

DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY, Part Two

Kelly's Descent

by JG-Leathers

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

Although the following story can be read as a 'stand alone' tale, I would strongly recommend that the reader investigate DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY, PART ONE in order to obtain the fullest understanding of the fate of the heroine/victim and this continuation of the tale.

However, on with the story! Enjoy. JG-L.

Chapter One

Terminal Curiosity

Kelly

I *should* have known better.

My meeting with the young woman in the wheel chair kept returning to my thoughts, and even two years later, the vision of her ankle cuffs and chains *still* intrigued me; burning brightly in my mind. I had continual fantasies about her, and what had happened to her, and she became an obsession I *couldn't* shake. As cold as the trail was, I began to investigate, eventually going to the Missing Persons Bureau and searching back through their records for the period around the time I had encountered her. At first, I could find nothing, and so I began to move my search further afield.

I got too close to the truth of the matter.

I discovered that a young woman matching her height and general description had abruptly disappeared from one of the local, upper-echelon schools and even managed to find some pictures of her. Although her passport image had revealed a stunningly beautiful face the other images showed that she was an absolutely stunning creature. Even the passport picture exuded an aura of latent sexuality, despite being only a black and white photo. Things got more interesting at that point and over the following months I managed to track down a lot of her classmates and speak with them about their former friend. Of course, many of the things I learned were of a gossipy nature and couldn't be substantiated; but it turned out that after her first somewhat quiet months at school, she had suddenly blossomed into a party animal of incredible dimension. Given her strict up-bringing and the puritanical bent of her country's theocratic government I was at first surprised, but then realized she'd decided to enjoy freedom while she could it, and perhaps live on the memories for the rest of her life. How true this was, I had no idea.

I was lucky, I thought at the time, to eventually find the young man she'd dated on the night of her disappearance; but it took a couple of meetings with him and a lot of beer to finally discover what had really occurred. The tale was something right out of a James Bond spy thriller, and intrigued me even more while I listened to him describe the events.

My prodding and poking did go without notice, however. I continued my single-minded quest for more information without any clue that I was being closely observed. By making friends with a secretary at the school, I managed to discover what her nationality was, then, to top off foolishness with outright stupidity, I went and asked for an interview with the Cultural Attaché of her country's embassy. Surprisingly, it was granted and I went with hopes of somehow making contact with the young woman, but of course my quest proved fruitless. Even though I was treated very cordially while at the embassy, I was fobbed off with the usual reasons of cultural and religious differences, then sent on my way with a beautiful coffee table type of book, displaying some wonderful pictures of the country. The book, however, was more than it appeared!

I gave up my search for a couple of days and tried to settle back into a normal routine; but felt vaguely uncomfortable ... as though I was being watched all the time. I was. The book contained some sort of locator beacon, and plans were being formulated for my disposal.

One night, while walking back to my apartment from a local bar after a late shift and a

few too many drinks, I was jumped by what I thought was a trio of thieves. A low, threatening, foreign-accented voice came from the deep shadow under a curb side tree, and I saw the glittering flash of a long-bladed knife.

“Please to stop where you are! Stand against the tree with your face to it! Put your hands behind you and remain still!”

I was shocked and angered that this far too common occurrence had happened to *me*; for this was one of the few neighbourhoods that was considered safe. I have the usual amount of intelligence and so upon seeing the three shadowy figures beginning to surround me, I complied with the commands. I just hoped they’d take what little cash I had and leave me to go home, a sadder and wiser night time wanderer.

It was not to be, for as soon as I stood at the tree, a pair of hand cuffs was closed tightly around my wrists, then a chain was wrapped around my waist and connected to the cuffs! At the same time, just as I was preparing to yell, a thick, rubbery, bag-like hood was drawn over my head and face then cinched tightly around my neck. It filled almost immediately with a gas of some kind and I remembered no more. There followed a long time of nightmarish dreams and an intermittent sensation of movement; but finally I awakened to find myself in what was obviously a cell. I didn’t know where I was; but had a feeling that it was somewhere far away from where I lived. The guards, what little I saw of them, were all of swarthy complexion, and spoke minimal English with thick accents and some difficulty, when they talked to me at all.

Upon awakening, I immediately discovered I was naked ... but that wasn’t all! I’d been fitted with, temporarily, I discovered later to my horror, a pair of wrist cuffs, ankle shackles, a belly chain, and a very uncomfortable, high metal collar. My wrists were held to my sides, just above my hips, keeping me helpless and vulnerable; but the worst part of these restraints was that I wore a large, uncomfortable gag and could feel the presence of a tube from its back going down my throat! I climbed awkwardly to my feet from the rubber mat and it was then I saw the three chains dangling from the wall ring, all of them leading to me! The cold links from their connection at the rear of my neck swung across my sweaty back, and the one from the rear of the belly chain descended between my buttocks, while below, the third was welded to the middle link of the short length between my ankles.

Very fearful now, I looked around the cell, struggling as hard as I could manage to free myself of the restraints; desperate to get the rubber pad out of my mouth, but nothing I tried worked. No matter how I contorted and twisted my body, my hands could not reach my face. It wouldn’t have mattered anyway, for the steel strap that held the pad anchored in my mouth was quite securely locked to the collar at the nape of my neck.

My accommodation was a large, concrete box; probably about five metres square, with all of its smoothly finished walls painted a glistening white. The floor was covered with large grey tiles, while the ceiling, some three metres over my head, was also painted white and at places, hung with dangling lengths of glittering chain. Inset into it was a grid of high intensity lights behind armoured glass, and high in each corner, a TV surveillance camera stared down at me impassively, tracking my every movement. Foolishly I suppose, I blushed a deep scarlet at being seen like this. In one corner was an all-in-one, stainless steel commode and small basin, and on the floor on the opposite side, a glued-down sleeping mat. The cell had no windows or door that I could discern, however, upon further inspection of the ceiling I saw the fine outline of what appeared to be a large access hatch.

I have since discovered that nearly all of the cells I am kept a prisoner in are constructed

in this manner.

For a short time, I wandered around the featureless, silent box, trying to yell around the throat tube and gag pad; but soon discovered that it was better to keep silent, for when I attempted to speak, I began to retch violently because of the intruder in my throat. I guess it was at that point I broke down and began to cry with anger, frustration, fear, and boredom. After God alone knew how many hours, I knew without doubt that I was ***not*** going to escape this room.

Finally, I heard a noise and looked up to see the panel in the ceiling being moved aside. God, it was thick! Obviously, had to be moved mechanically. A ladder descended, then a harsh voice commanded me to kneel facing into the corner beside the sleeping mat.

Aruf Mahjalis (Delilah's Father)

The final part of my daughter's distressing adventures in the West was at last resolved, for the man to whom she had revealed herself at the airport, intentionally, as I discovered, was soon apprehended and brought to my residence. His curiosity had become a growing concern when I'd learned of the clumsy probing he'd initiated, attempting to discover more about my daughter and her fate, and so I prevailed upon the Ambassador to aid me in acquiring this pestilential young man. It took some doing; but he was brought here, soon to learn far more than he ever bargained for in his quest. He would indeed get to see what had happened to Delilah; then become a lifelong prisoner, just like her. Certainly I could easily have had him exterminated, but I wanted the satisfaction of enlightening then punishing him for his impertinence.

Dr Jannason had succeeded beyond his and my wildest dreams and now ran a most profitable institution, catering to husbands and parents such as myself who require his devices and services in order to discipline their wayward wives and daughters without the misery and embarrassment of going through the religious courts. Within a year, his business had grown incredibly, and now he had a male 'client' to experiment upon. The fact that the young gentlemen had quite literally thrown him self into our hands was an added bonus.

Chapter Two Into The Abyss

Dr Jannason

I observed Kelly while he slowly returned to awareness. He was a young man in excellent physical condition, despite showing a little flabbiness around the middle, and, all things considered, I'm sure any woman would have found him to be most presentable and interesting companion. Dark haired, with a well tanned skin, at 80 kg and, 1.8 metres in height, he was a handsome specimen with a lightly muscled body; being more of a greyhound than a bull dozer type of athlete. The complete physical I'd done while he was unconscious had shown no diseases or health abnormalities, and truthfully he was the ideal test subject for the experiments I wished to carry out. Kelly would be but the first to wear the male version of the training and discipline ensemble I'd created and fitted to Delilah, and like her, unfortunately for him, there would be no further sexual freedom permitted for the remainder of his life. That would be totally controlled by who ever owned him, and too, his very sex would be used to control and discipline him in a most humiliating and effective manner. The only way he'd ever get to meet females again would be as an hermaphrodite, or as a woman himself, if it was eventually decided to sell him to some wealthy associate who wanted a totally controllable toy.

Aruf had him delivered to his home and temporarily installed in a remote cell, for he wanted to reward the young man's diligence and curiosity, but cruelly, by allowing him to see the object of his search in her new ensemble and accommodations. However, Delilah, quite naturally, would not be permitted to see *him*.

For the moment, nothing had been done other than to remove all of his clothing and fit him with temporary restraints. Of course the feeding gag was a mandatory requirement for all clients, and I suppose he felt this uncomfortable appliance most keenly. Over the next ten hours, I occasionally checked him on the closed circuit TV monitor, until it was time for him to be fed and become acquainted with his new life. I left the observation room and proceeded to Kelly's cell and once there had the guard open it. The ladder was lowered and the two of us descended into the stark, featureless chamber to find him kneeling as ordered, facing into the corner. His tanned shoulders shook with misery; this becoming more pronounced when the guard reached around and screwed a hose onto the front, feeding fitting of his gag. Kelly attempted to surge out of the corner when this happened; but kneeling, facing into it, with hands and feet securely chained, the guard had only to place his knee between the young man's shoulders to keep him in place. Kelly fought for a moment then subsided; realizing, I suppose, that there was no point, and in seconds, the liquidized food was being forced into his stomach.

It wasn't only food though. Mixed in with the gluey mush was a mega-dose of engineered hormones that would rapidly begin the transformations to his body I wished to have made. These hormones would increase his virility and desire for sex as well as his arousal capability and stamina with a newer type of Viagra. However there was more to the mix than that for at the same time, they would also modify his body chemistry in such a manner that he would quickly develop substantial female breasts that would be fully functional and quite sensitive. The mental affect of this occurring had yet to be determined; but I was sure he'd be an interesting case study to investigate over the coming months and

years.

Five minutes later his feeding was complete and the guard jerked him to his feet by the neck leash then turned him to face me. It was time to enlighten him.

“Hello Kelly,” I said, smiling. “I see you’re in good health and responding well.”

His face turned red, and under the gag strap I could see it working to try and swear at me. Behind, the guard jerked his neck tether in warning when Kelly tried to move closer to me and immediately an expression of misery and fear immediately replaced the angry one he’d displayed.

“I suppose you have some idea why you’re here, don’t you?” I asked. He shook his head as much as he could against the restriction of the gag and its collar fastenings. “You *shouldn’t* have been so inquisitive about Miss Mahjalis, Kelly. You certainly remember her ... the girl at the airport. Her father became quite upset with your investigations and decided that you should be ... ah ... removed from the equation, so to speak. At first he was just going to have you killed; but when he discovered I was in need of a male test subject for the equipment I make ... well, *you* fit the bill quite nicely.

“Now, I’m sure you’re wondering where all this is leading and so here’s your situation. First, you’re in the Middle East, as you may have guessed. Second, you are held in a very secure prison cell. Needless to say, you have evaporated completely from your former life and no one knows you’re here. This being the case you have now become a subject upon which a rather specialized set of garments and restraints will be tested, and, you will be kept at this research and development complex for a long time to come, in the role of a Test Subject. Unfortunately, you’ll not find the balance of your life to be an altogether pleasant experience; but that’s *your* lot now, and the price you have to pay for annoying an extremely wealthy and influential man.”

Kelly stared at me in wide-eyed disbelief while I said my piece then began to struggle wildly against his restraints when the full import of my words sank in. The guard brought him to his knees and I continued.

“You’ll be kept in a cell such as this for the remainder of your life I’m afraid. The creation of your new ... ah ... garments is proceeding slowly, for I have other concerns that take up much of my time; but I’ll have the guards bring you some reading material to keep your mind occupied while we wait for matters to evolve.

“We’ve added newly-engineered hormones to your food, and over the next weeks you’ll note some rather startling changes to your body and its chemistry when they begin to take effect. They will be administered to you for the next thirty days, and at that point, the changes they will have made to your metabolism will become permanent and self-sustaining. You’ll find that you are going to become extremely ... ah ... horny, I believe is the current vernacular, and you may experience quite a few spontaneous ejaculations. Also, you’ll find that your libido will become very demanding, and your body, particularly your genitals and chest area, very sensitive.

“Speaking of your chest ... the planned effect of your hormone treatment will result in you very quickly developing substantial and fully functional female breasts.” His eyes widened with shock at these words and he shook his head violently against its restrictions. “Yes, Kelly, this *will* happen, whether you wish it or not. It’s a requirement in order to increase the effectiveness of the devices you will soon wear. You may at first find that your new breasts will be quite pleasurable, although I’m sure you’ll dislike them quite intensely when they begin to be employed as part of the ... ah ... rather severe testing program that’s

planned for you. However, there is one small side benefit for you to this occurring, in that you'll soon come to understand the feelings women have about being stared at because of their chests.

"And so, in broad terms, that's a part of what is planned for you over the next months. There are a number of procedures that you must undergo prior to the final attachment of your new garments and these will occur very soon. In the meantime, I'd strongly recommend that you obey the guards quickly and without rebellion. They've been given permission to make your life quite miserable if you do not.

"One final comment, Kelly. You wanted to know what happened to Delilah Mahjalis? Well, young man, your curiosity is about to be satisfied. Her father will be along shortly to take you to see her. She though will not know that you're visiting. When you see her, you will learn a little of the fate that awaits you.

"I'll be seeing you on and off over the next while."

With that I turned and climbed from the cloying, barren chamber. The guard had moved to stand behind Kelly and kept him on his knees by holding the leash chain very close to his collar, then stiffening his arm. I looked down once from the ladder and saw the young man staring beseechingly up at me.

Kelly

Shit! What was *that* all about? This whole thing, the more I thought about it, was getting worse and worse! OK, so I'd been stupid about chasing down the details of Delilah Mahjalis, or at least I think that's who it was who had disappeared; but surely to God, I didn't deserve *this*!

Apparently, I did.

I knelt there, stunned, for the longest time. At last, the guard released my leashes from the wall then taking all three in hand, climbed the ladder and pulled me up after him. He gestured that I was to walk ahead of him along the hall and so I stumbled to the locked doors then waited while he opened them and proceeded again. Nearly ten minutes and innumerable sets of locked doors later, I stood before another featureless, gleaming steel slab. We waited in silence for the longest time until a richly robed man strode into the chamber.

"And so you are the nuisance, Hanson!" he stated ominously, standing with his hands on hips just in front of me. "Young man, your inquisitiveness has caused me much distress, and so you have been made to disappear from your former life. You wished to discover what happened to my daughter? Well, in moments, you will find what you have so assiduously sought! Her curiosity and wanton, whoring behaviour has landed her in her present situation, much as your own has brought *you* here to yours. She will be kept as you see her for the rest of her life and you will soon become just like her in ways that will astound and horrify you, as Dr Jannason has told."

He turned and the slab slid up in its frame to reveal yet another barred door some two metres beyond. We stepped through and the first one slid down behind us. Only then did I see the wall of tightly spaced bars beyond those of the door and inside, behind them, a horrific sight that made my blood run cold. The second door also slid up within its sturdy frame and we passed through, to have it slide closed behind us. The guard pulled on my leashes, drawing me close to the wall of bars, and I stared in shock and horror at the female

apparition that swung from the ceiling at the ends of a pair of suspending chains, all the while trembling and jerking frantically against the incredible network of restraints she'd been fitted with. For a moment the cell was deathly silent, then the man spoke once more.

"This is my daughter; the person who so interested you, and *this* is what she has worn since shortly after you came into her life at the airport. As I've told you, she will be kept as you see her now for the remainder of her life. *This* is her punishment for the crimes she committed against her faith and me. In this," he gestured at the chained young woman beyond the bars, "her Restraint and Discipline Ensemble, she has learned that she is nothing but a female and *must* do as she is bid. It serves most effectively to punish her for her misdeeds in your undisciplined and heathen country," he stated with no emotion in his voice.

"She does not know that we are here with her, for her hearing and vision have, for the moment, been removed while she receives one of her punishments, of which there are many. What you see before you: the restraint of her body and the restriction of her movements, as well as the removal of her freedoms and primary senses are *not* the only things she suffers.

"I discovered, while she was in your country, that she indulged frequently in much salacious sexual activity and deeply enjoyed displaying her body like one of your common whores. *Now*, she will remain discretely and properly concealed within her garments. She is unable to escape them, for they are permanently affixed and so her lewd displays are now a thing of the past. Those most private parts of her body, the ones she used to enjoy so much, are now employed to remind her that she is subject to the will of others ... and *not* herself! In short, what she used to give away is now being used to punish her."

With that he drew a small remote control device from his pocket and caressed the buttons on its face. The chained, suspended, and steel-garbed female beyond the bars began to writhe and jerk demonically at her restraints, swinging wildly, yet silently back and forth even though the movements of her legs were restricted by a large steel ball at the end of the tight chain that descended from the centre of a thick steel shaft separating her ankle cuffs. Meanwhile her hands were kept spread wide from her visibly compressed waist by a thick steel bar. She was held high enough off the floor by chains leading to the sides of a steel waist band that the ball and its leash kept her legs stretched fully downwards – although it didn't stay at rest on the floor! Whatever was being done to her must have been *very* intense, for every few seconds her legs bent at hip and knee, as much as their chains permitted, pulling the obviously heavy steel sphere up to swing erratically for a few seconds before thudding back onto the concrete and pulling her legs straight out once more! Above the steel band that tightly compressed her waist, her upper body attempted to twist and somehow writhe free of the shiny steel harness that imprisoned it and her metal-concealed and webbed face and head twisted fractionally inside the cage and collar that confined them.

With each bending of her legs, some small freedom was permitted to her chained and bar-separated hands, and she automatically jerked them against their restrictions, her fingers clawing at empty air while she attempted to get them near her imprisoned crotch and breasts. However, the chain arrangement and separator bar holding her upper limbs prisoner would not permit this. Nevertheless she struggled desperately and pitifully against them for, obviously, under the coverings, something terrible was being done to her body's most sensitive flesh, and she couldn't stop it or escape it!

I looked at the floor and saw the many small indentations left by the innumerable times the steel ball had been jerked aloft then banged down and wondered how often she had been

punished like this, hardly believing that she was made to suffer this type of discipline *every* day. The most frightening aspect of the spectacle I was forced to observe was that she was entirely soundless, the only noises coming from within her cell being the repetitious thudding of the ball when it hit the floor and the clashing of chain links. He spoke again.

“She suffers continually for her sins, Kelly Hanson!” he stated harshly, “And soon *you* shall also pay for your most annoying and pestilential curiosity, perhaps in much the same manner.”

It was then I began to fully comprehend the complexity and depth of Delilah’s restraints. The steel implements were fastened so tightly onto her body and limbs that her flesh was visibly indented. I would call the thing around her upper body a bra, I suppose, but there was no mistaking that the device clasped around her waist and between her legs was, in fact, a chastity belt.

Her neck was tubed by a thick, wide collar and integrated with it was what can only be described as a cage; a virtual web of carefully formed steel straps that was snared tightly around her totally bald head. The arrangement kept it held rigidly erect, almost incapable of turning from side to side and because of the height of the collar, unable to bend forward. A heavy chain was welded to its rear and led over to a very sturdy carriage, this free to run along a thick rail inset into the back wall of the cell. It, together with two others: one from the back of her waist cinch and the other from the centre of the bar separating her ankles, held her as a leashed prisoner within the cell, and I could see that the lengths of these tethering chains was insufficient for her to be able to reach the wall of bars, where we stood watching on the other side. She might be able to see them; but she’d never be able to touch them.

The head cage had been manufactured and fitted to its wearer so that it too pressed snugly all over her skull and face, but that *wasn’t* the worst of it! The entire front of her head was concealed beneath formed steel plates that had been locked and bolted onto the tightly encompassing straps. Two hoses led from under the bump covering her nose and another pair from where I supposed her mouth would be, while at the back, a thick umbilical of coiled black wires had been connected to chromed fittings. I didn’t know, then, what these were for, but the mere sight of them made me shiver with horror at where they might lead, and what they might be capable of. Her ears were completely covered with shallow domes, and I knew without being told, that they eliminated her hearing.

At the back of her chest, other sets of hoses had been connected to fittings there, and I could see that there were lines of tubing curving around her body to terminate at both the apexes and bases of the breast cups! Jesus! What were *they* for? Another coiled black wire was also connected to its fitting on the back of the bra, and I shivered with terror at what it also portended.

Deep between her forcibly separated legs was a short thick post and looping out behind was a pair of thick diameter hoses together with a coiled, black wire chord. All of these were securely integrated to form the thick umbilical fastened to her waist chain and this led to fittings on the carriage. The carriage to which her leashes were fastened was capable of sliding along the rail embedded in the rear wall and so, being of the same length or a little longer than these, they were incapable of being pulled loose from their mounts. Connecting the various items that ensnared her body was a series of tightly strung, flat linked chains, thus ensuring that the steel garments were a complete whole: inescapable. Even her head cage was integrated to them!

Her legs were joined together in a diabolical arrangement that kept them forever separated from each other. Around her upper thighs, wide bands pressed deeply into the muscles of the legs, these linked together by a very short steel bar with universal joints at either end, fastened to her thigh bands. Immediately below her knees, each leg was gripped by another tight, closely formed steel band and these were joined by a longer bar, while around her ankles were yet another set of steel cuffs. These were also separated by a substantial shaft; it even longer than the one between her knees,. Her ankle and knee separator bars were vertically joined together by other steel rods mounted close to the cuffs themselves.

I was stunned to see that her feet were securely captive within a pair of strangely configured boots, if they could be called that. Clamped tightly around the lower edges of her ankle cuffs, elongated cones were formed into the shape of a horse's hooves, with their bottoms angled so that when standing with her legs spread by her ankle bar, they would rest flat on the cement floor. I could see no visible seams for this strange, obviously heavy, and severely limiting footwear and was horrified to realize that they were, as was the rest of her ensemble, permanent!

It was a terrible arrangement and obviously she would never be permitted her to close her legs together, no matter *what* she tried. The sight made me quail with terror and I turned away from the wall of bars; trying to obliterate the sight of the helpless, silently writhing young woman dangling in mid-air, but the sound of the steel ball, banging continually onto the hard concrete, could not be escaped while her punishment continued without let-up.

"And so you see what the crimes of my former daughter has reaped for her! I hope your curiosity is satisfied, Mr Hanson," he said without any sign of pity for the girl he used to consider as a precious daughter, now confined and being tortured so efficiently and cruelly behind the barred wall. I turned and stared again at the suspended young woman. "Soon you will enjoy an even more interesting version of that restraint and discipline arrangement.

"Guard! Take him back to his cell and prepare him for transport to the doctor's establishment."

With that, he turned and left. The guard waited until he departed, then roughly dragged me from the terrible chamber of torment. Thirty minutes later I was back in my cell and once more securely fastened to the wall by my leashes, waiting fearfully for what was to come. He left me for a moment but returned carrying a small compressed gas cylinder, hoses and a mask. I struggled frantically against the chains that held me while he approached with the things held in his hands, desperate to escape what was coming. He ignored my struggles and laid the gas cylinder on the floor at my feet, took the mask and its dangling straps and moved unsnarled the long hose. Once it was loose, the guard approached me with the mask and despite my attempt to avoid it being fitted, he had soon slipped it over my face the tightened the straps harshly, ensuring an airtight seal. I stared at him in terror when he bent over and turned the valve at the cylinder's top, then heard a soft hiss. Under the thick, black rubber mask, I held my breath, uselessly of course, and continued to fight my restraints in a frenzy of fear for as long as possible, staring into his evilly-grinning face. At last, with an explosive gasp I exhaled, and unable to help myself, inhaled deeply. The gas that had filled the mask was cloyingly sweet and I wept at my stupidity while I inhaled then watched helplessly while the world slowly turned to blackness.

I knew no more.

Aruf Mahjalis

At last I was free of the annoying young man and it was gratifying that I had managed to remove this last link. I was not troubled by what his fate might be. As soon as he'd been rendered unconscious, Dr Jannason brought the specialized shipping container for his newest client into the cell then speedily strapped him inside. It was vaguely coffin shaped; but provided with a mask that would supply the occupant with air for the duration of his four hour, helicopter ride to the doctor's mountain complex.

Delilah continued to suffer fully and properly for her disgusting behaviour and would do so for the remaining years of her life.

The doctor, once overcoming his initial shock at what I had planned for her, then having actively participated in ensuring that my wishes were fulfilled, soon came to look with approval upon the harsh disciplines that I and my peers exacted upon our females when they transgressed their strictly defined boundaries. I had assured him that there was a very lucrative market for the services and devices he had created for me, and so shortly after equipping Delilah, he decided, with my support and financial assistance, to make the process into a business. Almost immediately, he began full time operations and I deeded some useless, barren land to him. Now his establishment in the mountains to the east was a gleaming and inescapable factory/prison, specializing in the creation of discipline harnesses for errant females, and soon, males also. Not only that, but his business did all the handling and maintenance of the 'clients' sent to him, as well as creating the cells at their homes.

It was, truly, quite an enterprise and growing rapidly while word of his equipment and the processes he employed to restrain and discipline wayward females spread across the Middle Eastern world and beyond. A woman's life here was not an easy one and the penalties for not following the strict regulations and decrees that govern them, are, in my mind, justifiably harsh.

However, I had other things to attend to, and so returned to my desk, thinking no more for the moment of either the young man, or of my former daughter. She was but a female being punished.

Kelly

I awoke in a cell that was subtly different from the one I'd been kept in before, then spent long moments laying in misery and terror, trying to get used to my incredible situation.

Good God! What had I gotten myself into? I tried to remember all he'd said to me; but much was lost in a whirlpool of conflicting thoughts and emotions. Breasts? I didn't *want* breasts of any kind other than the male ones I had! And what was this stuff about being a test subject?

Jesus Christ!

I was virtually helpless, chained as I was, but at last another guard returned to my cell and dragged me to my feet, while I gagged against the snug, choking collar. He pulled me over to a set of dangling chains, but even though still suffering the after effects of the gas they'd used to anaesthetize me, I struggled as much as I could to get away from him. He was a huge, strong, agile man and easily manoeuvred me into position between two dangling

lengths.

“Stand still, dog!” he snarled, reaching for one of the chains while keeping me on my feet with his grip on the one to the back of my collar. I stood there miserably with my back to him then felt the click of a lock when the chain was connected. A second later another click came and he released me to stand on tip-toe, trying to keep from being choked by the chains that led out in a **V** from the back of my neck.

“Now, you learn of the punishment you will suffer for not doing as told!” he snarled.

I heard a zing of air being cut and a laser line of fire traced across my buttocks! Immediately, I tried to jerk my hands free of the waist chain, desperate to rub away the agony; but another stroke of the quirt striped my backside and I howled unashamedly into the gag, attempting to dance away from him, still struggling to move my hands protectively over my buttocks. I took only one step before I was hanging in mid-air by the **V**’d chains to my collar, my hands remaining securely fastened and useless over my hips. There was no escape! I danced and wailed to the whip’s song until he’d administered a full dozen blows and by the end I was sobbing with misery and pain.

“**That** what you get if you not obey all commands,” he said without expression, releasing the locks that had held me dangling at the inverted apex of the chains from the ceiling.

I collapsed to the floor, still writhing against my restraints while he calmly and without looking back, climbed the ladder and sealed the cell. “*Oh shit! What was I going to **do**? How was I going to get out of here?*” I asked myself over and over again. The answer was ... nothing! I’d never be able to escape the way I was chained and the manner I was imprisoned in this cell.

Eventually, I crawled to the thin mat and just lay staring at the ceiling three metres above. Time crawled past with mind-numbing boredom; but at last another guard returned with a bag of food and one of water, as well as a carton of books. When the ceiling panel began to be raised, I scurried to the corner and knelt facing into it, for I had no desire for a repeat of the whipping. A moment later his hairy hand reached around and screwed the hose onto the front of the gag and he began squeezing the food into me. I absorbed it all then he connected the water bag and hung it on the wall, adjusting the flow rate to a minute trickle. The carton of books was deposited beside my sleeping mat and he left. Alone once more, I crawled to the box and awkwardly took out a book, set it on the floor, and began reading for I had nothing else to do. The process was a hard one to master, for I had to almost lay on my side to turn the pages with one hand, then sit up and try to read. The books were, without exception, thick tomes on philosophy and religion, with dense, hard to read prose, but at least I had something to pass the time.

When I felt sleepy, I moved back to the mat, then lay down and tried to rest, but it was very difficult, for the bright lights were never turned off. I lost all track of time and soon came to desperately crave the appearance of another human being, even if it was only the guard and his bags of hormone-laced food. I don’t know when I first noticed, for much time had passed, that now when I stood and walked for exercise around my self-imposed circuit, my chest began to feel strangely heavy and swollen with fluid-filled additional tissue. In consternation I could see in my lower peripheral vision that there was a substantial swelling around my nipples and the wide circles of flesh surrounding them. Oh God! It had already started! Like an idiot, I shook myself, and felt the small, mounded humps oscillate in their own orbits, dragging at my chest’s muscles and skin! Next, I walked to the wall and pressed

my body against it in a forlorn hope of squashing the things back whence they had come, but as soon as my newly sensitive nipples touched the cool concrete, I felt a strange zing and shudder course like an electric current through my body, and got an instant, strong erection!

My hands struggled instinctively against their chains to grasp my penis and stroke it in an attempt to alleviate the engorged sensation, but fastened as they were, I could get them nowhere near my flagstaff of demanding maleness. I writhed wildly, desperate to relieve my need; but *nothing* I did eased the building pressure. At last, nearly in tears, and those now seemed to come more and more frequently while the endless time passed, I staggered back to the mattress and lay down, twisting and moaning with unfulfilled need until finally I sinking into disturbed sleep. Sometime during the times I slept, orgasmic explosions shook my body and the sperm jetted from me in throbbing spurts while I howled against the throat tube and gag. Sleep returned rapidly after that.

My change progressed with extraordinary rapidity and over the following weeks I developed a pair of distinctly female, B cup sized breasts with large, dark nipples that seemed to grow erect at the same time as I did below! When I moved or walked, they joggled embarrassingly and vulnerably on my chest and I blushed furiously every time the guard came with my food, trying to hide myself from him by hunching my shoulders. He grinned nastily each time I was fed, but never touched me; instead, just staring down at my rapidly ballooning breasts. During this period I was in a state of constant arousal and erection but completely unable to alleviate the pressure except by the spontaneous orgasms. I no longer tried to rub against the walls, for even as smooth surfaced as they were, the sensations from my newly enlarged and sensitive nipples was just too much to bear. Time continued to crawl by and my breasts swelled to a DD cup size, and to me, felt like a pair of huge, sensitive, grapefruits bobbling embarrassingly on my chest.

I could no longer roll onto my stomach without becoming distinctly uncomfortable and it was downright painful after a while when my breasts were compressed, so I slept on my back, constantly aware of the shifting weight of the firm, mounded flesh with every breath I took. No matter how I tried to ignore them, I had become a slave to their presence and sensations.

It was at this point that the doctor paid me his next visit.

Chapter Three

Terrible Changes

Dr Jannason

In the span of a fortnight, Kelly's appearance had been changed in the most drastic of ways imaginable.

When I entered the cell, he knelt facing into the corner as required, but when I told him he could get up and come to stand before me, he remained in place, his shoulders bowed and a deep flush washing up his neck. The guard grasped his leash, preparing to jerk him erect.

"No, leave him be," I ordered then spoke to the shuddering prisoner. "Kelly, I realize that this whole situation is very distressing for you, but I need to see what has happened to your body, so please stand and turn to face me. I assure you this is a strictly medical procedure and believe me, I've seen plenty of breasts in my time."

He got reluctantly to his feet and I nodded at the guard to help him rise, then he turned slowly to face me. His face was bright red with embarrassment and he kept his eyes downcast. Obviously, he was deeply humiliated to be seen naked, especially now with large breasts joggling gently and vulnerably on his chest with each tremulous breath he drew. That wasn't the only reason his face flamed though, for below, he had a raging erection, from the end of which dripped pearly drops of pre-ejaculate. Tears started to trickle from his eyes and I felt somewhat sorry for him ... but ... he was a danger to the enterprise and my clientele, and by his own curiosity had ended up here.

"Okay, Kelly. You've developed physically, precisely as was planned, and apparently your libido has also been affected as desired," I observed noting that he'd also gained additional flesh over his hips and thighs

He shook his head as much as possible within the strictures of the gag and collar, obviously not liking what had been done to him one bit.

"Now, I have to examine your breasts. Please hold still."

I gestured to the guard to grasp his neck leash more closely to its collar fastening to hold him in place then arch him backward. In a second Kelly was held helplessly presented before me hands and fingers clenching over his hips while they fought their chains. I reached up and gently cupped his large, warm, trembling, right breast and a torrent of shivers shook his body while I palpitated the tissue, looking for lumps or other abnormalities. Next, I examined the reactions of the erectile flesh of the nipple and aureole by kneading and rolling them gently between my fingers and thumb. A low, trembling moan came from him and when I looked up, his eyes had closed from the surge of sensation emanating from my caressing and teasing of his now distended nipple. He quivered with further arousal while I gently squeezed the erected nubbin and a small drop of milky fluid squeezed from its ducts, while below his erection throbbed and vibrated as though in an earthquake. Obviously, the sensations washing through his body and mind were incredibly arousing, for he began to dance maniacally at the end of his tightly held and slightly suspending neck leash. Now though he began thrusting his breast further outward into my cupping palm! He *couldn't* resist the demands of his newly created and sensitive flesh nor of his not so subtly altered responses. *That* was what I desired.

I moved to his left breast and repeated the process; but this time his response was even

more speedy and I stepped aside as a volcanic orgasm shook his pinioned body. Strong jets of sperm pulsed from his manhood and his whole body quivered with the strength of the release and his eyes clenched closed while he howled into his gag. I released the breast and he hung twitching in reaction before me, the guard's grip on the collar leash being the only thing that kept him on his feet. It took a couple of minutes for him to recover fully then stand on his own, during which time I completed the remainder of the examination. At last I stood before him again and spoke to the guard.

"Please fasten the ceiling chains to his collar," I spoke to Kelly again.

"Now you have some understanding of how women feel about their breasts and the sensations that they, and now *you* experience. As I mentioned some time ago, your breasts are fully functional, and can actually lactate. You've been forced to develop these organs for experimental purposes Kelly, and eventually you actually *will* be milked. For the most part, you'll find it to be a pleasant experience, at first. You should also know that your breasts are quite permanent additions to your body. They will *not* go away, even if the medication used to create them is stopped.

"However, I have some rather unpleasant things to demonstrate to you before I'm done here today. I want you to understand that your breasts, as women's, are also extremely sensitive to pain."

He stared at me in terror while the guard dragged him to the **V** of chains from the ceiling then began to struggle frantically while the fastening was completed. I took a set of long-nosed surgical pliers and a dental pick from my lab coat pocket and approached where he hung shaking his head and weeping unashamedly. He stepped back a pace when I approached and immediately lost his footing, all the while wailing lustily into his gag. As a last resort he began shaking and writhing his body; breasts joggling in their own constricted orbits.

"Hold him!" I ordered.

Kelly was grasped around the waist by the burly guard; all the while staring down in horror at the implements I held. I carefully grasped his prominently erected right nipple at its base with the narrow jaws of the pliers, but didn't close them, and instead pulled it gently and slowly out of his breast. I let it retract, then did it again under more tension and held it. Wails of startled pain blasted through his flared nostrils, and again his eyes clenched closed. I took the dental pick and gently pressed its tip against the skin of the captured nipple, then the aureole, and finally at different points all around the mass of the heaving and trembling breast. With each gentle little prick, a hissing wail came from him and he writhed dementedly against the guard's clamping arm, shaking his upper body in a frantic attempt to escape the tensioning of his nipple and the, I'm sure, quite painful assaults with the pick. I repeated the procedure on his other breast and all the while, desperate, sobbing pleas tried to force themselves up his filled throat and around the efficient gag pad. I finished the painful little tests, satisfied that he really *did* have fully functional breasts, then stood back and spoke again.

"And so, Kelly, you understand, a little, why women protect their bodies as they do. You are also aware of the need to wear a bra, having the size of breasts you now possess. I reiterate that they are now a part of your body and will remain so for the rest of your life. However, what I have just shown you has practical value for the experimental processes you will undergo in the coming years."

His eyes opened while I spoke. The guard had released his grip and now stood behind

him, awaiting further orders. Kelly stared at me with a mixture of horror and foreboding, then shook his head as vigorously as possible, making grunting noises that obviously meant he wanted to be freed.

“Sad to say, Kelly, but you better get used to the idea that cells very much like this will be your only home from now on, and you will *always* be kept leashed and restrained. Now, here’s the basic program of what will happen to you over the next while.

“I’ll see you again in three days time, just before we begin to fit you with your restraint and discipline body jewellery. At that time you may be given a brief chance to speak, perhaps your last for some years to come. The various operations and affixing of the pieces of your restraint ensemble will take three days to complete fully and during that time you’ll be kept unconscious.

“On the first day, you’ll have every hair removed from your head, face, and body. It’s actually a multi-pronged process. We employ laser, chemical, and dietary hormones, and *those* you’ve already had placed in your food since you arrived. On day two we will complete all of the piercing operations, then the mounting of your body jewellery and basic restraints. The third day you will be operated upon to receive your oral restraint system. It also acts as a speech suppression aid, even if you’re not wearing a gag of some sort. The times in the future when you will *not* be fitted with an oral cavity block are, unfortunately for you, going to be very, very few. You’ll wear it for a number of reasons, none of which truly need be explained. Just suffice it to say that speech has become a luxury you are now denied.

“From that point, you’ll be kept under light sedation for four to seven days while the initial healing of the wounds takes place, then a further seven days will pass with reduced amounts of medication while you acclimatize yourself to the various devices you’ll be wearing from that point on.

“You need have no fears about the competency of the doctors and technicians who will be working on you for all are most highly qualified in their various fields. During this period, you’ll be kept in a cell here in the hospital; just as are all of our female clients.

“And so, about three weeks from now, you’ll be taken to the laboratory to be equipped with your complete restraint harness and all of its accessories. We’ll do the major adjustments at that time, and as soon as that’s been completed – it takes a couple of hours – you’ll be taken to one of the holding cells in the testing area of complex to get fully acclimatized to your new ensemble. In all likelihood, you’ll probably be kept there between three to four months, depending on the number of clients I have to process, but I’ll visit regularly to check on your progress and adjustment to your new life.

“During this period, due to the severity of the restriction of free movement that your new equipment imposes, you will be required to exercise regularly on the machines in the cell.

“We’ll move into the testing stage fairly soon after the healing has been completed and when the tests are completed, perhaps a year from now, you’ll then be placed in long term-storage for the foreseeable future.

“Occasionally, you may be removed to have additions made to your equipment, or to have some of its portions replaced or modified, but you’ll never know it of course, for you will be unconscious when it occurs.

“Kelly,” I said, staring straight into his disbelieving eyes, “the balance of your life is not going to be very pleasant, on a lot of levels. However, you may discover, as some of the

more masochistic female clients have, the means by which to turn your physical and mental distress into a form of pleasure. Speaking of the female clients ... there is truly, for you, only one way out of here, and that is *as* a female, or an hermaphrodite.”

His head shook wildly against its restrictions when I said this and then tried to back away from me as though I had threatened him with a cobra held to his face.

“This clinic is capable of completing the full gamut of gender and sexual reassignment surgeries and should one of our future clients decide to purchase you ... then that will become your fate. To repeat, it is the *only* way you’ll be permitted to leave, but it will *not* be an escape. You will always be kept in the exact same equipment and restraints that are now ‘standard issue’ for female clients. Who ever it may be, you will be held by your new owner in total security, equal to or exceeding the levels employed here. There is no possible way for you to escape, no matter what you may think possible.

“Oh, one last thing ... Your guard will be in to see you before we begin, in two days. We need a sample of your sperm for genetic and DNA coding, and perhaps some future use. You may or may not enjoy the experience. Now, I must go, and so will see you in three days time.”

I turned away from the stark disbelief, misery, and horror in his eyes and climbed the ladder. A moment later the guard followed, having released him from the ceiling chains and sealed the cell.

Kelly

The hatch above my head thudded into its frame and I was left alone with my terrified thoughts.

Oh, my *God!* Jesus! He had to be joking ... he *had* to! What the fuck was this ‘jewellery’ he’d spoken of? I didn’t have any extra apertures in my body, despite the fact that most of my peers wore at least an earring or two. But the doctor had used two words in conjunction with that one that scared the crap out of me ... restraint and discipline. Just what the *hell* were they going to put in me? For the longest time I just stood and fought against the chains and cuffs that held me leashed and restrained; all the while feeling the drag and pull of my breasts when they swung and joggled with my movements. Oh, *damn*, I didn’t want them, but now I knew with certainty that they were a part of me for they hurt when he’d done his painful little experiments.

Finally, I hobbled over to the mat and sank onto its cold surface, then slowly lay down.

My nipples still burned from the pinching of the pliers and I shuddered with the memory of the dental pick pressing into their supremely sensitive flesh and my areolas, deeply shocked by my body’s reaction to his manipulations and my own sensual enjoyment of his touch. I was mortified by the spontaneous orgasm that had flooded through my body, starting with the trill from my breasts and descending into a firestorm at my crotch. My mind had reverted to some deep, primal level, and I couldn’t help myself! It was terrible to realize I could become so easily stirred in that manner, and besides being physically helpless, now I began to appreciate some of the dimensions of feelings that women had about their bodies. It was difficult to accept that I craved to have my new breasts caressed and stroked, and while I lay thinking these thoughts, once again my demanding manhood sprang stiffly to attention! I groaned with frustration, unable to do anything about it, then to my horror and surprise, began to feel the welling of fresh tears. They were only the first trickles of the river

I would shed.

I partially sat up, again feeling the weight and movement of my breasts, and stared down over their trembling hillocks at my untouchable maleness. I felt as if it would explode, and wanted desperately to touch it, or somehow alleviate my arousal, but the *only* option I had was to roll onto my stomach and writhe on the mat and that was far too uncomfortable! I could barely endure lying there with my face turned to the wall, and so remained on my back, twisting in misery on the thin rubber pad.

Then, I began to remember some of the other things he'd said. Three *days*, just to put this so-called jewellery on me! God! What the hell *was* this stuff? And why was it going to take such a long recovery time for everything to heal? This so-called jewellery must truly be something else. With that came the memory of him stating it could not be removed once mounted onto my body and again I shivered in deep fear with this thought, trying to visualize what it was I had seen Delilah wearing.

The truth, I came to realize, was that I was going to be a lab animal! What was horribly worse was that according to him, I was going to be fitted with a steel harness just like Delilah's. With this terrible realization beginning to sink in, I began to panic, gagging on the things in my mouth and throat, but could do no more than lay shaking in horror at what was going to be done to me.

Delilah's harness, what I had seen of it, was an elaborate, fiendish affair, and the doctor had said it would take a couple of hours just to fit, then adjust. It appeared to be extremely limiting and punitive and so how could they expect me to exercise regularly once I wore it? Damn! I *hated* exercise, even though I was in good shape. Hard physical labour and exercise was my idea of punishment personified, but it appeared I was going to have to do it, like it or not.

Then, I remembered that he'd said something about 'testing'! I shivered and felt a rash of goose bumps sweep across my flesh with the visions of what might be done to me while I was restrained so thoroughly and helplessly ... lab-coated technicians moving around ... me in a cage, leashed ... then, the picture of Delilah flashed before me again, held writhing hysterically at the ends of her suspending chains. It was almost too much to think about. The remainder of his speech came back to me: "Long-term storage" ... Christ! They were going to put me in a cell and throw away the key when they'd finished their 'experiments'. By then I'd probably be a raving lunatic anyway and so they could justify it. I wouldn't have enough brains left to care, or so I thought, at that point. Just how prophetic those thoughts were, I had no idea at the time ... although I do *now*! I also remembered he'd mentioned there were plenty of other 'clients'; but all were female. Trembling anew with terror, I wondered how these women must feel, especially in this part of the world. They could be openly sent to this place, wherever in hell it was, and have done to them what had been done to Delilah! Women here had few enough rights to begin with, but something like *this* reduced them to mere chained chattels, subject to the whims of whoever owned them. God! The thought was horrible ... and it was also going to happen to *me*!

The very idea of being made into a female, even partially so, filled me with dread, and I tried not to think about it coming to pass – little did I know that it would be far worse than I could ever have imagined when it happened. I had already grown breasts and was horribly conscious of how vulnerable I felt being their possessor.

He'd also said something about getting some sort of masochistic enjoyment about what was to happen to me ... What the hell was *that* all about? Three days and they'd start on me.

Oh damn! Damn, damn, damn! I *had* to get out of this! But *how*!?

His whole speech had sounded ridiculous, and, if I hadn't been chained in this cell with a brand new pair of large breasts ... I wouldn't have believed a thing he'd said ... but here I was.

I struggled slowly to the carton of books and pawed through it as best I could then took out another volume of dense and apocryphal verbiage. I couldn't concentrate on the words, no matter how hard I tried, for I kept remembering other things the doctor had said. I tried exercising, I tried sleeping, and I tried to ignore the sensations from my body and my raging desire for an orgasm; but it was all in vain. I sank into a deep lassitude for the next two days, stirred only into motion when the guard came with my morning and night bagged meals. The second morning and day was one I cannot forget, even now. He showed up with my first meal; but this time carrying it in a carton with another container. I was fed the food in the usual manner while kneeling before him; but when I'd finished, he didn't immediately leave the cell. My feeding tube was disconnected then he went to the carton and began removing the contents, laying them out on the floor in front of the **V** chains.

"Stand! Move to chains!" he grinned malevolently at me.

I had no choice but to do as commanded, and a moment later stood secured in place. He snapped on rubber gloves, then picked up an amber coloured, rubber thing with a short hose of a similar material, this terminating in a large, clear, plastic vial

"You stand still! I put on you!" he said, approaching with the weird looking device.

By this point, I had a permanent erection and so it was easy for him to place the opened end of the tube over my rigid member, then slowly roll it on until I was completely en-tubed and embarrassingly, my body stiffened even more with his handling. I *wasn't* gay, nor had I ever contemplated trying that side of sexual adventure. My reaction was one of pure animalistic need. The short tube and attached container dangled weightily from the front of my body, for the thing he'd rolled onto me had an inner glue that ensured it stayed on, and was both air and water tight.

Next, he picked a small bottle of oily liquid from the stuff on the floor in front of me, opened it, and poured some into his rubber covered palm.

"Time to have breasts played with!" he grinned evilly at me, then raised both his hands and at first gently cupped the warm, heaving mounds of flesh on my chest.

I blushed furiously when he did, back-peddalling as far as I could to try and escape his assault; but of course managed to move only a single pace before suspending myself, then swinging back toward him!

"You no like me touch?" he smiled evilly again, slowly rubbing the oil into my fear goose-bumped skin. "Soon you *beg* me to touch!"

His hands gently caressed and palpitated and I shuddered anew from the pleasurable sensations as well as the strangely arousing knowledge that I was unable to escape from them. My thighs rubbed together of their own volition and I twisted frantically when his fingers began to work towards my nipples, gently squeezing and rolling the turgid, sensitive flesh. Whistling gasps hissed from my flared nose and I threw my head back, eyes closed, surrendering to his talented manipulations. Suddenly, a bolt of pain flashed through each of my nipples when he squeezed hard and twisted them harshly towards each other and an automatic attempt to scream shook my body from the shock and pain.

Some strange connection was made far back in the prehistoric part of my brain and mind, and to my embarrassment and horror, I stiffened into upstanding rigidity, throbbing

against the tight rubber tube encasing my maleness. His hands descended once more onto the masses of my quivering, oil slicked breasts, and again began their slow, careful caressing. As his fingers neared my nipples once more I felt them close loosely, then he grasped the inflamed buds and pulled them away from my body, drawing them and each breast painfully outwards! I howled; but he maintained the tension, making me shake and jerk against his intimate hold on my body; further strengthening the cauldron of pain and pleasure his touch was generating deep in my core! Mentally, I was totally unprepared for this extreme, sensual assault and the physical sensations flooding through my mind. Physically, the pain was just bearable, but I knew without question that a male, with a grasp on a female's breasts, as I was being held, had absolute mastery of her, no matter how she might attempt to escape him.

He released my flesh and I sobbed with relief at the cessation of the terrible pain I had begun to feel, then stared at him, trying wordlessly to beg him not to continue. He, though, was busily slopping more oil onto his palms and glanced at me slyly when I whined for release.

"Is nice different, yes? Soon, you want *this* all time! But! No can have, once in harness! Soon you begin want never have breasts at all! Will want escape ... but will no come!"

His hands ascended to my chest once more and I closed my eyes, shivering with anticipation and horror at what I felt ... and wanted! This time, at the first touches of his fingers, surprisingly delicate, I leant forward, thrusting my new breasts more firmly into his grip. His fingers began to trace small circles all over the skin and I shuddered again from the wonderful, teasing things he was doing to my body, shivering convulsively in wave upon wave of escalating sensual pleasure. One of his hands dropped to my rubber-cased maleness, clamping lightly around its girth, then harder. My hips reacted with a mind of their own, pumping instinctually into the constricting tube of his fingers and I literally could not stop this automatic reaction, so great was my need. With a face flaming in embarrassment, I continued to move vigorously, losing all of my inhibitions.

Then, both of his hands suddenly circled the apexes of my breasts, and his fingers grasped my fully erected nipples once more, pinching them gently. I howled wildly against the throat tube and gag while scintillating flashes arced from my chest to my crotch while he began to pull harshly and my crotch felt like it had been filled with molten magma from the interconnection he'd forced my mind to make! A huge gush of sperm spurted from me and I wailed like a wounded banshee!

"Is terrible for you, yes?"

Oh *God!* I'd never felt anything like *this!* And *yes*, it was becoming more terrible with every passing minute!

I dangled from the ceiling, totally helpless, fighting frantically against my wrist and ankle chains to try and touch my own body and sustain the pleasure, but that was something I would never again be permitted to do.

Long shudders of reaction shook me while he continued to pinch and roll both of my nipples, then again his hand dropped to my crotch and with squeezing fingers, he drew the last jets of sperm from my body, finally leaving me limp and exhausted. He continued to hold me; but my flesh was by now so engorged with sensitising blood that it became a burning pain, and I writhed, trying desperately to escape his cruel grip.

At last he released me, but once more his oil-slicked hands and fingers rose to my

vulnerable breasts and began again the fearsome manipulations and I could not stop the shivering reaction that wracked my body while he forced me toward another uncontrollable orgasmic explosion. He worked on me for the next two, endless hours and when he was finished, I was a gasping, trembling, weeping wreck, hanging limply before him. Each time he came near me now, I tried to recoil; desperate that he *not* touch my body, so sensitive had every part of my skin become.

“You hold still! I take off collector,” he instructed, staring into my fear-filled eyes with stony command.

He reached down and sealed the container’s top, then carefully rolled the rubber catheter off. I was left as I was while he collected his paraphernalia and carried it up and out of the cell. Some minutes later he returned and released me from the chains and I collapsed to my knees, wilting with exhaustion. Uncaring, he grasped my collar leash and dragged me to the mat then left. I rolled for a moment, trying to get comfortable, but quickly dropped into a deep, worn out sleep.

Chapter Four
Kelly's Equipment Fitting – Part One

Dr Jannason

Kelly, as I expected, had been very easy to get a sperm sample from. A couple of things contributed to this, in that he had been kept celibate for far longer than was normal for a male of his age, and second, one of the intended side effects of the hormones he'd been given was to dramatically increase his libido. Kelly hadn't had much chance to *not* provide a sample, given Hassim's manipulations and the length of time he'd spent performing his task and so the result had been assured. Perhaps it was cruel to give Kelly this one last occasion for an almost unrestrained orgasm but that was the way his life had been programmed as soon as he began investigating Delilah's disappearance. All such events from that point forward had been externally governed, whether he wished them to be or not.

In less than twenty-four hours, he'd be well on his way to joining Delilah in a lifelong sentence of mostly solitary and securely restrained imprisonment. His, though, would be considerably more stressful than was hers, for he was going to become, quite literally, a laboratory test animal. Delilah, despite the fact that she'd been the first female subject to experience the full harness and its discipline, was permitted selected sensory inputs: a continuation of her punishment. Kelly, on the other hand, although he was going to undergo experiences similar to hers in the coming months and years, would also provide a means for us to check the over-all efficiency of different design and mounting techniques, as well as various disciplinary procedures ... his testing. Of course he would have no say in how or what these experiences were to be, or their duration, nor would he be able to discuss his willingness or lack thereof to partake in them.

I closed off my work for the day and went to my apartments, leaving the night duty manager to make all the arrangements for what would happen to Kelly during the next days. Certainly, I'd be there to ensure everything was done according to plan; but I'd not actually be a part of the operating team. Rising early the following morning, I went to my office after a quick shower and shave, and there, a pair of male staff members brought my breakfast while I watched what occurred in the cell of this unique client: the only male one in the complex ... for the moment.

Kelly lay sleeping restlessly when the guard entered at 7:00 am with the transportation restraints slung over his shoulder then stirred, sensing in his sleep that he was not alone. A modified Stoke's stretcher was lowered into the cell a minute later, then the guard picked up the barely aware prisoner and deposited him with surprising gentleness into the wire-formed, basket like thing. He was secured by means of wide, thick, woven-wire-cored bands; each cinched tightly around his wrists, upper arms, chest, waist, hips, upper legs, forehead, and ankles. Of course he'd not be able to release himself, and to ensure that he remained fully a captive, the cover was closed and locked at the top and bottom as well as once at the mid-point on the side. I think he momentarily awakened when the straps were being tightened, but by that time the guard had fastened the mask over his face and his breathing was fully controlled. A cylinder of anaesthetic gas was cracked for a few seconds and he once more dropped into unconsciousness. The guard signalled his companion above to lift the stretcher from the cell and I changed cameras to see them raise then fasten it to a gurney. I followed his progress on other cameras while he was taken to a preparation room to have his hair

removed.

Inside, he was taken from the stretcher, still unconscious, then quickly and efficiently spread-eagled between floor and ceiling in a large stall. The main room was itself quite large and high ceilinged; light and airy in appearance, with pleasant, earth tone painted walls and a white tiled floor. Down one side there were three 'shearing cells', and Kelly was the occupant of the middle, while the others contained two newly arrived clients, both female of course. All were deeply unconscious.

When the complex had been built, I decided to automate, computerize, and employ nano-technology in as many of the processes as I could, and so the shearing stalls were designed specifically for this task and this task alone. In the middle of each four metre square chamber was a large, one metre deep, two metre square depression, leaving a one metre wide surrounding walkway between it and the wall. All the stalls were fully equipped with multiple, removable, shower head nozzles, as well as a multiplicity of wall- and floor-mounted restraint rings and chains. What made them truly unique was that in each corner of the central wells, a thick, tubular column rose to the ceiling, capable of sliding about thirty degrees to one side or the other of its normal corner centred location. On each of these columns, a long, square box was mounted; the inward facing on all having ten, universally mounted, small lenses facing the suspended client. These boxes would track up and down their column's full length, and in actual fact were the automatic, scanning, multi-laser, hair removal systems. I'd bought twelve sets of the best and most powerful.

Before being placed inside, each 'client' was completely disrobed, including restraints and gag pad strap (leaving the actual mouth filler and throat tube in place), then their wrists and ankles were re-cuffed and clipped to the ends of metre long spreader bars.

Once fastened in this manner, all were carried into their stalls and a cable was lowered from over head, to be connected to others that formed a shallow, inverted **V** from the ends of the wrist spreader bar. Another pair from each end of the ankle spreader was led out to the sides and loosely connected to rings in the floor at the corners of the depression, then the overhead winch was adjusted until the client was strung very taut between the floor and the ceiling; feet suspended one hundred cm above the tiled floor drain in its centre. Thus, the removal system and technicians were given free access to the body now suspended in the stall. Each client was then completely sprayed with a liquid containing an invisible, ultra-violet, fluorescent dye, and this very rapidly concentrated itself in the hair and pores of the skin from which they arose, allowing for precise mapping.

Out in the main area of the chamber, three metres in front of the door of the shearing cells, were what looked like old style dental chairs, but these were, in fact, brand new, very sophisticated, and purpose built, restraint seats. At the upper back of each was a much, smaller, similar arrangement of four columns and boxes and this was the area in which the head of the client would have nearly all of *its* hair removed; again an automated process. The client would be restrained in the chair, then her (in this case, his) head would be immobilized and the process would begin.

Each had received a timed release anaesthetic injection and so would remain completely unconscious for the entire day.

It was 8:30 and time to begin.

The shearing cell's barred doors were locked, then at the main control panel, the master switch was turned by the attending technician. I watched closely while within the cells each of the boxes on the columns began to give off a deep hum while the lasers powered up. It

was an impressive operation to watch. Each set of four boxes rose and fell in unison on their columns, making four mapping passes up and down the body that was to have hair removed; the columns shifting slightly from side to side in their grooves while their brilliant, sapphire blue lasers pulsed, providing the most exact mapping data. Finally, all of the machines descended to the bottoms of their columns and re-centred while the body and hair root location data was compiled by the computer. They began the slow and, to a human, exactly tedious process of striking every hair root with a very finely focussed laser. The root of each was hit twice on the first pass, then the system returned to the original starting point and made four more mapping passes before repeating the whole process.

The actual hair removal was very slow, even though automated. When I looked into the stalls, I saw each strung client bathed in a flickering blue glow while the lasers sparkled and lanced out from the columns, starting at the feet and moving slowly up the legs and body. The sheared off hairs floated down into the pit and were periodically washed away with a small flood of water from the jets around the upper rim. The process was rapid at first then the removal system slowed when the hairs became more dense. Not much progress could be discerned initially; but when I came back to check at 10:30, the lasers were just finishing at the waist of each client. Below the line of striking light lances, the skin of the suspended bodies was a lighter shade than the part above, almost infantile in its cleanliness and lack of hair.

I surmised that the process was not a particularly pleasant or comfortable one, but the anaesthetic would keep them knocked out completely, and they would only know a mild sensitivity when they awoke in four days. Even still, they twitched and moved when the more sensitive areas of their bodies suffered the application of the laser, and so, before making the next strike, the computer re-mapped the reference point of the hair root to be removed a thousandth of a second before making the doubled shot. By 2:30 pm, the process had been completed twice, the second pass having proceeded much more rapidly than the first.

The clients were next transferred to the chairs, their heads immobilized, then *those* machines were powered up and the process began once more. Only their eyelids were covered, for the lashes would be manually, laser removed by the technicians. By 4:30 pm, their heads were completely bald and gleaming pink, then the process of removing their lashes began. At 6:30 the hair removal process had been completed, then the chemical/hormone solution was massaged deeply into their bodies, heads, and faces. All were once more fitted with their restraints, collars and gag strap pads then returned to their holding cells. The female clients would remain in them until the work on Kelly was completed, then each would undergo the operations necessary to fit her with the entire complement of jewellery needed to restrain, control and mount her Discipline Harness.

All were fed by their respective guards, and left for the night; gradually recovering from the anaesthetic while their long, boring evenings wore on. I checked on them occasionally and saw that the women, when they eventually awakened, were most severely affected by the loss of their hair, not having been told of their fates. Weeping wildly at finding themselves denuded of every hair on their bodies and heads, the two young women, one perhaps twenty years of age and the other, supposedly eighteen, fought wildly against their restraints and leashes. Kelly, on the other hand, just lay quietly sedated for a somewhat longer time.

Kelly

When I returned to awareness, I was back in the cell, and became immediately aware of how tender and sensitive my skin was. I felt even the slightest breath of air intensely and instantly. My eyelids felt strangely naked and when I looked down at my arms, legs, and what little I could see of my crotch, I discovered I was utterly hairless. I thought, then with deep foreboding, that *this* was only the beginning of what they were going to do to me! An unbidden wail rose from my terror-stricken soul, only to be stifled by the stomach tube and gag pad, and I thrashed maniacally against my chains, disbelieving that this was really happening. Of course it was, and I remained fastened as securely as always. For the next endless hours, I tossed and turned restlessly, alone and gagged to total silence in the stark, brightly lit cell.

I suppose I must have fallen asleep at some point, for I came awake to find two guards standing over me. I struggled to sit up. They reached down and each grasped one of my pinioned arms then pulled me to my feet and I was frog marched over to an opened, wire basket stretcher. Unresisting, for I finally realized they could quite literally do *anything* they liked to bring me under control, I was laid in it then, my waist, chest, and head were clamped into its thin padding with wide, tight straps. One at a time, they released each arm from my waist chain and strapped them into formed depressions at the wrist and above the elbow, then, my legs at ankles and mid-thigh, holding me utterly helpless. The tight fitting cover pressed down firmly on my body and limbs, with only a small clearance for my face. I stared up fearfully while they connected the sling chains, then with a swooping swing I was lifted from the cell, up into the wide hall above to be deposited on a waiting Gurney. One guard secured my cage while the other closed the access hatch to the cell and although I couldn't see them, there were another eleven of these cells set into the floor of the long corridor, all containing waiting females. I could almost smell the terror emanating from the cells hidden below the floor of the wide corridor.

It was then I truly began my journey into the life I live now.

The Gurney rolled easily along the smooth floor, passing through what seemed like dozens sets of the doubled doors. Each set consisted of first a steel slab that slid up into a ceiling slot in the middle of its door frame then three metres beyond, a barred door opening and closing in the same manner. There was virtually no way of escaping either my restraints or the cells. Long moments later, I knew by both the change in the decor and the smell that we'd arrived in the hospital area. All I was able to do while I was trundled along was to stare up at the ceiling lights, although now I heard a familiar voice when I was wheeled into an anteroom.

"Good morning Kelly," the Doctor spoke quietly, out of my sight. "It's time for you to begin your journey. I've decided that for the moment you'll not be allowed any speech, and so whenever it was, you've probably already spoken your last truly coherent words. You may be allowed a chance again, once the oral surgeries have been completed, but you probably won't like the feelings and results when you're given the opportunity. At any rate, it's time to begin.

"Guard, please open the stretcher."

The locks were released and top was swung away, then a masked and gowned technician approached with a black, rubber cup held in his hand and lowered it until the cold, clammy thing fully enveloped my nose, mouth, and chin, pressing firmly onto my skin. I desperately tried to yell at him that I didn't want this to happen, staring in wide-eyed terror up into his

unfeeling eyes, but the low hiss told me the valve of the anaesthetic gas regulator had been opened. Foolishly, I once more tried to hold my breath (as was anticipated), then, when I could do so no longer, I sucked in a large quantity of the anaesthetic laced air in an automatic reaction and for a moment tasted the acrid smell at the back of my throat. I seemed to be falling down a long, black tunnel and the last thing my brain registered was his face, watching me intently. It slipped away into a smaller and smaller picture, then a pin point of light, and finally, winked out, leaving nothing but blackness.

It was the last thing I remembered for the next three days.

Dr Jannason

His resistance to breathing, once he'd been fitted with the mask was an intentional reaction, for the anaesthetic would then be inhaled in a huge volume, having an almost instant effect when he did. Kelly went out like a switched off light.

Completely comatose now, the guards rapidly released him from the stretcher's restraints then lifted him into a large, shallow pan at the side of the room. Here, two waiting male nurses washed him with a strong antiseptic solution, then dried and lifted him onto a sterile-sheeted Gurney. Another sheet was drawn over and he was taken quickly into the operating theatre, transferred to the waiting table, and strapped down once more. I sat on a stool to the side and watched while all of the piercings were made, then filled with their purpose-designed metal restraint jewellery. Occasionally, Dr. Hargreaves took a break from his labours and I stepped in to continue the exacting and detailed work required to affix the various pieces. The body and head jewellery was, for the most part, quickly mounted in his flesh; the limb restraint cuffs and his collar being the easiest of all. In the space of some six hours of continual, intense work, Kelly was fully endowed with the major required articles of a complete Restraint And Discipline Ensemble, then taken to a recovery cell. Inside he was, of course, chained to his bed, and a supervising guard was left to observe from behind a large, one way mirror. He'd remain there for the night then be taken to the dental surgery for the installation of his oral restraints and other mouth jewellery.

I sat back and reviewed what had been accomplished today; but not without a shiver of sympathy for what Kelly would experience when he awoke.

The cuffs that had been fully secured on his arms (just above the elbows and around his wrists) as well as the ones clamped about his legs (at mid-thigh, below the knee, and his ankles) were manufactured in such a manner that they'd be impossible to remove without actually amputating the limbs themselves. All were made of the high density, stainless steel alloy, five mm thick and five cm wide and each was equipped with two thick, swivelling, three cm diameter rings, to which his harnessing and restraint chains would be welded when he was fully fitted out. The cuffs had been made as non-removable as possible by using almost seamless hinge-type joints, then screwing in the joining pins until they snapped off within the last tooth of the joint and an oversized pin was then hammered into the hole and burnished flat. This was the manner in which all of the metal garments and restraints to be fitted to his body would be fastened. Around the lower portions of both ankle and wrist cuffs, two mm deep, square-sectioned grooves had been machined into the metal; these in readiness for the next sets of equipment to be affixed.

His collar, a one cm thick, seven cm high throat tube, flowed in a contoured design around his neck, also being equipped with heavy duty, three cm diameter restraint/leash

rings at the front under his chin, and at the back, centred over his spine. It awaited the addition of the head cage and this piece would be added the day after we'd completed the oral surgery and jewellery additions.

His waist had been encircled and deeply compressed by a wide, form-fitted belt. Over the rectum, it widened significantly, with an aperture placed for further additions of sanitary and discipline equipment. Passing between his thighs, it narrowed, then widened again, with another aperture through which his testicles hung. Immediately above this was another widened portion with a one cm high, five cm diameter collar. His penis had been drawn through this, until the collar clamped firmly into the flesh of his abdomen, then a transverse piercing had been carefully made through the organ. A five mm thick retaining rod had been inserted, then screwed into place, and once this had been completed, its ends were burnished until they were almost invisible on the surface of the surrounding, tight collar, ensuring that any attempt at removal would be impossible and even a slight tension would prove most painful.

Kelly was well endowed by most standards, and his organ had automatically erected and enlarged; this thanks to his increased libido, the handling during the operation, and the snug, constant constriction of the collar. Now, it was held a prisoner by the retaining pin arrangement, projecting rigidly outwards and continually quivering with his unconscious and helpless arousal. Unfortunately for Kelly, he would never be able to touch himself again, for there were to be additions made in this area that would be quite horrific for him. From deep between his thighs, another narrow set of metal straps cinched under his enlarged buttocks, these rising to their fastening points on the waist band over his hips, thus locking the entire chastity belt harness firmly in place. The crotch piece was semi-permanent and would be removed at some point in the future, when it was decided that he would become a full hermaphrodite. The next version would retain his imprisoned male genitalia, and also make provision for his new female attributes once the surgeries and healing were completed. Advances in sexual reassignment surgery would permit us to equip him with a fully functional vagina *and* a clitoris, while at the same time leaving his maleness intact.

Unfortunately for Kelly, he'd never be permitted to voluntarily experience the pleasures his doubled sexual organs would demand. He or by that point she would only be permitted sexual arousal during testing and punishment regimes.

His chest and shoulders had also been made captive, for now he wore an upper body harness; basically a bra, that would command and control him with singular efficiency. For the moment, his new breasts were not imprisoned within their cups, but the remainder of his upper body was securely trapped. A five mm thick, formed chest band was clamped snugly around his rib cage, fastened by the same hinge type joints that had been used for the cuffs. At the front, its frame rose high, then in a line directly between the nipples and the hollow of the shoulders, split into a two cm wide strap that angled back over them from the tops of the frames containing the two, ten cm diameter openings provided for his large, still developing breasts. These fleshy hummocks protruded through their too small openings, garrotted by snug, thick, five cm high, neoprene collars, so that the mass of each was squeezed away from his chest and kept constantly engorged with sensitising blood. The wide chest band increased this effect by forming very closely to the rib's curvature beneath, and on this framework, surrounding each collar, were lipped, locking rings that would secure the breast cups when it was time to fasten them.

The back portion of the chest band resembled what is known as a 'sports' or 'racing'

bra; it having a widened portion that rose high between the shoulder blades and to which the shoulder straps were connected. Both it and the front busk had central pairs of three cm diameter restraint rings in swivel fittings, and around the lower edge was a series of eight fittings designed to accept the inter-connecting, expandable steel straps to the waist band of his chastity belt. When joined together, the entire assembly would form an inescapable body harness and brace, permitting him only a small amount of flexibility, yet at the same time providing a means to further increase the degree of severity of his confinement thanks to the 'bracing' effect.

The penile piercing had been the most time consuming aspect of the day's work, but other than that, the rest had been relatively straight forward. His ears had effortlessly received their lobe piercings and the ones in the cartilage of each tagus and the ear shell behind had been very quickly accomplished also. Then, his nose cartilage and outer nostril flaps had followed, and a thick bar bell had been inserted under the muscle knot at the bridge of the nose. I had also decided to pierce each of his lips with a series of seven, snugly clinched rings that would constantly remind him that the sensitive flesh was captive, and in addition to those fourteen rings, he also had two others of slightly larger diameter at the sides of his mouth. These went through the cheek muscles, into the mouth then pulled back the corners of the lips where they emerged. All of the wounds had been fitted with lining grommets to prevent tearing of the flesh when tension was placed on them; this being automatic and continual until his body adjusted to the presence of the rings and their restricting effect.

Once the piercings had been completed, Dr. Hargreaves mounted the appropriate hardware. Kelly received his ear plug/hearing aids without any reaction to them being fitted and locked into his ears, then came the ear lobe U shackles, these hanging down nearly a full three cm below their bottoms. The nose bar and shackle assembly came next, and this particular set of jewellery took some delicate work to fit, but once in place, wouldn't be possible to remove, except by surgery. The barbell at the bridge of his nose was a sturdy one, slightly longer than necessary, and would be used to more securely fasten the facial portion of his head cage; mating into latches on its inner surface.

The surgical team next moved down to Kelly's large, trembling breasts. As a result of the modified hormones he'd been fed, they were firm and upstanding, and he'd developed large, sensitive nipples. The first thing to be done was a small incision on the underside at the base of each breast, then a five cm diameter, two mm thick, perforated Teflon disk was slid into the opening and centred, parallel to the chest, then the wounds were sutured closed, and the team moved to his nipples/areolas. Each was vacuum extracted, then pierced at its base with a four mm thick needle. Immediately, each horizontal hole received a steel liner, this with a two mm hole in it, oriented to line up between the tip of the nipple and the central fitting on the disk now buried deeply inside the breast. Then came the most delicate part of the operation: the through-the-centre of the nipple piercings. I watched intently while the thick needle sank slowly into the centre of each sensitive and upstanding nipple, then through the apertures in the liners and nipple bars, and continued its inward journey to the depth of the disk. Obviously, this was distressing and even though Kelly was deeply unconscious and strapped securely to the operating table, he thrashed against his restraints, head flailing from side to side above the tight collar encircling his neck, while around the gag pad his mouth tried to open with moans of pain.

The thick needle was withdrawn from the breast, then a short, transverse shaft was

slipped through the grommet at the base of his nipple and centred in the hole, leaving only a short, grooved end protruding on either side. It was the work of seconds to clip the heavily sprung, stainless steel, U shackle's arms over the exposed ends of the transverse rod, then make it irremovable by flattening their emergent pins into the depressions provided on the outer sides of the U's arms.

Now, a long, two mm diameter shaft was inserted into the wound at the tip of his nipple, pressed downward and through the holes in the liner, the transverse shaft, and deep into the breast. It took a few seconds for the doctor to locate the central portion of the buried Teflon disk, then he screwed the vertically oriented shaft firmly into its fitting until only a large ball could be seen at the tip, this pressing into the exposed tip of the nipple. His left breast was immediately subjected to the same process, completing the most intricate portion of the procedure.

The arrangement and effect of this 'jewellery' was such that the U shackles were kept permanently projecting outward from the tips of his breasts, and if tension was placed on them, not only would he immediately feel their drag directly on the sensitive flesh of his nipples; but also, deep inside. Too, the tension of the disks on the surrounding and covering flesh would also force it to compress painfully outwards. The next addition to the breast tip jewellery was a set of large, thick rings laying flat on the flesh, each the diameter of the aureoles, some four cm in diameter. These had a pair of diametrically opposed, three cm high, inverted V's mounted, with a four mm half-circle at its apex. Hinged on either side of each of these V's was a matching half circle; sort of like an opened hand cuff.

The rings were placed over the areolas, then one at a time, the nipple U shackles were pulled outwards until the grooves in the ends of the transverse shafts could drop into the waiting half circles at the apexes of the V's. Then, their opened halves were swung closed, trapping the rods in the upraised V's and a tiny rivet was run through pre-drilled holes and flattened. This made the entire arrangement non-removable, and thus his nipples and breasts were kept under a constant, painful, and inescapable tension; acting to pull the V-mounted circles firmly onto his breasts.

During this entire series of processes, Kelly had unconsciously shivered against his restraints from the pain; but now that they were completed, he settled back into deep and tremulous breathing. The nurses released his restraints, reloaded him on the Gurney and took him to the recovery cell. Inside, a feeding bag was hung on a stand beside the bed, then attached to his gag and he was left for the night, only the flickering green trace on the monitor providing illumination.

Tomorrow, the oral surgeries would be done and this would consume most of the day, so intricate were the procedures, then he would be returned to this recovery cell and regain consciousness the following day. Sometime around 2:00 pm, after we'd ensured he was fully aware, Kelly would be fitted with the final pieces of his Discipline and Punishment Ensemble. It was necessary, in my view, that he be both physically and mentally aware of what he already wore then suffer through the additions of the remainder of the things that would hold him a fully controlled prisoner. Observing his reactions to what was happening to him would be of interest.

Chapter Five

A Sensual Interlude

Dr Jannason

For the first time in weeks, I closed off my day early and returned to my apartment to relax with a wonderful dinner and one of the females who had become my property in exchange for taking care of a client's problematic daughter. This particular female had been his mistress for many years and was still an extremely beautiful temptress, despite being completely denuded of all hair. As some do, she had become too possessive and demanding of her benefactor and so his solution was simple and elegant. She'd disappeared on the same night as his daughter and ended up here in the Complex; actually in the cell immediately next to, but unbeknownst to the daughter. Both had followed the same path into oblivion, although the woman who was now my slave had a much more pleasant life than her erstwhile benefactor's daughter.

Certainly, she wore the full restraint and discipline harness and was for the most part kept utterly helpless and controlled by it; but she *was* allowed some small and infrequent contact with the world beyond her cell, whereas the daughter suffered her punishment in a situation and cell exactly like Delilah's.

I used the woman occasionally as a source of sexual release, both orally and vaginally, removing the imprisoning cups from her breasts if and when I felt the urge. Generally, she was kept in seclusion, either sleeping, working on her computer terminal, or being exercised on the machines in her cell. I enjoyed going and getting her and she was always pathetically glad to see me; desperate to be released from her toil and isolation.

She was one of the few females in the Complex not fitted with a permanent gag; but instead had an oral pleasuring ring permanently mounted in her mouth, securely affixed to the implanted stainless steel posts that had replaced her front teeth. The ring was positioned between her upper and lower jaws, replacing her four front central teeth, in addition to being locked to her other oral jewellery. The oral ring, most of the time, held a locked-in, penis-shaped feeding and watering gag pad, and could also be fastened to the inner side of a lower face gag panel. When I no longer wished to hear her sounds, the large plug could be easily slid into her mouth and quickly locked in place and she of course could do nothing other than wail pitifully when this was done. Of course, inside her mouth, the penis gag pad also fastened to the jewellery mounted in her tongue, and for longer periods of solitary incarceration, a stomach tube was added so that she could be fed and watered automatically.

Any time this procedure was required, she always struggled desperately to avoid it, weeping and pleading inarticulately, for it was an extremely unpleasant invasion for her to experience, but it was always done with pitiless efficiency, leaving her in tearful, retching silence. Once applied, the humiliating hoses were mounted to the face panel, her blinder panel affixed, and her hearing was turned off to leave her in silence and darkness, feeling the food being pumped into her body.

I reached the area of my private cells and went to the observation screens to see that inside her sealed cage, she sat in the cradle before her computer terminal, typing awkwardly against the miserable restriction of her long wrist separator bar. She also wore the sight restriction panel, making any of her tasks at the computer and vision in general, a very difficult thing. The hoses looping to her mouth swung slowly back and forth when she

turned her body and head to see and it was a striking sight to see such a thoroughly controlled woman locked into her harness and cell, utterly incapable of escaping all that had been done to her. I turned on her hearing and at the same time had the computer send the alerting beep into her earplugs. She stopped work immediately, struggled to her feet, then clip-clopped across the cement floor to the corner and sank to her knees, facing into it.

“Good evening, Samantha,” I said quietly. “You will spend tonight with me.”

She remained kneeling erectly; but I could tell by the way her body moved that she was happy to be even temporarily released. Three minutes later she stood before me, staring hungrily, I imagined, out through the slits of her blinder panel. I pulled in the overhead carriage with its dangling ‘transport’ chains then quickly locked them to the top ring of her head cage and the two side rings of her waist-band. Only then were the heavy locks of her three cell leashes released for security is always paramount within the Complex, and I made sure that I was no exception. Holding firmly to her arm, I guided her from the cell and out into the corridor, then activated the hoist in the overhead ceiling carriage until her leashes had been partially wound onto their drums, leaving her swaying in mid-air before me. Her hoofed and horse shoe shod feet kicked spastically, some fifty cm above the floor, leaving the fifteen kg steel ball just barely touching it. She was utterly helpless of course, for her legs were pulled straight down from her hips by the thrumming chain to the ball. This of course resulted in her wrist bar being snapped tightly into its U shaped receivers on the front of her chastity belt and these were designed so that once the wrist bar passed the latches it could not be released by its wearer. I unclipped the leash from my belt, attached it to the central ring of her ankle spreader bar then drew her along behind to my apartments. The overhead ceiling track network in the complex permitted us to move clients, either under their own power or our control, literally anywhere within it, with them always securely leashed. Outside my quarters, I lowered her then attached the three leashes from inside. A moment later we were within my rooms.

“Hold still, girl,” I said to the twenty-eight year old, “I’m going to remove your gag.”

She stood erect before me while I completed the simple (for me) task. For her it was always a traumatic experience, for the withdrawal of the feeding and watering hoses from her belly and throat was almost as bad as its insertion. I released the locks of the lower facial panel and those that connected to her tongue and teeth then opened the small tube that inflated her stomach balloon, this to prevent her from regurgitating the throat tube. I waited until the slow hiss of its deflation stopped then slowly pried the facial panel a little distance away from her face. What was revealed, at first, was the base of the thick, deeply plunged dildo and shiny steel, mounting ring behind her lips, fastened immovably between her upper and lower jaws. I slowly began to withdraw the plate and the saliva-slicked length of the thick dildo from her mouth and immediately, a violent shudder passed through her body. Deep in her belly, the balloon was forced to deflate a little more when tension came on her throat tube, then it was slowly pulled up her oesophagus, making her shudder and retch automatically with the horrid sensation. The slippery dildo/gag pad, with its gleaming mouth and tongue appliance locks, slid out of the ring to reveal the thick-walled tube at its base still passing through her mouth and down her throat. I maintained the tension and it continued to emerge from her body in slow centimetres until at last the deflated end balloon slid out of her widely opened mouth. She gasped and sobbed for a couple minutes, so very grateful to be freed at last of the horribly intrusive tube. Samantha had been fitted with it a month previously after I’d last used her, then worn it continually from that time.

Research had indicated that the worst times of the wearing of the device were its insertion and withdrawal. After being fitted with the throat tube, the wearer was extremely conscious of its presence for the first day or two, then awareness gradually faded when the body adapted to it being in place. Many of the wearers had told us that at first they thought that they'd die from strangulation and the panic they'd experienced was almost mind destroying, knowing that they could *not* get the thing out of their body. However, that was part of the price they had to pay for their misdeeds.

I stood back and looked at her and it was certainly a sight to gladden a man's heart, especially if one liked the sight of a securely controlled female body and mind. Samantha was only about one hundred and thirty cm tall; but well proportioned with large, firm breasts and a narrow waist above generous hips. Her diminutive frame, steel harnessed and cuffed, leashed and chained before me, was an entrancement all its own; but definitely not pleasant for her, as a woman who had to live in the confining and vastly uncomfortable harness and restraints. I picked up a handy set of surgical pliers and freed the tip ring of her tongue.

"You may speak, if you wish," I said, although I knew that she seldom did now, thanks to the embarrassing and humiliating noises she made, rather than true speech. She, of course, wore the full oral restraint jewellery suite, in addition to having her jaws permanently separated by the oral pleasuring ring, and so could only make animalistic noises of pleasure or distress. I suppose she'd gradually gotten used to being kept this way since first being incarcerated and fitted with this arrangement some eighteen months ago; but she must have longed for real speech. It wouldn't happen of course for she would be kept like this for the remainder of her life.

"I have a special treat for you tonight, my dear. You'll get to eat some real food for a change, then see some TV, and later you'll come to my bed.

"Oooooooooaahhh ..." she moaned softly, pulling her hands and arms against their chains and the bar that separated them so cruelly and efficiently, remaining still fastened securely to her cinch.

"Come along to the table and sit in your chair. I'll feed you dinner."

She clip-clopped slowly across the floor, accompanied by the rumble of her restrictor ball at the end of its leash to her ankle spreader and the clashing of her chains, then settled gratefully into the soft cushions of the padded seat and tucked her legs under to give a small amount of freedom to her hands and arms. Another wordless sigh of pleasure came and she turned her body and head to stare at me when I sat beside her. A moment later, two silent waiters delivered our meal and disappeared until needed again.

"It's been about five weeks since I saw you last," I mused, staring again at the faceless, steel harnessed beauty before me, "but I'll try to do it more frequently over the next while, as we have only a trickle of new clients to process at the moment."

And so I spent the next two hours, talking to her, but in truth mostly to myself, and she answered as best she could with wordless sounds of interrogation or affirmation at the appropriate points of my monologue. I cut her food into very small portions and spooned them slowly and carefully into the opening on her lower facial panel, occasionally washing them down with a small dribble of wine. Wordless noises of pleasure came from her and she leaned eagerly towards me when I brought up the small spoon, laden with tasty meat or vegetables. For her, this was a veritable feast, compared to the usual tasteless but nutritious mush she was usually fed and most of the time never tasted because of the stomach feeding tube. The meal was soon finished, and I escorted her to the room containing my

entertainment centre. Because of her harness and assorted leashes, she was forced to move slowly, as was the intent, but soon we'd settled on the deep sofa. I turned on the TV and began playing the newest movie from the satellite receiver. For the most part, Samantha sat motionless, staring at the screen avidly, only occasionally tugging and jerking her hands fretfully against their restraints, while she saw sights that were normally denied to her.

Perhaps this was the ultimate punishment ... to show her what had been taken away; but she hungered for it desperately, I knew. The movie ended and we watched the latest CNN news, then I drew her to her feet and at the end of a leash, pulled her to my bedroom where I disrobed quickly then laid her on the huge bed. Once positioned, I locked her collar leash to a ring in the steel-cored headboard, leaving plenty of slack in it for the evolutions to come and a moment later, had another three chains connected to her harness, these descending from the hoist hidden in the ceiling above the bed. One went to the top ring of her head cage, and the others to the side rings of her waist-band. Two more chains came down from the same ring, and these were fastened to the outer rings of her ankle cuffs, so that she sat upright in the middle of the bed, legs spread and bent at the knee before her, separated by their Spanish Trapezoid.

The cable had a built-in springiness and when I started the hoist, it took a few seconds for most of this to disappear before she was drawn into the air above the centre of the bed. I allowed her to swing slowly back and forth for a moment or two, then clipped a fine leash to her dangling nose chain and led it to wall ring above the bed, stopping her from further rotation. A small gasping sob of pain came from her forced open mouth when I tightened it, but now she hung almost motionless, suspended some above the silken sheet with her knees bent, thus allowing some minor freedom of her hands and arms. These she tugged and shook with anticipation of what was soon to come; for I had enjoyed her helpless beauty in this manner many times before. It was but a simple matter for me to release the crotch covering hatch of her chastity belt, something she was utterly unable to accomplish on her own, then remove it completely and withdraw the deep and thickly plunging, punishment dildo she was always fitted with. It slid slowly from the warm encasement of her loins and I stared entranced at the naked folds of her vaginal lips, framed within the thick steel of the ring that kept her permanently dilated under the crotch shield.

At the top of this, her armoured clitoris bobbed on its small collar, forever inviolate, even to me and already she dripped with the juices of arousal, writhing hungrily in her chained suspension, trying to ignore the pain from the tension of her nose leash being tugged at by her own movements. A low, wordless, moaning and hissing came from her while I readied her for my pleasure.

I slowly released her breast cups from their mountings on the chest band then carefully freed her nipple rings from their internal tensioning fittings at the cup's tips. The beautiful, swelling, olive skinned mounds sprang free of their snug imprisonment within the bulleted steel hemispheres, to hang in trembling vulnerability on her chest, freely available to me to do with as I saw fit. Their heavy **U** shackles pointed tantalizingly out from her rampant nipples, kept stretched by the same devices Kelly now wore, and no doubt would soon hate. I clipped another fine tethering chain to each gleaming steel **U**, connecting their other ends to the same wall ring as her nose leash, under only a slight tension. In effect her breasts and nose had become the springs in an erotic shock absorber system. Her deeper, more needful pants and moans echoed in the quiet room while I slowly continued my preparations, and she quivered in her restraints like a race horse waiting for the starting gun.

One day soon I would add the automatic pleasuring sequences for her, employing the electro-shock capabilities of the harness. I knew it would drive her completely wild and turn her into a constantly wanting sex slave.

Standing back to inspect the helplessly bound and vulnerable beauty was the only inspiration I needed, and so, with a quick slither, I moved onto the bed directly beneath her dripping body then slowly guided my upstanding manhood into her vaginal opening. An intense series of wild, low moans came from her, turning into almost a scream of desperate need while I rose higher, sinking myself deeply into her core. Her entrammelled body vibrated in cascading spasms and I felt her internal muscles attempting to grip and hold me in a feminine vice while I moved slowly up and down. Each thrust I made created movement, making her swing slightly back and forth, interrupting her moans with short screams of pain/pleasure when the trio of leashes sprang tight. It was utterly impossible for her to escape what was happening, or her sensations, and knowing this deep in her feminine soul, it intensified her feelings, making her twist and jerk wildly above me, wringing every last bit of sensation from her bound body.

I, however, had never been a “wham-bam-thank-you-ma’am” kind of lover; preferring to draw out the experience as long as humanly possible, and so, for the next hours, teased and caressed her to orgasm after chained orgasm. Her leashed breasts received the attentions of my busy fingers, either kneading or stroking them, and sometimes plucking at their thrumming chains, while at other times I flicked her bobbling, armoured clitoris repeatedly until she was driven to screaming wordlessly in continuous lust for surcease. For the longest time I lay there playing these games, still firmly and deeply embedded within her loins; but finally, the urging of my own body could be ignored no longer and I plunged in and out of the suspended woman, impaling her with a fury of desire to possess her utterly. The bedroom was filled with her howling wails and my cries of ultimate joy while I spasmed in shuddering, erotically laced visions; then I passed out from the overwhelming release and slept for a couple of hours.

Above in the gloom, Samantha swung against the restrictions of her leashes, almost mindless from the succession of violent orgasms that had forced upon her, also in a dead faint and still trembling from their aftermath. She awakened soon after though while I continued to sleep, but remained exactly as she’d been fastened, unable to escape. I don’t have any idea how a woman thus held feels about herself and her situation, but it would make for an interesting discussion, I’m sure.

Two hours later I returned to awareness and began the slow assault on her helpless body once more. I spent most of the night teasing and enjoying Samantha in this manner, then let her down and had her kneel beside the bed. She was capable of performing incredible oral sex when permitted the opportunity, and tonight she was again completely wonderful, even though harnessed helplessly. The feel of her steel ring punctured and caged tongue, struggling against its restraints, while she laved my manhood, is probably one of the most incredible sensations a male can experience. The oral pleasuring ring kept her from being able to bite, despite the futile clenching of her jaws, and at the same time as she performed, I tugged gently on her breast chains to encourage her to more intense efforts to please. Gagged screams of both desire and pain burbled around my plunging organ while it slithered deep into her mouth and partially down her throat, until I finally achieved my fifth orgasm and collapsed in an exhausted heap on the bed. She, of course, remained beside it, now rolled onto her back and slowly recovering while I slept away the rest of the night.

When I finally awoke, I immediately had a shower then alerted my personal guards to come and fetch Samantha, clean her, re-fasten all of her restraint equipment, and return her to her cell. Once there, she would be kept busy writing and exercising until I felt the need to see her again. I also made arrangements to have the pleasuring sequences added to her computer control programs. Those programs already had a discipline set of instructions that were used to torture her very efficiently, but she had been a good slave and so deserved the opportunity of an occasional reward.

I possessed two other females that were similarly imprisoned, my own personal harem, and so it could be as long as another month before she was a guest in my apartments, and by that time she would be again a simmering volcano of denied lust.

Chapter Six
Kelly's Equipment Fitting – Part Two

Dr Jannason

I arrived in the dental surgery somewhat later than originally planned; but found that everything was proceeding smoothly in the hands of Dr. Hargreaves. All of Kelly's teeth had first been encased with glued-on, thin steel jackets and these had in addition been mechanically secured to each tooth by a cross drilling and pin arrangement through the tooth. When I arrived, he was working on the tongue piercings and as with all female clients, Kelly too had the transverse bar mounted through the muscle, deep at the back of the mouth, together with all of the peripheral rings, the four studs, the under the tongue web ring, the thick wire frame, and a tip ring.

A short time later, the through-the-tongue bar was snapped into the brackets on his lower, back molars, and the tip ring was clipped into a fitting on the inside of his lower front teeth. I decided not to fit the feeder gag just yet, and perhaps allow him a chance for some final words before he was subjected to that part of his ensemble.

The balance of the time was spent, first, to join his wrist cuffs with the sixty cm long, three cm diameter wrist separator bar, then in attaching the interconnecting, extensible metal straps between his collar, the upper body harness/bra, his chastity belt, and the various leg cuffs. The final piece would be the fitting of the head cage around and onto his gleaming skull.

The body strap and chain network was intricate and supremely limiting in design.

From the bottom edge of the collar, at the front, a two cm wide, telescoping, steel strap descended to be locked into a fitting on the front busk of the bra harness, between his breasts and the other at the back descended to the between-the-shoulder-blades back portion of the bra. Both continued down to his cinch, and were there locked securely. Under his arms from the side of the chest band, a short length of chain led to the inner ring of his above the elbow bands, then down his forearms to the wrist cuffs. It was locked there, then led back to the side rings on the belt. Thus, his upper arms were partially restrained, as were his forearms and wrists. The next sets were the gartering chains; two for each leg, these leading down from the front and sides of his chastity belt's waist cinch to hold the thigh cuffs in proper position midway between hip and knee. The chains continued downward to be locked to the below the knee cuffs, suspending the whole arrangement, and holding it in place. The bars of the Spanish Trapezoid were next and these locked quickly and easily into their designated brackets, keeping his legs forever spread. Above, the thigh clamps were connected to each other with a six cm long, rigid shaft with universal joints at either end. The final chains to be added to the body harness were his restrictor chains.

These tethers were relatively straight forward in application and design, made up of a lighter weight of chain. The nurses sat him up, then connected a hoist cable to the top ring of the bra's back piece and tightened it until he hung fully erect with his feet just brushing the floor. To fit the restrictor chains, one of them grasped the wrist separator bar and pressed it into the receivers on Kelly's waist band until it locked in place, while the other connected the middle link of one of the lengths of the lighter chain to a staple on the right ankle cuff. From this central link, both of the connected lengths were fed up through a large ring on the back right side of the blow-the-knee spreader bar, where, from that point, they

diverged. One length went up to and through a guide ring on the right rear of his cinch, and crossed outward to his LEFT elbow cuff; for the moment remaining only loosely attached. The other length was fed through a ring on the side of the belt, over his hip, and again loosely connected to a staple on his right wrist cuff. The same process and routing was immediately duplicated on the left side, so that in effect the elbow restrictor chains crossed over and would act to pull his elbows harshly in behind his back. When this had been done, the second guard immediately tightened the elbow chains until there was a distinct tension lifting his legs slightly then he similarly adjusted the wrist chains. The adjustments took some time to make, but at last he was satisfied that the arrangement was symmetrical and completely effective. Now, whenever Kelly's legs were fully straightened, the chains to his wrist separator bar and cuffs, as well as those to his elbow cuffs would automatically tighten and thus render his hands and arms utterly useless to him. All were permanently secured with heavy shackles, then the turn-out heads were ground away and polished smooth.

It was a diabolical arrangement and very efficient in making the wearer helpless and vulnerable, just by standing erect or *any* time the legs were straightened, including laying down. Every one of the female clients passionately hated the arrangement and I was sure he would also. At that point, he was laid once more on the bench and loosely secured to it with a chain from either side of his cinch, one from the back of his collar and another from the central loop of his ankle spreader bar, then left for the night. He'd be fitted with his head cage tomorrow, fully conscious and aware of being locked into the snaring steel web.

At 7:00 the next morning, the guards had him back in the fitting chamber and fully secured in a skeletal chair, waiting to be fitted with the last major piece of his Restraint and Discipline Harness - the integrated head cage/collar. He'd already been fed and was slowly becoming aware of his surroundings, shaking his head from side to side against the snug restriction of his high collar, trying to somehow restore his hearing. The collar was held rigid in a yoke arrangement from the back of the chair, and his body and limbs were also firmly fastened. As soon as he was fully aware I stepped forward, turning on his earplugs.

"Good morning, Kelly. It's time for you to have the final piece of your new uniform fitted. This is the head cage, and it will never be removed while you are conscious. If removal or adjustment *is* required, you will be anaesthetized, and so be unaware that has been off."

He stared at me in fear, opening his mouth and trying frantically to move his pinioned tongue, but only low, despairing wails hissed from his steel tubed throat.

"No Kelly! There is no stopping the process, so you might as well relax and let it happen," I stated without sympathy for his terror.

One of the guards moved to the side table where the various portions of the fearsome device were already laid out then picked up the rear half of the cage that would enclose and imprison his head. During the time he'd been unconscious, a full mould had been made of his face and skull, and so the fabrication of its cage was utterly exact, and intentionally, just a tad undersized. It would fit firmly and tightly once fully fastened, and he'd be constantly aware of the imprisoning web-work confining his head and face.

The bottom of the back portion had three, one cm wide, three mm thick straps sticking down a full two cm. One was located at the central back portion and the other two at the leading edges of the half. The other guard placed his gloved hands on the top of Kelly's barren skull, then gently pushed his head forward and held it there. The one holding the head cage's back half carefully positioned the down-projecting straps into the holes in the

upper edge of his collar, then pushed down slowly and forcefully until there came a trio of muted, heavy clicks from within the collar. The joints were a 'close once only' type and could **not** be opened once activated. Kelly's head was released and he naturally straightened it, then as he did, felt the back, cupping portion of the steel web slip around his skull. His eyes widened, then filled with desperate tears and a wailing howl came from his throat.

"Nnnnnnoooooaaauuuughhhh!!!!"

He attempted to move his head forward and out of the cradling steel straps, but it was not really any use at all, for the natural and most comfortable position is to hold the head erect, and so a minute later he stared fearfully at us while the front section of the cage was readied.

This portion was the most terrorizing of them all. Once it was affixed and locked to the collar, the wearer would know beyond doubt that she (in this case, he) was deeply and thoroughly restrained. Feeling it being locked to the collar, the wearer would also know that it was a permanent addition, and this would act to horrify the prisoner even more.

The design is such that large, sound deadening, oblong steel domes slide back over the ears and these latch into fittings on the already-fitted back portion. At the front, a network of straps subdivides the face of the wearer with apertures for the nose, the eyes and the mouth. Under the mouth hole is a deep cup that holds the chin of the wearer in a slightly raised position. The steel straps are gracefully formed and proportioned so that the various apertures are gleaming and smooth, flowing into each other to create a seamless, incredible whole. The inner side of the entire cage is lined with a thin layer of neoprene rubber while the outer surface is, for the most part, a brilliantly finished, smooth expanse. The only breaks in the surface are the mounting and locking brackets for the upper and lower facial panels, and with the entire thing being formed of three mm thick stainless steel, its restriction is unyielding. The front portion would also fasten into the collar by means of three, one cm wide straps, similar to the arrangement used for the back, and these were located immediately under the chin cup and at the back edge of the front web, but fastened into the collar in a slightly different but no less secure manner.

The two halves were joined together by first locking the ear-covering domes into their latches on the back half, then the remainder of the hinge type joints were pressed into each other and the pins driven deeply into them.

Kelly continued to moan and weep while the front half was readied, then in a last spasm, tried to throw his head out of the way. Of course his resistance was pointless, for the back portion of the cage already held his head almost immobilized. One of the guards pressed his palm to Kelly's forehead, forcing his head deeper into the back portion then the other brought up the face piece and slowly positioned it.

It was time.

The two guards did some fancy finger work, and Kelly's head snapped into motionlessness when a pair of gloved fingers touched gently but warningly against his closed eyelids, then the cold, rubber-lined straps were pressed onto the sensitive skin of his face. A long wail was torn from his soul when he felt it for the first time, but this wasn't the end of the process. For the moment, the facial restraint and back portion only touched his skin gently, but it was now time to lock them together.

One on each side, the guards pulled the ear covering domes back fully until their mountings sank into the ratchet mechanisms, pulling everything a little more snugly into contact, then they began working on the formed-in hinge joints. At this point, these were

not perfectly aligned, and being curved up the sides of the head, above the ear domes, it was necessary before the pins could be hammered home. To do this, the front and back portions had to be forced toward each other, thus tightening the entire cage into a firm and unrelenting pressure all over Kelly's head and face. This increased the feeling of being held and imprisoned exponentially. They wrapped a wide leather belt around the two halves containing Kelly's skull and slowly tightened it while he began to moan with distress when he felt the cloying and unmoving steel press with irrevocable firmness into his face. His protests were ignored, for they were not from pain, but from the fear of the thing now holding his face and skull so immovably, always controlling.

The thin, strong, spring steel pins were positioned, gently tapped home through the holes of the hinges, then slightly oversized end caps were hammered firmly into the holes, much like the old time practice of spiking a gun. They stood back. Kelly continued his protestations for long minutes thereafter, feeling how the incredible steel harness gripped him so surely, but at last these trailed off to only gasping, inarticulate pleas that the horror be removed from him. Under his chin cup, the springy, double ended front latch strap was bent then allowed to snap into the slot on the upper edge of the collar, and the mating one in the chin cup. The two at the sides were similarly placed, then the guards moved to the top of the cage. Here, a widened cap was formed, and its joint to the back portion of the cage was almost invisible. At the centre of this cap was a short thick post with a sturdy, four cm ring mounted though it; the arrangement designed so that it was a universal type fixture capable of twisting in any direction, with the ring loose enough to flop noisily and no doubt annoyingly to the wearer back and forth.

For the moment we were done with our newest prisoner. I had the guards release then take him off to his holding cell where he'd remain for a nearly a week, just getting used to his newest appliances, before the final fittings of his other equipment were done. In the meantime, the next days were busy ones for me. We had received another six female clients to outfit, but work proceeded smoothly, for by now my staff had the entire process down to assembly-line perfection. The age range of these clients was quite wide I noted, with the youngest being eighteen years old, having arrived with fully completed guardianship approval, and the oldest a woman of forty years who had been discovered in an affair with a foreigner. She was destined to suffer quite terribly I was sure, for her husband had specified that the most severe of harness accessories were to be fitted immediately and she would go directly into long term punishment before she regained awareness.

Then it was time to visit Kelly again.

Kelly

I awakened, then slowly became aware of where I was, and the sensations of vastly increased restrictions made themselves felt immediately. Not only that, but I couldn't hear a thing! I stared up at the white painted ceiling, just laying there and trying to sense what it was that had been done. Then, I tried to sit up. I managed to raise myself only to about a forty-five degree angle, before my head was jerked to a stop and I fell back onto the mattress.

With that came full awareness of the very confining and rigid head cage fastened around my skull, neck, and face, pressing against my flesh firmly and unrelentingly all over. I wanted desperately to reach up and tear away the horrid web that encircled and imprisoned my head,

and particularly my face for it pressed gently but constantly into my skin around my nose, mouth and eyes, and I couldn't change my expression without great effort. Its presence was unavoidable and no matter how I struggled, it remained stuck firmly in place! All I could do was moan with misery and frustration from the oppressive sensation of control it exerted.

Also, I felt every breath of air over my body and had never felt so aware of my skin until now. When I blinked my eyes, I sensed my complete lack of eye lashes, then I tried to move my hands and arms, only to discover the constricting, wide bands around them above my elbows, and at my wrists. They wouldn't move! I could only curl my fingers slightly and when I straightened my legs, I felt my upper arms drawn tightly against my body and firmly in behind my back, and at the same time, my forearms were kept rotated out to the sides of my waist and held there somehow so that I couldn't move them. It was awful, but only the very beginning of my realization of how thoroughly I was restrained and restricted. My legs were spread and held that way, no matter how I tried to bring them together, and I felt the other wide cuffs constricting them at mid-thigh, just below my knees and around my ankles. I could feel my testicles moving freely and felt also that my penis was held snugly around its base next to my belly, standing up stiffly and demanding attention. Automatically, I next attempted to bend my legs and managed to do it a little; but again, they too were jerked to a halt! When I did, I managed to move my arms out from my body slightly and get a little more comfortable; but my hands remained widely separated and held in position.

For long moments I lay on my back, struggling to come to grips with what had happened to me over the last days. I knew without thinking too much about it that I had been placed in a restraint harness such as I'd seen fastened to Delilah, but at that time, I'd had *no* idea of how uncomfortable and restricting it actually was! Now, I was beginning to discover for myself just how terrible a fate she was suffering. I began to concentrate on discovering just what else it was that had been fastened to my body.

My chest was compressed slightly under a wide, uncomfortably tight, rigid band, and although I could breathe relatively easily, I could never exhale enough to escape the compression of the unforgiving strap. In my lower vision, my trembling breasts rose in sensitive hillocks from my body; but I felt as though there was something embedded within them! A glittering device protruded from the tip of each and with every captive breath I took I felt the tension and tugging deep within the fleshy organs. It *hurt* when I gasped, the slow, burning discomfort intensifying at every inhalation. For a moment I struggled again to get my hands up to touch myself; but of course it remained impossible. Oh God, I desperately wanted to feel my new breasts and nipples and discover what had been done to them!

My awareness shifted, and I next felt the wide band that deeply compressed my belly, then the strap that descended from it, passing between my wide spread thighs and up between my buttocks. It was a very uncomfortable sensation and I tried to writhe out of the grip, only to find that there was a strong resistance to my twisting. Uncalled arousal trembled my body, and below out of my sight, my penis surged even more erect and I felt the wide, constricting collar around its base and tight to my body even more strongly. Despite my terror at what had happened, I sensed my organ swell yet further with sensitising blood, demanding attention. It was horrible to feel so vulnerable, but what was even worse, was to feel the thick shaft that transfixed it! The lengthening and attempted swelling made me feel its presence most keenly and I began to weep with terror at what they had done to my maleness, and what they could yet do! If I had known then what was to happen to me soon

thereafter, I would have gone crazy, I'm sure. Even pulling my knees up did nothing to help, for my hands didn't have enough freedom to get anywhere near. Whimpering and moaning with frantic need, I tried rolling to alleviate my misery and discomfort, only to have my legs straighten and immobilize my arms once more, and with my hands kept spread wide ... I couldn't roll.

My nose and mouth both hurt with a low, unlocalized pain and it was at this point I became conscious of something fastened within my nose! I wrinkled it to feel whatever it was move, as well as something laying on my upper lip, and it hurt *too!*

Until now, I'd kept my mouth closed; but a moan of misery surged up my throat and I wanted desperately to call out for help and some water, or for someone to comfort me and explain what had happened: for the moment having forgotten how I'd come to be here. My lips felt weirdly restricted and I wanted to lick them, but when I tried to move it, my tongue surged against a host of metal implements that had been embedded in it! I tried to swallow then gagged when something across the width and *inside* the muscle near the back of my mouth dragged painfully on the sore flesh! The sensation was terrible, for no matter how I retched, nothing freed my writhing tongue of its horrid restriction, and I became more aware of the other things that pierced it. Gasping with terror, I felt it at the same time tensing against the ring in its tip when I tried to flick it. A further effort made me aware of the ring underneath and another four uncomfortable protrusions. I tried to scream, my terror mushrooming.

The outer slab door of the cell opened, then the inner one, and the doctor walked into my field of vision. Suddenly my hearing returned with a loud, sizzling buzz in my ears that drove me nearly mad with its insistence and volume.

Chapter Seven Continuing His Horror

Kelly

“Good morning, Kelly,” he said moving closer. His voice sounded as though it was being electronically amplified; but I could see no microphone. “I see you’re fully awake and beginning to sense the rather more uncomfortable parts of your new ensemble. Your dressing sequence has been changed slightly from what I originally told you would be the manner in which you were to be outfitted.

“In an hour or so, you’ll be taken to the main fitting chamber and there we will add the remaining pieces to your discipline and restraint harness. I want you to be fully aware of what these additions are and how they limit you, as well of course as to ensure that everything fits properly without pinching where it isn’t supposed to.” He smiled easily at his own cleverness then I was surprised to hear myself make a noise, also sounding as though electronically amplified!

“Uunnnnnaaahuuuggh ... Aaauuugghhh!”

“That’s right,” he smiled, “You’ve been freed of the gag pad; but only for a very brief period. It’ll be in to stay more or less permanently, within two hours. I just felt you should know that all of the operations went perfectly, and also that there were no complications, nor are any anticipated. You’re in excellent health and so with the exercise regime you’ll soon be put into, there are going to be quite a few years for you to experience your new equipment. Also, your physical condition bodes well for the sexual re-assignment surgeries that are eventually planned and that is encouraging.

“Now, it’s time for us to get on with it. I’ll see you shortly in the fitting chamber.”

“... Aaooouuuggh! Ohhhhaaauuugg! Rrrrgghh! ...” I wailed wordlessly while he walked away, jerking myself as hard as I could against the things that held me to the bed and so restricted my limbs.

A moment after he left, two burly guards entered and in seconds had transferred me to a Gurney. I felt them tighten chains to the thing on my head and the device separating my ankles then I was wheeled quickly from the room and along a corridor to an elevator. It felt as though we descended a long way, and I was rolled along to a large room with two widely separated ‘stations’ on either side then taken to the one on the right.

“You no fight!” one of them cautioned me harshly.

My head cage was freed of its chain, then my ankles, and they assisted me to my feet. I still felt dizzy and weak after the four days of unconsciousness, and closed my eyes while they dragged me to stand between two thick columns. Keeping my eyes shut, I listened to the hollow, electronically amplified sounds of chains being pulled out then both felt and heard them connected to the things that I wore. They finished their tasks and I sagged slightly when the guard released me. I didn’t want to see what it was they’d done; but my eyes snapped open when I heard the whine of an electric winch and felt myself rising. The doctor stood before me and behind him I saw a skeletal chair frame bolted to the floor. Even further behind was another chair and beyond that a twin pair of thick columns. Between these columns was an obviously female body, banded and garmented in steel. I faintly saw her head shaking wildly while a white coated man raised a steel cage, then my eyes snapped back to the doctor, looking down at him; but I couldn’t move my own head, or

lower my chin.

"I am sure, Kelly, you now wish you'd never seen Miss Mahjalis; but there is no going back. From this point on your life will become even more circumscribed than it has so far been. The devices you are about to be fitted with are severe in both intent and design, and have been created to control and discipline you most thoroughly, without creating any permanent physical trauma, but the mental trauma may be some thing else altogether, for they will, without doubt, affect you quite strongly in a psychological sense, as will the physical sensations you'll experience.

"Let's get on with it."

"Oooohhh!! Oaaaaarrggghh-gghhh! Aaaahhggggghhh...."

"Yes, it *is* quite uncomfortable when you try to talk, isn't it?"

"First we'll add your new footwear. As a female, and you are part of the way there already, it really serves no other purpose than to make you feel less human, and to make you endure the constant limitation that a high heeled shoe enforces," he said in clinical tones, then turned to a white coated technician who had appeared by his side. "Please fit him with the footwear."

The technician bent out of my sight then a moment later my left foot was slipped into a steeply canted shoe (I thought). I was told to flex and wriggle my toes, then felt it slide even further onto my foot. The inside was cool and felt deeply padded; but suddenly, the entire thing clamped very firmly all over my entire foot. There was escape or easement. My other one was placed in same bondage a moment later.

"Now, Kelly, you will not lose *all* freedom of your hands and fingers; but they too will suffer some limitation," he stated, then turned to the technician once more. "Fit him with the finger restraints."

At my wrist cuffs, a horizontal, oval ring was loosely positioned in the grooves around their lower edges. On the sides covering the tops of my hands, short 'paddles' projected to cover them to the first knuckle joints. At that point, five splines split off, angled upward; each one slightly longer than its matching digit. These were made of springy stainless steel and would bend with relatively ease; but they would *always* return to their original orientation. Two, small opened rings hung from the ones for each finger, connected to the spline with a small but strong link. The thumbs had only one such ring.

The fingers of my right hand were each grasped and the wide, thick rings slipped onto them. The first wide band on each finger was just beyond the palm knuckle, and the second midway along the second segment of the finger. Immediately after they were in place, one of the guards carefully compressed the tough stainless circles with a pair of heavy-duty ringing pliers, careful not to pinch the flesh when they were closed. Each was tight, to the point that they would be impossible to slip over the knuckle, no matter how slippery a lubricant was used. I shivered while this was being done, for I'd never worn any rings until this time, let alone the thick, wide ones that now restricted each of my fingers and thumbs. It took some minutes to complete the work on my hands, for both sets of finger and thumb restraints were kept linked to their splines. I felt another movement at my right hand then the oval ring, still un-mounted was grasped with a set of spreader pliers. It was made of a very tough and springy stainless steel, and designed to fit exactly into the groove of its wrist cuff. When the ring was moved and spread, I felt the drag on my fingers, of course, then, when it was locked in place, my fingers were suddenly drawn out; held spread and straight by their capturing links to the splines! A wordless noise of surprise came from my throat.

"Please attempt to clench your fingers and thumbs, Kelly," the doctor commanded briskly. "Then keep them closed as long as you can."

I tried, and found that with a little effort it could be managed; the splines bending to allow me to make almost a full fist. I was surprised at this; but in seconds began to feel the desire of the springy steel fingers that controlled mine, to return to their normal position. My hands and fingers trembled while I fought to keep them closed, but at last the steel won, and my hands and fingers snapped out to their opened widespread position. I could fight the splines; but I'd never prevail. They'd always leave me with my fingers spread and straightened.

"Very good, Kelly! But you'd best strengthen your hand and finger muscles considerably between now and when you begin your exercising. If you let go of the things you'll have to hold before the time permitted, you'll be punished quite severely.

"We'll fit your breast cups now. These are designed to protect, imprison, control, and punish you, as well, of course, as to remove the milk that your body will soon begin to create. A number of different modalities will be employed; but the primary ones to be used on you will be electro-shock stimulation, vacuum and compression cycle milking, tensioning of the breast and nipple tissue, and constriction of the breast as a whole. You may eventually come to enjoy the process of being milked; but even that will become miserably painful if prolonged lactation and draining is required; as will no doubt be the case given the hormone treatments you've had and will continue to receive.

"Just for your information, Kelly, the cups will seldom be removed from your breasts once fastened to the bra.

"Very well, put them on him," he ordered one of the silent technicians standing beside me.

I couldn't see him, but in a second he'd clipped a light chain to the U shackle on my right nipple then dropped it into its cup, the loose end falling through aperture at the tip. In my lower peripheral vision on each side, another pair of sun-darkened hands slowly stroked a slick, cool gel all over my engorged and sensitive breast, making me moan and instinctually thrust it out to get more of the same, as I had when a captive in the cell. Little did I realize it at that moment, but it was the last time I would feel the touch of human fingers on my breasts for a long time to come. The fingers appeared again, this time holding a huge, hemispherical cone, its gaping opening half-closed with wide, thick, inner donut of rubber. A second later I felt this cold, inner sleeve begin to press onto the surface of my breast, about a third of the way between my nipple and chest, then the pressure became firmer. The hole at the centre of the fat donut slowly slipped closer to my chest, at first uncomfortably compressing the flesh; but then, its bulging mass began to slide slowly through and into the interior of the cup. To speed the process, I suddenly felt a horrible, painful tension on my nipple when another set of hands applied tension; pulling agonizingly both on the nipple jewellery and on the deeply buried disk. Until that moment, as intended, I was unaware of the disks buried inside my breasts, and knew only that the fleshy mound hurt terribly. Slowly, the firm, sensitive flesh popped into its prison, and the interior collar slipped down onto that of the chest band. The inner donut acted to seal my breast inside ... an absolute and untouchable prisoner. The procedure was immediately repeated on my left breast.

"Lock them down." Both cups were pressed tighter against the chest band until their bayonet mounts were aligned, then rotated a quarter turn, locking securely onto their fittings. "Now, tension the nipples."

The hands reached to the tips of the large cups then slowly tensioned the exiting chains. I tried to scream from the sensation of feeling my breasts being mercilessly pulled on once more. I also tried to thrust my chest forward to ease the tension, but all this did was to allow the chains to be tightened even more! The steel rings encircling my areolas suddenly snapped into receiving clips at the open tips of the cups, maintaining the tension on the entire breast; but that wasn't the end of the fastening process! For a moment the chains were released, then a four cm high collar was screwed into the threads around the rims of the wide aperture, until the internal brackets were aligned with the bars through my nipples. The chains were cruelly tightened one more time until the rounded arms of the U shackles dropped into brackets; held there by the tension of my nipples trying to withdraw into my breasts. He removed the chains, and picked up the caps with the hose fittings mounted at their ends. These were quickly placed, imprisoning my straining, pain filled nipples and thus separately sealing the entirety of each breast within its own steel and rubber container. All during the awful procedure, I shook and whined from the awful stretching sensations, then, when it stopped, and yet still my imprisoned breasts flared, I looked up again at the doctor.

"These cups are formidable protection and punishment devices Kelly, as I've already made mention; but they are also capable of milking you. We plan to carry out *that* process over the years to come, just to see how long you can actually produce and what kind of quality your body creates. Actually, neither you *nor* we will have any option, for you will definitely need to be drained at least once every four hours. As I also stated, these cups will seldom be removed, but your breasts will be washed and medicated while they remain in place.

"However, we have some other areas of your anatomy to deal with. Your testicles and scrotum require protection, and of course will need to be kept clean. To this end you'll be fitted with a specialized receptacle for your testicles. It's been designed so that you can be washed without it needing to be removed, as well as having assorted electrical connections for disciplinary purposes."

"... aaaauuuuoooghghg! Ooohhrrrrggghhh ... "

"Yes, yes, I know," he said with some irritation. "I'll not be a very nice thing to endure; but you *will* wear it."

The shallow, teardrop shaped cup was quickly pushed into its locking fittings behind the collar that kept my penis constricted, erect, and a pierced prisoner. I felt the dangling organs lifted into a gel bath within the cup, supported by the cold rubber lining. On either side, two , two centimetre diameter, cold metal disks pressed into firm contact, then a broad internal band encircled the loose flesh close to my body! Oh *God!*

"There! That was pretty easy. Now, it's time for you to be fitted with the enema/butt plug. This device is also a more or less permanent addition. Once inserted, it'll act to remove any solid waste you produce, and at the same time provide the means to administer high colonic irrigation and assorted enema procedures, as and when we feel you need them. Generally speaking these will be done on a twice daily basis," he explained ominously. I shuddered violently, not wanting anything stuck into me, especially there!

"Please insert the appliance."

I attempted to clench my buttocks under the wide strap that separated them; but it was clamped too tightly to my body. A cool, slick lubricant was smeared around my nether opening, then a blunt tip began to force its way past the resistance of my sphincter muscles, forcing a wail of discomfort from my throat. The thing was *huge* and seemed to go up into

my body forever, slowly dilating the muscular ring. At last, the wide cone shape passed through and it was with heartfelt relief I felt myself closing on the four cm diameter neck; but even *that* was uncomfortable and I could feel a wide, cold, circular plate pressing tightly onto my anal ring. I felt some movement there, and although I could not see what was happening, the core and tip of the device was removed, then slowly pushed even more, to latch onto the strap between my buttocks, driving the awful probe further up into my body and eliciting another howl of discomfort from me when it sank, then became rigidly positioned. Wordlessly, I wept with misery and humiliation while they connected the enema and drain hosing, then the washing ones to the testicle cup. A long umbilical of wires was also locked into its retaining ring, leaving all to dangle obscenely between my forcibly separated thighs. The doctor came to stand before me again after inspecting everything.

“OK Kelly it’s time for you to be fitted with the penile tube. This is designed to perform a number of functions, most of which you’ll no doubt find *quite* distressing. As a test subject though, *you* have nothing to say about the applications we’ll experiment with, nor can you influence them in any way, other than to react.

“It’s quite a complicated device: first, there’s an inner, corrugated, rubber sheath. This has an electro-conductive ring on each corrugation, and the entire assembly can squeeze inwards, as well as simultaneously shrink and lengthen as required by the computer program. The head of the tube is equipped with multiple electrical contacts and these may also be separately activated. To ensure we get full drainage of either urine or semen, there is an electro-conductive, internal catheter, and this will be inserted quite far up your urethra and seminal ducts. It will be used in concert with the electrode rings of the corrugated liner. Too, this is the means by which we can flush your bladder, as the occasion demands.

“Well, that’s about enough of the technical side. It’s time for you to be fitted with it, and I see that you’re quite ... ah ... upstanding and ready,” he said, smiling as though this was a perfectly ordinary thing that was about to happen! He turned to the technician standing waiting. “Put it on him.”

My thrust-out maleness was engulfed with the slick, cool gel, and I felt myself swelling in terror against the constricting collar at its base, shuddering in a desperate desire to orgasm, despite my fear of what was about to be done to me by the horrible device.

Slowly, a cold rubber ring passed over the inflated head of my manhood, then a large diameter (four mm, I was told later) tube entered its tip! I moaned not so much from pain; but from the shock of it entering my body, then moving further and further up into it. There was a sharp burning sensation when the tip of the catheter went through the sphincter of my bladder, then they took the large, external tube, and began to carefully force it over and along the length the straining, fleshy, engorged rod of flesh! I distinctly felt my sensitive foreskin press past each interior corrugation with ever increasing terror. They *all* seemed far too tight on my throbbing flesh; but the pressure to force the tube along it was relentless, and at last, the head of my manhood socketed into the cap at its end. The rigidity of the terrible tube that had been inserted into my erection was very disturbing but not painful, then made me even more uncomfortably aware of its presence when the incredible thing encasing and imprisoning me was seated into its base mounts on the crotch plate. It was twisted a half turn then latched securely and a locking ring fastened it in place. The technician spent the next minutes attaching the assorted hoses and connecting the electrical portions then stepped back. The doctor came forward once more and looked into my horror stricken eyes.

“Okay, Kelly,” he smiled at me. “You now wear a very hi-tech chastity and discipline device. With this technology, it need never, really, be removed, however, it will be when you become an hermaphrodite. Then, a new and specially engineered crotch plate will be fitted to you. You’ll discover the capabilities of what you now wear fairly soon; but in the meantime, you have a few moments to speak what little you can. Hold still while I free your tongue from some of its restraints.”

His hand moved to my face and I opened my mouth eagerly, what little I could inside the cloying head cage, so that he could release it. Inside, I felt a sharp click when the ring embedded in the tip was freed of its bracket, then the cold jaws moved deep to the right side and another small click occurred, then he released the left side. He’d had to grasp the bar where it emerged from the side of my tongue, then depress it quite far, before it sprang free of the bracket, and each time I gagged a little when he pushed it down, forcing it to the back of my throat. Retching slightly, for the first time since I’d awakened, was able to move my tongue more or less freely. I shall not try to duplicate the awful sounds I made when I attempted to speak; but write them as the words I intended. The doctor, obviously, managed to decipher my noises. When I spoke, I felt the other horrible addition they’d made to my tongue: there was a thick, rigid, lengthwise steel rod running from the back cross shaft to the tip, emerging in a large silvery ball to which the tip U shackle was mounted!

“Wh-wh-why?” I gagged, feeling the transverse and lengthways bars tugging deeply on the muscle. “Why didn’t you just have me killed?” Unashamed tears flowed from my eyes while I stared at him.

“Kelly, you stuck your nose into an area you should have left alone,” he replied emotionlessly.

“But-but how could you do this to another man?” I wailed.

“Simple, really. I needed a male guinea pig to test our equipment on.” he said simply. “You presented yourself at the correct, or in your case, incorrect moment.”

“I-I-I want to be freed!” I wailed plaintively. “All this-this stuff is horrible, and I can barely move!”

“Well, of *course* you want to be freed!” he smiled nastily at me, “And yes, it *does* hurt to have to wear it; but you’ll soon get over your initial discomfort. Then, we’ll begin the experiments and tests. At that point, you’ll discover just how much pain you can or *cannot* stand. You spoke of being unable to move ... that too is a part of the punishment process and testing program.

Despite the fact that you will be kept in restraints for the remainder of your life, we need to determine just how much immobility can be endured and for how long, and so that’s another reason for you being fitted with the ensemble you now wear.”

“O-o-o-oh, *God!* I want to go home! I don’t want to be here!” I begged pitifully, losing any semblance of pride or macho courage I’d clung to.

“I’m sure you do; but you *know* it just isn’t possible,” he stated unequivocally, “after you were abducted, Miss Mahjalis’ father ensured that your disappearance was complete. Your friends at the bar and at work were discretely informed that you had decided to change your life completely by going to Sweden for a sex change operation. All of the pertinent medical documentation was prepared, and you separated from your employer through the use of a lawyer ... rather unhappily I might add. Your father was also sent a letter, supposedly by you, telling him of your decision, and planned timetable. He disowned you, fortunately for us; but that wasn’t the end. On the way to the airport, your car was in a major freeway

pile up. It got crushed under a gasoline tanker then was incinerated in the ensuing explosion.

“In effect, Kelly, you no longer exist.”

Chapter Eight
A Test Animal: EA06M01

Kelly

I stared at him in shocked horror, knowing that with those actions I was now truly a non-person, and officially dead to the rest of the world.

“Wh-wh-what are you going to do to me?” I gasped while the import of the terrible words sank in.

“I’ve told you some of the details; but I suppose you’ve forgotten or suppressed them. Basically, Kelly, you’ve become a test animal. From this point on you no longer have a name ... only an identity number. You’ll be addressed, when there’s a need for it, as EA06M01, if you’re permitted hearing. That stands for Experimental Animal Number six, Male, 2001. Better get used to it, for you’ll be required to respond to that identity *only* from now on. Any response to the name ‘Kelly’ will be dealt with quite harshly, and very painfully for you.”

“I-I-I’ll go crazy!” I bumbled at him. “Then I won’t be of *any* use to you!”

“Oh, I don’t think you’ll become insane in the true sense of the word,” he stated flatly, “but, most of the time, you’ll wish you *were*. I think I’ve had about enough of this pointless conversation though and so we’ll fit you with your gag and feeding tube in a minute. After that, we’ll get the breathing hoses into your nose and wind pipe, then close you up and take you to your new home.”

“Oooooohhhh, *Ggggggooooodd NNNNNOOOOO!!!*” I screamed, fighting my restraints and harness furiously, “Y-y-y-you c-c-can’t *dddooooo* this!”

“I’m afraid we can, EA06M01,” he grimaced, gesturing to the technician.

I clamped my lips closed, feeling the rings clinched around them pressing into and constricting the muscles and sensitive flesh. It did no good at all. The technician slipped the narrow jaws of a pair of reverse type pliers through the outer sets of rings in each of my upper and lower lips on the left side then slowly squeezed the handles. My lips were easily peeled away from my steel-jacketed teeth and he slipped a spreader into the loops on jacket’s outer sides. He repeated the process on the other side and I gave up resisting while he proceeded to fit the other spreader to my teeth. A moment later my jaws had been jacked wide apart, then the doctor shone a light into my pried open mouth. He reached in with his pliers and reconnected the bar between my back lower molars, then forced the tip ring into the bracket for it on inner sides of my front teeth! I gagged and retched, feeling my tongue held so pitilessly again.

The most unholy screams came from my collared throat while this was being done; but nothing stopped the awful process from continuing. The technicians and doctor spent the next minutes hooking small but strong springs between my upper and lower teeth, then the wide, compressible rubber pad was forced deeply into my mouth. Again and again I gagged and howled for pity and release while the horrible thing was implanted; but my cries were cut off at mid-point once they got it completely behind my teeth. It was wriggled slightly and I felt clips on its underside snap tight to the tops of the barbells pressing into the upper surface of my tongue, then the sides latched into fittings on my teeth! One of them spent the next minutes slowly working thick, wide, but flexible rubber ‘dams’ between my jacketed teeth and cheeks, sealing my mouth completely, while along the sides of the gag pad, flexible, thick flanges slowly forced themselves under the edges of my tongue. I shrieked wordlessly,

but not a sound emerged from my stoppered mouth; only thin hisses of misery coming from my flared nostrils.

“Now, EA06M01, we’re now going to fit you with your feeding tube. You’ll feel it at the back of your throat when it starts to go into your oesophagus, so start swallowing immediately!”

I stared in silenced terror at the horrid thing they brought up to my face then clenched my lashless eyes closed with fear when they inserted one end into the hollowed plug that filled my mouth. A second later I felt its slippery end at the back of my throat and began to retch violently.

“Swallow!” the technician barked.

I managed to do it, all the while crying miserably from the discomfort, while it slid down my throat and into my stomach. A minute later they locked the flanged upper end onto the gag pad, then to my teeth and removed the spreaders. I was forced, both by my own stretched jaw muscles and the strong springs, to bite down hard on the huge, formed rubber plug and the tube slid a little further into my throat while I gagged against its deeper intrusion. To ensure that my body would not automatically regurgitate the throat tube, one of the technicians fitted a pump bulb to a secondary tube and with a couple of quick squeezes, inflated the balloon at the end of the throat tube, inside my stomach!

“Now we’ll do the nostril plugs and breathing tubes,” he said to the technician standing ready beside him.

A pair of long, thin, flexible and amber-coloured tubes was inserted into my nostrils, riding above the U shackle already mounted through them. These tubes were slowly and painfully forced up into my sinuses, then I felt them at the back of my throat when they went past my voice box and deep into my windpipe. At their outer ends, long, thick, wide and tapered plugs slipped far up into my fear flared nostrils, forcibly dilating their openings then were somehow locked onto the bar. A series of small, painful jerks was done on the U shackle to ensure the plugs remained securely embedded, then, satisfied that they were, the technician brought up a wide, formed steel panel. This he pressed firmly onto the lower half of my face and the vibration of its internal union mounting into the one on the gag fitting that projected between my partially closed lips, and the clicks of the electrical connections being made told him that it was placed properly. The whole evil, shiny panel was quickly bolted to the thing that caged my head.

“Time to say good bye to the world, EA06M01. You’ll only be permitted a *very* restricted view of it from now on.”

A wide steel device appeared before my staring eyes, and I caught a brief glimpse of its interior before I became imprisoned within it. The inner surface was lined with a dull, black rubber, and where it would cover my eyes, two, wide edged, soft, silicon rubber cups projected inwards; designed to completely enclose, isolate, and imprison each of my eyes. Between them in the middle was a hump that would cover my nose, and at the wide base of this, two fittings stuck inwards to mate into my nostril plugs. A slot below that was designed to allow my long nose shackle to project through.

In my mind, I begged that it not be fitted; but the progress was relentless and the panel was soon clamped tightly over the upper portion of my face! Nearly all light from the room was immediately blotted out, with only a small amount coming through the very thin vertical vision slits to my staring eyes; but these were off centred! I couldn’t look down because of the head cage and high collar and to had to attempt to bend forward against the restriction

of the body harness. Neither was I permitted stereo vision, something every human takes for granted and so each of my eyes could only see a very small arc to the front and were completely segregated from each other as far as being able to create a complete picture of the world around me. At that moment I wasn't aware of it, but even this small amount of vision could and **would** be removed: at some points for weeks and months at a time. I stared despairingly out at the sterile cell around me, unable to twist my head or neck because of the rigid steel cage and collar confining them. The doctor spoke once more.

"And so EA06M01, this is good bye. Your hearing will shortly be removed. From this point forward your life will be governed and controlled by the computer program. It will continually monitor, and, as needed, punish you. Of course, you will be kept under constant observation; but nothing **you** do will stop the tests or cause what you wear to be removed. **That** will only occur while you are deeply sedated, and so, effectively, your perception will be that you are never free of what you now wear. This is pretty much the last time I shall speak to you directly.

"I hope you enjoy the world that your curiosity has placed you in."

With that, all sound disappeared, leaving me locked into a noiseless, sensation riddled Hell that was to become my normality.

Dr Jannason

He was ready.

I gestured to the guard to bring over the nearest ceiling carriage and a moment later its hanging chains had been clipped to the side rings of his waistband and the top ring of his head cage. Under his spread and hooved feet, the restrictor ball rolled jerkily back and forth at the full stretch of its short leash. One of the guards reached up and clipped a light leading chain to the Kelly's dangling nose leash while the other released him from the suspension between the columns. When the last chains were released, the steel harnessed prisoner swung from between them, oscillating back and forth in this new suspension arrangement, dragging the ball in little movements along the floor.

It was a strangely silent event, for Kelly could make virtually no sound other than hisses of inhaled and exhaled air through his nostril plugs, but I was sure within his mind, he no doubt made quite a racket. For a moment or two he struggled maniacally against the restriction of the chain to the steel ball, writhing and jerking within his limiting harness and restraints. I gestured that the guard hook the steel ball to Kelly's ankle spreader bar, rather than drag it along the floor while he was moved to his new quarters. This made his transportation much quicker and easier and at the same time kept Kelly fully stretched in his suspension. He'd find out, once in his cell, just how truly limiting the fifteen kg steel sphere was. The guard attached another leading chain to his ankle spreader bar, and, still maintaining the tension on his nose leash, pulled his suspended prisoner from the fitting chamber and out into the long, wide, underground tunnel leading to the testing building.

Kelly, EA06M01 now, would shortly become a resident in a group of testing cells and be kept within them as the sole male occupant for the foreseeable future. The one he would occupy was, in effect, also a laboratory; fully equipped with all types of wireless telemetry facilities so that he would be constantly monitored, and as a result it was quite large, being some ten metres on a side. I followed while he was taken to his new home, watching the carriage he was suspended from slide along its ceiling track.

The tension on his nose leash and ankle spreader bar was about the same, and so no doubt caused him some considerable distress, but he was kept totally silent, even though he may have attempted to scream and protest.

Fifteen minutes later, we entered the large, brightly lit, sterile chamber that would be his home. It was subdivided by a full length, wall of floor to ceiling bars, in effect forming an anteroom on one side and his cell/cage proper on the other.

He would seldom be taken from it and when he was, it would be only after he had been completely sedated. It, as with all other cells within the complex, was barren of decoration save the multitude of rings embedded in the walls, floors, and ceiling. All doors to the cells were of the doubled type; the outer ones being five cm thick slabs of steel that slid up tracks within their frames, and two metres away, the inner ones, stainless steel barred portals opening in the same manner. Every door was separately sealed by a time lock, an electronic keypad, and set up so that the entire combination had to occur in the correct order.

The overhead track system was very secure, strong and convenient. The guard was able to pull his suspended prisoner directly inside and to the back wall of the cell where I again inspected the arrangements. At the end of the wall, as far away from the entrance hall doors as possible, a two metre wide portion of the bars was folded up to the three metre high ceiling. This swung up on the entrance side and now hung only a cm or so away from the ceiling, held up by large bore, hydraulic pistons. Obviously the weight of just this section was substantial, some two hundred and fifty kg, and so the mass of steel could only be shifted by hydraulic or electric power. The shiny bars of the wall were two cm in diameter, spaced ten cm apart, with horizontal cross brace strips welded at each joint at every metre on the wall's height.

The cage part of the chamber was some ten metres long by seven metres wide, with a four metre high ceiling. All of the concrete walls were fifty cm thick and painted a brilliant white then they had been coated with a slick plastic coating, leaving a glistening, almost indestructible surface. Other than the barred wall, each had large, floor to ceiling mirrors fastened along its length, these protected by a layer of polycarbonate plastic. The floor was a super-hardened concrete surface, painted a light blue, and above, the ceiling was also painted a glistening, sterile white. Inset into it was a grid pattern of brilliant security lights, these protected by armoured glass panels. They'd never be turned off, as he would soon discover. High in the corners of the cell, protected by polycarbonate plastic balls, were the usual high definition, closed circuit TV surveillance cameras and so he'd not be able to hide himself from observation at any time. Along the back of the cell, set into the wall, was a wide slot in which a heavy carriage ran, and to this were fastened three thick leashing chains, as well as the thick umbilical of hoses and wires that were to be attached to the restraint harness of the resident of the cell. These leashes and the umbilical would not permit their wearer to get closer than two metres from the barred wall at any point, and a flange had been fastened onto it on the door end of the wall so that the leash carriage would be stopped far away from it. Even with leashes stretched fully out, the prisoner would be kept almost four metres from the door. Once the door had been lowered, then dropped into its deep, steel rimmed slot in the floor, there was no possible way for the occupant to raise it.

The corridor on the outside of the bars was an area ten metres long, the width of the cell, three metres wide, and was designed to allow entry to the cell itself, yet keep it completely sealed with the occupant remaining securely imprisoned behind the barred wall.

The guard pulled Kelly inside his cage and over to the back wall, then immediately

fastened the heavy leash chains from the wall carriage to mounting staples on the back portions of his harness. One went to the back of his high, tight collar, the second to the back of the severely constricting waist cinch, and the last to the same staple on his ankle spreader bar to which the chain from his steel ball was fastened. This was unhooked from the spreader and allowed to rumble to the length of its chain, and only then did he lower Kelly to stand on his hoof boots and release him from the overhead carriage; all the while maintaining a firm grip on his prisoner's nasal leash. When he was satisfied that Kelly was securely fastened, he disconnected the nose leash, yet left its regular fifty cm length to dangle freely down his front, between his steel encased breasts. Under my supervision the guard spent the next five minutes connecting the assorted electrical umbilicals and all of the hoses that would henceforth govern Kelly's life. By the time they were all attached, he looked like some sort of captured alien creature, dressed for earthly exploration ... and, in a way, that's what he was.

The guard came back across the steel-rimmed floor slot then spoke into his walkie-talkie and I watched while the barred door against the ceiling began to tilt slowly downwards until it hung vertically. It was motionless for a second then began to descend. The bottom ten cm consisted of a thick steel plate, perforated every 100 cm by a five cm diameter hole, and these quickly disappeared into the floor slot until only the bars themselves remained visible. The door stopped moving with a resounding thud then I felt a subtle vibration when the cross bolts rammed with hydraulic finality through the mating holes in its bottom. He was sealed inside and no one could get to him, no matter how desperate the need.

When the guard finished and walked to the outer side, Kelly had turned as quickly as his restraints permitted, then struggled awkwardly across the shiny concrete floor towards the slot in the door, jerking his hands frantically against their separator bar and the chains that held them prisoner. Of course the tubes down his throat and windpipe, as well as the very efficient gag kept him utterly silent, and so the only sounds in the barren cell were his leashes and the restrictor ball's chain slithering on the concrete. He could hear none of them, of course. The carriage slid noiselessly down the length of its rail, then, when he began to reach the limits of his leashes, they slowly lifted from the floor.

He struggled forward a few more cm when the chains at last made their presence felt, tightening into thrumming lengths behind and stopping him a full two metres away from the wall of gleaming bars. He began to fight wildly at the ends of the obdurate tethers, twisting and jerking like a lassoed, wild horse feeling the bite of control for the first time.

The guard and I looked at him dispassionately for a moment then turned to the inner barred door and waited for it to lift in its frame. Once we'd stepped through, it hissed down and locked, then we quickly walked the two metres to the other door and a moment later it slid noiselessly up and down the tracks in the frame and into its own deep slot in the floor. My last glimpse of Kelly was to see him kneeling at the ends of his leashes, bent forward and jerking hysterically at his restraints; his shoulders shaking under the tight strictures of the bra harness. I suppose he must have been weeping and begging for release, but that would never be permitted. His desire to be free would become magnified a thousand times when the experiments began.

The trip back to the office went as quickly as could be managed given the security, and I returned to the paperwork of running my growing enterprise. Others would conduct the experiments that EA06M01 would undergo, although I would observe him occasionally and of course, review the results and video each day. This wouldn't be necessary for some time

yet, as it was intended that he remain alone in the cell for about four weeks in order to become accustomed to his isolation and the restrictions his restraint harness imposed. During this acclimatization period, I mused, he would *truly* have his curiosity satisfied about what had happened to Delilah, then the experiments would begin in earnest.

He couldn't be left completely unattended though, and would be encouraged to record his feelings and sensations on the computer terminal within the cell. It was the same set-up provided to all of our clients and their prisoners; but now I wanted to get a definitive, male viewpoint. I'd already received digests of our other client's writings, and his would prove an interesting addition to the body of data already on hand.

Kelly

I swung back and forth in silenced misery while the guard clipped leashes to my restraints then silently howled when he, uncaring of my pain, pulled on them and drew me from the room in which I'd been fitted with the final pieces of my restraint harness.

The enormity of what had been done to me had yet to sink fully into my conscious mind, for it was far too much to absorb all at once. For the moment I just existed, trying to assimilate it in small bits and pieces. I was drawn along behind the guard with uncaring cruelty, all the while mewling insensately in my own mind, begging that I be shown some mercy. There was no worry that the nasal jewellery would be torn from my flesh, so deeply and securely had it been mounted, but it was a truly agonizing thing to endure. Not only that though, but the mere presence and now use of the horrid leash reinforced to me just how controllable I had become and I was being forcibly reminded that it was there for *precisely* this purpose, and too, that it was a permanent fixture in my body.

From what little I could see through the very narrow vision slits of the faceplate, the corridor disappeared into the distance in a long line of glaring overhead lights and the ceiling track. Behind the masking steel panels, I felt claustrophobia blossoming into a horrible flower in my mind, for I was intensely aware of the steel web pressing constantly into my face and skull, and, around my eyes, the soft yet insistent pressure of the lips of the eye cups. The only facial freedom of expression I was permitted was to blink my eyes. My lips felt utterly constrained by their rings and my tongue continued to surge instinctually against the incredible restrictions it was subject to.

It was a journey of tears and attempted screaming, during which I felt every tug on my nose, and of course the severe restriction of the harness I was now so deeply a captive within. Eventually, we turned into a side corridor then waited while the doubled doors allowed us to pass through and into its short length. At the end, the overhead track turned sharply into another set of doubled doors on the right side, and we passed through these into a large, almost oblong, clinical chamber. We had arrived in my new home. I was quickly pulled along the length of the barred wall to an opening, then across the width of the cell inside the bars to the back wall. Within minutes the guard had *welded* three leashes to my harness, then hooked-up and fastened all of the cables and wires to my harness. I hung shivering with a new fear of what these would do to me, then he let me down and my transport leashes were released.

Oh God!

Now I was inescapably tethered within an utterly secure cell. How could the women this happened to stay sane? I already desperately craved freedom from all of the terrible things I

wore, to say nothing about those that had been inserted then fastened into my body; but knew that it wouldn't happen ... at least I did superficially. A test animal! Oh Sweet Jesus! What were they going to do to me? I still couldn't believe that this had happened to me and that I was in such a terrible situation. It was incredible that this sort of thing could happen!

When my subconscious mind realized that it was a permanent situation, I was sure I'd go completely crazy.

Chapter Nine An Inspection Of My New Home

Kelly

The door slowly swung down from the ceiling to the vertical and dropped into its floor slot, leaving me a leashed prisoner behind an unbroken wall of bars. I turned from staring at the arrangement of the heavy chains and thickly-corded umbilical of wires and hoses leading to my back, connecting me to the sliding carriage, and struggled to walk toward the barred wall while the doctor and guard stood on the other side watching. I *had* to struggle to it and try to beg to be released! For a moment or two I made awkward progress, then the weight of the leashes began to drag me to a stop. I leant into them until they became tight, but even straining as much as possible, I *still* remained a full two metres away from the bars. My struggles to escape their control was automatic and as fierce as I could manage, restrained as I was, but with the vivid realization that I was to be abandoned in here, I began screaming inarticulately against the things in my mouth and throat, trying to beg to be released. Of course not a single sound emerged and I remained enclosed in a world of utter silence and near blindness. In despair, I backed a little then sank to my knees and watched while they turned and walked unconcernedly to the doors, then passed through them. Two minutes later I was alone in my new home. It was mind-numbing that I had ended up here, confined as I was, and I remained on my knees, crouched over with my shoulders shuddering under the tight straps of the awful, punishing bra, weeping with the horror of what had been done to me.

I don't know how long I stayed like that, but at last I got slowly to my feet and began to inspect the chamber and cage that I would soon come to know in the most intimate detail. First, I struggled to the carriage arrangement in its embedded rail in the back wall and discovered that it was completely inaccessible, being a metre higher on the wall than my highest reach could come close to. Partially blinded as I was and with my hands and arms restricted by the steel harness, there was *no* way I'd be able to free myself of the heavy-duty chain leashes, nor would I be able to sunder any of the armoured cables and hoses that formed the thick umbilical fastened to me. I quickly gave up all thoughts of being able to escape them. A horrific, loud whining suddenly drilled into my defenceless ears.

“EA06M01! You are now required to inspect the facilities within your cell. Proceed to the three hanging chains! These are known as The Swing, and will be employed frequently to restrain you for rest periods, stimulation, discipline and testing.”

Terribly uncomfortable in my harness, I moved slowly to the arrangement of three chains, these hanging from the ceiling on the right side of the cell. They dangled unmoving from their rings; the middle one terminating at about the level of my chin and the other two at somewhere just below the level of the cups locked to my chest. The end of each had a smoothly mounted, very sturdy lock, and it was obvious the arrangement was to be used on me. The only way I could manage to inspect this puzzling arrangement, or anything else for that matter was to turn my whole body from side to side and bend slightly forward, but when I did, I began to be choked and further constricted by my harness and collar. This result was intentional, but I still had to do it, for I couldn't lower my chin to stare out through the narrow vision slits at the things that had been drawn to my attention. The vision

slits had been cut into the domes that covered my eyes; far off-centred over each and were two cm away, even further limiting my ability to see. It was a cruelly considered design, for it absolutely prohibited any sort of binocular vision.

My harness now revealed another of its limiting capabilities, restricting severely my ability to bend myself in any direction, thanks to the metal strip inter-connectors. Each was a sliding arrangement and the extenders were spring-loaded so that no matter how much I compressed them to bend my body in a particular direction, they always snapped me back into a full, erect posture, with my shoulders pulled strongly back. When this happened, it naturally made me thrust my new breasts firmly out into the grip of their base collars and the cups locked over them. How terrible *these* devices were, I would soon discover.

“EA06M01! Proceed to the two vertical columns. These are the Vertical Restraint System, and will be employed when you are required to undergo other types of discipline, testing, or modifications to your harness or body.”

I shuffled in silent obedience to the pair of steel columns on the other side of the cell unable to hear my breathing or the slow slither of my chains upon the concrete floor. The two thick posts were spaced, I suppose, a metre and a half apart and rose from the floor right to the ceiling. Facing each other, their inner sides were flattened and contained a deep track in which a dozen small carriages resided. These, at the moment, were spaced equidistant from each other and from their large rings hung lengths of chains. A shudder of dread passed through my body.

“EA06M01! Walk to the front left side of the cell. There you will find your computer work station. At this position, you will write out your confession and story of your life. You will also record in full, all of the things that happen to you from this point on, and all of the sensations you feel. Proceed!”

I discovered there was no place in the cell I could sit! No chairs, no bed, nothing!

As the voice had said, near the front wall of bars was the only piece of equipment I recognized; but I didn't like the way it was set up ... at all. The computer keyboard was bolted onto a pedestal tilted towards the back wall of the cell, with a substantial cross bar about halfway up its length. At the ends of this cross piece were two large, formed, cup-like things with six small but sturdy latches around each of their peripheries, and I couldn't for the life of me understand what this part of the device was for. Positioned a short distance behind the keyboard pedestal/cross were two, thick, inverted, 'L' posts, each with a large hook at the ends of their arms, while out beyond the bars, a widely-spaced pair of large, flat screen monitors hung in ceiling-mounted brackets, tilted down toward the three posts. Located behind the two short L posts was another, much taller one with some sort of gantry arm angled forward over the two short ones, and I couldn't understand its purpose at all. Suddenly, the reason for the L posts came to my mind. I was to somehow manoeuvre myself between them, then sit down by fitting the hooks on the ends of the arms into the side rings of my belt. When that was done, I knew I would be required to somehow lift my feet into the stirrup cups. It was the only way I'd be able to get off them, other than laying down. I didn't like the look of the latches on the stirrup cups at all. Once they closed, there would be no way for me to free my feet.

“EA06M01! Walk to the back wall and inspect your sleeping mats.”

Near the centre of the back wall on the floor, a wide, thin mat was positioned at a right angle to the wall, and when I'd shuffled over and tried to kick at it, I discovered it had been glued down and wouldn't budge. It was, I suppose, about two metres long, a metre wide, and

perhaps five cm thick. I bent forward as much as I could manage without being choked too severely and saw that around the periphery of the mat eight large rings had been set deeply into the floor; three on each side and one at each end, and from each a metre long chain trailed out. When I stepped on the thick rubber, it did not compress very much and, turning slowly from side to side, I saw there was a strange, pillow-like arrangement near one end. Just looking at it, I could see it was meant to accept my head and neck within its deeply carved central depression. *This* was to be my bed? Oh damn, damn, damn!

The tearing, loud whine drilled deeply into my awareness once more and I writhed frantically with pain, trying to escape the things locked into my ears and hurting me so badly, then the voice issued more orders.

“EA06M01! Proceed to the Exercise Machines!”

I’d tried to avoid looking at these devices when I’d caught restricted views of them, for I knew instinctively that they held nothing but pain, misery, and work. Now, I decided, foolishly, to ignore this command by walking in slow awkward steps away from the area I’d been ordered to. I managed two steps in the wrong direction before the voice returned.

“EA06M01! Follow all orders or you will be punished. This is your *only* warning.”

What could they do to me? I was behind a locked, solid wall of bars, and again foolishly, thought I could get away with a minor disobedience. I was *so* wrong! I continued my slow, struggling walk, then, without warning, a series of sizzling bolts of agonizing electrical energy transfixing the length of my imprisoned penis! I tried to scream, bend over, and at the same time move my hands to cup my tortured organ, but *none* of this was possible. Inside my locked on blinder panel, my eyes clenched closed from the flaring, agonizing pulses, and my tongue surged painfully against all of its restraints when I tried to give vent to more full-blooded screams of agony and I bent forward as far as I could, choking, while the surging electrical discipline continued. At the ends of the long separator bar my fingers clawed against the restrictions of the springy splines, desperate to somehow get at the locked-on torture tube containing my manhood, but it was hopeless. I danced frantically and clumsily in my high-heeled, hooped boots, but was not even permitted to hear the solid clip-clopping noises I made. The punishing torrents of electrical energy continued to flicker and flare through my sensitive, blood-engorged member, making me scream and scream against the gag locked into my mouth, but at last they died away to nothing. The voice returned.

“EA06M01! That was only a 2% demonstration of the discipline capabilities of your harness. Proceed to the Exercise Area.”

I turned without pause and shuffled as quickly as I could to the indicated place, then stood waiting for instructions. “*Oh Sweet Jesus!*” I thought in chaotic swirls of dissolving thought, “*If that was **only** two percent of what I wore was capable of?*”

“Examine the machines closely, EA06M01. You will spend much of your time on them.”

All sound cut off leaving me in despairing nothingness once more, and so with nothing else to do, I swung myself slowly back and forth, trying to assimilate what I managed to see through the vision slits. My eyes were still clouded by freely flowing tears from the awful sensations I had just been subjected to, and I hiccupped in gagged breaths, still attempting to free my hands from the separating bar. I don’t think I’ll ever get used to having them taken away from me.

There wasn't much in the way of equipment. Just two machines: one, a rowing device mounted on short struts, and a long belt set flush into the floor. A detailed inspection revealed that each was equipped and surrounded by assorted lengths of chain, and it didn't take a genius to figure out that these would be used to fasten me in place. I'd always despised exercising, but now, it was certain I would have no choice in the matter, and after the disciplining I'd just been subjected to, I'd do almost anything to avoid a repetition of it. However, at that point, I had **no** comprehension of the sustained and exhausting effort that would be required of me nor of the extreme difficulty I'd experience trying to actually **do** the exercises. That would become readily apparent, as would the fact that I would be completely unable to evade or escape the punishments automatically meted out by the computer.

I wasn't aware of it, but my disciplines were going to be of an inter-active nature. The computer would monitor my over-all reactions: heart rate, brain activity, and temperature, then adjust the levels of the disciplinary experiences accordingly. I would **always** feel as though I could not stand any more, and it would take me to the very limit of human ability to experience the sensations, and many times, far beyond. It was to be a very sophisticated torture regime.

No further orders were issued by the computerized voice, but I continued with my inspection, and while I did, I couldn't avoid seeing myself in the tall, wide mirrors on the cell's walls, showing how securely and terribly I was imprisoned within my harness. However, between the mirrors there were wide steel cabinet doors, all set flush into the wall. No explanation was forthcoming, but as I found out, these opened onto racks of experimental equipment, monitors, and assorted other clinical appliances that would be used on me in the coming weeks, months ... and years.

I spent hour upon hour struggling to walk up and down the length of the cell, always held far away from the barred wall by the heavy leashes dragging from the sliding carriage on its greased, recessed rail in the wall. For the longest time I wept unashamedly about what had happened to me and from the constant discomfort I had to accept while becoming used to my harness, but even today, ten years later, I still cannot accept that I will be forever a captive of it! My tears were not only caused by what I had been fitted with, but the realization that I had, quite literally, literally sat up and begged for it to be done to me. I continued to try and scream and beg to be let out of the horror that governed my body and mind with such utter implacability, but heard only the silence of the sterile confines of the brightly lit cell. There was **nothing** for me to do except think about what had been done to me ... just as was intended.

It was my first day as a fully restrained experimental animal (I found the word very hard to accept) here, and of course being a thinking being, I was in a state of corrosive horror of what lay in store.

Dr Jannason

I observed him for a couple of hours after returning to my office, watching his initial struggles to adjust both physically and mentally to his new life with interest. However, with his face concealed by the shiny, blank steel panels, it was impossible to gauge his reactions, other than by his physical movements. On the monitors, his heart rate, skin and core temperatures as well as other indicators provided much of the data I sought.

Ten hours later, it was time for him to made aware of his daily maintenance, and the

sensations of it occurring. Every twelve hours thereafter he would undergo a flushing of his bladder and at the same time receive a high colonic irrigation and enema. All of his liquid and food needs were automatically taken care of by the computer program, and with a mostly pureed type of food, his solid waste didn't present a problem. The diet he would be kept on had been carefully designed to maintain his health and over-all strength, and came laced with a wide selection of trace metals, vitamins, and of course his hormone supplements. Those were not the only things he consumed though. In addition, his air also contained a trace of the gaseous version of the sensitising drug employed on the females that were required to be confined in the restraint harness. This acted to dramatically increase their, and his, sensations of captivity, and made them that much more aware of electrical and other forms of discipline they were regularly subjected to. I touched the button that made the announcement to him. As always, it was preceded by the piercing, loud whine.

“EA06M01! Proceed immediately to the back corner of the cell. Kneel, facing into the corner and wait.”

This was how he was to be whenever he was to be visited in his cell. Even though he was securely restrained, this was meant to render him even more malleable, as well as to drive home the message that he was to always do precisely as ordered. Five minutes later, one of the guards entered the cell and walked over to stand behind him. Facing into the corner and deaf, Kelly didn't hear or see his arrival, but once more felt the harsh tension of his nose leash when the guard grasped it and pulled him to his feet. Two minutes later Kelly stood between the columns of the Vertical Restraint System (VRS) then was rapidly chained in place between them. All of the carriages rose simultaneously lifting him from the floor, and he was left to hang there for another five minutes before the bladder flushing and enemas were administered by the computer program.

I watched closely while they were carried out. His hands and fingers clenching against the restriction of the splines was the first indication that rather uncomfortable processes were occurring. Suddenly, when they became more intense, his hoof booted feet shivered and jerked against their sideways securing chains. He tried to curl himself up into a protective foetal ball and his leg muscles convulsed and squirmed under the firm compression of their cuffs, then, when the things being done to him reached their maximum levels, his hips began to buck frantically against the chains while his belly convulsed under the strict compression of his belt. His head twitched within its tight, limiting cage when he tried to fling it around, struggling against the rigidity of it and the integrated collar arrangement. Whistling blasts of exhausted air pulsed along the hoses and it was obvious he was fully immersed in indescribable flood of invasive sensations. The sensitising gas was working precisely as planned.

The entire process lasted thirty minutes, then he was let down and freed from the VRS. It was quite obvious he was nearing the end of his endurance, at least for this day, and so the guard pulled him by his nose leash to the sleeping mats then forced him to lay on them. Once on his back, Kelly was almost helpless. It would take considerable effort and manoeuvring for him to regain his feet unaided. The guard quickly fastened all of the floor chains to Kelly's harness with the chain nearest the wall connected to the ring at the top of his head cage and the one at the other end of the mats connected to the central link of the ankle separator bar. Both were tightened until he lay as flat as his harness permitted, then the guard moved along each side of the mat, connecting and tightening the chains to the outer staples of the ankle cuffs, his waist band, and chest band, and finally the outer staples of his

wrist cuffs. The side chains were intended to prevent any sort of rolling and reinforce to him his complete helplessness.

When the guard had finished, Kelly lay motionless; his head and neck held deeply in the 'pillow'. Because of the manner in which his restrictor chains functioned, his back was bowed upward, elbows pulled in behind, and so the umbilical led out and across the floor with his leashes to the carriage on the wall rail. They also acted to pull the wrist separator bar firmly into the receivers for it on his waist cinch, thus completely immobilizing his arms, leaving him with them held out to the sides of his waist in wide-spread, pitiful supplication for a release that would never be granted. The only things he was free to move without restriction were his hidden eyelids. Occasionally he clenched his fingers against their rings and the splines, but the springy steel fingers soon drew them back to out-spread stillness. A moment later the door descended and locked into its floor slot, leaving Kelly alone and fastened for his first period of rest. I doubted he'd enjoy it very much.

Now, it was only a matter of house keeping for the computer to look after Kelly's needs and so I shut off the monitor, leaving him completely alone in his sealed cell with only the closed circuit television cameras and the computer monitoring him. No one could get to him and he was unable to move, but I gave no further thought to his predicament because I wanted to play with another of my female properties. I left the office and proceeded to my quarters and while making my way, considered which of those I wished to enjoy, for both were delightful creatures and had provided much pleasure when I'd last used them. Unfortunately for them, it had been nearly two weeks since I had, and they were, I was sure, suffering from the lack of attention. Each was kept in the same uniform as Samantha; held in cells adjoining hers, but none of the three were permitted contact with the others. Granted, theirs were not the happiest of lives, but the alternative, for them, was unthinkable.

Chapter Ten Tested and Tortured

Kelly

The painful whine in my ears came as a surprise, then, as I was supposed to, I moved quickly into the corner of the cell and knelt facing into it. Sometime later, I felt my nose leash tugged at and clambered slowly to my feet then followed the guard to the Vertical Restraint System.

The immobilization and suspension in the VRS came as a surprise, and what followed was horrific, for I could not stop what was happening to me! The sensations of the liquid being pumped deeply up into my body were at first endurable, but they soon became uncomfortable and no matter how I struggled and fought, it flowed and surged, making me howl automatically. I don't know how long the fluids were kept in my bladder and bowel, but the feelings were indescribable. It was with horror and disbelief that I knew this would now be done regularly by the computerized maintenance program!

I could only hang in my chains and stare out through the vision slits at the distant mirrors, seeing myself caught in the steel web. Occasionally, I caught glimpses of the hooded guard while he moved around, then a long time later I was let down and released from the posts, but *not* left uncontrolled. My nose leash dragged me helplessly to the floor mats, and once I stood beside them, he wordlessly jerked downward on the painful tether. I sank to my knees quickly and knew I was supposed to lay on the mat, but how could I?

He provided further encouragement by maintaining his painful tension, forcing me to lean forward against the restriction of my harness, head cage and collar, but once on my knees, the restrictor chains to my wrist separator bar and elbows were permitted some slack. I leant further forward, feeling the choking of my collar become more extreme, but I *had* to alleviate the pain from my nose! My hands touched the floor and I put some of my weight on them then rolled onto the mattress in an unheard clash of steel hardware and flailing of chains. Finally the agony in my nose stopped.

With my knees bent as fully as they could against the restriction of the clamped leg cuffs, I struggled to position myself on the mattress and a minute later my head and neck dropped into the close embrace of the 'pillow'. Gasping from the effort, I lay quiet for a moment with my knees bent, still permitting me some small freedom of motion for my hands and arms. It was the first time since I'd been locked into the harness that I'd been permitted any kind of rest, but it was *not* to last. I stared upward, seeing only the white, glazed, ceiling four metres above, then tried rolling from side to side to get some small measure of comfort. To my dismay and misery, I felt the vibration of a lock being passed through the ring at the top of my head cage and behind my gag I cried out "*No! Please No!!!*" for I knew he was going to chain me down. My rest ended abruptly.

The guard moved to my feet and with harsh jerks, pulled my legs out until they were completely straight and lay flat on the slightly spongy surface of the mat. With each jerk, although I fought fruitlessly to resist, my knees straightened, pulling my wrist separator bar more and more firmly into its receivers on the waistband of my chastity belt. My elbows were also slowly tugged in behind my back, forcing me to arch and stick my chest out, and I gasped in misery at the increasingly uncomfortable posture I was being forced to assume. The jerks stopped, then I felt another vibration when the next lock and chain from the foot

of the mat was brought up and snapped closed. For a moment nothing more was done and I rolled what little I could, fighting to somehow ease my forced, uncomfortable posture. It was difficult, but I bent myself slightly at the waist, only to immediately feel the chain to my head snap tight, as well as the one to my ankle separator bar, and so with a hopeless gasp and more despairing, unseen tears, I sank back into my required position, only to feel the guard begin to connect anti-rolling, side chains! The outer staples of my ankle cuffs were the first he dealt with; pulling the chains tight so that my hooped boots were held motionless on the mat, then, he moved to my waist and repeated the side fastenings. As if that wasn't enough, he next added shorter chains to my out-spread wrist cuffs and tightened them!

The only parts of myself I could now move were my eyes, captive behind the steel fastened over my face, and my fingers. Even they were under restraint, for the springy splines kept them constantly spread when I relaxed their muscles! I could clench them for a moment or two, but they were always snapped out again. A wordless wail pulsed up my throat and I thought I would go crazy from being so totally immobilized, but of course I only heard my pleas for release in my mind. I was totally deafened. The guard left me and the barred door lowered into its slot then was securely locked.

I twitched, writhing what small amount I could, mere millimetres, but soon lay in silenced misery, feeling all of the things fastened to, around, and inside my body. Within the penis tube, my constricted and transfixed organ swelled out along the length of the skewering urethral tube and I whined from both the discomfort and strangely arousing sensation of this occurring; feeling the organ swell into the corrugations of the inner tube. On my chest, my breasts remained swollen with engorging blood also, uncomfortably constricted around their bases by the rubber collars, making me terribly conscious of them and their vulnerability, even though locked within their separate, steel cups. The tight waist cinch and all of the cuffs forcibly drove their own messages of captivity into my mind and made me realize that there was no possible way to escape my bonds. However, the worst thing for me was to try and get used to the oppressive, tight head cage and collar. Its steel web and the welded-closed tube around my neck pressed lightly, but firmly and constantly into the sensitive skin of my face and head, no matter how I tried to shrink myself away. All of the sensations I was suffering came to a pinnacle and I began weeping hopelessly again, alone and so pitilessly chained down in the sealed cage inside a secret, secure locked cell.

I had been abandoned; an unknown prisoner in a place far from my home and old life, and now, only an *experimental animal* waiting to be tested and tortured! These thoughts, together with visions of the horrors and pain to come, drove me into frantic, wild, surging struggles against my bonds and harness, but I moved nowhere! I quickly exhausted myself and lay gasping in misery until finally, sleep claimed me and I knew no more for my first rest period.

I don't know how much time is allotted for my rest periods, for there is no way of telling the duration, and the lights burn constantly. I came awake to feel the chains being released then a sharp snap of my nose leash tugged agonizingly. Above, I made out the bulk of the guard. He wordlessly rippled the nose leash again, making me scream in pain and anger, but he got the desired result. I drew up my knees, then with great difficulty and under the constant, painful, annoying jerk on my nasal leash, eventually rolled onto my side, then struggled awkwardly to my knees and finally to my feet. A minute later he'd fastened me in the VRS, and soon after that I felt something begin to fill my belly when I was fed automatically by the computer program. At the same time, another flushing of my bladder

and bowels occurred, making me writhe frantically, but he paid my struggles of distress no attention, continuing with his duties, whatever they were. At last, he let me down and freed me, and I turned to watch him leave the cell. The door descended and locked in place, and unable to stop myself, I again shuffled out to the ends of my leashes, trying to get to the bars, only to be dragged to complete halt by the heavy chains. In defeat, I turned and wandered back to the rear wall, then up and down the length of the cell.

It seemed like hours of boredom later, the piercing whine drove into my ears.

“EA06M01! Proceed to the computer workstation and seat yourself. Directions to complete this will be issued and obeyed!”

Anything was better than standing around in boredom, so I walked slowly to the strange arrangement of posts near the wall of bars, then awaited further instructions from the mechanized voice. Obviously I was being observed.

“Move between the two inverted ‘L’ posts, then slowly lower yourself until the end hooks engage the side rings of your chastity belt’s waist cinch.”

This I did, taking care to ensure by feel that the hooks were through their respective rings, and as soon as I’d done it, the voice snapped the next orders.

“Sit down all the way then lift your feet into their stirrups. Once in place, press your feet forward.”

Tentatively, I allowed myself to sink into the grip of the chastity belt, feeling how it rode slightly up my belly and tightened noticeably through my crotch, driving my penis deeper into its tube. A shudder of sensual arousal shook me, then, one at a time, awkwardly raised my hoofed feet and placed them in their stirrups then pressed them until I felt the vibrations of the retaining latches snap into their notches in the platform soles. With some trepidation, I attempted to withdraw them, but they were firmly held and I was, in fact, now a prisoner, sitting inescapably in the device. Unaware I’d completed the primary circuits by these actions, the machinery began to adjust me to fit its design parameters. The L posts extended up some thirty cm, as did the cross bar holding my stirrup held feet, then it rose higher and moved toward me. This acted to free a lot of slack in the restrictor chains to my elbows and wrist bar, and for the first time since it had been joined to my wrist cuffs, I had some freedom for my arms and hands. It was short lived, for the voice spoke once more.

“EA06M01! Move your hands to the base of the keyboard. Press the wrist separator bar in the latches on the bottom edge, then direct your vision to the screens.

“Follow all instructions issued to you on the monitors.”

I was bored and I was scared silly by what had happened to me so far, and too, I knew I was hopelessly fastened and alone. Worst of all, I knew there would be no pity and I’d be painfully punished if the orders were not obeyed. Feeling the restriction of the chains, I moved my arms down until I felt latches snap closed on my wrist bar. Surprisingly, I could lift my hands and arms away, although there was now a distinct drag, and so my hands were tethered yet again.

Behind me, a gantry arm descended and hooked into the top ring of my head cage, then retracted slightly, pulling my head up so that I had to stare straight ahead, my eyes directed to the screens. I was unable to even twitch it away and *had* to look at them!

All circuits had now been completed, and I stared hungrily out through my vision slits at the two monitors. It was disconcerting to look at them, for both began to display apparently disjointed, different messages, scrolling at different speeds, and I began to panic,

not knowing how to assimilate the information being presented to each of my eyes. If I closed one, I missed vital information being displayed to the other! A short time later, a red screen flashed a simultaneous warning on both screens:

TEST SUBJECT EA06M01: FAILURE TO PROCESS DATA.

Punishment Time: Two Minutes.

Strength: Two

Sequence Commence: Immediate.

MESSAGE ENDS.

Without warning my hands were jerked down into the keyboard latches and my breasts seemed to catch fire in their cups; curdling and twitching horribly within their steel casings! A wild scream tore from my soul, and I struggled to curl up and pull my hands to my chest to tear away the torturing domes, but of course I could do neither, and so had to sit erect and immobilized, suffering the terrible discipline procedure. My nipples felt as though they were being pierced over and over, and the actual flesh of my breasts shivered and shook from the seemingly unending pulsations. I must have fainted, for the next thing I remember is looking out through my tears to see slowly scrolling data that matched on both screens. I could read it with difficulty by switching concentration rapidly between each of my eyes, but it was difficult. Somehow I accomplished this first, small step and read the scrolling text with growing misery.

TEST SUBJECT EA06M01: GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS. SCHEDULING DATA & TASKS.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS:

- 01 - The Test Subject is required to follow all instructions exactly, at all times, without delay.
- 02 - Failure in any of the above three areas will result in punishment.
- 03 - Punishment may be applied immediately, or, its duration may be banked for later expungement.

SCHEDULING DATA & TASKS:

- 01 - Upon voice command prompting, the Test Subject will proceed to the Work Station, then place itself within the current arrangement. Time allotted: five minutes.
- 02 - The Test Subject will sign on to its Work Station, then read all current bulletins presented to it. All must be acknowledged with a typed affirmation.
- 03 - The Test Subject will be presented with a Task List. All must be completed before the work session ends.
- 04 - Work session termination will activate the punishment sequencing programs for any accrued discipline time.
- 05 - Upon completion of disciplinary measures, the Test Subject will be freed.

MESSAGE ENDS.

I sat staring at the monitors for long moments, re-reading the scrolling data when it

came back, then tried to relax into my seat. It wasn't easy. The belt compressed my waist deeply, and the feeling between my legs was, although not painful, incredible and uncomfortable. The screen lit once more with scrolling letters.

TEST SUBJECT EA06M01:

- 01 - Assignment: Perform typing test.
- 02 - Assignment: Perform typing exercises to bring ability to 80 words per minute, error free.
- 03 - Assignment: Re-test of abilities. Errors will be tabulated for disciplinary action.
- 04 - Session end.
- 05 - Corrective Discipline Administration.

MESSAGE ENDS.

I stared the words and quailed. I'd never taken *any* typing lessons in my life, and although I could manage about thirty words a minute with my modified 'hunt and peck' system, there was no possible way to bring it up to 80 words a minute, especially error free! I attempted to look down at the keyboard, but my head was held erect by the overhead, chain and my vision was limited by the panel over my upper face as well as the way the vision slits were positioned over my eyes. It was impossible to see the keyboard! I *had* to stare at the screens then they flashed once more.

TEST SUBJECT EA06M01:

- 01 - Assignment: Typing Test Commence.
- 02 - Duration: ten minutes.
- 03 - Error Computation: five seconds discipline for each incorrect keystroke.
- 04 - Methodology: Text will appear on right side monitor. Test Subject input will appear on left side monitor. Error tally will be shown on bottom of right side monitor.
- 05 - Typing Practice Exercise.
- 06 - Duration: two hours.
- 07 - Error Computation: five seconds discipline for each incorrect keystroke.
- 08 - Methodology: As per Section Four, above.
- 09 - Session End.
- 10 - Corrective Discipline Administration.
- 11 - Recovery time - thirty minutes.
- 12 - Release from Work Station.

MESSAGE ENDS.

The screens went blank and I waited in terror for what was to come, unable to avoid it. I'd *have* to do what was presented to me! My wrists were freed from their tether and I flexed my fingers against the springy splines that restricted their movements, also feeling the drag and swing of their restricting chains. I'd *always* looked at the keyboard when I typed before! The right screen cleared and a message appeared.

TEST SUBJECT EA06M01:

- 01 - Evaluation Testing Commence.
- 02 - Test Subject will type the text that appears, as per previous message.

MESSAGE ENDS

The screen blanked for a moment, then the text I was to type began to scroll. I dropped my hands to the keyboard and began to try and input the same words and phrases while they appeared.

At the bottom of the screen was a narrow red band, and when I glanced down at it I saw the quickly rising number of my mistakes. Oh God! Then, I concentrated on the screen and willed my fingers to go where they were supposed to. At last the test was over, and I sat with hands and fingers quivering from the effort of working against the resistance of the finger restraints. The right screen flashed red.

TEST SUBJECT EA06M01:

01 - Error Total Discipline Time: fifteen minutes, thirty-five seconds.

02 - Typing Exercises Commence.

MESSAGE ENDS.

Text began to scroll down the right side screen again, it consisting of various drills to find the keys, and I struggled desperately to duplicate the words, phrases, and strings of letters and numbers that appeared. It was very difficult to manage, and soon my fingers and hands ached with the effort required, causing me to make more and more mistakes! At the bottom of the screen the numbers climbed higher and higher, until at last it was over. My eyes burned and I had a headache from the effort, while I sat shaking and exhausted, yet unable to move out of position, no matter what I tried. Suddenly, my hands were dragged down when the wrist separator bar's tethers pulled it into the latches at the bottom of the keyboard, making me fully helpless once more. I sat there erectly, fully immobilized while I waited in fear for the discipline to be administered. Both screens flashed red and another message appeared.

TEST SUBJECT EA06M01:

01 - Typing Exercise Session Number One completed.

02 - Error accumulation for Typing Session Number One: sixty-three minutes, twelve seconds.

03 - Total Corrective Discipline Time accumulation: seventy-eight minutes, fifty seconds

04 - Corrective Discipline Session to commence within five minutes.

MESSAGE ENDS.

For long seconds I sat staring out at the sentence that had been so unmercifully passed upon me then began trying to beg that I be released, until I finally subsided into hiccupping tears, knowing that the process was implacable. To my horror, I felt a flush of freezing water begin to flow into my bowel, and writhed desperately within the tight grip of the chastity belt, feeling the deep intrusion of the anal plug when I tried to clench my sphincter closed to stop it. Oh *Jesus!*

No matter how I pulled and strained my legs, the latches holding my hoofed boots into their stirrups would *not* release, and at the same time my arms swelled and strained under their cuffs when I attempted to pull them free of their bindings. My tongue flared with pain

when I tried to swallow and scream again, but there was *nothing* I could do!

To my horror, a bolt of lightning pulsed along and through the blood engorged and supremely sensitive flesh of my penis, causing it to swell even more into the compressing rings and electrodes and making me even more aware of the intrusive urethral catheter. Then, my breasts twitched and shuddered with different shocks, and I writhed as best I could in my fastenings, wailing dementedly from the intimate pain. The sensations I was forced to experience grew in complexity and syncopation until I didn't know what I was feeling, only that all of them hurt me in the most terrible ways. At times my eyes were clenched in agony, and at others I stared out through the narrow slits to see live video images of myself on the two screens, struggling minutely while my discipline was administered. At the same time I saw through a haze that the numbers at the bottom were slowly counting down.

At somewhere around fifty-eight minutes left to go, I lost complete track of the numbers when my mind reverted to its primal senses; only accepting and reacting to the discipline that was being inflicted. I remember only that it was a long and horrible time, and I couldn't escape what was being done to me. At last my vision cleared and I returned to awareness of myself in the restraints.

The screens had gone to blue with yellow lettering.

TEST SUBJECT EA06M01:

- 01 - Work Station Session completed.
- 02 - Test Subject will vacate the work station within ten minutes.
- 03 - Time remaining to vacate: two minutes, sixteen seconds.

MESSAGE ENDS.

The cross bar had descended and I lifted my aching legs and heavy, steel shod feet from their stirrups. When I tried to stand, I didn't think my trembling legs would support me, but I managed, and as I stood, of course my wrist cuff separator bar was once more drawn tightly into its brackets on my waist cinch, and elbows jerked in behind my back. I moved away from the computer work station as quickly as I could, then just stood staring at my reflection in one of the wall mirrors.

I'd never be able to escape the awful devices fastened around and into my body and there was no hope of getting off the leashes either. Even if I somehow did, I remained locked within the cell and behind the dozen or more barred doors allowing access to it. Accepting that I'd always be kept like this was impossible, but over the years I've become accustomed to the fact that this is how I will spend my life. Eventually, I turned away and walked slowly back and forth at the limits of my chains, always fighting against the drag of the heavy steel ball leashed to my ankle spreader bar.

A long time later, the horrible, piercing whine ripped into my ears and I struggled frantically to go to the corner, then knelt facing into it. More endless time passed before my nose leash was harshly jerked, and I rose to silently follow the guard's wordless command. A couple of minutes later the increased tension drove me to my knees and I managed to see that I was beside the mats once more. Without further delay, I knelt forward, choked automatically by the harness, collar and head cage, then flopped onto the rubber mat. Short moments later I was once more fully chained on the rubber, held utterly motionless but for my eyes and ineffectually clutching fingers. Exhaustion washed over me and I passed out. I

know that the bladder flushing, enemas, and my feeding all took place while I was asleep, but knew nothing of them being done.

The next day the whole thing happened again, and every day thereafter for the longest period. Perhaps I descended into temporary insanity during that time, for their memory has faded. The automated schooling has had its desired result and now I type at 80 words a minute, nearly error free, despite the incredible restrictions I must deal with. The amount of corrective discipline time to which I was subjected gradually began to drop to lower and lower levels, then I was given data entry jobs while fastened into the work station.

Chapter Eleven **Enforced Impersonal Exercising**

Dr Jannason

Kelly eventually reached the proficiency levels that had been set and it was then time to begin his exercise regime. The first machine he would become familiar with was the treadmill. His cardiovascular system and muscle strength needed a lot of work, and so he'd be started out at a low level then, when I was satisfied with his stamina, he'd be moved to the more strenuous rowing machine for further conditioning. From then on he'd be alternated between the two, and the required levels of exertion required of him would always be higher than he could attain, thus ensuring continuing punishment. I advised the guard that Kelly was to begin work on the treadmill the following day and the next morning observed while he was installed on it for the first time.

As usual, the hooded guard arrived early and within a short time had released Kelly from the sleeping chains, taken him to the VRS and completed the morning maintenance procedures. He always reacted the same way; shuddering with embarrassment and overwhelming sensation while it went on, shaking his head what little his harness permitted, in blinded, deafened misery. His feeding and watering were automatic, and so that was one chore that didn't interrupt the flow of events. The guard freed him and with the usual harsh tug on his nose chain, drew him to the wide rubber belt of the treadmill. I turned on the speaker and listened to the instructions and orientation commands.

"EA06M01! It time you begin exercise!

"First session start soon, on treadmill. You be exercised on this machine two hours each session you free from rest area for next while. Once everybody happy with fitness level, sessions be increase to three hours. Between sessions you work at computer!

"Physical wellness important to continuation of program, and also used to keep you alert. When next level reached, you move to harder one ... Rowing Machine.

"I know you have difficult to walk, even more to complete assignments and get to the goals set but is good for you! Restraints and inability to move freely ***no way stop*** discipline measures, if you not reach required level!

"You be informed of earned discipline time, if you don't reach goals! It served right after I fix you in rest position on bed.

"Remain still and co-operative while secured for exercise or you be very sad, very quick!"

The voice cut off and he was left in total silence once again. Kelly turned his body from side to side, looking at the machine then with another tug on his nasal leash, he had to step up onto the slightly inclined, wide rubber belt. The guard picked up the steel ball and placed it behind him, then went about the business of fastening Kelly for his coming workout and torment, for it would surely be that. The first chain went to the top ring of his head cage; this connected to a ceiling chain with some small amount of slack in it. Three other chains also descended from the ceiling; one went to the back of his collar and the others to either side of his waist cinch. These had only a small amount of slack and were connected to pressure sensors, so that if too much tension was applied either by Kelly falling or slowing down, they would unleash disciplinary pulses of electricity through either or both of his penile sheath and breast cups. The longer the tension was maintained, the stronger would

become the shock treatment/encouragement. Other chains were added, more a psychological message than anything else, and these came from widely separated floor rings on either side; being clipped to the same side rings of his cinch as the vertical ones, his wrist cuffs, and the outer staples of his ankle cuffs.

He was now ready to begin and would quickly discover how hard his work was to be. Of course he'd not been informed of the disciplinary measures that would be used to encourage a greater effort from him. Each time he activated that program a ten second penalty of future corrective discipline was added to his tally. His life was to be one of unending punishment, as Aruf Mahjalis had specified before releasing him to my care, and I thought he was at last beginning to realize just how bad his situation was. The guard made one last addition to Kelly's ensemble; adding a quarter kilogram weight to his nose leash and leaving it to swing between his armoured breasts so that with every motion of his body it would swing and bounce unevenly, adding further to his distress.

The doors were unlocked to permit the guard to leave the cell and locked again as soon as he'd passed through them, leaving Kelly completely alone inside, at the mercy of the computer and treadmill. For a few moments nothing happened, and he stood motionless but for occasional trembling, obviously in terrorized apprehension of what was to come. It started slowly and I watched closely when he began struggling to walk. I knew it was difficult for him to move his legs rapidly, fulfilling the intent of the Spanish Trapezoid, and to this was added the resistance and continual backward tugging of the steel ball; it rumbling erratically from side to side at the end of its chain behind him. Wearing the hoofed boots, these keeping his feet raised within them as though wearing ten cm high heels, and the fact that they were rigidly locked to his ankle cuffs, made each step he took awkward and difficult. He had to lift and swing each foot forward at the end of the ankle spreader bar, using his other as the fulcrum, all the while balancing himself and at the same time pulling the leashed ball forward, then had to repeat the same process with the other leg. Each time he'd feel the tug and jerk of the inter-connector straps and his main harness components, resisting every movement.

It was a complex and difficult procedure to execute properly and so the treadmill was programmed to move quite slowly for the first thirty minutes, while he was forcibly taught what he had to do. I'd observed many of the female prisoners, confined in this manner on machines like this, break down into despairing sobs within minutes of being placed on them, and now Kelly, with his raging hormones, had become one of them. Trails of tears began to trickle down from under the steel covering his face, while he swung from side to side, gradually losing ground on the rubber belt. It was inevitable and two minutes after beginning the exercise, he stumbled and fell. The chains to the sides of his belt snapped tight and immediately triggered the mildest level of corrective discipline shocks to his breasts and penis, as well as making a chime noise from my computer monitor. Kelly went into a paroxysm of fighting against his restraints; frantically attempting to somehow get at and remove the things that tormented him so mercilessly. But with his hands fastened as they were, there was no way he could escape the horribly intimate shocks. Some moments later he regained his feet and began plodding along the moving belt once more, jerking his hands and arms against their strict restraints all the while.

Satisfied that everything was working as it should, I turned from the monitor and once more attacked my never ending paperwork.

Occasionally, then with growing frequency over the next two hours, the chime sounded

from my computer and I watched while he struggled to continue his walking exercise. He was allotted five minutes rest every twenty minutes, but these periods seemed to be of less and less value to him while the session continued. Kelly hung in his chains for longer and longer periods, legs and arms corded and straining while he writhed against his restraints. Occasionally he'd be able to lift his legs clear of the treadmill when the shocks peaked but this temporary freedom was brief, for the weight of the Spanish Trapezoid, his ankle cuffs and boots, together with the dangling leash chains always made him drop his feet back onto the moving belt. At all times during the exercise, his heart rate and temperature were monitored, and something akin to Gatorade® was automatically pumped into his belly. At last it ended and he stood gasping and panting, waiting to be released. Ten minutes later the guard entered and freed him from the machine, then pulled him over to his computer workstation.

The guard departed immediately and Kelly was left to fit himself into his workstation. He moved with great reluctance, but after suffering some strong, encouraging shocks to his nipples, quickly got seated and was immediately locked in place. The system was designed in such a manner that once all circuits had been completed, he had thirty seconds to begin the sign-in process, then start working at the nonsense assignments the computer program put up on the screens. The whole process was highly automated and functioned perfectly, so I turned my attention back to my work and left the balance of the day's activities in the cell unwatched. I, of course, knew what was planned for him, and four hours after sitting down, the guard would return to take him back to the treadmill for another two hour long session. After that, he'd be freed for two hours of doing nothing then fastened to his mat for the next rest period. As he'd been told, it was at that point he'd receive his accumulated corrective discipline for his failures while on the treadmill. I looked at his file and saw he'd accumulated some thirty-five minutes of discipline time, at this point, and would likely increase the tally before the day's end.

The next three weeks passed with Kelly's schedule varying little. His strength began to improve markedly and he seemed to be accommodating to his new existence, although he still fought his restraints, particularly when he was punished. As his stamina improved, I decided it was time to lengthen his periods on the machine to three hours per session, twice a day, and after a week of this, he would begin working on the Rowing Machine. Naturally, he was not informed of the coming escalation, and when it happened I watched the first time the guard placed him on the rowing machine, then his efforts to work on it.

Kelly

I'd become used to kneeling and waiting for the awful tugs on my nose, but still hated the thought that I was so utterly controllable and helpless all of the time. When it happened again, I wasn't aware of just how much of a trial my future would be. The view I had of my world was extremely limited by the vision slits and the fact that I couldn't lower my head, thanks to the interconnected head cage and collar arrangement. All I could see was the quickly passing view of the blank white walls and bars then I caught a quick glimpse of the rowing machine when I was pulled toward it. I feared the device; having inspected it at length, however, there was no way I could keep away from it. The agonizing tension on my nose was something I desperately wanted to avoid and so I was soon standing beside it.

The guard showed no interest in my terrified state, but wordlessly insisted I turn my

back and sit down on the end of the bench, then lift and swing my legs into place; helping me to position myself by lifting the heavy steel ball and placing it so that I could more easily be fastened.

The machine was a simple arrangement, but deviously constructed to get the very most effort from whoever occupied it. The bench portion was a narrow metal seat set high above the floor, dished and grooved to accept my bulging buttocks, the dividing strap of the crotch plate, and the rigid, external post of the thing that encased and imprisoned my maleness. The seat was equipped with multiple chains, and over it another hung from the ceiling. A thick shaft, probably four cm in diameter stuck out of a long, wide slot in a steel panel beside the seat, located forward and slightly lower. Five cm in from its outer end, a short chain, about fifteen cm long, hung from an integral staple; separated from its mate nearest the slot, fifty cm away. The ceiling chain dangled to be almost but not quite centred over the bench; being slightly behind, while on the floor beneath was another ringbolt with a chain welded to it. My hearing snapped on with a painfully loud, annoying buzz.

"You about find out what it like to work oar!" the faceless, hooded, and masked guard announced maliciously. "Sit still on bench while being fastened!"

Under the seat, he positioned the stirrups for my hoofed feet and I carefully but with reluctant fear, lifted them into the cupped foot holders, all the while feeling the pressure of the narrow band between my legs forcing my penis deeper into its tube, and at the same time forcing the horrid thing in my behind a fraction deeper into my bowel. I did this with deep foreboding and reluctance but he obviously could have cared less. I was just an experimental animal to him, less than human and just like the females he attended to, nothing more. Unable to resist, I sat staring ahead, doing as little as possible to annoy him while he fastened me to the machine.

"Raise legs! Place hoofs on rest! I connect nose leash!" His commands were abrupt and spoken in the singsong version of English I associated with the Middle East.

The latches on the stirrups clicked into their receptacles in the sides of my platform soles, locking my feet into place. With my knees bent, I had some slack in the restrictor chains and could move my hands slightly from my waist, but for the moment, left them in my lap, watching through the vision slits and quivering with fear while he drew out my nose leash and connected in front of me, exactly like the treadmill's fastening.

"Now, I fasten bench chains to chastity belt so you no get out of nice seat!" The steel links rattled and were locked to the side rings on my waistband. It was awful to sit there so submissively and just let him do it to me. "You *not* permitted to move head! Only what *this* chain permit," he stated, locking the descending one to the top ring of my head cage. "Grab oar!"

I leant forward as far as I could then wrapped my hands around the smooth shaft at the positions for them. I had to fight against the resistance of the spring steel splines to be able to hold the shaft with my fingers, then sat quietly while he locked the short chains from the oar's staples to the outer ones of my wrist clamps. Certainly, I'd be able to release my grip, and the splines would do it automatically when my finger's muscles tired; but I'd be unable to get completely away from the steel bar. I felt the drag of the restrictor chains pulling my hands in close to my steel belt, while at the same time my elbows were already being drawn in behind my back and whined, attempting to pull my legs up to get some small freedom for my arms.

"Is very nice, no?" he asked with a nasty smile in his voice. "You permitted little

freedom! Hold still for floor chain to ankle spreader!”

He knelt beside me and immediately drew the chain up from its floor ring, then locked it to the centre of the bar between my ankle cuffs, doubly locking my feet and legs in place, even though there was some slackness allowed for this chain.

“Almost ready!” he exclaimed happily, standing back while I sat helpless and vulnerable; the sweat slippery steel shaft grasped in my pinioned hands. “Soon you work hard! Is simple exercise! Move oar as I show. You here to work and be punished for rest of life! Follow actions, to know what is must do!”

With this, he pressed it down and pulled it away from my belly. 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 snapped tight, just to gain the required cm of extra freedom. With some distance travelled, I felt it come to a stop, then he raised it a short distance until it stopped again. I had to strain to keep my grip, for the chain from the top of my head cage had tightened to the point that it was pulled back firmly, forcing my steel cupped chin up! I could only stare out through the vision slits at the ceiling above, nothing but a faceless, robot, fastened helplessly in place, to work at a pointless task.

“Now, pull back, keeping oar high!” He moved it toward me, maintaining its height.

My legs straightened and the wrist separator bar was automatically dragged in to my belly when I leaned back at the same time as my elbows were pulled in behind my back! Just before I reached the full return angle, my nose leash abruptly snapped tight, eliciting a strangled howl of pain that was blocked by my gag. My captive legs and feet were now straight out in front, angled down and again snapping the floor chain tight.

“Push down before start forward motion, then hold down!” he snapped, releasing his grip. I did and found that a distinct force was required. “Very excellent! Those all your permitted motions! At signal, begin row! Not let oar rise while push forward, or down when pull back!”

All sound cut off and with that he left, then a minute later a piercing beep sounded in my ear plugs, signalling that I was sealed inside the cell once more, alone. I sat in frozen immobility, staring hopelessly at the barren concrete wall, many metres away.

“Please, God!!” I prayed, unwittingly duplicating Delilah’s prayer, *“I don’t want to be here! Let this only be an awful nightmare!!”*

It wasn’t.

The guard’s voice roared into my earplugs.

“Begin!”

I pushed down on the bar and shoved it slowly away against its resistance, struggling hard to do it properly. It slid 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, backwards tug on my head cage. Then, when I pulled it to me I felt the sections of my harness acting in concert, beginning to immobilize me while I leant back. It took a few cycles to establish the rhythm, but then I discovered just how thorough the designer of the terrible machine had been.

The computer program was set to recognize a loss of beat, or my being too slow to move through the cycle. After an uncountable number of them, my nipples and breasts suddenly came alight with fierce, needling shocks through their imprisoned, ballooned, and tensioned mounds! I automatically released my grip and the oar slipped from my palsied fingers while I screamed against my gag, shaking my body as much as I could, to escape the

torturing pulses. Although 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 pain, I could **not** get away from them! I desperately **had** to tear away the horrible things locked onto my chest, and massage my breasts; but they were now forever denied to me.

I fought wildly against my restraints, only to have the incredibly painful electrical pulses grow stronger and stronger! Somehow, at last, I managed to grasp the bar once more, and after a moment of struggle, resume rowing. The shocks stopped ... for the time being. For the next eternity I rowed with increasing desperation and exhaustion. I couldn't hear them of course, but only the sounds of steel links being jerked to their limits and the mechanical clicks of the oar moving echoed in the otherwise silent exercise cell. At last I was allowed to rest for a what I think was ten minutes, and sat gasping and trembling from my exertions on the unpadded steel bench, drenched in sweat. My fingers had been snapped out into their wide spread at rest positions by the spring steel splines, and I sat quivering with terror at the thoughts tumbling through my mind while I contemplated my future.

A flare of electricity from my butt plug informed me that I was to begin rowing again, and, wailing against the throat tube and gag at being so intimately assaulted, I began to struggle once more at my labour. Soon, my arms began to tremble and my fingers once more released their grip with the oar halfway along its forward travel. My penis was instantly riddled with a cascade of needling shocks and I surged hysterically against my seat chains from the sensations of the horrible punishment, trying to escape the pulsing; screaming 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 again and my nipples and breasts were immediately subjected to a continuous series of fiery, twitching pulses! Again, my hands jerked away from the shaft as though it had turned red hot, jerking wildly in futile attempts to get at my torturing breast cups, but as before, I **couldn't** manage it!

Although I thought I was exhausted, the waves of agonizing shocks continued to transfix my sensitive flesh until I grasped the oar and began once more to pull demonically on it. To increase my terror, the computer now added-in its **next** encouragement! When I lifted the oar at the forward end of its small oblong travel path, the electrodes pressing into my tongue unleashed small yet painful shocks that seemed to curdle the muscle, making me howl mindlessly every time it happened. As intended, I surged backward in a useless attempt to escape the shocks, thus pulling strongly towards myself, my legs straightening automatically, in effect increasing the speed of my cycle!

I moved like a mad thing, frantically flexing my body against the resistance of my harness and the chains fastening me in place. 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 breasts on fire and my penis twitching painfully within its armouring tube, then, in an agonized haze, began rowing once more. No matter how much I screamed and wept or tried to beg for freedom from the terrible machine and its automatic torturing, I **had** to continue at the task! Only the sensitive microphones in the cell heard my gag-stifled, inhuman noises while the whole thing happened over and over again. When one of the faceless guards finally came for me, I was a wreck of quivering jelly.

"You poor galley slave today!" he snapped heartlessly while releasing me. "Tomorrow you back on oar to improve performance!"

Sometime during the day, I was fed and automatically watered by the computer,

abandoned to my solitary confinement until it was time to be chained for the night.

And so *this* is what was to become of my life? I would work at these pointless tasks five days of every week and sometimes, if the guards were not satisfied that I have been diligent enough, I'd lose my rest days also to spend them either rowing or walking on the treadmill! With each passing week, the effort required became greater and greater and I could *never* attain the perfection demanded, for the machines and computer program automatically created the electrical torture, driving me into frenzies of hysteria and frantic fighting against my restraints. The harness is extremely well designed, made, and fitted, and I know I'll never be able to escape it. Initially, I thought I'd go completely crazy, always alone; mostly deafened, nearly blinded, and constantly in severe restraint, but that has not happened yet. There is no possible way I can injure myself, or manage suicide, and so if I eventually *do* lose my mind, the restraints will be fully justified.

Eventually, I returned to the computer workstation and sat in the saddle to continue writing. As always, it carefully monitored my typing, correcting and punishing me for my mistakes, then finally, I was released and allowed to wander aimlessly around the barren cell until the guard came to chain me for my rest period.

On the signal, I once more knelt shivering in the corner awaiting the tug on my nose leash; but this time I was not to be fastened to the floor mat. I was to begin experiencing another terrible experience ... the Swing.

Chapter Twelve Another Form of Rest

Kelly

The inevitable, painful tug came and I struggled awkwardly to my feet then followed him meekly to the three ominous chains dangling from the ceiling. I stood quietly in exhaustion until he silently pulled on the leash then reluctantly stepped up onto some thick blocks. “*What are they for?*” I wondered dazedly, swaying back and forth in exhaustion while he busied himself attaching the hanging chains. As always, the first one went to the ring at the crown of my head cage and was left with a small loop of slack. He grasped the right side one, and, grasping the ring on the cinch, pulled up sharply. I felt the subtle vibration when the lock closed and had to stand slightly off balance until he fastened the other side chain. When it was connected, I stood on the blocks partially suspended, feeling the chastity belt pressing firmly into my waist and between my legs then relaxed slightly and found that I sat in its web. Of course my arms were useless; the wrist separator bar being held deep in its receivers on my cinch, keeping my hands spread wide from my waist with elbows pulled harshly in behind. I clenched my fingers against the resistance of the spring steel splines then relaxed them to be held widespread, waiting for whatever was to come next. I had no idea of what was planned, and after the time just past, all I wanted was sleep. The guard sauntered into my field of view.

“This is other resting arrangement. You stay here until next exercise time, tomorrow! Now, I take away stepping-up blocks.”

I saw he held two long chains, these looping down below my limited arc of vision then he bent his arm, making the loops disappear. Under my hoofed feet I felt the blocks slowly sliding towards him, then suddenly, the small amount of support I had been able to rest the toes on disappeared! I swung briefly but managed to find a tentative foothold on the slick, cement floor, now sitting fully in the harness of my chastity belt. This forced my penis more deeply into the imprisonment of its tube, and I whined into the deep gag from the incredible bound sensation I was being forced to experience. Without any further words he turned and walked to the opened door and at the same time my hearing disappeared with a loud snap, leaving me in a deep silence. The opened section of the barred wall swung down and dropped into place, locking me behind a seamless wall and sealing me once more in my cage, alone. Beyond it, the guard hung the blocks on a wall hook, then, a moment later disappeared.

“*How am I supposed to rest ... like **this?***” I asked myself, struggling to get comfortable.

For a few moments I just dangled there, straining to keep the tips of my hoofs in contact with the floor, but almost immediately the strain became too much and my calf muscles started to knot painfully. Tears leaked unseen from my eyes while I hung totally alone, then I raised one foot slightly in an attempt to ease the cramp. I shouldn’t have done it! Immediately I fell forward until jerked to a stop by the sudden tightening of the chain to the top of my head cage, then hung there, tilted helplessly forward, moaning pitifully into my gag block from the discomfort. I kicked my legs against their confinement in the awful arrangement that bound them apart, only to feel the unforgiving resistance of the cuffs and steel bars. When I attempted to raise them and free my hands, the short chain leashed to the steel ball suddenly snapped tight, halting any movement to free myself. “*Oh my **God!***” I

howled to myself, *"What am I going to do?"* For long moments I hung like that, thrashing to right myself, but then the next portion of my discipline began. The earplugs snapped on with the high, piercing, painful whine.

"EA06M01! You are required to undergo a period of Mandatory Discipline while you are in the Swing, fastened as you currently are. Your current sentence will be executed within the next five minutes; duration to be determined.

Message Ends."

My hearing disappeared again and I waited in terror for what was to come, frightened beyond words.

I continued to try and right myself, but after the exhaustion I suffered from the long session on the rowing machine, I couldn't manage it. My thoughts wandered erratically and the vision of myself as a helpless chained and steel harnessed lab animal, sentenced to live like this for the rest of my life was something I found extremely difficult to accept. I was now *always* aware of my throbbing and bulging breasts, held imprisoned on my chest within their steel cups, and also of the pulsing of my manhood within its steel and rubber tube; forever untouchable.

Then it began!

A trill of electrical energy suddenly convulsed my nipples and breasts then the waves of syncopated shocks grew stronger and stronger! My arms jerked demonically against the steel that confined them, making me swing wildly at the ends of the suspending chains locked to my cinch, and I could not stop the strangled screaming I attempted, praying for the torture to cease. To my surprise, they stopped suddenly, then it began again, and, to add to my discomfort the hoses connected to my anal plug suddenly pulsed strongly and began to fill my bowels with frigid water and soap! Then, my bladder was pumped full of another solution, and I truly howled to escape. I wanted to throw up, but the computer forced a large portion of food into my stomach at the same time while the bladder and bowel flushing continued! Behind the steel panel concealing my upper face my eyes bulged from the incredible sensory waves, and beneath the tight, high steel collar, my throat swelled against its constriction and the inner presences of the throat tubes when I tried again and again to scream for it all to stop.

My desires and sensibilities were entirely ignored by the uncaring computer.

It had been programmed to take me to the utter limits of my endurance, and I had not yet reached them, although I wished desperately that I had. My breasts continued to be assaulted, then mild currents of electricity began to pass along and through the entirety of my captive maleness and I writhed and twisted my hips and lower body in frantic attempts to escape the curdling sensations of the electricity. However, each exertion only added new nerve paths for it to flow along, increasing my distress and inside the tube, I felt myself harden and swell even more when the ripples went up and down, making the sensitive shaft throb with arousal, skewering even further along the tube that had been inserted into my urethra. I kicked my feet and legs spastically in instinctual, futile attempts to get away from the awful things being done to my body, and surprisingly, at one point regained my upright stance, dancing in steel clicking hoof beats when my horse shoe shod feet hit the floor.

Incredibly, the shocks grew stronger and more sharply penetrating than they had been until now, and I flung myself crazily in my suspending chains, screaming mindlessly. No

matter what I did, I could **not** escape what was being done! The chain from my nose was flung widely, the 250 gm weight at its end jerking painfully with each wild swing, but that was only the smallest of so many things I was feeling! It was all happening while I was kept in utter silence, although within the cell, my jerking and flailing chains made a substantial clattering. I was but a chained marionette, dancing to the command of the computer and screaming mindlessly to be freed.

I don't know how long the process continued, but I surpassed any level of screaming and begging that I had done until now and became a wreck of barely human protoplasm, made to dance to the command of a machine-administered punishment. I must have passed out at some point ... a point far beyond which I was rational; but awoke to find myself still dangling in the white, silent, barred cage of my cell. When I realized where I was and what had just been done to me, I was riven with unending despair, knowing that it would happen again at any time. Somehow, finally, I managed to get myself upright once more, then stood, taking minute steps to keep myself from keeling over. *"How am I supposed to rest, like **this**?"* I asked myself over and over again, but of course got no answer. I closed my eyes and slept for a moment, only to be awakened by the firm jerk of the head cage chain when I fell forward, then I gave up and just hung there until I slept, utterly exhausted.

Dr Jannason

I left Kelly to get eight full hours of rest after his disciplining, for immediately he was freed of the Swing, he would be taken for his first experiment session in pain tolerance. So far, he had only been subjected to a maximum value of five percent of the testing equipment's capabilities, and further data was needed. It would be used to create the next versions of the male control and discipline appliances to be made available for general sale, and too, I wanted to compare it to the information I had already gathered for female wearers. I suspected his levels and those of most males would be far below what a genetic female could endure yet still stay reasonably sane. As it was, his whole life had imploded: he'd had to make the mental adjustment to being only a test animal without any rights or hope of release from his predicament, and was about to undergo even more intense physical sensations of the testing procedures than those he'd been put through until now. It was going to be interesting to see how well he adapted and reacted.

The guard returned and after the section of the cell's barred wall had been raised and went to where Kelly hung forlornly in his suspending chains. He came awake with a start, automatically pulling his hands and arms against their restraints, then just hung quivering with fear while the guard positioned the step-up blocks under his hoofed feet and placed them on the blocks. He stood on trembling legs while the side chains were released from his cinch, then the head cage. Of course, he'd remained fully leashed to the wall. The guard grasped his nose leash and urged him to step down, then drew him over to the two vertical posts. It was time for the Kelly, to undergo the first of many experiments to come.

He had grown two, quite genuine breasts, and so the first sequences would test his ability to withstand directly applied pressure, tension, and electro-shock to them. Interspersed with these tests would be others that measured his tolerance of high noise volumes as well as some that would establish base levels for when his tongue, nose, and other sensitive area's of his anatomy were stimulated.

The first series of tests was designed to simultaneously test the responsiveness of each

breast's nipple and aureole area; working up from prolonged, mild stimulation to more intense input values, and his reaction to these. After that, they would be subjected to electro-stimulation throughout their entire masses, both individually and at the same time. These tests were scheduled to take place over a six hour long period and by the end of them he'd be quite exhausted from both his physical struggles and his mental turmoil, of course. They'd be repeated again each day for the next four days then the tests employing his crotch fittings would commence. These too would be done daily for four days and then, after that series was completed, he'd be allowed a week to rest, then the combination series would be entered; ones in which his levels when subjected to both breast and crotch stimulation simultaneously would be measured, and those tests would last a full eight days.

During each rest period, he would endure prolonged, high volume, and varied temperature, colonic irrigations. Certainly he'd be subjected to astoundingly intense experiences, but the tests were carefully designed so that they'd not quite drive him into insanity. By this time his breasts would reach the point at which they would begin to lactate, and at the end of the test sequences, he would need to be milked. Once begun, it would have to be done on a regular basis, every four hours, and as such was something he'd learn to live with, pleasant or unpleasant as the experiences might be.

While I mused about what he was soon to undergo, the guard rapidly fastened him yet again, this time between the two large steel columns. He next simultaneously raised all of the carriages within the columns until Kelly was fully suspended, the soles of his footwear a full half metre above the cement floor. Chains led out to the two widely separated posts from the outer staples of his ankle cuffs, above the knee cuffs, his waist cinch, chest band, collar, and the top of his head cage, leaving him able to move only his fingers and eyes. No matter how hard he struggled, he'd be unable to hurt himself, or to escape the various inputs that were soon to be applied. When he'd been positioned and all the fastenings completed, the guard left him alone once more to contemplate his situation. Nothing happened for a full half hour, then, the testing began.

Chapter Thirteen

Frustrated Arousal and a Surprise Visit

Kelly

I hung between the columns, trembling uncontrollably for the longest time then it started once again! At first I felt only a long tangle of small, twitching and frustratingly untouchable quivers of my right nipple, then, much later, the pulses began to change in their sequencing and length.

I gasped and shivered from the strange sensations, desperately wanting and *needing* to touch and massage the throbbing and aching bud of flesh under its armour; my hands straining against the cuffs and separator bar while my fingers clenched in futility. Then, the trickles of sensation began to become increasingly painful and I screamed frantically into the gag pad, fighting against my harness and chains, suspended between the columns. My nipple soon felt as though it was on fire within its torturing cup, and I suppose I passed out at some point.

When I awakened, I found myself still fastened then the same thing began to happen to my left nipple! It seemed to go on forever, and again at some point, I reached the pinnacle and lost awareness in a flaming burst of incredible sensations. Coming awake again was something I dreaded, but being so securely confined within my head cage and body restraints, I could not avoid what was being done nor what was to come. The next set of tests began in the same way, this time twitching both nipples at the same time then quickly escalating to the more intense shocks. I truly thought I would go crazy, being unable to remove or touch the demonic things attached to my chest and seemingly devouring my supersensitive flesh. I screamed automatically, instinctually, and continuously, then again lost conscious when the sensations overwhelmed me.

The next series of tests shivered the entire mass of each bulging breast within its imprisoning cup, then together; each time driving me into the darkness when they became too much to withstand. No matter how I struggled, *nothing* eased my distress, but at last it was over for the day and I awoke to find myself weeping quietly inside my mask and head cage while the guard lowered me, then freed the restraining chains from my harness. I was led stumbling over to the sleeping mats where he forced me to kneel and in minutes was chained down for a rest period. After a brief struggle against my restraints, I fell completely asleep again and while unconscious, was fed watered, enema'd, and bladder-flushed by the automatic maintenance program. I felt none of this, so deeply exhausted had I become.

Once fully awakened next I was once more taken and fastened between the two columns, suspended, and to my horror, the tests recommenced. Although I didn't realize it, they would be my life for the next four days, establishing base line data for the more extensive and intense experiences to come later. I was very much in fear, knowing that my breasts would be tortured thoroughly within minutes, and my begging protests could do nothing to stop it from happening. From that point on my life turned into a Hell of constant, silenced screaming while my body and mind were pushed to the limit and beyond. I don't think I was sane after a while, for little of those days comes back to me

Finally, I awakened one morning, was fastened between the columns, and hung waiting for the unending painful sensations to be applied, but nothing happened. Then, to my horror, I felt the same type of teasing electrical pulses begin to trickle through my captive

male member! My hips and lower body writhed within the strict steel web and I couldn't stop the wavering wail that broke against the rubber devices locked into my mouth and throat, for I knew that the sensations would soon become indescribably more intense.

I tried to withdraw myself, but the teasing shocks had precisely the opposite effect, as intended, and arousal began to course through me, lengthening and thickening my manhood within its confining rubber tube! The pulsating suction and squeezing action of the tube soon began to drive me mad when my traitorous flesh became engorged with sensitising blood, thus pressing itself firmly onto the contacts and it was then the sensations began to get stronger and stronger! I wailed like a banshee and fought my restraints wildly, but of course nothing I did eased what was happening, and soon I was almost mindless from the terrifying pulsations coursing through the straining, but untouchable fleshy rod. The process went on for an unknowable length of time, until again, I passed out from the incredible sensory overload my mind was forced to accept.

As with the testing of my breasts, I was allowed to recover then it began all over again. The schedule I was on continued as with the previous tests, and for the longest time I suffered the incredible, endlessly repeated sensations. I had no idea of the passage of time, only that I existed in this terrible world of perpetual restraint and control, forced to endure the cruel, unending assaults on my endurance and ability to accept over stimulation in the most sensitive and intimate areas.

They began to experiment with both my breasts and crotch equipment at the same time.

I quickly went crazy from the combined stimulation being applied to my nipples, breasts, penis, and butt plug even though these tests, because of their multiple in-puts, were shorter than the others. The intensity could not be withstood for a long time, but they were repeated over and over and over! Towards the end of these sessions my fully confined breasts had begun to feel ever more full and sensitive. One day after weeks of hearing nothing at all, the computer disguised voice blasted into my ears.

“EA06M01! Your body has now reached the point at which your breasts are capable of lactating. Beginning within the next thirty minutes, you will be subjected to the milking process. This will occur every four hours from this point on.”

All sound again disappeared, leaving me alone to worry about what it was going to feel like. When the announcement came, I was wandering in the cell, occasionally tugging with futility against my leashes, and was surprised that this was the case, given how I'd been kept completely restrained for all of the terrible things that had been done over the weeks of torment. Of course there was nothing I could do to stop, avoid, or delay the process of being milked, given the harness I was a prisoner within and so I just had to wait until it was done to me.

The first thing I felt was a growing pressure on my breasts when the inner liners of each cup began rhythmically squeezing them gently, then with more and more force. I whined into my gag, shaking my upper body against the restriction of the bra and its interconnections to my chastity belt, only to feel the pressures grow even stronger, then, a trilling series of shocks rippled through the masses of blood and milk-filled tissue! I screamed with surprised pain and nearly fell over while my hands and fingers clenched instinctually, my arms fighting against their restrictions, desperate to get free of the separator bar and cuffs and rip away the things clamped onto my chest. When I bent forward, the

collar began to choke me as it was designed to do, and in seconds I had to stand erect again. Soon, the pulsing waves of electrical energy became intolerable and I writhed in near hysteria, at the same time flinging myself to the ends of my leashes in frantic need to somehow escape what was being done to my breasts.

Suddenly, a leech-like suction was applied to my nipples and I almost swooned from the incredible sensation while it continued to drag strongly at each hardened, sensitive little mound. The shocks changed and began to pulse strongly through my nipples and areolas, then the squeezing pressure relaxed for a moment and the vacuum grew stronger! My nipples were momentarily released from the suction then the cups squeezed harder and the vacuum was reapplied! The sequence repeated over and over and over and I desperately wanted to reach up and massage myself while this was done, *needing* to feel the turgid flesh being relieved of its burden, but that was something I would never be permitted to do! My milk began to flow, and in moments I could feel some easement of the pressure of it being held captive within the glands on my chest, however, the squeeze-suck/ squeeze-suck/ squeeze-suck cycle did not ease off and continued to withdraw the nourishing fluid from my body. I thought it would stop once I'd been emptied, but it continued without let up until each drag on my steel infused nipples became an agony on its own, while at the same time the stimulation shocks became stronger again and continued unabated! All the while, I continued to dance and drag at my chain leashes, until at last I collapsed in a howling, shuddering heap on the floor, twisting and begging for the procedure to cease.

Finally, gasping from both the residual pain and humiliated embarrassment that overwhelmed me, I got to my knees, crawled over to the mats, then rolled onto them to lay staring out through my vision slits, all the while weeping and cursing my curiosity for getting me into this incredibly awful situation. Sometime later the guard came into the cell, chained me down for my rest period, and I drifted off to sleep.

When I next awakened, I felt stiff and sore all over from the strong exertions I'd made fighting my restraints, but once more my breasts were full and tender with milk and I lay in the dead silence, waiting to be released from the mats.

My schedule of exercising resumed, and soon I was seated on the rowing machine bench. The loud signal came and I worked the oar as hard as I could manage, then, while I did, the machinery milked me! I tried to concentrate on the rhythm of the rowing, but the pulsing shocks, together with the simultaneous painful squeezing and suckling was entirely too much to take. When I lost the beat and sequence, the computer punished me without mercy, rippling terrifying, painful additional shocks through my ballooned breasts and armouring penile tube! The day seemed to go on forever while I struggled to meet the impossible goals set for me, but at last the guard reappeared, freed me, and I was taken to the computer work station to continue recording my experiences.

Between each bout of testing, I was commanded to note the sensations and feelings I experienced that day, and so there was both a clinical data log and a personal, written history of what I endured. Who would ever read it was beyond me, but it was a requirement I had to obey, like it or not. A long time later, for me, the guard returned and freed me from the seating arrangement, then drew me to the Swing area to be fastened for my next rest period. I had very quickly stopped trying to resist being taken anywhere in the cell, for with his hold on my nasal leash, I was utterly under his control. At one point I'd been informed that with a simple command by him, the disciplinary shocks could and would be administered by my harness. Nevertheless, despite my demonstrated willingness to follow where I was led, he

continued to torment me by snapping the nose chain harshly. I could only respond with strangled screams and unseen tears. Within short minutes I was dangling in semi-suspension in the Swing and he had left me alone once more in the sterile cell, waiting for I knew not what.

I wasn't aware of it, but for the next month I was to be teased and tortured even more now that my breasts had become fully developed, and the result of these processes would always leave me in a state of frustrated desire and near madness. Nothing happened for the longest time, then the piercing wail assaulted my ears and a vaguely familiar voice spoke.

"Prisoner EA06M01!" *It was Delilah's father!* "You have been resident in the good doctor's facility for some time now and begun to understand the depth of the punishment to which Delilah is being subjected. This is good! You have also suffered, somewhat, in the past months, but now, you shall begin to be more actively disciplined for your infernal and annoying curiosity!

"This, however, is only the beginning of your penance! There are further things I wish you to experience, and they will take you to the very zenith of both physical and mental sensations. The doctor will continue employing your body in the capacity of an experimental animal, and you may discover his future plans.

"You have no say about further modifications that *will* be made to both your body and sexuality. However, I am assured that you will soon even more deeply regret your existence and past inquisitiveness. There *may* be some very pleasurable sensations to come, but these will be leavened with substantial disciplinary experiences also.

"Enjoy your life!"

With those final, sardonic words, all sound again disappeared, leaving me in terror and dismay. *What* were they going to do to me next? As if I had not suffered terribly already, being locked into the incredible restraint system fitted to my body and limbs, yet they were going to do even more! I hated being kept constantly leashed, but what was even worse was that I was totally alone and even my feeding, breathing, and waste elimination were automated. Then, I remembered he'd said something about making more changes to my body and sexuality! Had they not done enough to me? I was still unable to accept the fact that I now possessed breasts, and that they and my imprisoned maleness served only as a additional means to torture me. What *more* could they do? My thoughts swirled disjointedly in a whirlpool of panic and horror while I hung helplessly in the Swing, waiting.

Then it started once more, but this time another element was included, making it even worse!

My breasts began to be suckled by the mechanical monstrosities imprisoning them at the same time as trilling electricity pulsed through the tender and swollen breast flesh. My nipples seemed to catch fire with the slowly increasing, rhythmical pulsing, and I gasped then howled with the shock of the still strange sensations that flooded my brain. At last milk was being drawn from me, but I still quaked with reaction to the electrical energy, but it became even worse when the first teasing shocks also began to be applied to my armoured and imprisoned penis, coursing slowly down the inner, corrugated rings and causing me to both thicken and lengthen within the tube! I instinctually pumped my hips, at first enjoying the pleasurable sensations, then, the penile tube *also* began a milking action! At first it shrank slightly in length and girth, squeezing and shortening my straining maleness as though I was

penetrating a vagina, then, it slowly lengthened and allowed the captive flesh within to expend and lengthen once more. The process was repeated, but this time a little more tightly and with about the same amount of lengthwise compression. The at-first gentle shocks rose in frequency, at the same time changing their pulse rate and penetration, and I bucked frantically in a desperate attempt to escape the incredible sensations. Of course, there was no way to manage any sort of avoidance and so I just dangled in mid-air, howling in near hysteria into my gag. All I could manage was a frantic flailing of my chained legs, fighting against the weight of the steel ball and Spanish Trapezoid, and pulling my arms maniacally against their chains and the separator bar between my wrists. Inside the thick, rigid tube my penis throbbed violently against its captivity and the skewering urethral tube within it and all the while, the simulated mechanical intercourse kept on and on and on! I couldn't stop the automatic shudders and pumping actions of my hips and lower body, for I had been denied any sort of sexual stimulation or satisfaction for such a long time, and at this point I didn't care about the spectacle I was making of myself.

A long sundering series of brilliant shocks suddenly cascaded from the electrode touching my prostate, through the length of my erection, and I screamed with a strength I didn't know I possessed, intensely feeling the gag pad and throat tube, frantic to escape! The shocks continued for what felt like hours, making me jerk and swing wildly in my chains, fighting desperately against my restraints to get at my body and remove the torturing things, but I *couldn't*! My erstwhile erection disappeared with the onset of the disciplinary shocks, and at the same time the ones to my breasts also stopped. I was left to swing in silence, coming slowly to a stop, and my gasping wails and shoulder shaking sobs slowly died away. I was left in a state of weeping frustration from being denied the orgasm I so desperately craved, but there was no way for me to attain *any* sort of relief.

I don't know how long I hung there before it started all over again, but this time the sensations came only from my crotch. My breasts weren't touched at the beginning of the process. In a minute my maleness was once more being mechanically assaulted and raped by the insidious machinery, quickly driving me once more to attempts to free myself or at least somehow escape the overwhelming, raping arousal. The process continued as it had the first time, and once more, near the point that I was ready to explode, it all stopped! This time my pleas were truly heartfelt, and I prayed I would pass out before any more of this type of terrible punishment was administered.

It was not to be.

Sometime around the fourth or fifth repetition, the whole thing became *far* too much for me to bear and I went utterly berserk, flinging myself wildly within my restraints. Little did I know, but in order to keep me conscious and heighten my sensations, the sensitising aerosol and oxygen component being fed into my breathing air had been increased. I remembered no more for the longest time, but finally awoke to find myself still hanging in mid-air, utterly helpless and totally exhausted, or so I thought.

A sperm sample was required, for the doctor wanted to see if I was indeed still fertile, and so the final session of the day began. It progressed as had the previous ones I'd been subjected to, but *this* time I was taken to the heights of a sexual explosion such as I had never experienced before. At the very zenith of my sensation-loaded experience, the contraction and expansion of the penis shaft liner was rapid and incredible. This combined with the teasing and arousing electrical stimulation flowing from my butt plug through my prostate and out along my throbbing, exploding member was totally indescribable. To add

even more to my experience; my breasts were also subjected to the arousing, throbbing electro-shock, *and* teasing suckling! It wasn't at all painful, and soon I was thrashing in my restraints; howling like a maddened animal ... which, truly, was what I had become. Added-in was a sudden series of throbbing pulses through my tongue! I gagged and convulsed, then all the sensations peaked into a fiery pillar and I zoomed into a Nirvana of a total body orgasm ... something I'd never experienced before. My entire being convulsed in a titanic series of shuddering shivers, and within the tube, my penis burned fiercely as the sperm was propelled along the vesicles and into the sucking and shrinking tube that encased it! I couldn't stop the wild screaming howl that tried to force itself past my gag, and twisted, jerking maniacally against my restraints, swinging erratically in my mid-air suspension bondage.

Again and again, my body erupted, hips pumping wildly within the restraining chastity belt while the penile tube sucked and squeezed my maleness with incredible frequency and strength. It kept on and on until I thought I'd die from the overload of sensation and I was driven to orgasm after orgasm until finally I suffered what the French call 'le petite mort' ... the little death, and passed out from the wild sensory ride.

The Doctor had obtained his sperm sample.

Dr Jannason

I observed Kelly being subjected to the first of many sperm extraction processes that would be required over the coming months. His behaviour was very close to the profile I thought would be the case, and at the termination of the experiment, his body provided a huge quantity of the sample I needed to study. Every five days for the next month, he would experience the same process, until a base line of data had been established for sperm count and motility. Although it would be a gloriously intense experience for him at first, (and in some ways I envied what he was experiencing in its totality) I felt pity for him. What he was going to go through would be far worse than the punishments any legal system could impose. He could not avoid or escape it, for the process was automatic and enacted by the computer. I'd decided that this time, he'd be informed of what was planned just before it happened, but there would be no pre-advisory for any of the following occasions that a sperm sample was needed. It would just happen, and for the next thirty days, he'd enjoy, for the most part, a glorious sexual marathon.

Over the following weeks I watched with interest while he was stimulated and taken to the peaks of arousal, always while held suspended in the Swing. His gyrations never failed to astound me for he reacted violently to the forced mechanical intercourse of the penile tube, learning truly that rape was nothing sexual, but a matter of power, control, and terror. He'd find out within a couple of months, that the sensations he was now being forced to endure were only *half* of the equation. Soon, he'd come to a whole new dimension of realization when he became the possessor of a functional vagina and clitoris, yet at the same time, retaining his male sexual equipment. The new female portions of his anatomy, as well as his breasts and nipples, would be used to arouse and stimulate him, sometimes separately, and sometimes in conjunction with the penile stimulation, and so he would be doubly raped.

Prior to this happening though, the SRS (sexual reassignment surgeries) would be done. The process would require that Kelly be fully anaesthetized then his current crotch piece and all of its associated equipment would be removed. At that point, the operations that would

take him into a full hermaphrodite existence would be performed and once healed, he'd be fitted with a new, fully functional, dual sex, chastity belt crotch piece. All the while Kelly would be kept completely unconscious and so, to him, his term in the restraint harness would be seamless. The new crotch appliance had already been created and bench tested, and now waited only to be fitted to him. Once it was fastened in place it would become a truly permanent fixture, to be worn for the remainder of his life. The fearsome device could and would be employed to sexually arouse, frustrate, control, and discipline him/her, as no other person on Earth had ever been, until now.

From that point on, once every fourteen days, he would be tested for sperm quality, and of course he'd continue to be milked all the while. That wasn't all though, for when Aruf Mahjalis transferred Kelly to my care, he'd insisted on the additional condition that he be continually punished for his curiosity. It was my feeling that Kelly was already being disciplined harshly enough, but Aruf insisted that further disciplinary measures were to be applied on a continuing basis. Kelly was to be subjected to frequent, long term, electrical penile and vaginal punishment and although it wouldn't harm him permanently, he'd certainly wish he'd never pursued his search, as if he didn't feel that way already.

Chapter Fourteen
Transformation Into An
Unwilling Hermaphrodite

Kelly

I wasn't really sane during the weeks that followed. Mixed in with all of the horrible things that occurred during the testing was the continual experience of being disciplined by the awful penis tube, many times simultaneously to being milked.

Each time it happened, and discipline was administered frequently, no matter what I was doing at the time, it drove me into screaming fits, whether I was chained down, suspended, fastened on the treadmill or rowing machine, or seated at the computer workstation. I always knew the discipline session was about to begin when small trickles of electricity started to pulse through my captive organ, making me lengthen, swell, and become increasingly sensitive within the tube. The feeling was indescribable. I knew by this point that there was no possible way for me to stop or avoid what was soon to come, and always just broke down into tears and silenced begging against my gag and throat tube while the shocks began to escalate. Sometimes, I'd be teased to arousal and kept that way for what seemed like hours then the true punishment would begin. The inner liner of the tube squeezed and suckled with increasing urgency and all the while the shocks grew stronger. I howled unashamedly, writhing and thrashing in my restraints, with my arms jerking against the cuffs and chains while I fruitlessly struggled to get my restricted hands and fingers near the penis tube to try and rip it from my crotch. My body reacted instinctually. On one hand my hips pumped and thrust to obtain gratification from the tube, and on the other, tried to escape, desperate to withdraw from the punishing and ultimately, frustrating, electrical stimulation. During the process, my breasts and nipples too would be teased and twitched with pulsing shocks then the butt plug would also be activated. When they assaulted me, rippling through the sensitive and demanding flesh, my climb toward orgasm always collapsed in screaming fits ... then the whole thing would start all over again!

The disciplinary sessions varied between two minutes and two hours in length, and always left me in a welter of tears and regret at my stupidity for investigating the disappearance of Delilah Mahjalis for that alone was what had landed me in my current life.

I fell asleep while hanging in the Swing, then came awake laying chained to my mat. For long moments I remained motionless, disoriented far more than usual, pulling fretfully against my restraints. I was, as always, enclosed in silence and could only look up at the white concrete ceiling through the narrow vision slits of my steel facemask. My fingers flexed against their splines and my arm muscles tensed against the separator bar and cuffs, but met only the usual immobility. It was then I jerked my legs and feet against the Spanish Trapezoid and felt low twinges of discomfort from my crotch area. It wasn't a bad sensation, but more one of low-level irritation, and I writhed gently within the confines of my chastity belt, feeling the tight tube that encased my penis, as well as the deep protrusion of the butt plug. However, there was now another weird sensation emanating from my lower abdomen! I couldn't fathom what the feeling was, for it felt like nothing I'd ever before experienced. Now, I possessed another area of extreme sensitivity down there and with each twitch and shudder of my belly muscles the sensations grew stronger and stronger while I became more fully aware.

Slowly, I came to realize that I had, as per the computer screen message of long ago, been anaesthetized for a long, long period and was just now being allowed to recover my senses. They had obviously done as they'd indicated, and now ... Oh God! ... I'd been made into a hermaphrodite!

I suddenly became much more conscious of my lower body and the messages it was sending to my brain, for, inside me, I felt a void that had never been there before, as well as feeling the increased button of sensitivity! Oh my God! I had a vagina! A gasping scream of horror at what had been done to me broke against my gag and throat tube, and I frenziedly fought my restraints, all the while knowing my body remained fully locked away from view and touch. I'd not be able to explore what had been done, but just had to live with the knowledge that it was there, locked away under the steel that imprisoned my crotch. I suppose the totality of the knowledge was too overwhelming and at that point and I fainted. When I next came awake, it was to find myself still fastened on the mat, but now much more aware of what had been done. Another unchecked wail tore up my blockaded throat, and my belly muscles tightened in anguish, only to feel the strangest sensation between my legs. Not only did the steel plate continue to press tightly up against my body, but now I felt its obdurate metal with two extremely sensitive, new lengths, where before there had been only pressure! Too, at the upper, undefined joining of these lengths I became frantically aware of a button of sensitivity that I had never before experienced. Oh my God! I had labia and a clitoris!

Although I wasn't aware of it, there was an inner plate on the female portion of the chastity piece, and through widely separated slits on it, my plump labia had been pulled, then firmly clamped. The fleshy lips had each been pierced and grommited seven times, and, after being pulled through the narrow slits, cross pins had been run through the wounds and locked into holes on the outer, raised ridges of the slits. Not only this had been done but each inner side of the labia slits was an electro-conductive surface. With the proper levels of electrical stimulation, they could be made to convulse and attempt to contract, pulling on the mounts holding them open on the plate! Of course higher levels of electro-shock would be deeply and intimately painful.

Other things had been done to the newest portions of my body beneath the steel covering. My clitoris had been cross-pierced, and an additional vertical piercing had been made so that a T of metal filled it. A small collar was clasped around the base of the fleshy, super sensitive nodule, and clamped over it was the base of a thick-walled, small, steel sphere, isolating it completely. Within the sphere, on opposite sides, were another two electrodes and these would be employed to tantalize, torture, and control me.

I struggled frantically against my restraint harness, desperate to somehow get at my armoured body, only to find that as usual, I couldn't do anything to touch my own flesh. I had been left to lie unfastened, and eventually managed to roll onto my side and slowly stand up. Red-faced and choking from the effect of the snug collar, I swayed back and forth, slowly recovering from the strenuous effort getting to my feet had required. For long moments I stood gasping, then slowly turned and walked as close to the cell's mirrors as my leashes would permit. Even though I'd become used to viewing the barren world of my cell through the thin slits in the steel panel fastened over my upper face, I still hated the idea that I was so restricted in what I could see. The reflection of myself in the mirror revealed a nearly unchanged vision of myself ... until I looked between my forced-apart thighs.

As usual, at the front of the gleaming steel crotch cover, the thick armoured tube that

encased and imprisoned my rampant manhood stood out from my body, but behind it, between my thighs, pointing straight down was another equally thick shaft! "*What the hell is that for?*" was the first thing that flashed through my mind then I realized, again, that I now had a vagina. "*Oh, Jesus Christ!*" I wailed inside my mind and struggled maniacally to get at the thick shaft. I realized that whatever it was there for did not bode well for my peace of mind, or pleasure. In the first instance I was absolutely correct, but in the second, only partially so. Pleasure could become pain, and vice versa, as I would find out ... in spades.

The shaft was not long enough to interfere with the separator bar between my tight thigh cuffs, and being rigidly attached to the crotch piece, there was no way for me to shift it. Tightly formed, narrow metal tubes were formed into its end, and along with a thick, rubber coated cable, went down its sides, then curved around its base to the back. Although I couldn't see them, these hoses and cables had been added into the umbilical already there and so I was ready for the next stage of being an experimental animal. Although I wasn't aware of it, modifications had been made to all of the dungeon facilities to accommodate my additional equipment.

During the next very long, lonely period I was slowly brought back to my regular schedule of life within the cell, working on the exercise equipment, at the computer station, and punished as scheduled before they'd modified me. The healing of all the surgical modifications took a long time and I almost forgot about the thing between my legs and the changes that had been wrought to my body. I was conscious of them only when I was forcibly aroused and began feeling the strange new sensations in my loins. My maleness continued to be subjected to electrical discipline, and all the while the cups fastened to my chest suckled me regularly, relieving me of the constant creation of milk by my breasts. Occasionally, as per the schedule, I was forced into sessions of multiple male orgasms and the sperm my body continued to create was checked, but those tests seemed to become fewer and fewer as time passed, leaving me in a deeply frustrated state much of the time. I absolutely hated being hung in the Swing, and my exercise times were totally draining. Other than those points of excitement in my life, it was utterly boring.

I tried to think of finding some way to kill myself: to escape the incredible life of bondage I was living, but the Restraint Harness was designed to be utterly efficient in preventing any sort of attempt. I couldn't stop eating or drinking for the stomach tube and computer ensured that I received all of the nutrition, fluids, and supplements my body required. Too, I was driven to exercise constantly, and so was kept in excellent physical condition, and thus able to withstand almost anything that was done to me. My mental state was another matter, for I was in complete despair of any escape; miserable and sexually frustrated almost to the point of idiocy. I no longer had *any* pretensions of male stoicism and spent endless hours weeping silently and unashamedly under my locked-on, steel face coverings. There was nothing I could do to free myself, nor to escape this terrible fate my curiosity had brought me to. Eventually, a message came up on the computer screen, and I shuddered anew, for these messages always meant something terrible was soon to be done to me.

TEST SUBJECT EA06M01: ADVISORY MESSAGE

- 01 - Upon release from Computer Work Station, proceed immediately to the Swing.
- 02 - Remain standing under the chains until fastened in place.

MESSAGE ENDS

A few moments later, I felt a series of small clicks, then stood on shaky legs and moved slowly away from the so-called seating arrangement. I walked over to stand under the three dangling chains with an awkward, spread-legged shuffle then stood quietly until one of the hooded guards came into the cell a long time later. He placed the step up blocks on the floor in front of my hooved boots then silently urged me to climb onto them, as always pulling harshly on my nose leash. "Oh Damn!" I screamed at him behind my gag, "Please! **Please stop!** You don't have to **do** that! I'll do whatever you want!" Of course he didn't hear a thing, for the huge plug and throat tube silenced me completely. A second later I stood trembling while he quickly fastened the chains at my waist and to the top of my head cage. The blocks slid easily from under my steel hoofs and he knelt down to clip a portion of the short leash from the steel ball to a floor ring. I'd be unable, now, to pull up my feet or bend my legs very much. As usual, he departed from the cell immediately after his duties had been performed, leaving me to hang there waiting in terrorized anticipation.

For the longest time nothing happened.

My nipples suddenly twitched to a powerful pulsing electrical current and I screamed madly, thrashing in mid-air while I attempted to pull my pinioned, wide spread and bar-separated hands up to my chest. The horrid shocks rippled freely through my super-sensitive nipples and breasts while I screamed again and again. Insidiously, a teasing throb came from the almost forgotten new centre of pleasure in my groin, making me twitch and writhe my hips spastically, trying to increase the wonderfully pleasurable sensation. I swung against the chains again, snapping them taut at every oscillation, and my legs strained mightily, trying to draw up or scissor together, only to be stopped when the chain to the centre of the ankle spreader bar snapped tight. No matter *what* I tried, both my hands and arms, and my legs were inescapably fastened. I shivered and quaked from the new sensations of pleasure and budding arousal, almost in ecstasy even after such a short time. I wanted to reach down and caress the extremely sensitive pleasure centre I'd been endowed with, but the crotch piece would have defeated me, even had my hands been free.

Beneath it my clitoris continued to be teased by the trickles of current, driving me further and further into a haze of powerfully erotic sensations. At first I revelled in them, aware that I'd never felt so intensely aroused in my life, and within the penile tube, my flesh swelled and lengthened against the firm restriction of the corrugated inner liner, ever deepening the skewering effect of the internal catheter. A wild cry of desperation to be satisfied corded my throat within its snug steel tube and all my muscles strained against their restraints, adding their own natural endorphins to the witch's brew of stimulants already flowing through my blood stream.

My breasts continued to tremble with the continual application of teasing shocks, but now these seemed to back off, while those to my newly discovered femininity grew fiercer! No matter how I writhed and twisted my hips and lower body against the tightly clamped chastity belt harness, the shocks could not be avoided! To my stunned mind, others begin to trickle through my captive labia! The muscles associated with them convulsed slowly, tugging gently but firmly on the anchoring piercings and I went into a paroxysm of squirming, fighting against the overwhelming restriction of my harness to somehow evade this intimate stirring.

The sensations were incredible and their intensity was unbelievably powerful. My vision began to fuzz out when my brain fell apart and I again danced in my chains like a crazed

puppet, screaming dementedly while struggling to somehow get at my armoured body. I don't know how long it went on, but at some point the feelings surpassed whatever overload level my brain could handle and I lost complete awareness. Eventually, my mind came back from where ever it had gone and I found myself *still* dangling there in midair, fully restrained, in the silent, sterile cell. Upon realizing that nothing had changed, I wept yet again under the steel panels, tugging fruitlessly at my bondage equipment.

It started once more!

I thought I'd go crazy while time after time, I was taken through the cycle of arousal, approach to orgasm, then torn out of my blissful state by the horrid, ripping shocks to my newest, sensitive area and tensioned breasts. At last, many hours later, the guard returned to the cell and I was freed for my next bout of enforced writing at the computer, then exercising on the machines. And so my schedule went.

Dr Jannason

Kelly came very close to insanity when he was first forced to experience the sensations his clitoris, labia, and nipples were capable of, both separately and in combination. Although he probably felt no difference in the cumulative effect, the strengths and durations of his experiences were reduced to levels he could more easily bear, for a short time.

For the next month he resumed his 'normal' schedule of activities in the cell, with a session of stimulation of his newest sensory flesh every second day. These areas of his body structure needed to be tested for responsiveness, but they could not all be done at once, for the internal surgeries still needed to heal fully, and I also wished to ensure that his mental state had reached the correct point before additional experiments and punishments began. It was also necessary to continue his milking, and of course his sperm samples were drawn regularly.

His strength and stamina improved remarkably thanks to the continued exercise regimen he had to complete, and as a consequence, his responses were incredibly strong and fast when he was under stimulation by the assorted equipment.

The time came when I wished to see the experiments carried out, and so examinations were made of his surgeries while he was completely knocked out and unaware of his temporary freedom. Everything had healed properly. As usual on the designated day, the guard treated him no differently than before, and so I watched the monitors with interest while Kelly was fastened in the Swing in preparation.

Of course, he had no idea what was about to happen.

Chapter Fifteen A Whole New Sensory Experience

Kelly

My nose burned for a long time after from the cruel tension the guard used to get me into the Swing, and I couldn't stop the resultant tears of both humiliation and response to the pain, but at least I was alone and could recover in peace ... or so I thought.

Life had become a dull routine, broken only by the periods of intense sensation that I now dreaded being forced to experience. No matter how good I felt when I *began* to be mechanically raped to supply sperm samples and the simple pleasure of feeling the milk being sucked from my engorged and sensitive breasts, by far the majority of the sensations I endured were incredibly frustrating, uncomfortable, and most times, intimately painful. I remained always frustrated by my inability to move freely, and continually cursed the day I'd met Delilah Mahjalis. And so, I hung in my chains and Restraint Harness in the sterile, silent chamber, wondering what was to come, both immediately and for the remainder of my life.

Surely, I'd not be left like this? The concept was too horrible to think of and I wanted out! I wanted to go back where I'd been before I met Delilah, and resume my quiet life in oblivion. Fate, however, had decreed otherwise, and so here I was, a secret prisoner and now a test animal in a hidden laboratory.

I don't know how long I waited, but I'd become used to it; occasionally tugging and straining to escape or ease my bonds to amuse myself, even though I knew there was no way to free myself. The guard had been cruel again; connecting chains from each inner staple of my ankle spreader bar to a deeply set, sturdy floor ring, but he'd left about fifteen cm of slack in them permitting me to draw my feet up and partially bend my also separated knees. There was a reason for this slack ... a cruel one.

The first thing I felt was a trill of electricity through my captive tongue, then my nose! I gagged and shivered from the sensations, desperate to spit out the huge pad that silenced me so effectively. At the same time, I wanted to reach up and scratch my shuddering nose, for the sensations made it itch intensely. I floated in a totally soundless place, unable to hear even my own voice, and so when the next set of stimuli were fed to my bulging and again super-sensitive breasts and nipples, my screams were never heard, even by me. It just got worse from that point. For the longest time, a feathering twitching of my nipples shuddered my bulbous breasts within their steel armour, making me twist and writhe uselessly in the harness to somehow either ease the sensations or accentuate them. Suddenly, other stimulations made me jump against the chains holding my ankle spreader loosely connected to the floor ring. An erotic nibbling seemed to envelope my sensitive, captive labia, somewhere down in my crotch! I shrieked with surprise and shock, leaping hard against the anchoring links, but it kept happening! My clitoris was assaulted by more of the pleasurable pulses, making me almost swoon with delight at how they rhythmically pushed me into a hazy world of sweating delirium while my nipples and breasts were also twitched in counter-point. The sensations were so wildly different and consuming that I could not stop the continual shudders that wracked my body and limbs, almost as though I were suffering an epileptic fit.

They were not quite too much to bear, but made me jerk and fight my restraints mindlessly, however, there was more, much more to come! The penis tube suddenly began

squeezing me gently and rhythmically, and after a minute or two I felt the corrugations along its length begin to slowly collapse, then lengthen deliciously! In effect, I was being massaged and delicately masturbated by the incredible device. Then tickles of mild electrical stimulation were fed from the butt plug/enema fitting, through my prostate, out along the length of the straining, blood engorged, and supersensitive pillar of flesh. I gasped at this incredible, multi-faceted state of arousal being forced upon me, and all the while, the electrical stimulation became stronger and stronger. By this point, I'd completely lost control of my reflexes and hung flailing mindlessly, striving frantically to achieve a release.

Then ... it happened!

Deep in my crotch, I felt a broad, bulletted head begin to press teasingly on the inner sides of my pinioned labia! It was a frightening thing to feel for the first time, but the thick, thrumming head pressed deeper yet! The sensation of something being slowly and inexorably driven up into my belly was indescribable and as a genetic male, I was terrified of what it felt like. While its penetration of my new vaginal canal continued, it entered another piece of my bondage fittings, one that I had until now, been unaware that I wore. This was a rigid, metal donut that had been sutured into the fleshy tunnel; placed there for precisely the purpose it now fulfilled – guiding the erotically vibrating shaft deeper and deeper into my body and at the same time, because of the grooves on its inner surface, making the huge dildo rotate slowly! Oh, *God!*

An unbidden howl of suddenly awakened sensory awareness tore up my throat while the thick shaft pressed relentlessly deeper! My hips and lower body, despite being thoroughly confined within the steel web of the chastity belt, began to thrust and pump madly, and to add even more to my wild, mind-blowing ride, at the same time my penis was suckled, squeezed, and shocked! The mix of sensory experiences was utterly incomprehensible! The dildo retreated, then was re-inserted deeper time after time, slowly increasing its tempo of penetration, vibrating fiercely and rotating all the while! Its reciprocation was eased by the lubricants of my own betraying body, as well as the stuff that was pumped from small vents along the dildo's sides, driving me slowly insane with the filling of its girth and length! Each time it sank into my body the actions of the penile tube also peaked! My breasts and nipples too began to receive more intense electrical stimulation and I could not stop the primeval screams of abandonment and ecstasy that attempted to tear from my soul.

All the while, I swung and jerked in my chains, tugging my hands and arms frenziedly, trying to pull up my feet and legs and cross them in automatic protection, but no part of the restraint network failed. My legs were kept vulnerably spread apart by the diabolical Spanish Trapezoid and could only make a partial bend before the floor chains snapped tight. Of course my wrist separator bar remained clamped firmly into its brackets on the cinch of my chastity belt, keeping my hands helplessly spread to either side and my elbows pulled in firmly to my body. Above, my inflated, sensitised breasts remained forced deep into their armouring cups and I could do nothing to enhance or escape the sensations that were being wrought from my brain and body. The restraint system ensured that I felt utterly vulnerable, as was its intent.

For the longest time the mind-boggling sensory experiences flooded my mind, then I felt a giant shudder pulse my maleness when a vast explosion of sperm jetted from me ... but that wasn't the end! Although I'd had the typical male climax, the dildo continued to be inserted and withdrawn, and I felt a different sort of orgasm beginning to approach!

The vibrator that pressed against my clitoral ball also began to buzz incessantly and this soon drove me *completely* mad, then, horribly, the dildo began to emit long tangles of pulsing, syncopated, electrical shocks with every penetration! At the same time, the other pulses zipped erratically from my prostate through my penis while the sheath kept sucking and pumping it! My vaginal lips shuddered against their pinions and I went utterly and totally crazy from the demonic mixture of these sensations; turning once more into a suspended puppet in the cell and cage that had become my home. A tidal wave of sensory delight gathered in my loins then swept up my body like a breaking wave! My breasts and nipples seemed to explode with its energy when the tsunami passed them then boiled into my brain. I knew no more after the first of a series of multiple female orgasms erupted deep in my psyche.

The only sounds within the chamber were the clattering of the chains attached to my restraints, all being frantically tugged to their limits while I mindlessly fought to escape the incredibly arousing sensations that were being forced into my mind. My awareness and coherence of thought had long since disappeared, leaving me only as a reacting, restrained ... thing. For the longest time I was lost to my surroundings, floating in a cloud of mind blowing silent arousal, despite the brainless screaming I tried to make.

Awareness slowly returned and I found myself staring fuzzily out through the narrow vision slits of my facial covering, to see only the tightly spaced bars of my cell, enfolded in a deep silence. The computer had, for the moment, ceased its teasing and torturing, and while I'd been unconscious, it had fed, hydrated, milked, enema'd, and washed me. I kicked experimentally and felt the short-chained freedom for my legs, then began to remember what had been done. It had been forcefully demonstrated to me that I now possessed a fully functional set of female genitalia, and so could easily be exploited because of that new fact of my life. As if to remind me of this vulnerability the thick headed dildo slowly re-inserted itself about half of its length, withdrew, then did it again and again and again. I screamed, horrified at the sensation, unable to escape the embarrassing penetration of my body, and once more tried to jerk my forcibly separated legs up and together. At last it stopped, leaving the still vibrating dildo fully inserted and for the longest time, I hung in despairing tears, gasping and humiliated.

A guard finally came and released me from the Swing, then with a casually cruel jerk on my nasal leash, drew me to my computer workstation once more and stood watching implacably while I sat and fastened myself in place. The events just past had drained me utterly, and even though I'd been allowed to rest, I was still lackadaisical and uncaring. I stared at the screen with nothing in my mind, until a vicious set of biting shocks pulsed through my breasts and armoured penis, commanding my attention. A wild scream of denial ripped from my soul and I stared up at the screen as a message began to scroll down.

TEST SUBJECT EA06M01: ADVISORY MESSAGE

- 01 - The Test Subject has now experienced its first session of combined sexual arousal, employing both male and female organs.
- 02 - Further evaluations will be carried out for the foreseeable future. The Test Subject is advised to mentally prepare itself for these sessions.
- 03 - Test Subject will receive additional nutrition and exercise to ensure optimum physical and mental condition.
- 04 - During future evaluation sessions, the Test Subject will continue to receive the

prescribed sensitising drug, administered as a component of breathing air, in combination with an increased portion of oxygen.

05 - Full awareness of the Test Subject is required at all times during these tests.

06 - Random evaluations will be performed while the Test Subject is secured on its mats, in the Swing, working at the computer, or while exercising.

07 - No advance warning will be given in the future.

MESSAGE ENDS

I stared at the words in terror while they continued to scroll slowly down the screen, trying to absorb the shattering thoughts that I was to be mechanically raped by the harness and restraints I'd been fitted with ... both as a female *and* a male!

My world had changed again.

I was both male and female in terms of sexual equipment, but I *still* had the mental landscape of a male. Now though, I knew the vulnerability females felt, for I not only had breasts, nipples, a clitoris, and a vagina, but they could all be tortured at any time by the things that were fastened both to and within them! To add even more to my quandary of terror, the symbol of my very maleness was also fully functional and imprisoned, and it *too* could be used to control and punish me! These realizations roiled my surface thoughts and awareness as well as my subconscious mind, and I knew I had been made into a truly freakish creature. *What* was to become of me?

Then, further instructions were delivered on the monitor, and I was informed that I must continue to write out this narrative.

Even while sitting at the computer workstation, I would slowly begin to sense the start of one of the incredibly awful sensory torture sessions, and all else would stop when the computer locked me down. I'd sit there screaming and weeping while being driven into spastic fits of trembling and writhing attempts to escape what was being done to my body and mind. It was even worse when it was done to me while exercising, and particularly while I was on the treadmill. I'd just collapse and hang twitching in the suspending safety chains, utterly unable to co-ordinate my movements, so strong were the sensations.

The more traditional occasions, when I was fastened on my sleeping mats, were mentally exhausting also, and during these mechanical rape sessions, my mind seemed to explode into its component atoms, for I remember very little of them, other than the first terrible minutes. I forgot where I was and just knew that I existed alone, harnessed and leashed within a sealed cell. My life could be defined at that point as being one of long periods of boredom, interspersed with periods of sheer terror and mindless arousal.

The guards seldom visited anymore and never was I permitted to hear anything but the piercing alert that required me to place myself for bondage, examination, or the terrible tests that were conducted. By now I'd become used to being gagged and vision restricted, but each time my nose leash was used I continued to suffer terribly. The oppressive silence that always enfolded me was a very hard to bear even though the ear plugs supplied 'white noise' to keep me from going insane.

At last, I was no longer tortured by the incredible devices fastened to my body, and my life returned to what it had been before the modifications to my body had been done. I don't have any idea of the length of time I was 'tested', but it was a long and gruelling period. The routine of writing, exercising and sleep was boringly repetitious, and I began to crave the release of the incredible orgasms, both male and female, that had been wrung from me,

despite also fearing them immensely. My milking schedule continued, but other than those automatic occurrences, I was held in a vacuum of sensory awareness. That's not strictly true, for I was always aware of my harness, leashes, and other restraints, but I had more or less come to accept them as a part of my existence, even though occasionally fighting fretfully against their constant limitation – but of course nothing changed.

I continued to write constantly, for that was truly the only recreation and solace I was permitted, and so over the ensuing months and years, this tale has taken form and substance. Is it believable to those in the outer world? Probably not, yet here I am, living it.

Then, one day while I hung writhing in the swing, my earplugs crackled with a different note, and the almost forgotten sound of the doctor's voice came on.

Chapter Sixteen
A Change Of Scene –
Transported To The Harem

Dr Jannason

“Good evening, Test Subject EA06M01.

“It’s been a long time since you were last spoken to, but you should know that your life may soon change once more; perhaps for the better, perhaps for the worse.

“Over the past couple of years, you have supplied a wealth of information, thanks to the strenuous testing and evaluation programmes you’ve been subjected to and, thanks to you, we have created and improved most aspects of the harness you wear. Many have been sold and fitted, thanks to the data we’ve gathered. However, those matters are of no concern to you.

“Your usefulness to me and the testing programme has come to an end EA06M01. This being the case, we are left with only a few options. Of course you could be disposed of quite easily, but much time, energy, and money has been expended making you into what you are now and keeping you a prisoner so I don’t wish to see it wasted. Another option is to just leave you as you are now, in the total care of the computer, in a sealed storage cell, but I don’t truly like that idea either.

“Aruf Mahjalis specified you were never to be freed, and I am in concurrence with his desire, so that has left me in somewhat of a quandary, until just recently. As matters have evolved, an associate of his has learned about you and contacted me. I’ve explained your situation to him and we’ve arrived at what appears to be the ideal solution for the both of us.”

He hung motionless while I spoke. Until now, I’d only explained and commanded him minimally.

“Within the next couple of days, you will be visited by the gentleman concerned. At that time, you will be ... ah ... put through your paces, so to speak and if he is satisfied by what he sees you will be transported to his home shortly thereafter. Of course, you will not be aware of the move having been made until you awaken there.

“It is my understanding that you will enjoy a specialized role in his household, and that much of your current isolation will disappear, if you are accepted. However, your restraints, silence and security will remain as good, if not better than they are now. For the moment, EA06M01, that’s all.”

I was quite confident that Kelly would soon be on his way and so had the Shipping Department prepare a container for him. These Prisoner Transportation Containers (PTC’s) weren’t just crude crates though, but purpose-built containers that embodied the prime concept of all my creations: total prisoner security at all times. The PTC’s resembled over-sized, streamlined, car top ski carriers, but within each one, the arrangements for restraining the prisoner were pervasive. Each occupant was partially anaesthetized before being placed in the device, then they were positioned on the lower pad and the built in chains, welded to the frame of the PTC were locked and tightened to the prisoner’s restraint harness, rendering them immobile. Each container had a ten cm liner of high absorbency sound insulating foam rubber, and in addition after the prisoner was fastened, a foam cut-out of their body was fitted around their bodies. An air mask and feeding/watering hoses were

fitted then connections were made for their sanitary requirements while in transit and connected to their reservoirs. Next, the electrical connections were made for their discipline equipment, for each prisoner would, during their journey to their new homes, begin to receive the punishment that their owners had decided they must suffer.

The last thing to be added was the upper covering pad and this was designed to conform exactly to the body shape of the prisoner, being slightly too large for the space remaining in the PTC. When the lid was clamped closed, it was compressed and kept the prisoner even more fully aware of their cocooning. The cover would then be clamped into position and locked closed, hermetically sealing the prisoner away from the outer world, ready for transportation.

They would awaken sometime in their trip, to find themselves fastened within the black nothingness of their PTC, and when the monitors detected their state of wakefulness, their punishment would begin. Being gagged and so thoroughly immobilized, no noise would escape the sealed container, and so they would proceed to their new lives, no doubt screaming pitifully for forgiveness and release.

With the work for the day done, I made an inspection of the entire facility to ensure all was in readiness for the demonstrations for my visitors. They wanted to see everything: the induction cells, hospital area, holding and testing cells, fabrication facilities and the shipping area. I wanted to make the best impression and so my staff had been hard at work preparing and had striven to bring the entire place to its best appearance.

That evening I retired to my suite and ordered one of my personal entertainment women be brought. It was a long and enjoyable time, for me at least, employing her skilled tongue and entrammelled body. I'd set aside some time for my guests to be fully briefed on Kelly, his equipment and its capabilities and that would take a couple of hours, then over the following day they'd observe while he used his computer station, exercised, and was milked. Naturally, he'd also suffer the simultaneous bi-sexual raping by his equipment when a sperm sample was drawn and I was quite sure that the Sheikh would be impressed with what he saw. As a consequence Kelly would soon become a resident at his home.

I spent the balance of the day doing all of the usual work my enterprise required and ensuring that the other arrangements for their visit were completed. At the moment, the complex was home to some fifteen women, these aged between twenty-five and forty-nine, as well as three males, all being tested in their new Restraint Uniforms. The males were all quite young, between nineteen and twenty-six years of age, and all were scheduled for the full transition Kelly had gone through.

The next morning at 10:00 both Aruf and Sheik Al-Marrish arrived by air. I awaited their arrival, sitting in the shade of a high wall on the roof top helicopter-pad. The control room had notified me a few minutes before that the pilot had radioed for permission to land and our radar had confirmed the approach. To the southeast, the dot of the machine grew larger and larger, then with a whistling roar of the engine and walloping of its blades, the aircraft settled onto the roof. The rotor spun down and the door slid back, then the two occupants of the passenger cabin climbed out and walked toward me. I met them half way and we shook hands.

"Good morning, Aruf and your Highness. Welcome to my small enterprise."

"Ah Doctor!" Aruf smiled, grasping my hand warmly, "It is very good to see you again! I have the honour to introduce you to Sheikh Al-Marrish."

"Good morning Doctor!" a deep voice greeted me. "It is a pleasure to at last meet you

in person.”

The Sheikh was a strikingly handsome man somewhat over six feet in height and whipcord thin, emanating an aura of both physical power and mental agility through his intelligent and all-seeing grey eyes. I liked him immediately for his courtly manners and obvious sense of where he was in the world. It was clear from his well cut but plain clothing that he disliked pretence and ostentation. We continued speaking while entering the building, and proceeded to the lounge for some light refreshments before beginning the orientation talk and the tour of the facility.

Two days previously, Aruf had been kind enough to send a half dozen of his staff and ten of his well-protected harem to cater the visit. The girls had arrived sealed in their PTC's and once extracted they'd been kept in holding cells. Now, they all awaited their instructions, standing along the wall. Each woman wore a full set of harem restraints and chains, as well as being leashed, but to prevent them from seeing or hearing anything sensitive, my own staff had equipped them with a sensory restraint helmet. These devices were full, thick rubber devices with very thin, remotely controllable vision limiting slits in the eye ports, and were fitted with heavy, sound deadening domes over their ears. Combined with the feeding gags they already wore, these women were totally controllable and easily maintained. They were guided in their tasks by one of my overseers, he instructing them by means of the ear plug/hearing aids locked into their ears under the sound deadening domes. and were permitted sight only when performing a task. At all other times they were kept blind and other than when being commanded, they heard only the quiet hissing of meaningless 'white noise'. Already gagged, my staff had only to connect their feeding hoses once they were in their individual cells, and so the details of their maintenance were alleviated. Apparently, for this group of females, being fully gagged was the usual state of affairs in their lives, and so they stood silently, awaiting their orders to serve.

We spent the next two hours discussing my projects and work then got more deeply into the reason they'd come to call.

“Dr Jannason,” the Sheik rumbled, “although I have no compelling reason to acquire your test subject, the results of your work are impressive and unique enough that I wish to have the subject, as, if nothing else, an example of a truly interesting technology. Of course, I'll probably find some practical use for it along the way, and Aruf,” he continued, turning to him, “I can assure you that the security and discipline you require will be fully maintained.”

“There is no way that EA06M01 will ever escape, nor will it be capable of communicating with the outer world,” I commented then fully described his mouth and tongue jewellery.

“Your Highness,” Aruf replied, “I've had the pleasure of being a guest in your home, and have no concerns in regard to the former Mr. Hanson's imprisonment. My interest here is basically only a peripheral one, and if you and the good Doctor reach an agreement, then I certainly have no objections.” He smiled at us both.

We spent a few more moments discussing the details then I discretely signalled my overseer to have the women serve us a meal and refreshments. In seconds, the sounds of softly clashing chains washed through the room when the helmeted and restrained females began to bring the food and drink. Of course their movements were strictly limited by their restraints and the chain tethers to the backs of their collars slowed them down considerably, but most managed their tasks well. My overseer micro-managed their movements; his commands to each woman drilling into her ears through the locked-in ear plugs. We, of

course, heard none of them, but the women *couldn't* ignore the demands he made. At one point the clatter of a dropped tray interrupted our talk. We all turned to look at the young woman who'd done it and she immediately stood straight, then turned and walked to the wall. Once there, she knelt facing us, erect on her spread knees. A silent guard came into the room, went to her, and shortened her wall leash until she was compelled to maintain that posture. Satisfied with its now minimal length, he next affixed her hands to the sides of her chastity belt's waist cinch and left the room. For a few seconds we returned to our discussion, but it lasted only until the sound of violently tugged-at chains interrupted us.

As one, we turned again to look at the source of the sound and saw that the now tightly chained slave girl was twisting her body and shaking herself, pulling violently at her fastenings in denial of what was being done to her. Her cuffed and chained hands jerked over her hips, striving at one moment to get at her armoured crotch, and at others to reach up and somehow hold her steel encased breasts. She flung her head about wildly against the restriction of her high, thick steel collar, but no sound emerged from within the thick rubber casque encasing her head. For some minutes we watched with interest while she fought her bonds with increasing desperation and vigour, then she collapsed against the wall, kept from falling over by the taunt chain to the back of her collar. She'd not choke, thanks to its width and rigidity, but she'd remain fastened as she was until taken to her cell. We all knew she had been severely disciplined, as was common practice for a female in her role.

The meal was uninterrupted otherwise, and for the next two hours we enjoyed the food and having it served by the restrained women. In truth, my own staff could have been used, but we all enjoyed the 'eye candy' of being served by the chained and silenced females. At last we'd eaten and drunk enough and I escorted my guests to the building and cell in which EA06M01 was imprisoned. I'd ensured that additional refreshments and comfortable seating were available in the anteroom and so we sat watching with interest when the accelerated schedule unfolded. The next hours proved to be of deep interest to both Aruf and the Sheikh for although they had by now both seen videos of the events that transpired in the cell, seeing it first hand was something distinctly different. Too, they'd read his autobiography so far, and understood a little of what he was going through and experiencing, but now, to see it all actually happening was an education in itself.

EA06M01 could finally take no more and collapsed into unconsciousness, hanging twitching in chained suspension. We left the cell and returned to the lounge then spent the balance of the evening talking of world events and the things that affected us. The next morning, I took them to see the prisoner again, and we once more observed while the various programs were carried out. Most of the day was taken up by these processes but in the late afternoon the Sheikh stood and turned to me.

"Doctor," he said turning to me with a smile, "I wish to have this creature, EA06M01, in my possession at the earliest opportunity. We can finalize the details immediately.

"I'm very impressed with your arrangements for your test subject, and how thoroughly and easily it can be stimulated, disciplined, and controlled."

We left the sterile again silent chamber shortly thereafter, and within the hour had made the arrangements to have the former Kelly Hanson transferred to the Sheikh's residence. Their helicopter departed early in the evening and I returned to my suite of rooms and waiting woman, happy with the way the entire visit had gone and the results that had been achieved. Kelly would be on the way to his new home within 72 hours. I'd changed my mind and decided that he would remain fully aware, and able to see and experience *all* of his

transportation arrangements.

Kelly

The next experiences I was subjected to started slowly enough, but rapidly increased in their intensity and variety. First, my vision snapped out like a blown candle, then total soundlessness enveloped me, not even the unnoticeable white noise being permitted, then long horror-filled moments later, I was driven to a maddening, simultaneous series of orgasms, being milked, and having the sperm sample forcibly taken from me, all at the same time! It nearly drove me to insanity while I was both thrusting into the tube, and at the same time being transfixed by the long, thick, vibrating and electrically pulsating dildo. My bulging, armoured breasts seemed to develop a twitching life of their own within their cups, nipples throbbing while the milk was sucked out around the embedded steel. Of course I could not remain silent even though deeply gagged, and automatically and instinctually howled out my symphony of both pleasure and distress while it all happened. I struggled demonically against my harness and chains, and, as usual, found that I was unable to escape what was being done to me in the slightest degree. The sensations proved to be entirely too much to withstand and eventually I was catapulted into unconsciousness, screaming hysterically all the while.

When I finally returned to awareness, I still hung in the Swing, moving slowly back and forth and finally, a long, boring time, later felt myself fed and cleansed. More glacial hours passed, but then my vision was restored and I saw that a pair of guards had entered the cell. It was the first time in months that more than one of the hooded, masked, and gloved men had been here, but what got my undivided attention was the large, thick, long, and wide aluminium case they wheeled into position before me. I was kept in my world of utter silence while they opened and prepared it, and knew instinctively that I was soon to be placed inside.

Half of the thick-walled device was detached and moved away and what was revealed was a cavernous interior, but one lined with a deep, thick foam into which was set a depression that would fit around me, exactly as I was now! One of the guards moved forward then and tightened the chain from the centre of my ankle separator bar to the floor ring so that I was strung bow tight between the floor and ceiling. He moved back to one side of the case while at the same time his associate moved to the other side then both grasped handles and slowly moved the open half toward me. When it came closer I saw the foam lining was a deep grey in colour, and was able to make out some interior details before it swallowed me. My view of the outer world disappeared. I suppose at some point when I was unconscious, they had taken a mould of my body, for I fit exactly into the depression. Actually, it was a trifle too small and I felt the guards twisting and pushing the case to get me settled more deeply into the half mould of my body, yet still I remained suspended in the awful swing, unable to avoid being entombed!

I felt the vibrations on my harness when they connected the suspending chain from the centre of the Swing to an internal latching system within the shipping case, then did the same with the chain from my ankle separator. Something else was locked to my cinch, then my wrist and ankle cuffs. All were drawn tight and only later did I find that they had in fact used what are known as 'bottle screws' or turn buckles to hold me immovable on the side axis. Behind, they disconnected the umbilicals that controlled, fed, cleaned, and disciplined me with such casual, computerized cruelty, and connected them to the internal systems of

the shipping container. Once satisfied that all the of these were secure, they moved to the other half of the case and again slowly and carefully, moved it toward the part I was already fastened into, face down. I suppose it was quite a sight to see the shiny steel bands, chains, and other restraints imprisoning my light-skinned body, in contrast to the deep grey of the foam liner, but that vision was soon gone. My fingers and eyes were the only things I could move, and even they were deeply restricted. The other half of the mould slowly began to engulf me, then the guards pressed harder and harder until it had swallowed me completely. Still though, the case was not closed fully.

On the outside, they had slipped four, ten cm wide web bands around the two halves; each with a ratchet on it. I felt the pressure of the foam liner grow firmer and firmer all over my exposed skin when they cranked the ratchets in sequence, and had it not been for the respirator pumping air into my lungs, I doubt that I'd have been able to breathe at all, so tightly was I held. I could feel, see, and hear absolutely nothing, and even though I'd lived as a bound and helpless slave for a long, long time now, this over-all bondage was frightening. Of course I couldn't see what was done on the outside, but they had ensured that all of the edges of the shipping crate had mated properly and deeply into each other, then a whole series of high security latches were closed, all around the joint, and locked securely. Little did I know, but if I was to have been placed in long term storage, this is how I would have been kept for years and years!

I was ready to be transported.

Although I could sense nothing of the outer world, the delicate mechanisms of the semi-circular canals in my inner ears told me that I was being moved. A long time followed when I sensed what seemed to be erratic shifting, then came another extended period of nothingness. Sealed within the airtight PTC, I whimpered with terror at what was happening then suddenly, within the blank nothingness of my world, I felt the huge dildo begin to assault my restrained and utterly helpless body! I wailed with the sensation of again being raped by it; feeling the thick shaft sink slowly, inexorably, and deeply into my body, then withdraw, again and again and again. My manhood was suckled and squeezed remorselessly by the torturing penile tube then a strong pulsating vacuum also began to tug at my breasts and nipples! Before, I had been at least able to struggle a little when this happened, but now I was held totally motionless while being raped and tortured so mercilessly.

Teasing and stirring shocks began to cascade through my blood engorged, dual genitals and breasts, and it was the most intense sensory denial and selective stimulation I had yet experienced. I cared not anymore that I was being taken to a fate I had no comprehension of, and lived only in the sightless, silent, unmoving world of my bondage. As before, again and again, I was taken near to the summit of an orgasm, only to be denied it, until finally I could take no more and fainted in a whirling vortex of sexual release and howling denial of my fate as a lifetime slave to my modified, confined body and mind.

Outside my container, it now lashed to the floor of the large freight helicopter, the sere, sun blasted mountains of the Middle East passed quickly under the whirling blades, bringing me closer and closer to my new home. No longer would I live in a hidden mountain vastness, but soon would be a resident in the secure residence of the Sheikh Al-Marrish. Never in my wildest dreams had I thought that such a place as I had just come from existed, or that there were palaces of the kind I was being taken to, to say nothing of the state of the women held in them as slaves, concubines, and harem wives!

Of course I was unaware of being transported to the harem of the Sheikh or our

eventual arrival at my new home, for within my shipping container, I was still unconscious from the exhausting series of hellish arousals that had been forced upon me during the six hours it had taken to get here. I was removed from my shipping case and hung in a display cage in one of the harem modules. Quite thorough preparations had been made for my arrival, and without knowing it, I was soon leashed as I had been before, and all of the umbilicals that governed my life so thoroughly were reconnected. I was left in peace for the next eight hours, allowed to regain my strength.

Chapter Seventeen

Arrival and Revelation

Kelly

When I finally awakened, it was to find myself hanging in the Swing, as I had been when I was placed in the case. Now however, when I stared out through the vision slits, I saw (through the usual wall of tightly spaced bars) that a dozen beautiful young women were staring in at me. I was so glad to see other human beings after being kept in solitary and sterile confinement that at first I just ignored how they were accoutred. The chain from my ankle spreader to the floor had been lengthened, allowing me to swing in short arcs and they watched closely while I tried to make signs of greeting.

It was then that I saw that they all wore a 'uniform' of sorts. Each woman had a wide, shiny, steel collar tightly fastened around her neck, to the back of which was attached a long, gleaming chain leading to a wall fitting. Like me, they also wore a complete set of substantial steel restraints; these affixed around their upper arms, wrists, mid-thighs, and ankles, and their ensembles were similar to the one I had been fitted with. All were thoroughly gagged with their lower faces covered by wide, snugly formed, shiny devices that cupped their chins and at the very front, at the position of their mouths I could barely make out some sort of plumbing socket. The wide straps passed completely around their heads and locked at the back and to their collars.

Each bounteous body was also fitted with a snugly imprisoning steel bra, and these articles of attire were not designed for support or display, but specifically to isolate their breasts from the women to whom they belonged. However, even though the harnessing of the bra was non-removable, their isolating cups could be unlocked to allow their owner access to their breasts, if he so desired. The female wearer was not permitted the possibility of stimulating herself.

Hardly to my surprise, I also saw each had also been fitted with a secure, stainless steel chastity belt. Four of the young women who stood staring silently at me also wore thick, long shafts mounted to their crotch straps, deep between their thighs. While I watched, I saw when they moved carefully around each other, that these shafts were not completely rigid, but wagged back and forth in short, restrained arcs between their legs, constantly reminding the wearers of their presence. Without any visible proof I *knew* these were somehow connected to internal dildos and that they were worn as a means of punishment. From the tip of each ankle length bar, short hobble chains went to their ankle cuffs, and as well, another leash chain led away behind them. *Every* woman's wrists were connected to the sides of her waist cinch by abbreviated chains, and the cuffs above their elbows had short lengths attached that led to a central ring on the backs of their bra's chest band, secured by a heavy lock. Some of them had their upper arms pulled in harshly behind by shortened chains, yet others were allowed the full lengths. I noticed though, that one of the women had had her arms twisted and bent up behind her so that her wrists resided between her shoulder blades. It must have been a horribly uncomfortable thing to endure! Little did I know it, but she had been thus confined since her arrival at this place, and had long ago lost all feeling in her upper limbs. Her wrist cuffs, once her arms had been placed up behind her, had been rigidly joined to each other, then also connected to a strap descending from the back of her collar. This descended and was connected to the centre of the back of her chest

band, then further along was a short cross strap to which her elbow cuffs had been latched! The vertical strap terminated with a connection to the waistband of her chastity belt. Effectively, she was held in a rigidly upright and braced posture, utterly helpless and vulnerable, and with no possibility of escape from her bondage. How she felt about being so utterly dependent and vulnerable was unknown, thanks to her gag, and the terrible things it concealed within her mouth.

All females were denied complete freedom of movement of their arms. Certainly, most could touch their armoured breasts and crotches and they would be able to feed themselves if permitted to plug a feeding or watering hose into their gags, but the chains were too short to allow them to hold fully onto another person.

On closer inspection, a difficult thing for me, I saw they each also had substantial piercings and jewellery mounted in their flesh. The most prominent was their nose jewellery, the same as I had been fitted with. Apparently, the Sheikh liked the appearance and functionality of what I wore, and all females in the Palace had been required to undergo the process of being fitted with this most controlling hardware, with its attendant fifty cm leash and bell. I was unaware, but every one of them also had a series of deep, permanent rings mounted in the other sensitive parts of their anatomies and all were controlled and disciplined by the dildos and breast cups locked onto and into their bodies.

The arrival of an important personage was apparent when the young women observing me retreated from the bars.

A beautiful, regal, more mature woman appeared in my arc of vision, then immediately following her, a tall, ebony skinned guard controlling the two leashes she was a captive of: one to the back of her collar and the other to the tip of the ankle length shaft between her legs, projecting rigidly down from her steel armoured crotch. Unlike the younger women I'd seen so far, she was dressed in the classical harem pantaloons, tightly fitted, bolero style jacket, and was ungagged. Her restraints shone brilliantly, their stainless steel thickly covered in gold and adorned with constellations of gleaming, multi-coloured gems. Nevertheless, she too was collared, leashed, chastity belted, wore one of the snug imprisoning bras, cuffed, imprisoned and controlled by a secure ensemble of strictly limiting chains. Her short hobbles jerked strongly at the thick shaft when she walked, as did the swinging leash, but she seemed to pay little attention to the sensations she was forced to experience. A moment later, a tall, imposing man came into my field of view and those of the harem girls that could manage it backed away then sank to their knees and touched their foreheads to the tiled floor. The woman, her Leash Master and the man came to stand before me beyond the bars. My hearing came on.

"Welcome to my home, EA06M01," he rumbled. "You have been obtained to provide a deal of encouragement to my wives and to show them what their fate *could* be, should they misbehave or displease me greatly. At the moment, you are on display for my Level Three Wives, and in due course, you will be moved to the Level Two Area, then to Level One.

"During your time in each area, you will, of course, be ... ah ... put through your paces while they observe, and of course, they will be informed of what is being done to you by means of a running commentary.

"Eventually, you will become a permanent display, the star of a number of Discipline Slaves I own, for you are truly unique. The good doctor has ensured that you are in the best of physical condition, and he has also informed me that you have been required to maintain a detailed diary. You will be exercised as you have been until now and continue to write your

autobiography. Of course your milking, sperm sampling, and arousals will also be maintained as in the past, and so there will be no great changes to your life as it is now constituted.

“However, the one major change is that you are now allowed the company of other people, something which has been forbidden to this point. I’m sure you’ll appreciate their presence, although you will remain unable to communicate with them in your own voice. The arrangement for your feeding works exceedingly well, and so you will remain permanently gagged and intubated for the foreseeable future. Of course none of your restraints or chains will be removed, and your Uniform will remain precisely as it is, for, after all, you *are* still being punished.

“In the meantime, Lady Janice, my Head Wife,” he gestured to the older woman standing regally leashed beside him, “will be your mentor and decide when and how you will be displayed, as well as determining your discipline and display schedules.”

I hung unmoving, listening carefully to how my new life was being delineated. There wasn’t any way for me to be able to change what was to come, but I was grateful to be allowed to at last have some human contact. He continued.

“You will be treated as kindly as circumstances allow, EA06M01, but your punishments *will* continue as Aruf has specified. I’m sure you feel unjustly used and abused, but life in this part of the planet is somewhat harsher and more difficult than where you were born.

“I shall leave you in the care of Lady Janice.”

With that, he turned in a swirl of traditional robes and strode from the chamber. I could not turn myself to see him depart and so stared at the slightly smiling, partially dressed and chained woman beyond the bars in front of me. It was obvious that the Sheikh wished to ensure that *none* of his women, even the highest and most trusted amongst them, was to be permitted access to her own body, and thus always provide for him a sexually starved and simmering female, whoever amongst them it might be. Lady Janice moved closer to the bars separating us, tugging peremptorily at her leashes, and stared at my Restraint Harness intently for long minutes, studying it with narrowed, assessing eyes. I saw that she too bore facial piercings, her jewellery being thickly gold plated stainless steel, and so even heavier. It was obvious from the way her expressions were limited by the piercings that they were far from comfortable, but they were only a small part of the price she paid to be the Head Wife. Seven delicate rings adorned each of her lips, with slightly thicker U’s entering the corners of her mouth, then emerging through her cheeks nearly a cm away. When she opened her mouth to speak, I saw she also bore a set of the tongue rings that had been fitted to me, as well as a set of four thick posts and balls.

“And so you were a nosey little boy, once upon a time?” she asked in a pleasant, English, contralto voice that was music to my ears after so many months of nothing but silence and piercing alert sounds. She spoke with a cultured British accent, although her speech was quite distorted by the mouth jewellery. “It would seem that your world has changed dramatically, EA06M01? But certainly not for the better, in your view, I’m sure!” A wistful smile curled her ringed, full lips and she toyed unconsciously with her wrist chains.

“No matter though! You are here now, and must live with your fate as best you can, and that is all that can be said. Let me assure you that there is absolutely no possible way of escaping from this Palace, as was most certainly the case where you came from. You can see,” she gestured at herself, “even *I*, despite enjoying a position of some influence here, am held a prisoner as securely as is possible.

“I am a woman, as are you, at least partially, now and so must be kept under lock and

key. I have come to accept my fate, whether I wish it or not. Now, I can no longer escape into the world beyond these walls, for I have irrevocably committed myself to this life upon signing my last contract with His Majesty.

“You see, EA06M01,” she again smiled with what looked like regret, “I *volunteered* to be a harem wife some twenty years ago, and now it is my entire life. You, on the other hand, have become what you are through being entirely too curious about what happens in this part of the world, and it has come back to bite you ... quite severely, I might observe.

“At any rate ... I do so prattle on!” she smiled to herself, kicking unconsciously at her short hobble chains, reassuring herself that she was indeed held intimately captive by them. “You will remain here for a fortnight to show the our Level Three Wives what can happen to them if they misbehave. No doubt you will find your stay to be as entertaining as they, although somewhat more intensely so, I would imagine!

“After that, as His Majesty has indicated, you will be moved up through the various levels of the harem, and provide the same enlightening spectacle to each of the young women in residence.”

Her lips curved again into a gentle smile, then her body shuddered and her mouth opened with a gasp of unknown sensation. I watched, fascinated, while her diaphanously clad thighs writhed against the thick shaft between them, shifting her full and deliciously curved wide hips in a hula like motion. Her hands darted to her crotch, clawing for a moment at the gold and gem encrusted steel that armoured it, then she closed her eyes and clenched her teeth, hissing between them from the effects of something that was being done to her vulnerable body. Tears suddenly spilled from the corners of her clenched shut eyes and she shuddered violently, hips still writhing instinctually, and, as a consequence, bouncing on the tip of the long bar between her beautiful legs forcefully on the marble floor and I knew she was somehow being forcibly stimulated or disciplined by her Uniform. A moment later, she returned from whence she had been driven, and slowly straightened. I watched with fascination while her trembling hands unthinkingly still clawed at her steel girdle, then her eyes opened and she looked at me again, somewhat frazzled.

“You see,” she said dazedly, “even *I* am not above being controlled and randomly punished by His Majesty or the computer. It’s quite terrible and inescapable, as you are aware.

“Now ... where was I? Oh yes. After you’ve been through your display cycle, and it will be repeated on a yearly basis, you will then become a Discipline Slave for His Majesty, as he has stated. You may anticipate quite an exciting life I assure you; but you are only one of a half dozen who now fill this role.

“However, that is not truly of interest to you, for the moment. Within this cage are all the necessary things needed for your maintenance, and this arrangement has been duplicated in other areas of the Palace.

“For the moment, EA06M01, that is all. The guard will be along soon after I depart to release you from your suspension apparatus, then you will resume your life as best you can.

“I *will* see you again, soon.”

With that said, she turned on her high heeled, steel shoes (they were locked onto her feet), and strode from my view, once more tugging firmly at her leashes to signal the mute black giant who held them in his hands. When she’d left, the other occupants of the module again pressed more closely against the bars, staring fearfully at me. I could make no human contact with them, other than to swing silently in my chains and so my thoughts turned to all

that the Sheikh and his Head Wife had said.

In truth, I was not much better off than I had been. The only difference, as had been stated, was that other humans could now be near me and I could see them as living, breathing people. They were as hopelessly imprisoned as I, and it made no difference to my situation, providing only cold comfort at best. Lady Janice, was, if anything, apparently even more under the control of the Sheikh, always held on her twin, secure leashes by the silent black giant who watched and controlled her every movement. She though had had *twenty years* to grow accustomed to her fate! I didn't think I'd last that long, let alone another twenty months! I'd be used and abused by the terrible programs that ensured I was automatically punished to the very maximum I could withstand, then pushed far beyond those limits into temporary oblivion.

I forgot about the young women who continued to inspect me through the bars of my cage, and sank into a morass of self pity all the while tugging fruitlessly against my restraints. For the longest time I hung almost motionless, occasionally stirred into frenetic thrashings by bursts of syncopated stimulation from the electrical appliances attached to and embedded within my body. The young women uneasily watched my hysterical, restricted movements when it happened, and heard the clashing and clattering of my chains, yet all the while, I heard nothing but utter silence, and remained incapable of uttering any kind of sound.

Eventually, I was released from the Swing, and allowed to resume my regular schedule, but now, my days and nights were clearly defined, whereas before, being kept in the constantly lit cell, I had never known what the time of day was. Still though, I was ignorant of the date and year! No clocks or calendars of any kind were permitted in the harem.

The first two weeks passed relatively quickly. Each night I was hung in the Swing, and in the morning taken down and forced to execute the tasks given me via the earplugs. These commands were the only sounds I was permitted to hear, but now, rather than the harsh, computerized, male voice, Lady Janice's cultured British accent issued the directives. During the course of that fortnight, and, as would be the case for the following four weeks, I was disciplined/stimulated every second day while the women of that section of the harem watched; all with terror writ large on their faces; knowing they could easily be confined as I was within the strict harness and made to suffer as did. On the evening of the fourteenth day, Lady Janice appeared in the Harem module, as always under the control of her ever present, black Leash Master.

"Good evening, EA06M01," she greeted me while I knelt facing the bars of my cage. "It is time for you to be moved to your next display in the Second Level Harem. These young women have seen enough to keep them properly behaved, I'm sure. No doubt your demonstrations in the future will have the same salutary effect on other occupants of the harem, even if they are more mature.

"In addition, I have taken pains to fully describe what is being done to all who see you, in advance of your appearance, and so they have a smattering of understanding of what you are experiencing."

"*No they don't!!!*" I wept into my gag, but of course nothing emerged from behind the steel panels over my face.

"Well ... on to other matters!" she said easily, always tugging slightly against her restraints and leashes, seeming to enjoy the sensations of her deep captivity, or needing to assure herself that they were there and inescapable. "In a moment, guards will be along to take you to your next place of imprisonment. Being restrained in the manner you are, it is

likely that you will find the move to be an onerous process, for you will be required to walk there. It is a considerable distance, but we have all evening to move you and get you properly installed.

“Certainly, you could be just taken down, chained to some sort of conveyance and transported, but I feel it is important that you experience this type of ‘mobile bondage’, if you will. There is also a security requirement, over and above those the guards normally employ, and that is that you will also be controlled by the overhead, track leash system.

“For the moment, we’ll wait for your guards, then I shall accompany you to your next home.”

She stepped back and all sound cut off once more. I remained kneeling, facing the bars. A short time later, three guards appeared; one with long chains looped over his shoulder, the second pulling a set of chains dangling from the ceiling track, and the third pushing some sort of wheeled cabinet. Her Leash Master pulled Lady Janice back to stand beside him, straining at the ends of her own tightly held chains, then the guards entered my cage. The one pushing the wheeled cabinet disappeared behind me, and although I didn’t see it happening, he quickly disconnected the umbilical from my harness to its connections at the wall and plugged them into their receptacles on the cart. A brief burst of twitching, electrical pulses passed through my breasts and doubled genitals when he performed a test of the mobile system, making me shudder, struggling automatically to escape them.

The second guard connected the three metre long chain leashes to my Restraint Uniform. One went to my collar at the front, and for the moment he left it to dangle between my steel breast cups. Before moving to lock the other to the back of my collar, he clipped my nose leash to a pre-selected link on the front chain, making me attempt to lower my head from the burning tension. As I was not suspended, I sank even more onto my haunches, then felt the end of the long shaft between my thighs bang into the floor! My elbows and bar-separated hands gained some momentary, small freedom from their constant connection to my waist cinch, and I raised my spline-restricted fingers as close to my face as possible, attempting to grasp my nose chain to ease the tension. This was not permitted! A flash of intense electrical energy flared through my breasts and manhood, and I twisted wildly then straightened to kneel erectly. The message was clear.

The third guard approached and grasped my nose chain, then slowly increased the tension until I scrambled to my feet and stood quivering before him. The one who’d attached the collar leashes now knelt and connected the other two to the central link of my ankle spreader bar, leading one to the front and the other behind. In the meantime, the third had not been idle, for when I stood up, he pulled the overhead leashes along the track then clipped one to the ring at the back of my collar, leaving only a short loop of slack in it. The other went to the central back ring of my chastity belt’s waist cinch, and so I would only be able to sink about a half metre before they snapped tight and of course I was utterly unable to sit or kneel. I was ready to be transported. Lady Janice was permitted to step forward and my hearing was briefly returned to me.

“EA06M01. In a moment we will proceed to the place of your next display. You are required to obey all leash commands speedily and with no resistance. You know quite well how severely you can be punished, and although I have no wish to see you suffer any more than you already are, I will have no compunctions about ensuring that you are most thoroughly disciplined for any laxity or disobedience. Now, let’s be off.”

She stood back and the door of the cage was opened. One of the guards went behind

and picked up the two trailing leashes, locked their ends to a single, controlling ring, then drew them through his gloved hands until tight. Another took the ones from my front and slowly walked out with them. It was at that point I discovered how they would 'encourage' me to follow, for when the collar chain drew tight, it placed an immediate, inescapable tension on my nose jewellery! No matter how I struggled to move forward to alleviate this awful drag, it was always maintained! Under the concealing upper facial panel, tears of despair immediately began to slide down my cheeks. The third guard remained behind the rear one for it was his task to push the cart along. In effect I was going to be kept isolated between my guards by the leashing arrangement, and of course, utterly secure within my bondage.

I caught a glimpse of the Leash Master snapping Lady Janice's chains, then she walked out of my very limited vision, as always, forced to precede her Leash Master and maintain a tension on the chains that tethered her so cruelly. A second later, my own lead guard tugged on my leash and I started to shuffle along, legs held spread apart by my Spanish Trapezoid. My steel hooped boots clattered and slid on the tiled floor, but I didn't hear their noise. With my legs more or less straight while I awkwardly walked, my elbows were drawn in behind my back and my wrist separator bar had been snapped into its holders at the front of my waist cinch. Given the manner in which these restraints worked, I was forced to prance slowly along with exaggerated swings and twists of my body, and I felt a red flush of embarrassment cover my concealed face at being seen having to move like this.

The leashes at the front pulled remorselessly, and even though I tried to lean forward to ease the tugging on my nose, the arrangement of the chains made all of these attempts of no value whatsoever for the guard behind maintained his tension, thus keeping all the chains at their intended tightness. We descended a gentle ramp, then moved slowly, a long way down a tiled corridor. Really, it was a sealed tunnel; then ascended another long, gentle ramp. I could feel the occasional tug at the back of my neck and waist when the chains from the overhead track jerked at me, but for the most part, I wasn't aware of them. Along our journey, we passed through many barred and locked doors, seemingly as though we were in a very high security prison, and in fact we were. Our procession was certainly not through an uninhabited structure, for along the way we passed many of the male functionaries of the Palace, as well as members of the female staff. Not *one* of the females was without restraint of some type, and all were leashed to the overhead track system, like me. Invariably, they wore steel chastity belts and bras of one design or another. Only a very few were unescorted and those were always gagged, with their hands and feet short-chained while they moved about their tasks.

While our entourage moved slowly along the corridors, I was subjected to a detailed inspection by all who saw me, and despite my embarrassment, tried to absorb as much of the atmosphere of the lavish palace as I could, even with my vision restricted so severely. The walls were all endowed with countless, deeply set restraint rings and the embedded, overhead ceiling track seemed to run everywhere. The floors were tiled with intricately decorative patterns, and with the size of the place and the width of the corridors, gave an impression of a vast and airy, though hi-tech establishment. Artwork of all sorts was placed along the corridors, but the jarring note to everything was the obvious security, evidenced by tightly barred and electronically locked doors along and at either end of any corridor we passed through. Despite my good physical condition, I began to tire after, I think, fifteen minutes of the awkward walking, and it was just after we'd passed through one of the sets of doors that

I lost my footing.

My steel horseshoe shod boots slipped on the glassy surface of the floor tiles when I turned a corner, drawn along by the constant and sometimes painful tug of my leashes. I flailed a moment, then with a strangled, silenced scream, fell to the lengths of my overhead leashes. The one to the back of my chastity belt was the first to snap tight, then the other to the back of my collar. I was dragged a metre further, struggling to regain my feet, but it was an awful thing to be so limited by my restraints and I wept with frustration while trying to get myself standing again, and at the total lack of sympathy or help from the guards who controlled my tethers. At last I managed and the journey resumed. Some five minutes later, I think, I was drawn into another of the large display cages inside a different harem module then quickly leashed to the back wall and had my umbilicals connected. I was immediately suspended in a Swing, then the guards departed, leaving Lady Janice and her Leash Master standing on the other side of the bars. She clapped her hands and at the same time my hearing was returned. Behind her, the dozen of the module's occupants gathered, staring at me with fascinated horror.

This module was different than the previous one, being more lavishly appointed, but the most striking difference was the manner in which the harem's occupants were dressed and accoutred. These women wore the same basic equipment as the younger girls I'd seen in the Third Level module, completely unable to access their bodies, but the major differences were that *all* were equipped with rigid, thick, knee length shafts descending from the crotch pieces of their chastity belts. They also each wore what appeared to be gleaming metal, ten cm high, heeled platform pumps, locked onto their feet by tight little metal harnesses. Their method of restraint was slightly different and more secure also, for, in addition to their standard collar leashes, another was fastened to the bottom tips of the bars between their thighs, doubly ensuring that they were constantly reminded of their femininity and totally controlled status.

"Ladies," she stated with the distinctive lisp enforced by her oral rings and other jewellery, "what you see before you is Test Subject EA06M01. It will be kept here for a fortnight, to show what may happen to you, should you displease His Majesty.

"For your information, EA06M01, started life as a male, but has since been changed into an hermaphrodite, retaining all of his original male genitalia as well as female genitals. Should you find yourself placed in a Discipline Harness such as EA06M01 wears, nothing will be done to alter *your* bodies, but I assure you that you will find the experience far from being a happy one, for what you see before you is a fully functional discipline and control system.

"During the next fourteen days, you will observe the punishments EA06M01 can be subjected to, and these will be explained to you in detail while they are conducted. The test subject is incapable of speech or noise of any type, and, in addition its hearing is always regulated; although most always withheld. Vision is permitted, but severely restricted by the design of the facial shield."

She continued to describe the incredible, awful devices attached to and held within my body, and all the while I watched while the chained women gathered around her, inspected me with horror that it might be *them* that this happened to.

"... and so Ladies, that is what the Test Subject lives with. What EA06M01 wears now, is there for the remainder of its life. Now, it is time for the first demonstration to begin. Please observe closely."

My hearing disappeared with a snap, and I felt the huge dildo slide slowly up into my loins! I twisted and shook my body in the suspending chains, automatically drawing my legs up until the chain between the floor ring and my ankle spreader snapped tight, trying to avoid the deep, unavoidable, sexual assault. A gentle tugging on my breasts and nipples began to stir my fires then the rhythmic manipulations of my maleness also began! In short minutes I writhed dementedly, swinging back and forth above the floor to the lengths of the gleaming suspension and anchoring chains, not caring about the watching women, for I was totally lost in my own world of the incredibly arousing and horribly distressing sensations saturating my body and slowly erasing my sanity. I desperately wanted to scream out for a climax when the flooding sensations began to overwhelm me, but then the pleasurable portion of my torment suddenly rose precipitously, becoming mind twistingly painful. I fell out of my pre-orgasmic cloud and fought my restraints in a maddened fury, desperate to somehow escape what was being done to me, but of course, there was no release.

For the longest period I was kept in wild, instinctual motion, part of the time in pleasure filled clouds, and the remainder in wailing denial of what was being done to my body and mind. At some point, as always happened, I passed my limit and collapsed into my suspending chains, completely exhausted and unresponsive.

From that point, my stay with the Second Level Wives closely followed the same pattern as had my first two weeks with the Third Level Wives and I did not see Lady Janice again until it was time to be transported to the First Level Wives Module. My movement to that area was as slow and difficult as had been the previous excursion; but this time I fell three times along the way and was punished without pity for my clumsiness.

The First Level Wives' Module was even more impressively decorated, but the basics remained the same, for the women confined here all wore chastity belts, steel bras, and the high heeled pumps that the Second Level Wives wore. They too were equipped with the long shafts mounted to their crotch pieces, but with one important difference ... all of the First Level women were of ankle length, the same as Lady Janice. They too were hobbled with short 'walking' chains from their ankle cuffs to the tip rings of their Inhibitor Bars (for this is what they were called) and of course this arrangement severely limited their ability to bend, sit, or move quickly, as was intended. The furniture within the module was designed with this fact in mind, but one of the other important differences was that they were permitted considerably more freedom for their hands, able to move them almost to full stretch.

Lady Janice gave them the same talk as she had the others, explaining my history, what I wore, and how it was employed then I was taken down that terrible road of sensory overload once again. The following two weeks passed slowly, as time always seemed to do, then the day came when I was taken from the harem to the Sheikh's area of the Palace. Lady Janice accompanied me as she had before, then ensured I was properly installed in a Swing, ready for him. We waited the longest time, and all the while I was kept in a state of low level arousal; twitching and shivering from the unending teasing sensations, until at last he appeared in a flurry of robes, then sat behind his desk and observed me quietly for long minutes then spoke quietly.

Chapter Eighteen

Destiny

Kelly

“EA06M01, you have now served your purpose in demonstrating to my wives what will befall them if they are not pleasing to me. It is time to assume your place as one of my Discipline Slaves.

“Your very uniqueness has guaranteed that you will be one of the star attractions of my retinue, both here and when I travel. Your life has not, and will continue not to be an easy one, but by now you have become accustomed to what is done to you, and know no different existence than what you have lived in the years since you were taken.

“By the way, the original reason for your incarceration and modifications, Miss Delilah Mahjalis, still resides in her secret cell at her father’s home, and suffers as he and the religious authorities require.

“At any rate, you will have your own suite within the Palace, and this will be a fully featured duplicate of the one you lived in while you were at Dr Jannason’s complex. I have decided though, that you will be permitted considerably more human contact than has been the case in the past. Both Janice, myself, and others in the complex will be able to visit you and although your silence will be maintained, you will be permitted to communicate with your visitors by means of the computer.

“Generally, your life will be an easier one than you have lived during the past, and your sexual escapades will become longer and more intense than you have experienced to this point. Off setting this, of course, will be the disciplinary experiences you will suffer. Have no doubt that they will come.”

He rose from behind the desk and strode from the room, leaving me dangling helplessly with Janice standing near the wall, held under omni-present control, as always by her Leash Master.

Sometime later I was released from the Swing and transported here to the cell that has been my home since. My world changed on the day I met Delilah Mahjalis and has become a far more intense one than the mundane existence I had lived before. I am no longer isolated in grinding boredom and loneliness, for I am one of a select group of slaves to the Sheikh. Unfortunately, none of us can communicate directly with the others, thanks to the terrible ‘Uniforms’ we have been imprisoned within. Upon seeing the other Discipline Slaves, I shuddered at what they must be going through, for they had each been sealed within thick rubber suits, helmets, and masks, yet, beneath these, I could see the details of their formidable steel restraints. They, as am I, are kept constantly leashed and chained, and also like me, are tortured both automatically by the computer that governs our lives and frequently by the Sheikh and the guests to which we are made available.

None of us has any hope of escaping our fate, and so we exist here in the desert fastness of some Middle Eastern country that none of us knows the name of. I wonder, will anyone ever read my story?

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.

[Also by JG Leathers:](#)

DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY, Part One:

Delilah's Punishment by JG Leathers Cover by Rubbert

Coming to North America just after her 18th birthday is a dream come true for the Middle-Eastern beauty, Delilah. Now free from her father's rule, she delights in dressing in Western clothes and showing off her well-developed body. It's not long before Delilah sheds her virginity, and dives into the verboten territory of sexual exploration. But when her strict religious father learns of her promiscuous behavior, he's enraged and vows to punish her. While naked and half-drunk in the back of a friend's van, she is abducted, bound, forced into the traditional chador and returned to her home—all part of her father's plan to punish the wicked girl. With the assistance of a willing doctor, Delilah is fitted with extreme and permanent body jewelry, and made a secret prisoner. How she now exists is a terrifying tale of crime and punishment, the stuff of nightmares and forbidding dreams. Contains sophisticated body restraints, body modifications, chastity, piercing, branding and CP.

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.

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