

**DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY**

**PART ONE**

**Delilah's Punishment**

**By JG-Leathers**

A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication

Copyright © 2006, All rights reserved

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without prior written permission from the publisher.

For information contact:

Pink Flamingo Publications

[www.pinkflamingo.com](http://www.pinkflamingo.com)

P.O. Box 632 Richland, MI 49083

USA

Cover Image by Rubbert

Email Comments: [comments@pinkflamingo.com](mailto:comments@pinkflamingo.com)

## Table of Contents

Chapter One .....	5
The Meeting.....	5
Kelly.....	5
Chapter Two.....	9
The Western World and Its Wonders.....	9
Chapter Three.....	13
The Ambassador's Duties .....	13
Iman Dalhar .....	13
Dr Jannason.....	13
Chapter Four .....	16
A Daughter's Descent .....	16
Delilah.....	16
Dr Jannason.....	17
Chapter Five.....	19
Preparation and Restraint.....	19
Delilah.....	19
Iman Dalhar .....	21
Dr Jannason.....	21
Chapter Six.....	25
A New Beginning .....	25
Delilah.....	25
Iman Dalhar .....	28
Chapter Seven .....	30
Day One – New Jewellery .....	30
Dr Jannason.....	30
Delilah.....	32
Chapter Eight .....	33
Day Two – More New Jewellery .....	33
Dr Jannason.....	33
Chapter Nine .....	35
Day Three – Dental and Oral Decorations.....	35
Chapter Ten.....	37
Inspection and Return To The Embassy.....	37
Iman Dalhar .....	37
Delilah.....	39
Iman Dalhar .....	41
Chapter Eleven.....	43
An Inescapably Decorated Woman .....	43
Delilah.....	43
Chapter Twelve .....	49
Last Chance Lost and A Father's Anger.....	49
Aruf Mahjalis .....	49
Chapter Thirteen .....	52
Restraint And Discipline Garments .....	52
Dr Jannason.....	52

Delilah.....	54
Chapter Fourteen.....	61
The Head Cage.....	61
Dr Jannason.....	61
Chapter Fifteen.....	64
Taken To Her New, Permanent Home.....	64
Delilah.....	64
Dr Jannason.....	67
Chapter Sixteen.....	70
Leashed Learning.....	70
Delilah.....	70
Aruf Mahjalis .....	74
Chapter Seventeen .....	76
Delilah's Boots.....	76
Dr Jannason.....	76
Delilah.....	78
Chapter Eighteen.....	81
Confession And A New Gag.....	81
Aruf Mahjalis .....	81
Dr Jannason.....	84
Chapter Nineteen .....	87
The Swing .....	87
Delilah.....	87
Aruf Mahjalis .....	91
Dr Jannason.....	92
Chapter Twenty.....	95
Tongue Tortured And New Devices .....	95
Delilah.....	95
Chapter Twenty-One.....	100
Continuing Delilah's Discipline .....	100
Aruf Mahjalis .....	100
Delilah.....	101
Chapter Twenty-Two .....	106
Exercising To Futility – The Treadmill .....	106
Aruf Mahjalis .....	106
Chapter Twenty-Three .....	111
Rowing For Naught.....	111
Delilah.....	111
Chapter Twenty-Four.....	115
The Religious Inspectors.....	115
Aruf Mahjalis .....	115
Chapter Twenty-Five .....	120
Procedures, Frustrations And Punishment.....	120
Delilah.....	120
Aruf Mahjalis .....	123
Some months later.....	124

Chapter Twenty-six.....	125
A Business of Discipline and Control.....	125
Dr Jannason.....	125
Delilah.....	129
About the Author: .....	131
Pink Flamingo Publications .....	132

## CHAPTER ONE

### *The Meeting*

**Kelly**

I drive a golf cart at the airport ... the kind used by airlines to transport people around the vast complexes of modern terminal buildings. Generally, only those who are mobility impaired, women with young children, and older people who cannot manage long distances are transported on these carts, but one day, I received a call on my radio to proceed to the First Class Lounge and pick up a party of three passengers and take them to the gate for their flight. It was a sufficiently unusual requirement that I questioned it, but I was informed that, yes, my presence and vehicle were definitely needed.

Upon entering the lounge, I was directed to one of the private conference rooms, and when I knocked on the door to advise the passengers that I was available for the required transportation services, it opened partially, and a crooked finger silently beckoned me into the opulent room. Now ... I've seen all sorts of people and costumes in the course of my job, but *this* was the first time I had the experience of meeting some of the super wealthy of the earth. One of the men, tall, elegant, and immaculately dressed, spoke quietly, in keeping with the subdued atmosphere of the lounge environment.

"Thank you for coming so quickly. We require your assistance to transport our young lady to the gate, please." The speaker gestured towards a black shrouded figure sitting erectly in a wheel chair by the window.

"Of course, sir," I responded, a little surprised that she would require any sort of aid, but the wheelchair and its occupant were indisputable.

The other of the expensively dressed, swarthy skinned men, obviously from the Middle East, walked over to the chair and pushed it to the door. I assumed that the young woman in it was one of their daughters that had perhaps been incapacitated in a car accident or suffered from some debilitating condition. I was wrong about her being related to either although correct about her lack of ability to move freely. She sat silently uptight, staring directly ahead, swathed completely in one of those all-encompassing black robes women from that region are required to wear while in public. I was unable to see anything of her face other than a hint of skin tone through the narrow band over the position of her eyes, and even those were virtually invisible through the dense black, screening cloth that covered the slit in her head-encompassing veils. She kept her hands hidden within the capacious folds of the garment, but I saw the tips of her fingers emerge slightly for a moment and then withdraw again. They were tightly encased in what appeared to be snug, black, thick satin gloves. The long, full robe descended to cover her legs and feet, not even revealing the tips of her footwear.

I tried not to stare, at least too obviously, for the sight of a woman so thoroughly concealed from view, even though otherwise visible, was quite a startling one here in North America.

"Let us go to the gate now, please? The young lady is ... ah ... not fully mobile and is unable to walk very far or easily. However, we will assist with her being moved. We all possess diplomatic passports; and therefore, we need not report to departure control nor go through the security scanning equipment."

"That won't be a problem for me, sir," I answered, "but I must see the actual documents please," I said holding out my hand with a smile. He presented me with three passports, and I flipped quickly through each to ensure their authenticity. To say that I was stunned by the striking appearance of the young woman whose picture was in the passport would be an understatement. She was truly a beauty by anyone's standards. Yet, here she sat before me, completely concealed within her traditional robes; the captive of a wheel chair; but how much a

captive, I truly had no idea.

"Thank you," I smiled again as I returned the documents. "Now, if I might ask you to come to the cart outside the door of the lounge, we'll get organized and down to the gate."

"Very well," he said then spoke to the other briefly in their own tongue.

I turned and walked from the lounge, holding the door so that the wheelchair and its mysterious but apparently quite beautiful occupant could be brought out and wheeled over to my cart. The chair's wheel brakes were locked, and the foot rests turned out of the way, then on either side of the young woman, the men reached down and grasped her firmly by the upper arms and assisted her to her feet. I heard a slight, metallic clashing when she was moved, and for a moment, I thought nothing of it, believing this to be the sound of hidden jewellery, and, in a way, I was correct. I stood just in front watching while she took a very short pace towards me, and again, I heard the noise of metal on metal when she moved. I stared at her more closely. Although her head was bent submissively forward, she appeared to try and raise it momentarily, and I thought I detected what appeared to be a bead of tears fall onto the cloth covering her eyes. At her front, the black robe draped attractively from her shoulders, down over her proud chest to the floor, and it appeared that her hands and arms were held across her stomach protectively. The diminutive young woman twitched and trembled, standing between the two men, then they turned her toward the cart, and to my surprise, lifted her bodily to stand in the area immediately before the front seat. Again, one of them spoke in his native language, but this time, he directed his words at her.

Obviously it was a command of some kind, for she turned slowly then sat, seemingly reluctantly, on the bench seat, bringing forth a further muffled metallic clashing while settling herself. The two escorts immediately sat on the rear-facing bench, and I climbed into the driver's seat beside the young woman. I smelled a faint trace of cinnamon-like scent wafting from her robes, and then I reached down, inserted, and turned the key. When I did, I looked up into her downcast, veil-obscured face, and smiled into the kohl outlined eyes staring mournfully back at me through the narrow slit and fine mesh of her veil.

Surprisingly, I think she fluttered her lashes at me then stared intently. I sat up, surprised, and reached to flip the gear lever into the 'Forward' position, and when I moved my hand down and to the centre of the seat, it brushed against her robes. The contact was only momentary and inadvertent, but I felt the hardness of metal, and knew, instinctively, that I had touched a chain of some kind!

With a start of shock, I sat erect then gently depressed the accelerator pedal, and off we went into the depths of the busy terminal building. At that time of the day, it was very busy, and even though I drove slowly, I frequently had to make sudden stops, jostling my passengers. On a couple of occasions, I had to swerve to avoid some child who'd rushed unthinkingly away from its mother, or some ignorant dolt who'd stopped in the middle of the busy concourse to talk on his cell phone, throwing the girl gently against me. When this happened, I was again enveloped in her cinnamon like perfume, but not only this, I felt even more of her clothing ... and what was concealed beneath it.

Metal. Hard, thick, unyielding metal.

We reached the departure gate some ten minutes later, and the escorts alighted from the back seat then came to stand beside the shrouded young woman sitting motionless beside me. She was spoken to once more and then stood with regal dignity, and they again grasped her arms to lift her bodily to stand beside the cart. Once more I hear a faint metallic clashing emanate from under her robes. Our little group had become the momentary centre of discreet attention for the other people already seated and waiting to board the aircraft, and then one of the men went to the counter at the jet way entrance to obtain another wheel chair. The other scanned the crowd, and I, by now deeply interested in the young woman and her costume, stood beside her,

being completely ignorant and staring with fascination down at her slight yet obviously well developed form.

She seemed to sense that her escorts were momentarily distracted, and with a sudden rush, took five or six very short steps away from me, apparently trying to distance herself from the men. Again I heard the metallic clashing, and these strengthened, becoming more harsh with her every restricted step, until she managed to reach a space between two rows of seats. For a momentarily misunderstood reason, she tripped and fell, making no move of her hands and arms to break her fall. Actually, she'd only managed to move about two metres from me, and when I saw her start to go down, I quickly stepped over, but she'd already collapsed to the floor. She was almost hidden between the slightly separated rows, and so I suppose I was the only one who saw the *real* reason she'd fallen. Her costume had obviously caused her mishap, and when I looked down to where she lay curled on her side, I saw that the hem of the long robe had risen partially up her legs.

Surprisingly, the first thing I saw was that she wore very high heeled, ankle-strap pumps, but *that* wasn't the reason she'd tripped. Clashed tightly around her light brown complexioned legs, encircling the narrowest part of each limb just above her ankle was a wide, thick, smoothly machined, gleaming band of what could only be steel! Cuffs!? Joining these was a very short, thick-linked, shiny chain. The ankle bands were about five mm thick and five cm wide, appearing to be virtually seamless and quite permanent, but they certainly *weren't* some type of elaborate and expensive jewellery! The chain wasn't decorative in *any* sense of the word, but most definitely a means of restricting her freedom of movement. For a moment, she kicked her legs against its shortness, making the voluminous garment rise even higher up her legs, and I saw that from the central link of the hobbling chain, another rose into the shadowed area within her long skirt! Under the upper body portion, her arms jerked, seemingly restricted by this chain, for it snapped tight with a subdued clinking, and she struggled a little more which caused the skirt to fall again and hide the flashing cuffs and gleaming chains. I bent down, and taking hold of her arm through the enveloping robe, carefully raised her to a sitting position then seeing she was unable to rise further by herself, I helped her to stand. While I assisted, my hands again sensed her undergarments. They seemed uncommonly inflexible; tightly clamped around her body, and she trembled quite violently while I held her, leaning a little against me. I thought I heard faint mewling and hissing sounds emerge from under her opaque veils and assumed that she had some sort of speech impediment, but how true this was, I only found out much later, and she did indeed have one ... a man-made contrivance.

The escorts were beside me in an instant, speaking in low, harsh, and I thought, threatening tones to the girl while she regained her footing. She bobbed her head in silent obedience, and apparently some fear, then their eyes turned to me with a look of hard determination, slowly turning to stone faced indifference when I released my hand. They, however, remained quite courteous.

"Thank you for your assistance," the one in charge said quietly. "We will have her in the chair in a moment. Please? May I have your name? I would like to compliment you for your excellent service and to officially advise your employer."

I gave it to him gladly. Compliments in the airline business are hard to come by at any time, and one from a diplomatic source would truly be of major significance. The wheelchair was quickly brought over by one of my co-workers, and the black robed wraith sank reluctantly into it, all the while staring intently at me; her head making minute shaking motions. I stared back, fascinated still. Was she some sort of prisoner? Or, was this a part of her cultural heritage I had no understanding of, and I would be an oaf to query? "*What had she done?*" I asked myself. The junior of the men spun the chair away and pushed her over to wait beside the jet way door, facing out the window. With a sigh, I returned to my vehicle and went on to my next

assignment. It was the last I saw her for some time, but ***not*** the end of my involvement in the events that have since shaped her life ... and mine.



## CHAPTER TWO

### *The Western World and Its Wonders*

#### **Delilah**

Being allowed to come to North America to finish my schooling, just after I became eighteen years of age, was a dream come true!

At first I was completely amazed with the profusion of merchandise and foods, the unending streams of automobiles, and especially, the *freedom* of the women! For a teenaged girl from a remote palace outside of Islamabad, it was a true wonder to see these things, and even though I immediately became deeply involved with my studies, my newfound girl friends at the college soon took me under their collective wing and began to educate me in the way things happened in the West. My women's college was in the upper class, Ivy League echelon, but its demanding scholastic requirements certainly did nothing to tame the spirits of the students, and all the young women took a boisterous delight in life and their happy, privileged place in society.

My father had, at the behest of my mother, researched diligently to find this 'proper' school for me to continue my education, even though he still disparagingly referred to the West as 'The Great Satan', but this was the best that money could buy, and so here I was. Being from a strict religious sect, he was not prepared to allow me the freedoms of my classmates and so I had my own suite of rooms and while there I was constantly attended by two, older female governesses. He had also, unknown to me, sent a pair of male escorts along to both protect and guard me. They were to be my undoing, and the reason for my descent into this hell I currently exist within.

For the first six months, I was the very soul of a hard-working and nearly monastic student, but one night, I managed to slip out and, I thought, away from surveillance, joining a party of my classmates at a local bar. Again, I was amazed at their freedom and how they dressed; showing off their bodies and teasing any man they thought needed it! My clothing, by contrast, was demure to the point of being nun-like, and I felt like a frump amidst the peacock colours and short skirted outfits that were so prevalent and the norm! My newfound girl friends told me laughingly, but to my secret pleasure, that with my olive skin and face and startling violet coloured eyes, I was 'exotically beautiful' and would have no trouble attracting male attention, but first they had to get me some 'decent clothing'. I had a substantial allowance, and so one afternoon we all cut class and they took me to their favourite stores where they all spent the time and my money with happy abandon, dressing me from the skin out. Some of the garments at first appalled me, but during the course of that afternoon, I discovered my actual sizes for the first time!

I am 5' 4", or as I preferred to think of it, 1.6 metres and weigh about fifty-five kilos. In one of the lingerie shops, they had me strip completely, and with a lot of giggling, I was measured then fitted with some absolutely wicked, in *my* view, underwear. It turned out that my 'vital statistics' were 34-22-34, and I discovered that I had a DD cup for the bra size. Until then, I'd been rather embarrassed about being so well endowed, but the girls told me to be thankful for nature's kindness and to make the best of it. At first, I was a little reluctant, but soon I had bought over a dozen bras of varying design, and then we got into the acquisition of all the other underwear. I'm sure I must have blushed constantly, but we all laughed and enjoyed the process and soon were on our way to other stores for shoes, make up, dresses, and all sorts of other stuff that seemed, to me, to be somewhat frivolous. However, they insisted, and I took all of my new apparel to one of the girl's places who lived close by, for storage.

I dared not take it back to my residence. My new clothing would, without doubt, cause an explosion and a lot of awkward questions to be asked, and so I'd go to her place and change into

my new finery before venturing out. I wasn't back in the Middle East, and I wanted desperately to blend in with the local scene, for I knew, when I returned home, I would once again have to wear the all-concealing garments my society required for women when they were in public, and much of the time, even in private.

Over the next months, I went on more and more nights out on the town and *really* enjoyed dressing up and showing off my body. Soon, I even began to drink a little of the local beer and some of the fancier drinks, then on one of the nights, some of the girls passed around a pot cigarette and I tried that too! Then, another night, for some *really* stupid reason, a dare perhaps, I sniffed some other drugs and completely lost control. One of the young men who had been hanging around our group, and with whom I'd become increasingly friendly, offered to drive me back to my residence, and stupidly, I accepted. Of course, the inevitable happened, and being as inexperienced as I was, even at eighteen, I was vastly curious about sex and all of the wonderful things it promised, or so my friends told me. He stopped the car along a quiet road out in the country, and within minutes, my clothes and inhibitions had flown to the four winds. We were happily and awkwardly making love in the back seat; fumbling and laughing with delight at our mutual joy and cleverness, and I found I enjoyed the experience immensely after the initial discomfort, enthusiastically wanting more and more! The discovery of my body and its capabilities of delivering pleasure was a total delight and made me hunger for increasingly wild sexual adventures as the weeks passed. Although I wasn't aware of it, my reputation as a wild and willing sexual partner spread rapidly around the campus, and I soon had no end of handsome young men from nearby Harvard who wished to date me.

Then came the fateful night.

I was happily ensconced in the back of a friend's van, naked, half-drunk and ready to party, when in the midst of our kissing and fondling entwinement, bright lights suddenly speared through both steamed side windows, illuminating our writhing bodies. I froze and then frantically tried to find my clothes while the door was jerked open with a shattering crash of steel being torn asunder. My male friend cursed angrily and shouted for the light to be turned off, then a voice carrying an accent I knew only too well, spoke harshly.

"*Bitch!* Whoring cunt!" it snarled. "You have dishonoured your family's name for the *last* time! Cover yourself, you bitch! You will be taken immediately back to the residence to pack your things!"

"As for *you*, you snivelling worm," the speaker snarled evilly, turning towards my friend, a long glittering blade slashing the air before his blanched face, "you'll *sit* there and be quiet, or I'll remove your testicles and make you eat them while you bleed to death! We are taking this whoring cunt from the cesspit of your country back to her home, where she will be disciplined for her behaviour! Stay as you are until we are gone! Say *one* word of what has happened here tonight, and I shall return and carry out my promise!"

A full, traditional robe of the style that older women wore at home, a chador, was thrown into the van while I still searched frantically for my clothes.

"Put that on, you brazen whore! *Now!!!* You'll never need any of those other things again!"

I began then to weep silently, knowing I had passed *far* beyond the boundaries I'd been supposed to observe while here at school. So with tears streaming down my face, I slipped into the hateful, all-enveloping garment and pulled the veil up over my lower face and nose, leaving only my eyes showing.

"Get in the car! Back there!" he commanded harshly, flicking the beam of the flashlight towards a large, black Mercedes limousine parked on the road about 50 metres behind the van. I stumbled, scurrying on bare feet along the icy tarmac of the road and climbed into the back seat, then I sat on the cold leather, shivering and whimpering with terror at what I'd been caught

doing. They'd found me, literally red-handed, and although I wasn't aware of it at the moment, they also had every one of my escapades on video tape in living colour and sound.

I had damned myself utterly by my actions, but just how severe that damnation was, I had no idea at the time. A moment later, the two men slid into the front seat, the door locks snapped closed, and we hissed into the night leaving my male companion alone and shivering fearfully in his van. What other things they'd said and threatened my erstwhile lover with while I ran to the limousine, I never found out, but he was obviously so frightened that he didn't pursue the matter of my semi-abduction, and I never saw him again.

Within thirty minutes, we were back at the residence and in my suite of rooms. The men stood guard, watching me closely, while, with the aid of my equally as frightened governesses, I flung my clothes and effects into suitcases, still sobbing in bitterness at my misfortune. They paid my misery no attention whatsoever, and shortly thereafter, they escorted me back downstairs to the waiting vehicle. The two, black clad, and silent governesses carried my suitcases, while the men each kept a snaring grip on my arms so I wouldn't try to escape. I sat in the middle of the back seat between the older women, and in frightened curiosity about what was to happen next, I finally got up enough nerve to speak.

"W-where are we going?"

"Whore! *Bitch!!!*" the man beside the driver turned his head and raged at me over his shoulder. "It is none of your concern, but just so you know, we're taking you to the embassy compound. You'll be kept there until your father decides what is to be done with you! Now shut your stupid face!"

I subsided against the buttery soft leather seat in fresh tears and stayed that way, in abject misery for the duration of the four hour long trip. Upon our arrival at the embassy, I was immediately escorted to a small, featureless room in the lowest basement and locked inside and from that point on, my meals were passed through a small slot at the base of the door. At first, I just sat or lay on my bed in a haze of terror at what my father would say and do. I'd heard some rumours while I was growing up of what happened to 'bad' girls and women, but I had forgotten them ... until now, considering then that they were only tall tales to frighten disobedient children. I was *so* wrong! They weren't rumours at all; they were *fact*, as I would learn to my continuing, consuming horror and misery.

The room I was kept in was nothing more than a concrete-walled box, apparently at one time having been a residence for one of the menial employees of the embassy. On one side was a partition with a toilet, shower stall, and sink. That was all. I quickly discovered that I couldn't turn off the light, and so it burned constantly. Eventually, the door was opened, and I hastily covered my face with my veil, for the only clothing I had now was the chador and its head covering ... nothing else. A tall man in Western clothing entered, and the thick portal closed behind him. He stared solemnly and silently at me for the longest time, then at last, he spoke.

"Delilah Mahjalis! You have dishonoured your family and your father's trust. You should be deeply shamed by your behaviour at that school and all of the things you have done with your decadent friends there!" he snarled at me.

"I-I-I ..."

"Be silent, girl!" he roared. "You are a *disgrace!!* Especially here, of *all* places! Your father has been informed of your transgressions, and he is deeply infuriated by your sluttish behaviour! I am told that he only sent you here with grave misgivings and as a result of your mother's unceasing begging, but *now*, you have fulfilled your destiny, as all females seem to want to do, and fallen into instinctive, fornicating ways! You younger women are nothing but animals!!!

"He has sent detailed instructions in the diplomatic pouch, and I will have them in my hands tomorrow. Once I have read them through, you will be dealt with here initially before you

are sent home to face his *full* wrath!

“In the meantime, you will be kept in this room until the decisions have been made as to what should become of you!”

He turned and rapped harshly on the heavy oak door, and then when it opened, he left without further word. I spent the next week in there alone with nothing to do but worry about what was going to happen next.

## CHAPTER THREE

### *The Ambassador's Duties*

#### **Iman Dalhar**

She was a very foolish girl and should have known better!

I sighed and laid aside the letter of instruction from Aruf Mahjalis, rubbing my eyes. The man was truly enraged and deeply offended by the flagrant acts of his daughter, and so he should be! She had transgressed every possible rule of her faith and upbringing then crowned this ultimate indignity to her family by giving herself away to all sorts of men while in a drunken or drugged flings! How *could* she have been so idiotic?!

Nevertheless, his instructions were quite clear about what was to be done, and I had to begin making the elaborate arrangements immediately. She was soon going to be a very sorry young woman indeed, and Allah alone knew what awaited her when she returned to her home.

Aruf Mahjalis is an extremely wealthy man with deep connections to the ruling elite of my country, and so I would be required to carry out his desires with all diligence. He owned three huge and elaborate palaces, and I was sure there were many other places that no one knew of. Rumours of them, and what transpired within their walls, had been whispered for years. I'd heard stories of how some of these more traditional men treated their errant wives and daughters and could hardly give credit that they were true, but as it is said: 'where there is smoke, there is fire'.

The phone waited patiently, and so I began the series of calls that would change Delilah's life forever.

How drastic these changes were to eventually be for her, I had no idea.

#### **Dr Jannason**

I received the invitation during the course of regular business hours, and it seemed ordinary enough at the beginning. The caller asked if I would be available for a private consultation, and I agreed to it with no concerns, and truth to tell, a great deal of curiosity.

My appointment was planned for the next afternoon, and so I set aside the unimportant projects I'd scheduled, and assembled my credentials, plus the assorted other materiel I had been requested to bring along. The caller insisted that a limousine would be sent to pick me up, and so the next afternoon, I waited in my office for the call from the front desk, going over some impending work. Occasionally, I glanced out the window and enjoyed the view of the bright Autumnal colours and the sight of the younger staff members out walking and enjoying the mild weather before the long, cold winter set in.

At 1:30 pm, I was ushered into the private office of the Ambassador, a Mr. Iman Dalhar. We exchanged pleasant greetings, and it was at this point I began to be drawn into the life of Delilah Mahjalis.

"Good afternoon, Doctor Jannason," he spoke in a deep voice, standing and reaching across the desk to shake my hand. "Please! Make yourself comfortable."

"Good afternoon, Sir," I replied, settling into a comfortable chair before the ornately carved and decorated desk. "What can I assist you with?"

"Some refreshments perhaps?" he asked, ignoring my question.

"Ah, yes, please. Iced tea would be wonderful on a day like this."

He made the arrangements with a quick phone call then turned to me again.

"Firstly, Dr Jannason, I must request, *most* emphatically, that any and all of our discussions remain utterly confidential, and that nothing be said to anyone, even should we proceed no

further than today's meeting. Do I have that assurance, sir?"

"Yes, of course," I responded. "All of my clients and patients are accorded the utmost confidentiality."

"Very good!" he smiled. "Now, should our talk lead to further discussions and work by you on our behalf at any time in the future, I must also ask that the same degree of confidentiality be applied. Is this satisfactory to you, also?"

"Yes, I see no problem, and the same conditions apply as I mentioned in response to your previous question." I was intrigued by the deep secrecy required, it being much more than I had ever been asked in the past. Medical and patient/doctor confidentiality was a given.

"Very good. Doctor Jannason," he asked, "it is my understanding that you are one of the premiere medical instrument inventors and creators in the world, as well as being a surgeon of international repute."

"Well," I replied, trying to be modest, "my peers seem to respect my abilities in those fields, and I feel I'm quite competent to tackle nearly any problem in them."

"Ah ... yes," he smiled at me above the rim of his frosted glass. "You have been recommended, very highly I might note, for employment in those specialties. The gentleman for whom I am acting is prepared to pay *most* generously for your services and any time you may spend on his behalf, including today's meeting, of course."

"Oh, really? I'm most flattered," I replied happily. "How is it I can assist you, sir?"

"Uuummm ..." he paused, looking at me with an assessing glance. "Too tell the truth, I have a matter here at the embassy that must be dealt with quite ... ah ... delicately, shall I say?" He held up his hand, forestalling my questions. "Please bear with me for a few moments, Doctor, while I clarify the situation."

The Ambassador then gave me a thumbnail history of Delilah Mahjalis and her recent bout of wild flings. He indicated that she was now being kept at the embassy prior to being returned home, and then he got to the interesting part of the story.

"... and so, her father, being the man that he is, wishes to have certain ... um ... procedures completed with regard to his daughter, and the placement of some ... ah ... how shall I phrase this?" his fingers steepled on the desk and he stared up at the ornate ceiling carvings for a moment then returned his gaze to me, starting directly into my eyes.

"In short, Dr Jannason, her father wishes you to create certain devices, then ... ah ... permanently attach them to Miss Mahjalis. These are to be fitted to, and *into* her by such means that they cannot be removed, by anyone. They will, in effect, become permanent additions to her body."

I was more than a little stunned by this request and sat for a moment, deep in thought, but then my curiosity got the better of me.

"Ah ... what sort of devices are we speaking of here?"

"I take it then," he asked, before answering, "that you are prepared to create such appliances and to perform the necessary surgeries?"

"Well ..," I temporized, "I'll need to know just what it is I'm making, and the physical condition of the ... ah ... patient."

"I have all of the details available for you, Doctor, and you will quite naturally give Miss Mahjalis a complete physical examination to make your determination. However, I can assure you that her last medical report indicates she is in the prime of health and suffers no diseases, allergies, or other afflictions. Before we get to that point though, I must have your written agreement to the terms I've detailed and will require that you sign a variety of non-disclosure documents as well."

"Yes, I believe I can assist you," I said without any further thought. "I'll be happy to sign the documents required," I agreed, now deeply curious as to what was planned for the young

woman.

The Ambassador smiled with relief at my assent then reached into a drawer and drew forth two large, thick envelopes.

He opened one, extracted a document, and passed it to me. I read it through and saw that it was, as he had stated, a non-disclosure agreement. The Ambassador handed me a pen and I signed it, then he witnessed it at the bottom.

"Excellent!" he smiled. "Please feel free to take *this* envelope with you and study the contents, Dr. Jannason. It, too, is subject to the non-disclosure requirements other than for manufacturing purposes." He handed me the thicker, still sealed one.

"Thank you," I dropped it, unopened, into my briefcase. "I shall get back to you within forty-eight hours, your Excellency, and give you a schedule, if that is acceptable to you and Mr Mahjalis?"

"That will be fine, Doctor. I'll send a wire immediately and let him know of your agreement and the scheduling."

"I'll be in touch soon, Sir," I said, standing. "Thank you for having me as your guest."

"No, Dr Jannason. Thank *you!*" he beamed, standing up. "Your agreement has resolved a thorny and delicate problem for me, and I am most grateful. I shall look forward to your call."

We shook hands, and I took my leave, being escorted to the front door of the embassy by a silent, burly member of the staff. The trip back to my offices in the limousine passed in a haze while I thoughtfully considered what I had stumbled into, for the moment ignoring the sealed, heavy envelope residing in my briefcase.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### *A Daughter's Descent*

#### **Delilah**

My stay in the room was one of unending boredom, and with the lights remaining on all the time, I lost complete track of whether it was day or night. The only diversion was to take showers and comb my hair with my fingers, and once every couple of days, wash my single robe in the sink. They'd left me with almost no toiletry articles, only a bar of soap and a pile of paper towels.

On what I thought was my seventh day, the Ambassador came to call once more. He stepped immediately inside and the door closed with a hollow boom.

"Young woman, you will be staying here for some time to come. I have received the packet from your father, and his instructions will be followed precisely. Sometime in the next week, a doctor will come and give you a very thorough physical examination. You will be required to undergo this as a part of your father's wishes, and despite your former modesty, you *will* allow yourself to be examined by him, and you *will* answer all of his questions with the utmost honesty. Do you understand?"

"Yes, your Excellency; but I'm in perfect physical con ..."

"Be *silent*, you fornicating young whore!!" he roared, making me retreat to my bed and fall back on it in fearful tears at his fury. "You'll do as you are told and ask no questions! Be obedient, and life may be easier for you, but don't you *ever* question any man again!"

"Y-y-yes, your Excellency," I whimpered, covering my face with my hands and beginning to weep harder.

"Your tears will not save you!" he stated ominously. "One of the staff will bring down a copy of the Holy Book for you to read, as well as some other educational material. That is all!"

Turning, he rapped on the door. It was opened immediately and he stepped out, then some hours later, the thick books were slid through the slot at the bottom. Bored to tears, I opened the first and began to read through the turgid prose, for there was nothing else to do. Many sleep times later, the door opened again, this time revealing a tall, dark haired man in a white lab coat.

"Miss Mahjalis, I am here to give you a physical examination. Please remove all of your clothing and lay on the bed. When I'm done, I will have some questions for you, but until then, you are to remain silent unless I ask you something requiring a detailed answer. You may reply."

"Y-y-yes, Doctor."

"Very well. Please disrobe now."

What followed was a most thorough and embarrassing medical examination. It was only the second one I'd ever been subjected to, and my face flamed continually while he prodded and poked my body, doing all the medical indignities to me that women have to suffer. At last, it was over.

"Please stand against the wall. I must make some quite detailed measurements."

I obeyed, still totally naked and blushing a flaming scarlet. The measurements were, as he'd stated, extremely detailed and many were intimately personal, and, I felt, not relevant in any medical terminology I'd studied yet, but they too were soon completed.

"You may dress now, and then I shall ask you some questions."

I scurried to the bed and quickly slipped into my long, concealing robe then stood quietly waiting. The next hour was spent with me answering his many questions, these read from a pages' long list, and it seemed as though I'd told him about everything in my life by the time he was done. A strange, accepting lassitude began to steal over me.



“Thank you, Miss Mahjalis.” he said, rising from his seat on my bed. “I’ll be seeing you again in a week to ten days.”

With that, he walked to the door, knocked sharply, and a moment later, I was alone again with my reading. And so, for the next eternity, I remained a solitary prisoner in the barren little room. My meals came regularly but were tasteless and boring in the extreme. They seem like veritable feasts compared to what I’m fed now!

## **Dr Jannason**

The envelope I’d been given contained an astonishing array of well-executed drawings and concise descriptions of the devices I’d been commissioned to have manufactured and then affix to Miss Mahjalis. Some were to be applied almost immediately, while the remainder would be added when she returned to her home. The covering letter required that she not be advised of any of the procedures, or in any way made aware of the capabilities of the various appliances before or after they were mounted onto and within her body. Most were quite severe in design and their intended application to the young woman; but there were none that truly, for the moment, crossed the boundaries of my Hippocratic oath.

I spent four intense days working out the details of their construction, and then a half day of scheduling and arranging the actual manufacturing processes. The operating theatre at the hospital was a simple matter to organize, and I had received, included in the packet of documents, a letter that gave me a virtually unlimited line of credit at a Swiss bank. Money was no object for the creation of the ‘jewellery’ and underwear (as I preferred to think of it) that Miss Mahjalis was soon going to have locked into and upon her body.

Initially, I had substantial misgivings about creating and mounting the equipment that was detailed in the long list, but with further thought, I came to the conclusion that there was no truly harmful result, and in fact, the assorted devices would perhaps be helpful to the ‘reformation’ of the young woman ... in the long run, and so I proceeded with the arrangements. Delilah was in perfect physical condition, and I’d assured myself there was no reason why I should not continue.

The manufacturer was surprised by the designs, fine tolerances, and my other requirements but assured me that everything could be completed quickly. The first accoutrements would be ready within seven days, although the larger pieces would take another fortnight to create. They were also somewhat concerned with the type of material I’d specified that everything be made of, for it was one of the newer, medical grade, stainless steel alloys; being very dense, quite heavy, and extremely hard. I was questioned about this requirement, of course, but informed them that money here was indeed no object, and that they were to proceed immediately using the material I’d specified. Apparently, only very sophisticated water jet cutters and spark-erosion laser cutters could be used to mould, cut, or weld the alloy. It was virtually indestructible and impossible to cut by any normal means.

Two weeks passed while I worked on the other projects and assignments and planned the operations that would be required. I called the embassy two or three times and spoke with the Ambassador of my progress, and during the last call, I arranged for the pick up and transportation of Miss Mahjalis. The hospital had a floor designated for diplomatic patients, and I obtained the use of a suite of rooms where I could attend to my newest patient both before and after the operations were done. I, too, would stay in them. The assorted medical staff: nurses, anaesthesiologist, and others, were brought to my office, and I briefly explained the situation to them in the broadest of terms then provided large cash bonuses to ensure that they remained close-mouthed about their patient and what would be done to her. Each of the staff that would attend Miss Mahjalis signed an exact duplicate of my own detailed non-disclosure

contract. My patient would be professionally looked after for her entire two week stay, and any complaints she might register, or her situation there, would not be revealed. As well, she was accorded the benefit of diplomatic immunity, as were we all, working on behalf of the Ambassador, and so the situation was airtight, and for Delilah Mahjalis, quite literally, hopeless.

The day came, and I presented myself at the embassy with the ambulance that would take her to the private entrance of the hospital. It had already been driven to the back entrance of the embassy and was waiting when I was ushered into his office.

“Good afternoon, your Excellency!” I greeted him, shaking his proffered hand.

“Ah! Good afternoon to you, Dr Jannason! Our young patient has been sedated and waits quietly in her room. We can proceed with matters immediately. Two of our staff will assist then escort you to the hospital and her rooms there.”

“Very good!” I complimented his actions. “Ah, if you’ll pardon my asking, what plans have been made for her, once she has recovered and is ready to be moved from the hospital? I will need to attend her again if she becomes too stressed with the changes and additions.”

“Doctor, my instructions are that she is to remain here at the Embassy for an additional seven days following her return from the hospital, and then she will be flown home. From that point, the balance of her ... ah ... adornments ... shall we say, will be fitted and permanently sealed by her father’s own technicians. I take it that you have the full set of instructions available for them?”

“I understand, Excellency. However, if I may suggest it, I am also able to proceed to her home and do the final fittings myself, if that would be preferable? I have much free time now, and this would not present a problem.”

“That, my dear doctor, sounds like an excellent idea!” He beamed. “I’ll e-mail her father immediately and tell him of your availability. I shall get back to you within the day. I’m sure he’ll be most receptive.”

“Good to hear it. Well, we’d best get Miss Mahjalis on her way.” I stood up.

“Yes, yes! Please go with the escorts. I’ve already had the stretcher brought in from the ambulance. By the way, when will the operations take place?”

“First, I shall ensure that Miss Mahjalis is properly settled into her rooms, and then we will begin the day after tomorrow. As some of the procedures are quite intricate and invasive, they will be spaced over the following three days, taking some four hours for each set to be completed.”

“I see,” he replied speculatively, staring into the distance. “Well, once they’ve been completed to your satisfaction and she has recovered somewhat, say about a week from today, I shall need to see her.”

“That won’t present any problems, your Excellency. By that point, she will be unable to go anywhere without release and specific approval. She will await your pleasure, I assure you.”

“Very good! Please proceed, Doctor.”

With that, I left the office and was escorted to the basement room I’d visited before. One of the men carried the suitcase I’d brought with me which contained the restraints and other quasi-medical equipment I wanted Delilah to be fitted with before she was taken to the hospital. By the time I arrived at the door to her room, the stretcher was already in the corridor, waiting. One of the escorts unlocked the door, and I stepped inside to find my patient lying on the bed, eyes closed but not asleep. She struggled lazily to sit up; her expression slightly dazed.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### *Preparation and Restraint*

#### **Delilah**

They'd obviously put something into the soft drinks, surprisingly supplied with my last meal. About two hours after, I became very thirsty and drank another bottle of the sweet concoction, then, feeling dizzy and very lackadaisical, I lay on the narrow cot and just stared up at the bare, concrete ceiling. I retained the ability to think clearly and recognize what was going on around me, but my limbs seemed to have turned to lead and responded only feebly to my attempts to move them rapidly or forcefully.

What was this for? Why had they drugged me? I'd been extremely obedient and contrite, and they *knew* I couldn't escape this room ... and there I lost concentration. The door opened some time later.

"Good afternoon, Miss Mahjalis."

It was the doctor who'd been to examine me about ... what? A week ago? Ten days ago? I'd lost complete track of time.

"Go-go-good A-a-af-af-af ..." I tried to speak.

"Please don't try to talk," he said soothingly, coming over to my side and taking my pulse then looking into my eyes. For some reason, uncalled-for tears began to well from their corners and trail down my cheeks. "Now, just relax while we prepare you, then I'll help you onto the stretcher. We'll be taking you to the hospital in a few moments."

"B-b-but I-ah ... no-not si-sick," I bumbled at him in misery and dull consternation.

"The Ambassador and your father require that you be taken there, my dear, so just relax, Okay?"

What could I do? The two escorts quickly pulled off my chador, and I lay there on the thin mattress, completely naked before them. I heard the pop of a suitcase's locks being opened, and then a moment later, they began to fit wide, padded leather, surgical restraint cuffs around my wrists, upper arms, and ankles. I was too out of things to hear the small clicks when they were locked snugly tight, then a wide belt was passed around my waist and some sort of harness was arranged from its front, up over my shoulders, and secured behind my back. It was uncomfortably tight, and I blushed fiercely, feeling the band that passed up between my large breasts, separating and making them stand out vulnerably, joggling with each breath I took. Although no hands touched me in an intimate way, my nipples swelled out into flinty buds from the sensations of the things being fastened to my limbs and body, then the next set of the padded bands was cinched around each of my thighs, just above my knees. The doctor raised my head and slipped a wide, cervical collar around my neck then attached a set of narrower straps to it: under my chin, at the sides, and at the back. The collar was integrated to the waist cinch and shoulder harness with wide straps descending from its base at the front and back, these first locking onto the wide strap between my breasts at the front, and a thing between my shoulder blades at the back. From these anchoring points they descended to the waist cinch and were fastened into fittings on it then tightened so that, a moment or two later, I discovered that the arrangement prevented me from arching my body.

"Please open your mouth for the teeth guards and breathing tube, Miss Mahjalis," the doctor asked politely.

"Aaaauhh .. I-I-I ... Aaaauugghhh ..."

The teeth guards were slipped into my opened mouth with ease, positioned top and bottom, and then a short, flattened oval tube of some sort was placed between them and pushed far back into my mouth until there came a small set of clicks. I could still move my tongue

freely; but it wasn't the least bit comfortable! I stared up at the doctor in misery, but he just smiled then reached down to my braced, tubed neck and brought up the straps from under my chin. These threaded through loops on the front, lip covering panel of the breathing tube, came up over my cheeks, and were connected to the others rising from the sides and back of the collar. I waved my leaden hands, trying to raise them to my face, for I had discovered that I couldn't spit out the strange, uncomfortable contraption.

"Aaaaauuggghhh! *Uuuuhhhh!*" I moaned, feeling my arms drop to the coverlet beside me. Of course I tried to object to being fitted with these things but could manage only vague movements of my limbs and incomprehensible, partial words.

"There, there," he soothed. "Just relax, Miss Mahjalis."

A moment later, I was assisted onto a stretcher that seemed to have magically appeared in the room, and I sat for a moment with my eyes closed, suddenly dizzy. He helped me to lay down then rolled me onto my left side, and I felt some movement behind, between my shoulders and at my waist. I was slowly rotated onto my back to lie staring up at the ceiling once more, then a second later, I heard the distinctive, metallic, jingling noise of a buckle. Suddenly, at either side of my waist and chest, wide, thick straps pulled my body tightly onto the stretcher's surface! Again the distinctive noise came, and I felt my arms at the wrists, and also above the elbows, similarly drawn against the thin mattress, held away from my body and unable to touch it, no matter how hard I tried. My legs were the next to be immobilized when a heavy strap was threaded through heavy steel loops on each cuff and buckled to a wider one that crossed the stretcher, and then my ankles were pulled apart when more straps were connected to *their* cuffs and drawn tight so that I lay with legs spread apart, unable to bring them together.

"Just a couple more things to do, and you'll be ready to go, Miss Mahjalis," he said calmly, bending down beside my head.

He gently pressed a pair of thick, wide, rubber things into my nostrils, sealing them completely and forcing me to breathe through my mouth, and then he raised a green rubber mask to cover my chin, mouth, and nose. When he pressed it closer to my face, I felt a small click when the mask connected itself to a fitting on the thing between my teeth. I gasped fearfully when this was done, fearing I would be unable to breathe properly; however my air flow was uninterrupted, and he ensured that the mask remained clamped tightly into my sensitive facial skin by fastening everything to the snaring straps that already webbed my head!

"Just relax, Miss Mahjalis. This arrangement ensures that you breathe properly and will make it much easier for you to be anaesthetised."

"*Anaesthetised!!!???*" I asked myself fuzzily. "*Whatever for?*"

"Now, you've probably found that your eyes have become very sensitive to light in the last hours, my dear, and so to prevent any damage to your sight, I'm going to fit you with a panel that will help us protect it. Please close your eyes now and keep them that way for a moment, OK?"

I did as he asked, already drowsy, and then I felt shaped pads placed lightly over them. Each had a wide, very sticky, surrounding margin, and after they'd been pressed gently into place and their rims smoothed down, I discovered that I couldn't open them! I was utterly blind and a whimper of fear hissed into the breathing tube. He patted my hand as the panel was fastened to the head harness. I felt my thick black hair brushed away from each of my ears and a soft plug of some sort was pushed deeply into each so that all sound was eliminated! Next, I felt a vibration on the mask when an air hose from a ventilator was attached, and a second later, I found that I was being made to breathe to a disconcerting and unstoppable mechanical cadence! There was a faintly sensed set of clicks, one on each side of my cervical collar and at the top of my head, then the snaring straps were tightened smoothly and my head sank deeply into a pillow. I couldn't even twitch, so tightly had I been fastened to the stretcher!

God! A sudden wail of fear hissed between my spread teeth, and I struggled against the restraints as much as my drugged state permitted, trying to squirm free of the cuffs, straps, waist belt, shoulder harness, and head straps, managing to sit up slightly.

“She has too much upper body mobility,” I heard very faintly. There were two clicks at the tops of my shoulders, and a second later they there both were pulled down, hard. “A little gas, if you please, to quieten her down.”

A funny taste entered my mouth from the tube, and I couldn’t avoid inhaling it! My limbs seemed to deaden almost instantly, and I began to drift into unconsciousness. Covering sheets were drawn up and tucked in loosely on the sides of the stretcher, fully concealing the network of tightly cinched straps that fastened me to it.

“Excellent! That went surprisingly well, gentlemen. Now, let’s get her into the ambulance.”

I vaguely felt the smooth movement of the stretcher being pushed along the hall and into the elevator, but I had no way of stopping what was happening. Blinded, virtually deafened, securely fastened, and effectively gagged by the things fastened into my mouth, this was my first experience of being restrained. I was held utterly helpless; capable of being sedated instantly with a blast of anaesthetic gas ... and I didn’t like it a bit! Since that day, I have never escaped wearing restraints of some kind, but *this* arrangement, despite its seeming severity, was only child’s play when compared to what I was soon to live with. Unseen tears of despair and misery pooled in my eyes, and I continued to struggle weakly while I was wheeled to the ambulance, but my attempts counted for nothing at all, and a moment later, I’d been loaded into the back of the vehicle. It started up then drove silently from the embassy grounds.

My time had come.

## **Iman Dalhar**

To date, the affair concerning Delilah Mahjalis had gone exceedingly smoothly, I reflected, looking down from the window and watching the ambulance quietly depart with its cargo. Actually, I’d been quite surprised and pleased with the results of the negotiations with Doctor Jannason. Initially, he’d been a little concerned with what Delilah’s father wanted, then for whatever reason, he’d convinced himself that his oath was not being transgressed and matters had proceeded quickly from that point. Now, she was beginning her voyage of repentance and punishment for her foolishness.

She was, I mused, intelligent and strong-minded, even though a young woman of only eighteen years. It would indeed be very hard for her to accept what was soon to happen to her body and life, but perhaps she would eventually grow used to the fate that had befallen her. I hoped that she would learn to adapt to her situation and new life situation, given time. There were other arrangements to be made on behalf of her father, and I instructed my secretary to make the appropriate airline reservations, then I again read the latest communication from him. It gave further, detailed instructions as to how she was to be treated upon her return to the embassy and the scheduled inspections I was to make while she was at the hospital. As usual, the directions supplied were concise and all-enveloping, leaving no room for any kind of error or diversion. He obviously had wealth to burn, and in this case, was going to employ it where he thought it would do the most good.

Delilah had deeply enraged her father, offending his sense of propriety and how she should act as a female. I shook my head with sympathy for what she was going to have to endure, for she, I was certain, was soon to become a very, very sorry young woman indeed.

## **Dr Jannason**

We arrived at the hospital without incident and were quickly installed within the suite that had been reserved. The administration had been alerted that the special diplomatic patient requiring discretion had arrived, and so there was no fuss made of her arrival. Delilah was soon placed in her bed, but before removing her from the stretcher, I administered an additional shot of sedative to keep her unconscious for another thirty minutes. Only when she'd sunk fully into the arms of Morpheus was she transferred to the sturdy bed, and her restraints were quickly attached to its waiting loops, rails, and straps. I loosened her leg bonds and fitted her with a urinary catheter as well as an anal one; these being held in place by a wide, thick, formed rubber strap through her crotch and connected at the front and back of her waist belt. A quick inspection of her body harness and head restraints followed and her breathing arrangements remained unchanged, but I took the precaution of integrating them to the hospital's oxygen supply. Only then was a feeding tube worked carefully down her throat, and lastly, a series of small, self-adhesive electrodes were attached to her body; connected to the function monitors on the shelf above the head of the bed.

She, as most immobilized patients do, instinctually fought against her restraints, but they were escape-proof, given both the manner of their fastening and the fact that all required keys for their locks. Delilah would be unable to open any, even if permitted enough freedom to touch them. Unfortunately for her, there would be few chances of *that* being granted during her stay in the hospital, for she would always be kept under strict surveillance and supervision. God alone knew, I reflected, what awaited her after she was returned to her home and the remaining pieces of her new equipage was fitted.

It would provide little in the way of comfort for her; but nevertheless, I placed a call button in the delicate, slightly curled, long, artist's fingers of her right hand then checked that all of the monitoring pads remained firmly glued onto her body and pulled a light coverlet over her. The last thing I did was to draw the shades and turn out the lights before leaving her, fastened securely to her bed in the guarded room. While I walked down the hall to the offices that were a part of the suite, I thought more about the young woman who was now virtually imprisoned in the room. She was indeed very beautiful: some one hundred and sixty cm tall and weighing fifty-five kg. Her breasts were quite well developed, and she seemed to have reached physical maturity more quickly than her North American peers. Too, Delilah had an extremely narrow waist, set off by wide, flaring hips below that would now, once the procedures she was to undergo were completed, be denied the chance of bearing children. Given the nature and design of the appliances she'd soon have mounted on and within her body, it would not be possible. Her face was one of classic beauty; completely stunning with wide violet eyes and smooth features, so I could easily understand why any man would fall desperately in love and want to possess her utterly. She currently had waist length, jet black, glistening hair, but this, unfortunately, would soon become a thing of the past. As a part of her punishment, Delilah was to have *every* hair on her body, even her eyelashes, forever epilated by means of the newest laser treatment. I'd arranged for this also, but nevertheless, she would still be a very beautiful woman.

There was much more work to complete for the next day's procedures, and I wanted all to be in readiness for them. Upon entering the office, I found that a number of sealed boxes had been deposited on my desk. I closed the door then sat and began opening them to inspect the contents. Each small container was home to a weighty piece of gleaming metal, with the larger ones containing the various sets of wide steel bands for her limbs. The last and largest contained the tools needed to lock them permanently in place and I knew that even now, the remainder of the things she'd soon wear were en route from the engineering firm to my regular office.

I replaced the various pieces of surgical metalwork in their containers, these later to be taken to the operating theatre and sterilized, then got into the unending paperwork that even a private patient such as Delilah required. At some point in the next day or so, she would be

required to sign the consent forms, permitting the unspecified operations to take place. The Ambassador would be here to explain the situation, as well as to act as an official witness to her signatures, and I was quite sure she would not present us with any problems in this area. It was late in the evening when I finally finished, and, being unmarried with few encumbrances, I returned to Delilah's room. Before leaving my office, I rang the kitchen and requested that a liquefied, bagged meal be sent up. One of Delilah's escorts sat alertly in a chair outside the locked door, and when I approached, he wordlessly unlocked it to let me in.

The room remained in semi-darkness with only her lightly covered form on the bed visible in silhouette against the lighter shade; it illuminated by an outside street light with her air and feeding hoses looping down to the semi-reclined and tightly masked face. I walked over to stand beside her then turned on the bedside light at its lowest level. The monitors above indicated that she'd been unconscious since her arrival, but that she was now slowly coming awake. Delilah still wore the blinding eye panel and deafening earplugs and would continue to do so for most of her stay. They would only be completely removed upon her return to the embassy.

I extracted an earplug for a moment then reached down and clasped her strapped-down right hand. She, of course, remained completely and securely fastened to the bed with the thick, leather bands holding her legs and feet separated from each other and her hands and arms away from her body. I looked at the gently rising and falling sheet covering the hummocks of her breasts then up to her head. She tried to roll it from side to side against the tension of its harness of securing straps, but only a small motion was permitted. Then, knowing now that she was no longer alone from the sensation of me holding her hand, she writhed frantically within the confines of her tight, surgical restraint network, obviously trying to sit up, while faint wails of distress pulsed into the hose connected to her mask. She calmed a little after five minutes of fruitless struggling, then, desperately holding onto my hand with all her strength, tried to speak around the teeth guards, the air hose covering her tongue, and the tube down her throat.

"Elp! 'Elp! *'Elp 'eeee!*"

"Please try to relax, Miss Mahjalis," I soothed in a low voice, squeezing her hand gently. "You're in the hospital now, and everything is proceeding according to plan. You need not worry about your safety. The day after tomorrow, your operations will begin, and then you'll be returned to the embassy, and soon after that, you'll be sent home to your family."

"... Ooohhh. "Oooooo!! *Illeeeaaaasssee!! N-n-no!*" she managed to articulate around the intrusive air and feeding tube, and then she began to sob and jerk hysterically at her bonds again.

I felt sorry for her, but my contract was iron clad, and so for the next moments, I continued to sit and hold her hand loosely while she tried to accommodate herself to her situation. The anaesthetic gas component had been removed from her air supply, and by now, the soporific that had been in her soft drinks was completely gone. She was fully aware of what had happened to her and had regained the strength that had been sapped by the drugs. However, her reacquired strength was of no value. She could not escape her restraints, and for additional long moments, she twisted and writhed in desperate futility against them until, at last, she lay in exhaustion under the coverlet, small sobs shaking her strap-snared shoulders.

It was at that point that the door opened and the tray with her food bag was brought in by the stony faced escort. I hung it on the stand beside the head then plugged the end of the hose from the bottom of the bag into the Y fitting on her facemask.

"You must be fed now, Miss Mahjalis. This arrangement works the same way as does the water tube, and you will not have to worry about choking, for the food will go directly into your stomach," I explained while her head attempted to twist from side to side.

I released the clip and the warm semi-liquid paste began to slide into her mouth through the gagging tube and down her throat. She bucked against her straps in rebellion for a moment then

subsided again and just let it happen. When the food bag had been completely emptied, I gave her a long drink then held her pinioned hand again. Continual trembles shook her fingers, and I squeezed gently while she tried once more to talk around the tubes. Her attempted words were incomprehensible, but it was patently obvious she desperately wanted to be released from her confinement. This, of course, was perfectly natural but impossible for many reasons. Finally, she stopped trying to speak and long shuddering sobs shook her quivering body.

“Miss Mahjalis, a nurse will check on you constantly, and if you feel the need for some sort of comfort, just press the call button. I’ll put it back in your fingers in a moment. Now, before I go, I must replace your earplug for they are specifically required by your father. They’re designed to eliminate most sound but will feed in what is known as white noise, so that your mind will not be adversely affected. According to his instructions, you are to remain silenced, deafened, and effectively blinded for the next while.

“In the meantime, I should tell you that I will be your attending physician even after you are returned to your father and for a considerable time after that. I feel sorry for you, young lady; but I know what has brought you to this unhappy time and place in your life. I have been commissioned to ensure that you will be fitted with ... ah ... certain appliances that your father feels are necessary to ensure you behave properly from now on and are controlled as he feels you should be.

“In this area, Miss Mahjalis, I shall do my very best to ensure that the things you will soon wear are fitted to you as painlessly as possible and that they are as comfortable to live with as I can make them, given their ... ah ... rather punitive nature and intent.

“I’ll be back to check on you during the day tomorrow. Twenty-four hours from now, you will be given a mild sedative. At six the following morning, a full, general anaesthetic will be administered in preparation for the procedures you are to undergo. It is now time for me to leave, and so I will bid you a good night.”

I gently reinserted the earplug, even though she struggled valiantly against her bonds, then I tucked in the sheet and lowered the bed to only a slightly raised, prone position. With a last glance, I turned out the light and left the room. My instructions had been followed, I thought grimly to myself, in that she had now been given enough information to terrify her quite thoroughly about what was soon to come, and she was utterly helpless to avoid or escape it. She would remain securely fastened in her bed, with wondering horrified thoughts whirling in her mind, for the next day and a half. I didn’t think she’d sleep much, helpless and vulnerable in her cocoon of darkness and silence.



## CHAPTER SIX

### *A New Beginning*

#### **Delilah**

It was awful!

Although I had at first been reassured by the feeling of a warm, dry hand holding mine when I'd finally come awake again, I soon realized where I was, and that I was very securely strapped down. No matter *how* I struggled and twisted, I couldn't escape even my head was held almost motionless! The tube in my mouth and down my throat was a horridly uncomfortable intrusion, and the catheters fed into my body below only served to make me feel worse about my plight.

I was hungry, but my desire to taste food of any kind was thwarted by the doctor when he fed me via the mouth and stomach tube. Certainly, I could feel the warmth of the stuff when it passed through my mouth and throat then into my stomach but being unable to taste what I was being filled with made me feel as though I wasn't a human being. Then, he spoke. Oh, God! He was going to do something to my body, and I didn't know what it was! He promised to make it painless, but what was he going to *doll??*

Punitive??? What???

Then, deeply enshrouded in silence and darkness once more, I thought back to my childhood; remembering some of the rumours that had been bandied about between we children, trying to scare each other half to death, as children often do. There were tales of beautiful women (as we all knew with certainty, we would become) being locked away in secret cells, as well as other tales of the elaborate jewellery some of these princesses had to wear. We'd giggled nervously, glancing at each other, and had visions of princes of the desert, riding to rescue us from our captivity then carrying us off to lands of eternal love and happiness. How we'd ended up in those dungeons, we'd never really thought about.

Now, however, I *knew!*

Another memory surfaced ... one long suppressed. The jewellery ... One day, my girl friends and I had been happily playing in the one of the palace gardens when a pair of my father's guards walked across one end, escorting a heavily veiled woman between them, but neither was close to her, even though she remained centred between them. Their arrival had been preceded by a light, tinkling sound of bells and what sounded like the musical clashing of chain, and I didn't realize it at the time, but she was one of my younger aunts. The party of three had appeared a moment later, and we'd all turned to watch their progress, stopping our play. The woman seemed to stumble along; her every step very limited, and each step she took brought a gentle clashing of metal on metal. Being children, we didn't avert our eyes but stared at them curiously while they passed, then we all oohh'd and aahh'd when her long skirt had flipped up to reveal that she wore gleaming, wide anklet bracelets. Each had had been joined to the other by a short, glittering chain with a small, heavy bell fastened in the middle and this had snapped tight with her every hurried little step, making the bell chime. It was then I saw the others that her escorting guards held; these emerging from her robes at each side of her waist! When they passed our little group, she'd turned her face toward us, and I saw that yet another, lighter chain and bell hung from within the deep cowl and veils concealing her face, emerging from under them at her waist! It hung down to her knees and swung back and forth with every motion of her legs within the ankle length, thick skirt. The escorts, seeing her turn, jerked harshly on her side chains, and a moment later, she was gone. We'd resumed playing, thinking no more about the sight, but unconsciously having recorded it for the future. I never saw her again and wondered where she had been taken.

My mind whirled around these old memories, and now I thought even more fearfully of what lay in store for *me!* Occasionally, I tried to twist free of my restraints and body harness but of course it did no good at all. The slight friction of the smooth sheet over my breasts caused my nipples to erect, and oh how I longed to touch myself; to caress them as I had learned to from my classmates, and bring the incredibly pleasurable sensations to my body. My discovery of sex and its joys only a few months ago had transformed my world, and I'd become an avid student. I'd soon learned many of the ways I could make myself feel good, and even gone to one of the local shops, 'Lover's Delights' I think it was called, and bought myself what the other girls called a 'pocket rocket', as well as some other male-shaped implements to play with. None, however, had been the same as the real thing, and I'd spent considerable time and ingenuity avoiding my escorts and governesses, or so I believed, to enjoy myself. Now, I deeply regretted my foolishness and grew even more terrified of what was going to happen when I got home and had to face my father.

Eventually, I drifted off to sleep again, and when I came awake the next time, it was to feel a cool cloth being wiped across my forehead. Still, I could hear nothing and remained blinded; but what felt like a woman's hand held mine, and I squeezed it desperately, trying to convey to its owner that I wanted to be freed. No matter how hard I held on though, her fingers slipped away while mine remained held flat to the mattress by the leather wrist cuff connected to the wide bed strap. I was left alone again for the longest time to contemplate, with mushrooming horror, what would be done to me, but I still had *no* idea of what it was!

"Good morning, Miss Mahjalis," the doctor's voice whispered into my ears, and I jerked against my fastenings with surprise. "We've already fed you your breakfast, and now it's time to give you a bed bath. The nurses will be here in a moment, but first, I need to conduct another quick examination."

Silence returned, then I felt the covering sheet whisked away. I shivered and blushed with deep humiliation. Not only was my body completely visible to any that might enter the room, but all of my restraints and intimate connections were also displayed. All sound had been cut off, then I felt gentle sponging over my exposed flesh. It felt wonderful, even though I was still bound. The doctor's voice returned.

"Now, Miss Mahjalis, it is time for your epilation to take place. The technicians will be using the newest in laser treatments for this, and it will take most of the remainder of today. The bed you are in is designed so that its frame can be separated from the mattress, and thus you'll be completely available. Just relax and let it happen."

Although I wasn't aware of it at the time, this was to be a three-pronged process of hair removal. Not only would a laser be used, but also a new cream that destroyed the roots, and from then on, an additive to my food that would ensure they didn't regrow.

It began.

I felt myself raised slowly from the support of the mattress, the multiple restraints kept me easily suspended within the sturdy, steel frame. I descended again, but now, there was nothing under me! A cascade of water sluiced over my head, and then a glutinous, lathering agent was worked through my thick, black hair. With horror, I felt the thin edge of a straight razor begin shearing away my crowning glory in the areas free of the straps, and I tried to scream against my mouth fillers, twisting and jerking frantically. For a moment, it stopped then more tension was placed on my head and neck restraints and they continued to shave me. They removed or loosened the various straps and bonds in turn, keeping me always restrained, and within minutes, I was as bald as an egg. Then they removed my eyebrows! My underarms were next, and then my entire crotch was carefully denuded. I shivered from what seemed like blasts of Arctic air over the newly sheared skin, and then all were rinsed off and dried with thick, fluffy towels.

My head was clamped between what felt like a pair of knees, and light, stinging pricks began

to illuminate and destroy the roots of every hair. I wailed with misery and horror at this being done, but only wordless gasps seeped from under my mask. They quickly finished with my exposed scalp and went to work on my under arms, and when that was done, each leg was then cleansed of *its* hair roots. Hours and hours of these stinging pricks lancing into my skin followed while the technicians removed every hair follicle they could find. When they did my pubic area that was the worst. The pain of each laser flash destroying a hair root wasn't great, but cumulatively, I was soon in agony; struggling madly to escape the successive strikes of the needling light. I fainted at some point or was put to sleep by the gas, for when I awoke again, I was once more laying on the mattress and covered by the sheet. *All* of my skin felt extremely sensitive, thanks to no longer having any body hair, and I shivered with this new and deepened awareness. My hearing returned.

"Good evening, Miss Mahjalis," the doctor's voice said soothingly. "The epilation has been completed. Now, as you know, we will be proceeding with the first series of your operations tomorrow, and you *must* sign the consent documentation. The Ambassador is here to explain your situation. Once you've signed the documents, both he and I will witness your signatures. Please hold still while I remove your eye covering. It will only be off while the documentation is completed."

Slowly the panel was released and raised, and I tensed, waiting to feel hairs being pulled out, but this didn't happen, and I supposed that they'd removed my eyebrows and lashes while I was unconscious. I blinked for a minute or two, slowly getting used to the low light in the room then stared up into his face, uselessly attempting to speak around the tubes in my mouth and throat.

"Please use your eyes to communicate. Close once for a 'yes' answer, and two or three times for a 'no'," he instructed. "I'll loosen your right hand and arm in a moment, and then you will sign the papers. Now, the Ambassador wishes to speak with you," he finished, stepping back. The Ambassador came and stood beside the bed, looking down at me. I blushed and closed my eyes, not wanting him to see me like this.

"Open your eyes, girl!" his voice whip-cracked. I obeyed and stared up into his hard expression. "Your father has commanded that I inspect you and observe the progress being made with my own eyes. The doctor has assured me you are in perfect physical condition for the processes to come, so you need not worry about those matters. Doctor, please remove the sheet and raise the bed frame so that I may view her."

Silently, he pulled away the sheet, and the bed frame tilted almost to the vertical. I hung there in quiet resignation while he walked around me, then to my horror, he extracted a small camera from his pocket and snapped some two dozen pictures while I remained suspended, naked in my restraints. When he'd finished, the frame was tilted back to the horizontal and I was once more covered by the sheet. I wept around my mouth guards under the mask, my face flaming with embarrassed humiliation.

"These pictures will go directly to your father to assure him that you are being properly taken care of. No one else will see them but him. Your signature on the consent forms is now required by the authorities here, Miss Mahjalis, and you *will* sign these documents, girl! If you do not, there will be extremely severe consequences when you return to your home. Do you understand?"

I blinked my eyes once, feeling tears of misery squeezed out of their corners. Unaccountably, I began to shiver, my entire body trembling against the grip of its strict restraints. He paid my sobbing no attention whatsoever; but brought up a clipboard and held out a pen.

"Doctor? Please partially release her right arm."

My hand was freed, yet it remained leashed by its bed strap, then the tension on the one

holding my upper arm was also eased off. Both cuffs remained clasped firmly about my limb, but I was permitted enough freedom to be able to write, and for a brief moment, I gratefully flexed it as much as the loosened tethers permitted. It wasn't a lot, but at least I could move a little! Embarrassed at being reduced to a state of near incoherence, I made an animalistic grunt of inquiry and arched my non-existent eyebrows. The back of my bed rose until I was semi-reclining.

"You will sign **all** of the documents on the clipboard, Miss Mahjalis!" he stated emphatically. "Then, both the doctor and I will witness your signatures. These give permission to complete the procedures your father requires for you. Here is the pen."

He placed the cool metal instrument in my trembling fingers then moved the clipboard so that I could sign. I stared down at the densely worded text then dropped the pen, blinking my eyes repeatedly while more tears squeezed out and trailed down my cheeks. I tried to shake my head against the drag of its harnessing.

"Miss Mahjalis," he snarled softly. "You **will** sign these documents ... now, or the price you will eventually pay will be quite terrible, I assure you! Here is the pen."

Again I held the instrument of my doom although I did not realize just how utterly damning my signatures were to be. He presented the clipboard once more, and with deep misgivings, I began to sign all of the forms in my normal hand. He kept flipping the completed pages out of the way, and I must have inscribed my name at least a dozen times before he lifted the clipboard away. The doctor immediately pulled my arm and hand restraint straps tight, once more returning me to my prior state of helpless immobility. All I could do was sit and stare listlessly at them while they both countersigned the documents, making everything that was next to happen completely legal. At last, they turned to me and the Ambassador spoke again.

"Very good, Miss Mahjalis! Everything is now in order although your reluctance to sign will be relayed to your father for future action. I will see you next at the embassy. Good day."

He turned abruptly and departed, leaving me alone with the doctor.

"And so, Miss Mahjalis, we're ready to proceed," he grimaced. "I'm afraid that what's going to be done will come as quite a shock when you awaken and become aware of the extent of the operations, but there's no help for it."

"You'll be unconscious for close to eighty hours while everything happens then be kept under sedation for another four days while the initial healing takes place. After that, you will be returned to the embassy for a further week of rest and recovery. Then you'll be flown home. As I've mentioned before, I shall arrive a day after you to affix the remainder of the new ... ah ... devices you will be required to wear."

"Now, I'll give you a light sedative, then early tomorrow morning, the full, general anaesthetic will be administered by the nurse. You'll see me again in about four days. Good night."

The mattress tilted back to full horizontal, and they quickly reapplied my eye coverings, inserted the earplugs, and left the room.

I lay trembling, blinded and virtually deafened, unable to utter any sort of sound! No matter how hard I struggled, I could **not** free myself of the bed restraints, and any sort of screams or begging for help were effectively suppressed by the things in my mouth and the awful throat tube. After a while, all I did was lay and weep silently, completely alone. Some unknown time later, I began to feel extremely tired, and despite my sparking and panicky thoughts about what was soon to come, I fell deeply asleep.

It had been a long, painful, and very trying day.

**Iman Dalhar**

Again, things seemed to have worked out unexpectedly well.

The young woman was properly secured and being competently taken care of at the hospital. It had been a shock to see her completely denuded of hair, even to her eyebrows and eyelashes, but she still remained a most attractive young woman, despite its disappearance.

Certainly, she'd been reluctant to sign the consent documents and the Acceptance of Parental Discipline that had been slipped into the pile, but eventually, with only minimal and unspecified threats, she'd done so.

The network of restraints she was held within was certainly very efficient and humane; more so than the ones she would soon bear, I thought grimly, remembering the drawings I'd seen. She was to be kept in full isolation while at the hospital and so was safe from prying by the local authorities or any curious news hounds, thanks to her diplomatic status.

The previous day, the doctor had shown me the completed implements, and I was satisfied with their design. He'd also provided me with the bills for their creation, together with a metallurgist's report on the material used. The price was high indeed, but the stainless steel alloy was virtually indestructible. Aruf Mahjalis had money to burn, and with his thirst for the punishment of his daughter to slake, the devices I'd seen certainly filled his requirements.

Upon my return to the embassy, I loaded all of the high resolution, digital pictures I'd taken into the computer, encrypted them, and sent them off. Some hours later, during a formal dinner, an aide brought me a congratulatory acknowledgement from Aruf and orders to proceed as instructed.

The following day, I had the Cultural Attaché make arrangements to bring trusted workmen to the embassy and begin the job of transforming the room Delilah had occupied into a true cell. It would be explained away as being yet another secure, document storage area. The bed would be removed and some empty, locked file cabinets would be placed in it while the workmen were on site, then once they'd departed, one of our own staff would add the required ring bolts and chains.

For the next seven days, I lost myself in the usual whirl of activities and forgot about Delilah Mahjalis. Truly, her fate was sealed, and upon her return to the house of her father, she would find that her life ... one that had held so much promise ... had disappeared in a cloud of smoke and floods of despairing tears. She would suffer for her transgressions in ways that were inconceivable to societies in the West.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### *Day One – New Jewellery*

**Dr Jannason**

When I'd closed the door to her room, I reflected upon the deep influence of a culture on one of its younger members. Delilah, unlike her female peers in the West, had caved in almost immediately to the demands of the Ambassador, and I supposed this was due to the roots of her society being a patriarchy, with the attitude of obedience having been absorbed from birth. As a girl, she had grown up with the unconscious knowledge and acceptance of the fact that males in her society held all the power, and it was fruitless to disobey.

The documents had nevertheless been completed fully and properly, if not willingly; thus, the way had been cleared for the series of operations that were to begin in ten hours. I needed to be fully up to speed and totally cognizant of all the details, and so, after one last check on the operating theatre, I retired to my office and went over the order of their execution and the after-care requirements one last time. This took nearly two hours, and then I went to my room and was soon asleep.

At 6:00 am, the nurse awakened me, and I went rapidly through my morning ablutions then down to the staff cafeteria for a solid breakfast after making a call to the nursing station looking after Miss Mahjalis' room. I left instructions to prepare her fully and have her on the table, ready for me by 7:30 am. From there, it was standard procedure and I entered the operating theatre to find her fastened to the table, spread and ready. It was rather sad to see her like this, for she lay on her back, arms strapped widely outspread, masked, and her legs strapped securely into raised stirrups. Her neck was bare, and, as in my operating plan, I began with her wrists. They were each to bear a stainless steel cuff, fastened as permanently as could be managed. Truthfully, my services were not really required for their application, but her father had insisted that I was to complete *all* of the work.

These cuffs, like all the others she would soon wear, consisted of two halves of an oval shape; being five cm wide bands, five mm thick, with halves that would mate almost seamlessly together by means of finely toothed, hinge-type joints. Each was equipped with a diametrically opposed, universally mounted, three cm diameter ring, these capable of twisting and turning in any direction. I clasped the first cuff around her finely boned right wrist then took the locking pin and turned its finely threaded shaft into the small hole in the edge of the cuff. The hole was threaded all the way through both sets of jaws, and so the process of turning the pin into it was a long one. However, it eventually bottomed out, and I gave it a hard twist. There was a sharp, metallic snap, and the end came free and was tossed into the waste bucket with a dull metallic 'chink'. It had snapped off nearly a millimetre inside the edge of the cuff and was virtually non-manoeuvrable by *any* means. I carefully hammered a small, over-sized capping pin into the hole, then burnished off the roughened end so that the joint was virtually invisible. The process for that single cuff took a little under five minutes to complete, and so within the hour, she'd been fitted with gleaming steel bands on her wrists, her ankles, and her arms just above the elbow. Two other sets were clamped tightly around her legs; one around the mid-point of each thigh, and the last set, just under her knees above the bulges of her calf muscles. All of the cuffs fit very snugly and were now virtually impossible to remove.

The ankle and wrist cuffs had a two mm deep and five mm wide groove on their lower edges and these would act as securing points for the additional devices her father had specified.

Her neck was next and quickly received a similarly fastened band, although this one was eight cm wide and one cm thick, holding her throat closely. It followed the upper and lower contours of her neck closely, so that in effect, it was rather like a 'posture collar'. This also was

equipped with rings at the front and back; these exactly the same as those on her wrist cuffs, and as well, there were two slightly smaller ones on the sides, just under her ears. In the collar's upper edge was a series of deep slots, and these would be used to add yet other devices to her head and face once she'd been returned home.

It was time to fit her with the waist cinch. This device consisted of a wide, form-following belt that compressed her already small waist yet another ten cm. It was designed so that it constricted the soft flesh between her lowest ribs and pelvis; perhaps ten cm wide at its narrowest over her hips, and twenty cm at its largest spans over her stomach and behind her back, flowing up and over the contours of her pelvic bones. It too was one cm thick, and along the bottom and top edges, had more of the deep slots similar to the collar, and around its circumference, eight of the universal mounted rings had been spaced. The fitting of the two halves took an additional thirty minutes, and then I called for a break before we proceeded with the next stages of her equipment fitting. Delilah was left in the care of the anaesthesiologist, slumbering peacefully.

The operating team returned, and we went to work on her right breast. The nipple was vacuum extracted from its aureole then immediately transverse pierced and grommeted with a steel sleeve. She shuddered, even though unconscious when another thick needle was driven vertically down through the centre of her nipple, deep into the breast flesh then withdrawn. A five mm transverse post with a hole at mid-point was inserted through the grommet to become part of the intricate mounting system, then once centred, a vertically oriented rod was pressed into the centre of the prepared nipple, its blunt, finely-threaded end passing down through the waiting holes in the grommet, the transverse post, then deeply into the fatty tissue of the young, fleshy mound. A small incision was made on the under-slope of the breast at the crease where it flowed into her chest, and a wide, semi-flexible, perforated, stainless steel disk was slipped into this, next to the chest wall. The vertical post penetrating the centre of her nipple was then screwed securely into a mount in the centre of the disk, and then the layers of tissue were sewn closed. Her left breast was treated in the same way, leaving both nipples tipped with a half centimetre diameter steel ball, half-embedded in the flesh.

It was time to fit her with the balance of her nipple jewellery.

The springy stainless steel U shackle's arms were spread apart and clipped over the ends of the protruding, transverse post. The design of these was such that small pins on the ends, protruding now from the U, were peened down into shallow depressions on their outer sides, and these I also burnished flat, making them almost impossible to discern. This made her breast and nipple 'jewellery' effectively non-removable, and so with each tug upon the shackle, the entire breast would be quite painfully subjected to the tension.

One last fitting remained for the nipple shackle. A five cm diameter ring with an opposed set of inverted V's was positioned so that it rested against the rim of her aureole, then with a small pair of pliers, I grasped the nipple shackle and pulled it slowly out from her breast. The two cm high V's were positioned under each end of the transverse post, and I allowed it to settle into notches prepared for them. Small half circles were swung over these ends, mating into the groves in the cross rods and riveted closed, ensuring that the transverse rods could not be removed from the tensioning effect of the V's. This arrangement ensured that her nipples and breasts would remain under a constant, considerable, and no doubt painful tension and also provided an extraordinarily effective means by which she could be controlled and effectively punished.

We repeated the process on her other nipple and breast, and within another ten minutes, both had been completed. Next came her ears and nose.

I'd decided to work on her ears first as these were relatively simple operations. Each of her prominent lobes was pierced with a very thick needle, and a metal grommet was inserted and

affixed. Another set of long U shackles was fitted; they too becoming permanent fixtures in her flesh. The next portion was somewhat more intricate in that each projection to the front of her ear canal had to be pierced directly in a line with a similar hole in the cartilage of the ear's shell, behind.

Actually, it went very quickly, and I took the specialized ear plug/hearing aids and pressed them fully into each ear canal. I quickly passed a thick retaining rod through the tagi, the end loops of the earplugs, and finally out through the piercing in the ear shell cartilage. The retainers were very similar to long, thick-shafted thumbtacks with one end being a small, flat, silvery disk. Behind her ear shells, a flat washer was slipped over the end of the protruding post and it was but the work of seconds to slip a small sturdy ring through its hole in the post and clamp it closed. The entire process for both of her ears took fifteen minutes, and by its end, she was effectively rendered deaf, unless her 'mentor', whoever that person was to be, permitted her to hear the world around her.

Now, it was time to affix her nasal 'jewellery'. This process was considerably more intricate. First, a large bore piercing had to be made high up in her nose, so that it passed through both outer nostril flaps, as well as the flexible cartilage of her septum. This was executed quickly, and then a five mm thick steel rod was temporarily run through all of the perforations. It was pulled gently back through, and successively, the outer left nostril received its grommet, then her septum, and then the right nostril. The next part took some delicacy and time to work through.

The actual nose bar was slid through the right side grommet and one arm of the long U shackle then a washer. The septum grommet was threaded on its inner surface, and I slowly turned the nasal bar's threads into them, these coated with a thread-locking compound, then, as it emerged from the other side, fitted the second washer and finished screwing it into place, it passing through the hole in the other arm of the U shackle. The nasal bar slowly emerged through the outer side of her left nostril. A flat-jawed tool destroyed the remaining small span of threaded shaft on the outer sides of the shackle's ends, thus locking the entire interior assembly in place. The last things done with this incredible appliance came when outer washers went over the exposed ends of the nasal bar to rest against the skin on the outsides of the nostrils. Small rings were passed through the holes at either end and welded closed ensuring that her nose jewellery could not, now *or* in the future, be removed unless cut out of her flesh.

That was the end of the day's operations and had taken nearly five hours to complete. Tomorrow, we'd start again at 7:30 am and spend an entire four hours affixing the next sets of 'jewellery' in her sex. The day after her mouth would receive our attentions and that too would take solid four hours, or more.

## **Delilah**

I don't remember very much after the doctor left the room other than I spent a long time crying, knowing I was completely alone and unable to avoid what was going to be done to me. Of course, no one at school knew I was here, and they wouldn't have been able to help me anyway. I felt so abandoned! A couple of times I sensed I was being moved, and somewhere along the way, I knew that things were being done to my body, but I never truly regained awareness for the next three days. The entire time, I suffered a series of disturbing dreams and nightmares, but none were to prove as bad as what awaited me when I finally came fully awake again.



## CHAPTER EIGHT

### *Day Two – More New Jewellery*

#### **Dr Jannason**

The next day Miss Mahjalis again awaited us at 7:30, but before we began, I inspected the work we'd already done. There were no complications, and all of the 'jewellery' wounds were healing properly, despite some reddening of the flesh surrounding the newest additions to her face and breasts.

It was time to begin the process of mounting the various devices between her legs.

First, each of her outer vaginal lips received seven large diameter holes in which temporary studs were inserted. Her clitoris was next. The small, fleshy nubbin was horizontally pierced with a five mm diameter, short steel rod and this was left in place. Now came the delicate part of the operation. A small, thick-walled device resembling a large marble with a collar, when fully assembled, was readied. Tension was placed on the transverse clitoral bar, pulling it out and away from her quivering body, and the collar was tightly closed around the extended 'neck' of flesh to be locked in place with a strongly sprung, steel ring clamp. This filled a groove around the outer circumference of the collar, becoming almost invisible when it snapped into place. It took some careful manoeuvring, but I eventually got the bottom half of the 'marble' over the skewered flesh and screwed securely onto the collar; once more using the thread-locking compound. At that point, I released the tension, and the cross rod's ends snapped firmly into interior notches within the bottom half of the isolator ball while still maintaining considerable tension on the tissue. After coating the threads with the locking compound, I screwed down the top of the 'marble' very tightly thus sealing the centre of her sexual universe away from any sort of access, for its interior walls were some three mm distant from the flesh itself. Now, no one would be able to stimulate her clitoris, including its possessor. Punishing it though would be relatively easy, even though the armoured sphere would be hidden under another layer of steel.

It was time for her to be fitted with what I considered to be probably the most punitive of the things she'd be required to wear. I'd nicknamed it the 'donut'.

This appliance was a ten cm diameter, flattened annulus, gently curved to follow the contour of her body. It had an interior diameter of six cm, was oval-shaped in cross section, and split on the horizontal plane so that there were actually two rings. The bottom (interior) one was home to fourteen short, thick posts, and these would mate into under-sized holes in the top portion. Effectively, the two parts would become one once the posts had been tightly locked together and forced into their mating holes. I took some time carefully dilating her labia then placing the interior half of the 'donut' within her body, and carefully pulling the right side, already pierced labia, out and over the posts, so that they gently forced the temporary studs from their places.

The nurse held the fleshy petal in place while I repeated the process on the other side, then I carefully positioned the outer portion of the donut until the exposed ends of the posts on the inner one slipped into their holes. Taking the tool designed to press the two rings together, I slipped it into the aperture and carefully worked it all the way around, loosely clamping the halves. I repeated the circling procedure five times, each pass clamping the pieces of the 'donut' more and more firmly and permanently together. Even though unconscious, when the pressure on her captive vaginal lips increased with each successive compression, she writhed against her restraints, panting audibly into her air hoses and leaving no doubt that it was indeed quite uncomfortable.

At last, they were joined as securely together as possible, leaving Delilah with a silvery ringed, gaping, vaginal entrance that could now never be closed, remaining always dilated to six

cm. Her armoured clitoris bobbed on its fleshy, collared neck, imprisoned at the upper end of her sex. The aperture of the donut was formed with slightly flattened, smooth-edged rifling grooves, and I shuddered with sympathy for the young woman, knowing how these were to be employed.

During the entire process, even though deeply sedated, she'd twitched and jerked automatically against her restraints when the more painful parts occurred, but had remained totally unconscious. We were done for the day. It had been a long and intricate set of operations, and we all needed a rest; but after showering and getting into clean clothes, I went to my office for another two hours to complete yet more paperwork.

I had another appointment with the Ambassador later in the afternoon to report on my progress and, to my surprise, was invited to stay for dinner at the embassy. I accepted gratefully and enjoyed the company of both he and his very subdued and fully covered during the quiet meal. The normality of our situation struck me as odd indeed, given what we both knew was happening with Miss Mahjalis. Apparently, his wife knew nothing of the affair. It was an early night so I soon returned to my room in the hospital's diplomatic area and fell into bed.

## CHAPTER NINE

### *Day Three – Dental and Oral Decorations*

The next morning came far too soon, and again at 7:30, I found Delilah prepared and waiting for the final round of operations, still completely unconscious. This time we were in a different operating theatre; the one in which oral surgery was to be carried out, and upon entering, I found her strapped securely to the chair, her body covered by a sterile sheet, with her head held motionless in a set of wide, thinly-padded clamps. The prep nurses had already removed the tubes and teeth guards, replacing them with a speculum that kept Delilah's jaws spread far apart.

The first portion of the operation was to jacket all of her teeth with glued-on, blunted steel caps, and then these were mechanically secured by cross-pins placed in holes drilled through each tooth. On the inner surfaces of the jackets for her lower back molars, as well as the two front lower incisors, were small brackets, while on the outer surfaces on all teeth, next to her cheeks and lips, were smooth, horizontally aligned, small loops. Placing these jackets was an intricate and time-consuming process, and after they'd been fitted, we took a thirty minute break. Delilah, of course, remained strapped to the chair, unmoving but panting from the discomfort of being fitted with her tooth jackets and the cross drillings. Mounting the securing pins in each tooth had been the easiest part.

On our return, I began the oral piercings. The first was a through the width of her tongue, towards the back of her mouth. A three mm diameter bar equipped with a five mm ball on one end was threaded through it then secured in place by means of a similar sized ball screwed very tightly onto the other end. The next piercing was placed deep in the web of flesh under her tongue and immediately became home to a small, thick, formed ring. Along each side of the flaccid muscle, I placed four more rings, these clinched snugly so that they slightly compressed the flesh, then another thicker one went through the grommet in the hole at the tip of her tongue, two cm in from its end. The last piercings, in that now metal-invaded organ, were four posts with balls on the lower ends. Two went on each side of centre, and I screwed down the upper balls so that they pressed deeply, and I'm sure annoyingly, into the sensitive surface. We were just about done at this point.

The next piece of metal to be fitted into her mouth resembled a U but was shaped to fit very precisely around the shape of her tongue. I spent a long time threading the U through all the rings along the side and at front then at the back, hooked the down-bent ends over the transverse bar. These were crimped into complete circles around the bar and with two small clicks, I pressed the balls on the bar's ends down into their brackets on the inner sides of her back molars. Now, she'd be unable to swallow it, and, of course, the arrangement would effectively prevent her from being able to articulate any words clearly. If she attempted speech, she'd experience considerable discomfort, if not pain, and so all she would be able to do, if allowed to make any noise at all, would be to howl or wail unintelligibly.

The securing of her tongue was completed when I clipped the tip U shackle into *its* bracket. I observed her unconscious reaction, noting how the muscle surged against its restrictions, writhing and quivering within its gleaming, uncomfortable steel framework but unable to escape it. She retched for a few moments then seemed to calm when her reflexive reaction subsided.

The next item for her mouth resembled a pair of thick, shiny U's. The arms were joined with finely machined hinges and these slipped far back into her cheeks, resting easily in the pockets beside her molars. Both the upper and lower U's conformed closely to the spacing and arrangements of her teeth, but on their inner sides had small, inverted 'L' shaped posts that each lined up with the loop of a tooth jacket. I carefully began to force the 'L's' through the loops,

and some fifteen minutes later, the upper U had become an integral part of her dental equipment. The bottom U was similarly affixed, and the result was that she could open her mouth now, but only in a vertical plane with no side to side motion permitted.

The last additions were two sets of small, yet very strong springs, and these I mounted to the loops on the outer surfaces of the U's at the backs of her cheeks, and again, halfway along. They would act in concert to prevent her from opening her jaws, keeping her teeth clamped firmly together at all times. However, with the application of a set of small, specially fabricated spreader devices, her jaws could be opened to their widest, and an air hose, gag pad, feeding tube, or a combination of all three could be fitted into her oral cavity. When the spreaders were released, she'd be forced by the springs to bite firmly and would find herself unable to expel whatever may have been placed between her teeth or in her mouth. The arrangement was diabolical and completely irremovable. I released the speculum and her teeth snapped tightly together, then her lips slipped down over the smooth metal surfaces, remaining slightly parted at the front.

"OK, people, that's a wrap." I exclaimed, happy to be done. "Let's get her back to her room and secured. The aftercare will be done there."

"Remember, please! You have signed non-disclosure contracts and have been handsomely remunerated for them. Of course the usual patient-medical practitioner standards of privacy and confidentiality *also* apply. Over and above these, we have to keep in mind that there is a matter of diplomatic privilege here. The proper consent forms have been duly signed and witnessed, and if you wish to check these, please feel free to come and see me in my office."

I turned and left the operating theatre.

Some minutes later, two of the nurses entered and asked to see the documents. I happily showed them, and they seemed concerned at first, but after a detailed inspection, they were satisfied all was in order. No others questioned the procedures we'd completed, and so I finished off the last of the paperwork then departed again for the embassy.

It had been a very intense three days.

## CHAPTER TEN

### *Inspection and Return To The Embassy*

**Iman Dalhar**

The doctor returned on the third evening of the operations to report that all of the 'jewellery' Aruf Mahjalis required to be fitted to his daughter had been successfully applied. I cannot say that this overjoyed me, but I was now one step closer to resolving the problems her presence at the embassy had created. Soon, she would be gone and in her father's care. The doctor also reported that matters were concluded in the manufacture of the other equipment, and he would be taking the finished articles with him rather than having them shipped in the diplomatic pouch as originally planned.

Given the situation, I provided him with a letter of reference and had my secretary make first class reservations, paid for by the embassy, right through to the residence of Mr Mahjalis. I reconfirmed that his daughter would remain in seclusion in the hospital for another four days, and then she would be returned here for a further seven days to continue her recovery in the basement cell now readied for her. One more visit by me was required while she was in the hospital, and we arranged that for two days hence. She would still be mildly sedated at that time, and I was to take more pictures now that the operations had been completed then forward them to her father to thus show that his requirements were, in fact, being met.

We parted after some thirty minutes more of discussion, and I resumed my own unending battle with the demons of bureaucracy and paperwork. It never seemed to stop.

Two days later, I proceeded to the hospital and was ushered into her room at 2:30 in the afternoon to find the doctor already there and in the process of examining her. Delilah was quite naked, her only coverings being the new, shiny, metal adornments, but now, her nakedness was further emphasized by the fact that she was utterly bald, and her body too was devoid of any hair whatsoever. She lay semi-reclined on the bed, still mildly sedated, and seemingly unconcerned about her lack of coverings. However, when I approached, she instinctually tried to conceal herself with her hands, but this proved impossible thanks to the newly fitted cuffs she now wore. Whereas before her limbs had been held in place by the hospital style, leather straps, these had been replaced with chains and quite secure locks. Her cuffs were snug and their chains tight, and so they held her securely in place while the doctor continued his examination.

I approached the bed and inspected her myself.

Each limb bore a series of wide cuffs and these were fastened to the chains stretched tightly across the bed, indented into the mattress. Her waist and neck also bore wide gleaming bands, and they too were locked to the bed chains. Then I noticed her breast jewellery. Each nipple had been pulled outwards, and fastened deeply into them were sturdy U shackles that, for some unseen reason, pointed straight out from their tips. Obviously, she was in considerable discomfort, if not pain, because her hands and arms tensed continually against their cuffs. She struggled to get her fingers near her body and somehow release or escape the stretcher arrangements and other devices designed to torment her just by their presence alone.

The next area that caught my attention was her crotch. It was decorated, if that word could be used in this situation, with a gleaming, wide, slightly raised steel circle that had somehow been securely mounted into her flesh, and at the top centre of this, I noticed what appeared to be a large, gleaming, steel marble that occasionally bobbed back and forth with her restricted movements. It took a moment to understand the significance of this sphere, and when I did, I shuddered with sympathy for her plight, for dangling from it was a 'U' shackle, this with a long finely linked chain with a ring on its end.

The bands on her legs and arms were very snug, pressing firmly into the underlying skin and

muscles, while the one around her waist was probably the most severely constricting. The collar about her neck was also snug but not overly so. I finally looked at her face to find her tear-clouded, lashless eyes, staring back at me intensely while I examined the things that had been made resident in her nose. The thick arms of a U shackle emerged from each of her nostrils to lie on her upper lip while on either side of her nose small rings trembled with her head's movements. Each of her ears also bore a steel U shackle, and I saw how the ear plug/hearing aids had been locked in place. Even with her hands free, an unlikely possibility from this point of her life onwards, she would be completely unable to remove any of these devices without skilled, dedicated, and talented medical assistance. The doctor stood.

"Your Excellency? Would you like to inspect the interior jewellery of her mouth?"

"Ah ... yes, please. If it won't be any trouble?"

"Certainly not. Please wait a moment while I fit the spreaders."

Spreaders? He returned a few seconds later with a set of small shiny devices. The nurse peeled Delilah's lips back, and I was shocked to see that all of her teeth now appeared to be made of a bright, shiny metal, confined behind and by metal bands! At the corners, he gently separated her lips then slipped the small, pin-like jaws of the spreaders under the snug bands on the outer surfaces of the jackets on her upper and lower teeth. Once in place, he turned the threaded shafts and her jaws slowly began to move apart until, at last, she lay with her mouth opened wide. The doctor took a hi-intensity flash light and a wooden depressor then motioned me to lean closer.

He shone the light inside the opened oral cavity, and I was stunned to see all of the metal that had been embedded in her tongue. He used the wooden stick to gently reveal the other devices and I saw the surrounding, thick, steel wire frame, then he released the U shackle that had been passed through the tip of her tongue and gently lifted the restricted, writhing muscle up to reveal the heavy little ring through the web under it, as well as the bottom, steel balls of the tongue posts. I was sure this arrangement was *most* uncomfortable for her to wear, especially being unable to move her tongue and ease the pressure of the balls on the sensitive flesh of the floor of her mouth. Her tongue was pressed back down, and the front shackle clicked securely into its bracket again. Next, on the right side, he pulled her cheek away from her teeth, and I saw the sets of strong, small springs that kept her jaws closed, and on the inside, how the bar went through and across the back width of the tongue. I was shocked to see that it *too* was securely fastened into the brackets on her teeth! It was an incredible, complex, and demanding arrangement. All the while, he had her mouth jacked open and was showing me these features, a series of low wailing moans of distress gargled from her collared throat but were, of course, ignored.

"... and so you see, Excellency, she is unable to open her mouth with her own muscle strength. The spreaders *must* be used. This offers many options, of course. She may, with ease, be fitted with a variety of equipment: perhaps a feeding type mouth filler and stomach tube arrangement, a respirator fitting, if required, or just a plain silencer. All of these devices lock in place, both to her teeth brackets, and to the tongue securing points. In addition, of course, all will be held securely in place by the strength of the springs, these making her bite into the recesses in the aforementioned appliances. Once a device has been fitted, she will be completely unable to expel it by herself."

"This entire thing is rather overwhelming when taken in its entirety." I mused. "How is her recovery coming along?"

"Miss Mahjalis is doing as well as can be expected. Being completely deafened now by her rather specialized ear plugs, she cannot hear what is going on around her, unless permitted to by her ... ah ... guardian. Of course, this permits audio input to be fully controlled at all times. She cannot hear us now, by the way.

"This sort of restriction is unusual, and so we are keeping her under close observation. Physically, there is no trauma at all. Mentally, however, she is having a rather difficult time accustoming herself to the devices she now wears and the discomfort she is suffering. Unfortunately for Miss Mahjalis, she will find it a long process to get used to it all, if she ever does."

"... ah, yes. I can certainly understand *that!*," I responded. "Will she be in good enough health to be taken to the embassy as arranged? And what are your thoughts about her onward transport to her father's home?"

"I foresee no problems in either case. All of the arrangements have been made for the local portion, and I assume that the air travel has also been taken care of?"

"Yes, it has. Wonderful news! Now, if you don't mind, I must take some additional pictures. As you know, Miss Mahjalis' father wishes to be kept abreast of all phases."

"Please proceed. I'll get out of the way and turn the lights up for you."

I spent the next five minutes photographing the young woman and her new adornments in detail, starting off with overview pictures. When I'd finished, he fitted a respirator hose with a large, formed rubber mouth pad at its end between her teeth and then released the spreaders so that she bit down firmly on it. She was discreetly covered with a sheet that hid all but her collar and nose shackle. I looked into her face and saw tears of desperation trickling from her eyes while her head rolled silently from side to side in negation, silently pleading to be freed. A moment later, the doctor replaced the coverings over her eyes, pressing their wide, adhesive edges firmly onto the denuded skin before turning off the lights. We walked to the door leaving Delilah securely fastened to her bed, once more alone, deaf and blind.

"Your Excellency, you know that Miss Mahjalis is suffering a severe mental adjustment and will continue to do so once she returns home. In the meantime, she is gradually becoming acclimatized to her new situation, this by means of losing her hearing and her vision for much of the time.

"Combined with her enforced immobility, this is the reason she will remain under a light sedation until returned to the embassy."

"Yes," I replied seriously. "I'm aware that she is and will continue to have some significant difficulties adjusting to what has happened to her. However, she will soon have to make more, both at the embassy and when she returns to her father's house. I fear the latter will be extremely traumatic for her."

"That eases my mind a little," he replied. "As you know, I will ensure that physically, she is as well cared-for as possible, but her mental state must also be assessed along the way, and I will do my best in that area also, to ease her transition."

By this point, we had reached the guarded entrance to the suite of rooms containing its terrified prisoner.

"Doctor, thank you for all of your assistance in this delicate matter. I appreciate your time and expertise and will look forward to seeing you before she is returned to her father.

"In the meantime, I have made arrangements for the domiciling of the nurse whom you've arranged to look after Miss Mahjalis. I shall look forward to seeing you in a week."

We shook hands at the elevator, and I returned to the embassy. The details of managing a diplomatic mission were strange indeed.

## **Delilah**

I came partially awake and *really* wished I hadn't!

I hurt all over, in the strangest places, and although the pain wasn't sharp, it was there as a constant, uncomfortable, low background. I had difficulty carrying out any sort of continuous

thought process, and then I began to remember where I had been and what had happened to me. Instinctively, I tried to raise my hands, but nothing happened. I tensed my leg muscles, but they didn't move either! My world was black and silent, and I wondered what had happened. Then it *all* came back with a rush! I was in a hospital and whatever was supposed to have happened ... had! For the longest time, I lay motionless trying to discern what had actually been done, but other than my immobility, nothing specific came to my immediate attention, other than I that I just hurt. I faded out again.

The next time I awoke, it was with far more awareness. I wanted to be free! I tried frantically to open my mouth and scream for help, but it was filled completely by a slightly compressible rubber thing and my teeth felt funny, and I couldn't get them apart! I managed to separate them a little, but they immediately snapped closed again on the huge thing within! Then, I began to sense my tongue. It felt crimped around the sides and at the tip, and when I attempted to move it, it hurt terribly, seeming to drag against something that had been thrust through it! I swallowed with painful difficulty, feeling the same uncomfortable dragging sensation, and when I attempted to move its tip to touch my teeth, there was another painful tug. Underneath, there was something else that was uncomfortably just *there*, and no matter what I did, I couldn't make the sensation go away! I hurt. Oh, God, I hurt.

I began to whimper, automatically trying to move my hands to get them to my face, and it was at that point I felt the wide, tight, wrist and above-the-elbow cuffs clamp into the flesh and muscles of my arms. Oh, *God!* My waist also felt squeezed far down, and it bothered me that I could only twitch slightly before the python-like compression there also exerted its authority. I wanted to kick out and move my legs freely, but that was a pleasure I would never enjoy again, although at that moment, I didn't realize it. With every ensuing breath, I became more and more aware of my body and the feelings emanating from its various parts. Now, I felt the things in my ears then, to my horror, when I tried to wrinkle my nose, I felt the awful device that had been fastened into it, and the heavy little shackle lying on my upper lip! The tips of my breasts felt as though they were being constantly pulled and something was also exerting a constant tension on the tender cones of my nipples! And this was translated to deep inside them! They didn't so much radiate a sharp pain, but even the motions of my gasping breaths caused them to jiggle on my chest and send more waves of the terrible, tensioned sensation washing over me.

My crotch felt very strange when I tensed my belly muscles, to feel a weird drag around my vagina as well as a horrible constricted feeling on my clitoris. With a dawning horror, I realized that whatever it was that clamped around my sex also seemed to keep me spread wide, and no matter what contortions I made, the feeling of opened vulnerability would not cease! I desperately wanted to reach down and caress myself in an attempt to sooth the soreness and the semi-aroused feeling, but of course, my hands only jerked fruitlessly again at their cuffs and chains. A moan of frustration came up my throat, and I felt a wide band of what could only be metal, snugly encasing it too! I felt strangely bare all over but couldn't figure *that* out.

It was then that I began to weep in earnest, knowing something truly terrible had been done to me, and I might never be able to escape it. Hours of horrified thought passed until I again fell asleep, still automatically struggling against my implacable restraints.

When I next awoke, it was to find that my eyes had been uncovered, and I could see properly once more. Yes, I was in a hospital room. Just the decor and the antiseptic smell told me *that*. The doctor was leaning over me, staring with concentrated interest into my eyes and face when I saw the door open behind him, and the Ambassador stepped into the room. I wanted desperately to cover myself and hide and the next hour and a half was awful. I could see their lips moving but heard absolutely nothing of the conversation between them, although I sensed what was being said when my mouth was forced open and prodded. I continually tried to beg to be freed, but whatever had been done to my tongue garbled all of my words to only



animal-like noises that even I didn't hear! I wept and retched from the metal restraints tugging painfully at my tongue whenever I tried to speak, and then, once more, the Ambassador took pictures. Finally, the doctor sealed my eyes shut once more, and I sensed that I had been left alone again.

From that point on, my sleep was assisted by sedatives, although many times during the following, endlessly boring days and nights, I wished desperately that I had been knocked out completely by a sleeping pill. I somehow knew that once I'd been returned to the embassy and my father's home, I would no longer be given any of the sensation-deadening medication, other than that used to fight disease or illness. My nightmares were things of vivid horror, even though as yet, I had not seen what had been done to me. I spent the next endless days in sedated recovery, occasionally feeling someone lift away the covering sheet and swab some cooling and comforting solutions on the areas that had hurt so much when I had first regained awareness. I was given a bed bath every day and my toilet was attended to by one of the attending but unsympathetic nurses. The call button was the only communication I was permitted but I used it less and less as the pain gradually subsided, although my discomfort was still present as a constant, low background. Occasionally, I attempted to concentrate my thoughts on a particular area, but could never quite focus fully, and so I just endured. There would soon come a time that I would be unable to escape any of the sensations of the things I now wore. Finally, something clicked loudly in my ears, and I heard the doctor's voice speaking directly to me.

"Miss Mahjalis, your recovery is progressing most satisfactorily. It is now time for you to be returned to the embassy where you will spend a week before flying home. In a few moments, you will be transferred to a stretcher then taken to the ambulance. Please just relax and everything will be quite easy. Unfortunately, you will have to be restrained while you are being transported, but the bonds will not be too onerous. Just let it happen."

I could see nothing, nor could I resist, and then my hearing disappeared once more. Some minutes, or an hour later (I'd again quickly lost all sense of time), I felt a loosening of the restraints that had kept me nearly immobile for so long, and I was lifted onto another flat, lightly-cushioned surface, and in seconds, was again fastened down. My jaws were spread apart and a new, thick rubber shape was slipped into my mouth, filling it completely, then they were allowed to close on the pad. When my teeth clamped themselves together, they compressed it slightly, and the upper surface of my tongue was pulled into a firm contact. The clips on the underside of the pad had grasped some sort of fasteners in it, effectively gagging me to complete silence. For a moment, I struggled against my bonds while they covered me with a loose blanket, then I was wheeled to the waiting vehicle.

Half an hour later, I felt myself trundled along and knew from the various smells that I was once more within the embassy. An elevator took me to the basement (it turned out to be the third sub-basement), and without being told, I knew I was being returned to the room I'd been kept in before. I was lifted onto a hard, narrow cot then began one of the most awful series of events of my life, to be exceeded only by what happened upon my return to my father's home.

## **Iman Dalhar**

Delilah was returned to the embassy without incident, and I supervised her installation in the room that she'd been kept in before going to the hospital. All of the renovations had been completed as required, and now it was, truly, a modern prison cell. The inner surfaces of the walls, floor, and ceiling, all of thick concrete, were virtually featureless, having been coated with half inch thick steel plate and no pipes or wires crossed their barren expanses. All had been sanded smooth then repainted a glossy white. The bed had been removed and replaced with

only a narrow, fold-down metal shelf; this bolted securely to the wall opposite the door and covered with a thin, exercise-type, foam rubber mat. The original commode and basin had been replaced with an all-in-one, stainless steel version and, high up in opposite corners, two small closed circuit TV camera's constantly monitored the room, covering every portion from the inner, barred door to the toilet facilities and the bed. Above it in the corner, a heavy ring bolt had been welded to the steel wall and from it hung two chains, while under the cot another of the same length led from a second ring. None of the tethers, upon being connected to her restraints, were long enough to permit her to be able to approach the inner door closer than a metre. The only things that were out of place were the large, floor to ceiling mirrors; these bolted to the walls on either side of the sleeping bench. Both were a full metre wide and protected by a thick sheet of polycarbonate (and thus unbreakable) plastic.

Once she had been placed in the room, I watched the two escorts lift her from the stretcher and place her on the narrow, steel shelf. She was naked but for her restraints and did nothing to object or resist when they rolled her onto her side to face the glistening steel wall and locked the first of the chains to the back of her collar. Immediately, the next was fastened to the back of her waistband, and then they joined her wrist cuffs to the sides of the cinch with ten cm long lengths. Another went across her back, joining the above-the-elbow cuffs and thus pulling her arms slightly behind her and making her arch her back, thrusting out her steel tipped breasts. A five cm length joined her thigh bands, and a ten cm length went between her ankle cuffs, its central link connected to the leash coming from the ring from under the cot. She lay on the thin mat, shoulders shaking with misery and fear, obviously weeping but silently so. The guards removed her eye patches, left the room, and locked the door from the outside.

Delilah lay quietly on the cot for the next thirty minutes (I'd checked the clock when she was again left to her own devices), and then finally slowly sat up and looked around. She saw herself for the first time in the mirror, and an obvious, shrieking scream tried to emerge from her collared throat; her face working to open her mouth and loose a scream of misery and terrified despair. Her eyes closed, and she fell back onto the mattress in a dead faint.

I occasionally observed her, with some sympathy, for the remainder of the day.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### *An Inescapably Decorated Woman*

#### **Delilah**

Oh, my *GOD!*

It was horrible!! *Truly* horrible!! I couldn't stop the automatic scream that tore from my innermost being when I caught sight of the barred inner door then, with cresting horror, of myself in the large mirrors. What was reflected back to my disbelieving eyes was so overwhelming that I fainted onto the thin mattress. Prior to opening my eyes again, I jerked my hands to the lengths of their too short chains between their wrist cuffs and horrid, wide, belt that squeezed my middle, trying to touch myself and found that I had only a *very* small amount of freedom. When I kicked my legs, there was about the same or a little more movement permitted. Keeping my eyes closed so I wouldn't have to look in the mirror, I slowly managed to sit upright on the cot, unable to shield my nakedness, even though I was totally alone in what had become a true cell, rather than the very plain room I had occupied before.

The sedatives they'd given me prior to leaving the hospital wore off quickly, and I felt the things that were fastened around and residing within my body with ever-increasing intensity. I *couldn't* escape the sensations no matter how much I wanted to, and unwittingly, I was being subjected to the first disciplinary sensations my father required. My slowly oscillating breasts throbbed with every breath I drew, and in particular, my nipples burned from the constant tension they were subject to. While I sat there with my eyes still closed, my hands once more automatically flew to the ends of their too short chains, attempting to get at my crotch or touch my breasts and nipples. They hurt! Oh, *God*, they hurt, but my finger tips only brushed against the thing that pulled at my clitoris, making me moan with dismay when they moved it from side to side, feeling nothing but smooth-surfaced steel, then the dangling U and its chain! The device keeping me so embarrassingly opened was inaccessible, no matter how I twisted, turned, or contorted myself, and so I gave up and managed to raise my hands enough cup my aching breasts just a little, but I couldn't get enough freedom to touch the things fastened so painfully into my nipples.

Finally, I got up enough nerve to open my eyes again and stared in shock and terror at my reflection for the next eon; all the while screaming into the thick pad locked inside my mouth. Floods of despairing tears coursed down my cheeks while I looked at what they had done to me. I was completely bald! I didn't even have eyebrows or eyelashes anymore, and somehow I knew that I would remain this way for the rest of my life. I *hated* the horrible, evilly glinting, steel device that had been fastened into my nose and wanted desperately to rip it out, but I couldn't even get my hands above the level of my breasts! The belt clamped around my waist was extremely uncomfortable, and I doubted I'd ever get used to it, but the thing fastened around my neck ... *Oh, God!* ... it was a collar! I stood with a jerk and both saw and felt the chains linking my neck and waist to the wall cascade to the floor in what must have been a loud clattering of links, but I heard nothing! The worst feeling, though, came when the chain fastened to my armoured clitoris slipped off the bed and fell with a small jerk from the steel ball fastened to its end! I howled and writhed wildly, feeling the intimate tugging on my most sensitive, but now untouchable part; utterly unable to ease the horrid, swinging tension.

The reflection revealed yet more of the things I wore, and I struggled close to the mirror to see them clearly. My eyes were drawn to the tips of my breasts, and I saw the gleaming, steel U shackles projecting outwards from them, waiting, clearly intended to do more than decorate! Just the thought of what even a piece of string could do, tied to one or both of them made me sway dizzily with terror. Then, I curled my lips back from my teeth and saw the steel caps that

jacketed them but could not understand why I was unable to open my mouth! No matter how I struggled, they only separated slightly, perhaps a millimetre, before snapping firmly closed again on the huge rubber thing inside! Now, I could see the device fastened into my nose in greater detail and sobbed with the realization of its permanence, knowing that it too would be used to control me ... so easily control me!

Moving away from the mirror, I was suddenly brought to a firm halt when my three chain leashes snapped tight, stopping me in my tracks, still a metre from the shining bars of an inner door. For the next minutes, I surged madly against my leashing chains, but eventually gave up in a storm of silenced weeping and turned from the barred inner door and shuffled towards the mirrors again. To this point, I'd avoided looking at myself down there, but curiosity overcame my reticence and I stared again at my reflection and saw the overhead lights reflecting off the strange ring around my gaping sex. I attempted to writhe my body free of it but only a sharp, tugging, discomfort resulted. Oh, God! *Why* had *this* been put on me? Above the gleaming, wide, flat ring, I saw the steel marble containing my clitoris, and knew instinctively that, on my own, I would never be able to get it off, nor to escape the U and chain fastened to it! I realized, without thinking, that my father had declared I was to be adorned in this manner, and there would be no change permitted. With my hands fastened as they were, I couldn't touch my crotch or nipple jewellery, nor get at the thing fastened into my nose, and there was no way for me to alleviate any of the discomfort I was experiencing. I shuffled slowly back to the wall-mounted cot feeling the tight wide steel bands clamped around my ankles jerk firmly to restrict every step I attempted, then sat on the thin mattress of my bed with shoulders shaking, weeping in silence for my lost freedom ... and life, for it was obvious that I would not be released soon, if ever.

I saw the cameras. No! *Nononono!* Not only was I a naked and chained prisoner but I was being continually observed, no matter what I did! Much later, Mother Nature drove me to the toilet, and I used it in red-faced misery and humiliation. Sometime after, I stood near the mirror and lifted my arms against their tight chains then twisted in the little freedom permitted, attempting to inspect them as closely as possible, but it was difficult to manage. The closely formed, oval cross sections of the cuffs snugly encircled my wrists, and so I could not turn my arms within their grip. I suppose I hoped to find some form of lock or closure, but there was none, other than the finely machined tooth joints, and this led me to the conclusion that all of the other hardware I bore was similarly fastened, as indeed it had been.

A long time later, the door opened and two guards entered; one with a long, black robe folded over his arm, the other holding a bulging plastic bag. It was of the type that holds fluids for patients in a hospital situation, and had a short coil of thick, clear plastic tubing hanging from its bottom. After the door had closed and locked, they stared at me with impersonal glances, and then my hearing was returned.

"Kneel!" the one with the bag and hose barked. I flamed with embarrassment that they should see me naked and restrained like this, but quickly did as he commanded. "This you will do whenever a man comes into your presence girl, unless you are restrained in such a manner that it is not possible." he stated without emphasis, but there was a deep menace behind his words. "It is time for your evening meal, and you will remain kneeling while you are fed.

"Keep silent while your gag is removed, and your feeding and watering one replaces it."

As soon as I knelt before them, I felt the immediate constriction of the upper thigh clamps and the ones under my knees, and then waited patiently while something was fitted to my teeth and my mouth was jacked open. I *thought* I'd be able to speak when they'd extracted the pad, but I was wrong. The thick rubber pad already resident in my mouth dragged painfully at my tongue and I gagged and wailed from the pain when it was released, realizing for the first time that even more things had been done inside my mouth! Some moments later, the gagging pad

was completely freed, and slowly withdrawn from behind my teeth. The uncomfortable ring and balls under it, now made themselves felt with even more intensity once they'd extracted the gag, but I *still* couldn't speak! I was, as yet, unaware of the awful, restricting frame and piercings that acted so efficiently to silence me. The only communication option I was permitted now was unintelligible noise, for that is all it was, and certainly not human speech.

"Uuuuuuaggnngggh! *Oooooaagggghhhh ...*"

"Yes, girl," one of them said, smiling down into my tear-streaming eyes. "*That* is the only kind of speech you shall ever again be permitted, if you're not gagged, and most of the rest of your miserable life, you *will* be kept silenced, as you should be!

"Here! Look and see how your tongue is stilled!" he held up a small hand mirror so that I could look into my mouth.

Oh, God! *Oh, God!* It was horrible! I saw the steel jackets covering each of my teeth, then the gleaming, thick, steel wire frame, the studs, and the rings that punctured and controlled it so completely. He released the U at the tip and lifted the captive muscle to show me the thick ring through the web, underneath, as well as the bottom balls of the posts also puncturing it. Lastly, I was shown the ends of the thick bar I knew had been thrust through it near the back! I closed my eyes with misery, seeing how my tongue had been captured, knowing I would be completely unable to remove any of the gleaming hardware! He pressed the tip ring down into its bracket on the inside of my lower, centre, front teeth once more, and I writhed and tried to jerk my tongue free of the restraint but received only waves of pain for my troubles. I began to retch when it also dragged against the cross bar between my back molars, making the most inhuman noises, sitting there on the bench and frantically fighting my cuffs and chains. They both stood and watched impassively until I managed to settle down, and then one slipped a different pad into my mouth. When my jaws were released, I automatically bit down on the large, rubber mouth-filler, but this one kept my front teeth separated some two cm, with a fitting projecting out between them. The other guard pushed the clear plastic hose from the bag onto it then, a second later, began forcing the food inside it down the tube, and into my throat. I *had* to swallow the stuff or choke! My desire to live overcame the choking sensation, and I gulped the food convulsively, suddenly very hungry.

It would get worse.

At last, they were done and removed the hose from the gag pad. I closed my lips as much as possible, remaining on my knees before them while they walked around the cell, obviously inspecting it then returned to stand behind me. I felt a strangling jerk on the chain from the back of my neck and stood as quickly as I could, staring at the mirror on the other wall and seeing myself semi-suspended by the thrumming chain between my collar and his hairy fist.

"You *will* behave yourself, girl!" the one holding my leash snarled with menace, shaking it harshly and making me dance at its end in terrified tears. "There are further punishments for you if you do not."

He dropped the chain then flipped the long black robe around me. It buttoned up my back, and thus permitted the passage of the two leashes, but my hands remained hidden within the folds of the concealing garment, for there were no provisions in the design for them to emerge. The robe also had an enveloping, concealing, headpiece with a tripled set of facial veils; these provided with only a densely screened, small oblong panel over my eyes. Once I'd been dressed in the concealing garment, they fastened it about my head and body by means of strongly sprung clips, and then they left me, unable to escape the cloying garment no matter how I tried.

My hearing had disappeared when the door was closed, and I stood for long moments staring miserably into the mirror at myself. My face and body with all of their terrible jewellery, were now deeply concealed and veiled by the voluminous robe, with the only things visibly

denoting my status being the three chains leading to me from their wall rings. I had become only a black-covered wraith, silenced utterly and fastened securely in a secret cell.

For the next long days, I was kept like this. I managed the toilet with difficulty, struggling against my restraints to get the voluminous folds of the robe out of the way, but of course, could not manage a wash. A nurse appeared in the morning and evening and released portions of my robes to check on the jewellery and apply some sort of medication to my piercings. Once she'd completed those duties, she cleaned me and departed. She never spoke a word, other than orders to turn this way and that, and always wore rubber gloves. The guards came twice during each day to feed me with the bag and hose arrangement, and each time, my face flamed with humiliation under the veils while I knelt on the floor before them, the clear plastic hose looping up under my face veil and plugged into my gag. It was *awful!*

The books provided to me before were returned, and so with nothing else to do, I read with great difficulty, thanks to my veils and the robe's covering of my chained hands, gradually memorizing them. My nights were not happy ones, but deep exhaustion eventually overcame me each one, and I actually slept. The various pains gradually faded with the continued application of salves and ointments by the severe, silent, uniformed nurse, and apparently, all of the things fastened to and within my body were not causing any health trauma. Finally, the Ambassador came to see me again, accompanied by the nurse. She carried a large flat carton under her arm and was, as usual, her stiff, silent self, without a trace of sympathy for me in her ice cold, blue eyes.

"Miss Mahjalis. Today is the day of your departure," he stated ominously. "You will be leaving for the airport in a couple of hours to board your flight home. Nurse Jackson has some garments for you to wear under your outer clothing and you will allow her to dress you in them without rebellion!

"I shall not say that it has been a pleasure to have you stay here. You have put yourself, our nation, and our religion at risk! I warn you now! What you have so far experienced is but the beginning! Your father, I know, has plans for your additional punishment."

Through the thick veil I stared at him in terror, feeling the tears trickling down my hidden face while he spoke, trembling with increased fear when he spoke of the terrible things that had been done to me as being *only the beginning* of my suffering! Oh, *God!* What *more* would my father do to me!?

"Very well! Nurse Jackson will dress you. In an hour or two, you will be escorted to the airport and be on your way," he said with a small trace of sympathy in his voice then turned and left me alone with her.

The barred door closed with a solid crash, and then the outer door was also shut. She walked around to stand in front of me.

"You will stand up, and I shall remove your clothing," she stated coldly. "Then, you will be washed and perfumed. Your limb restraints will be freed, very briefly, while I fit your undergarments. I want no fighting or rebellion from you, girl! This *is* going to happen, whether you want it to or not, and you had best behave yourself if you do not wish to suffer additional punishments right here and now."

Slowly, I rose to my feet before her. She turned away and deposited her carton on my thin mat. I longed to speak, but with the pad kept always locked into my mouth and my tongue pinioned under and to it, there was no chance at all. Only small whimpers escaped through my pierced and shackled nose while she quickly freed me of the cloying, concealing robe and the wrist and ankle chains. From there, she took a long time to carefully and fully bath and perfume me, and all the while, I stood quietly; leashed, helpless, and shivering with fear of what was to come. At last she was satisfied that I was as clean as could be then returned to the carton and drew out the first of the undergarments that were to imprison my body for the trip.

The article appeared to be a thick, very tight, rubber panty-girdle, but there were three protrusions in the crotch that did not bode well. Basically, as I soon uncomfortably found out, one was a urinary catheter, and the others were a hollow butt plug and a large dildo! Without going into the gory details of being fitted with the catheter and being forced to accept the other two devices, I was soon thoroughly and inescapable plugged. The chain from my clitoral ball was fed through a small aperture and left to dangle annoyingly between my legs, tipped by a small steel ball weight. The wide, reinforced waist band snapped tight over my steel belt, and a thick, woven wire draw string was secured and locked behind my back, leaving the eight restraint rings of the cinch poking through reinforced eyelets in the panty's waist band.

Next, she lifted out a full body corset; it also made of the thick, black rubber and, in a matter of seconds she'd flipped it around my torso and begun lacing it closed. I gasped and writhed miserably while she drew in the laces, for I had never felt the bite of this type of garment before. It covered my buttocks completely, to almost half-way down my thighs, welding them tightly together yet leaving the capped drainage hoses for the butt plug and the catheter as well as the chain and weight to dangle between, yet hidden within the skirt of the thing. Once the lower lacing was completed, she began to work on the upper section and, in moments, I was gasping from the constricting pressure it exerted on my rib cage. The corset was equipped with rigid breast cups, but these had open ends so that my shackled and stretched nipples stuck vulnerably though them in pouting display ... and availability. She didn't ignore them either but quickly locked the mid-points of two long, heavy, jewellery chains to each of the steel U's. I moaned deep in my throat from the drag on the tender, stretched flesh, bending forward and trying to ease the painful drag. One end of each chain was lifted and locked to the front ring of my collar, and the other ends were pulled down and slightly to the sides, tensioned, then locked to the protruding rings of my cinching steel belt! I moaned plaintively from the misery this created, but there was no escaping it either. At that point, she put me into a heavy, black, cotton under-dress, and fitted me with very tight, thickly rubber-lined, black, spandex gloves that covered my hands, wrists, and forearms.

"Hold your hands to your waist, girl! Keep them there while you are chained!" came the harsh command.

She quickly crossed my arms under my breasts then locked a chain to my left wrist cuff. It was threaded around the back through the protruding rings of my steel belt and locked to my right wrist cuff. She fumbled for a moment, locating the rings on my elbow cuffs then connected a chain to one of them and pulled it tightly across my back until the lock shackle slipped through the other ring. It clicked firmly closed, and I found that my arms had been completely immobilized! I hugged myself without any choice, only my gloved fingers being permitted any freedom of movement.

She immediately knelt, raised the hem of my dress and fastened a ten cm long, thickly linked chain between my ankle cuffs. The hem was raised above my knees, and she added a pair of single links between the cuffs below them and the others at mid-thigh, just below the hem of my corset. She added in a last, vertical chain from the central link of the hobble, connecting the upper end behind my back, to the chain connecting my wrists.

"Sit on your cot and remain still while I put on your shoes!" she barked.

I was fitted with a pair of fifteen cm high heeled, ankle-strap pumps that I would be unable to kick off, and these, of course, acted to additionally restrict my ability to move quickly.

To ensure that my head's movements were firmly restricted, she next fastened finely-linked but strong chains to my nose bar's end rings, led them across my cheeks to my ear shackles, and attached them there. The remaining lengths were led down through the side rings of my collar then through rings on the shoulder straps of the corset and led out to the shackles in my nipples where she connected them under some tension. I tried to turn my head, but it hurt my nose,

ears, and nipples terribly!

She wordlessly wrapped me in the outer covering of the long, shapeless, concealing, black burqa, fastening it securely around my body and head using the same sort of locking clips that had fastened the chador. Of course, I was unable to reach any of them. A moment later, the door opened and one of the guards pushed in a standard wheel chair.

“Sit in the chair, Miss Mahjalis!” she commanded.

I slowly turned around, looking out desperately from within the confines of the veils swathing my head, but then slowly sat down, realizing I couldn’t escape the three of them. I was left alone again, utterly deafened for an hour or two, now sitting in the chair but still leashed securely to the wall. At last, the guards returned and released my chain leashes, letting them fall to the floor with a steely clatter and a moment later, I was wheeled out of the cell, along dimly lit corridors to the elevator, and finally, into the office of the Ambassador. He sat behind a huge desk, deeply immersed in some sort of paper work, but at last stopped what he was doing and raised his eyes to stare balefully at me. I looked back at him through the obscuring, limiting screen of cloth over my eyes, still unable to utter any sounds other than soft gasps and whimpers, even though I tried not to make any noise at all. My hearing snapped on.

“Miss Mahjalis, you are being returned to your father’s control, there to face the balance of your punishments for dishonouring your family name. He is an *extremely* unhappy man, thanks to your whoring, wanton, and sluttish behaviour.

“In a moment, you shall be taken to the limousine and thence to the airport. I want *no* stupid acts on your part in an attempt to avoid the flight. Your escorts will accompany you the entire way, and so there is no escape for you, Miss Mahjalis! I had no desire to become involved with this whole distasteful matter, but like most, I do as I am bid. Farewell young woman.”

He bent his head and resumed writing, dismissing me. I yearned to speak, to beg him to let me just fade quietly from his life, but of course, the gag prevented anything from passing my lips, and so I just sat there, huddled miserably, chained and frightened witless. The guard turned the chair and I was quickly wheeled from his presence then down to the limousine. Two hours later, I had my last chance to escape my fate at the airport ... and I *lost* it!



## CHAPTER TWELVE

### *Last Chance Lost and A Father's Anger*

... he helped me up, and again I was forced to sit in the wheel chair at the insistence of my guardians, and I knew, then, there was truly no further hope of escape. I stared out through my veil in deepening despair and terror at the bustling world of the airport, struggling with small movements under my robes against the chains and cuffs. Certainly, the man from the airline had seen my ankle cuffs and their connecting chain, and I'd intentionally swayed against him so that he could feel my steel belt and restraints, but nothing had resulted, other than him giving me a deeply concentrated gaze. When he'd helped me to stand again, I *knew* he'd seen my eyes through the veil, and perhaps the tears streaming down my face, but I *couldn't* talk! The gag was very efficient and my head was held virtually unmoving because of the collar and chains the nurse had connected between my nose ring, ear shackles, collar, and breasts. Brightly dressed, short-skirted, beautiful women strutted in the lounge like peacocks on display, yet I sat huddled in my black chador and burqa, a secret, condemned prisoner.

Eventually, the boarding call was made for the flight, and I was wheeled to the head of the line, down the jet-way, and assisted into the aircraft and my seat by my escorts. The flight attendants stood to the side while they helped me hobble along the narrow aisle to the back of the cabin and, being the Concorde, the entire thing was considered first class. All the seats fit this mould, and I was slipped into the one next to the window, then one of my escorting guards leaned over and fastened my seat belt. I stared out of the small window at the wide expanse of the delta wing while he sat beside me and arranged himself for the flight across the Atlantic. I was being transported home in style and would arrive in London in three hours.

I suppose the flight was a routine passage, albeit a supersonic one, and in Heathrow, we were whisked with all dispatch and courtesy to the gate for the next Concorde leg to Bahrain. Inside eight hours, I was back in the familiar bustle of languages and people found in any Middle Eastern airport, and there, a business jet waited to take me to my father's private airfield. Again, the transfer went smoothly, and so half an hour after we arrived, I was fastened helplessly into an aircraft seat, watching the world of freedom fall forever away below. I'd somehow managed to sleep during the second leg of the trip, but now I was wide awake in shivering terror of what my father's wrath would be like when we met again ...

At last, we arrived.

### **Aruf Mahjalis**

She was back under my roof.

I had waited as patiently as possible for her to be returned over the last weeks even though the time had been eased by the receipt of the pictures from the Ambassador. Now, she was in the lower office, but I held off going to see her for nearly an hour then finally went to the room to find her kneeling in the centre of the concrete floor before my desk. She was kept in place by the silvery chain that emerged from under the hem of her long black skirt; it locked to the floor ring. Two guards stood impassively behind her. If I hadn't known, she could have been any one of the millions of burqa-concealed women in the Middle East, so effectively did her garments conceal her identity. I walked to the desk, sat down and silently inspected her. Two minutes later, I spoke.

"Daughter! You are a disgrace and a slut! I *trusted* you to behave ... to bring recognition, honour, and respect to our family and nation when I sent you to the West to complete your education. I spent hundreds of thousands of those filthy dollars to ensure your future ... and

what did **you** do?” I shouted angrily. “Like all females your age, you became a whoring cunt ... a bitch in heat!! You threw away your dignity, your values, and your self-respect at the first opportunity!

“You are only a fornicating, faithless, fucking cunt!” I roared, semi-standing behind the desk. “How **dare** you have done this?!”

She tried to quail from my volcanic anger, but the chain to her ankles snapped tight nearly toppling her over. Face to face with my flaming fury, she began to weep and struggle against her restraints, shoulders shaking with sobs of misery at the stupidity of her actions. Delilah tried to raise her concealed face to look at me through her veil, obviously wanting to beg forgiveness, but of course, she could make no sound at all and once more hung her head as much as the collar and chains would permit. My heart softened only a little though and I calmed myself somewhat then sat again. For long moments, I stared silently at her then spoke harshly once more when my anger rekindled.

“**Whore!** You have yet to begin to experience the depth of my anger! Yes, I had all of those things you now wear created especially for you! The designs have worked extremely well in the past on many **other** females, to curb their carnal, fornicating instincts, and to silence their caterwauling as you have found out for yourself. Now, **you** will wear them for the remainder of your worthless life! There are other pieces yet to be added to your costume of penance and punishment and those are not something you will ever escape either!

“That is correct, you young bitch! You are not the first to wear the things you now do ... **nor** will you be the last!

“However, that is beside the point! Now that you are here under my roof and direct control once more, I will **ensure** that your punishment for your assumed Western ways and morals, to say nothing of your use of drugs and alcohol, is punished properly and fully! Your mother and the rest of the family do not know you have been returned, nor will they ever! You will disappear into oblivion.

“I have had created a very secure suite of rooms in lowest cellars, and there you will be installed to serve out your punishment. You will be held there in secrecy, **for the rest of your life**, and you will pay ... every day, girl!!

“Be assured that this secret and solitary confinement is **not** the end of your sufferings but only the very beginning! As I have stated, there are other things that you will also soon be fitted with to discipline and remind you of your crimes, but you will find out about **them** soon enough.”

She remained kneeling a metre in front of my desk, jerking and writhing within her concealing robes, and even though I could hear faint moans and attempts at speech seeping from under her veils, I felt no pity. That was how she was **supposed** to be dressed! A knock came on the door and I commanded entry.

“Excellency?” he asked obsequiously.

“Take this worthless whore to the preparation area and chain her to the wall. Leave enough slack in her chains so that she may reach the toilet and lay on the mat, then take her clothes and burn them all! She shall remain naked until the doctor arrives and fits her with the remainder of her new equipment.”

“Yes, Excellency.”

The guard knelt and unlocked her ankle chain from the floor ring, then grasped her by her right arm, jerked her to stand, and with firm steps, pulled her from the room. She stumbled, trying frantically to keep up with his long strides and not be tripped by her far too short ankle chain, something I’d specified she endure until the rest of her punishment ensemble was affixed. For the moment, she had no choice about keeping her legs together, but soon she would never be able to **close** them again. She’d wanted to indulge herself in sex, spreading her thighs for any

and all, but she would soon find that she could not escape her sexual self as a woman! She would be punished for her whoring ways and would soon come to think of her gender as a punishment all of its own. For Delilah, being able to close her legs was soon to be a luxury of the past.

I left the office then, returning to my normal one, and was soon deeply immersed in the operations of the many businesses I owned. I was interrupted only twice during the remainder of the day; once, shortly after I returned, by the appearance of the guard to tell me that Delilah had now been chained according to my instructions, naked, in the preparation room of her basement suite of cells. I turned on the closed circuit, high definition TV and flipped through the various cameras until I found her, completely naked, huddled against the wall of the cell, pulling frantically at her restraints, her face streaked with the trails of continuing tears. Naturally, as I'd specified, her hands were incapable of reaching any of the adornments she'd so far been fitted with. The second interruption came when a deeply swathed secretary entered to tell me that the doctor had arrived in Bahrain and would complete his journey the next day. I instructed that upon his arrival, both he and his cases were to be installed in the guest rooms set aside for him. I'd see him tomorrow for the evening meal but had the guard convey my greetings to him, and an invitation to dinner.

Soon Delilah would be fully dressed in her ensemble of punishment garments and as time progressed, even further appliances would be added until I was satisfied that she was, truly, suffering as she should for her misdeeds. She had many years of repentance and contrition yet to come in her cell, and I was determined that she would live them with regret for her foolishness. Her tears, and there would be rivers of them I knew, and her begging would never soften nor sway the hearts of either myself or her keepers. Adherence to the rule had been assured by telling them that they would soon join her, should they allow any more freedoms than I specified she be permitted.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### *Restraint And Discipline Garments*

#### **Dr Jannason**

The trip was a long one, even with two Concorde segments, but at last I was ushered into the forbidding cement fortress of her father's residence and shown to my richly appointed rooms. What a contrast! The outer appearance of the place was extremely plain, but within the walls, it was a delight to the eyes and senses. Silent, chador shrouded clad women attended to my needs, and then one of the male escorts came to the room and informed me in halting English that I was invited to attend a dinner with Aruf Mahjalis that night. Despite sleeping a little on the aircraft, I decided to lie down and have a nap to try and adjust to the local time zone.

I came awake to a gentle caressing of my forehead by a pleasant smelling cloth, this wielded by one of the silent, veiled women, but when my eyes opened she stopped and immediately left the room. I glanced at my watch and saw that I had a half hour to freshen up before going down to dinner. A long, hot, cleansing, and awakening shower felt wonderful, although I was still a little logy from the effects of the jet lag.

Upon entering, I noted that the dining room was sumptuously appointed and a moment later sat at the low table and looked over the spread of bowls and dishes. My inspection was interrupted a moment later with the appearance of the man who was obviously Delilah's father. He smiled as he made his way to stand across from me.

"Good evening, Doctor Jannason!" he rumbled in a deep, well modulated voice.

"Good evening, sir." I replied, rising to my feet and inspecting the man who controlled his possessions and family so firmly. He was about fifty-five, whipcord thin, and very distinguished looking. What struck me, though, was the fierce, determined light that burned in his coal black eyes. The handsome face was divided by a thin moustache and beneath it a pair of strong lips was set in a slightly cleft chin.

"And so, you have arrived, Doctor." he shook my hand enthusiastically then sat down easily across from me. "I hope your trip was a pleasant one?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes, indeed it was." I smiled back at him, resuming my seat. "It's the first time I've been on one of those aircraft, and to do it twice in the space of a day is something few can claim."

"Well, Doctor, in this particular case, I want things done correctly and with all possible dispatch. The situation with my daughter has gone on far too long in my view, and I desire that it be concluded quickly. Your flights on the British Concorde resolved the problem admirably."

"It was quite an experience." I replied.

"It is one that you will have the pleasure of repeating upon your return home." he smiled again. "But now, let us speak a little more of the reason you are here."

"My daughter was delivered into my possession once more yesterday evening, and now awaits the fitting of the remainder of her punishment ensemble. I would ask that you not speak to her of their capabilities in any manner, please."

"Of course, sir."

"Excellent! Now, let us eat! I hope you will enjoy the food." Two silent, fully veiled young women appeared as if by magic and began serving us.

We selected from the various dishes, he telling me what each contained and explaining the tastes and spices employed. Over the course of the meal, we spoke of a multitude of things and covered many topics, gradually getting to know one another. He proved to be very much up-to-date with events in the world and so our talk was quite wide ranging. Other than his initial remarks about his daughter's arrival, nothing more was mentioned of her until we settled back for some traditional, thick, black coffee. Despite his disapproval of the West in general, he was a

most erudite and accomplished individual, as well as a charming host, and I enjoyed our conversation immensely.

"Doctor," he broached the subject over the coffee, after the last serving woman had left the room, "you no doubt think that the things you have affixed to my daughter are quite cruel, and that what is to come for her is extremely severe given what she has done?"

"Ah ... that would be putting it mildly, sir, in the terms of reference of *my* culture, but I understand that there is a different value system in operation here."

"Yes, that's very true," he stated looking at me intensely. "I'm happy to see that you respect the mores and standards of cultures other than your own. As you know, I am *most* displeased and disgusted at the things my daughter did while in your country and have taken what I consider to be the appropriate actions to punish her for her misdeeds.

"In this country, had she been caught doing what she did, she would have been executed without trial," he stated blandly and with an acceptance I found hard to understand. He continued. "I have, however, managed to deflect this ultimate punishment, but still at high cost to her. Other females have been found in this kind of situation over the years, and rather than being executed, they have been punished in the manner that will befall Delilah.

"Our religious courts are very strict, but they allow some small freedom of choice in the type of punishment that must be meted out, if execution has not already been mandated. This freedom of choice is available provided, of course," he said with a sardonic twist to his lips, "suitable donations are made to the justices before a judgement is rendered, and that the actual disciplinary measures meet their requirements. Only then can one circumvent the sentence of execution." He smiled grimly. "That, although the female concerned may not think so, is a blessing.

"In all of these cases, women considered to be guilty of disobedience to the wishes of their parents, guardian, husband, or the rules of The Faith, have suffered equally as strong punishments as that to which Delilah is now subject.

"My daughter's crimes fall within these defined circumstances, as do her planned punishments, and so she will be subject to the accepted practice, although those in the West would find this ... ah ... disturbing. Such disciplining in the past has ultimately proven fatal, but it is my considered opinion that with the use of modern technology, designs, and materials such as you have created and employed for me, that will not prove to be the case with Delilah. I will explain in more detail what will become of her."

"Yes. I'd appreciate it." I sipped slowly at the strong, black brew, watching him closely.

"Very well. In broad terms, here is what will be her fate ...

"She will be permitted to live out the remainder of her natural life, but she will henceforth remain a solitary prisoner within the secluded set of cells that have been prepared for her, other than when she is fed and washed, or other care must be performed.

"Those are the minimum requirements.

"There are additional measures of punishment that she will also suffer. Her term of imprisonment will not be one of sedentary repose, for she will be required to perform meaningless hard labour on a set of exercise machines that have been purpose-built and are now installed in her cells; thus also maintaining her physical health. Despite any unwillingness on her part to perform it, the appliances and other equipment she will soon wear will be employed to ensure she obeys.

"She will be kept under constant, closed circuit, TV observation as another form of discipline. As you have ensured, she is unable to hear anything other than what I wish. She will *not* be permitted the luxury of coherent conversation again and that, of course, is why I required the severe and elaborate system of oral and tongue restraints.

"Normally, her tongue would have been cut out of her head before she was executed, but

because she has been fitted with the devices she now wears, this particular requirement has been avoided.”

I shuddered, hearing this alternative discussed so dispassionately.

“Most of the remainder of the appliances you’ve had created will be fitted tomorrow, then she will begin her sentence. When she becomes used to those, the next series will be added until she wears the full ensemble. This discipline costume is a requirement of the religious courts, with execution being the only alternative. That is something I do not wish to happen. The authorities will assure themselves that the sentence she will serve is being fully and properly carried out by sending observers to authenticate my actions on their behalf.”

“It certainly is a very strong punishment.” I mused, extremely glad that I was not in Delilah’s shoes. “I say this with some concern, sir. If it is to be a life long sentence in solitary confinement, then I worry that psychologically, she may not be able to handle her penance.” I said, staring into the black depths of the coffee in my cup. “Are you not worried about her mental health, what with the severe nature of her restraints and being kept in them, alone for the years to come?”

“Yes, I have concerns there,” he agreed, “but it is better than the ultimate penalty ... death. As to your question ... She will be visited regularly, for short periods, by those responsible for her care. From time to time, I too may visit her, but she *will* remain a prisoner for the remainder of her life and in solitary confinement. If she does, in fact, become insane ... well, that too is a part of her price of survival. At that point, her restraints become fully justified.

“She will *not* find her existence to be an easy one, for there are additional punishments she must suffer also over the course of her incarceration, as I have mentioned. The religious authorities are fully cognizant of the capabilities of modern technology and have made specific requirements that it be employed, in addition to the more traditional imprisonment and isolation. Thanks to your designs and creativity with the various appliances to be used, she will suffer accordingly. Once every six months, she will be subjected to a complete medical examination to ensure that she remains in good physical health, and of course, regular minor inspections will be carried out each month.”

We talked for another hour or so about Delilah’s fate until I pleaded exhaustion and excused myself. When I returned to my rooms, I collapsed on the bed. It had been a long and exhausting trip and I knew tomorrow would prove to be a most trying day for us both.

## **Delilah**

The guard stripped me completely and unfeelingly then left me huddled naked and tethered securely to the rough surfaced, grey concrete wall by a collar chain leash. The cell was a small, barren, cubicle sealed by a thick slab of steel with a small slot and shelf arrangement in its upper half. When I stood and walked toward it with a mournful clattering of my ankle chain and the rattle of those holding my wrists, I found, as at the embassy, that I couldn’t even get close to the door. Not only that though, but when I stood and shuffled around the cell, with every pace the weighted chain dangling from my clitoris tugged and swirled annoyingly between my legs. The constant not very gentle tugging was semi-arousing, but there was no way I could assuage my longings and so I soon sat once more, weeping at the cruelties that had been visited upon me.

It was extremely boring, and this, combined with my jet lag, soon overcame me. I lay on the thin rubber mat, struggled for a moment against the implacable grip of my cuffs and chains then fell into a deep, exhausted sleep despite the glaring overhead light. How many hours passed, I don’t know, but eventually, I awakened to find that this was *not* a nightmare. For a long time after awakening, I inspected what I could see of the things I bore and then spent the next hours trying to free myself of the chain connecting me to the wall; twisting, writhing, and

throwing myself to its end like a wild animal for the first time experiencing the horror of a limiting tether. When I finally gave up, I again crouched in the far corner from the door, staring with despair at the gleaming cuffs and chains fastened to my body, fully aware of, but unable to escape the sensations of the steel implements embedded in the tips of my breasts and the ones in my crotch. A long time later, one of the guards entered, spread my lips enough to fit a feeding tube and forced a gooey paste into my mouth, alternating it with cups of water. He gestured when he wanted me to move or remain still, but I heard nothing and he quickly left when I'd consumed all of the food. A stainless steel commode resided in the far corner, and I soon made use of it then fell asleep again.

When a guard roughly shook my shoulder I wakened groggily then tried to sit up; but my chains made them selves felt immediately. Stupidly, I blushed fiercely at being seen so naked, vulnerable, and restrained, and instinctively, uselessly, tried to cover myself, but he didn't care, for by now he'd seen me like this many times. I'd become just a prisoner, albeit a female one, that had to be cared for and once more submitted to the humiliating feeding and watering process. He left me alone once more in the deep silence I had almost grown accustomed to and so I sat there on the mat for I could do nothing other than stare at or play with my chains, but even this soon lost any interest. After a while I just sat in desolation on the hard rubber mat, waiting for I knew not what. My hearing snapped on with a loud pop and a man's voice commanded me to stand in the centre of the low ceiling room.

The door opened and a familiar face greeted me. It was the doctor from the hospital. A small grimace twitched his lips when he looked at me, and then he stepped aside to allow a pair of guards to enter the room, each carrying bulky, obviously heavy cartons. These were placed on the floor, opened and then they moved to one side while the doctor came to stand in front of me.

"Good morning, Miss Mahjalis. I am here to fit you with most of the remainder of the devices your father has had created for your punishment. None of these particular appliances will cause you immediate pain unless you fight against them, but *all* are designed to restrict your movements quite dramatically. Once they're fitted, it will be impossible to remove them I'm afraid, and so you *will* wear them for the remainder of your life. They and the ancillary equipment are designed to punish you for your abuse of the freedoms you were permitted and so in this regard, your ability to move without hindrance will, once you are fully outfitted, be severely restricted. However, there are *other* disciplinary features than the mere limiting your mobility, built into your ensemble. You will be made aware of these soon enough."

I stared at him wide-eyed, horrified by the words he'd just spoken so matter-of-factly, but he continued speaking as though this was an everyday occurrence.

"I know this is an extremely frightening situation you find yourself in, but there is no possible avoidance of it Miss Mahjalis. It will be necessary to restrain you while the various pieces are fitted and inter-connected, then, when your dressing has been completed, you will be taken to and installed in the area your father has had constructed. You know, of course, that you will serve a life sentence once you are installed within it."

I struggled to free myself of my chains, staring at him in horror, attempting to speak around the rubber plug in my mouth, but only the smallest of whimpers seeped around the steel embedded in my nose. Without conscious thought, I fell to my knees before him and attempted to bring my closely-chained hands together and beg him not to do what he intended, but the wrist chains were far too short and my trembling fingers could not even touch each other over my steel banded navel. Hysterical tears flooded down my cheeks for I desperately wanted to be taken away from this nightmare! He stared down at me in, I thought, sympathy, for a few seconds, but gestured to the guard.

"Please fasten her with arms and legs spread."

The henchman nodded and went to one of the sturdy, white cardboard cartons and pulled out a handful of gleaming steel chain. When he approached me with two lengths, I shrank back against the wall, shaking my head what little I could, weeping wildly. The doctor watched impassively while the guard locked a length to each of the outer rings of my wrist cuffs, then another pair to those on my ankle cuffs. One at a time, he released my wrist-to-waist chains, and pulling harshly on the newest ones, drew my arms out to the sides, hooking their other ends to rings set into the walls. He repeated the process with my legs, so that in short moments I hung supported only by my toes, spread-eagled and vulnerable before the three of them. The doctor approached and examined all of my piercings and 'jewellery' carefully before stepping back.

"You will now be fitted with the upper restraint garment. It is, in effect, a bra, but," he said dispassionately, "it has been designed to restrict the movement capability of your upper body and, at the same time, to cover, imprison, isolate, and act as a discipline device for your breasts."

*"Oh, God no,"* I wailed into my gag. *"Haven't you hurt them **enough** yet?"*

The process was relentless and the so-called bra truly fearsome. It consisted of a gleaming, black rubber-lined steel, ten cm wide, chest band that was curved to fit tightly around my chest. Its back resembled that of a sports bra, having a wide central portion that would fill the space between my shoulder blades, while at the front, were two undersized apertures through which my breasts would project. Around each of these was a two cm high rubber collar, projecting outwards and I knew they would firmly constrict the bases of my breasts and be very uncomfortable. Spaced around these holes, on the steel of the chest band were the fittings that would lock on the breast cups, but for the moment, these were not in place. When they were lifted from one of the cartons, I stared at them with horror, knowing they would imprison my flesh. Each was very deep with a wide hole at its tip, and their edges were curved to fit snugly against the chest band. Surrounding the rim of each breast cup on its inner side was another of the wide, donut-like, thick rubber collars and in effect, when they were put on me, these would act to thoroughly isolate each of my breasts within its own, separate, air-tight prison.

Above the apertures, the metal was formed into angled, narrow metal straps. These would curve over my shoulders to connect to the central portion between my shoulder blades and be locked tightly in place. The whole horrible metal harness was five mm thick and was equipped with a dozen heavy rings, securely mounted around it.

The doctor came over with a plastic tube, squeezed some sort of gel into his hand, and although I'd had my breasts palpitated by him during the examination, I was shocked when he caressed my trembling flesh with the stuff, covering each with a thick layer of the goo. That was the very last time my breasts have ever been caressed by bare human hands! Next, he clipped a light, strong chain to each of the shackles standing out from my stretched nipples, then, when the guard handed him the body harness, fed these through the apertures in the chest band. I tried to look down and watch him handling my body; but the collar began to choke me, and I had to raise my head again. He moved the wide, gleaming steel strap closer to my chest then dropped the back portion and shoulder straps over my head. A second later, I felt the undersized apertures settle around the upper thirds of my breasts, slightly flattening their resilient masses to my body with my nipples centred in the holes.

"Exhale," he commanded sharply. "and stay that way."

When I did, the guard clamped the curved chest bands, their edges getting closer to mating the hinge joints into their fittings on the back piece, and the doctor began manipulating my slippery breasts through their holes, gently tugging on the chains fastened to my nipples! Oh, how they hurt when he pulled! To my horror, I also felt the tugging of the disks buried deeply within them and tried to scream that he stop hurting me, but the pushing and squeezing continued without let-up until each of my large, sensitive breasts popped through its too small hole. Almost immediately, they began to swell with sensitizing blood, bobbling vulnerably on



my chest with every gasping breath I took! The collars around their bases acted as designed, snaring my flesh unmercifully and making me inescapably aware of their sensitivity. He moved behind and fastened the chest band pieces securely together in the same way my cuffs had been locked on. A minute later, he came back to stand before me and I tried to inhale fully, only to discover that the tight steel chest strap prevented me from taking a full-lunged breath! There was virtually no 'give' to it at all! Even the tightest bra I'd worn had allowed me to breathe, even though always conscious of its constricting presence. He went behind me once more and slowly drew each of the shoulder straps into their mounts on the back piece. In seconds, they'd tightened enough so that I'd be unable to escape their uncomfortable constriction of my shoulders, securing the vastly uncomfortable and punitive harness around my upper body. It was time to be fitted with the imprisoning breast cups.

Once more the doctor covered my trembling, swollen breasts with the slippery gel, picked up the right side cup, and dropped the nipple chain into it. A line of silvery links fell through the hole at the apex, and he grasped their free end then began to move the cup closer to my chest. I felt its inner, rubber collar touch my breast, again around its upper third, but this time, he only squeezed the sensitive flesh minimally with his fingers while slowly increasing the tension on the chain! I couldn't stop the howls that tried to tear from my throat while he maintained the tension, but slowly I felt my lubricated breast begin to slide through the constricting donut, into the bulletted, hemispherical steel cone. It seemed to take forever, but at last, the entire, bulging organ had slid all the way past the collar and the cup seemed to suck itself into solid contact with the chest band! I gasped with relief for long moments, still silently weeping from the burning pain flooding from my nipple into the mass of my breast, even after he eased the tension, but now it was thoroughly imprisoned and isolated with an armouring steel container! I shuddered when he picked up the left side cup, knowing I'd have to endure another painful session while it was fitted. No matter how desperately I wailed and twisted to escape, he soon had the thing clamped over my breast and I hung weeping before him, feeling my flesh so disturbingly imprisoned.

He stood before me for a moment or two, carefully adjusting the cups until he was satisfied with their positioning before he pressed both firmly onto the chest band and turned them ninety degrees, locking them securely onto the bra harness. I wailed in misery when the compression of my swollen flesh increased, feeling my caged nipples suddenly pop into and through the holes at the apexes of each cup!

"Ah! Excellent!" he muttered removing the pendant chains.

He bent and brought up a thing that looked somewhat like a demitasse cup and began to fit it to the tip of the right breast container. When he did, I felt the shackle through my nipple grasped within the cup and pulled firmly outward again! I heard a solid snap and stared down at the tip of my imprisoned breast. When his hand came away, I saw that the thing at its apex had two hose fittings on its tip and a short, thick dangling electrical wire and connector! My left breast was similarly fitted a moment later, and I feared terribly what these things were capable of, but he said nothing about them.

This, however, wasn't the end of my upper body being restrained.

My wrist chains were loosened until my arms hung by my sides, then short chains from each of the rings on the sides of the chest band, under my armpits, were connected to the cuffs above my elbows, ensuring I could only move my upper arms a very short distance away from my body. I jerked them unconsciously out to the limits of their freedom and was shocked by the extremely short range of motion permitted.

"Settle down, Miss Mahjalis!" he snapped when I continued to fight this newest restriction.

He took another, longer set of chains, and in moments, had fastened them to the same staples on my elbow cuffs, then to my wrist ones, and finally, back to the rings at the side of my

steel belt. Again, I jerked my hands to the ends of their decreasing amounts of freedom, uncaring of his commands for obedience.

"*Oh, God. Oh, **God!!***" I wailed in my mind, staring down at the gleaming links, shivering with horror at my ever-deepening captivity, knowing I would never be freed from this bondage. I tried to lift my hands to my imprisoned, armoured and dully throbbing breasts, but the links were too short to permit it.

"Now, Miss Mahjalis," he said ominously when the guard handed him a of gleaming steel shape, "this next piece will feel very tight, and will, no doubt, be very uncomfortable until you become accustomed to wearing it."

He knelt before me out of my sight, and I sensed his hands moving up between my wide spread, trembling thighs. There was a slight, upward pressure on the tightly cinched belt at my back, then a harsh, final-sounding click that I felt more than heard. Something curved down between my buttocks, spreading them apart, and was drawn through my crotch then up over my belly. It was loose for only a second or two, and then he pushed up again, and I felt another set of joints mating on the front of my belt. It was *very* tight through my legs, but still, I knew my sex remained uncovered, just from the draught of his hands moving close by. Another tightening was done, then two narrow, metal straps cinched in under my buttocks, pulling them high into trembling and vulnerable spheres, fully harnessing my entire lower body.

"You'll find that this next adjustment will be quite unpleasant, I'm afraid," he muttered.

At last I felt the awful clitoral chain and weight that had so tormented me removed, but suddenly, I felt the thing that enclosed and armoured my clitoris, drawn inexorably upwards until there was a subtle click on the steel delta imprisoning my lower abdomen! It was a terrible tension! I automatically screamed and writhed frantically to ease the awful drag, but *nothing* I did stopped the horrible pull on my most sensitive flesh! He stood and stared into my tear-streaming eyes.

"I suppose *that* will take some getting used to, Miss Mahjalis ... if you ever do, but it has other talents, as you'll find in due course, unfortunately."

He bent again, and a second later, a thick, covering hatch was closed over the access hole to my sex and behind, sealing everything away under an impervious steel wall. When it shut, I felt internal fittings slip into mounts on the dilating ring for my vagina, pulling at the sensitive labia, and again I screamed despairingly into my gag. "*Oh, please! Please! **Please!!***" I wailed, "***Don't do this to mmmmeeee!***"

"For the moment, Miss Mahjalis, that is all that will be done down there, but other additions will be made in the near future. Now, it's time to fit you with the next pieces."

The guard brought over an arrangement of steel bars and handed them to the doctor. He held them up for me to inspect.

"This is the restraint system for your lower limbs," he stated looking deep into my eyes. "You'll wear this twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year, for the duration of your sentence. In other words, Miss Mahjalis, it is a permanent arrangement. The device is called a Spanish Trapezoid and is named for something similar to what was used during the Inquisition. As you can see, it's designed to keep your legs quite widely separated and will obviously severely restrict your ability to walk. Of course, you'll be unable to run or to kick while wearing it, and in addition, there is also a fifteen kilogram steel ball to be attached to it by a fifty cm long chain. The ball will be attached to the central ring of the ankle spreader bar, and you will find it a most unpleasant thing to have to live with I'm afraid."

When finished speaking, he knelt between my legs once more, then over the next five minutes, mechanically joined the thing first to my ankle cuffs, then to the below the knee cuffs. Locks were not used; but welded shackles! The two sets of spreaders were kept separated by means of thick vertical rods. The ankle bar was perhaps forty cm in length, while the upper one

was about thirty cm long, but he wasn't finished with my legs yet! Between my thigh cuffs, another, much shorter bar was locked in place, then he dropped gartering chains from my waistband down to my thigh cuffs, and finally to my below-the-knee ones. At each connection loop on the cuffs, the chains were shackled so that all were, in effect, fastened to my waistband. Miserably, I watched when the guard picked up a ten cm diameter steel ball by its short chain, and carried it over to where I stood. He dropped it onto the floor behind, and I felt the vibrations through my ankle cuffs when its chain was shackled to the central loop of the lowest spreader.

For a moment, I jerked madly at my fastenings, instinctually attempting to get my legs together against their forcible separation, but he approached with yet more short lengths of chain, and I shook with fear. At the front, he joined them to my belt, then to my bra, and finally to my collar. Next, he went behind and did the same thing, enclosing me in a tight web of flattened, steel links, so that every movement of my body was transmitted to the anchoring points at my neck, chest, and waist. I quickly discovered that I was now extremely limited in how I could move and twist before the collar began to choke me into submission. Greatly agitated by how I was becoming evermore restricted, I tried to ward him off when he returned to me with a two cm diameter, fifty cm long bar laden with a long, dangling chain at each end.

"Miss Mahjalis, it is time for your hands to be properly restrained. Until now, you have enjoyed some freedom for them, but *this* device will ensure that you are subjected to proper discipline and restraint. Unfortunately, you will find it to be a most frustrating and intimidating restraint, simple as it is, but it is your father's requirement that you wear it ... and so you shall.

"Hold her left hand!" he commanded the guard, bringing forward the thick, steel bar.

My left wrist chain was grabbed, immobilizing my hand, then the doctor mechanically joined one end's fitting to the inner, facing mount of my wrist cuff! Instinctually, I knew what was coming next and went into a hysterical paroxysm of struggling to avoid it being done, but it was no use! With the guard holding my left wrist, he easily grasped my flailing, tethered right one then pulled it outward and in seconds, despite my wild struggling against their combined strength, the other fitting on the separator bar clicked into its mate on my right wrist cuff and was locked in place! Having lost the battle to escape the fastening, I let my arms relax and my widely separated hands fall. The bar bounced against my upper thighs then, for long moments, I again struggled frantically against it. It was utterly impossible and made me feel *so* helpless! Despairing sobs shook my snared shoulders.

My arms were released and they stood back, watching curiously when I lifted them to the limits of their chains and stared at the simple shaft, inspecting the formidable mechanical joints that fastened it to my wrist cuffs. Again, I tried to manoeuvre my hands and arms, but no matter what I did, I couldn't get my hands anywhere near each other, and it also prevented me from any sort of coordinated, easy use of them ... for anything! I couldn't turn my wrists within their oval contoured, snug cuffs and so was made even more helpless. Deep, gasping sobs of misery shook my snared shoulders, but there was even *more* to come!

He took lighter chains, these still dangling from their shackles at the ends of the wrist separator bar, threaded them through rings on the sides of my belt, then down to the knee spreader, through rings behind it, and thence to my ankle cuffs. They slid easily through all of the guide rings, and I wondered what they were for, but I didn't have long to wait to find out! The guard smiled nastily into my face then pushed the wrist separator bar firmly against my waistband, into the raised, U-shaped receivers designed to accept it, while below, the doctor knelt at my ankles and tightened the chains firmly, then somehow welded them to separate staples on my ankle cuffs. I was left to stand with my hands spread widely and useless at my sides, fingers clawing at empty air. Still behind, he attached other chains to my upper arm cuffs, crossed them, threaded them through rings on the back of my belt and then down again through

the rings on my below-the-knee cuffs, and to the same staples on my ankle cuffs. Kneeling again, he tensioned this newest set until my elbows were drawn in tightly behind and against my body and, in seconds, they too had been welded closed.

The entire arrangement forced me to stand erect, sticking out my armoured breasts in a brazen, helpless display, no matter how I tried to shrink or struggle to escape these effects. I flung my head wildly from the discomfort within the restriction of my high collar and how miserable, helpless, and vulnerable the arrangement made me feel.

“It’s time we took a lunch break before we proceed to the next portion of your fitting, Miss Mahjalis,” he stated with a glance containing little sympathy. “While we’re gone, you may wish to experiment with your restraints. You’ll find that some mobility for your hands and arms may be gained if you sit down, kneel, or crouch, for the restrictor chains will then have some slack. However, from now on, whenever you stand, or in any way straighten your legs, they will automatically tighten and immobilize your hands and arms as they are now. We’ll be back in an hour.”

I stared at him in frantic tears, writhing against the things he’d fastened to me, but they turned and left me standing, leashed by my neck in the barren, concrete cell. As soon as I was alone, I went into a wild frenzy, fighting my body harness and restraints like a captured animal, but then I tried to walk! It was horrible. My legs were kept widely spread, no matter *what* I did! Locomotion was almost impossible at first, but I soon managed to shuffle awkwardly, until the chain to the steel ball snapped tight! Oh yes, I could still move in short, jerky paces, but I was thoroughly limited by the heavy, steel sphere. With every pace I tried to take, it rumbled weirdly from side to side, tugging on the chain connecting it to my ankle spreader and forcing me to work very hard to move anywhere! Now I knew why they had been used on convicts in the past! I truly hated how my hands and arms had been rendered so useless, and so sat down to find that the chains did indeed slacken enough for me to regain some small freedom, but I could only touch myself with one hand at a time!

My fingers brushed the metal containers clamped to my chest, then after a fruitless exploration, moved to try and touch the terrible thing fastened over my belly and between my legs, desperate to somehow free the painfully tensioned flesh under the crotch plate.

I could do nothing to get at them and began to scream hysterically against my gag, knowing I’d never be able to get them off or escape the terrible sensations they were forcing into my brain!

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### *The Head Cage*

**Dr Jannason**

We returned to the cell to find Delilah sitting on the floor, attempting, one-handed, to somehow prize the oversized breast cups away from her body, however, just their mere presence and size acted to limit her. When we entered, she turned to us as quickly as her restraints allowed, then toppled helplessly onto her back with a clattering of her metal garments, struggling madly against them while she rolled awkwardly on the floor before us. She tried to kick out, but when her legs straightened, the wrist separator bar snapped into its receivers on the front of her waist band and harshly jerked her elbows in behind her back. Delilah lay thrashing on the floor, back bowed upward while subdued, wordless howls of misery blasted from her shackled nose. The noise of her steel restraints hitting the concrete and the clashing of her chains was impressive, but she couldn't escape them, no matter how she twisted and writhed. She attempted to move her head from side to side in despair at her automatically enforced helplessness, then, when I approached, she at last ceased struggling and lay staring up at me through tear-streaming eyes.

The guard nearest reached down and grasped her collar leash, harshly pulling her to a sitting position, then to her feet where she stood waiting for what was next to be done. Unfortunately, she wouldn't enjoy it at all.

I extracted the head cage assembly from its carton.

Delilah looked at it with a momentary, puzzled expression while I readied the punitive device, then a dawning realization came, and her face contorted in a despairing scream of denial when I approached with the severe appliance held in my hands. She backed frantically away until the chain to the steel ball snapped tight and continued struggling to evade me, but of course, it was hopeless. A moment later she stood wedged into the corner, her arm muscles straining in bar-taut ropes beneath her cuffs and smooth, olive skin while I slowly raised the back part of the restraint to her bald head. The dark eyes she raised to me flooded again with terrorized tears when I prepared to fit it, and, although she tried to fling herself away from the approaching, web-like steel horror, there was, quite literally, no way she could avoid it being fastened in place.

The head cage was constructed in two halves; a front and back piece that would join along the sides, from her collar, around her ears and up over her temples to the crown of her head. It was made of five mm thick stainless steel and consisted of a network of smooth, rubber lined, formed straps that were designed and arranged so as to completely ensnare her skull, pressing gently but inescapably. At the front, the design left only the areas around her mouth, nose, and eyes free, and a deep cup would hold her chin when it was time to fasten the front half of the cage in place. The sides of the front piece would have to be sprung out slightly to allow her ears to fit into bulbous, foam rubber filled cups; these ensuring that only the faintest noise of external sound would even reach her already plugged and controlled ear canals. First though, the back part of the head restraint had to be fitted.

It required considerable effort to position the fittings for this part of the head cage in their slots at the upper edge of her collar. Delilah fought like a wild thing against having to wear it, but finally, one of the guards grasped her nose shackle and with a harsh tension, pulled her head forward. Wild howls hissed from her transfixed nose, but the fittings for the back of the head cage slid into their slots within the collar, locking with solid clicks when they seated. Only then was her nose shackle released and she raised her head, thanks to the choking effect of her high collar. It slipped naturally back into its cradling cage and she looked at me in quivering terror

when I held up the front, mask-like portion and prepared to fit it. I felt some pity for her coming facial imprisonment, but, as her father had stated, what she was to suffer was better than the sentence the religious courts would have meted out.

“Please lift your chin as much as possible and hold quite still, Miss Mahjalis,” I commanded.

An inarticulate howl of desperation hissed from her steel-filled nostrils, and she tried to turn away from the approaching, steel horror, but the rear half already held her head firmly positioned and ready. I reached to her nose, grasped the dangling shackle and pulled gently up on it. Her eyes clenched closed from the pain, and her struggles slowly ceased when she realized she could not avoid what was to come. The guard assisted me in fitting the front portion’s mounting tabs into the slots in upper edge of her collar while I held the sides apart, then I pulled up on her nose shackle until her chin was raised enough for the front portion of the cage to slide fully back. At the sides, her ears had disappeared beneath the foam filled domes and when I released the nasal shackle, her chin settled into its cup, for the moment only slightly restricted, as the halves had yet to be joined to each other. For the moment the whole cage was only loosely held around her head and I allowed her a last few seconds of freedom before beginning to fasten the punitive device. At my signal the guard and I compressed the two halves, so that suddenly the entire web of straps clamped snugly onto the bare flesh of her skull and face. When her sensitive facial skin was touched by the cold rubber lining her browless and lashless eyes popped open with horrified shock and more despairing wails of misery hissed from her impaled nose. She shook with an ague of terror, feeling the rigidity and compression of the steel web that now snared her entire head, and a veritable hurricane of hissing screams pulsed from her impaled and fear-flared nostrils.

I threaded the thick stainless hinge pin through the jaws on either side, just behind her ears then turned them slowly until the ends snapped off. The joining of the head cage to her collar created a combination that was *extremely* restrictive, and one that would now be quite impossible to remove or escape from, no matter how desperately she tried. Delilah would have to turn her whole body from side to side if she wished to see anything not directly in front of her. On the top of the cage, at its very apex, a sturdy, five cm diameter ring flopped back and forth in its mount, waiting.

Another long, hissing scream came from her, for she realized that it was now a permanent, truly life-long fixture on her face and head, and that there was no possible way she would ever escape its control. When she’d felt the steel press more firmly onto the sensitive, naked flesh of her skull and face, her fingers clawed frantically at the ends of the separator bar, desperate to free herself of the incredible, tight, metal horror, but she would be unable to even touch it, given the manner in which her hands were now restrained.

Her despairing screams went on an on while she stared at me in accusation and horror at what had been done to her, and she writhed frantically, trying at the same time to twist her head and face free of the terrible thing, but of course, she was utterly unable to escape it. I began the process of making the final attachments of the head cage, directly into her flesh.

Her long, U-shaped ear shackles were first. These I drew carefully through small slots provided for them at the bottom of each ear cup, then a locking rivet was forced through the emergent U’s and their mounts, hammered flat, and burnished smooth. Next came the securing of her nasal bar. It was pushed back and up slightly until the end rings slipped into slots on short posts on the mask, on either side of her nose, and a rivet was passed through a cross-drilled hole on each then secured in a similar fashion to her ear shackles. The arrangement left her with nostrils gaping, and the depending U shackle readily available, but it also allowed her nose shackle some movement, in that it could still be tensioned strongly, making her feel the painful tugging. With each increase in the security of the restraint being fastened to her head, Delilah let out more thin, hissing screams; her eyes widely dilated with disbelieving horror while

more and more tears coursed down her tightly imprisoned face. I ignored them as best I could, even though she continued to stare accusingly at me.

It was time to add the gag panel. This was a wide, steel piece; shaped so that it covered her lower face and mouth, also cupping under her chin leaving only her nose free. At the front, a two cm diameter fitting projected outwards, while inside was another that would mate into the exposed one in the gag pad between her slightly spread front teeth. In seconds, I'd locked it securely to the head cage, obscuring the bottom half of her face completely.

Feeling this covering being locked to her face was too much for Delilah to bear, and her tear streaming eyes slid closed when she fainted. Her father *must* have assumed this would occur, for the horror of her bondage and the process of being put into it was, for a young and vibrant female, entirely too much to withstand. However, I'd been instructed that if this happened, the process was to be stopped until she regained awareness, and only then continued. It was his requirement that she be fully cognizant for the entire process of her imprisonment within the Discipline Ensemble, in order to understand precisely, both consciously and unconsciously, that there would be no escape from it ... ever. It was a cruel requirement, but one that was a part of my contract with him and so I waited until her eyes fluttered open to show that she was again aware of where she was and what was happening to her. Only then did I continue.

Even her sight was to be severely limited. I picked up the next piece, the vision limiter panel. Basically, it resembled a tightly curved pair of very wide sunglasses; in effect, being a wide, formed steel band that covered her entire forehead and eye area, yet allowing her impaled nose to protrude through a small, triangular opening. Its inner surface was lined with a deep, black, sponge rubber; in effect, making it completely light-tight and inside, around her eyes, soft, black, silicon cups would rest gently on the flesh surrounding them, isolating each in its own separate enclosure. The ends of the panel slipped over locking posts on the sides of the head cage, just forward of her dome-concealed ears, having to be sprung slightly to fit

Nevertheless she was permitted some vision; this by means of two, short, vertical slits off-centred over each eye. The slots were only point twenty-five mm wide and three cm in height. Her vision, though, could be removed in its entirety by means of small shutters inside these eye panel slits, and they would instantly eliminate all light when they were closed and locked. In combination with the head cage/collar combination, and the fact that the slits were vertically oriented, her ability to see was severely restricted to an arc of about two degrees for each eye so that she would have to twist and turn her entire body to see from side to side or bend forward to look down. If she bent too far forward, her harness and collar would begin to slowly choke her, forcing her to stand erect once more. It was quite diabolical in its design and application.

Delilah stood before us: an obviously young woman, confined in an incredible combination of metal garments and devices that would be impossible for her (or anyone else) to remove from herself. One final addition, at this point, was yet to be made, and I quickly completed it. This consisted of a fifty cm long thin but strong chain to her nose shackle; its free end equipped with a three cm diameter ring. The weight of the leash alone, swinging from the locked-in-place shackle, must have been quite painful, as another series of small, wailing screams hissed once more from her nostrils. She would be easily controlled with this leash, and I moved the shackle depending from her nose with a finger tip, watching its steel arms, where they emerged from her flared nostrils, flip freely up and down on the bar buried and fastened deep within. The chain dangled to hang between her steel breast cups, waiting.

I was done, for now.

Delilah was ready to be taken to the suite of rooms from which she would never emerge, and very few would know she even existed within. How she would cope, I didn't know, but there were no further choices for her to make ... ever.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### *Taken To Her New, Permanent Home* **Delilah**

How could he *do* this? I was his *daughter!* The horror of what had been done, to this point of my punishment, was truly incredible, and I hurt in so many ways and places that it was almost impossible to catalogue them.

The thing fastened around my head was a truly horrible contraption, holding it almost motionless and very nearly rendering me blind! While it was being fastened, I'd screamed and screamed into the gag, begging him not to do it, but the cold steel bands had only pressed tighter and been locked snugly in place. I could hear nothing! It was too much to bear thinking about, and I fainted, only to have them wait until I awoke again to continue the inexorable process. My earlobes were pulled at, locked into the structure, and then my nose had been pressed slightly upward and back against my face and fastened to it also! *Oh, God, it hurt!*

Unseen tears welled from my eyes when he attached the nose leash chain, and I greatly feared how it would be used in the future, all the while moaning from the continual burn of its swinging weight. I was shocked when he moved the U shackle, and although it didn't hurt when he did, I was forcibly reminded that it was there and would be used to control me. It rested on the outer side of the steel panel that obscured my lower face and its miserable weight quickly became a penance ... one I would be forever aware of ... and one I could not escape. It made me *so* vulnerable!

The gag panel had been relatively easy to accept, although I retched for a moment when the fitting on its interior seated, pushing on the thing already locked inside my mouth slightly deeper into my throat. But, when he'd fitted the panel over my eyes and upper face, I thought I'd go crazy! However, I found that I could see out of the small slits over my eyes and calmed somewhat, even though my sight was now extremely limited.

My breasts! Oh, my poor breasts! Within their cups they continued to burn with every gasping breath I took, and I couldn't stop the moans that rose up my throat. No matter what I tried, *nothing* removed the discomfort I felt from their blood sensitised and engorged masses within their compressing, armouring cups, and with every move of my body, their weight bounced with sharp pain against the stretching chains!

*"Oh, God!"* I howled in my mind. *"Please let him forgive and free me!"*

There was a momentary movement at the back of my collar, and then my hearing snapped on again with a loud pop. I automatically tried to evade the noise, but the collar and cage combination held my head rigid and unmoving.

"Miss Mahjalis, we will now conduct you to your new place of residence. It is an extremely secure area, and so you need not entertain any hopes of escape. Guard, please open the door and we will proceed."

*"Please-please-please, nnnnooooooooo!"* I wailed hopelessly against the gag pad.

I faintly heard the heavy locks snap open then caught a momentary glimpse of a hand descending in front of my eyes. A second later, the chain to my nose snapped tight and I howled into my gag from the immediate burning pain, turning as quickly as I could in the direction of the pull. I continued to weep, but the tension remained constant, forcing me to shuffle awkwardly forward, dragging the erratically rumbling steel ball along behind my widely separated and cuffed bare feet. I could see little of what surrounded me while I struggled to keep up with him, subject to the constant, painful pull of the nose leash, and so we moved slowly and deliberately down a series of seemingly endless, long, concrete corridors; passing through three sets of doubled doors. Behind, I heard each one close with a heavy, steely crash



and realized that I'd never see their outer sides again. Each of the door sets consisted of a heavy steel slab type door, and separated from it, two metres away, another closely barred one. At last, we came to the area that was to be, now, my home.

The main cell; the one where I spend much of my life, was basically a large concrete room, some five metres wide and fifteen metres long, sub-divided by a wall of gleaming, closely-spaced steel bars that rose from the floor to the ceiling, stretching fully across it, two thirds of the way along. We entered the part of the cell that was the anteroom, three metres wide for the length of the barred wall, and when we came in, I saw that a narrow section of the wall of bars had been swung up, folded flat against the ceiling, while beneath it, in the floor, was a deep, steel-edged slot. At every half metre of the barred lattice wall, there was a thick, reinforcing strap of steel, and so it was a very sturdy construction. The walls, floor, and ceiling were smoothly finished, painted a cool blue, and embedded in the ceiling was a grid of bright, glaring lights; these protected behind armoured glass plates, harshly illuminating every corner of the stark chamber. Surprisingly, inside the actual cell, I saw that large portions of the walls were covered by floor to ceiling mirrors, and they reflected back to me the harsh reality of my steel restraints and state of bondage, so that no matter which way I turned, I would *always* confronted with visions of myself as a helpless captive.

I was terribly afraid of this cage but could not resist the painful drag of the chain from my nose when the guard pulled me along the anteroom portion then across the steel-lined floor slot and into the stark environment of the cell proper. In the back left corner was a one piece, stainless steel commode and small sink and, spaced a metre from the walls in the back right corner, was what I assumed was to be my sleeping place: a thin rubber mattress then to one side of this another narrow, barred door.

A third of the way along the bars, on the right side, were two thick columns, about a metre and a half apart and about two metres away from the wall. Across from them, on the left side, also a third of the way along was a strange arrangement of three thick, square sectioned posts arranged so that the one with the keyboard was centred in front of the other two. This was to be my computer workstation.

"Here, Miss Mahjalis, is your new home; for the rest of your life, unfortunately," the doctor spoke with dooming tones. "Please follow along while I show you the various features."

I couldn't *not* follow him!

"This," he said, as I was drawn over to the two, large diameter, steel posts between the floor and ceiling, "is your Vertical Restraint System."

Each shaft was perhaps twenty cm in girth, with the facing sides flattened, and deep tracks inset. Regularly spaced along these tracks from top to bottom were small carriages, each bearing a length of gleaming chain. Next, he drew me to the commode and said nothing, just letting me look at the utilitarian device for a moment. I was then taken in tow over to the sleeping area and forced to look down. What I saw was a five cm thick rubber mat, one hundred cm wide and two metres long, glued unmoving to the floor. At a point about a half metre from one end was a pillow-like arrangement with a deep depression in the middle.

"This is where you will spend some of your nights, Miss Mahjalis," he informed me, and if I hadn't been severely gagged, I would surely have made some smart comment.

The mat wasn't scary; but what was, were the chains laced across it from deeply-set rings in the floor. There were four such on each side, with another at both the top and bottom; each with its own heavy lock.

"Come!" he commanded, and the guard gave my leash a sharp tug.

I howled continuously from the pain of my nose being pulled on, and of course, followed obediently to the wall at the head of the floor mat. I stared at it while shuffling closer and saw three heavy chains hanging from a carriage; this mounted on a rail deeply inset into the cell's

back wall, and I knew, without question that they were meant for me.

“Turn! Remain still while your leashes are attached.” he commanded expressionlessly, taking my pinioned arm and guiding me around until I stared down the length of the wall of bars. The guard dropped the controlling leash from my nose, leaving it to hang in swinging misery, and I howled anew at the sudden resumed weight pulling on my face; but as always, my distress was ignored.

Unknown to me, another guard had followed us, pushing a small machine on a wheeled trolley; it trailing heavy wires behind. He passed through my field of vision and I saw that he wore a strange thing flipped back on his head, and although I didn’t know it, this was an arc welding unit, and he wore a welder’s protective mask.

“I shall momentarily close your eye slits, Miss Mahjalis, for the flame of the arc welder can cause severe eye damage. Hold still.”

Suddenly, my ability to see was completely removed, and I stood swaying slowly until he steadied me with a firm upward and slightly choking tension on my collar leash. I heard a deep humming noise suddenly come from the direction of the machine when it was turned on, then the rattling of chains. A vibration came through my ankle spreader bar when one of the chains was connected, and a moment later, I felt the weight of another being attached to the back of my steel waist band, then finally, the vibrations of the third and last when it was joined to my collar at the back of my neck!

“Hold still, girl!”

The hum from the machine deepened noticeably; then, even though blinded, I sensed a strong flashing and glaring light blast through the cell, this accompanied by a sharply defined, sizzling and crackling sound for nearly a minute, I think, and I smelt an acrid, biting odour. It was, although I didn’t realize it, the smell of the metal melting together as well as the welding flux used to speed the joining and to cleanse the steel.

“There! That’s the ankle leash!” he stated. “Next, we’ll do your waist one. It’ll get a little warm for a moment, Miss Mahjalis, but don’t worry.”

The hum from the machine deepened once more, and again I sensed the brilliant flashing and heard the sizzling and crackling noise. The smell was stronger this time, and for a short moment, my waistband grew hot but began to cool almost immediately when the noise of the welding machine died down.

“Good! Now, we’ll do your collar leash. Remain still and hold your breath when I tell you to.”

I felt the chain pulled out from the back of my neck.

“Hold your breath!”

Once more the welding machine deepened its noise, then, very loudly, came the flashing sensation and the sizzling noise of the steel being melted and forged around the back ring of my collar. I gasped in misery and immediately began to try and cough from the fumes, but it had already stopped.

Oh, God! I was now *permanently* leashed! My vision slits snapped open, and I stared out at the other end of the cell and anteroom.

He came to stand before me again.

“These leashes are now *welded* to your harness, Miss Mahjalis. They will permit you to move with a certain amount of freedom within this cell and the exercise chamber; however, they will not permit you to approach the barred wall any closer than a metre and a half; an additional security measure, of course.

“At my urging, your father has provided you with a computer terminal. You will be encouraged to write your story and be able to send messages on the household intranet on it, but you are not permitted any access to the Internet itself. Your communications may or may not

get responses. The computer will also act as an alarm. Now, please come this way so that I can show you your work station.”

No longer was I led by my nose leash, but shuffled after his retreating back and saw that the guard was removing the machine from the cell while I moved slowly over to the wall opposite the Vertical Restraint System. There, I saw what I’d have to endure to be able to work on the computer.

Suspended from the ceiling and angled inward were two, large, flat screen monitors, but they were separated from each other by two metres. Why? The keyboard was held in a skeletal steel frame at the top of its own post, while near floor level, a flat, ‘Y’ shaped arm projected back toward the open space between the L’s, with the two arms facing it; their ends equipped with sturdy, locking hooks. There was no chair!

“To work on the computer, Miss Mahjalis, you must first position yourself between the two posts and then bend your knees until the hooks slide through the side rings of your belt. Next, you must sit down fully until your full weight is sensed as being suspended on the hooks and those will lock, keeping you in place. You must next lift your feet and place the ankle spreader bar in its receivers at the ends of the Y’s arms where it also will be locked in place. At that point the system will adjust itself to place you in the proper position and alignment and the computer will be turned on. It remains turned on only when all of these conditions are fulfilled. Now, come with me to the exercise room.”

I turned and followed him reluctantly to the narrow, barred door on the back wall, about two metres to the left side of my mattress then awkwardly side-stepped through it. With each pace, I felt the heavy drag of the chains fastened to my neck, waist, and ankles, and had to fight against the steel ball on *its* leash!

The sight that met my eyes was frightening, but nevertheless, I stared at the machinery that would soon become the centre of my life, trying to discern what it would require of me. I wasn’t aware of the suffering that was to come until some weeks later.

## **Dr Jannason**

I tried to be as gentle as I could while guiding her around and into the exercise chamber, but she was still in a state of shock at being placed in her Discipline Ensemble and probably the worst component of it, her head cage. The guard, however, had no compunctions about using the nose leash to reinforce her terror and discomfort.

Of course, I’d never been inside this room before and so I was as surprised as she by what I saw. It was, if anything, even more barren and forbidding than the main part of the cell, being nothing more than a plain box with barren, white-painted walls. As with all the other areas of this forbidding suite, it was brightly and permanently lit, and again, I was surprised by the presence of the large mirrors on all of the walls. The barred door had a small slot in its lower edge to allow the passage of her chain leashes, and so she could be imprisoned within it and left to complete her exercising, yet still remain a captive of her leashes. There were only two pieces of furniture, if they could be called that.

We walked slowly to the first.

“This is obviously a treadmill.” I said walking along its length.

She turned her whole body slowly to be able to inspect the machine, for, given her new vision restrictions, she couldn’t take it in all at a glance. She recoiled from it with obvious fear and loathing, backing away as best she could, her hands and fingers fluttering at the ends of the bar clamped to the front of her steel belt.

Basically, it was a one metre wide, textured surface, thick rubber belt, mounted flush into the floor, and being, in all about four metres from end to end. Twin chains dangled from widely

spaced overhead rings at the halfway point, with a third, shorter one centred between them. Off to the sides, other piles of links lay waiting, each with an integral lock at its end. Once she was confined on the machine and working, she was going to need to drink a lot of water. I noticed and pointed out the clear plastic tube that would be attached to her faceplate.

After a moment of further inspection, we moved to the next piece of equipment; something that resembled a long box with a thick, horizontal shaft sticking out of it.

It appeared to be a simple arrangement. There was a wide metal bench, dished to accept her buttocks and widely slotted to receive the dividing strap of the chastity belt's crotch plate, set quite high above the floor. The bench was equipped with a heavy chain at the back, in the middle, and at each side was another. From above, a further length dangled, centred over the seat. Sticking out of the long, wide slot in a steel panel beside the bench and parallel to it was a thick shaft, probably four cm in diameter, located forward and lower. Some five cm in from the outer end, a short five cm long chain hung down from a welded staple; separated from its mate nearest the slot, fifty cm away. Upon walking closer, I noted another fastening point on the floor beneath, a ringbolt with a short chain welded to it.

Experimentally, I pushed down on the shaft and shoved it slowly forward to find there was a slight, built-in resistance, and I had to make a small effort to make it move. It came to the end of its travel and I lifted it, then pulled towards the bench and felt an even firmer resistance. This was going to prove *very* trying for Delilah, restrained as she was. However, there were other features of her harness she was not aware of, yet to be added, and these would punish her far more severely than just the useless labour she would perform on either of the machines.

The steel harnessed eighteen year old woman swung herself away from the device, and knowing she'd seen enough, I drew her by her nose leash back to the door and out into the main cell, closing and locking the exercise chamber after she'd managed to get herself through the narrow portal.

"And so, Miss Mahjalis, this is your new home." I stated, looking down into the blank, steel visage of her face, knowing that under it, she stared beseechingly out at me through the thin slits. No one could see her misery and tears now, for she had become only a faceless female body, tormented in manners impossible for any male to fathom. "I will leave you now, but before I go, I'll attach your watering hose. If you need a drink, just suck on it." With that, I uncoiled the clear hose from the fitting that held her leashes, led it along her neck leash chain then screwed it onto the front of the gag panel. I took a package of small, clear, plastic Ty-wraps from my pocket, and placing one every twenty-five cm along the chain, joined the tube to it.

When I'd finished, the guard and I walked down the length of the cell, across the steel rimmed slot, then to the anteroom's inner door to await its opening. We both turned and looked back at the young woman who was so inescapably a prisoner. She'd turned as quickly as she could to watch us, and as we waited for the control guard somewhere above in the complex, she began to struggle towards us, fighting the resistance of her leashes and the erratic tugging of the heavy steel ball. All the while I heard faint, howling screams, and watched her arms straining to free themselves of their chains and cuffs, fingers clawing and clenching hopelessly at the ends of their separator bar. She was a pitiful sight indeed, but, I mused, she had brought this terrible situation upon herself.

The portion of the barred steel wall, until now still swung up against the ceiling, slowly swung down until it hung vertically, then began to descend. Its bottom edge was a solid sheet of steel, ten cm wide, and every 50 cm along its length was a three cm diameter hole designed to accept the cross-bolts that would lock it in place. The distance between the slot and the bottom panel decreased rapidly, then the ten cm bottom panel slipped into the floor slot and, a second later, I heard the thick bolts snap through, making the wall of bars an unbroken cage. The whole construction must have weighed nearly 500 kg and had to be raised and lowered with the aid of

hydraulics, but aside from this, it was now locked securely into the floor slot, and all of the controls could only be remotely activated. There was no possible way for Delilah to get out. The lock that sealed the inner door was opened, and the barred, inner door was raised in its frame; this possible only because the prisoner was inside her cell *and* the access portion of the barred wall was closed.

The guard and I stepped into the short hall between the two doors to the anteroom, and the inner one of bars hissed down its tracks and locked in place. Only then did the steel slab, the outer door, retract into *its* upper slot. I looked back into the barren prison containing Delilah once more and watched while the slight, olive-skinned girl continued her struggle toward the barred wall. Her hands remained forcibly spread off to the sides of her waist by their separator bar, only the slithering of her heavy chain leashes and the subdued rumbling of the steel ball on the concrete floor making any noise in the otherwise silent, stark chamber. I paused, watching while she pranced awkwardly closer to the bars, hearing the despairing, thin wails of her incoherent, stifled begging not to be abandoned.

Delilah continued to jerk frantically against her restrictions, fingers clawing at open air while her arms strained against their restricting chains and cuffs, but when she got closer and closer to the barred wall, her three leashes slowly tightened and finally stopped her a full metre and a half from it.

A despairing wail hissed from her impaled nose, and she began to flail at the ends of her chains like a caught fish, fighting her implacable tethers demonically until, at last, she sank to her knees, obviously pleading not be left alone - to be freed. She shook her head what little was permitted by her collar and head cage combination, then crouched into a humble ball on the floor, allowing some slack in the restrictor chains to her wrist bar and elbows, and in desperate need, tried to reach out to the bars. Her clawed hands scrabbled on the obdurate concrete but gained only a few scant centimetres of additional freedom before being snubbed short.

Delilah made a most pitiful sight. At eighteen years of age, she was condemned to live like *this* for the remainder of her life. I turned away from the shaking, silently weeping and begging young woman on the other side of the barred wall and stepped through the opened slab door. Immediately, it hissed down the deep grooves in the sides of its frame, sinking into the slot in the floor. More of the three cm thick cross bolts were forced through holes in the frame and the door itself; two at the top and bottom and four on each side. She was irrevocably sealed within her prison.

The guard and I walked quickly down the boxy corridor, passing through the second and third sets of doubled doors as we had the first, having to wait each time, and eventually, emerged into the palace basement. A wall of decrepit shelves swung closed over the last steel slab, concealing it totally in the dim atmosphere of a musty room.

It was a relief for me to finally get back to my light and airy spaces on the top floor, but I couldn't stop thinking of the young woman hidden in her dungeon below, in there now forever.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### *Leashed Learning*

#### **Delilah**

After the slab door closed and locked behind the departing men, I remained crouched on the cool floor, struggling for the longest time against my incredibly restricting steel harness and chains. My crotch hurt miserably, and at the same time, my nipples burned fiercely inside their steel containers from the constant tension on them. No matter how I tried to manoeuvre my separated wrists, I could do absolutely *nothing* to alleviate the crazing, discomfort of my breasts and in my crotch. I couldn't reach those parts of my body, and even if I had been able to, all were armoured in impenetrable steel.

I was immediately engulfed in silence as soon as the door of the cell closed and now couldn't even hear my own small sounds, or the noises of my chains!

At last I stood, leaning into the weight of my leashes to do so, and began a slow, more detailed inspection of the rooms I'd been told I was to spend the rest of my life within. When I turned from the wall of unreachable bars, I was once more confronted by my reflection and fresh tears of despair pooled in my eyes under their concealing steel panel. In the West, I'd been told that I was beautiful, and had secretly known this, but *now* I was only a faceless, female body, leashed securely in a secret cell!

It was then I finally and truly panicked.

My situation, now that I was locked in here, was hopeless, no matter how much I struggled and writhed within the terrible things fastened to me! I was completely alone in this subterranean dungeon, leashed, gagged, deafened, and very nearly blinded! The harness, leashes, the wall of bars, and all of the outer doors would ensure that I was held in total subjugation and full secrecy. I'd *never* thought that this sort of thing even existed! But now, I was living it ... *for real!* The small TV cameras up in the corners of the room kept me under constant surveillance, but no one would come to visit other than the guards charged with caring for me, and *they* certainly would not free me from my incredible imprisonment. After a long time of struggling, I gave up and just stood there in the middle of the floor, still unconsciously struggling to free myself, weeping in abject misery. Had my transgressions been so bad that this was all that I would be able to look forward to for the remainder of my *life???* I knew with certainty that inside a month of having to live like this, I would become insane! Slowly, I turned and began to walk with difficulty around the cell.

The system of steel bars separating my legs made this very hard to manage, and so my movements were more of a waddle; arms pulled in behind my back with my hands always held out in supplication beside my waist. I could not avoid throwing out my chest and securely encased breasts in brazen yet futile display, and it deeply humiliated me, as was the intent, to have to stand and move like this, but I had no choice. It was intended to be a parody of a prostitute's advertising walk and yet it made me feel so vulnerable and helpless at the same time; a punishment all of its own. No matter which way I turned, I was confronted with the sight of myself; for every mirror showed my reflection and I shuddered with revulsion at how I had been so depersonalized. The cell was barren of anything of interest other than the suspended monitors and triangular arrangement of posts and so I struggled slowly over to it and cautiously inspected the diabolical arrangement.

I manoeuvred myself between the upright posts and then slowly bent my knees until I felt the vibrations of the hooks entering the rings at the sides of my waistband. I sat fully, and when I did, the strap was pulled even more firmly up into my crotch, easing the tension on my clitoris slightly. It wasn't at all comfortable with the wide band drawn up so tightly into my crotch, but

that strap and those pulled tightly into the crease under my buttocks easily supported me. I oscillated back and forth slightly, carefully moving my restricted legs forward until I could lift them to place my ankle spreader bar in the receivers at the ends of the **Y** and when I at last managed it, a set of latches snapped over and locked it in place. Once more I was virtually immobilized. With a smooth, hydraulic motion, both of the posts to which my waistband was locked and the one holding my ankle bar extended upward a half metre! The **Y** continued to move a little higher, and when that happened, I gained some small measure of freedom for my hands and arms; enough to be able to reach the keyboard and touch the keys. In front of me at eye level, the monitors came to life; but it was disconcerting in the extreme. Although I could see each of them through the vision slits, thanks to them being spaced and angled inward, different words began to scroll down each screen! I tried to concentrate of what was being shown:

Delilah Mahjalis!

You are hereby stripped of your name and any affiliation with your former family.

From this day, you are only a female penitent and will now be addressed only as 'Prisoner'.

You have been found guilty of engaging in unauthorized sex, the consumption of alcohol, drugs, and other crimes.

This is the place of payment for your misdeeds.

Your punishment for the crimes of which you have been convicted consists of the following measures:

**Part One:** You are sentenced to spend the remainder of your natural life, here, in solitary confinement.

**Part Two:** You are sentenced to wear the Discipline Ensemble, the jewellery, and other appliances now fastened onto and within your body. This ensemble is known as a Female Restraint And Discipline Ensemble. What you wear now is *not* the complete harness. Various portions will be added as time progresses, until you are fully accoutred.

**Part Three:** You will wear your Female Restraint And Discipline Ensemble from this day forth: 24 hours per day, 7 days a week, 365 days a year, for the entire duration of the above sentence - the remainder of your life.

**Part Four:** You shall be securely leashed at *all* times.

**Part Five:** You will be under constant, close observation.

**Part Six:** You are sentenced that, additions and/or modifications to your Restraint And Discipline Ensemble will take place. You have *no* say in the application of said additions or modifications.

**Part Seven:** You are sentenced to the fact that the level of physical restraint you are subject to will *not* be decreased but may be increased from the current level, if that is felt necessary.

**Part Eight:** You are sentenced to know that additional means of punishment will be applied to you in the future. You will *not* be pre-advised of their application.

**Part Nine:** You are sentenced to be obedient in all things required of you. No deviations or reluctance will be tolerated, in *any* manner. Displays of disobedience or reluctance to complete or obey orders you are given will be immediately and harshly punished by whatever means is deemed necessary.

The only exceptions made to your sentence of solitary confinement will be for your normal maintenance by designated guards. They will fasten or release you for your rest periods, feed, clean, or ready you for further disciplinary measures.

Guards are not permitted to communicate with you, other than to give orders. At all other times, you will remain in this cell, alone.

You *will* be required to use this computer facility to compose a full confession of your crimes. The computer may also be employed to send messages to the household

computer. No Internet access is permitted."

I gulped with misery, feeling the snug encirclement of the high steel collar clasped around my throat. The words continued to scroll down on the screen.

Your discipline harness is designed and intended to reinforce to you that all of the illicit pleasures you enjoyed in the West shall never again be available to you ... in any manner.

Because of your wanton desire to engage in illicit sexual activity and other forbidden practices, your femininity has become an additional means by which you shall be punished, as you will discover.

Here follows your behaviour guide:

You will always kneel with head bowed when you are in the presence of a man. If permitted speech, you will always address him as 'Master'. The only exception to this rule is when you are restrained in some manner that prohibits you from kneeling and/or speaking.

You will hear a noise, like this ..."

There was a painful electronic shriek in my ears.

"... to inform you that following action will be required. If unfastened, you will immediately proceed to the nearest corner of your cell and there kneel, facing into it to await the pleasure of the guard.

Message ends."

The monitors went dark, and the posts sank back to their normal positions, then all of the locked latches sprang open, freeing me. I struggled to my feet and wandered listlessly around the chamber, weeping endless tears once more, still fighting my restraints.

*"I'll go crazy in here! It's not **fair**! Oh, **God**! Please let this be a horrible dream and let me awake back in my bed."* Those were the only thoughts that ran constantly through my mind.

I finally went to sit on the thin, hard, rubber mat that was my bed and spent the following hours attempting to somehow loosen or escape the chains, cuffs and other restraints that held me prisoner. They were impossible attempts, of course, but there was nothing other than that I **could** do! I only discovered later how fortunate I was, being able to sit and do nothing. The things locked into my ears emitted a piercing screech. I attempted to shake my head to escape it, but felt only the ensnaring, rigid web of steel against my face, and I began to weep yet again from the sensation of being so closely controlled. Then, in a flailing of chains, I tried to move quickly into the corner of the cell.

Eventually, the access door in the barred wall opened and one of the guards entered. I knew he was there when, suddenly, my neck leash was used to jerk me to my feet. I choked and gasped with the uncaring cruelty of his holding me nearly off the floor by it, dancing on my toes in semi-suspension, and gagging with the sensations. He'd needed only to tug gently, but gentleness was the last thing in my future, and when I was permitted to hear, never again would I be addressed as a real person; only as a prisoner that needed to be compelled to follow orders. Still holding me partially aloft, his other hand grasped my dangling nose leash and exerted a strong tension on it, making me scream hysterically against my gag while I turned towards him. Oh my God, it hurt!

Then, I saw he wore a hood that totally concealed his features. From this point on, all of my visitors and the guards, when I was permitted to see them, would be masked or hooded, and I would seldom see a human face again.

He showed no sympathy but released my collar leash, and, maintaining his tension, forced me to follow him to the middle of the cell, kept totally deafened by the ear plugs. The drag on my nose changed direction and I sank to my knees at its command, but finally, I was allowed to kneel upright for some seconds. A gloved hand rose in front of my face, and I felt the vibrations of something being done at the front of my gag's covering plate. When the adjustment had been



completed, he again grabbed the freely swinging nose leash and pulled downward! I was forced to crouch forward in a trembling ball of misery, and then I felt the vibration of a lock being closed. While in this posture of ultimate humility, the chains that pulled my wrist separator bar to my waist gained some small, additional freedom, and so I was able to place my palms flat on the floor to retain my balance while cowering, desperately afraid of what was next to come.

Suddenly, a line of fire traced across my steel framed and divided buttocks! Then another and another! All told, I think I was given twelve strokes of the whip, although I lost count after the first four.

My automatic reaction to the searing pain was to attempt to jerk upright, but I moved only a short distance before my nose erupted in a flaming burst of agony, for when I tried to come erect, it's floor fastened leash snapped tight, making me again scream in additional agony! I attempted to move my hands to cover myself, but they wrenched fruitlessly at their cuffs, chains and separator bar, forever to remain separated by it. Of course, restricted as they are, there is no way I can manage to avoid the whip's attentions! I gasped and wept with relief when the lashing stopped, still kept huddled over by my nose leash and shivering with reaction like a small, scared animal while my buttocks flamed.

A moment later, a horribly flavoured, slimy paste began to be rammed through the gag and into my mouth, and I *had* to swallow the stuff or choke.. It was my meal, and all of my future ones would be fed to me in this manner. At last the stuff was no longer being forced down my throat and vibrations came from the front of my face when the watering tube was reconnected. I sucked in a vast quantity of it to try and cleanse my mouth of the incredibly bad taste of the gooey slime I'd been forced to eat, but it was a persistent flavour and had somehow slipped around the edges of the gag so that I could never quite get rid of the taste. He freed the nose chain from its floor ring, and I slowly struggled erect, turning towards my tormentor only to see his retreating back through the close bars of the lattice wall. Once more I'd been abandoned.

Some hours later, the computer screeched again into my ears and I struggled into the corner, remaining on my knees, staring at the featureless, blue-painted concrete, waiting for I knew not what. A moment later, my nose leash was tugged harshly, and I was pulled over to the rubber mat, walking on my knees. Uncaring shoves and pushes soon had me laying in the middle of the cold surface, my legs straight out, and thus my hands spread wide beside my waist; their separator bar held firmly in its mounts on my waist cinch. Because of the geometries enforced by the restrictor chains, I *had* to arch my back to accommodate my drawn-in-behind elbows, and for a couple of moments, I rolled from side to side, attempting to ease the uncomfortable posture, but discovered there was no way to escape the strained position!

Vibrations passed through the structure of my head cage, and I felt a very solid click. When I attempted to sit up my head rose only about five cm out of the depression in the pillow before being abruptly stopped by the chain fastened to the top ring of the cage! I tried again and again, but the guard had moved to the lower end of the mat and pulled out the chain from its floor ring and with his free hand, jerked firmly on my ankle spreader bar, pulling my legs fully straight out! Only then did he lock the end link of the sleeping chain to the loop in its middle, but he was by no means finished. A moment later, another series of vibrations came when he proceeded to join the lowermost set of side chains to the outer rings of my ankle cuffs, then the ones at my waist cinch, chest band, and lastly, the set for my wrist cuffs! At that point, I could move only a few millimetres in any direction and quickly discovered how horrible it was to be kept so utterly motionless!

*That* was how I spent the unending hours of my first rest period and the manner in which I was to be fastened for many nights from that point on. All other nights, I would hang suspended in another of the terrible devices that are used to discipline me.

After long minutes, I knew I'd been left alone again and began howling and screaming into

my gag to try and get someone ... *anyone* ... to take pity on me, but only the doctor, my father, and his guards knew I was down here, and they didn't care. I remained chained to my mat, slowly learning to endure what has turned out to be unending punishment.

## Aruf Mahjalis

I turned on the monitor beside my desk and flipped through the views from the cameras in Delilah's cells, settling at last on the ones that showed the doctor and guard fitting her into the devices I had ordered. Considerable money had been spent on her education, and now, I'd invested another small fortune to ensure that she would learn to appreciate what she had lost. Not only was her freedom forfeit. I intended that she would suffer fully for her indiscretions in the West. She *would* remain chaste for the remainder of her life, and soon learn that for a female, sex was not something to be given away to any who desired it, including her.

At last they were done, and she was left alone. I watched her agitation and struggles with little pity, even though she was a daughter. It was patently obvious she was terrified of her plight and the fact that she would be kept this way for the rest of her days, but that was a small part of her punishment. She had betrayed my trust, the family's name, and our religion. Perhaps she would eventually grow accustomed to her confinement but *not* the additional disciplines that were planned for her.

The doctor, after I'd reflected upon his comments, had been correct in making the suggestion that she at least have something to occupy her and some sort of outlet within the stark, sterile cell, and so I'd had the computer installed for her to use, but not comfortably! That too would be a trial and a punishment, as she would soon learn.

He would stay at the palace for another month or so to monitor Delilah's health and transition into her new life then be flown back to his home with a substantial bonus for his services and she would be cared for by my own medical personnel and guards from that point forward.

I required that she write out a full confession, using the computer, and looked forward to reading her version of her crimes. If there were any discrepancies from the truth as I had seen it in the voluminous pictures and video she would pay dearly for her lack of truthfulness!

Over the next week, I watched her closely at all hours of the day. I am, by nature, an early riser and so viewed her from the time she was released from her sleeping mat in the morning, then fed while chained by her nose leash to the floor ring and again at night when she was chained down. Upon my instructions, initially, she was given twelve strokes of the quirt before each evening feeding took place, and immediately after they'd been administered, she was to be sealed inside her cell until time to be chained for her rest period. Delilah would spend the remainder of her life, kept in strict isolation in the cell and she'd never know the difference between night and day or be aware of the passage of time, for the cell's lights are never turned off. Each morning and evening, her guards are instructed to secure her between the columns of the Vertical Restraint System and only then open her chastity belt and clean her thoroughly. They are forbidden to touch her with anything other than the cleaning materials and rubber-gloved hands, and so she remains knowing of her sex but utterly unable to satisfy any lustful thoughts or sensations she may have. There is, of course, no possible way for her to escape the steel harness or any of the cuffs or chains that control her, and even though she spends much time on her knees, obviously begging silently up into the camera, I have hardened my heart to these images of her distress. Soon, she was to be fitted with the footwear that I'd had made for her, and it too would become a permanent part of her disciplining ensemble.

I was satisfied that she was now suffering as she should, but at the end of the week, I informed the doctor that I felt it was time to proceed to the next step. He also had been

observing Delilah each day, monitoring her gradual acceptance of her new life as a solitary prisoner, and so agreed.

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

### *Delilah's Boots*

#### **Dr Jannason**

Aruf Mahjalis and I had become, if not friends, at least associates with a respect for each other's goals and abilities. At first, I had been quite dubious about getting involved with Delilah and her life, but now, as I could see from the society around me, she was getting off relatively lightly for the things she'd done.

A week after she'd been incarcerated, I went down to examine her and, once that had been completed, to affix her next pieces of restraint equipment. The journey into her actual holding area was again, and always would be, a disturbing one. There could certainly be no escape for Delilah, and I wondered how many other young women in the Middle East and elsewhere were kept as hapless prisoners in this manner. Yes, I'd read some of the stories by women who'd escaped this strict, theocratic society, but now, I saw that those tales were only mild versions of what *really* happened here. Behind me, the hooded guard carried the heavy carton containing her newest restraints, and at last, we arrived in the anteroom of her cell. Above my mask, I stared through the bars at the leashed girl to see that she was sitting in the strange, elevated arrangement in front of at the computer monitors. She typed unsteadily because of the awkwardness of the wrist separator bar, and occasionally just sat and writhed frantically against her restricting harness; jerking her hands and arms against her chains; her steel snared shoulders shaking with silent, hopeless sobs.

When the computer shrieked at her through her earplugs announcing our arrival, she jerked wildly then froze in place. The posts holding her high in the air slowly retracted and, a few moments later, she stood and moved slowly and awkwardly to the corner and knelt facing in to it, awaiting our entry. Apparently her hearing had been returned, for when I spoke, she attempted to swing around on her knees and look at me through the narrow slits of her vision limiter panel.

"Good afternoon, Miss Mahjalis. I see you are slowly accommodating yourself to your new life." I greeted her. "You may stand, and then you will move to the Vertical Restraint System and wait to be fastened. I shall do an examination, and after that, you will be fitted with the next articles of your ensemble. I'm indeed sorry that you have ended up like this young lady; but I suppose it's better than being executed. Please move to the columns now."

Small hissing wails came from her steel pierced nostrils while she shuffled slowly over to stand between the posts, then once she'd positioned herself, it was but short work to fasten her in place. On the sides, starting at the bottom, a chain led to the outer rings of her ankle cuffs, then her waistband, her wrist cuffs, and lastly, one from each side in a **V** down to the top ring of her head cage. These I tightened securely then activated the motors that moved the carriages within the columns. All slid up in unison, until the soles of her feet were a half metre above the floor, and then I began to adjust the individual pairs to position her for the examination, cursory though it would be. The lowest, her ankle cuffs, rose further in the tracks until her steel strapped and bound crotch was presented, her knees bent to accomplish this. I lowered the relative position of the wrist and head cage ones, so that she was bent further, tilted onto her back and even though there was now plenty of slack in the restrictor chains so that she would be able to move her hands and arms, she remained deprived of this freedom, thanks to the securing chains from the posts. Now positioned, I left her that way for a few moments while examining her visible flesh and the areas around her restraints. She hung in the chains, all the time whimpering pitifully, obviously very uncomfortable and trying to plead for release. Delilah, however, was in the cell to stay, as I think she had come to understand, but still, she tried. The

guard unlocked the crotch access panel of her chastity belt and I performed a quick visual inspection of her sex, palpitating the flesh lightly with rubber-gloved fingers. With each intimate touch, her body surged in rebellion and arousal, twitching and writhing within its steel confines. I noted her reaction, for it was obvious she was desperately in need of some sort of sexual satisfaction or release, but that, unfortunately for her, would not happen again ... ever.

After the dilating ring had been affixed, her vaginal lips had been slightly inflamed from their piercings, but this had disappeared quickly during the healing period at the hospital and the recovery during her final stay at the embassy. However, they remained plumped and very sensitive at all times now; kept constantly blood engorged by the constriction of the clamped-together dilator rings. With every movement of her lower body, I knew she could feel the frustrating and sometimes painful tugging of her flesh and muscles against the thing that kept her opened, and I watched her reactions to my manipulations with interest. Her body twitched and writhed with need at each of my delicate touches, but of course, she would not feel anything other than a tantalizing caress there again. I continued to examine her, and almost immediately, the wetness of arousal began to slide out of her pinioned body in a steady stream. When I bobbed the clitoral isolator ball to check its security, a whistling wail hissed from her nose while her body writhed even more frenziedly against the chains that suspended her; hips pumping instinctually; but uselessly for a nearly a minute. From there, I checked the remainder of her restraints and found that all was well. While I did, the guard expertly re-fastened her crotch plate, eliciting another series of howls from the poor young woman when her clitoris was again subjected to the inescapable drag of being locked into its internal, tensioning bracket on the inner side of the cover plate. A heavy snap told that she'd been sealed once more.

I lowered the waist carriages again so that her bare feet were presented. The guard, brought over the carton containing her new footwear, placed it on the floor in front and stepped back. Delilah, of course, because of her vision limiter panel and the high collar/head cage combination, could not see what was being prepared. I reached into the carton and drew out the first piece; a heavy, gleaming construction made of the same grade of stainless steel as her other equipment, having been laser- and water-jet cut. Actually, there were three pieces for each foot: a base and the two pieces that would mate to it. I marvelled at the simplicity and execution of the thing.

It was a short ankle boot, but unlike any I had seen before. Rather than being a fashionable high heel, this creation had a wide, formed hoof, and *no* heel at all! It was the equivalent of a fifteen cm rise, and the wide 'hoof' portion bore a horseshoe as the sole; this angled so that it would be flat on the floor when her legs were kept spread. The interior of the bootie was lined with a dense, gel type cushioning material that would protect her foot bones from the steel, as were the two pieces that formed the sides of the short boot.

She hung ignored for the moment, gasping in misery while I continued my inspection of the incredible footwear. The two side halves, as mentioned, were designed to fit onto the base, and when pressed closed, mated precisely, joining together with hinge like teeth at front and back, their lower edges slipping into deep grooves in the high-heeled sole plate. Around the hole for her leg was an inner lip, this designed to notch into the groove on the lower edge of her ankle cuff, mating it firmly to that restraint. She, of course, would be unable to remove the boots once they were placed on her feet.

During the course of my examination, I noticed there was some loss of muscle tone and mass, and so made a mental note to tell her father of the need for her to begin her exercising program at the earliest opportunity.

It was time for Delilah to be fitted with her new footwear.

## Delilah

I counted the days, useless as the exercise was, but I had *nothing* else to do! I was only eighteen years old, nearly nineteen, and so, if I extrapolated that I would live to be at least seventy-five years of age, and perhaps longer, I would have to endure my life in here for another *20,000 days* or more! Oh, God! How would I stay sane ... compelled to live like *this!*

My solitude was broken when the electronic shriek sounded in my ears, then a few seconds later, the doctor appeared with the guard and my day went downhill from that point. I was again subjected to another of his most humiliating examinations during which I was cruelly teased to arousal but denied the chance of achieving any sort of satisfaction! To add to the final part of this punishment, the guard once more, and now fully practised, sealed my sex away after again stretching my clitoral marble to fit into the hidden, inner tensioning bracket. I could not tell anyone of the concealed distress that every movement I made caused and, of course, a casual observer would be totally unaware of the terrible devices attached to my sex under its steel cover plate!

This was the first, but far from the last time I was to be fastened between the columns and immobilized for the addition of new equipment, or held there for some other reason. The posture I was forced into was extremely uncomfortable and most embarrassing, but there was no possible way to change it. My feet, bare until this time, now projected out in front of me, although I could only stare through the narrow vision slits at the ceiling a couple of metres above. The doctor surprised me by first washing and drying both feet very carefully, and then he sprinkled a thick coat of some sort of powder on them. I was shocked to feel my foot slipped into what felt like a high-heeled shoe!

"Wriggle your feet and toes," he ordered, and I obeyed to feel my foot slide even deeper into the cushioned, cool interior. "Very good, Miss Mahjalis."

I was pathetically glad of his kind words, but my happiness was only transitory. A moment later, he closed the thing fully around my foot, immobilizing it within the deep shoe, and I felt it become rigidly held, short seconds later. Whatever it was had, somehow, been joined directly onto my ankle cuff! It felt very heavy and thick, even though I could not yet see what I wore. Within a minute, my other foot had been similarly captured, but then he did something with the controls of the carriages and permitted me to resume an upright posture although still suspended between the columns. He came to stand before me, knowing I could again see him through my vision slits.

"You have been fitted with your Punishment Footwear, Miss Mahjalis. It is my unfortunate duty to inform you that it will seldom be removed from this point forward, and in all likelihood, you will wear it until you die. Your new footwear will require a great deal of getting used to, however, you have all the time in the world, now that you are in these ... ah ... accommodations.

"I would recommend that you spend as much time as possible acclimatising yourself to walking in this new foot wear, for you will need all the skill you can muster in this area in the near future.

"In the meantime, you should know that you are in perfect physical health, and all of your piercings have healed properly. There appears to be no physical trauma occurring from the wearing of your other equipment and restraints, but there is, I have noted, some deterioration in your muscle tone and mass. It is something that occurs, quite naturally, for one who is forced to remain inactive for long periods, as you have. This, of course, is the reason that the exercise chamber has been included in this suite of rooms. Sometime soon, you will be put on a regimen of physical exertion that will correct this situation, as well as strengthen your cardio-vascular system. You will not enjoy it, as is the intent, for it shall *also* act as a means of punishment.

"That's all I have to tell you today. I'll see you sometime again soon, when the next articles

of your wardrobe are to be added.” All sound cut off, leaving me once more in a deep well of silence.

“Ohhhh, **Ggggoooddd!**” I howled into my gag, “*How can you **do** these things to me without a thought for how I must feel and the terrible sensations I am unendingly subject to! **Surely**, you must have seen the marks of my whippings?*”

He though, had moved off to the side out of my view, and then I felt myself being lowered to stand on the floor. A moment later, the holding chains dropped away, and I staggered to stand upright in the things now fastened to my feet and ankles. I turned slowly on my new footwear just in time to see the door in the barred wall drop into its closed position, then a moment later, the solid slab of the outer door beyond the bars slid down its grooves, sealing me inside, alone again.

I took a tentative step. It was already restricted because of the steel bars and their weight between my legs keeping them always spread apart, but now the boots had added another dimension of difficulty. Under the steel panels and webbed straps of the head cage, my face flamed with silent embarrassment. The first pace was only a short one, and then I took another, only to still feel the erratic jerk of the steel ball rumbling around behind. This was **so** humiliating! I took another pace and another and finally saw in the mirror what it was I wore. Hoofs! A shriek pulsed up my steel-tubed throat at the sight then another when I saw that the entire end of each of my legs was encased within a gleaming steel shoe with no visible way of being removed. I couldn’t touch them because of my harnessing, unless I sat down and drew my legs up, but even then it would only be with one hand. I **had** to wear them!

Standing there, looking at myself again, seeing the chain leash swinging slowly back and forth with the only visible flesh of my face being my nose, I wept anew with horror at what had been done to me, then began to remember his words. I suppose that until this point, after my initial tour of the suite’s rooms, I’d put off any thought of when and how the exercise chamber would be used, but now, I couldn’t avoid it being made plain that I was soon to be taken in there. I didn’t know when it would happen and thought rebelliously that once fastened inside, I’d just refuse to do anything. How terribly wrong **that** dream was, I had **no** idea! He’d told me to practice walking in my new boots, but I didn’t care to do anything like it.

Already my calves were beginning to knot with cramps while I stood there, and so I clumped slowly over to my mat and gradually sank to its hard surface then sat with my legs forcibly spread before me, balanced on the wide strap between my buttocks, staring miserably at the chains connected to my body; trailing across the concrete floor. Under the crotch cover plate, my vaginal lips writhed against their captivity by the dilating metal ring, twisting in frustrated desire and discomfort. I could feel my clitoris throbbing against the drag and the captivity of the steel pierced through it, inside its armoured ball and my nipples continued to throb constantly from the tension on them, remaining in swollen suspension in their imprisoning cups. They were kept constantly sensitive by the blood that was kept in them by the garrotting collars around their bases. I desperately wanted to hold and caress myself, but the cups, the harness, and the chains prohibited any such relief with utter finality. The harness was diabolically designed to keep me constantly aroused but **totally** unable to relieve the sensation and the desperate desires I felt. I raised my right hand against the restriction of the bar and chains, and my fingers slithered across the unyielding slopes of the steel cups and I couldn’t stop the deep, long, shuddering scream that rose unbidden from my soul at the denial of being able to touch my own body! My leg muscles tensed but were squeezed into submission by the wide steel cuffs and bars when I fought to bring them together. The system of restraints was cruelly designed to make me feel always open and vulnerable, yet my chastity belt acted against any sort of intrusion or sexual teasing.

Uncaring, I fell onto my back then tried to roll on my side. No matter **how** I squirmed and

twisted, I could not get my legs together, and my bar-separated hands were held uselessly far apart. Finally, my legs dropped to lie flat out, jerking the wrist separator bar tightly and automatically into the mounts on the front of my waistband. I don't know how long I lay there, writhing like a snake with its head cut off, begging mindlessly into my gag to be freed of the terrible harness and restrictions. At one point, I remember drumming my heels frantically on the obdurate concrete floor, trying to get the boots to release my poor, forcibly down-pointed feet within them, but of course, they remained securely fastened. Exhaustion finally set in and I sank into a semi-sleep of tears and trembling horror at what had happened, staying that way until the guard returned an eternity later with my evening meal.

He grasped my nose chain, and in seconds, I was crawling to the ring in the floor he always fastened me to. The whole embarrassing, horrible drama was carried out again, as it was every morning and night, and as always, I instinctually tried to jerk away from the stinging, burning cuts of his quirt while I crouched there, nose leashed to the floor ring. It was no use. I *couldn't* stop my automatic reaction to the pain of his blows, always trying to jerk upright against the short chain to my nose, screaming mindlessly at my self-inflicted misery. At last, I had suffered the dozen strokes and he released me from the ring after I was fed. This time though, things were different, and he retained his grip on my nasal tether and drew me immediately over to the sleeping mat.

Once there, he roughly pushed me down, rolled me onto my back, and in short moments, had immobilized me. I was left to stare out through the narrow vision slits at the white ceiling, metres above, but only for a moment, then I caught the brief movement of his hand at my upper face, and suddenly, all light disappeared. I was totally without any sensory input other than the sensations of my harness and cuffs holding me immobilized. It was *awful!* I was deaf, blind, and held totally motionless! I was to spend each night for the next week like this, always crying myself to sleep hours and hours later. During every enforced rest period, I suffered terrible nightmares, while during others, I dreamed of horrible tortures.

In the days that followed, I worked slowly and carefully at my 'Confession'. It was constantly uncomfortable to sit and try to type the words, and downright painful many times, suspended in the harness, leashed to the wall by the three inescapable chains. I fought, I knew uselessly, to escape; but reality always returned and so I continued to slowly type out my story. Gradually, I got used to the required posture, and the cramps in my legs slowly eased while I grew accustomed to my footwear. Too, I accommodated myself to sucking unconsciously on my gag to get water when I was thirsty and began to accept all of the things of my incredible new life as a 'normal' way of living, but the silence was always oppressive, and I *hated* the constant restriction my ensemble enforced ... exactly as was intended.

Finally, I was done with my tale and sent it to my father.



## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

### *Confession And A New Gag*

Aruf Mahjalis

I continued to observe my daughter while she settled into her new environment and restrictions. She seemed to be adapting fairly quickly, as the young do, but I wished her to **continue** paying for her misdeeds; remembering them and her temporary freedom from the dictates of our society, traditions, and religion.

Seven days after she'd been fitted with her new boots, I received her 'Confession' on my computer and afterward spent two days reading through it with great interest; comparing it with what had actually been observed and recorded. I found many discrepancies and omissions and saw that she had tried to cover them with such phrases as 'I forget what happened then' or had not even mentioned many of the events she'd been an intimate part of. I made note of them all, then, the next day, informed the doctor that I would require his assistance in the cell. It was time for her next punishment phase, a severe one, for she had **lied** to me and tried to absolve herself of any responsibility for her wild escapades. Her vibrator had been discovered, and I, of course, was familiar with its purpose. She would now become the unwilling possessor of a similar device, but one with substantially more capabilities than she imagined were possible. **This** phallic presence would be one that she could not escape, nor would she like it in **any** way. She would pay ... dearly ... for her continued insolence and rebellion!

The next day dawned with a glorious red sky, and I relaxed with my morning coffee, enjoying the attentions of my wife and family, but knowing how they would beg and plead if they knew that the apple of their eye, the eldest daughter, now resided in the hidden cells beneath their feet. The doctor came to my office at 10:00 am, and we proceeded to the basement then through the time lock sealed doors to Delilah's cell. Before entering, we all put on hoods that left only our eyes showing.

As per the regulations I'd created, she was kneeling and facing into the corner of the walls, her back to us, hung with the sturdy chain leashes. I walked to her, reached around her head to grasp her nose leash, and activated her earplugs.

**"Up! You worthless, lying, little bitch!"** I commanded, jerking harshly on the chain and thinking about her desperate attempt to escape responsibility for her actions.

A stifled screaming hissed from her nose while she struggled to her feet and then followed the insistent demand of her nose leash, clip-clopping across the floor to stand between the steel columns of the Vertical Restraint System. The guard rapidly fastened her between them while I held her nose chain firmly, tugging it from side to side to reinforce her feelings of being totally controlled. Of course her head could not turn with these tugs, thanks to the head cage and collar, nor could she turn her body either because of the restraint chains to the columns. She continued to howl miserably into her gag, her steel strap ensnared shoulders shaking with violent sobs while she was fastened. At last she calmed, her pinioned hands clutching at open air, but suddenly, she stiffened when I moved to stand before her.

"Yes, I have come to hear your confession in your own words, you worthless young whore! In a moment, the doctor will temporarily remove your gag, and you will be given a chance to speak, perhaps your last one!

"Your confession will not lessen your sentence, but if you do **not** tell the truth, these easy terms of your punishment will be removed and you will suffer more severely!

"Guard, unlock her facial panels! Doctor, when they have been removed, please release the gag mechanism and unlock her tongue so that she may speak." I commanded then added, "Prepare her next gag pad for insertion when I desire it to be fitted."

It took the guard nearly five minutes to remove the securely fastened, obscuring steel panels, the first being the one over her upper face. When it came away, the thing that struck me were her large, violet eyes, filled and overflowing with tears; these coursing in rivers down her cheeks. She looked at me in terror, strange and innocent appearing, now that she had no eyebrows or lashes, blinking rapidly in an attempt to get used to the bright light. Her eyes darted around, free for the first time in two weeks, to see beyond the narrow arcs imposed by the vision slits and then she focused on the chain locked to her face, tracing along its length to my fist. I tightened it slightly and her eyes snapped shut, but opened again to stare beseechingly at me, panting in whistling gasps through her nose while I stared back at her, maintaining the tension. The guard released the lower facial covering.

It came free of its mounts a moment later, and then there was another small click when the feeding and watering fitting popped from its fixture between her steel-jacketed teeth. The doctor fit the spreaders to her dental appliances and slowly opened her mouth until she was nearly retching from the sensation. Taking a pair of long-nosed, shiny, surgical pliers, he carefully released the pad from its attachment points on her tongue and the springs that had kept her teeth clamped tightly together. Only at that point was he able to unlock the device from its connections to her tongue and teeth and withdraw the formed rubber pad that had kept her totally silenced. This, he placed in a clear plastic bag beside the one that would replace it. The new gagging pad would be considerably more uncomfortable and punishing, but she would find *that* out soon enough!

The doctor spent the next moments carefully examining all of her oral restraint equipment, probing her mouth, and looking carefully at all of the other appliances fastened inside.

"Everything appears in order. She will be able to accept the replacement gag when you are ready to have it inserted." he stated.

"*NNnnnyyyooooooo!!! Nnnnnnyyyooooooo!!*" she wailed with denial and terror that she would again be fitted with a silencer and then broke into desperate, loud, hiccupping sobs of despair.

"Silence, *bitch!*" I roared.

Inside her spread open mouth, I watched fascinated while her metal pinioned tongue writhed and undulated against its surrounding frame and the piercings that imprisoned it. Her throat swelled with continuing wails and screams to be freed of the terrible devices, but I had no intention of lessening her punishment. The next time the mouth panel came off, the religious authorities would be present to inspect the devices and ensure she was being properly disciplined for her crimes. I'd managed to stave off their visit for a month or so and thus allow her the small mercy of only gradually having to accept the full disciplinary ensemble, rather than it being imposed all at once.

"Release the cross bar of her tongue restraint system, Doctor. I want her able to speak, as well as she is able."

Silently, he again carefully stuck the pliers into her mouth and there was a pair of muted clicks when the transverse bar was popped out of its brackets on her rear, lower molars, then his hand withdrew slightly and unclipped the tip's U shackle. She swallowed convulsively, the muscle trying to curl within its caging frame.

He gripped the U at the tip then pulled her tongue up and out forcefully, eliciting a horrible gagging groan of misery while he inspected the thick, uncomfortable ring through the web of flesh underneath and the balls on the bottoms of the four barbells. When he released his hold, she again subsided into wordless moaning and tears, all the while continuing to stare at me in terror.

"I have printed out your confession, *whore!* Now, I am going to hold it up for you to read, so that you may tell me in your own voice of your crimes! Do not fear about being able to speak

properly, for I shall easily be able to understand your words, and what you are attempting to say. Now, begin.”

Although the oral restraint system made her speech very difficult and obviously painful, Delilah began reading. I watched carefully, while in a soft contralto voice, interrupted by fits of sobbing misery every few sentences, she read out her confession to me the doctor, and the guard. It took her nearly a half hour to manage this, and at the end, she broke down completely and began to beg pitifully.

“... and-and-and ...I-I-I -c-c-can’t st-st-stand this, f-f-father! I am so t-t-t-terribly helpless and all alone in here ... all the time! Y-y-you h-h-have no idea of my pain, and how frightened I am that I will always be kept this way! I-I-I be-be-beg most sincerely and humbly of you, Sir! Please! Oh, *please, please!*? Please, free me from this terrible cell and punishment! I will go mad if I am left in here like this and alone all the time!”

Her words were garbled almost to incomprehensibility by the tongue restraint system, but I understood her fully. After she’d finished speaking, Delilah subsided into a fit of violent weeping, all the while struggling in near hysteria against the chains fastening her in the Vertical Restraint System, desperate to find some small measure of freedom within her restrictive harness.

“Prisoner,” I spoke calmly and her eyes opened to plead silently with me, “you have been sentenced to a lifelong punishment in this secure area. That is the price you must pay for your misdeeds! Authorities from the religious courts will soon visit to ensure you are suffering the penalties that have been decided upon, rather than the execution they originally demanded. Girl, you have *yet* to be fitted with the *full* complement of devices required by them for your punishment. However, but they will be applied in due course. In the meantime, and for the remainder of your miserable life, your sentence remains in *full* effect! You will *not* be released.”

“*Nnnnnnnnoooooooooo!!!! Pppppllleeeaaasssee??? NNNNNNOOOO!!!!*” She howled at the top of her quavering voice, abject misery and horror frighteningly apparent upon hearing me reiterate her fate. She began to scream inarticulately, the sounds of her semi-strangled terror tearing at our ears and hearts. I continued.

“Prisoner! I have compared your confession to my own sources and noted that you fail to mention the dozens times you were in bars drinking alcohol, taking drugs, and, worst of all, sleeping with men other than those you have listed!

“You have also tried to absolve yourself of responsibility for all of your actions, claiming to be unduly influenced by a society we despise! These lies and evasions are *unacceptable* and *will* be punished,” I roared angrily. “You have had your chance to confess fully, and now you have thrown *that* away also!

“Doctor,” I commanded, “Re-fasten the lying bitch’s tongue and then apply her gag! She shall remain silenced until I feel the need to hear her again ... and that won’t be for years to come! Guard, when the doctor has completed his work, re-affix her face panels.”

“*Nnnnnnoooooooooo!!!! Oooooohhhh, pppllleeeasssee!! NONONONONO!!*” she said another long howling scream, the last run-together words interrupted by the staccato clattering of the steel tongue implements hitting her metal-jacketed teeth.

“Enough, Prisoner! You shall now begin to learn of the other facilities created for your continuing correction.”

I stood back and watched while, over the next fifteen minutes, she was returned to her state of complete bondage in her discipline ensemble. Her desperate, staring eyes and horrified expression were soon obliterated by the featureless, steel coverings, and so she became, once more, only a faceless, female body trapped within a severe metal harness that could not be removed.

## Dr Jannason

I stood and watched with pity while her father exacted his price, making her read her own words of guilt ... then destroyed her last hope of ever gaining forgiveness. It was a truly terrible thing to see her reduced to such a hopeless state, but I had a job to do, and this unpleasant duty was a part of it.

Aruf Mahjalis stood back and watched while I picked up the pliers and approached the helplessly chained young woman. Her eyes flicked to my approaching hand and the pliers with desperate fear, and I tried to calm her a little, uselessly as matters turned out.

"Please open your mouth, Prisoner. Things will go easier if you co-operate. Otherwise, this will be very painful and even more uncomfortable than it is already going to be."

**"Nnnoooo!"** she screamed frantically.

Obviously, she did not wish to be silenced again with such an incredibly uncomfortable thing fastened into her mouth and to her tongue, and so she clamped her teeth together, thinning her lips to a fine line over them while streams of tears rolled down her cheeks. Restrained as she was though, she had no chance of resistance, and her eyes overflowed with floods of regret and hopelessness when I gently forced the jaws of the pliers between her lips and carefully mounted the spreaders to the loops on the outer sides of her teeth jackets. At that point, she relaxed her lips and jaws completely, knowing it was hopeless to resist, then just hung before me between the columns, feverish trembles racking her body and limbs, and all the while, pitiful, begging, inarticulate sobs came from her. I relentlessly fastened the jacks and then slowly spread her jaws as widely apart as possible. Her liquid, violet eyes stared at me, filled with desperate pleading and when her jaws had been spread to their fullest extent, she gave a heart wrenching howl of misery and desperation. I reconnected the transverse bar through her tongue to its brackets on her back teeth and, almost immediately, she tried to swallow, but of course, it had again become an impossible exercise, provoking a horrid retching noise while the still free portion of her tongue continued to twist and flail against its impalements.

**"Nnnnnnaaaaauuuuuggghhhh! Nnnnaaaaooohhh-AAAAUUUUGGGHH....!"** The tip ring snapped into its retaining clip, almost immobilizing the convulsing muscle.

"Now, Prisoner, it is time for you to be fitted with this newest version of your silencer. I'm afraid you'll find it to be considerably more uncomfortable than what you have been required to wear until now." I stated staring into her terror-dilated eyes. "This device is a feeding *and* punishment gag. It incorporates a stomach tube so that you will be automatically fed and watered from now on and so with this being the case, you will now seldom be visited by your keepers." Intentionally, I didn't mention its discipline capabilities for she would become aware of them soon enough.

Her eyes flickered down to my hand. The gag pad looked little different than the other, except for its size and a series of large silvery spots placed along its top and in rows down the underside. All would be held in firm contact to the roof of her mouth and surface of her tongue. She tried desperately to shake her head in negation, and another long, wordless wail of terror sundered the stillness of the cell. Her father spoke again.

"Please proceed Doctor. I grow tired of this caterwauling from the whoring young bitch."

"Very well, Sir."

It was difficult to get the entire mass of the slightly resilient pad into her jacked-open mouth, and all the while she screamed and attempted to beg, until at last only small sounds of misery hissed from her steel-impaled nostrils. I wriggled the gag slightly once it had slid past her teeth and felt the clips on its underside connect solidly to the upper mounting balls of her tongue bar-bells, as well as to the side rings, the one at its tip, and the transverse rod at the back of her mouth. It was with some difficulty that I re-attached the strong little springs, and as soon

as I released the spreaders from her teeth, she automatically bit down on the large, formed pad. It filled her oral cavity completely, making firm contact throughout; at the same time creating a strong suction bond between the pad and the inner flesh. In addition, the gag pad was equipped with flexible 'dams' along its sides, and these overlapped her dental equipment, sealing her mouth fully closed.

The device must have been an awful thing to have to wear, for her throat swelled under the collar with a howl of distress and discomfort, but there was no stopping the procedure. Her jaws remained tightly clamped on the pad, bringing her steel-jacketed teeth slightly closer together until there was a gap of three cm between them. At the front and centre of the visible portion of the pad, a one and a half cm diameter, chromed fitting stuck out, and this was the next part of the mounting of this awesome device.

"Very good," I congratulated her. "Now, it is time to fit you with your feeding and watering tube. Prisoner, I need you to co-operate with its being placed, or it will be *very* uncomfortable. I will lubricate the tube then pass it slowly through the body of the pad within your mouth. When you feel it at the back of your throat, you *must* immediately begin swallowing as best as you can. After the first few centimetres, it will go much easier, although you *will* experience a retching reaction from the presence of the tube for sometime to come I'm afraid, especially when you unconsciously try to speak or make a noise. Please, prepare yourself."

Her head twitched frantically within its tight cage, desperate to escape the inevitable insertion, and more despairing tears coursed down her gag-stretched cheeks. It was difficult to ignore her misery, but I picked up the slippery, thirty cm long hose and coated it with a lubricant and numbing gel that would ease its entry into and down her throat, temporarily reducing her retching reaction to a bearable level. The upper end of the flexible, clear tube was fitted with a looking fixture, this designed to mate to the front of the gag pad and also clip onto the waiting loops on the outer sides of her front teeth jackets, while the inner, bottom end was equipped with a small, metal rim just below a now-collapsed balloon. Once fully inside her stomach, the ball would be inflated with a saline solution, thus preventing her throat muscles from pulling the tube back up her oesophagus and choking her.

I placed the end of the tube in the waiting aperture between her teeth, and a small terrified whimper hissed from her nose, then her eyes widened, dilated with fearful anticipation. The very flexible hose slid effortlessly inwards for the first six cm then encountered the back of her throat. Her eyes snapped closed and she obviously tried to scream, her body vibrating like a plucked string within its network of restricting chains. At the ends of the separator bar, her arms and wrists corded with effort to reach to her face and tear away the intruder; fingers curling and clawing convulsively, but the numbing agent began to take immediate effect and, thirty seconds later, I pressed again on the tubing and sensed it begin to bend and slide irrevocably down her throat. The remainder disappeared quickly into the aperture between her teeth and, a few seconds later I had given the joint at the front of the gag a quarter turn to lock it in place.

I fastened the associated clips to her teeth jackets and taking a saline solution filled, large bore syringe, slipped it into the one-way valve for the stomach ball. I depressed the plunger all the way then re-loaded the syringe another three times, until the ball inside her stomach and the double-walled tube up her throat had fully expanded. It would not be easily freed, or removed.

Convulsive, instinctual, retching shudders shook her body when she tried to speak, as I had warned her would be the case, while frantic flickers of her eyes begged to have this newest horror extracted from her body. The guard had prepared the lower facial panel, and I stepped aside to watch closely while he fitted it to her head cage, carefully ensuring that the feeding connection was properly aligned and mated. With a series of loud clicks and snaps, it locked onto the head cage over her lower face, making other, electrical, connections to her gag pad

when it snapped home.

He moved aside for a moment to pick up the vision limiter panel then stepped before her once more to affix it. That was the final time I saw her face before the padded steel obscured it. Her eyes widened with the horror of what was being done but disappeared beneath the blank, thin-slitted covering. Under the featureless steel panel and cupped in their own separate rubber prisons, her eyes stared out into the barren cell, but no one would see the terror, horror, and misery in them. A moment later, the guard had tightly screwed on the food and water hose and stood back. Aruf Mahjalis came to stand before her once more.

“And so, Prisoner, you now wear most of your Punishment Ensemble. You deserve to wear it all as no other female of mine has, and so you will ... *all* of it ... for the remainder of your life. You have much to atone for, and your journey shall be a hard one; harder than it is now, as you will soon discover!

“I will observe you constantly, but this is the final time you will see me! Suffer for your crimes knowing that you shall *never* escape this room.”

He swung away from her with an angry surge and strode to the cell's barred door. Above, the monitoring guard opened it for him, and he left without a backward glance at the pitiful, quivering young woman so securely chained between the steel columns.

For the moment, my work with Delilah was complete, but there were other, even more fearsome things she would soon be required to bear. I collected the various impedimenta I'd brought with me and watched the guard release her. She staggered slightly once she was freed, then sank to her knees and writhed dementedly against her restraints, jerking her hands and arms to the ends of their short lengths of loose chain, attempting to get them near her face and tear away the locked-on panels. It was hopeless, of course, for her hands were allowed no higher on her body than the undersides of her breast cups thanks to the short chains bore. We turned away from the silenced, incredibly chained woman and left her alone in her misery.

From now on, most of the time, she would be fed and watered automatically by a computer program. Her diet would be nutritious and well balanced, but never again would she be permitted the sensation of taste, for her food and water would be forced into her body in carefully measured amounts.

The doors slid shut behind us and five minutes later, I was glad to emerge into the open and delicious smelling fresh air of the outer world.

I knew the details of the program for Delilah's continuing discipline, and she would indeed suffer terribly for the rest of her life. Yes, I felt pity for her, but she had transgressed, and then blatantly flouted the rules of her family, religion, and society. Now, she was paying a heavy penalty for her wanton and disrespectful behaviour, and soon, she would learn the true price of lying to her father while making her verbal confession. It would be as terrible as the rest of her punishments, but not the worst thing she was going to suffer.

Not by a long shot.

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

### *The Swing*

#### **Delilah**

I couldn't stop the violent retching reaction that the horrible tube continually provoked. Even though I tried desperately to ignore it, my body reacted, and I remained crouched on the floor after I had been abandoned, shaking and gagging in misery against the awful thing embedded in my mouth, throat, and stomach.

As soon as the doctor turned away, my hearing was once more removed, and so I huddled in utter silence, contemplating my life and what had become of me. At last, I struggled slowly to my hoofed feet and made my way to the posts in front of the computer keyboard and suspended monitors. There was no escape from the constant drag of the heavy chain leashes from my neck and waist, and further weeping came with the certain knowledge I would be kept a prisoner on them for the rest of my life ... like a wild animal!

Sitting in my chastity belt was always uncomfortable and frustrating, for it pulled on my steel bound, vaginal lips, locked to the covering plate and writhing with a life of their own, never to be satisfied, but I *had* to get off my strained feet once in a while, and this was the only way I could sit down with reasonable comfort.

The next hours passed in a boring haze while I sat laboriously typing out my life history. Of course, my ability to do this was severely restricted by the hand and arm restraint devices, and I made many mistakes. I was unaware of the computer giving me liquid and food at the programmed points, and so never felt a pang of hunger or thirst from then on, for my belly always felt full, thanks to the unyielding compression of the steel waist band and the automatic feeding. At last, the deep silence was broken when the hearing aid/ear plugs erupted with a loud, crackling shriek. I tried to scream for the sound to be turned down, but this only resulted in my tongue dragging painfully at the gag and the framework imprisoning it, while at the same time renewing my awareness of the throat and stomach tube. Again I retched violently, but by then, the painful noise died away.

"Go to stand under the three chains, facing the wall!" came the harsh command.

I stood and shuffled slowly to the indicated area of the cell, facing the blank concrete surface, waiting. A short time later, I caught a flash of movement at the limit of my arc of vision and began to tremble with fear of what was coming next. A sudden, agonizing tension was put on my nose leash, urging me to step forward. I followed the drag as best I could, and then my hoofed foot encountered some sort of obstruction. I awkwardly and carefully raised it to step up, then again, each rise perhaps some ten cm in height.

What was going to happen to me?

I moaned with fear, shifting my spread legs what little I could, feeling the firm tug of the ankle spreader bar's chain to the steel ball that always so cruelly limited my ability to move while I slowly climbed. The guard, wanting to be quickly done with his task of securing me for the night, and with a firm grip on my cuffed right arm, ensured that I did as he desired, while above, the TV cameras followed my every movement. The steely links clashed and rattled ominously, although I couldn't hear them, and I felt the nervous, quivering sensation that one gets when you expect something either incredibly uncomfortable or violently erotic to happen. Under the belt, my widely banded and compressed stomach was filled with bouncing butterflies, and I could feel my sexual muscles convulsing uselessly against the dilating ring with a semi-aroused feeling of terrified anticipation. He quickly finished his preparations, and then spoke harshly again.

"Stand still, Prisoner! This is going to be unpleasant, and that is exactly what it supposed to be! Perhaps, after you've spent some time in your Punishment Swing, you will think about

improving your behaviour! Hold still while I connect the side chains.”

*“What was he talking about?”* I thought in a haze of fear. *“A Punishment Swing? I’d always enjoyed swings as a child! How could they possibly make one unpleasant?”*

I found out almost immediately.

Trembling with foreboding, I closed my eyes and waited. The left side of my ‘belt’ jerked up fractionally, and I felt a solid click when a heavy lock snapped closed. He moved to my other side and I was pushed to lean slightly in the opposite direction. There was no ‘give’ of any sort and I felt a firm, unyielding pressure of the waist band and a slight shifting of the wide strap between my thighs, then a small, wordless grunt came from his lips when he jerked up on that side. Another loud click echoed in the silent cell. Partially suspended, I felt the wide, uncomfortable crotch strap press more firmly into my lower belly, as well as up between my legs and buttocks, forcing the vaginal lip dilator ring to press deeply into the soft flesh of my abdomen, on the underside of my pubic bone. My labia pulsed with inflamed lust against the unfeeling steel, making me twitch violently, trying to elicit some sort of pleasure.

I stood there with my hands held utterly useless, wide spread by my waits by their separator bar, shaking in a storm of fear while waiting for what was to come next. I was *so* helpless! The hooded guard walked out of my extremely narrow arcs of vision to stand behind me, and I heard the rattle of another chain then felt the impact of its end links on the steel frame around my skull. Another click sounded and my head was tugged slightly off to the side. He had locked the central chain to the top ring of my head cage.

With the weight of steel I carried on my upper body and head, I would quickly over-balance and so he’d attached the third chain to prevent me from turning completely upside down, although, for the moment, I didn’t understand the purpose of this arrangement. The length of the top chain was such that there was a large amount of slack and this was left to dangle annoyingly alongside my head. Below my straddled feet, the wall leash to the ankle spreader bar and the other to the steel ball remained, slinking across the barren concrete in snakes of subjugation. As a last supplication to him, I once more attempted to jerk my bar-separated hands free of their position at my sides, but of course, he ignored my terror, then, to my increasing horror, I felt my hoofed boots began to slide off the step-up blocks he’d had me climb! He’d stood back a pace, coldly watching me struggle to maintain my stance, and I looked through the narrow slits at him in useless pleading, only to see his emotionless, masked face turned to me. Of course, he couldn’t see my eyes, or anything of my face, other than my nose and its attached, swinging leash chain.

“It is time to begin your rest period.” he stated remorselessly, raising his fist so I could see the rings on the ends of the chains to the blocks I stood upon, hooked through his gloved fingers.

“Nnnnnnnnnffmmmm!!! *NNNNNgggghh!*” I tried to beg to him not to do whatever was going to happen next but only began to retch against the tube down my throat.

Gradually, his arm bent, tightening the chains to the blocks, and I whined with fear, feeling them slowly being further withdrawn, but all I could do was stand and wait for the results, dancing in petite steps on the slowly receding oblongs, all the while continuing to instinctually gag when I tried to make a noise of any sort. The blocks suddenly slid out from under my horse shoe-soled boots, skittering across the floor for nearly a metre, and I sank abruptly and completely into the steel web of my chastity belt’s harness. I could not help but attempt to utter another despairing wail when my weight came fully onto the chains and thus my crotch plate, and I swung erratically back and forth, while the tips of my heavily constructed boots barely scraped the concrete. For long moments I flailed in mid-air until my questing, down-pointed feet found a minuscule purchase on the slick-surfaced floor. I was partially seated but mostly stood on tiptoe, staring out from within my mask at his hooded face while he looked back at me,



hanging completely helpless in front of him. My tears of contrition and desperation to escape the awful life I had consigned myself to made no difference to the guard, for he couldn't see them. He coiled the block's chains slowly in his hands while they swung easily back and forth.

"***This*** is how you will be kept most nights from now until your sentence is completed ... at the end of your life! Other punishments will be administered also, while you are in this swing and you will experience them soon."

Even though I had just been introduced to this arrangement, I already absolutely ***had*** to be freed of it! I didn't know if I could live through it and still remain sane, and ***how*** I wished to be free of just the crotch plate, if nothing else. However, I knew also that I would wear it ***too***, forever! What I wasn't aware of was that there were soon to be terrible and cruel additions made to it.

I became uncomfortable in just minutes. I had to keep my feet stretched down, thanks to the hooped boots, and they only ***just*** touched the glossy floor. For the moment, I was relatively stable; however, after sitting for some moments with him watching me intently, my legs began to cramp, and I lifted the right one slightly, trying to bend my knee to the short length permitted by the restraints. It was a terrible mistake! As soon as I did, my other foot slipped and I swung wildly back and forth in a dizzying whirl! At the same time, the weight of the head cage, my upper body harnessing, and the chain leash to my neck toppled me backwards. I struggled madly to jerk my hands and arms away from their position beside my waist, attempting to counter-balance, but the separator bar remained securely lodged in its receivers, keeping them uselessly widely-angled out to the sides of the suspending chains from the waistband, and I fell backwards with a gag-stifled scream, automatically retching once more in rebellion against the intrusion of the throat feeding tube. The chain to the top of my head cage snapped tight, stopping me from falling further, but no matter how I frantically I struggled, it seemed I could not recover from this position!

The design of the Punishment Swing was horribly, diabolically, effective.

I lay bowed back helplessly, weeping, howling, and gagging anew; kept hanging at that angle by the thrumming chain from the top ring of my head cage to the ceiling, perhaps at sixty degrees from the vertical. I thought I was beyond the point of being able to recover my upright position, and so just swung jerkily back and forth in mid-air, my feet and legs kicking spasmodically against their restraints. My legs, of course, remained embarrassingly separated by the Spanish Trapezoid no matter how desperately I wanted to bring them together, further humiliating and embarrassing me to be seen like this.

Suddenly, my misery became even worse! The guard reached out and rapped his leathery knuckles harshly on the presented steel plate that covered my crotch! His action sent a series of deep vibrations into my quivering body, and I automatically writhed and twisted to escape his cruel, unfeeling torment, but he continued his tapping, and in moments, I was in a frustrated storm of misery and spasming, aroused, impaled muscles.

"***This*** is how you will stay for the rest of tonight, and each of the next seven to come, as well as many, many others, whoring cunt! With some effort, you may be able to sit up," he stated with absolutely no compassion.

Oh, ***God!*** My situation was completely awful! He continued his maddening beat on my crotch plate, and I began thrashing more and more wildly in mid-air, becoming passionately aroused, even though I knew I would get no satisfaction. I had to strain hard to point my feet down to touch the floor, and after only a minute or two, the true misery of my situation quickly became apparent. My leg muscles cramped again almost immediately from the continual effort, much like wearing heels that are too high, and I tried desperately to flex them to relieve the aching. At last, I could take no more of the knotting in my calves so I raised and bent my legs until they were halted by the tug of the chain to the steel ball. My abdominal muscles surged

against the compression of the wide band of my chastity belt, straining to bring me up again, but I was far too weak! My legs were held down but *not* touching the floor and the weight of the restraint harness on my upper body kept me on my back, bent in a bow, with the chain from the top of my head cage only adding to my misery. I was *so* helpless, suspended and vulnerable, hanging with my legs forcibly spread apart and unable to close, jerking and thrashing spastically in mid-air, while he continued his maddening drumming on the crotch cover plate. My hips soon began to buck automatically with straining arousal, and then he stopped ... and left me! A primal scream of frustration tore from my soul but not a sound emerged from behind my locked on gag plate.

For long, long moments, I hung twisting and choking with desperate desire while I swung back and forth; my pinioned hands and arms continuing to fight instinctually against the restriction of the separator bar. In my mind, I screamed, flailing vulnerably, "*I'm not supposed to suffer like this.*"

The guard reached out, then with a horrid tension on my nose ring, pulled me erect once more with its leash while I screamed then retched from the terrible pain. Again I teetered precariously on the tips of my hoof boots, staring out at him in terror, and then suddenly, my feet went out from under me again! This time I fell forward until the chain from the steel ball snapped my legs to a halt, and the one from the top of my head cage also jerked tight! Another howl tried to force its way past my efficient gag and I retched again and again.

"*NNNNnnnnnnnnnnrrrrrgggghh!!! Nnnnnmmmmppphhh!!!*" was all I could manage through my nose while I leant far forward; my head pulled back strongly, staring out at the blank concrete wall through the narrow vision slits in front of my bulging, tear streaming, eyes.

If anything, *this* position was even worse than laying backwards! My feet peddled madly in mid-air behind me, fighting against the restriction of the Spanish Trapezoid, trying to find some sort of contact with the floor, even though the limiting of the chain to the steel ball held them down. My hands and arms remained securely clamped in place; fingers clenching and unclenching uselessly while I struggled. This position ensured that the belly plate of the crotch band pressed firmly into my abdomen and made me intensely aware of my overwhelming sexual need, even more than I already was. I became so overwrought with my helplessness and nearly unrecoverable situation that I lost control of my bladder and felt a splashing cascade of urine spray against the sealing steel crotch plate, sprinkling onto the floor beneath. Burning with humiliation at my lack of control, I began to sob very hard at what had happened to me, deeply regretful of the things I'd said and done that had gotten me into this situation. I think the guard paused once when he passed through the outer cell door and watched impassively while I hung writhing, weeping, and silently wailing for pity and release.

"This is only the first night of your penance!" he stated harshly then the access portion of the lattice wall lowered and was locked. All sound disappeared, leaving me once more sealed in silence.

I hung there, suspended and alone, feeling my strength slowly beginning to disappear until, with a last frantic kick, I managed to get myself sitting upright again. For long minutes, I panted from the exertion like a winded horse, carefully balancing myself. It required constant vigilance and continual, minute shifts of my body to compensate for the weight of the swinging chains and restraints. If I relaxed for even a single moment, I over-balanced either to the front or back then had a long and arduous fight to right myself. The punishment was fiendishly clever, for I could not *always* maintain my concentration, and on top of it all, the pressure of the crotch plate on my pierced and captured labia and dilating ring, as well as the unending tension on my clitoral isolator ball, was slowly driving me insane! For the moment that was all they would do, but it was becoming more and more uncomfortable the longer I sat. Unconsciously, I tried to

shift my weight away from the pressing steel band and suddenly fell forward again.

Soon, I would long for this lack of feeling in my sex!

Sobbing explosions of breath hissed around my deeply impaling nasal jewellery, and I continually tried to howl out pleas for release, even though I knew no one would have a chance of hearing me. How bitter and desperate I felt; left to dangle here in chains and silence, sealed away as a secret prisoner, deep in severe penance for her misdeeds. I prayed every minute that this was only a nightmare, but it wasn't! I was *still* a prisoner!

Occasionally, I drifted into a light doze from sheer exhaustion, but those only lasted for a few seconds before I fell forwards or back in gag-strangled, despairing screams. I don't know how many bitter tears I shed, or how many times I berated myself for my stupidity; but they were never enough to alleviate my punishment in the swing. My first night was an endless misery of desperate attempts to ease my plight, but of course, I remained deafened, suspended in mid-air in the cell, and totally unable to free myself, or in any way ease the situation I was in.

The punishment was relentless and cruel, but this is what my sentence was to be ... and there would be no mercy shown, either by the guards, the doctor, or my father; no matter how pitifully I appealed to them.

## **Aruf Mahjalis**

I watched her struggles that first night, savouring the delicate but formidable vision she made of utter feminine helplessness being punished for disobedience. This, though, was just her first night. Tomorrow she would be introduced to yet another dimension of her discipline procedures. She would pay dearly for actually *speaking* the lies of her confession! If she had made a full revelation, I would have, perhaps, eventually considered releasing her from the gag pad and the springs that kept her jaws together, and granted some small additional freedoms, but she had cast that opportunity to the four winds, and my anger at her duplicity increased tenfold from what it had been.

Her tongue *itself* would be disciplined for making the deceitful statements she had tried to have me believe, even more so than the restrictive and painful devices embedded within it already did. I would *not* tolerate lies from a female of mine, of any age, regardless of her beauty or status if I was responsible for her. During the coming discipline, she would remember her slatternly ways and lying with deep regret and contrition, and perhaps soon, she would realize that there was no option other than truth. She would be informed of the chance, now lost forever, of perhaps eventually attaining some small easement of her punishment, and at the same time, she would be informed that her tongue discipline was *not* a one-time event but would be administered regularly as a part of her weekly punishments to remind her to always be truthful ... if ever she was permitted speech again.

With that decision and plan of action, I called my computer technician and had him make the appropriate changes to her schedule of discipline. He was already at work on the programming for her exercising and the many other computer-controlled functions that governed every facet of her existence, but truly, I desired a little further active participation in her life. Certainly, I would observe her travails from time to time, but she would live in isolation, other than the less and less frequent encounters with her hooded and masked guards and the occasional visit from the doctor. She would be automatically disciplined by the computer now that she been returned to my direct control and I was satisfied that she would be competently taken care of. Now, I was able to concern myself with business affairs, the rest of my family, and seeing to their future happiness. Delilah had, in fact, ceased to exist to the remainder of the world.

Perhaps her penance would serve as an example for young women who might be tempted

to be led astray, for I planned create 'sanitized' copies of her complete transition from honoured daughter to her new state of being a nameless, faceless, female prisoner, forever condemned to a life of earthly Hell for her misdeeds. These, I would give to my friends and religious authorities, to be shown to daughters and wives at the appropriate time. Perhaps *they* would learn the decorum and proper moral standards our society demanded after seeing what might happen to them.

Late that afternoon, the doctor came to my rooms, and we relaxed in a large and airy courtyard, slowly sipping an excellent fruit juice concoction while speaking of our many areas of mutual interest. He was a complex man, and one of the few Westerners I liked and respected. I planned to introduce him to falconry during the next week, showing him some of the more interesting aspects and forms of the ancient sport, and he looked forward to it with anticipation. We mentioned my daughter only in passing references, for, to me, she was no longer an area of particular interest, although to him, she was very much of an on-going project. I understood that quite well. We decided she should spend the next thirty days in the cell, much as she was now. On the seventh day, I decided that her nightly sentence to the Punishment Swing would be extended indefinitely, and she would then become acquainted with the next implements he had designed and created. At the end of the next week, she would be fitted with these additions then permitted a month to get used to them. They would be activated in stages, so that her discipline process continued unabated, and in two weeks, she would begin her work on the exercise machines. After a short acclimatization, the computer would begin automatically disciplining her for not attaining the goals set.

And so, in broad terms, we laid out her future. Soon she would be enmeshed in an inescapable round of forced but useless work and constant discipline.

There *would* be no escape or release.

## **Dr Jannason**

Aruf Mahjalis had turned out to be a most sociable host and employer, and I began to enjoy my stay in his home more and more while the weeks passed. We spent much time in the surrounding wild country, and amongst other skills, he taught me the art and sport of falconry. Surprisingly, I found I also enjoyed riding a great deal and began to appreciate the society, the scenery, and the people. It was a mind-expanding experience that made me more deeply aware of the harsh environment of this area and how people coped with it.

Occasionally, we'd discuss Delilah and what was planned for her; but he'd dismissed the poor young woman from his mind; leaving her to the harsh life confined in her harness, and her lonely cell, subject to the whims of the automatic, computerized disciplining and maintenance. She no longer mattered to him, and his job had been done, for she had been apprehended, sentenced, and duly punished, and that was an end to the matter in his mind. I, however, inspected the daily video tapes transmitted and recorded by the cameras in her cell and also watched her live on the closed circuit TV system. A monitor and controls for the cameras had been installed in my rooms, so I could observe her at my leisure. For the most part, she just moved like a caged animal (which is what she had truly become) in the queer prancing style that the horribly restricting harness demanded. Sometimes, she sat at the computer painfully typing, but she also spent much time staring into the mirrors and sitting with her back against one of the walls, pulling despairingly at her chains and pieces of the steel discipline harness she could reach, obviously trying to free herself of their uncomfortable and painful restriction and discipline. Freedom was impossible of course, but she never stopped trying.

Occasionally, her steel-blanked face turned toward one of the cameras, and she would attempt to beg to be freed, knowing she was under constant observation. The video quality

transmitted from the cell was excellent, as was the audio, being of the new digital, hi-definition type. I was able to hear every rattle of chain and her sometimes strained breathing. Too, I could make out the faint, subdued whimpers of her pleading cries when she was driven to fits of rebellion, or when the guard led her around by her nose leash. She was a pitiful sight to be sure, but she was there by her own thoughtless actions. These were the consequences.

On the second night of her suspension in the Swing, she was punished for her direct lies to her father, these having been made in her own distorted speech and voice during her confession.

It was an incredible situation to observe while she was prepared for her nightly suspension. The guard arrived in the cell, grasped her freely swinging and readily available nose leash, showing the young woman no pity when he pulled her from her kneeling position in the corner. She'd crouched there in a small huddled shape, as far as her leashes would permit her to get away from the waiting suspension chains but within short moments, stood between them on the steel blocks, obviously terrified. The guard connected the central chain to her head cage, then the two side chains, and so no matter how she struggled to escape, it wasn't possible. Before picking up the ones to the blocks, he added yet another cruel torment to her ensemble ... a quarter kilogram weight, locked to the end of her nasal leash! With a swift, hard jerk, the blocks slid easily from under her steel hoofed boots to leave her balancing precariously on the lightly touching toe portions of her horseshoe shod feet. He turned and left the stricken, faceless, young woman, and I checked the cell's cameras to observe what next occurred.

For a minute or two after she was left, Delilah remained swinging slowly back and forth in small arcs, struggling to overcome the cramps that quickly set in, but eventually, she had to lift one foot to ease her discomfort, and that was, as planned, her undoing. Instantly, her tentative balance was destroyed, and she fell forward until the chain from the top of her head cage snapped tight. At either end of the bar separating her wrists, her fingers clawed frantically and the muscles stood out under the flesh of her cuffed limbs in slim, quivering, ropes of futile effort while she fought instinctually to free them. At the same time, she swung wildly back and forth, halted only by the chain to the steel ball snapping tight to her ankle spreader bar. Her oscillations slowly died away, and she hung tilted forward in mid-air, shoulders shuddering in sobs of misery under their tightly drawn straps. Her punishment was unceasing, for the penitential leash and its weight swung painfully back and forth, tugging constantly on her tender nose. She was unable to shrug out of the grip of her punishing bra, thanks to its design and tight application to her body, and so the armouring cups remained clamped securely onto her chest, no matter how she twisted and writhed to free herself of them.

Occasionally, her legs kicked against their restraints, setting her to swinging back and forth again, but still anchored by the chain to the steel ball and, of course, the three welded-on leashes hung from her harness, ensuring she would never leave her cell. I glanced at the clock to see that Delilah had been held in the suspension for nearly an hour now, still hanging forward and helpless.

Her father's voice came over the speakers and my monitor and directly into the hearing aid/ear plugs locked into her head. She could not escape his words and stiffened to motionlessness.

"Prisoner! You have made your confession to me, both written and verbal. You have *continued* to speak untruths! I will *not* tolerate this, especially from you! To this end, I have commanded that, for your insolence and actual *spoken* lies, you shall be disciplined appropriately! This particular punishment will continue, at set intervals, for the remainder of your life, to remind you of your useless attempt to deceive me. It will begin within half an hour, and from now on will not be announced to you. It will occur as the computer deems necessary for your correction."

His voice cut off, leaving her alone once more in the stark, secret cell, hanging in helpless

terror of what was to come, and knowing with certainty that whatever it was, it would come with the inevitability of an avalanche.

For endless minutes, nothing happened ... then it began.

She suddenly jerked spastically in her chains, setting herself to swinging wildly back and forth again, *far* more violently than she had until now! Her legs thrashed madly, fighting against their restraints, jerking the heavy steel ball completely into the air when she tried to curl herself up protectively. I knew what was happening and shuddered at what she must be experiencing, for I could hear the hissing, hysterical screams blasting from her nostrils and through the speakers, while her head shuddered violently against the restriction of its tightly compressing cage and the collar.

The electrodes of the mouth filling gag pad had been activated, so that her tongue was curdled by wave after wave of needling shocks passing in waves along its length and across it. Fastened as it was under the gag pad; pierced, clamped and ringed, there was no possible way the terrible shocks could be avoided. Her pain was so intense that her efforts to bring her hands to her steel tubed throat were partially successful, and she managed to wrest the wrist bar from its mounts on her waist band, an almost impossible occurrence. Her knees bent again and again, lifting the steel ball off the floor to swing back and forth above it, allowing her a momentary freedom to move her hands and arms, but her clawed fingers *still* could not reach beyond the under slopes of the cups armouring her breasts, much less come anywhere near her imprisoned head. Obviously, whatever was being done to her stopped, for the steel ball fell to the floor with a loud bang, again snapping her wrist separator bar tightly into its mounts at her waist and harshly jerking her elbows in behind her back. She swung, still twisting madly in her restraints, trying to scream and somehow escape her punishment ... with no success at all.

Again, her legs bent and her arms tried to pull themselves free, while more hissing, screaming howls came from the sealed cell when her throat swelled against the snugly fastened steel casing fixed so permanently around it. I worried that perhaps the discipline was too strong for her to endure; however, it had been carefully calculated in its intensity and duration, and she would survive, although wish she had not, knowing that she would be subjected to it again and again for the remainder of her life. I suppose the awful process went on for an hour, and when it finally stopped, she collapsed into a motionless, dangling, steel-bound body.

I was extremely glad that I was not a woman, and particularly, not Delilah Mahjalis.

## CHAPTER TWENTY

### *Tongue Tortured And New Devices*

#### **Delilah**

The guard was his usual, cruel, cold self. I was left dangling alone and deafened, staring out through the narrow slits in front of my eyes at the blank, shiny, painted, concrete wall, two metres away. I had no way of telling the distance though, for the slits permitted only a very narrow arc of forward view.

Oh, **God! What** was going to be done to me?

Nothing happened for the longest time, and then my father's voice came through my earplugs.

"Prisoner! You have made your confession to me, both written and verbal. You have **continued** to speak untruths! I will not tolerate this, especially from you, and so, to this end, have commanded that for your insolence and actual **spoken** lies, you shall be disciplined appropriately! This particular punishment will continue for the remainder of your life, to remind you of your useless attempt to deceive me! It will begin within half an hour, and from now on, will not be announced. It will just occur as the computer deems necessary for your correction."

"Oh, please!" I begged silently into my gag, "**I didn't try to lie! I just forgot!**"

Of course, I could not communicate my terrorized pleas, and for the next long minutes, waited in terror for what was to come.

Then, it happened!

My tongue seemed, suddenly, to be pierced by a thousand, ragged, barbed, acid-covered needles! The pulsing pain went on and on and on! Fastened tightly to the underside of the gag pad, compressed uncomfortably into the floor of my mouth, my tongue writhed and twisted against its horrible piercings in agonizing, electrified spasms. The steel bar inserted across it and clipped to my lower molars prevented it from retracting down my throat while it swelled and surged against the rings and the wire frame holding it nearly immobile. I **had** to retch ... to somehow move it, but of course, fastened as securely as it was inside my mouth, I couldn't!

More and more curdling electro-shocks lanced through it, and I choked in screaming fits while the pulses grew stronger and stronger, rising into a plateau of incredible agony! The horrible pulses began to last for greater durations than the initial bursts, and my hands came free of their connection to my waistband when, with terrified strength, I attempted to raise them to my locked-on facial coverings, and tear the thing out. My legs jerked up with pain-inspired effort, but it did no good at all, for, at the ends of the separator bar, my fingers only scrabbled against the smooth steel cups locked over my breasts, unable to rise higher! There was no way I could reach to my head, and even if I had, it would have been impossible for me to get at the terrible thing locked inside my mouth! Not only was it fastened onto my tongue and teeth ... my jaws were clamped securely closed by the strong springs, and the whole assembly was locked under the steel panel that covered my entire lower face!

The shocks were suddenly gone, and the, until now, suspended and swaying steel ball fell to the concrete floor with a dull thud when my leg muscles lost their adrenaline-aided strength. Of course, when it dropped, it drew the restrictor chains tight, snapping my wrist bar back into its brackets on the waistband and jerking my elbows in behind my back again. Once more, I was forced to stick out my chest, thrusting my breasts into their airtight imprisonments, swinging erratically back and forth, thanks to my frenzied exertions to escape the terrible torturing.

For long moments, I gasped and wept hysterically from the pain that I had been forced to suffer; gagging with reaction to my attempted screams, and each time my tongue convulsed, another wave of agony was created by its drag against the transverse bar, rings, and bar bells

piercing it. I had been subjected to the terrible discipline with such planned and uncaring malice! The earplugs again carried my father's voice into my reeling mind.

"And so your lying tongue shall be disciplined in this manner for the remainder of your life!" he stated coldly. "Perhaps you will soon understand that you are forbidden to even *think* of speaking untruths!"

Sound disappeared completely, and once again, agonizing pulses transfixed my tongue in continuous bursts and surges. I thrashed and flailed in silence, prohibited from protest by the cruel pad locked into my mouth, howling out a storm of distress while wave upon wave of incredible agony pulsed along and through my tongue. Reality disappeared in a red haze while I swung and jerked with instinctual reactions of my body to the terrible stimulus being forced upon me.

I don't know how long it went on, but it felt like an eternity until I fainted from the cumulative effects of the suspended, entire body restraint and the pain being inflicted so pitilessly. However, I eventually came back to awareness to find myself still dangling in mid-air and another long bout of silenced weeping washed over me. My useless begging to be freed echoed hollowly within the lonely corridors of my mind, but of course, I remained exactly as I was. Nothing further happened for the rest of the night, and at some points, I did get some sleep after eventually struggling to an upright position then sitting in precarious balance.

At last the guard appeared and let me down. I suppose it was morning in the outer world, but in here, I had no means for telling the passage of time because the lights burned at a constant brightness. Even the computer's clock had been disabled. Once I was freed, he turned and left, because now he was not even required to feed me; it being done by the computer! Only towards the end of each day did he return to fasten me, kneeling, to the floor ring and unsympathetically administer twelve strokes of the quirt on my upraised, steel delineated buttocks. Then, I was released and left alone again until he returned to fasten me in the swing for the night.

This routine didn't change for the longest time.

Once left alone again after being released from the swing at the beginning of my 'day', I was permitted to lie on the mat for a few hours of true rest, but thankfully, I wasn't chained down. The hours of each 'night' I spent dangling and semi-sitting in my chastity belt were *not* restful. Other than that, there was nothing for me to do but sit at the computer and write this story. I gradually became more proficient at typing with my hands restricted and bound as they are, and I have started a series of letters to an imaginary correspondent. These tell how I remember the wonderful world outside, now so far removed. During each 'week', from that day on, the tongue discipline was administered sometimes two or three times, and it *always* reduced me to screaming and weeping fits. I was never prepared for it, and I could do nothing to escape its imposition.

Sometime later, a change was made to my schedule, and for the first time, I saw someone for a period longer than two minutes at a time, other than one of the guards. It was the doctor, dressed in his white lab coat, masked as he always was now, and carrying a small carton under his arm.

"Hello, Prisoner," he greeted me heartily, as though I were an ordinary patient recovering from an operation. "It's time for another examination. I've observed you over the last while, so I need to ascertain that you are fit and have the stamina to be subjected to your discipline. I have here the next articles to be attached and inserted for its continuation and enhancement."

"Oh, *PLEASE* God, *no!*" I begged him in my mind, fastened and suspended helplessly between the posts of the Vertical Restraint System. "*I can't!!! I can't take anymore!*"

Of course ... I could.

Once more he performed the tests needed without releasing me from any of my harness or



restraints, then with horrible foreboding, I felt the carriages in the columns begin moving and changing my position. In short seconds, I lay semi-reclined between them with my wide spread knees at the level of my breast cups. My terror increased in mushrooming clouds when I felt the steel covering of my crotch removed, and what felt alike a blast of Arctic air brushed my heated, hairless, sex.

I lay completely and embarrassingly exposed before him while he palpitated my imprisoned vaginal lips and flicked the steel ball containing my clitoris back and forth until I was writhing in a fog of frustrated sexual arousal. But, Oooooohhhh! It felt *so* wonderful! At this point, I had been kept without any sort of stimulation for over three months and was instantly on the brink of an orgasmic explosion ... especially since I had so often enjoyed sex before I was caught.

He stopped the insidious stimulation, and then I felt a slick, cool gel being slowly introduced into my constantly dilated vaginal opening. His teasing, rubber gloved fingers spent a long time pressing the lubricant into me, and I felt even more surges of arousal when they moved around the awful device that captured and kept my sex so uncomfortably and embarrassingly open. I couldn't stop the shivers and instinctual surges my pelvis made against the restrictions of the chastity belt and all the other parts of the harness that restricted my movements. Then, for a moment or two, nothing further happened and I became miserable with thoughts that he had completed his work.

I was wrong ... so *terribly* wrong!

Again there was a movement of the thing outlining my sexual opening, and then I felt a cold, rigid, shaft begin to be inserted into my body, slowly rotating! Its penetration was gradual, allowing me to become acclimatized to the filling of my sex; but the phallus felt hugely thick! I shuddered anew while it pressed irresistibly deeper and deeper, up into my belly. How long *was* the thing? At last, it stopped, and then I felt it connected to the ring that captured my labia! The phallus was pulled even further up into me ... by my own flesh and I gasped, almost screaming from the incredible depth it sank to. Subconsciously; but in error, I knew the dildo was going to be kept where it now resided for a long time to come. Nevertheless, I was happy that I was at last feeling *something* there, other than the aching lack I had endured since being caught and returned to the embassy.

He slowly and gently slid a urinary catheter up into my bladder, its placement making me whine with misery, but he wasn't done for my anal passage was forcibly invaded by a huge butt plug a moment later! I didn't think I could take it while the wide cone stretched my sphincter cruelly; but then it passed fully into me and the muscular ring snapped closed around the narrowed neck. Oh, God, it was *so* uncomfortable!

My hips and lower body bucked and writhed with instinctual, female reaction, but this was cut short when the doctor closed a newer version of the covering plate over my crotch. When he did, my clitoris was again tensioned to an almost unbearable amount then the same drag came on the now filled vaginal ring when it also was mated to the covering plate! A second later, it was locked securely into its mounts on the crotch strap and my sex was again locked securely away. To my dismay, the whole length of the incredible phallic device slid slowly back out of my sex, turning slowly. It felt weirdly erotic, and I shivered uncontrollably from the sensation.

He stood back and looked at me then spoke once more.

"Prisoner, my work with you is now more or less complete. You now wear all of the equipment I was commissioned to design, build, and fit to you. However, other things may be created for your discipline at some point in the future. I have no control over that.

"This latest addition you will find to be a most punitive device. I pity you as a female being required to wear it, but you have been sentenced to suffer for your ... ah ... indiscretions. The process you will soon experience is *not* one that I personally would ever wish to endure were I a woman, but you, young lady, will have no choice. It *will* happen, whether you wish it to or not.

“However, your fate is no longer in my hands, for it resides fully with your father, and I know he will ensure that whatever additional processes are planned for your continuing discipline are duly carried out. I understand that most of those have already been programmed into the computer now governing your life, and they will occur automatically. Unfortunately, it is time for me to bid you farewell.”

I was shocked, terrified, and devastated. Despite having created and fitted me with the terrible devices and restraints I now wore, he had always treated me with correctness and what little kindness I'd experienced in the past months. He turned and walked to the door of the wall then stood with his back to me.

The guard took control of the carriages in the columns, and I was lowered to stand, waiting until he released the chains holding me prisoner. The process was ridiculously easy for him but absolutely impossible for me, fastened and harnessed as I was. When I'd been freed, he also walked to the door, and they were both permitted to leave. The doctor turned to look at me once more, then the anteroom's steel door slid open, and they passed through it and from my sight. The heavy slab slid closed, and I was alone. I have never seen him again.

From then on, every time I was to be dealt with, other than by one of the guards, the shutters in my vision panel were locked closed. At first, I didn't think much about this new addition to the process of my punishments, but after it had occurred a few times, I began to long fervently for the sight of a human face; other than the hooded ones of the guards. I couldn't even see myself in the mirrors now, thanks to the steel panels that completely hid it! Perhaps my father actually came to the cell, or maybe others, but I was never permitted to see them.

For long moments after they left, I stood motionless, weeping anew from the loss of the only near-friend I'd had and at the utter hopelessness of my life. I turned and began my slow, prancing walk to the computer workstation. An automatic shriek of discomfort rose in my throat! The urinary catheter and the butt plug shifted with the motion of the crotch strap between my thighs, even as restricted as my movements were, and so with each step, a moan of discomfort was wrung from my deepest being, but I *had* to get away from the steel columns. The huge butt plug was uncomfortably noticeable all the time, but when I sat between the posts to continue my typing, it made itself even *more* so; sinking an extra fraction into me and creating a horrid skewering sensation.

Then, I looked in the mirror and saw something that made me freeze to immobility. What had been a smooth delta of gleaming steel covering my crotch now sprouted a fifteen cm long, seven cm diameter post at the place over my vagina. I'd not known of this external shaft because of the forcible separation of my thighs; but now, I couldn't take my eyes away from its gleaming presence.

Some sort of piping was smoothly machined into it, and narrow, black hoses and wires were also connected in short loops that disappeared back between my legs and up behind. In the mirror, I could see that these led to a thick umbilical attached to my waist leash, leading back to a complex fitting on the carriage for my leashes.

The thick post thing wasn't long enough to interfere with the short, thigh-separating bar, and when I knelt, then crouched over and manoeuvred my hands to try and touch it, I found that it was utterly rigid. A pair of clear plastic tubes was connected to fittings on the front also. One went to the end of the thick shaft, filled with a bluish gel, and the other was connected to a fitting just in front. A yellow liquid partially filled its lower loop where it swung between my legs ... the urinary catheter drain. Behind, a pair of much thicker, black rubber hoses emerged from between my buttocks ... coming from the enema/butt plug fitting. The problem of my bodily waste disposal and interior washing had been solved.

I had not been subjected to having to wear these devices without good reason, other than sanitary ones, and came to the horrifying conclusion that they would be used to punish me even

more than by just their irremovable presence. Again, I gingerly lowered myself to sit suspended in front of the keyboard, attempting to get used to the sensation of the urinary catheter and butt plug. Food and water were pumped into me through the gag at set times, some water being allowed to seep into my mouth and throat by valving within the gag pad. Thanks to this automated process, I never developed hunger pangs, but longed to be allowed to taste *something* other than the rubber of my gag. I suppose that the most constantly miserable thing I experience is the total lack of sound, other than the harsh commands of the guards that attend me.

Over the next, interminable weeks, I gradually accustomed myself to the things now locked into my body, and to my own surprise, began to accept that I would never escape this situation. For the longest time, I tried to remember the wonderful, filling sensation I'd experienced when the dildo had first been slid into me, but it was not to happen again, immediately. When it did, I would curse the very core and essence of my femininity.

The external shaft between my legs; however, added another dimension to the limiting effect of the harness. Not only did it act in many ways to prevent me from moving my legs as freely as before, but I now was conscious of it even when I sat at the computer or was hung in my swing. Yet still, for the longest time, nothing happened, and I had almost forgotten about it being there, and that it had been placed in my body for a purpose.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

### *Continuing Delilah's Discipline*

**Aruf Mahjalis**

At least a dozen times each day, I turned to the large, high definition TV monitor of Delilah's closed circuit system, flipping through the various cameras, observing her in the cell. She seemed to be getting used to her severe captivity and isolation; however, she was there to pay for her misdeeds and *continue* to do so!

Even though she was given a daily whipping at the time of her evening feeding, and the tongue discipline at least twice every week; it was now time to move to the next stage of penitence and punishment. The doctor had departed, although I'd made arrangements with him to return for a physical examination of Delilah in six month's time. At that point, she would be fully immersed in her exercise program as well as the disciplined life the religious authorities had decreed that she be subject to. I'd already been contacted by them some four months after Delilah had been returned to my responsibility and advised that they would soon pay a visit to ensure she was being punished as they'd decided she should be, rather than her life being forfeit. As matters turned out, they planned to arrive on the advent of her nineteenth birthday and see for themselves.

Meanwhile, I spoke to the computer technician administering Delilah's computer maintenance programs, and it was decided that the most effective time for her new punishment to begin was during her nightly suspension. I elected to extend this particular aspect of her life indefinitely, alternating it week by week: during one she would be chained to her sleeping mat, and the next, she would spend in the swing. This would begin in a few days after she was hung for her regular nightly immobilization.

With nothing else to do, she continued her writing on the computer. During the first months of incarceration, each day without fail, I'd received heart-rending messages from her to be freed from her isolation, harness, leashes, and the disciplinary sessions that controlled her so utterly. I ignored them. She was *required* to accept what was being done to pay fully for her intransigence.

I watched the enactment of the next stage of her punishment regime being added to with interest. As was always the case now, she'd removed herself as far from the dangling links of the swing as her leashes permitted; but when the guard approached to pull her to them, she stood and began walking before he even grasped her nose leash, but this made no difference in his treatment of her. He'd been instructed to always tug upon it as a reminder and as a disciplinary measure. It did nothing, truly, to speed her crab-like, prancing steps, being purely punitive in nature, even though she was making every effort to get quickly to her place under the waiting chains. Occasionally, when he snapped the nasal chain, she still showed a spark of rebellion, shaking her head and body what little she could, fighting against the painful tugs and howling through her nose, even while her body was wracked with automatic retching. However, this time, seeming to sense that something even more terrible was to happen, she braced herself and suffered what must have been a horribly painful tension upon her nose and face, bent forward and struggling to back away. Her positioning could not be evaded, for the pain eventually overcame her resistance, and she was drawn in shoulder shuddering tears to the blocks, made to climb them, and fastened in place.

She always balked at being hung in the swing; but short minutes later, she dangled in silent desolation after the guard had left, sealing the doors behind him. As usual, nothing happened for a long time, other than her occasionally making small movements so she'd not fall either forward or back. I'm sure the sensations she suffered while so restrained were anything but

pleasant. However, this was her lot in life, now.

It is my view that punishment, to be fully effective upon a female, must be continual, unpredictable, and intimately personal. Women, particularly young and headstrong ones, must be made to understand that they have transgressed the rules set for their lives, and so I'd ensured that Delilah's harness, 'jewellery', and restraints met those requirements in exceptional fashion. In the videotapes made of her in the West, I'd seen how she gloried in showing off her body; flaunting her breasts and teasing those around her with them, obviously having taken great delight in partially revealing herself. **Now**, she wore devices that locked them away from the world ... and from her. Her nipples too were beautiful and **had** been destined for the delight of a husband and children of her own, but that choice had also been removed from her. Now, her breasts and nipples bore the restraints of a woman being punished ... and always would. That was **not** to be the end of the matter though, for within minutes, she would find that the delightful feminine attributes she had so gloried in were to be used to punish her. All of her flaunting and lack of respect for herself **would** be paid for.

Most importantly though, in my mind, was that she had given away her virginity and partaken of indiscriminate, frequent sex with a multitude men, most of whom she barely knew! She had obviously enjoyed these escapades immensely, and so now, she had been fitted with a modern day, highly technical, punitive chastity belt and all of its intimate accessories. She would soon be forcibly reminded of her very femaleness and continually disciplined by that biological fact.

Never again would she have an opportunity to ... **enjoy** ... sexual contact. Her clitoris was permanently armoured at my command, and it too would soon to be subjected to a separate discipline. The newest version of the chastity belt's crotch plate had been designed with terrible capabilities and would soon torture her sexual centre, one she had literally given away. In the moments to come and for the remainder of her life, she would wish to be anything **but** a woman when she was disciplined for her instinctual, female predilections.

It began.

## **Delilah**

I was always mind-numbingly bored while I hung in the swing, but now even the deeper thrusting of the butt plug caused by my semi-seated suspension, had become an almost accepted part of my life, although it was always very uncomfortable, and I felt it within myself whenever I walked or sat at the computer terminal.

There was nothing for me to see or do while hanging in the swing, other than to try and maintain my balance. Occasionally, I fretfully pulled my hands and arms against their restraints, all the while attempting to remember what it had been like to be free. Now, however, those thoughts were beginning to turn to dim and fading memories of what it was like to move as and when I wished, unlimited by chains, leash, harness, or steel ball. It began to seem that I had always been chained. I felt the loss of free use of my hands most keenly, and my arms automatically and constantly fought against their restrictions. Too, I was gradually becoming accustomed to wearing the horrid obscuring things locked to and over my face, but the omnipresent sensation of the steel web confining my head and face is something I don't think I'll ever be able to accept.

Harsh reality returned when I had to concentrate on moving the toes of my hoofed boots in skittering, continual, tiny movements on the floor beneath. I'd learned that I must do this to prevent myself from toppling over and spending endless, miserable minutes, and sometimes hours, in the uncomfortable posture. What could I do? **Nothing!** I just had to sit uncomfortably and think about how I'd gotten in here ... as was the intent of the whole, cruel,

punishment regime. I don't know how many times I berated myself I have no idea, or how often I wished I was back in the West with its abundance of literally everything ... including sexual fulfilment of any sort I'd wanted. Now, I spent endless hours dangling in silenced tears of regret at what I'd lost.

Suddenly, a trilling pulse of electricity zipped through my tensioned, ballooned, and super-sensitive breasts within their armouring, steel cups!

I shrieked against the gag then automatically retched while my feet kicked uselessly against their restraints, instinctually attempting to fold against my body in a protective posture. It was impossible and I howled frenziedly, retching even harder against my horrid gag, all the while trying to pull my hands up and tear away the things locked to my chest, but of course, nothing happened! Other than the unending, bloated and sensitised sensations and the awful tension on my nipples, these were the first sensations I'd felt since the cups had been fastened to my harness. I attempted to twist my upper body free of its confining arrangement but remained swinging in the silent, sealed cell, oscillating wildly back and forth for a few seconds before falling forward. Another set of curdling pulses transfixed my garrotted flesh and then the horrid shocks began to cascade through my breasts in increasingly agonizing waves. I howled like a crazed banshee; writhing within and against my restraint harness, fighting madly to escape the awful sensations. My legs seemed to have a life of their own, kicking and thrashing in short, flailing arcs within their strict cuffs and chains, jerking at the leash to the steel ball, and lifting it off the floor. Again and again I shrieked in hysteria from the incredibly painful pulses that transfixed my tensioned flesh, clawing my hands in futility to get at the things locked onto my chest, but nothing stopped the programmed sequences of disciplinary electrical shocks! My movements, even though severely restricted, were violent enough to flip me back and forth between hanging forward on my front to lying on my back, and I swung dizzily in the suspending chains, adding even more to my misery.

*"Oh, Ggggoooddd!!," I wailed to myself. "How can he be so cruel to me?"*

Neither my feelings nor the sensations I was being subjected to mattered one iota! I was taken to a level of suffering that I had not comprehended existed! All I could see through the slits of my vision limiter panel was the rapid flashing of the overhead lights when I flipped back and forth and all the while streaming tears clouded my vision.

I don't know how long it lasted, for I must have fainted at some point, but the next thing I remember is swinging slowly, tilted forward, gasping in hissing breathes through my nose. My poor imprisoned breasts and nipples continued to twitch with residual reaction from the shocks, but they had at last stopped, thank **God**! In my mind, I sobbed brokenly with relief ... then with complete misery at how these horrible things could be done to me and I could not stop or escape their application. Then ...

*"Oh, God ... Nnnnnnnnoooooooooo!!!"*

The rippling, curdling, fiery pulses began to course again in erratic, throbbing waves through my blood-engorged, sensitive, and stretched breasts! I dissolved into a screaming fit of mindless, hysterical fighting against my harness and chains, utterly crazed by the electrical torture that unceasingly zipped through the badges of my femaleness! I did **everything** I could to shake the steel bra cups away from my body, or to somehow shrink myself away from contact with the compressing imprisonments, but of course, they were clamped firmly and securely in place and nothing worked! The merciless torturing continued without let-up, and I went completely berserk from the unending sensations, thrashing madly in my suspending chains for unknown hours.

A hooded guard returned a long time later and freed me from the swing, then without a word, turned and left me standing there, shivering violently in reaction to the devastating punishment I'd just been made to suffer. The doors locked behind him, and, wavering with

exhaustion, I collapsed to the floor, then with terrible effort, crawled to the mat that is my bed and rolled onto it in an unheard steely clattering of chains. Oh, God! I was so horribly alone, and I hurt terribly, just wanting someone to hold and comfort me. It never happened. When I rolled onto the mat my head cage slipped into the deep depression formed for it in the hard rubber pillow block, but I didn't care. I was so exhausted from the session of suspended punishment that I fell asleep instantly, despite the discomfort and awkward helplessness my restraints enforced. Again, I don't know how long I lay recovering, but eventually, I came awake and struggled to my feet then moved to the computer area and sat, suspending myself between the posts, to continue my writing.

Although I wasn't aware of it occurring, my discipline cycles were now being staggered in their occurrence, so that once every month, they all happened at the same time. My breasts, my tongue, and soon, my sex would all be punished in unison, but it was a gathering storm on the horizon of my life, drawing closer and closer; one that would almost consume me on the occasion of my nineteenth birthday.

Every fourth day my breasts were subjected to the horrible electrical torturing, and every fifth my tongue was also riven by the agonizing pulses. I began each day of my life with extreme fear and foreboding, trying to prepare myself for what was to come but *never* succeeded. Countless times I fought uselessly toward the barred wall, always losing the battle with my leashes then would stand with the chains stretched taunt behind me, leaning into them and staring desperately at the bars, so close yet so far away. Always, my hands clawed at open air while I tried to reach out and touch them, but even if they had not been held at my waist, I'd still be unable to manage it! I spent endless hours like this, silently struggling and thrashing madly at the ends of my chains, then for other unknown times, I sat huddled in the corner of the wall and floor with them strung out tightly behind me ... as far away from the swing's chains as I could get. My attempts to evade capture by the guards were childish and pointless, for they could easily approach and control me, and they were always harsh when handling my nose leash, jerking pitilessly on it while leading me to the place of my torment.

The initial punishment had already achieved the objectives set by my father, and I was now deeply and sincerely regretful for my wild life in the West. I'd become totally obedient but was in great despair, desperately wanting to be released from this Hell on Earth.

Until this point, I'd never considered it, but now thoughts of suicide blossomed in my mind. However, *that* escape was totally prohibited by the design and efficiency of my restricting and controlling restraint harness! My ensemble had been designed and manufactured to prevent me from *any* sort of effort in this direction, for these thoughts were bound to happen to any woman imprisoned in such a horribly restricting set of appliances and garments. Escape of *any* kind from the constant control and restriction, even death, would fill the wearer's thoughts, but the harness was implacable and would not permit any avoidance of punishment.

Endless time passed before the next phase began. It was to be a deeply intimate invasion of my body and mind, and I would wish shortly thereafter, that I had never been born a female. That night, as usual, the faceless guard led me to the swing's chains, and short moments after, I hung abandoned and twitching in the brightly lit, silent chamber. I gasped for breath, slowly accustoming myself to the stringent tension on my clitoral isolator ball, feeling the skewering presence of the rigid, thick butt plug deep in my backside.

Insidiously, a small vibratory shock pulsed through my clitoral flesh within the steel armoured ball, and I gasped in terrified surprise at the teasing, twitching sensation. The small, tantalizing pulses continued for long moments, slowly bringing me to a higher and higher state of arousal, and it felt *so* good! Then, to my consuming desire, the strength and teasing waves of the miniscule shocks gradually began to increase, driving me even further into a zone of sensual pleasure! My inner muscles started to clamp spasmodically, and I writhed uncontrollably; hands

fighting against the wrist separator bar, striving to reach between my forcibly spread legs and, somehow, get at the thing that teased me so unmercifully and continually under the armouring steel panel. The muscles of my thighs shivered and surged against their tight cuffs, and my feet began an erratic tapping dance, but no matter how I twisted and writhed, I couldn't alleviate *or* enhance the maddening sensations! I tried to spread my thighs further apart, but of course, the short bar between their constricting cuffs prohibited it, and so I trembled with effort to do *something ... anything!* The harness held me fast and helpless under its torturous control. When I wasn't struggling to get at my sex, I tried to reach up and touch my armoured breasts, to somehow caress the trembling, sensitized flesh locked away under its steel cups, but of course, I couldn't do that either! I wailed and moaned with increasing frustration while I hung shuddering in steel-bound arousal.

The shocks escalated until my clitoris twitched and burned to their needling insistence, now seeming to almost glow inside its steel ball and, all the while, my internal muscles contracted and relaxed to the programmed command of the electrical pulses! I could *not* stop their instinctual reaction, and soon, my animalistic howling from the effects and sensations and the retching reaction against the throat and stomach tube increased dramatically. I twisted rabidly in my suspension, while the fleshy button of ultimate female pleasure became the central part of my disciplining. Wilder howls, gasps, and begging screams for it to stop hissed through my nostrils, but my need to experience sexual pleasure was overpowering! The unstoppable disciplining continued for what seemed like hours, driving the cruel arousal higher and higher but with no possible means for me to be able to achieve release by my own devices. Oh, it felt *so* wonderful!

My haze of pleasurable sensation evaporated like a snowflake on a hot rock when the pulsating current flow suddenly turned to fearsome, punishing bolts, spearing in mind-shattering sequences through my clitoris! I screamed demonically and thrashed madly from the painful rippling in my crotch, but this was only the next small step along the road of discipline chosen for me. In short seconds, I was turned into a mindless female puppet, dancing to the commands of an invisible, uncaring electronic master. My sense of time disappeared, and for endless hours I hung in a haze of increasing discomfort, pain, and unsatisfied arousal. My torment was, *and is*, indescribable! No mere *words* can explain the sensations I suffer when these punishments are administered. I depart from worldly existence, passing through doors and into a uniquely feminine version of Hell. The trouble is, I keep being returned to my life in the cell and made to realize that I will *not* be able to extricate myself from it! The awful, intimate torturing goes on and on! I am allowed to recover for minutes, and sometimes hours (I think), then be slowly forced into arousal once more ... and painfully severed from it by agonizing, disciplinary, electro-shock.

Finally, it ends, and I just hang limply in mid-air in lonesome tears, totally drained of energy. The worst part of these sessions comes at their termination for I am *still* not permitted to achieve an orgasm.

And so I hung in a twitching state of frustration with the fiendishly designed chastity belt and bra preventing me from achieving *any* sort of sexual satisfaction or release. They are designed to punish me just by the fact that they are locked onto me; but they were *not*, as I had just then discovered, passive devices.

Women and men by nature, if frustrated in this manner, quickly become irritable and impossible to live with, but *I* had virtually no one to vent my anger and distress upon. If I dared to show *any* sort of resistance to the guards, they soon and easily had me weeping and screaming in humbled repentance.

At last, I was freed from the swing and left. The session had again been so intense and so draining that I just fell to the floor in a twitching heap of steel restraints and chains, then lay there, completely exhausted, crying bitterly under my concealing steel face panels. My life had



become a succession of unending punishments, but it was soon to get worse ... much worse.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

### *Exercising To Futility – The Treadmill*

**Aruf Mahjalis**

My daughter was paying for her crimes as the religious authorities required she must to avoid execution, and although her travail was severe, I was in partial agreement with the means they decreed were required, but there remained yet another set of devices that had been created and added to her disciplinary ensemble. To this point they had remained inactive and awaiting their time. Delilah had been a prisoner within the cell for many months, and it was time for her to be subjected to the next stage of her discipline - hard labour. Exercise was a definite requirement, for the harness restricted her severely, and so she would now begin to work on the machines installed for her. I listened to the guard when he addressed her directly for the first time in two weeks.

“It is time for you to begin your hard labour, bitch!” he smiled grimly down at her blank, steel-covered face.

His hand pulled on her nose chain, and she, as always, howled into her gag, automatically retching then turned and followed him meekly. With each restricted, clip-clopping pace, her hands and fingers still fought against their separator bar, reacting to the sensation of her insides being stirred by the rigidly affixed butt plug. It must have been a horrible presence to bear, but she had enjoyed the use of *that* orifice too in her wanton debauchery in the West!

No more!

She was drawn over to, then through the narrow, close-barred door, two metres to the left of the carriage on the rail to which her leashes were attached. This portal had remained locked until now, and she had made no effort to look inside, perhaps fearing what she would see waiting. Delilah shuffled reluctantly but obediently along behind him at the end of her thrumming nasal chain, the steel ball rumbling, jerking harshly and erratically at her ankle spreader bar. She had to turn almost sideways to get through the opening in the thick concrete wall, and here I switched cameras to be able to see her entrance into the cell in which she would spend much of her life from this point on.

When they came closer to the equipment, she turned her body from side to side so that she could again take in the totality of it through the narrow arcs permitted by her vision limiter panel, and immediately began to shake with fear, for she knew her time had arrived to begin working on the fearsome appearing machines. The exercise chamber is a barren room, measuring five metres long and five metres wide, with the ceiling height of three metres, and like all the other areas of her cell, harshly illuminated by a grid of high intensity lights. The lights were inset into the ceiling, as were the ones in the main part of the cell, protected behind armoured glass. There is no adornment on the blank walls of this chamber other than the ring bolts set into the concrete with their dangling, heavy chains, and the large mirrors behind their protective plastic. The door was secured with an electronic lock and in its bottom edge was a five cm high, ten cm long slot that would allow passage for her leashes and umbilicals, and thus, she could be confined within the exercise chamber while always remaining leashed to the wall in the main cell. In total, it was nothing more than a thick walled, concrete box. The guard led her across the floor to the first piece of equipment she was to labour on.

“This is your treadmill.” he turned and grinned while she looked at the machine with obvious fear and loathing, twisting her body slowly from side to side.

For a moment, he let her be, standing there and inspecting the device to which she was soon to be attached. The sight of it must have frightened her terribly, for she tried to back away from him, bending her body forward as much as possible and jerking pitifully against the

restraint of her firmly held nasal leash, despite the pain it inflicted.

“**Come!** Step on the belt!” he snapped, giving a firm tug. Behind the shield I guessed that her eyes closed, filling with tears from the sharp pain, but of course she had to move forward and step onto the wide rubber strip.

“Move to the middle and stop!”

He first affixed a chain to the top ring of her head cage and, for a moment, nothing more happened. He’d casually and uncaringly dropped the weighty nose leash, leaving it to dangle between her steel breast cups, rattling against them while it swung slowly back and forth. He moved behind her and immediately fastened the widely spaced, long, dangling chains from the ceiling to the side rings of her waist band, leaving small lengths of links remaining to hang over her hips. Next he moved to the coils of chain on the floor beside the belt and brought one up to be fastened to the length of free chain dangling from the cinch ring on her right side. The other went to the outer ring of her right ankle cuff then he made the same connections on the left side so that she was kept standing in the middle of the belt with both sets looping down and out to the floor rings. They were of sufficient length that she would be able to move forward or back, but they would totally prevent her from moving sideways, off the belt.

He turned away to lift a lighter chain from its hook under the ring on the wall in front of her, and the silvery links slid through his fingers in a glittering cascade when he drew it out. A secure lock joined it and a small bell to the ring at the end of her nose leash and a moan of misery trembled her steel-cased throat when the increased weight came on the tether. Delilah stilled herself, facing forward with fascinated horror, forced to stare out along her nose leash to where it terminated at the wall, in the middle of a mirror. Every small motion set the shallow loop to swinging gently back and forth, dragging against its fleshy anchor, her impaled nose, and I heard the bell chime out its message of punishment.

“And so you are ready to begin your hard labour! I’m sure you will hate it, even after only an hour, but you are here for a much longer time, Prisoner! Soon, you shall also start on the oar ... and that will be as bad ... or worse!

“Your weekly schedule of activities has also been changed. Except for two days of rest every ten days, you will be brought in here to perform your hard labour. You should know that all of your efforts count for **nothing!** However, girl, there is one benefit! Your enforced exercise will keep you healthy, and therefore you will live longer and be punished for many more years! It is a very efficient arrangement and, of course, you will be monitored and controlled at all times to ensure obedience and that you perform to meet the goals set for you.

“You will discover that there are penalties for not performing to the standards, girl! These cannot be ignored ... as you will also learn. In a minute or two, you will begin.”

I left her hearing turned on after he’d turned and walked to the barred door, and she swung her head and body what little she could manage, to watch it close behind him, sliding down and closing with a solid, mechanical sound, sealing her inside the exercise chamber. Even turned as far as she could manage, Delilah was only able to see a small slice of the outer cell’s wall of bars through those of the narrow. The wall of bars soon again became an unbroken expanse of steel shafts, and then a moment later, the dungeon’s main doors were also sealed. Despite the pain from her nose leash and the discomfort of keeping her body turned against the choking restriction of the collar/head cage, Delilah continued to stare mournfully out into her cell, wondering how things could possibly get worse, hating the grim, featureless box she was a prisoner within.

Nothing happened for some seconds after I heard the computer shriek, signalling that she was completely sealed inside, but then with silent slowness, the treadmill’s belt began to slide backward under her feet. Only for a second did she stand motionless, and then her nose leash snapped tight, jangling the swinging bell when she was drawn backwards by the treadmill’s belt.

The sudden *twung!* of the links caused her to attempt to scream in pain, and she began to move her legs awkwardly, fighting against the harsh restriction of the spreaders between them. Delilah was immediately compelled to begin shuffling awkwardly along the rubber highway to nowhere in mindless obedience. It is *always* very difficult for her to walk, at any speed, because of the severe restriction of the bar-separated bands clamped around her legs, to say nothing of the resistance of the steel ball chained to her ankle spreader bar. Now, her punishment had been increased yet again, for she *had* to move forward, frantic to ease the burning tension on her nose.

There was a symphony of penitentiary noises inside the locked inner cell: the continual dull impact of her steel-shod feet on the rubber belt, the slithering clatter of the leash from the steel ball, and in counterpoint, behind her back, the three leashes from her harness, together with the umbilical of hoses and wires, swung back and forth, also clashing in tune with her walking. She struggled desperately to gain some slack in her painful nasal tether, but the ball rumbled erratically from side to side, always being dragged further backwards by the moving belt.

Of course, it wasn't long before she lost her rhythm and stumbled. Although the suspending chains to her waistband supported her while the toes of her steel horse shoes dragged along the still moving belt, they were positioned above it so that Delilah swung back and down until her nose leash snapped tight again! I faintly heard the gag-strangled screams of pain surge in her throat, only to be stopped by the deeply plunged mouth filler and stomach tube. Her attempted cries came not only from the pain of the leash but also from the deeper thrust of the butt plug when she settled further in her chastity belt. With great difficulty, she struggled to her feet and resumed her endless walking, all the while gasping, weeping and hiccupping with misery and horrified thoughts that she was sentenced to be kept at the incredibly difficult exercise for an unknown length of time.

There was no possible way she could refuse to walk.

The design of the machine was diabolically effective. After the first ten minutes, the motor ceased to act as the impelling force and converted into a governor so that if she failed to maintain the correct speed the computer sensed the drop in performance and disciplined her with increasingly painful shocks. Delilah discovered this when she slowed her pace slightly. Within their imprisoning cups, her garrotted and tensioned breasts and nipples caught fire, curdled with pulsating electrical shocks. She couldn't help but stop her laboured walking, shaking her body wildly, screaming and trying to somehow escape the horrid needling sensations being driven through her ringed nipples and the masses of her breasts. Once more she swung backwards on her suspending chains when her feet lifted from the belt, but nothing she did could stop the automatic punishments. The shocks grew stronger and stronger; their message was abundantly clear: walk or suffer! Delilah struggled to her feet once more and resumed her laborious trudging along the belt, and as she did, the faster she walked, the milder the shocks became until they stopped altogether when she was once more moving at the speed she'd started at. Of course it was hard, very hard; but this was a *punishment*. The steel ball was a constant, nagging hindrance to her awkward locomotion, and within two minutes, I heard her again gasping for breath through her impaled nose.

Finally, she slowed down in hisses of exhaustion, and nothing happened, for she was being permitted a rest period. It lasted for only five minutes and Delilah stood trembling, locked securely within the silent chamber; her breath whistling around the steel bar and shackle partially obstructing her nostrils, slowly recovering. She struggled briefly and forlornly against her harness, then again tried a few times to turn and stare out of the barred door into the cell beyond. There was no signal when she was to begin her laborious walking again; the belt just began to slide back under her feet without any warning, and her nose chain snapped tight before she could begin moving, automatically disciplining her. Delilah struggled into motion, walking

endlessly to nowhere for no purpose at all, but this time, the belt moved faster than it had at first! Not much, but enough that she knew it and within a minute she stumbled again, causing another cascade of shocks to pulse through her untouchable breasts and nipples, driving her into a screaming frenzy to get at her imprisoned chest. The wrist separator bar was kept firmly seated in its receivers on her waistband, keeping her hands utterly useless while she struggled frantically, screaming all the while. She managed to regain her feet and speed before the shocks drove her utterly crazy, and when I focussed the camera more closely on the front of her steel-covered face, I saw continuous trickles of her silently overflowing tears sliding from under the obscuring, upper facial panel.

The program permitted her to stumble only three times during each exercise period before the next stage of 'encouragement' was revealed. The fourth time, she hung screaming mindlessly while trying to regain her footing and then a new series of twitching, electrical discharges was driven through the nexus of her supersensitive clitoris. Her legs instinctually raised and attempted to scissor together when she instinctually tried to curl into a foetal ball of protection, but the bars separating her legs ensured she remained widespread and vulnerable. As soon as her feet came off the floor, she immediately swung backwards, jerking agonizingly on her nose! The short leash to the steel ball immediately snapped tight when the heavy sphere was pulled back by the treadmill belt, adding even more to her distress but the side chains that kept her centred on it would not allow any escape! Delilah hung writhing and screaming hysterically into her gag; her sex and breasts repeatedly transfixed by the cruelly calculated electrical pulses with no means of escaping them. An endless two minutes passed before they finally ceased and she began staggering along the treadmill once more.

Delilah sucked avidly on the gag and was rewarded with a trickle of cold water into her mouth and throat, soothing the rawness her attempted screaming had caused, but this was only her second hour on the treadmill! The system had been designed with thoroughness, to ensure that she worked hard and was always being disciplined, five days of every week. It was mindlessly efficient in its compulsion; but the worst thing for her was to realize there was virtually no point to all of the effort and tears she expended. The only thing she could hope for was to lessen the sessions of unavoidable electrical torture and to prevent the leash from pulling harshly on her nose. However, that *too* was impossible, for the system's programming was designed in such a manner that the goals she was supposed to attain would always exceed her abilities. It would maintain its punishment regime no matter how hard she tried.

For the rest of the day, she walked and sometimes was forced to try and jog in endless terror of stumbling ... and of course, she did, repeatedly. The discipline was always fierce and left her in shoulder-shuddering sobs of despair and pain until finally the guard returned to the chamber and released her.

"Did you have an interesting day, little bitch?" he asked over his shoulder while leading her out into the main portion of her cell. "You were observed on the closed circuit TV, and it seems that you were enjoying your discipline a great deal. It's very strong, isn't it?"

"You'd better get used to it because you'll be spending of your time in there. Now, *come!*" he commanded, jerking mercilessly on her nose chain.

She staggered after him at the end of the thrumming leash with the others from the back of her collar, waist band, and ankle spreader bar trailing noisily along the floor while he maintained his tension, drawing her over to the place where the ring was set into the concrete floor: her feeding position. She knelt slowly then had to bend her body even more when he pulled down firmly on the terrible leash, able only to see his gloved fingers hooked through its end ring. His other hand descended with the lock and snapped it closed and seconds later, tears of misery at this unending, harsh treatment began to fall from the narrow slits of her vision limiter panel, forming a small puddle on the floor under her steel-clad face. Obviously, she felt her discipline

keenly, especially after a long day of utterly useless work and implacable punishments, but it was time for another of the vastly humiliating sessions of having food pumped into her stomach, at the same time, suffering the application of the quirt. The guard laid on the dozen strokes without pity, and as always, she struggled madly to escape, snapping her nose leash tight when she reared from the pain of each blow, screaming and retching against her throat tube, but not a sound emerged other than the violent hisses of her breath through her impaled nose. For some moments, he stood over the cowering, harnessed, and securely leashed young woman, enjoying the sight of her total subjugation and shaking shoulders while she wept before him in utter desolation.

“You’ll *stay* this way until it’s time for you to rest.”

Delilah trembled, wretched, kneeling, bent humbly forward, held in the crouch enforced by her nose chain while the doors crashed closed and locked behind him.

During this part of her isolation until the scheduled rest, I seldom checked on her, but I knew, fastened as she was, that time passed with glacial slowness. Occasionally, she straightened slightly to try and ease cramps that inevitably set in, but the implacable leash always jerked harshly at her flesh, reminding her of its limiting presence. In her pleading letters, she fervently cursed the day she had decided to give herself away, but it was *far* too late, now. By her actions, she had thoughtlessly discarded her future in the mistaken belief that she would never be brought to account.

Obviously, she had been wrong.

Hours later, the hooded guard released her and without a word, drew her over to the mat and chained her down. He quickly departed, leaving Delilah to stare up at the featureless concrete ceiling, held utterly motionless and totally deafened once more. She knew that others near by were, in all likelihood, enjoying rapturous sessions of love and closeness; while in the sealed cell, her only companion was the huge, rigid plug resident deep in her bowels. Its presence was designed to bring her no joy at all, only to fill her uncomfortably and carry away her bodily wastes. Because of the strenuous exercising and convulsions she had made from the electrical stimulation during the day, she fell asleep quickly, waking only once to jerk against her chains, sobbing anew with the futility of her life.

I retired to my bed and summoned my wife.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

### *Rowing For Naught*

#### **Delilah**

The next morning, all of the usual things happened, but this time, when I was forced to enter the exercise chamber, the hooded guard pulled me to the other machine. I inspected it fearfully while I was drawn closer, terrified of what I would have to do on the evil-looking device.

It was a relatively simple arrangement. There was a wide metal bench set high above the floor, dished to cup my buttocks, and with a groove between the dishes to accept the dividing strap of the crotch plate and the rigid, external post. The bench itself was equipped with multiple chains, and another hung from the ceiling over its middle. Sticking out of a long, wide slot in a steel panel beside the seat, parallel to it, was a thick shaft, four cm in diameter, located forward and slightly lower. Five centimetres in from the outer end, a fifteen cm long chain hung from an integral staple and at the side nearest the slot, fifty cm away, was another. There were two more features I glimpsed while I struggled closer on my horse shoe-shod boots. The ceiling chain dangled to be almost centred over the bench but slightly behind and on the floor beneath was another ring with a short chain welded to it. My hearing snapped on with a painfully loud and annoying buzz, and then I heard him speak.

***“Come!”*** he commanded. “You are about find out what it is like to work an oar. Sit on the bench and remain still while you are fastened.”

He had already positioned a step-up platform under the seat; it perhaps fifty cm in height with shallow steps to the top surface, and I carefully but with reluctance, mounted it and awkwardly turned until I was able to sit on the hard metal seat. I did this with deep foreboding, but he obviously enjoyed my every tremble, watching silently while I obeyed his orders. Unable to do anything else, I sat staring straight ahead, doing nothing to aggravate him while he began the process of fastening me in place, talking all the while.

“First, you will raise your legs and place your boots on their rests. Next, I’ll connect your nose leash and bell.”

I raised my feet and placed them in their receivers then four latches on each one were swung over, clicking into receptacles in the sides of my platform soles, locking my feet into position. With knees bent and raised, I gained some slack in the restrictor chains and could now move my hands and their separator bar away from my waist but, for the moment, I left them as they were, with their bar laying in my lap, staring out through the narrow vision slits, shuddering with terror while he drew out my nose leash and connected it in front of me, exactly like the treadmill fastening.

“Now, the bench chains to your belt so that you cannot get out of your nice seat.” They rattled noisily and, a moment later, had been locked to the side rings on my waistband. God! It was awful to sit on the huge butt plug and I whined, feeling it rammed even further into me when the seat tethers were tightened. I couldn’t see it, but the rigid, thick shaft of the phallus stuck down under the seat ... waiting. “You are not permitted to move your head other than what ***this*** chain permits,” he stated, locking the descending one to the top ring of my head cage. “Grasp the oar, girl!”

I leant forward as far as I could, wrapped my hands around the smooth shaft at the positions for them, and sat quietly while he locked the short chains from the oar’s staples to the outer ones on my wrist clamps. It would be possible to release my grip, but I’d be unable to get completely away from it. The dragging of the restrictor chains pulled my hands and oar in close to my steel-banded belly while above, my elbows were already being drawn inexorably into my

sides and behind my back. I moaned feebly into my gag, attempting to pull my legs up to gain some small freedom for my arms.

"It *is* very restricting, isn't it?" he asked with a nasty smile in his voice. "But you are to be permitted *no* freedoms! Remain still while I fasten the floor chain to your ankle spreader."

He knelt beside me and pulled the platform away then immediately drew the length of chain up from its floor ring and locked it to the centre of my ankle spreader bar, doubly locking my feet and legs in place.

"*Oh, God! Oh, God!*" I wailed in my mind.

"There! You're almost ready to begin your work!" he exclaimed with malevolent satisfaction, standing back and inspecting me, sitting helpless and vulnerable before him; the oar grasped in my trembling, pinioned hands. "This is a simple exercise, Prisoner. You must move this oar as I demonstrate. You are here in this seat *only* to work it and suffer for the rest of your miserable life! Follow my actions now to know what it is that you must do."

He pressed the shaft down, and slowly pulled it away from me. I had to bend forward, at the same time, pulling my legs up against the resistance of the boot fastenings until the chain between the ankle spreader bar and the floor ring snapped tight, just to gain the required few centimetres of extra freedom. With some distance travelled, I felt it stop, then he raised it ten cm, and again it stopped. In this position, I had to strain to maintain my grip, and the chain from the top of the my head cage had tightened so that my head was pulled back strongly, forcing my steel cupped chin up so that my tear-filled eyes could only stare out through the vision slits at the ceiling above. I was nothing but a faceless, female automaton, fastened helplessly in place to work at a pointless task.

"You must now pull backward, always keeping the oar high." He moved it back toward me, maintaining its height.

The levered rests for my feet moved down and to the front, drawing my legs out straight, and this action pulled my wrist separator bar into my belly and my elbows in behind me while I leant back. Just before I reached the full return angle, my nose leash abruptly snapped tight and a fresh howl of misery rose in my throat to be blocked by the gag. At the same time, the little bell swung crazily back and forth, chiming out my movement. My legs went straight, angled down, and again snapping the floor chain tight! That wasn't all that happened though, because inside my belly, the rigid anal shaft shifted making me wail from the indescribably horrible sensation of it stirring my insides while I completed this first rowing stroke.

"Push down on the oar before you start any forward motion, girl, then hold it down all the way!" he snapped, releasing his grip. I did and found that a distinct force was required. "Very well! That is the extent of your permitted motions! At the signal, you *must* begin rowing. Do *not* let the oar rise while you push forward or move down when you pull back. I will see you at the end of the day."

All sound cut off, and with that, he left the exercise cell, closing and locking the narrow door behind him. Minutes later, the piercing, shrieking signal sounded in my earplugs, telling me that I was sealed within for the remainder of the day. The brightly lit concrete chamber was deathly silent while I sat in frozen immobility, staring helplessly and in terrified tears at the concrete wall three metres away.

"*Please, God!*" I prayed, "*I don't want to be here! Let this only be a terrible nightmare!*"

It wasn't.

Suddenly, the electronic shriek again blasted painfully into my ears.

I pushed down on the bar then shoved it slowly away from myself against the built-in resistance, struggling to do it properly. It went to the end of its forward travel and I lifted, gasping and moaning from the movement of the butt plug as well as the uncomfortable, backward jerk on my head cage. I pulled it towards myself and felt my whole harnesses act in



concert, beginning to immobilize me while I leant further and further back! A heavy drumbeat began to sound, and it took me a few cycles to come close to the rhythm of moving the oar. The designer of the machine had been very thorough and set the computer program to recognize a loss of beat, or my being too slow to move through the proper motions and soon, after an uncountable number of cycles, my breasts suddenly came alight with fierce, needling shocks! I screamed against the gag, shaking myself as much as I could, desperate to escape the awful torture and the shaft slipped from my palsied, gloved fingers, while I jerked my arms frantically against their separator bar and the short chains connecting my wrist cuffs to the oar in a frenzy of frustration and distress. I *had* to tear off the locked-on breast cups imprisoning my twitching breasts!!

I fought hysterically against my restraints, only to have the electrical pulses grow stronger and stronger but then somehow managed to grasp the oar once more, and after a moment of struggling, resume the rowing action. The shocks stopped ... for the time being. For the next eternity, I moved to the unending beat of the drum with increasing desperation, pain, and exhaustion. Only the sounds of steel links being jerked to their limits and the chiming of my nose bell echoed in the otherwise silent cell, but of course, I was not permitted to hear even those small sounds while I sweated and strained in solitude. At last, I was allowed to rest for what I think was ten minutes and I sat there on the unpadded steel bench, drenched in sweat, gasping and trembling from my exertions.

With an agonizing flare of electricity, the butt plug informed me that I was to begin rowing again. Howling against the throat tube and gag at being so intimately assaulted, I began the mindless activity once more. Soon though, my arms began to tremble and my fingers once more released their grip of the oar halfway along its forward travel. My clitoris was instantly riddled with a volley of shocks, and I tried to surge out of the seat, struggling maniacally against its securing chains from the sensations of the horribly intimate jolts. The needling of my most sensitive flesh went on without pause, and I screamed dementedly, gagging mindlessly all the while, frantically trying to grab the oar again. I managed it, but a short time later, my arms were so tired that I dropped it once more while pulling towards myself. Immediately, my nipples and breasts were subjected to another series of fiery, twitching shocks! Again, my hands jerked wildly against their short chains and the wrist separator bar in repeated, futile attempts to get at my tortured breasts, but it was totally impossible, fastened as I was.

I *thought* I was exhausted, but the waves of pulses continued to transfix me until I grasped the oar again and began to pull demonically on it. To increase my misery, the computer now added in the final encouragement. When I lifted the oar at the forward end of its square travel path, the electrodes pressing into my tongue unleashed flaring bolts! I screamed mindlessly every time this happened, but, as intended, leant back in a useless attempt to escape the pain and pulled strongly towards myself, my legs straightening automatically and, in effect, increasing the speed of the cycle!

I rowed like a mad woman, frantically flexing my body against the resistance of my harness and the chains fastening me to the bench. No matter *what* I did on the machine, I punished myself with every motion! I don't know how long I sat rowing mindlessly before sheer exhaustion made me faint. I awoke to find myself slumped forward over the shaft with my tensioned breasts being repeatedly curdled by severe elector-chocks and my clitoris twitching painfully within its armouring steel marble. In an agonized haze I began rowing once more and no matter how despairingly I wept or tried to beg to be freed of the terrible machine and its automatic torturing, I *had* to continue at the task! The whole thing happened over and over again, and when one of the faceless guards finally came that night, I was a wreck of quivering jelly.

No one, other than the microphones, heard my gag-stifled, inhuman noises, for I'd been

sealed away inside my dungeon and cells. The time-locked chambers would remain sealed to all comers until my day was completed. At last the torment ended and I sat gasping in a haze of exhaustion on the bench, waiting for what seemed like hours, but was probably only five minutes, for the guard to appear.

“You were a poor galley slave today, bitch!” he snapped heartlessly while releasing me. “Tomorrow you’ll be back on this oar to improve your performance.”

I was led out to the main cell, fastened in place to the floor ring at my feeding and whipping position. Soon after, the food was pumped into me while the guard whipped me without pity. I thought I’d screamed myself out, but the impacts of the quirt proved me wrong, as they did every night! There were no further words from him; however, this time he did not leave me fastened, crouched over. I was abandoned to my solitary confinement until it was time to be chained for my rest period.

And so, this is what had become of my life.

I worked at these pointless tasks five days of every week and sometimes, if the guards are not satisfied that I have been diligent enough, I will lose my Saturdays and Sundays to spend them either rowing or walking on the treadmill. Despite my increasing stamina with each passing week, the effort required of me becomes greater and greater so that I can *never* attain the perfection demanded. The machines automatically deliver electrical torture, driving me into frenzies of hysterical tears and frantic fighting against my restraints.

I soon thought I would go completely crazy; always alone, deafened, nearly blinded, and always kept in my severe restraints, but there is no possible way I can injure myself, and so if I eventually lose my sanity, the restraints will be fully justified! The thought of this happening frightens me terribly and my writing is the only thing that gives me any release, and that is only allowed on my weekends, now.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

### *The Religious Inspectors*

**Aruf Mahjalis**

She had not yet been introduced to the full range of her disciplining procedures, but I allowed another ten days to pass before the next step was taken. Delilah was about to begin paying for enjoying her body as only married women who wear the chador and burqa are permitted. She though, would find no tenderness or mercy.

Again, it would happen while she was suspended in her Punishment Swing - bringing home to her the true nature of her femaleness. I alerted the programmer that she would be required to take this step into the process of her punishment the next night; the eve of her nineteenth birthday. It would be observed not only by her, but by the religious inspectors also. Delilah had now been imprisoned for nearly nine months and regained the strength she'd lost during the first six of her incarceration. Her begging letters had almost ceased to come to my computer; although every week or two, she would send one in obviously ever-decreasing hopes of lessening her punishments. I ignored them totally, although I did occasionally speak to her through her earplugs.

I knew it would happen eventually and had, until this point, managed to stave off the inspection visit by the religious authorities by asking that they wait until Delilah bore the full complement of her Female Restraint And Discipline Harness and had suffered some months of punishment. One day though, a courier arrived with a letter from them, indicating that they now insisted on visiting to ensure that Delilah was in fact being disciplined in the manner they had agreed to. Of course, I'd replied to their demand immediately, asking that they come to the house upon the occasion of Delilah's nineteenth birthday and stay for an additional three days to observe the full range of her punishments. They would thus be able to assure themselves that she was indeed being properly disciplined for her transgressions while she'd been in the West.

The courier returned two days later and I was presented with their letter of acceptance. The preparations and consultations with the technician who maintained Delilah's computer programs were completed, and it was certain that her birthday was to be an event she would wish had never come to pass.

I stood on the palace roof on the appointed morning, waiting in the shade of one of the towers while looking off to the southwest. It was still cool and dark to the north, and I shivered a little, feeling the knife-like penetration of the cold wind from the mountains, even wearing a heavy lambskin cloak. The local airfield had called and alerted me that the mullah's helicopter was in-bound, and I soon spotted its anti-collision lights, flashing on and off, high to the east. In short moments, I heard the distinctive whine of its engine and noisy whop-whop-whop of its rotor blades while it approached, then it swooped in to land on the rooftop heli-pad. For a moment, I closed my eyes against the rotor-driven blast of sand and dust, then slitted them open when the engine noise began to die away. The side door slid back quickly and two tall, thin, black-robed men stepped onto the roof while I hurried forward to greet them.

"May the peace of Allah be upon you, Aruf Mahjalis," they both murmured.

"And upon you, my honoured guests." I formally replied, leading them to the elevator door at the base of the tower I'd sheltered by.

"Please, let us proceed to view the young woman in her place of punishment."

"Gentlemen?" I parried. "She is not going anywhere, I assure you. Perhaps you wish to get settled in your accommodations and refresh yourselves, and then we can proceed at your convenience?"

The pilot and co-pilot of the helicopter had unloaded their cases and followed us into the

house.

“Yes, that will be fine, Aruf. From your descriptions, we know that your daughter cannot escape her fate.”

Over the next two hours, they settled themselves and we enjoyed a quiet luncheon in one of the courtyards. During the meal, I laid out the plan for their visit to Delilah’s suite of cells and the series of events that would take place therein, and then asked them if they wished to view any of the video tapes, or perhaps even a live feed. Both declined politely.

“No, Aruf Mahjalis, thank you.” said the eldest. He was very tall, thin, bearded, and had eyes that could pierce through mountains. I irreverently thought that he looked as though he ate only broken glass and drank vinegar. “We wish to see how she is being dealt with first hand. An actual, physical inspection of the girl and her equipment will be required, and we must be physically present when she suffers her discipline.”

“Very well, brothers. That isn’t a problem in any way, and I have already made provision for these requirements. As matters stand, tomorrow is her nineteenth birthday, and so tonight, she will begin a period of penance that has been specifically designed for her crimes. As you know from my letter, it will take a full three days for you to see the complete range of the disciplinary measures imposed upon her.”

“Very well.” he replied. “When do we proceed?”

“I will send a servant for you at 7:00 pm this evening, Excellencies. We will then descend to her cells, and you will have all the opportunities you wish to inspect her then to personally observe while she suffers the various disciplines programmed. Is that satisfactory to you?”

“Of course, Aruf.” he smiled. “Your arrangements are most satisfactory. We look forward to seeing how you have arranged matters in this regard. Perhaps we shall recommend that the Religious Courts institutionalize this type of punishment, if we find it to be of the correct severity.”

“Thank you,” I replied with a small bow. “Until this evening then.”

With that, I left them and returned to my office and matters of business demanding my attention. Once there I flicked to the cameras that observed Delilah and saw she was busily typing, albeit with the usual difficulty, writing out her history. The remainder of the day passed quickly enough, and at 5:30 pm, I descended to the main lounge area and summoned my family for dinner. The meal was a quiet one, and I suppose the presence of the two black robed men dampened the atmosphere substantially. At its end, the family disappeared silently to their other duties and pastimes, and at 6:45 pm, I sent a servant to escort the mullahs to my office.

Within ten minutes, we had entered Delilah’s suite of cells to find that she knelt, facing into the corner with a hooded guard standing behind her, loosely holding her nose leash in his black leather gloved hand. At the end of the barred wall, the access portion remained open, and when he heard us enter, he turned to look at me. By my instructions, Delilah had been deprived of her sight and hearing and so just waited in terror for what was to come.

“Abdul,” I commanded in a low voice, “take her to the Vertical Restraint System and fasten her. I will give further instructions as we proceed.”

He jerked on her nose leash, eliciting a hissing scream from her steel-captured nose, and she struggled awkwardly to her feet while he maintained the tension, all the while howling in cruelly suppressed misery. The two men accompanying me looked on with approval, already having been impressed by the forbidding security and isolation measures that were employed to imprison her.

The guard, thanks to long practice, rapidly fastened her between the steel columns and activated the carriages until she was strung with her feet some twenty cm above the floor.

“Please Excellencies, come with me and carry out whatever inspections you wish.”

I led them through the opening in the barred wall and to the quivering, restrained young

woman, then stood back and watched while they closely checked all of the equipment fastened to her, concentrating their gaze upon how the restraints were secured. The junior of the two turned to me.

"I see that all of the joints are quite permanent."

"Yes," I replied, "after the harness was found to be a proper fit, all locking pins were welded in place."

"Excellent! Now we wish to see her sexual containment and punishment systems, please."

"Abdul," I ordered, "Position her so that she can be properly inspected when the crotch panel is released, then clean her thoroughly."

It took only seconds, and all the while, gasping hisses of misery issued from Delilah's steel bound nostrils. They both inspected the terrible device mounted within her nose, gently tugging the chain from side to side and observing its effect on the flesh and person it was fastened into. One of them took a small flashlight and shone it up inside her nostrils, then nodded approvingly. I came over to where she now lay partially reclined and waiting.

"Gentlemen, as you can see, the crotch panel is fitted with a substantial projection. This contains the vaginal disciplining shaft. Until now, she has not been subjected to its application, but that will happen while you are here, and so you will be able to observe its disciplinary effect at first hand. At the moment the shaft is retracted, and all of its electrical excitation and punishment systems and programs are inactive."

I released the lock holding the crotch panel in place, disconnected the retaining latches on her clitoral bracket and the vaginal dilator then swung it down and out of the way. Abdul moved in and washed the exposed flesh carefully, and then the two men crowded close and inspected the revealed imprisonment of her sex. Their fingers played over the obviously tumescent flesh, watching carefully while her muscles and flesh quivered and reacted to their inspection.

"This is a most excellent arrangement!" the older man exclaimed, turning to me. "She may be sealed again."

I gestured to the guard, and he quickly re-imprisoned her sex. The older spoke again.

"What is the purpose of the grooves on the inner surface of the dilator ring?"

"They, as you could see, are slightly curved. When the shaft penetrates the wearer it is forced to rotate, being lubricated each time. I am told that it is a most disconcerting experience for any female who has experienced it, even for the briefest period. With this arrangement, she will experience it *every* time the shaft enters her body. The first punishment factor is that she will be subjected to this continual penetration for long periods and these will sometimes be hours in duration. Naturally, this, for a female is at first an arousing situation, but given the rotation and unending nature of the experience, it will quickly become very unpleasant for her. Second, there is the vibration effect and this will further arouse her, but that effect also will soon become vastly unbearable. Finally, at frequent points of this disciplinary experience, the penetrating, twirling, vibrating shaft will emit increasingly disturbing electrical shocks of varied duration, strength and wave forms.

Needless to say, with the device fastened to her body as it is, she cannot escape nor can she avoid the process and so she shall indeed suffer for her crimes. I have already had this arrangement tested on a female prisoner who was subsequently executed and can assure you that it is most efficient at reducing a woman to a mass of quivering, obedience. You will soon see the efficacy of this punishment system demonstrated and I'm sure you will be impressed."

"Very good!" he smiled blandly. "Given what we have seen here, I feel there is no need to remove her facial panels to inspect the devices there. Your pictures of them being fitted and the follow-up images you sent will be adequate proof that she is restrained as you have told us. Also, we do not wish to lessen her punishment by freeing her of those restraints, even for the shortest time."

“As you wish, Excellencies.” I replied, thankful that they had found my designs and the equipment up to their standards. “Shall we go now to the anteroom and enjoy some refreshments while awaiting the beginning of her discipline?”

“Ah, yes. That would be fine.”

They turned and walked quickly to the door and into the anteroom, obviously glad to be out of Delilah’s cell and once beyond the wall of bars, settled into the recliners I’d had brought in for their comfort. I turned to Abdul.

“Secure the cell, then lower her and place her in the swing for nightly suspension.”

“Aye, sir,” he obeyed, obviously somewhat frightened of the two black-robed mullahs.

I turned and went to sit with the mullah’s. We watched while Abdul went about his duties with the Prisoner. She was completely obedient, for she could be nothing else and only the small sounds of her gagged howls indicated her distress. Delilah’s sessions in the swing had remained a part of her bi-weekly sleeping schedule. However, today was to be an exception. Upon standing on her feet again, still blinded, Abdul snapped her nose leash and attempted to draw her over to the swing, but this was one of the times she tried to disobey, bending forward when he tugged on the chain, attempting to put off being taken to her suspension. He quickly demonstrated his mastery, and in seconds, she stood under the three chains, small trickles of tears leaking from under her upper facial panel.

Abdul quickly fastened the central chain to the top of her head cage then urged her to step up onto the blocks already prepared. She did it only with the greatest reluctance; small hissing wails issuing from her nose while he held his hand up and tightened the leash, forcing her to move forward and up onto them. For her resistance to his commands, silent though they were, he reached into his pocket and drew out a two hundred and fifty gram steel weight, locked it to the ring at the end of her nose chain and let it drop. A strangled scream came from her nose and she writhed within her harnessing. The remainder of her fastenings was quickly completed then her eye shields were opened to leave her staring at herself in a newly placed mirror yet unable to see us beyond the bars. Abdul slowly pulled the step up blocks from beneath her steel-shod feet and exited the cell. The door swung down and locked, turning the barred wall into a seamless cage once more. I spoke while we walked to our observation area.

“Occasionally she still shows minor signs of rebellion but whenever these occur she is immediately and harshly corrected with the electro-shock, or the application of the quirt. Today’s events will demonstrate the use of both means of correction quite thoroughly, and as for the electrical appliances she is fitted with, you will see approximately ten percent of the available power used.

“Hhhmmmm.” the older of the mullah’s mused, “Exactly how much power is available?”

“Excellencies, there is sufficient power to end the wearer’s life, if applied in a certain pattern. Otherwise, there is more than enough to exact a most painful discipline.”

“And how much power has been used, to this point, for her punishments?”

“Until now, she has only been taken as high as eight percent. Today, I have raised the upper limit and it will be kept at this level, with gradual increases to come over the term of her incarceration. As per your instructions, she is not to be executed, but made to suffer constantly for her crimes and so she will not be over-stressed.”

“Excellent. Let the process begin.” He said grimly, settling back in his comfortable chair, staring at the steel harnessed young woman now dangling in midair on the other side of the barred wall.

“Is there anything else you desire of me, Excellencies?” he asked, standing erectly before us.

“No, thank you, Abdul. You may leave.”

Without a word, he went to the door and was let out.

Delilah hung before us on the other side of the bars, twisting slowly; her steel-obsured

head facing the mirror on the wall in front of her, unable to see that there were others nearby, here to observe her coming travail. She would, however, be able to see herself being tormented, as I wished her to, adding to her misery and contrition. She had made dozens of pleas in her desperate letters that she not have to endure the suspension punishment. It was apparently the worst thing she had to bear on a continuing basis, other than the forced exercising/hard labour. Her protests and pleas meant nothing of course, showing that she was indeed paying for her crimes with continual regret and suffering. Employment of these sessions was what the religious authorities demanded, and nothing would change it. Beyond the bars, she swung quietly in her chains in trembling anticipation, staring into the mirror at her reflection. For the thirty minutes I described in detail her discipline to come to the two clerics. Occasionally, we heard small whimpering gasps from her and watched closely when her hands clenched fruitlessly while she twisted, writhing slightly within her restraint ensemble. Obviously she was attempting to ease her discomfort or shift her bound legs and hoofed feet but there was no way for her to manage it and all she did was to make her dangling leashes rattle. Other than our subdued conversation, those were the only sounds heard in the chamber.

We sat in comfort on the lounges, sipping glasses of iced fruit juices and nibbling on delicacies from a tray on the table before us, conversing in low voices. Delilah was unable to hear anything, and then their attention became focussed fully on her when the computer made its awful noise.

Her nineteenth birthday celebration was about to commence.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

### *Procedures, Frustrations And Punishment*

#### **Delilah**

After hearing the piercing shriek in my earplugs, I knelt in the corner, waiting in quiet terror for the inevitable harsh pull on my nose leash. It did not come as quickly as expected, but suddenly, my sight was taken away when the shutters for the vision slits snapped closed. For long moments, I remained in silence and blackness, waiting nervously for what was to come and howled with pain as I always did when he jerked my nose leash. Something different was about to happen, I knew, and so I ineffectually tried to fight being pulled along behind him. As usual, the pain he inflicted rapidly crushed all of my resistance and so I soon stood between the posts of the Vertical Restraint System. For the next long minutes, I was subjected to all of the indignities I had to suffer then again my crotch panel was locked closed. I was freed and once more forced to walk, still blinded, at the end of my nose leash, until he forced me to climb onto the step up blocks and wait quietly while he fastened me.

A moment later, my nose erupted in a fiery blast when he dropped the chain, obviously now bearing a weight of some kind, and I tried to scream yet again, only to automatically retch against the throat tube and gag pad. The shutters snapped open and I stared through tear-streaming eyes into a mirror to see the terrible reflection of myself. Behind, I could see his reflected hand holding the chains to the blocks and watched in hypnotized horror when they tightened and slowly pulled the blocks from under my horse shoe-shod steel boots. I automatically dropped my toes as much as the boots permitted and touched their tips to the floor to steady myself, and when I looked up, he'd disappeared. My dance of submission to this punishment was automatic, and I couldn't stop the instinctual attempts of my fingers to reach out and grasp something to steady me, struggling against all the restrictions on my arms. Oh, Damn! I was *so* uncomfortable! My breasts hurt and having to sit in semi-suspension in my chastity belt was awful. There was no way for me to ease my plight, no matter *what* I tried or how I struggled, and so for the longest time I sat, occasionally swinging gently back and forth. Time in the swing passed as slowly and uncomfortably as always, and although I had somewhat accustomed myself to it, I nevertheless was filled with fear every time I was hung in it. There was absolutely no way for me to gauge the passage of time ... I just existed in despair and discomfort while the seconds and minutes crawled slowly past.

All I could think of at these times was how my days and months had passed in an endless succession of horror, as was intended by the awful sentence that frequently reappeared on the monitor. Being as isolated as I was, I had no way of telling the passage of the days, weeks, or months and my schedule had been varied and rest periods erratic, so I never really knew what time of the day it was either! I was not permitted to record the passage of sleeping and awake periods, and too, the computer's dating system was automatically reset every few minutes, so that there was no way to gauge the passage of time on it. All I could look forward to was an endless period of imprisonment.

Although I didn't know it, it was my nineteenth birthday, as well as the coinciding point of all my types of punishments, and, to increase the impact of my disciplinary experience, the next escalation of punishment was about to be added.

The sharp shriek of the computer drilled into my brain. What was going to come next?

My first experience of the approaching torture came when my tongue convulsed from the horrible electrical impulses needled into it from the gag pad. The appalling, intimate lightning bolts within my mouth continued for what felt like hours while I writhed and howled demonically, attempting to vent my animalistic noises against the rubber obstruction locked into



my mouth and onto my tongue. Automatically, my hands and arms jerked against the horribly restricting wrist separator bar, clamped tightly against my waist cinch. When the tongue shocks eased slightly, the electrodes pressing into my clitoris were energized, eliciting more howls of pure distress and twitching, desperate need. Again and again my legs tried to pull up so that I could curl into a protective ball, but the short chain between the heavy ball and my ankle spreader bar snapped tight, halting each attempt. For short seconds, I could attain some small freedom, but the weight of steel fastened to my legs made me drop them, to hang in short, swinging arcs, just above the surface of the floor, automatically snapping the wrist bar back into its mounts. I managed to gain only a little temporary freedom; just enough for my fingers to scabble at the undersides of the steel cups that armoured my flaring, tensioned breasts, but soon my arms were snapped back into place and I could only claw uselessly at open air, unable to stop the howling screams that tried to force themselves from my soul.

The pulses transfixing my tongue and clitoris seemed to die back slightly, but *then* my breasts twitched and shuddered within their cups when at first there were feathery light pulses through my nipples. They lasted some moments, making my breasts shudder and swell even more, needing to be touched and caressed, but it was not to be! The shocks slowly grew stronger and stronger, lasting for eons and then they began passing from around their bases, up and through my tensioned nipples! The sensation of their continual needling, curdling passage were indescribably horrid. Words alone cannot reveal the discomfort and pain I was forced to endure while I shook and wildly twisted my upper body as much as I could manage, desperately attempting to escape the discipline. Suspended and restrained as I was in the harness, there was stop what was being done to me!

For the longest time, the waves and sequences moved back and forth, then, under the steel crotch covering, I felt a spurt of something into my sex! Insidiously, and I never thought that I would feel it again; a thick, bullet-headed shaft began to slowly penetrate my body! It pushed inexorably into the shivering and spasming folds of my sensitive sexual opening; teasingly withdrawing slightly before entering me further. With each deeper penetration, the monster's side grooves engaged with the guiding ridges of the ring that dilated my labia, then slowly rotated as it slid deeper into my body! At the same time, the capturing donut twitched slightly, adding even more to their sensitivity. Every shiver and stretching of my flesh felt incredibly erotic and I gasped, whining in delight from the sensations that had been so long denied to me. It was an almost forgotten sensation, and I wanted it intensely, with no thought to why it was happening. I was filled, for the girth of the mechanical phallus was huge, but at that moment, I didn't care! Again and again it slowly sank into my twitching, melting core then began to vibrate fiercely! I moaned hungrily at first, with the overwhelming tide of sensory delight, and when it finally plumbed my depths, I was sure it touched the back of my gag!

The crests of the vibratory cycles became higher and higher, closer and closer together, and I wailed through my nose in frantic need, feeling the totality of my bondage and restraint intensely also. The weight of the swinging leash and weight in turn, strangely, added to the witch's brew of pleasure/pain, while below my hips and lower body squirmed and pumped instinctually against the constriction of the chastity belt and body harness. Oooooohhhh, it all felt so wonderful!

My tenuous grip on the floor disappeared, and I fell onto my back, legs kicking spastically, forcibly widespread in feminine vulnerability, unable to resist what was happening in my crotch, and I didn't care! My body shook with frenzied trembles while I lay gasping and panting, wanting more and more and *more!* At that point, I didn't care that I was a steel-bound prisoner, alone and silenced. Then, the dildo slid out of me until it had completely withdrawn, and I wailed with despair at my loss. For eons, nothing further happened until once more I was penetrated by the thick shaft; this time slightly more rapidly and forcefully! Its spinning action

and vibrations became even *more* intense, and I howled into my gag in near-hysteria, shivering and violently fighting against my restraints. My leg muscles quivered, knotting under their strict, irremovable, compressing steel cuffs, and I kicked and flailed them wildly, fighting against their forcible separation. Thrashing mindlessly in mid-air, my hands jerked frantically against their chains and the bar, it still clamped into its receivers on my steel cinch. I couldn't do *anything!* The awareness of my total helplessness added an incredible mental dimension of submissive acceptance to my fate and for the first time I accepted that I was being rightfully disciplined for my crimes. This acceptance vanished immediately when the next stage of punishment began. During the short seconds of my penetration I moaned inarticulately and began shrieking with sexual sensation. The tempo of the penetrations increased slowly until I was at the brink of orgasm, while the lubricated skewering shaft slid rapidly into and out of my steel dilated, captive sex, vibrating fiercely all the time! I swung back and forth erratically in my chains, mindless with the enjoyment of the sensations, even though forced upon me.

I was in heaven ... but only for the moment.

Then ... it all came crashing down and my bliss flickered out and became a veritable Hell.

At the deepest penetration of my vaginal canal, the vibrating monster began to emit small waves of electrical shocks; these making my internal muscles spasm and attempt to clench on the slithering shaft. For a moment, this new sensation was incredibly erotic, and I stiffened into frozen immobility. The phallic monster withdrew yet again, but each time it returned to full extension, the levels of the shocks it emitted grew higher! The deep pulsing of the electricity through my most sensitive areas became a monstrous nightmare of punishment and my gag-strangled pants of arousal were immediately transformed into howls and screams of horror. Now, fighting against my restraints was *not* a means to increase my pleasure sensations, only desperate attempts to escape this incredibly intimate torture. Of course, it was impossible. If the electro-shock had remained as only mild pulses, I could have withstood their assaults; but they had risen to levels that could not be resisted and were horribly punishing. At the same time, my breasts were *also* being convulsed with their own and differing patterns of shocks and I became almost mindless with the flood of sensations cascading into my brain.

My internal muscles continued to clamp tight on the slippery, vibrating, spinning, shaft pistoning in and out of me, shivering with exertion to still it, but it did no good! Suddenly, my clitoris and breasts were *also* subjected to higher and higher surging waves of intense shocks, making me scream and scream and scream!

I fell out of the orgasmic cloud with a thundering crash, arriving back in the stark reality of my confinement, suspension, and punishment here in the cell. "*Oh, God! Oh, God! Please let me be freed!!!*" I frantically begged within my mind.

Now, the tempo of the reciprocating shaft slowed to a deliberate, sluggish insertion, all the while sending out terrifying, agonizing bolts of electrical energy while inside their cups, my poor, ballooned breasts shuddered and twitched to their own cycles of the electro-shock, as did the armoured, shivering button of my clitoris! My tongue was now also joined in the disciplinary symphony and under the blank steel panels, my face contorted with suffering within the tight web of steel straps that confined it. I sobbed violently in despairing misery while below, my body alternately twisted and shook to escape the overwhelming sensations I was so pitilessly being forced to endure. Then, strangely, the shocks died away to only a teasing and arousing level. Horribly, the dildo resumed its mechanical rape, and again, I was forced to begin my climb towards the pinnacle of orgasm, yet held so implacably by the diabolical harness. I was utterly unable to quench the desperate desire of my body and mind for fulfilment for I just wanted ... no, I *needed* an orgasm! When I came close once more, I was riven from my ultimate joy by searing, flaring bolts of electrical agony, and again, brought back to the harsh reality of my terrible imprisonment and sentence. This awful sequence happened over and over, always

leaving me completely without stimulation, hanging in a sweaty and deeply frustrated state of misery. My mid-air oscillations slowly ceased, and a long time later, I managed to get myself to an upright position, to sit staring through woeful tears at the image of myself in the mirrors.

*Oh, God!* This was *so* awful!

The whole experience was worse than not having any stimulation at all, for now, frustration and the deep loss of what I had thrown away so carelessly had again been brought to the forefront of my thoughts. It was at that point the full horror of this type of punishment hit with full force. I was to be mercilessly and unendingly disciplined; hanging, restrained in my inescapable harness and chains; leashed, deafened, nearly blind, and totally alone! The program for my punishment was absolutely inescapable ... I would be teased to the approach of orgasm then forever denied it and I dissolved into a hysterical sobbing.

I don't know how long I was kept that way; but a long time passed before another of the mechanical rape sessions began. Once more I was driven to the very brink, time after time after time, until I thought I would go completely berserk with frustration. Of course, the process had been designed and created with precisely this affect as its goal, and over the course of the next hours, I must have become temporarily insane; reacting like a test animal in a laboratory. *Nothing* I did lessened my torment! I just hung in the stark cell writhing silently, constantly screaming and retching against the solid plug of my gag and horrible throat tube. Consciously, I remembered nothing more than the first, I suppose, two hours of this incredibly complex discipline and then no more. And so I spent of my nineteenth birthday. It was *awful!*

The guard eventually released me from the swing to fall in a jellied heap at his feet. I vaguely remember being dragged across the floor by my neck and waist leash chains, then nothing more, for I'd fainted completely while he chained me on my sleeping mat. I was left that way for a long time, gradually regaining my lost energy and senses, then, when fully recovered, I was taken to the exercise chamber to resume my regular punishment regime of hard labour.

Now, every time I'm suspended in the swing, I'm mechanically raped and tortured at the same time by the electrical devices. I'm *never* allowed to achieve an orgasm, nor am I permitted any satisfaction from the process ... *ever!* I desperately wish to escape my life in here, but I know that there are many, many years yet to come of this horrid existence.

## **Aruf Mahjalis**

The Mullahs stayed and observed Delilah being punished for the three days they had said they would, intently watching her every twitch she made and listening to all of her small sounds of distress, pain, and despairing misery.

They closely observed how she was bound to her mat for a rest period, how she was fed and cleaned each morning and evening, and how she was made to suffer and work while fastened to the hard labour machines. Delilah, of course, never knew there were other people in the cells with her, for she was kept always blinded and deafened. At the end of the three days, we met in my office.

"Aruf," the elder of the clerics spoke, "we are very impressed with the disciplinary regime you have instituted for the young woman, in accordance with our requirements, and there is no question that she is securely imprisoned. The Female Restraint And Discipline Ensemble you have had created is a marvel of efficiency and restraint capabilities. You are to be congratulated, and we shall not concern ourselves further about how she is held and punished."

"Thank you, Excellency!" I replied, not a little relieved that they seemed happy with the arrangements that had been made. "You may be interested to know that, as matters now stand, her punishment and daily maintenance has been completely automated. Occasionally she gets to

see the guard, but as you have observed, he is always hooded, masked, and gloved, so that she does not now, or ever, see a human face. Nor does she feel the touch of another's flesh upon her body. She remains a sterile prisoner at all times.

"Quite literally, brothers, any female confined and restrained in the manner that the prisoner is, can be left completely alone to her sentence to a lifetime of constant discipline. This can, of course, be carried out automatically, without further human intervention."

"Very good, Aruf. This conforms to our requirements, and we shall see to the rapid institution of a state-administered program that will employ the means you have demonstrated so efficiently.

"We will depart within the hour, and I thank you for your hospitality, Aruf."

"You are most welcome, Excellency. I shall, of course, accompany you to the helicopter."

An hour later, after a quick handshake, they boarded the aircraft and departed. I returned to my office and began to catch up with the matters of commerce I'd put on hold while they'd conducted their inspections. Occasionally, I glanced at the monitors displaying Delilah in her cell, but these observations became fewer and fewer as the ensuing weeks and months passed.

### *Some months later*

Delilah remains a captive in her cells; a secret, continuously, automatically disciplined prisoner. For the most part, her suffering is ignored while she endures her lifelong sentence.

Other punishments will be instituted, and as time passes, she will be subjected to the mechanical rape sessions at random times: while she is rowing, walking on the treadmill, sitting at the computer, or in the middle of the night when she has been chained and left. The Mullahs and I feel that justice has been served for her transgressions, but she will continue to pay dearly for them ... for the rest of her life.

There is to be no release ... ever.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

### *A Business of Discipline and Control*

**Dr Jannason**

My encounter with Delilah Mahjalis was but the beginning of a thriving, Middle Eastern 'clinic'. Business has been brisk, and I've never been so busy in my life.

Nearly four years have passed since Delilah Mahjalis became my patient and after my initial stay with her father, who has since become a very close friend, I have been back to examine her eight times for examinations in her secret cells. She remains securely imprisoned in her steel harness, always a tethered prisoner and wearing the obscuring, facial armour. She has not yet become insane while serving her sentence and thanks to the exercise she is compelled to perform, remains in superb physical condition, despite her restraints. I know she continues to suffer her fate with horror and loathing, living in the unchanging world of her concrete and steel rooms, but that is her life and it cannot be changed.

Only one addition has been made to her equipment since: a nose-covering cap. Now, her face is completely concealed behind the steel mask. It was created at the request of her father, and I fitted it to her it on the occasion of her second examination, one year after she had begun her sentence.

The entire facial covering panel arrangement was redesigned so that both the upper and lower sections now integrate fully with one another; locking together upon being affixed, but also capable of being removed separately, if required, although this is seldom necessary. Along the upper edge of the facial panel, there is now a thickened lip into which a three mm deep, two mm wide groove is machined, while the upper panel's lower edge has a matching, square-sectioned ridge to fit into this slot; in effect making a full-face, steel mask. The upper facial panel was the one into which the nose cap was added, yet still retained the vision slits and shutter arrangements, together with the interior padding and silicon eye cups. The cap is slightly over-sized in order to accommodate her nasal jewellery and all of its fastenings to the head cage beneath, and other features were designed into it.

The nasal cap is fitted with two, quite substantial, long, rubber plugs on its inner side; these forced far up into her nose and designed in such a manner that they lock onto the nasal bar forming an airtight seal and cannot be removed. Only I know the means of their release and so she wears them at all times. Although the panel and nose cap are capable of being removed from the head cage, the plugs remain always in place. Their inner ends continue in a long, flexible, chemically inert tube, and these pass through her sinus cavities then down into her wind pipe, ensuring that she remains able to breath properly, and now is forcibly made to do so. Spaced at the area of her olfactory sensors are a series of small apertures; these so that she retains her sense of smell, although it *too* is controlled. Should she develop 'the sniffles', there is no concern about the breathing passages becoming blocked.

However, her father specified that she was also still to be able to feel the tension of the nasal leash being employed, and so I designed the cap in such a manner that the U shackle and its chain could still have a tension applied. The U shackle's arms emerge from small apertures, leading down to a staple on the front of the gag panel, just above the feeding and watering tube, swinging freely from that point. If tension is applied, she still feels a painful downward and outward pull on it, and is compelled to act as her mentor dictates. There are fittings on the nose cap for her air supply; these mating into the nasal plugs, for, being gagged as she is, Delilah is, of necessity, required to inhale and exhale through her nose, and so there are two hoses; one for her air supply and the other for exhausted breath.

This arrangement is beneficial in many ways for the application of her various punishments.

Although use of the air hoses use is optional, it appears that she is now fitted with them at all times, placing her under even more strict control than was originally planned. She is made to breathe an oxygen-enriched air supply by means of a hospital style ventilator and is thus kept in a state of high awareness at all times. At her father's request, I have also prescribed the use of a gaseous sensitising drug; this administered to her as an additional component to her air supply. A low concentration is always mixed in to maintain an increased awareness of the sensations she is forced to experience. However, thirty minutes prior to the commencement of any computer-activated disciplinary process, the dosage supplied to her rises substantially and is maintained until the session is completed. From observation of the videotape records, it can be seen that her reactions to the various stimuli that are applied have a much more substantial result: i.e. her physical movements, though restricted by her restraint harness, become much more violent than was previously the case without the addition of the sensitizing agent.

What her mental reactions and state has evolved into with this newer, constant, and peaked sensitivity is unknown because of her inability to communicate verbally.

This, however, is only one option. Other breathable medications may also be supplied to her in this manner, acting rapidly by being absorbed into her blood stream through her lungs. The medical aspects and benefits of this system are obvious. Another facet of her discipline regime is the capability of being able to add-in particularly unpleasant smells to her air supply, if desired, to heighten her discomfort and punishment. The variety of odours available for this type of disciplinary option is almost endless, and given the manner in which supplied to the young woman, are completely inescapable. The breathing system has proven most efficient, and at this point, Delilah being nearly twenty-three years of age and a prisoner in her cells, now for over three and a half years, has become totally obedient. She has virtually no choice, for every physical aspect of her life is fully, externally controlled.

Prior to any changes being made to her restraint and discipline ensemble, a small volume of anaesthetic gas is introduced to her air supply after she has been secured in the Vertical Restraint System, rendering her completely unconscious. Whatever maintenance, additions, or modifications needed are then carried out. When she is permitted to return to awareness, it is as if she had never been freed, and so her sterility and solitary confinement process are maintained at the highest degree. The process is an extremely secure arrangement, all things considered.

Aruf Mahjalis has, as he intended, has created a professionally produced, two hour long video of the transition of his daughter from honoured off-spring, to her current status as a disciplined, nameless, faceless, female prisoner. He gave many copies to selected associates throughout the region; both, I suppose, for their informative and 'entertainment' value and to my surprise, some three months after he'd done this, he called and asked if I was interested in treating a similar situation. One of his associates had encountered a problem with a wayward wife and was totally enraged with her. He wanted revenge, and having already done it once, I agreed to duplicate Delilah's situation and equipment with few reservations. The money offered was a staggering sum, and I, quite literally, could not afford to ignore it. This second woman was fitted even more quickly and smoothly than Delilah had been, and soon, she, 30 years of age at the time, also came to reside in her own secret cell, being punished for the remainder of *her* life.

More and more enquiries came and soon necessitated my constant presence in the Middle East to attend them. Even Concorde flights can grow tiresome, as had the jet lag I experienced with each trip back and forth, and so I made the decision to move to the region where business was growing in leaps and bounds.

With Aruf's initial assistance and backing, I have created a very modern clinic and a manufacturing facility for the assorted jewellery and restraints; hiring local technicians and crafts people to create the pieces. The clinic complex, or, if you prefer, patient/prisoner area, is very

much a high security environment, but completely outfitted with the most modern of operating rooms and medical appliances. It's located in a secluded valley, deep in the mountains, and has its own landing strip and power sources. Escape from it is virtually impossible.

My 'patients' are all delivered by air, normally arriving strapped to stretchers, unconscious, and unaware of what has befallen them; although some have been brought while fully awake, knowing what was planned for them as additional punishment. Obviously, *they* are the ones that are the hardest to handle, initially.

Once captured and within the complex, their fate is a foregone conclusion.

Within seven days, each new patient has been permanently denuded of all body hair, had the various operations performed, and been fitted with her restraint chains and harness. Without exception, all go berserk upon seeing themselves for the first time in their new and inescapable equipment. Once they realize what has been done to their bodies, and that what they now wear is permanent, there are always floods of tears and remorse for they are unable to believe what has happened to them. Fastened and secured as they are, there is no denying the truth they see in the mirrors, or the sensations they experience from their bodies. If it were allowed, their begging and weeping would be hard to deal with, but the use of their gags, in addition to the feeding and breathing tube arrangements, prohibit speech of any kind. The fact that they have now become only faceless prisoners, incapable of any sort of communication other than their physical reactions to their punishments, is a very powerful discipline just on its own. Once their faces are concealed beneath their steel masks handling is remarkably without trouble.

I suppose the hardest things to bear for a female who suffers this type of punishment system is her new, solitary existence, total controllability and utter vulnerability, with no possible way to escape it or to even protest against her discipline. Close to that is her lack of ability to move freely, then the increasing awareness of her deafness and limited sight. Without doubt it is an extreme change, but it is only the very beginning of their discipline, as they soon find to their horror. This, each woman discovers when she is taken for testing of the restraints and the functionality of the entire suite of equipment attached to, and inside her body, ten days before being returned to her guardian/owner.

They are kept at the complex for a month to ensure that all piercings heal properly and their restraints cause no more difficulty for the wearer than intended. During the last week, all discipline equipment is thoroughly tested many times; this taking place in a separate building.

It should be noted that none of the structures within the complex have ground level, external doors and there are no windows, being only connected by thick-walled, sunken concrete tunnels and access to these can only be gained by coded and keyed panels. There is only one point of entrance and exit to the entire complex, this located on the roof of the main building and so security of the facility is extremely high to be sure.

When the time comes for the woman to be returned to her owner/guardian (I accept females no younger than 18 years of age), she is placed in a secure, air tight, shipping sarcophagus capable of sustaining her for up to seven days. The sarcophagus is then loaded aboard an aircraft and it is dispatched to the airport nearest her home where secure surface transport awaits to take her to the prepared area of her new, life long residence. Many times, almost since the beginning of the enterprise, the aircraft has left with a half dozen or more of the sarcophagi in its belly making a circuit of the Middle East, or points beyond, to deliver its cargo of feminine despair.

Upon arrival at her destination, the prisoner/patient is placed within her cells and that, for the most part, is the end of my involvement in the remainder of her life, other than contracted-for examinations every six months for the first five years of her imprisonment. Nothing further is required of me, and the arrangement, to this point, works well.

The business has grown exponentially and, in addition to my core functions, I have also created a sub-contracting corporation that specializes in the construction of these secure areas for the concerned parent, husband, or guardian. This division also generates huge amounts of money.

It appears that with the advent of the Internet, many young women from the wealthiest of families in this part of the world are becoming more and more Western in their desires, views, and objectives. Naturally, they want the freedom they know is available to others of their sex and can see outside their own societies, but this, obviously, disturbs their husband's and/or father's ideals of how they, being female, should govern themselves and behave.

These affluent men eventually learn of my facility and service by word of mouth in the circles of which they are members. Soon after discovering that a female for whom they have responsibility has been lured into disrespectful or, in their definition, 'criminal' activity, I receive a new 'patient' at the clinic. According to my records; there are now some 500 females imprisoned in this manner throughout the Middle East, but the business spans the globe and there are an additional 100 women kept in secure, solitary, and secret confinement in countries such as Columbia, Argentina, Mexico, Germany, Scotland, Canada, Taiwan, Indonesia, India, Sweden, Algeria, Italy, and, most surprisingly, the USA. In that country alone, there are twenty women and girls held in this type of captivity.

What has also surprised me most recently is that I have received a substantial number of inquiries about performing the same service with respect to males; coming from both female and males. Currently, work has progressed to the point of near-completion of the male version of the harness and accessories for it, with a view to doing a partial sex change on the 'patient'. A male wearer will become the unhappy owner of a pair of extremely sensitive female breasts in order to increase the disciplinary capabilities of his ensemble and already one such male, Kelly Hanson, 28 years of age, already awaits his journey into a life of discipline. He has been here at the complex now for some three weeks while the work on his restraint ensemble is completed and within ten days will be introduced to his new life as a lifelong prisoner, in truth becoming the classical case of 'The Man In The Iron Mask'. However, that is another story and his journey is described in it, for those who are interested.

Apparently Aruf acquired the young man because he had begun to make discrete and disturbing inquiries about the fate of Delilah. Knowing of my speculative work to create the male version of the harness his daughter is imprisoned within, Aruf did not have him disposed of, but instead, shipped him to me at the complex to be the initial, experimental male patient. He will be kept here when his transition has been completed, perhaps for the remainder of his life, to act as our product test subject.

My work-load and travel, as mentioned previously, quickly became too much to handle alone, and so I now have a small team of highly paid, trusted doctors who do nothing more than travel the world to do the bi-annual examinations of these long-term prisoners. This arrangement has freed me of nearly all the onerous tasks, and I now devote my time to designing and creating more secure restraint and discipline systems. With the rapid advent of new materials and techniques, I hope soon to have a system designed and created that employs the latest nano-technology. This will be used in combination with remote control programs and when combined with the all-embracing communications facilities available today, and what is yet to come, it will soon be possible to exert worldwide control on any 'patient'.

I foresee that I will soon be fitting control and monitoring systems to a large number of females in the Middle East that will permit them to be free within their society; but constantly guarded and when required, disciplined on the spot. With economies of scale, soon the average man in the street will be able to directly govern the females for which he has responsibility; or, if he wishes, leave their control and discipline to the sophisticated computer programs that have



already been created. The price will certainly come down from its current astronomical level, and I'm sure that these systems will become available within three years. No doubt there will be competition soon, but in the meantime, we are the leading-edge technology in this field.

My life has changed dramatically. I continue to enjoy the company of Aruf Mahjalis, and by now, my debt to him has been repaid many times.

## **Delilah**

My life has continued with increasing horror, despite my desire to somehow kill myself and escape the constant control and punishments. A long time after I was incarcerated, a further horrid addition was made to my restraint harness. I awakened and found that my nose had suffered yet another devastating addition.

When I looked in the mirror the next time I saw that now my face was now totally obscured, for a steel cap had been fitted over my nose, and leading from it, back over my shoulders, were two thick black hoses! These were routed down my back and bundled with the other hoses in a thick umbilical that was routed along and attached to my waist leash. I could feel my lungs being forcibly inflated and deflated, and strangely, I was even more intensely aware of my restraints and sensations than I had ever been in the past. I knew I could not release any of the things that had been attached to me, and so had to suffer this latest addition, but I was unaware of just how terrible this newest equipment would be.

I discovered the capabilities of the air hoses very quickly for I was forced to breathe to the cadence of a regulating device of some sort. The first true experience of its total control came that night after I was hung in the Slave Swing, receiving my nightly punishment. My air supply was gradually reduced until I became aware that I was fighting to get enough and this horrified me terribly. The amount I was permitted grew smaller and smaller, and I pleaded in my mind to be allowed to breath freely, thrashing mindlessly in my suspension and, in effect, speeding my journey into unconsciousness. It was awful to know that I was intentionally being denied the very essence of life, and then as I began to sense the clouds of blackness gathering ... my breasts and sex were subjected to sizzling bolts of electrical pulses, and the horridly punishing dildo sank into my body, swirling slowly and also emitting bursts of shocks. I passed into darkness in a haze of howling distress, thrashing madly in my chains and writhing dementedly.

When I eventually returned to awareness, of course, still hanging, I was totally deafened and blinded! I was forced to breathe again, but now the air was laced with an awful smell and, no matter what I did, I could not escape it! No matter how frantically I twisted and tried to somehow shake the hoses loose, they were securely attached to my facial coverings.

Slowly, I began to feel every stricture that bound me *much* more intensely than I ever had before and my breasts and sex demanded some sort of sexual satisfaction. It had been denied to me for so long that even the smallest trigger would have set me off, but anything that would permit an orgasm was to be forever denied. My restraint harness was designed to keep me chaste and completely controllable at all times, and it did so with incredible efficiency. I hated it passionately and desperately wanted to be released, but *that* would never happen! Now, I felt every breath of air against my trembling body and limbs, then my disciplining started once more, and I spent the next hours in wild, trembling fits, fighting hysterically against my restraints while being tortured unmercifully by the computer program until at last I could take no more and collapsed into unconsciousness.

Now, I seldom see another human for when I am taken to my hard labour I am automatically blinded, then the guard jerks on my nose leash, takes me to the machine I have been assigned to for that time and fastens me in place. Only after he has departed do the shutters over my eyes open. At the end of the time of hard labour the shutters again snap closed

and I am forced into the main cell, there to be fed and given my daily whipping, all the while blinded. When this awful time is completed I'm again left on my own for a few hours until my rest period, then either chained down to the floor or hung in the Slave Swing for a so-called rest. At that point I am *again* rendered blind!

The merciless computer programs control me in every possible way imaginable. I no longer have to be fed or watered, my sanitary needs are automatically taken care of, my breathing is fully controlled, and I am exercised regularly to the point of collapse. Occasionally I am permitted to continue writing of how my life has changed, all the while suspended and bound into my computer workstation; this being the only time of relative freedom from virtually continuous punishments. However, I now spend most of my hours working on the treadmill or rowing machines. I assume that the guards who come to move me from one part of my cell to the other are always hooded, but I don't know because I'm automatically blinded before they arrive. The world I exist in is an utterly sterile one with little human contact. Now, even the voice commands issued to me via the earplugs are computerized, without inflection or emotion, so that even the sounds I am permitted, when I am allowed to hear at all, are controlled. My bondage is without end and the punishments I suffer every day are always terrible and leave me screaming and in unending tears.

It seems I have always been here, and now ....

.... I *know* I always will.

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

JG-Leathers has had many of his shorter stories published in various scene oriented magazines such as SECRET MAGAZINE, MARQUIS MAGAZINE, EQUUS EROTICUS, as well as three full length novels. Any reader of this story will find these works to be of definite interest.

In addition to his most recent story: CHAINED CONVICT FOR LIFE, THE BIOGRAPHY OF SABRINA, two illustrated stories: THE CONTRACT, PART ONE and THE CONTRACT, PART TWO are still available from Gord Books. A third illustrated book, CONTROLLING CHRISTINE, PART ONE was also published by Gord Books, but is now out of print.

You can browse JG's free personal web site at: [www.JG-Leathers.com](http://www.JG-Leathers.com).

## Also by JG Leathers:

### **CHAINED CONVICT FOR LIFE:**

#### **The Biography of Sabrina by JG Leathers**

Since she can remember, 26 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! Upon moving into his Munich home, Sabrina 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 desire to be so confined. 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, this 3 part novel has been published in one volume. Author JG-Leathers is a renown master of the bondage arts he details. Also includes body modifications, chilling fantasy snuff play, chastity, piercing, branding, F/f and some CP. Over 450 pages.

*For a complete catalogue of Erotic Fiction...*

*Pink Flamingo Publications*

P.O. Box 632, Richland, MI 49083, 1-877-629-0051

E-mail: [catalog@pinkflamingo.com](mailto:catalog@pinkflamingo.com)

Website: <http://www.pinkflamingo.com>