk. Once inside I quickly took her to the bedroom/cell. She was exhausted, I knew, by the events of the past day and a half and so I once more picked her up then strapped her onto the fearsome bed. She remained still fully dressed in her rubberized garments, but this time I left the cover sheet off so that she wouldn't overheat.

The short, upper bed chain clicked into place on her top skull ring, then I

connected the one at the bottom of the bed to the tip of the ‘Bar, and removed her travelling leash. Next, I rolled her on her side and through the discretely concealed slits in the Habit, connected the house supply lines for her feeding, watering, power, air, and sanitary needs to the back pack, just below her shoulders. She rolled onto her back, staring up at me with glowing eyes when I attached her side-straps, then released and re-chained each mitted hand off to the side, well away from her body. For a couple of seconds she jerked her arms fitfully against their sturdy restraints, as she usually did, then blinked rapidly up at me again, obviously questioning what was to happen next.

“Time for you to get some uninterrupted rest, honey,” I smiled down at her enfolded head. “Today is a day of recovery. Tomorrow, you’ll do a lot of the usual stuff and we might even go out for a bit, although basically for the next month you’ll follow a pretty secluded existence. You’ll have the usual discipline sessions too, of course. Anyhow,” I said as she shook her head in negation of her fate, “I want you to rest for the moment, so I’m turning off your sight and giving you some out-doorsy sounds to get you to go to sleep. ‘Night!

I bent over and kissed her forehead then turned off her sight and adjusted her hearing. It felt good to have her close to me again and I walked to the door and slowly closed it.

She was home.

Christine

I was glad to be back in my own cell despite the terrible, uncomfortable Uniform and Habit I was held a prisoner within. For a few moments I recalled what had happened over the last two days and shuddered with fear that my Master would leave me in Danielle’s cruel care again. After he’d left me she had returned to ‘The Chapel’ and taken great pains to re-adjust my bondage.

First, she’d tightened all of my securing straps until I thought that they were going to cut right through me, then she’d jacked up the bar between my arms until my wrists and elbows ached continually with the terrible strain. She’d amused herself for a few minutes by first tightening my nose chain then

strumming it like a guitar. Naturally she of course was aware that I was already being partially choked by the tight and high steel collar, what with my head being forced to bend forward. The burn of my nose ring and bar assembly, tugging continually, soon had me in hysterical tears of agony while I fought to escape and avoid her busy fingers. Next, she'd changed the angle at which the Inhibitor Bar was clamped into its vice and in moments it forced me to sit with my entire weight supported fully by the cupped crotch-plate, thus driving the internal protrusions more deeply and uncomfortably into my body. At first, it had been almost bearable, but after a couple of minutes the sensation became unendurable and I'd screamed and screamed; totally unable to avoid her changes. I just had to endure them in agonized, enforced silence and she kept me this way until just before my Master released me from my blindness. It turned out to be the next day, and by that point I was nearly crazed with the distress she'd inflicted.

There was no way for me to tell him about the horrible night I'd just spent impaled on the kneeler, being silenced as he kept me. The joy of seeing him again was overwhelming and I collapsed in tears of thankfulness at being freed from Danielle's all-encompassing bondage and cruelty. Nearly and hour and a half later he deposited me on my bed, still fully clothed in my Habit, and I shivered with reaction while he quickly and efficiently fastened me to the bed. Feeling the chain to my skull post send its vibrations into the structure of my body was a harshly subduing experience, then to feel the deep internal twitches of my long, thick dildo when it too was connected to the bed frame, only added to my sensations of being under his firm, unrelenting, and inescapable control. Finally, after he'd connected all my equipment to the supply points of the cell and kissed me tenderly on the forehead, my vision disappeared, leaving me floating in a soundless, lightless void once more. For a few moments I quested for some sort of anchor, then back-ground sounds of insects gradually began to steal into my ears, overlain by my Litany. My mind fixed on them and I drifted gradually into a semi-conscious state, then progressed to a deeper and deeper sleep, all the while being conditioned and controlled.

By now I'd almost become used to the ever-present and inescapable confinement that my bondage and Uniform imposed, and no longer even remembered being free of it. The only gradations to my existence were the

increasing or decreasing amounts of freedom that I was permitted each day and the various levels discomfort and/or pain I had to endure. ***They*** had become the central facts of my life: ones I could do nothing to alter or escape. And so, after all the months of increasing helplessness, I now, with great fear of what was to happen to me next, began to accept my fate.

The next thing I knew, my Master again appeared above me, framed in the vision-limiting blinker/veil panels. His voice whispered into my stoppered ears, then gradually gained in volume.

“Good morning, Sister Christine!” he smiled down, “I see that your bodily needs and feeding have already been taken care of by your Uniform. I’ll free you from the bed and we’ll get on with your day’s assignments. I’ve altered your schedule somewhat so that now you’ll be spending a lot of time in the class-room, while you’re wearing your Habit. Naturally, your milking will be continued too, along with sessions of penance, while you’re in meditation.”

As soon as he mentioned milking, my breasts suddenly made themselves felt and the aching sensation of the tender, fluid-filled flesh, within their compressing and confining cups became a particularly feminine misery. I tried to whine around the mouth-filler, but of course was immediately disciplined by shocks pulsing through my crotch, and worst of all through the engorged flesh of my breasts! My mitted hands jerked automatically against their punishingly short chains when I tried, as always, to reach up and tear away cups, and at the same time beat against the thoroughly covered steel shield over my crotch. The boots kept my legs rigid despite the strong muscular contractions and rapid flailing the electrical torturing caused when it rippled through my loins. I couldn’t hear the flailing of my chains, but their restrictions to my movements were not something that could be escaped. As always, tears of agonized distress sprang from my eyes when this happened, but he ignored my reflexive protests and evident discomfort, easily lifting me to my feet. I tip-toed before him on the points of my boots while he knelt and reconnected my house leash, then stood and spoke again.

“Follow me, Sister Christine, slave girl. I’m going down for breakfast and I want you there with me. After I’m done, you’ll go class for your lessons and milking, then it’ll be off to a meditation period.”

He disconnected me from the house systems then turned and walked from the room and I ***had*** to follow him.

By now I'd almost gotten used to wearing the ballerina-toed boots and so I strutted along the hallway then made my way gingerly down the stairs behind him, trailed as ever by my House Leash. For the moment he'd permitted me full sight and his voice and loosened my nose leash enough that I could almost raise my masked face to look straight ahead, but I continued to keep my face lowered submissively, carefully inspecting the placements for my booted feet. Under the Habit, I was conscious of the tight, confining grip of my controlling undergarments and the continual restrictions of the chains that so governed my life now. On the outer side, I watched the sway and flow of the long, concealing skirts that so effectively and easily hid my inner restraints. I wondered erratically if real nun's suffered secretly, although in no way as nearly as harshly, as I did.

In the kitchen I was directed to my place against the wall and he soon had me fastened to it with the short chain to the back ring of my collar so that I stood there, doubly leashed, and watched him prepare then eat his meal. All the while, he kept up a conversation that I couldn't acknowledge or contribute to, but he seemed happy with the situation. Standing isolated and so helpless, I couldn't even smell the frying bacon or the coffee; so effectively did my mask filter the air I was permitted to breathe. I shook my head against the drag of my collar and its bra connection, irritated at being kept so isolated and sterile. Occasionally, he looked over and grinned at me when I struggled against my restraints.

"Your slavery is deepening by the day, Sister Christine," he said. "But you seem to be adapting to it quite well and so you'll take the next step pretty soon. Then, I've got an idea that you'll need to hear and ***really*** think hard about after that."

He finally finished his meal, cleaned up the kitchen, and without a word, came over and bent my head backwards in his strong warm hands and kissed my closed eye-lids. I strained my face upwards against the limitation of the nose-chain, bearing the painful tension as best I could and jerking my hands against their strong locks to try and hold onto him, but a second later he withdrew and released my collar leash. I shook my head, feeling the nasal

chain at the front of my mask swinging when he reached down and grabbed my ‘Bar leash.

“Come!” he commanded, tugging on it and making me wail automatically when the dildo stirred my insides.

I tried in futility to protest against my next session, but he pulled me down the hall, up the stairs, and into the classroom. While I remained clothed in my Nun’s Habit and the locked-on face mask, I of course wasn’t required to wear the one I normally wore, and he quickly placed me in my special student’s chair then prepared me for my lesson. In short moments I was locked into it, waiting. The chamber for my enforced education was as sterile and forbidding as the first time I’d entered, and I looked out from within my Veils at the screens that were soon to fill with instructions. When he’d seated me and connected my wrists to the desk chains, he released my immobilized hands and fingers from their mitts. It took a couple of moments to flex and stretch them out, and I was thankful for release from the long confinement. Now though, I found just now weak my fingers had become, for I could barely bend them against the boning within the gloves! How was I supposed to type like ***this!*** Suddenly my ears filled with the sound of my teacher/governess’s voice.

“Good morning, Sister Christine! Today, we shall as usual, test your typing skills, then proceed to your next lessons in chemistry and electronic theory. You will be required to complete a short quiz at the end of each lesson, then receive ‘encouragement’ so that you will not repeat your errors. Let us begin the typing test.”

I continued to flex my thickly-gloved and cumbersome fingers over the keyboard, it partially concealed beneath the swelling of my breasts under the Habit, then, horribly, the lenses covering my eyes dilated to small holes through which I strained to stare forward at the screen in front of me. I could barely make out the letters that began to slide across it, and tried to type them into the keyboard; my fingers clawed against the restriction of the gloves, striving to find the correct keys in the proper sequence. Every time I touched one, it was wrong and with each incorrect tap a twitching pulse of electricity pulsed through my nipples, making me howl into my gag from the self-imposed discipline. I ***had*** to try and type, otherwise the horrid things within

my crotch would punish me even more awfully than the tightly sucked cups! Shaking with misery and discomfort, I continued my attempts to type as I was supposed to, suffering the awful torment that each movement of my fingers on the keys produced. At last, they seemed to find their proper placements and the agonizing twitches slowly began to ease off. The test seemed to go on forever, but it was finally over and my Governess' voice returned.

"Sister Christine, your test results were quite poor! As a consequence, you will be required to complete ten minutes of corrective discipline at the end of this class. Kindly pay closer attention in the future!" she unfeelingly sentenced me. "Now! It is time for you to study the basic chemistry of exothermic reactions."

My vision cleared magically and at once, the screen filling my forward vision began to overflow with text, formulae, and diagrams. In my ears, a man's voice droned about the properties of various chemicals, sliding into quickly boring and obscure detail. I tried desperately to concentrate on the lesson, but ten minutes into it, the cups locked onto my chest suddenly began the milking process and my focus suddenly shifted to the grimly unpleasant sensations. Milk was extracted from my breasts by the harsh, slowly squeezing actions of the cups; these combined with the kneading puckering of the lips fastened over my nipples. Inside my mask and helmet, I closed my eyes with the initial pleasure of the sensations washing over me, and unthinkingly my hands jerked against their restricting chains when I tried to reach to massage my encased breasts. Of course there wasn't any way for me to touch them, concealed and confined as they were within their rigid steel containers under the rubberized Habit, but nevertheless, the reaction was as automatic as breathing. When I began struggling though, the sensors in the chair wound my wrist chains and my leash into the chair's arms and back; in seconds clamping me erectly against its frame. I was held immovable while my milking continued unabated: an animal in restraint. The lesson, of course, continued while all of this happened and to add even more to my distress, the dildos and vibrators began to throb out their arousal and conditioning sequences! Under the mask I wailed with pain and frustration, and a burgeoning sexual awakening from the assaults, losing all focus on what was happening around me. I bounced and writhed as much as I could against my

stringent bondage, trying desperately to attain the Nirvana of a climax.

My eyes widened in distressed pain when more and more shocks cascaded through my body, then all of the external world was suddenly obliterated when my vision snapped off and my plugged ears suddenly became utterly silenced. Again, I was enfolded in an soundless and lightless void; my only anchor to reality being the wild, disturbing sensations that rippled through my sexual organs and breasts. I couldn't even twitch. Only my temporarily freed fingers scrabbled against the smooth and hard rubber of the arm rests. The pulses grew stronger and stronger, as did the suckling at my tender, vulnerable nipples and my state of arousal climbed higher when my masochistic sub-conscious began to resume control of my mind. I attempted to writhe and squirm on my seat, but the rigidly clamped dildo skewered me inescapably. My lessons were utterly forgotten while I was driven to orgasm by the unstoppable programming of the computer and wailing incoherently into my gag, I begged again and again to be freed of the irresistible process, only to receive severe disciplinary shocks from my collar.

There was no way out for me.

By this point, I craved the boon of the sensory explosion the way an addict craves the next hit, and did everything possible to move myself toward it, but the program governing my life had been not-so-subtly altered and the waves of my pleasure were interspersed with pulses of rippling electricity, driving me away from an orgasm. Inside my Control Uniform, I howled like a wounded banshee, fighting my tethers in hysterical denial of what was being done to my body and mind, but the session went on until at last I fainted from exhaustion, whirling away like a dead leaf into the Autumn mists. Unbeknownst to me, the computer sensed my escape from reality and allowed me thirty minutes to recover my senses, then it brought forth my 'Governess' again, returning my sight and hearing, briefly.

"Sister, Christine!" she stated portentously, "It is obvious that you require further practice, and Discipline! You ***must*** pay closer attention to your lessons! To give you some idea of how much you have missed, we shall now have a short test on the material that was covered earlier. Please type your answers to the questions into your keyboard."

"Ohhhhhh, pppplllleeeaaassseee, ***noooo!****"* I begged inside my mind, struggling against my bondage and writhing against my implacable harnessing, ever more desperate to escape my enslaving Uniform.

The questions began to appear on the screen before me and I tried to remember the obscure points that had been raised during my lesson, then type some sort of coherent answer. As soon as I hit the enter key, the next question came up and I tried again. There were only ten questions, but I shivered with trepidation when I'd completed them; waiting for a verdict on my performance. My score was an abysmal 30%. The 'Governess' returned.

"Sister Christine, that result is abominable!" she declared harshly. "You shall now do penance for your lack of attention, then be permitted to meditate upon your sins."

All sound cut off again and my sight was obliterated once more. Without pity the program, this time, kept me waiting in fear-filled suspense; adrift in nothingness and waiting for something to happen.

It began with a sudden, horribly painful pulsing; making me shudder frantically, howling with agony. Deep in my loins, under the steel, rubber and leather, I seemed to have spawned a whirling demon when the dildo twisted and began sliding in and out of my love channel with increasing frequency. My anal passage was invaded by surging tides of warm soapy water, further distending and sensitizing my body, then the tube down my throat swelled when a thick, gooey mush was forced into my stomach! All this occurred in deepest silence while I stared in horror out into the endless blackness enforced by my contact lenses. If anything, the penance I suffered got worse and worse, flicking me into brief periods of unconsciousness but this time, there was no release of any kind, despite my pitiful, gag-strangled pleading. For ten indescribable minutes, I was tortured unmercifully by the computer program, but finally, it came to an end, leaving me drifting, spinning slowly in shivering submission to my fate.

Chapter Twenty-One

A Nun's Training Continues

John

Christine remained fastened in her chair for the next two hours, completing her meditation, then I went into the classroom and once more laid her limp, unresisting fingers in their pockets in the mitts and flipped the covers closed. Still in blackness, her eyes concealed beneath the silvery surfaces of her contact lenses, she turned her masked face towards me in a fruitless quest, trying to see me. Deep within the veils and wimple framing her face, tears trickled slowly from the corners of her silver-covered eyes while she struggled to speak; despite the automatic disciplining shocks from her breast cups, chastity belt and collar. Her enforced vow of silence was ***not*** to be broken and so she remained silenced while I released her seating restraints then gently urged her to her feet. For a moment she stood swaying while trying to re-acclimatize herself to her 'en pointe' posture, then I returned her vision and hearing.

She stared up at me from within the confines of her head piece, blinking her tears away. I reached down for her nose chain.

"I can see that you've forgotten the requirement to maintain a humble posture already," I admonished, slowly pulling down on the nasal leash.

A very low wail of pain somehow hissed through the confinements of the strict rubber device covering her face when her head was drawn forward, then the ring at the end of the chain clicked with finality into its catch on her belt, forcing her to keep her head lowered. Beneath the concealing scapular, she jerked her chained and useless hands spasmodically against their fastenings in useless attempts to free herself, even while I knelt down to the floor to retrieve her house leash.

"Come along Sister Christine!" I commanded, giving it a sharp snap.

When the wire jerked at the tip of her 'Bar she again fought frenziedly

against her restrictions, but I paid her struggles and keening sounds of attempted speech no attention; pulling her along to the Playroom. Once inside, I took her to the treadmill.

“This is really the only exercise that you’re capable of Sister Christine,” I said, “and so, you’ll have to walk a couple of miles each day just to keep you in shape, until I free you of your Habit.”

She was, of course, incapable of any kind of resistance to the compelling jerks of her leash and so had to step up on the slightly inclined belt and wait while I connected the fore and aft positioning straps to the tip of her Inhibitor Bar. These raised the Habit’s hem slightly at the front and back and once connected, I stood back to survey her: my bound and captive Nun. She shifted continually on the tiny toes of her boots, trying to maintain her balance and of course I didn’t want her to fall, so moved back and connected a pair of heavy, dangling safety straps to the D-rings projecting through the material at the upper curves of her shoulders. She turned against her restrictions when she felt these being attached, and tried to raise her head, but her nose chain held firm preventing her from looking over or up at me. Unable to communicate in any other way, she twisted her head slowly from side to side in negation, totally silent. Once more I kept her in suspense of what was to occur next. She’d have some moments to fearfully contemplate her impending ‘processing’ before anything happened, for I’d set the programming intentionally to build up her terror and anticipation of what was next to be done to her.

The Playroom door closed and locked behind me and I went into the Observation Room then settled into my comfortable swivel chair to watch. Under her cloaking Habit, Christine continued struggling to escape her pervasive bondage; her head remaining forcibly bent forward in submission. I have no idea of what was running through her mind while she stood there so helpless, but it was certain that she was becoming, exactly as she had wished, initially anyway, a completely- and harshly-controlled, female slave.

Silently, the belt under her ‘en pointe’ feet began to move slowly, drawing the small ovals of her boot toes backwards. The short chains joining her cuffed ankles to the ‘Bar snapped tight when it swung backward between her legs and, at it’s fulcrum on the crotch band, the inner dildo swung in the

opposite direction, forward. For a woman, the sensation is terribly disturbing and uncomfortable, but then when she walked forward to alleviate the horrid movement, the dildo swung slowly backward to firmly press against her anal dildo. It is impossible for any human female to resist this type of internal manipulation and so she ***had*** to walk to try and avoid the sensations that must have grown to horrific levels. The internal movement drove her into immediate, thrashing motion and her legs swung into action under the heavy, long-skirted Habit. The distressed screams she attempted to utter died in her throat when the collar electrodes activated, and so she was kept to her vows of silence, obedience, and chastity. There was ***no*** way for her to avoid her fate, or to protest against it, for if she slowed, the sensations would become instantly unbearable.

I saw before me the humbled figure of a Nun in her traditional robes, hurrying along to nowhere, her head bent in seeming concentration of her prayers. Under the scapular, Christine's arms and hands continued to jerk petulantly against their fastenings, but her first stumble stopped her fighting of the inevitable and she began to pace along in subjugation, the fluid skirts of her long Habit swinging gracefully back and forth while she paced. Some ten minutes of the slow walking followed, then the treadmill picked up speed and she began to strut along with short, hobble-limited steps; unable to escape the intrusive, inescapable sensations of the dildo twitching deep in her belly with every tightening of her ankle chains. I'm sure that the sensations must were driving her to distraction, for occasionally she'd try to shake her head and I could see droplets of either perspiration or tears, falling from within her forward-bent veils. The rapid scurrying lasted only for about three minutes, then she was allowed to slowly return to a more sedate pacing and I'd set up her program so that this sequence would be repeated every thirty minutes. I knew she'd be forced to really exert herself when it occurred, but it wasn't too onerous ... yet.

Things needed doing and so I left Christine to her exercise. Back in the office, I immersed myself in the programming for her new discipline and pleasuring sessions, spending the next hours buried in the complex and often exasperating computer language. When I next looked at the clock, three hours had gone by as though in an instant and I slowly stood and stretched myself, looking outside to the blowing leaves and grey overcast skies. It was wet and

miserable out there and I was grateful of the warmth and comfort within the house. In the Playroom, Christine walked on alone, and under computerized monitoring and compulsion. With no requirement to go anywhere or do any important chore, I wandered back downstairs to check on her after getting myself a beer from the kitchen fridge. When I opened the door to the Playroom, all I could hear was the sibilant hissing of the treadmill's belt, punctuated with the tap-tap impacts of her steel soles upon it's surface; these overlain by the singing snap of her hobble chain's links fighting each other at her every pace. All else was silence. She walked slowly to nowhere, still occasionally jerking her mitted hands against their chains and locks, but I knew she had given up hope of ever finding a release while she struggled along in soundless blackness.

I finally took pity on her and interrupted the program. The machine slowed and stopped, then I gradually restored her sight and hearing. Within two minutes, I had removed her from her tethering to the treadmill, then eased the tension on her nose ring chain so that she could look up. When she raised her head, I stared down into the mostly veil obscured face before me and saw the glittering trails of tears. Her eyes blinked in silent plea, and her head shook slowly from side to side, limited by the still-fastened nose chain, while under the strict rubber encasement of the face mask, her jaws worked on the large gagging plug, still trying to beg me to release her. When she tried to form the words of course, the collar and tongue electrodes immediately and without pity disciplined her with painfully pulsing shocks through the tender flesh of her neck and mouth as a punishment for the attempt. Her eyes snapped shut from the sudden pain, squeezing more large tears from under her squinched lids. At last they opened again and she stood silently staring up fearfully at me.

"Okay, Sister Christine, I suppose you'd better be fed. Come along. We'll go to the kitchen and I'll hook you up.

Her eyes closed slowly and she nodded resignedly. I took her by her pinioned right arm above the elbow, feeling the tightly clamped steel cuff just above the joint, through the heavy fabric of her Habit, and marched her to the kitchen. Her boots tapped imperiously on the hardwood flooring and her hobble chains jingled merrily while I drew her along, off-setting the continual

slithering of her leash. Once in the kitchen, I pulled her to her feeding station and fastened her collar to the short chain dangling from the wall ring. She twisted her head to allow me to release her lower facial veil, then held still while I plugged the feeding hose into the front of her mask. Her eyes snapped open and she jerked her hands against their locks, then stamped her feet. I knew what she wanted.

“No,” I stated simply. “As I told you before; you’ll stay in the Habit for the full month. After that, it’s back into your regular schedule for a couple of weeks. After that it’ll be time for another visit to The Clinic. You’ll have to wear your feeder gag until that time and it’ll only be removed so that you can be fitted with your next sets of facial jewellery.”

Her head turned as quickly as could be managed, towards me, straining at the limit of the nose chain, when I said the last; her eyes widening in fear and shock that she was to be required to suffer yet more additions. I ignored her reaction and busied myself getting her food mixture ready, then placing it in the hoppers of the pump. When it started pushing the mush down the tube and into her gag then her stomach, she shivered convulsively and closed her eyes; jaw muscles surging under the tightly clamped-on mask while she tried to chew through her gag pad. I was famished I realized, observing her struggling to accept being fed by the machine, and so went to the fridge and got out a steak and began preparing it.

Occasionally I looked over to where she stood chained in her place to see that her luminous eyes shone back at me from above the facial covering of the bulky, clinging mask. Our gazes met just for a moment before she’d look submissively down at the floor and the hose looping up to her mouth. Nearly an hour later I sat back in contentment, glancing at the remnants of the meal on the table before me. My tethered Nun continued to shuffle her strictly-booted feet, their steel toe caps creating a pleasing little cadence in counterpoint to the clinking of her hobble chains. She looked appealingly at me. By now, it was nearly 7:30 PM and I decided that she’d done enough for the day.

“How about some TV and relaxation before you go to bed, honey?” I asked.

She nodded solemnly and I stood, then walked over and freed her of her short

leash and the feeding hose. Replacing her lower veil, she was returned to being a fully costumed Nun, and I walked her to the TV room, her leash trailing from under her skirts along the floor behind as always.

“You know, Sister Christine,” I said to her silent, diminutive, and robe-concealed form while she stood waiting by her chair for me to lift her into it, “this ensemble suits you. I know you want to be freed from your Control Harness and this Habit, but the Harness ***always*** stays on ... basically for the rest of your days. Perhaps you’ll be freed of the Habit at some point, but then again, you could be kept in it for a long time to come. You’ll just have to accept that none of it is coming off for a long while yet.”

I scooped her into my arms then sat down in the lounger and picked up the remote control. She momentarily snuggled against me within the bulkiness of her garments, as much as her chains and other hidden restrictions permitted, then slowly began nuzzling her masked and veil-hidden face against my chest while I settled myself comfortably. I knew she was anything but comfortable herself, what with all the equipment fitted and locked onto and ***into*** her body, but she somehow accommodated herself to it all, and lay quietly against me while I happily surfed through the channels until I found something of interest.

Of course, she couldn’t understand a thing that came through the plugs locked into her ear canals for I’d re-set the parameters so that she could only understand ***my*** words, and nothing else. All other sounds were turned into meaningless and painful howls, squawks, and rumbles, but she stared avidly at the movie on the huge screen, happy to be allowed to see anything at all. Every once in a while she’d shift in my arms and stare intently up into my face and when she did, I couldn’t help my smile of possession. Lowering my head, I kissed her closed lids, feeling the firmness of the lenses cupped over her eyes and she strained desperately to kiss me back from under the rubber mask. During a couple of these intervals, I turned off her air supply and left it that way until she almost blacked out from its lack. Each time, I could see her beginning to slide into blackness while she struggled frantically to get air; feeling my lips gently caressing the only visible and available areas of her soft skin. Her sweet, hysterical struggling added to my, and her, sense of her total controllability.

A couple of hours later, I slowly got to my feet and carried my unconscious Lady upstairs to her cell. She'd somehow managed to fall sound asleep in my arms, and I didn't want her to wake up. Moments later she lay fastened to her bed, then I carefully clipped the auxiliary air hoses to her mask. These were connected to a wall fitting and in the nearby equipment room of the house , the hospital respirator came on automatically, forcing her to breathe, but adding in a little oxygen and a very small does of anaesthetic. When I tightened her 'Bar and head chains, she thrashed momentarily in a nightmare, then I turned off her sight and hearing and slipped from the room. When I turned to take a last look at her I saw that she lay quietly; only occasionally rolling against the restriction of her side chains and instinctually jerking her hands and legs against their fastenings while unknown dreams of enslavement flickered through her mind's eye. In a moment I'd rolled into my own bed, knowing that she was fully locked down in hers, and she'd stay there until I decided to release her.

Over the next weeks, Christine continued the schedule we'd begun, sinking ever deeper into her role as a silent and humble 'Nun', controlled utterly by her bondage. I'd decided that she should stay in her current costume until we arrived at The Clinic; then she'd be stripped back to her 'normal' Uniform before the next procedures took place. As with all of the other additions that were made to her body, she had no say in what was to happen and ***had*** to submit herself without hesitation, just as she'd agreed in her Marriage and Slavery Contracts. If there was any reluctance shown, she would suffer severely for it and she had agreed to that as well.

At last, the fateful day arrived and I loaded her into the van, even though she struggled ineffectually and fought to prevent it happening. She was about to be sealed even more deeply into her slavery than she could ever have imagined, even two weeks previously.

Chapter Twenty-Two

Returned to the Clinic

Christine

My Master took me to The Clinic, as usual under the inescapable control of my Uniform and Habit. I'd become increasingly resigned to having to wear them on a full time basis, and although I could do nothing to release myself, I still automatically fought to be free of my Control Harness's nearly intolerable and agonizing attentions. That I was held so closely his prisoner didn't seem to bother him in the slightest, and truth be told, I was beginning to enjoy some of the aspects of having him continually minister to me.

We arrived downtown relatively early, as was usual, and I thanked God that the streets were nearly deserted. After all, it was just past 7 am, and I suppose that I shouldn't have been all that worked up about it, but as usual I was in a terrorized state that I'd be observed in my severe bondage and strange costume. There were few pedestrians on the streets when we arrived at a parking spot just in front of the building housing The Clinic, and thankfully none of them took any notice of me being released from my specially-equipped seat. They were too busy, I suppose, concentrating on their own morning misery of having to hit the corporate world again before it hit them. My trip across the side walk, through the lobby, and up the elevator was smooth and without incident and Mike's secretary Doris welcomed us as usual. For some reason, I was permitted to both hear and understand her.

"Good morning, John!" she said with a smile, her eyes inspecting my Nun's Habit minutely while I danced beside him at the end of my leash; my head drawn forward by the re-tightened nose chain. "Is this a new acquisition, or have you decided to place Christine in a Convent?" I could hear the broad smile in her voice. "Please, come this way."

All I could see of her was the bottom inches of her skirt, her legs, and shoes; thanks to the tension on my nose ring and the limitations imposed by my veils and wimple. She walked slowly ahead and opened the door to the long corridor beyond then led us to the end room. This was the chamber in which

I'd suffered so much already and I couldn't help the shivering of fear that shook me while I was drawn into it. Doris closed and locked the thick, sound-proofed door behind us, then came over to hold my leash while my Master lifted away a small square of carpet off to the side to reveal a deeply-planted ring bolt. He took out a short chain and locked it to the ring, then Doris pulled me over to stand beside it, took the free end of the chain, locked it to the tip of my 'Bar, then stood and removed my leading chain, leaving me in the rest of my costume. I was still a fully leashed and controlled prisoner.

"Mike, would like to have a few words with you in his office, please," Doris said while continuing to inspect me.

"No problem. We can just leave her here until we're ready."

"Oh, yes. That won't be a problem. She's perfectly safe, and chained as she is, there'll be no way for her to move far. I suppose that she has all the usual security features activated on her Uniform?"

"Yes, she does, and then some. As soon as I'm away from her, as you know Doris, she becomes blind and deaf. Too, if she tries to speak, the discipline electrodes in Uniform shut her up quite efficiently."

"Very good! If you'll follow me then?"

Their footsteps moved away and the door closed softly but with a distinctly audible click leaving me alone and chained. What could I do but prance to the end of my tether, trying to maintain my balance? A second after the door closed, my awareness collapsed and I became deaf and blind; left to sense the world around me only through the vibrations and gyrations of the rigid shaft locked into my body between my legs. With every snubbed little step I took, the hobble chains made me deeply aware of my femaleness. The jerk of the leash to the tip of the 'Bar, when it snapped tight, reinforced my state of controlled and subservient femininity.

A tingle of electricity zipped through my breasts, then another stronger one pulsed through my engorged clitoris and I screamed into my gag, trying to bend forward and tear away the torturing steel devices secured so deeply under the obscuring layers of my Habit. Of course my struggles came to

nothing, and the mild torturing continued all the time my Master was away.

John

Doris walked ahead of me down the corridor to Mike's office with that sexy sway and twitching of the hips that men go crazy for, knowing full well that I was mentally drooling all over her. She turned with a tantalizing smile and opened the door, gesturing me in.

"John is here Doctor, and Christine is secured in the holding room."

"Very good. Thank you, Doris. I'll give you a call when we're ready to proceed and you can get Susan to fill in for you then."

"Yes sir," she smiled again at me and stepped out of the room, closing the door behind her.

"Hi, Mike!" I said, reaching out and shaking his hand across the cluttered, dark mahogany desk.

"Hello, old chap," he said grinning like a Cheshire cat. "How are you getting on with your young bride?"

"Mike, she's an absolute stunner in so many ways! Damn! I figure that I've gotta be the luckiest son of a bitch on Earth to have found her. She's really incredible."

"I'd certainly have to agree with you there. Especially," he stated with feeling. "considering all the equipment that you've designed and had fitted to the young lady. By the way, I've had some serious inquiries from the Middle East about your equipment. A Certain Sheik Al-Marish has expressed an interest in them, and I mentioned that you were more or less free to travel at will. Would you be interested in contacting him?"

"Really?" I asked, wondering that the word had travelled so far. Sure, I knew that we designers and creators of slavery implements were a pretty small lot and almost everyone knew, or knew of, everyone else, but that the word of my efforts had travelled so fast was a little amazing. After a moment or two I

answered. “Yes, certainly I’d like to meet the gentleman. I’m sure that we’d find many areas of common interest.”

Mike smiled at that.

“Ah ... Yes. I’m sure that you would. He apparently ... ah ... has a large establishment somewhere out there that he keeps stocked with all kinds of, shall we say, Harem playthings. All suitably restrained, of course,” he grinned evilly at me, knowing I was a sucker for this kind of tantalizing lead-on. “He told me that if you appeared interested, to contact him and he’ll send his private jet to fetch you. All at your timing, of course.”

“Mike, this sounds like some sort of fairy tale,” I stalled, thinking quickly and deeply about this suddenly revealed opportunity. “Ah, what say I give you a firm commitment in a week? In the meantime you can tell the Prince of the Sands that I’m definitely interested.”

“That sounds fair and I’ll call him later today. Now, here’s what we’re going to fit to Christine today ...”

For the next fifteen minutes we went over the list and the procedures for continuing to equip my slave girl, then he rang for Doris. She appeared seconds later and the three of us returned to the room that held Christine a prisoner. Moving slightly back and forth, she stood on her tip toes; hobble chains clinking softly whenever she shifted her weight to keep her balance. By now, these movements had become an automatic reaction. Christine had minced out to he three foot limit of her chain leash, it strung tight from its mounting point to, then under, the hem of her long skirt, disappearing to its fastening on the tip of her ‘Bar. When we entered, I saw that she still jerked instinctually at her bonds, trying to escape the automatic but mild disciplining I’d programmed for her while I was away.

Leaving her blinded and deafened, we began the slow and careful process of removing her from the Habit. As each piece of the outer clothing came off, Doris folded it neatly and placed it in a large, waiting hard-sided suit case. A few moments later, she stood, still leashed, before us, clad in only her regular Uniform and breathing mask. I activated her hearing and sight and she blinked her eyes, staring out from within her very personal imprisonment.

“Christine,” Mike spoke quietly, “it’s time to take you out of your mask and remove your gag ... for a little while anyway. Actually, it’s just so that I can fit you with some additional equipment and I need to have your face free of any covering. We’ll be doing some other stuff to you also, but we’ll get into that a bit later. Before we take it off though, we’ll proceed to the Operating Room, get you strapped down, and anesthetize you. You won’t be aware of the mask’s removal, and after we’ve made the additions and changes, it’ll be re-attached to your face. Effectively, for you, the thing will have never been removed. Neat, eh?” he grinned at her.

She stared up at me and shook her head, gesturing with her chained hands to have the oppressing thing removed, pleading desperately with her eyes.

“No! It stays on, all the time you are conscious.”

Doris knelt and unlocked her leash from the tip ring, but only after re-connecting a short leading chain. The four of us walked slowly through the second door and into a sterile, white Operating Room and at its threshold Christine tried to hesitate, hanging back against the demanding tug of the leash, obviously attempting to resist the movement of the dildo far up inside her belly when the ‘Bar leash jerked. He eyes clenched closed from the sensation, and she flung her head around, taking her restricted little steps towards the fateful room at the end of the thrumming line of links.

“Please give me a hand to get her up on the table,” Mike requested, “then I’ll go scrub.”

Doris, he, and I cradled Christine in our arms and easily picked her up then laid her on the thinly padded rubber covering and Mike left while Doris and I proceeded to fasten her. When I connected the stout straps to the rings of her Uniform and tightened them, I looked down into Christine’s glowing eyes and she stared silently back at me from under her contact lenses. Sensing that she was soon to be rendered unconscious, she twisted her head from side to side in a last, near-hysterical effort to negate what was about to happen, and at the same time avoid having the air/gas hoses attached to her mask. Naturally, she couldn’t manage it, but she tried anyway. I held her head steady by grasping the ring at its top, then with two metallic snicks, the hoses clipped into place. She lay quietly, looking like some alien being strapped

down for exploratory surgery. A faint keening of fear filtered from under the rubber horror clamped onto her face while Doris walked around the table, inspecting the security of the straps. Once satisfied, she moved to the head of the table out of Christine's sight and began to administer the anaesthetic gas mixture.

As soon as Christine smelled the change in her air she stiffened, then began to thrash against her bonds and more small cries of hysteria hissed into the room. Her eyes snapped open, dilated with terror, then gently slid closed when she fell into an overwhelming blackness. In a moment her hyperventilating and gasping breathing settled into a steady, deep cycle, then I began the slow process of removing her feeding/breathing mask and stomach tube. Actually, after the locks had been released, removal of the device was relatively easy, although as the last portion of her feeding tube slid out of her throat and back into her mouth, she gave a convulsive shudder. The anaesthetic being administered would keep her unconscious for the next three to four hours, allowing Mike plenty of time to complete the next additions to her jewellery and Control Uniform.

She lay immobilized and waiting.

Mike re-entered the room clad now in surgeon's greens and masked, then moved quickly to the table. I donned the sterile mask Doris handed me, then she retrieved a large, covered tray from the autoclave, placing it on a table positioned next to Christine's head. With his foot, Mike hooked over a rolling, high stool and settled onto it, then, when he was comfortably seated, Doris whisked the cover from the tray to reveal a host of glittering instrumentation and Christine's newest jewellery.

I saw the things that would soon reside in the flesh of Christine's upper and lower lips waiting in their small tray. They resembled thumb tacks with large, heavily-frosted, flat heads and each thick post had a deep groove machined into the shiny stainless steel about a millimetre below its blunt tip. There were fourteen of them in all, and in a separate compartment was a short bar-bell post with two small rings at either end; each mounted into a small sphere. Just under each ball was a pair of small washers. To the side of these was another, quite large, circular tray in which two large, flat, slightly flexible washer-like things sat. The over-all width of the washer was some six inches;

the actual metal part a half an inch in width and about a millimetre thick with a series of small holes drilled into the outer edges, completely around it. At the centre of each washer thing was a flattened hemisphere approximately an inch thick and nearly two inches in diameter. It was held centred by six equally spaced and tightly strung stainless steel wires.

“Very well. Let’s begin,” Mike intoned briskly.

Doris peeled back Christine’s slack upper and lower lips, then clamped them so that they were pulled away from her gums and Mike picked up the scalpel while she grasped a swab, waiting. He inspected the central portion of her inner lower lip and quickly made a very short vertical incision, then, moving his hands to the side, made others into the sides of the wound, mid-way between the inner skin of her lip and the outer surface. Doris staunched the blood quickly, then moved her hand away. Mike was waiting and quickly pushed a thick piercing needle through the flesh at the centre of the incision, pressing firmly on it until it emerged from the outer flesh, just under her lip line. He moved it back and forth a couple of times, then pulled it out. A small amount of blood was blotted up again and he picked up one of the ‘thumb tacks’. From the inner side of the lip, he carefully inserted the blunt tip into the perforation he’d made and pressed until it slowly emerged through the outer surface of the skin. A pair of surgical pliers was needed to pull it all the way through after its tip emerged because the shaft was, intentionally, to thick for the hole he’d created. On the inner surface, he waggled the broad head around until it slipped into the lateral cuts, for, in effect he’d made a pocket for it, then with four quick loops, he stitched the vertical incision closed over the flat top of the ‘tack’, thus sealing it deeply within her flesh. The frosted coating ensured that the flesh would heal right onto the steel surface, making the pin virtually irremovable, without first tearing the tissue and the sutures would be rapidly absorbed during the healing process, removing the necessity of having to extract the remnants in a couple of days.

He turned his attentions to the external portion now and pressed the outer skin down the post until a full half centimetre of it projected above the skin. Doris swabbed on some sort of healing agent/antiseptic cream, then Mike moved to the next pins for Christine’s lower lip and repeated the process. It was exacting work, and he took his time inserting the ‘tacks’ and closing up

after each was emplaced. The bright overhead lights of the Operating Room had raised the temperature significantly, and after he'd done the top seven pins, he sat back for a moment when Doris wiped perspiration from his forehead. There were yet another seven to emplace in her lower lip.

After a couple of moments, he proceeded to fit Christine with the balance, so that within half an hour she bore the fourteen 'tacks', outlining her lips with the tips sticking out of small reddened circles of flesh. Each shaft protruded through the skin, its surface separated from the actual lip by some four millimetres. She would still be able to kiss, if unmasked, but the one who kissed her would feel the presence of the posts, and Christine would be unable to escape ***or*** remove them. Doris released the clamps holding her lips away from her face, gave every post a last cleaning and swabbing off the cream, then sat waiting for the next part of the procedure while Mike retired to the wash-up area and cleaned his gloved hands.

He resumed his seat some five minutes later, then, reaching up to the bridge of Christine's nose, gripped the small amount of relaxed flesh and muscle there and pulled it gently outwards. He seemed satisfied with his test and picked up another thick, very sharp needle in one hand. It was held poised and he pulled up on the same flesh again while positioning the very carefully, almost against the bridge of her nose, then he slowly and carefully pressed it into the tensioned flesh and muscle structure. It was surprisingly slow going. The heavily muscle-laden flesh resisted the continuing penetration of the thick needle, but the force and twisting he exerted easily overcame the difficulty and a moment later the needle's tip emerged from the other side of the pulled-up fold of skin. Doris was ready with a sterile swap, while in her other hand, she held the thick bar-bell, now minus one of the spheres on its ends. This she placed the hollowed-out end of the piercing needle and kept up the pressure while Mike began to slowly draw it back through the hole he'd created. Thirty seconds later the shaft end emerged from the initial perforation and Mike tossed the needle into the used equipment tray. Doris handed him the ringed ball and he grasped the one on the other end of the now mounted shaft, then slowly pressed it closer to the skin. Holding it firmly, he then clamped the ball and ring assembly onto the exposed end, then twirled it slowly until there was a subtle, solid click. It had been permanently locked onto the shaft. Doris swabbed the areas around the two

balls and washers between Christine's eyes.

"This calls for a break folks," he stated. "Doris, giver her another shot of anaesthetic, then in a couple of minutes we'll begin the next phase."

"Yes sir," she said, picking up the mask and holding it over Christine's nose and mouth.

"John, will you remove Christine's breast cups?"

"Right."

It took only seconds to release their fasteners to the chest harness and the inner locking devices. I lifted them away from my female's chest to reveal her large, projecting mounds of bulging flesh. Each was reddened from the prolonged encasement; the sensitive flesh indented all over from the inner projections. Mike inspected each trembling breast minutely, nodding occasionally, then grasped the large rings in each nipple and slowly pulled outwards. Christine shuddered within the confinement of her tightly-pulled straps and a loud gasping moan escaping from her, for once, unstoppered mouth.

"Doris? Could you please fit her with the stretcher after you've administered the anaesthetic? We'll be back in a couple of minutes."

"Yes, Doctor."

Mike and I exited the Operating Room and retired to his office down the hall. Along the way, he stripped off his gloves and the 'greens'; tossing them into a used equipment bin and once in his office, we sat down and each lit a cigarette.

"Well," he said taking a deep drag, "that's got the easiest stuff done. It went well, too, as far as I'm concerned. Now come the most intricate and delicate parts of the process."

"Yeah," I agreed. "This part 'll be pretty intense: before, during, and especially ... after."

“Are you ***sure*** you want her equipped with those implants?” he queried, looking directly at me. “They’ll be pretty damned ‘intense’ as you say. Once I’ve put them into her, they’ll be impossible to remove, you know?”

“Oh yes, I’m aware,” I confirmed. “My arrangements for Christine are that she must accept whatever is done to her, always without even being aware of whatever it may be. ***She*** just has to live with the new additions; like it or not.”

“Okay!” he grinned at me. “Lets get back at it. This time you’ll have to dress in the green’s and mask also. Doris has already changed and is waiting for us.”

We walked back down the corridor into the Prep. Room and moments later were masked, gowned, and gloved; standing next to Christine’s recumbent body. At the centre of her chest, where before there had only been the deep crease between the large and gently curved bulbous mounds of her breasts, there was now a substantial cross tree arrangement. A toothed, square section shaft, had been fitted into the socket designed to accept it on the harness/chest band still clamped into her flesh, between her breast cup mounting hardware. Doris had hooked Christine’s sturdy nipple rings into notches at the ends of the cross tree, then turned the knurled adjustment knob at its centre, moving it outwards along the post so that each bulging breast and transfixed nipple was under considerable tension, pulled even further out through their sealing, base collars. Low moans of distress issued from Christine’s partially-opened mouth, even though she still remained deeply unconscious.

Mike resumed his seat, this time on the right side of the table. Doris briskly removed the covering of a fresh set of instruments and he carefully began to make a small incision along the outer side, at the revealed base of her right breast. I was almost ill while I watched him; the scalpel sinking from site as he continued. The actual cut was quickly done and the blood stanched again. Doris handed him one of the strange washer affairs with the flattened hemisphere in the middle. He carefully slipped it under the mass of tensioned tissue, and, working very slowly and carefully, locked it into place against her chest wall by looping thin strands of stainless steel wire through the holes around the circumference into the surrounding flesh. It was an involved

process, but when completed, the device was anchored securely in place; virtually undetectable either to the wearer or any observer. Doris released the ring from the cross tree on that side, and the mass of flesh sank back. Mike worked slowly, gradually moving back out to the skin, suturing the flesh back together. A series of very small stitches closed up the exterior wound and Doris swabbed the area. The first implant had been mounted.

After a couple of minutes rest, the two of them moved to the other side of the table and repeated the process with just as much concentration and attention to detail. All the while, I stood and watched them complete these latest additions, wondering what Christine would experience when I activated them. She'd be incredibly controllable; having to suffer a most pervasive and inescapable attention to her breasts and nipples, for no matter where she was, I could activate the devices now buried inside her body.

Mike finished his chores and came over to me.

"We're done. Doris will clean up and keep an eye on her. Let's go back to the office."

"Sounds good," I agreed, heading for the door.

I looked back and saw that Doris was connecting clean-out hoses to Christine's crotch cover plate and had also connected a drip feed; it inserted into her strapped down left arm. Just before the door closed I saw her take a white sheet and draw it over the table, concealing Christine and all of her restraints from the neck down. In the office Mike settled wearily into his chair behind the desk and gave a heart-felt sigh.

"Whew! That was some job!" he exclaimed, then glanced over at me. "A pretty advanced procedure John, and so I'm going to insist that you leave Chris here with us for four days to allow her to recover fully while the healing progresses. I want to keep her under observation. Naturally, I'll expect you check with me every day."

"Sure, Mike," I replied, having counted on this anyway. "That presents no problems. I've got to make a two day trip to Vancouver to see about getting some work done on a storage and shipping container for her. This gives me

the opportunity to take care of it. I'll call at noon each day for a progress report. How's that?"

"That's fine. Naturally, we'll keep her sedated for the time she's with us, and too, of course, she'll remain in restraints at all times. You'll want to be here, I'd think, to see us reattach her mask? And I think you saw Doris hooking up her feeding and waste disposal?"

"Yeah. I saw. I'd like to see how the mask is affixed, with the new system in place. Will you be keeping her in the Operating Room?"

"That seems to be the easiest solution. I don't have anything booked for the next six days, so it's not going to be a problem."

"Okay!" I said, getting up. "Mike, watching you do that stuff was very interesting. Thanks for allowing me to observe you at work. I'm going to head out now and I'll give you a call tomorrow around noon."

"Glad to have you on-hand to see what was being done to your Lady. Gives you a little more sense of the kind of trauma that she has to go through to accept the things you want her to bear, doesn't it? Anyway, I'll expect your call tomorrow and I'll let you know how things are going." He stood and waved me good bye as I took my leave.

A couple of minutes later, I was out the door and at the van.

Christine

I lay staring fearfully up at my Master and the other two masked figures, shaking my head in frantic negation against what was to come. It made ***no*** difference and then I tasted the change in my air mixture at the same time I smelled it, and sank into a depthless, unconscious void. I never felt whatever it was that they did while I was out, and only vaguely noticed when I came back to a semi-awareness. My lips itched and felt quite strange! It seemed as though they struggled against some intimate restrictions, then I discovered that the flesh between my eyes, at the bridge of my nose itched quite strangely too. As much as I wanted to reach my hands and fingers up to explore the strange sensations of mild irritation, I couldn't seem to extract

them from the clinging webs that held them down. It was frustrating and I whined with misery at being unable to touch myself; having forgotten completely about my life as a fully-controlled slave girl. Along their outer curves, each of my breasts also had an irritating itching sensation, but again, I couldn't seem to get free to scratch or rub those areas. I suppose that occurred at some point during the first twenty-four hours after my multiple operations, for the nurse and Doctor never permitted me to become fully conscious and I sank once more into blankness.

The next thing I remembered was slowly coming towards the surface of full awareness again, feeling something being done to fit me with my confining feeding and air mask. The gag pad was slipped deeply inside my mouth and my tongue was locked to it as usual; then I was allowed to slowly close my mouth around it, thus seating it firmly. Its cheek flaps were slowly and carefully slipped into place, and next came the feeding tube down my throat. I thrashed in restrained but semi-conscious rebellion, but it was no use of course, and in a moment I felt the horrible thing sliding easily down my throat. Next, two slippery tubes were slowly pressed far up into my nostrils, then fed through my sinuses and down into my windpipe. It was horribly uncomfortable, even though I was only semi-awake, and I began weeping from the distressing sensations that they were so deliberately inflicting. I ***wanted*** to open my eyes and look at my tormentors, but no matter what I did with my eyelids, I remained enclosed in utter blackness.

My attention changed focus when I felt my upper lip grasped, then gently pulled away from the concealing flap between it and my teeth. Then, the flesh was slowly pressed against the cold rubber of the face mask and I felt a series of small clicks. Suddenly, the surface of my skin around the lip area seemed to be glued to the cold rubber! No matter how much I writhed my lip, I couldn't move it away from the rubber of the mask! The same feeling came on my lower lip until it ***too*** was firmly anchored to the slightly flexible rubber of the inner side of the mask!!

With the size of the mouth filler, my jaws were always kept slightly spread, pulling my lips tight against the inner flap, then slowly, the horridly restrictive and controlling mask was pulled firmly against the remainder of my lower face. When this happened the nostril tubes were forced to slither

ever deeper up into my head, then came yet other small clicks that tugged painfully at my nostril/septum bar, locking ***it*** into place within the nose piece of the confining face mask. Between my eyes, I felt a sudden, awful tension come on the bunched mass of flesh and muscle there, then the thick rubber horror was drawn upwards and even more tightly against my face! I couldn't see it of course, but the U-shaped shackle that had been mounted in the flesh there had been flipped down and into a locking fitting on the mask. I tried to screw up my face to relieve the strange sensations, only to find that the thick, semi-flexible rubber mask had removed even that small freedom. Once more I sank into the morass of unconsciousness.

When I finally came back to a full awareness of the world around me, it was to see my Master, the Doctor, and the nurse standing next to me where I still lay fastened to the Operating Table. My hearing snapped on and my Master spoke.

"Hi!" he grinned. "Hope you're feeling okay? You've just been through a pretty intense session. It's four days later now, and time to get you back to the house. Doris and Mike are going to give me a hand to get you up, then put you back into your Control Uniform, then we'll go home."

I nodded groggily at him. They quickly loosened the straps that held me down and helped me to stand beside the table where I balanced precariously, needing one of them to hold me up. Grasping each of my mitted forearms, they held me up until I was able to stand on my own.

"Now, Christine, I want you to walk over to the suspension bar and raise your arms so that we can fasten them out of the way while I put your Discipline Milker cups back on."

I tried to object by shaking my head against the tightness of my high collar, but my unspoken plea was completely ignored. My Master and the nurse unsympathetically grasped each of my arms and frog-marched me to the waiting bar and a moment later both of my wrists had been connected to its ends, widespread. At the wall, the Doctor pressed a button, and my chained arms rose slowly into the air, making my bulging and pendulous breasts fully available. I'd long gotten over the feelings of embarrassment of having them revealed, and knew that in short moments it wouldn't matter anyway! They'd

both be locked into their airtight, concealing torture chambers, available to no one but my Master. Doris knelt before me, then I felt a snap reverberate through my ‘Bar when she clipped a chain to it. The dildo twisted inside my belly and I whimpered in automatic reaction into my gag then ***had*** to stumble forward until I was centred over the floor ring, dragged there by an irresistible tension. The suspension bar rose again, straightening my arms, keeping them well away from my body.

“Slave Girl,” he said quietly, “you’ve been fitted with additional breast disciplining equipment. It’s mounted deep inside them, and ***cannot*** be touched or seen either by you or anyone else. This new equipment will work in conjunction with your breast cups and should be ... ah ... quite entertaining for you I think. Here’s a little demonstration of some of its milder applications.”

I stared up at him fearfully. ***What*** had he had done to me now?!

I couldn’t feel anything different about my breasts, other than the slight itchiness along the chest wall on their outer curves. What was he talking about? Suddenly, they began to vibrate from the inside out! Each fleshy mound shook violently from some sort of internal device and I could feel them deeply inside my chest as well then my nipple rings began to shimmer with the rapid pulsing, tugging weightily against the straining flesh through which they were mounted. He held his hands to my chest, cupping my vibrating flesh in his warm palms while I squirmed and writhed in increasing agitation and arousal. No matter ***what*** I did, I couldn’t escape the frenzied motions of the things buried in my flesh! His hands dropped away and suddenly, a pulsing river of electrical shocks forked through the flesh between my chest wall and my trembling nipple rings, seeming to play with daggering skewers through the fullness of the flesh! Every cell seemed to be subject to the torturing bursts of current! Under the mask, I tried to give life to a full-blooded scream for him to make it all stop; immediately beginning to weep wildly with shoulder-shaking sobs; twisting and shaking my body to escape the awful pain, but it was no use!! The awful sensations were emanating from within me! My breasts continued to blaze and shiver with the torment, vibrating weirdly, then again his hands cupped the trembling mounds, squeezing gently. I went into a veritable dance of agony, for even

his slight caress and compression suddenly boosted the flaring energy to an intolerable level! His hands dropped away, but then, he hooked his fingers through my nipple rings and tensioned them until I thought my I was going to die from the shimmering waves of agony suffusing each of my breasts.

They hummed fiercely, yet tensioned painfully, and again the shocks returned to rend my flesh with agonizing pulses! In spite of his tension, I writhed desperately, but ***nothing*** stopped the punishment! He released the nipple rings then turned off the things that so intimately disciplined me.

“That’s just a ***small*** sample of what can be done to you now Slave Girl. As I said, what you now have inside you, works in conjunction with your Discipline Milker cups and so what you’ve just experienced is only a taste of what you’ll have to accept in the future. It doesn’t matter whether or not you’ve done what you’re told. This can and will happen at any time, for any reason; or none!”

Through despairing, tear-filled eyes, I watched him with unrestrained horror, but he was pitiless at my helplessness. Doris handed the Discipline Milker cups to him and he approached, then stood quietly by my side while she slathered each of my breasts with the slick contact gel. I stared into the awful imprisonments for my breasts when he held them up; noting the specialized fittings at the apexes that would lock onto my nipple rings and pull them into full contact with the interior teat suction cups. The wide inner collar that would overlap the one on my chest harness, around the bases of the cups, was also lubricated, then he brought the left one to my chest and began to put it on me. He twirled the cup while pressing it down over the breast and its interior base collar began to slide slowly over my ballooned flesh. With a pop, the whole containment sank into firm contact and my engorged flesh was first compressed, then popped through the wide rubber collar. Inside, the blunt little rubber spikes again pressed painfully into the swollen and sensitive flesh, but the fitting process was not yet complete. A gap of some three quarters of an inch still separated the sealing groove of the cup from it’s mating channel on the Controller Bra’s chest band and the frame surrounding the breast. He put an arm behind my back and slowly pushed down on the cup, forcing it closer and closer to my chest until a series of soft, mechanical clicks signalled that it was once more securely locked onto the chest harness

with my breasts securely imprisoned within. While the cup sank slowly inwards and I unthinkingly screamed, feeling the inner spikes pressed deep into the isolated, bulging, and compressed flesh.

Removed from sight under the steel covering, the liner's spiky protuberances continued to force themselves into my skin and I moaned continually into my gag from the pain of becoming reacquainted with them. Eventually, I'd not notice it, strange as that sounds, but initially, the feeling all of the little projections settling themselves into place was quite horrible. Tears of misery flooded from my eyes and down the glistening black rubber of my mask, but these were completely disregarded and, two minutes later, the other cup had also been fastened, and I was once more 'decently' covered. Doris reappeared with my public travelling clothes.

"Well, my dear," my Master spoke, inspecting me carefully, "it would appear that you're ready to be taken home. I'll just get you covered and leashed, then we'll be on our way."

Doris handed him my cloak and he quickly and expertly swathed me in it, pulling up its deep cowl hood to hide my head and face. It took a couple of minutes to fasten all the buttons then affix my leash and all the while, Doris stood quietly, inspecting me minutely. She spoke to my Master, but the locked in ear plugs had been re-set to scramble it to nothing more than squeals and beeps. I heard only my Master's reply.

"Yeah. I'll be sure to take good care of her. We'll be back in two weeks for a final check, then we'll get the storage and shipping Sarcophagus fitted. I want to keep her quiet for a little while, until we meet your friend. She needs some rest.

"Come along, Christine. Time to go."

The firm tension he placed on my 'Bar leash spun me to follow him and with the tapping of my boot's toe plates, I pranced along obediently behind him. I wasn't aware of the time, of course, but it turned out that it was five in the afternoon and the hall from the Doctor's office to the elevator bank was crowded with homeward bound workers and we had to wait for a couple of cars. Some of the people clustered in front of the elevator bank waiting to

escape the building and their day's toil shrank away from my Master and I when he led me up, but most just stared at me with a horrified fascination. He didn't make my leash obvious, but it was there and plain to see; and they all soon realized that I ***was*** tethered, and female. I couldn't help but keep my head bowed, thanks to the nose ring chain having been reattached to my belt beneath my lower facial veil.

"Come along, Sister," he whispered loudly, bending down next to my head. "These people won't bother you and you're quite safe."

He said it loudly enough for the crowd to hear, and I glimpsed some of the looks of relief washing over the faces of the observing women. They now obviously thought I was some poor foreigner being helped along by a friendly guardian. If ***only*** they knew! At last a car arrived that would take us down to the lobby, and I pranced into it behind him. He stopped and I backed carefully against the rear wall, then turned to face the doors, trying to hide behind him. Some of the women accompanying us looked startled at the sounds of my en pointe boot soles dancing in such shortened paces across the marble flooring and the muted jingling of my ankle hobbling chains also raised some eyebrows. It is a very distinctive sound, but, thanks to the long robes I wore, none of my restraints could be seen.

While we descended to ground level, the woman standing next was jostled against me.

"Oh! Excuse me!" she said, turning to look, having felt the rigidities of my concealed Harness beneath my cloak. Of course I couldn't understand a word that she said, but I had begun to learn lip reading.

She was shorter than I and so could look up into my cowled face. I blinked my eyes rapidly at her, above my veil; desperately wanting to convey my helplessness and desire to escape my Control Uniform.

"Is everything all right?" she asked with concern, glancing up at my Master standing silent yet alert beside me.

"She's fine, ma'am. Just a little tired and nervous," my Master said, drawing me closer to him and draping his arm protectively over my shoulders, then

giving me a hug. “ She’s just not used to crowds any more. She’s deaf and nearly blind unfortunately; and after the accident, she prefers wearing a veil. Sometimes, her experiences in Kabul as a missionary sister there come back to haunt her quite badly,” he said quietly, easing her obvious concern for me. “We’ve been to therapy and it’s been a long and trying day.”

“Oh! I’m so sorry to hear that! The poor thing! Well, I understand then,” she said, staring at me now with sympathy. “I guess it’s pretty bad over there. Do you think she’ll ever take off the veil and the robes and dress like we do here in North America?” the young woman said in understanding. “I hope she gets through it okay.”

“Thanks. Yeah,” my Master said, “she’s had a pretty rough time of it lately. We’ve been to see the doctors many times, to try and get her adjusted to her new life, but it’s a very difficult time for her. I’d be surprised if she ever dresses like other women again.”” he replied with a smile. “She’ll be just fine once she returns to her cell at the convent.”

With a small smile of commiseration to me, she turned away and started at the sequentially illuminating floor buttons as we descended.

Of course, having been fitted with the stomach and airway tubes, there was no possible way for me to articulate any sort of speech, and so I stood silently looking at her, shivering with terror at what would happen if I tried to communicate. I began to try and shake my head, but suddenly, a trill of pulsed electrical warning shocks coursed from all of the electrodes fastened to and inside my body, then shivered violently and staggered against the firm tension on my leash. My breasts seemed to catch fire within their cups, and I struggled desperately to hunch myself away from the compressing and controlling enclosures, then, under the mask I felt all of the anchors to my flesh pull fiercely against it when I screamed into the gag pad. Only a hiss of expelled air filtered out of the horribly efficient rubber thing locked onto my face.

With that, the elevator arrived at the ground floor and we all exited and moved out into the lobby. The same woman stuck with us, her head cocked to the side while I walked, obviously listening to the sounds of my hidden chain hobble.

“What’s that noise?” she asked, obviously intrigued. “And that strap you’re holding that goes into her cape ... why is it there?”

“Well, ma’am,” my Master said, ever polite, “the young lady has some very special jewellery that she managed to escape from Afghanistan with, and she wears it all the time. As to the strap ... well, she doesn’t want to get lost or separated from me, and I don’t want her to either. So it seemed the best way to deal with the situation.”

“Oh! I see. Very well then. Nice to have met you both!” She smiled at my Master and somewhat more hesitantly at me, then was lost in the swirling crowds when we stepped through the doors and out into the late afternoon sun.

“Bye,” he said after her retreating back, then turned and began walking slowly along. My steel soles clicked loudly on the grimy cement while we walked. “You did poorly in there, Christine! You should know better though than to try and speak or signal anyone. I’m afraid that ***that’s*** going to call for some pretty severe discipline later on.”

I shivered with fear, wondering just how much ***more*** he could correct me. I ***didn’t*** want to find out, but I knew that once he’d set a course of correction, there was no escaping it. Eventually we arrived at the van, having attracted only cursory stares from the people concentrating on hurrying home from work. With practised ease, he soon had me fastened to my bench in the back, but this time he placed a tubular framework over me, then draped a tarpaulin over it and snugged it down. The trip back to the house was a long and boring one, thanks to the afternoon rush hour on the downtown streets and freeway, and I was glad, believe it or not, to arrive there after even so short a time away, but it had seemed like weeks.

John

I got her back into the house quickly, and she was soon out of her ‘public’ clothing and leashed as usual. I was annoyed with her for trying to signal about her state of bondage because she knew better than to try that, and had agreed that she was to be kept in her present state as long as I felt that she should be. Once she’d been house-leashed I left her for a couple of moments

and went to re-establish her connection to the house monitoring computer and as soon as it confirmed that she'd been re-linked, I returned to her.

"Okay, Christine. You're back under the computer's control now. For the next couple of days, I'm allowing it to take care of you. Naturally, all of your scheduling has been adjusted to compensate for the time you've been away, but your schooling and the other stuff will continue as per plan."

She looked up at me, then began to writhe and fight against her chains and Uniform, shaking her head. I saw her throat tremble above the strict confines of the steel collar, then swell with screams of penitence when it shocked her for trying to speak. Her eyes scrunched closed, squeezing a stream of tears from their corners and she shivered violently when the cross-connected electrodes to her vagina, clitoris, and nipples also disciplined her. She was utterly unable to escape the automatic and merciless correction that her Uniform and the computer enforced.

"I'll see you a little later in the kitchen for dinner, my dear. I have to complete some planning for your Sarcophagus."

She stared mutely up at me through her streaming eyes, obviously questioning what I'd just said.

"That's right, Christine," I grinned at her, " I'm having a shipping and storage container made for you. It's called a Sarcophagus; just like they used to put Egyptian mummies in. Once it's made, I'll stick you inside for a week just to test it, then in a couple of months, you'll probably be shipped to be shown off to some friends of mine in the Middle East."

Christine shook her head frantically when she heard these words, but just at that moment, the monitoring program became active and signalled that it was time to go and be milked. This time though, the shocks through her breasts were of an astounding intensity, much more pervasive than she normally had had to endure; thanks to the deeply embedded Controllers fastened into her flesh. Another scream of terrorized despair pulsed up her throat, only to be still born by the air tubes and the gag, and she literally danced out the door. Her silvery hobble and Reminder Chains flashed and snapped from her frantic efforts to get to her Milking Chamber, and hook herself up to the

machinery before the level of the indescribable and totally feminine discipline increased beyond her capability to withstand it. For the moment, I had cancelled the proximity links that blinded, deafened, and disciplined her and so followed along behind, watching her snubbed and dainty steps while she pranced daintily and rapidly along to the Play Room, and thence to her milking Chamber. Once she was inside, it was the work of short minutes to fit her with the equipment, then close and lock the door, leaving her chained, deaf, gagged, blinded and suspended. I watched her on the monitor while she thrashed and jerked in mid-air, fighting again to get used to the incredible isolation and sensory explosions that overwhelmed her mind whenever she was milked. From now on though, the sensations that she would experience from her breasts would be more than double in intensity than those she'd experienced before.

As her Master and the arbitrator of her fate, I had total control over her but for a moment though, I wondered what must it feel like to be a woman ... to be so utterly bound and made so intimately and completely a slave? What would ***I*** feel like to be kept that way; used basically as a human, bondage experimental subject; treated like nothing more than a milk giving animal? How would I react? Could I handle the constant discomfort and severe limitation she suffered at my whim?

After watching her for a few minutes, I went up to the office, then settled in at the computer, continuing with the design work for her Shipping/Storage Sarcophagus; a copy of the design that the sheik used. It was exacting work, but once I'd decided to have the device manufactured, it moved along quickly. I re-checked my work occasionally by bringing it up on the screen in the CAD-CAM program, then watched, fascinated as first the wire framework came up, spun slowly in three axes, then was filled in by the computer with the inner layers of machinery, sensor and electrode overlays, restraint equipment positioning, then finally the glossy black outer casing. It seemed almost real, even on the screen, showing all of the locking latches, how they worked, the various hose and wire connections, and then, fascinatingly, they'd snake in from the picture frame and plug themselves unerringly into their mounts. The detailing was so good in fact, that I could see all of the locking rings twisting down tight onto their threaded mounts!

The image spun slowly again, while at the bottom of the screen a multi-gauged control panel appeared. On it, a couple of oscilloscope-like screens displayed spiking bars of lurid colours while the hoses to the Sarcophagus twitched and shivered. Suddenly, a half cutaway portion of the computerized creation melted away. Revealed within the casing was the form of a deeply entrammelled and thoroughly-bound female occupant. The realism was phenomenal. I stared at the creation for long moments, relishing the thoughts of fastening Christine inside this, as yet, only electronic Sarcophagus, knowing that being entombed in the thing would scare her almost mindless; especially when she knew that she could be kept confined, and ***disciplined*** within it for a virtually unlimited amount of time. All that would be required was a monitoring computer, a power source, and supplies of water, food and air.

I already had all the materials ordered to construct the containment, and now that the drawings were complete, I'd have them printed out as blue prints, manufacturing instructions and tolerances. I'd even supply the manufacturer with a CD-ROM that would have all the computerized instructions for the detailed portions. Owen Manufacturing had assured me that with these in hand, they could have the entire thing tested and ready for use inside of fourteen days. After a quick couple of phone calls; one to Owen, and the other to a local courier company to arrange delivery of the working drawings and CD-ROM to them, I hunched again over the key board and issued instructions to the machine to begin creating the necessary material. Soon after, the household office filled with the sound of the plotter as it scribed the plans onto the large sheets of draughting film. In the computer, the CD-burner hummed quietly while it prepared the discs and on the large screen, the image of the Sarcophagus continued to spin slowly. The computer cycled, enlarging various portions of the complex containment and imprisonment vessel, to show the manner in which Christine would be restrained within it, and how all of her current bondage jewellery and her Uniform would be used to aid that process. It was fascinating.

For the next weeks, our lives returned pretty much to the schedule we'd had before, and, having no immediate plans for any more additions to her jewellery, I concentrated on the business of establishing contact with the Sheik El-Marrish. It turned out that this was not at all difficult, and this

surprised me greatly. At first, our communications were limited to the more formal kind of e-mail exchanges, then came the day that he called me directly.

“Ah, Good afternoon,” came a cultured voice with a slight British accent. “Is this the residence of Mr. Leathers?”

“Good afternoon. That’s correct. Who’s calling please?”

“Sir, I am honoured to be speaking with you. I am the Chief Advisor to The Sheik El-Marish, and he has asked me to call on you. Could you please hold for a moment?”

“Ah, certainly,” I said, at little dazedly.

“Good afternoon, John my friend!” I heard a deep voice rumble from the handset. It too had a tinge of a British accent. “It is good to finally speak with you in person! How are you doing today??”

“Good afternoon, your Eminence. It is a distinct pleasure to receive your call.”

“Ah, John, it is ***my*** pleasure I assure you!” came a hearty reply, “And please! Forget this ‘Eminence’ stuff! I’m called Salim by my friends and I hope that we will soon be as brothers.”

“Well, thank you, Salim,” I answered. “How can I help you this afternoon?”

“Truly, John, this is just a social call. I have spoken with our mutual medical friend and he has, with your permission, given me a quite elaborate description of the work you have had completed on your woman. I am calling for a number of reasons, actually. One, of course, is to enquire after your health and that of your new wife! I should also like to come and meet you and discuss with you, a trip to my home here in the Middle East. Would this be agreeable?”

I heard the laughter in his voice, for he was aware that this was a new experience for me, and ***he*** had been doing literally the same thing for years,

with ***hundreds*** of women.

“Well, Salim,” I smiled back as I spoke, “it has certainly kept me pretty busy!”

“Ah, yes, I know!” he laughed again. “As matters turn out I shall be fairly close to you in the next day or two, and wonder if I might pay you a visit? As I mentioned there is much I wish to speak with you about, face to face.”

“Certainly, Salim. Please feel welcome to come at any time!”

“Very well then, my friend John!” He said enthusiastically. “I shall look forward to meeting you and your wife, the day after tomorrow, say at about two in the afternoon?”

“That will fit perfectly with our schedule, Salim. I look forward to meeting you also.”

With that the line went dead and I sat back in somewhat of a daze to try and figure out just what was going to happen. Christine, would of course be ready for him, and I would definitely enjoy making the man’s acquaintance. It promised to be a most interesting afternoon. How interesting, I had no idea.

Christine stayed on her schedule for the balance of the day and that night, and I didn’t tell her of the visitor that was expected. There was really no need. She was a slave and subject entirely to my whims and therefore would do as commanded. It took the rest of the day and evening preparing the various drawings of Christine’s equipment, as well a the albums of pictures that detailed her descent into her current status. I taken scrupulous care to record everything that happened along her journey, as well, of course, as keeping voluminous video records of her reactions and appearance in her costumes. When all of the preparations were done to my satisfaction, I went back to refining the design of her Sarcophagus, then finally, at about 10 pm, after securing Christine in her cell for the night, I went to bed myself.

Christine

How was I ***ever*** going to escape?

He said that he was going to take me along with him when he travelled, and was in the process of creating a ‘Sarcophagus’ to help with this! Just the mere word scared me when I thought of it, and so it added to my already full plate of apprehension and almost overwhelming terror. I’d gotten myself so deeply involved now, that there was no possible way to escape my predicament, no matter how desperately I might wish to!

All this being said, I forgot his words when events and the sensual experiences overwhelmed me. And so, my life proceeded along its preordained path while I slowly and painfully got used to the newest restrictions and further losses of freedom. It was neither an easy nor happy time while I adjusted. Some days later, my Master, as usual, took me to the Milking Chamber and I was left to be drained by the machinery.

When I finally came back to awareness, still fastened within the cell/stall, I stared out through the bars to see that he was accompanied by three strangers! One was a tall, imperious looking man clad in the richly appointed costume of an Arabian Prince and the other was very black, tall and powerful looking, but what totally surprised me was to see that between these two was a woman. Her costume was what grabbed my attention though. It was similar to what I wore in many respects and she was held on a leash connected to a gleaming Inhibitor Bar that descended between her legs from the crotch-plate of an ornately bejewelled chastity belt. Her neck, ankles, and wrists also were fitted with thick, golden bands that appeared to be forged permanently in place (they were!), and each limb cuff bore a heavily linked chain.

My Master and the imperious looking man were talking energetically, then they turned to me and watched while I was slowly lowered to the floor of the Stall. A moment later the door opened and he came inside, released me, and finally drew me outside to stand next to him. My hearing aids clicked and suddenly I could hear everything, and understand it ... all of it!

“Christine, this is the Sheik Al-Marish. He and I have been discussing you, your equipment, and your life. He has enjoyed many years of dealing with young women such as yourself, and similarly, placing them in the same type of equipment that ***you*** find yourself incarcerated within,” he spoke at length, ignoring the chained woman and her leash holder.

“His Excellency and I are discussing plans for a trip to his home so that I might see his designs and his country. Naturally, my dear, you will be coming along also. He has come to visit and speak a little with you.”

“Good afternoon, Slave Girl,” the tall Arab rumbled. I shivered at his words, and, still gagged and masked, bent as much as my bonds would permit and said hello that way. “Sometime in the next month or two, you will be journeying to my home. There you will enjoy meeting many women such as yourself. At that time, hopefully, you will be freed of your mask, and then we shall have a small talk with one another.”

My Master said nothing for the moment, then slowly spun me around, holding my top-of-the-head leash upwards from my skull, so that the Arab could see that it was a permanent mounting. I flushed with embarrassment, unable to prevent him from doing it, for at just five feet, three inches in height, I was easily handled by him. While I was slowly turned, the eyes of the leashed woman stared widely at me, and her controller grinned wickedly when he saw the leash from my skull and the bell mounted on the back of my head. I flushed scarlet again, unable to hide or escape their scrutiny, but at last my Master let me go and I strutted for a moment, regaining my balance in the ballet-toed boots.

“You may carry on with your schedule, Christine,” he commanded. “I believe it’s time for you to be in your class?”

I blinked my eyes in acknowledgement, and, feeling a sudden needling from my breast cup electrodes, hurried from the room in a clatter of flailing chains. I knew that the advent of these people in my life did not bode well. Moments later, I was seated again in my chair, trying to complete my typing skills test.

While I struggled along in my solitary, isolated confinement my Master and the others continued with their discussions. It seemed that I was the sole topic of these talks, but I saw little of them and was told nothing, as was deemed proper. My world returned to that of being a bound and totally-controlled female slave.

They were laying the ground work for my trip to the Middle East as well as collaborating on obtaining my Sarcophagus. The Sheik had already had sent

my Master the details of his version of the incredible device he'd had created for his own slave's transport, and so all that was needed was to get mine to the house. Of course, I knew of none of these goings on and so continued on in my solitary imprisonment, seeing only my Master. The Middle Eastern entourage left sometime a day or so later (I never found out how long they stayed), and my Master began paying even closer attention to me; much to my ensuing misery., for his promised disciplining was soon enacted. At last, everything seemed to come together and one day, after my usual feeding by the pump, he took me to the play room. There, laying in evil, opened splendour on the floor, was the thing that I feared would arrive for me: my Sarcophagus.

The End

(But maybe not)

More BDSM Novels by JG-Leathers:

Controlling Christine, Book One

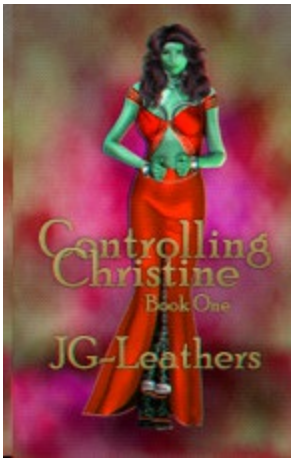
Desired Deep Slavery

Laura's Evolution

The Second Option

Chrystal's New Uniform

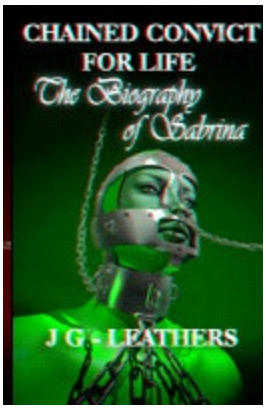
Celine's Seduction To Rubber



CONTROLLING CHRISTINE by JG-Leathers

Christine's life as her master John's 24/7 slave begins with a shiny collar, waist cincher, and cuffs that ring her ankles and wrists. More elaborate bondage soon follows, when she agrees to have the restraints permanently welded closed. Connecting chains, a nose ring and more sophisticated bondage are added to her costume. Then John outfits her for a solo shopping trip, during which she's forced to navigate in public wearing the elaborate restraints barely concealed under her clothes. As difficult as her life becomes, the stringent control by her master plays to her deeply masochistic fantasies

and she finds herself powerless to stop her descent into slavery. She relents to a unique kind of ‘schooling’, during which her sensory input is taken to shocking extremes, and her life becomes a bizarre mix of bondage, pain, punishment and sexual torment. A chastity belt, anal plugs, gags, hobbles, a rubber helmet and breathing mask define her experience, along with milking, strenuous exercise and humiliating public exhibitions. Over 300 pages.



CHAINED CONVICT FOR LIFE: The Biography of Sabrina by JG Leathers

Twenty-six year old Sabrina has dreamed of being dominated and controlled by her ‘dream master’. When she meets Thomas she’s sure she’s found that man! She moves into his Munich home and signs a document outlining a life long sentence of imprisonment in a secret dungeon cell: her most deeply cherished dream. It’s just a fantasy to start, but it’s not long before Thomas creates a set of full-body restraints that become her ONLY attire. Locked in this prison, Sabrina is helpless to remove it, and soon regrets her foolish desires. While occasionally free of the restraints, Sabrina’s bad behavior sends her back to prison, where the length of her stay and the extremes of her confinement increase, until it is clear that there is no way out! A terrifying tale of bondage and discipline. A 3 part novel published in one volume. JG-Leathers—a renown master of the bondage arts he details. Also body modifications, chilling fantasy snuff play, chastity, piercing, branding, F/f and some CP. Over 450 pages.

DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY Part One: Delilah’s Punishment by JG

Leathers
Coming to North America just after her 18 birthday is a dream come true for the Middle-Eastern beauty, Delilah. Now free from her father's rule, she delights in dressing in Western clothes and showing off her body. It's not long before Delilah sheds her virginity and dives into the verboten territory of sexual exploration. But when her strict religious father learns of her promiscuous behavior, he's enraged and vows to punish her. While naked and half-drunk in the back of a friend's van, she is abducted, bound, forced into the traditional chador and returned to her home—all part of her father's plan to punish the wicked girl. With the assistance of a willing doctor, Delilah is fitted with extreme and permanent body jewelry, and made a secret prisoner. How she now exists is a terrifying tale of crime and punishment, the stuff of nightmares and forbidding dreams. Contains sophisticated body restraints, body modifications, chastity, piercing, branding and CP.

DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY, II: Kelly's Descent by JG-Leathers

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